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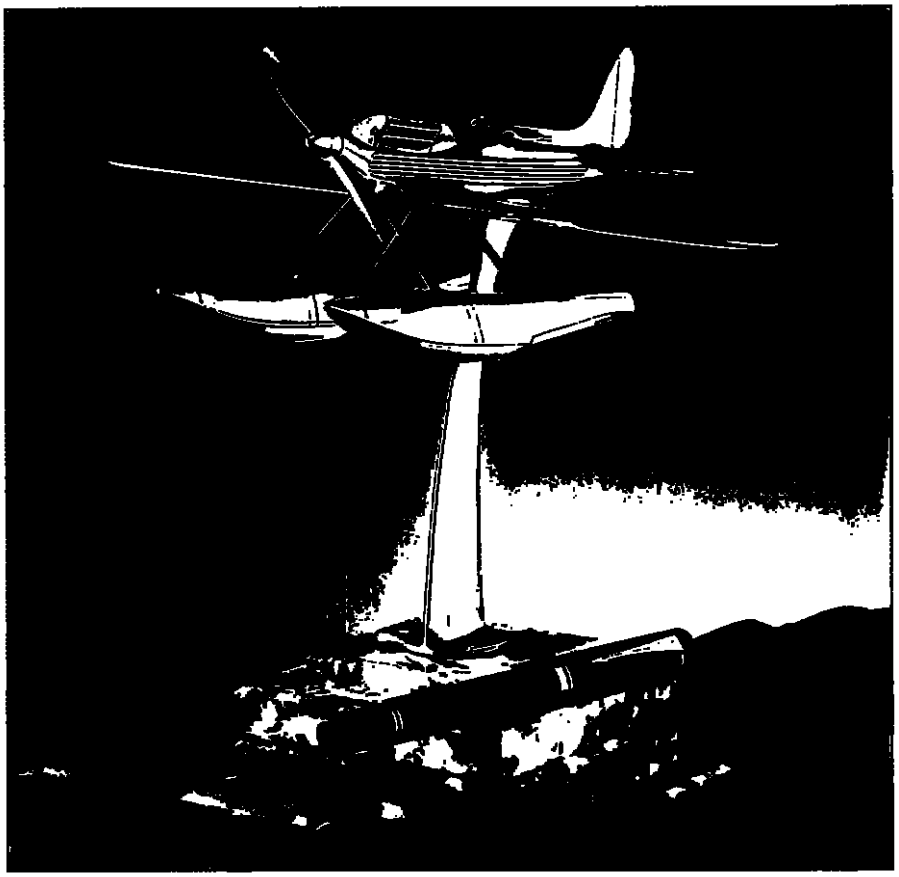
BOOKS IN CANADA

LETTERS OUT: A PROFILE OF WENDY LILL

FLESH AND BLOOD: SCENES FROM A NEW PLAY BY DON HANNAH

AN INTERVIEW WITH ANN-MARIE MACDONALD

Wendy Lill



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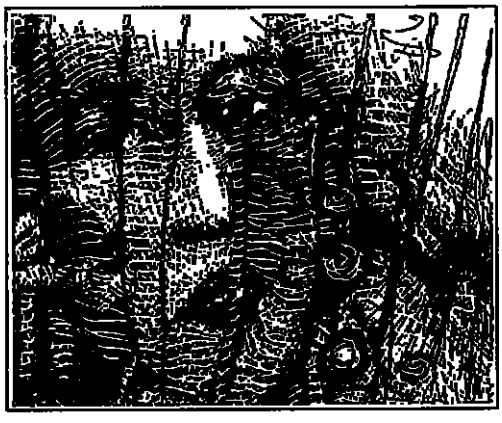

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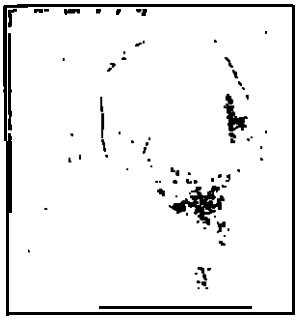

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LETTERS

RACISM IN THE ARTS

IN CAROLE CORBEIL'S piece on PEN Canada, "Freedom and Power" (December), I am quoted as saying, "I don't care about PEN, I care about racism." Further along in the piece Ms. Corbeil writes that there's "a strategic problem with using an organization that is technically open to reform as a platform for protesting racism, especially when the event targeted is more representative than most cultural institutions in thii country." Together these statements erroneously suggest that PEN Canada was somehow a hapless victim used by Visii 21 to further some larger aim.

When I spoke with Ms. Corbeil she suggested that I join PEN and, in fact, questioned why 1 wasn't a member of PEN Canada. Ma. Corbeil also suggested that PEN Canada was doing good work and that it was, therefore, the wrong organization to be criticizing. It was in response to these comments that I mid that I didn't care about PEN, but I cared about racism. In other words, I do not consider it an answer to an identification of racism in an organization to be told I should be, or asked why I am not, a member of that organization. By that logic I ought to be a member of just about every organization in this country. Nor do I consider it an answer to be told that the organization is doing good works. So does the Catholic Church, so does the United Nations. Surely their good works do not absolve them of any criticism, or the consequences of their actions. I do not believe that I have to be a member of an organization to criticize it, particularly when that organization makes use of public funds, as FEN Canada has done.

Thii argument has, however, been the most consistent one I have heard since the PEN Congress. It is all of a piece with Ms. Corbeil's other argument that PEN is an organization that is "technically open to reform." I am happy that Ms. Corbeil modified the openness of PEN with the adjective "technically." Is PEN as technically open as the Writers' Union was to considering matters of racism in writing and publishing? Many of the members of the latter organization belong to PEN Canada, and I certainly did not read of, or hear of, their open support for the issue at the last AGM of the Writers' Union. So how open is technically open?

Ms. Corbeil states that the event — I assume by that she means the congress — was more representative (in what way?) than most cultural institutions in this country. The problem I have with this statement is that Ms Corbeil is comparing an event-a one-shot event-with cultural institutions. My understanding is that the make-up of PEN Canada is comparable to most other cultural organizations in terms of the race and ethnicity of its members: it is very much white dominated. Thii is not necessarily to impute unsavoury motives to the organization or its members — it is mealy to state a fact.

With respect to the congress and its representative nature. Ms. Corbeil is, I believe, alluding to the argument I have heard frequently, that PEN Canada invited many miters from the "Third World." How is that an answer to racism in writing and publishing in Canada! And why should the presence of such writers silence the legitimate concerns of African, Asian, or Native Canadian writers? Isn't it profoundly insulting to tell these latter writers that they ought not to criticize racism in writing and publishing in Canada because PEN Canada has brought x number of "Third World" writers to its congress?

I strongly object to the suggestion that PEN Canada was "used." The only way such a reading of the situation surrounding the 54th Congress is possible is by concluding that I, along witb other members of Vision 21, fabricated the facts we presented in our leaflets. In its statement to the press, PEN Canada manipulated the percentages by changing the base figures, but not the numbers, to show that representation of African, Asian, or Native Canadians was 12 to 23 per cent. The fact remains that seven out of 51 of the Anglophone Canadian delegates were of African, Asian, or Native background. We considered that that was not good enough, and June Callwood, the current president of PEN Canada, admits in a letter to Vision 21 that PEN Canada "could have done better."

This is not the place to enter into a detailed criticism of the congress. Anyone who is interested may read the most recent issue of *Fuse* magazine, which contains three articles on the matter. I do, however, wish to state that I do not consaider *any* organization above criticism if such criticism is warranted. I along with other writers and artists believed it was warranted in this case. I had always believed that the right to one's opinions and to the expression of them was one of the democratic rights we defend most strongly in the West. I have come to see that many believe thii to be a right provided it is not directed against certain organizations like PEN Canada. But isn't that the rub with democracy?

It is chastening to note that had June Callwood not told me and other members of Vision 21 to "fuck off,' this issue -the issue of racism in the arts, in writing and publishing-would certainly not have gained the attention it has. I also believe that that attention would have dissipated had Ms. Callwood acknowledged her error and apologized. Ms. Callwood has a great enough fund of good will in this country. The type of attention the media have given this matter is revealing in that they have been far less interested in the issues of racism and anti-racism than in the confrontation between Vision 21 and June Callwood and/or PEN Canada. This approach also confirms for me how inconsequential matters involving racism are considered in tbii country. I also happen to believe that Ms. Callwood's instinctive response was very much reflective of that attitude. Despite our request to apologize, Ms. Callwood has refused to do so-she is, in fact. quoted in *Maclean's* magazine as saying that it is Vision 21 that ought to apologize. What is remarkable is that PEN Canada is silent about this and, apparently, considers her refusal irrelevant.

The issue is a much broader one than PEN Canada. Racism permeates all aspects of the arts in Ontario and Canada, from individual publishers right up to the arts councils. If PEN Canada is truly committed to the ideals of freedom of expression, and to a society free of racism, it ought to throw its weight behind a call for a public inquiry into racism in the arts in this province.

Marlene Nourbese Philip
Toronto

WE'RE PUZZLED BY Margaret Atwood's contempt for "nervous white liberal journal&' when her own approach seems so similar to theirs. Whenever artists and activists of colour protest their exclusion from works of art or events that claim to represent them, this scenario is constructed again and again: hurt, baffled, white, well-intentioned artists or organizers are juxtaposed with angry, aggressive protesters who "blast," "accost," "attack,

"hassle," "cripple," "demolish," end do "sniper routines." Ours is "the unkindest cut of all."

What becomes apparent is that while everyone is ready to concede that racism is pervasive in the arts and in the arts-funding system, few agree when particular instances are protested. They'll focus just about anywhere else — on censorship, accuracy, intentions — and be endlessly defensive about the artists or organizations in question. In Atwood's scenario, the pain caused by the criticisms of the PEN Congress takes precedence over whatever might have inspired those criticisms in the first place. Correspondingly, those criticized must be more vulnerable than their "attackers." Thus PEN's lack of strength is contrasted with Vision 21 which, she implii, has pursued our protest for no other reason she can think of than as a "demonstration of power." June Callwood is portrayed as "out on the street" end Vision 21, presumably, would be flexing our muscles had we not been so busy discrediting ourselves through our extremism and our indifference to PEN as an organization.

Atwood is able to focus on the "accused" (end deny any racism in relation to PEN) because she shifts the terrain from systemic to individual racism: "When you accuse organizations of it [racism] you are accusing the individuals in them. and vou run the risk of demolishing their lives." Systemic and structural racism (the consequences of rules, procedures, criteria, organizational composition. and hierarchies in societv and in arts organizations that exclude "other" racial groups from equal levels of participation) are ignored in favour of the classic liberal interpretation of racism — deliberate acts done by prejudiced individuals against particular victims. Systemic racism, however, means that if "lack of awareness" (referred to by Carole Corbeil) has an exclusionary effect, the" regardless of intention that lack of awareness perpetuates racism.

Siie Atwood raised the question of power, it's worth noting the context in which protests Iii Vision 21's are occurring. Galleries, publishers, festivals, arts-funding bodies, and artist-run organizations have constructed a dominant Eurocentric culture. Recently Ontario has reluctantlv recognized "multiculturalism." and after so-called community consultation, the dominant white power base has set out to define and interpret cultural pluralism, a move in line with historical attempts at assimilation and integration. In like manner, PEN does not question their presumption in defining and interpreting what "enough" is, i.e. what might constitute a multicultural, never mind anti-racist, Canadian component to the congress.

Don't worry, Margaret Atwood has done her homework and will speak "the plain truth." Enough (although of course PEN dii more than enough) is six per cent; that is, the goal is to reflect the population of Canada, not to resist or overcome a racist culture in which six per cent stands for a history of genocide, colonization, slavery, immigration regulation. and other forms of racist controls.

We all agree on the numbers. It is in the interpretation of these numbers. and the question of whore interpretations are heard in our society, that the disagreement lies. As to the call to work together, if the criticisms made by Black. Asian. Native, and other artists of colour continue to be met witb such hyperbolic d&n-siveness, without a single self-critical question being asked. why should we work with the very organizations that continue to discount or marginalize us?

Gillian Morton end
Brenda Lem for Vision 21
Toronto

A PALL OF SILENCE

TO MY SURPRISE, Carole Corbeil's article on the Toronto portion of the PEN Congress follows the feckless lead of the newspaper reporters who stopped looking for stories once June Callwood uttered the "f-word" outside Roy Thomson Hall the night of the gala. There is not a little irony in this.

I" a recent issue of *This Magazine*, Marlene Nourbese Philip, a spokesperson for the group that organized tbe demonstration to protest the make-up of the contingent of Canadian writers invited to attend the congress, wrote about the response of the writing community to tbe charges of racial discrimination in writing and publishing. The piece, called "Censoring Racism," makes the point that when the issue was raised in the Writers' Union and elsewhere, the overwhelming response was a counter-charge of censorshii. Many writers took the challenge of Philip end others as a" attack on their freedom of imagination. end eve" before the debate could begin it was shut off. (Brian Fawcett articulated that response in these pages, making it clear that he took it personally; his main reaction, too, was to talk about himself.)

Oddly enough, I think Philip and her group may have done the same disservice to the 10 women artists who participated in the exhibition of Native art that the Writers in Prison Committee arranged to have on view at the York Quay Gallery et Harbourfront during the congress. Just as the gala was a political statement — this was the first PEN Congress to open with a fundraising event in support of the writers-in-prison work — so the exhibition, Changers: A Spiritual Renaissance, had a" important and timely message about cultural integrity. Moreover. there was a reason why the Writers in Prison Committee waxed to promote the work of Native Canadians, end it had to do with the prevalence of prison in their lives end the degree to which this is an expression of racism in Canada.

The committee raised the money to bring the artists to Toronto for a" opening event early in September. We went to some lengths to attract the attention of the "art crowd" in the hopes of getting some critical coverage. Unfortunately, while CBC radio and television recognized it for the groundbreaking and special occasion that it was, the art critics turned up their-et it. Eve" though some art writers did attend, none have yet bothered to write about the exhibition. Carole Corbeil is a superb writer, and as deft an art critic as the *Globe and Mail* has ever seen. So it is very disappointing that she was not moved to write about the exhibition, or eve" to mention it. But then, the demonstrators protesting the congress were equally uninterested. When I asked Michele Paulse of the Women's Press (who came to Union Station to picket the delegates as they departed for Montreal) if she had seen the show. she raid she hadn't and didn't think it was relevant to the issue.

It seems rather tragic to me that one casualty of Vision 21's tactics was the diversion of attention away from this show and these women's work. In effect throwing a pall of silence over it.

Susan Crean, former chair.
Writers in Prison Committee
Vancouver

MAKING STRANGE

If Buddies in Bad Times Theatre Company makes Otto Jelinek sick. it is probably doing its job

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AS THE '80S drew to a close, several images emerged that helped to clarify for me the state of the theatre at the end of the decade, and most had to do with funding. The most dramatic of these, perhaps, was the report in the *Globe* and *Mail* of Sharon Pollock driving cross-country from Fredericton to Calgary with her furniture, five cats, two dogs, two rats, and one daughter. Pollock had disagreed with vet another conservative board of governors about the relative importance of art and lii entertainment and had stepped down early from her post as artistic director of Theatre New Brunswick. The *Globe* also reported the board president's comment on Pollock's early departure that "we're happy with the agreement, whatever the heck it was," because 'people would have p&erred lighter things than *Blood Relations*, *Road to Mecca*, and *Agnes of God*. . . .They get a lot of misery on the TV news." Since then, TNB has hi Michael Shamata to produce for next year a "light" season with lots of box-office appeal, at a theatre where rehearsal periods have been reduced to two and a half weeks for financial reasons. The previous year, Pollock's successor as artistic director at Theatre Calgary, the once fiery Martin Kinch, was made by his board to apologize publicly for staging "difficult" plays.

Meanwhile, in Toronto, Richard Greenblatt resigned his position as "Deputy" Artistic Director to Sheriff Guy Sprung at the Canadian Stage Company in a huff, denying that he was quitting because his production of a new play by Sally Clark had been pulled after only a four-week run at the company's Berkeley Street theatre. But it was generally agreed and lamented that for the first time in a Toronto theatre a new Canadian play in production at a small theatre was, for box-office reasons, denied the chance to grow. At the same time, at Canadian Stage's main space, two excellent and popular productions developed for small theatres, the English Stage Company's Recruiting *Officer* and the Paul Ledoux/David Young collaboration, Fire, were swamped and thematically neutralized by being mounted in the cold and cavernous but indubitably "world-class" Bluma Appel Theatre, where seating capacity and ticket prices are proportionately high.

Elsewhere in town, while universities everywhere in Canada were studying and producing Theatre Passe Muraille's The *Farm Show* as a Canadian classic, the originating theatre, famous for its nationalistic passion for new Canadian work. was producing *Rigoletto*; the board of the left-wing Toronto Workshop Productions, in partnership with a property developer, tried to turn the theatre into a condominium; and Pantages Theatre was circulating study guides to *Phantom of the Opera*.

The most *absurd* and disturbing of the end-of-decade images. however, was of the federal resource minister, Otto Jelinek, telling the Milton Chamber of Commerce that his government intends to tamper witb arm's-length arts funding: "some of these ridiculous grants are enough to make me bring up," he told the businessmen, referring m the fact that "$10,000 went to fund a production called *Love* Dam, and Buddies in Bad Times Theatre Company got $60,000 to stage *Drag Queens on Trial*. That's homosexuals, I take it."

KENT MATHESON

These and similar images from across the country would be more entertaining, of course, if they didn't represent the culmination of the better part of a decade of tampering with arts funding as well as misunderstanding of the nature of "culture" and the role of theatre — as of all the arts-by governments, the business community, and the media. In 1985, Marcel Masse, as recently appointed minister of communications, asserted that "culture must promote itself like any other industrial sector," and the phrase "cultural industries" came inm common currency. Thii laid the groundwork for the non-debate surrounding free trade, as we discussed whether or not our culture was on the bargaining table. The discussion featured some great moments fur our list of absurdities. Bill Vander Zalm, for example, claimed to be "not sure that Canadians are all that concerned by what's traded away in culture'; and Joe Clark solemnly told the Americans that "what is entertainment to you can be culture to us."

But as any laid-off fish-plant worker will tell you, culture is not what the chair of a federal standing committee on culture and citizenship recently called it, "airy fairy,' something that is somehow "above" lii and unaffected by politics or economics. Culture is who we are and *what we* do. If you bargain with lives and jobs and communities, you bargain with culture. And theatre, like the other arts, grows out of and critiques that culture. When Marcel Masse and his colleagues introduce concepts such as private funding for the arts; when Otto Jelinek attacks theme companies such as Buddies in Bad Times that criticize mainstream culture; and when arm's-length funding is undermined by concepts like "public accountability"; the mainstream/malestream/jetstream dour society is displaying its Ignorance, if not conscious rejection, of the role or value of anything but decorative and decorous "high culture" — what Marcuse used to call "affirmative culture," art used by the powerful to reinforce the status quo.

But if the arts have any social value beyond bread and circuses-and the social value of the arts is the received justification for their public funding-that value derives from their position *outside* the mainstream. their position on the margins from which they can provide new ways of seeing or doing. Since the independence of the universities and the concept of independent research have been eroded by so-called public accountability. the arts community is the only segment of our society in a position to renew the culture, defeat and subvert complacency, and test the forms and values embodied in our social, political, and cultural structures. If Buddies in Bad Times Theatre Company makes Otto Jelinek sick, in other words, it is probably doing its job.

Theatre is at once the most potentially effective of the art forms, because of its immediacy, and the most susceptible to the kind of tampering that Jelinek is threatening. Theatre companies that accept the purported need to find "alternative sources of funding," and that adopt the rhetoric of "the cultural industries." are in danger of surrendering their right to exist. Already struggling within a board structure that is imposed by funding agencies and that leads to situations like those of Pollock and Kinch, not to mention Stratford; and already operating within an economy in which 'productions" are mounted for paying customers; theatre artists, if they wish to continue to function *as* artists, cannot afford to accommodate themselves any further to the terms and structures dictated by a market economy. By doing so they surrender their right and ability to "make strange," in Victor Shklovsky's terms, to speak from the margins of currently dominant ways of perceiving and structuring the world in order to make it possible to see clearly and to "make it new." For artists, public accountability must have meaning outside of the realm of economics.

Not surprisingly, as emphasis on marketing, "user pay" policies. and private-sector funding increased, the 1980s saw the disappearance, in name as well as practice, of Toronto "Free" Theatre; the increase in ticket prices nationally to the level at which only the well-heeled could attend the theatre regularly; and tk proliferation of pricey musical spectacles at Stratford, at the new commercial theatres, and at small dir theatres across the country. The '80s have also seen, in spite of all this, the emergence of some startling and exciting playwrights and directors in Canada. people like Judith Thompson, Frank Moher, Sally Clark, Brad Fraser, John Krizanc, Tomson Highway, Wendy Lill, Sky Gilbert, Richard Rose, Rene-Daniel Dubois, and Robert Lepage, all of whom have made major contributions to the art form and to the grids through which Canadians can see and speak their experience. Most of these artists have survived as artists because of public funding, and mat are quite capable of upsetting the sensitive stomachs of politicians and bureaucrats. More power, and more arm's-length funding, to them.

Theatre cannot exist and do iv. proper job if it exists as an "enterprise' dedicated to giving wealthy people cheap thrills. Commercial theatre, as a business enterprise, neither needs nor deserves government subsidy. And why should tax dollars support American musicals at Stratford at $35 a ticket? Theatre that is *truly* accountable to the public because it holds the funhouse mirror up to nature and society, exposing and probing, often through the use of unfamiliar and uncomfortable languages and forms, the silent assumptions behind the ways in which we organize and interpret experience, both needs and deserves increased public funding. Serving the public is rarely the same thing as giving the public what it wants.

RICHARD PAUL KNOWLES

HE SOLD THE SHOP

NEWFOUNDLANDERS, NOW MORE than ever, need something to laugh about. Expectations for the 1990s spell more of the same old gloom and doom: our appalling unemployment statistics, political pandemonium, child abuse, and the ever-widening gap between rich and poor. Political placebos range from the ludicrous to the outrageous on the centre stage of the Arts and Culture Centre.

So, to remind us of happier times -or mote aptly, to help us forget present woes

for two hours — Rii Tide Theatre revived its Revue '89 in January. Mom and more, the show has come to function as an annual provincial psychiatric examination. It enables us to laugh at what is normally unlaughable matter.

Revue '89 mixes mummery (that pauper's domestic drama that Rick Boland and crew have recently revived), music, and parody witb a bit of the old malady.

In the wake of official enquiries into that former model of Christian charity, the Mount Cashel orphanage, some of the sketches hit hard. Grotesque caricatures of "See No Evil, Hear No Evil, Speak No Evil" exit as a former chief of police, minister of justice, and the archbishop. You can feel the audience's hackles being raised, but no one dates vocalize disdain.

A year ago, censorship reared its ugly mug after the *Revue* '88 when the Roman Catholic Church urged sponsors to withdraw support from this annual satirical send-up. Since then, even the most pious of viewers would have to admit that covering up hypocrisy hasn't helped and revealing it (ii the penetrating way that satire must) might at least help the public to grapple with the contagion of explosively emotional issues.

This time around, the Revue miters — a collective of the cast, Tom Cahill and Ray Guy, under the direction of Donna Butt- have been able to exploit recent governmental folly in the censoring da proposed Grade 12 English textbook. Dressed in clerical garb, Riik Boland delivers a censorious interpretation of folksongs Iii "Jack was Every Inch a Sailor" and "Lukey's Boat," finding drug-and-sex messages In lines like, "0 Lukey's boat got a fine fore cutty/And every seam is chinked with putty."

Politics provides a bottomless rum-barrel of laughs. Former premiers, Frank Moores, Brian Peckford, Tom Rideout, and the present Liberal premier, Clyde Wells, all make cameos. Jeff Pitcher's perky Brian Peckford has, in the course of the past year, become just another "one of the 500,000." Formerly known for his fist-clenching shout of "They sold the shop!." Peckford now explains his post-premier prosperity with a self-satisfied shrug: "I sold the shop"

The collapse of the NDP in the last provincial election is rendered in a spoof of the betrayal scene in *Jesus* Christ *Superstar* (Gene Long, one of the two former MHAs from the NDP, sat in the audience, taking the jabs with good humour, as a crucifix bearing his name was carried on stage).

Jim Payne's songs punctuate the skim of *Revue* '89. Hi parody of 'Let Me Fish Off Cape St. Mary's" reflects the changing environmental conditions in light of an invasion of green slime. But his song about the Mount Cashel scandal jolts the audience as he screams the horror of a young orphanage victim of sexual abuse, still waiting to hear a consoling word from his church: "I'll Never Forger."

But a few minutes later, we do forget, laughing at Rick Boland dressed as the bright red part of the premier's anatomy, known as Clyde's Irk, an organ near his spleen that gets activated every time something is found "irksome" -like the Meech Lake Accord. We forger, as Eric the Amalgamator, that Procrustean reducet of municipalities, tried to unite Gayside and Dildo. We forget, as the Berlin Wall crumbles and the Spruce Curtain is drawn tight to keep peninsular tawnier away from baymen.

