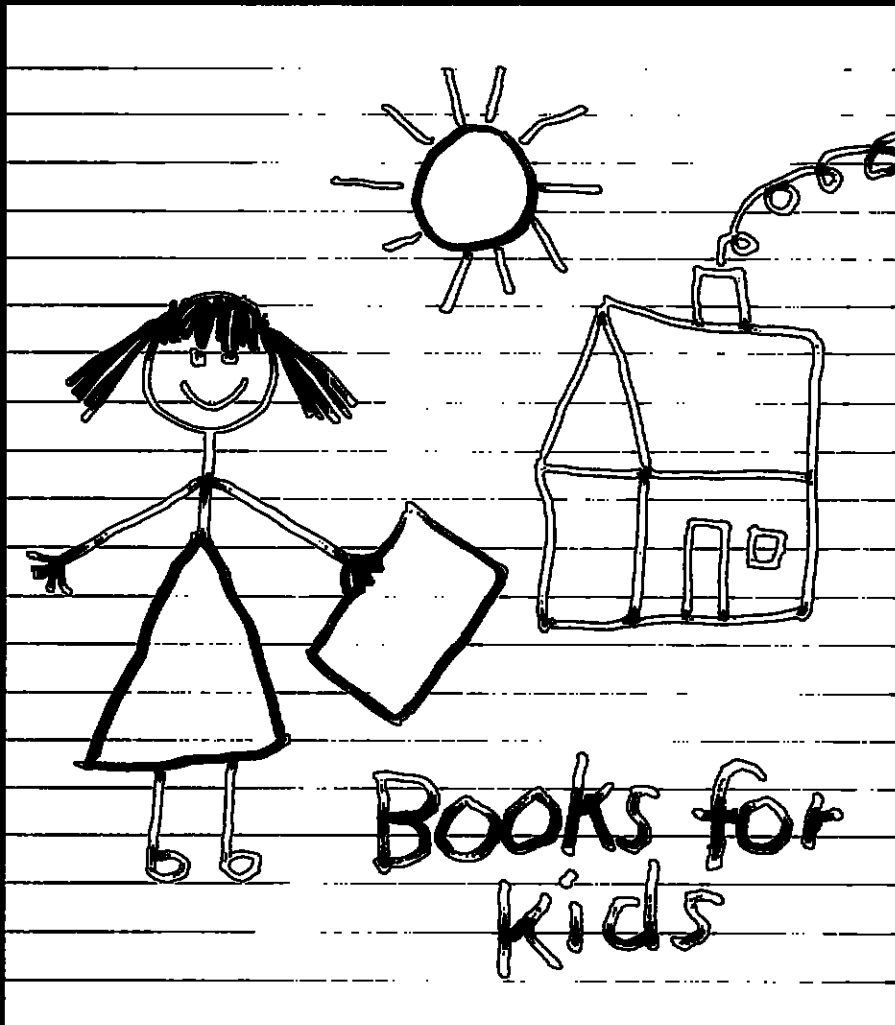


# IS IN CANADA



SPECIAL YEAR-END ROUNDUP  
of cookbooks, art and gift books,  
and children's literature  
Ian McLachlan on Timothy Findley  
Plus reviews of new books by  
David Lewis and Robert Kroetsch

BOOKS IN CANADA

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*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., 365 Adelaide Street East, Suite 432, Toronto, Ont. M5A 3X9. 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. Member of the Bulk Distribution Audit Division of CCAB. 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 © 1981. Typesetting by Jay Tee Graphics Ltd.

ISSN 0045-2564

# Kids' stuff

Everything from aardvarks to zippers  
in a seasonal selection  
of Canadian books for children

By MARY AINSLIE SMITH

IF THERE ARE NO children's books by superstars — no Atwoods or Laurences — this year, so much the better. The field has been left open to the specialists: the writers, illustrators, and publishers who, often against considerable financial odds, form the real strength of the Canadian children's book industry. As a result, the season offers some good things. There is a new historical fantasy by Janet Lunn, another Tom Austen mystery by Eric Wilson, and the *Canadian Children's Annual* is back for its eighth year (see page seven). There are more books from Greedy de Pencier — the *Owl-Chickadee* people — and a new title from Tundra Books, who until recently had felt they would never afford to produce a children's book again. Several children's books have been translated from one of our official languages into the other, and generally there is a good selection of Canadian material, not only in picture-story books for pre-schoolers but also in reading for older children. Our children's-book columnist, Mary Ainslie Smith, surveys the season:

## For young children

**The Bath and Winter**, written and illustrated by Ginette Anfousse, translated by Mayer Romaner, NC Press, each 20 pages, each \$1.95 paper. English-language readers were introduced to Jojo, the heroine of these stories, and Pichou, her toy aardvark, a couple of years ago when the first translations of Anfousse's series appeared. In these two new stories, Jojo, her hair flying and her grin as crooked as ever, shows how quickly a child can change from spotlessly clean to gloriously dirty and conjures up a wonderful bogey-man on a winter evening. Anfousse's illustrations are bright and exuberant and the good humour of her stories is infectious.

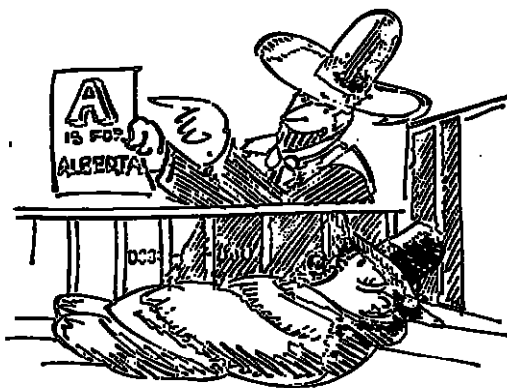
**Snowfeather**, written and illustrated by Cécile Gagnon, translated by Valerie Hepburn Craig, James Lorimer, 16 pages, \$10.95 cloth and \$4.95 paper. In this, another cheerful story from Quebec, Stephanie's snowman comes to life and walks away. It takes all of Stephanie's ingenuity to lure him back to her yard for the rest of the winter.

**The Chocolate Moose**, by Gwendolyn MacEwen, illustrated by Barry Zaid, NC Press, 24 pages, \$1.95 paper. Not all children are likely to get the pun in the title, but they will understand that Martin has to live with many problems because he is a chocolate moose. For example, he leaves chocolate patterns all over the keys when he takes his piano lessons. But when it all becomes too much for him and he runs away from home, he learns a valuable lesson from the Strawberry Owl. Barry Zaid's stylized flowers, trees, and animals, and particularly his beautiful butterflies, make this an attractive little book.

**The Lie that Grew and Grew and The Birthday Party**, written and illustrated by Mark Thurman, NC Press, each 24 pages, each \$1.95 paper. In these two stories, Douglas the Elephant learns valuable lessons: not to lie and not to covet. He and his animal friends are amusingly drawn, the stories are easy to follow, but the moral hits a bit hard.

**The Friendly Giant's Birthday**, by Bob Homme, illustrated by Carol Snelling, and **The Friendly Giant's Book of Fire Engines**, by Bob Homme, illustrated by Kim La Fave and Carol Snelling, CBC Merchandising, each 24 pages, each \$6.95 cloth. Bob Homme, of course, is the Friendly Giant and has been for the 24 years that this pleasant, low-key show has been part of CBC-TV's children's programming. These two little books will appeal to his fans.

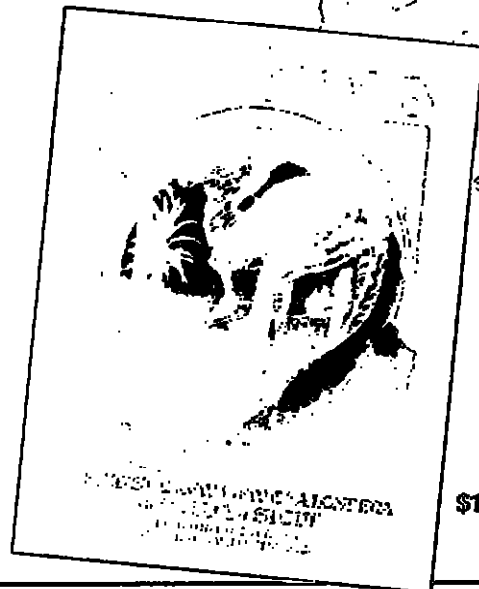
**Casey Visits the Doctor**, by Susan Marcus, illustrated by Deborah Drew-Brook, CBC Merchandising, 32 pages, \$5.50 paper. **The Missing Button Adventure**, by Susan Marcus, illustrated by Hajime Sawada, CBC Merchandising, 30 pages, \$7.50 cloth. Both books deal with the characters from *Mr. Dressup*, the popular CBC-TV children's program. Casey is a very important figure on the program — a little boy, four or five years old, whose curiosity and pranks are patiently dealt with by Mr. Dressup. Because he is a sort of abstract of all children, it is possible to have the television



Casey represented by a puppet, and young viewers accept the rightness of this. Somehow, to have Casey depicted as a *real* little boy in these two books, moving freely and independently, is harder to accept.

**Hickory Dickory Duck**, by Pat Patterson and Joe Weissman, Greedy de Pencier, 32 pages, \$8.95 cloth. This book is for children under eight, the age of *Chickadee* magazine's

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readers. A dozen favourite nursery rhymes have been illustrated in colourful two-page spreads and altered slightly so that each is a puzzle for children to solve. For example, Little Bo-peep watches tearfully while her tailless sheep frolic. The last verse of the accompanying rhyme is:

*To help Bo-peep, please take each sheep  
And find the tail that matches it.  
The colour will be the same you see,  
Just right when she attaches it.*

**Take Time for Fun**, by Beverley Gay, Pattison Ventures, 64 pages, \$3.95 paper. This little book contains 64 songs and fingerplays for young children, selected and arranged or written by an experienced primary teacher from Penticton, B.C.

**Anne-Marie Maginol, tu me rends folle**, by Sue Ann Alderson, illustrated by Fiona Garrick, translated by Claire Sabourin, Tree Frog Press, 49 pages, \$4.95 paper. Bonnie McSmithers ("you're driving me dithers") has changed her name and makes her debut in French.

**The Great Canadian Alphabet Book**, by Philip Johnson, illustrated by David Peacock, Hounslow Press, 32 pages, \$10.95 cloth. The publishers who last year brought us the *Canada Colouring Book* this year take us from coast to coast with a Canadian version of the alphabet. A is for Atlantic, B is for beaver, C is for CN Tower, etc. Oh yes, and Z is for zipper, a Canadian invention, in case you wondered.

**Binky and the Bamboo Brush**, written and illustrated by Adelle LaRouche, Gage, 48 pages, \$9.95 cloth. This is a picture book, but its text suggests that it would be most appropriate for readers in the early grades of school. Binky himself is a school boy who enjoys life with his family and friends in Chinatown. But he rebels at being forced to attend Chinese school every day while his non-Chinese friends are free to play. With the help of his grandfather's gift of a very special bamboo brush, he learns to enjoy and value his heritage.

**Absolutely Absalom**, by Michael O. Nowlan, illustrated by C. Elizabeth Baker, Lyndon House, 40 pages, paper. In this implausible story, two children solve the mystery of the silent Mr. Absalom.

**Wondrous Tales of Wicked Winston**, by Linda Manning, illustrated by Barbara Eidlitz, Annick Press, 48 pages, \$4.95 paper. Winston the Wizard and Winnie his cat create mischief from their lair on the shores of Lake Erie. But their adventures are not at all well served by being presented in tiny, cramped print accompanied by dark, drab illustrations.

### For older children

#### Fiction

**The Root Cellar**, by Janet Lunn, Lester & Orpen Dennys, 247 pages, \$14.95 cloth and \$7.95 paper. In Lunn's first novel for young readers, *Double Spell* (Peter Martin Associates, 1968), twin sisters develop a mysterious connection with twins who lived several generations earlier in their family. On several occasions they "see" into a world that was inhabited more than 100 years before their birth, and they confront an unhappy ghost who haunts the old house they live in. Lunn's new novel contains some of the same elements as *Double Spell*. Rose, the 12-year-old heroine of *The Root Cellar*, also can communicate with people from

the past, but she takes this strange ability even further. By stepping into an old root cellar, she is able to transport herself physically back in time and participate in events there. In Rose's case there is no supportive sister to share this phenomenon with. She is on her own — an orphan who has come to live in an old decaying farmhouse on the shore of Lake Ontario with relatives she has never met before. Desperately unhappy, she only finds friendship and feels at home when she steps back in history. Through the root cellar, she travels back to the time of the American Civil War. Will, one of her friends, crosses the border, enlists, then fails to return home at war's end. Rose accompanies Will's sweetheart Susan on a dangerous expedition into the chaotic post-war States to find him. The time-travel part of

the book is exciting, but readers must feel that it is also important here — as in all stories about orphans — for Rose to establish a happy home for herself in the present. This aspect of the story is not dealt with as thoroughly as the historical part. However, at the end Lunn draws the two parts together into a satisfying, magical, Christmassy sort of conclusion.

• **One Proud Summer**, by Marsha Hewitt and Claire Mackay, Women's Press, 144 pages, \$6.95 paper. It is 1946 in Valleyfield, Que. Lucie, 14, has just been forced to leave school to work in the textile mill, the town's dominant industry, after the death of her father. Working conditions are terrible: long hours, poor pay, sexual and racial

## Oral dilemmas

The best way to write stories, says Robert Munsch, is to tell them to children first. If they don't like them, they get up and walk out

ROBERT MUNSCH has revived two neglected arts in the field of children's literature: writing stories in humorous, everyday language and reading them aloud. His books for smaller children, *Mud Puddle* and *The Dark* (both Annick Press, 1979) tell about a crafty puddle that attacks Jule Ann and how she overcomes her fear of the dark, while *The Paper Bag Princess* (1980) has a dragon with breath "that couldn't cook a meat-ball" and a handsome prince with a tennis racket. In this year's *Jonathan Cleaned Up, Then He Heard a Sound* Jonathan has to cope with a subway stop that unexpectedly opens on his living-room carpet. All these are stories for what Munsch calls "the oral medium."



Robert Munsch

"Children's books, the kind I write, always have to be read aloud," says Munsch. "It's very rare for literature to be like that. It's important to capture the way I tell it to kids, because that's oral, as opposed to the way I would write it down. An example is in the first book, *Mud Puddle*. When Jule Ann gets dirty she gets 'completely all over muddy.' When I first wrote down the story I didn't put that in. But I often tape myself story-telling, and the phrase 'completely all over muddy' was in there. It sounds better than 'Jule Ann got muddy all over' or 'Jule Ann was completely covered in mud.' In the oral medium, it works."

It was on the way to becoming a Jesuit priest that Munsch started to

work with children. "When I was studying to be a Jesuit, I would volunteer to work in the orphanage when the philosophy started driving me crazy. After I left the Jesuits I was still studying anthropology and living in a slum. It was considered anthropologically very good to get in touch with the neighbourhood by working in a day-care centre. So I sort of backed into that kind of work, and I loved it." Not without qualms, however. "I always liked working with children, but for a long time I considered it sort of a vague hobby — it was not something males did for a living, you know."

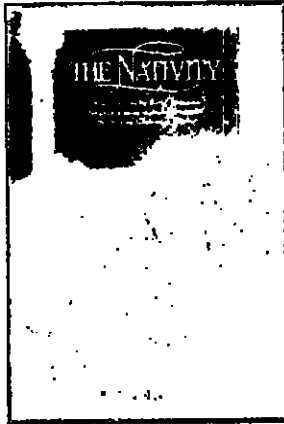
Eventually the hobby overtook him, and while soothing restless children at naptime he discovered his talent. "I figure I made up somewhere between 300 and 400 different stories that I've tried out with kids at

one time or another. But when I was in day-care I wrote down the stories that the kids kept asking for, and I had only 15. When I think I have a great idea and I try it out with kids, often it's not. And they'll tell you. They leave. Very clear feedback. So I rely upon the children, first of all to tell me if the general idea is any good, and also to hone down the stories."

"Adults usually tend to adopt an adult posture with regard to kids," says Munsch. "They think, 'I have to do something to make the kid better,' so they write stories backwards from morals. *The Paper Bag Princess* can be looked upon as a feminist tract in that sense, because the princess leaves the prince in the end. But that came from evolving the story through kids' reactions. It started off as a regular fairy tale, and what's there now is what the kids laughed at. I didn't start with a moral and then write the story backwards. I've seen a lot of what you could call 'feminist tracts' that have done that, and they stink. Their language is very stilted."

