A NATIONAL REVIEW OF BOOKS

BOOKS IN CANADA

THE TEMPTATIONS OF BRIAN MOORE

Passages in the lonely life of Milton Acorn
and the literary life of Hugh MacLennan
Award-winning poetry from Stephen Scobie
Prose from Ralph Gustafson

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THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

Passages in the life of Milton Acorn, poet and 'mumbly old carpenter,' as he toils against 'a league of liars'

By DAVID MACFARLANE

HE APPEARS regularly, and anyone who knows the blustery, crag-browed face is a little surprised to see it on the street so often. He comes and goes quickly amid the drunks and rounders who hang out on the comer. It is where he has lived on and off for almost 20 years, but be never looks very familiar with anyone, and be always returns to the parts of his days he keeps to himself. Anyone who notices him catches only glimpses.

IN THE WINTER, Milton Acorn wears a brown duffle coat. His face is always red, as if the wind has been at it. In the mornings he walks from tbe Waverlev Hotel. past the bank where he cashes bis veteran's disability pension. to the corner of College and Spadina. Rooms are $60 a week at the Waverley. On the coldest of days. when it seems like the wind comes straight across Toronto harbour and up Spadina Avenue. he often stands for a minute or so on thesidewalk. He turns his head from time to time, the way he does when he talks, as if words and rhymes and half-written poems are always passing through his mind. When be crosses the street he takes determined steps, and a fen doors south of College. past the pod hall, he turns in at the door of the Crest Grill. A column he wrote for the *Globe and Mail*'s Mermaid Inn is framed and haying on the wall. The column denounces abortion, and the author is described as a playwright and poet who won the Governor General's Award for poetry in 1976.

Milton Acorn

IN THE SMOKE shop on College Street where he buys the Globe *and Mail*, Acorn is unwrapping a cigar. "It's difficult," he says. "Difficult. Sometimes I lack the wherewithal to eat." His eyes are brown and startling, lii Picasso's.

IN A RESTAURANT on College street. one of the sort that serve seafood quiche and Perrier, Acorn has already eaten both his rolls when the waitress says something to him. Acorn rises in a holy rage, eyes flashing. sleeves rolled, and stalks to the door. "Sons of bitches." he says. "Bastards." At the door, he turns and shouts back, "If 1 had been preaching hatred to all mankind, you wouldn't have thrown me out." He would probably have liked to leave it at that, but he has forgotten the notebook of poems he often carries. and he returns to the table to pick it up. "Sons of bitches," he says. "Bastards."

IN THE GREEN plaid mackinaw, the brown corduroy pants, and the running shoes he always wears. Acorn is standing on the comer of College and Spadina. "I'm on hold." he says, and when asked about his sonnet series, his voice drops a little lower. "I haven't done much for a few days. But it's not a series exactly. you know. I've been writing them for years, hundreds of them. I'm incurring the wrath of tbe establishment. I'm not acting like a Yank."

MILTON ACORN was born in 1923 in Charlottetown, and although bis literary career began in tbe company of Irving Layton and Al Purdy, in Montreal in the 1950s. P.E.I. has remained the place most people associate with his name.. In a poem called. simply, "Island," he wrote: "Since I'm Island-born home's as precise/as if a mumbly old carpenter,/shoulder straps crossed wrong,/ laid it out, refigured/to the last three-eighths of shingle." Even today. after more time in Toronto than he cares to remember, in his room at the Waverley he will say that he has only grown used to the sound of traffic because it sounds like theses.

The lobbv of the Waverlev Hotel is p&d with a mixture of blue and green often seen in public washrooms. The desk clerk is almost always watching television. There is a picture of mountains on the wall. and the Few me" sitting on the black plastic couches look like they're waiting for a bus. The floor is made of the kind of small white tiles that also imply urinals. The drinking fountain is not appealing.

Tbe third floor is where Acorn liver. and the elevator is about tbe size of an upright casket. There is an old spittoon. now used as an ashtray, beside the elevator door. The third-floor hall is covered with a worn red carpet. Two cleaning ladies are sitting beneath a picture of a covered wagon, having a smoke. Up to waist height, the walls are the sane colour as the lobby. The rest is a kind of white.

Outside Acorn's window. between the hotel and the back of the

bank, the dried leaves of a stranded tree rattle like late autumn. The room is untidy, exactly the kind of mom Al Purdy described him living in, beck in Montreal, not long after the publication of Acorn's first book of poems. In *Low and Anger*. "Hi floor knee-deep in papers and the general overwhelming rubble of a man without a woman." When Acorn smiles, his mouth is like a graveyard. "Yes," he says. "Well, lovers always found me too confusing. I had loo much of a range."

There are books everywhere — history, science fiction, Egyptology, Poetry — and he complains that he is unable to unpack his library. Everything smells like the cigars that are on his breath. There is a jug of orange juice beside Ihe bed. and on the other side of the room. the notebook of hand-written poems he often carries with him is open on a small, cluttered table.

"I was 32 years old when In *Love and Anger was* published. It was received very kindly, I remember. It did say something about the spirit, but the book . . the book was lousy. I resolved that when I published another it would better-end it was."

Acorn's sleeves are almost always rolled up, carpenter-style. His forearms are bmad an strong-looking. He had, in feel. worked as a journeymen carpenter until 1956, when he decided to sell his tools. He was thinking too much about poetry to be doing good work, but then he had always been thinking about poetry. His voice rolls like an old-time sermon. "One thing that has followed me all toy life," he says. "is the poetry." *But* carpentry had helped him roam around a bit, and he felt et his ease working outside. "Carpentry was my grand tour," he says, and his mouth heaves when be laughs as if an earthquake has hit his face. He thumps his hand on the side of the chair, and the laughter cracks into a harsh, ugly cough. Sometimes. with his mouth open, he stops talking and stares at the viewless window.

"Layton," he continues. "Well. yes. Layton. First. lest. and always a fine gentleman. He'd bash you for a bad line, but he didn't have a progressive view at all. It was in Montreal. you see, that I joined the Communist Party, and it was what anyone with a socialist conscience would have done. I am fmm what you might call a red Tory breed. John Acorn was a miller, witch, rebel. and pirate, running blockades for the Yanks in the 1770s. But they sold him out.. .. so, a red Tory. But es a poet I am of the bardic tradition, running right against the tide. Canadian poets have never really come up lo the measure as bards. A bard . . a bard is Preoccupied with Ihe music of language. A man of greet knowledge. So, I was doing a lot of independent study in Montreal. A bard speaks lo the people. I was reading Shelley and Keats and so on. Just after my soldiering stint."

Not yet 20, Acorn enlisted in the army, a regular Turvey. A blest from a depth charge injured him on his way overseas, and after a year in Scotland and England he was sent beck to P.E.I. For a few years. before he became a carpenter, he worked in a freight shed, al an airbase in Charlottetown, and in the civil service in Moncton. He spent some time in Sept Iles, sharpening chainsaws, before ending up in Montreal. "A man shaped like a wedge but without any taper." was how Al Purdy described him in those days.

In Love and Anger was published in 1956. In the years that followed, Acorn concentrated on his poetry. "I got by," he says. "Somehow." He cocks his head to one side, as if listening for something. "1 was always, always writing. I wanted lo put to the test the contention that a radical poet could not be recognized."

Against a League of Liars was published by Hawkshead Press in 1960. If the title of any one book sums up the way Acorn sees himself, it is surely this one. "There was an article in *Saturday Night*, a whole article on nationalist Poets that was written just so as not lo include me. And yes. those poets who sell out. they know exactly what they're doing. It's a final decision. and it cripples their soul. If ever you say there's any kind of alternative, they hate il. But first, last, end always. I'm a nationalist."

It was also in 1960 that The *Brain's the Target came* out under Ryerson's imprint. Acorn roars with laughter when he remembers il. When Ryerson accepted the manuscript. they wrote lo ask if Milton Acorn was Al Purdy's pen-name.

"And when it came to selling the books, I appointed myself as a dealer. I peddled myself. No other writer would have done it — the financial and literary community an absolutely separate from farmers and workers end toilers. But my God. they would never peddle their own stuff. Never. My red Tory blood boiled and boiled. Think of it. selling from door lo door. And I hated selling. I used lo go to a tavern and gel absolutely stinko, and then go out on the streets with my books of poems. I can't remember how I dii it, but I always woke up the next day with the money in my pocket end the books *gone. When I've Tasted My Blood* came out, I used lo go down lo the Ryerson offices and buy a batch of 50 and sell them door to door. I can't remember much about it, but I would go down to the Ryerson offices toughly dressed. and gel the strangest looks. The office staff all came out and jeered and cheered."

In 1962, Acorn married Gwendolyn MacEwen. The wedding took place at Toronto's old City Hell. and Al Purdy was the best man. The couple spent the winter on Toronto Island. By 1963, the marriage was finished. and Acorn was off lo Vancouver. "All that was many years ego. I was 40, and we were living in Toronto. Home-wreckerdom, that's what I call Toronto. They'll denounce you to her and her to you. It's a deadly place. I wonder why I've stayed here so long.. .." He Looks to the darkness of the window. "But let's skip that."

He describes Vancouver as "a bit of a nervous episode: a stay filled with poetry, of course. and politics. He met bill bissett, whom he thought a potentially greet poet — "but he wouldn't clean up his *act,* and neither would I" -and he worked with a group of Trotskyites, supporting their opposition to the Vietnam war. But *when* Acorn's poet friends were denounced for their loosely defined politics, he took umbrage. "The Trots. oh what impossible people. There may be a lot of reasons Canada doesn't have Communists but I can tell you the first-the Communists."

The poetry that was being written in Vancouver, and later back in Toronto, eventually appeared in *I've Tasted My Blood*, published by Ryerson in 1969. It included some of the best verse Acorn had ever written. "Charlottetown Harbour" is a good example:

An old docker with gutted cheeks
time arrested in the used-up-knuckled hands
crossed on his lap, sits
in a spell of the glinting water
He dreams of times in the cider sunlight
when masts stood up like stubble;
but now a gull cries, lights
flounces its wings ornately, folds them
and the waves slop among the weed-grown piles.

The collection was received with enthusiasm, but the Governor General's Award for poetry that year went to George Bowering. There were many who viewed the decision as a mistake, and on the night the awards were being presented in Ottawa, a strange collection of poets, writers, reporters, and hangers-on gathered at Grossman's Tavern on Spadina Street in Toronto to present Acorn with a silver medal, inscribed "Milton Acorn, The People's Poet."

At the same time, Ryerson had been sold to the American publishing house. McGraw-Hill. "This is poetry, not hockey," Acorn declared, and announced that his royalties would go to the Anglican Church. "Just to clear the deck." He suggested to McGraw-Hill that above their imprint they picture an Indian and a black man in chains.

"Oh Lord," says Acorn, pulling at his beard as if it was a weed. "Oh Lord, the ways of the upper classes-what scum. My career resembles Trudeau's in many ways. Yea, oh there was no doubt that my book won that year. And they presented it to George

'Oh Lord,' says Acorn, pulling at his beard as if it were a weed. 'The ways of the upper classes — what scum. My career resembles Trudeau's in many ways'

Bowering. Bowering! A mockery of a poet. And so Layton and Purdy got everyone together at Grossman's and presented me with the Canadian Poet's Award. Leonard Cohen was among those who contributed. Oh yes, we knew one another well. We loved each other. We were among the few who used to recite our poems off by heart, neither of us realizing how unique that was."

Acorn pauses, and reaches across to the orange juice beside his bed. He takes a pull from the jug. "But someday." he says. "I'll tell you about the Beats. I met Ginsberg. or I tried to meet Ginsberg in Vancouver. Jesus, what brutal imperialist bastards." He takes another swig of orange juice. conversation lost. Outside the window, the dry leaves rattle.

In 1976. Milton Acorn won the Governor General's Award for *The* Island *Means Minago*. This was quickly followed by *Jackpine Sonnets*. but no books. other than the notebook on his table, have followed since. "I'm imagining myself tall, and others small." he says. "I've always imagined myself as a tall man. But, oh God, all the passages and movement I went through. So on and so on and so on."

The desk clerks in the blue-green lobby of the Waverley call him "the professor" and they smile a bit when they talk about him. They see hi get off the elevator every morning-always in the green mackinaw, the cords, the running shoes — and head down the street to the Crest for some breakfast. or the smoke shop for a paper. He's always aloof and always seems preoccupied; as if something were constantly running through his head. Every so often someone shows up and asks a few questions about him. But the desk clerks don't know very much. They watch the television all the time. and when Acorn comes back to the hotel, he always goes straight up to his room to do whatever he does up there. □

A VERY DOUBLE LIFE

As a young Mennonite, Glenn Witmer was told that reading books was 'wasted time.' Today he's the most avid bookman in the country

By LINDA M. LEITCH

IT'S A BUSY lunch hour in a downtown restaurant on the east side of Toronto. and the tables are filled with publishers, producers, and publicity agents. Although heated debates end bursts of laughter threaten to overwhelm his conversation. Glenn Witmer seems oblivious to the ballyhoo and continues to speak in a well-modulated voice, slowly and meticulously answering questions. Soddenly his voice quickens, winds up to en abrupt halt, end is followed by a full frontal beaming of the face. "May I smile?" he asks. "I'm delighted. Absolutely delighted."

At 38, Witmer, president of Personal Library Publishers. is the most recent boy wonder of the Canadian publishing industry. He has good reason to be delighted: in its second year his firm increased its profits by 110 per cent. end the projection for this year is a further increase of 83 per cent. Yes. Mr. Witmer, you may smile.

His three-piece suit may be conservative, but hi business manner is anything but traditional. His promotional end marketing strategies are innovative end aggressive. Publicity does not end in autographing sessions or talk show appearances, but includes extensive radio and television commercials and even the possibility of radio syndication. all of which are designed to turn his authors into high-profile media personalities. Other chief concerns are the sale of foreign and subsidiary rights, premium sales, direct mail, bulk sales for fund-raising. and corporate gifts. "You have to go where the market is." he contends, "end not try to send the market to where your books are." His books can be found in sports stores. wine shops. boutiques. and cigar stores es well as in the more traditional retail outlets.

Glenn Witmer

With close lo 50 tiller to his credit — including such block-busters es the winner of the Governor General's Award, *Discipline of Power* by Jeffrey Simpson — Witmer's ambition is' an open secret all over the publishing block. Yet the force that drives him is more than simply financial reward. "I want to be the very best et what I do." he says. "And being the very best means working harder and doing better books."

A seventh-generation Canadian, Witmer grew up on a Mennonite farm just west of Kitchener, Ont. Even with three brothers end three sisters ahead of him, be carried his share of the work-load. "There was no such thing es relaxation," he recalls. "That was laziness." He was busy with chores at 6:30 every morning before walking a mile to the one-room schoolhouse where he received his elementary education.

While his Mennonite background has bed a profound influence on his development, now "it is more a state of being and a way of living thee a denominational attachment." Although he engaged in a brief spell of rebellion in his adolescent years while attending a Mennonite high school in Kitchener — sneaking into movie theatres and other "worldly stuff" — he considers himself a Mennonite in everything but name: he has chosen a simple life-style, despite his success, and remains very much a pacifist.

Although reading books was considered "wasted time," Witmer began wiling a series of articles on nature subjects for the Mennonite Press while in his early teens. After completing high school he spplii for admission into the PAX program — a two-year overseas volunteer service organized by the Mennonite church-hoping to be sent to Algeria. Informed he would have to wait four months to enter the program, he registered et Stratford Teachers' College instead and started teaching in 1962.

He enjoyed teaching and in retrospect regards his years with the Scarborough board es valuable experience. "I hove a teaching role with my staff despite myself." he says. "explaining how I went it done. giving them the responsibility but supervising to see that they don't gel off track." By his second year, however, he began to find teaching confining, end while continuing to teach he completed a degree in psychology and sociology at York University and began teaching English at the Canadian Academy of Languages. Shortly thereafter. he accepted a full-time position et the academy es a director of the school division. The feeling of *confinement* arose again; ho-. and after a year and a half he registered witb en employment agency.

An "absolute accident" brought him into the publishing world when the agency contacted him with the possibility of a job with a firm that required someone with teaching experience. a degree, and a willingness to travel. The firm was Bums & MacEachern. Witmer joined them in 1966 es an educational traveller, going from coast to coast and pulling to use the educational jargon he had acquired.

Witmer attributes much of his knowledge of management and finances to Barney Sandwell, his first boss at Burns & MacEachern. Sandwell, he says, "had a tremendous influence on me in that area, and maybe I was successful in learning from him because he moved me up very quickly." Within five years Witmer was promoted from educational traveller to vice-president, director of the company. and manager of bade and education.

It is Jack McClelland's influence, however, that emerges most clearly in Wilmer es publisher and even es an individual. While et Bums & MacEachern he came up with an idea for a series of books based on a television show hosted by Pierre Berton. In recounting his meetings with Berton and McClelland. Witmer's confidence. which occasionally brushes dangerously dose to arrogance, is little in evidence. During his first phone call to Berton, Witmer tried to deepen his voice. Before their first meeting he was nearly frantic trying to decide what to wear. "I knew nothing about it, really," he admits. "I was a salesman." The series was never fully developed, but Witmer had met McClelland and was offered a position et McClelland & Stewart es national sales teenager. He accepted and stayed at McClelland & Stewart for four years.

His respect for McClelland is expressed openly. "To this day I admire him a greet deal. As a publisher, I still think he's one of the best. Sun he's made some mistakes — name me someone who

hasn't. But I like the way he thinks, I like the way he treats authors. I like what he does and I like the *way* he does it." Nowhere is his debt to McClelland more clearly emphasized than in his approach lo authors and marketing. The concept of "author as personality" that so pervades his philosophy of promotion originated here. McClelland's slogan — "We publish authors. not books" — is Witmer's *modus operandi*. From McClelland he learned to "get the right authors, sell them, treat them right. They're the stars. Feature them. The books will follow."

