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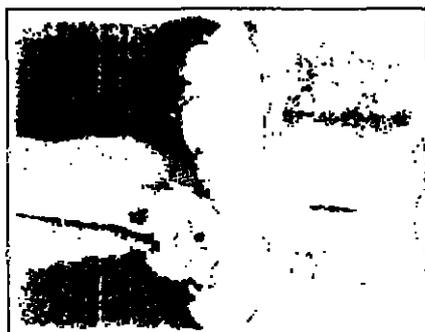
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V.S. Naipaul dominated the Commonwealth conference, and he wasn't even there

A Gothenburg galaxy

GOTHENBURG, A CITY OF 600,000 on the west coast of Sweden, is known as "Little London" because of its architecture and its historic trading links with England. It is also the home of Sweden's largest educational institution, the University of Gothenburg. About a year ago a very determined member of the university's English department, Britta Olinder, began organizing the Gothenburg University Conference on Commonwealth Language and Literature, which was held last autumn and to which several hundred participants, including sample writers from each country, were invited.

As I was already in France and therefore a cheap airfare away, the Canadian department of external affairs designated me a representative, and thus, at five o'clock on the morning of September 1, I made a dark, romantic drive through the valleys of the Bourgogne to the train station at Montbard, and 12 hours later was in a plane diving sharply toward Gothenburg airport. As we rattled our way through the clouds I caught glimpses of pine trees, lakes, outcroppings of rock.

To prepare myself for the conference and to get into the international-writer mood I had bought a copy of François Mauriac's memoirs, partly because Mauriac had won a Nobel Prize and so had a Swedish connection, and partly because my own address to the conference was to be about realism in fiction, and Mauriac had devoted a chapter to the ability of the realistic novel to survive as the main mode of fictional expression despite numerous successful digressions, each of which seemed to have led more to imitators than to a tradition that could be built upon. What I found in Mauriac's memoirs, however, was not a long, academic dissertation but an attack on André Gide. Gide, another Nobel Prize winner (much to Mauriac's disgust), and a homosexual, defied both Church and convention in his writing. What particularly disturbed Mauriac was not so much Gide's sin as his public enjoyment of it.

Mauriac's obsessive ambivalence about Gide, whose elegant writing he of

course admired, and who had been a life-long friend as well as enemy, turned out to be relevant to the conference. For just as Gide shadowed Mauriac's life — Mauriac wrote a whole chapter in praise of Gide's saintly and long-suffering wife, with whom Gide had a *mariage blanc* — so the shade of V.S. Naipaul hung over Gothenburg, dominating conversations in bars, at dinner parties, and at every other informal gathering.

Of course Naipaul did not attend the conference. And none of the writers who did come — Anita Desai, Salman Rushdie, Aritha van Herk, Randolph Stow, Ngugi wa Thiong'o, Wilson Harris, Alamgir Hashmi — nor even the writers who said they would come but didn't — Chinua Achebe, R.K. Narayan — had anything near the apparent international stature of Naipaul. But the academic world is its own arbiter. The very novels that have made Naipaul a "world-famous international author," *Guerilla* and *A Bend in the River*, have brought him down from being the brightest star in the Commonwealth firmament to being the blackest of all its sheep. So steep and deep has been his descent that specialists who have spent a lifetime working on Naipaul now bitterly regret wasted decades and consider themselves personally betrayed by a writer once considered gifted beyond all others.

Curiously, though, few are prepared to argue that *Guerilla* and *A Bend in the River* are bad books. All agree that they are excellently constructed and beautifully written. The problem is that they are considered racist, despairing of humanity, even misanthropic. All of these qualities are, of course, what animated Naipaul's earlier books, but there they appeared in more congenial settings. And Naipaul himself was more congenial. Now that he has become a world writer — perhaps, like Gide, revelling in what should only be modestly confessed — the cloak of Literary Excellence has evolved into the coffin of Commercial Disgrace.

The theme of racism was an important one at this conference. The very first speaker was Ngugi wa Thiong'o, a Kenyan writer currently living in London, and he explained that because English was, to Kenyans, an oppressor's

language he would read first from his work in the Kenyan dialect, then have his Swedish translator read from the Swedish version, which had been translated from English.

The next reader was Salman Rushdie, last year's surprise winner of England's Booker Prize. His winning novel, *Midnight's Children*, is a Marquez-like fantastical *bildungsroman* about his childhood in India. Rushdie also lives in London and has since he was 14 years old. Because English is the language he speaks best, he explained, he does not find it oppressive or colonial to write in it. Impressive in his pinstriped suit and gleaming, black, patent-leather shoes, Rushdie looked, in fact, anything but oppressed. This reading was, as had been Ngugi's, warmly received.

Canadian literature's turn to be exposed came just before lunch — Dorothy Jones, an Australian currently living in London who specializes in Gothic novels, read her explication of *Bear* as a modern-day *Jane Eyre*. Her paper received an even warmer response than that guaranteed every utterance.

After lunch Aritha van Herk and then I made brief speeches in which the point was made that Canada's current "dynamic" literary scene signalled, aside from a very energetic literary community, an end to a long period of self-doubt, and was founded on an assurance, both literary and cultural, that had not previously existed. These testimonies were followed by three more papers on Canadian literature. Never having attended an academic conference before, nor even studied English literature, I was naturally eager to see what cultivated minds might make of books I had read in a more dilettantish manner.

The first was called "Identity and Metamorphosis in Canadian Fiction Since the 1960s." Its author, Sylvia Soderlind, argued that contemporary Canadian fiction can be seen as a symptom of Canada's continuing quest for its own identity. This was demonstrated by a critical technique called "semiotics," about which I resolved to learn more as soon as possible. The next paper was entitled "Alice Munro and the Canadian Imagination." Alice Munro's writing — as well as that of Timothy Findley,

Marian Engel, and Robertson Davies — is now beginning to be translated into Swedish. The paper on her work was intended to serve as an introduction to southwestern Ontario as a literary landscape.

Finally Jorn Carlsen, from Aarhus University in Denmark, gave a paper on Canadian Prairie fiction. Like Miss Soderlind, he argued that Canadian writers were still seeking their identity, and added that in the case of Prairie writers they were doing this by reinventing the past. Aside from the sympathetic reading Prof. Carlsen gave to the books of Margaret Laurence, Rudy Wiebe, and Robert Kroetsch, I was struck by his observation that while Canadian writers are eagerly — and for excellent reasons — embracing the Indian historical mythology of the land, one wonders what the native peoples, especially given their economic plight and legal battles, think of this literary ancestor-sharing and appropriation of their past. Is such a trend in writing, he wondered, to be seen as useful sympathy or as a new and bizarre form of exploitation?

In Sweden, as in the rest of Europe, there is an almost universal awareness of the desperate situation of Canada's native peoples. One journalist told me he had long been part of a political committee to raise money for South African political prisoners and Canadian Indian reserves, and several of those attending the conference expressed their surprise at both the paucity of writing by Canadian natives and the fact that no such writers were represented at this conference.

On this colonial note, writers and academics struck the Commonwealth chord by setting out for a reception at the British consulate. There were a few disparaging remarks about the irony of a Commonwealth conference being invited to the British consulate like a bunch of ragged children being brought for hot chocolate to the manor house, but we climbed into the taxis nonetheless.

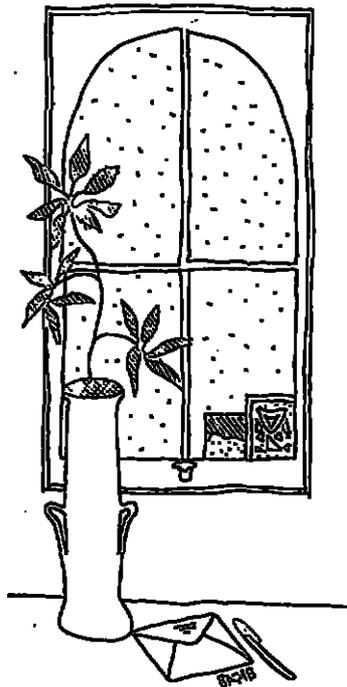
The British consulate turned out to be located in a shopping mall, a few feet away from one of Gothenburg's many McDonald's restaurants. There, suitably lubricated writers sidled away from the critics — after all, I had learned from Mauriac that writers and critics are essentially different because critics begin with work already written whereas writers begin with their own tangled and unarticulated emotions — and began talking to each other of their agents and international triumphs.

Having little in this way to discuss, I found myself standing beside a Scotsman who, apparently four sheets to the

wind, was listing badly to the port side. In one hand he held a glass of scotch, with the other he grasped an invisible railing over which he was slowly bending, as the deck on which he found himself rolled with the storm.

"It was a cockup, you see, absolutely . . ." And without further hesitation he leaned over, waved a long and lugubrious arm in a vague circle about my shoulders, and, with not a glance at the room now seething with gossip and intrigue, launched into the bizarre tale which had brought him to his present strait

LATE THE NEXT morning, when I rejoined the conference, Wilson Harris was delivering a paper on the deliberate use of myth and metaphor in his own novels. Walking to the lecture hall I had been thinking about Mauriac's distinction between writers and critics — possibly because much of the late evening had been occupied by yet another critical dissection of Naipaul — and now here was a writer who had outwitted the critics. According to himself, Harris has written his novels by deliberately translating myths and metaphors — some known only to himself — into fiction. This he demonstrated by reading a short



excerpt, apparently a simple narrative, and then untangling from it a staggering series of allusions, allegories, and other esoteric stuff. Following Harris was a critic who specialized in Harris's work — and who had clearly been instructed by the author himself — to explain the significance of the use of chapter breaks,

epigraphs, and architecture in Wilson Harris's novels.

By the end of the day, overwhelmed by the deep critical theories that were beginning to fly, writers began to forget agents and international triumphs and stagger toward the desire for a common understanding. This, however, is not easily done in Sweden: despite its liberal reputation, Sweden has very strict drinking laws. It was, therefore, all the more eagerly that the Mayor's reception was awaited.

The event took place in a palace that had been donated to the city by a Scotsman whose family had settled, evidently with great success, in Gothenburg at the time of Napoleon. The Mayor also told us in great detail of Gothenburg's long-standing ties to England, a bond exemplified by the saying that when it rains in London, the good folk of Gothenburg unfurl their umbrellas. This received the puzzled reception that one might expect from a collection of delegates from Commonwealth countries. I was driven to musing about my childhood in Ottawa, a city often fondly referred to as "Little Athens." Although a photographer later claimed to have taken a picture of me leaning asleep against the mantelpiece, I was in fact at that very moment wondering if I might, out of a childhood that had seemed unremarkable at the time, be able to pluck a 2,000-page epic. Just as the memory that might have made me Proust was floating to the surface, wild applause brought me back from "Little Athens" to "Little London."

The talk of "Little London" also brought to mind the one definition of Commonwealth literature that had not been mentioned at the conference: that of English language literature that has London as its cultural capital. Although most of those at the conference were Commonwealth writers at least partly by virtue of writing about their countries of origin and being, therefore, a voice for those countries, it is nonetheless remarkable that, with the exception of the Canadians, of Anita Desai who lives in India, and of a Pakistani writer who lives in Switzerland, all of them live in London.

Writers can be in exile for either political or personal reasons, but when a group of writers exile themselves to the same place, that place must be either extraordinarily beautiful or the cultural broker of both literature and writers' reputations. The fact that Canadian writers live in Canada rather than England did not go unnoticed. As one delegate said to me, "You Canadians don't quite fit into Commonwealth literature because you are more

influenced by New York than by London."

It was at this point that I finally understood what had happened to Naipaul: by writing best-sellers successful in the American market his political-cultural base had mysteriously been transferred from London to New York. For this sin he had been cast out of the Commonwealth fold. One presumes there will be a final chapter: rejected by the fickle and shallow American public, Naipaul will come limping back to the Commonwealth critics who made him in the first place. Whether they will forgive and forget, or in fact confirm his lifetime banishment as a lesson to others, will be discovered at some future conference.

The final afternoon had been scheduled for a discussion of Ngugi wa Thiong'o's *Petals of Blood*. This time-slot was, however, used by the author to persuade the participants to send a telegram to the president of the Republic of Kenya, urging him to free political prisoners who were being held without trial.

With this act the Gothenburg University Congress of Commonwealth Language and Literature drew to a close, and an hour later I was on a train to Stockholm. When I opened Mauriac to find a clue as to what I might expect in Stockholm (also known as "Little Venice") I found this quote from Paul Valery: "Writers are eternal candidates for greatness and thus are afflicted with both delusions of grandeur and delusions of persecution. Thus each finds his own existence on the non-existence of others."

— MATT COHEN

Letter from Germany

WE ALL LIVE in two worlds, the public and the private. When we leave home both worlds travel with us, and often they move in different directions.

So it was with me. When I was invited to read my poetry at an international conference on Commonwealth Literature in Kiel, my public self was glad to accept. My private self, however, had mixed feelings. Germany was the land of the Holocaust, where six million Jews and another million Greeks, Poles, Gypsies, and dissenting Germans had been killed. I wasn't sure I would feel either safe or comfortable. I wondered what I would say or do if the Jewish question came up, and what my attitude would be to Germans of my own generation —

those who had fought in or lived through the Second World War. Most disturbing of all was my vision of Germany as a silent, empty land without trees or people.

My public self knew that vision was irrational, and the reality of a bustling, prosperous country confirmed it the minute I stepped off the plane. The next two and a half weeks proved to be full of surprises. Although I had been invited by the Kiel organizers, I soon discovered that all the universities that offer Canadian studies are in close touch with the Canadian Embassy in Bonn. Since his posting three years ago, our cultural representative, Josef Jurkovic, has read Canadian books voraciously, and energetically supports all projects that publicize matters Canadian. Through some mysterious alchemy, the more West Germans know about our culture, the better it is for trade and commerce.

My program in Germany included lectures and readings at four universities besides Kiel: Bremen, Hamburg, Mainz, and Augsburg. From Bonn, the city of Beethoven's house and Karl Marx's university, I went to Bremen, the city of the Brothers Grimm. My host sent one of his graduate students to show me around. Gabriele speaks excellent English, and supports herself by teaching it as a second language at night school. We had a wonderful time wandering through the old working-class district that had been rebuilt by a German philanthropist after the war. Later, in the Indian shops and Italian restaurants of the district, we tried on dresses and ate spumoni ice cream and *Käsekuchen* — cheese cake.

Gabriele showed me how to eat well on the street. We bought sizzly bratwurst on mini kaiser rolls at a kiosk, fresh matjes herring from the glassless window of a fish-chain called Nordsee, and drank coffee for 35 cents in another chain called Tchibo. It was in one of these stand-up coffee shops that we fell into conversation with some natives of Bremen. Gabriele promptly invited them to come to my lecture the following evening. To our surprise they came, and shattered all my stereotyped notions about the German national character by bringing two huge bouquets of pink and red roses, surely more suitable for opera stars than poets.

The time I spent with Gabriele, her professor, and various students in other cities impressed me with two features: first, the proficiency with which these students have mastered English, and second, the quality of the relationship between student and teacher. The connection between them is almost familial (though not necessarily less formal),

much closer than the relationships I'm familiar with at home. The professors — all too young to fit the rigid Herr-Doctor-Professor category — had a real and ongoing concern for the career aspirations and economic situations of their students. They were not only generous with their emotional support, but often helped the students in more tangible ways.

From Bremen I went to Hamburg, where, as in the other universities I visited, Canadian literature is taught in the English seminar along with the literatures of the Commonwealth and the U.S. Although the books they study are usually the ones published after 1970, the students showed a strong interest in the life of our native peoples. Their other concerns seem to range pretty widely, judging by the contents of their literary journal, *So It Goes*, which contained a review of their production of *As You Like It*, an exhortatory article about the peace movement, a humorous critique of *Dallas*, and a history of feminist literary criticism and a plea for courses in women's studies. But I must admit that American literature is much more popular in the English seminars than any of the Commonwealth literatures. A European student has to have a pioneer spirit to venture into Canadian studies.

After a reading in Augsburg I met several graduate students who were writing dissertations on Canadian topics. One of the students, who had spent a year at Dalhousie, raised the question of anti-Semitism: had I ever experienced it in Canada? I had, and I recalled some ugly incidents and publications of the 1930s: the resorts and clubs where Jews and blacks were not admitted, the sororities and fraternities at the University of Toronto that barred Jewish students, and a Dean of Women who, in my day, never missed an opportunity to make such remarks as "I'm surprised to see a girl of your race wearing a plaid skirt," and "Oh, I didn't know *your* people ate mutton" — comments and experiences I have done my best to forget, but which still return to haunt me. Afterward I wondered whether the student had intended to remind me that anti-Semitism was not confined to Germany before the Second World War.

The feeling of being free to talk to people out of my private as well as my public self was reinforced at the Kiel conference. By now I'm an old hand at academic conferences, familiar with the meetings where people drop in and wander out, and the receptions where your colleagues give you a nervous, fleeting smile, all the while looking past

and beyond you for someone who might prove to be a more useful contact. But this conference was different. The International Conference on Commonwealth Literature takes place every two years in a different German city; this time it was at a country inn at Dersau, a resort village 20 miles north of Kiel. There were about 80 participants from West German universities in Cologne, Dusseldorf, Hamburg, Tubingen, Erlangen, Munster, Frankfurt, Trier, Mannheim, Berlin, Freiburg, and Bremen, one from Cambridge, two from Denmark, the Maori poet Hone Tuwhare from New Zealand, the poet Rodney Hall from Australia, Laurence Ricou from the University of British Columbia, and myself.

