BOOKS in CANADA

a national review of books

VOLUME 4, NO. 2 . FEBRUARY, 1975

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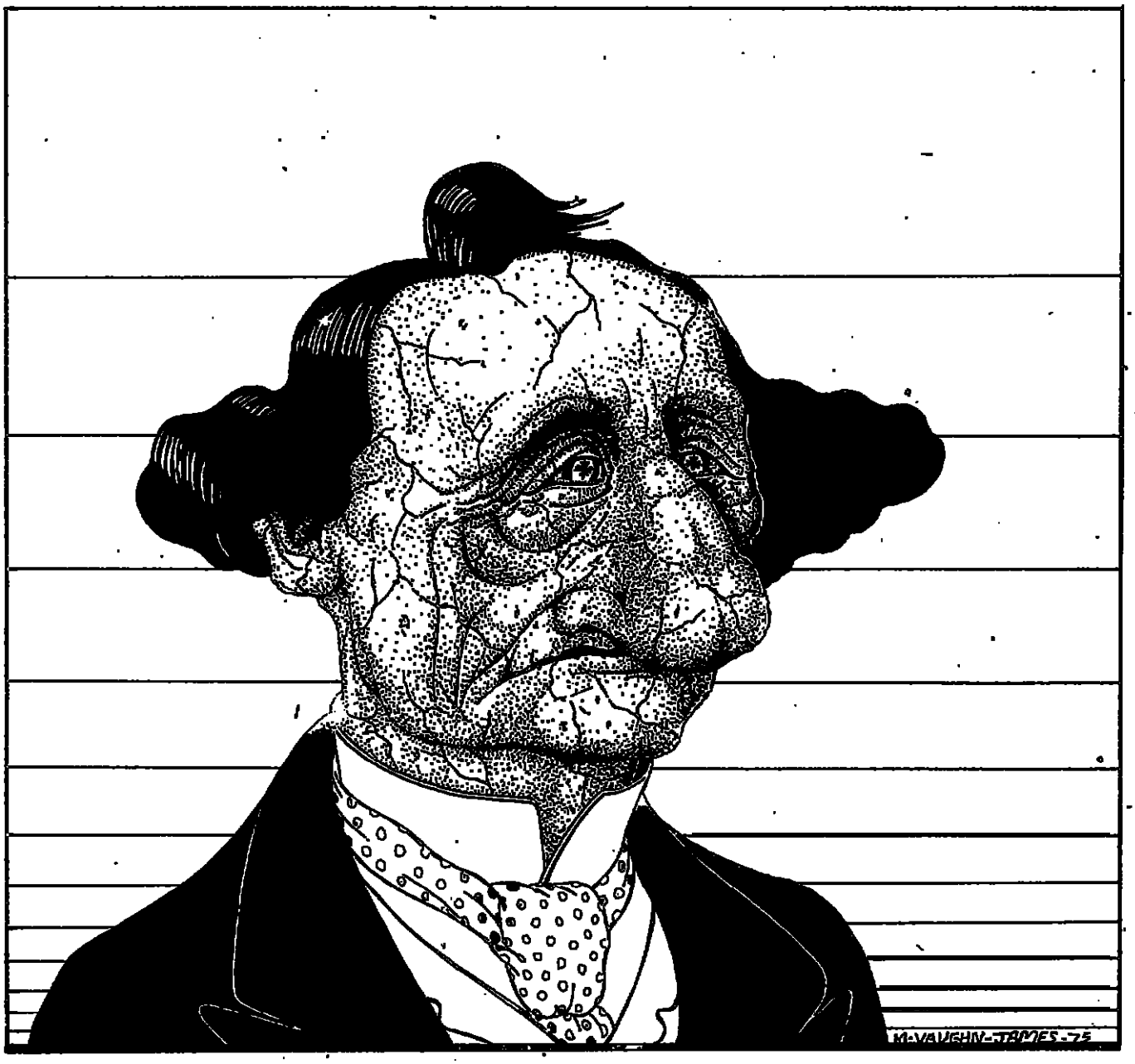

. . . FOUNDING FATHER

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CONTRIBUTORS

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BOOKS in CANADA

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NOTES & COMMENTS

THE ONTARIO LIBRARY ASSOCIATION has published *Canadian Periodicals for Schools*, an annotated list of 90 Canadian magazines of interest to school librarians. "Titles," we're told, "were selected on the basis of availability and usefulness." Included, therefore, are journals such as *Canadian Chess Char and Beautiful British Columbia.* Excluded are journals such as *Last Post* and *Cinema Canada.* If one's confidence in Ontario librarians isn't shaken by the list itself, the annotations are sum to do it. At one point, for example, the Tamarack *Review* and the *University of Toronto Quarterly* are compared. "Students of ... creative writing," we're informed, "will find [the, *Tamarack Review] much* more readable ... than the *University of Toronto Quarterly.*"

NO EDITORIAL Comment Necessary Department: Maclean-Hunter publishes *Maclean's* and owns Macmillan of Canada. In the last months of 1974, *Maclean's* published eight excerpts from seven fall books. Four of those excerpts were from Macmillan publications, including two from Hugh Maclennan's *Rivers of Canada. In* its October, November and December issues, *Maclean's* book page reviewed 13 books, five of them fmm Macmillan. All five were favourably reviewed.

o o o

WITH THIS ISSUE we welcome Sandra Martin, former Associate Publisher of *Quill & Quire*, to the editorial staff of *Books in Canada.* As Associate Editor, Ms. Martin's main role will be to improve and expand the feature section of the magazine. She will also contribute regular articles under our Trade & Union heading concerning developments in Canadian publishing of interest to the general reader. Her first column (page 28) is an enlightening analysis of the contradictory positions taken by the Secretary of State and the Independent Publishers' Association on the future of mass-market paperbacks in Canada.