Witmer's next move was to Pagurian Press as managing director. He was looking for more publishing experience, and he got it. His position gave him the opportunity to work with authors. learn about the actual production of books, and make distribution and book-club agreements. In 1975, he left Pagurian to form his own company. Bestsellers Bookstores Ltd. He opened two stores in Toronto and established Personal Library as one of the company's divisions. Al the same lime. the Canadian Book Publishers Council offered him the position of executive director. He accepted the two-year post and left the operation of his stores to his staff. With the CBPC. Witmer met a considerable number of key people in the publishing industry, both in Canada and around the world. and accumulated a broad range of publishing experience.

More significant. however, was the opportunity to observe the problems of the industry in Canada. These problems. chiefly of a marketing nature, were ones he was determined to overcome within his own firm.

He started The *Canadian* ***Report,*** *an* international newsletter about Canadian publishing. shortly after he left the Council in 1978. Established to help provide information on Canadian books to foreign markets. *The Canadian* ***Report*** *originated* as *an* idea within the Council but had proved too politically difficult. "So when I left I said, all right. I'll do il. It was a question of practising what I preached."

And preach he does. If Witmer has a hobby-horse. it's the marketing strategies, or lack of them, in the Canadian publishing industry. Marketing. according to Witmer, is the missing element here. Canadian publishers in general, he says — dropping his usually civil tongue — "do not know how to sell. damn it! Tbcy don't know how lo market." As he sees it, Canadian publishers often display a complete lack of interest in the marketing of foreign rights. He also contends that while many publishers hope that their books will sell and sit around "wailing for their Canada Council cheques to arrive," they should be vigorously promoting their books and exploring less traditional outlets for them. Witmer

From McClelland, Witmer learned to 'get the right authors . . . treat them right. They're the stars. Feature them. The books will follow'

arguer his case vehemently across the table, coming close to downright disgust. For a pacifist, he is engaged in an all-out war with what he perceives as conservatism, lack of creativity, caution, and even — God forbid — laziness within the Canadian publishing indusy.

When he left the CBFC. Witmcr sold his two book stores to finance Personal Library, then slated building up his firm. Until last fall, when he began publishing under his own imprint, Witmer was a "packager,': or, as he describes it, an "independent book producer." There is no strict definition qf book packaging. It is generally understood to be an operation whereby a company presents a publishing house with an idea for a book. If the publisher decides that he wants to add the book to his list, he signs an agreement for the packager to deliver a specified numbei of copies with the publisher's imprint on them. The packager puts the book

together — hires the writer and designer, and physically produces tbe book -and the publisher distributes it.

Many packagers — Witmer among them-object to the "packaging" label. A relatively new phenomenon, it has nevertheless been around long enough to gather its share of negative connotations. Yet Witmer's "packaging" operation does differ significantly from others. After the book is delivered to the publisher — the point at which the packager's involvement usually ends — Witmer continues to own foreign and subsidiary rights, and markets these aggressively.

Witmer says he encountered none of the reluctance the publishing industry has recently displayed toward packagers. But from the beginning he regarded packaging chiefly as a means of entering into publishing. He originates tbe ideas behind almost all tbe books he produces or publishes, and claims that the concept of producing originated witb his bank manager. "It was just a practical way of solving a problem," be explains. "I didn't set out to be a bwk producer. I wanted to be a publisher. But I couldn't afford to publish. If I produce it with someone else's name on it, they pay me up fmnt. It's not very profitable, hut it's safe."

'If I produce a book with someone else's name on it, they pay me up front. It's not very profitable, but it's safe'

Producing provided him witb tbe working capital necessary for a publishing operation, and in 1979 he slatted publishing under hi own imprint, Personal Library. Although he still produces books for other publishers, almost 95 per cent of his books now are published under his own name. John Wiley & Sons distribute Personal Library, hut the promotion and publicity remain in tbe hands of Witmer. In fact, of the four positions in tbe company, one is concerned only with promotional aspects of the operation. Since corporate and international sales are of growing importance to Witmer, another staffer was. hired exclusively to handle foreign sales. corporate gifts, premiums, and other non-retail outlets for hi books.

The company is expanding in other areas as well. Personal Library has been concerned with titled of a traditional book-store orientation, but Witmer has added a new imprint, Bestsellers. to handle mass-market books aimed at non-retail outlets, and a recent marketing agreement has been signed with New American Library. Some of lhe books on the spring list include *Women's Business Directory*, *Toronto Cycling Guide*. and *The Little* Wine *Steward*. With his Bestsellers imprint Wiir is publishing for the marketplace: "I think other publishers publish books and then try to sell them," be says. "We try to see what we can sell and then publish a book for it."

Witmer is also looking at movie rights. As he begins to publish fiction he is on the look-out for "very commercially oriented fiction that is suitable for Elm or television." Though be denies that he is a budding actor, he will receive bis ACTRA card tbis spring and has appeared in six movies, six segments of CBC-TV's *Flappers series*, and several radio and television commercials, including one for his own company's book, *Discipline of Power*.

With a finger in every piece of the media pie. and with hi books appearing everywhere from magazine racks to wine stores, the wild grins that intermittently break through Witmer's otherwise temperate demeanour seem well-accounted for. "No one ever said that publishing was a money-losing venture," be says, "but a lot of people who went into it made it that." As fat as the opportunities for Canadian publishers are concerned, be believes "we can go to the rest of the world. They weren't doing it and I decided I was going to." He shrugs hi shoulders almost apologetically, but tbe smile is there, and it's getting wider. □

Moore's inferno

The quality of life has improved, but Brian Moore's holidaying sinners still are tormented by intimations of morality

By ROBERT HARLO W

The Temptations **of Eileen Hughes,** by Brian Moon, **McClel**land **& Stewart,** 288 **pages,** $14.95 cloth **(ISBN** 0 77 **10** 6419 **5).**

THE TEMPTATION for the **reviewer** is to **begin** by saying **that** Moore has returned. in thii his 12th fiction, to home **ground and** old **themes,** but **the truth** is thatifyou look **back over the list** you will see that **wherever** his books **are** set **and** whoever they an about. the **Northern** Irish home **ground** is there, and the themes don't change.

The Temptations of Eileen Hughes happens mostly in London. but **even** that **great** metropolis is **overwhelmed** by the **peculiar delusionary lives led** by Moore's **protagonists.** They **are all descended from** Judith **Hearne,** and **any** one of them might be caught scrabbling bloody-fingered at the **tabernacle.** The classic **no-win** situation for Moore's people is simply this: if God is **real — a** resident of the tabernacle- then one is **helpless** in the **face** of that absolute. which **has — incredibly — wrought a** world where Judith **Hearne's** life **and** times **are allowed** to happen. If there is no **God-the-father** then one becomes a **dreamer and** leads **a** life of fantasy in **a** world full of ad ***hoc*** **moral imperatives.**

It is **a** vision of life that rises out of either **accepting** or **rebelling against a hierarchy** of authority: God, **the** Church, father. and schoolmaster. Perhaps **Northern** Ireland is one of the few **places where** that hierarchy still exists, cod **as** a living metaphor it has **relevance now** in a time of **flux** bet not **change,** when **puritans and authoritarians are** everywhere wanting to impose once **more a** world **that,** for most of **us, may** look end feel not unlike the **one Moore** has written about for the **past quarter century.**

It would be a mistake to say **that** everything **has** remained **constant** in the Moore universe, end that et every showing it rolls down **before** us like **a windowshade** with an old-fashioned Catholic **sado-masochist** picture on it. It's **true** that Bernard, the **central** male **character** in ***The Temptations of Eileen Hughes,*** is a ***fantasist,*** **a failed** mock. a successful businessmen, en idealist. and sexually kinky, but of the two **women** who **accompany** him on his trip to Moore's version of **Hades,** Eileen, **at least,** is **not** in the end **a** victim of **Bernard's manipulations.** The quality of life **has** improved. **It is** possible now in **Moore's** universe to **see beyond** authority end needy **dreams** to **a** place where responsible people **act** as if **life were** their **own** to **live** rationally.

Of course, the **state of** flex in which **we exist produces the illusion** ofchange. **but the underlying realities are** constant. **The contract** we **have here** on **earth** is short. borderline insane, and **inherently** brutish. The **amount** of anger **there** is in the world is **therefore understandable;** totally **irrational,** it gives **us flux** on the one hand **and, on the other, the illusion of change as it shifts targets. I went the** other **day** to the **library** to **refresh** toy **memory** of Judith **Hearne and** found **a** note scribbled across the final page: "This book is **more** of co example **of *chauvinist guilt* more than anything. lic doesn't have an understanding et all of the problems** of **women!"** (The **italics** belong to the author.) At **real** risk. I know. I'd like to **suggest that because** of the context **out** of which his stories grow, Moore is able to **deal male** and **female** the **same** essentially **religious-spiritual cards** cd **watch** them **play** out their **hands** es complex people **rather** than es women **or men** in the **now** fashionable **sense** of those labels. His characters **are** equally terrorized by **either** the **presence** or the absence of absolute authority.

In ***The Temptations of Eileen Hughes the*** **situation is tbii:** Bernard. 38, is **well** off if not **rich, married** to **Mona,** 33. end **together** they **have** come **from Lismore —** outside Belfast-to **a pricy** London **hotel** fore holiday. With them is Eileen, who **works** for Mona in **one** of Bernard's **stores.** Eileen is **18,** innocent. **a** captive of **Northern Ireland's** morality, **a** virgin. **and blandly unaware that there is anything more to this holiday than three people in London for a week. two of whom are there to be** friendly **chaperones** for the other, who **has** not **visited** before.

The **story begins slowly. Bernard has made elaborate** plans **for every** hoot **they'll be awake for the next six days — sightseeing, theatres, museums, restaurants, bet almost immediately Mona says**

she'll not be with them often because she is here also to visit friends. Eileen is so certain that both he and Mona are kindly, straight. and proper people. that she is not much concerned by Mona's absence.

Bernard is suspect, of course, but the person out on a sexual holiday is Mona. She tours clubs and bars, afternoons and evenings, picks up likely young men and brings them back to the hotel for sex. Bernard vacates their suite while she entertains. Eileen is remarkably untouched by Mona's escapades, except to think, without any real holier-than-thou stance. that she is glad she'll never be reduced to that kind of behaviour.

Bernard remains for a time a puzzle, if not entirely a mystery. Perhaps he's impotent. and this is the price he has to pay to keep the exquisite Mona as his-wife. Perhaps he's a monster and will soon ravish Eileen. Maybe enjoying it will turn out to be her temptation.

In fact, none of these things is entirely true. Bernard says he wants only to be a troubadour who loves Eileen in the courtly tradition. He has loved her since he first saw her working in his department store in Lismore. lie has had her promoted. He has not touched Mona since, and, in return for giving his wife physical recreation in Dublin, London. and Brussels, he has asked her to be a friend to Eileen so the girl can be part of his family.

Bernard was once a monk. and he lived that perfect life for six months before he broke down and had to return home. When he recovered, his father gave him a fancy car and Bernard rebelled against God and became a very successful businessman. He was not attractive, but he married Mona. The world did hisbiidii. Now he wants perfection again and his dream is that his love for Eileen is it. She is a downstairs Virgin Mary. He has been, since the advent of Eileen, moneyed. married, and a monk again all at once. Naturally, to achieve this a few things had to be bent out of shape, become kinky, in hct. But every&g about the London holiday goes well until Eileen, during a moment of light conversation, says she wishes she could live in a mansion. Bernard sees this as a sign and confesses to her his pure love and tells her he has bought a big house in the country where he wants to go to live with her and Mona.

It is at this point that Eileen begins to have a life of her own. She befriends a young American couple at the hotel who are stuck for a babysitter. Eileen offers to sit for them, partly because she is sorry for them, partly because she likes the baby, and partly because when she is in their room Bernard can't find her. She has always been necessary to his fantasy, but now she is all that props up his meagre sanity. But a friend of the young couple's turns up at their room. lie is a young Californian. slick, laid-back. He introduces her to marijuana and sex. She is captured by neither, but pleased by both. Her moment with the young man is a prophetic one.

Bernard breaks down, takes a handful of sleeping pills, the young couple get him to the hospital, and them Eileen's playmate, unable to lure her away for more fun and games. turns suddenly to Mona and tries to work his tiny magic on her. Hi fantasy is no less kinky than Bernard's.

They all go back to Lismore. Eileen becomes a receptionist, Mona stays with Bernard. forever wrenched out of shape, and tbe last we see of Bernard is when he passes Eileen in the Lismore town park, a sick, perhaps dying, man sealed off from all of his humanity, silent, hollow, gone to a Moore-ish Hell.

The Temptations of Eileen Hughes is full of craft and much fine journeyman writing. It takes more than an ordinary novelist to bring off — with no stress at all for the reader — the events of Eileen's epiphanous final days in London. Them is, however. too much the sense that the book was designed to become a movie, and because of that it feels miniature, all-of-a-piece. lyric rather than epic, so that it has none of the sense of plethora a novel often has. Still, Moore's insight, his miasmic home ground, and hi obsessive themes serve him and the reader well. This is a fine novel and a good read. □

One solitude

A new biography reveals a Hugh MacLennan rather stranger and less predictable than one might suppose,

By I. M. OWEN

Hugh MacLennan: A Writer's Life, by Elspeth Cameron. University of Toronto Press, 424 pages, $24.95 cloth (ISBN 0 8020 5556 7).

SEVEN NOVELS, spaced out over nearly four decades, don't make up a large body of work. Yet when we look back it seems as if for the greater part of those 40 years Hugh MacLennan has been generally recognized as our presiding literary figure. I have just read the seven through in chronological order, and two points strike me as remarkable: first, that the first four, which established him in his position, seem like the work of a promising amateur; second, that the latest book, the magnificent Voices *in Time*, is incomparably his best. I find this heartening. To be doing your best work in your middle 70s seems a happy fate.

Now, with the impeccable timing that is hardly ever managed in the publishing world, his achievement is crowned with a full-scale biography. There have been a number of small books devoted to Hugh MacLennan, the best being probably George Woodcock's, in spite of his Procrustean determination to fit all MacLennan's plots into the framework of the *Odyssey*. But Elspeth Cameron's is the first full-length work, based on a thorough examination of his substantial correspondence and on conversations with him and with most of the people who know him best. She has also read the manuscripts of the two unpublished novels that were his first efforts.

As is to be expected in a biographer, she ranks her subject somewhat higher than many of us would, but ha admiration is well on this side idolatry; when she catches him saying something silly, such as "a good woman is an enemy to a good plot," she doesn't hesitate to point it out.

The first four chapters deal with MacLennan's life up to the outbreak of war, just after the death of his father and just before he started work on what was tobchii first published novel. *Barometer Rising*. *Among many other things* of interest, these chapters confirm that Daniel Ainslie in *Each Alan's Son* is a portrait of the author's father, or rather of Dr. Sam MacLennan as he would have been if he had had no children and had stayed on as colliery doctor in Glace Bay. He was an intensely puritan and domineering man who was determined that both his children should become cl&-ccl scholars, because that was what he would have liked to be himself. They both obeyed, though the daughter disliked the subject; the son, as it happend, took to it, reading Greats at Oxford and eventually getting a Ph.D. from Princeton in Roman imperial history.

MacLennan's relationship with his father was complicated and ambiguous, and in most of his novels he can be seen trying to work it out in different ways. It was certainly too ambiguous to be encapsulated in the easy phrase "Oedipus complex." (Sam MacLennan would have agreed. Freud, he said, might well have been tight about "those foreigners" in Vienna, but "nothing [he] said could have any possible application for the Scotch.") Father and son seem to have become closer shortly before the father died; and after bls death MacLennan wrote a series of six monthly letters to hbn — one of the odd facts with which thii book reveals a MacLennan rather stranger and less predictable than one would have supposed. Another such fact is that between the ages of 12 and 21 he slept in a tent in the back garden 12 months a year.

It's quite clear that the crucial event of this early part of his life was his meeting with, and eventual marriage to, Dorothy Duncan. Her strong and independent intellect, her courage under the constant threat of sudden death from a badly damaged heart, combined with bcr firm belief in him, were, I suspect, what made it possible for him to become a professional writer.

Each of the seven remaining chapters deals witb one of MacLennan's novels, its gcnbsis, its publication, how it was received, and how the author received the reception; together with his non-fiction tilings and the events of his life during the same period. Cameron's judgements on the novels are generally sound, and often she is able to provide new and illuminating information.

Barometer Rising was deliberately designed by MacLennan as a specifically Canadian novel, because of hi failure to achieve publication of two previous novels that had international themes. Tbc reviewers responded nobly, with gratitude for its Canadianness; only a few noticed its basic weakness: that the plot is resolved by an arbitrary outside event — the Halifax explosion (so brilliantly described) — in much the same way as Alexander solved the problem of the Gordian knot.

MacLennan was soon complaining of having a "nationalist" label hung on him, but as Cameron points out he was at the same time making speeches and writing articles in keeping with the label. And his next novel was partly intended — and wholly taken — as a sermon on the Canadian situation.

Cameron is particularly interesting on *Two Solitudes*. It has always been recognized that the first part, about Athanase Tallard, is far better than the subsequent story of Paul Tallard, *who* was meant to be the hero. The rural parish of the first part has a solid reality lacking in the anglophone Montreal of the second. Cameron points out that MacLennan was a relative newcomer to Quebec, with no access at all to the French-speaking community — and she reveals that his picture of rural life was entirely derived from Ringuet's novel *Trente Arpents*. She makes *clearly the* point that's always worth making, that the sense in which the phrase "two solitudes" has passed into tbe language — into both languages — is not at all the sense in which it was intended. She shows the inadequacy of Paul as a representative of French Canada, and *of his* marriage to Heather as a foreshadowing of reconciliation; she might have added a point that I'm not sure anybody has made yet, so I'll make it now: that as far as one can tell Paul's novels are going to be in English — the unconscious implication being that reconciliation means assimilation.