But since *Revue* '89 came out last December, the future has gotten grimmer for Grand Bank, Trepassey, and Gaultois. It seems that already there's been enough material in one month to supply an entirely new Revue.

Would *Revue* '89 be suitable for export to the test of Canada? Satire. by its very nature, must have a locality. Jonathan Swift once asked Alexander Pope whether anyone 20 miles outside of London would understand the *Dunciad*. *The* millions of Canadians who don't watch tbe televised meetings of St. John's City Council might wonder at the parody of "Dotty" Dorothy Wyatt, a former mayor, whore wardrobe could have inspired Andrea Martin's dragon-lady. How many non-Catholic Canadians absorb the full impact of Codco sketches? Then again, on a broadet level, how many Americans find Double Exposure or the Royal Canadian Air Farce as funny as we more northerly North Americans do?

At this time last year, the director Donna Butt was doing battle against her reverent detractors; now she's doing a deal with NTV (thanks to a little pressure from the CRTC for more local programming) to broadcast this year's Revue. Attempts to muzzle the satiric content of the Revue have plainly backfired. What is rough-hewn on stage may be repackaged for export. But it will be interesting to see what stays in and what gets cut

The Harris report on the fish-cries. the findings of the Winter Commission and tbe Hughes Enquiry, the up-coming trials of too many members of the clergy, the fate of several fishing communities, more unemployment are all in the offing. The way 1990 is shaping up, the next Revue will be able to draw on an even greater superfluity of sadness. One thing's for certain: we'll all need another gad laugh to sustain us through our next winter of discontent.

Revue '89. *From left to right: Jeff Pitcher,* Jim Payne. *Glenn Downey, Brian Downey*

DON NICHOL

THE NATIONAL

CANADA HAS NEVER really had a national theatre. Blame it on our tiny population scattered from sea to sea, the schism of having two official (and many unofficial) languages, or the decision to locate the national capital in Bytown; the fact remains that even if we could agree that we wanted a national theatre, it would be hard to imagine ever reaching consensus on where to put it.

Yet where better to locate it than In the imagination! Radio, by virtue of being nowhere, can be everywhere at once, and the members of its audience are united by their isolation. Indeed, radio drama in this country was such a national theatre for several decades around the middle of this century, before live theatre prospered as a preferable forum for serious writing and television robbed radio of its audience. For 20 or 30 years, radio drama was out of fashion. I confess that I tuned in to it rarely, and when I did it struck me as one of the creakier forms of entertainment, still mired somewhere in the last century.

And yet, in recent years, as live theatre flounders for lack of funds and TV no longer bothers to pretend its purpose is any higher than selling audiences to advertisers, radio has provided a welcome outlet for dramatic writing.

The CBC produces about 150 radio dramas a year, ranging from the hour-long AM "Sunday Matinee' and FM "Stereo Theatre" to the late-evening head-trippy "Vanishing Point' series and the more conventional Monday-to-Friday 15-minute episodes on "Morningside," which reach a national audience of close to three-quarters of a million people. what stage playwright would dare dream of such numbee!

Greg Sinclair, who produces and directs radio drama for the CBC, woos playwrights by drawing their attention "to the fact that radio drama exists and can serve their needs as writers." More and more of them ate becoming interested, and Sinclair credits this "groundswell of interest" to active solicitation by radio producers — solicitation that is necessary, he acknowledges, because radio drama's reputation among artists is not hi. David Demchuck, author of *Alaska* (which was recently broadcast on "Morningside") remembered tuning in to CBC radio and thinking, 'My God, my cat could write that!'

Sinclair agrees that the CBC's demand far hundreds of radio dramas a year has at times exceeded the supply of quality material, and laments the fact that when playwrights do finally consider radio they may just reach into their proverbial bottom drawer, as If any old discarded script would be good enough for resurrection on radio. But "it's a medium that is dramatically unforgiving," Sinclair insists. Since there are no stage effects or visuals to fall back on, character, plot, and language have to wok If anything, writing for radio must be of higher quality than dramatic writing for stage or TV.

Yet, in spite of its difficulties and disadvantages, writers find radio drama has unique rewards. Carol Bolt, a veteran stage and television writer, initially turned to radio because several of her ideas for plays were too expensive for either stage or TV(requiring many set changes and huge numbers of characters). She continuer to write for radio because, as she comments, "Radio is the only medium where you continually get really personal letters tack.

That special, intimate connection with the audience is important, but radio has other advantages, too. Robyn Marie Butt, whose first radio drama, *Queenie's History of the World*, aired on 'Sunday Matinee" in February, prefers radio to television, because "in TV, the writer is a nobody, a creative typist. In radio, they treat you like an artist."

David Demchuck agrees. In radio, he says, the miter is the focus, since "it really does live and die on the script." He also appreciates the fact that the medium allows a playwright to reach "an audience that would never otherwise get anywhere near your work." His drama, *Alaska*, was the first radio drama to deal with AIDS, and he saw the challenge of writing for such a huge mainstream audience in terms of "How explicit can I be?"

Demchuck also notes that English. Canadian playwriting has always been based on a literary rather than a visual tradition. Internationally, such miters as Tom Stoppard, Harold Pinter, and the late Samuel Beckett have contributed some of their best work to radio. Respected Canadian playwrights, like Judith Thompson. Don Hannah, and Joan MacLeod, have begun to do so too. Perhaps radio drama in this country is on its way to becoming, once again, our national theatre.

NIGEL HUNT

INSIDE THE FRINGE

THAT THE EDMONTON Fringe Festival has been phenomenally successful is now obvious. Fmm its modest beginnings in 1981, when about 7,000 tickets were sold, to its present status as an international theatrical event, with theatre and street-theatre attendance of something over 150,000, it has played host to a variety of theatre artists creating shows that have diverged widely in theme, style, and. of course, artistic merit.

Boasting about the numbers is not my point here. There is another significant fact about the Fringe Festival: it represents a structural change in Canadian theatre. It has brought theatre to audiences in a new way, introduced a new administrative structure, and. most important, it has changed the way money is spent on and by the cultural industry. Most of the creative force has come from an element of the theatrical community that had no outlet in the general scheme of the theatre before the Fringe was founded.

A decade ago the terms *mainstream* and *alternative* actually had some meaning with reference to Canadian theatre. On the one hand there were the bii festival companies devoted to the work of two British playwrights, along with a suing of regional theatres devoted to "international" plays. This was the first stream of Canadian theatre. On the other hand. there grew up during the 1970s a group of

second-stream theatres: low-budget companies strung out across the country, which brought Canadian plays and working-class values into the Canadian theatre for the first time.

Sadly, what those now well-established second-stream theatres have failed to da is find any grassroots support. The working classes haven't come to the theatre; they watch TV. Worse, the administrative model that places a single artistic dir at the head of the company, and hires artistic personnel on short contracts has become the usual working structure for smaller theatres, effectively d i i chising the artists from the creation of their own work.

These theatres are supported by a growing system of government subsidy, and so have developed symbiotic relationships with the Canada Council and various provincial and civic agencies newly created to oversee cultural concerns. I" recent years economic recession and the privatization drive of the Tory government have created a sense of doubt about the future of this very Canadian system of half-subsidy, and artistic conservatism has been the result. We see more timid work being done by second-stream theatres as their administrators and boards of directors become cautious about losing their hard-won audience. Spending cutbacks have also forced theatres to turn to corporations for sponsorship, and this has also had an inhibit& influence a" their work.

But there is a large work-force of energetic, idealistic young theatre people out looking for work, and where they have found none they have made their own. Their major outlets are the fringe festivals that are springing up across the country. They operate for the most part outside the system of public funding. Their work is done without — and in some cases in spite of — any judgement passed on them by a government-funded agency whose responsibility for disbursing money makes it an arbiter of taste.

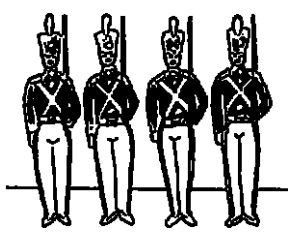
In 1981 when producer Brian Paisley and the Chinook Theatre of Edmonton decided to put on a summer theatre festival, they knew that, in Paisley's words, "Artists should lead, not be led. The Fringe represents, perhaps for the first time in Canadian theatre, a large-scale attempt to give the stage back to the creative artist. Writers, directors, designers, and actors can choose what they want to do and the festival administration will take care of all the basic technical facilities, general publicity, and audience amenities that are necessary to get their work in front of an audience."

At the Edmonton Fringe Festival, the artists pay an admission fee and in a sense "hire' the services of an administrative infrastructure and the use of an equipped theatre space. The traditional arrangement is turned completely on its head. No artist is told what he or she can or cannot do. What it creates is a kind of artistic free market, since the artists are paid directly from their own box-office take. Popular shows make money, and the artists put it in their pockets. Artists and audiences make contact without bureaucratic go-betweens.

The system has its disadvantages of course. Theatre design. for example, must be so simple as to be capable of being mounted cheaply and instantly. Casts tend to be tiny, so that shares between participants cm be larger. Also, the general content of Fringe shows tends towards a certain amount of playing to the gallery. Thii has "or prevented good shows from being well attended, whatever their content. I have see" three-hour line-ups at the Fringe for a show like Michael Burrell's Herr, an intense, rather gruelling two-hour spectacle.

Whatever else may be said about the Fringe, it must be added that audiences are flocking to it. Maybe it's because they like the party atmosphere, or because the shows are cheap, as some scoffers ray. or maybe it's because there really is something about the quality of artistic expression that only happens when the artists are in control of their own fate.

KENNETH BROWN



Publishing Careers and Professional Development

The Banff Publishing Workshop, now in its tenth year, incorporates three two-week courses held at The Banff Centre for the Arts in Alberta. The Toronto Publishing Workshop, formerly a part of The Banff Publishing Workshop, offers three one-week courses in cooperation with the School of Continuing Studies at the University of Toronto. The courses of The Banff Publishing Workshop and The Toronto Publishing Workshop are expressly designed to meet the rigid demands of the publishing industry in Canada for high-quality, intensive and practical professional develop ment.

The Workshops are developed, administered and taught by leading people in the field, and based on the information and techniques those industry leaders want up-and-coming publishing people to have. Every one of the Workshops is extremely demanding-mentally, emotionally and physically – and, for most participants, very rewarding. Competition for the limited number of places available is tough.

The Banff Publishing Workshop and The Toronto Publishing Workshop are non-profit organizations dependent on the support of the publishing industry and its suppliers. By consistently responding with imagination and skill to the need for more and better courses, and through the success of graduates in every sector of publishing in Canada, the Publishing Workshops have earned that support, and a vital place in the industry.

When The Banff Publishing Workshop was founded in 1981, it consisted of two courses, a handful of faculty from the publishing world and 40 pioneering participants. The location was exotic, the workshops were intense. and the publishing industry had never seen professional development iikeit before.

With those first sessions, The Banff Publishing Workshop became one of the industry's most effective means of sharing information and passing skills and techniques on to people entering the business. Ever since, BPW participants have been sought after by publishers across the country as choice employees – people with a demonstrated interest in publishing and an overall understanding of the industry's complexities.

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MERRY WIDOWS

Typography should be the servant, not the muster, of prose

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RUN-ON SENTENCES: I asked in the November issue whet these were, because Motto" S. Rapp had said that this by John Allemang was one: . . . *our tongues cannot always carry out what our good will intends, but we* "y. William E. Messenger of the University of British Columbia sends the relevant page from his end Jan de Bruyn's Tk *Canadian Writer's Handbook.* It explains that a run-on sentence is the result of "failure to put any punctuation between two independent clauses not joined by a co-ordinating conjunction." That's whet I thought it must be, a fault in punctuation rather the" syntax, as in *Charles I walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off.* But Allemang did put in a conjunction, end even a comma. Messenger says, "Some lay people (end I'm afraid eve" some teachers) wrongly equate 'run-on' with 'rambling,' a sentence that runs on, and on, and on — Allemang's sentence doesn't do this either; so I'm puzzled too."

The Toronto poet Crad Kilodney gives a similar explanation of the run-on sentence, end agrees that this isn't one. "However," he adds, "Dr. Rapp is still right to object because the logical connection of 'but we try' to the rest of the sentence is not clear." I can only say that it seems perfectly clear to m e

And Terrence Keough of Ottawa, a teacher of English who makes a collection of errors both from students end from published writers, end clearly ought to be writing this column, sends several examples in which (in spite of whet Professor Messenger says) there is punctuation. From Margaret Atwood, for instance: *She went back to playing tennis, she had been neglecting her game.* But though this is strictly incorrect 1 don't find it offensive in the least. Dr. Keough would allow such se"- in dialogue, but not in narrative. This one, though it's in the third person, is meant to reflect the character's thoughts.

Anyway, whenever I feel in danger of getting too pedantic I remind myself of Peggy Atwood: she has a lofty indifference to rules of grammar and punctuation, and still manages to write better English prose the" almost anybody.

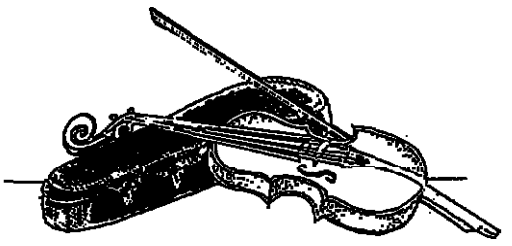
Dr. Keough concludes his letter: "But why not go after dangling modifiers? They are much more serious errors — and much more fun." True, and I'll try to deal with them soon.

WIDOWHOOD: I like widows and consider that there are no bad ones. I use the word in its typographical sense: a *widow* is the short line with which a paragraph usually ends. When I was first in book-publishing, a *bad widow* was one that came at the top of a page. My first task in a summer job a year before I went into publishing in earnest was to read the page proofs of the Canadian edition of a novel already published in England, and I was told to watch for these wicked widows and eliminate them by either cutting or adding words. This struck me es an offensive thing to do: to change whet an author had written, for such a tenuous reason — especially as her actual words had already been published. (It war some comfort that she wrote so badly that you could hardly make any change without improving her style.)

In a very few years after that, book-publishers seemed to come toe simultaneous realization that typography should be the servant, not the master, of prose. Short lines at the tops of pages became normal.

But in recent years I have learned that in periodical-publishing a *bad widow* is any very short line. wherever ir appears on the page. Most magazines (not this one, I'm glad to say) insist on rewriting to avoid a line of one or two syllables. To me this is nonsense, and when a good writer's work is in question it's pernicious nonsense. Extra white space in fact enhances the legibility and the attractiveness of the page. Imagine a page with no paragraphing et all and you'll see whatI mea".

Both the periodicals I advise, though generally indulgent to my preferences, adhere stubbornly to this shibboleth; and the other day there was a curious instance. A writer committed one of those front-end loadings I constantly protest against (I've changed the name to protect the guilty). *Ballet dancer Karen Kain,* and the" went on *prima ballerina of the National Ballet,* thus rendering the front-end loading *Ballet dancer* superfluous. The editor agreed that it ought to be deleted, but decided "or to make the deletion because it would create a bad widow.



FICTION

A MIDDLE-AGED Brazilian woman — the product da strict, upper-middle-class upbringing, wife to a domineering husband, mother to three sons who either ridicule or ignore her-stands in front of facing mirrors: "Now when my faces come into alignment, one over mother. . I'm going to write my story. Here, where my body intersects with the space of images."

So begins Helen Parente Cunha's Woman Between Mirrors (University of Texas Press, 132 pages, $18.95 cloth), an award-winning Brazilian novel translated into English by Fred P. Ellison and Naomi Lindstrom. The narrative is an extended interior monologue or, more exactly, dialogue that depicts the struggle between the unnamed protagonist's self "images" -the submissive housewife who insists that she's content with her role, and "the woman who writes me," a rebellious and critical alter ego. The book's greatest strength is its language, which flows with the swift, irresistible force of a whirlpool. Here and there the intensity slackens just a bit. but the overall pull of *Woman Between Mirrors* is exceedingly powerful.

B.C.

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AS A SHORT-STORY writer Geoffrey Ursell comes on like fireworks on the first of July. There ate 11 stories in Way Out West! (Fifth House, 224 pages, $1295 paper) and not one of them fails to explode. Take "If You Go Down to the Woods Today," for example, in which the teen-aged narrator is conned into cooking for the school big shot's barbecue party at the golf course one dark night, and a pack of uninvited beats shows up to commandeer the food. Or "The Roll," in which a singularly loathsome car dealer, who runs a dogfighting racket on the side, gets his totally deserved come-uppance. Or "The Keeper of tbe Crown Jewels," set in London in 1897, in which Gabriel Dumont turns up to confront hi oppos ing general at Batoche, Sir Frederick Middleton, and demand an accounting. Though the moods of these stories differ, their degree of candlepower is much the same — bright enough to light up the literary sky and make Geoffrey Ursell's readers remember his name. Whether they'll want to remember the more gratuitously gruesome of the stories themselves, though, is another matter.

P.B.

NON-FICTION

THE WAY THE Western news media approach world events makes it seem that dissent is always a spontaneous eruption of overpowering, incoherent emotion sparked mainly by the presence of Western iournalists and their news-gathering apparatus. That's certainly the impression one gets of the recent events in East Germany and throughout Eastern Europe.

It isn't true, as Bruce Allen's book. Germany East (Black Rose, 171 pages, $14.95 paper), reveals. The opposition to the Stalinist regime in East Germany has a pediie that goes back to the early 1950s, and has been gathering momentum in trade union, intellectual, and church circles ever since. Those who want to know more than the media slogans can tell them should read this very well researched and surprisingly comprehensive backgrounder. Published shortly before the recent events began, the book is documented thoroughly enough to satisfy the professional researcher, and is readable enough to allow general readers to see dissent for what it is: the inevitable uprising of a suffering people.

B.F.

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THIS BOOK IS the fourth volume in a series of anecdotes from Broadview Press. The others in the series offer "Canadian' anecdotes. Canadian parliamentary anecdotes, and Medieval anecdotes. Given that curious range, the series is obviously unlimited and somewhat unfocused in iv, scope.

'Unfocused' pretty much describes The Broadview Book of Sports Anecdotes (Broadview, 190 pages. $24.95 cloth), the CBC sportscaster Brendan Connor's contribution to the series. He doesn't concentrate on Canadian sport, or on any particular aspect of sport. At a mere 190 pages it makes no attempt to be comprehensive. It's a collection of sports anecdotes, not a dictionary of them. Connor's soft-edged approach and gee-whir prose style aren't going to appeal much to the crowd that enjoys things like *Esquire*'s Dubious Achievement Awards, or to those people who ate addicted to sports bloopers. It really should have been called A *Book* of Nice *Sports Anecdotes*, because it tends to concentrate on the ways that sports mirror the hemic, silly, or just plain nice side of human beings, alone or in groups.

Still, the field is a fertile one for good anecdotes, and the book makes for pleasant, if not particularly significant reading. On the other hand, for anyone who has to make a speech at a sales conference or a father-and-son banquet, it's a gold-mine.

B.F.

◇

IT IS HARD to maintain a state of alarm, or a sense of shame, compassion, or sorrow. Confronted by horrifying forecasts at every turn, we steel ourselves and go about our business.

Save the Birds (Breakwater. 384 pages, $75.00 cloth) is an unusually lavish effort to breach these defences. The Canadian edition of a book first published in Britain and Australia, it is impressively researched, lucidly written. and marvellously illustrated.

The book was designed and printed in West Germany, on acid&e paper. Rarely are illustrations (more than 600, all colour) so well chosen and so integrated with the text. The Canadian edition is one of 15 so far, and negotiations continue for 17 more.

The authors, chiefly Antony Diamond, press their case from every angle. They divide the world into 10 major ecosystems and deliver a troubling status report on each, sketching the major environmental issues and threatened birds in each region. The birds, it is clear, are like canaries in a coal mine: the sensors of our own survival.

L.J.

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RON GEYSHICK IS an Ojibway healer, guide, and teacher. In his language, "te bwe win" means "truth." So Te Bwe Win (Summerhill, 174 pages, $14.95 paper) contains the truths Geyshick's learned from his elders and discovered for himself about such subjects as naming ceremonies, medicines, fasting, receiving guidance, weather, the land, spirit visitors, and food. *Te Bwe* Win also contains several pieces by the Toronto filmmaker Judith Doyle, which describe lii on Geyshick's reserve (Lac La Croix, in the Quetico-Superior wilderness along the Ontario-Minnesota border) and provide a context for hi teachings.

The inner, spiritual world of Ron Geyshick is at least as real as his outer one. "I know living inside me are two moose and two deer, a few butte&i, and the Lord is in my heart," he writes. "Now all my messages come from . . . [the butterflies] . . . just like a radio." Geyshick himself describes *Te Bwe Win* as 'just an ordinary book that people might like to read and get something out of." Except for that word "ordinary," he could well be right.

P.B.

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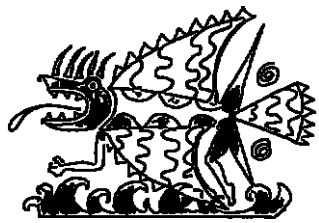

THE IMPORTANCE OF this second edition of Silenced (Sister Vision, 114 pages, $1095 paper). notes the oral historian Makeda Silvera, is that it contains nothing new. The lives of working-class Caribbean women in Canada that *Silenced* describes so well have not improved substantially since 1983, when the book first appeared. Then, domestic workers "on the work permit' earned $350 per hour; now they earn $5.00. New regulations designed to protect them from exploitation have little force in practice, writes Silvera, for as in 1983, "a domestic worker employed on a work permit who speaks out against her employer may very well find herself without a job and thus subject to deportation. *Silenced* enables 10 Caribbean women to tell their own stories. and reproduces their distinctive language just as they spoke it into Silvera's tape recorder. Also included are an u&ted list of domestic workers' organizations and several suggestions for active support. No mean advocate herself, Silvera points to what she terms the "white middle class bias" of the women's movement and notes sternly: "No amount of sisterhood can erase the line between woman-as-mistress and woman-as-servant."

P.B.

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BEFORE THE LATE William Kurelek was able to support himself full time as an artist he worked as a picture framer and gilder. first in London, England, where he learned the techniques, and then for 10 years in Toronto, at the workshop of the Av Isaacs Gallery, where he refined his craft. Brian Dedora worked alongside Kurelek as a young framer in tbe late 1960s and his reminiscences of the artist as craftsman In With WK in the Workshop (Aya/Mercury Press, 64 pages, $9.95 paper) is not only a touching and charming evocation of an unlikely friendship but also a celebration of the dying art of handmade picture framing and gild work.

Dedora's portrait of Kurelek is of a quiet. dedicated worker, devoted to his own artistic vision but also proud of what he called his "bread and butter job" His Kurelek is also more playful than one would have imagined, fond of puns and practical jokes. The text is supplemented by photographs of the workshop taken by Kurelek as well as his paintings of some of the tools of the framer's trade.

N.S.

◇

TO TALK "OF racism in Canadian immigration policy before 1978 is being overgenemus. Rather. we should talk of racism *as* Canadian immigration policy." That is the starting point of Closing the Doors (Summerhill, 336 pages, $2495 cloth), an anything but overgenerous look at current refugee policy in Canada, the United States. and Europe. The book was compiled by the Winnipeg-based journalist Ilana Simon from "speeches. submissions, articles. and legal representations" by David Matas, a Winnipeg lawyer specializing in immigration and refugee cases (and the co-author of *Justice Delayed: Nazi War Criminals* in Canada). As a result it is a somewhat unfocused, uneven, and repetirive book.

But it is also well intentioned and closely, if dryly. argued. Matas holds the belief that taking in refugees is both a moral and a legal obligation. That is also the publicly stated view of most Western governments, but as Mama convincingly shows in some detail most governments pay only lip-service to this ideal and most immigration and refugee policies are designed more as exclusionary than as humanitarian measures.

N.S.

◇

TRAVEL BOOKS MAY describe landscape and people, "veal the interior journey of the writer, or lead the reader into personal growth. Marian Botsford Fraser's Walking the Line (Douglas 4 McIntyre, 218 pages, $2495 cloth) attempts in a sketchy way to do all three. Fraser spent parts of two years exploring the Canada-U.S. border, but the" is no sense of her own Iii passing or of season yielding to season. There is no apparent reason why she visited some border points and not others, and she can't adjust her eyes and mind to what she encounters. "Nothingness" surrounds her on the prairies, and in Maine and New Brunswick she forgets that, to her contacts, she is not so much a writer with a mission as a stranger asking a lot of questions and expecting the royal tour. When she turns from reflecting on history, politics, and the environment to narrating the history and describing the scenery and people, the effect is of discontinuity, not comprehensiveness. All the same, *Walking the* Line is a pleasant book. It's agreeably written, occasionally thought-provoking, and the chapter on the Yukon-Alaska boundary is delightful.

Lg.