All the papers had a strong historical emphasis and lively personal interpretation. Nobody used academese (maybe their English wasn't good enough), and nobody talked about myth. When I say "historical," I don't mean in the chronological sense — we have plenty of that here — but historically oriented, as though all these scholars assumed that literature grows out of, and builds upon, a continuing tradition within a changing social context.

Another difference: everyone came to all the meetings and stayed to listen to the papers. It was possible to establish a sense of community in three or four days. Everyone ate together, went for walks together, and drank together in the evenings. The friendly spirit of the conference undoubtedly owed a lot to Dr. Konrad Grosz, chairman of the

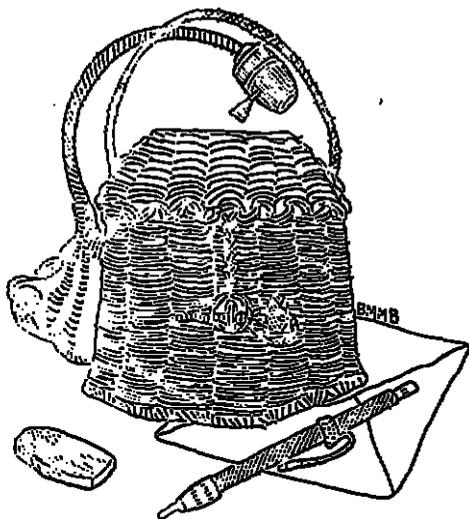
little different. Except when I was with students and teachers, all of whom spoke English, I sensed sadness and anxiety everywhere. People in trains and on platforms, or walking through crowded city malls, even in the open-air food markets — everyone seemed to be subdued and isolated. I heard frequent murmurs about unemployment and discussions about the *gastarbeiter* (the workers from Turkey and Greece who now are being forcibly repatriated). Everywhere there was a palpable anxiety about war, the fear of a nuclear strike, anti-war posters, and mass peace demonstrations such as I have never witnessed in Canada. It made me feel that we are all politically asleep in Canada, and perhaps in all of North America.

Some students talked about the rise of the Nazi party; others told me that they could not get their parents to talk about the war or the years of the Nazi regime. One young student wept as he told me about his grandfather, a dockworker, who had been killed by the Nazis. Still another referred to my poems and spoke of his guilt about the dead, wondering how he could continue to live with or overcome it. And indeed it was hard not to notice and feel the absence of Jews in Germany. There is something missing in the atmosphere, and what exists is a kind of bland homogeneity that I found disturbing.

Finally, a personal anecdote. It's a bit crazy, a bit childish, and a bit mystical, but it really happened. I was walking along a country road outside Dersau when I came to some oat fields moving like a sea under the wind. Millions of oats were rhythmically advancing and retreating, weaving back and forth in a vast and stately choral dance. I could not believe that the hatred and crimes of Nazidom had actually taken place here, in this country, amidst fields like these. It seemed impossible that the earth had really witnessed it. Without thinking, I found myself asking that moving oat sea, had it really happened here, in this place, among fields like these?

At that very instant, I swear, the wind held its breath, and the oat fields lay silent, bowed and motionless, as if in shame and sorrow. Then, immediately after that pause, a hiatus in time, the wind picked up, and the oats lifted their heads and took up their dance once more.

I could not help responding to that field of oats, just as I could not help responding to the young people who had told me about themselves, and in whom I had sensed the desire to live a more examined life than that of their elders. My meeting with them left me with a feeling that transcends the past without



English seminar at Kiel, and to his students whose presence added a note of youthful informality. Many of them were too poor to eat at the conference inn, but that did not prevent them from driving in and out of Dersau every day.

So much for the public side. On the personal side my impressions were a

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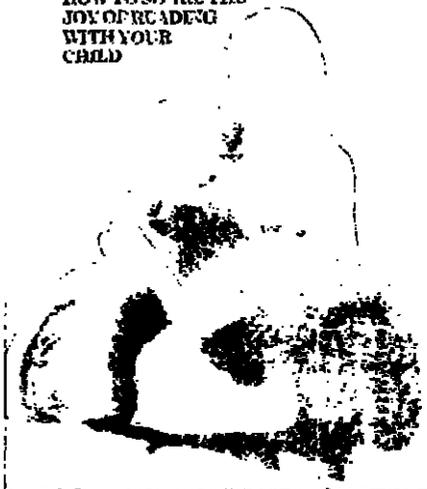
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— MIRIAM WADDINGTON

ENGLISH, OUR ENGLISH

Just call me Bob: any man who introduces himself as 'Mr.' is no gentleman, and has no right to be addressed as one

By BOB BLACKBURN

MERE WORDS CANNOT describe the depth of the depression into which I was plunged last month by the receipt of a letter from A.A. Cameron, the chief librarian of the Georgina Public Library in Keswick, Ont., who wrote: "I was appalled to learn that you consult Webster's dictionary, and even confess it . . . Webster's is the catechism of Babel and should be found in the office only if your desk has a short leg."

My chagrin arises from the realization that A.A. Cameron (nowadays one dare not make assumptions about the gender of a correspondent who signs himself or herself thus, so the use of a pronoun here is ruled out) has jumped to the conclusion that when I say "Webster" I am referring to the infamous third edition, for which A.A. Cameron's loathing cannot possibly exceed my own. The "Webster" of my formative years was the unabridged second edition, for which I retain a high regard. The publication of the third edition is an event I have tried to wipe from my memory, and I am shattered to learn that A.A. Cameron could believe I would have any truck with a dictionary that countenances the use of *infer* for *imply*.

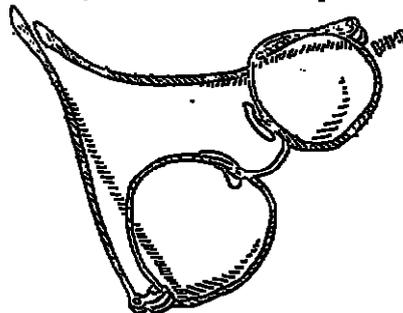
My confusion about how to refer to A.A. Cameron reminds me that I've been intending for months to write about honorifics, so here goes. Let's consider *Mr.*

When someone phones me and says, "This is Mr. Smith from the bank calling," my gut reaction is that he's ignorant, pompous, or both, because I think that *Mr.* is an honorific that one person bestows on another, not one that one gives oneself. A man who says, "My name is Mr. Smith," is wrong. He is *Smith* or *John Smith* until someone else decides to call him *Mr. Smith*.

By the same reasoning, if someone calls and says, "This is Mrs. Jones at the bank," it should offend me equally. But

it doesn't, because (until recently, anyway) for a woman to identify herself thus had become a commonly accepted way for her to inform us unobtrusively of her marital status and so save us from wondering what would be the socially acceptable form of address. For a man to call himself "Mr." serves no such useful social purpose. In doing so, he is proclaiming that he is no gentleman, and has no right to be addressed as one.

Another misuse of an honorific (*I* say it's a misuse; I'm open to argument) is one we hear every day from the CBC announcer John Warren. He's the one who gives those little talks that preface the live TV coverage of the proceedings of the House of Commons, and he's the one who keeps referring, in the third person, to "Madam Speaker," as in "Madam Speaker is about to take the chair." I claim that's wrong on two counts. She is not "Madam Speaker" until she is *in* the chair, and, even then, "Madam Speaker" is a form of address, not a label of identification. He should refer to her as "the Speaker," or as "Mrs. Sauvé," or as "Mme. Sauvé," or as "Jeanne," or even as "Toots," for all I care, but not as "Madam Speaker."



Warren might argue that he is merely following the practice of members of parliament. They are entitled to the honorific "Honourable," but that doesn't alter the fact that most of them speak English execrably. Surely a professional announcer could find better role

models. I hereby charge Mr. Warren with committing wrongful antonomasia. (Since writing the above, I have noticed that Mr. Warren has changed his ways. I had previously discussed the point with George Rich, the CBC's head of broadcast language, and he now informs me that he and Mr. Warren have agreed that the usage I objected to was an unfortunate lapse into parliamentary jargon. There *are* people who care.)

I'VE HEARD a lot of discussion on TV lately about the death of personal privacy. That's so serious a subject that it may seem trivial to object to the fact that the people discussing it have coined an egregious neologism: *surveil* (I'm guessing at the spelling), which seems to be a verb meaning to put under surveillance. The eminent journalist Harrison Salisbury has complained of being surveilled by various government agencies. Furthermore, he refers to the people the government chooses to surveil as being "targetted" (or would that be "targeted"?) as "victims" of surveillance.

Now, *target* is not a verb, and *surveil* is not even a word in English. Of course, writers of Mr. Salisbury's stature are entitled to coin words or to give currency to words coined by others (I don't know where the coinage came from), but it's up to all of us to decide whether to accept or reject neologisms. Our criteria should be the need for such a word and the legitimacy of its parentage.

Surveil seems a reasonable derivative of the French *surveiller*, which gave us (and them) *surveillance*, but is it needed? If to surveil is to spy on, the answer is that it is not needed. It seems to me that it lacks any more subtle denotation, and should be regarded as an *ad hoc* buzzword we can do without.

Target as a verb poses a different problem. It is a barbarous backformation, yet it does seem to fill a need. It might be said that to aim or shoot at something is to make a target of it, but to *target* it, perhaps, is to do something rather more sinister and malevolent to it. But *target* as a verb is already in widespread use as a pointless and stupid bit of boardroom jargon, and thus has already had its potential weakened.

However, this is the way words are born, and time will tell. At least, no one of consequence (that I know of) has proposed *targetize*.

ONE OF THOSE pitchpersons who appear on PBS television stations to ask viewers to send money said, "Pretty soon we're gonna let you get back to the movie, uninterrupted and relaxedly." Have you ever heard a more compelling argument in favour of educational TV?

HOME TRUTHS

The Applebaum-Hébert report came out just when it was most needed — at a time when federal support to writers and publishers could easily have been scrapped

By JOYCE WAYNE

FOR ONE DAY, November 16, 1982, culture was news. It made the lead story on both CBC-Radio's six-o'clock news and CBC-TV's *The National* as well as the full 40 minutes of *The Journal*.

November 16 was the day the Applebaum-Hébert report on cultural policy was officially released. Named after its two chairmen, composer Louis Applebaum and writer and publisher Jacques Hébert, the long-awaited, \$3-million study, based on the deliberations of the 19-member Federal Cultural Policy Review Committee, is the most sweeping analysis of culture since the Massey Commission of 1951.

The Applebert report is by no means a replica of the visionary Massey report. It's an in-depth study of the federal government's role as patron of the arts — a report on cultural policy, not on the state of the arts — and as such, its main concern is to instruct the government on exactly how a modern state should conduct itself when it becomes the major source of cultural funding. Like the patrons of old, our government seems to exhibit the irritating tendency to meddle in areas not deemed proper, demand results before their time, be inconsistent, choose favourites, and generally become ornery and recalcitrant when asked for more money.

So in many ways, the Applebert report is a tract written by Ottawa insiders for other Ottawa insiders, by court officials to their King. Really, it's one long memorandum directed to the Prime Minister, less a farsighted blueprint for culture than an etiquette book on how the burgeoning Ottawa cultural bureaucracy should go about its awesome role of benevolent mother hen to the arts in Canada.

If the report stresses one thing it is that the political arm of government must keep its hands off culture; that the arts cannot and should not be used for political reasons, even if it is tempting for Liberal politicians to desire to call the tune when they are paying the piper. The report repeatedly emphasizes the sanctity of such arm's-length agencies as the Canada Council, which is relatively immune from zealous politicians eager for brownie points, and which has cleverly and honourably kept itself out of the path of the harsh winds of Ottawa wheeling and dealing.

The report's other major dictum is that artists are not welfare bums: "The artistic professions," it asserts, "must be placed on the same footing as any other honourable profession." Elsewhere it notes that "the largest subsidy to the cultural life of Canada comes not from governments, corporations, or other patrons but from the artists themselves, through their unpaid or underpaid labour."

Some believe it to be a cruel trick of fate that the report appeared just as the country's economy is falling apart, but Applebert probably arrived at the moment when it was most

needed: the moment when federal support to the arts could so easily have been scrapped as non-essential spending. After November 16, culture-bashing in Ottawa became more difficult and much less fashionable. The recommendations for writing and publishing, for example, are sane, sensitive, and encouraging, despite the great hullabaloo surrounding the report's recommendation to dismantle the CBC and remove from it all production other than news. Nowhere else in the report do the committee members seemingly ignore the fact that free enterprisers have been more interested in making money than losing it by producing programs about Canada. The CBC recommendations are a lame imitation of Joe Clark's ill-begotten scheme to privatize Petrocan.

Certainly, for writers and publishers the report couldn't have come at a more crucial time. Last year Canadian-owned publishing houses, heavily dependent on the subsidy they receive from the department of communications' publishing development program, waited for more than nine months as the tortuous process of government approval for a renewal of the program ran its harrowing course. Mainly because of bureaucratic ineptitude, the program's presentation to decision-makers was delayed, and when it finally went before the treasury board last fall it was turned down at least once before the minister of communications, Francis Fox, somehow managed at the 11th hour to win its approval.

Phyllis Yaffe, executive director of the Association of Canadian Publishers (ACP), the trade organization for indigenously-owned companies, spent the majority of her time last year lobbying Ottawa officials and politicians to ensure

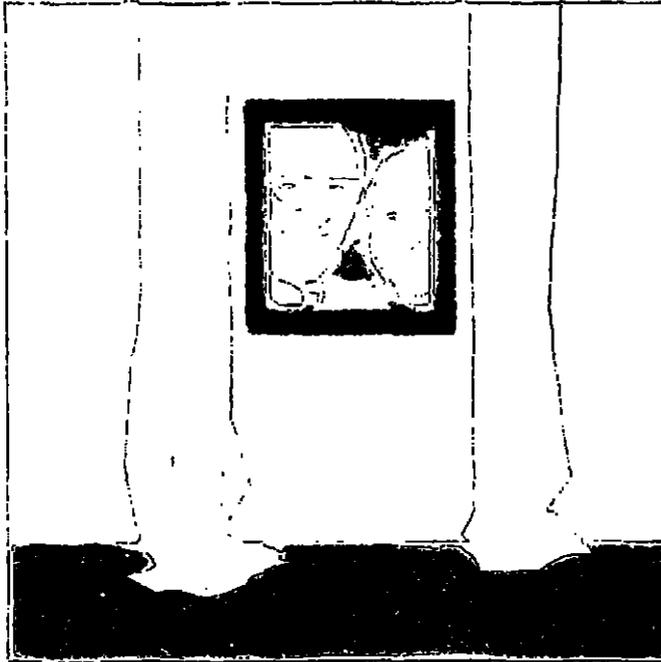


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that the program was renewed. Last November, only a few days before the Applebert report was released, publishers were notified of the three-year, \$25-million extension of the program.

Roy MacSkimming, one of the principal advisers to the Applebert committee and the author of its section on writing and publishing, credits the report (which seems to have been leaked to DOC officials before its release date) with helping Yaffe to push politicians into renewing the program. "The report reaffirms the crucial need for support to Canadian-owned houses," MacSkimming says, "and if government support to publishing were eliminated the saving would scarcely be noticed, while much that is culturally valuable, although not profitable, in Canadian life and literature would be placed in severe jeopardy." All told, the government awarded \$13-million to publishers in 1981-82.

If the department of communications' publishing program hadn't been renewed, it would have produced panic in the Canadian-controlled sector of the publishing business. "Bankruptcies," is the one word Yaffe uses to describe what could have happened. And Denis Deneau, ACP president and head of Deneau Publishers in Ottawa, wholeheartedly agrees. Although his company received only \$22,000 last year from the DOC, the impact of that grant is startling at a time when the profitability of most Canadian publishers is next to nothing — if Deneau Publishers was registering a profit rate of 5 per cent it would need to earn an extra \$440,000 from book sales to reap the same \$22,000 in clear profits. Most publishers gross less than \$1-million a year, so the grants are a matter of life and death.

A study conducted last year by Harald Bohne, director of the University of Toronto Press, examined the account-books of 16 Canadian-controlled companies. His findings leave no doubt that the federal government and publishers are business partners. "Not one publisher in my study made a profit before grants," Bohne says. "Grants make the difference; without them I don't know where the Canadian-owned industry would be."

The Applebert report also deals with imbalances within the DOC's publishing program. In the past the subsidy was simply calculated as a percentage of sales — including sales of foreign-authored and acquired books with no editorial work done in Canada. Consequently, a company like General Publishing, which distributes a large number of foreign-authored books under its own imprint, received \$326,351 from the DOC in 1981-82 while McClelland & Stewart, with its mainly indigenous list, received only slightly more: \$380,981. Small houses like Oberon Press and Talonbooks, with important Canadian literary lists, received less than \$13,000 each.

In November, the DOC program was altered so that a company's first \$200,000 of sales eligible for subsidy will be tripled when the grants for the next three years are calculated, a change that will put more money directly into the hands of the literary houses. Also, foreign-authored books with no editorial work done in Canada will no longer be eligible for subsidy.

Although the changes have been made, it is troubling to consider why the DOC had allowed such gross imbalances in funding to continue for the past three years, especially when publishers were regularly pointing out to bureaucrats and politicians the inequity in the program. The explanation seems to be that the DOC program is essentially an industrial one, based on the bigger-is-better principle and interested in building big companies, not in expressing concern for authors and their books.