With *The Precipice*, MacLennan thought he was breaking into the American market by setting his novel partly in the States; but what came out was a really tedious sermon on Canada's relations with its neighbour. And he weighted the comparison unfairly by making his representative Canadian a small-town Ontario virgin, his American a

sophisticated biicily business executive. In *Each Man's Son*, he wisely retreated to a scene he knew well. the Cape Breton of his birth; in spite of its obvious flaws. this remains an appealing book. But its sales were disappointing enough to make MacLennan abandon the attempt to live entirely by writing, and he took a part-time job at McGill.

It was not till eight years later, and after Dorothy Duncan's death, that *The Watch That Ends the Night* appeared. It was worth the wait — at last MacLennan justified his reputation with a really first-class book. With *Each Man's Son* he had started publishing with Macmillan, and the accounts of the publication of both books show how much he owed to the sympathy, understanding. and patient tact of the president. John Gray. AU those qualities were needed still more after the reception of *Return of the Sphinx*. Robert Fulford, normally a fairly gentle reviewer. treated it with the ferocity he usually reserves for violators of human rights; however, I'm afraid he was correct. He said that the characters talked "as if they were dictating newspaper editorials"; having just reread the book, I can report that they still do.

MacLennan was badly hurt by all this; hence the 13-year gap before Voices *in Time*. *It* has so lately been reviewed here and elsewhere that I'll just repeat my earlier statement: it's a magnificent book, far beyond his previous work.

Hugh MacLennan says he won't write any more novels. Elspeth Cameron says he will goon writing. My bets, and my hopes. are with her. □

REVIEW

Monsieur Butterfly

By DAVID MACFARLANE

McAlmon's Chinese Opera, by Stephen Scobie, Quadrant Editions (by subscription) 93 pages, paper (ISBN 0 86495 004 7).

A DESERVING WINNER of the Governor General's Award for poetry, *McAlmon's Chinese Opera* is a taut, deceptively casual, and fascinating collection of poems, described by the publisher as "a documentary fantasy about an American who didn't make it in the Paris of the '20s." McAlmon was "the famous footnote/ on other people's lives," and Stephen Smbie deserves credit not only for his verse — which, almost always, comes in on the money -but also for the stroke of imagination that led him to choose the intelligent, wild, and bitterly tired voice of Robert McAlmon as an entry into those much-remembered years. All of the characters — Glassco, Stein, Pound, Joyce, et *al* — are beautifully drawn, but it is the largely unknown and mysterious McAlmon who emerges. indisputably, as the most interesting figure.

McAlmon, Scobie informs us in a helpful and gracefully written afterword, was born in Kansas in 1896. At the age of 24 he was living in New York. where be became friends with William Carlos Williams. McAlmon moved to England after marrying Bryher Ellerman (a marriage that would end in divorce by 1926). but quickly gravitated to Paris. where he became part of the expatriate literary scene, publishing his first collection of short stories. A *Hasty Bunch*. Although his work was much admired by Pound and Williams, McAlmon's literary career never took off in the manner of Hemingway or Fitzgerald. He travelled throughout Europe in the '30s, and wrote his autobiography, Being *Geniuses Together*. *In* 1940 he returned to the U.S. and worked throughout the decade, in Phoenix and El Paw. as a salesman for the Southwest *Surgical* Supply Company. He died of pneumonia in 1956, in Desert Hot Springs.

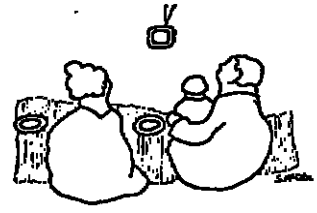
Scobie explains that the events of *McAlmon's Chinese Opera* are, *for the most part. factual.* but that "where it seemed necessary I have not hesitated to modify, rearrange, or even invent some incidents." The collection itself beats certain parallels to another Governor General's Award winner, *The Collected Works of Billy the Kid* by Michael Ondaatje, and Scobie is clearly well aware of the tradition in which be is working. "The relationship;' he writes, "between the historical Robert McAlmon . and the Robert McAlmon who speaks in these poems is best described by Dorothy Livesay in her essay on the documentary poem in Canada, when she talks of 'a conscious attempt to create a dialectic between the objective facts and the subjective feelings of the poet.' It is hard. even for me, to disentangle what I know of McAlmon from what I have imagined of him."

This, to a degree, is the problem of the most prosaic biographer, but at the level of Scobie's poetry it becomes, as it did for Ondaatje, a source of vast energy. One becomes intrigued by *events* and characters -the night, for instance, that

> *a young Maltese I slightly knew,*
> *crazed on cocaine and Lautrémont,*
> *was yelling at a lily English boy*
> *I took to be his lover by the render way*
> *he flung him through the window. Then*
> *he rose to his feet with a long*
> *stiletto blade poised in his hand*
> *and made for Ezra.*

But it is really the narrator who commands attention. Scobie looks through McAlmon's eyes with the confidence of someone who knows his subject inside out. Whether the gaze is historically accurate or not hardly seems to matter. For what it's worth, my guess is that the hook comes very close to the essence of Robert McAlmon. The intense stare of McAlmon in a photograph on the first page looks very much like the poetry reads.

These poems are so much of a whole it is difficult to extract examples and convey any



sense of the book's readability. General readers, not much given to books of poems, will probably be surprised to discover that this is a book that is actually difficult to put down. Lovers of Paris-in-the-'20s memorabilia will welcome an imaginative and evocative addition to the Morley Callaghan, John Glassco, Ernest Hemingway canon. But mostly, I think, readers of

poetry will be impressed by Scobie's sure-footedness, economy, and clarity. McAlmon's description of lames Joyce stands as an example:

The left eye sinister, bound in black
stuffed full of cocaine: but then
lilt of an old-time song, white wine,
his fine Irish tenor, the voice betrayed
by moments of pain, his patron goddess.
'A hasty bunch, McAlmon.'
The office boys' revenge.
Long evenings of his gentle humour,
no one like Joyce for a joke or a song;
Shall we try – what say you? – to sample
every drink on this menu?

There are occasional moments of weakness: here and there an overly dramatic final line — "my bride still virgin," for example. But on the whole the verse is consistently fine, uncluttered, and pleasantly paced. Indeed, there is something pleasantly straightforward about the entire collection, and that, finally, is where its success and failure lie. What Robert McAlmon called his Chinese Opera was a hideous yowling he let loose on occasion in a Paris bar. Scobie "ever manages to pi" down the words behind that wordless scream — and that, after all, is the province of great poetry. But if not quite great, *McAlmon's Chinese Opera is nor* so very far from the mark.□

REVIEW

The poet and the pendulum

By WAYNE GRADY

The Vivid Air: Collected Stories, by Ralph Gustafson, Sono Nir Press, 115 pages, $6.95 paper (ISBN 0 919462 69 3).

THE VARIETY AND RANGE of Gustafson's 14 collected stories is at first deceptive, because they mask an essential unity in Gustafson's vision and voice. His central characters — from a small boy waiting on the steps for his grandfather ("The Circus"), to a young man and his bride in a café in Venice ("In Point of Fact"), to an old man dying by a" open window in spring ("The Tangles of Neaera's Hair") — spa" the Sewn Ages of Man, and the stories themselves represent a lifetime of thought and perception (the title story first appeared in *Tamarack in* 1959). There is a continuity not only among themselves but also. and considering the ventriloquy of other poets who write short stories this is surprising and somehow agreeable. between Gustafson's voice as a poet and his similarly gentle reflection as a writer of prose.

Sometimes this unity interferes with clarity. when the poetic diction perhaps in an attempt to imitate natural speech or the rhythms of thought produces a paragraph inaccessible to reason. Thii passage from "The Tangles of Neaera's Hair," for example, is a kind of stream of subconsciousness that begins with the rather syncoped syntax that makes Gustafson's poems sparkle, and ends with an Elizabethan conceit that seems tacked on. like tbe final couplet of a disjointed sonnet:

> The conclusions were without irony. What dab". finally, has he on the irony who has loved? With love there is failure, certain and only. One wishes to give so much! But with that failure come never indignity and scorn. HOW scanty had been his accomplishment, how scrubby his cultivation! The fruit was small and lean of substance and scuffed. Where one fruit leans against another, there, they say. are scars. To tbe tradesman, tbe scars are a providing of scorn; to those who love. protection of the meaning within.

A similar passage in "The Paper-Spike." a story about a frustrated lover who contem-

plates self-mutilation as a pmof of love. is couched in a cryptic lyricism that is more like a private poem than a told story:

> She moved through the access he made between the table and the cashier's booth, sat down — sinking with relief against the banquette. "The snow outside!" lie adjusted her coat, then handed her the parcel.
> "It's for you." she told him.
> What mattered, she hadn't thought of.
> He straightened the table to her; sat down opposite. "What's in it?"
> It was ungraced. There was the look up. Always she sensed. Hardly ever what he reacted from, but experdy, the withdrawal. He wondered if her intuition stopped short of causes — or blocked admission of them.

The best stories in the collection are simple. direct statements of private anguish frankly observed and delineated. "The Vivid Air." which takes its title from a poem by Stephen Spender. is about an adolescent on tbe verge of sexual discovery who. like John in "The Paper-Spike," stops just short of committing violence against bis own body as a kind of objective correlative to the act of love, as a substitute for committing violence against the body of his beloved. In its purity of language and simplicity of statement it reminds one of Sinclair Ross. or perhaps Ernest Buckler — it is rural, religious, and sexual. But Gustafson's images are more compassionate; he manages to keep the simplicity without sacrificing the poetry:

> He looked at the blade. bright in the vivid air, his wrist ready for the blade. The sleeve slapped from the windslip. "It is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed," saith Saint Matthew.
> He did not belii it.
> He drew back carefully from the halo.

"The sleeve slapped from the windslip" is a pure line of Anglo-Saxon poetry; here it makes more than the air more vivid.

Gustafson's favourite dramatic locale is the stage within the skull — the tight, claustrophobic deliberations of the fevered mind. The stories take place in crowded. confined spaces — an art gallery in which paintings and people all clamour for attention, a small restaurant at noon. a verandah in summer, a Venetian sidewalk café at the height of tourist season-and yet much of the dialogue is interior, a laboured debate with the divided self, or the self projected on to the wife or husband or hi man. They are in that sense prose poems, but without the preciousness that generic name implies. Gustafson is interested in people first, and in abstractions only insofar as they modify people's behaviour: love. for instance, is analyzed and defined, but that process is always secondary or irrelevant to the actions of the people who love. Introspection is always paralleled by observation: the boy standing contemplating the whirring blade notices a white chicken standing on one foot on the manure pile, or, in that Venetian café:

> She followed the lift of the tumbler of colour to his lips; he put the tumbler back on the table's surface — his hand continuing turning in little arcs the base of the glass. So sharply now the hurt went through her. she looked away.

Fourteen stories make a fairly distilled output for a lifetime of writing, but distillation is the poet's method for obtaining spirit, and Gustafson's spirit breathes as freely through these stories as it does through his poems. In "Helen," the most conventional and otherwise unremarkable story in the book — complete with sudden final knife-twist — Gustafson speaks of "a versatility, as it were — that swing from inattention to things of moment, to exaggeration of the trivial, which indicates that all is not well with the pendulum." And perhaps that is a fair summation of Gustafson's swing from poetry to prose, except that here the swing shows the pendulum working exactly as it should. It is a natural and necessary corollary to a long preoccupation with rhythm and time.□

REVIEW

Views from the bridge

By ANNE COLLINS

What Matters: Writing 1968-70, by Daphne Marlatt, Coach House Press, 160 pages, $5.25 paper (ISBN 088910 161 2).

Met Work: Selected Writing by Daphne Marlatt, edited by Fred Wah, Talonbooks, 142 pages, $5.95 paper (ISBN 0 88922 175 8).

"I DON'T WANT to get out of this world." What an odd thing for a 20th-century North American artist to say — a member of a breed prone to nostalgia, evasion, or depair. But Daphne Marlatt says it, in the introduction to Net *Work*, and proves it in her writing. She likes it here and wants us to like it too — to see connections, to share experience, to know how to live here. She wants to build bridges to the world, not burn them.

Her most important tool is looking witb her particular eye (or I). Her route to the larger world is (on the surface, paradoxically) personal, localized, because sbe believes that the only thing a writer can trust is experience and perception as It flows through them: "but what do I 'know'? not

as knowledge but as experience, that is where the writing starts." Finding out the larger story is a corollary of finding out about herself. Thus, *What Matters* is a carefully edited and arranged sequence of poetry, prose. and journal writing about two years that were crucial to Marlatt, 1968-70, a document of the X-year-old finding first sure ground as a writer.

There is no plot as such. only a "drift" toward understanding three entangled events: leaving a husband, having a child, and finding a home (of the spiritual kind). The central problem she considers both in poems and her journal entries is communication: how she as a writer will actually do It (she ponders Merleau-Ponty, Robbe-Grillet, phenomenology, tbe word "perceive"). Her husband is obdurately *outside* her, her developing writer's eye not good enough to see in ("i cannot grasp / your sound. breath. stone/you turn dumb & will/ not speak"). She is displaced in marriage and in country, living in California and Wisconsin: she is isolated. but senses that the reality she seeks to portray as a writer is a shared one. ".. The unknowability of the world that gets us — no other evidence than what our senses give .. do we exist as crossroads of recognition for things/persons which appear, briefly transparent in all their inter-connectedness, & then disappear into individual & unknowable opacity again?" She's after those moments of light, of feeling in the river of lik, never a cliché as she user it and one she comes back to repeatedly. The poems celebrating her newborn son. two series called "Rings" and "Columbus poems." are her breakthrough connection out of the locked-step of her failed marriage: coming home for good to Vancouver the confirmation of her landscape of the heart. The last poem of *What Matters* rather triumphantly ends:

I am here. feel
my weight on the wet
ground

That's what matters, being here.

It's hard to quote Pieces of Marlatt's writing. You tend to want to quote whole poems or. in the case of *What Matters*, tbe whole book. It's not the line that generally maker the impact but the encircling ring, the cast net. the map of discovery. Which in a way is why *Net Work* is not quite satisfying as a collection: it has to cut limbs off whole things. "Rings," her "Vancouver Poems." ha poetic chronicle of the B.C. Japanese cannery town, Steveston. While single poems work wonderfully ("Taking Place," "Steveston as you find it"). the piecer feel like amputees.

But the Talonbooks selection is aimed at students. and for students is an excellent demonstration of Marlatt's prosody and her particular attitude toward the poet's role ("There is no story only the telling with no end in view"). Both Marlatt and Fred Wah in his introduction use the word "proprioceptive" to describe it, meaning work that registers the inside/outside condition of the artist at the moment of writing. In individual poems it sometimes simply fails — Marlatt carefully delineating all the steps, breaths, gushes toward an idea as if all had equal weight, as in a too-long description of one of son Kit's early chuckles.

She wants too much to happen in each *poem* for beauty, for flows of words aimed to cut clean or send a tingle of recognition up the spine. She surrounds you, she keeps insisting that seeing is not so easy, muddying you up in tbe multi-leveled flow of her perceptions. And though she herself pauses often to bask in light, water. smell, touch, and the taste of words, she seldom allows her reader an unbroken sensuous rush of beautiful language. For instance, the opening of "Mokelumne Hill": "Of orange trees (angelica?) see green: as what the eye needs / morning when oil glazes skin. heat. (of the day's not to be/yet) this freshness, freshet, water, lifting the glass to lips, / comes on a sweet taste." Morning, refreshed? All the questions keep getting in there.

But it's that questioning tough insistent seeing — all sides at once — that lee her make complicated pictures like the *Vancower Poems: the* present, the city, the streets, the bars. history. Indian prehistory, all ringed round by the sea and still breathing in the grasp of a poet. It's the complicated pictures that let you accept tbe simple thing she's saying — see the world around you, see it whole (not just the garbage and despair but sun. wind. sea, other people). and you just may be able to live in it. Her eyes/I see/sea a light at the end of the tunnel. □

REVIEW

Speak no evil

By HAROLD HORWOOD

A History of Newfoundland and Labrador, by Frederick W. Rowe, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, illustrated, 563 pages, $29.95 cloth (ISBN 07 09 23 97 3).

NEWFOUNDLAND HISTORIANS have traditionally had an axe to grind. Tbebestof them -Judge D. W. Prowse — writing at the end of the 19th century, was anxious to

prove that the French, who in his time still held fishing rights in the island. ought to be sent packing. The latest, Senator F.W. Rowe, wishes to prove that his ancestors in Notre Dame Bay didn't really murder the Beothuck Indians. but were sorrowful observers of the Indians regrettable demise from TB.

Senator Rowe won't even admit that the Newfoundland wolf was exterminated by hunters. It vanished for no known reason. The wolf bad a price on its head (as reports say the Indians did, too). and there are payments out of the exchequer to show exactly what happened if anyone cares to look, but Rowe still thinks there was something mysterious about its extinction.

This is the second book Rowe has written in an attempt to salvage the reputations of such people as the Peytons of Twillingate, who murdered Indians while stealing their furs or abducting their women. Once he gets beyond wolves and Indians. Rowe is a little better. but not much. In an attempt to be both scholarly and popular. the book falls between two stools. It manages to be academically doll without being academically accurate or incisive.

Rowe is not a professional historian. He is a Doctor of Pedagogy, who, in tom, has been school teacher, civil servant, politician. senator. and writer. Unlike Prowse, he has done little research in primary sources. The first half of his book, dealing witb the four centuries between Cabot and Queen Victoria, provides nothing new. It is Prowse rewritten, with notations from the professional historians.