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AN ESSENTIAL PROBLEM of the Native peoples of Canada is that for decades their lives have been controlled by the federal and provincial governments. More accurately, they have been clients of these governments, and over the years have exhibited a syndrome characteristic of peoples who are in a client relationship with other powers-a syndrome in which passivity is combined with a resentful yet deep-seated dependence. Lately this has been changing. On one hand, there has been since the 1960s an evolution in the sentimental image of "Indians" among university-educated — and hence influential — Canadians; on the other hand. natives have become increasingly fed up with their relationship to the governments and increasingly eager to take power into their own hands. This gradual shaking off of the client relationship is outlined in Indian Government: Its Meaning and Practice (Institute for Research on Public Policy/Oolichan, 188 pages, $14.95 paper). There are problems with the book. While Frank Cassidy and Robert L. Bish have written a well-intentioned and well-documented work. they avoid any cold hard look at the enormous difficulties inherent in the actuality of Native self-government. When it comes to the ugly issue of status and non-status Natives, for instance, their writing becomes bland and euphemistic, gliding over the surface of the topic as if afraid to engage it. Still, this is a worthy book that contains a great deal of basic information.

B.S.

◇

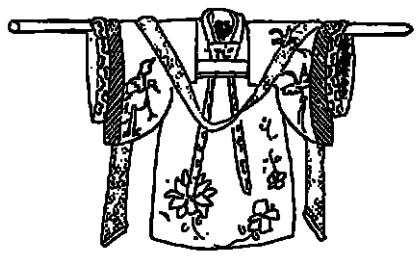
AS-TOLD-TO books are generally sleazy, but Jack Munro, the IWA president. and Jane O'Hara, a journalist, have come up witb a work that is more than respectable. Union Jack: Labour Leader Jack Munro (Douglas & McIntyre. 213 pages, $24.95 cloth) is definitely Munro's book; it is his voice that you hear, and that voice is irresistible. What O'Hara captured in her tape recorder and skilfully turned into prose suggests the entire "an, and it does so because of Munro's remarkable hank-. Munro is a big man (and in B.C., at least, he is a big figure in the labour movement, almost a celebrity), and his style of talk is that of a big guy-marked by an almost palpable physical self-confidence. His diction is colloquial and profane, but he is very sharp, very concentrated, and he knows how to tell a story. Most important. perhaps, he is a man who is interested in other people and loves to gossip. Thii has affected his work. As this book makes clear. a striking aspect of Munro's remarkable success as a union negotiator has been hi willingness to be friendly with hi opponents in management — to call them up and deal with them on a human level whenever ir has teemed possible to do so. In this he is quite different from most labour leaders in Canada, and his ambiguous position within the Canadian labour movement (but not in hi own union, where he is revered) is probably due less to his skepticism *vis-à-vis* left-wing ideology than to his willingness to at least appear to meet management half way. This is one of the best books on labour issues to appear in some years.

BS.

POETRY

THEY OFTEN GIVE you the creeps; more rarely, they make you laugh, although uneasily. The poems in Mary Melfi's fourth collection, A Season in Beware (Black Moss, 62 pages. $950 paper), are almost unrelentingly bleak in their portrayal of human nature ("sin is a mechanical process") and sardonic in their observations about society ("The vim (whatever) is blocked/by a neon advertisement/promoting masochistic tendencies"). As in her earlier work, Melfi focuses with particular sharpness on woman's role as wile and homemaker. These poems have the exaggerated allegorical nastiness of Hieronymus Bosch's paintings, although they adopt a blackly humorous tone that somehow keeps the book from being depressing, despite the stark images of violence, alienation. and menace. A thin selection of final poems. in the section "Faith Healer," offers a grudgingly more positive view of human relationships, but the power of A *Season* in *Beware* is really the power of darkness — the harshness of the poet's vision, in which there is. at times, a disquieting social truth.

B.C



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THE DENSEST TRUTHS are home," writes Jan Zwicky in The New Room (Coach House, 79 pages. $1295 paper).

> Liszt, Paganini, all the brilliant unreal
> postures of intensity — nothing like
> the dishes in the rack, heads raised
> for the clear hot rinse, children
> having their bait washed in the bath.

Tbe stanza delivers Zwicky's entire stance towards feelings and ideas, even towards the idea of poetry Itself. Poetry, for many people after all, is density and truth. Whether this really means the "densest truths" emerge from the domestic landscape Zwicky writes about is hard to judge. Certainly it is not difficult to locate 20 other poets for whom the apprehension of pure sensory fact in things like rec-room sofas, old slippers, and bed springs constitutes the entire act of poetry-making. But something mote is wanted from poetry than this. Not tired emotion or epiphanies in every line. Not abstractions masquerading as ideas. Perhaps what we're really looking for is the kind of immediacy and depth of feeling we find in Zwicky's poem about her grandfather entitled, paradoxically, "Leaving Home." A better poem than the others because It occasionally bridges that professional distance from personal materials that writers like Jan Zwicky believe is so necessary for the creation of valid poetry.

D.K.

THEATRE

WITH ITS SIMPLE staging and large cast of characters, Lilly, Alta. (Playwrights Canada. 97 pages, $995 paper) — a haunting vision of small-town Alberta, coloured by the perspective of memory — seems tailor-made for university and community theatres.

The play's focus is the tragic romance between Willy Tyler. the town librarian. and Calla Lilly, the adopted daughter of the town matriarch, Mrs. Lilly. Amid a collage of vignettes dramatizing the town's chequered past. tbe young lovers attempt to free themselves from the obsessive Mrs. Lilly. The climactic confrontation with bet touches everyone in town.

Both the flowing movement nnd the heightened language are reminiscent of the plays of James Reaney; time and place are transformed. Each character's speech is direct and revealing, from the rantings of the town drunk to the pretentious pseudo-French of tbe cosmetician. *Lilly, Alta.* is a quintessential Prairie story.

J.G.

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THE HISTORY OF Canada's first double-decker theatre, built in 1913 and restored in the late 1980s is told in Double Take: The Story of the Elgin and Winter Garden Theatres (Dundurn, 158 pages, $19.95 paper).

A clever money-maker-two theatres with one show meant double the revenue — the two stages originally hosted big name vaudeville acts. But when vaudeville died the theatres almost did too. The downstairs Elgin was used as a movie house but slid into decline_ while the fantastical upstairs Winter Garden was sealed like a time capsule.

The restoration project, with a final price tag of $23 million. began in 1981 when the theatres were purchased by the Ontario Heritage Foundation and designated as national historic sites. Tbe details of the restorations are fascinating, particularly because the result is that both stages are once again used for live theatre.

Hilary Russell's text is enjoyably readable and illustrated with hundreds of photographs, both from the past and the restoration. A book of interest to theatre enthusiasts, architects, and historians.

B.M.

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IT'S IRONIC THAT Garth Drabinsky, whose name is associated with the modern mini-screen movie theatre, is also the man responsible for restoring one of Canada's largest and most lavish theatres. **Pantages Theatre:** Rebirth of a Landmark (Key Potter, 112 pages, $25.00 cloth), by Constance Olsheski (not coincidentally the vice-president of Cineplex Odeon Corporation), is the story of this privately funded restoration.

Designed by the architect Thomas Lamb and built in 1920 in Toronto, the opulent Pantages had been reduced, by the 1970s, to a six-screen movie how (the Imperial Six). The elaborate interior detailing was virtually destroyed, and restoration plans were based on old photographs and the original architectural drawings. The theatre was also modernized for live theatre productions. Much artful labour and sleuthing went into the work, as well as some lucky accidents (one original stained-glass window was found and restored to its rightful place).

Research by Mike Filey and John Lii helped the author set the Pantages in a historical context of theatre design and experience in early 20th-century North America.

B.M.

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GIVEN THE FACT that only a tiny fraction of rhe students from most acting classes will ever become professionals, Ron Cameron sensibly begins **Acting Skills for Life** (Simon & Pierre, 266 pages, $2995 paper) with a conventional argument to the effect that to learn about performing is to learn about oneself. Fmm this assumption he goes on to build what amounts to an encyclopaedic instruction manual of methodology for student actors.

As such, *Acting Skills for Life* is a godsend. Cameron has cannibalized acting theorists from far and wide and put together what is probably the most comprehensive single collection of acting exercises available. Admittedly, there are places here and there where he drifts outside of this scope and begins to regurgitate some imperfectly digested sources (as, for example, in the passage where he assures the reader that by "nunnery" Hamlet means "whorehouse" -compare the note in the Alden Shakespeare).

Now and again one may also find Cameron wading through quasi-philosophical passages with that tiresome avuncular tone one encounters in pop-psych s&-help books. A squeamish reader may find these points &putting, but on the whole, the utility of this book far outweighs its minor flaws.

C.W.

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These brief reviews were prepared by Pat Barclay, Laurel Boone, Barbara Carey, Brian Fawcett, Jeffrey Goffin , David Kosub, Barbara MacKay, Bruce Serafin, Norman Sigurdson, and Craig Walker.

LETTERS OUT

Whites working on northern reserves are very lonely. There are a lot of secrets that they keep under'

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By **Robin Metcalfe**

WENDY LILL TELLS stories. She has told them in short fiction and poetry, in newspaper articles and radio documentary; tight now she tells them in film scripts and plays. The plays are getting a lot of attention. She was nominated for the Governor General's Award in 1987 for The *Occupation of Heather Rose*, a play about a white nurse in a Native community in Northern Ontario. In 1985, Talonbooks published Tk *Fighting Days*, about a feminist Manitoban journalist during the First World War. Recently, Summerhill Press launched an edition of *Memories of You*, a play exploring the controversial life of the Canadian novelist Elizabeth Smart.

JOSEPH ROSCHKAUD

Wendy Lill

Lill, however, is not very Interested in telling her own story. "I spend a lot of time talking about my family," she admits, "but I don't think there's anything appropriate to say right now." Her reserve speaks less of secretiveness than of skepticism "Nobody thinks their stories have ever been told," she observes ruefully. "It's kind of poignant. Once somebody has their story told, they think somehow their lives ate going to be different."

Lii was born in Vancouver to middle-class parents, both third-generation Scottish Canadians. Her father, who came from a family of engineers, was a businessman working for the Mii Mining and Manufacturing Company. She grew up in London, Ontario, and studied political science at York University in the late 1960s.

Having had "a very sheltered middle-class"upbringing, Lill b-politically active at university. She was a member of the Waffle and became friends with Marxist-Leninists. "I can't say there was any huge turning point in my life that made me concerned about social injustice. It just seemed the most interesting thing I could be involved in." Twenty years later, however, Lill says, "I haven't diverged particularly far. I'm living in a rather middle-class house on a hill."

In Toronto in the early 1970s, Lill worked with teen-agers as a YMCA community worker and in a birth-control clinic. She spent several years working as a cocktail waitress and writing poetry and children's stories. Her first dramatic effort was 3 *Starr*, "a two-character play about a drunken Marxist-Leninist bag lady in Allen Gardens and a hooker from Sudbury," which was workshopped at Phoenix Theatre in Toronto. Working as a cocktail waitress and writing was "a romantic idea," she says, "but by 26 I had gotten sick of it. I wanted to change my lii so I got out and went north."

For two years. 1977 and 1978, Lill worked in Kenora as a consultant for the Canadian Mental Health Association, conducting needs studies in the white community. "It seemed pretty clear to me why everyone was mentally disturbed in Northern Ontario. It had to do with the fact that they were poor and isolated and it was a very hard life. There was a real economic basis for it all."

Lill made fiends in the Native community. and worked for the *Wawatay* News, a Native newspaper from Sioux Lookout published in English and Ojibway. She considered herself "just an observer" in the North, but what she observed has found its way into her plays and film scripts. Her assignments gave bet "a chance to talk to people. I became very interested in the whites that I saw working on these reserves, because I found them to be so incongruous. They were just placed on top of them. It seemed so uncomfortable and so wrong."

For a while, a geologist on a northern reserve was writing Lill daily letters. These inspired the monologue format of Tk

Occupation of Heather Rose, whiih began as a short story and was later adapted as a play. "I felt there was a real need for an audience, for an ear." Lill conceived of Heather Rose as "letters out' addressed to an audience "down south." She saw Northern whites as "very lonely. They don't sit down and discuss their feelings frankly. There ate a lot of secrets that people keep under. That's the kind of thing that really does lend itself to monologues."

There ate passages in many of Lill's plays that have the quality of monologue. Francis Beynon writes editorials for the women's page of The *Rural Review*. She aspires to a dialogue with her readers, but when she speaks out against jingoism and racism. it becomes a dialogue of the deaf. Elizabeth Smart in *Memories of You* and Mary in *Sisters* both respond to voices from other times and places, which only they can hear. Smart speaks to an abstract literary audience through her autobiographical novel. while the nuns in *Sisters* address their thoughts to God in prayer.

While living in Kenora, Lill began to do radio documentaries for CBC's "Our Native Land." When she moved to Winnipeg in 1979, she worked as a freelance journalist, and has supported herself by writing ever since. "I've never really thought of myself as a journalist," she says, 'but I became quite good at doing radio documentary, because I really liked interviewing people." She won an ACTRA Award for her radio documentary on the Manitoba language conflict, *Who is George Forest?*, as well as for a radio drama, *Shorthanded*.

> *'I'm not a groupie of Elizabeth Smart's. I had a lot of trouble with her. I was angry at her'*

Lill, however, soon found journalism "limiting." A strike by immigrant women in the garment industry was "one story that I wanted to tell and I couldn't find a market. Nobody wanted to hear it. I was interested in the relationships among these women and what impact that strike had on their lives." Lill decided she could covet the story by dramatizing it. Someone in CBC Drama told Lill there were not enough ethnic actors in the city to do it. "It was jut another way of saying, 'We don't want this.' So I decided, 'I'm going to write a play. I'm going to go out on this picket line. Pm going to hang around there and get to know these women and try to portray their lives.'"

With a giant from the secretary of state, Lill produced *On the* Line at Agassiz Theatre in Winnipeg "It was very much a piece of agitprop: very pro-worker and very anti-boss." The Women Garment Workers' Union endorsed the play. They all loved it because it was their story. I realized it's good to make the garment workers love your story, but it's mote da challenge to make other people love it as well."

Lill had her first major stage success in 1984 at the Prairie Theatre Exchange in Winnipeg. *The Fighting Days* chronicles the struggles of the suffragist journalist Francis Marion Beynon, an actual historical figure and colleague of Nellie McClung. Rather than throw another wreath on the monument to McClung as a feminist hero, Lill chose to explore some of the painful divisii in the suffragist movement, focusing on a lesser-known contemporary who broke with McClung over issues of war and racism. While McClung supported the imperialist rhetoric of the First World War and the denial of the newly won franchise to "non-Empire' women, Beynon doggedly followed the idealistic and unpopular mad of defending pacifism and the rights of immigrants.

Beynon and McClung illustrate themes common to many of Lill's later characters. Her women tend to be strong; strong enough to be more than simple heroes or victims; strong enough to take moral responsibility for their actions. While illuminating the structures of oppression — particularly those of gender, race, and class — Lill's plays show her characters struggling with choices that, in varying degrees. implicate them, or place them in opposition to, those structures.

Shortly after moving to Winnipeg, Lill began a friendship with the film-maker Norma Bailey that became an important creative partnership. After Lill completed a 1980 series of reports for Information Radio called *Tk Native Urban Migration*, Bailey asked her to research a documentary about three Natives moving to the city, *You Can't* Get *It Here*.

The two women next worked together on an NFB mini-series about M&is women, *Daughters* of the Country. Lill wrote the script for the first film, *Ikwe*. About the same time, she moved east, where her husband. a native Maritimer, had become editor Of a weekly newspaper. "We just left Winnipeg and threw up the cards." Moving to rural Antigonish County in 1984 was "a culture shock" for Lill. 'I sat in the village of Monastery and wrote *Ikwe*, which was really good for me because it kept me going.'

After six months in Nova Scotia, Lill lived for two years beside the Saint John River, just outside Fredericton, New Brunswick. Her two sons were born there. For the past few years, she has lived in Halifax-Dartmouth.

Lill's "rather middle-class house on a hill" surmounts a long staircase near the top of Summit Street in Dartmouth. On a raw day in January. the picture window offers a good view of Halifax beyond the container ships parked in the harbour. Framed art-gallery prints and posters for Lill's plays are on the walls. Pine furniture from Ikea contrasts with dark pressed-back dining chairs. Neat and calm in the cool winter light, the mom belies the presence of small children — except for a vigorous pattern of dents decorating the surface of the coffee table.

The room gives the same initial impression as Lill herself — comfortable enough. but reserved. a bit cool. Neither her manner nor her writing gives evidence of a need far personal confession. Autobiographical parallels do appear in her plays: Francis Beynon is a journalist, and romantically involved with an editor; Heather Rose works in the health-care system in Northern Ontario. Lill draws on her own experience to understand her characters better, but her plays show more interest in the lives of other people than in the life of Wendy Lill.

It is hard to imagine a writer less similar to Lill than Elizabeth

Smart, the furiously self-absorbed author of *By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept*. Smart, nevertheless, is the subject of Lill's most recently published play, *Memories of You*. When Smart died, Lill 'got angry" at the different ways academics and feminists were interpreting her lii. "I diin'r like the way she was being put in a box and put away."

Lill draws a comparison between Smart and Mii Acorn, who died around the same time, but whose behaviour, she feels, was viewed less critically because of gender. "In a sense they were both loose cannons, wild cards. Why is it acceptable for men to behave in that way and not be judged so harshly? I had a lot of trouble with her. I was angry at her. I found her indulgent, and I didn't lii a lot of ha writing. Pm not a groupie of Elizabeth Smart's. I just wanted to say, 'Can't we at least give her some air time and let her talk about her life!' Why can't we allow people to make those kin& of choices?"

Lill struggled with the Smart story until she found the voice sbe wanted, In the character of Rose. Smart's bitter adult daughter confronts her mother about her choices in life. For Lill, the play is 'one long accusation."

Smart has been variously seen as heroic. pathetic, or monstrous. Her heroic, even triumphant, quality derives from her insistence on living lii on her own terms, and the intensity, if not the extent, of her literary achievement. If she burned with a bright flame, however, Rose suggests that she may also have burned up those around her.

"What was she? I'm not answering that for people,' says Lill. "The only thing I can do is present this woman and have her turn around in front of you so you can see her in different ways."

These days Lill is busy rewriting her most recent play. *Sisters*, which was produced in 1989 at the Ship's Company Theatre in Parrsboro, Nova Scotia. Built around a historical incident — the burning of a school building in Shubenacadie in 1972 -the play explores the treatment of Native children in the notorious residential schools, through the character of Mary, a nun in a teaching order. Mary has confessed to starting the fire, but except for thii one startling act, she shows little of the wilful strength of Francis Beynon or Eliibeth Smart.

Mary, says Lill, "is probably the most ambiguous character yet I'm older now- I know that life is a lot more complicated, and harder." Mary wavers indecisively while other characters act out the options available to her. Her boyfriend, Louis, sent away to fight in the war, speaks for the "worldly" life of sexual desire and motherhood. Sister Gabriel represents creative rebellion. Mother Agnes is a stern, almost tragic figure: like Nellie McClung, she is a woman frustrated by the limits placed on her because of gender, whose search for empowerment leads her inm complicity with an oppressive system.

For the rewrite of *Sisters*, Lill is interviewing nuns at the Halifax Mother House of the Sisters of Charity. "The thii I haven't got a handle on is her faith. It's really another character in the play."

The nuns who have seen the play, says Lill, have liked it. There has been less response from the Native community. The one criticism Lill has heard from that quarter is that she has

altered history by placing the match in the hands of a white person. Although much of Lill's work has dealt with Native issues, there have been no Native characters in her plays. "I don't feel that comfortable writing from a Native perspective," she says, although she has done so once, in *Ikwe*. "I didn't have any trouble with that. I did enormous research. But generally speaking, I feel that there's a lot of Natives who can put words into Native people's mouths and tell the stories that they want to tell. I'm more familiar with the impact that my culture, the white dominant culture, has had on other people. I like to explore that: to make people as uncomfortable and as sensitive as possible."

In *Sisters*, Lill says, "My interest wasn't simply to say yet again how badly fucked over Indian kids were, because I think people know that by now. It was more to try to understand how seemingly Christian people are able to do the things that they do."

Sisters may be produced in the fall at Prairie Theatre Exchange, under the direction of Kim McCaw. Before *Sisters*, all of Lill's plays since *On the Line* have been premiered by McCaw at PTE. Lill's durable connection with Winnipeg led Doug Smith, writing in *NeWest Review* in 1989, to dub her the city's "most popular writer in non-residence." The strength of that connection has derived mainly from the working relationship with McCaw and with Norma Bailey. Now, in Mary Vingoe, who directed the first production of *Sisters*, Lill has found another creative partner.

"I need somebody who can answer questions," observes Lill, "to whom I can say, 'This isn't working. What are you seeing in it?' The answer that I need there is not, 'You should do this or that,' it's a response that shifts the focus so I can see it in a different way. I find that with all three of those people."

Lill is currently working on her first collective project, a play about prostitution. With Mary Vingoe as director, the actor Nicola Lipman as producer, and Lill as "scribe," the group has workshopped the play at Halifax's Cunard Street Theatre. Lill is interested in "the use of sex" by young women, as an instrument of their anger that is ultimately self-destructive. "Boys at that age act out their rage by joining gangs or beating people up. Girls' anger isn't expressed outwardly in the same way."

Prostitutes, Lill has discovered, want, like everyone else, to have their stories told. Does Lill ever tell her own story? "I wanted to write a play about a runaway mother at one point. I have a handicapped kid, and that's very hard. But Joan MacLeod has told it all in *Toronto, Mississippi*: the pain and the frustration, but the joy too — it's all there."

Lill feels that something of herself comes out in all her characters, particularly Rose in *Memories of You*, and Heather Rose. For the most part, however, Lill says, "I don't feel the need to explore myself on paper." She likes "to tell stories that are already out there. The work is to figure out why it interests me. The hardest part of any kind of writing is to universalize things. This crazy writer, Elizabeth Smart — what does her life have to do with anybody? The challenge is to show that her life has to do with everybody." ◆

INTERVIEW

THE MASK OF COMEDY

◇

'Her job is to mix the scientific and tke religious and risk being thought mud'

ANN-MARIE MACDONALD is a playwright and performer living in Toronto. She was born on a West German air-force base and moved frequently as a child, though her family roots are in Cape Breton Island. She collaborated with Beverley Cooper in writing *Nancy* Paw: *Clue in the Fast Lane*, which was first performed in Nightwood Theatre's Rhubarb Festival (1984), then as a full production at Theatre Passe Muraille; she was also a member of the collective that wrote and performed *This is For You, Anna*, which was part of a Nightwood festival of new works and went on man international tour. Her first solo writing effort, *Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)*, which is published this month by Coach House Press. was produced bv Nightwood and won a Chalmers Canadian Play Award in 1988. She spoke with Judith Rudakoff in Toronto.

BiC: *You moved around quite a bit as a child and then later while attending school and university. What effect did this have on you?*

Ann-Marie MacDonald: One thing it's done is lead me to invert a great deal in the life of the imagination, and to endow other places, the places where I lived as a child and then left, with great importance. Which is not to imply that these places were perfect or idealized, but that they took on mythic proportions. Cape Breton Island created a pantheon for me: that's where my "real" family lived, in the "realest" spot on earth: God's country.

As a child, I felt thar I'd never had a life that was "real." I never had a past. Authentic lives, I thought, were led by other people, like my parents. My own present-tense life, moving around, was not bounded or contextualized or contained. It was not a story. To me, everything real — and I equared "real" with mythic — occurred in places other than the one where I was, and as a result, most of my energy was funnelled into the life of the mind.

BiC: *Who were your heroes?*

MacDonald: Bugs Bunny. He was a crafty outsider who was charming. He could go anywhere, meet anybody, talk to anyone. He could get in and out, fast. And that's what I did. I had to learn to be a consummate adapter because I was always moving or being moved and having to fit in right away. But I was also aware that I would new really fit in.

BiC: *It's generally accepted that girls don't like* The Three Stooges. *Yet the humour in your plays, from* Clue in the Fast Lane, *the spoof on Nancy Drew mysteries, to* Goodnight Desdemona *to your current work in progress,* The Arab's Mouth, *contains the same frenetic, physical slapstick humour, the mockery of sacred cows, the buffoonery, the farce, the fast-paced dialogue . . .*

MacDonald: I was certainly influenced by all of those things. And it's true that girls who are clowns when they're kids are not thought to be authentic female creatures. If you're funny, the" you're too much like a boy. And because you're not a boy, then you must lx genderless, sexless. I remember that the first thing I ever wanted to be, when I was five years old, was a stand-up comic or a cartoonist. And I used to da these things for myself and for the amusement of my friends. But in the second grade, my teacher once made me stay after school and said, "All right, Ann-Marie, if you think you're so funny then why don't you tell me some jokes right now!" 1 didn't know what her problem was, but she obviously thought that I was some kind of smartass.