The Applebert report contends that any support to book publishing must be both cultural and industrial and suggests that, in future, the DOC program be combined with the smaller though long-standing Canada Council program that awards block-grants to publishers on the basis of the "cultural

significance" of their books. Such a reorganization would turn the government's major grant-giving function over to the Canada Council. As MacSkimming notes, "the business of subsidizing publishers for eligible Canadian books should be monitored by the Canada Council. This is in line with the entire report's philosophy — that government can best assist culture through arm's-length agencies."

The debate centres on the question of how interventionist the government chooses to be; and what wing of Ottawa's cultural bureaucracy is going to control the funds and push the buttons that relate to publishing. Historically, Canada Council officers have been sympathetic and knowledgeable in dealing with publishers and writers, while DOC officials have been more business-minded, more interested in the bottom line than in cultural results. Inside the DOC, publishing is grouped with such other "cultural industries" as film and records, and in this heady atmosphere publishing often seems suited to grand, industrial schemes, cooked up by departmental bureaucrats, that promise to turn the industry around and make it profitable and internationally competitive in a very big way. Although it seems infinitely reasonable to expect publishing houses to turn a profit on some books, this kind of thinking when applied across the board tends to ignore the fact that a good publisher often decides to print a book not because it will make money or travel to other countries, but because the book deserves to be published here.

Naim Kattan, head of the Canada Council's writing and publication division, says that it seems logical to put the two federal programs under one roof. However, he makes it clear that neither he nor his staff originated the idea, nor are they actively encouraging it. His agreement with the Applebert recommendation is based on his belief that subsidy to publishing should be cultural. "Our job is to promote Canadian culture." If he had the choice between supporting a cookbook that might make money for a publisher or a poetry book that deserved to be done, Kattan would support the poetry book.

The Applebert report reflects the same concern for the plight of Canadian writers who, it says, "are less adequately rewarded, on average, than the various other professionals whose livelihood they make possible." To get more money into the hands of writers, Applebert proposes a payment scheme that would compensate them for public borrowing of their books from libraries.

The idea is not a new one — it is already the accepted practice in 10 countries, including England, Germany, Australia, Sweden, and Denmark. The Writers' Union of Canada has been lobbying for some form of compensation for public use since its inception in 1973. Last year the Canada Council's committee of writers, publishers, and librarians devised a strategy for public use based on library holdings. It was an inexpensive scheme — with an annual budget of \$1.3-million — but communications minister Francis Fox didn't approve it, saying he preferred to await the recommendations of the Applebaum-Hébert committee.

Matt Cohen, chairman of the payment for public use committee of the Writers' Union, says that although the union believes the only fair plan is one based on actual library use rather than simply on library purchases, it is still impossible to measure public use fairly. Until all major Canadian libraries are computerized, he notes, "the Writers' Union simply wants the government to endorse either the Canada Council or the Applebert model."

Cohen's primary interest is for more money to flow into writers' pockets. According to the Canada Council proposal the maximum a writer could receive would be \$300 per year per title, but the Applebert scheme states that payment should be between 50 to 100 per cent of an author's royalties. For example, a novelist who sold 2,500 copies of a \$20 book in one year

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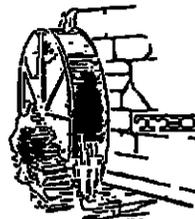
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would receive \$5,000 in royalties, and that would be matched by another \$2,500 to \$5,000 for payment for public use. "My concern," Cohen says, "is that we make possible a new generation of writers. A young writer could survive and write full-time on the income suggested by the Applebert plan."

THE QUESTIONS RAISED by the 101 recommendations in the report are as important as the recommendations themselves. Will the government hammer out a cultural policy that is both comprehensive and genuinely supportive to the arts? Will it live graciously with its role as patron? Is there enough bureaucratic expertise in Ottawa finally to come to terms with the complex problems of a huge, sparsely populated country that in the past has chosen to open its doors to foreign culture while neglecting its own?

When the Federal Cultural Policy Review Committee was announced by Francis Fox in August, 1980, the government planned to have the department of communications prepare a white paper based on the committee's recommendations, which would then proceed to the cabinet. Since then, the all-powerful deputy minister of the department, Pierre Juneau, has departed to the CBC presidency, and it is said that his old department is in a state of confusion and lethargy. Juneau, Ottawa's premier cultural mandarin, has been occupying various key posts since the beginning of Trudeau's reign, and has a global view of the complexity of government patronage

to the arts. It's hard to imagine there is anyone inside the department now who could bring the steady hand and knowledge to an overall cultural blueprint that Juneau would have brought. In addition, Fox is not considered to be a strong minister, and he could easily be shuffled out of the portfolio during the next cabinet reorganization.

In the absence of a strong voice from the department, the Prime Minister has assembled his own top-level cabinet task force, headed by Senator Jack Austin, minister of state for social development. This task force is charged with the job of moulding a cultural policy based on the book of rules and etiquette handed to them by Applebert.

When Trudeau took power more than 14 years ago, many Canadians believed that this cultured, erudite Prime Minister would position culture at least *near* the top of his list of priorities. But in 14 years we've seen only one strong minister in the cultural post: Gérard Pelletier, Trudeau's first appointment. Since then Hugh Faulkner, John Roberts, and Francis Fox have experienced extraordinary difficulties in convincing their colleagues that culture is anything but ornamentation and frill; and in this period of no-frills spending, culture has not been popular on the hill. In 1981-82 the government spent 1.9 per cent of its budget on culture.

Surely what's needed now is not one more delay, or study, or commission. What's needed is a coordinated, stable, and generous cultural policy for the country. □

FEATURE REVIEW

Against the stream

A new history of the Doukhobors
shows both the defects and the virtues
of an insider's point of view

By **GEORGE WOODCOCK**

Plakun Trava: The Doukhobors, by Koozma J. Tarasoff, Mir Publication Society (Box 730, Grand Forks, B.C. V0H 1H0), illustrated, 271 pages, \$14.50 cloth (ISBN 0 920046 05 3).

THE HISTORY of the Doukhobors in Canada has always been something of a test case for Canadian democracy, a way of assessing just what we mean by democratic values. Are we content with a system in which the will of the majority always rides over that of any dissident minority, whether ethnic or religious or regional? Or are we searching for the kind of social order in which minorities, even if their values are different from those of the mass of the population, will still be able to transform their beliefs into practice so long as they do not harm other members of the wider community?

If we do test the pretensions of a democratic system by its ability to find

room for minorities to live the lives they prefer, then we can only be appalled by the long record of discrimination against the Doukhobors, including such bizarre and shocking episodes as the seizure of 170 of their children in 1953 for six years of forcible indoctrination in the notorious residential school at New Denver. And it is surprising that so little attention has been given to that record by serious students of the way our social and political systems work. Surely it is one of the examples that should be considered, for instance, if we ever get down to a serious debate on the kind of constitution we might produce if Prime Minister Trudeau vanished and some government less boneheadedly arrogant than the present one decided to open to public debate the whole matter of how we shall be governed. A system that continued to allow long-term persecutions of minorities like the Doukhobors would

be no improvement on what we have.

Even the books written by outsiders on the Doukhobors have not all been properly aware of this issue. It was barely present in J.F.C. Wright's early study, *Slava Bohu* (1940); it was glaringly absent in Simma Holt's sensationally hostile journalistic account, *Terror in the Name of God* (1964); it was judiciously recognized in Harry Hawthorn's academic symposium, *The Doukhobors of British Columbia* (1955). But I think the first book that clearly brought the issue out was *The Doukhobors* (1968), which Ivan Ivakumovic and I wrote in collaboration and which was in fact the first relatively complete history of the sect to be published in English.

But all these books, even the most sympathetic, were written from the outside, by non-Doukhobors, and even when they were largely based, as was the

case with *The Doukhobors*, on long and close acquaintance with the sect, there was still the feeling that they lacked the quality of family intimacy — not so much inside knowledge as inside feeling.

Two circumstances long stood in the way of a book in English on the Doukhobors by a Doukhobor. First is the distrust of the written word that is part of the sect's background; Doukhobor traditions are remembered not in print but in song, in the great accumulation of orally transmitted hymns and psalms they call the Living Book. Then there is the idea that the Russian language is in some way necessary to the survival of Doukhobor religion, and hence a lingering feeling that even if the recording of traditions in writing is accepted, it should be in the language of the *sobranie*, or religious meeting. Thus there are two very good histories of Doukhoborism written in Russian but never translated, by Peter Maloff (*Dukhobortsy, ikh istoria*, 1948) and by William Soukeroff (*Istoria Dukhobortsev*, 1944).

Now the first reasonably full history of the Doukhobors written in English by a member of the sect has appeared: *Plakun Trava*, by Koozma J. Tarasoff. It is a splendidly illustrated book, with 245 highly interesting historic photographs, many of them unfamiliar prints of early Doukhobor times that did not appear in Tarasoff's earlier *Pictorial History of the Doukhobors*, a book of much visual charm and little informational substance.

The text of *Plakun Trava* (which incidentally is the name of a mythical waterweed said to grow *against* the stream) shows both the defects and the virtues of the inside look. There is page after page on the internal activities of small Doukhobor organizations that will be interesting to members of the sect but of little significance to the non-Doukhobor, who will find that any photograph of a choir of pretty scarfed young women and solemn suited young men looks remarkably like any other.

On the other hand, there is information in *Plakun Trava* that does not exist in any other book in English on the Doukhobors, and which is of real historic value. An example is the chapter called "Extension," which reconstructs what happened to those Doukhobors who never reached Canada but stayed in Russian to experience the breakdown of Tsarism and its replacement by the alternative tyranny of Bolshevism. Much of this information Tarasoff acquired on journeys to Russia in which he set out to rediscover the roots of Doukhoborism. Unfortunately he discovered little new about the origins of Doukhoborism in the 17th century.

Tarasoff gives a good account of the persecutions that Doukhobors suffered in Russia and then in Canada. But he is hesitant about examining at any depth the radical elements among the Sons of Freedom, the bombers and arsonists whom he tends to describe under the neutral term of "zealots." This gives his book a tentative feeling. One senses that he is always testing the waters of criticism within the sect, and drawing away when they feel too cold.

In the end I was left wondering if this is really the view into the heart of Doukhoborism I had been expecting. For I sensed in it that shift away from the old communitarian instincts which I have met among many young Doukhobors, and which tends to be replaced, as it is among many educated native people, by a desire to win approval in the Canadian world of the social scientist and social worker. Perhaps the old Doukhobors were right. Perhaps something of a passionate and mystical faith is indeed lost when it is put into writing, even by one of the faithful. □

REVIEW

Between the sexes

By BRIAN L. FLACK

Cutting Through, by Keith Maillard, Stoddart, 314 pages, \$16.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7737 2003 0).

KEITH MAILLARD'S *Cutting Through* is the continuation of John Henry Dupre IV's rite of passage from his bland childhood in the early 1940s to his emergence as a "two ounce [marijuana] a week man" in the late 1960s. At the end of volume one, *The Knife in My Hands*, Dupre was languishing in personal obscurity, a college dropout. This second volume begins with the assassination of John F. Kennedy and the dawning of a new but not necessarily better age, one typified by Dupre's determination to write the novel he had always dreamed about as well as by his reaction to the news that rocked America in November, 1963. "My first thought was Jesus Christ, now we're stuck with Lyndon Baines Johnson," thinks Dupre,

who finds Johnson a "drawling shit-kicker" whose guiding principle was articulated at the outset of his presidency: I will not be the first American president to lose a war.

The novel is divided into two sections, "South, 1963-1965" and "North, 1968-1970," in much the same way as Dupre's psyche is torn between an expression of feminine and masculine impulses. "South" traces Dupre's roots back to the Civil War, where he encounters his ancestral sire, his great-grandfather and namesake, a fierce Confederate who rode with John Hunt Morgan. A few meagre leads and a lot of tenacity reveal the sordid history of his family. But gradually he becomes aware, after detailed conversations with two uncles, his grandmother, and his Aunt Hetty — certainly the most realized and interesting character in the novel — that if he is to survive this new LBJ age he must turn his back on what he has laboured to discover, on what has obsessed him all his life.

Personal freedom, continuity, and recognition of self are achieved, or rather symbolized, at the conclusion of this fact-finding rummage through a century by the purchase of a one-way ticket to Toronto, where he safely avoids the latest Yankee war. But because he has been unable to atone for his ancestor's crimes, he now finds himself unable to make love to a woman — to resolve the competition between his male and female selves — even though he has been offered the opportunity by his cousin, the vampish Lori Lee. Her aggressiveness, although appealing to him, serves only to whet his appetite for confession. "It's crazy Lori Lee," he says. "It's like there's another sex, but nobody knows it. A male-female sex . . . a thing of the spirit."

"North" is distinguished by shifts in both voice and time. Whereas Dupre narrated "South," "North" introduces Tom Parker, a Vietnam veteran with a severe socio-economic reintegration problem. As Dupre's replacement, Parker carries the story forward by leap-frogging his way over a number of spaced, psychotic, quasi-revolutionary burnouts. But though the historical context crumbles, Dupre's search for sexual identity does not flag. When, as a pseudonymous editorialist for an underground Boston paper (he has deserted the place he deserted to, Toronto), Dupre meets Pamela, a boyishly figured, confused flower-child, his torturous evolution toward sexual expression, muted by previous failures, rejections, and fat, is resumed: "I've always thought I was probably born the wrong sex," he confesses. Pamela doesn't buy his line. She suggests instead that he can

release this "woman" inside him but offers no concrete solution. When, eventually, they do make love — in the heat of their coupling Dupre realizes, "My God, you're fucking a woman!" — there is little of the momentous revelation he had been expecting. Neither of the participants is radically transformed. "He no longer [sees] her in the murderous light of eternity, but in the clear light of the ordinary world."

Although there is considerable cohesiveness in "South," the tension that vivifies the earlier section is lacking in "North." It is more a catalogue of

events seen through Parker's unanalytical eyes. Dupre's past obsessions do not find further expression, and ultimately it is this failure to advance investigations once begun that weakens what is essentially a fine, engaging, and structurally sophisticated novel.

Maillard's commitment to defining sexual duality notwithstanding, he appears, as the narrative progresses, to lose his sense of direction as John Dupre becomes one more victim in a continuum of upheaval. The singular approach that marks "South" dissipates in the multiplicity of experience that is

"North," and the notion one has formed of Dupre as a unique, self-obsessive, but self-realizing character evaporates. A close-up view of the major creeping disease of the '60s — psychosis — does not obviate the insight that accompanies personal examination and expression. Had Maillard retained confidence in his original narrator, *Cutting Through* would have been more focused and unified. The two voices engender an overview that remains unfinished — they precipitate a confusion that minimizes the coming of age of John Henry Dupre IV. □

FEATURE REVIEW

Blowing our own horn

Mark Miller's study of 14 Canadian musicians shows that great jazz, like good sex, is a mixture of technique, fantasy, and friction

By ROBERT HARLOW

Jazz in Canada: Fourteen Lives, by Mark Miller, University of Toronto Press. 245 pages, \$18.95 cloth (ISBN 0 8020 2476 9).

THERE IS POP MUSIC and there is jazz. Pop music, whether it's Lennon/McCartney's "Yesterday" or Johnny Mercer's "Autumn Leaves," has its roots in "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Annie Laurie." It is an establishment culture thing. But jazz is a four-letter word. It's what the ladies upstairs at Miss Josie Arlington's in Storyville were good at, and it's what the music in the parlour downstairs celebrated and encouraged. There is nothing more personal than good sex — a fine mixture of technique, fantasy, and friction. It's the same for great jazz. You have to play your horn so well that it disappears as brass and keys and becomes pure instrument; you play the right notes out of your head and someone anonymous, at the back of the room, trying to share your fantasy calls out, "Tell me the story." You play against the chords as well as with them, and it's that friction that, in the end, gets it all orgasmically together. The roots of jazz are in the person.

Jazz does not, except in its blues mode, speak of sadness and loss; it is, in fact, a reaction to those universals.

Standing in the ruins of a race, living out a short brutish life under the terms of a wholly unfair contract, jazz speaks of power and choice and determinism, while at the same time it continues to celebrate what goes on upstairs at Miss Arlington's.

This may explain why jazz — personal and even esoteric as it often is — fascinates far more people than one would expect. A movie about a black girl who begins her career in a whorehouse, lives out her life addicted to heroin, and dies in jail makes us not sad but happy: Billie Holiday, standing in her own ruins, couldn't touch a note that wasn't suddenly graced with the strength and energy that "tells us the story" and broadens and deepens the art of jazz. Fats Waller, whoremaster and legendary drinker, is celebrated in biography and song. Bix Beiderbecke, tubercular and seldom sober, stares at us still out of a formal camera portrait of him and his trumpet that is almost as well known as the Mona Lisa. The businessmen of pop music — the Paul Whitemans, the Horace Heidts, the Mitch Millers — speak to our minds and memories not at all. They abet the ruin, sugar-coat the rotten contract, and we suspect they couldn't get it up if Miss Josie Arlington herself came to the parlour full of piggfeet and beer and looking for skin.

Jazz people — romantic, tragic, bohemian — are necessary: they don't reflect culture, they make it; and many of them have made it without fame or security, sacrificing themselves to a total commitment most of us know we're not capable of. John Coltrane collapsing at the end of his day and his wife untangling his tenor saxophone from his arms while he slept is not just a story: it is a metaphor that illuminates the other side of the lives of jazz innovators and originals. Without this side of them, out of which comes their craft, their skill, their ability to take 12 notes and build poetry, they would be mere gossip. People write books about them and they are read by many as other generations read the vena and holy lives of *their* saints.