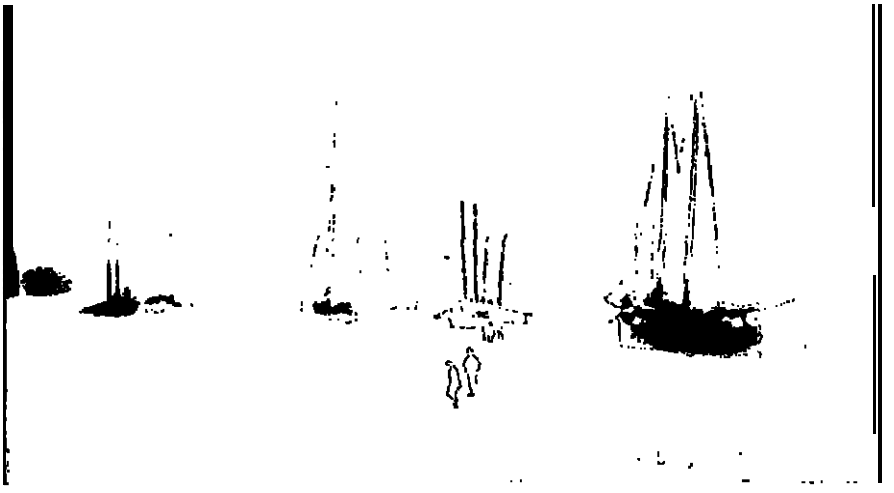
The second half is what matters. Rowe should have confined himself to a history *of* Newfoundland in the 20th century, half the length of this, at half the price. Though he still works largely from secondary sources, he does a commendable job of pulling it all together, so that the immediate pre-Confederation history of the province makes reasonable sense.

The chief weakness hem is the lack of social history. It is a history of the government, not of the people. Even the one chapter titled "Since 1949 — The Social Story" is a chapter about government activities. Rowe. who has spent his entire life diiting people's lives from above, is incapable of seeing them from any other viewpoint. When you consider that tbe 20th century in Newfoundland included the two world wars, the Depression, the bread riots, *and the decision to enter Confederation*, you feel the lack of social history very strongly.

Senator Rowe is also handicapped by being a partisan politician. He can give only the biased, Newfoundland-establishment view of the great loggers' strike of 1958-59, when tbe provincial government acted as strikebreaker. sending the Newfoundland Constabulary and the RCMP into battle against the picket lines. A striker who killed a policeman in self defence was acquitted by a jury, despite hysterical government attempts to bring about a judicial lynching, but none of this is mentioned by Rowe-it is all reduced to a quarrel between St. John's and Ottawa, with John Diefenbaker cast in the villain's role.

In this, as in all other matters, Rowe is quite incapable of any dispassionate overview of tbe Smallwood em. Deputy premiers are, by their office, unfitted to write history, and Dr. Rowe had the misfortune to be Smallwood's right-hand man for 20 years.

Despite all this, Rowe's history will be useful as a reference book, as a point of departure for people who want to look up dates and consult its generous bibliography for mom reliable sources. From any other point of view it is highly inadequate, written in the stuffy style of an aging schoolmaster, filled witb the naive concerns and preiudices of a man with an essentially 19th-century mind. □



"Ice Bound in St. John's Harbour," from **Newfoundland Photography 1849-1949,** *researched and selected by Antonio McGrath from the collection of the Newfoundland Museum, Breakwater Books, unpaginated (86 black and white photographs), $19.95 cloth (ISBN 0 919945 35 9).*

REVIEW

Hickory, dickory, trickery

By BARRY DICKIE

A **Woman Called Scylla,** by David Gurr, Macmillan. 310 pages. $15.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7715 95360).

IF DAVID GURR were a dock-maker he would undoubtedly encase his clocks in glass, leaving the gears exposed. His clocks mightn't run any better than other clocks, but they would at least seem mom complex and perhaps mom interesting. The same is true of his writing.

His first novel (*Troika*, 1979) won rave reviews and rightfully so: it's an exciting. original, and very emotional story about two naval officers — one English, the other Russian-in love with the same woman. What is striking about the story is Gurr's intuitive feel for time and history; like a poet he views time as a single moment with an infinite range of texture. He is able to travel through time and portray historical figures such as Khrushchev without losing the immediacy that is essential to a suspense novel. *Troika* seems *more* literary than otba thrillers because tbe invisible line connecting events is less a contrivance *of* external time (as it usually is in suspense writing) than a measure of emotional change (as it is in real life).

A *Woman Called* ***Scylla*** *is* not as heart-wrenching as hi first novel, but in some ways it is more interesting. The heroine is an American journalist who tries to discover how and why her mother (an English agent whose code name was Scylla) died while completing a secret mission into Denmark during the Second World War. Jane, the journalist, is not a particularly likable lady. True, she has blonde hair and pretty eyes and is quite clever and can say "fuck" as casually as a truck driver even though she has royal blood *in her veins; but,* still, she doesn't impress me. I have seen her kind of woman too many times before, usually in movies and suspense novels, and they are all the same — phony somehow, shallow facsimiles of the woman they try to imitate.

Jane's personality, however, is not the big issue in this novel. Her *mission* is all that counts: she most learn what happened to her mother. which means travelling from Montreal to Ottawa, Washington, CIA headquarters in Langley. *Va.*. to London, *ova to* Rhodesia (1977). and back to London, researching old documents. visit-

ing Churchill's underground War Room, and talking with people who might provide some information concerning her mother's gruesome death. Along the way she rediscovers that history is a living moment that extends in all directions. The people she meets are either historical figures themselves (her blue-blooded relatives and the Lord Chancellor of Britain) or else they have something worthwhile to say about history. There are many surprises: a tea-patty with Hitler, a game of ping-pong with Speer, Churchill crying like a babe, the Duke of Windsor supporting the Nazis. German tanks ripping up the English countryside; and there are many sudden outbursts of violence — bombs, machetes, maimed children. and torture by radiation. There might. in Fact, be too much of everything.

But that depends on how the book is read. As a suspense novel, it does seem rather heavy and vague. n-welling in too many directions for no apparent reason. Jane spends too much time in the library reading dreary documents when she could be outside playing with a Frisbee. Of course, there is a reason for this: Gurr wants to de&p a theme, not just write a thriller. Many of the book's passages further his ideas about time, not the plot. He believes that recorded history is a single moment, sometimes sublime, more often horrifying; and that the march of history is simply a change of location (Nazi Germany. Vietnam, Cambodia. Belfast. etc.) He wants Jane to learn something more profound than merely "what happened to her mother." She must also learn to see time as a change in the texture of the physical world. She must suffer, as her mother did, For knowing too much. And. finally. she must participate in history by committing an act that i's both horrifying and sublime — an act that is triggered. quite appropriately, by pushing a button on top of a clock.

And so it ends. It's not the best thriller ever written, and it's not the worst. Poor Jane — I do hope she married that helpful

Rhodesian chap, because she seemed to be lacking something. Still. the book survives without a strong emotional base. Gurr's thumpety-thump-thump style is a pleasure in itself. and bis playing with the gears of time should fascinate anyone who believes in history.□

REVIEW

Eric the black

By STEPHEN DALE

The Black Discovery of America, by Michael Bradley, Personal Library, 193 pages, $14.95 cloth (ISBN 0 920510 36 1).

THIS IS ONE of those books that looks at the mysteries of ancient civilizations — in this case the native Indian cultures of South America — in an attempt to redress the current view of history. Probably the most popular works of this sort have been the series by *schlock meister Eric* von Daniken, who conveniently explains away the achievements of so-called primitive cultures by suggesting that extra-terrestrial creatures imported their technology from outer space. This is the same sort of cultural arrogance at which Bradley takes aim in *The #lack Discovery of America:* if the major achievements of the world cannot be credited to white society. we will first look for spacemen to acclaim rather than a non-white population. So Bndley is fighting two sets of prejudices with this book: the prevailing white supremicist view of history; and the somewhat tainted reputation of this literary genre, thanks to the Pop Culture aggrandizement of the von Daniken brand of spaced-out speculation.

Bradley's hypothesis is simple enough. He claims that representatives of a socially advanced and technologically adept black nation, from the Cape Verde region of Western Africa, made the trip across the Atlantic Ocean to South America. where they intermarried with the Indians and contributed much of the knowledge that helped that society grow to an advanced state. A number of things make Bradley's contention seem entirely plausible.. For a start, from Cape Verde to the Amazon delta is clearly the shortest mute across the Atlantic, and the trade winds that blow across that course would make for a particularly easy passage. Bradley also contends that the Mali kingdom of Cape Verde had many experienced seamen, as that nation had conducted a booming trade with tbe Orient for centuries. He says that an entirely able vessel for the voyage was the dug-out canoe; not the two-man variety made from puny northern trees, but huge ones. larger than most Western ships, crafted from the giant species of West Africa's forests.

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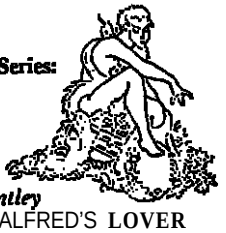

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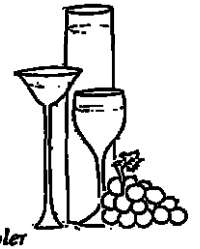

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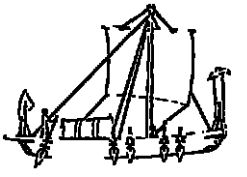

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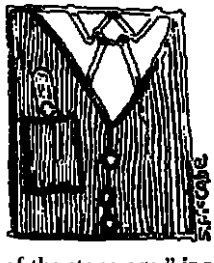
Beyond this, the theory gets a little weaker, as Bradley attempts to answer the many questions that arise with claims based on the scam archæological and historical information available. Bradley says that South American Indian artifacts depicting negroid-featured faces are indications of the black African presence in South America. He ponders the fact that indigenous African crops were established in South America from a very early point in the continent's history. He also finds major aspects of African architecture in South America, and extrapolates from period drawings that black Africans would have had the expertise to navigate into the headwinds back home. Bradley admits that these segments *of* his hypothesis are largely speculative. What is represented on a weathered carving or an ancient painting on stone is. to a great degree, in the eye of the beholder. But much of the conjecture that the historical establishment holds out as truth, of course, is equally interpretive. We can allow Bradley the benefit of a few "what ifs."

Even though the idea of black Africans discovering America is open lo question, Bradley's work is nevertheless important for the doubt it casts on our cultural prejudice.5 and their effect on our view of history. The main purpose of The *Black Discovery of America* is to show that black Africans were not a savage, uncultured race, but a race capable of reaching other shores, with a culture worth exporting. Bradley uses the chronicles of Arab historians to document that Western Africa was home to a peace-loving, industrious, and well-ordered society. Bmdley says that Western explorers' claims of black African savagery — the basis of our current view of African history — were formulated after the early slave trade had ripped apart West Africa's highly evolved social fabric and driven the remaining population back to tribal barbarism. In this light. Bradley says. the whites claim that the West has taken



Africa "out of the stone-age." in a couple of centuries is nonsense. He insists that West African blacks achieved a level of civilization that, in some respects. the Western world has not been able to duplicate.

Obviously, the suggestion that Columbus got his idea to sail West into the Atlantic from the tales of block slaves will not rest well with white egos. We might expect a conquistadorial counter-attack from the halls of academe, if the book is noticed et all. □

REVIEW

Step down, Moses

By DANIEL MacINNES

The Akerman Years: Jeremy Akerman and the Nova Scotia NDP, 1965-1980, by Paul MacEwan, Formac Publishing. 239 pages. $6.95 paper (ISBN 0 88780 025 4).

AFTER A DECADE spent leading the Nova Scotia NDP out of electoral obscurity, Jeremy Akerman suddenly and without explanation defected from the leadership *of* the provincial party, forsook his seat in the legislature, end accepted a high-level ministerial position proferred by the Tory government. Sell-out? No: immediately afterward his long time lieutenant and seat-mate, Paul MacEwan, informed the press that Akerman could no longer live with the "Troskyite elements" developing in the party. Media coverage of MacEwan's announcement was the first article on a long line of soiled NDP linen that appeared piece by piece over the past year. One windy year later MacEwan has been cleansed from the party, this book has appeared, and a leading MacEwan/Akerman foe, Alexa McDonough, has become the first female to lead a major, albeit depleted, political party in Canadian politics.

The Akerman Years represents MacEwan's third foray into print. The initial chapters of his first work, *Miners and Steelworkers,* clearly demonstrated hi potential as a popular historian. (The acclaimed study demonstrates the roots of NDP support in industrial Cape Breton.) Had not 'his second book, *Confederation and the Maritimes,* been as awful es it was, one could have said that tbii present effort reaches the bottom of a downhill slide for MacEwan as a writer. MacEwan's bout with a form of literary Parkinson's disease begins in the later part of *Miners and Steelworkers,* in which he attacks a fellow NDPer. It rages unabated through *The Akerman Years.*

The story line of *The Akerman Years* runs as follows: In the late '60s two young upstarts — a school teacher and an archæological draftsman in industrial Cape Breton — take on two "cautious," "middle-aged" establishments: the local NDP. then the Halifax-based NDP. They are successful in their "thrust for power" because (a) they set up a strong organization in the historically disaffected heartland *of* Cape Breton, and (b) they entered into a productive alliance with a group *of* "Trotskyites" and assorted fringe elements. This alliance is predicated on "temporary" political expediency. Once arrived, they consolidate their position: they "clean out the old guard," "ram through" constitutional amendments that cover their interests, and finally use dirty tricks to smear their leading opponents inside the party.

All of this information about gaining power is given incidentally. Between the lines is the story of a man who reveals too much because be can't tell *when* his bands are ditty. Within the lines, the pitched battle between practical politicians and woolly-heeded academics selectively emanates from MacEwan's memory. In the introduction he names 19 (count 'em) enemies of the dynamic duo. and lists three friends: for a few on either side be even gives street addresses, wbiih could be an innovation in targeting one's enemies. Lest there be any ambiguity, he also provides the reader with clues for distinguishing friend from foe: "loyal," "dedicated" friends of the working man es "practical politicians" versus "academic ideologues." "Halifax radicologues," "oppositionists," "irritants," "boffins," "crackpot sects of Marxists," "pseudointellectuals and double Ph.D.s" consumed with "purist idiocy."

It's no match. Despite the efforts of the dynamic duo the perfidious "dead weights" erode the great leap forward made by MacEwan and Akerman es they go from two elected members m four elected members in 10 years. Rather than capitalizing on the popularity of Jeremy Akerman (by poll and press. in 1978 the most popular leader in the province), the party disappoints its leader and expels its heir apparent. Why? For MacEwan it is simply the historical conflict between professional politicians and a spiteful purist fringe who want to keep "these politicians in check." No doubt the reader will entertain different conclusions.

Immediate to the story is the sorry fate of third-patty politics in the Maritimes. Its long and bitter history in industrial Cape Breton dates beck to the repression of workers at the turn of the cent&y end since that time has not moved outside tbis geographic area with any degree of conviction. MacEwan feels that had not "knitting circle" purism prevailed, lhn industrial Cape Breton could have served as a model for success elsewhere. Obviously others felt that this kind of success was inconsistent with NDP principles: adherence tq principle seems to be strongest the further a party is removed from power.

Akerman's limited taste of power resulted in a "wrecked" marriage and "wrecked" health: "for years [he] lived in insecurity of a sort he did not need to put up with." Judging from the description of the amount of beck-stabbing that goes on inside one's party, let alone from the enemy. and given the relentless pressures of moving on

several fronts simultaneously, why should anyone choose such a life? MacEwan's account of *The Akerman* Years doesn't answer this; it only provides fodder for the cynic. The fact that Akerman gave his approval by writing a foreword to the book, making manuscript corrections. and adding footnotes. makes the account more credible than had 'it arisen in full bloom fmm the spleen of a rejected MacEwan. During the IS years recorded it was the brilliant and eloquent Akerman who was widely acclaimed in provincial politics as the "social conscience" of the house. His disclaimer that this is not an "authorized" biography is unconvincing. Akerman quotes Baldwin — who retired from the British premiership in 1937 — approvingly in the foreword:

> once I *leave, I leave.*
> *I am not going to talk to the man on the bridge.*
> *I am not going to spit on the deck.*

The Nova Scotia NDP must be disappointed that Akerman did not follow Baldwin's example. □

REVIEW

Transatlantic Gaels

By R. A. MacLEAN

Scotland Farewell: The People of the Hector, by Donald MacKay, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 232 pages, $17.95 cloth (ISBN 0 07 091378 7).

THE BRIG *Hector* was the first of many ships that brought immigrants from Scotland to Nova Scotia in the 18th century. *Scotland Farewell* should bury some of the more romantic conceptions about the 189 Highlanders from Loch Broom and the surrounding countryside who voyaged aboard her in 1773 to what is now Pictou County. Among the passengers were the ancestors of Donald MacKay, whose book provides the most complete study of that initial voyage and of the people who made it.

Though he clearly loves hi subject. MacKay &es not romanticize it; this is both the strength and weakness of *Scotland Farewell*. Those who wish to believe in an idealized version of the past will find it too objective. while scholars will lament the lack of documentation. MacKay readily acknowledges his debt to the Reverends lames MacGregor and George Patterson for the material they bequeathed on the early history of Pictou and the *Hector*. But there are other areas in which one cannot be sure where MacKay found his information. Questions might be raised about such statements as. "There was an understanding that should Scot meet Scot on opposing sides, they would not fight each other." and, "It is said that Wolfe died in the arms of a Fraser Highlander." Though statements such as these add to the richness of the story. they perhaps belong more to the realm of folklore. A curious reader is left to wonder whose arms Wolfe actually did die in.