Munsch, 36, now teaches at the Family Studies Laboratory School at the University of Guelph. "A lot of my work is not directly with the kids, but working with the students who are working with the kids. In some ways that's bad for me, because only three or four times a semester I'll do story-telling. I've taken to visiting schools and day-care centres, which are quite happy to have me wander in and tell stories." — BARBARA WADE

# Spirit and Humour for Christmas



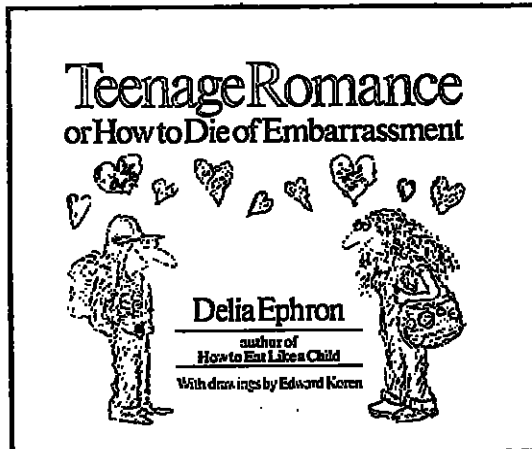
## THE NATIVITY

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harassment of the workers, and soon after starting her job Lucie finds herself caught up in a three-month strike for the right to unionize. The workers stand fast and are drawn closer together as they face tear gas, propaganda, provincial police, and strikebreakers, until at last they extract a victory from the company. This makes for an exciting and important story, but it would have been much better if the authors had allowed the dramatic events to speak for themselves. Instead, everything — plot, characterization, dialogue — is overpowered by the strong lessons the book has to offer and the authors are anxious for the readers not to miss. For instance, referring to previous strikes, Lucie's grandmother says, not at a union meeting but at her own supper table: "No, it's never been fair. We lose, and we lose, and still we lose. But we can't give up. We must always fight. Because one day, one day, we'll win." The strike was a very real event, but Lucie, her family, and companions are never allowed much credibility.

That Scatterbrain Booky, by Bernice Thurman Hunter, Scholastic-TAB, 179 pages, \$1.95 paper. Booky is a young girl growing up in Toronto during the Depression, and Hunter's earnest efforts to recreate that time and place dominate this story. Booky's problems are many: she is 20 pounds underweight and eligible for free government milk; her father is out of work; her parents are always fighting; the bailiff keeps coming around to collect the rent, and one year the only Christmas presents are from the Star Santa Claus Fund. But Depression life does have some compensations: Hallowe'en, Eaton's Santa Claus Parade, and Kids' Day at the Canadian National Exhibition. Young readers will like Booky well enough. She's a believable, if somewhat ordinary, little girl. But the people who will really appreciate this book are those adults who grew up under similar circumstances in Toronto — who shopped at Eaton's Annex, visited Sunnyside Amusement Park and maybe even had their tonsils out on the kitchen table.

So, I'm Different, by Joan Weir, Douglas & McIntyre, 107 pages, \$13.95 cloth and \$5.95 paper. Nicky, the only Indian in his new school, has been asked to prepare a report to the class on Indian customs and practices. Of course he is terribly embarrassed at being singled out but, worse, he has nothing to say. He has never wanted to believe that he is any different from anyone else. When he confronts the class — and he's on his feet confronting them for 40 pages of this



107-page book — he comes to realize the values of his background and of being different.

A Perfect Day for Kites, by Monique Corriveau, translated by David Homel, Douglas & McIntyre, 116 pages, \$13.95 cloth and \$5.95 paper. Arno is spending the summer with his father in a cabin near a small village on the shores of the St. Lawrence River. But his father, a writer, has become

taciturn, withdrawn and indifferent to Arno since the death of Arno's mother a year before. Arno feels lonely and unwanted, but with the help of some new friends and some rather remarkable coincidences, he carries out a plan to restore his father's happiness.

children, vacationing on their great-aunt's fruit farm in the Okanagan, find themselves in the midst of a mystery complete with missing heirlooms, coded messages, a sullen housekeeper, a lurking villain, and things that go bump in the night.

*Mystery at Cranberry Farm*, by Lynn Manuel, illustrated by Sylvie Daigneault, Gage, 159 pages, \$3.95 paper. Three

*The Ghost of Lunenburg Manor*, by Eric Wilson, Clarke Irwin, 117 pages, \$10.95 cloth. Landmarks of Nova Scotia;

## The annual complaint

After eight frustrating years, the *Canadian Children's Annual* may have to become American to attract the readership it deserves

QUIETLY OBSESSED, his head full of stories, poems, and puzzles, Robert Nielsen goes about his business creating, publishing, and selling the *Canadian Children's Annual*, now in its eighth year. "I don't have a high profile," he says. "I don't politicize enough. Maybe I'm too abrasive. It would probably be good for business if I got to know the right people, went to more publishing conferences, but . . ." His company, Pottlatch Publications, exists behind a CLOSED sign in a small, ignored-looking book store on a side street in Hamilton, Ont. He doesn't often open the store any more. Even two customers in a morning take up too much time.

The *Canadian Children's Annual* is a handsome, entertaining, well-written, well-edited book, yet Nielsen has a hard time getting book stores to stock it. Its readership is growing, but it has levelled off slightly in the past couple of years, and he isn't happy about that. "We're printing 45,000 this year. Maybe I've been spoiled or mollycoddled, but I think we should be printing 100,000 copies. This book is for every kid in Canada. It should be 200,000." This is a sore point with Nielsen, one he returns to again and again. He doesn't say he's angry — the strongest words he uses are "upset" and "amazed" — but the frustration shows.

Nielsen was born in Vancouver, the oldest child of an air-force family that moved around the country. He grew up mainly in Ottawa and went to school in Alberta. He started university in theology; later he switched to pre-med, then education. When he discovered literature, he decided what he really wanted was to



teach English. He taught for 13 years, starting with two years in England, where he became interested in children's annuals. "I didn't read as a kid, didn't respect reading, didn't enjoy it." He knows now that he missed a lot, and he hopes that the *Canadian Children's Annual* will help to get children interested early.

Each *Annual* is built around topical articles and stories that become organizing themes for the whole. (For example, after the Mount St. Helen's eruption the 1981 *Annual* featured volcanoes.) A little more than half of the book is fiction, poems, comics, games, and puzzles. The rest is fact: in the 1982 edition there are articles on the stone statues on Easter Island and the equally enigmatic "medicine wheels" on the Canadian prairies. Nielsen gets freelance submissions from all over Canada: "A hell of a lot of manu-

scripts from Saskatchewan — I don't know why. Almost nothing from Manitoba. Very few from the Maritimes or Quebec. Mostly from small places. There are five or six writers in St. Albert, Alta., who send stuff regularly."

When he started in 1974 Nielsen was a lot more nationalistic than he is now. The U.S. annuals and magazines were fervently American, and he felt that Canadian children should not be exposed to them, at least not exclusively. He still feels that way, but after eight years of trying to find a readership in Canada he is considering publishing an American annual. "Americans are the only ones who get really excited about it. They come along and say, This is incredible. This would sell like crazy. Do an American one — the name 'Canadian' kills it for us." It's a familiar story. And, though Nielsen admits he would love "to raid that market," the idea makes him feel uneasy, because he still feels "a terrific loyalty to Canadian kids."

"'Man Writes Kids' Book' is a soft story — it's not news," says Nielsen. "But a couple of years ago I realized I had total sales up over 200,000. I called up *As It Happens* and said, 'I've written a kiddies' book, and I want to talk to Barbara Frum.' Yawn. 'And I've sold a quarter of a million copies.' That impressed them, and I got on." Now he has a fantasy that "some day, maybe with the next *Annual* — always the next one — Canadians will say, Look at that! Isn't that marvellous! And the CBC will call me up and say, Please be on our show. And I'll say, Geez, I'm busy that day." — DORIS COWAN

including Lunenburg, Oak Island, Peggy's Cove, and the Owens, provide a background for this latest Tom Austen adventure, while the superstitions of the East Coast set a Gothic mood. Again, Tom and his friends prevail over crime. (Don't tell your kids, but it was the butler who did it!)

**The Princess, the Hockey Player, Magic and Ghosts**, edited by Muriel Whitaker, illustrated by Vlasta van Kampen, Hurtig, 159 pages, \$12.95 cloth. The team of Whitaker and van Kampen have previously produced *Great Canadian Animal Stories*, *Great Canadian Adventure Stories* and *Stories from the Canadian North*. Their fourth anthology is intended for younger readers, from eight to 14, but anyone expecting another thematic collection will be disappointed. Perhaps the title is misleading. There is one story about a princess (Marius Barbeau's "The Princess of Tomboso"), and one story about a hockey player ("Series Jitters" by Leslie McFarlane). But while some of the other stories have some connection with ghosts or magic, others do not. What we have is a rather arbitrary collection of 14 short stories for juveniles. Not even that, actually, since some of the contents are chapters excerpted from full-length books. Van Kampen's illustrations are excellent, each suiting perfectly the accompanying story. But this anthology is a disappointing sequel to the previous three, and the cover notes identify Emily — after Anne, L.M. Montgomery's most famous heroine — as a Nova Scotian. Imagine!

#### Non-fiction

**Wild Horses of Sable Island**, by Zoe Lucas, Greedy de Pencier, 36 pages, \$5.95 cloth. This book joins the series of *Owl True Adventure Books* launched last year. Illustrated with colour photographs, it tells the story of Seafire, a young stallion on Sable Island, the hardships he and his mares endure, and the freedom they enjoy.

**Police Story**, by Michael Barnes, Scholastic-TAB, 142 pages, \$1.95 paper. If watching police shows on television is not enough, this book will tell you more about such things as radio codes, ballistics, fingerprinting, and highway patrols. In one chapter, the story of the Mad Trapper of Rat River is used to illustrate the efficiency of airplanes in police work. "At last the trapper ran out of places to hide and surrendered to the Mounties, who gave much of the credit for the capture to the airplane." In reality, he never surrendered, and a police posse shot him to bits.

**Emily Carr: The Story of an Artist**, by Marion Endicott, Women's Press, 64 pages, \$9.95 paper. It is a good idea to make the life and works of Emily Carr more available to children. Intended for use in elementary schools, this book contains 16 colour reproductions of Carr's paintings (the black-and-white prints of several others are less exciting), and the photos from the Provincial Archives of British Columbia and private collections give a good idea of the artist's life and times. But it is unsatisfactory to reduce Carr's complex life into the novelized episodes that the text presents. Much better to encourage children to turn to books written by Carr herself — and a list of them is provided along with other valuable reference material at the back of this book.

**Merchants of the Mysterious East**, written and illustrated by John Lim, Tundra, 32 pages, \$12.95 cloth. This book joins Tundra's series of *Children's Books as Works of Art*. Toronto artist John Lim presents the Singapore of his childhood, with 17 paintings of life in that city, showing

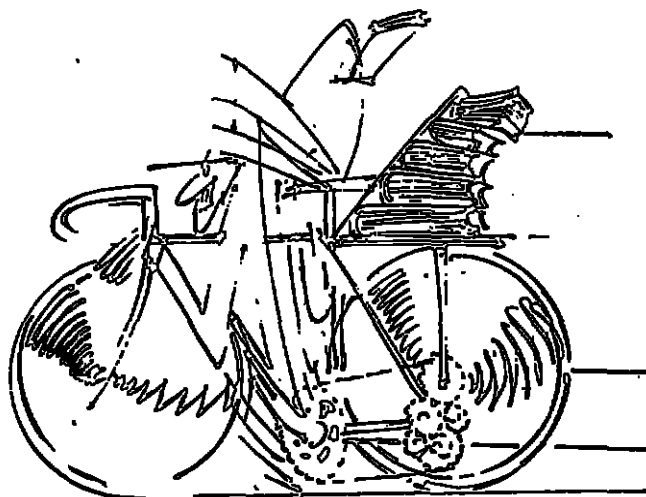
such exotic persons as the Storyteller, the Frog Vendor and the Astrologer. The accompanying text gives young Johnnie's reaction to these people and their trades.

#### Miscellaneous

**Salik and his Father, Salik and the Summer of the Song Duel, Salik and the Big Ship, and Salik and Arnaluk**, by Keld Hansen with Catherine Maggs, *Breakwater*, each 36 pages, each \$5.95 paper, \$21.00 per set. This interesting series presents a fictionalized account of the life of the inhabitants of Greenland 300 years ago, told from the point of view of Salik, who grows from boy to man in the course of the four volumes. Each volume describes life in one of the four seasons and contains a supplement giving more information about the tools, buildings, and wildlife mentioned in the story. This series is an international project involving Denmark, Greenland, and Canada, and in this country the books are available in both English and Inuktitut.

**Canadian Children's Annual 1982**, edited by Robert F. Nielsen, Potlatch, 176 pages, \$11.95 cloth and \$7.95 paper. The eighth edition of the *Annual* contains the features that readers now expect from it: a variety of fiction to appeal to a variety of readers (but much of it of indifferent quality), a section of intriguing "facts" (topics this year include Grey Owl, puppets, the Roman theatre, and Viking ships), poetry, comics, and puzzles and a splendid cover (Arthur Shilling's painting, "Nine Faces").

**The Mighty Mites in Dinosaur Land**, by Emily Hearn and Mark Thurman, Greedy de Pencier, 48 pages, \$4.95 paper. *Owl* readers in our family turn to the Mighty Mites, a regular cartoon feature in the magazine, right after they have checked out the centrefold. The Mite children, Nick, Sophia and Mark, have invented a secret shrink drink that will allow them to shrink to any size they want, float on air, breathe underwater and then return to normal. In their small form they have explored the wonderful intricacies of the animal, plant, and insect worlds around them and conveyed a great deal of entertaining information to *Owl* readers in the process. In this, their first book-length adven-



ture, they also travel back in time and meet the dinosaurs — perhaps an unnecessarily dramatic thing for them to do, considering how much they can teach us about the contemporary world. The book includes a supplement, a detailed description of dinosaurs and the world 75 million years ago, prepared with the help of Dr. Dale A. Russell, Head of Paleobiology, National Museums of Canada. □



# Not the full smile

Timothy Findley's fourth novel gives brilliant new life to Pound's Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, but the question lingers: why?

By IAN McLACHLAN

*Famous Last Words*, by Timothy Findley, Clarke Irwin, 396 pages, \$17.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7220 1362 4).

EVER SINCE THE publication of the manuscripts of *The Waste Land*, the realization has grown that "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" is the most important modernist poem in English. As Eliot's pompous, defensive smokescreen rose to reveal a heap of glittering and sometimes soggy fragments, Pound's "Mauberley" intensified its power to intrigue, fascinate, and frustrate us.

If you were to take a whole flock of Poundians and lock them up in a seminar room, you would never get even one of them to agree with himself about "Mauberley." The poem doesn't construct a meaning; it establishes rather a set of oblique and intricate relationships between the torn wreckage of Europe's cultural decadence. At the poem's centre — though, strictly, it has no centre — is Mauberley, the summation of the loss of significance that had overtaken the artist in the years between 1880 and 1920. Increasingly ridiculous and out of touch with the pressures of politics and war, he is capable only of creating irrelevant miniatures:

*Firmness,  
Not the full smile,  
His art, but an art  
In profile.*

Mauberley is a part of Pound — Pound the aesthete, Pound the dilettante — and Pound uses him as a means of preventing those characteristics from dominating his own life and art. The poem is Pound's struggle against the fundamentally trivializing forces of a narrowing aesthetic tradition. Two-thirds of the way through, he effectively quits the poem himself and leaves it to be completed, in an increasingly debilitated way, by his incompetent surrogate. Pound is freed, it seems, from the past; freed to express his materialistic love of art and life, his angry contempt for the bourgeoisie, and freed too to fling himself ultimately into the world of fascism and madness.

It's necessary to start with all this critical short-hand because Mauberley is the main character — initially, at least — in Timothy Findley's new novel, *Famous Last Words*. Immediately, one recognizes it as a brilliant idea that sparks a variety of possibilities in the reader's imagination. Findley has re-invented Mauberley for his own purposes, making him a younger man than Pound's, American, and a novelist. But any artist — according to Brecht, anyway — has the right to steal another man's work, provided he transforms it in the process. And it's in that transformation that the roots of our initial excitement grow. Pound's Mauberley was a symptom of a world that had apparently been wiped out by the First World War. Findley revives him and uses him to examine the way in which that old world of class and style had not been eliminated after all, but went on clinging to its power with increasing avidity for another 20 years or more. (Even now, has its grip been broken?) Naturally enough, Findley's Mauberley, like Pound, is drawn to fascism, but a fascism attenuated and sweetened by the desire to reconcile itself to the pretences and subtleties of an older aristocratic tradition. The Duke of Windsor for Führer?!

The concept is a fine one. It affords Findley the freedom to move easily between the old hypocrisies and the new barbarism that was replacing them in the 1930s. In the process there's a lovely, wicked irony: that Pound's alter ego, whom he had used to liberate himself from the past, should now be used to expose the political falsehoods that he in his own due course was seduced by.

One's appreciation of Findley's cleverness may be so great that one suppresses the inevitable question that has to be put to it — at least, until much later in the novel. What is the necessary relationship of Findley to Mauberley? In Pound's case, the relationship was clear. Mauberley was the mask Pound might have become, and by writing about him, by making him a character in a poem that

Mauberley could never have constructed in its entirety, Pound was able to make the separation complete. But why does Findley need this Mauberley he creates? Who is Mauberley to him? Or to us? It's only as the novel progresses, and as our dissatisfaction with it grows, that these suspended questions force their way back into our consciousness.

Initially, however, all our interest is centred on the crystallization of the basic idea. We meet Mauberley first on the day of his father's suicide in 1910. "He who jumps to his death has cause," says the note written with a silver pencil that he leaves behind. "He who leaps has purpose. Always remember I leapt."

From there, the novel cuts forward to March, 1945, with Mauberley fleeing from the collapse of Italy, from his retreating German allies, and from his own country's advancing army. He leaves his petulant mentor, Ezra Pound, behind him and heads for the mountains. He is pursued by an ugly woman with a razor, though it's not till near the end of the novel that we discover why she has been sent to kill him. He takes refuge in the empty shell of the Grand Elysium Hotel in the Austrian Tirol, an almost dead man stumbling about among his memories of the Garbos, the Hemingways, and the Maughams who had once lived there. In the present, he is effectively held prisoner by the venal manager and his rat-like children.