THE PROSE AND CONS OF 1974

It was a year for holding the fort in Canadian publishing, and a few volumes of fiction kept the flag flying

By GEORGE WOODCOCK

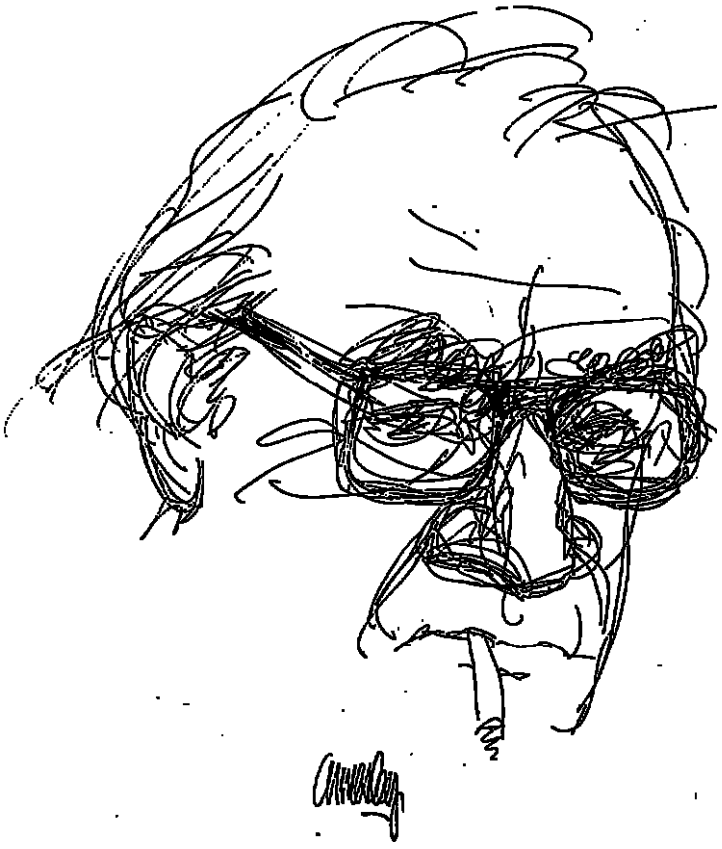
IT MUST, I THINK, be a resurgence of the ancestral farmer in us *all that* tempts editors to commission and critics to undertake the kind of annual glance at the year's achievement that I am now making. Tbe year has gone round fmm solstice to solstice, the harvest is in. the ploughland lies idle and recuperating, and we who sit in our studies and offices sense, like the inhabitants of the glass-walled utopian cities in Zamiatin's *We, the* distant promise of spring blown high over us in the air, and a hope that next year's crops will be better or no worse than this year's.

But do, in fact, the rhythms of literary production move in the same patterns as those of *nature?* AR they not related to human lives or at least to human lustra? A decade, even half a decade, can enable one to map significant changes in the work of a writer or even in the general picture of a country's literary life. But a year's record of books off the press, though it may tell us a great deal about the publishing industry, gives only hints of what writers are doing and thinking, since the gestatory process into which a book goes when it has left the writer's machine, and often his mind as well, usually leaves a gap of at least a year between completion and publication, and sometimes several years between conception and publication.

Indeed, one of the interesting features of the present season has been the appearance of a notable prose work by a Canadian poet that has been literally decades in the works. John Glassco's volume of novellas, *The Fatal Woman*, a series of tantalizing palimpsests on the obsessions of the Decadence, consists of material written over a whole generation, the first of the novellas having been started in 1936 and the last written in 1964, and all having lain at least a decade for libertarian permissiveness to ripen among Canadian publishers.

The Fatal Woman, like Glassco's earlier and similarly delayed *Memoirs of Montparnasse,* is an extreme example of late publication, but there must be many among the books appearing every season that no longer project their authors' current preoccupations. What most determines the actual lists appearing, given the general availability of books, is the state of Canadian publishing houses. title, for example, appeared last year under New Press's imprint, which in-other recent years had given a considerable body of lively, experimental or polemical prose. To a small extent the slack was taken up by Press Porcépic, where Dave Godfrey published some titles he had commissioned at New Press. The naturalization of Macmillan did not yield the expected results in an increased list of Canadian books, and there seemed also a tendency for branch-plant and agency houses to be more cautious in their token offerings of Canadian books.

Having made my point that what I am really discussing is publishing in 1974 rather than writing in that year, I go on. not to a general survey of what appeared, for which them is



George Woodcock

no space, but to remarks about what seemed to me the most interesting books. I am not claiming to talk about the best books of the year, since I may well have failed to mad the one great book that all the reviewers neglected, but I am writing as one through whose editorial hands most of the books published during the year happened to pass and whose curiosity led him to read anything that seemed in the least likely to be of interest.

Prose, of course, is a wide field, embracing among the year's books everything from *Colombo's Canadian Quotations* and *Old Age Pensions and Policy Making in Canada* to novels by Margaret Laurence and Mart Cohen and non-fiction works by Hugh MacLennan and Morley Callaghan. Many of the books published were of narrow interest, written by teachers for teachers, for example (or often enough by pedants for pedants in the great academic carousel called Publish or Perish); a shocking proportion this year (but was it really more shocking than any years before?) were too crass or ponderous to carry one beyond the first chapter. Good non-fiction prose books were exceptionally few in comparison with other recent years, and it was really a handful of novels and volumes of short stories that saved the industry's name.