The material is well organized and the maps of Pictou and Scotland are useful, although the former should be located at the front of the book. There is a wealth of information on the events leading up to the *Hector* voyage. including the disaster of Culloden, and pod descriptions of Highland life during the latter part of the 18th century. MacKay leads the reader through the Loch Broom district and shows how the conditions that influenced Highland emigration generally affected the people of that area. Considerable space is allotted to the failure of the Forfeited Estates policy, which led to so much emigration.

MacKay also devotes chapters to the land scheming and speculation in Scotland and the New World that indirectly led to the settlement at Pictou. The system of land holding and the role of the chiefs and tacksmen is clearly described. The change-over fmm a patriarchal to a commercial system, with emphasis on money instead of men. was one that had been developing since 1700 owing lo increasing cultural and commercial contacts with Lowlanders and Englishmen. Legislation such as the Heritable Jurisdictions Act of 1747 simply confirmed what had been a growing trend. The Highlanders' feudal system was undergoing change and Culloden accelerated the process.

Though MacKay notes that emigration prior to 1800 was voluntary, he does not develop the point. Most of those who left Scotland prior to 1800 were better off than those who came after, because so many of the latter were victims of the "Clearances." Despite the heavy emigration during the late 18th and early 19th centuries the Highland population actually increased due to improved medical care, the cessation of clan warfare, and the success of the potato as a staple. While the people of the Hector came voluntarily, and there was a variety of trades and occupations among them, some were poor and their initial experiences brought them close to destitution. Yet they eventually mastered their environment.

Moreover. through the preaching of their first permanent cleric. James MacGregor, they were always conscious of their obligations to God, to each other, and generally to the work ethic. One wonders what type of community might have developed had there been a larger Roman Catholic contingent aboard the Hector. Even so. as the author points out, the work ethic did not interfere with their enjoyment of liquor, and the adjustment from whisky to rum was relatively painless.

Donald MacKay's purpose was to tell the story of the people of the *Hector*, and he maintains a difficult balance in writing a credible book that will appeal to the educated layman. Unless new evidence is unearthed it is unlikely that anyone will publish a better record of the *Hector*'s voyage to Pictou: while some questions may be raised on details, MacKay has succeeded In showing the render "the seeding and the flowering of Highland life in the New Scotland." □

REVIEW

Heresy on the left

By ALBERT MORITZ

Catholics and Canadian Socialism, by Gregory Baum, James Lorimer, 240 pages, 59.95 paper (ISBN 088862 194 5).

The League for Social Reconstruction: Intellectual Origins of the Democratic Left In Canada, by Michiel Horn, University of Toronto Press, 270 pages, $20.00 cloth (ISBN 0 8020 5487 0).

GREGORY BAUM'S *Catholics and Canadian Socialism is* a thought-provoking history of errors — and of the astute, heroic opposition to them by some individuals. Basically, it shows that in the 1930s the Canadian Catholic hierarchy unnecessarily applied Rome's condemnation of socialism to the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF), preventing the possibility of widespread, and potentially crucial, Catholic support.

In analyzing the Catholic response to a unique Canadian political movement, Baum touches on a social problem as old as Christianity and as current as today's human tights movements. What is the proper role of Christianity, faithful to its own content, in response to social, political. and economic evils? The underlying theme and motive of Baum's work, as I read it. is to suggest that the Canadian history he traces was an important piece of groundwork toward a clear answer to that question.

Baum's emphasis is on the individual Catholics who stood against the hierarchy's

position. He strongly suggests that it was they who made the more accurate interpretation of both Catholic social doctrine and the Canadian situation. For the Church, then, tbe 1930s were years of squandered opportunity. It failed to contribute strongly to a movement that actually expressed many Catholic social ideals. These ideals generally remained theoretical and futilely in opposition to "all comers" in secular society.

The analysis leads to a brief and evocative epilogue that hints at a possible outcome of this old struggle in Canada's future. The once marginal forces that opposed Canadian and other conservative hierarchies are asserting their place as the true expression *of the* essential Catholic social tradition. The taboo on all socislism has been lifted, the criticism of capitalism is ever more pointed and complete, snd the same "drift to the Left" is occurring in many other Christian churches.

Is the stage set. here and around the world, at "this time when world capitalism is again showing signs of impending crisis," for a new, more complete and powerful alliance of socialism and Christianity than was possible before?

In tracing the CCF's emergence. Baum gives a suggestive summary of the unique sociological and political content of Canadian socialism. Its tendency was anti-bureaucratic and. *N* a degree, de-centralizing. Its roots always remained in the cooperative movement. It was pragmatic and eclectic. Abandoning any preconceived notion of an ideal centralized socialist state, it sought merely to bring about in the best way possible a rational economy devoted to the common good rather than private profit.

Deeply rooted in British constitutional democracy and the Fabian movement, *CCFers* -even avowed British Columbia Marxists — had a "passion for democracy." Both democracy and reform were roads to radical change, not obstacles, as for Marxism. And the CCF was inclusive in a nay that bespoke broad human sympathies. While believing in class consciousness and struggle, it defined the revolutionary class to include farmers, workers, small entrepreneurs, and others in a common understanding of their alienation, and the marginal status enforced on them by monopoly and corporate capitalism.

Finally, the basis of the flexible, pragmatic system, with its greater real (as opposed to ideological) emphasis on the individual as ultimate value than most socialisms have maintained, was largely Christian. Many *of* the *founders* were committed Protestants. "It is an often repeated platitude," says George Grant, "that thinkers such as . . . Marx were secularized Christians." The Christianity of the CCF was not secularized, or not altogether so; it was to a great degree living and direct.

Why, then, did the official Catholic Church oppose it, to the consternation of many socially committed Catholics? The complex causes contain two leading factors. The first is the mutual incomprehension of the CCF and Quebec, leading to the Quebec bishops' understanding of Canadian socialism as another instance of Anglo-imperialist intrusion.

The other factor, triggered by the Quebec bishops' rejection of the CCF, was the too quick and facile acceptance by most Canadian bishops of the idea that the CCF was a socialism of the type condemned by Pope Pius Xl in 193 1. There were many Catholic dissenters from this view — including laymen. journalists, political activists, some bishops, and even Henri Bourassa. But they dih not succeed in removing the official teaching against the CCF until the early 1940s.

Baum's presentation of Catholicism's historic social doctrine and its development is juxtaposed convincingly with the stories of individual Catholics active in the CCF, and with accounts of largely Catholic social movements li the Antigonish Movement and *Action libérale nationale* in Quebec. Always his analysis suggests that such movements were the essential expression of Catholic socisl wisdom, gradually defining itself through fruitful dialectic with both socialism and socisl realities.

The value of Baum's book goes beyond its pregnant analysis of the subject named in its title, large and vital as this is. To deal with his subject, Baum must trace the diverse foreign and domestic sauces of Canadian socialism, the varieties of world socialism and tbe Christian reactions, and the whole history of Catholic social doctrine — from its ancient origins. through the emergence of "Social Catholicism" in the 1820s. to the present day. He manages to do this id brief, pointed, and original expositions that make his book one of tbe best introductions available to the whole subject of the philosophical issues involved i n socialism.

Michiel Horn's *The League for Social Reconstruction* is a more narrowly focused reconstruction of an element of the same period. In a basically narrative and even anecdotal way, it richly details the emergence and progress of the LSR. Canada's first group of socialist intellectuals. Organized beginning in 1931 under tbe inspiration and guidance of Professor Frank Underhill (University of Toronto), it soon allied itself with the new CCF (founded July 1932) and provided much of lhe party's theoretical underpinning. research, and polemic.

Like Baum's CCF, Horn's LSR drew on "Fabian, Marxist, Guild. and Christian socialist and reformist liberal influences as well as insights gained from domestic sources, especially the agrarian radicals of the prairie West." It, too, was eclectic and

pragmatic, laid emphasis on an "ethical revolution" to precede politico-economic change, "hovered between liberal humanitarianism and socialism." and with typical Anglo blindness to Quebec Nationalism treated tbc French Canadians es a minority.

Horn's strength is the complete and affectionate depiction of this group, mixed with clear accounts of its thought and a sharp but genial eye for shortcomings and flaws. His work is rich in research.

This book does cot aspire to Baum's synthesizing breadth or analytical depth, but it still succeeds in introducing some problems and questions which *Catholics and Canadian Socialism* avoids. Most importantly, perhaps, Horn shows how the LSR never understood the strength of the Canadian (read "North American") resistance to the very ideas of socialism or any form of radical social change.

Of course, Christianity. if it is living. must possess a liberating potential. But the social inertia of the congregations has not been noticeably less than that of the population at large. The churches have yet to show that they can move their members to act more according to the Christian call then to the dictates of a technical society that turns all things, even religion, into commodities and rewards for docility. □

REVIEW

Lessons in herstory

By MARIA HORVATH

Many Tender Ties: Women in Fur-Trade Society in Western Canada, 1670-1870, by Sylvia Van Kirk. Watson & Dwyer, 301 pages, $19.50 cloth (ISBN 09204% 06 1) and $10.00 paper (ISBN 09204X6 08 8).

Pioneer and Gentlewomen of British North America, 1713-1867, edited by Beth Light and Alison Prentice, New Hogtown Press. 245 pages. 517.50 cloth (ISBN 0919940 15 3) and $9.95 paper (ISBN 0919940 16 1).

HISTORY, as Gibbon noted, has been "little more than the register of the crimes, follies. and misfortunes of mankind." Lii the tabloid newspapers, it has often eschewed tbe commonplace activities of the ordinary people and focused instead on the exploits of the "movers and shakers," famous and infamous. Fortunately, historians are be coming more democratic. Oral history, despite its inaccuracies caused by nostalgia and subjectivity, manages to record the noteworthy actions of the demos. And women's studies, although stridently revisionist at times. have resurrected our female ancestors.

Two recent books point out, in stark relief, just how much we have missed in our ignorance of our Canadian foremothers.

Many Tender Ties is by far the better of the two books. Van Kkk. an associate professor of history at the University of Toronto, has skilfully overcome a formidable handicap in her research. Because of the few records kept by native women et that time, she had to depend almost entirely on the wills. letters, end journals written by the men. She writes a most interesting tale that dispels many of the myths about the fur-trade. women, whose importance was a natural and logical result of the developing fur trade. White traders, employees of the two trading companies, were forbidden to bring with them any white women. Many were, however, allowed and even encouraged to marry native women, *à la façon du pays*. These women served important functions: they gave comfort and stability to the lonely, nomadic men; they shared their knowledge of plants and wildlife to help the newcomers survive the harsh climate; and, most important, they served es translators, diplomats and even peacemakers. They were cot regarded es sexual playthings to be exploited.

The Indians, on tkii part, also accepted these intermarriages. Indian women, unlike their brothers, could easily enter white society. thus providing a valuable link between the two peoples. The women also appreciated this arrangement. Life was easier with a white husband: European technology intmdoced them to many labour-saving devices, and tbe white man expected women, the "weaker sex," to work less herd.

But this way of life came not without problems. Men were recalled to their homes in Britain and forced to leave their Indian wives behind. (Many made son that their wives were taken care of in their absence.) Assimilation gradually eroded the Indian values and customs as the white fathers raised their mixed-blood offspring in the European ways. Eventually, the native women had less and less contact with their Indian relatives.

It wasn't until the arrival of the white women cod tbe missionaries in the 1820s that the Indian women began to be pushed aside. White women, out of place in a wild frontier land, feared the competition of the more skilful native women; they were also unaccustomed to living with darker skinned people. The zealous missionaries insisted that only church-performed marriages would be sanctioned. Some of their intentions were noble as they sought to "legitimize" these "country marriage" relationships. But ironically, they caused a devaluation of the long-practised country marriages. It became all too easy to justify abandoning an Indian wife in favour of tbe fairer Christian women. It was not long before native women were used only for sexual gratification.

Van Kirk is careful not to view the past through anachronistic lenses. Many men treated the women with affection and respect; many opposed racism. In 1850. Eden Colvile related in a letter the unpleasant effect of racism when some white women in the Red River colony tried to shun a woman of mixed blood:

> Altogether the state of things *is most* unpleasant, though somewhat ludicrous, withal. For instance. today, the Bishop & his sister were calling on us, & in the middle of the visit I heard a knock at the door & suspecting who it was, rushed out & found Mr. & Mrs. Ballanden [the woman of mixed blood]. I had to cram them into another room till the Bishop's visit was over, but as he was then going to see the Pelly's he had to pass through this room so that I had to bolt out & put them into a third room. It was altogether like a scene in a farce.

This book definitely deserves a sequel by Van Kirk. Important historical landmarks that can be covered include the travesty that so changed the status of Indian women: now. under the Indian Act. they forfeit all their rights as Indians if thev marrv a white man.

The second book is unfortunately v&t-able only as an incomplete catalogue of documents. wills. letters. and the like about *Pioneer and Gentlewomen of British North America. 1713-1867*. It could have been much more if the editors had not chosen an eccentric method of arranging the material, organizing it in sections based on "life-cycle changes." This method would work if the book did not deal with so many different facets — a variety of cultures, classes, religious customs, cod geographical regions, and 154 years of history. Some of tbc placements seem arbitrarv: for example. a diary of a young woman on her deathbed is placed in tbe section on "The *lives* of single and young women."

Often there is cot enough information in the explanatory notes. The editors do not provide the value of a shilling and a pound when listing tbe expenses of a girl's education. The evolution of the concept of childhood is defined in terms such es "until very recently," "early modem period," and "later."

Women's history, like that of the story of *man*kind, deserves much more careful, more scholarly treatment if it is to be taken seriously. The editors of *Pioneer and Gentlewomen*, in preparing the next three books announced for this series. would do well to follow the example set by Sylvia Van Kirk. □

REVIEW

A picnic of illusions

By RUPERT SCHIEDER

Other People's Worlds, by William Trevor, Clarke Irwin, 243 pages, 520.95 cloth (ISBN 37030312 1).

WILLIAM TREVOR is better known in Great Britain than in North America, partly because of the success of his adaptations of his work for television. Although he has woo official recognition (the Hawthornden Prize, the Royal Society of Literature Award, and an honorary C.B.E.). he has never been. even in Great Britain, a best-seller. a spectacularly publicized writer. Hi deceptively quiet. small-scale works are peopled by casts of bit players who never quite require or desire centre stage. The seemingly private concerns and minor events demand no widespread recognition. Yet, like Barbara Pym. Paul Scott, and Jack Hodgins, Trevor has attracted, since the publication of *The Old Boys in 1964*, a devoted following, readers who enjoy sharing their enthusiasm and passing his books around.

It is superficially fitting that Trevor should review the recently published collected stories of Elizabeth Bowen, for Bowen Court, the older writer's ancestral "stalely home" is near Mitchelson, Trevor's birthplace. More significant. however, is a generalization Trevor makes about Irish fiction: "Like many Irish writers, she found the short story a natural form and wrote most naturally when bound by its conventions." The judgement can also be applied to Trevor. Having spent a large part of his life in Ireland, in schools and Trinity College. Dublin, teaching cod working as a church sculptor and copywriter until he was 35. ho can be labelled "Irish" more surely than Elizabeth Bowen, who left for England when she was seven. His original writing and publication was in the shorter form. cod since then he has alternated between the short story nod the novel. none of whiih has been very long.

Even in the novels there are a number of small units, each operating on its own. small circles that touch or intersect at their circumferences. or (to change the metaphor) separate threads that arc ingeniously, sometimes almost too coincidentally. intertwined. Often, the form, with its shiftiig point of view, verges on the musical, the fugue, the theme and variations: comparisons. contrasts, parallels. (The observation in *The Old Boys:* "On the day that Basil went to tea in Crimea Rood, Mr. Turtle went to tea at the Rimini," could represent the structural principle of many of Trevor's novels.) Titles indicate this mosaic form: *The Old Boys. The Boarding-House* (1965), *The Love Department* (1967), *The Children of Dynmouth (1976)* — my favourite so far — and now *Other People's Worlds*.

The title of one of his fittest. *Elizabeth Alone* (1973), *seems to* deny this composite structure, but it depicts several women who cross phs briefly in a hospital, then slii back into their former lives with their separate relationships. Its title indicates one of his persistent themes. Once more, his remark on Elizabeth Bowen is appropriate to himself: "The single common obsession is a concern for the truth about the human condition." Central is the inescapable fact of individual isolation and the concomitant impossibility. despite interdependence sod interlockings, of communication sod understanding. The resultant misunderstandings, confusion of truth and illusion. unconscious or deliberate self-deception, make possible a world of de ceived sod deceivers, of victims. willing sod unwilling, and predators. Those with passionate fixations and ambitions are able to use, to prey on the weak and the passive. The view of the human condition varies from the lightly sardonic, displayed in the comic characters and the farcical situations of *The Old Boys* to that of *The Children of Dynmouth*, with its underlying sense of fundamental evil destructive to helpless victims, both the innocents and the guilty.

Now *Other People's Worlds* appears, enclosed *in a* deceptively pastoral paper cover. If publicized, it should satisfy a wide poblii. For Trevor fans, there will be no surprises, just continued enjoyment and admiration.

Julia Ferndale, a well-off widow of 47, inhabits a safe, walled-in. small-town world. surrounded by family, friends, help: Mrs. Spanners, Diane, her hairdresser at the "Crowning Glory;' and her nasty boyfriend, Nevil Clapp (like Aldous Huxley and Evelyn Waugh, Trevor has a penchant for comic names). Innocently, after a seemingly accidental meeting. Julia finds herself "besotted," about to marry Francis Tyte, 17 years ha junior, a conventionally hoodsome figure in tobacco ads on TV, a bit player, an amoral predator. Unwillingly. she becomes the centre of his shoddy, quite terrible worlds, the worlds of his victims: his disowned parents in a ghastly old people's home, "Sundowne House"; his ugly, mean, older wife; his sentimental, alcoholic, thieving girlfriend, now deserted; thcii child, "Joy . the victim of other people's worlds cod other people's drama, caught up in horror because she happened to be there." One of the appal-

lingly masterful strokes is the compressed depiction of the everyday terror of the destructive group fads of the Tite Street Comprehensive School she infrequently attends.