The novel cuts forward again, only two months this time, to a company of American soldiers who take over the hotel and find Mauberley's body, frozen solid, with an ice-pick in its eye. They find, too, Mauberley's memoirs, his testament, engraved with a silver pencil in the plaster walls and ceilings of four of the hotel rooms. It is, in Poundian terms, Mauberley's own "*Ode pour l'élection de son sépulchre*," but he will have no choice of sepulchre until the novel is done. The soldiers keep him frozen in a pile of snow while they continue to decipher his story, squabbling all the time about its moral and political significance.

At the start of the novel, then, there is this perfectly conceived metaphor for the role of the artist in a modern social context. It's a metaphor that is at one and the same time melodramatic and satirical, and it gives Findley a remarkable freedom to manoeuvre among the various trajectories of his narrative. Yet from that point on he seems to lose his grip on the intertwined themes that he has shown to be so potentially interesting. Or to be able to grip only one thread at a time while the others dangle loose.

I write those words hesitantly. This is an ambitious novel and Findley is a serious writer. The probability is that his readers will misunderstand what he is doing. A novel that starts from the intricate social and psychological puzzle of "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley" will be likely to mislead us, may do so even with glee. We cannot expect its fragments to build themselves brick by brick into a load-bearing arch. The arch will be an illusion created by contradictory free-standing shapes, and when we shift our position slightly it will disappear.

Moreover, a novel such as *Famous Last Words* is not simply an intellectual experiment. It has bifurcating purposes, talking as it does a tale of intrigue and

wartime espionage and disrupting it so as to open it up to the light of analysis. The adventure novel is a form that reconciles a middle-class audience to the suppressed horror of the world it rests on. Findley is clearly concerned to break that form in such a way that the violence he so passionately abhors will flood back into it.

All that is clear. But not, finally, in this novel. I hold it up to the light and try to see through it. I look into it from different angles. I leave it on its own and walk out along the edge of the lake, turning my back on it, hoping to catch it off guard when I swing round and . . . . And still it doesn't work. A novel like this deserves the benefit of every doubt. Every doubt except the last. In the end the doubt envelops it all.

There are three main threads that Findley draws out of the superb symbolic knot he has tied for us at the beginning. One, recounted in the first person, is the strand of Mauberley's personal reminiscence as he recalls the bewildered way in which he shuffled headlong into the elegant and vicious half-world of right-wing politics. Mauberley himself is hollow, and there is little real interest either in his political conversion or in his belated consciousness of what it en-

tailed. As the novel progresses, his plight loses much of our attention. That in itself is not necessarily a fault. There are many novels, after all, that have non-entities at their centres, and Pound's Mauberley was just such a devitalized bore. But Pound's Mauberley implied by indirection another kind of dynamics altogether. Findley's does not.

The second thread is the tale of botched high politics that Mauberley recounts: the plot to capture Wallis Simpson and her waxwork husband, the Duke of Windsor, and to transform them into the saviours of fascist Europe. The telling itself is suspect in that one never senses the presence of Mauberley the narrator behind it. But that would only be a significant fault in a realist novel, which this is not. The story, in some of its parts, is brilliantly handled with fine set-pieces of absurdity and flaring horror. The relationship between the ex-king and his despotic mother, Queen Mary, seems at times to be the one real emotional experience in the whole book. Yet one wonders constantly why it needs Mauberley to tell it at all.

The final narrative thread is the present description of the soldiers who occupy the hotel and of their conflicts and dreams about what they find there.

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In many ways, this is the most achieved aspect of the novel. It is surrealistic and satirical simultaneously, and one finds oneself wishing there were more of it, since it might well provide the focus that could hold the novel's divergencies together. But Findley seems particularly constrained in these scenes, hardly ever giving them a free enough rein to establish a developed relationship with the rest of the plot.

So we are left with fragments, many of them very fine indeed, a few rather dull and pedestrian in their attempts at historical interpretation. But fragments, in sum, that don't mesh or even point significantly toward each other. There is neither a meaningful argument nor a convincingly imagined interdependence between them. The novel, in consequence, does not lead to any new insights either into the social and psychological forces that made fascism such a demanding necessity in the 1930s, or into the relationship of those forces to the pressures of our own world. Findley affords us some fascinating glimpses of the effects of political perversion; he leaves the causes hidden. □

#### REVIEW

## Down a hall of mirrors

By GARY DRAPER

*The River Horsemen*, by David Williams, House of Anansi, 217 pages, \$9.95 paper (ISBN 0 88784 086 8).

DAVID WILLIAMS'S second novel, set in the Saskatchewan of 1937, is a book of exceptional vitality and intricacy. The story follows the journey of four characters — by tractor, car, and canoe — to Saskatoon; it unfolds in fragments, in the thoughts and memories of the travellers.

These are not the weekend voyageurs of the beer ads. Nick Sobchuk is the sort of guy who gets caught showing his pecker to a classmate. He is going to Saskatchewan to tell his mad, tubercular mother that his father has just died. Nick's own hold on reality also shows signs of slipping. Jack Cann is an evangelical preacher and healer, haunted by the ghost of a failed marriage. His

hold on reality is a little looser than Nick's. Many-birds is a young Indian whose centre of consciousness seems to lie below his belt. Fine-day (not *the* Fine Day, who engineered Colonel Otter's defeat at Cut Knife Hill in 1885) is the



most attractive character of the four — as with Jack, a failed marriage darkens his past.

Are the horsemen of the title — the four travellers — the horsemen of the Apocalypse? In part, yes. And one of them is also a kind of Christ. Many-birds is perhaps the most demonic of the four, though even the ancient, briefly glimpsed proprietor of "Yin Confectionery" carries the mark of the beast. Now that his father is dead, young Nick is Old Nick. Men's gods are present and real: the Lord is with Jack the preacher, the Sun with Fine-day, and Thunderbird with Many-birds. A character in Jack's memory says that Jack is "stirring our times in with the sacred *Revelations*." So is David Williams.

It is not only biblical patterns that reverberate throughout the story. Images and relationships recur until everything echoes. Fathers fail their children; husbands lose their wives; Indian is played off against white, and sanity against insanity. The effect is dazzling and disturbing, like the hall of mirrors at the end of *The Lady from Shanghai*. It is not surprising, then, that Williams can't always resist the double entendre:

Jack's voice says out of the midst of the eye, "Nick, are you all right?"

My eyes open on the sun shining through the window.

*Boizha!* Help has come in the nick of time!

Jack is reminded once of oatmeal porridge that was "gruelling." Sometimes it might be just as well if Williams resisted the temptation.

Williams runs into some problems, I think, with narrative and with character. The fragmentary structure impedes the narrative, sometimes by slowing it down

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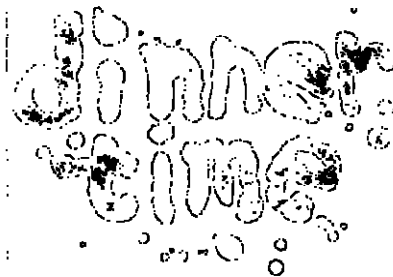
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and sometimes by focusing so narrowly on inner reality that external events become incomprehensible. The novel's form, in effect, is at odds with itself. Williams is a first-rate story-teller, and in the extended fragments from the past (especially Jack's and Fine-day's reminiscences of courting) the characters and incidents achieve real authenticity. It is ironic that the most successful fragments take the most steam out of the overall narrative.

As to character, it is probably unfair to complain that these people seem, at times, so relentlessly *grungy*. Grunginess, after all, is real. But it might be fair to wish for greater clarity of motivation for behaviour that is sometimes, to say the least, very unusual. There also seem to be occasional lapses in the control of voice. Would a guy who thinks, "Dad never had the money for no radio" also think, "The river swerves around a bend in these hills and sweeps on, urgent, unavoidable"? It doesn't sound right to me.

*The River Horsemen* has so many strengths that it would be mean-spirited to dwell on its weaknesses. David Williams does a lot of things well. When he does everything well he is going to be one hell of a writer. □

## The plot thickens

By JACK BATTEN

*The Ransom Game*, by Howard Engel, Clarke Irwin, 218 pages, \$14.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7720 1364 0).

THIS IS Howard Engel's second novel about his private eye, Benny Cooperman, and — let me begin in close on a personal note — I was biased in its favour before I began reading the book. My prejudice is on display among the blurbs that decorate the back of the jacket for *The Ransom Game*: "Nothing less than the hope and direction of the best of Canadian crime fiction," I'm quoted as having written of the first Cooperman book, *The Suicide Murders*. That's extravagant stuff, but I'm not taking it back because, bias or not, I

found *The Ransom Game* a nice advance over the first book — more complex, more completely realized, in fact a significant step along in "the hope and direction of the best of Canadian crime fiction."

Everybody who's been exposed to the heavy publicity that the Engel books have been receiving lately must have a fix on Benny Cooperman by now. He comes on as a bit of a klutz. His looks aren't much: a short guy with thinning hair and a wardrobe that makes Colombo seem natty. His eating habits are pedestrian — chopped egg sandwiches on white, toasted, followed by vanilla ice cream — and liquor and sex are mostly wasted on him. Inside, however, Benny is all heart and brains. His business in Grantham, Ont. (modelled on Engel's home town, St. Catharines) runs usually to divorce work, but when a murder case comes along, it's Benny who sleuths through the mess, invariably risking a limb or two, and comes up with the killer.

This time out, a gorgeous dame asks Benny to locate her boyfriend who's gone missing. The boyfriend is recently paroled from the Kingston pen, where he was doing time for the kidnapping of the heiress of the wealthiest family in Grantham. (The snatch has faint echoes of the real-life Nelles Kidnapping in Toronto 10 years ago.) What's suspect about the missing ex-con is that the ransom money from the long-ago kidnapping — \$500,000 — never turned up. Presumably the ex-con knows where the cash is hidden, something that gives a variety of people motives for grabbing him — his three confederates in the kidnapping, the *capo* of the local mob, even the family of the heiress.

Benny sets out to run down the possibilities and encounters along the way a couple of dead bodies, some skeletons in the rich family's closet, and a variety of other loose ends. By the end of the book, needless to say, he's tied up the loose ends, solved the killings, rattled the skeletons, fingered the murderers and, not incidentally, found himself, to his own amazement, in bed with a beautiful woman.

The difference between this book and Engel's first is that *The Ransom Game* has, to invoke that fancy critical descriptive, more resonance. It's denser and offers more narrative depth. Cooperman remains the same engaging character, but the people and events around him seem more complicated and involving. Indeed, the book has suggestions of Ross Macdonald in it. Macdonald's Lew Archer novels revolve around the troubles of a family, usually the heart-breaking search for a lost parent. In the same way — though with a lighter touch

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than you find in the vastly darker and more moving Macdonald mysteries — Engel gets a lot of intriguing mileage out of the Warren family, who are not only

Grantham's richest collection of relatives but also its most tragic.

All of which suggests that the news ahead for Canadian crime fiction —

Engel has completed another Cooperman novel and has a fourth in the works — is all on the upbeat side. Let's wish a long life to Benny Cooperman. □

## FEATURE REVIEW

# Fighting words

David Lewis's memoirs recall a pragmatic political careerist who seemed more interested in making policy than having to stand for election

By PETER SYPNOWICH

**The Good Fight: Political Memoirs 1939-1950**, by David Lewis, Macmillan, illustrated, 500 pages, \$24.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7715 9598 0).

"THE MEMBERS of my family, all of them unionized workers and socialists, were particularly pleased with my having gained a position as one of the leading socialist spokesmen in Montreal," writes David Lewis. It was 1931, the year of the Estevan strike, and, having just won his B.A. from McGill University, young Lewis then decided to apply for a Rhodes scholarship. He had been urged to do so by Frank Scott, one of his professors, who told him that although he was a socialist there were "other elements which might appeal to the committee." Lewis's appearance before the selection committee provided one of the popular anecdotes of Canadian politics: the chairman, Sir Edward Beatty, president of the CPR, asked him what would be his first act if he became prime minister, and Lewis replied, "Nationalize the CPR, sir." But, as Scott said, there were other elements. To get the scholarship, Lewis had to assure the committee that he was not a Communist, and it presented no difficulty for him, though he confesses he was troubled by this compromise of academic freedom. To even be considered for the scholarship, he had to write a three-hour essay, and for his subject he chose culture instead of politics, offering up what he had learned in his friendship with the poet A.M. Klein. It was the right move.

I mention the essay in some detail because it apparently had an influence which was neither expected nor intended. The late Arnold Heeney, Cana-

dian ambassador to Washington and for many years one of the brightest of the Ottawa mandarins, was a member of the Rhodes selection committee . . . He told me years later that committee members were intrigued to find an assertive young socialist writing on culture. It was, said Heeney, an inspired choice of subject which drew favourable attention to my candidature.

These are the words of a careerist. David Lewis was leader of the New Democratic Party from 1971 to 1975, but his death last May interrupted his writing, and these memoirs do not go much beyond his 15 years as national secretary. We see him here as party functionary, a collector of contacts, master of the memorandum. Still, dull as it is *The Good Fight* will be a revelation to Canadians who, confusing socialism with Christianity, think of life on the left as renunciation. Lewis, of course, does not address himself to such a thing as self-fulfilment. We are regularly informed that his income remained low until he went into law practice in Toronto and bought his first house ("Sophie, the boys and I drank in the pleasures of our new home and hugged each other with joy"), and there are repeated references to the progress of his precocious son (Stephen bored at school, Stephen going to Taylor Statten's camp, Stephen debating with John F. Kennedy). Apart from three or four such intimacies, however, there is not much on David Lewis the man.

At Oxford, provided with a scout he knew only as Percy, he set out to become president of the Union, and succeeded. His academic achievements did not equal those of his boyhood, when he completed all of his primary and secondary education within six years of his

arrival from Poland at age 12. But the Union gave him the opportunity to "broaden my circle of friends," and during his three years in England he made the acquaintance of all the Labour Party luminaries. Stafford Cripps, Harold Laski, G.D.H. Cole, and Aneurin Bevan are on the long, long list of names that are dropped in *The Good Fight*.

Lewis left England with reluctance, for Herbert Morrison had offered him a safe seat in Parliament, which would have made him a member of the coming Labour government. But J.S. Woodsworth, the saintly pacifist of the CCF, had urged him to return to Canada. On his arrival he received a handwritten, four-page letter from Woodsworth which, he points out, contained a grammatical error. At Woodsworth's invitation he became the first national secretary of the CCF, unpaid at first, and he served the cause of social democracy in this position until 1950. He handled the correspondence, drafted policy statements and served as a fundraiser, all the while adroitly centralizing what had been a loose federation of provincial organizations. He established the party's Ottawa headquarters and brought about a system of national membership dues, helping to effect the latter with a suggestion that perhaps it was time for him to resign.

Several members rejected the suggestion outright and the rest just ignored it. It would be coy, but not honest, to say that this reaction was a surprise, but I was pleased. It confirmed my decision not to leave at that time and strengthened my determination to find ways of expanding the services of the national office.

## In the groove

By DuBARRY CAMPAU

**Diplomatic Passport: More Un-diplomatic Diaries, 1946-1962**, by Charles Ritchie, Macmillan, 200 pages, \$12.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7715 9587 5).

IF DIPLOMATS ARE considered truly representative of their countrymen, there must be people in France, Germany, the United States, England, and at the United Nations who still think that the typical Canadian is urbane, witty, and sophisticated, with an incisive, perceptive mind. The man most responsible for this international misapprehension is Charles Ritchie, whose third volume of diaries, *Diplomatic Passport*, has now been published.

Ritchie is one of those rare professionals who takes his job, but not himself, seriously. His senses of proportion and humour stayed with him in the midst of peace conferences, postwar Germany, and the Suez crisis, and perhaps he found a release for them in writing comments in his diaries that could not be even muttered in the chanceries.

This volume includes the years from 1946 to 1962 and extends geographically from Ottawa, Paris, Bonn, India, and New York to his native Halifax. During this period and in these places Ritchie was a member of the Canadian delegation to the Paris Peace Conference, headed by Mackenzie King; he was also under-secretary of external affairs in Ottawa, and ambassador to Bonn and, later, to the United Nations. About King, Ritchie says: "He has produced no ideas and no leadership. He just goes through the motions. He seems principally concerned with petty fiddle-faddle about his personal arrangements."

On Molotov, who was also at the conference: "His eyes were red-rimmed, his face naked with fatigue. He looked like a weather-beaten Easter Island monument — but for a moment I had mistaken the old monster for a human being."

On arriving in the city Ritchie had written: "Returning to the Paris of my student days as a middle-aged official is like paying a social call on a former mistress." And the French, he says,

mar of J.S. Woodsworth was a man who could make enemies. Lewis describes a number of run-ins with party members who believed that the national secretary was too big for his boots; the reader is left with the suspicion that they may have been right. If, in his long career, Lewis rarely looked back, he did not look down, either. In a somewhat distasteful passage he tells us that when the CCF played host to Commonwealth Labour party leaders in Toronto in 1944, he received an indignant letter from a local CCFer, the temperance leader Bill Temple, complaining about a cocktail party held in their honour. "I can still hear the laughter of the overseas delegates," he writes, "when I reported the protest to them."

Lewis had his ideals. They had been formed in the *stet* listening to his father talk: socialism with other Bundists. Hewing to his father's line, he resisted Zionism for most of his life; being a pragmatist, he eventually embraced it. On the eve of Hitler's invasion of Poland he argued against convening the national council; though a Jew and no pacifist, he "saw no point in stirring up opposing opinions." On the other hand, he was quick to support the formation

of NATO, for like his father he was a militant, almost obsessive anti-Communist.