Perhaps the two fields whose crops were most disappointingly meagre, after a number of good years,. were history (including biogmphy) and criticism. Canadian history and biognphy have had a succession of banner years since the Centennial made an interest in reassessing our past both stimulating to scholars and profitable to publishers; but now the books written on the continuing impetus of 1967 have all been published, and the great reassessment of the Canadian past they represented seems to have come to an end or at least to have stopped for a breather. The one book of general history that seemed a real contribution to our understanding bf the past was *Canada 1896-1921: A Nation Transformed*, in which Robert Craig Brown and Ramsay Cook gave a shape to one of the most confusing and least dramatic periods of our past. Nothing in the way of biography came my way that threw new light of any interest on the great Canadian figures; we had to be content with a sometimes amusing but more often pathetic scrapbook of photographs and cuttings entitled *The John A. Macdonald Album.* An engaging minor biography was Lewis C. Walmsley's *Bishop on Honan*; the Bishop was the William C. White to whom we are indebted for much of the fine Oriental collections in the Royal Ontario Museum. Histories local in time or place seemed to have more to offer (though not much mote) than general histories. David Jay Bercuson's *Confrontation at Winnipeg* provided perhaps the most balanced and informative account we have yet had of the celebrated General Strike of 1919; James Morton's In the Sea *of Sterile Mountains* told (with perhaps too heavy a reliance on English-language sources) the melancholy story of anti-Oriental prejudice-on the West Coast; Jonathan Manthorpe's *The Power and the Tories, a* journalist's narrative of the Conservative government in Ontario, turned out to be an exceptionally astute and well-constructed piece of political history.

In criticism the recent stream of good monographs on Canadian writers and of provocative surveys like *Survival* and *Butterfly on Rock,* which were partly the result of the surge of cultural nationalism, seemed during 1974 to dry to a trickle. Sandra Djwa's *E. J. Pratt: The Evolutionary Vision was* the only critical study of a single Canadian author that even mildly impressed me (though Bruce Nesbitt's sampling of essays in the Critical Views volume *Earle Birney* was a lively contribution of another kind), and Prank Davey's *From There to Here,* a series of brief, idiosyncratic but very astute critical essays on Canadian writers in the 1960s, was the most useful work in the survey class. But perhaps the best book of criticism published in Canada in 1974 dealt with British writers: W. J. Keith's *The Rural Tradition.* an excellent account of the lineage of country. writing fmm Isaak Walton and White of Selborne down to modern times.

Into the end of the year. as into every pre-Christmas season, was crowded a whole series of arty big books, the most gaudy -expectedly — being *Roloff Beny in Italy. No art* books even approached the remarkably high standard of last year's *Painters in a New Lund. J.* Russell Harper's A *People's Art was* much inferior to his classic *Painting in Canada;* it was weakened by the exclusion of sculpture, which has played such a part in Canadian popular art. and marred by a naive every-man-his-own-anist messianism. The most encouraging event in terms of art publication in 1974 was the beginning of a collaboration between McClelland & Stewart and the Glenbow Institute of Calgary which has been amassing Western Canadiana at an impressive rate for the last decade; the first result is a tine volume of reproductions of often-forgotten Western landscapists, introduced by Lorne Render *(The Mountains and the Sky), and a*

The books written on the continuing impetus of 1967 have all been published, and the great reassessment of the Canadian past they represented seems to have come to an end.

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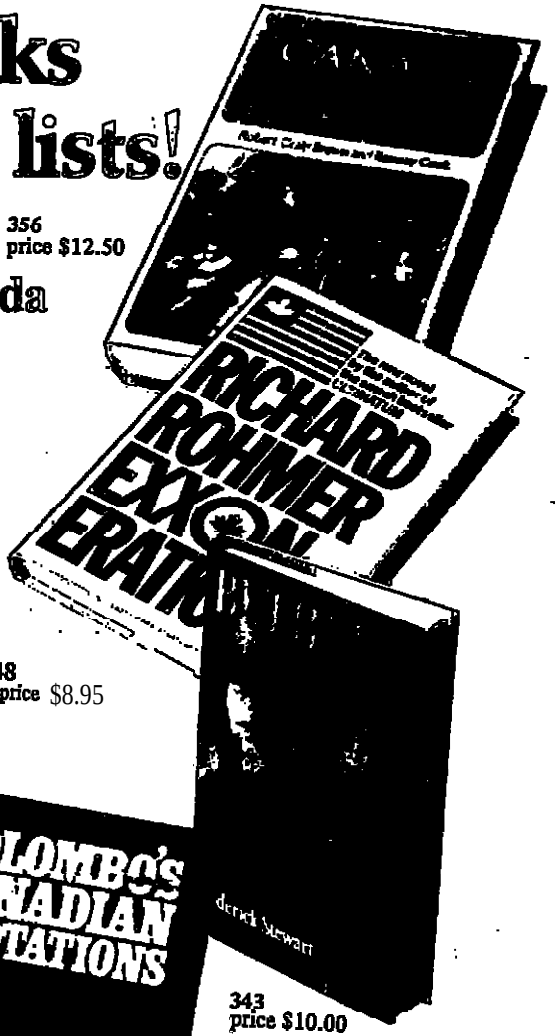

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more discrete but quite intriguing volume entitled A *Winter at Fort McLeod*, the diary of au NWMP surgeon named R. B. Nevitt who happened also to be a water-colourist of considerable evocative power. his sketches and paintings of Prairie life in the 1870s are a happy discovery.