And now we have a collection of our own. Mark Miller's *Jazz in Canada* is subtitled "Fourteen Lives": trumpeter Trump Davidson and his saxophonist brother Teddy; father and son saxophonists Paul and P.J. Perry; pianist Chris Gage; trumpeter Herbie Spannier; pianist Wray Downes; drummer Larry Dubin; guitarist Nelson Symonds; drummers Guy Nadon and Claude Ranger; guitarist Sonny Greenwich; and tenor saxophonists Brian Barley and Ron Park.

It is a quite wonderful book, both in conception and in the telling of it. None

of these men, except perhaps Trump Davidson, are showbiz names, but all of them are important to our version of jazz, and Miller has, as far as possible, let them tell their own stories. Their careers range in time from 1929 to now, and their origins are national in scope. P.J. is from Vancouver, Nelson Symonds from Halifax, there is a scattering of Prairie names as well as some from the main population centre in and around Toronto, and a pair — Nadon and Ranger — are Québécois. Two — Barley and Downes — were conservatory trained concert musicians, one of them — Sonny Greenwich — doesn't read music at all, others came out of high school and college stage-band programs; all of them, once they had got the call and had dedicated themselves to jazz, listened to their contemporaries here and abroad and honed their talents by woodshedding between gigs and jamming after hours. These 14 lives are, in short, high calibre and neatly representative.

Miller himself keeps a low profile. His is a narrator's voice that provides linkage and commentaries between episodes told by the musicians or their friends and colleagues, and only occasionally is he judgemental: he leaves that mostly to the jazz critics whose opinions are quoted throughout the text. Miller likes these musicians. He respects them and he knows them and their music well. Here he is talking about P.J. Perry:

Like the compulsive talker, Perry is a compulsive improviser. Moving freely and often dramatically from register to register — his command of the saxophone is undeniable — he hits the turns high and hard, creating an element of peril by attempting, and invariably executing, more than safety might advise. The release is short-lived, so unremitting are his solos; like the best of Canadian jazzmen, he does not create music that is comforting.

Jazz after the fact is like war; it is incident — person, place, happening, and reappraisal. In the late '30s I was a teenager and played with a five-piece band in Prince George, B.C. We played cut-down stock arrangements ordered from Los Angeles. I have never been so rich or felt so powerfully myself as I did then. It was mostly sham, however, because I couldn't blow my nose let alone my horn, but I still think that when I grow up I will play jazz. Miller, relying on other people's memories, implies that jazz didn't come solidly to Canada until after the Second World War. I wonder. In that (then) far-away village I remember a couple of things. The first is a kid named Teddy Worko from a farm 20 miles east of town who played very tough piano (big chords, lots of left hand) the like of which I didn't hear

THE RIGHT TO WRITE

A year ago, Poland enjoyed a level of press and media freedom unprecedented in its post-war history.

But since the imposition of martial law in December 1981, hundreds of professionals in radio, television and the press have been fired and blacklisted. Still others have been imprisoned or interned. The Polish Journalists Association has been dissolved.

Some journalists have continued working in Poland's mass media. But many have not; brave men and women have chosen to sacrifice their careers, their livelihoods, and the well-being of their spouses and children rather than sacrifice their principles.

On their behalf, the *Polish Journalists' Aid Committee* is making this humanitarian appeal in Canada.

Your tax deductible contribution of \$30 or more will enable us to send at least one package of food aid to a journalist or family on our list. Each package, sent individually in the name of a contributor, will lend material and moral support to these courageous men and women of the Polish media.

They need our help. They deserve our support.

THE NEED TO LIVE

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Please send a package in my name to a Polish journalist
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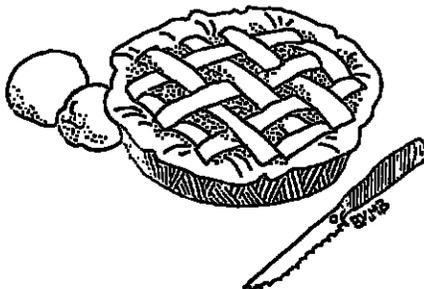
To see ourselves

By I.M. OWEN

again until I first listened to Chris Gage 15 years later. The second memory is of a travelling band that played a one-night stand in 1937. The tenorman I spent the night worshipping was a youngster named Stu Young who played perhaps 15 choruses of "Tiger Rag" without repeating himself. Surely jazz must have had a strong underground presence for a long time in order to have penetrated so far north so forcefully. Later, when I was with the CBC and was instrumental in setting up the first network *Jazz Workshop* show out of Vancouver, it never occurred to me or the producer that we couldn't hold our own anywhere. The level of originality and sophistication among the musicians then was such that I felt they were drawing on a wellspring that was not simply American.

I think now, dreaming in retrospect, that if, say, the Massey Commission had even for a moment addressed itself to jazz as a legitimate expression of one part of our national consciousness and had persuaded the government to subsidize a jazz recording industry — as in Poland, Sweden, Denmark — our musicians would have produced a music at the cutting edge of world jazz consciousness. There are jazz legends without discographies. But the bulk of the best innovative musicians were, and are, recorded during most of their active years. Canadian jazz musicians listen to recordings from other countries and build on those because they must. If they had their own work recorded — or even published — their ideas would diverge from musicians elsewhere. Style, content, thrust would mature, become unique. One must hope that books like this one — and the jazz community itself — will press the government (now that it is considering the Applebaum-Hébert report) to think of jazz as also a national concern and therefore fundable.

In the meantime, these 14 lives will serve admirably as an introduction to



jazz as it is lived in this country. We have Mark Miller to thank for bringing these biographies together. He is also to be congratulated. Miller's book is state-of-the-art. It sets a wonderfully high standard for those who will write about jazz in Canada in the future. □

Making It New: Contemporary Canadian Stories, edited by John Metcalf, Methuen, illustrated, 272 pages, \$18.95 cloth (ISBN 0 458 95520 5) and \$11.95 paper (ISBN 0 458 95470 5).

82: *Best Canadian Stories*, edited by John Metcalf and Leon Rooke, Oberon Press, 188 pages, \$17.95 cloth (ISBN 0 88750 436 1) and \$8.95 paper (ISBN 0 88750 438 8).

METHUEN'S PUBLICITY, which introduces John Metcalf as "Canada's foremost anthologist of short stories" (ah there, Bob Weaver), stresses that *Making It New* is being published internationally: "For the first time, a Canadian short story anthology will reach audiences in the United States, Britain and Australia simultaneously." Well, simultaneity apart (it's a loose term in publishing) Weaver's *World's Classics* anthologies were at least supposed to appear in those three countries and a good many more. But the important point the publisher is making is that this book is intended to present the contemporary Canadian short story to the rest of the English-speaking world, through 14 stories by seven writers, each of whom contributes also a short essay (which is a good idea). But does the book give a true picture? The blurb anticipates the objections I'm going to make when it speaks of "the rich vein in Canadian literature that these writers represent — a vein that has been passed over in favour of work that is often of lesser artistic merit but that satisfies a nationalist prescription for social and historical themes that have been defined as 'Canadian.'"

Well, yes — though not many of these seven have been passed over much. But doesn't the reader in another country who buys or borrows a book of specifically Canadian stories want to learn from it something of what it's like to be Canadian? Now, being an immigrant is certainly part of the Canadian experience, but three of these seven authors (Clark Blaise, Metcalf, and Leon Rooke) were born and grew up in other countries. Being abroad is also part of the Canadian experience. But two of the seven (Mavis Gallant and Norman

Levine — both indispensable, I agree) have spent most of their lives abroad; and at least six, probably seven, of the 14 stories take place outside Canada. Understand, it's the proportions I'm questioning. There's no one author here I'd want to see excluded (except maybe Rooke — because I can't stand his style, not because he's American-born), and there's only one story that I'd have left out on the sole grounds that it's not Canadian: John Metcalf's own "Single Gents Only." A brilliant story — the best of his I've read, in fact; but it's so entirely English in its setting, atmosphere, characters, juxtaposition of social classes, that it might well have been written before Metcalf came to Canada. By the way, his discussion of this story is perhaps the most interesting passage among the authors' essays.

There's an introduction by Barry Cameron of the University of New Brunswick. This fact is omitted from the title-page, which gives the name of the photographer who took the authors' pictures. Cameron's name is also missing from the table of contents. I don't think he quite deserves this concealment. Without him, one might never have realized that "all of the stories here are thoroughly modern or poetic [are these adjectives alternatives or synonymous?] in their use of such techniques as indirection or implication, ellipsis, understatement, distillation and telescoping." And he instructs us severely, but for our own good: "one should read these fourteen stories as closely, as carefully, as one would a good lyric poem." I hope he never finds out that what I do with a good lyric poem is listen to it sing.

For the Canadian short-story reader, to whom almost all the stories are familiar and available in other books, the authors' essays are the one feature that makes it necessary to possess *Making It New*. Metcalf, though, has another new anthology, the annual Oberon collection co-edited with Leon Rooke, which all such readers will want since its stories are fresh and mostly uncollected until now. There are eight stories, all good. I think it's a pity to have included Josef Skvorecky's "A Family Hotel," since it's a chapter from his novel *The Swell Season*, published in the same year. And Keath Fraser's study of a marriage, "Le Mal de l'air," is full of good moments, but it's more than 30 pages long. In view of the publisher's note that two of the stories chosen had to be omitted, including both of these seems an extravagant use of space. Hugh Hood's "The Small Birds," perhaps the best short story he has ever written, certainly belongs here; but it's also in *Making It New*.

There are good stories by Norman Levine, Alice Munro, Elizabeth

Spencer, and F.W. Watt. And I'm glad to report that Gloria Sawai's "The Day I Sat with Jesus on the Sun Deck and a Wind Came Up and Blew my Kimono Open and He Saw my Breasts" is very nearly as good as its title.

The introduction is full of windy rhetoric that sounds more like Rooke than like Metcalf: "This is winsome stuff, gladdening to the heart, necessary to life and limb."

Like most Oberon paperbacks, *82: Best Canadian Stories* provides a valuable isometric exercise for the fingers as the reader struggles to keep it open. I haven't yet worked out the significance of the painting of a marathon race on the cover. □

REVIEW

A farewell to form

By GARY MICHAEL
DAULT

Hemingway in Toronto: A Post-Modern Tribute, by David Donnell, Black Moss Press, 61 pages, \$8.95 paper (ISBN 0 88753 090 7).

POET DAVID DONNELL'S *Hemingway in Toronto: A Post-Modern Tribute* is a clever but annoying little book that attempts to examine Ernest Hemingway's four-month stay in Toronto in 1923 for early signs of the embryonic novelist's development of "the perfect sentence" and to uncover the role that Toronto and the *Toronto Star* had in this search for what Donnell calls "his kind of sentence, an American sentence but not a dull sentence, a sentence reflecting vernacular but not a vernacular sentence." The book is also about the cloying quiet and the dogged provincialism of Toronto in 1923 and the way in which Hemingway's stay here (it was his second visit, albeit a short one) may have seemed like *another* kind of sentence, the release from which may have had something to do with his "prodigious output" over the next few months in Paris when he wrote *The Sun Also Rises* and a number of the great stories; when he wrote, as Donnell puts it in his folksy little foreword, "like a house on fire."

The book is about other things too. It is about — in a weird way — the idea of the modern. Here is Donnell at the halfway point in his book: "Hemingway was interested in the new modernism and he was interested in the new society but he was interested in the new modernism because he wanted to write well whereas he was interested in the new society because that's what there was and he recognized that that's what there was." Now how much of a joke, exactly, is this? Certainly it is both a tribute to Donnell's ear that he can write prose that is Hemingway-esque and Gertrude Steinian at the same time, and a damning of it that he can write so badly, parody-prose notwithstanding.

But then *Hemingway in Toronto* is, above all, a slippery book. It proceeds by stacking pastiche upon pastiche, by overdubbing one atmosphere upon another. It begins with a short preface from "Gertrude, Paris, 1981" in which Donnell-as-Stein assures the reader that what he is about to receive is in fact a good book that shows "how Hemingway lost his belief in art for the sake of art while he was in Toronto." This is followed by Donnell's chatting in what I take to be his own voice about "Toronto in the 1920s," a short chapter full of historical truisms concerning Toronto's being "a more frontier and puritanical city than New York."

Then there's a sort of critical meltdown: Donnell's prose grows offhand, almost weary, and, at the same time, insufferably pompous. There is a lot of pseudo-critical blather about the cut-up and collage techniques of newspapers and the prevalence of streamlining (both examples, presumably, of the "new modernism"). There are ragged assurances that "a lot of very good writers worked for the newspapers in those days but Hemingway was probably the best." There is a laughable passage of "crap or merde" about how the war "established" a number of things, such as the end of the 19th century, the end of Tennyson and Hardy, the beginnings of the roaring '20s, and the hungry '30s.

This precipitates Donnell-as-Hemingway/Stein-as-cultural historian (how to separate them?) into a chapter of dizzying absurdities ("Picasso and the Group of Seven in 1923") piled so thick and fast upon the reader that the whole enterprise collapses into a welter of dumb statements that I hope are merely the stuff of bad jokes (like "Miro wasn't that far away from Tom Thomson in 1923 although it was in 1926 that Hemingway first bought a Miro"). After this, there are a couple of chapters about Toronto's role in establishing Hemingway's prose style again and that's it.

Where, then, does the "Post-

Modern" business come in? Post-modernism is a near-critical umbrella term under which can be gathered a bewildering number of imprecise feelings about aesthetic and philosophic tone and stance. The term usually connotes a deep cynicism about and impatience at any liberal-derived methodology for Arriving at Truth. Post-modern truth is, by contrast, whatever crystallizes out of a super-saturated solution of accumulated innuendo. Insights peripheral to language. Glancing blows at meaning that begin as suggestions and end at strangled embarrassment for having mentioned them in the first place.

The real matter of Hemingway's sojourn in Toronto, then, is supposed to rise up through the generalized yeastiness of Donnell's vague, partly helpful, partly stricken, partly benign, partly demonic approaches to his subject, all of them bowed and essentially broken under the leaden weight of Donnell's ongoing joke that it is Hemingway, Gertrude Stein, a silly-ass literary commentator, and the futile but well-meaning author himself whose post-modern stutters we are hearing, all at the same time.

Ought we nevertheless to applaud Donnell's attempt to get his jaded and obviously criticism-weary machinery in gear and produce an essay about Hemingway, Toronto, and the coming of the modern sensibility-in-prose? Or ought we to reveal ourselves as reactionaries by refusing to play participatory audience for his performance of this eccentric air for unaccompanied and ill-informed voice? Certainly Donnell has bitten off a lot. For that alone I suppose he deserves praise. He wants to blow a perfect shining soap-bubble of language about Hemingway and modernism — with Hemingway sitting inside it at his typewriter madly bashing out his own history of himself as he floats up over the heads of his readers. If it had worked, it would have been miraculous. But it hasn't worked.

In the last chapter Donnell-Hemingway writes:

Sometimes a great deal of misunderstanding gets made of where a writer writes a given piece of work and of who he was living with at that time and who he was reading and what friends he was seeing and what new people he was meeting. This is a bit like the classic *post hoc propter hoc* of logical fallacy and it's also a bit like the stereotypical roman à clef critic who shouts "Eureka. Eureka. I've just discovered who *Madame Bovary* is actually about. Now everything will be simple."

Maybe a great deal of misunderstanding has got made of here. I hope not. But then I'm not your stereotypical roman à clef critic, either. □

A REEVES gallery

John Reeves uses his camera to explore the clues hidden in his subjects' faces. He reads their minds as others read their books

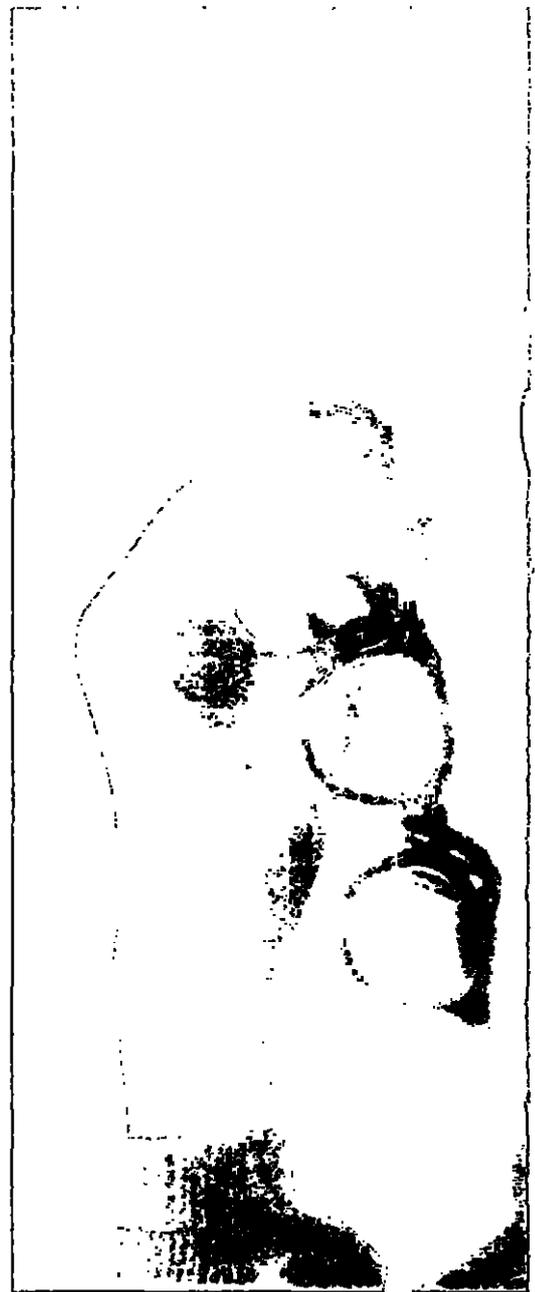
EXACTLY ONE YEAR ago this month the Canadian Centre of Photography held a one-man show of 122 photographs by John Reeves. All black-and-white, both landscapes and portraits, they represented Reeves's vision of the Canadian North captured during his two Arctic sweeps in 1968 and 1971. What remain in the memory a year later are two inextricably related impressions: the man himself, and the portraits.