BiC: *Where does the funny stuff come from?*

MacDonald: From pain, of course. But I don't ever want to admit that any situation is hopeless or irredeemably dark. I can't. Comedy is like a flashlight or a torch for me. I can take this torch of comedy anywhere and it will protect me and illuminate what is there. I don't sit down to write a funny play. I always have a very serious intent; in fact. I often an-&r what I write to be quite religious. I work conceptually and abstractly and the fact that it's all contained in *story with all sorts of jokes is just how it comes out. In the same way, the mystery genre provides a framework. I like the fact that mystery is profane and sublime at the same time. I like the

Ann-Marie MacDonald

fact that I could be interpreted as a cheap dime-store miter of whodunits. or not.

BiC: *You like to take a formula and change it.*

MacDonald: You mean subvert a style! Yes, that does interest me — Nancy Drew, then Shakespeare, and now with *The Arab's Mouth* I'm getting farther and farther away from a model, though it is definitely allied with Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre* and the Gothic novel. The form is recognizable and yet the content provides a complete contrast.

BiC: *Where does the title* The Arab's Mouth *originate?*

MacDonald: It dropped into my brain as I was chopping carrots two years ago this spring. I knew even before I got the ride that I wanted to do something about math. It's nor strictly about math. but it's still math-inspired. In doll my research, I found out that in ancient Arabic arithmetic the Arab's mouth signified wholeness, zero, which is nothingness, the abyss. the womb, which is the entrance, which is the exit. . .

BiC: *What role does the unconscious play in how you get your ideas?*

MacDonald: What I try to do is listen. I listen for the pebbles that are tossed out: a title, a name, a location, a time period, an image, a theme. What are the phrases and images that keep repeating? Ideas don't always come in an avalanche. And though the ideas may seem unrelated at first, my job is to solve the mystery of why they appeared. The solving of the mystery is the process of writing.

BiC: *Mystery is a common element in your plays: Nancy Prew deciphering the clues and then taking the unexpected path; Constance Leadbelly decoding a manuscript and finding surprising answers; Pearl MacIsaac in* The Arab's Mouth *following the seemingly unrelated threads and solving a puzzle.*

MacDonald: In *The Arab's Mouth* an amateur paleontologist in Scotland is searching along the sea coast for fossils and comes across a collection of ancient Egyptian hieroglyphs carved into a stone that is white hot. That's the first mystery, but there are several others too. It's a Gothic mystery set up with a scientific method: what do all these disparate parts have to do with each other? In the end, all the solutions can be explained on various levels: *naturalistic,* religious. 1 like to make mysteries that have at least three solutions. There's always more than 0°C answer to any question, and the problem of how to embody those contradictions fascinates me.

BiC: *Your plays seem in tune with the concept of knowledge as power. Most, if not all, of your central characters are actively in pursuit of knowledge.*

MacDonald: Yes. In The *Arab's Mouth,* Pearl is reeking the key to the origins of the universe.

BiC: *And that's vastly different from seeking to order the universe, isn't it?*

MacDonald: Her whole point is that certainty is the death of science, and that faith is the prerequisite of the scientific mind. Her job is to mix the religious and the scientific and risk being thought mad.

BiC: *How do the characters relate to* you!

MacDonald: They all do have to be related in some way to the mind that creates them. There are some characters who have more obvious elements in common with me. There's Pearl, a severe rationalist, a daddy's girl who is dry and authoritative, at least at the outset of the play; and a brother, Victor, who has an earing disorder and wants to be a novelist. There are various autobiographical strains, but I don't mite confession plays. I'm nor interested in that. The facts are just grist for the mill.

BiC: *What is the balance between the dark and the light in your plays?*

MacDonald: In *Goodnight Desdemona* it's in my heroine's darkest hour that she has a vision that brings her back into rhe light. In *The Arab's* Mouth I created a 32-year-old woman who is fiercely, dangerously allied with the side of liihc not just gentle light, but the piercing, unforgiving light that will not tolerate imp&-tion. A force that wants to even out everything and burn up that which cannot survive the light, to deny the darkness. And that's a kind of death. Ha brother is the child of darkness. completely at the mercy of his imagination and hi body. In a sense, I've reversed the traditional gender roles: he's got all the female pmb lems and she's consciously on the side of the patriarchy, at the outset anyway. Then she enters the dark, the Arab's mouth. It's all about trying to retrieve the darkness without being destroyed by it.

BiC: Goodnight Desdemona seems *to be the jumping-off point and* The Arab's Mouth *the next logical step.*

MacDonald: It Is. My plays get darker and darker. and the comedy seems to happen anyway.

BiC: *Is writing for the theatre very different from writing for film or television or radio?*

MacDonald: My experience is that those kinds of writing have so little to do with one another that they shouldn't even be called by the same name.

BiC: Which do you *prefer?*

MacDonald: Theatre. That's what I do, that's what I want to do.

BiC: *What about writing and acting — are they mutually exclusive too?*

MacDonald: It's a symbiotic relationship, like being a singer-songwriter. But I no longer "sing my own songs," nor do I wish to.

BiC: *Is it difficult to give the roles away?*

MacDonald: No, it's thrilling. After I've finished a play, the last thing I want to do is have to live with it for the next six weeks as a performer. I also think it's necessary for me to be able to release the play and to give it to the company, for them to own it.

BiC: So you *must trust the director completely?*

MacDonald: Absolutely.

BiC: *Are there directors you prefer to work with?*

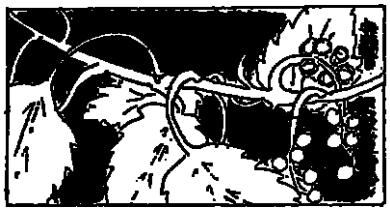
MacDonald: Yes. Banuta Rubess or Maureen White. And I had a fabulous experience as an actor working with Peter Hinton on Abii Square at Theatre Passe Muraille. But *This is* For *You, Anna,* in which I worked with Banuta and Maureen. was a turning point for me on many levels.

BiC: Are *you a political writer?*

MacDonald: We may be part of the last society on earth that tries to dichotomize art and politics. There's an assumption that if you're a political writer you must be writing agitprop. It doesn't necessarily mean that at all. I'm a political creature, and the fact that my plays all try to embody contradiction is a political point of view.

BiC: *Are feminist issues always a part of your work?*

MacDonald: Feminism pervades my point of view. The fact that I'm not writing specifically issue-oriented plays in no way dilutes my feminism. There seems to be a false assumption these days that if you enjoy a certain degree of mainstream success you're expected to repudiate your feminist roots, to slough off your earliir ideas as if they were clumsy and you'd outgrown them. That's absolute bullshit. There are things that you don't outgrow — they grow with you. ◈



BOOKNEWS
AN ADVERTISING FEATURE

FLESH AND BLOOD

'Soon as school's** over **nex** year, **I'm leavin** home, **goin** ta work ... an I woan* **even take a *chair from* their house *ta* sit in, *not* even a *cup an saucer'

◇

by Don Hannah

CAST

Loretta Estabrooks
Bobby Estabrooks, her brother
Mildred Estabrooks, their mother
Norman Estabrooks, their father
Philippe Chaisson, Loretta's husband
M&key Chaisson, Loretta and Phil's son
Nancy Hebett

SET

Flesh and Blood is set on a beach in south-eastern New Brunswick. The beach is not realistic, but it must have elements of the real and should be adaptable for all scenes. The events of the play span the mid-'50s to the present. Flesh and Blood is happening within Bobby and Loretta.

ACT ONE

Bobby and Loretta are children and they are hiding in a pile of old canvas.

LORETTA Bobby, they catch us, what'll we do?

BOBBY They ain't gonna catch us.

LORETTA What, we're gonna live here now? In a shack on the wharf?

BOBBY Ya said ya wouldn't be a baby. (Bat) We just took some chip.

LORETTA Six jumbo bags.

BOBBY Ya dint even take Barbecue.

LORETTA An ten O'Henrys. An two giant Pepsis, kiig size.

BOBBY Ole man Bourgeois'll forget all about it.

LORETTA His ole witch wife woan, she'll phone Mom. An Mom's waitin for us with the hairbrush I bet.

BOBBY We're too *bii*

LORETTA I'm ascared. (*Beat*) I should-n't a ate so much.

BOBBY Ya wanted to.

LORETTA I doan feel so good. I wanna go home.

BOBBY Quiet, will ya?

LORETTA I doan wanna puke here.

BOBBY Quit whinin.

LORETTA Mrs. Bourgeois, she woan let us buy stuff in her store again ever. I'll hafta get Nancy to buy chips and pop fer me. *(Beat)* I'll never get a whole set a Sick Valentine Bubble Gum Cards.

BOBBY Quiet, or I'll hafta tickle ya again.

LORETTA No one's gonna let me inside anywhere no more. Mrs. Hebett woan let Nance an Jimmy play with us again ever.

BOBBY Suits me fine. He's a lil fairy.

LORETTA Is nor!

BOBBY Is too!

LORETTA Is not! (Beat) My life is over! You ruint everythin an my life is over!

BOBBY Tickle Man's comin.

LORETTA *N o .*

BOBBY Yes.

He *tickles her sides, she laughs.*

BOBBY Coochy coochy coochy coochy coochy.

LORETTA Quit it. Bobby. Quit it. They'll hear us. Stop it et I'll be sick.

He *stops tickling her.*

BOBBY All better?

LORETTA No. Tickle Man's fer babies. I started school now. I ain't a baby no more.

BOBBY Yes you is. a lil baby.

LORETTA No I ain't! I ain't a baby, not no more.

Bobby looks at her. Their parents appear on the beach behind them. Mildred is holding a large hairbrush, and Norman is blocking her way.

BOBBY Retta? Loretta?

Loretta does not look at him. A beat, then she shoves him off the canvas. She begins working at the canvas, turning it into a tent.

NORMAN Now. Mother . .

MILDRED Don't you Now Mother me! That Hebert boy was lookin fer a fight!

Lights begin to fade to twilight.

NORMAN Mother —

MILDRED Jimmy Hebert was down there lookin fer a fight! Damn him! Juss damn that Jimmy Hebett! Damn hi soul!

Mildred and Norman disappear. Bobby stands apart from his sister who works on the tent, ignoring him. The sound of waves.

Quiet, then there is the sound of boys shouting in the distance. Loretta stands very still, listening. She and Bobby look at each other. The voices off stage are loud, fighting. Bobby looks towards the voices then to his sister who has turned away. He walks quickly off stage towards the fight, as we hear the roar of a car with a Hollywood muffler. A police siren sounds over this and both fade into the distance as Nancy runs on.

NANCY Ain't ya finished the tent yet?

LORETTA No, you can gimme a hand. Ya get some?

NANCY Yeah, finally. Stupid bootlegger must a asked about a million questions, but I jus lied to im. Hey, there's somethin happenin down at the beach, juss pas the Blue Circle.

LORETTA I know. Sounded lii a fight. Help me with this, will ya?

Nancy helps Loretta with the tent. But she talks more than she works.

NANCY I seen yer Dad there.

LORETTA At the bootlegger's? Oh, jeese.

NANCY But he dint see me. He's out back havin a drink with ole Romeo. *(Beat)* I thought yer gonna get Bobby ta help with this.

LORETTA Bobby help me, thas a laugh. *(Beat)* Ya sure he dint see ya?

NANCY Ya think Pm lyin?

LORETTA No, jeese.

NANCY Less get Bobby ta help us.

LORETTA He's out somewheres, an he woan help us anyway.

NANCY Might help me.

LORETTA Dream on. Where's Jimmy tanight?

NANCY He tole Ti-Pop he's goin fer a walk er somethin. Look, I broughta radio. It's live "night from Dance-a-Rama, Gerry an the Gemtones is playin.

Nancy turns the radio on loud.

LORETTA Turn it down! We got" hear or Mom'll sneak up on us an catch us drinkin an they woan let us sleep out no more all summer. Woan even think bout lettin me go ta Expo with ya.

Nancy turns radio down a bit.

NANCY Dat ain't Gerry the Gemtones.

LORETTA It's Peter an Gordon's 'World Widout Love."

NANCY I know. *(Beat)* Muss be intermission er somethin.

LORETTA *(Beat)* Ya gonna help me or ya wanna sleep in a tree all nighr?

They work together on the tent.

NANCY Indians must be nuts ta live in these things alla rime. *(Beat)* Ya gotta sleepin beg fer me!

LORETTA Yeah, I got Bobby's.

NANCY Yeah! Ya tell'm it's fer me?

LORETTA I dint tell'm nuthin.

NANCY Ya think that was Bobby's car with a siren chasin after it?

LORETTA Dunno. Serve'm right he gets a speedin ticker. Actin bii alla rime Thinks he invented how ta spit fer jeese sakes.

NANCY He's a hood.

LORETTA He is nor!

NANCY Ya raid so yerself.

LORETTA I never said my brother's a hood.

NANCY Ya did so, lass week when we was down at the beach an he walked by with Gordy an Bozo.

LORETTA I said *they* was hoods. Juss cause he acts like a jerk doan mean he's a hood. (Brat) 1 think yer brother's cute.

MAUREEN PAXTON

NANCY Jimmy?

LORETTA No, yer invisible brother from China. Ya gotta admit he's cute.

NANCY Then so's Waldo Procter.

LORETTA Jeese, whadda crummy think ta say.

NANCY I saw mental Waldo "day. He wrote our names down in his lil book fer when he gets to be premier a New Brunswick, he's gonna put a ban on us.

LORETTA My mom says he's stupid enough ta be premier someday.

NANCY She juss says char cause she doan like Premier Robichaud cause he's French.

LORETTA Ja see Expo 67 on TV lass night?

NANCY I ast my mudder again bout if ya can come wit us when we go an she says ya could maybe cause there's extra beds at my Aunt Clemence in Montreal. but there ain't room in the car so ya can't. If my stupid brother'd stay home. then ya could come. Cept that's where he wants ta go ta "university" so I doan rink so.

LORETTA My mom an I had a bii fight bout it cause she mid all Centennial Year is a excuse to be stupid.

NANCY My mudder says that yours'd birch about the Blessed Virgin if she came over.

LORETTA She sure would — Virgin Mary's a Cathlick.

NANCY (Bat) Y'ever think it's funny us bein bess friens when our mudders get along so bad?

LORETTA When I have kids, I swear ta God I woan make'm mental.

She finishes the tent.

LORETTA There, thassit.

NANCY Less have a drink.

LORETTA This wine need a

corkscrew er anythin?

NANCY A corkscrew? Jeese, I bought it from the bootlegger, not the friggin King a France.

Tky *drink.*

NANCY Ya think Expo's really as good as they make it look on TV?

LORETTA Course. (*Beat*) I got the map of it memorized. (*Beat*) Juss think. Famous people are probly there right now.

NANCY Ole man Bourgeois tole me he seen famous people here.

LORETTA Big deal. Kate Smith was here once on er way Overseas in World War Two. Some ole fat lady on "Ed Sullivan," old enough ta be dead. Real famous people never bee" here.

NANCY The Fadders a Confederation was on the Point Wharf once.

LORETTA That makes Kate Smith soun good. Look, I betcha the Beatles'll be at Expo. Ya might see'm.

NANCY They'd have guards against us.

LORETTA I wanna go. (*Beat*) If 1 tell ya somethin, promise ya woan laugh at me.

NANCY What?

LORETTA Ya gotta promise.

NANCY Okay, I promise.

LORETTA No, really really promise.

NANCY Okay, okay, I promise I woan laugh at ya or it'll be a sin

LORETTA (*Beat*) I really Iii Jimmy.

NANCY Not my brudder?

LORETTA Yes.

NANCY Yer kiddin.

LORETTA Swear ta God.

NANCY Jimmy? Yer kiddin.

LORETTA Oh, came on, even you can see that he's not like the other jerks aroun here. I mean, eve" his hair's like somebody's from Away. The way it comes down cross his forehead.

NANCY When did you go all Love Mental?

LORETTA I ain't Love Mental, it's juss . . . It's like he's somebody I never looked at before cause he was allays there, an then. alla sudden, I see him for the firs time *real*. More real lookin than somebody who ain't famous. I feel like he knows things-like he's got things ta tell me that I wouldn't know except fer him.

NANCY Jeese. You're more'n Love Mental. Yet sick in the head.

LORETTA Ya promised ya wouldn't laugh.

NANCY It's too freaky ta laugh at. (*Beat*) Jimmy. jeese. Look, ya dunno him fer real. Come on over a" lissin ta the stupid music he likes. All at shit from Quebec a" friggin Edith Piaf screamin bout bein broke up.

LORETTA He lissens ta somethin diffrent so everybody makes fun a him.

NANCY Y'ever heard Gilles Vigneaulr? Can't carry a tune in a bag dat guy.

LORETTA Ya think Jimmy'd be innerested in me?

NANCY Dunno.

LORETTA Can ya find out witout him suspectin nuthin?

NANCY I'll juss ask'm.

LORETTA If you tell'm this, I'll die.

A siren wails very loud and very close.

NANCY Cripes!

LORETTA Look!

NANCY It's goin down ta the beach — less go see!

LORETTA You wanna?

Another siren, followed closely by *a third.*

LORETTA Cops an ambulance too.

NANCY A" the Mounties!

LORETTA You think maybe one a them lil kids went swimmin at night, got drownded?

NANCY Less go find cut.

LORETTA You really wanna?

NANCY Doan you?

LORETTA 1 thought we was celebratin passin an everthin.

MILDRED (*Off*) Loretta?

LORETTA Oh oh. Ssh.

NANCY What?

LORETTA S'my mom. Get ridda the wine, fast!

They take the wine into the tent.

NANCY What's she doin out here?

LORETTA You gotta Cert or sumthin?

NANCY Eat some grass.

MILDRED Loretta? Could you girls come here, please?

LORETTA (*In tent*) Whasamatter, Mom?

Mildred enters.

MILDRED Retta, is Nancy there witb you?

LORETTA What do you want, Mom?

MILDRED I asked you to come here! Do it now!

LORETTA Oh, okay.

The girls come out of the tent.

NANCY Hi, Mrs. Estabrooks.

MILDRED Hi, Nancy.

LORETTA What is it, Mom?

MILDRED Nancy, I think you'd better go home now.

LORETTA Mom.

MILDRED Retta, hush up. Nancy, there's bee" some kind a trouble and you better go home till things get straightened up.

NANCY What trouble?

MILDRED You better hurry home, yer

folks'll be lookin fer you.

NANCY Oh jeese, what is it?

LORETTA Whasamatter, Mom?

MILDRED Nancy, you got anything in the tent?

NANCY Juss my radio an my bag wit my brush an stuff.

MILDRED You better go get them, dear.

Nancy goes back into the tent.

LORETTA what is it, Mom?

MILDRED Ssh! (*Whispers*) You juss wait. (*Louder*) Nancy, you got everythin? Evry lil bit?

Nancy comes out.

NANCY Umhum.

LORETTA I'll walk ya home, Nance.

MILDRED You'll do no such thii Yer comin inta the house this instant! There's been enough carryin on fer one night.

LORETTA Oh, Mother, jeese.

MILDRED Loretta, say good-bye to Nancy.

LORETTA Mom, can't I walk her part way?

MILDRED No!

NANCY It was my fault, Mrs. Estabrooks.

MILDRED what?

NANCY I bought it, not Loretta.

LORETTA Nance!

MILDRED Bought what?

NANCY The wine we was drinkin.

MILDRED What? Oh, Nancy girl, fer godsakes juss go home now.

NANCY Okay. Night.

LORETTA I'll call ya tomorrow. We'll go swimmin.

NANCY Niiht.

LORETTA Night, Nance.

Nancy exits. The *lights* start *to fade, isolating Loretta and Mildred in a small pool of light.*

MILDRED (Bat) Get your stuff outta thar tent an get inside the house this instant.

LORETTA We hardly drank anythin, ya know.

MILDRED March!

LORETTA It's no fair.

MILDRED Loretta Estabrooks!

LORETTA Mom? What's goin on?

MILDRED Oh, Retta, somethin teal bad's happened.

LORETTA What?

MILDRED Nancy's brother Jimmy got himself killed in a fight down at the beach, an the cops is lookin fer Bobby.

LORETTA Killed?

MILDRED Yes.

LORETTA Jimmy got killed. He's dead!

MILDRED Yes.

LORETTA An they're lookin fer Bobby?

MILDRED They're lookin for our Bobby.

Two sirens begin wailing, growing louder and louder. Mildred and Loretta exit and Bobby *sneaks up unseen behind the tent. He violently pulls* it *down and starts* kicking it. He *kicks and kicks and kicks. Then he falls exhausted on top of the pile of canvas. He lies rocking. As the sirens disappear into the distance, Norman is standing over Bobby, looking down at him. They are in the town jail. Both men are terrified.*

BOBBY We's juss friggin roun, juss dinkin roun down there. Juss talkin, ya know, juss tellin jokes an.. tellin jokes.

NORMAN (*Beat*) Who all was down there?

BOBBY There was me an Gordie and Bozo — but maybe he wen home already - an Bucky.

NORMAN What about the Hebert kid?

BOBBY He weren't with us. He juss come by. We's juss mindin our own business an he juss come by.

NORMAN (*Beat*) Now Bobby, did be say anythin er da sumthin?

BOBBY He's laughin at us.

NORMAN How come!

BOBBY I dunno. Cause he thinks be's better. 1 dunno.

NORMAN Whad'd he say!

BOBBY I dunno. Stupid stuff.

NORMAN Like what, boy?

BOBBY Like we's all a buncha jerks fer sayin U de M's fulla shit.

NORMAN Yeah?

BOBBY Says we's all stupid. He's actin like summa people, ya know. Figgur they's better'n we are cause they own sailboats off the wharf an we doan. Says we pmbly stay home Wednesday nights watch Don Messer on TV.

NORMAN Now Bobby —

Loretta is standing apart from them looking towards the Blue Circle.

BOBBY I dint do nuthin.

NORMAN Bobby, cops say maybe somebody holds that boy down an somebody else kicks'm in the head.

BOBBY Cops is crazy as the birds.

NORMAN They say his head smashed up pretty bad. Gonna be closed coffin.

BOBBY I dint do it! Dint do it! Dint do nuthin!

NORMAN They say ya did. An ya been in trouble before —

BOBBY Yeah, but-

NORMAN Fer stealin an breakin inta cottages that time an fightin —

BOBBY But -

NORMAN Raymond Bannister, he says yet best ta say yer guilty a manslaughter.

BOBBY But I dint do nuthin!

NORMAN Look now! They found ya all covered with that boy's blood. Cops

found yer shoes in the ditch out by Ring's Corner. Bannister says one a them's got so much on it, looks like it dyed red. *(Beat)* So he says ta plead guilty ta manslaughter ya might be okay. He says if they charge ya with second degree, they could send ya up fer Life.

BOBBY Life? But I dint do nuthin! Swear ta God!

NORMAN Bobby, lookit! Now I dunno anythin bout these things, but I trust Bannister. Hi father was Overseas with me.

BOBBY (Bat) Life! Jeese!

NORMAN He's comin in ta see ya in the mornin.

BOBBY You comin too!

Lights up on Loretta.

LORETTA You kilt him! You kilt him! You kilt him an I hate you!

Nancy walks slowly across the beach.

LORETTA Nance! Nancy! Nance! Nance?

Nancy ignores her.

NANCY Loretta ain't my frien, she woan ever be my Hen. I always hated her guts.

LORETTA Nance.

NANCY We're movin away.

Nancy walks slowly up the beach and away. Loretta looks at her father and her brother.

LORETTA It's your fault cause yer drunk!

NORMAN I doan drink that much. You been liiin to yer mother.

LORETTA I doan wan nuthin to do with you! None a you!

She runs after Nancy.

LORETTA Nance! Wait up!

She stops, stands watching after Nancy.

NORMAN *(Beat)* Yer mother wants ta seep. She's waitin.

BOBBY An Retta. Is Retta here too?

Mildred joins Bobby and Norman.

BOBBY Retta?

MILDRED I'm sendin her off fer the summer. She can stay up country at Uncle Simpson's, then go ta Myrtle an Lawson's till school starts. I doan want her around fer none a this.

Lights fade on Bobby, Mildred and Norman. The parents exit slowly. Bobby wraps himself in the canvas and lies still. There is a light on Loretta.

LORETTA My Jimmy who art in heaven ... hello. I hate Bobby. I know you're someplace where they say ya gotta love yer enemies, but I can't love him no mores. I doan ever wanna see him. An tbii means I can't love my famly no more neither cause they think I'm a traitor. Soon as school's over nex year, I'm leavin home, goin ta work. I'll get Uncle Bert ta find me a job at the Railway. an I woan even take a chair from their house ta sit in -not even a cup an saucer. They are dead fer me. But not you. I feel so bad that I never tolt you how happy I was that time I went over an your Mom an Dad was in Moncton with Nancy buyin her shoes, and I stayed an we talked an stuff. Bout the teachers at Moncton High an at the French school you go to an the Separatists an that. J'ever notice yer hans? That souns stupid, I know, but I think about yer hans. They were never dirty like Bobby's allays stuck in some ole car, they were like ya played the piano er sumthin — even though ya doan I know. But they was like that. That day when yer whole famly's out buyin shoes, I kept lookin at em. Thinkin bout how much I wanna walk ta the end a the wharf with ya some night in summer. I wouldn't tell nobody but you that I practised kissin my own hand later, pretendin it was you. Stupid, eh? Like Venus Procter when she used ta give herself hickies on tbe arm an say a boy did it. *(Beat)* But it weren't like that. *(Beat)* I woan ever love no guy much as I love you. Jimmy. I'm divorcin my famly for you. No guy woan ever be you. Nobody else woan ever be you.