Both Hugh MacLennan and Morley Callaghan produced massive books this year, and both collaborated with photographer John de Visser. perhaps "collaborated" is the wrong word; rather. they have worked on parallel lines with the photographer. with varying results. In the case' of MacLennan's *Rivers of Canada* the author's interest in history and landscape and de Visser's interest in the look of the land have tended to meet in some magical perspective, and the result is a fine, unified volume. In the case of Callaghan's *Winter* the author-illustrator twain have never — at least in terms of the book's unity — met. Callaghan wrote a first-rate essay on his memories of winter, mainly in his own small part of Canada and so sharply visual that it needs no illustration. De Visser has given us a fine panoramic view of the permutations of snow, ice, rain and skeletal trees over the breadth and height of Canada. One hopes that some day Callaghan will give his essay a more appropriate place in an unillustrated book on the Canadian year.

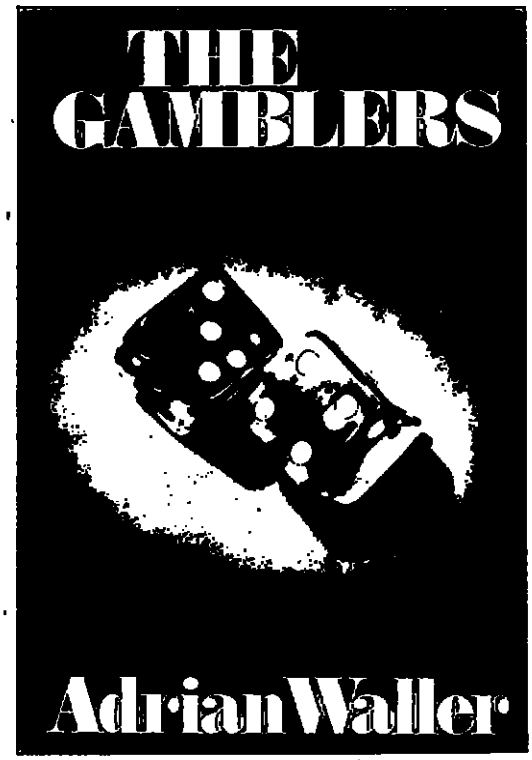
It is obvious that she [Margaret Laurence] has reached a crisis in her writing life where neither the forms nor the themes of the past will suffice.

Among the illustrated books, one must not forget Heather Robertson's doggedly unromantic Salt *of the Earth, a* collection of contemporaty photographs, diaries and other documents that evokes, often poignantly, the lives of Prairie pioneers. Perhaps, though not shaped in an orthodox form. this is the evocative history book that I otherwise found missing in 1974.

Finally, to mund off the prose non-fiction with a suitably baroque landmark, them is *Colombo's Canadian Quotations*, idiosyncratic in its inclusions, exasperating in its omissions (who has not found Bartlett the same?) but memorable by virtue of being-like Johnson's Dictionary -the first of its kind, and in this sense the one unique event of the publishing year.

The two novels of 1974 that now remain most strongly in my mind are Margaret Laurence's *The* Diviners and Matt Cohen's *The Disinherited. It* is not merely that *The Diviners* is in itself a-piece of superb craftsmanship in which the central character moves close to the literary persona of the novelist, so that each hauntingly reflects the other and we have a fine example of that typically 20th-century form, the mirror-mirror novel. It is also that with this book Margaret Laurence has announced the end of her career as a fiction writer: even if we do not choose to accept this as a final statement, it is obvious that she has reached a crisis in her writing life where neither the forms nor the themes of the past will suffice, and if she does write other novels we must assume they will be quite-different from those of her great Prairie cycle.

Matt Cohen began by writing rather esoteric novellas published by Anansi in the age of Dennis Lee and the



Every year Canadians wager 5 billion dollars in legal gambling — the illegal "take" is approximately 25 billion.

Waller's book shows how this affects the lives of many thousands of Canadian families by following the activities of a group of addicts, members of a branch of Gamblers Anonymous. Big Eddie, Uncle Jacques, Gloves, Little Bruce and The Mouse are **perhaps the** most **colourful** and desperate characters to_ ever appear in a Canadian book.

The Gamblers reads like fiction but rings with the harsh reality of fact.

$8.50

Clarke Irwin, the national publishers

791 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto M6C 1B8

Spiderline series of highly experimental fiction. Cohen is the only member of the group appearing in that series who has passed on into a fiction larger both in form and concept. At first glance *The Disinherited* is a rather conservative family chronicle about a lineage of Ontario farmers. In fact it turns out to be a multiple study of disinheritance considered as alienation, and the breakdown of meaningful relationships, which is disaster or liberation according to one's way of meeting it.

Matt Cohen left Anansi for M & S to publish *The Disinherited*, but Anansi continues — though perhaps with less experimental elan than in the past — its role as publisher of the sort of fiction that does not easily fit into big publishing programs. Apart from John Glassco's *The Fatal Woman*, its list during 1974 included Harold Sonny Ladoo's last and savagely comic novel of Caribbean life, *Yesterdays, a* salutary reminder of the, potentialities that went unfulfilled by reason of liis early death, and. in virtually polar opposition, John Bruce's almost static confrontation, in *Breathing Space,* between the life of civilized amenity and the life of fugitive terror that goes on beneath it, literally in'the action of the novel and figuratively in Bruce's view of human existence and human history.