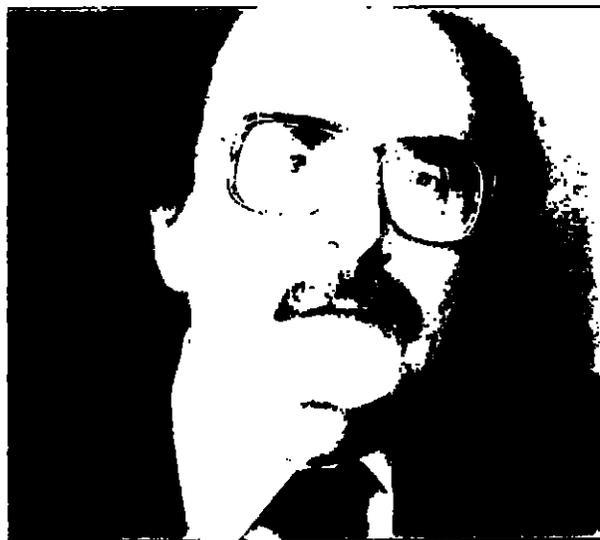
Reeves was everywhere — dashing from group to group, talking, flailing his arms, running his fingers through his black, shiny hair, talking still more, laughing, passing his wine glass from hand to hand, his exuberance filling the vast exhibition hall with his own kinetic energy. And he is no more subdued in the studio: immediately after the sitting that resulted in our cover photograph, Norman Levine marvelled that Reeves had been "more nervous than I was. He never stopped — when the session was over I felt positively calm by comparison."

Reeves has long been known as a superb portraitist. What the Arctic exhibition revealed was that he is as brilliantly alive in the field as he is at home in the studio. From the stark, white walls of the exhibition hall — as stark and as white as the endless tracts of snow that form their natural backdrops — the faces of Inuit carvers and hunters and children gazed impassively into the camera, not frozen but seemingly melted into a disarming perfection, caught in an instant but nonetheless at ease — *composed*. As Gary Michael Dault observed in the program notes that accompanied the exhibition, while Reeves's Inuit portraits "do all of the requisite revealing of character and mute speaking about the personality that one expects from an artist's portrait, they also possess the hallucinatory power of images seen for the first time by an artist who is entirely open to whatever those images might turn out to mean."

This disingenuous quality, his exploratory openness, is equally present in Reeves's literary portraits. For Reeves the faces of these seven writers are no longer the masks they present to the inquisitive world; they are clues or avenues to the complex personalities concealed behind them. Reeves follows those clues, explores those avenues, *reads* their faces as other people read their books. The portrait of F.R. Scott, poising his spectacles in his pontifical way, reveals the very essence of the poet/lawyer savouring a neatly made point. The mirror image of the late Marshall McLuhan suggests the double-visioned visionary stepping boldly up to himself to take a better look — how different an impression it leaves from Louis Dudek's mirror image, which conveys a shyness, a coyness, a quiet turning away from the self.

Sculpture has been called "a trap for light"; surely that definition belongs equally to photography. In his carefully constructed and sprung traps, Reeves captures these rare and often unintentional flashes of truth: he makes for his subjects their most faithful autobiographies. □





F.R. Scott (above) has won Governor General's Awards both for his essays on the constitution and for his poetry. Scott is a man possessed of graceful manners and very refined, truly elegant speech. He is a joy to listen to, and in listening it is easy to identify a rare kind of being — a truly humanitarian, compassionate, liberal man.

I chose to photograph Louis Dudek (far left) in front of a mirror in his cosy southwest Westmount house. He enjoyed being viewed in company with his poetic other — the mirror abstracted image of himself floating just over his left shoulder.

Naim Kattan (left), writing and publications arbiter of the Canada Council, is a cultured man of many cultures. In our conversation I said rude things about Maclean's magazine — something about visual squalor and editorial tedium sustained by federal fiat. Sadly the sacred confidentiality of the subject-photographer relationship forbids quoting M. Kattan's reply.



*It's been years since we had the conversation, but if I remember correctly Marshall McLuhan, celebrated author of *The Gutenberg Galaxy* and *The Mechanical Bride*, told me that before he conceived of the slogan "The medium is the message," he had coined the phrase "The medium is the massage." Given McLuhan's status as a media scholar I thought it appropriate to let*

him participate in the creation of his own photograph. I provided him with a mirror — actually a flexible brass sheet with a mirror finish chromium surface. Not only could McLuhan create his own image in the mirror, he could control the form of his own image by flexing the mirror with his hands. I think what we have here is the portrait of a messenger massaging himself.

In 1975, International Women's Year, the National Film Board's still-photo division hired me to produce a portrait portfolio of outstanding Canadian women. One of those was Margaret Atwood, who insisted that I must also photograph Michèle Lalonde (right). My first move was to phone Montreal for an appointment; the call was lengthy, entertaining, and full of debate. It emerged that Michèle is intrigued by photography and was in no way unwilling to be photographed, given one very emphatic condition: no photo which I might take of her could ever be assembled under a title with the word "Canadian Women," "Women of Canada," etc. Solidly maintaining my federalist stance, I nonetheless agreed to eschew this mode of titling, not on political grounds but rather on the grounds of my own preference for titles like "Reeves's Women," or "Women by Reeves," or "Seven Sublime Portraits by John Alexander Reeves." The deal was struck, and Michèle even presented me with further names for possible portraiture, including the actress Michelle Rossignol and the singer Pauline Julien. Rossignol provided another very jolly telephone conversation, and also extracted from me a similar oath. I was in Montréal before I got around to calling Pauline Julien, who announced that she, Michèle Lalonde, and Michelle Rossignol had



been jointly discussing policy toward me. Julien's policy was "No photo." After overcoming an initial disappointment I realized that somehow for the first time in my life I had become a political issue. Uncertain how to feel about it all, I opted for a strange elation, and treated myself to a small, exquisite dinner at the Ritz.

Impressively articulate in English, possessed of a pungent intellect, and fond of the drier Quebec hard ciders, as am I, Michèle turned out to be all that Atwood had promised. Her luminous eyes, delicate features, porcelain complexion, and elegantly theatrical gestures could almost conjure images onto film without the aid of a lens. In Quebec, poets are rather more given to reciting their works publicly than elsewhere in Canada, and these "nuits de la poésie" are by no means small, esoteric gatherings. I was told that the last time she recited her famous poem "Speak white," at the Comédie Canadienne, she just about tore the joint apart. I didn't doubt it for a moment.

Roch Carrier (left) erupts with a marvellous ebullient energy; so does his wife. My photo session went wonderfully, and energized by the charismatic Carriers, I fairly inhaled a generously proffered pre-luncheon bottle of Chianti before reeling to a taxi. I had occasion to reflect that I have only one liver to give to my culture.



Nathan Cohen (above) was noted for very rigorous, very acerbic theatre criticism. We see him here affectionately flanked by two superb actresses, Barbara Hamilton and Kate Reid. What is it that compels lambs to lie with lions?

The eminent Canadian short-story writer Norman Levine (left) is simultaneously a very verbally and a very visually literate man. Art and artists fascinate him. The great British painter, Francis Bacon, is one of his best friends. Bacon is fascinated by photographs, particularly photographs that reveal the human form subjected to physical stress — the prize fighter's face grossly distorted by the impact of an adversary's fist. Levine talked to me about the way photos freeze a moment permanently and of the poignancy entailing the scrutiny of pictures that preserve people in their youth, vitality, and vigour — people that we know to be long dead.



In the name of Gob

By PHIL SURGUY

The Knot, by Tim Wynne-Jones, McClelland & Stewart, 277 pages, \$16.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7710 9051 X).

Murder on Location, by Howard Engel, Clarke Irwin, 222 pages, \$15.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7720 1384 5).

TIM WYNNE-JONES won the 1979 Seal First Novel Award for *Odd's End*, an entertaining thriller about a malignant little man's ingenious attempts to terrify a young couple into abandoning their house, a renovated manor on a remote patch of Nova Scotia coast. *The Knot*, Wynne-Jones's second novel, is set in Cabbagetown, a fashionable, renovated slum in downtown Toronto — Hugh Garner's old neighbourhood, now sand-blasted beyond recognition. *The Knot* is a gang of street kids from the poorer areas to the north and south of Cabbagetown. Their leader is a shabby, apparently blind old man named Gob, who patrols the neighbourhood in a wheelchair.

... Cabbagetown was his Begler Bec, and he was its Begler Beglic; he was the Knot's Fanger and they were his Afterlings and Scrogglings. The man at the top — at the very top — was the Grand Vizier, alluded to but never seen. It was the Grand Vizier who bankrolled the Knot. He paid for information, and the gang, under Gob's supervision, had become the eyes and ears of the burgeoning little community of Cabbagetown. They also patrolled the area and kept it free of competing agents. What minor heists Gob allowed them were for amusement only.

Besides Gob, the other major characters in the story are a boy named Stink, one of the gang; Crunkscully, a former mayor of Toronto, who keeps remnants of his vaporized memory on cassette tapes and haunts the streets, searching for a son he imagines that he has lost; and Crawford, a cop who is recovering from the physical and emotional effects of a gunshot wound. Crawford is sent to Cabbagetown in plainclothes after the police computer becomes disturbed by the Knot's prankish crimes, the sudden drop of any other kind of juvenile crime in the area, and a rise in major robberies (the Grand

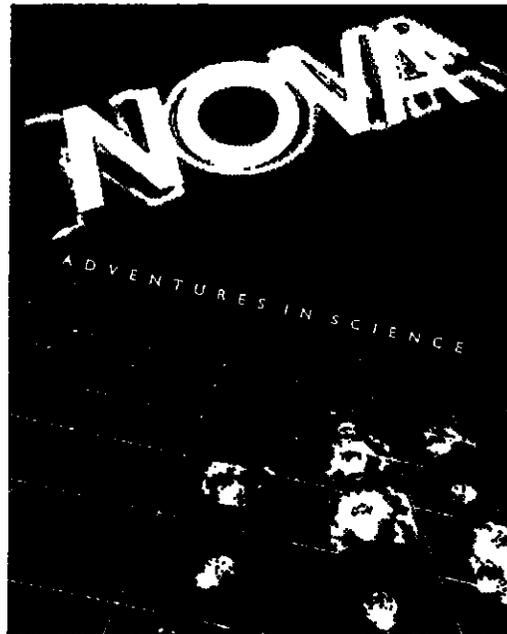
Vizier's work, based on the intelligence that Gob gathers).

In *Odd's End* the action is seen alternately from the point of view of the young couple in the manor and that of the insanely covetous man who is trying to drive them out, and the result is quite satisfying, especially Wynne-Jones's nicely sustained depiction of the limitless malevolence that the intruder brings to his task. In *The Knot* the point of view is spread all over the place, given from time to time to all the major characters and several minor ones, and the result isn't very satisfying. To be sure, there are some good scenes and intriguing people in the book, and (even though Wynne-Jones and his editors think "brakeman" is spelled "breakman," "enormity" is a synonym for "hugeness," and "convince" means "per-

sude)" the writing is acceptable. But the wildly shifting point of view does not produce a well-rounded story. Rather, it gives the impression that the author was never able to make up his mind which, or whose, story he wanted to tell. Thus the book doesn't belong to anyone in particular, and the revelation of Gob's true identity, the resolution of Stink, Crunkscully and Crawford's problems, and all the running around at the end are of no real interest.

There is no question that *Murder on Location* belongs to Benny Cooperman, Howard Engel's private eye, or "peeper," from Grantham (St. Catharines), Ont. This is the third Benny Cooperman mystery, and it has him tracking a businessman's runaway wife to Niagara Falls, where she has gone hoping to land a bit part in a big

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American movie that is being shot there. Benny eventually finds the woman, and along the way also uncovers a lot of off-screen skulduggery, discovers two corpses, and unwittingly arouses the curiosity of the local Mafia.

As he has been from the start of the series, Engel is in good form, assembling a cast of real, interesting people and putting them through their paces with wit, economy, and confidence. There has been some talk here and there that Benny is a bit of a nebbish, that Engel, whether consciously or unconsciously, has created a timorous, low-key personality that is somehow quintessentially Canadian. But Benny is really quite aggressive (and aggressive Canadians are not unknown; some are downright pushy), and when he has to be, he's brave. He gets nervous and scared only when cops and thugs start making life difficult, a characteristic he shares with sensible peepers the world over.

It is more likely that Benny's personality is largely the result of the author's determination to create a unique private eye — a tricky thing to do, given how overpopulated the field is — and a key part of Engel's technique has been to play against the conventions of the genre. For instance, it's hard to think of detectives who even mention their parents, but Benny is a fairly dutiful son, and his encounters with his mum have become a feature of the series. In *Location* we have this one:

"Who's that? Benny, is that you?"

"Hello, Ma, how are you?"

"How am I? How should I be? My doctor's in the hospital and his locum-schlocum isn't minding the store."

"You're not feeling well?" She was standing in a wine-colored zip-up housecoat with pink feathery slippers. Her hair was still tangled from sleep and her



face was still upstairs in the bathroom.

"I'm fine, Benny. I just want people to stay in one place. It makes me nervous when my doctor's in intensive care. I hope you've eaten lunch."

He has, at the counter in the United Cigar Store near his office, where he always eats.

So far, there has been no indication that Benny Cooperman is, consciously or unconsciously, meant to be a com-

ment on the Canadian psyche. From the evidence of the first three books of the series, his creator's sole ambition is agreeable, well-crafted entertainment. □

REVIEW

Leap years

By DAVID DONNELL

Incognito, by David Young, with photographs by Jim Lang, Coach House Press, 280 pages, \$9.95 paper (ISBN 0 88910 204 X).

MAYBE I JUST think this because I grew up on *Tom Sawyer* and *Stalky & Co.*, but Canadian literature seems to specialize in serious novels about regionally ensconced families moored in stability. David Young's novel, *Incognito* (the title refers to a nuclear sub signal), subtitled "a collection," is more American in the sense that it focuses on childhood at a distance from the family and then focuses on the "jump" from childhood to *Crazy World*, instead of focusing on transition into maturity. Young's book is about adolescence as something real in a broader sense than age, real in the sense of sweat, sour apples, instant expression, first sex, acknowledged and unabstracted envy, toad fears, gender division, the spontaneity of kids who drift in from other schools, or happen to be your best friend for years and then suddenly move, complete with family, to some other town or city or another country. Leaving the fluid anarchistic institutions of childhood in disorder.

Families occur in the first half of *Incognito* but never on their own terms. They occur, blinking and serious, when they do interesting things like the purchase of a boat, the holding of family dinners at which wounded sons are exhibited like prize deer, or the backing of a serious public school interest in hockey or baseball. Otherwise, the family, unless it encounters an enormous tragedy, isn't a significant institution. It doesn't exist for any exciting, clandestine purpose, doesn't administer an exciting punitive role, play hockey or baseball or lacrosse or run shops that sell interesting things from milkshakes and athletic banquetburgers through to

stereo systems or cars. The family is a place. It's like staying at your aunt's instead of the local YMCA, except for that "hey, guy" tug of love for these two or more people with whom you grew up.

Growing up in northern Ontario contains all the basic foundations of innocence; but adulthood in North America is "making it" in a world gone slightly out of whack. The second half of *Incognito* switches from childhood to the protagonist's early 20s and a neat restaurant with terrific seafood in Madrid. Adulthood involves vacations that you take on your own to places like Pennsylvania or California, where you meet crazy people, hucksters and otherwise, or beautiful, interesting women like the recurring karmic Sarah Duke, or where you wind up in a neat little Spanish restaurant in Madrid and meet a somewhat tired and obstreperous Gene Kelly in the men's room. First adult vacations and working for a living in the new America are extraordinarily similar; they involve fluidity, entropy, psychosis, crackpot schemes that actually work but shouldn't, chickens, the absurd, a world that's in trouble but doesn't want to admit it. This is different from childhood; childhood, on Georgian Bay or otherwise, is dominated by the family, and the family, even while you're busy staying away from it, makes rebellion a secure and fairly institutionalized experience. Describing childhood is a nostalgic vista, it's hard to be savagely ironic about puberty; but describing young adulthood, our lives as they explode and transform before we have children of our own, produces a style that moves naturally into crisp post-modern irony.

Young describes the experience of first jobs and first trips in the second half of *Incognito* as the Saturday night or Monday morning news broadcast of a disparate world; and the disparity, or jump, between the first and second half of the book works to the atonal advantage of both sections. The section jump, like a slow jump shot in a film, allows the first section to wash up in the reader's mind while reading south; the contrast between the sections works both ways: childhood becomes an inescapably lost country and the adult contemporary world, complete with its maniacs, becomes not simply difficult but somewhat berserk.