An earlier version of this play was broadcast on CBC radio last year. Don Hannah is currently reworking it for the stage.

FEATURE REVIEW

THEATRICAL SOCRATES

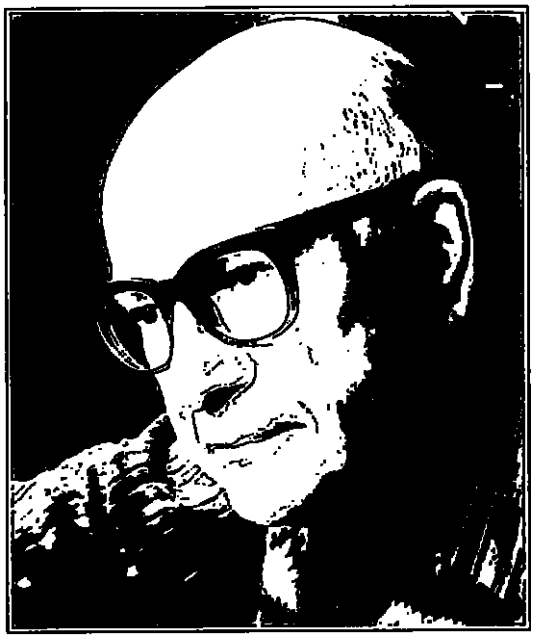
Mavor Moore has always preferred to probe rather than preach

◇

By Alan Fiiewod

SIX PLAYS
by Mavor Moore
Talonbooks, 205 pages, $9.95 paper, (ISBN 0 88922 271 1)

FEW INDIVIDUALS HAVE had more impact on the cultural development of this country over tbe past four decades than Mavor Moore. As producer (in the theatre and broadcasting), director, actor, critic. professor, and journalist, he has assumed a Socratic mantle to goad the cultural establishment into recognizing both the importance the arts play In our cultural formation and the quality of the work Canadians produce. From the time of hi apprenticeship under his renowned mother, Dora Mavor Moore. in the postwar days of the New Play Society, Moore has promoted the idea of Canadian theatre. For Moore "Canadian culture" isn't just a synthetic, off-the-rack corollary of nationhood; it Is a centuries-old living tradition in grave peril of disappearing in the wake of cultural imperialism.



Mavor Moore

In the 1970s thii attitude would emerge as a radical posture of postcolonial affirmation, but Mavor Moore always succeeded in wrapping his radicalism in a relaxed, reasoned discourse that spoke effectively to a political establishment comprising conservative businessmen and lawyers, who knew little and cared less about the arts. Like Socrates, a figure with whom he has identified himself on numerous occasions, Moore has always preferred to probe rather than preach. Perhaps that is why, during the confrontational '70s, he was sometimes perceived by a younger generation of theatrical firebrands as a contradictory aspect of an establishment that wasn't supposed to be as sympathetic to their aspirations as he seemed to be. But his ability to adopt the protective coloration of the official culture enabled him to move easily through bureaucracies; as chairman of the Canada Council in the early 1980s, he was probably one of the best Mends the theatre had. His was a voice that was heard in Ottawa (how loudly only he can say). He was in fact the first public figure in Ottawa since Vincent Massey to combine government service with a lifelong commitment to Canadian drama.

Now that he is in retirement in British Columbia. Moore's accomplishments are overlooked these days. and it is sometimes difficult to see him as a radical. Perhaps he himself would demur at such a description. But consider: he was a pioneer producer at CBC in its heyday of original Canadian drama; his single season as founding artistic director of Toronto Arts Productions (ancestor of today's Canadian Stage) at the St. Lawrence Centre in 1970 featured four Canadian plays, a record still unmatched on the mainstage of a large regional theatre; the Charlottetown Festival, of which be was a co-founder, was a brave experiment in promoting Canadian musicals (a form in which Moore himself achieved some success as a writer); with his libretto for *Riel* (music by Harry Somers) he pioneered the epic Canadian opera. By the standards of the 1970s (when calls for Canadian content quotas were dir missed as nationalist insanity) these accomplishments were more radical than they may appear today.

To my mind, however, Moore's most enduring accomplishment may be the least recognized: as a professor of theatre at York University for close to 20 years he inspired generations of students, many of whom ate working in the theatre that he helped make possible. And in 1971, when he began at York, he was the first person to teach a university course in Canadian theatre history, thus helping found an academic dii cipline that continues to grow. There are many-and I count myself among them-whore paths were made easier by his trail-blazing.

Throughout all of these careers, Mavor Moore has seen himself a playwright, in which capacity he occupies an anomalous position in Canadian theatre. It is a position not at odds with the Socratic self-image familiar to his students. His politics may be those of the liberal nationalist, but as the plays in this present volume show, his aesthetics are conservative (a trait he shares witb Socrates, in fact). These plays (most of which were written

before 1972) privilege the traditional values of craft, neat construction, rhetorical dialectics, end wit. He enjoys the inherent contradictions of stage representation end plays with the twisted enigmas of time and space that the stage allows. These contradictions are coherent only if set against a notion of tradition, a beginning reference point situated in traditional aesthetic expectations. In practice that means that Moore's plays work best in traditional proscenium end thrust arrangements: they draw meaning from the formality of the stage on which they live. Moore has written dozens of plays and musicals in his time. end by any count he must be one of our most pmiiic unknown authors. I say unknown, because although hi name is certainly widely known, his plays are rarely produced in Canada, although they have been widely translated end produced abroad. This present anthology is the first time a selection has been brought together since Simon &Pierre published three of his one-acts (two of which are reprinted here) in 1973. This lack of interest in Moore's plays can be explained by the fact that although he contributed to the conditions that brought about the theatrical revolution of the 1970s, he was eclipsed by a younger generation of writers whose plays were more urgent end more topical then his.

This volume shows that in his best plays Moore offers difficult challenges to the actor and director. He moves easily from the disconcerting lyricism of *Come Away, Come Away*, in which an old man quite literally meets Death in the form of a little girl, to an almost Strindbergian fury, barely contained beneath the calm surface of his craft, in Tk *Argument*. Although burdened with a troublesome ending, *The Argument* demonstrates masterful technical skill. It shows Moore's delight in ambiguity: the unnamed man and woman could be husband end wife, mother end son, father and daughter; they could be living anywhere. Moore's ear is best and his eye keenest when he pares situations down to their structural core. Both of these plays are one-act gems that should find new life; they are ideally suited for university productions.

This kind of minimalism can be too clever at times; in *The Pile*, in which two men ponder ways to get rid of a vast stinking pile of unspecified but disgusting matter, the conceit quickly wears thin. But the worst that can be said about the play end the other minor pieces in this collection is that they are interesting exercises.

In *The Apology*, the only full-length play in this volume, Moore has taken hi Socratic persona to its logical conclusion. First performed in a public reading by the author in 1987, this depiction of Socrates et his trial signals an evolution in Moore's dramatic minimalism. Instead of ambiguity, we are presented with historical specificity; instead of a structuralist dissection of social behaviour, we find the boldly stated polemicism of "an old fart who refuses to join the parade." The dramaturgy is spare. In the first act, Socrates grills end skewers his accuser Meletus; in the second, he summons his lest resources to address his judges after sentence has been passed. Moore's Socrates is cut from Platonic cloth but the suggestion of despair that feeds his defiance is modern. Reading this play, I can almost sense the impatience of the unseen politicians who want to get this crank off the floor (so they can vote on the next free-trade bill!).

In retrospect it seems inevitable that Moore's writing should proceed to a dramatic treatment of Socrates himself Like Moore, Socrates was a gadfly, a teacher, a playwright, end a man of few pretensions. The fact that Moore retired with honour while Socrates was forced to choose between exile and death may say es much about the absence of tenure in Athens as it doer about our Canadian complacence.

Moore may see himself es Socrates but in his passionate love of the theatre, his liberal nationalism, end his faith in cultural politics. he is much closer to Vincent Massey, who crowned a distinguished career in public service as governor general. The opposition of these two references is ironic: Socrates was condemned; Massey was honoured. But Moore's performance es Socrates suggests another perspective. When a distinguished Canadian artist identifies himself with a gadfly hounded to death by two-bit politicians, we are confronted with a cautionary fable about our treatment of the arts. in Czechoslovakia, in en exultation of national pride, the people have promoted a playwright to the presidency; in Canada we exile the artists to the margins end elevate retired politicians to the Governor-Generalship. How much better we would be served, end what a better face we would present to the world, if we turned to our artists. For that matter, who better than Mavor Moore? It's a fate no worse then hemlock. Could we handle a theatrical Socrates as the Queen's representative in Canada? ◆

BLACK WREATH

By Denis Salter

SALT-WATER MOON
by David French
Talonbooks, 83 pages, $8.95 paper.
(ISBN 0 88922 257 6)

1949
by David French
Talonbooks, 174 pages, $9.95 paper,
(ISBN 0 88922 266 5)

DAVID FRENCH, ATTENTIVE, sympathetic, and blessed with a remarkable ear for dialogue, is the chronicler of a Newfoundland culture that refuses to die. When his early plays were first produced at the Tarragon Theatre in Toronto in the 1970s, critics called him a realist. Newfoundlanders found themselves reflected, as if for the first time, in the flattering mirror of his art.

But, like so many dour so-called realists — among them Alice Munro, David Adams Richards, and Michel Tremblay — French is in effect a magic realist, fascinated by what lurks beneath and at the margins of our seemingly normal existence, which in his plays is always being disturbed by supernatural phenomena, grotesque incidents. and death as a kind of recurrent aura.

These two plays, together with *Leaving Home* (1972) and *Of the Fields, Lately* (1975), complete a tetralogy based on the life of the Mercer family. In *Salt-Water Moon*, Jacob Mercer, freshly returned from a visit to Toronto, woos Mary Snow by the bewitching light of a saltwater moon shinii brightly over Coley Point. Twenty-five years later, in 1949, Jacob and Mary, along with their two sons, Ben and Billy, are living in Toronto where they react in sharply diit ways to Newfoundland's decision to surrender its identity by joining Confederation that year. I" *Leaving Home*, Ben, an independent-minded teen-ager, and Jacob, a" inflexible patriarch, are irrevocably divided by cultural and generational differences whiih culminate in Ben's decision to leave. I" *Of the Fields, Lately*, Be" attempts the impossible feat of going back home, but father and so" are in fact too stubborn to become reconciled. Ben is, in a sense, permanently homeless. The past is a foreign country where he can no longer travel, no matter how much he yearns to do so, except through the treacherous evocations of memory.

The tetralogy raises questions that are being asked by many traditional cultures threatened with effacement by U.S.-generated forms of globalization. Can oral traditions and the celebration of localized identities withstand the barbaric encroachment of modern communications technologies? Cm people remain unique or will they inevitably be nothing more than passive ciphers manipulated by corporate empires? Newfoundland — independent, combative, and troubled now by eve" more economic hardships — has become a symbol for how marginalized cultures, threatened by assimilation, are increasingly asserting their right to stand alone, whatever the cost.

French's own attitude towards Newfoundland culture is "or straightforward. At times, he sentimentalizes and patronizes his characters, making them verge on stereotypes, a dramatic technique at odds with his professed admiration for their feisty individuality. Both plays are so suffused with quaint customs and folkloric expressions that they produce a kind of idealized tourist's view of Newfoundland. But his main intention is to examine all the complex problems that arise when a family is divided over the issue of cultural sovereignty. Jacob's mother, Rachel, says of the black wreath "ailed to the front door that it "cm signify the grief a person feels for the death of hi country!" Jacob, however, has a more inclusive view of Newfoundland as a separate culture but nevertheless "part," as he explains to his so". Be", 'of a larger country" called Canada where they have in fact chosen to make their lives. We are meant to he skeptical of the somewhat opportunistic Jerome McKenzie, a former rival of Jacob's for Mary's love, whose opposition to Confederation is partly based on class privilege and self-serving myths of post-colonial development. All the characters, whatever their ideological alignment, are engaged in the difficult process of letting go — of former love affairs, former identities, and, most difficult of all, an attachment to place, a sense of belonging that allowed them, instinctively, to know who they were.

1949, in particular, is laden with images of death, infertility, and despair, which are counterbalanced, however, by images of life, fertility, and hop. This complex of themes is poignantly summed up by Mary's childless sister, Dot, who dreams with hyper-realistic clarity that she is in a church, trying to catch a filling glass jar that contains a child, floating in water, with "eyes . . like bits of green fire . . ." Near the end of the play, we know that Dot and her husband Wiff will soon have their first child: the new-found-land of Toronto is not so barren as it seems.

At the very end, French resists the temptation to let us wallow in the tragi-comic pleasures of a Newfoundland wake. As the characters dance to a tango (an ironic comment on internationalism?), there is an off-stage announcement that the King has give" nothing less than his "blessing" on that day, April 1st, to the union of Canada and Newfoundland. So it's all hem an April Fool's joke, eh? Does this mea" that it's "or legally binding? Maybe we could all change our minds! Tell that to Clyde Wells and Brian Mulroney — if they're listening.

THE DIVINE MARGARET

By Laurel Boone

MARGARET ANGLIN: A STAGE LIFE
by John Le Vay
Simon & Pierre, 330 pages, $39.95 cloth,
(ISBN 0 88924 206 2)

MARGARET ANGLIN, THE last of the great emotional actresses, made her entrance into thii world in 1876 in an apartment in the House of Commons, where ha father Timothy was Speaker. Her childhood glittered with stage successes in Saint John

and Toronto, and, in 1894, she tricked her father into sending her m New York m become a "public reader" or recitalist. Once there, she gravitated straight to Broadway. She launched herself into a career that would span the full theatrical range from melodrama through Shakespeare, Greek tragedy, comedy, farce, vaudeville, and, at the end, radio poetry readings. But her acting style was going out of fashion even as she revelled in adulation and long before she was ready to give up acting, the theatre had passed her by.

In *Margaret Anglin: A Stage Life*, John Le Vay makes available a tremendous quantity of primary materials connected with Anglin's career. Building the book around the plays in which Anglin appeared, he summarizes the plots and Anglin's roles, describes the sets and costumes, outlines the contributions of other actors, managers, agents, composers, conductors, directors, producers, and hangers-on, makes a digest of the reviews, and traces touring schedules. He supplies a list of books and articles he has consulted, and he documents his statements faithfully. In the acknowledgements, he supplies clues to the whereabouts of other primary materials. Par these reasons, *Margaret Anglin:* A *Stage Life* will be a valuable aid m historians interested, not just in Anglin, but in the transition between 19th- and 20th-century theatrical values.

However, this book might more realistically have been titled *Margaret Anglin:* A *Performance Calendar*. Le Vay's reluctance m come to grips with his dynamic, aggressive, and not-always-nice subject is typified by his coy refusal to call her either "Margaret" or "Anglin," but instead to retreat behind her initials. He gives us very little insight into Anglin's personality, although he had access to people who knew her intimately. He announces in his introduction that he will gloss over the mental deterioration that marred Anglin's middle and old age, and he does this so thoroughly that the reader can only guess at Anglin's personal snuggle to keep up appearances and earn a living in the face of her growing handicap. He remarks that Anglin drank freely but quickly adds that drinking had nothing m do with her memory lapses. The absence of any other explanation suggests an evasiveness about unpleasant details that amounts almost to dishonesty. This squeamishness extends to Anglin's love life. Le Vay buries in Anglin's own confessions of puritanism the rumours that she carried on with at least two men other than her husband, and he devotes only a couple of pages to her romance with the man she married and then neglected. Evasion sparks prurient speculation; a wise biographer tells the truth and shames tbe devil.

The publisher, Simon & Pierre, is m blame for tbe book's worst feature, an amateurishness that prejudices the reader immediately against anything the writer has to say. The book appears to have been typeset straight from the computer disks of the author's Ph.D. thesis. without editorial intervention. Evidently no one mld Le Vay that, if he let his writing style lurch among "poetic" alliteration and repetition, arch pseudo-Victorian e&ion, and academic pomposity, he would irritate his readers m distraction. The typeface is ugly and hard to read. no attention has been paid m spacing, and tbe dust-jacket lettering looks as if it came from a press-on alphabet kit. If this were a $10 paperback, readers might overlook the book's annoying qualities in favour of the useful information it contains. But customers paying $3995 are justified in expecting some editorial effort for their money.

ROTTERS AND CADS

By Carol Bolt

MOO
by Sally Clark
Playwrights Canada, 132 pages, $9.95 paper, (ISBN 0 88754 476 2)

TORONTO, MISSISSIPPI and JEWEL
by Joan MacLeod
Playwrights Canada, 141 pages, $12.95 paper, (ISBN 0 88754 474 6)

MEMORIES OF YOU
by Wendy Lill
Summerhill, 96 pages, $9.95 paper, (ISBN 0 929091 06 X)

MY GRANDMOTHER USED to tell me stories of women whose lives were mined by anonymous evil men known as 'rotters.'" So says Sally Clark's introduction to ha play *Moo*, a work that is dedicated m "bounders, rotters and cads."

Moo is a loopy, giddy paper airplane of a play in two acts and 44 scenes and blackouts. We hang-glide with Moo, our heroine, from dizzying heights of action. Within tbe first three pages of the play. Harry, the rotter, has shot Moo and had her committed ma mental hospital. He tells the institution that he is her brother, worried because she has delusions he's her husband. He explains "I am sick to death of being her love object." Moo explains

> I suppose, these days, it's all in one's credibility. If you are short, you have less credibility than a tall person. It you are a woman, you have less credibility than a man. If you are short, a woman and wearing a straitjacket — well . . .

Moo is obsessed with Harry. "He had a certain look in his eyes. A depth and a wildness. The look of a man just slightly out of control. And I knew I had to have that.

When she finally gets out of the mental hospital it is only because Harry stops paying the bills. Moo rages all over the world trying m find him, following a trail of postcards from a series of tropical pat-adises. ("JESUS F. CHRIST, SINGAPORE, HONG KONG MONTSERRAT, MICRONESIA. ALL THIS TIME IT'S BEEN GOD DAMN SEATTLE.")

Although the action spins in a downward spiral from the giddy heights of Moo's first encounters with Harry, we understand precisely when her grandniece, Susan, announces that she wants "to be just like Aunt Moo" when she grows up.

Maddie, from Joan MacLeod's warmly observed play *Toronto, Mississippi*, may not be "just like Aunt Moo," but she has been abandoned by King, an Elvis impersonator and the father of her child. Maddie lives with bet mentally handicapped daughter, Jhana, and her boarder, Bill, who fears he is too nice a guy to ever be very interesting.

Bill is bewildered by Maddie's attrac-

tion to King. "Every woman adores a fascist," he complains (quoting Sylvia Plath). And Maddie ha little bewildered, too, by her attitude when King offers to move back in for a week. ("I need him right now. I know he's fucked up. But at least he's out there. Trying to do something he feels about He's always been, you know, very alive.")

Bill, Maddie, Jhana, and King ate all empathetic characters drawn with warmth, compassion, and sympathy. They are looking for love and perhaps more important, they're looking for romance. The world of *Toronto, Mississippi* is filled with rich detail, from Jhana's stuggles on the Woodbine bus to the recipe for five-cup salad. Perhaps the story of Jhana's love for the director of her sheltered workshop depends on one too many convenient misunderstandings, but that is a minor flaw.

Jewel, the dramatic monologue included in the same volume, is also about love, as a young widow recalls the death of her husband on the *Ocean Ranger*. It is unsentimental and life-affirming.

Wendy Lill's *Memories of You* is based on the love affair between Elizabeth Smart and the poet George Barker, another totter. It is a memory play with Elizabeth sharing the stage with her daughter Rose, her younger self, Betty, her memories of George and her mother, Louise. Unfortunately, this arrangement gives the characters a lot of room to tell each other what they remember, and sometimes these memories seem more like undigested research than dramatic dialogue. Still, there ate fine moments In this play. George's attack on Elizabeth's book, *By Grand Central Station, I Sat Down and Wept*, for example.

> Behold a woman in her most maternal and literary glory. See how the body sags, the gait becomes awkward, comical, in tbe same way that in her book, the images are leaden, be, euphemisms flowery, her vision clouded by too much maternal milk.

There ate some curious and careless confusions. Louise arrives in act two, for example, presumably from Canada. Betty enters and we ate told "They haven't seen each other for a long time." But when George enters at the end of the scene, just after Louise has left, he tells us: "I smell her perfume.. She comes and goes like morning fog."

"I think it's time we read The Book, Rose says, when the play is almost over. "Why now, Rose?" Elizabeth asks. Unfortunately, part of the answer may be that the play is not completely realized.

THE COST OF LOVING

By Brian Quirt

THE DRESSING GOWN
by Sky Gilbert
Playwrights Canada, 80 pages, $9.95 paper,
(ISBN 0 88754 480 0)

WARM WIND IN CHINA/COMME UN VBNT CHAUD DE CHINB
by Kent Stetson
Editions Nu-Age, 156 pages. $12.95 paper,
(ISBN 0 921833 18 0)

> "...men are hard. and men are cold, and they'd rather kill each other than love each other. And when you die, there's no one to hold you but the one you love, and you only get tack as much as you give, and sometimes you don't get anything at all."
> *The Dressing Gown*

SKY GILBERT'S Tk *Dressing Gown* is a sort of gay *La Ronde*, a series of brief encounters between lovers, one lover moving on to the next scene each time. The scenes are linked by the dressing gown of the title, a garment woven with threads of gold. magical and unearthly. As the gown is passed from lover to lover, as much to get rid of it as to pass it on as a gift, we meet a succession of gay men, from teenagers struggling with accepting or avoiding their nascent homosexuality, to drag queens and leather men; finally we return to the young man (a little older now) who began the process.

It is a modest conceit, and it works well in act one. The gown is an effective metaphor far the mysteries of sexual attraction: initially, at least, it attracts and arouses all who see it. It brings lovers together and becomes a prop for sexual encounters. After the passion is expended, the gown is discarded. and left to inspire the next owner's fantasies. The first act grows increasingly violent. building man S & M game in which a young punk is injected with a ditty syringe and hospitalized. By this point the mystery and magical influence of the gown has been eclipsed.

The tension is never regained in the second act. There is an autumnal quality to the final scenes. quiet and thoughtful after the passionate excesses of the first act. But the cycle on which the play is based brings tbe play crashing back to earth. The gown is returned to the young boy who began the play and we are left with the moral that was spoken in the opening scene: "Men ate hard, and men are cold." Having made his point, Sky Gilbert then tells us what it is. not once, but twice.

In his introduction to *The Dressing Gown*, Gilbert wr a that his play "is not about what's wron,! with gay men or with sex. It's about what's wrong with men. and about the mysterious and sometimes violent nature of sex." It's a point well taken, and one that applier equally to Kent Stetson's *Warm Wind in* China Both plays feature gay men. gay sex, and many gay concerns, but they ate more interesting for what they have to say about men. and about love itself.

Warm Wind in China is also about the violence men do to one another — fathers, sons, lovers and uncles. It is about the magic of a relationship, gay or otherwise, that unites two individuals in a bond that is the most important element in their lives. In Stetson's play. the bond between Davis and Slater is stretched to breaking, first by infidelity, then by Slater's admission that he has AIDS.

Confronting that fact takes all of act

one. It is a powerful scene, set on a Nova Scotia beach. Slater ties up Davis and buries him to the neck. tells him the awful news and demands that Davis promise never to leave him, and to bring up Slater's son. There are rough patches throughout, as Davis takes the "burial" too seriously, and we take it too literally -the "laying on" of guilt as sand is poured on Davis, for example.

Act two takes place in Slater's hospital room. With Slater now in a coma, Davis finally calls Slater's parents. They are understandably outraged that they were not told earlier, and there is a wonderful tension between that justifiable anger and their own knowledge that their rage is in part motivated by their distaste for Slater's homosexuality and hi lover's demand that their grandson remain with him. The scenes between Davis and Slater's parents are beautifully written, capturing everyone's confusion and pain at confronting a situation no one is prepared for. And with Slater a silent, immobilized presence behind them, the play becomes a potent statement about love, its boundaries and its cost.

Warm Wind in China is a finely crafted play. In one sense it carries on from *The Dressing Gown*. Gilbert probes the mystery and violence in promiscuous sex and casual friendships. Stetson finds the same qualities within the. intensity of an essentially monogamous relationship. one that must confront the conflicting demands of desire and possession that Gilbert's characters can conveniently ignore when they get rid of the gown. Gilbett has found a potent image, which in fact lifts the play beyond some tepid writing, but Kent Stetson has written the more satisfying, more resonant piece of theatre.