In retrospect, he concedes, the Communists were phantom rivals. It didn't look that way in 1943 when he and Fred Rose were the Jewish candidates in Cartier; Rose won and Lewis came a humiliating fourth. The experience made him turn down an invitation to run against the Communists in Winnipeg North, although the seat had been held by the CCF for 15 years. "It is my personal hope," he said, "that if I should ever get to Parliament I should get there as a Canadian socialist who happens to be Jewish." In this book, despite four attempts, he does not get to Parliament.

Lewis had a healthy or perhaps unhealthy respect for the electorate. "Canadian voters, like their Gods, move in mysterious ways." This was one of his favourite aphorisms. He seemed to have preferred formulating policy to participating in general elections. In 1956 he helped to draft the Winnipeg Declaration, which discarded the nationalization clause of the Regina Manifesto. "People are afraid of our ultimate socialization objectives," he told the national council.

Lewis discusses the conduct of only one election, the 1945 rout in Ontario that followed the "Gestapo" broadcast by E.B. Jolliffe, the provincial leader. He denies that he was consulted about the speech, though he was present in the King Edward Hotel when Lister Sinclair was polishing it. He devotes a number of pages to documents showing that the Ontario Provincial Police indeed had a man spying on the CCF, and that despite his denials Premier Drew knew all about it. Nevertheless, the speech may have been a tactical error: "I have always felt, and Jolliffe would probably agree, that it was a mistake to have the final script written by a dramatist so that the normal political safety phrases were absent."

The normal political safety phrases are not absent from *The Good Fight*. It is a frank book, not as self-serving as some political memoirs, but not without obfuscation either. Lewis doesn't satisfactorily explain the CCF's decline in the postwar years, when the left was on the rise elsewhere in the world; he does not discuss the failure at all in terms of his own role. He correctly states that the CCF took up the cause of Canadian nationalism long before Walter Gordon, but he later denounces the Waffle in an aside that doesn't mention the nationalist nature of its challenge to the party. Perhaps he left this for his next volume, along with the question of what happened to his ambition to nationalize the CPR. □

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by Gerald Donaldson

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"are plainly different from us and for that very reason attractive and somehow formidable. They are gay, but not funny; they make one smile but not laugh; they are so conventional . . . however revolutionary their ideas may be."

It would be fun to quote from every page of these diaries — they are as evocative of people, times, and places as those of Chips Channon, but unlike his, they're not in the least self-serving.

But Ritchie has never hovered exclusively around the official world — his interests are far wider spread than that. One of his best and oldest friends was Elizabeth Bowen, the Anglo-Irish writer who frequently appears in these pages. He was also close to members of the amazing Mitford family, especially Nancy, the novelist and biographer, and he recaptures her zany charm.

He has a keen sense of place: "Geneva is the nursing home of Europe. Who has not come to rest their bodies and nerves after storms, amorous or political? Every de-throned king, exiled intellectual, proscribed politician in Europe for more than one hundred years." About social life in Ottawa: "Buffet supper. The men off in the corner talking shop, the women on the sofa talking servants and babies. No sexy flutters or sentimental approaches between men and women. Flat-footed good sense tintured by local hates and irritations."

And Ritchie pays attention, not just to events but to the people involved in them. His description of a meeting between Conrad Adenauer and Prime Minister St. Laurent says much about the attitudes and characters of the two men. And there's a winsome little side-light on Nehru who, to please his guests, shows off a Tibetan costume and a Kashmiri dressing gown.

Ritchie describes a diplomatic necessity of "developing an anonymous public face which expresses only cautious benevolence, controlling the spasms of nervous exasperation or high spirits, getting into the groove, the ambassadorial groove. It is a game, like learning German. Whether it is a game worthy of a grown man I cannot say."

Although he has excluded from his diaries any details about his official work or negotiations, in reading them one is given a vivid feeling of the activities of many governments, including our own, in many key places of the period that encompassed the postwar era, the Cold War, the Suez crisis, and other international crises. Through them all Ritchie seems to swan sunnily, only occasionally dipping into moods of introspection or discouragement at human frailty.

Perhaps because quite a bit of history was being made at this time and he was

in a perfect position from which to view it, or more probably because Ritchie had by then matured as deliciously as a well-ripened peach, this is so far the most fascinating of his three volumes. Having relished and learned from it, we are looking forward even more avidly to the fourth. □

## REVIEW

# A life of crime

By WILLIAM DEVERELL

Angelo Branca: *The Gladiator of the Courts*, by Vincent Moore, Douglas & McIntyre, 241 pages, \$16.95 cloth (ISBN 0 88894 323 7).

I MAY BE WRONG, but I fear that a book about the life, times, and trials of a lawyer may not excite too many people who are not themselves privy to the mysteries of the profession. Unless the lawyer be painted more vividly than in the tentative, somewhat awed tones used by Vincent Moore in his biography of West Coast lawyer Angelo Branca.

Branca was and is a very good lawyer — tough, tenacious, unbowed by authority — but he does not quite come alive in this book or achieve the heroic dimensions sought. Nor are the excitement and tension of the courtroom brought to life on these pages.

But, as I say, I may be wrong. What may seem commonplace to me, as a lawyer, could enthrall a wider audience eager to be initiated into the backstage rooms of our courthouse theatres. Certainly, if what a reader seeks is an anecdotal account of five and a half decades of law and politics in British Columbia, the book will satisfy. The anecdotes are loosely strung, in no set chronological order, and as the reader bounces errantly from one episode to another, he does collect a picture of Angelo Branca.

Semi-retired now after nearly 40 years as a lawyer and another dozen years as a judge, Branca can probably claim to be the pre-eminent criminal counsel of his time in B.C. His capacity for work was prodigious, his commitment to his friends — of low rank and high — fiercely strong. He has never been an aloof man; his office has always been open to everyone — clients, young

lawyers seeking advice, members of Vancouver's Italian community who regard this son of an Italian immigrant as almost a folk hero.

But Moore's portrait is impressionistic, and it lacks an incisive inner look at what makes great lawyers tick; the towering ego that must be there, the deep reservoirs of compassionate energy that fuel the drive to defend. It is not easy to plead the cause of persons charged with heinous crimes, and only a truly compassionate lawyer can do it well. It is sad that Moore does not dig deeper into Angelo Branca in search of these wells of strength and compassion.

He has obviously spent many days with his subject, with a notepad on his knee. The best of Branca's stories, as recounted to Moore, are self-deprecating, and frankly it is a relief to read a biography of a lawyer whose best and funniest memories involved courtroom mishaps. As an example, there is this sharp exchange between Branca and a Chinese merchant in Lillooet who had testified he recognized an accused gold thief in the courtroom — Branca's client:

BRANCA: What was there about the accused that made you remember him?

JIM: I see man's face, I can't miss him.

BRANCA: What about his face?

JIM: Same face he got now.

In his accounts to his biographer, Branca seems to remember his losses better than his wins. This is not strange, because it is probably true that the better the lawyer, the harder it is to take defeat; losses rankle and sear the memory. His most famous case, the defence of former B.C. Lands Minister Robert Sommers on corruption charges, ended in a loss despite a heroic battle. But the reader learns (a statistic that is almost casually tossed away) that Branca defended 63 accused murderers in his career. All but four were acquitted, and only two of his clients were ever hanged.

Although Branca never seems to emerge from this book as a real personality, others do — side characters, as it were. Tom Hurley, the hard-drinking, wonderfully gifted defender of the poor, was one of Branca's best friends. We read about such other silver-tongued courtroom charmers as Hugh McGivern and Nick Mussallem. And two chapters are devoted in large part to Mr. Justice Alec Manson, the feisty, black-robed judicial bigot who for many years struck terror in the hearts of defence counsel in B.C. (He was "the worst judge I ever knew," writes Moore, an official court reporter for many decades.) Manson, who as attorney-general campaigned against Oriental immigration and carried his prejudices with him to the bench, was known as a hanging judge. He sentenced 14 murderers to the gallows

and declared, "I never lost a night's sleep over any of them."

I cannot help but quote from Moore's book one of the funniest episodes that has ever occurred in a Canadian courtroom. It was the last day on the bench for Manson, whose retirement was being forced upon him, and he had just finished sentencing Branca's client to an unbelievable 25 years for rape (a sentence later quashed on appeal). Then another young man was brought before him for sentencing, and although the jury had recommended leniency, Manson imposed a 15-year term, whereupon

the prisoner's mother heaped abuse on the judge, shouting, "You vindictive old bastard. You old bag of shit. You ought to be shot."

As court orderlies hustled her away, one of the lawyers whispered, "It's the judge's swan song. Someone's got to say a few words." Crown Counsel George Murray rose and, with easy eloquence, gave the valediction, being able to pay perfectly sincere tributes to a "fearless and forthright judge" and "one with the courage of his convictions."

Nicholas Mussallem, whom Branca had asked to represent him at the

sentencing, rose and said he wished to associate himself with the remarks of Mr. Murray. Assistant Prosecutor John Davies also rose and said he wished to associate himself with the remarks of Mr. Murray.

Don Smith, the official court reporter, rose. He said he wished to associate himself with the remarks of the lady who spoke before Mr. Murray. Whereupon, apparently, Manson bowed and left the bench forever.

There's quite a bit of that sort of stuff here. Lawyers will like it. As a loose collection of anecdotes, the book succeeds. As a biography, it doesn't. □

## FEATURE REVIEW

# Matters of taste

How to load your table with such down-home delicacies as milk-fed gull, seal flipper pie, and beaver pot roast

By DuBARRY CAMPAU

WHETHER YOU ARE a meticulous follower of instructions or an impressionistic creator of mysterious *mélanges*, cookbooks have a fascination for anyone who has occasion to chop an onion, beat an egg, or light a stove. It must be so, for they pour from the presses as relentlessly as paperback volumes of Harlequins.

The current batch is wonderfully mixed, but we might as well start with one from an all-weather friend, Ruth Fremes. It is *What's Cooking, Volume 2* (Methuen Publications, 152 pages, \$9.95 paper). Fremes knows how, when, and what to cook and makes it possible for all of us to go and do likewise. Her popular television show has gladdened the stomachs of thousands by teaching them that wholesome food can be as tantalizing and tempting as overdoses of caviar and *joie gras*.

Two of her appetizers jumped right out at me — a chicken liver pâté made with apples and calvados, and a tomato and gruyère croustade seasoned with basil. Her jasmine tea bread combines grated orange, lemon and lime rinds with pecans and the tea for a perfect bouquet. The cheese potatoes with garlic could make you forget the meat they are supposed to accompany. The chicken breasts Florentine will enhance the dressiest dinner party and, because they can be pre-organized, you will too.



*the praline chocolate*  
JSE....

If you have room for only one cookbook beside your hot plate, this is it. And if you have shelves full of them in your country kitchen, you'll still find this is the most thumbed, spotted, and above all the most used.

Now who can read Dickens without relishing his descriptions of feasts, snacks, fireside suppers, and hearty breakfasts? For his time and place the

man was evidently a gourmet and he dwelt lovingly on the meals eaten by his characters, relishing them vicariously. So what could be more fitting than a *Charles Dickens Cookbook* (Personal Library, 176 pages, \$14.95 cloth). It is compiled and written by Brenda Marshall with perception, loving care, and wit. The recipes, stemming from the stodgiest cuisine in history — that of the English 19th century — won't send you racing to the kitchen, but the excerpts she has chosen from Dickens are delightful, the explanations of the reasons for the dishes are sound and amusing, the illustrations charming, and the whole concept is a joy. It is in every way a cookbook to read, admire, and enjoy; it will probably make you realize it's been too long since you had a go at this most durable of novelists.

*Good to the Last Bite* by Marlys Carruthers, Joyce Krusky, and Lynn McLachlin (The Happy Cookers Publishing Ltd., 221 pages), is essentially a book dedicated to making entertaining easy, but most of the recipes could serve for family menus too as they are not unduly complicated or extravagant. The contents are organized into Brunches, Dinner Parties, Family Affairs, Late Night Feasts, and a miscellaneous section called *Favourite Things* that is heavy on sweets. Many of the recipes are



based on good ideas but could be improved by less reliance on tinned, commercial, or dry-mixed ingredients. Mayonnaise, for instance, takes no longer to make than to buy, and home-made mayonnaise tastes at least twice as good and can be seasoned as you like. Fresh mushrooms are available in almost every market and have a flavour that never comes through in the tinned, glutinous soup made with them. Furthermore, it hardly seems necessary to bother printing directions for mixing a package of Uncle Ben's rice with tins of chicken, celery, and onion soup before adding chicken breasts and baking. The most uninspired amateur could dream up a dish like that on his own. And a really nasty concept is that of slicing a perfectly good roast of beef with both dried and tinned mushroom soup along with two cups of water, then covering it and letting it steam itself to death for three or four hours.

It's not *all* that bad — crusty broiled potatoes turn out to be winners, as do deviled almonds with chutney, curry, turmeric, and Worcester Sauce. This is a cheerful, unsophisticated, and easy-to-follow manual (although its subtitle "Cooking — Slightly Gourmet" is slightly over-stated).

A Culinary Palette, by Joan Mackie (Merritt Publishing, 212 pages, \$34.95 cloth), is a stunning, handsomely illustrated volume for the coffee, rather than the kitchen, table. Miss Mackie conceived the idea of asking 65 Canadian artists for their favourite recipes and/or thoughts on food. Why artists should be more responsive about the food they enjoy than carpenters or insurance adjusters I don't know, but most of them did ante up rather well. I am certainly grateful to Derek Besant and Alexandra Haeseker for their recipe for Krotetjes, those luscious meat or cheese croquettes I almost lived on in Amsterdam. And I was refreshed by Ronald Bloore's contribution: "Bloorewich" — Heinz ketchup on white bread, no butter, folded over.

Ian Carr-Harris won me with Nun's Chicken Pie, a perfect balance of seasonings and *no* potatoes. Graham Coughtry's Distant Island Soup not only has a fetching name but 27 different ingredients, not including marijuana (where legal). Jerry Grey's Cold Green Meatloaf is an excellent combination of meat, fresh herbs, and spices. Gerald Squires who, unlike me, often has left-over moose to cope with in his Newfoundland lighthouse, knows how to curry it deliciously (if there's no moose lying around in your fridge, I suspect beef could be substituted). Irene Whitome of Montreal takes food seriously: "I feel a sense of communication in the

act of eating. The vibes among people are important, so is the numerology in how many people gather together to eat and in what configuration."

This is a fascinating and gorgeously illustrated cookbook, as well as a good survey of current Canadian art and the attitudes of the artists.

Flavours of Newfoundland and Labrador by J.J. Sharp (Breakwater, 108 pages, \$9.95 paper) is an austere reminder of what living virtually off the rocky land and stormy seas of that area was like only a short time ago. Fish and game, potatoes, turnips, and wild berries were the staple foods, with few ingredients to spice up or vary their appeal. Yet, with these limited resources, the recipes in this book have a hearty and often even savoury appeal.

—add one pinch of:



Seal flipper pie for instance: you combine the flippers with Worcester Sauce, onions, and salt pork to give them a bit of zing. Beaver pot roast has about the same seasoning with carrots, turnips, and potatoes added to give it substance. But creamed rice pudding sounds as good now as it must have been when the rhymed recipe for it appeared in the Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society cookbook in 1927.

The directions for roast gull, by the way, have a footnote that says to make it palatable it is necessary to catch the gull alive and feed it on milk or buttermilk for two weeks to rid it of its unpleasant flavour.

Few of the recipes are of more than curious interest to those of us who live in the fast or frozen food world of today, but the selection of late 19th- and early 20th-century photographs with which the book is illustrated are of lasting historical and sociological interest.

A Different Kettle of Fish, edited by Gladys Burchell (The Book Room Limited, 65 pages, \$4.95 paper), belongs in every kitchen. It contains excellent standard recipes and even better innovations. Codfish Pie Supreme (fresh cod, onion, cheese, rice, and curry) is a revelation of flavours, economical to make, and elegant enough for a dinner party. Fresh stuffed haddock with

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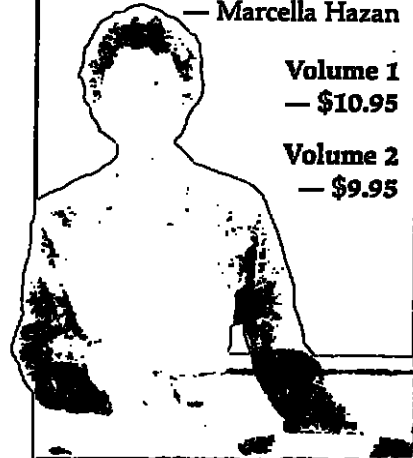
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orange is a distinguished way to serve another familiar fish, as is sole with cashews. The recipe for fried codfish balls is a simple and foolproof method for creating one of the best breakfasts in the world, and fresh mackerel basted with brown sugar and cider is downright exotic.

The Maritime women who contributed to this book are inspired, imaginative cooks and they could easily cause a boom in the east-coast fishing industry. This is an essential volume both for those of us who love fish and for those who think the frozen fish stick has said it all.