One of Young's visions of Amerika in the '80s is a *Saturday Night Live* rush into the head of one Lieutenant David Phipps (Phipps's third appearance in different forms), who is an officer at the American nuclear submarine base in Guam. Phipps opens himself disingenuously to our protagonist during the nine-hour plane trip. He talks about

himself and about the base and about the subs. Sound of Coors being punched at 35,000 feet above the Pacific. Phipps, who is quite a movie buff — he sees a lot of films on-board — enjoys the feeling that he's free to disclose the occasional goodie to a green civilian. Our protagonist ruminates and prods the lieutenant who, as nuclear submarine base officers probably go, could be called a "pretty funny guy," into a dark multi-sided discussion that is one of the sharpest single chapters of the year.

This doesn't mean to say that *Incognito* answers the question of what to do about the losses of childhood or what to do about the number of farts, multiplied by 70 men, on a nuclear sub, equipped with Smart Torpedoes, cruising off the Guam coast in the 36,000-foot Marianna Trench and monitoring various 40-ton box-car sized \$20-million Keystone listening devices. That would be another novel. A different book. And as Jim Lang's brilliant photographs, of himself, to be sure, in different moods and expressions over the years, amply demonstrate, personality is to some degree indissoluble and changes to some degree from day to day; so does fiction in a sense, and so do ideas. But Young puts a number of these elements into perspective and suggests some of the implements we need to com-

bat the dangers of two abstract super-powers drunk on their own complex electronics.

Incognito suggests we need humour and perspicacity; it also suggests what we might lose if we don't succeed: children, love, naked bodies, swimming in the ocean, papayas, all human commerce, ice-cream, perfume ads, the Pope, our capacity for orgasm, scotch and ice, rock fans in faded jeans, roses, azaleas, the entire Ford works, Shakespeare, Beethoven, the country of Scotland, Niagara Falls, and even those idealistic young kids, aspiring actors from the midwest, Albert, N.Y. and elsewhere, that our travelling hero, kicking off the dust of Georgian Bay, meets in a Topanga Canyon suburb of Los Angeles, city of Angels, as the Spanish used to call it, knocking on doors and checking on residents' safety in regard to possible natural landslides. □

IN BRIEF

The Eighth Night of Creation, by Jerome Deshusses, translated from the French by A.D. Martin Sperry, Deneau Publishers, 405 pages, \$24.95 cloth (ISBN 0 88879 080 5). An ambitious,

vehement, sarcastic book that stakes its coherence on the belief that idealist philosophy and a frightening delineation of the apocalypse can be two sides of the same phenomenon. It is a relentless polemic — not only against pollution (a full 90 pages of ecological horrors are detailed) and such familiar correlative targets as industry, economics, advertising, and capitalism — but also against love, the family, science, religion, education, justice, feminism, communism, psychoanalysis, modern art, evolution, revolution, and a host of lesser scandals representing the supposed achievements of historical man. Apparently the author hates everything, and his invective is as aphoristic as Nietzsche's ("Pollution is merely the filth of the rich fashioned from the blood of the poor for the martyrdom of the humble"), merciless in judgement, and often devastatingly funny ("A man suffering from premature ejaculation is spilling milk before it reaches his mouth . . . Bulls, who are noted for premature ejaculation, are very obviously affected by this complex").

Somehow, though, Deshusses has retained a soft spot for Hegel, an oddity that provides the book with a positive philosophical thesis that is both its distinction and fatal flaw. Besides being a teacher of philosophy, Deshusses is an

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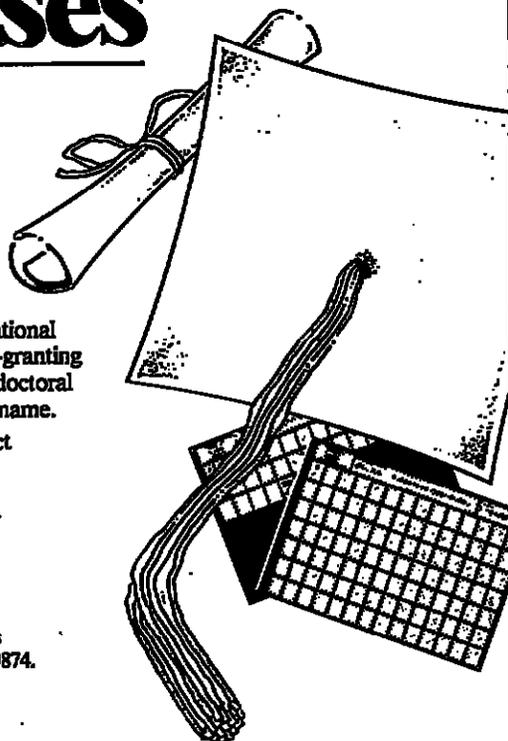
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The fairly conventional world of
Carol Shields: 'What is yielded from everyday
life is extraordinary enough'

By DORIS COWAN

encyclopedist, an advantage and a defect in his case, since he has not resisted the temptation to write intellectual autobiography. While this self-indulgence holds some wonderful satisfactions for writer and reader alike, edifices such as psychoanalysis aren't easily demolished with a few phrases. No theist is going to abandon his theism as a result of the absurdities here rediscovered in religion, and it is hard to imagine a revolutionary giving up his revolutionary principles because of a few predictable slashing asides directed at Marxism.

The book offers scant encouragement to environmental activists, since its Hegelian belief in Absolute Mind frankly abandons millions of individuals to suffering and death as the inevitable price of universal change. At the same time, since the critique establishing Absolute Mind's existence will baffle non-philosophers without being original enough to attract the interest of specialists, we are left to wonder what sort of reader might best benefit from Deshusses' virtuosity. The most sympathetic appreciation must admit there is nothing radically new here; but for the already-converted who seek a convenient catalogue of the worst the world has to offer, this may prove as useful a reference as any. — MARK KENNEDY



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by Luc Gosselin

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CAROL SHIELDS was born in Oak Park, Illinois, in 1935, and now lives in Winnipeg. A graduate of Hanover College and the University of Ottawa, she is the author of two books of poetry, *Others* (1972) and *Intersect* (1974), and a critical biography, *Susanna Moodie: Voice and Vision* (1976). She is best known, however, for her detailed, insightful portrayal of middle-class North American existence in her four novels, *Small Ceremonies* (1976), *The Box Garden* (1977), *Happenstance* (1980), and *A Fairly Conventional Woman* (1982). On a recent visit to Toronto she talked to Doris Cowan:

Books in Canada: *I found it interesting that you write books in pairs. The Box Garden was a companion to Small Ceremonies, and this new book — A Fairly Conventional Woman — is a companion to Happenstance.*

Carol Shields: I really didn't intend to write them that way. Even with *The Box Garden*, it just kind of came naturally. I had no intention of writing a companion to *Happenstance*. In fact it seemed like kind of a corny idea, and I was into something else, but I quit it and decided to do this. I guess I have a penchant for symmetry. It was very satisfying.

I did plan *A Fairly Conventional Woman* to have the same number of chapters as *Happenstance*, with a lot of echoes between the two. And the strange thing was — this was not planned — it turned out to have the same number of pages as well, exactly the same.

BIC: *But they are independent books, too. You don't have to read one to appreciate the other.*

Shields: No. But I think the two together are more than the sum of their parts. I would hope so.

BIC: *You write about middle-class, well educated, reasonably happy people. Is it safe to say that?*

Shields: I guess so.

BIC: *It makes me think of something Chekhov wrote, some advice to a young writer, to the effect that unusual, extreme or criminal events should be left to the journalists. Would you agree with that?*

Shields: Well, if you look at the best-

seller lists today you'll find that most writers today believe the reverse of that to be true. I'd have to say that if these extraordinary, violent, or criminal events haven't been a part of your experience it would be presumptuous to write about them. They haven't been part of my experience.

A rep from Bantam once said to me, "What I would like to see in your next book," — imagine someone saying that — "is a murder." Well, it's laughable. If you lived in an environment where you even knew people who knew people who'd been involved in a murder . . . but for me it's more remote even than that. I feel a long way from extraordinary events. I think you can be inventive and perhaps imagine them, but with what authenticity I'm not sure. What is yielded from what is called everyday life is extraordinary enough.

BIC: *It strikes me that the life you describe in this last book, its peace, its possibilities for reflection and thought, is itself extraordinary when you look at the rest of the world.*

Shields: You know, when you asked me about writing about middle-class, well-



Carol Shields

educated people, I think for a minute I felt a little defensive about it, because I'm in the habit of feeling defensive about it. All of those elements can have a pejorative side to them.

BIC: *I didn't mean it that way.*

Shields: No, I know you didn't, but all human relationships are complex, and these are as complex as any other, and I don't feel that I need apologize for writing about those kinds of people. But I have. Especially the word *suburban* — now that *does* have pejorative echoes. Yet I've always lived in the suburbs of

large cities and that is the terrain.

BIC: *Did you grow up in Scarborough like Judith and Charleen?*

Shields: I grew up in a suburb of Chicago. It wasn't really like Scarborough at all. But I've been to Scarborough, and I know what it is.

BIC: *Your view of life seems to be a serene one. You believe in good will and decency.*

Shields: I'm always surprised by how much decency there is around, really. And how little it's reflected in current fiction. There's a whole element of society that's just left out. I suppose it's like the press writing about the one house that's on fire . . . but why do we hear so much about the people who go under? There are so many survivors.

BIC: *Would you call your view of life classic rather than romantic? Mozart rather than Wagner?*

Shields: You could say that it's a romantic view to think that the most ordinary life is of interest. If so I have a romantic view. But I do have a horror of melodrama. I think writers feel forced into it, because we grow up with the idea that a novel has to have that moment of extraordinary climax — so events are forced in that direction.

BIC: *And you find that embarrassing to read?*

Shields: Yes, I do, I cringe. Yet I admire writers who do move me emotionally. I would like to do that better — but not at the price of the embarrassment.

But I do want to move out of what I have been writing. I've been caught in a conventional form, and I want to move outside that. In fact I'm going to move outside it. I'll still deal with the range of experience I feel comfortable with, but as far as form goes I feel much more open about it. I realize now how big and roomy a novel can be. You can go in other directions than I felt I could. I'm well into a new novel now that is quite a different kind of thing.

BIC: *You write very carefully. By that I mean that from word to word to word, you can see that care has been taken.*

Shields: Every sentence matters to me. I think that comes from writing poetry. Every sentence has to have its own balance. I do write carefully. And language is what starts it all. There was a review of *Happenstance* that said something like "her love of language gets in the way of the story," and I read that with pleasure. I hope it does. The language is first for me.

BIC: *Do you rewrite a lot?*

Shields: A lot. The first chapter of *Happenstance* was especially difficult. I must have written it 30 or 40 times. But 10 or 12 rewrites is nothing. I love to rewrite. That's where the pleasure is for me. The first draft is really hard —

harder work than I want to do. When you rewrite I suppose you fall in love with your own prose in a way, but I love to feel it's getting a shape to it.

I know some writers who'll do a whole draft right through. I couldn't. I do a couple of pages, keep rewriting until I'm happy with them, then do the next two. It reminds me of a watch, a Swiss watch. I want all the parts to go around each other just right. Though I think you do sacrifice something going the slow route . . . a certain momentum.

BIC: *The women in your books are all mothers and all of them take part in significant activities, work, outside the home. Yet they are women who a generation ago would probably have stayed at home. Do you think we are witnessing a real change in women's lives, a permanent change?*

Shields: Oh, I think so. We can't go back to innocence. You know, a radio interviewer asked me an interesting question about Brenda, the central character in *A Fairly Conventional Woman*. He asked what it was like for her to go to the convention and see "the real world." I interrupted, because the real world is also in the kitchen. I don't think the women who stayed home and were

housewives were hiding from the real world, they were part of it. There's a tendency on the part of reviewers to put in terms of minor writing anything that takes place in a domestic setting, but those women have a complex life, that has a place too. All my characters do, as you say, have other occupations, but you can smell the washing machines behind the art or the writing.

BIC: *What made you decide that you wanted to become a writer — heredity, environment, were you modelling yourself on somebody, rebelling against something?*

Shields: Well, I was always a bookish child. Rebellion, no, I was never rebellious. There were lots of public libraries; my mother was a schoolteacher . . . no writers in the family. It came out of language. You know those old Dick and Jane reading books? They're castigated now, for stereotyping, and all of those things. But I loved them. They were the key that unlocked the code. For people who grow up to be writers, I think learning to read is the central mystical experience of childhood. It was a genuine revelation to me. I think I'm a writer because I'm a reader and always was. □

PAPERBACKS

Norman Levine portrays a Canada that causes a sinking feeling of recognition: this is what we came from, this is what we are

By ANNE COLLINS

ALL I KNEW ABOUT Norman Levine before I sat down with these four books was that he was a Canadian writer who had to leave the country shortly after the Second World War in order to be able to write. He had a long hard struggle, then recognition of a heady kind in Europe (Heinrich Böll translated him into German). Then in the last half of the 1970s, along with Mavis Gallant and other exiles of the 1940s and '50s, his work, at least, was welcomed home, though still the question was asked — who did he think he was to abandon Canada (subtext: no committed Canadian writer should have).

Well, Levine has spent most of his writing career answering that question — the most important thing about him as an artist is that he left. From bits and pieces of the 15 stories in *I Don't Want*

to *Know Anyone Too Well* (first published in 1971, now reprinted by Deneau in paperback, \$9.95), a story about a writer emerges, a story Levine has told over and over again. The writer was raised in Lower Town in Ottawa, on a street of Jewish rag and fruit pedlars, immigrants from Europe who stayed bottled up in their strangeness against the cold, boredom, and indifference of the new place. The boy escaped Lower Town into the air force, picked up a little gleam and polish at an officer finishing school in Quebec City, and then was sent to England. England during the war was his golden time. The class assumptions of the English — an officer therefore a gentleman — allowed the poor Jewish officer to forget his background, in fact to invent any past he cared to. The war ended and he was

sent home. This time he escaped to McGill; he spent three years there, and fell in love with an English girl. "I graduated that summer and set out for London. With my \$5,000 fellowship; the English girl; the manuscript of my novel . . ." — a world to conquer and one to forget. The writer finished that first novel, and married an English girl (not the original one), but the thing that gnawed at him was that he ended up stranded in a small seaside town in Cornwall, as deadeningly provincial as any backwater left behind in Canada, grounded on poverty and the obtrusive psychic landscape of exile — the constant memories of home.

I then read a novel, *From a Seaside Town* (1970), another book of short stories, *Thin Ice* (1980), and Levine's autobiographical account of a trip of reckoning he made across Canada in the 1950s called *Canada Made Me*, which wasn't published here until 1979 (all are available in paperback from Deneau Publishers). There was no distinction that could be made between the fictional writer described above and Norman Levine. Embedded in the autobiography — almost word for word — were whole hunks that were turned later into short stories. In *Canada Made Me*, Levine wrote of a change in him after the war:

One still clung to a morality but without the faith that ruled it. . . . All that was left was the personal. "Life is there all the time. But a man cannot get at it except through himself." Nothing it seemed could be had secondhand. One was condemned to feed on personal experience.

For Levine, writing is telling the truth about the one certain thing — what has

happened, or not happened, to him.

From a Seaside Town is one of the best novels ever written about a writer at a dead end. Joseph Grand has no money, except for odd bits from travel pieces, and certainly never enough to move away from the cheap cottage in the place where for a summer of possibilities he was happy. Now the seaside town is grey and deserted and wintery; his wife and children are too close through thin walls, and the town's off-season isolation causes each person to feed on self because there is no other choice. Grand ends up writing "confessions" because there is nothing else to write. The effect is voyeuristic, like being let into a room where things you don't want to know about are happening. He plunks at the typewriter so his wife will think he's busy, gets bored and carries her off to bed in the afternoon, then sneaks back to his work room to write about it. He lies and cadges money and mouths false reassurances about the future. The book is revealing but claustrophobic: for Levine it must have been like describing the bars of a cage from the inside.

As a writer Levine has paid the price of his choice — all he has got is himself. In one story, "Class of 1949," the writer is visited by Victor, a rich boy from McGill who had also wanted to be a novelist but has chosen a dilettante's life of travel. After Victor leaves, the writer in his seaside town reflects that when he travels it is only back to Canada: "I deliberately remain uninvolved with things here because I don't want to lose the past — to put too many layers between." The farther he gets from the moment of exile the less he has to write about. And indeed, in Levine's more

recent short stories (collected in *Thin Ice*) he writes about being a successful fiction writer asked back to Canada for readings and terms as writer-in-residence, but constantly segues from the successful present to the moment of exile with lines like this: "it brought back a time 20 years ago when we all came over . . ." The language of the stories is almost chatty — a far cry from a prose style that said a lot by just saying enough. The successful writer is also prey to occasional trumped-up profundities that didn't exist in the earlier Levine. As in the title story, in which the fêted writer-in-residence gets stranded in a Maritime snowstorm long enough to run out of money and feel poor and unknown again. When he finally makes it home, he must dress and go off to a formal dinner:

I looked at the others. They were young, attractive, well-fed, well-dressed. How secure they all appeared. And how certain their world.

But outside I could see the snow, the cold, the acres of emptiness that lay frozen all around.

Norman Levine succeeded very well at describing failure; success seems harder for him to mine.