SETTING THE SCENE

By Jason Sherman

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO CANADIAN THEATRE
edited by Eugene Benson and L. W. Conolly
Oxford University Press, 662 pages, $59.95 cloth, (ISBN 0 19 540672 9)

IF IT DOES nothing else, the *Oxford Companion to Canadian Theatre* dispels a few myths: for example, that a professional theatre run by and for Canadians emerged only after the Second World War and that Canadian theatre artists ate a provincial lot who've spent the last hundred years gazing passively at their international colleagues with a mixture of awe and contempt.

The *Companion* exhumes the stars of a century ago — Julia Arthur, William Nannary, Eugene McDowell, Albert Tavernier -elevating hitherto obscure figures to the rank of pioneers. They flourished at a time when rival chains of lavish opera houses and commercial theatres were being built across the country, bringing rear-jerkers like *Uncle Tom's* Cabin and anything by Boucicault to the far-flung, starved-for-entertainment outposts of the new Dominion. The few theatres that didn't bum to the ground — as an astonishingly large number of them did — were later turned into movie houses. And when Hollywood conspired with radio to outmode the art -or at least the appeal -of theatre, drama bounced back with a patriotic fervour that saw the creation of an indigenous literary theatre written. directed, and performed by Canadians, fostered at first by playwriting competitions, then by government subsidy.

The *Oxford Companion to Canadian Theatre* now takes its place on the reference shelf beside the English and American editions. It documents, and attempts to define, the importance of the artists, movements, and plays that made Canadian theatre "Canadian Theatre." Its more thoughtful contributors attempt to trace the patterns of growth within the

theatre by analysing the influences that made certain dramatists what they were, and showing how they in turn influenced younger writers (for example, Michel Tremblay influenced an entire generation of *joual*-inspired dramatists). One contributor, Rota Herzberg Lister, goes so far as to suggest that a Canadian entry — Len Peterson's radio-turned-stage-play Burlap Bags — "anticipates by a decade the appearance of European drama of the Absurd as reflected in the plays of Eugène Ionesco, Samuel Beckett, and Harold Pinter."

Unfortunately much of the *Companion* is repetitive, meek, and mild. Witb a couple of notable exceptions, It ignores the impact of "official" cultural policy on contemporary theatre (curiously, only the Drama in French and Theatre in Quebec entries so much as glance at official policy — but then drama and politics in Quebec, as in France, have never been afraid to mix), an oversight that is part of the volume's general reluctance to recognize theatrical controversies. The book seems to have been put together without a clear idea of whom it was meant to serve.

The editor of the first *Oxford Companion* (to the English theatre), Phyllis Hartnoll, explained that her book was meant to be "a companion to the playhouse" for "those who would rather see a play than read it." When readers complained that her volume lacked currency, Hartnoll turned their arguments around in Wildean fashion by insisting that it was better not to be in the *Companion:* inclusion meant that you were a museum piece; exclusion, that you were part of the living theatre. Hartnoll had to decide what was ephemeral and what was of enduring value. Should every commercially or critically successful play be included! That would depend on the story she was trying to tell. She chose to tell the *story* of the players rather than the Play.

The editor and sole author of the America" *Companion* wanted to tell an American story about "the popular stage" — and so filled his pages witb "as many commercially successful plays as practicable, regardless of the fact that they may now be totally forgotten or have no claim to permanence." Whether or not you agree with this approach, you at least have a clear sense of it.

What impression does one get from reading the introduction and main body of the Canadian *Companion?* The editors, who have the kind of impeccable credentials that made someone invent the phrase "Impeccable credentials," wax statistical about their creation: 158 contributom! 703 entries! 184 illustrations! Overviews of Drama in French and English that run over 26,000 words long! (Eugene Benson is a" English professor at the University of Guelph, where his co-editor, Leonard Conolly, was formerly chairman of the Department of Drama. Conolly is the co-founder of *Nineteenth Century Theatre* and *Essays* in *Theatre*, and the author of a slew of books on drama, including, with Benson, *English-Canadian Theatre*.)

Benson and Conolly offer no clues in their introduction about the nature of their selection p-, other than to say that they spent "many sessions conferring with the members of tbe Advisory Board over what and whom to include. They tell us that the *Companion* is "the most comprehensive history and analysis ever accorded theatrical activity In Canada." but go on to apologize for the exclusion of Dance, Opera, Design, Copyright, and European Touring Stars from their pages (they don't apologize, however, for the missing entry on Canadian Touring Stars.) It may be that the editors had collected so much material, had overseen so much research, that they decided to try to represent both the literary and performance aspects of theatre without focusing on either one.

I" so doing, they made some pretty odd decisions. There are lengthy entries on Canadians whose contribution to this country's theatre is dubious, such as William Shatner, Christopher Plummer, Lorne Greene, Timothy Findley, and Stephen Leacock. Other entries are more unnecessary. "Motion Pictures, Canadians In" is perhaps the most blatant example of the book's trivial pursuits, a shamelessly name-dmpping article that tracks north-to-south border movements over the last hundred years without once attempting to analyse the significance of such movements. Besides, what's a" entry about movie stars doing in a book about the theatre whose editors complain about space limitations? The space complaint seems pretty hollow, in fact, once you've worked your way through the book. Some information is repeated not once, not twice, but often three rimes in separate entries about. for example, a play (*Les Belles-Soeurs*); its author (Michel Tremblay); its initial director (André Brassard); its province of origin (Theatre in Quebec); and its place in theatre history (Drama in French). Whatever happened to cross-referencing?

The quality of the entries is wildly inconsistent. Some contributors write passionately and knowledgeably about their subjects; too many are happy to simply give us a particular artist's bibliography. or a play's plot and "theme, leaving us to wonder what each entry's role in the development of Canadian theatre was. Granted, not all of the theatre people in this bmk were theorists or visionaries (you'd be hard pressed to find half a dozen), and not every play or group had a watershed effect, but all bad, or have, a place in Canadian theatre history. It's just not always apparent what that place is.

REDEEMING LIGHT

By Richard Paul Knowles

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DARK: POURPLAYS
by Judith Thompson
Coach House, 176 pages, $16.95 paper.
(ISBN 0 88910 378 X)

A BIG WHITE LIGHT
by Judith Thompson
unpublished, produced by CBC radio

IN A RECENT study of her plays, Robert Nunn called Judith Thompson "one of the best playwrights this country has seen, now or ever." On the evidence of this collection, he may well be right. *The Other*

Side of the Dark includes two of her major stage plays: her first produced play, *The Crackwalker*; and I Am *Yours*, her most recent work. It also includes her brief but powerful anti-apartheid monologue, Pink, end a full-length radio play, *Tornado*, written for the CBC "Sextet" series. A Big *White Light* was also written for the "Sextet" series, and was broadcast lest December. Thompson's only major works not included in this review package are her Governor General's Award-winning play, *White* Biting *Dog*, the radio plays *Quickening* and *A Kissing Way*, and her television scripts.

All of Judith Thompson's work is characterized by en astonishingly accurate and musical sensitivity to language, particularly the local peculiarities of precisely observed Canadian speech patterns; by a powerful, disjunctive, end disturbingly evocative use of image end symbol. often derived from religious iconography or psychological theory; by an ability to create characters that are both immediately believable end possessed of hugely complex psychological depths; bye strong visual sensibility; and finally by en increasingly innovative and complex use of dramatic structures that are organized around pivotal end powerful central monologues. She is, moreover, continually extending her range end pushing et the boundaries of what has been and could be done on the Canadian stage.

While her work is technically brilliant. *it* is also profoundly significant. Ha plays are often upsetting to audiences in that they confront, with remarkable if often painful honesty. directness, end above all compassion, many of the most disturbing questions of human motivation and behaviour. Most often these questions have to do with unfulfilled yearnings, separation, and "lack" as conditions of existence deriving from the archetypal separation that is birth, which figures so prominently in Thompson's plays. "Both unsparing end generous,' as Urjo Kareda says in hi insight&l introduction to *The Other Side of the Dark*, Thompson takes her characters through their personal hells, confronts them with their own darkness, but brings them through to the other side, to transformation, redemption, and transfiguration.

Thompson is bet known, of course, for her stage plays. and it is in these that she is at her characteristic best. The *Crackwalker*, the only play under review to have been previously published, is Thompson's best-known end most frequently produced play. It is a deeply disturbing, essentially realistic evocation of the seamier side of life in Kingston, Ontario. Its action climaxes in the strangling by its haunted father of a baby whose retarded mother is both incapable of mothering and yet persistently and nor ironically associated with iconography of the madonna end child. I Am *Yours* also centres around the birth and loss (though not death) of a child. The later play. however, is considerably more complex in structure end world view, incorporating as it does an exploration of generational, sexual. social, and psychological gaps among a much wider variety of characters then does *The Crackwalker*, and employing a much more evocative and overt symbolic supertext. It is a deeply moving end extraordinarily sophisticated play that should win for the playwright a second well-deserved Governor General's Award.

Thompson's radio plays are perhaps less innovative and less demanding than her work for the stage. but the plays are fascinating nonetheless, particularly for the light that they shed on the playwright's imagination and methods. *Tornado* contains the line that provides the title for the Coach House collection, but it also contains the clearest statements in her work of what Thompson tries to *do* when sbe takes her characters end her audiences to "the other ride of the dark." As the wise *child,* Jake, who is "like a saint" describes it, going to the other side "can make for bad in the world

sometimes but also br the — bestest, most greatest human — bean — acts," when one breaks through "to the air" and finds the "bii white light."

The image of the big whim light that is the title of the other radio drama under review recurs throughout Thompson's work, from the white light in The *Crackwalker* that tells Cathy Yachuk to jump off the Brock Towers to the light that blinds the audience in the nursery in the penultimate scene of *I* Am *Yours*. The image almost always occurs in a context that suggests violence, loss, or death (or the cave of the wise wit&child Isabel in Tk *Big White Light*), and at the same time birth, hope, grace, or resurrection. For Thompson birth and death, light and dark, presence and absence, are insepera-ble, interdependent, and perennial conditions of existence.

These plays together constitute a very significant body of work and a major contribution to the Canadian theatre by a playwright who, still in her mid-30s, promises even greater things to come.

ARTISTIC RESISTANCE

By **John Gilbert**

PRODUCING **MARGINALITY: ESSAYS** ON **THEATRE AND CRITICISM IN CANADA**
by Robert Wallace
Fifth House, 160 pages, 119.95 *cloth,*
(ISBN 0 920079 61 X)

IN HIS *Producing Marginality: Essays on Theatre and Criticism in Canada* Robert Wallace has **produced a timely and** provocative **book.** It k a **book** that invites **as** much **disagreement** as it **does agreement** and begs as many questions as it **answers. If I read the spirit of the book correctly,** taking **issue** witb **these** essays k **what Wallace** would most want **from** hk **reader.** In **this** sense Wallace k **refreshing in his directness and urgency. This is a** committed piece of writing *that addresses* important **questions for contemporary theatre.**

True to **his** own **imperatives** Wallace **"contextualizes"** himself at the **outset as a** whip, **homosexual, middle-class university** teacher. **This "positioning" perhaps explains** botb **his** admirably clear **understanding** of marginality and hk **failure** to politicize fully his **responses** to **some** of **the questions raised.**

Producing Marginality **moves between theory** and **something close** to polemic **with,** in be-, one essay which, **perhaps** because it was written much earlier, resembles **"coverage"** and consequently **has less bite to it. There are several important essays here, beginning** with **the** introduction, where Wallace lays out, **with no** claim **to originality,** theories of the **postmodern** and hk own ideological position. The **primary** subject **of his essays** k **"the** evolution **of Canadian theatre during the past 20 years and, in particular, its changing circumstance** in Canada's **largest** city, **Toronto."** He **offers** these essays **as** a "personal meditation' on **the present and future theatre as well as a statement of his current approach** to **criticism,** the latter **espousing postmodernism** at its **most** "political." which in Wallace's **case centres on "issues of gender** and **sexuality."** The book **courageously** attempts to **bring** these theoretical **perspectives** to **bear** on the **current** state of Canadian **theatre** and on **the responsibility** criticism **carries** in what, **to** my mind, he overstates **as its "formative role."**

In "Growing Pains," the **essay that** deals with the **'70s,** Wallace charts **the passage of such theatres as Tarragon,** Toronto **Free,** and Passe **Muraille from their** fringe beginnings to **establishment status** where **the growing pressures of success,** mortgages, and the **scramble for** audience and **corporate** support have landed them. In the title **essay, "Producing Marginality,"** Wallace **examines** the **fortunes (or misfortunes) of present-day** fringe companies (DNA, **Actors** Lab), which have virtually excluded themselves **from** the **possibility** of survival because of **their** declared and lived marginality. The **account** k **a** bleak and **disturbing one,** an **account** that needs **no more than the bare economic statistics to persuade one how low on the list of Canadian society's** (and **government's) priorities matters** of cultural innovation are. Wallace acknowledges that much of the **problem** k **systemic** and this k **where one wonders why he does not push his** political **analysis** beyond "personal **politics" to acknowledge that** change **has to occur** in the **structures** of the society itself **before groups** like DNA can benefit **from** any **centrality.**

Of **course,** Wallace **sees "centrality" or** hegemony **as producing artistic co-optation,** and in its place. he **makes a** plea for "the **cultivation** of **diversity** in as many **forms as possible —** the **production** of ***marginality as*** a deliberate and defiant act of **artistic resistance."** Would such **a thrust** achieve anything **more than self-defeating polarization** without **effecting** change? The **effects of such defiance have been received** in Britain, **for** example, **with** even **greater government** interference and **choking off of** funds; one has only to witness **the recent fate of 7:84** in Scotland.

The final **essays** "Undemanding Dice" and **"Where's** It Coming **From" establish an** interface between Quebec and Ontario, Montreal and **Toronto,** which **forces** comparisons, **to** the **disadvantage** of English Canada. on questions of **theatrical** practice. The **operative** word in **both essays** k **"difference."** In particular. **the difference** between Quebec, where marginality has become **a** state **of mind, and English** Canada, where the "a-centric' continues **to** be viewed **with** suspicion and hostility and **the** mind **remains colonized.** For example, **the translation** of Quebec **works** into **English** and their **transfer** into **English-Canadian theatre often** results in **a** betrayal and reduction **or** at **least an homogenization** of **the** original.

Producing Marginality k a **thought-provoking** and original **book,** which thii brief **review** hardly does **justice to.** It is serious about grounding **its dissatisfaction with current English-Canadian theatre** in recent theory and marginal politics. **Nonetheless,** it **is not** uniformly well **written** and questions abound: surely **there** k something doctrinaire and over-general about **its foregrounding performance** over **text;** and what **about the dangers of narcksiitic élitism** inherent in **the** cultivation of **diversity as** a **defiant** act without **aiming** at **true change** in **the** political system? For all these questions. anyone deeply **interested** in **theatre** would **surely finish** reading **this** book wanting to meet its author and **pursue** the debate **into** tbe **wee** hours and above all anxious **to take** up **arms** in the struggle.

THE LONG SKIDDER ROAD

By Diane **Schoemperlen**

SMALL RAIN
by John Harris
New Star, 158 pages, $22.95 cloth, $12.95 paper,
(ISBN 0 919573 94 0 cloth, 0 919573 93 2 paper)

ROMANTIC DREAMS CAN **come true when** the romance k **out** of them, safely in the **past," writes** John **Harris** in "My Heart k **a** Red Volkswagen," one **of 15** connected **stories** in **this** wonderful **collection,** *Small* Rain. The **narrator** k **a middle-aged**

English instructor at a small regional college, recently separated, the father of two adolescents who "patrol the house with loaded Sanyos." He is a very funny man, self-deprecating and sometimes sarcastic, but always his sarcasm is tempered by a fine undercurrent of idealism.

He can say (in one of the best stories in the book, "Petit Mal"), flippantly comparing his ex-wife and his new girlfriend,

> My ex-wife has a plumpish body and Brenda has a thin, nervous one. My ex-wife has very nice breasts and Brenda has hardly any. My ex-wife is a psychiatric nurse and Brenda writes surrealistic stories in the laundromat. These are the factors that change the universe.

Even while acknowledging the impossibility of making sense of or imposing order upon our chaotic world, he does not fall inm despair. and even in seemingly desperate lives he manages to find a note of hope, a possibility of eventual joy.

He can say (In another of the bat, the first story, "Making Light of the Love in the Moon"), sincerely considering the effect of his broken marriage on his two children,

> There is fear in me for them and their lives and my ex-wife and my girlfriend and her baby boy when they are out there away from me, the killers lurking in the willows. I'm not a man. I don't know where to go. I'm frightened. For me, sitting in the bar waiting for my girl. For the girls who show their legs and the boys with shirts unbuttoned who desire them. For the children who do their best to do what we say. For the men and women awake in their beds or out on the street. For everyone looking for love, crying over nothing, jumping for joy.

He is passionate about everything, working his well-reasoned beliefs into the stories without ever becoming didactic or dull. Pot instance, in "Clearcut" he divides the world inm Voters and Indians. "Voters," he explains,

> are not fractions, but they are able to live like them. They are "nice." They own .25 of a house, drive .5 of a car, have 1.3 kids and are relatively happy. They dream of wholeness at 65 years of age. They are the backbone of civilization. They belong to parties, support charities, watch the news and suffer angst. Given a bar of soap and told to line up for a shower, they are convinced by the time they reach the head of the line that they need a shower and are going to get one. Most of the time they are right.

Indians. on the other band,

> . . . don't believe in fractions and can't learn to live like them. They don't vote. They refuse to believe that Germans stink, young people can't think or write, civil servants are lazy, and communists evil. They have the ability to walk away from half houses, cars, etc. . . . They fall in love and stay there, write poetry or paint pictures. They are over the edge. Given a bar of soap and told to take a shower, they know that something is wrong. Usually they are right.

The narrator admits that he used to be a Voter but now suspects that he is turning into an Indian. Yes, I suspect he has been one all along. In "Living with Clayton" he considers applying for a job at York University in Toronto. He thinks about the forestry students to whom he has taught English at the college.

> l-he" were mostly older and they *knew* all about the long skidder mad of life. They had shoved their bum into the debarker of experience They said. "Jesus Christ. sir, do we have to learn this shit again?" They saved our lives.

Of course he is only pretending to consider applying for the job at York where he imagines that he

> would have students who would not write "the chainsaw is busted." They would believe in freedom of thought and would know how to get ahead by saying yes. It's that kind of arrogance that can get you a long way and then very quickly get you killed . . . They [have] never gone outside the walls after dark, never been yelled at, shit-kicked, and pissed on. At the college, this is an everyday event.

We need to heat more from John Harris and why, I wondered, have we not heard from him before? This writer is too good to have gone unnoticed. Reading *Small* Rain, I was persistently plagued by the suspicion that John Harris isn't really John Harris at all, but a pseudonym for another well-known Canadian writer who chose to remain anonymous. There is an autobiographical attitude here (and an assumption, no doubt. on the reader's part), which might have kept thii writer from wanting to reveal himself. I'll keep my speculations as to his identity to myself and simply hope that John Harris, whoever he may be, soon receives the serious attention he deserves.

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN

By T. F. Rigelhof

SHINNY'S GIRLS
by Mary Burns
Talonbooks, 204 pages, $9.95 paper,
(ISBN 0 88922 272 X)

THIS COLLECTION CONTAINS eight very engaging short stories and a superb novella dealing with family relationships between women. There are various settings but the strongest tense of place is that of the Main to Cambie area of Vancouver and of a suburb near Chicago.

As a short-story writer, Mary Burns writes pieces that generally have the feeling of a Sunday rundown in the summertime. They don't offer you a whole life or even a very sizeable slice of one but they do yield moments of peace without much past or future. Not much happens outwardly but feelings deepen as intelligence and emotion work quietly to create a human and humane-of the everyday world.

Burns is more interested in the myths that are created through day-to-day activity than in emotional melodramas. Action is muted. Situations are explored, not exploded: three generations of women have dinner together and plan a vacation that will never take place, a young woman watches golf on television with her ailing father, a mother tells her daughter the tale of a sick neighbour over tea, another younger mother organizes ha own wedding to the man she lives with, a spinster waits with her mother for a brother's visit. a mother and daughter watch videos on a Saturday night, four sisters have a gab session the evening of their father's funeral, a mother visits her suicidal daughter in the

hospital. Like so many other Irish writers who are spiritual if not stylistic heirs of James Joyce, Burns brings to light and life the great archetypal myths that resonate in the humblest of surroundings. One good reason for reading her is for the variations she plays on the stories of ancient Greece. Another is her clear sense of the *native dignity and decency of the much-maligned* 'lace curtain" Irish-American Catholic world that has produced more teachers than tosspots, mote social workers than sociopaths.

If this was all there was to her work, Burns could simply be recommended as a good, quiet, worthy read to be placed on the ever-lengthening shelf of very competent short-story writers in this country. But when she brings her talents to a novella, she establishes herself as somethii more than a skilled craftsman. The long title story "Shinny's Girls," which takes up half the book, gives us the whole life of an uncommon common woman with wonderful precision, economy, and *insight. Shinny is a supermarket cashier* in Vancouver, a single mother with three daughters from three different men, none of whom has been her husband. But she isn't a wmp. Shinny is a lover of children and simply keeps the ones her body gives her: two of the three are "accidents." For her, life without children would be unimaginably boring. Besides, she genuinely likes them, despite the reminders they harbour within their genes of the men who fathered them.

Shinny has no ambitions whatsoever for herself and few for her daughters, other than to see Iii continue in a likeable way. And yet she is neither savage nor simple. As she struggles like Demeter to share one daughter with a father and another with a lover, she achieves a kind of nobility that is rare in fiction west of David Adams Richards. What one Iii best about Shinny and several other of Burns's women is that they are independent of all that is fashionable, including over-reacdon to the men in their lived.

Shinny's Girls demonstrates a large and robust talent, nicely matured, that ought to be applied more to novellas and novels than to short stories. Burns seems to me to have much more to say about the character of working women in this country than can easily be said in short forms of fiction. And when she writes at length, Vancouver comes to life in a new way. Well worth reading.

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

By Ernst Havemann

TO ASMARA
by Thomas Keneally
Lester & Orpen Dennys, 290 pages, $24.95 cloth, (ISBN 0 88619 238 2)

EVERY NEW KENEALLY is an event. *To Asmara* gives us the bonus of two stories in one.

The first is in effect a novella about an Australian social worker (Chinese-ethnic and black-sweatered, to add texture) who gives up a promising career to go to work for an aboriginal band. She fails because she cannot accept the realities of tribal life, and especially not things like women being forbidden even to look at a certain hill because it is "a man's place."

> "How long have these people lived here?" she asked. 'At least twenty thousand years. And in all that rime women haven't been allowed to look at Namjuta or Stanley's Gap! Half the world has been denied them. And this is somehow an ideal tribal condition!"

By contrast her husband. a white Australian, has no difficulty in understanding and adapting

This satirical little tale is told as flashbacks in the main story. In line with Keneally's love of surprising locations — Belorussia and Antarctica in two of his previous novels — the prime action in *To Asmara* is set in Eritrea. Its subject is the protracted and still continuing struggle of Eritrea for independence from Ethiopia. The war is described close up and vividly: air raids and land battles; life in trenches, caves, field hospitals, and prisoner-of-war camps; ambushes, heroism, and treason. Sometimes a single sentence encapsulates a whole social system:

> . . . some huddled child shipped up from the south as a house slave by a pederastic Sudanese officer and now used up and thrown on to the streets.

This is great stuff, more compelling by far than the fate of Darcy, the Australian journalist who narrates the story — indeed. at times Darcy seems to be little more than a board on which Keneally writes the novel's prime message, which is an undisguised and passionate denunciation of Ethiopia's oppression of Eritrea, and the western world's acceptance of it. As Keneally sees it, the West blithely tolerates Mengistu's brutalities and his exploitation of famine relief, and hardly recognizes that Eritreans exist or where, let alone that they have aspirations and political complexities of their own:

> To a European the acronyms ELF and ELPF were simply a series of capital letters for which Africans inexplicably struggled and died in the night.

Anyone who has followed modem Ethiopian history at all will share some of Keneally's anger. His philippic would be even more convincing ifhii Eritreans were not quite so perfect. They repeatedly defeat Ethiopian armies that grossly outnumber them; they take thousands of prisoners and scrupulously observe the Geneva Convention in dealing witb them; their doctors are tremendous; their officers ill the field listen to readings of English novelists on the radio; they do not, repeat not, abuse food aid; and so on.

Some of the details of Ethiopian atrocities need a strong stomach:

> They trussed her, her legs bent up her back, her arms behind her, wrists to ankles. They stood on her neck to do it. Trampling on her they dislocared her shoulder . . .