Jehane Benoit, with her hearty approach to food, always delights me. Her latest book, *My Grandmother's Kitchen* (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 83 pages, \$7.95 paper) has a special personal appeal as it includes many of the old-fashioned, French-Canadian dishes on which I grew up. Apple pancakes, for instance, with their whiff of cinnamon, remind me of Sunday morning treats, and her stuffed beef roll is an exact duplicate of the one served and relished at home, as is her jellied chicken. I didn't remember her sour cream apple pie but I can't imagine why we didn't have it: it's the best version I've tasted of that often routine dessert. Hot milk toast we often had and relished, but how much more we would have fancied it if our cook had been as clever as Madame Benoit and added a dash of brandy or rum to it.

As always, her "Tricks of the Trade" are invaluable: how to make aromatic salts or apple peel vinegar, the power of a pinch of sugar, and the secret of home-made orange and lemon extract.

Although I live alone and, from time to time, whip myself up a reasonably good meal, the menus in *The Solo Chef* by Val Clery (Prentice-Hall Madison Press, 144 pages, \$6.95 cloth) are good enough to share with your best friends. They are designed for the lonely diner but can easily be doubled and quadrupled for guests, even unexpected ones, as they are quick and delicious. "The Food Connector" at the back of the book is a marvellously practical gimmick. It tells you at a glance exactly what ingredients to have on hand for any number of main meals, suppers, lun-

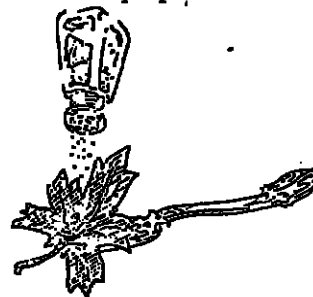
ches, and snacks, and there is also a list of essential staples and utensils.

Clery's Linguine al Carbonara is so good it could be used as a principal dish for any meal.

*Be Your Own Bartender, From the Land of Rum and Big Fishes*, by J. Mark Boudreau (Atlantic Nova Print, 119 pages, \$6.95 paper), is as engaging and bemusing as its title. It contains all you wanted to know but didn't know enough to ask about drinks and drinking. Never mind the recipes for Angel Kisses and Bronx cocktails, get right to your allowable number of drinks per hour per poundage, what wine to drink with which food and when not to sip it at all, what equipment you need for your do-it-yourself bar and how to stock it, how to cure a hangover (you can't), toasts for occasions you never dreamt of, party tips that indicate that rum is only drunk with cola, vodka with Seven-Up, and whisky with ginger ale.

As extras there are punches for every sign in the zodiac (mine sounds almost too yummy — pineapple, curaçao, cherry juice, rum, and champagne) and songs for suiffed sopranos, tipsy tenors, and crapulous quartets — ranging from "Old MacDonald had a Farm" to "O Come All Ye Faithful." It is a beguiling book and M. Boudreau is my favourite barman.

By contrast, we have *The Non-Drinker's Drink Book* by Gail Schioler (Personal Library, 176 pages, \$10.95 cloth). It is based on a good idea — fewer and fewer people seem to be into



the booze these days, yet there never seem to be many attractive alternatives offered, at parties, to hard liquor or wine. Mrs. Schioler offers us any number of substitutes, many of which are simply fruit drinks made by throwing berries or pieces of melon into a blender in a variety of combinations. She also suggests whipping up brewer's yeast or yogurt with fruit or vegetables, variations of tea, cocoa, and coffee, and several party punches.

Many of these drinks sound zesty and piquant, but some have an alarmingly high sugar content and others sound a bit far-fetched (dates or prunes blended with milk!). I was happy that she included directions for cold water tea and sun tea, both of which bring out the

essence of the leaf as no boiling water can. But as an avid iced coffee addict, I was appalled that she says quite blithely to add a heaping tablespoon of sugar to

each glass *before* serving it! To those of us without a sweet tooth, that would ruin what is otherwise the world's most refreshing drink.

Some or all of these books should give you, your friends, and your family a happy holiday season of dining and drinking. □

## FEATURE REVIEW

# Circles within circles

It seems inevitable that someday  
someone would come up with an art book  
about books as works of art

By **CHRISTOPHER HUME**

ONLY ANDY WARHOL comes close to Michael Snow's flair for the ordinary, the drab, and the ugly. And only Michael Snow could have designed a book cover as dismal as this one. Otherwise, Tim Guest's *Books by Artists* (Art Metropole, 128 pages, \$12.00 cloth) is a particularly interesting and important statement about books as art. Written to accompany a travelling exhibition of the same name, its intention is "to provide the reader with a sampling of information on artists' books, and to describe the possibilities of the genre." It also contains an essay written by Germano Celent in 1973.

As Guest points out, "artists' books constitute a highly varied contemporary art form." Those he documents range from published notebooks and manifestos to books that "utilize the sequence of pages to produce a stream of abstract imagery." One of the earliest works included is Marcel Duchamp's *Green Box*, a collection of notes by the artist that form a bizarre and scrambled set of instructions to his painting "The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even," one of the most analyzed canvases of the 20th century. Halifax artist Ian Murray is represented with his 1974 book *Image and Appearance of the Human Body* by Schilder. Murray went through this medical text and crossed out whole lines and sentences, making it a readable and sometimes profound treatise on "image and appearance." Maurizio Nannucci's *Universum: Volume 1/Volume 2* is a book bound at both ends. It cannot be opened; the contents will remain forever a mystery. One of the best is a volume entitled *32 of 1640*, by Toronto artist John Greyson. His book consists of 32 form letters written by "an elderly female alter-ego." The cold impersonality of the letters



stands in stark contrast to their content. The page illustrated in Guest asks, "Do you remember Selina MacAndrews?" The text continues:

She was in our grade 10 class at Wonaught High, in the school year 1929-30. The subject was Chemistry if memory serves me correctly. I had a dream about her last night for the first time in years. At the time, I was very much in love with her, but peer pressure demanded that I treat her like an out-cast, as you did, as everybody did . . . .

The pages can be ripped from Greyson's book in the manner of a telephone-message pad. The dilemma of form versus content is at the very heart of this small but brilliant work.

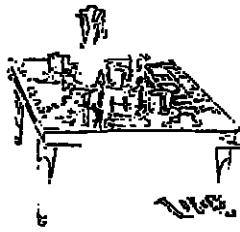
A late contender in the heavyweight

division, and a good bet to take the championship, is the massive Roloff Beny opus *Odyssey: Mirror of the Mediterranean* (McClelland & Stewart, 371 pages, \$100 cloth). It's as smooth and beautiful, arrogant and overwhelming, as Muhammad Ali a decade ago. In fact, readers are advised against fighting it. Instead, they should get comfortable and prepare to enjoy. Think of *Odyssey* as a cheap trip — \$100 may be a lot for a book, but it's not bad for a luxurious and sensual journey through the historic lands that skirt the Mediterranean. Beny clearly prefers things and views to people. His sense of texture might be his greatest asset. Whether shooting the soft surfaces of ancient Hellenic sculpture or the baroque clutter of 17th-century Genoa, Beny always gets the right angle, the proper perspective. Cecil Beaton commented on Beny's "exceptional eye for idyllic beauty." *Odyssey* is a testament to the truth of Beaton's remark.

Canada from the Air (Hurtig, 128 pages, \$29.50 cloth), with photographs by J.A. Kraulis and text by Bo Curtis, gives a bird's-eye view of the different regions of our diverse country. Patterns imperceptible at ground-level emerge in this rather novel series of exposures. Ploughed fields and housing subdivisions make excellent and unexpected subjects. The junction of Highway 401 and the Don Valley Parkway in Toronto looks like a vast network of flowing, grey veins. The Citadel in Halifax is revealed as a large star-like construction, perhaps a huge armoured amoeba swimming in a sea of green matter. And then there's what Laurier LaPierre has called "the tallest free-standing penis in the Commonwealth" — the CN Tower. For once, it looks small.

Canada's only superstar architect,

Arthur Erickson, is the subject of Edith Iglauer's *Seven Stones* (Harbour Publishing, 120 pages, \$29.95 cloth). Iglauer first wrote about Erickson for the *New*



*Yorker* 13 years ago. She describes him as "a witty, semi-mystical, not at all humble man in his mid-fifties." If he reads this Erickson will probably become even less humble. There is nothing, it seems, the man cannot do better than practically anyone else. But then Erickson is a superstar.

He first came to international prominence in 1965, when Simon Fraser University opened. It was his first major commission and he made the most of the opportunity. If before he had been considered "too dreamy" he suddenly became a red hot item. Since then Erickson's "consistently inconsistent" structures have sprung up all over the

world — the current one being the new Massey Hall now under construction in downtown Toronto.

*Seven Stones* is an exceptionally well-illustrated book and will undoubtedly be much sought by anyone with even a passing interest in either Erickson or his architecture. Iglauer, who states right off the bat that she is not a serious critic of architecture, has obviously been very impressed by what she has seen and by the man who produces it.

*The Art of Robert Bateman* (Penguin, 178 pages, \$40.00 cloth) is what most art books would be if they could. It presents a balanced and likable portrait of a man and his art. With an introduction by Roger Tory Peterson, text by Ramsay Derry, and notes by Bateman himself, the book covers all angles. Bateman's wildlife paintings each come with the artist's written comments, which are usually intelligent, incisive, and absolutely delightful. Bateman combines the learning of a naturalist with an artist's sensibility. He also happens to have the skills necessary to render his subjects faithfully. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Bateman manages to avoid cuteness. In "Autumn Overture," for example, a male and female moose stare intently across a pond at each other, and

you don't have to be Grey Owl to know what's on their minds:

I wanted to show the bull moose as a dark, menacing presence, but with his attention directed towards the cow. She is in an ungainly pose with her head lowered and with a somewhat reptilian demeanor. Neither of them are very beautiful by human standards but they



'are at their prime in rutting season, and, presumably, are very appealing to each other.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, but not even a moose would disagree that *The Art of Robert Bateman* rates as one of the finest art books in a long time. □

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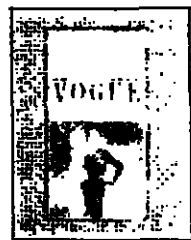
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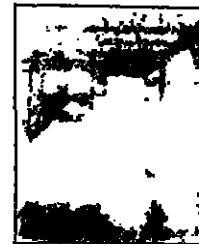
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# Scaffolds in chaos

Robert Kroetsch's selected poems reflect the barren newness of the prairie, and the poet's struggle to create a self out of its 'absences'

By ALBERT MORITZ

*Field Notes*, by Robert Kroetsch, General Publishing, 144 pages, \$9.95 paper (ISBN 0 7736 0088 4).

THIS IS A WELCOME book, not only because it collects Robert Kroetsch's vivid and important poetry, but because *Field Notes* inaugurates a promising series of poetry books by a major trade publisher. General Publishing's Spectrum Poetry Series is announced as an ongoing project that will present two books per year (the second in 1981 is *Dreaming Backwards*, a selection of Eli Mandel's poems).

*Field Notes* is Kroetsch's "collected poems." It contains nine long poems, arranged as "field notes 1-3" and a prologue, "Stone Hammer Poem," from Kroetsch's first book. All but three of these poems have appeared since 1975 (when Kroetsch was already 48) as small books from such presses as Oolichan, Turnstone, and Coach House. The selection engagingly displays Kroetsch's wide range as a poet, his supplely shifting tones, his seriousness, humour, and irony, his talent for epigram, lyricism, description, and narrative, his formal inventiveness, his learning, and his deft, unassuming way with an allusion. His decision to present his poetry as an accumulating single work is justified, as was Yeats's, by the continuity of its themes, and by the gathering, self-reflexive awareness that intensifies these themes in and through all variations of style and form.

Throughout his book Kroetsch confronts the mute innocence of earth and the baffling presence of this (natural and/or divine?) enigma joined with a human person in woman. The micro-cosmic theme of love and the difficulties of embodying it in a sexual relationship are linked with the terrible social problem of worthily husbanding the land.

A second, closely related, nexus of concerns more or less completes the survey of Kroetsch's intellectual "field." To teach himself how to husband, he looks for the help of a history,

a tradition, a memory, a muse. This search occurs primarily in the first two major poems, "The Ledger" and "Seed Catalogue." It leads to what can only be described as an agony of not-finding, although the pain is partially concealed or denied in the later poems through strategies of self-deprecation, irony, and ambiguity that become ever more prominent as the work advances.

In his prologue, Kroetsch begins with an attempt to remove himself as poet from the guilty self-absorption he seems to see in all previous cultures, and to achieve personal innocence. Contemplating a stone-age hammer, he notes that everyone before himself "did

not/notice that the land/did not belong/to the Indian who/gave it to the Queen/(for a price) who/gave it to the CPR..." and so on. Kroetsch identifies the poem with the hammer: a thing shaped by man, but in its basic identity a mute object of nature, surviving the generations of men and their pride.

But it is this very presumption of innocence, this idealization of the poem, that is progressively criticized and — at least for the time being — rejected as *Field Notes* unfolds. In "The Ledger" and "Seed Catalogue," the poet is gradually implicated in his society: he is its product, though not necessarily its most useful or praiseworthy product. At

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the same time his society (settlement Alberta) is seen to be impoverished, despite its valuable qualities, and to be guilty with regard to its handling of the land. It suffers from a grievous loss of memory of possibilities and duties.

Kroetsch sums up the forgetfulness of his culture in a list of "absences" that includes everything from silkworms and sailing ships to Aeneas, the pious culture-bringer and preserver of ancient gods. In "The Ledger" the poem still seems "a scaffolding/in the chaos." By the end of "Seed Catalogue," which is in fact a catalogue of the "seed" dilemmas that give rise to the later poetry, Kroetsch sees only the barren newness of the prairie landscape, untouched by the depredations of a slapdash culture that has accomplished nothing except to kill the innocent Adam and Eve within the would-be poet, and he is at a loss to know how to create himself out of the shambles.

Afterward the book does not recover or develop from this crux; rather, it explores the emptiness, the overwhelming difficulty Kroetsch has found. "How I Joined the Seal Herd," for instance, is a serio-comic dissection of primitivistic longing, the desperate self-contradictory desire to achieve, to marry, animal innocence. The mock-Stevensian "Sketches of a Lemon" dithers purposefully to satirize the major pretension of modern lyricism: the achievement of a temporal salvation through sensual intensity and poetic form, that is, a "way of seeing."

Kroetsch's finest achievement, "The Sad Phoenician," is a larger meditation on the same basic dilemma: the mistrust of (and dissociation from) all older traditions, the sense of the failure of his own traditions — modern Alberta and modern literary intellectualism. The effort to remake the world from scratch ends in equivocality and confusion, pride and emptiness:

*but the tree was not an inch closer. If  
it was a tree.*

*The light was too bright for seeing,  
green became  
blue. Or vice versa.*

This remarkable poem encapsulates many of the issues of modern poetry. Here, for instance, is the longing for pure experience, for escape from memory's burden: ". . . o to be mere gerund; no past, no future: what do you do in life: I ing . . ." The aspiration is mocked, but the parodic echo of the poet's proud "I sing" keeps contact with the longed-for but disbelieved ideal of a truly human culture. The Sad Phoenician directs his endless voyage to the contradictory goals of atavistic innocence and the City of Man.

The central element of Kroetsch's perception is the "Or vice versa," as in this masterful one-line recapitulation of lyricism reminiscent of Mallarmé:

*but somewhere today your body is  
waiting, we rely on the  
flesh; love is only the consequence,  
not the cause. Or  
vice versa. How green, actually,  
green is.*

Kroetsch gives us a whole intellectual history: the surrender of mind and spirit to the overwhelming presence of the physical, the ensuing psychoanalytical suspicion that the spiritual is merely a repressive idealization of the physical, the inability to decide, the decision to establish a new "way" of physical and emotional intensity. The "Or vice versa" stands for the inability to decide, the irony of the honest modern poet when he confronts relativism, which pretends to have demolished past faiths when in fact relativism itself is as "relative" as any dogma.

In a sense, then, "Or vice versa" opens the door to hope, to conversion by a tradition that can save. But at the same time it is a trap; a vast empty space, the desert of doubt and suspicion of everything. Formally, stylistically, Kroetsch's poetry moves toward ambiguity, and simultaneously toward a bitter satirization of the self and the society that can do nothing more than dwell in its confusions. The final lines of *Field Notes* are these: "O nesting tongue/hatch the world," and their gloss, "and now/the lovers/find/the perfect/glacier /of all/their/once/ambitions."

The question this poetry ultimately raises is that of the poet who has registered the emptiness of his time, but who nonetheless seems to lack the will, the basic seriousness, to reject radically what he has radically criticized. Through analysis and autobiography and laughter Kroetsch has demolished today's ironically reduced Prometheism, but thus far he seems merely paralyzed by the sense that there is nothing better. The degree of struggle that his poetry ventures, both in form and content, with other traditions in their full strength, however, is negligible. He has yet to show the willingness to stand before anything that can say to him, "You must change your life."

But Kroetsch is seeking; he cannot be content with the purely aesthetic resolution, which is all the "modern tradition" offers. He clings to the possibility of the earth, the wholeness of man, and he longs to be in his speech what he is in his silence: "Silent Poet, she tells me, you are the great keeper, the wellspring of was, the guardian of ought." □

## Present at the destruction

By **ROGER HALL**

*Flames Across the Border, 1813-1814*, by Pierre Berton, McClelland & Stewart, 492 pages, \$24.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7710 1244 6).