Early in the novel "the elements of the pattern were scattered. like pieces from a forgotten jigsaw puzzle. lost in the confusion that Julia wasn't even aware of." Near the end, "connections suddenly were everywhere, an ugly sense crept out of hidii." She is immersed in bigamy, madness, juvenile delinquency, blackmail, and a confused murder, all epitomized in a TV drama in which Francis Tyte plays a bit part. She now confesses: "I didn't know there was this poisonous make-belief, a picnic of illusions." Nothing can ever be the same. There is no solution, just a disillusioned impasse. The ending, however. is not negative. She now can cope with the consciousness of evil. The novel closes with the compassion and the acceptance that Trevor has displayed in his recent work.

Of Elizabeth Bowen, Trevor observes: "She did not develop or improve; few short story writers do." While retaining many of the technical characteristics of the fine short story writer, I find in his last three novels. *Elizabeth Alone. The Children of Dynmouth, and* now *Other People's Worlds, a relaxation from* the tense brilliance of the early works. and an added sense both of the depth of evil and the possibility of individual compassion. This latest novel shows Trevor writing at the level of his best. The effect is a combination of satisfaction and admiration. ❑

REVIEW

Epistle-packing Papa

By DOUGLAS HILL

Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters, 1917-1961, edited by Carlos Baker. John Wiky, 975 pages. $34.95 cloth (ISBN 0 684 167654).

HE WRITES TO Maxwell Perkins about criticism of *Death in the Afternoon* (1932):

> You see what they can't get over is (1) that I *am* a man (2) that I can beat the shit out of any of them (3) that I can write. The last hurts them the worst. But they don't like any of it. But Papa will make them like it.

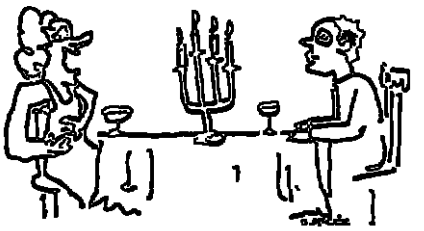
He writes to Gerald and Sara Murphy on the death of their son (1935):

> Absolutely truly and coldly in the head, though, I know that anyone who dies young after a happy childhood, and no one ever made a happier childhood than you made for your children, has won a great victory. Vfe all have to look forward to death by defeat, our bodies gone, our world destroyed; but it is the same dying we must do, while he has gotten it all over with, his world all intact and the death only by accident.

One's response, upon emerging from this enormous book of extremes, is ❑ otunexpectedly mixed, and tends to bad. The nearly 600 letters here (from a total estimated to be 6,000 to 7.000) are sometimes boring. sometimes embarrassingly mean-spirited. usually unmemorable, occasionally fine. As a human being-and as a writer, too. I think--Hemingway simply counted less on the scale of life than he thought he dii. His entire epistolary career could be considered the attempt, by one means or another, to make up the difference by self-promotion.

At times he could get out of his concern for himself and his image and genuinely *give*; he could find a mode to express affection, concern. admiration. respect, love. His children receive the best of him, and now and then a friend or fellow writer; so, to the end, does his first wife Hadley. His letters to her show him open and vulnerable and devoted:

> But the good luck is to have had all the wonderful things and times we had. Imagine if we had been born at a time when we could never have had Paris when we were young. Do you remember the races out at Enghien and the first time we went to Pamplona by ourselves and that wonderful boat the Leopoldina and Cortina D'Ampezzo and the Black Forest? Last night I couldn't sleep and so I just remembered all the things we'd ever done and all the songs.



This, 15 years and two wives after he (admittedly) wrecked their marriage.

The editorial work in this volume is clear and exact, though I wish Carlos Baker bad offered more explanations and elaborations instead of so many page references to his own biography of Hemingway. If you don't have it at hand, your curiosity will sepeatedly be unsatisfied. Economy of space seems hardly to have been the issue here.

Baker knows his subject inside and out. Unfortunately he idolizes him — almost fawns over him — in a way that makes one mistrust the particular selection of letters. Another quote, fmm the introduction:

> If at times his letters appear to be touched with a boastful pride that approaches megalomania, it was very likely little more than a verbal counterforce to the self-doubts that often assailed him, even when he believed deeply in the work he was doing.

Baker does his best to excuse and justify the "hints of the incipient bully," the "backbiting," the "coarseness," the "anti-Semitism," the "flaws in a complex personality structure." The reader should make up his own mind, and disregard Baker's hem-worship if he can. I don't find the Hemingway revealed in this book to have an attractive character.

Fur all their puerile and repellent qualides. the letters do put you firmly in possession of Hemingway (at least the version of him that Baker has arranged) and of a substantial foreground of the modem American literary canvas. There's much in the letters about other writers — Pound, Joyce, Fitzgerald, Faulkner- and some of it's perceptive. Hemingway could appreciate talent — his own included — and whenever he stayed clear of chest-pounding or jealousy, could write incisively about it.

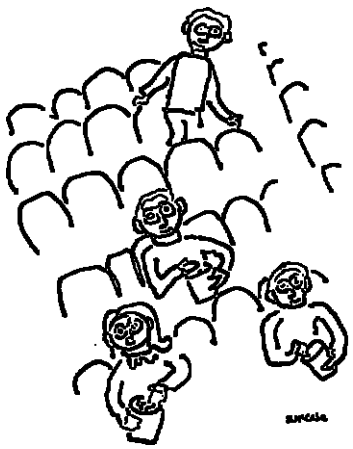
He understood from experience how external circumstances (health, family, fame) could interfere with writing, and so he could be sympathetic to others who laboured and suffered. It's often a somewhat equivocal sympathy: "Poor old Scott. He should have swapped Zelda when she was at her craziest but still saleable back 5 or 6 years ago before she was diagnosed as nutty. He is the great tragedy of talent in our bloody generation."

Many of the letters. especially the later ones, give the impression they were written when Hemingway was drinking or half-drunk. All the bravado and the baloney and the virile tenderness fall into patterns suspiciously vinous in their repetitions. These letters. when they're nut at pains to set various records straight. are lavishly nostalgic, but that's an element noticeable almost hum the beginning of the volume (you find it early in the fiction, mu).

Hemingway, like must of us. always tries harder — to be intelligent, to be sensitive — when he's addressing somebody important or influential (or trying to sound important and influential himself). All but the very best letter-writers adjust their style to their audience. Flannery O'Connor had the gift in her letters, the pure, clean line, and didn't. Though his characters often exhibit it, Hemingway fails hi own test.

In 1923 he wrote (to hi father). "I'm trying in all my stories to get the feeling of the actual life across — not to just depict life — or criticize it-but to actually make it alive. So that when you have read something by me you actually experience the thing." Twenty-five years later? "Am a writer and shooter and fisherman. Anyone married to me eats regularly, gets fucked when they wish it and have a fairly interesting life. You move around." The reviews and advertisements I've seen make much of this book's candour, as if candour were a moral virtue. It isn't. And often Hemingway's merely lying.

The humour, I will say, is a bright spot in these letters. It's a playfulness rare in his fiction and journalism. On balance. however, there's just too much unpleasantness, stupidity, xenophobia, pomposity, paranoia. One tires soon of Hemingway's life. As he eventually did.0



IN BRIEF

The Collected Short Stories of Elizabeth Bowen, Alfred A. Knopf (Random House), 784 pages, $23.50 cloth (ISBN 0 394 51666 4). The precise boundaries of tradition have provided a structure fur many literary enterprises: within them can be woven intricate plots of curious texture and colour, words to charm and mystify, all legitimized by history and family. Burn in Dublin in 1899, Elizabeth Dorothea Cole Bowen was a literary romantic and "the first female owner of Bowen's Court (County Cork) since its construction in 1776." She was unlikely to have denied the power of tradition. but she managed to avoid the oppressive sense of Irish mythology that informs the work of such compatriots us her friend Sean O'Faolain, the late Frank O'Connor, or, more recently. Edna O'Brien.

Her collected stories, chronologically arranged. catty us from decade to decade with consummate grace, precision, and only the occasionally missed beat: it should be no surprise to find a few lapses in such au extensive collection. The 14 "First Stories" constitute the first lapse in the continuity of her vision. and the four last "Post-War Stories" constitute another. Be-

tween these, however, are 59 stories as fine and compelling as ever left an Anglo-Irish pen.

With "The Twenties" begins the vintage Bowen, cognac to be nursed 'gently some evening before a crackling fire. Here is tbe nostalgia of visits, some expected, others dreaded, all inevitable, of a motley of eccentric characters to various destinations. They arrive at Italian hotels for illicit affairs, approach solitary vine-crowded cottages with spell-bound compulsion, and sweep into country manors for agonized family duty visits. The unifying theme of these stories is in their preoccupation with buildings. both modest&d massive: "Here was the stage of every drama," as she writes in "Human Habitation." Between the protective walls of these diverse dwellings, Bowen blocks and twists her characters in elaborate and frequently bizarre performances.

As we go from there to "The Thirties," the seeds of disillusionment in Bowen's vision have become apparent. Her characters still move self-consciously on their stages. but movement is harried. We feel tbe undertow of political and social upheaval. It is dearly. as they say. tbe end of an era.

Now we confront "The War Years," the growth of disillusionment, the destruction of the old order. At the outset of the Second World War, Bowen is a mature writer who has accepted the death of all that was grand in the old way. With her we sit in the drawing rooms of blitzed London mansions, frantically drinking with Edward and Richard from the Foreign Office and gently but firmly dismissing old family retainers: "Oh you've travelled, I know, but you have always been back. Still, nothing goes on for ever, does it.. Your dresses, madam — I've been over them: not a speck. There must be some merciful Providence, mustn't there?"

For Bowen, no phoenix will rise from these ashes. — DAWNE SMITH

A THOUSAND WORDS

The history of art and the art of history: from the avant-garde to a few shocked writers caught off their guard

By CHRISTOPHER HUME

THERE WAS A time when men believed art capable of changing the world. (It wasn't all that long ego, but already the notion seems either quaint or ridiculous.) For a few fabulous decades it seemed to the artist that, with a little help from the machine, he would lead us out of the mire and onward to Utopia. Of course. that's not the way it turned out, and the work produced by these visionaries and dreamers now sits resplendent in climate-controlled museums or hangs expensively on the walls of the super-rich. So much for Utopia!

The idea that art can change anything has almost disappeared; the only thing about art that shocks anymore is the price. Paintings originally conceived to outrage the bourgeoisie now are considered good investments. And if modern art isn't dead yet, it's moribund. Only novelty remains.

The rise and fall of modem art is the subject of Robert Hughes's very ambitious The Shack of the New: Art and the Century of Change (Methuen, 424 pages, $35.00 cloth). The book grew from the eight-pert television series Hugh& wrote and narrated for the BBC. It will probably become as successful as the series was: certainly, whatever acclaim is accorded *The Shock of the* New will be entirely deserved.

Hughes is best known as the art attic for Time magazine, a position he has held for the past decade. He was described in New *York* magazine in 1978 as "the fastest eye in town and one of the most skeptical: Hughes is no slouch with the typewriter, either; his writing is a virtuoso performance combining art history. *Time-ese,* and enough one-liners to force even the most serious an-watcher to raise an upper lip in appreciation. Salvador Dali — "crazy Sal the Andalusian dog" — provides an over-ripe target for Hughes's barbs: "For almost Forty years," he writes, "Dali (b. 1904) has ban one of the two most famous painters alive. As a bodily trademark, hi moustache was the only rival to van Gogh's ear and Picasso's testicles. . ."

Hughes dates the beginning of modern art around 1880. Between then and 1930, "one of the supreme cultural experiments in the history of the world was king enacted in Europe and America." By 1980 tbe experiment had ended: "What has our culture lost in 1980 that the avant-garde had in 1890?" asks Hughes. "Ebullience, idealism, confi-

dence, the belief that there was plenty of territory to explore, and above all the sense that art, in the most disinterested and noble way, could find the necessary metaphors by which a radically changing culture could be explained to its inhabitants." Sometime between then and now the speed of change grew too fast. The artist, along with the rest of humanity. was overwhelmed. In 1890 it looked as though mankind were on the verge of creating a great mechanical paradise: by 1980 modernity had become ugly and apocalyptic. "In an age of increasing scientific and technological complexity, of techniques dosed to the amateur, what could art offer the scientific power of perception?"

And so the avant-garde died; Robert Hughes's account of its rise and demise towers above most other art books in its enormous scope and total authority. The only other book of tbii sort worthy of comparison is Kenneth Clark's *Civilisation*. An absorbing mixture of anecdote and solid research. Hughes's work cannot be too highly praised. The word is "dazzling" — obvious perhaps, but appropriate.

THE HISTORY OF Ireland is a long and brutal one. Every day brings with it more death and destruction: the last great religious war in Europe continues its hateful course. The latest round of troubles began in the late 1960s. but the problems have existed for centuries. In 1598 Queen Elizabeth I complained that despite the large sums of money committed to "these late dangerous altercations in Ireland . . . yet we receive naught else but news of fresh losses and calamities. . . . We will not suffer our subjects any longer to be oppressed by those vile rebels." We understand her feelings.

Ireland: A History (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 256 pages, $29.95 cloth) by Robert Kee is a well-illustrated and fast-paced explication of the Emerald Isle's sorry past. And, according to the author, "If blame is to be apportioned for today's situation in Northern Ireland, it should be laid not at the door of me" today but of history." That may be hard for some readers to accept, but as Eddie McAteer, nationalist politician from Northern Wand. puts it, "We're all prisoners of history here."

Kee's book. like Hughes's, grew out of a popular BBC television series. Kee is also the author *of The Green Flag: A History of Irish Nationalism.*

Most people are fascinated by writers. We want to know what it is about them that makes them different. Because of this, The Writer's Image (Beaverbrooks, unpaginated, $29.95 cloth) by Jill Krementz will be eagerly sought after by even part-time literary junkies. Krementz's love *of* literature *runs deep* — she's *married* to *Kurt Vonnegut,* who, by the way, figures prominently in this book. Her photographic portraits of famous (mostly American) writers are, with the exception of that of Janet Flanner, excellent: Edmund Wilson has been caught looking like a suspicious bulldog, and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has a big. eye-obliterating grin on his face. E.B. White is a model of understated urbane elegance, and Georges Simenon stands worriedly displaying his formidable array of pipes. Each portrait does its job with economy and subtlety. We look at them and learn a little more about their subjects.□

ENGLISH, OUR ENGLISH

Put a few yahoos around a boardroom table and "Presto," you've got a brand new buzzword

By BOB BLACKB UR N

TORONTO SUN COLUMNIST Gary Dunford tells us that *the* buzzword this year is "horizon." and I'm prepared to believe him. It's a wonderful word; not mellifluous, perhaps, but rich in connotations of challenge and adventure and mystery and hope. It seems a natural prey for those yahoos who bit around boardrooms perverting the language to contrive a jargon they think makes them sound important.

Now. instead of saying, "We have three months to do this." they say, "We have a three-month horizon on this project." This locution serves no purpose. It merely debases an irreplaceable word. Doubtless its users would attempt to justify themselves by saying it helps them to liaise with others who speak only jargon.

Buzzwords (which itself is a buzzword) no doubt will always be with us. and one might do well to look for a bright side to their existence. They are. in fact. neologisms, in one sense of *that* word. A neologism can be either a new word or a

new meaning for an established word. There is some need for a new word to convey that second meaning of neologism. *Buzzword* almost does the job. but it is limited by a connotation of faddishness.

Some buzzwords survive thcii vogue and settle down as permanent residents in our vocabulary, simply because they till a need. One such might be *prestigious. In* living memory. prestigious used to denote trickery or deceit. (*Prestige*, meaning the power to command, or the state of commanding, admiration or esteem, came from the Latin for an illusion or a juggler's trick.) But there was a teal need for an adjective to describe something that is generally held in high regard. and *prestigious*, which was serving little purpose with its established meaning, was conscripted for the job, probably by people who did not know that meaning and simply took it as an extension of *prestige*. It was a buzzword of the mid-century, and it is still with us. I find it useful, but will stop using it if anyone out there can provide a viable (ouch) substitute.

Buzzwords seem usually to emanate from places of high power. high tension. high profile.. . . They come from corporations, bureaucracies, advertising, the space program. . . . One of the most fecund sources in recent history was the Nixon White House-of-ill-repute, and it is one of the later graduates of that institution, U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig, who this year has been doing for the English language what Attila the Hun did for European culture. Much has been written about his contributions to bafflegab, but let's take a look at just one of his barbarisms: *I Mpact*, which he uses as a verb. Now. *imPACT is* an established verb, meaning to jam something against or into something else. But *I Mpact* is a noun. and has to do with two things coming together violently. or colliding. Haig seems to use it as a verb when he merely wants to say "affect," or, perhaps, "affect seriously," and he might earn more respect were he to simply say what he means.

"Prior to" is being used by bafflegabbers who think it sounds finer than "before." It doesn't. *Prior* does imply "before.," both in the sense of time and that of rank. If, as an excuse for rejecting an invitation, you speak of "a previous engagement," you arc on safe ground. If you speak of "a prior commitment" you arc being a bit impolite, because the implication is that you regard that commitment as being of greater importance. But if you say: "Sony, but I made another date prior to receiving your invitation." you are being pompous.