At times one fears that the story is about to sink under its load of polemic. It is then superbly rescued by the minor characters. Lady Julia. widow of a British colonial civil servant, and representative of the Anti-slavery Society, is pursuing the cause that got her Aunt Chloe murdered, namely, the abolition of child clitoridectomy. A 20-year-old French girl innocently wears clothes so scanty they could get her arrested; she is searching for

her father, a famous film-maker. A career foreign-aid worker (originally from Sault Ste. Marie!) is searching and scheming for the release of his Somali girlfriend, although everyone else assumes that the Ethiopians have long since tortured her to death.

Almost as startling as the individual people are scraps of information or comment that hit the reader like sudden bites of spice in a stew. We learn, for instance, that a British peer's wife is known by her own Christian name, for example, Lady Julia, whereas a mere knight's wife takes hi surname and becomes, say, Lady Ashmore-Smith; that expensive Muslim prayer-mats have compasses built into them. so that they can always be correctly aligned towards Mecca (north-east from Eritrea); that many Ethiopian soldiers carry Russian wall clocks to the battle front in their baggage; that as a matter of pride wounded Muslim soldiers try to shake hands with the stretcher bearers bringing them in, so that they will not die without having thanked everyone they should.

It is part of Keneally's magic that one never doubts the authenticity of these astonishing people and improbable trivia. If only he were less niggardly with them! We could do with much more relief from the pins of this engrossing and disturbing story.

DOCTOR HAT

By Tessa McWatt

A MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTER
by Daniel Gagnon, translated from the French by the author
Coach House, 70 pages, $14.95 paper,
(ISBN 0 889 10 376 3)

ENGLISH IS NOT my language. Phyllis, but you are my language, any impossible language you would speak would be my language," writes Jeanne, the 12-year-old narrator of *A Marriageable Daughter*. Ha letters, written from Sherbrooke, Quebec, to her counterpart in Medicine Hat, Alberta, form a densely poetic epistolary novel that explore.5 language. love, and the solitude of an isolated French Canadian sensibility.

This unique novel. by the Quebec writer Daniel Gagnon, is about one adolescent's desire to transcend her temporal world through language. But it is also about passion and its power to transcend the real for the imaginary, the earth for the heavens, and isolation for freedom.

Jeanne, an extraordinarily passionate and articulate young girl writes letters to Phyllis, her "kindred soul," as a means of escape from her mother, whom she does not trust — and who cannot read English. With the help of her "humpbacked professeur d'anglais", Jeanne has begun to write Phyllis as a cure for her 'pernicious anemia." We are plunged into the secret world of a girl who has recently discovered sex and the power of plagiarizing English authors. Her lively account of her sexual experiences and her philosophy of the cosmos is conveyed in halting English that permits the author an exhilarating playfulness with language ("did a boy ever much you somewhere on your corpse. Phyllis!").

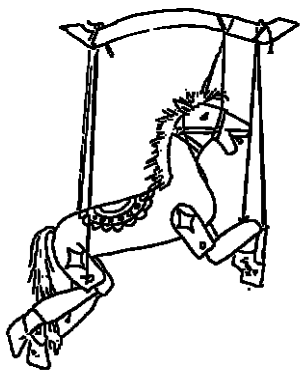
Jeanne's letters take the form of a plea for some kind of connection with a society lager than her own. "Oh Phyllis. I have no fire in the night, me, Homo (Femina) sapiens, I do not sec. do you see something in the twentieth century emptiness?"

Like many female adolescents, Jeanne is obsessed with her own romantic interpretations of love and marriage and, as the "marriageable daughter," finds herself in conflict with the seemingly decadent state of human sexuality. In reaction, she focuses on her true love, Nicolas (who has apparently died), and bemoans his lass through incantations that are reminiscent of great romantic moments in *Kamouraska* :

> O, the moon, Nicolas, we will strike off for the moon, we will mount this golden horse and travel together in the cosmos, we will plough through the high solar winds and cross rains of meteorites in the amour de l'amour. . . we will listen in mute astonishment, silent as the grave, to the sound of eternity.

Nicolas, Phyllis, and Jeanne's "granulated" English grandmother are the three figures in the novel whom Jeanne regards as kindred souls — Nicolas because he is her "amoureux cheri," and Phyllis and her grandmother because they represent transcendent possibilities beyond the confines of her own experience and language. As the novel progresses, however, the reader becomes doubtful about the existence of Nicolas, the grandmother, and even Phyllis, as each fragment of apparent fact is undermined by its denial a few pages later. So that, by the end of the novel. when Jeanne is in the "madhouse" with a "fence around it", attended by "Doctor Hat", the reader is uncertain — how much of what we are reading is a product of Jeanne's obsessive and over-active imagination? The only facts that remain are that "love is reality. the only reality," and that "the marriageable daughter maintains her violent hope."

Gagnon skilfully draws us into the imaginative world of a 12-year-old, while suggesting universal longings. Jeanne's solitude is both political and spiritual. She imagines Phyllis's English heritage and wonders why the Prairies are "this unilingual British country now" ("my species is known as quebectosauras, each rainfall in Eastern Townships washes more sediments from the valley and the mountain walls and new bones come to light"), and yet she also invites Phyllis to join her in her cosmic self-assertion. She does this with all the naïveté and wonder of a 12-year-old and all the verbal ability of an ageless poet. An unlikely combination, but the strength of Gagnon's wiring is that Jeanne's poetic release becomes ours, and this remarkable novel ultimately defies the solitude of its heroine and demands the attention of English Canada.



A VITAL RELATIONSHIP

'It does not help an artist very much if he waits 40 years to sell his pictures'

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By **Larry Pfaff**

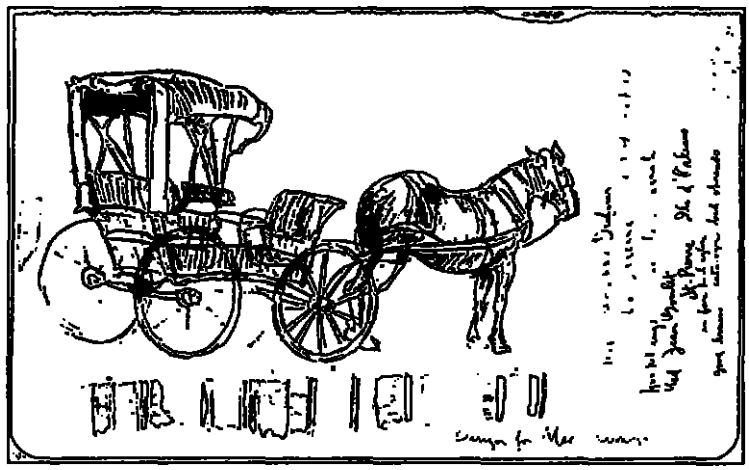
HART HOUSE, the student cultural and athletic centre at the University of Toronto, was conceived by Vincent Massey and opened in 1919. Almost from the beginning its directors sought the guidance of Lawren Harris and later A. J. Casson and A.Y. Jackson as art advisers for its exhibitions and acquisitions. Catherine Siddall's catalogue, The Prevailing Influence: Hart House and the Group of Seven, 1919-1953 (Oakville Galleries, 112 pages, $2500 paper) provides a cleat, impressive, and valuable record of its first 35 years.

Lawren Harris believed passionately in the importance of establishing a "vital relationship" between the artist and hi audience. At Hart House he and his successors had the opportunity to do so. As a result, students there saw new works by the Group of Seven on a regular basis, and undoubted masterpieces, such as Tom Thomson's The *Pointers* and Lawren Harris's *Isolation* Peak, entered the collection. The only other institution that was purchasing works by the Group during this period was the National Gallery of Canada and as an appreciative Jackson observed, "In the days when we of the Group of Seven were struggling, Mt. Bickersteth, then warden of Hart House, had the courage to buy out pictures when almost nobody else was buying them . . . It does not help an artist very much if he waits 40 years to sell hi pictures." Anyone who reads Siddall's catalogue will experience some of the tremendous intellectual stimulation that these exhibitions and acquisitions engendered, an excitement that can scarcely have bee" equalled at Hart House since.

The commitment of Penumbra Press to the archival sources of out art literature both through the periodical *Northward Journal* and through its individual volumes is also to be highly commended.

A. Y. Jackson, along with Arthur Lismer and the ethnologist Marius Barbeau, spent the summet of 1925 in Quebec Relatively few oil sketches were produced during thii period but the pencil sketches brought together, ordered, and described by Jackson's niece, Naomi Jackson Groves, in her book One Summer in Quebec: A. Y. Jackson in 1925: A Family View (Penumbra, 117 pages. $14.95 paper) gives us a wonderful sense of the architecture and the landscape of the Île d'Orléans, Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré (where they "discovered' the sculptor Louis Jobin and purchased his beautiful *Angel with Lyre* for the Art Gallery of Toronto), Baie St. Paul. and the Île aux Coudres. Many of these sketches provide the subjects for later oil paintings; some with their freshness and beauty are exceptional works of art in their own right.

The many complex threads of Charles Baillairgé's life and interests have been woven together in a masterly way by Christina Cameron in the biography Charles Baillairgé: Architect & Engineer (McGill-Queen's, 228 pages, $37.95 cloth). Born to a distinguished 19th-century family of artists and architects. Baillairgé lived and worked in Quebec City. One admires Cameron's persistence as she searched for and eventually discovered the treasure trove of hundreds of drawings relating to Baillairgé's private practice, as she reconstructed hi library and attempted to locate the actual books, as she wended her way through the dark wood of the records of the Department of Public Works. Ha study is not only a detailed examination of primary sources but also a sensitive analysis of his work in both the Greek and Gothic Revival styles and his borrowings from such pattern-books as Minard Lafever's Modem *Builder's* Guide. The events leading up to Baillairgé's dismissal from the pat of supervising architect for the first parliament buildings in Ottawa are narrated with all the suspense of high drama. In Baillairgé's life we see the emergence of the professional Canadian architect — no longer both designer and artisan, but a man working with paper and pencil, not tools. In thii book we are made aware of the beauty of some of Baillairgé's interims, such as that of the church at Sainte-



From: *One* Summer in *Quebec*

Marie de Beauce. Thanks to this compelling and balanced account our knowledge of Baillairgé, once simply an oil sketch, is now a full-scale painting of masterwork quality.

Canadian architectural and engineering history has for the last 25 years benefited from the scholarship and splendid photographs of Ralph Greenhill. Survivals: Aspects of Industrial Archaeology in Ontario (Boston Mills, 234 pages, $3950 cloth), written by Greenhill and Dianne Newell, maintains the same high level of research with primary documents and this time Illumines the field of industrial technology. As Newell writes, their purpose is "not to romanticize the past but to promote a new way of looking at the human landscape around us. and to increase awareness of its historical significance." Here we learn about such processes as soap-making, distilling, and oil-drilling; we see what remains of the functional and often boldly handsome structures that housed these operations and equipment. Greenhill's photographs of machinery are particularly striking, often drawing the viewer in as powerfully as Piranesi's *Prison* etchings. In the chapter on early Grand Trunk railway bridges and stations we have noble views of the great railway viaducts constructed in the 1850s. Perhaps some day these landmarks will be appreciated for what they are, viz.. the Canadian equivalents of the aqueducts, such as the Pont du Gard, constructed by the ancient Romans. ❖

CLASSIFIED

W.O. MITCHELL, Honourary Chairman of the 1990 Canadian Authors Association's Annual Conference in Edmonton, June 21-25, is to be guest speaker at the Annual Awards Banquet. Andreas Schroeder and Mel Hurtig are also featured speakers.

The conference is to be held at the Lister Hall Conference Complex, University of Alberta, Edmonmn. For more information on registration and conference content. write: The Edmonmn Branch, Canadian Authors Association, c/o Wordworks, 10523-100 Avenue, Edmonton, AB, T5J 0A8.

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THE OTHERS

1
We are not alone in the world
our brothers the animals
our sisters the birds
— at the making of the day they were late
and the creatures of sea and marsh
remained when we crawled away

With the host on the salt plain's edge
at the giving out of hands
they were chasing each other's tails
or sniffing each other's ass
— when the maker of land and sea
questioned about their souls
there was howling among the trees

When they handed out the blessings
and looked deep in their creatures' eyes
they responded with great unease
and could not meet that gaze

At the naming of thing We know
they chirped and hissed and growled
and went with the winds of the world
— when they died their scattered bones
were forbidden the Holy Ground

Ignorant of what they are not
unaware of things that they are
their memory is lost as Eden
their anger the same as fear

2
To follow a trail through the forest
and not think
"Have I been here before?"
or remember an odd-shaped stone
that hitch-hiked to now with a glacier
from the last Ice Age
a stone reminding them of something else
and triggered a whole series of
rememberings
or notice a daisy like the day's eye
déjà vu in the etymological dark
— but how do we *know* that?
Perhaps the caribou with antler antennae
in their hundreds of thousands
have stood on some primordial beach
near Great Bear lake listening
to music from the Crab Nebula
the debris of a supernova
in a caribou fantasy
— or the Arctic wolf searching
his genes all the way back to Genesis
for the Godwolf's terrible face
— at least the deer's soft helpless look
facing death wraps up that moment
for the time when we die ourselves
and the far distant eye from nowhere
peers with instinctive distaste
into our own brief lives

AL PURDY

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FIRST NOVELS

THE PERILS OF PHOEBE

She escaped the Protestant Orphans' Home, but will she escape the nice young man named Ken?

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By Joyce Marshall

SET IN THE Indiana city of the same name during the 1960s, Will Aitkin's Terre Haute (Doubleday, 274 pages, $10.95 paper) is the story of an affair between Jared, a 14-year-old boy, and Clay, the newly appointed curator of the small private art museum where Jared works on weekends. Child of a wealthy dentist who whips him to try to eradicate his homosexual tendencies and a woman who frankly prefers dogs to her children, extraordinarily precocious in his responses and in his knowledge of art, and glib in his use of such words as "hubris," Jared is only credible part of the rime. The much older and more experienced Clay, in contrast, is presented as naïve to the point of idiocy in his failure to realize that tbe museum committee *will not take kindly* to his plan to convert the rather stodgy little gallery into a repository of avant-garde art. Still there are many powerful scenes in the book, some though not all of them sexual, before everything goes bad as we've always known it would. Some priceless Cocteau drawings are vandalized and Clay is dismissed for exhibiting what the committee describes as "commie art." When Jared, wounded because Clay has called their affair "a momentary lapse," threatens to tell his father what they've been doing, Clay kills himself. The novel ends with Jared, who feels that he has no right to weep for Clay, about to take a movie pick-up to the museum after hours, prepared to go on to more of the same because, as he puts it, "it's not like thii is any worse than anything I've ever done." A fairly small thing, such as giving Jared a few more years, would have made the events and their outcome far more believable.

In contrast to *Terre Haute's* careful and sometimes even obsessive naming-of clothes, of brands, of movies — to give a sense of rime and place, the poet Eldon Garnet simply asks us in I Shot Mussolini (Summerhill/Impulse Editions, 190 pages, $1495 paper) to believe that Colonel Valerio, the I i" question, emigrated to Toronto after the war, worked on the construction of the subway, and 40 years after the shot is still living in the city as a recluse know" as Walter. Old and sick, more or less tended by a boy who brings him food, he thinks back over the past he shared with Mussolini when they were both young Socialists, his disillusionment and eventual (twice bungled) firing of the shot. I have no idea how much *of this background is true*, whether there even was a Colonel Valerio; it sounds true. I was not quite so willing to believe in his chance meeting with Job" Hinckley, whom he coaxes into his (botched) attempt to kill Ronald Reagan. He then flees to London, where he meets a young woman history student who co"-sents to take over the role of terrorist assassin. This is a" unusual book and provides some valuable insights into the nature of terrorism. *"A well-carried* out act of terrorism," in Walter's opinion, "can cut a passage through a mountain. but a foolish act only brings the mountain crashing down on both the innocent and the guilty." A skilful, if at times too elaborate, blending of fact and fantasy on a topic that concerns us all.

In M. J. Vassanji's The Gunny Sack (Heinemann (General), 276 pages, unpriced), Kala, a Tanzanian Asia" now resident in Canada, receives from his dying great-aunt a gunny sack, which she tells him contains the story of his family and his people. 1 found the device of the story-telling bag a bit forced but fortunately Vassanji forgets about it as the novel progresses, simply allowing Kala (and us) to learn the history of the family. the journeying of Kala's great-grandfather to Africa from India, his two marriages, to a fellow Muslim, then to a" Africa" (Kala himself descends from the half-black branch) and the onslaught of history — German conquest, world wars, independence, and the consequent growth of black nationalism. Eve" witb the map provided, the novel requires fairly slow reading because of the strangeness of many of the place and personal names but it is rewarding most of the rime in its picture of a society, flourishing once, then doomed. I particularly enjoyed Kala's own story. presumably based to some extent on personal experience -his military service. for instance, as the only Asia" among blacks, and his school days at an institution that tried to train its boys to be English gentlemen.

Subtitled 'A Picaresque Novel, Phoebs (Breakwater, 192 pages, $14.95 paper), by Alice Story, is the saga of one Phoebe Beebe who is, the blurb tells us, "the victim of unfortunate circumstance." Phoebe's reaction to these misfortunes, and they are many and often very terrible, is to run — as fast and as far as she can. When the great-aunt who brought her up after her parents' drowning dies suddenly, she runs, fearful that she may be put in the Protestant Orphans' Home, to Toronto, where she finds a small group of friends and a job at a delicatessen. Brutally raped by an intruder only hours after she has become engaged to a nice

young man called Ken, and fearful that she may be pregnant (as indeed she is), she runs again- to Montreal, where a pleasant woman befriends her and takes her to a high-class bordello. But Phoebe's innocence protects her. A miscarriage solves one of her problems. She discovers a talent for singing in nightclubs and marries another nice young man (this one called Jacques) who takes her to British Columbia and is killed before her eyes while mountain climbing. Phoebe runs again, even before hi body is -ted, and resumes her musical career. The story ends with her turning down two proposals of marriage (one from the Ken whom she fled in Toronto) and setting out to sing in the Yukon. By now running has, it seems, become a habit. I found this a lively piece of writing that can be read with some amusement, little more.

Set in a small Newfoundland community, Patrick O'Flaherty's Priest of God (Breakwater, 214 pages, $1495 paper) can roughly be called a murder mystery. John Ryan, a Catholic priest in his 40s, is tor- "tented by his failure to take appropriate action in a case of child abuse and, when the death of a 13-year-old boy in a road accident seems to him not quite an accident, he resolves not to be found wanting again. He pokes about, incurring the fury of the local "dii family and outraging his parishioners, a number of whom petition the bii for his removal. The bishop responds by publicly defending him and, just as publicly, firing him. Ryan continues hi investigation and solves the case in a scene of extremely melodramatic violence, then quietly removes himself, from the community and from the priesthood. Ryan himself is quite well, eve" engagingly, drawn but unfortunately all the other characters, from the wealthy Squires family that rules the community and the urbane worldly oily bii on down, are too close to stereotypes for much interest.

Finally, two fairly short books, both of whii deal with alienated young me" in urban settings, though very differently i" style, attitude, and manner. Basil Papadinos's The Hook of It Is (Emergency Press, 157 pages, $995 paper) gives us three marginal youths roaming about one of the underbellies of Toronto, the few blocks of Queen Street just west of Spadina that haven't yet become trendy. Nick, the son of Greek immigrants, is constantly being told that he "deserves something better" than the squalid life he is leading, doing jobs for drug pushers-jobs that extend even to murder — wandering from bar to bar, from woman to woman. At the end his two boon companions have both in a limited way "gone straight.' Alone now, Nick will — well, what! The writing is on the whole somewhat disorderly but I found things in it I liked -some hints of warmth, of compassion, of underlying subtlety.

The Roncesvalles Pass (Breakwater, 138 pages, $14.95 paper), by Paul Bowdring, a much more accomplished piece of wiring, centres round a Newfoundland exile who drifts about a city Bowdring ha5 carefully kept anonymous, a device that emphasizes the youth's sense of lostness and alienness. Not a great deal happens. The young man's girl has left, and it seems uncertain that she will ever return. Eventually he finds another. Meanwhile he's bee" booted, not quite justly, out of his job on the night shift at an oil-company loading terminal after someone else's carelessness has caused a costly oil spill. He gets another job some time later in a used-book stare. The dreamlike atmosphere through which the young man moves is effectively if at times perhaps a bit too deliberately depicted. Slight as it is, I find this a promising attempt by a young writer. ◆

THE SHORT LIST

THE SIX FINALISTS for the W. H. Smith/Books in Canada First Novel Award for 1989 are: The *Missing Child*, by Sandra Birdsell (Lester & Orpen Dennys); *To* AU *Appearances a Lady*, by Marilyn Bowering (Random House); *The Way the Angel Spreads Her Wings*, by Barry Callaghan (Lester & Orpen Dennys); Madeleine *and the Angel*, by Jacqueline Dumas (Fifth House); The *Prowler*, by Kristjana Gunnars (Red Deer College Press); and *Distant Relations*, by Kenneth Radu (Oberon).

SANDRA BIRDSELL's two collections of short stories, *Night Travellers* (1982) and *Ladies of the House* (1984), established her as one of the country's foremost writers of short fiction. Her stories have won both national and provincial awards, and they have been included in most of the major story anthologies of the past few years. Besides her fiction, she has also written film scripts for the NFB and two plays for stage, both of which were produced by the Prairie Theatre Exchange in Winnipeg, where she lives. The *Missing* Chii, set in well-known Birdsell territory, the fictional tow" of Agassiz, Man., portrays both a community in crisis and the individuals whose lives are powerfully affected.

Sandra Birdsell


LORNE BLOCK

Marilyn Bowering

To All Appearances a Lady is MARILYN BOWERING's first venture into full-length fiction, but her nine books of poetry have won a variety of awards, notably the DuMaurier Prize for Poetry; and have been nominated for others, including the Governor General's Award for Poetry. She has also written plays for stage and radio; a recent collection of poems, written in the voice of Marilyn Monroe, *Anyone Can See I Love You*, has recently been adapted for the stage, and is scheduled for production later this year at Covent Garden in London, England. *To All Appearances a Lady* is the story of Robert Lamb, an ocean pilot who works off the B.C. coast; he is pursued by the ghost of the Chinese woman Lam Fan, who raised him. Our reviewer noted that the book is marked by "the spare sharpness of phrasing and imagery" characteristic of poets when they turn to prose.

BARRY CALLAGHAN is well known on the Canadian literary scene as a poet, journalist, short-story writer, translator, television personality, and publisher. He has published two books of poetry: *The Hogg Poems* (1978) and *As Close As We Came* (1982); a collection of short stories, *The Black Queen Stories* (1982); several translations of poems by Robert Marteau and Miodrag Pavlovic; and many award-winning stories, essays, and articles in Canadian and foreign magazines. Born in Toronto (be is the son of the novelist Morley Callaghan) he has written about that city and about the many faraway places he has travelled in. *The Way the Angel Spreads Her Wings* tells the story of Adam Waters, a photojournalist famous for his war documentaries. He travels to Africa to an unnamed country at war in search of his lover, Gabrielle, who has disappeared and may be working in a leper colony.

Barry Callaghan

JACQUELINE DUMAS was born in Castor, Alberta and grew up in Edmonton, where she now Iii. She has travelled in South America and lived in Montreal, Red Deer, Calgary, France, and Spain. Her first book, a collection of short stories, And *I'm Never Coming Back*, was published in 1986.

She has worked at "various odd jobs" including two years as a teacher, and seven years as a co-owner of Aspen Books in Edmonton. In *Madeleine and the Angel*, Pauline examines her memories of her megalomaniacal, abusive father, who is now dead, and tbe ambiguous role played by Madeleine, her mother, who was both her husband's victim and his punisher. Our reviewer noted that the scenes from the past "are made powerful by the novel's refusal to present 'reality' with any greater clarity than Pauline's memory can command."

Jacqueline Dumas


W.C. CHRISTIE

Kristjana Gunnars

KRISTJANA GUNNARS was born in Reykjavik, Iceland. She immigrated to the United States in 1964 and to Canada in 1969. Her poetry, short stories, essays, and translations have been published in many literary journals and anthologies in Canada, the U.S.. and Scandinavia; she has also taught literature, at the University of Manitoba, where she is currently writer in residence. The *Prowler* is an unusual book, which dispenses with many of the forms of the conventional novel. There are no chapter and page numbers, only numbered sections of prose; and Gunnars makes no attempt to create character and setting in the usual way. Her narrator's medication ranges freely through her past in Europe and North America examining not only her memories but also the art and subterfuges of storytelling.

KENNETH RADU'S *Distant Relations* has already won an important award: first prize for fiction in the second annual English literary awards presented by QSPELL (the Quebec Society for the Promotion of English-Language Literature). Radu was born in Windsor, Ontario. He was educated at the University of Toronto and Dalhousie University, and now lives in Senneville, Quebec. He teaches at John Abbot College. His short stories appear regularly in magazines and anthologies, and his first story collection, *The Cost of Living*, was short-listed for the Governor General's Award for 1988. *Distant Relations* tells the story of Vera Dobriu, looking back through her eyes at her briefly idyllic childhood, the early death of her parents, a loveless marriage and her struggle to bring up five children, and one happy, secret love affair. She is in her 70s and her whole past turbulent life still agitates her memory and intrudes on the present.