I read *Canada Made Me* last. In it is everything that shows Levine's stature as an artist. Every theme that has obsessed him is masterfully presented in this strange travelogue in which the writer does tell you what he sees out the window, but from the position of knowing the landscape, the people, in his bones. A country where history is knocked down or built over, or just doesn't exist in vast stretches of uninhabited northland: ". . . the appearance outside is one of nothing important really happening, of indifference, dullness, and boredom. And a sense of space, that continually reduced the importance of the human being . . ." Where the constant urge is to shed the past:

And the sons and daughters moved away from Murray Street and began to cover up their tracks. They changed their names. They charmed. They imitated. Lower Town was failure. Their parents were failures. And their own success was doomed by the reminder of failure that they carried with them.

In *Canada Made Me* Levine brought his personal failure with him for the ride — no escape possible into the material world. He travelled across the country staying in cheap hotels where storm windows wouldn't open and radiators were too hot, listening to streams of Saturday-night men barfing the proceeds of their pay-cheques into the toilet after celebrating the weekend in the beer-parlour. Levine's is a portrait of Canada written 20 years ago by someone who felt compelled to leave it, but the

COMING UP IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF BOOKS IN CANADA

BEYOND SURVIVAL

Second thoughts on a nationalistic approach
to Canadian literary criticism

by Paul Stuewe

Audrey Thomas on a new novel by Anne Hébert

I.M. Owen on Josef Skvorecky

Reviews of books by Margaret Atwood and
John Fowles, an interview with
Donald Kingsbury, and much, much more

book still causes a sinking feeling of recognition — this is what we came from; this is a large part of what we still are.

Norman Levine is a major Canadian writer whose work sparks many insights and recognitions in the reader. Yet I'm left with the sense that the posture that made the work possible — exile in a seaside town, a focus on the past and

Canada — has slightly undermined him. Levine came back to Canada to live in November of 1979, though he still spends summers in Cornwall. And he is presently working on a novel based on the past three years. The exile comes home. There should be thematic richness and irony and dislocation enough in that condition to set the particular and personal wheel of his fiction turning. □

THE BROWSER

Revisionist writing: from a mischievous anti-communist smear to the radical cultural consciousness of Antony and Cleopatra

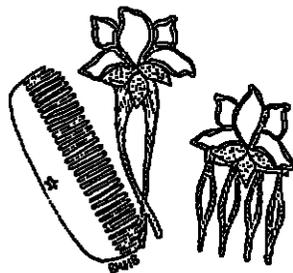
By MORRIS WOLFE

I'M TROUBLED BY the treatment of John Grierson in *The Gouzenko Transcripts*, edited by Robert Bothwell and J.L. Granatstein (Deneau, 352 pages, \$14.95 paper). The excerpt from Grierson's testimony reproduced by Bothwell and Granatstein seems mischievous (on their part) rather than conclusive of anything. It's surprising, therefore, to find Robert Fulford using that brief excerpt to further smear Grierson's name. "Innocent or not," Fulford comments in *Saturday Night*, "Grierson was shrewd enough to know when it was officially proper to be a leftist and when it wasn't; 1946 was the wrong year." In a recent interview, Harry Boyle stated that in the 1940s he and other CBC executives made sure that social issues from "health insurance to co-operatives" were discussed publicly. "We weren't ideological in the sense of proposing one particular kind of a state, but we wanted the CBC to be in the forefront; to be the national institution that could discuss these issues." That was also the view John Grierson took over at the National Film Board. Does that make Harry Boyle and his colleagues "leftists" too — i.e., "communistically inclined," as the Kellock-Taschereau Commission put it? Bothwell and Granatstein's treatment of Grierson makes me mistrustful of their editing of the rest of this book.

PIERRE BERTON'S *Why We Act Like Canadians* (McClelland & Stewart, 113 pages, \$10.00 cloth) has been much maligned. Mostly what's wrong with the book is that it's overpriced and over-packaged. Its contents, however, do provide a useful overview of the differ-

ences between Canadian and American culture — differences that most Canadians are ignorant of. M&S would have been wise to publish this book as a quality paperback at \$4.95, say.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO M&S made a similar error when it over-packaged Robert M. Hamilton and Dorothy Shields's excellent *Dictionary of Canadian Quotations and Phrases*. Although that volume contains perhaps one-tenth of such material as the *Encyclopedia of Music in Canada*, it's a bigger book. I'm glad to report, however, that Hamilton and Shields is now available in a modestly priced (\$24.95) and modestly



packaged format — about the size of Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. I find the Hamilton and Shields more useful and less idiosyncratic than *Colombo's Canadian Quotations*.

Scholars and Dollars: Politics, Economics, and the Universities of Ontario 1945-1980, by Paul Axelrod (University of Toronto Press, 270 pages, \$35.00 cloth, \$13.95 paper), doesn't tell us much we don't know. But it does carefully document an important story — the rise and fall of higher education

as a major growth industry during the past 35 years. The real question is: what happens next? Meanwhile, students have become increasingly competitive and career-conscious, and faculty are cynical. Ideas are discussed inside the classroom but have little or no relevance outside it.

IT'S APPROPRIATE, I suppose, that a country that chooses to keep on re-electing a smartass as prime minister should also have as its favourite political columnist a smartass like Allan Fotheringham. "Someone, God knows, has to save the country," he declares in the first sentence of his latest book, *Mallee in Blunderland* (Key Porter Books, 223 pages, \$16.95 cloth). And implicit in every line that follows is the assumption that if only Fotheringham or someone like him were in charge, everything would be terrific. If you like Fotheringham, you'll undoubtedly like this book. But if, as I do, you prefer the plodding style and superior insights of a Douglas Fisher, you may well want to pass on this one.

Canadian Freelance Writers: Characteristics and Issues by Brian Harrison (101 pages) is available without charge from Information Services, Department of Communications, 300 Slater Street, Ottawa K1A 0C8. The study contains no real surprises: half of the full-time freelancers earned less than \$7,000 in 1978; many freelancers supported their writing habit by doing something else — teaching, for example; male freelancers earned considerably more than female freelancers, etc. The Applebert report, of course, is going to change all that.

GERALD CLARK'S *Montreal: The New Cité* (McClelland & Stewart, 243 pages, \$19.95 cloth) is a fascinating look at a city that the rest of the country has come to believe is in decline. Clark's portrait is based on interviews with some 200 Montrealers, including such diverse individuals as René Lévesque, Mordecai Richler, Paul Desmarais, and Ken Dryden. "Montreal," Clark argues, "is not a decaying city. It is a reshaped city . . . dominated by a fresh wave of French rather than English Canadians. This is a . . . development that should be regarded in the affirmative sense. . . . Even such a contentious measure as Bill 101 . . . can be looked on as a challenging evolution that removes most of the emotional appeal of separatism."

DISTRIBUTION AND promotion being what they are among small presses, all too few readers are aware of the fine series of connected novellas by Abraham Ram that Golden Dog Press (15 Ossington Avenue, Ottawa K1S 3B3) has

published over the past several years. *The Noise of Singing* appeared in 1975 and *Dark of Caves* in 1977. A third novella, *Once in Woods* (143 pages), now has appeared. Ram reminds me of Richler. He's frequently as funny. Someone in *Once in Woods*, for example, is writing a modern left-wing version

of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* "in which two working-class sweat-shop Jewish immigrants [Able and Clara] . . . play out their grand passion to a mighty chorus of Singer sewing machines." And like Richler, Ram's parts (you'll excuse the expression) are superior to the whole. □

FILM

Metre readings: Ron Mann's celluloid anthology is a sweeping, but commercially safe, celebration of poetry

By STEVEN SMITH

NEAR THE BEGINNING of *Poetry in Motion*, anti-narrator Charles Bukowski says that poetry "hasn't shown any guts. It hasn't shown any dance, any moxy." In his film Ron Mann sets out to prove Bukowski wrong.

Mann, a young independent filmmaker, has a penchant for penetrating areas that past cineastes have been unwilling to explore. With the success of his jazz film *Imagine the Sound* behind him, he has turned his attention to poetry, with a slant toward the most oral, and most performance-oriented aspects of that art. His stance is one that might not be supported by more academic practitioners. Film requires drama and movement, the very moxy and dance that Bukowski, with a bit of self-mockery, claims poetry lacks.

Mann has cleverly imposed Bukowski as the linking mechanism that threads through performances by 26 other poets, including Americans Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, and John Giorno (who is also the film's associate producer), and Canadians Christopher Dewdney and Michael Ondaatje. These and others flesh out a celluloid anthology that celebrates poetry as an energized form, an expression of the voice and the body.

A second linking element is the theme of sound. For the most part, the poets presented either use sound dramatically or talk about it. (Included are brief comments by the poets on individual approaches to their craft.) John Cage, for example, says with respect to Thoreau that "the sounds we notice are merely bubbles on the surface of silence."

Poetry in Motion has the strengths and weaknesses of any anthology. A sampling of many poets can whet the

appetite for more, while the full scope of one poet's work cannot be seen, and, of course, the selection process means that more poets are left out than are included. Mann takes a sweep rather than a stand on the frontier of poetry. This allows him a broad definition and the opportunity to appear daring without becoming too venturesome in poetic or commercial terms.

Poets who aggressively emphasize performance include John Giorno, with his repeated bits of street wisdom; Anne Waldman, with her energetic tribute to "empty space"; and Kenward Emslie, whose country and western parody is accompanied by ghetto blaster. Poets who are unquestionably good, but who read in the traditional fashion, include Ted Berrigan, William Burroughs, and Robert Creeley. These three seem to have the most tenuous attachment to the film's linking themes. I wonder if their presence has something to do with the commercial aspects of their reputations.

Performers from both ends of the spectrum provide the film's highest moments. Amiri (LeRoi Jones) Baraka's poem for recently deceased "black cultural workers" Bob Marley and Larry Neele, with live, funky back-up on drums and saxophone, is moving and well integrated. Christopher Dewdney's reading of his scientific and sensual imagery, carried in one unedited five-minute shot, is captivating. Ed Sanders's sung homage to Henri Matisse, in which he accompanies himself on finger synthesizer, is a sensitive and beautiful moment. The non-semantic sonic explosion by the *Four Horsemen* is challenging. And finally (and he is the last to appear) Miguel Alagarin presents a delicate tonal mode derived from his native heritage.

Cinematically the film is excellent. Effectively set, lit, and shot, the performers are given fine visual renderings. Shooting with multiple cameras has allowed Mann and editor Peter Wintonick visual variety. The editing is tasteful, fluid, and often beautifully unhurried, and the sound reproduction is superb. Some visual moments that stand out include the first view of Amiri Baraka in the whitened, slatted set we will eventually see much more of; Tom Waits in dappled shadows and silhouette; and Ted Berrigan in an infinity of mirrors.

Poetry in Motion is fine, but not perfect. Even documentaries must observe dramatic structure — they must build to something — but Mann's film starts high, rolls high for an hour, then drops off with a third of the film still to go. To my mind, the weakest performers come near the end. Jayne Cortez does not fuse with her accompanying free-jazz players. Diane di Prima's slide show and live piano accompaniment for a poem about light is passionless, boring. Ntozake Shange, backed by two dancers and a contrapuntal piano, doesn't live up to potential, and her verbal message is more polemic than poetic. Allen Ginsberg, looking like an impish banker, raging in front of a rock band, comes off a bit silly, but is admittedly different.

Ending the film — or at least beginning the ending — with Jim Carroll (the first three end points) made no sense to me. The camera pans (à la Godard) the gathered technicians and support staff, including the director, and pauses on Carroll reading, and appearing about to self-destruct. The piece he reads does not have the depth or strength to provide punctuation here. (Better at this point would have been the *Horsemen* or Michael McClure.) Next Bukowski provides a gruffly charming goodnight, and Miguel Alagarin chants beautifully over the credits.

Poetry in Motion provides a more stimulating introduction to contemporary North American poetry than most high-school English curricula. For this reason, the film will doubtless have an impact on the secondary market, in educational broadcasts and distribution on high-school and university circuits, where some of its appeal will lie in the artists' engaging eccentricity. Mann recalls a private screening he gave to a CBC executive, who "finished watching it, looked at the screen, at me, at the screen again, then looked at me and said, 'Ron, all these people should be in a mad house.'"

From that moment, says Mann, "I knew I was doing the right thing." □

More than just books, eight new poetry collections from the West are visual works of art

By ROBERT KROETSCH

BOTH THE EYE and the mind are well served by Longspoon Press; indeed, the star of this year's list from Edmonton's booming poetry press is not so much one book in particular as it is Jorge Frascara, the designer of all eight. Frascara, who teaches design at the University of Alberta, first of all creates a page that gives the poem to the reader. He creates around the text a book that is at once a book for reading and an object of precise yet sensuous delight.

Writing Right: Poetry by Canadian Women, edited by Douglas Barbour and Marni L. Stanley (192 pages, \$10.00 paper), in fact contains, with the poems of 16 poets, the work of eight visual artists. That work, by artists as different as Lyndal Osborne and Liz Ingram-Gagnon, Karen Dugas and Margaret May, states its own validity, yet contributes surprise, contrast, confirmation, kinds of illumination, in the course of the reading experience.

This is perhaps the most exciting among the books of Longspoon's fine crop. It includes enough work by each poet, ranging from long sequences by Ann York and Gertrude Story to fragments ("piecework") by Mary Howes and posthumously published first-draft notes by Lela Parlow, to allow the reader to participate in the heady pleasure of anthology-making. Erin Mouré's "Seven Rail Poems" confirms her standing as a poet of the exact mystery of our daily lives. Leona Gom continues to grow into darkness, her poems taking on a looming resonance of memory and place. Among the newer writers, Claire Harris and Anne Campbell suggest books to come — Harris letting the possibilities of prose into her poetry, Campbell pressing at the edges of self itself:

*I am edging out
of the way I think
I like to look*

Finally, Sharon Thesen and Daphne Marlatt conclude the anthology by taking on nothing less than paradise. Thesen continues her work as our poet of "the broken garden," telling us explicitly that

*A weird austerity prevails
even in the broken garden*

*where the sweet-faced pansies bloom
among the weeds. . . .*

Marlatt concludes the book magnificently with her "Stages of Paradise, that pleasure park" and its concluding lines:

*clarity & a
magnetic tongue, the lyric
transpose
syntax of old alleys, old
passageways of pairi-daēza
climbing the walls even
to get over it*

Doug Beardsley, in *Kissing the Body of My Lord* (64 pages, \$7.50 paper), writes a series of poems presenting real and imagined episodes in the life of Marie Guyart, one of the five principal founders of New France, and quite probably destined to become Canada's first saint. The language of her 20,000 letters makes her, in Beardsley's own words, co-author of the book. Beardsley lets the language speak itself; the book is "saint-like" in its refusal of both irony and "ego interference"; the reproductions of early prints reinforce a complex sense of both absence and presence.

David McFadden, in *Country of the Open Heart* (56 pages, \$8.50 paper), continues his own wrestling with secular sainthood, his own long dream of paradise that keeps him tossing in bed. His comic agony (agon: agonistes) finds proclamation in his titles: "The Discovery of Paradise Was Billed," "A Dog is Barking in the Garden of Eden." McFadden speaks always the abundance of language, a refusal of its categories of discourse, and the result is a continuing series of poems that baffle us into understanding. This book is part three of his series, *The Kootenay Sonatas*.

George Bowering, like David McFadden, like Mary Howes, is a poet of reckless humour, a humour that disorders the world. His response to the incipient or repentant cosmologists is simply:

*there never was a paradise
. . .*

*Paradise is only diseased cells
on the sides of a few million brains.
Crack to no Hesperides, you guys.
Paradise died about the time you were
born*

And with that load off his mind, Bower-

ing makes of *Smoking Mirror* (64 pages, \$7.50 paper) a book of high lyric. He becomes the true lyric poet, the singer of bliss, a bliss that is at once sacred and profane, mocking and loving, foolish and wise. *Smoking Mirror* is a book from the poet Bowering swears he isn't.

Two poets, Cecelia Frey and Glenn Deer, speak for the rural-urban agon in our poetry. Deer, in *Excuses for Archery* (50 pages, \$7.00 paper), is the grab-bag poet of city edges, an Ezra Pound with a few beers under his belt, and he acknowledges, if somewhat grudgingly, a debt to Pound:

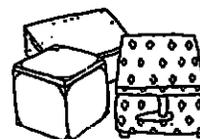
*The New Music discspinner giggles:
it's Kulchur Nite, I command you
don't touch that dial, we know
the Leafs are playing.*

The major poem in Deer's collection is "Lou sucked flies, was Darwin's idiot," a poem that subjects rural experience to an urban sensibility, sentimental about its being unsentimental.

Cecelia Frey, in *The Least You Can Do Is Sing* (52 pages, \$7.00 paper), portrays not so much the rural world becoming urban as the rural world recalling its shamanistic source. Hers is a world of transformations, of selves that interchange with selves, of people and landscape that become each other. In "Sand castles" she writes:

*There is my sister
the one pouring sand through
her fine hair
that is how we spent time
when the tide was out. . . .*

John Nold, like Frey, is a poet of metamorphoses. Nold is a visual artist as well as a poet, and in his book, *Awe* (56 pages, \$7.50 paper), the world of humans and the world of nature become, visibly, one. Photographs and windows and dragonflies and cats are not caught in any binary of culture and



nature. The world exchanges itself with itself. The only rule is the subtle persistence of transformation:

*sap can be heard ascending
and descending inside trees
if your ear is pressed to the trunk —
the warmth of our bodies seems almost
extravagant —
no heron have yet appeared
but there are pileated woodpeckers and
we watch
a kingfisher dive from treetop
to a single pool
where the ice has thawed through —*

Wilfred Watson's *Mass on Cowback* (136 pages, \$15.00 paper) is literally a book of poems and a book as an art

object. It too is a book of transformations, with paradise as its implicit text. Frascera has printed the book on construction paper of five different and dramatic colours. The poems are taken from the first 22 of the notebooks kept by Watson since June, 1980, approximately the date when he moved from the Prairies to Vancouver Island. The poems and drawings represent Watson's immediate responses to his environment and to the workings of his own mind, a tabulation not only of place and idea,

but of sound and sight as well, for most of the poems are written onto or against a number grid. The numbers function to arrest the eye, let the poem be heard. We hear Marshall McLuhan speaking to Diane Bessai, we hear Watson speaking a prayer to or against the long poem. And all this heresy and belief is organized (from "Kyrie" to "Agnus Dei") in terms of the saying of the Mass.