PIERRE BERTON wouldn't be a problem in the United States or Great Britain. In Canada he's something of a rare breed — a serious but not scholarly historian. Elsewhere he would be labelled — without prejudice — a popular writer and, as such, be accorded a comfortable and secure niche in the country's critical literary make-up. In literary class-ridden Canada, however, to be popular is almost an epithet, to be commercially successful a wanton curse, to express oneself in a clear, uncluttered prose without an overlay of protective notes, akin to crass exhibitionism. Too many Canadian professional historians, whether they toil in university departments or cluster in government institutions, regard themselves as the sole certified guardians, explorers, and exhibitors of the country's past. Their own kind may occasionally stoop to address the public galleries, but for an outsider to assume their austere and weighty mantles is anathema.

Berton is such an outsider and each time one of his books is published it must run a critical academic gauntlet. The blows are not softened by the polite apologies and curt bows to his writing "ability" that usually accompany reviews of his books. That Berton survives as well as he does is a tribute to his research and writing skills and, from the viewpoint of the book-buying public, something of an indictment of the academy's authority. The truth is that Berton is a careful, resourceful, and capable "small-h" historian, with an eye for detail and a tendency to overemphasize the colourful. These are not substantial crimes. Professional historians too, after all, make errors of detail and interpretation; what their professional training provides that amateurs such as Berton must strive for is perspective, the ability to see within and without events, to understand context and, as a result, to fashion a more balanced picture. When Berton is able to achieve that balance,

his judgement and intelligence produce first-rate historical works — by anyone's measure. *Klondike* shows such abilities, as do stretches of his railroad tracts, and the two volumes that comprise his treatment of the War of 1812, the second of which is considered here.

Professional historical critiques are only part of the problem for the serious non-scholar, however. The real difficulty lies deeper. Despite his popularity Berton, and the few others like him, must scramble to find an audience in Canada, just as the CBC must scramble, or educational TV, or serious magazines and periodicals. Berton does it without government subsidy; others are not so fortunate. What is missing in Canada's scattered populace is a cohesive, serious, but not scholarly, intellectual community. As a result we abandon too many matters of crucial concern, especially in terms of culture and criticism of the arts, to the so-called professionals. The reasons lodge not so much in analyses of Canada's rough-hewn northern character as in the country's vast size and its relatively small population — as an English-speaking population we are not much bigger than Australia, after all.

The critical portion of that small population is no different from that of, say, the United States. The percentage of people who support the arts, go to theatre, ballet, concerts, read challenging books is virtually the same. But because Canada's numbers are so small the critical public is 10 per cent of the size of that of the United States, one-third that of Britain. These numbers simply are not great enough to support independent critics, or to give much foundation for journals, or to bolster a cultural life apart from institutions like governments and the universities. When one mixes in Canada's continual curse — too much geography — the problem is compounded. In other words, there is no easily defined place for serious writers like Berton in this country and so he is raked continually by those who should really leave him to his self-defined task and get on with their own work.

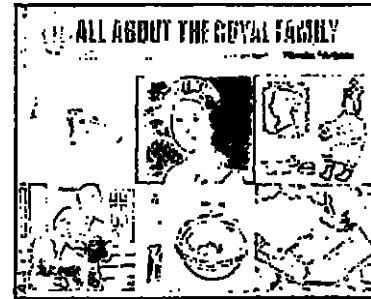
And so what must *this* university historian say about Berton's most recent volume? By scholarly standards it is wanting. Berton does not give us as much of the European background to events in North America as he might. After all, the whole war could be viewed as an extension of Britain's Napoleonic woes. Moreover, there is too much concentration on Upper Canada, which admittedly was violated and tampered with, unlike the Maritimes. But the Maritimes was scarcely the calm, orderly spot Berton suggests by omission. Finally, and most seriously, the book

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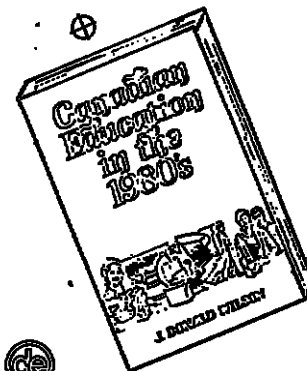


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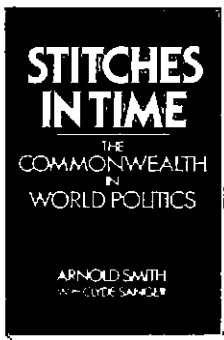


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claims to be social history. To me it is simply, plain old-fashioned military narrative. There is no real attempt to analyze the structure and attitudes of Canadian society at the time, particularly those of French Canadians. Moreover, one has scarcely any idea of the underpinning of the nascent society — what was its economic base, was it changing under the pressures of war; why did a country, in the case of Upper Canada, that was three-fifths American in origin not welcome their southern cousins with open arms? The essential conservatism in the Canadian character, well-exhibited in the War of 1812, might have been better explored.

Otherwise, aside from quibbling over details, the book appears a first-rate, exciting, even gripping account of what was after all a series of very nasty and bloody skirmishes, indeed a near-civil war for those who had the misfortune to live along the Niagara frontier. Berton makes slips, but so would a professional. He has the date of Sir John Harvey's knighthood wrong, Toronto's harbour only had one entrance (hence its desirability), and frequently he scrambles military and political ranks. I find the use of the historical present tense — which does give an immediacy — rather a tiresome trick but that's an opinion and not a judgement. Frankly the book, indeed both books, make an entertaining, occasionally thought-provoking read. And I hope that Berton will continue to produce and to find that elusive and mysterious clutch of Canadians who are interested in such matters. □

### REVIEW

## Our home and native bland

By **DANIEL FRANCIS**

**Canada Since 1945: Power, Politics, and Provincialism**, by Robert Bothwell, Ian Drummond, and John English, University of Toronto Press, 489 pages, \$19.95 cloth (ISBN 0 8020 2417 3).

THERE IS AN OBVIOUS risk authors take when they choose to write the history of the recent past. The ground is still moving under their feet. Time, and other historians, have not identified the

big issues yet, and it is not always clear what should be highlighted and what ignored. If there is a certain exhilaration at being first in the field, it is the exhilaration of working without a net.

Historians Bothwell and English and political economist Drummond face this problem in their survey, and they are not wholly successful dealing with it. There is really no theme to this book, no compelling argument that binds it together and draws the reader along. Instead we are treated to an overview of the period, a book with the scope of a textbook and, unhappily, the blandness as well.

The authors are most confident, and most instructive, when discussing politics and political economy. Monetary and fiscal policy, federal budgets, foreign policy, dominion-provincial relations — these are the nuts and bolts of the book, just as they are the nuts and bolts of government in Canada. Marshalling reams of statistics to make their points, they measure and evaluate economic performance and give some insight into the social changes that have taken place since the war.

Bothwell *et al.* are less successful when they try to write history with the politics left out. A chapter on popular culture in the 1940s, for instance, is particularly expendable. It tells us that the *Canadian Forum* had 2,000 subscribers, booze in night clubs had to be in brown bags, and the movies were cheap, but it says nothing about the style or the current ideas of the period.

The book is organized around the tenures of the various prime ministers who have held office since 1945. Each period is divided into sections on politics, economics, foreign policy, culture, and so on. The book presents an ordered and useful summary of events, and if it includes little that is new it does remind us of much that may have been forgotten. Federal budgets are assessed, important policies are recalled and, at least in the first half of the book, we meet some of the little-known mandarins who have wielded considerable influence in Ottawa.

This organization seems logical enough, especially since one of the points made in the book is the growing power of the central government after the war, but it has the disadvantage of ignoring the most colourful politicians produced in the country during the period — such provincial premiers as Maurice Duplessis, "Wacky" Bennett, and Tommy Douglas. These men make only cameo appearances, yet to those of us who lived in one of their provinces they are a more vivid part of our recent history than any prime minister. I would have thought that to understand the country one would have to come to



terms with the likes of these men. Readers from outside Ontario will not find much about their regions here.

Another organizational problem involves the use of statistics. The editors are as much to blame as the authors for the awkward way statistics are incorporated into the narrative. I would defy any but the most dedicated friends of the authors to slog their way through the swamp of numbers that begins this book. It is one thing to provide a framework for understanding the period, but it is quite another to make a book unreadable. Throughout the book the narrative is all too frequently lost in a blizzard of figures. The authors seem to think that the way to introduce a subject is to quantify it. The book would be vastly improved if a lot of this number crunching was removed to an appendix.

For the most part the authors are not argumentative. Their assessments of the prime ministers, for instance, are unexceptional. But on two subjects they take what may be considered controversial positions. The first of these relates to the October Crisis of 1970. After summarizing the sorry events, Bothwell *et al.* support unequivocally the use of the War Measures Act and the Liberal government's actions throughout the crisis. They reject the notion that the ordinary provisions of the Criminal Code were sufficient and conclude uncritically that the government acted "wisely and properly." Injustices that may have occurred were the fault of an overzealous police force.

It is astonishing that anyone could be so complacent about an issue around which the winds of controversy still swirl, but complacency is the prevailing mood of this book. None of the issues that agitated the 1960s and '70s seem to have ruffled Bothwell and his associates — not the FLQ crisis, not the ecology movement, not student activism, not double-digit inflation, not anything. Activists of all stripes, in fact, come off rather badly. The authors are insufferably condescending towards them. Bruce Kidd, for example, is a "super-annuated runner" and we learn that student leaders of the '60s were suffering from "delusions of grandeur." One realizes just how unsympathetic these academics are to radicalism when the only source allowed to reflect on the disturbances at Simon Fraser University is Margaret Trudeau.

The second instance in which the authors fly in the face of conventional wisdom is the case of foreign ownership, and nationalism in general. As far as they are concerned the issue is a real non-starter. Foreign ownership was never as damaging as the nationalists claimed and, anyway, the trend is re-

versing. Ottawa was right to do very little and the public was right to care very little. If the book has a villain it is Walter Gordon, the godfather of the nationalist movement. As presented by the authors Gordon was a bumbling finance minister, prone to gimmicks instead of sound financial management, who would have retired to a deserved obscurity if misguided nationalists had not elevated him to the role of cultural hero. Indeed, this entire book can be read as an extended assault on a nationalism that the authors seem to find embarrassing as much as wrong-headed.

*Canada Since 1945* could not have been meant for a general reading audience. It suffers from a centralist bias, a lacklustre style cluttered with statistics, and a complacent tone that fails to evoke the felt life of the period. The book may find its niche as a reference work but it is about as readable as the general tax guide. □



#### IN BRIEF

*Lizard in the Grass*, by John Mills, ECW Press, 256 pages, \$5.95 paper (ISBN 0 92082 26 5). John Mills was born in England in 1930. He came to Canada when he was 23. For the last 16 years he has taught English literature at Simon Fraser University. He is the author of three novels, *The Land of Is*, *The October Men*, and *Skevington's Daughter*. His latest book, *Lizard in the Grass*, is a collection of fitfully interesting essays and book reviews that have previously appeared in such journals as *The Fiddlehead*, *Georgia Straight* and *Queen's Quarterly*. The most interesting pieces, indeed the only ones that don't leave one wondering why this book was assembled at all, are two snatches of autobiography. The first, "Arms and the Poltroon," is an underdeveloped essay spun around some time Mills, then a young conscript in the British army, spent at a bleak military convalescent depot near Southampton. The other, "How the Poor Die" (a title filched from one of Orwell's essays), is an account of Mills's last visit with his mother, who was dying of cancer. His catalogue of the old woman's crabbed, poisonous views of sex and society — the miserable lessons of a lifetime near the lower end of the British social scale — provides the book's few memorable pages. And this success is due more to

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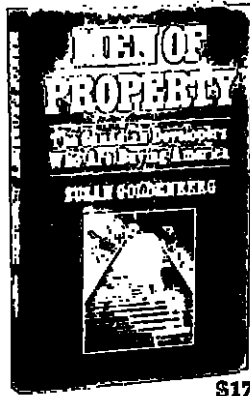
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the sheer strength of the raw material, to what Mills calls his mother's "acrimonious vitality," than to any particular skill on his part. The rest of *Lizard in the*

*Grass* depends solely on Mills's incomplete talent and insights. The less said about them the better.

— PHIL SURGUY

**THE BROWSER**

**The politics of racism: from  
Mackenzie King's anti-Semitism to our shameful  
wartime treatment of the Japanese**

By **MORRIS WOLFE**

ANN GOMER SUNAHARA'S *The Politics of Racism: The Uprooting of Japanese Canadians During the Second World War* (James Lorimer, 222 pages, \$19.95 cloth and \$12.95 paper) adds an important dimension to our understanding of that shameful episode in our history. Sunahara's book goes beyond Ken Adachi's *The Enemy That Never Was* in that she had access to official government documents kept secret until now. Those documents prove what we've long suspected — that the treatment of Japanese Canadians was motivated *solely* by racism. At no point in the seven years of their exile were they ever a security risk.

\* \* \*

MACKENZIE KING'S anti-Semitism is one of the themes touched on in Alan Abrams's *Why Windsor? An Anecdotal History of the Jews of Windsor and Essex County* (Black Moss Press, 109 pages, \$8.95 paper). Here's Senator David Croll on the subject: "I hold no bitterness toward King. I was blind to his anti-Semitism. . . . I can't forgive myself for being so blind. . . . I missed it until it was too late. But I have no bitterness. I've done what I wanted to during my lifetime. How could he have changed it for me?" The cynic in me wonders whether Croll was really blind or just conveniently so. Also included in this oral history of Windsor's Jews are such distinguished figures as Edie Lutvak, Canada's only woman scrap dealer, and Jake Geller, publisher of North America's first comicbook.

\* \* \*

JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO'S *Poems of the Inuit* (Oberon Press, 117 pages, \$23.95 cloth and \$11.95 paper) is an important contribution to our knowledge and

understanding of the Inuit. The book includes 80 poems (songs) from the approximately 500 that have been recorded. Colombo divides his material into nine cycles — Human Nature, Making Songs, Wild Things, The Hunt, etc. Lovely though they are, I wonder if it's a mistake to include some of Robert Flaherty's photographs in the book. Flaherty romanticized the life of the Inuit. Nanook died of starvation two years after Flaherty captured him on film. I thought of Nanook as I read these stanzas in "Dead Man's Song":

*Glorious was life  
In winter.  
But did winter bring me joy?  
No! Ever was I so anxious  
For sole-skins and skins for kamiks,  
Would there be enough for us all?  
Yes, I was ever anxious,  
ayi, yai ya.*

*Glorious was life  
In summer.  
But did summer bring me joy?  
No! Ever was I so anxious  
For skins and rugs for the platform,  
Yes, I was ever anxious,  
ayi, yai ya.*

\* \* \*

THE TROUBLE WITH *The Maple Laugh Forever: An Anthology of Canadian Comic Poetry*, edited by Douglas Barbour and Stephen Scobie, (Hurtig, 192 pages, \$7.95 paper) is that it isn't all that funny. If the editors had kept the words "Laugh" and "Comic" out of the title, and hadn't talked so much about jokes in their introduction, I'd be less disappointed. Because there is good stuff here. Take the following poem by P.K. Page:

*Stefan  
aged eleven  
looked at the baby and said  
When he thinks it must be pure*

thought because he hasn't any words  
yet  
and we  
proud parents  
admiring friends  
who had looked at the baby

looked at the baby again

It's fun, but it's not funny. Or take the one bit of Atwood in *The Maple Leaf Forever*:

You fit into me  
like a hook into an eye

a fish hook:  
an open eye

That's funny?

\* \* \*

But This Is Our War (University of Toronto Press, 148 pages, \$14.95 cloth) is a touching memoir by 90-year-old Grace Morris Craig about her family's experience of the First World War. The book interweaves memories, diary entries, and letters from Craig's two brothers (and friends) who had gone off to war. One of her brothers dies. So does her fiancé. The story is told with admirably restrained anger. "Books like this," says Viv Nelles in his introduction, "complement the military histories . . . of war. They remind us that battles . . . are ultimately made up of individuals." Reminiscent in its power of Timothy Findley's *The Wars*.

\* \* \*

I TEND TO think of the Outward Bound movement as a kind of outdoor equivalent of est; it pushes people beyond their physical limits as est pushes them beyond their psychological limits. *Inside Outward Bound* by Renate Wilson (Douglas & McIntyre, 188 pages, \$8.95 paper) tells the story of the international wilderness school, its founder Kurt Hahn, and its now more than 30 centres around the world. Wilson quotes one critic saying that *Outward Bound* is "a contest of how much pain and misery one can bear before breaking down," but she never really addresses the question. The fact is, she's a believer. And this reviewer isn't.

\* \* \*

MALCOLM DEAN'S Censored! Only In Canada, *The History of Film Censorship — the Scandal Off the Screen* (Virgo Press, 276 pages, \$9.95 paper) is a poorly organized and atrociously written attempt at producing a much needed work. The raw material (no pun intended) is here, but Dean doesn't really know what to do with it. Contradictions

abound. "When the Ontario censors banned *Pretty Baby*," Dean says at one point, "I determined to contribute toward the abolition of film censorship in Canada." A few lines later he tells us,

"Ideally, one begins a research project such as this in as neutral a frame of mind as one can manage. Associates will testify that I began in favour of some form of censorship." Huh? □

### IN TRANSLATION

A date is missing. Perhaps the publisher doesn't want us to know that his new book is already 21 years old

By PAUL STUEWE

ONE OF THE perils of writing about books in other languages is the time lag between their original and translated appearances; which means that the foreign reader must always be alert to exactly when a given title was first published and where it fits into the author's work as a whole. For example, in the case of Claude Jasmin's *The Rest Is Silence* (translated by David Lobdell, Oberon

Press, \$15.95 cloth, \$7.95 paper), the absence of any jacket or title-page information other than the acknowledgement that this is the author's first novel might lead you to assume that it's a fairly recent book. In fact, it was published in Quebec in 1960, which perhaps explains, but certainly does not excuse, Oberon's failure to provide the original date of publication. The fear, presumably, is

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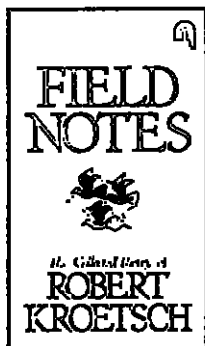
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that anglophone readers could be put off by something so uncontemporary as a book older than armed separatists, hippies, and other already dated phenomena. But I suspect we're more likely to be offended by a lack of candour that does not prepare us for an only moderately successful novel by a man who has become one of Quebec's finest writers.