Kenneth Radu

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.

Alphonse Knows a Circle Is Not a Valentine, by H. Werner Zimmerman, Oxford.
Alphonse Knows the Colour of Spring, by H. Werner Zimmerman, Oxford.
The Art of Seeing Double or Better in Business, by Ernie J. Zelinski, Visions International.
Autobiographies, by C.H. Gervais, Penumbra.
Barnstorming to Bush Flying: 1910-1930, by Peter Corley Smith, Sono Nis.
The Beauharnois Scandal: A Story of Canadian Entrepreneurship and Politics, by T.D. Regehr, U of T.
Bibliography of Ukrainian Literature in English and French: Translations and Critical Works (1950-1986), by Oksana Pasechyj, University of Ottawa.
Bonne Chance, by Debra Martens, Streetcar Editions.
Brown of the Globe, Volumes I and II, by J.M.S. Careless, Dundurn.
Cape Breton is the Thought-Control Centre of Canada, by Ray Smith, The Porcupine's Quill.
The Discovery Gallery: Discovery Learning in the Museum, by Ruth Freeman, ROM.
The Elephant Talks to God, by Dale Estey, illustrated by Angela Webb O'Hara, Goose Lane.
Elizabeth Postuma Simcoe: 1762-1850, a Biography, by Mary Beacock Fryer, Dundurn.
Foreign Ghosts, by Steven Heighton, Oberon.
The Future Japan, by Tokutomi Soho, University of Alberta Press.
The Great Codex: The Bible and Literature, by Northrop Frye, Penguin.
The Greenpeace Books of the Nuclear Age, by John May, M & S.
Harvests Past: Domestic and Agricultural Hand Tools and Rural Life in the Ottawa Valley, 1860-1875, by Pat and Frances Patterson.
Hong Kong's Uncertain Future: City on the Rocks, by Kevin Rafferty, Douglas & McIntyre.
In Other Words, by Bob Ripley, Welch Publishing.
Jesus Nine to Five, by Richard C. Tanner, Welch Publishing.
Kick the Dog and Shoot the Cat, by Amy Friedman, Oberon.
Kids, Drugs, and Booze: Survival Strategies for Parents, by Sheila Moynahan and Colleen Dragan.
Kit's Kingdom: The Journalism of Kathleen Blake Coleman, by Barbara M. Freeman, Carleton University Press.
Labrador Doctor: My Life with the Grenfell Mission, by W.A. Paddon.
Landslinger, by Tony Cosier, Penumbra.
Life Before Stratford: The Memoirs of Amelia Hall, edited by Diane Mew, Dundurn.
The Long Road to Freedom: Russia and Glasnost, by Walter Laqueur, Douglas & McIntyre.
Manitoba Myriad: An Anthology of Poetry and Prose, edited by V. Bullen et al., Dennis County Writers' Group.
merry go round, by Robin Maxwell, Pangli.
Mogul and Me, by Peter Cumming, illustrated by P. John Burden, Ragweed.
Movie Town, by Joseph Mavigila, Streetcar Editions.
My Sister Linda, by Hanne Brandt, Ragweed.
No Balm in Gilead, by Sylva M. Gelber, Carleton University Press.
Notsomuch a Rainbow, by Robert Burt, illustrated by Wilfred Reid, Creative Publishers.
Nurses, Colleagues, and Patients, by Jennie Wilting, University of Alberta Press.
One of the Many, by Russell McKay, General Store.
Permit Me Voyage, by R. Maurice Boyd, Welch Publishing.
The Canadian Price Waterhouse Personal Tax Advisor, Seal.
Pride of the Indian Wardrobe: Northern Athapaskan Footwear, by Judy Thompson, U of T.
The Rectory Murders: The Mysterious Crime that Shocked Turn-of-the-Century New Brunswick, by Kenneth Saunders, Lorimer.
Sculling to Byzantium: More Poems, by Francis Sparshott, Childe Thursday Press.
Troubling a Star, by Deborah Godin, Penumbra.
Winter into Summer: Lapland Diary 1945-1946, by Naomi Jackson Groves, Penumbra.

CANWIT NO. 145

By Barry Baldwin

THE ORIGINAL TITLE of the latest Bond film, *Licence Revoked*, was apparently changed because distributors feared most Americans would not know what "revoked" meant. Competitors are asked to make Canadian novels more accessible to the masses by retitling them, e.g. *The Edible Woman* might become *Foodie Judy* or *The Manticore* turn into *Hard- core*. The prize is $25, and entries should be sent to CanWit no. 144, *Books in Canada*, 366 Adelaide St. E., Ste. 432, Toronto, Ontario M5A 3X9. Deadline is March 21.

RESULTS OF CANWIT NO. 143

The invitation to coin verbs with suitable meanings from the names of Canadian cities evoked an encouragingly large response — Canadians are second to none when it comes to neologisms. Some cities inevitably predominated, with Calgary (for good or ill) well out in front. A number of entries were impossibly complicated or localized in their point. After some agonizing between David Ingham of Saskatoon and Robert Greenwood of Don Mills, I finally awarded Ingham the prize for a bilingual set that included:

Sudbury: To cover with noxious emissions
Se Vancouvrer: S'abandonner à une vie de plaisir
Reginate: To sell off things with unseemly haste
Calgarer: Retourner à une condition primitive; par exemple, "après bières, il était tout à fait calgaré."

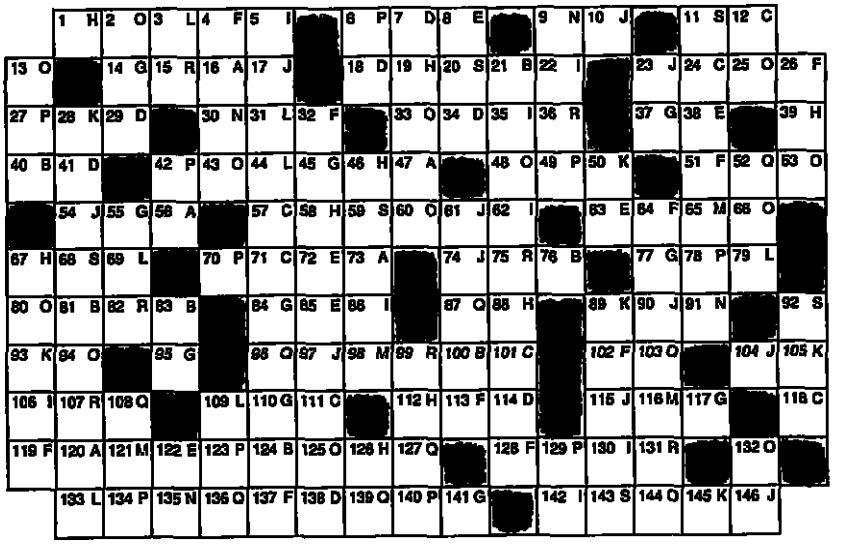
HONOURABLE MENTIONS

Chicoutimiser: To vow to preserve a sacred trust
Victoriate: To relive imperial glories — R. Greenwood, Don Mills
Windsorb: To blot up American overspill — Joan McGrath, Toronto
Mirabellyache: To complain about white elephants — Alec McEwen, Ottawa
Calgarize: To blame Ottawa — Keith Angus, Kemptville

CANLIT ACROSTIC

No. 26

By Mary D. Trainer



When properly **filled in, the** letters **in the** box form a **quotation from a** Canadian book. **Find the** letters by solving **the** clues below **and writing** the answers **in the** numbered spaces **provided.** Then **transfer the** letters **from the** spaces to **the** appropriate **squares in the** box. **The first letters of each** answered clue form **the** name of **the** author and **the** title of **the** book. **(Solution** next **month.)**

A **Originated** 18 120 56 73 47

B. **Hearing distance** 81 124 76 21 40 100 83

C. **Sensory apparatus** 101 71 57 111 116 24 12

D. **Laurence's "Manawaka"** 29 41 114 138 34 18 7

E. **Tax** 85 72 122 38 8 63

F. **Surprising variation (slang)** 32 128 64 51 26 113 119 4 102 137

G. **"He who —— laughs best": 2 wds.** 14 95 110 141 84 37 45 55 77 117

H. **"—— City", Dudek's 1946 poem collection: 3 wds.** 46 58 39 1 88 67 112 19 126

I. Small **sandglass: 2 wds.** 5 142 62 130 106 86 22 35

J. Emily **Murphy's pen** name: 2 **wds.** 104 74 10 146 17 54 97 61 90 115 23

K One **of Sir** John **Franklin's ominously named vessels** 93 50 28 89 105 145

L **Service's "on the marge of Lake —"** 44 31 109 79 69 133 3

M. Source **of spiritual enlightenment** 98 116 65 121

N. **Ship's** small boat 91 9 30 135

O. **Fotheringham's latest book: 4 wds.** 33 60 94 13 80 144 48 43 103 86 132 25 2 53 125

P. **"To ——"; different strokes for different folks: 3 wds.** 123 134 42 78 27 129 70 49 6 140

Q. **Ignited** 136 139 98 52 87 108 127

R. **Library here named after Saul Bellow** 99 15 107 131 75 82 36

S. *Attention-getting call:* **hyph. wd.** 59 68 11 92 143 20

SOLUTION TO ACROSTIC #25

Be awful **careful** . . Someone could come **right in** and slit your throat. . . Miss **Sanderson** watched the door thud closed Nothing, she thought wrathfully, like leaving a **person** in a **strange** house . and making **an** exit line like **that.**

E. **X. Giroux,** A *Death For* A **Doctor,** St. Martin's **Press**

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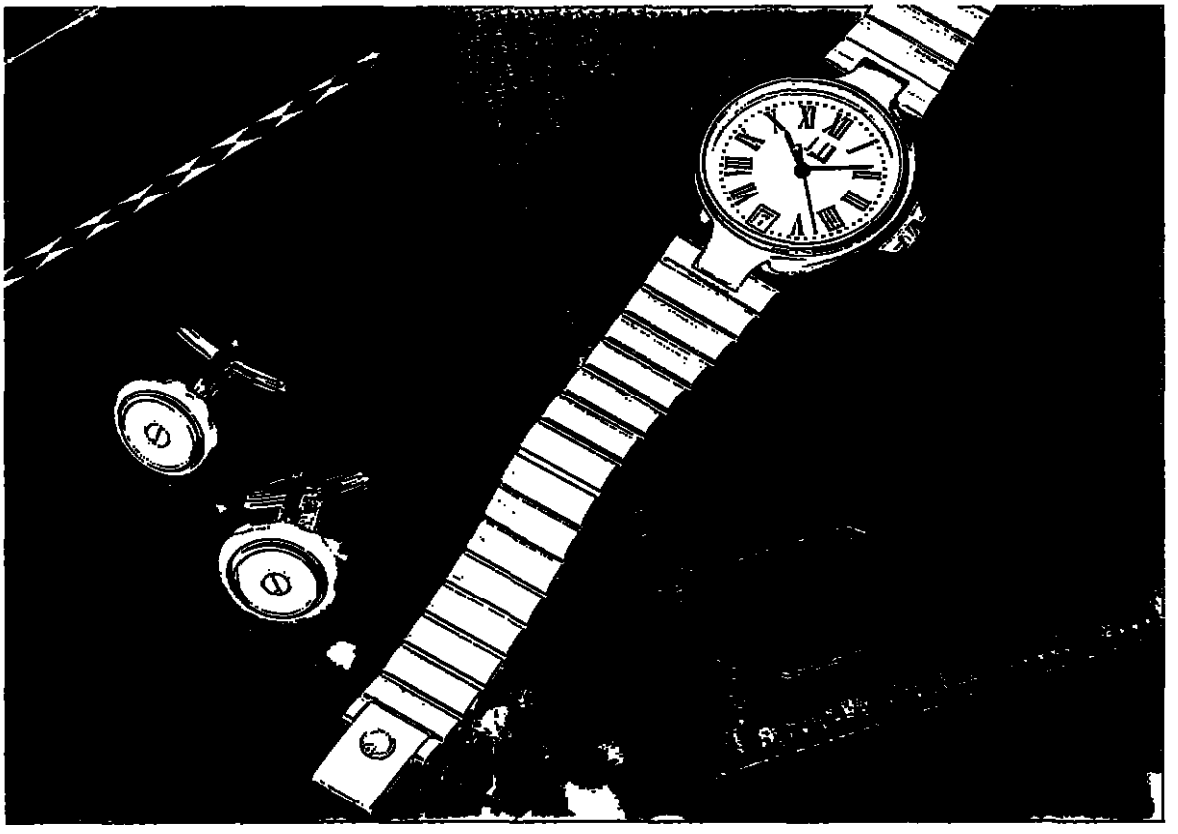

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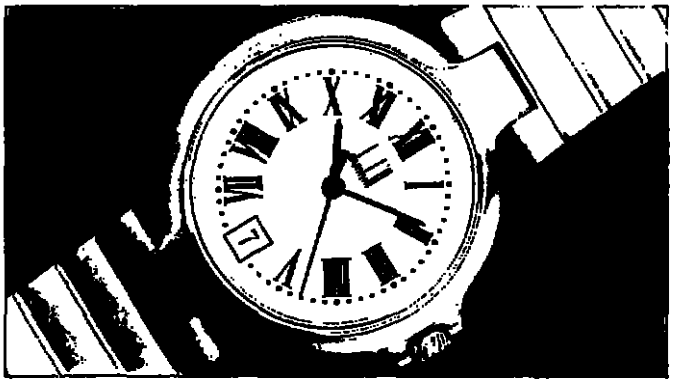

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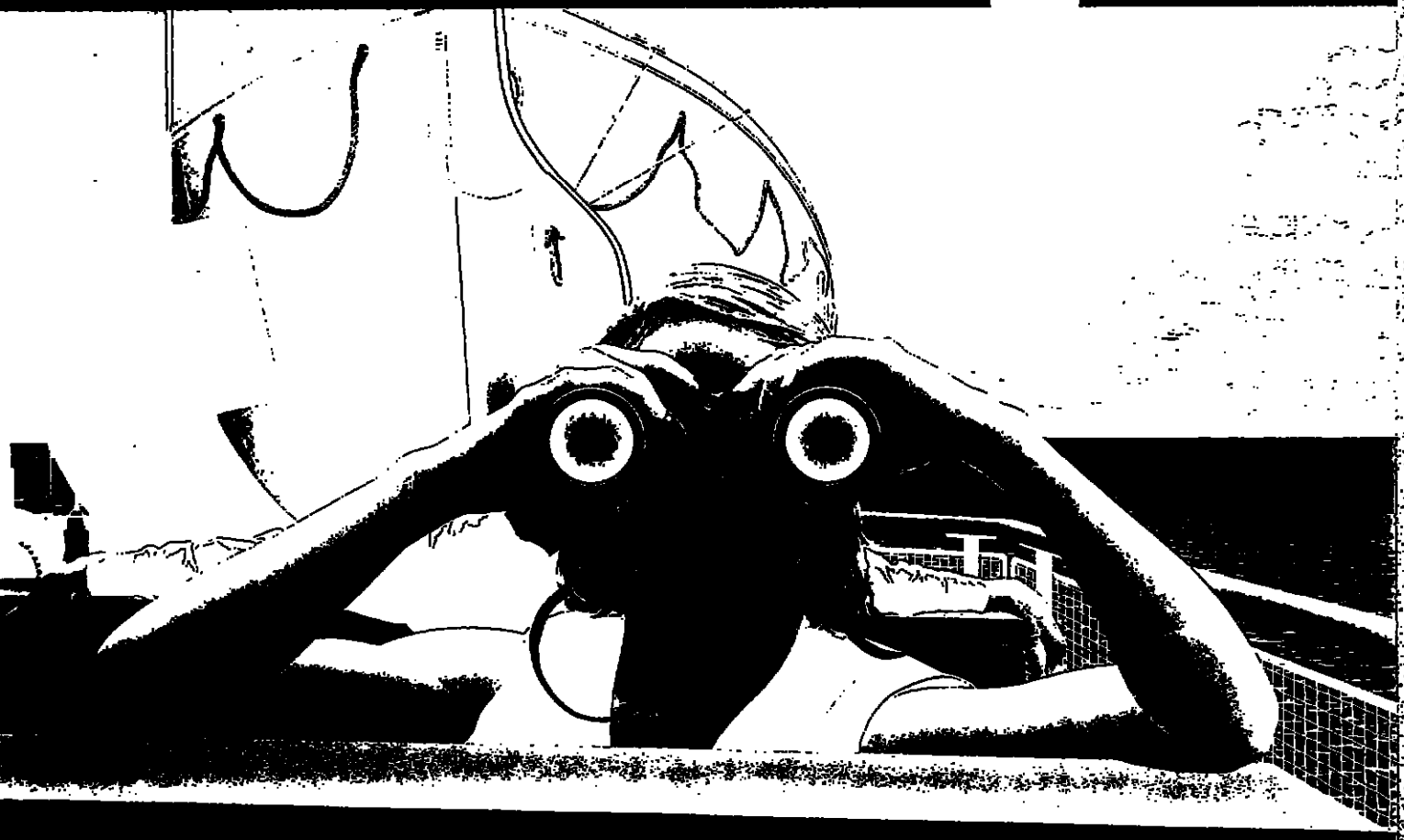
The David Watch Company, 280 Spadina Avenue
Vancouver: I-be Dunhill Shop, Pacific Centre
Collections International, Pan Pacific Hotel
Montreal: The Dunhill Shop, 977 rue St-Catherine ouest at Simpsons
Victoria: Simply The Best, #1-635 Broughton Street

dunhill



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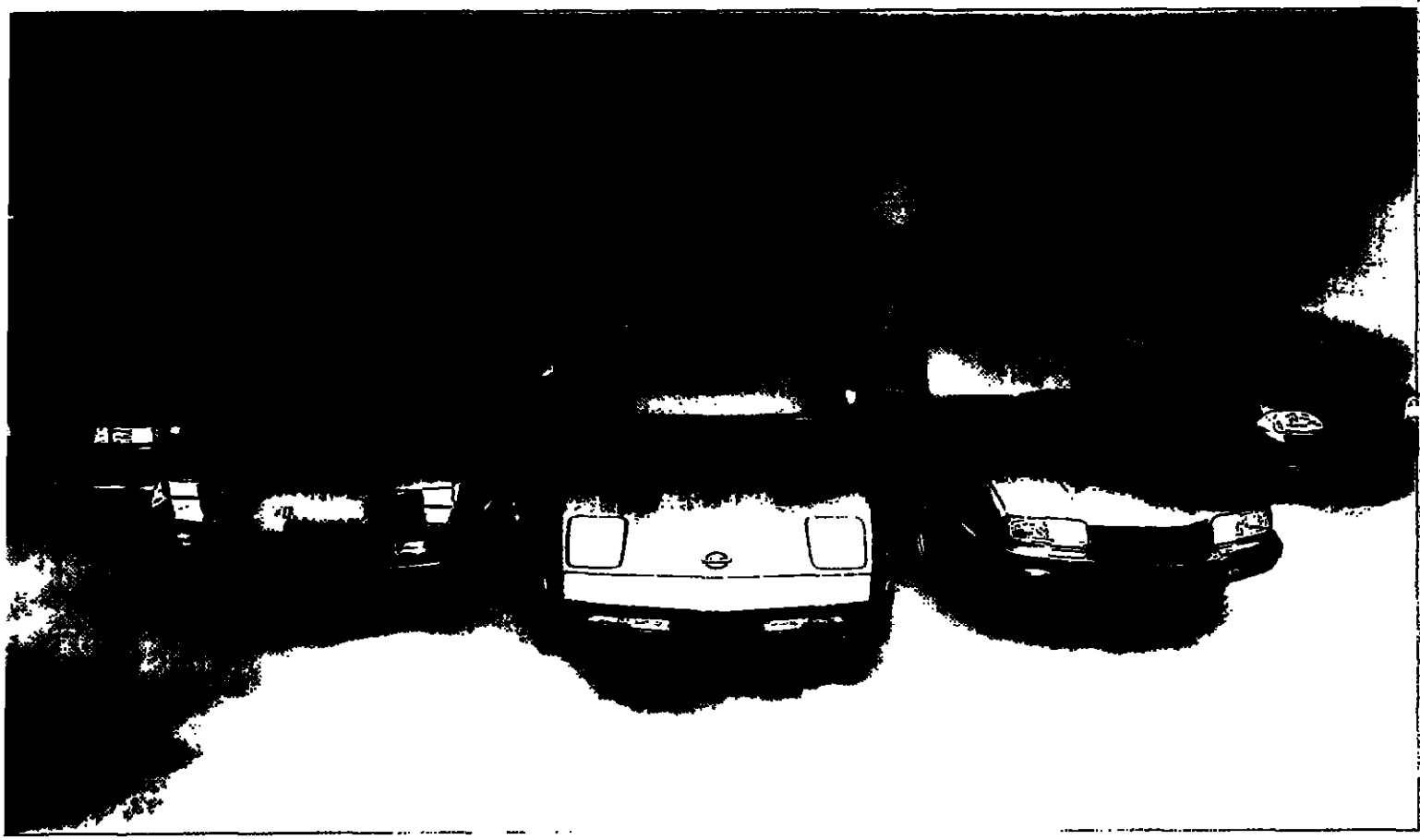

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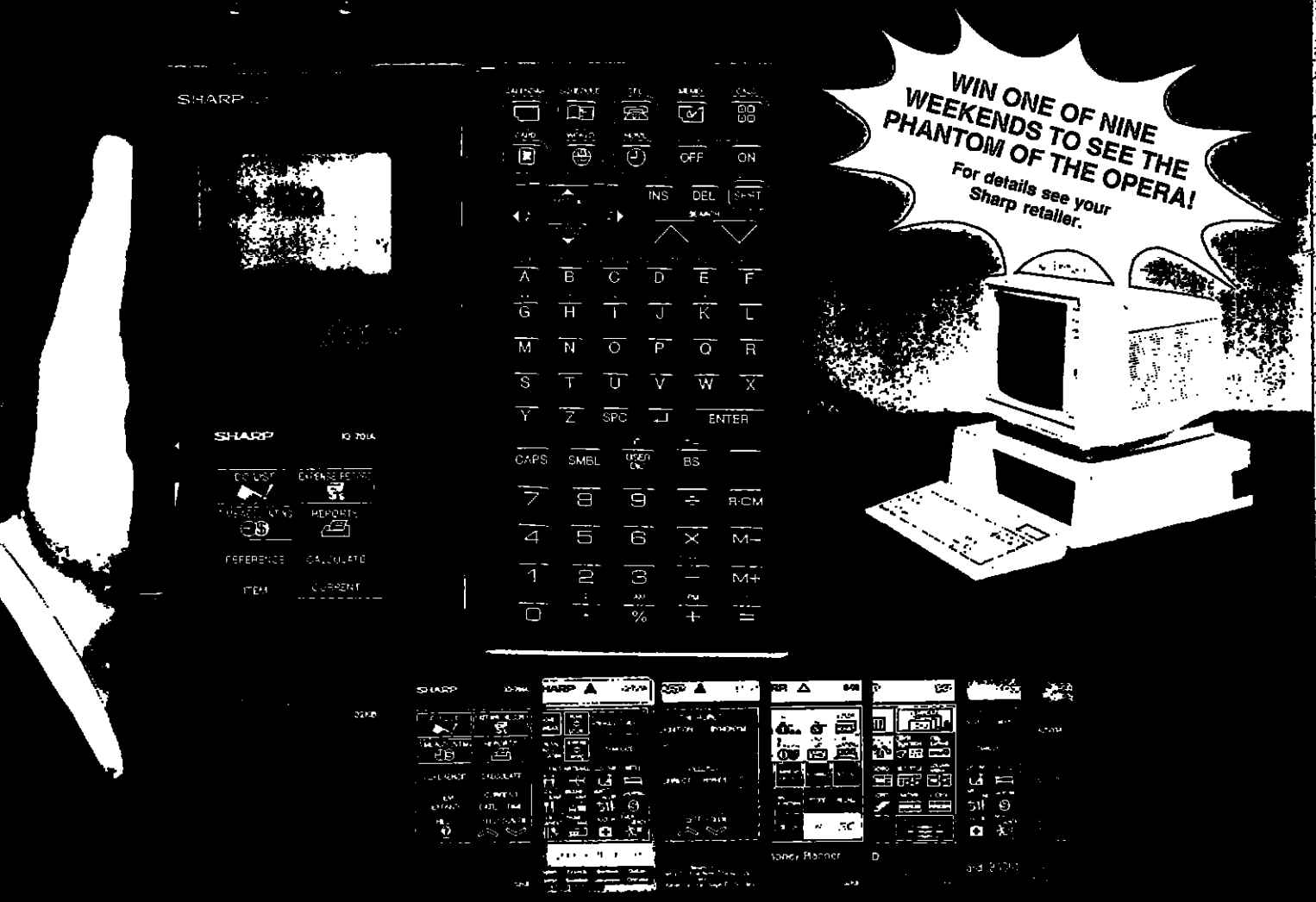

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