Oberon Press has kept up its record of discovery with a good first novel of *aimless* youth in backcountry New Brunswick, *The Coming of Winter* by David Adams Richards, and with a further batch of the short-story collections. The most interesting among these, because it introduces another new writer of obvious intent as well as promise, is *Merna* Summers' *The Skating Party.*

Fmm more established publishers the year's good fiction includes two fine books of short stories, Clark Blaise's studies of mind in exile, *Tribal Justice*, and Alice Munro's second collection, *Something I've Been* Meaning to *Tell You,* stories almost too accomplished in their combination of nostalgia and reminiscent disgust. Among rhe novels that have especially interested me during the year are two other firsts, Joanna M. Glass's formidably intelligent *Reflections on a Mountain Summer.* with its alarming insights into the masculine mind, and, given all thd awkwardnesses and excesses that reviewers have generously found, Dennis T. Patrick Sears' *The Lark in the Clear Air* for its sheer vitality of writing.

Finally, there is the group of translated Quebec novels, some already classics in their own world, which has turned what might have been an, average good-fiction year in English-language publishing into something more: Claude Jasmin's *Ethel and the Terrorist,* Roch Carrier's *They Won't Demolish Me.* Hubert Aquin's *Blackout* and. for addicts of her special kind of cosy horrors, no less than two novels by Marie-Claire Blais.

It's hard to see how far 1975 may change the pattern I have been tracing. New Press seems to be returning as a force in Canadian publishing, and if General. Publishing can carry out its plans of building a big program on the basis of a wide paperback list, then we may see the emergence of a strong new group with perhaps a rather populist inclination. Regional houses are showing continued vigour; Talonbooks of Vancouver, for example, is expanding fmm verse and drama into fiction, with a novel by Audrey Thomas now on the press. A number of strong biognphies are due to appear next year, and Canada Council support for translation suggests that we shall have a continuing Row of fiction and perhaps other prose fmm Quebec. The voluminous enlarged version of *Literary History of Canada*, covering the eventful recent years up to the early 1970s. is in active preparation by the University of Toronto Press, and if present plans' hold, there will be a resumption of the flow of Canadian criticism. But until the spring lists are with us, and we get some idea of the state of health of the publishing industry and of what writers have been completing in 1974 to appear a year later, any kind of prophecy is, at best, seeing through a glass darkly. Canadian publishing still has a quality of the tentative and unexpected that is in its own way exciting, so that one feels often like Wilde when he said: "This suspense is terrible. I hope it will last." □

OUR GOOD OLD RELIABLE NATHAN

Saul, communist in Air *Force blue, still hoping*
to snare me for his Reserve airport's cell.
took me one lifeless Glace Bay afternoon
to a friend's home, where, he said, the intellectuals
of the town always gathered to drink coffee,
spout ideas for the future. Bat until you arrived
bringing that half-chanting, half sing-song voice,
the company was undistinguished. Then suddenly,
commando-style,
you'd taken over the gathering: I listened amazed
to your mocking, arrowed wit. Here's a wind-bag.
I thought. but what fresh, delicious wind!
He'd give Clare Gillis a run for his money
any election year in Cape Breton South
if some party'd only have the sense to run him.

But apparently none did. It was in Toronto
a good *ten years later*
I saw you for the second time.
By then you'd outlived several near disasters
at the Museum Theatre, and cornered by the critics,
got your final revenge by becoming
the best of them all. That cold winter evening
I still can see you greeting Irving Layton
as he strode *into the room, then moving with him*
to the only free space left before blaze-crackling logs
in the fireplace, where you sat cross-legged several hours
and I watched the sweat sluice down your face
in *half-gallon pitcherfuls, but you never once badged*
or uncrossed those legs, you were that stubborn
when the conversation was going exactly right.

which leaves me only that final, eye-shocking glimpse
of you standing huge at the ticket-window
of the triple-bill, triple-threat emporium
in Yonge and Dundas' hamburger gin-mill hatch-hour.
looking old past belief. only the eyes still flashing
any good life out of your bulbous, worn-out body
before you were swallowed up, gone into the smoky
cut-rate escape of moviehouse darkness.. .

That shock over, I'd nothing much left
for your death yesterday, it seemed as expected
as winter following autumn, though unnecessary,
undeserved,
and much too soon:
0 great gmnd gasping fat man!

(From *Change-Up: New Poems,*
by Raymond Souster, Oberon, $2.95.)

The old party, the old flag, the old man

The John A. Macdonald Album, by Lena Newman, Tundra Books, 223 pages, $30 cloth.

By DONALD CREIGHTON

"A TALL, HANDSOMELY printed book, especially popular in the 19th century. often having a profusion of illustrations and short sentimental texts" is the definition given by one American dictionary for the word "album." It wilt serve well as a description of Mrs. Newman's book, which is certainly a tall volume, handsomely bound in the sober colours of the Macdonald tartan, and decorated with a comic black-and-white cartoon of Sir John embracing his lifelong love, Miss Canada. Such albums, the American dictionary seems to assume, were "especially popular in the 19th century," but the producers of *The John A. Macdonald Album*, who are very much late-20th-century Canadians, argue that the vigour and irreverence of 19th-century. Canadian politics and journalism are very close to the spirit of contemporary Canada and that what was popular then deserves to be equally popular now. They have modernized the 19th-century album with a bold design and bold typography; but the "profusion of illustrations" very definitely remains. The "sentimental texts" have gone, but they have been replaced by a wide variety of short extracts; set apart fmm the main text in small boxes, which include menus, recipes, anecdotes, jokes, accounts, and quotations from contemporary diaries, memoirs, debates and newspapers.