The narrator of *The Rest Is Silence* has been trapped in the wreckage of a collapsed barn, and as he remembers and reflects upon the past he constructs for us an affecting memoir of life in working-class Montreal. These vivid recollections are interrupted by periodic attempts to invent a contemporary plot parallel to the protagonist's past, and these are such gratingly gratuitous impositions that one eventually learns to skip them altogether. But if the book does fall into what might be called the "first-novel syndrome," with the experiences of an intensely lived youth always threatening to overwhelm the effort to shape them into some manageable form, its rhythmically charged and pictorially graphic writing demonstrates that there is a very promising talent at work here. Thus the book is probably best read with the awareness that it is a first and somewhat hesitant step by a writer whose *Ethel and the Terrorist* (1965, and his only other novel available in English) already exhibits a much greater degree of authorial control, and Oberon's waffling on this point is a mistake in terms of both playing fair with the reader and establishing a market for translations of Jasmin's more mature work.

Ernesto Sabato's *On Heroes and Tombs* (translated by Helen R. Lane, Fitzhenry & Whiteside, \$24.25 cloth) was published in Spanish in 1961, but its immediate acceptance as a masterpiece of Argentinian literature and translation into several other languages did not suffice to bring forth an English version. The subsequent popularity of Borges, Marquez, and other post-modern Latin American writers has finally provided the necessary encouragement, and we can at last share in the appreciation of a most impressive novel. *On Heroes and Tombs* does experiment with such typical post-modernist devices as the multiple narrative voice and the story-within-a-story, but it is essentially an intense psychological novel that owes much to Dostoevsky and repays it with a powerful individual achievement. A massively satisfying reading experience, although to be neither entered upon nor taken lightly.

Such delays in translation seem even more unjust when a novel as thoroughly tedious as Anatoli Rybakov's *Heavy*

*Sand* (translated by Harold Shukman, Penguin, \$17.95 cloth) appears in English only three years after its original Russian publication. The self-conscious folksiness, cardboard characters, and simplistic political views of this book would be objectionable at any time, but in what purports to be an accurate account of the tragic experience of Russian Jewry they become downright offensive. Anyone interested in how socialist-realist literary doctrine can be used to totally distort reality will want to study *Heavy Sand*, because its glib dismissals of pre-Revolutionary anti-Semitism and Stalin-era domestic terror are in their perverse way quite breathtaking.

A good introduction to the actual historical background is provided by Anton Antonov-Ovseyenko's non-fiction book, *The Time of Stalin* (translated by George Saunders, Fitzhenry & Whiteside, \$25.95 cloth), a compendium of first-person recollections that further articulates the mechanisms of repression sketched in Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag* series. Antonov-Ovseyenko's book was compiled inside the U.S.S.R. under less than congenial conditions, and is at times episodic and hard to follow. But it also rings with the echo of voices passionately committed to revolutionary ideals that have been cold-bloodedly savaged by post-Revolutionary realities, and it's well worth some extra perseverance.

The techniques of fiction and non-fiction are combined in Jaroslav Hasek's *The Red Commissar* (translated by Cecil Parrott, Lester & Orpen Dennys, \$13.95 cloth), a volume of selected stories and sketches from the Czechoslovakian creator of that epitome of the holy fool, *The Good Soldier Svejk*. Hasek (1883-1923) has not received the critical acclaim he deserves, most likely because his work is amusing and easy to read as well as much too subtle for critics who require obvious symbols and grandiose themes. But anyone intrigued by the idea of a Kafka-esque retelling of *Don Quixote* will find his books immensely enjoyable. This is the first appearance in English of *The Red Commissar*, and thus it's a particular treat for Svejk-lovers as well as a major contribution to our awareness of Hasek's importance.

Two new translations from the Japanese represent the sublime and the ridiculous. The latter is supplied by Sawako Ariyoshi's *The Doctor's Wife* (translated by Wakako Hironaka and Ann Siller Konstant, Fitzhenry & Whiteside, \$12.25 cloth). This is a turgid sociological novel of no discernible merit, and significant only as an indication that our voracious appetite for Japanese literature may be inducing some scraping of the barrel. Delights of

a more traditional variety are provided by a beautifully illustrated edition of *The Tale of the Shining Princess* (translated by Donald Keene, Penguin, \$14.95 cloth). A classic fairy story whose substantial quota of overt charm is complemented by some thought-provoking overtones, this is a potential present likely to assuage many last-minute Christmas panics.

Charles Baudelaire's writings on Edgar Allan Poe are among his most revealing and accessible works, and if they were unavailable in any other form we would have cause to welcome the

selection offered in *Fatal Destinies: The Edgar Allan Poe Essays* (translated by Joan Fiedler Mele, CrossCountry Press, \$4.95 paper). However, this material is already available in a more complete and much better annotated collection, *Baudelaire on Poe* (Bald Eagle Press, 1952). Since this translation is not markedly different from the earlier version, which is still in print, it's difficult to imagine why anyone would knowingly settle for such an inferior edition. In these barbarous times one hates to brand any book as unnecessary, but *Fatal Destinies* comes perilously close. □

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Escapist fiction: from the unreal world of Las Vegas to an immense, old-fashioned romance in 19th-century India

By DOUGLAS HILL

*Always Tip the Dealer*, by Gary Ross (McClelland and Stewart, 321 pages, 15.95 cloth), is a novel of Las Vegas, and among its several pleasures is a clear sense of the distorted rhythms of one of North America's truly unreal cities. There's considerable card- and casino lore in the book; it serves to back up some solid thinking about the psychology of gamblers — not just those who frequent the tables but those who put youth or beauty, talent or love, at risk.

The plot is intricate and tantalizing, a well-crafted variation on the pattern of introducing several apparently unrelated characters and working out the buried or unexpected connections among them. It's not exactly thrilling, though suspenseful, and doesn't wrap everything up quite neatly — both of which features work, I think, to the novel's advantage. Ross has avoided pulp formulas, and in so doing controls the reader's interest and balances his expectations.

He's also able to develop his half-dozen principal actors soundly. There are sharply observed details and precise images and judgements. The writing is professional — the dialogue's especially competent — but not slick, and a number of scenes take off powerfully.

At its best *Always Tip the Dealer* is very good, at its weakest only perfunctory, indulging occasionally — perhaps with an eye to mass market — in not particularly well-imagined or well-integrated bits of background material

and brand-name scene-setting. But Ross has written a strong and thoughtful book, and its strengths show.

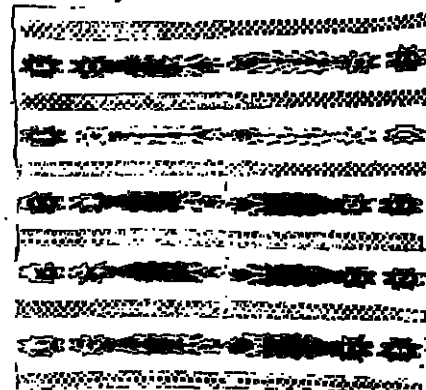
\* \* \*

VALERIE FITZGERALD'S *Zemindar* (Deneau, 799 pages, \$19.95 cloth) was a pleasant surprise. I hardly expected an immense period romance — 15 years in the works, winner of the Georgette Heyer Award for Historical Fiction — to hold my attention. But it did.

The novel is set in the 1850s, and could have been written then. (I mean to express delight.) It's an authentic 19th-century novel: character, emotion, length and pace, furnishings, and above all style. It has the old-fashioned flavour of good Dickens — Esther Summerson's narrative perhaps — or *Jane Eyre*. Fitzgerald's heroine, Laura Hewitt, has that blend of demanding innocence and moral discernment that brings events to life and engages a reader's sympathies.

The place is India, the Sepoy Rebellion, the siege of Lucknow. Laura has gone out as a companion to her young, newly married cousin. She meets Oliver Erskine, owner of a vast feudal holding, a man as attractive and complex as Esther's John Jarndyce or Jane's Mr. Rochester, slightly more manageable than Heathcliff. It takes 400 pages for him to declare his love, 200 more for Laura to admit hers, and the remainder for the world to get out of the way and leave them alone — "in that sun-filled and water-whispering garden."

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Sounds like the real thing, doesn't it?

\* \* \*

IN DOOMSDAY MINUS FOUR (Douglas and McIntyre, 236 pages, \$14.95 cloth, Larry Clark has cloned yet another count-down-to-nuclear-apocalypse thriller. This one's not at all inventive, and about

as exciting as cornstarch.

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You know you're in for it on page two. Sample dialogue and character development:

Filatnikov nodded his head slowly. "For now," he sighed, "I've got a feeling that I'm growing old before my time."

"Ha, ha." Kashirin couldn't suppress the short, sharp laugh. "And I'll get old just listening to you."

The men chuckled.

Granted these are Russians, and there may be difficulties with the translation. But our side doesn't fare much better. Ha, ha, indeed. Not recommended. □

### ENGLISH, OUR ENGLISH

Considering the confusion it creates, the unattached participle is gaining undue acceptance. Properly speaking, it offends the ear more than the eye

By **BOB BLACKBURN**

READING THE DAILY PAPERS, one of the most common errors to catch my eye is the unattached participle. Trying to figure out why this is so, writers seem to have no good reason for committing the error so often. Bewildering in its frequency, you can seldom get through a single page of a newspaper without stumbling over at least one example of it.

The unattached participle belongs in the class of dangling modifiers, of which the most egregious common example is the epidemic misuse of "hopefully." But I can understand that misuse. There are many adverbs that can be used properly to modify a following sentence or clause rather than its verb only. Understandably, it is difficult to convince many people that "hopefully" is not one of them. But I cannot understand why a writer would write: "Walking across an icy street, a car skidded into him." (I found that sentence in a news story I was editing years ago. I returned it to the reporter, who "corrected" it by inserting "while" before "walking." He's still in the business, though.)

The unattached participle (please let me call it a *u.p.*) does not always lead to

such obvious absurdities. The sentence, "Leafing through the magazine, a colourful ad caught my eye," would certainly catch the eye of any thoughtful reader. "Leafing through the magazine, my eye was caught by a colourful ad," is no less incorrect, but it is less jarring and might pass unnoticed. Some *u.p.s* are even condoned by authorities (including Fowler) who say usage has given the words the qualities of prepositions or adverbs, enabling them to stand alone without being hooked to a noun or pronoun. Fowler considers "considering" to be one such. He says we can say, "Considering the circumstances, you were justified."

Considering the possibilities of misunderstanding, I say he's living dangerously. Consider this sentence: "Considering the odds, he made a wise bet." Who is considering the odds here? Am I telling you that I am considering the odds and passing judgement on the wisdom of his bet, or am I telling you that he, after considering the odds, bet wisely? Sorry, I think that participle needs attaching.

Here's another one: "Speaking can-

didly, he's rude." What I might mean is that when he speaks candidly, he's rude (but he's charming when he dissembles). Or perhaps I mean "Speaking candidly, I say he's rude," and if that's what I mean, that's what I should say.

Possibly the reason we are presented with so many dangling modifiers is that the ambiguities they create are more often simply absurd than truly confusing. We are all too familiar with the likes of this: "A patient in General Hospital, his leg is broken in three places." That doesn't confuse us. Now try this: "A patient in General Hospital, his mother spent the night at his bedside." It's possible his mother was a patient there, too.

Here's one that delighted me recently: "A native of Calgary, his wife was born in Edmonton." We can laugh that off; we know what the writer meant. But suppose he writes this: "A Canadian, his wife was born in France." We can see that the writer is sloppy. What is he trying to tell us? His subject is a Canadian married to a Frenchwoman? Or is his subject's wife a French-born, naturalized Canadian citizen? Suddenly he can no longer answer our criticism

with that standard cop-out of the careless writer — "Oh, well, you know what I meant." We don't know. If this were a story about, say, a contested decision by the immigration department, the dangling modifier might make the whole story incomprehensible to us.

I began by saying that I find it difficult to find reasons for the prevalence of this sin. Perhaps there is a clue in the fact that it is seldom committed in everyday speech. The constructions of such speech do not invite it. It is frequently committed by reasonably well-educated and articulate people who are not accustomed to writing. When they are required to write, they feel obliged to use constructions they mistakenly believe are appropriate to formal writing.

That would explain the profusion of dangling modifiers in the work of neophyte newspapermen and autobiographers, but these are errors that are so obvious and so easily avoided or corrected that there seems to be no rational explanation of the extent to which they litter the published work of paid writers.

Having said that, you will have to excuse me for yielding to the temptation to end with one of my own. □

## INTERVIEW

Patrick Lane may have joined the establishment, but he can't escape his impoverished roots. They still provide the humanistic vision of his poetry

By **STEPHEN DALE**

HAILED BY FELLOW poet Rosemary Sullivan as "the best of his generation of poets," Patrick Lane was born in Nelson, B.C., in 1939. His first two books, *Mountain Oysters* and *Hiway 401 Rhapsody* were published in the early 1960s by Very Stone House, which Lane founded in Vancouver with Bill Bissett and Seymour Mayne. Since then he has published 10 more books of poetry, including *Poems New and Selected* (Oxford), which won the Governor General's Award in 1978. His most recent book is *The Measure* (Black Moss Press). Lane was recently in Toronto to participate in the International Conference on the Writer and Human Rights, where he talked with Stephen Dale:

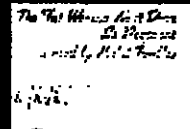
**Dale:** Books in Canada: *I wonder what your*

*impressions of this conference have been. Can this sort of thing effect real change?*

**Lane:** I would assume it helps, but I see it as more of a danger sign that things are getting worse. The violation of human rights is actually more and more pervasive here and in Egypt, and in countries where we don't expect these kinds of things to happen because they're fairly liberated countries. I think when writers get together and start talking together, it's an indication that there's a really serious problem. It goes with the conservatism of our times and the swing to the right. Basically it comes down to there being too many people, and the rich want to stay rich.

**BiC:** *So you see things becoming more polarized, with writers being very adamant about human rights and most*

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other people concerned with money.

Lane: Well, some writers seem to be more devoted to this kind of cause than



Patrick Lane

others. The ones who are are the humanist writers, for lack of a better term, although actually it's a really good term — those writers who are concerned with humanness in general, that thing we don't talk about too much any more in our culture, in the face of this creeping intellectualism, this objectivity. So there are some writers in this country who are interested, and other writers who don't write anything about it. If they think of it at all, which I doubt very much, in their own secure lives, they're not involved.

**BiC:** *The tone of your poetry has cast you very much as an outsider, and Canada's literary establishment seems to have treated you with some disdain. Have things changed since you received the Governor General's Award?*

Lane: Well, they're more uncomfortable with me now than they were before. I think in some ways they received me better before I got the award and received some kind of formal blessing from the establishment. I mean, the reason I go to these conferences now and get invited to travel around the world is that suddenly I'm an establishment writer, which really surprises me. It's quite ironical in some ways. The issues I've always represented in my writing are still the things that never get reviewed. That includes the humanist stance I've always taken, and the world of the poor and impoverished people in Canada, which is where I come from. My roots are there and I lived there until about 10 years ago. So it's strange to be a member of the establishment now.

Part of me didn't want to accept the

Governor General's Award, because to some degree it was antithetical to what I stood for. But I thought I could do more with this kind of formal recognition than I could do from outside. I don't know if that's been a successful course for me. I mean still, in the kind of reviews *Books in Canada* gives me, they don't want to believe that what I say is true and they don't want to deal with the content at all. They want to deal with formal structures and process and ideas of form, rather than the meaning that the poem can stand for. The idea of art for art's sake, and the poem as an object — well, I believe that to some degree in the sense that I create a poem. But poems also have meaning. So I find that I don't know if I've succeeded in changing the way people think in Canada.

**BiC:** *What chance does one writer have of changing people's ideas?*

Lane: Language has been the primal force in changing the shape of the world. Language still operates that way, so of course the writer is instrumental. Nowadays he's a little antediluvian compared to the power of other media. Also, what we're dealing with in our culture is a kind of *People* magazine syndrome, where the writer becomes more important in the eyes of the public because of who he is as a human being, — in terms of "Does he pick his nose?" . . . "Does he get in cars? His idiosyncrasies, his fantasies. And the work is less and less important compared to the image.

**BiC:** *There is social change and change of oneself. I recall you saying before that the reason many writers commit suicide is because they come to realize the writing can't transform their own personal visions of life.*

Lane: I'm not sure I fully agree with that now. There is a sort of transformation that is sought, some kind of catharsis that is necessary not just for the writer, but for the society in which the writer operates. As for the writer himself, there is a big desire for transformation. I was talking with some writers today, and somehow this conversation came up, and they all said, "Look, I'd stop breathing if I stopped writing. I'd die." And I postulated the possibility that that's why we write, because without our writing we would die, we would be suicides. They all agreed. The only way we stay alive is through constant witnessing.