Official Ottawa seems to think there is such a word as *expediate*. There isn't, and. ho-ho-hopefully there never will be. The word is *expedite*, and the fact that the *OED* traces *the mistaken use* of *expediate* back almost 500 years doesn't change that.

I said all I have to say about the misuse of "hopefully" in this space in March. There is no evidence that anyone was paying attention. but I feel compelled to go on and complain about the misuse of other adverbs. "Hopefully" gets a lot of attention, but it is not alone.

"Happily" takes a lot of abuse. as does "sadly." Frequently, this happens because the writer or speaker is trying to sneak in an editorial opinion without taking direct responsibility for it, and we are given such absurdities as "Happily, the burglar fell and broke his leg while trying to escape." or, "Sadly, the villain won out in the end."

Now. does the writer mean that the burglar was happy to break his leg; or that the villain was sad about winning? He is *saying* that. but he means that he is happy or sad to report, or we should be happy or sad to hear. these developments. Describing a contest whose outcome was decided by an accident, rather than skill. you can say. "Unfortunately, the better ma" lost." but a slipshod writer often will say. "Unfortu-

nately, the wrong man won," which is nonsense. Hopefully. I suggest that anyone starting a sentence with an adverb will pause to consider what he intends tbe adverb to modify. Sadly, I confess to frequently failing to remember my own advice. Hap pily, I think I am improving.

THE LINE OF the month was spoken by Johnny Carson on the *Tonight Show* a couple of days after the attempted assassination of U.S. *Resident Reagan.* Recalling TV coverage of other shootings, Carson said tbst watching thii one was 'just like déjà vu all over again." □

THEBROWSER

Song of the paddle: down mountain paths to challenge the Fraser and assess the plight of our wildlife

By *MORRIS WOLFE*

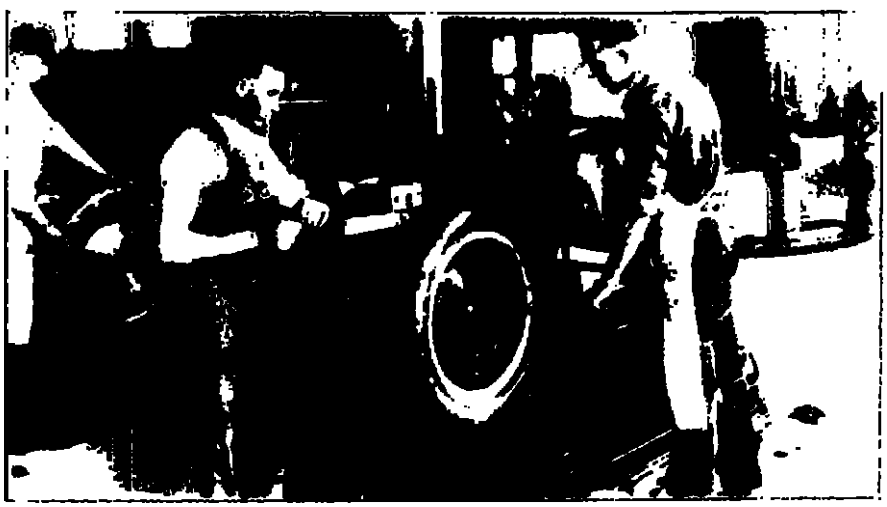
IF BARBARA AMIEL were (you'll excuse the expression! a body, she'd be the Fraser Institute. Like Amiel, the Fraser Institute believes passionately in indiluted free enterprise: and like Amid, the Institute's position on any given question is totally predictable. Is rent control a good thing for society? Absolutely not, declares the Fraser Institute. They've published a book to prove it. Is the federal government's energy program a good thing? Of course not, concludes the Institute in its latest publication, Reaction: The National Energy Program (edited by G.C. Watkins and M.A. Walker, Gage, 144 pages, $6.95 paper). The **net impact" of the program, writes Walker, tbe director of the Institute, is to make "the petroleum sector a relatively unattractive area for investment ... additional flows of capital to the industry will have to come from other than private sources. To tbe extent that government is the provider of this capital, the Canadianization objective might better be described as nationalization or socialization." In fairness, I should say that Amid, at least, can write. Fraser Institute prose. on the other hand, feels as if it were produced by a committee of humanoids.

* * *

EVERY YEAR the rumour circulates that Fred Cogswell has finally wearied of publishing Fiddlehead poetry books. And every year the rumour is laid to rest with the appearance of a new tide or two. Thii year has been no exception. The Mountain Road by George Woodcock (69 pages, $5.00 paper) is Fiddlehead number 296 — a remarkable achievement for what has been essentially a one-man operation. Would that there were a prose equivalent of Fiddlehead. Woodcock, like Paul Goodman, is a poet without a mask. The poems themselves have a rough-hewn quality that may put some readers off, but I find them warm and direct. Their subject, as in all of Woodcock's writing at its best, is what Schiller described as "the only significant drama" — tbe conflict between what we are and what we ought to be. In "To Marie Louise Berneri, Twenty-Eight Years Dead," he writes, "Utopia has arrived. /You would not recognize/or like it. We are still/hoping for liberation/but do not expect it./I have been as free as/any man, have succeeded/in all my personal aims,/and yet I have failed/what we both strove *for."* What they strove for, he now believes, is only to be found in death. He concludes tbe collection with tbe tide poem:

Mirror, mirror, at the road's bend,
Tell me where the trail will end;
Tell me where my feet take flight
Out of shadow into light;
Tell me where my soul takes breath
Into living out of death.

* * *



From All That Our Hands Have Done

BENJY, son of Browser. and avid canoeist, writes: "Canoe Routes *of Ontario* (McClelland & Stewart, 110 pages, $9.95 paper) is a Ministry of Natural Resources publication designed to hdp canoeists choose en appropriate route, and to provide a detailed description of the route selected. If the book lived up to ik claim of being 'the definitive guide to more than 100 canoe routes throughout tbe province,' it would be invaluable. But it doesn't. The river difficulty rating system used is simplistic and potentially misleading. Curious choices have been made in selecting routes for inclusion: for example, tbe inaccessible, little travelled Ekwan River is described, while tbe nearby Attawapiskat, one of the most important James Bay canoeing rivers, is ignored. Twenty-one areas including Algonquin, Killarney, and Quetico Parks have been singled out as especially good for canoeing, but no specific mutes within any of them are reported on. And poor design has left so much space blank that the book could easily be two-thirds the size and contain the same material. Still, dedicated canoeists may want to own *Canoe Routes of Ontario* for its valuable references to other Ministry canoeing information.

"I have no such reservations about Bill Mason's Path of the Paddle (Van Nostrand Reinhold, 200 pages. $24.95 cloth). Mason's excellent series of canoeing films left me with high expectations for tbe book, and I was not disappointed; in fact, as Pierre Trudeau says in his foreword, *Path of the Paddle* is 'an extension of [Meson's] film work into tbe print medium.' It coven every aspect of canoeing from solo and doubles paddling techniques to reading rapids to wilderness safety, illustrating each point with some of the finest canoeing photographs I've seen. (In particular the 16-page colour section is extraordinary.) The text is clearly written and contains a tremendous amount of useful information, often enhanced by personal anecdotes. Underlying the whole project is Mason's

superbly stated wilderness ethic. *Path of the Paddle* is easily the best work of its kind available."

*

THE University of Toronto Quarterly, which is celebrating its 50th birthday in October. has published a special issue in honour of that event. titled "The Arts in Canada: The Last Fifty Years." The issue, which sells for $5.50, includes overviews by Northrop Frye and Guy Rocher; essays on fiction by Hugh MacLennan and Gérard Bessette; on non-fiction by George Woodcock and Jacques Allard; on theatre by Robertson Davies and Gratien Gélinas; on poetry by Ralph Gustafson and Michèle Lalonde; and on music by Godfrey Rideout. The most idiosyncratic piece in the book Is Aba Bayefsky and Humphrey Milnes's essay on Canadian art. "It now looks." they conclude. "as though the mid-century proliferation of design, colour, and paint without definable reference was a minor and ephemeral aberration in the long history of art. Values have shifted and this influence has withered. ... Canadian an seems about to come of age." *UTQ* was originally intended to serve the intelligent, general reader. But with the exception of the annual letters in Canada issue. that no longer applier. The articles in *UTQ* are now far too specialized for the general reader to make much sense of.

I RECOMMENDED Aviva Ravel's book on Shmuel Zygielbojm in a recent column. Zygielbojm, you may recall, was a Polish Jew who in the early 1940s tried to persuade Churchill. Roosevelt, *et al*. that horrible things were being done to the Jews. No one listened and Zygielbojm committed suicide. The Terrible Secret: Suppression of the Truth About Hitler's Final Solution (Little, Brown, 262 pages. $16.85 cloth), a line new book by American historian Walter Laqueur, provides further details. Zygielbojm told his friend Arthur Goldberg, then a special assistant to the American military, what was happening at Auschwitz. Zygielbojm gave evidence to support his claim and he requested that the Americans bomb Auschwitz. "With understandable pain and anguish," Goldberg reports, "I told him that the government was not prepared to do what he requested because. ..aircraft were not available for this purpose. The next day he committed suicide."

* * *

LABOUR HISTORY is still a very young discipline.. and All That Our Hands Have Done: A Pictorial History of the Hamilton Workers, by Craig Heron, Shea Hoffmitz, Wayne Roberts, and Robert Storey (Mosaic Press. 191 pages. $14.95 paper) is an important addition to it. The photograph I've chosen was taken in 1922 on the&y the Firestone plant in Hamilton opened. A total of 55 tires were hand-made and cured that first day. Workers at the plant put in 10%hour days, six days a week. Machine-made tires were still a generation away.

* * *

TWO NEW BOOKS by naturalist John A. Livingston: The Fallacy of Wildlife Conservation (M&S. 117 pages, $14.95 cloth) and Arctic Oil: The Destruction of the North (CBC Merchandising, 160 pages, $14.95 cloth). Both bwks make for depressing reading. Our attempt to conserve wildlife, argues Livingston, has been a dismal failure. "Entirely out of control, the human technomachine guzzles and lurches and vomits and rips its random crazy course over the face of the once-blue planet. as though some filthy barbaric fist were drunkenly swiping with a gigantic paint roller across an ancient tapestry." In the north, says Livingston, it's no longer a question of saving the Arctic from industry. but of trying to rescue what is left.

* * *

THE BROWSER never rests in his search for interesting material. A recent issue of *Rolling Stone* carried an article by Marni Jackson on Canadian rock star, Rompin' Ronnie Hawkins. In her piece, Jackson compares the roughness of the American rock audience with that in Canada. "Canadian audiences," she says. "are different. Their idea of violence is seating eight at a table for six." □

INTERVIEW

Brian Moore traces his fictional journey from Belfast to a literary world where style and territory become the same

By WAYNE GRADY

SINCE MOVING to Canada from his native Belfast in 1948. Brian Moore has written an even dozen novels. of which *The Temptations of Eileen Hughes* (reviewed on page 9) is the most recent. and a fictionalized account of the October Crisis called *The Revolution Script* (1971). *For* a while he worked for the Montreal *Gazette,* as does his central character in *The Mangan Inheritance* (1980). and since working full-time as a novelist he has lived in New York and California. where he now lives with his wife Jean in a dozen rooms with a view of the Pacific Ocean in Malibu (a $30 taxi ride from Los Angeles). Recently in Toronto on a trans-Canada promotional tour, he spoke with Wayne Grady over glasses of white Californian wine about his new book, his next book. and books in general:

Brian Moore

Books in Canada: *With publishers losing interest in young or "middle range" novelists, what happens now to the potential Brian Moore who's* working *at the Montreal* Gazette, *as you did, and who wants to quit his job to write a novel?*

Brian Moore: That's the real problem. I know people who have written very good novels, funny novels, which should have done very well, were published by good houses. but simply didn't get the review space., and they disappeared. In England it has reached the point where most of the people I know who write novels have to take a sabbatical from novel work — they live on writing for television or doing book reviews. and can no longer think of writing novels as a way of making a living. And that's very sad. because to become a real novelist you need the freedom to work at it all the time. Novel-writing is a muscle. If you let the characters disappear from your mind, if you let the concentration go. spend six or eight months doing something else. then it's very hard to get back. The people who have trouble writing, who have writer's blocks, are almost always the people who have been forced to do other things, and who have to get back into a

special frame of mind in order to write fiction. And who also then resent the loneliness of the fiction writer's life, because they've had a taste of dealing with other people.

BiC: *Have you ever had writer's block?*

Moore: No, I haven't, because I've always stuck at writing novels. I haven't diverted myself. I've had chances to make a lot of money waiting screenplays. and I've always turned them down because I don't like writing screenplays and I don't lii the people you're involved with.

EiC: *What are your obsessions as a novelist? The Irish national character? Isolation? Rile?*

Moore: *I'm not* avoiding the question, but I think if I were to enunciate my obsessions to you I'd no longer have them. I don't know why I write what I do. I only discover what I've written about, in a sense, after I've written it. I don't say. I am now going to write a novel about the alienation of mankind. I feel that such abstractions are dangerous to the novelist. But the position of people who are outside this society in which we live *has* been a general theme throughout my books, because I suppose in my own life *I've* always been outside the societies in which I've lived.

EiC: *Through your own* choice?

Moore: In my case, yes, but not always with my characters. Accidents put you outside. The other dramatic thing that has always interested me is the period in a person's life when, after he has gone forward all his life like a donkey following a carrot, suddenly the carrot is removed and the person is forced tore-evaluate his life. The moment of crisis is reached when he or she suddenly asks: What am I doing here? What has all this been about? Why have I behaved the way I've behaved? And then the character must resolve that crisis, one way or another.

And then the character must resolve that crisis, one way or another.

BiC: In The Mangan Inheritance *if seems more a case* of *the donkey following* nothing. *walking about aimlessly, and suddenly having a carrot placed before him and then having to decide what to do.*

Moor: Yes, that's* a variation on it.

BiC: In Mangan, *though, there seems to be some obsession with the Irish character. Some of them seem to have jumped right out of Flann O'Brien.*

Moore: That's interesting. I've been influenced by Flann O'Brien. I think he has the most exact ear for Irish speech of anyone I've ever read, and I include Joyce. lie's absolutely incredible. When I want to deal with police sergeants. for instance. I use O'Brien as my master. And something else he does that I tried to do in *The Mangan Inheritance* is capture that strangeness of the Irish people, reflected in their speech, that distancing they have fmm real life. Often you don't know whether they believe the nonsense they're telling you or whether there's some murky plot behind what they're saying. This, of course, works very well within the convention of the novel.

BiC: *O' Brien, though, turns his ear for dialogue and dialect and absurdity info comedy. Your novels have more tragic overtones.*

Moore: The comic mode is the highest you can aspire to as a miter. but you may not be able to reach il. It's certainly easier to write tragically and realistically than really comedically, as O'Brien does. But then-he is a writer who goes very far out, on everything.

BiC: You've *said elsewhere that every writer inhabits his own country. As you've travelled from Ireland to Canada to New York and now to Los Angeles, what country have you been carrying with you?*

Moore: When I said that I meant that every good writer inhabits his own country in the sense that his writing. hi view of life, becomes something you recognize as belonging to that writer alone. In Graham Greene's case it's Greene-land; all of Greene's characters, whether in West Africa or Mexico or England, are recognizably Greene characters. With Flann O'Brien it doesn't matter if be's wiling about Dublin or Dalkey, you know you're in O'Brien territory. A country is a style, and *le style c'est l'homme*. If you are original at all your work is only yours. The nicest thing that was said to me about The *Temptations of Eileen Hughes was* said by my editor who. when I asked him what he thought of it, said, "Well. and I mean this, it could only have been written by you." That's what I mean by country.

BiC: *Do you* feel you *are* on *exile? Were you comfortable in Montreal?*

Moan: I feel at home in Montreal, in New York. in Ireland, and now in Los Angeles, in the sense that I'm comfortable in them, I know them well. But I don't really belong to any of those places. I'm never really at home. Now that I'm in my middle age I've accepted the fact that I'm nomadic by nature, that I will never really be at home. There are certain places where I will feel comfortable, because they are my *literary* territory. I don't feel that Los Angeles is my literary territory. for instance, but I dii feel comfortable when I wrote about Montreal. I feel comfortable when I write about Ireland, and about New York. And I feel &finitely comfortable writing about England, as I do in *Eileen Hughes,* except *that* I would not write about English characters; I haven't lived among them enough. In the sense of my literary territory, I think that Ireland is maybe one-third of it, other places are another third, and Canada is one-third.

BiC: *What are you working on now that* Eileen Hughes *is finished?*

Moore: Well, I have an idea that's very far out. So far out that I'm very scared of it. I don't think thii book is going to make me very much money, and they may not even sell the *paperback* in the States, *so* I'll have to evaluate how much money I'm going to have in the kitty before I embark on this lunatic project. I may have to stop and look for some other kind of job, maybe a film job which, as I said. I would hate. I probably won't.

BiC: *What is success to you? You once said that your dream was to write a book that would last 100 years.*

Moore: I was quoted as saying that. but I think I actually said a much shorter time than that. *A* successful book is a book that will stay in print. that won't die within a year of my writingit. My dream is to write a book that will out-live me. □

LETTERS

The American way of death

Sir:

I would like to take issue with Kent Thompson's view of "truth" as expressed in his review of Joyce Carol Oates's A Sentimental *Education (April).* According to Thompson, Oates's book is "very fine literature indeed" because it is "true"—"true in the way we have known in our bones but never recognized before." He goes on to narrow it down a little: "All of these stories accord with what I know to be true, because all of them deal with the middle class, which I have known all my life." Is it, then, middle-class reality, alone, to which Thompson refers? Yes and no. Oates's stories, he claims, "force us to recognize that life at heart is chaotic." *Recognize,* mind you, for the statement itself is not put into question. The mid&-class response to this "truth" is one of fear —"fear of death, poverty, mess."