Mrs. Newman is a journalist, and her weekly column "Your Canada and Mine" appears in a number of Canadian newspapers. Max Newton, the designer of *The John A. Macdonald Album* is also a journalist, with much experience as the art director of *Weekend Magazine.* At least four other people shared in the editing and production of the volume, and the list of their names reminds one faintly of the credits at the end of a television program. This is not an inappropriate feature, for the essence of a book such as this lies in its arrangement and layout. Engravings. photographs and cartoons contribute most to the value of the album; but it is not, as its authors remind us. simply a pictorial record of the main events in Macdonald's long career. The pictures are. bound together by a narrative account, written in a simple, straightforward manner, that concentrates on prominent people and important episodes, and makes no serious attempt at the interpretation of characters or events.

The book opens with an introduction on Macdonald himself, "the man behind the statesman" -on his clothes, habits, ailments, preferences, jokes, friendships. and loves. The long record that follows is divided into seven parts. which begin with the migration of the Macdonalds fmm Glasgow to Kingston, Ontario, and ehd with the election of 1891 and Macdonald's death and burial. "The life of Sir John Macdonald," declared Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "is the history of Canada." The biography of the man is inseparable from the chronicle of the country. The producers of *The John A. Macdonald Album* have taken advantage of this obvious fact, and their book is a pictorial record, nof only of Macdonald himself, his relations, friends and political associates, but also of his times. A number of the trials, dangers and triumphs that all Canadians experienced in the 19th century come vividly alive in these plates. Them are sections, for example, on the cholera epidemic of the 1830s and 1840s, on Fenianism and the Fenian raids of the 1860s, and on the much-publicized alcoholism of the 19th century. From the lists of Macdonald's own purchases of wine and spirits, it becomes clear once again that he had an infinitely more refined and sophisticated taste than have most of the whisky-gulping Canadians of today who are so ready to dismiss him as an old drunk.

... He had an infinitely more refined and sophisticated taste than have most of the whisky-gulping Canadians of today who are so ready to dismiss him as an old drunk.

Mrs. Newman has read widely in the available literature on Macdonald and his time; but her own connecting narrative, which is highly discursive and episodic in character. contributes little to our knowledge. The producers of the volume feel that it has added a few recently discovered facts to the record of the Riel Rebellions and the assassination of D'Arcy McGee. Mrs. Newman quotes a rather hysterical outburst fmm Riel's diary of 1885, which came to light as lately as 1970; and she also makes very good use of Lady Macdonald's diary in her account of McGee's death and the trial of Whelan, This of course is not the first time Lady Macdonald's diary has been seen and used by an historian; but the value of *The John A. Macdonald Album* lies in the freshness of its illustrations. rather than the novelty of its historical facts. The present reviewer has seen a good many photographs of Macdonald, but there are several in this book that are new to him. Bengough's cartoons are, of course. well known; but the producers of the album have discovered a number that are less familiar, and they have mixed these with the drawings, more novel if less clever, of other 19th-century *cartoonists.* Finally, they have found pictures of two people, very close and dear M Macdonald, that help to lift them from the twilight and obscurity in which they have existed so long. The features and character of Susan Agnes Bernard, Macdonald's second wife, are not unknown, of course; but here she is presented in several new revealing full-length portrait studies that have not, to my knowledge been published before. And her daughter. Mary Theodora Margaret, the incurably invalid child whom her parents loved and lamented, comes back to life, a small and pitiable figure, in several deeply moving photographs. □

'Let them eat cakemix...'

Hard to Swallow: Why food prices keep rising and what can be done about it, by Walter Stewart, Macmillan, 218 pages, $9.95 cloth.

By DOUGLAS MARSHALL

moo IS MONEY, bread is dough, and Garfield Weston is a billionaire. In the beginning, about 12,000 years ago, the business of converting certain hybrid grasses into human sustenance had a logical simplicity that nourished the mind as well as the body: sow, reap, mill, bake, sell. eat. Today we live in the age of "agribusiness," of "non-viable farming" and "cost-benefit analysis," and the food industry is about as simple end nourishing as the Second World War.

Somewhere between the sowing and the eating, in those fudge-filled areas we now call processing and marketing, the common-sense trains of supply and demand have been routed into sidings and left to rot like so many million eggs. In their stead we have new vehicles of economic manipulation end control. They ensure, among other things, that them no longer is the slightest connection between the price of wheat and the price of breed. One result is that a lot of citizens in this alleged land of plenty are forced to dine on dog food. And what is the taste of dog food? Walter Stewart knows. It is the taste of stupidity, greed, and bullshit.

That's why *Hard to Swallow is one* of those rare books that could start a revolution. Stewart, a magazine journalist and a first-rate investigative reporter, slices through the smug, custom-staled crust of the Canadian food business to reveal, in neat cross-sections, the maggots and hot air inside. It's not an emotional polemic; the evidence is documented down to the lest crumb and the judgments are evenly made. But it is a polemic none the less. Stewart seethes witb suppressed rage and every consumer who reads the book will seethe with him.

Stewart concedes at the outset that the era of cheap food has gone for good. Prices in Canada are inevitably linked to what's happening in the rest of the world, and much of the rest of the world is starving. Here he is on the anchovy connection: "You are paying mom for your dinner steak today because a mess of Peruvian fish failed to report for work three years ago. and that's what John Donne meant when he said that 'No man is an island'."