**BiC:** *So you couldn't speculate about the life you could have lived if you hadn't started writing?*

Lane: No. There was none. We get back into fate and destiny and all these things. I do remember when I was a child we had one of those Christmas recording things, one of those huge machines that makes little plastic discs. And somebody

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM TOYE



asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. I was six years old and I said I wanted to be an artist. Now how did I know when I was six years old that this is what I'd spend the rest of my life at? I didn't even start writing until I was 23 or 24. So there is a kind of fatedness to it.

Writing for me was a way out of poverty, a way of escaping a world that, in a very odd way, I was a slave to. I accepted that world intrinsically, the world of labouring. I didn't know there was another way. I was mindlessly accepting my poverty and my struggle. I had no intellectual detachment. I only know that now because I can see it compared to what has been. I wonder what I will see when I look back 10 years from now.

**BiC:** *It seems there has been a massive personal change for you. In that way, has the poetry been successful?*

**Lane:** In the last year I think things have changed very radically. A lot of it comes back to security and this idea about the establishment. I feel less afraid. One wants to succeed at what one does, and it was very difficult from my old position to believe in my own integrity. I've protected my integrity all my life, although there are small compromises that have to be made sometimes. I don't want to make any more compromises now. I want to be exactly who I am. And part of that comes from the security of knowing my worth as a writer. I believe I'm a good one, and I believe more strongly in the things I think I stand for, in terms of my emotional beliefs and my humanist stance.

**BiC:** *You talk a lot about writers who have destroyed themselves. Is survival an important issue to you?*

**Lane:** Really, I don't think I'm concerned very much any more with the survival of myself. I care greatly about the survival of other people, and just life generally. I mean, I don't want to sound like a naive ecology freak, but I see the world blowing up just like any normal human being does. We're living in a terminal world, an absolutely terminal world. I'm deeply concerned not just for my human friends, but for aspects of nature that also are friends. It sounds bizarre and it might sound mad, but I have rocks that are friends, and I have trees that are friends, and I have animals that are friends. I have whole landscapes, external and internal, that I care deeply for. I want them to survive.

**BiC:** *Let's talk about your process of writing. Do you seek the kind of solitude to write that you describe in other writers?*

**Lane:** I never live anywhere very long because it never becomes the ideal hiding place. I live all over because money talks and bullshit walks, as they say. If

somebody's going to offer me \$20,000 to be a writer-in-residence, what's the alternative for me? Most writers in Canada are academics, but I don't have that kind of life-support system. There are only a few people in Canada like me — Milton Acorn, Joe Rosenblatt, Al Purdy — who do nothing but write poetry, so they have to hustle their asses all over the place for very little money. I'm on the writer-in-residence thing now, until that dries up.

**BiC:** *Do you have any specific ritual attached to your writing?*

**Lane:** I have to have my cup of coffee and my cigarette burning and the typewriter just right. I could spend three hours in the morning, which is when I write, going through all the rituals and never getting anything done. Those games every writer goes through. One of the hardest things is to sit down and actually start writing.

**BiC:** *How about the actual sensation of writing the poem?*

**Lane:** When the poem comes, it's great. It's marvellous. It's one of the most beautiful sensations in the world. The act of creation, I think for any artist — and there's an artist in all of us — is one of the most profound experiences a per-

son can go through. As human beings that kind of entrance is a very special one. When the good poem comes, — and you know it's good, that's marvellous. □

### THE EDITORS RECOMMEND

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

#### FICTION

*How I Spent My Summer Holidays*, by W.O. Mitchell, Macmillan. A sadder, wiser man, Mitchell returns to the fertile prairies of *Who Has Seen the Wind* to portray the dark side of innocent youths in search of experience.

#### POETRY

*The Collected Shorter Poems, 1947-1977*, by Robin Skelton, Sono Nis Press. Unlike so many younger poets, Skelton belongs to an educated class to whom language was a thing long ago tamed. His poetry is imbued with a sense of quiet wealth.

I never travel without my diary. One should always have something sensational to read in the train.

— Oscar Wilde

I feel a recipe is only a theme, which an intelligent cook can play each time with a variation.

— Madame Benoit

A Liberal is a man too broadminded to take his own side in a quarrel.

— Robert Frost

As a painter I shall never signify anything of importance. I feel it absolutely.

— Vincent Van Gogh

If you speak the truth have a foot in the stirrup.

— Turkish proverb

Do give books — religious or otherwise — for Christmas. They're never fattening, seldom sinful, and permanently personal.

— Lenore Hershey

from *The Fitzhenry & Whiteside  
Book of Quotations*  
edited by Robert I. Fitzhenry  
published by Fitzhenry & Whiteside

\$16.95

*Greetings to a lady fair,  
With Raphaelite face and Titian hair,  
The goose is fat, the hearth is warm;  
Peace on earth,  
God protect us from Bodily Harm.*

'TIS THE SEASON to be jolly, though goodness knows why. Well, for one thing, thanks to the benevolent post office, this is our last chance to send Christmas cards at less than exorbitant rates. We're taking the opportunity to send personalized greetings to some of our favourite Canadian writers. Aspiring greeting-card versifiers are invited to do the same. We'll pay \$25 for the best examples received before Dec. 25. Address: CanWit No. 68, *Books in Canada*, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto M5A 1N4.

#### RESULTS OF CANWIT NO. 66

WHEN WE REQUESTED readers to compose companions wanted ads on behalf of Canadian writers, their characters, and other public figures, we were hoping for the sort of veiled salaciousness that seems to typify such ads these days. We were not disappointed, though many contestants were preoccupied with trying to find someone — anyone — willing to take the Prime Minister off our hands. The winner is Victoria Ellison of Clandeboye, Ont., for a list of literary personals that includes:

- Red-head, considered ageless, seeks kindred spirit for P.E.I. dalliance.
- One-legged teacher, into mysticism and trifling with S-M, seeks partners for some interesting "business."
- Interested in survival fun in isolated northern cabin? I am your complete edible woman.
- Although strongly nationalistic, I'm inter-

## CLASSIFIED

Classified rates: \$6 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.

AMERICAN, CANADIAN, United Kingdom Correspondence Club. For membership details write: Letterstream, P.O. Box 2535, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202-2535, USA.

OLD AND RARE BOOKS. Canadiana catalogues. Heritage Books, 3438 6 St. S.W., Calgary, Alberta T2S 2M4.

ested in flames either at home or across the border. Let's ride together toward that last spike!

- Lush, dark-eyed girl, currently visiting northwest coast of Vancouver Island, gorgeous figure, incredible walk, would like to resurrect YOU!

#### Honourable mentions:

- Senior executive, late middle age, thought retiring by some but constitutionally sound, separated with three sons, will consider applications for position of travelling companion. Must be willing to relocate outside Canada. Send photo to: PET, Box 24, Sussex.
  - Former Westerner, very experienced in Ottawa salons, liberal disposition, flexible principles, will do anything or anyone, will relocate anywhere except Spadina. Send photo or (better) cheque to: Jim C., Box 1, Ottawa.
  - Former footballer, now owns large Western property, blue eyes, considered dominant, needs partners for no-limits Athabasca parties, Eastern duck-shooting expeditions, etc. Good prospects, with exceptional pension fund for right applicant. Peter, Box 6,000,000,000, Edmonton.
- Barry Baldwin, Calgary  
\* \* \*
- Uninhibited British novelist wanted by cynical Jewish sportswriter for mate-sharing, pseudo-gay correspondence, and assorted good times. Contact Joshua, Alors-et-Maintenant, Quebec.
- Ronald C. Epstein, Toronto

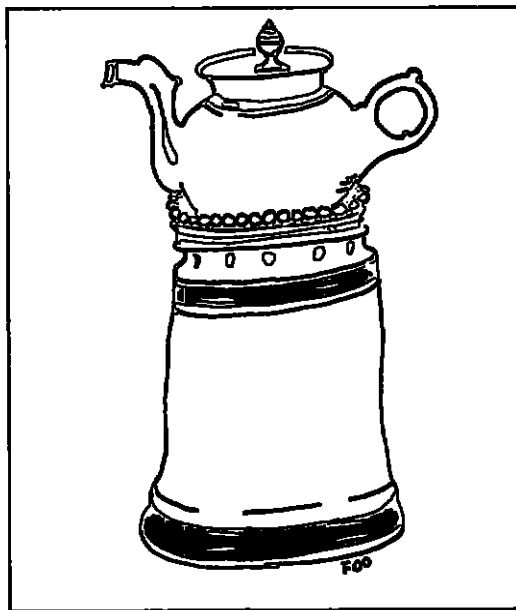
### BOOKS RECEIVED

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 Almost Meeting and Other Stories*, by Henry Kreisler, NewWest Press.  
*Antique Shops of Country Ontario*, by Bob and Joan Hicks, Prentice-Hall.  
*Back to Back*, by Harold Paddock and Lillian Bouzane, Marm Productions.  
*Between Women: Lowering the Barriers*, by Paula J. Caplan, Personal Library.  
*Blackwoods' Books*, by John Robert Colombo, Hounslow Press.  
*British Columbia: Historical Readings*, edited by W. Peter Ward and Robert A.J. McDonald, Douglas & McIntyre.  
*Buffalo Bad*, by E.J. Cotton with Ethel Mitchell, Hancock House.  
*Canada: A History in Photographs*, by Roger Hall and Gordon Dodds, Hurlig.  
*The Comfortable Arts*, by Dorothy K. Burnham, National Museums of Canada.  
*Coming Back*, by Peter Stevens, Sesame Press.  
*Confessions of an Immigrant's Daughter*, by Laura Goodman Salverson, U of T Press.  
*Cop in the Closet*, by Jack Fossum, Hancock House.  
*The Craftsman's Way*, by John Flinders, U of T Press.  
*The Cree Journals*, edited by Michael Levien, Nelson.  
*The Dark Broad Seas*, by Jeffrey V. Brock, M & S.  
*Distribution of Income and Wealth in Ontario*, by C.M. Beach et al., U of T Press.  
*Divorce Guide for British Columbia*, by Wayne Powell, International Self-Counsel Press.  
*Don't Bank on It*, by Alik Granger, Doubleday.  
*Down by Jim Long's Stage*, by Al Pittman, illustrated by Pam Hall, Breakwater.

*Drapenu*, by Brian McKenna and Susan Purcell, Penguin.  
*Dreamspeaker*, by Cam Hubert, Avon.  
*An East Coast Port*, by Graham Metson, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.  
*Eastern and Western Perspectives*, edited by David Jay Bercuson and Phillip A. Backner, U of T Press.  
*Easy to Make Wooden Furniture for Children*, by Paul Howard, Personal Library.  
*Employee/Employer Rights in British Columbia*, by James E. Dorsey, International Self-Counsel Press.  
*Exvey to Nehru*, by Escott Reid, Oxford.  
*Eskimo Inuit Games (2nd edition)*, compiled by F.H. Eger, illustrated by Christian Astwood, X-Press.  
*Evenings on Lake Ontario*, by Wacław Iwański, Hounslow Press.  
*Everywoman's Almanac 1982*, The Women's Press.  
*Far From You*, by Pavel Javor, Hounslow Press.  
*Fibber's Fables*, by Richard H. Boytim, Horizon House.  
*The Flying Bandit*, by Heather Robertson, James Lorimer.  
*Facing the Field*, by Eugene McNamara, Sesame Press.  
*German Literature in English Translation: A Select Bibliography*, by Patrick O'Neill, U of T Press.  
*Golf and Murphy's Law*, by Mervyn J. Huston, Hurlig.  
*Guide to Orchids of North America*, by W. Petrie, Hancock House.  
*Hey Dadi*, by Brian Doyle, Groundwood.  
*The Harsburgh Scandal*, by Betty Jane Wylie, Black Moss Press.  
*Huddling Up*, by Jeffrey Goodman, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.  
*If You Can't Beat 'Em in the Alley*, by Conn Smythe and Scott Young, M & S.  
*Intergovernmental Relations in Canada, Vol. 1*, by Ronald James Zukowsky, Institute of Intergovernmental Relations, Queen's University.  
*The Knife in My Hands*, by Keith Mallard, General Publishing.  
*The Mad Trapper*, by Rudy Wiebe, Seal.  
*The Making of E.P. Thompson*, by Bryan D. Palmer, New Hogtown Press.  
*The Man Who Sold Prayers*, by Margaret Creal, Lester & Orpen Dennys.  
*Mandy and the Flying Map*, by Beverley Allinson, Scholastic-Tab.  
*Marriage and Family Law in British Columbia*, by Jane Auxier, International Self-Counsel Press.  
*The Meeting of Time and Space*, by George Woodcock, NeWest Institute for Western Canadian Studies.  
*More Champagne Darling*, by Patrick Crean, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.  
*More Just Mary Stories*, by Mary E. Grannan, Thomas Allen & Son.  
*NHL Pro Hockey '71-'82*, by Jim Proudfoot, PaperJacks.  
*No Country Without Grandfathers*, by Roch Carrier, translated by Sheila Fischman, Anansi.  
*Not to be Taken at Night*, selected by John Robert Colombo and Michael Richardson, Lester & Orpen Dennys.  
*One Thing For Tomorrow*, by Joyce Bruck with Robert Collins, Western Producer Prairie Books.  
*People Make Profits*, by Brian Spikes, General Publishing.  
*Physical Fitness: A Way of Life*, by Bud Getchell, John Wiley.  
*Pipe and Pens*, by Michael Bedard, Gardnershire Press.  
*Plant Parenthood*, by Bill Reid, Queenston House.  
*The Potter's Guild*, by William Maranda, Mondri Press.  
*Quebec Spectrum '82*, edited by Eileen Poole et al., Guidance Centre, Faculty of Education, U of T.  
*Raven the Trickster*, by Gail Robinson, Clarke Irwin.  
*Redcoat*, by Will McCann, PaperJacks.  
*Rescue at Harper's Landing*, by H. Maxwell Butcher, Horizon House.  
*Right-Wing Authoritarianism*, by Bob Altemeyer, University of Manitoba Press.  
*Roughnecks & Wildcatters*, by Allan Anderson, Macmillan.  
*Sadness of Spacemen*, by Robert Priest, Dreadnaught (1980).  
*Salvage*, by David Hymnsky, Coach House Press.  
*Sketches from Life*, by Anora Brown, Hurlig.  
*Something Hidden: A Biography of Wilder Penfield*, by Jefferson Lewis, Doubleday.  
*Songs and Dances*, by Elizabeth Gaurley, Caitlin Press.  
*Struggle over the Constitution: From the Quebec Referendum to the Supreme Court*, by Ronald James Zukowsky, Institute of Intergovernmental Relations, Queen's University.  
*The Ten Thousand Day War*, by Michael Maclear, Methuen.  
*The Thin Grey Man*, by Malcolm Saville, Breakwater.  
*Tongues as of Fire*, by John C. Shrier, G.R. Welch.  
*Traff of Blood*, by Frank Jones, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.  
*Transference of Spirits*, by Alexander William Ness, G.R. Welch.  
*The Tundra: First Explorers of the High Arctic*, by Robert McGhee, National Museums of Canada.  
*Uncle Perry's Wonderful Town*, by Bruce Hutchison, Douglas & McIntyre.  
*Village Portraits*, by Ursula Heller, Methuen.  
*The Visitation*, by Miriam Waddington, Oxford.  
*We Walked Very Warily*, by Margaret Gilbert, Eden Press.  
*The Whale Called Elber*, by Erich Hoyt, Clarke Irwin.  
*Wheels of Life*, by Ragbir Singh Vesta.  
*Where Were You?*, by Sandra Martin and Roger Hall, Methuen.  
*Who is my Mother?*, by Clare Marcus, Macmillan.  
*The Wide and Arable Land*, by Carolyn Zonailo, Caitlin Press.  
*Wills for British Columbia*, by Steven G. Wong, International Self-Counsel Press.  
*Wills/Probate Procedure for Manitoba and Saskatchewan*, by Garth Erickson and Ronald J. Krzesniak, International Self-Counsel Press.  
*Wind in the Keys*, by LeRoy Gorman, High/Coo Press (U.S.).  
*The Young Man and the Dog*, by Fred Gayssek, Prototype.  
*The Young Vincent Massey*, by Claude Bissell, U of T Press.  
*Your Super, Natural Mind*, by Sandra McNeil, Methuen.  
*The Ziggy Effect*, by Marc Diamond, Playwrights Canada.

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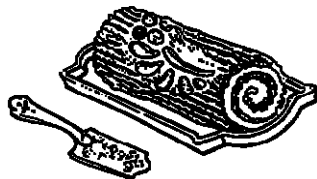
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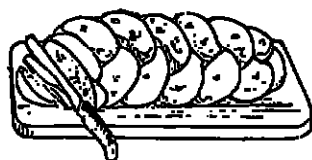
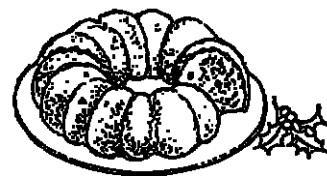
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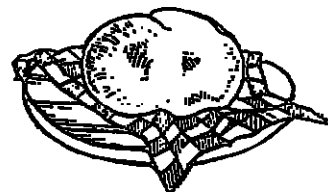
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