So far so dubious. Now, how is thii truth expressed by Joyce Carol Oates? In one story, Thompson tells us. a "contented man" of the middle class encounters truth in "a senseless killing." Another middle-class man finds truth when his mistress —"a grubby, arty girl"—slashes her wrists and messes his middle-class home with blood. And, to take just one more example, a middle-class boy finds truth in himself when he murders the 14-year-old victim of his own lust. The girl, at first willing, ends up calling the boy a "pig." "So," we are told by Thompson. "he kills her." No explanation is offered, presumably because the reason for the boy's desire to kill the girl is so obvious, so consistent with "truth." that none is needed.

What kind of "truth" is this? A Few weeks back. John Hinckley Jr., a poor little rich boy from Texas, shot Ronald Reagan and three other people in front of a Washington hotel. At the present time, an army of police in Atlanta. Georgia. are hying to find the killer or killers of (at lest count) 26 black children and retarded boys. These events are typical. not of a deep-rooted chaos or "Dionysian. anarchic lust" et the core of the human psyche, but of the violence and lawlessness of American society. Joyce Carol Oates, an American writer living in Canada, reflects the values of that society. The dichotomy she sets up between -es Thompson explains it — middle-class rationalism end the urge to violence is a product of the American imagination. Thus, the "truth" she expresses is not. es Thompson implies it is. universal. but es American as B-52s.

If Kent Thompson wishes to praise Joyce Carol Oates for her neegtive and destructive vision of life, he is free to do so. One wishes. however, that he could somehow avoid jumping to the conclusion that this vision is necessarily "true" and realize that a middle-class view of middle-class America is just that — a spit in the bucket — and not the ultimate statement that middle-class America believes it to be.

Eric Ball
Halifax

ANNALS OF CRIME

Sir:

In reference to Inspector Cotton and The Case of the Maltese Beaver (February), Inspector Cotton continually brings forward the same evidence For the case of the detective genre in Canada. It is time an amateur detective in the true tradition of the genre put forward some fresh clues.

Three years after one of the first great mysteries appeared (Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone*), a Canadian, James De Mille, wrote *The Cryptogram* (1871), a classic of 19th-century mystery fiction. Another classic of the genre. Charles Dickens's unfinished The *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, was completed by a Canadian, Harold R. Leaver, in 1925, in verse. The first pastiche of Sherlock Holmes was written by Canadian Robert Barr, who also created the first French detective in English detective fiction. Eugene Valmont (1906). Robert Barr also created the unique detective William Brenton, who in *From Whose Bourne* (1893) is actually dead and solves the case from beyond the grave. Kingston-born Grant Allen created the first important rogue in crime fiction, Colonel Clay, in *The African Millionaire* (1897) and a vice-president of the University of Toronto, Arthur Stringer, created the detective Witter Kerfoot, an insomniac Canadian writer who solves cases in The *Man Who Couldn't Sleep* (1919). The first approach to psychoanalytical detection was created by London. Ont.'s Harvey J. O'Higgins in *Inspector Duff Unravels It* (1929).

Canada. thee, does have a tradition of detective writers, even if it lacks literary detectives. Inspector Cotton, stop bungling and dust your lens. There are a thousand mysteries by Canadians besides the above. Investigate, please.

Michael A. Richardson
Toronto

tXNWITN0.64

THIS SUMMER'S impending wedding of Prince Charles to Lady Diana Spencer reminds us once again of the need for a Canadian poet laureate to commemorate the occasion. OF course. considering the current constitutional situation, not everyone may Feel it is Canada's role to approve the royal union. Aspiring poets laureate are invited to compose appropriately stirring celebratory verses (limit: 25 lines) declaring their monarchist — or anti-monarchist — sentiments on the marriage. The winner will receive $25, and the deadline is Sept. 1. Address: CanWit No. 64. *Books* in *Canada.* 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto M5A IN4.

RESULTS OF CANWIT NO. 62

WHILE OUR REQUEST For cryptic titles of Canadian books produced a good number of entries, few contestants managed to capture the sort of typographical wordplay we had hoped *for. One* recurring entry was "Caw!" (for *What the* Crow *Said). and* we'll award a special honourable-mention to Mrs. G. Munro of Humboldt, Sask., for her list of titles disguised es crossword clues, which included some wonderful anagrams. But the obvious winner was Richard Parker of Liverpool, N.S., whose nine-page submission contained a whopping 73 titles. *A* brief sample:

- L A
B the eyes *(Black Around the Eyes)*
C K
- Joseph Bourne again *(The Resurrection of Joseph Bourne)*
- Things
Things
Things
Things
Things *(Final Things)*
- Lifeman *(Life Before Man)*
- Dogs
The *(The Underdogs)*
- OOOXXX *(Naughts and Crosses)*
- Air, Earth, Fire, Water *(The Elements)*
- Cantherace?ada *(The Race Question in Canada)*
- 'Yahterrorweh *(Terror in the Name of God)*

▫ 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944 *(Six War Years)*

▫ r e t e m o r a B *(Barometer Rising)*

▫ T i m e *(Spreading Time)*

Honourable mentions:

▫ Y *(The Diviners)*
— Bryan King, Regina

* * *

▫ Jeho-ho-havah *(A Jest of God)*
— Mrs. G. E. Clerihew, Vancouver

* * *

CLASSIFIED

▫ Short Comings *(The Little Immigrants)*
— Carol Malyon, Willowdale, Ont.

THE *EDITORS RECOMMEND*

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

FICTION

The **Umbrella Pines,** by Gilles Archambault translated from the French by David Lobdell, Oberon Press. A devastating exposé tempered with a rare, compassionate gentleness, about a middle-aged father who is tyrannized equally by his rebelling adolescent daughter and his own aging parent.

The **Ceremony,** by Marie-José Thérault, translated from the French by David Lobdell, Oberon Press. The battle of the sexes exotically portrayed in a collection of sketches that show women in some sort Of secret transgression of human nature — vampirism, werewolfery, and anthropophagy, to name a few.

POETRY

A **Game** of **Angels,** by Anne Szumigalski, Turnstone Press. Purely original work from MC of Canada's finest poets, who will probably never be famous because of the unfashionable landscapes she mixes (England and Saskatchewan), and her refusal to grind a,, axe (feminist, nationalist, or whatever) for my particular cause.

Wilson's Bowl, by Phyllis Webb, Coach House Press. A resident of an island off the B.C. coast, Webb looks at everything — anarchy, love. death, literature — as if standing on her own small shore, divorced from the incomprehensible mainland. Her awesome self-absorption produces some exceptional poetry.

BOORS 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:

All That Our Hands Have Done: A Pictorial History of the Hamilton Workers, by Craig Heron *et al.*, Mosaic Press.
An Ape Came Out of My Hatbox, by Lyn Hancock, Bantam-Seal.
Apples, Walnuts and Wine, by Larry Geller, Queenston House.
Arctic Oil: The Destruction of the North?, by John Livingston, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.
Bet You Didn't Know, by Bruce Lovatt, Best Sellers.
Biotechnology in Canada: Promises and Concerns, Science Council of Canada and The Institute for Research on Public Policy (1980).
Bob Blair's Pipeline, by Francois Bregha, James Lorimer.
The Callaghan Symposium, edited by David Staines, University of Ottawa Press.
Canadian Family Law (Revised edition), by Malcolm C. Krooby, General.
Canadian Playwrights: A Biographical Guide, edited by Don Rubin and Alison Cranmer-Byng, CTR Publications (1980).
Canoe Routes of Ontario, Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources, M & S.
The Circular Coast, by Anne Marriott, Mosaic Press/ Valley Editions.
The Collected Poems of Raymond Souster: Volume II, 1955-62, Oberon Press.
The Collected Shorter Poems: 1947-1977, by Robin Skelton, Sono Nis Press.
A Different Lens, by Alastair Macdonald, Harry Cuff Publications.
The Distress of Harvest, by Gilleen Chase, Fiddlehead Poetry Books.
Earth's Only Light, by Mary Willis, Fiddlehead Poetry Books.
The Escape Artist, by Jorge Etcheverry, translated by Christina Shantz, Ediciones Cordillera.
Gesture Poems, by C. E. Thalenberg, Mosaic Press/ Valley Editions.
Greenyards, by Joan Lingard, General Publishing.
Helen Levy's Guide to Plant Care, Best Sellers.
In the Children's Aid, by Andrew Jones and Leonard Rutman, U of T Press.
The Invisible Additives, by Linda R. Pim, Doubleday.
Irina Istomina, by Ella Bobrow, Mosaic Press (1980).
The Island Man, by George McWhirter, Oberon Press.
Joshua Then and Now, by Mordecai Richler, Bantam-Seal.
King's Men: The Soldier Founders of Ontario, by Mary Beacock Fryer,
Lionel Conacher, by Frank Cosentino and Don Morrow, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
Louis Dudek and Raymond Souster, by Frank Davey, Douglas & McIntyre.
Love Bites, by Preda Garmaise, Musson.
Making Canadian Indian Policy, by Sally M. Weaver, U of T Press.
Making the News: A Guide to Using the Media, by Michael Ura, West Coast Environmental Law Research Association.
A Man of Influence, by J. L. Granatstein, Deneau Publishers.
Montreal in Evolution, by Jean-Claude Marsan, McGill-Queen's University Press.
Music Publishing in the Canadas, 1800-1867, by Maria Calderisi, National Library of Canada.
never fly over an eagle's nest, by Joe Garner, Oolichan Books (1980).
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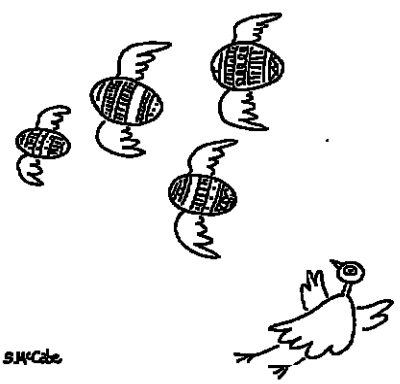

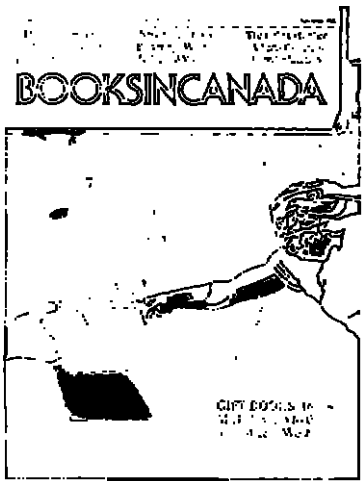

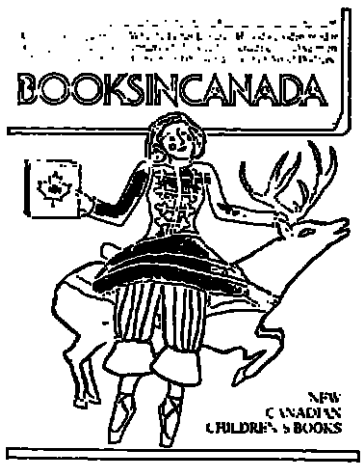

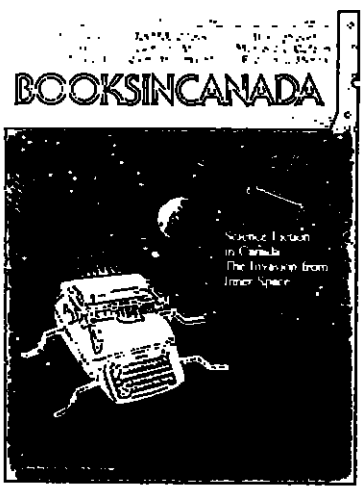

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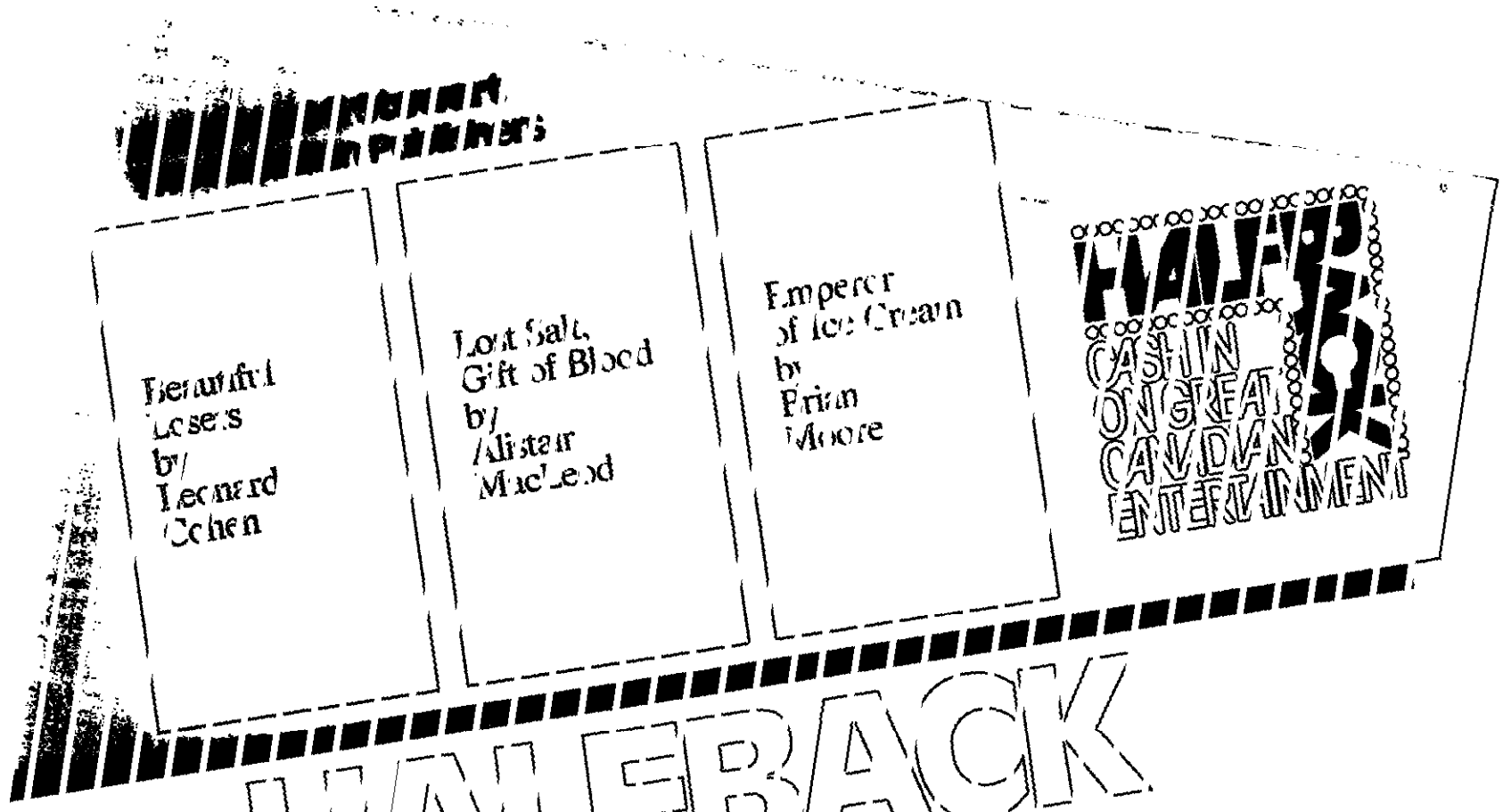

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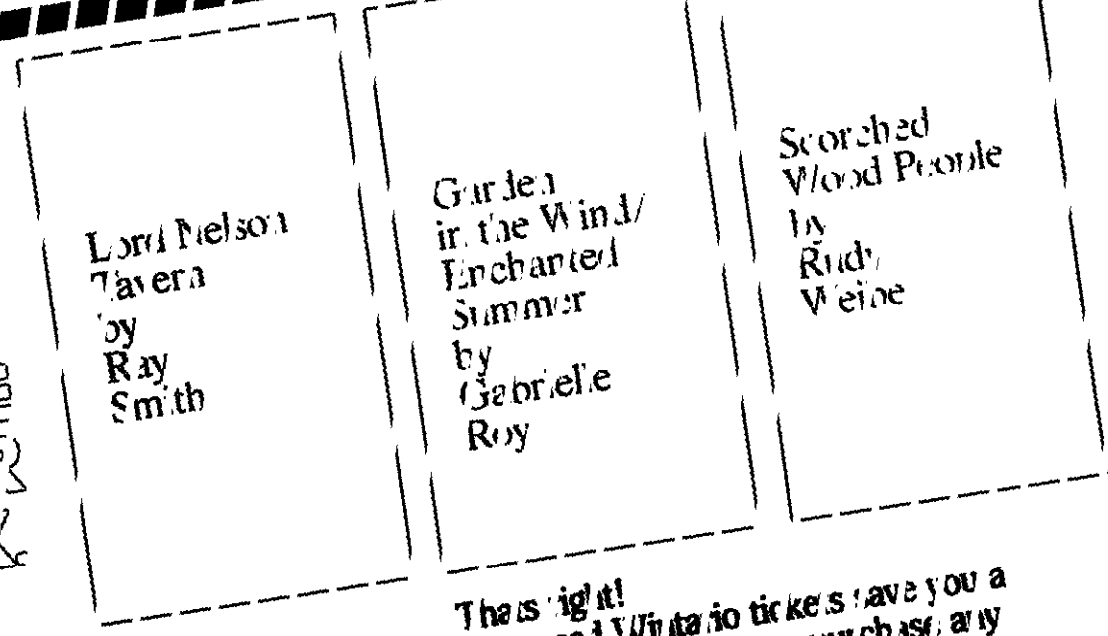

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