However, he thinks the Club of Rome and other latter-day Malthusians preaching the impending Apocalypse are "full of wet hay." As the pressure builds, the world will almost certainly learn how to feed itself efficiently. And in theory Canada, with all its advantages, should be leading the way. Yet this is a country where:

- Government policy deliberately *diminishes the* supply of milk as the population increases.
- The chain-store oligopoly conspires to make pensioners in slums pay *more* for groceries than the fat cats in Westmount. Rosedale, and Shaughnessy Heights.
- Vertically integrated giants such as McCain's (potatoes) end Kraftco (cheese) rule their particular markets lii ruthless robber. barons — trampling on farmers, governments, competitors. and consumers alike.
- Price markups in the industry are calculated *backwards:* when a 10-cent candy bar goes up to 15 cants, the food

barons claim it's only a 33⅓% increase (one thitdof 15 cents) rather than a 50% increase (one half of 10 cents).

- Commodity exchanges are run like crooked gambling casinos and marketing boards are little more than producers' price-fixing clubs.
- The Canadian Wheat Board, responsible for this country's primary agricultural product and the one marketing board that does work, is administered by the Department of Justice.

It figures. But who is to blame? Not the farmers, says Stewart. He presents a sympathetic profile of Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan (written before the egg scandal) and confirms Whelan's view that the farmers are currently being ripped off as much as the consumers. He is far harsher when dealing with the Food Price Review Board and Beryl Plumptre's "unshakable, unfathomable, utterly unplumbable complacency." But- what he finds hardest to swallow are the corrupt wholesale and deceptive retail practices of the major food chains.

Yes, there is an archvillain in Stewart's plot — the supermarket oligopoly. The chains that dominate and control the marketplace, he says, are growing rich on sheer waste. On the wholesale side, the legal and often illegal fight for shelf space among distributors adds an extra $500 million a year to our collective food bill. On the retail side, the cost of needless advertising and glamorous packaging runs into the billions. There is no real price competition among the chains; there is only growth competition. Price wars invariably drive prices *up*, not down. When a chain spends $10 million on advertising in an effort to prove its "price is right," we are the suckers who ultimately pay for the campaign. Stewart concludes:

> IF I had to pick out a single factor, which. more than my other, has contributed to our current state oF affairs, I would choose wasteful retailing practices — including wasteful advertising and deceptive packaging. Happily. this is the one factor which lends itself most readily to reform.

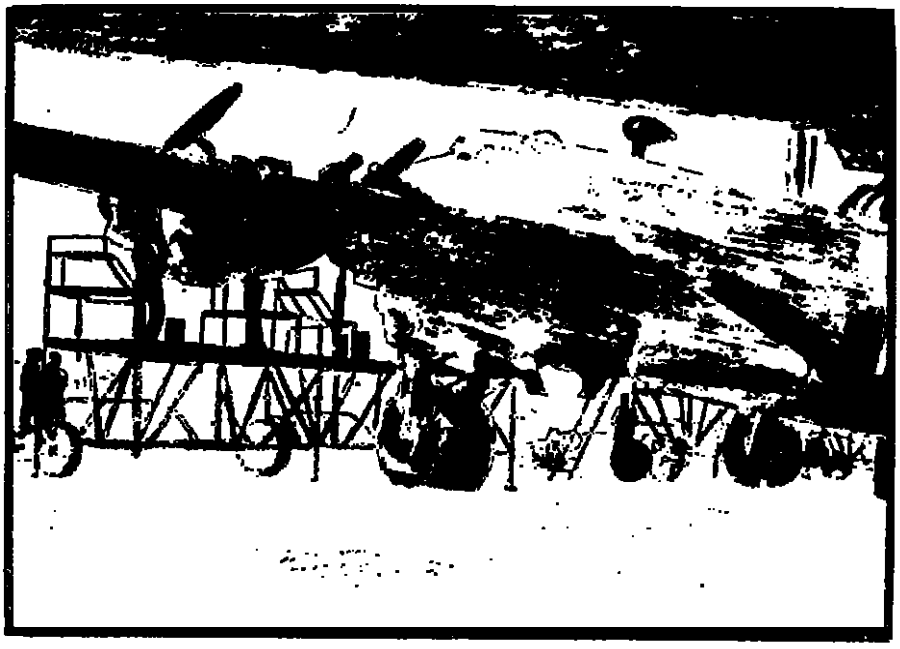
The reform he would like to see implemented immediately is the abolition of advertising expenditures on food as a deductible item on income taxes. He thinks we would know within a week whether advertising is really a vital part of merchandising or just a way of conning us into buying more than we want.

For the reader, *Hard to Swallow* is anything but. Stewart's prose goes down like clarified butter. His anger is tempered by a fine eye for irony, his argument lit by delightful Rashes of wit. He is a professional craftsman writing at the top of his muck-raking form.

True, I could quarrel with some of the book's stylistic tricks: the lapses into gratuitous first-person chit-'chat ("I don't want to bore you, but ..."); the gimmicky opening chapter (an over-extended anecdote about a mythical mild-mannered housewife driven beserk by markups); and the catchy but vacuous headings.

I could, but I won't. When the subject is Canada's complex and perfidious food industry, a writer is entitled to use every trick in the trade to capture and hold the attention of his audience.

This is more than a book; it's a bill of attainder. □



"Riggers and Fitters at Work," by William Goodridge Roberts, from Canadian Artists and Airmen 1940-45 *by Jerrold Morris (The Morris Gallery, 15 Prince Arthur Avenue. Toronto, $15).*

There's muckin that there Hill

Let Us Prey, edited by Robert Chodos and Rae Murphy, James Lorimer & Company, 200 pages, $10 cloth and $4.95 paper.