The editors of Longspoon have stopped playing catch-up. Watch out for their celestial dust. □

FIRST NOVELS

Of mice and Mennonites: from picaresque adventures in 17th-century Canada to the last remaining virgin in Montreal

By DOUGLAS HILL

ONE GLANCE at the prose of Isaac Quiring's *Strangled Roots* (Detselig Enterprises, 186 pages, \$8.95 paper) and you want to hit the nearest exit. The book's dreadfully written, and no editor seems to have helped the author in his struggles with syntax, rhythm, and grammar. The dialogue is the most clumsily unnatural I've encountered lately; as for interior monologue:

"Oh well," he mused, "it was not the only surprise he and his brother had received since they had moved into the district three years before. The biggest problem was in trying to put together the apparent religious and cultural fervor projected by the people of the community and the double standard that operated particularly with regard to sexual things."

("Whew," I mused.)

But the thing has a certain rude gawky charm in spite of all the inadequacies. Set in Mennonite Alberta, it's the story of teenaged Frank Tilitsky and his considerable adolescent turmoil. The ingredients in his stew are "critical parents, religious frustration, and marriages forced by pre-marital sex." The senior Tilitskys are "Christians" — born-again, bigots by nature; most of the other families in Goose Lake take God less seriously. Frank is sensitive and responsible; he tries to take direction from all the demands his society (and his girlfriend) impose.

Quiring is in earnest about his story, and has the background to understand and colour the experiences he depicts

and comments upon. The novel is flavourful, even at times entertaining; it comes out of an experience few of us share. More the pity, then, that it's crippled by a shaky structure and incompetent prose. I can't imagine many readers — besides those who bear a Mennonite heritage — bothering with *Strangled Roots* after that first glance.

BY THE END of paragraph one of Donna Steinberg's *I Lost It All in Montreal* (Avon Books, 272 pages, \$2.95 paper), I think I'm about to lose it. Two hundred pages more of the narrator's bright tiresome voice and my hearing will be gone. But soon that voice — it belongs to Shayna Pearl Fine ("the one and only certifiable twenty-three-year-old virgin in Hampstead . . . maybe even Montreal . . . probably even the world") — connects to such a manic rowdy energy I surrendered to its buzz.

The plot's not much: Shayna is middle-class suburban Montreal, B.A. McGill, an apprentice journalist, almost engaged to Stanley ("an overweight, balding guy who has all the personality and sex appeal of a piece of gefilte fish"), certain that There Must Be More To Life. Into her frustration roars a genuine dream lover — a bearded rock star on a motorcycle — to carry her away, deflower her, and — what else? — give her a dose of identity crisis. All ends happily: wish-fulfilment topped with old-fashioned teen-novel sugar frosting.

Steinberg's writing is professional if not particularly inspired. There are Yid-

dishisms aplenty, Jewish parent jokes, Jewish princess jokes. Sample snappy dialogue:

"Jesus Christ!" I sat bolt upright.

"No, it's just me, your mother. Sorry to disappoint you."

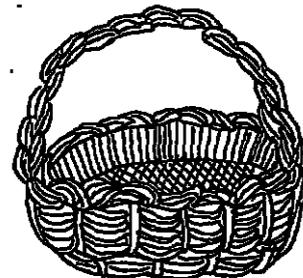
There's enough explicit sex, however, to compensate for all the family firestorms and dinners, and an outrageously funny scene or two.

I Lost It has a lot of surface — it churns and boils — but little depth. Enjoyable. Froth.

Racing Tides, by Martin Kevan (Stoddart, 283 pages, \$16.95 cloth), is an ambitious attempt at the pseudo-historical picaresque. Purporting to be the long-lost journals of one Sodric du Gaille (found and translated by one Martin Kevan), it details, with considerable erudition and invention, an early 17th-century colonization of Canada's Atlantic coast. Ambitious indeed, but surprisingly unfocused and uninteresting.

Sodric is a potentially appealing fictional hero: bright, naive, confused, with features "that suit a petty thief and gambler." In debt and without a future in his native land, he signs on (claiming to be a seminarian) with the company of the Sieur de Monts, whose charter gives him exclusive rights to most of Eastern Canada. The book follows their adventures, and simultaneously opens up Sodric's own search for self, meaning, and religious principles (it's a mixed expedition — Catholic and Huguenot) and for the secret of his parents' mysterious life (they're probably spies).

Racing Tides is a compendium of political history, natural history, Indian lore and legend, folk tale and bawdry, sorcery and parapsychological experience. There are some funny scenes; some vitality is generated during Sodric's episodes of religious crisis. And



there are characters, Indian and French, whose presence lingers, amuses.

But the book proceeds chiefly by discussion, and to carry that off successfully it needs to find a voice or voices — a period prose style — to grab and occupy the reader's attention. Too often Kevan's dialogues and colloquies are tedious, his humour predictable and

ponderous. Plot, too, is simply not compelling. The situation isn't helped by occasional factual inconsistencies and typographical errors, and by characters who announce, "the savages are not like we of Europe" (or later, "their demise has been caused by we of St. Malo").

For all its geography, Kevan's book offers little sense of place; for all its characters, little life but much talk. *Racing Tides* is adequate to its conception, but a disappointment. □

LETTERS

The French connection

Sir:

I realize that Albert Russo's amusing account of the judging of the Prix de l'Europe (Field Notes, December) had more to do with the antics of Eugène Ionesco than with the accomplishments of Alice Parizeau. Nevertheless, his dismissive reference to her as a writer "who had been born in Poland and who now lives in Quebec" is hardly adequate recognition.

Alice Parizeau is not quite so unknown inside Quebec. *The Lilacs Bloom in Warsaw* was her seventh novel. She is also a professor of criminology at the University of Montreal and, incidentally, the wife of Quebec Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau.

In winning the award, she joins Gabrielle Roy, Antonine Maillet, and Anne Hébert (who recently won the Prix Femina for *Les Fous de Bassan*) as a writer whose influence extends beyond French Canada into the entire French-speaking world.

All four, you might note, are women.

Victoria Ellison
Clandeboye, Ont.

Our mistake

Sir:

I was extremely distressed to discover that you had edited my letter (November) and had, quite arbitrarily and without consulting me, left out six names from the women writers I mentioned. These were: Margaret Atwood, Adele Wiseman, Marian Engel, Jane Rule, Audrey Thomas, and Mavis Gallant. These omissions distort the en-

tire intention of my letter and also make me look like an illiterate idiot. I realize you sometimes have to edit for length, but that was not wise editing.

Margaret Laurence
Lakefield, Ont.

Editor's Note: Books in Canada regrets the omissions, which were not the result of malicious editing but an error in typesetting.

CANWIT NO. 79

Now is the winter of our discontent . . .

RICHARD III (then still Duke of Gloucester) has other things on his mind when he speaks those words at the beginning of Shakespeare's play, but considering the condition of our country these days, they seem just as appropriate this winter. Contestants are invited to provide their own commentary on the state of the nation in poems, of any verse form, that begin with the line, "Now is the winter of our discontent." (A question of going from bad to verse.) The prize is \$25. Deadline: February 1. Address: CanWit No. 79, *Books in Canada*, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto M5A 3X9.

Results of CanWit No. 77

OUR REQUEST for titles for sure-fire best-sellers prompted a flood of cynicism, though many entrants made suggestions more likely to repel readers than to attract them. (As usual, most of these had to do with the behaviour of various politicians.) The winner is Dean Jobb of Halifax for the following best-seller list:

- Gag Me with a Spoon, Eh?: Bob and Doug McKenzie's Dictionary of Valley Girl Slang*. Foreword by William Safire
- Margaret Trudeau's Workout Book*
- "I'm Out of Work" and Other Hit Songs of 1982, collected by Lloyd Axworthy
- A Concise Guide to Federal By-elections*, edited by Jim Coutts and Peter Worthington
- 101 Solutions to Rubik's Cube or How the Constitution Was Patriated*, by Pierre E. Trudeau

Honourable mentions:

- Lamontagne's Fighting Ships*
- Brian Peckford's Book of Seals*
- Anne Murray's Bank Book*
— A. Douglas, Toronto
- Pierre Berton's Book of Commonplace Thoughts*
- Knawilton Nash's Book of Goodnight Stories*
— Ron Robinson, Winnipeg

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— Another Heidelberg, You Say? —
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— Gather Your Sheets the Preferred Way —
The Basics of Production to Aid in More Effective Buying
March 15,22,29; April 5

— Artist of the Printed Page —
Book Designers and Their Important Role
February 17,24; March 3,10

— History of the Book —
March 17,24,31; April 7

— The 90 Minute Hour —
Time Management for Everyone
January 20,27

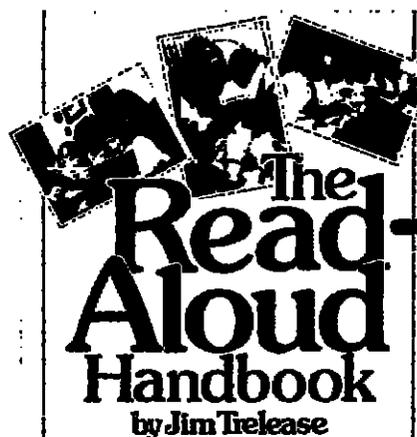
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- *The Pierre Trudeau Illustrated Book of Sign Language*
- *The Prince and I*, by Koo Stark
— M. Maureen Killoran,
Hamilton, Ont.

THE EDITORS RECOMMEND

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

FICTION

Running in the Family, by Michael Ondaatje, McClelland & Stewart. Ostensibly a reminiscence of his family life in Sri Lanka, Ondaatje's narrative slips through a net of categories: documentary slides into fantasy, prose into poetry, and history, personal and otherwise, into myth.

NON-FICTION

Grits: An Intimate Portrait of the Liberal Party, by Christina McCall-Newman, Macmillan. In graceful, sly, incisive prose, McCall-Newman weaves a dramatic web of gossip, gamesmanship, and backroom tales of how power is wielded in the surprisingly petty big leagues of Canadian politics.

POETRY

West Window: The Selected Poetry of George Bowering, General Publishing. Bowering's selections — prose-poems, long poems, and a handful of pieces that have not before appeared in book form — show a poet still in process, still looking for the questions for which there are no rational answers, exploring the space that poetry fills.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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

The ABC of Psychology, edited by Leonard Kristal, John Wiley & Sons.
Abortion and Contraception, by Dr. Henry Morgentaler, General Publishing.
The Ageless Exercise Plan, by Charles Godfrey and Michael Feldman, Fleet Books.
Alberta Landscapes, by Grant MacEwan and Rusty Macdonald, Western Producer Prairie Books.
Alcoholism and Women, by Jan Bauer, Inner City Books.
All One Sentence, by Cynthia Whitney, The Golden Dog Press.
Almost Everything, by Bobbie Louise Hawkins, The Coach House Press.
Amfithion, by Chris Scott, Quadrant Editions.
The Argo Bounce, by Jay Teitel, Lester & Orpen Dennys.
The Arts and Tourism, Ontario Ministry of Citizenship and Culture.
The Beelgard Gene Pool, by Gene Decker, Quadrant Editions.
Ballads of a Bench Warmer, by David Pierce, Caislan Press (U.S.).

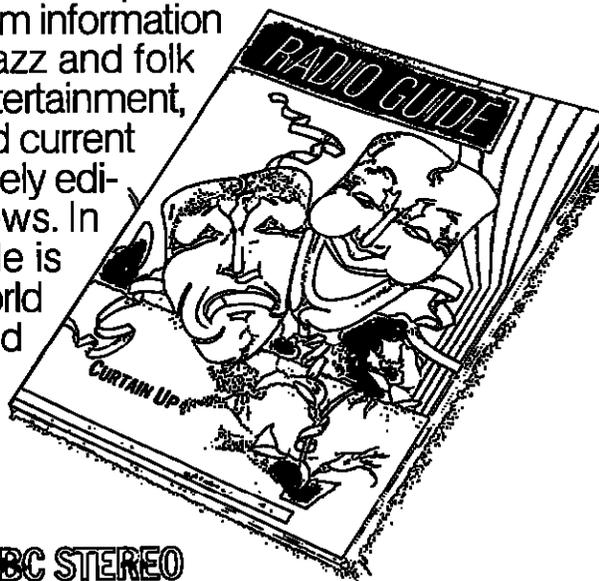
Belonging: Identity and Social Organization in British Rural Societies, edited by Anthony P. Cohen, The Institute of Social and Economic Research, Memorial University of Newfoundland.
The Benefactor, by George Woodcock, Oolichan.
The Better Way to Go: Cross Country Skiing, by Stan Talesnick, Amethyst.
Between the Root and the Flower, by A.F. Moritz, Blackfish Press.
Beyond Labels, by Robert Zend, Hounslow Press.
Bikepacking into Countrysides and Lifestyles, by Phil Norton, Blake Press Canada.
Bird-watching, by John Rodgers, Douglas & McIntyre.
Breakers: Stories from Newfoundland and Labrador, by Paul O'Neill, Breakwater.
Canada and the United States in the 1980s, Canadian Institute of International Affairs.
Canada Illustrated: The Art of Nineteenth Century Engraving, Drendaught.
Canadian Children's Annual 1983, Potlach Publications.
A Canadian Yuletide Treasury, Clarke Irwin.
Change of Tide, by Lance Woolaver, illustrated by Anna Gamble, Nimbus.
Christmas in the West, by Hugh A. Dempsey, Western Producer Prairie Books.
The Church and Persons with Handicaps, by H. Oliver Onsterg, Herald Press.
The City Under Ground, by Suzanne Martel, Greenwood Books.
The Collected Plays of Gwen Pharis Ringwood, edited by Enid Delgatty Rutland, Borealis Press.
Competition Versus Monopoly, by Donald Armstrong, The Fraser Institute.
Constance or Solitary Practices, by Lawrence Durrell, Stoddart.
Crimes of the Secret Police, by Robert Dion, Black Rose Books.
Culture in Canada today: Issues and attitudes, by Frank L. Graves and Brian L. Kinsley, Research and Statistics Directorate, Arts and Culture Branch, Department of Communications, Government of Canada.
Cultural Facilities: Oversupply or Undersupply?, by Barry deVillie and Brian Kinsley, Research and Statistics Directorate, Arts and Culture Branch, Department of Communications, Government of Canada.
The Day the Fabrics Went on Strike!, by Linda Briskin and Maureen Fitzgerald, illustrated by Barbara Eidlitz, Press Gang.
Dictionary of Newfoundland English, edited by G.M. Storey et al., U of T Press.
Don't Let Them Smell the Lobsters Cooking, by Stuart Trueman, M & S.
The Dream of Nation, by Susan Mann Trofimenkoff, Macmillan.
Dreams of Empire, by Andre Vachon, Public Archives Canada.
The Effects of Transition to Confederation on Public Administration in Newfoundland, by J.C. Channing, The Institute of Public Administration of Canada.
Eleven Poems, by Elizabeth Smart, Owen Kirton Publishing (U.K.).
Elfiabl, by Steve Fitcher, Hayes Publishing.
Energy Tomorrow, by Peter Hansany, Academic Publishing (1980).
European Hockey Drill Book, by Alex Andjelle and Doug Hearn, Fleet Books.
50 Stories and a Piece of Advice, by David Aronson, Turnstone Press.
Finnish Fairy Tales and Stories for Children, Borealis Press.
The First Person, by Pierre Turgeon, translated by David Lobdell, Oberon.
A Floral ABC, by Elizabeth Cameron, John Wiley & Sons.
For Services Rendered, by John Sawatsky, Doubleday.
Four Earthen Vessels, by Urie A. Bender, Herald Press.
From a High Thin Wire, by Joan Clark, NeWest Press.
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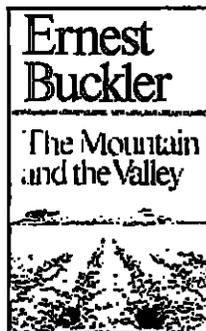
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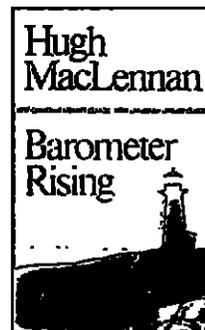
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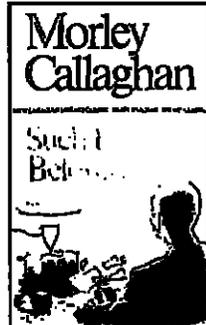
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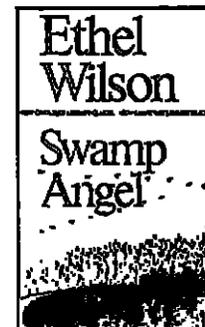
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