By **CLIVE** COCKING

GOOD JOURNALISM, like philosophy, consists in asking'the right questions. The tragedy of Canadian journalism is that — far fmm asking the right questions — our newspapers don't question at all. They may nitpick, bitch and grumble, but they do not — aside from occasional aberrant behaviour by two 'or three Eastern dailies — really *question* what's going on and why:

> Canadian journalism — that stuff that separates the ads on the pages — consists mainly of the sterile chatter of the wire services, reprints from American papers and the punditry of press gallery hacks. The essential issuer that face Canadians are simply either not dealt with in our press, or mystified beyond comprehension. For example. one can read endless tomes on inflation but when real estate prices rise by 37 per cent in a matter of months. somebody is simply being ripped off.

So write editors Robert Chodos and Rae Murphy in their introduction to *Let Us Prey, a* collection of muckraking articles analyzing how some of the largest corporations in Canada get richer and richer at our expense — with a little help from their political friends. The material, revised and updated,' originally appeared in *Last Post* magazine, which for the past five years has been trying to do the probing journalism our newspapers shun. In the book, *Last Post* writers examine everything from food prices and profits to escalating housing costs, and from the Maritimes adventures of John Shaheen to the curious links between American futurologist Herman Kahn, the federal cabinet; and the James Bay and Alberta tar Sands projects.

Written in a crisp, coolly analytical style, *Let Us Prey* provides an eyeball-popping glimpse into the symbiotic relationship betweengovernment and the corporate world, a relationship

that clearly benefits politicians and corporations to the detriment of the real public interest:

There is, for example., a fascinating analysis here of the operations of that well-known corporate farm team for the Liberal cabinet, Brascan (formerly Brazilian Light and Traction), of which former Trade and Commerce Minister Robert Winters was once president and former External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp was vice-president. During Sharp's stint at External (in' 1972), a Brascan-owned utility in Brazil, Light-servicos de electricidade SA. received a Canadian Export Development Corporation loan of $26.5 million to buy Canadian electrical equipment. The *Last Post* writers question whether this simply enabled Brascan to diversify more — and whether Canada's tolerant policy towards the Brazilian military dictatorship was not, in fact, *Brascan's* foreign policy.

Equally fascinating, in a grim sort of way, is Robert Cbodos and Drummond Burgess' saga of how Bell Canada, a regulated corporation, has been able to enrich and turn its manufacturing subsidiary, Northern Electric; into a multinational corporation. All it took was government indifference and a tough new president, John Lobb, whose sole concern was profits. In 1971, Northern laid off 4,826 workers, while at the same time receiving $26 million in government grants to create jobs.

Public policy obviously doesn't always benefit the public. Nick Auf der Maur documents here the expansion of the tainted International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation (ITT) empire into Canada (it now controls 58 companies) and its success in winning government concessions. For a new $165-million ITT-Rayonierpulp mill at Port Cartier, Quebec -to take a shock-?ing example — the corporation acquired $57 million in subsidies from the Quebec and Canadian governments — and a cushy SO-cents-a-cord pulp wood royalty. The corporation will pay Quebec $300,000 a year for an initial harvest of 600.000 cords of wood — from which $60.4 million in pulp will be produced.

Let Us Prey is an excellent example of the sort of tough analysis we need in this far-too-complacent country. If there is a principal defect to thisbook, it is that it covers too broad a scope -any subsequent follow-up should concentrate on a single issue. And that, to my mind, should be the question: Why is the press in Canada so slothful and so gutless? □

Polemicists in a broom closet

Never Done: Three Centuries of Women's Work in **Canada,** by The Corrective **Collective, the Canadian Women's Educational Press,** Toronto, **150 pages, $3.75 paper.**

By ANNE ROCHE

"A SERVANT with this clause makes drudgery divine; Who sweeps a mom as for Thy laws makes that and the action line." wrote George Herbert of the way in which menial work may be ennobled when performed for a spiritual reason and for a non-material reward. But that was a long time ago. If there is anyone left practising that philosophy of work, it is not the fault of the international unions or of the Women's Liberation Movement, tbe most newly arrived end fiercest of the pressure groups in the working world. Feminists hate the philosophy because they see it as an opiate of the feminine masses, a male weapon used successfully through the centuries to keep women in obedient, even grateful. subjection.

Never *Done*,. the latest offering of the feminist group The Corrective Collective, is properly scornful of work done "for love." not for wages, i.e., of "women's *work."* The authors survey Canadian history from early settlement to the First World War and find it a grim picture of male wickedness and female bovinity, of women overworked, 'underpaid. undervalued and worst of all unchronicled. "Even the social. historians . . . reject women's work as insignificant. Can you imagine the gall!" With the exciting discovery that "this country would never have existed without all the unheralded accomplishments of women," the Corrective Collective sets cut to correct the record.

One needn't take seriously Never *Done's* claims to being a history, though the authors insist on its authority — "I've discovered so much that the historians have completely ignored", — and provide an impressive bibliography (whose effect they destroy by remarking that most of the works. are useless). The "history" rarely rises above the level of high-school satire: "You've probably heard of the Loyalists. They were the women

who came to Canada with their children and husbands:" And the highly coloured first-person accounts — by a *fille de roi* or *an* "Upper Canada foremother" — arc fictional, as they "might have been told" to contemporaries.

Never Done is a feminist polemic of a most mediocre nature. One assumes charitably that the juvenile level of style and content is deliberate, because the book is aimed at the large half-educated audience of non-radicalized young women in high schools and community colleges. As such it is a natural for an' elective course on Women's Studies.

One shouldn't blame The Corrective Collective for dressing its polemics in academic trappings; ideologues. en--trenched in universities do it all the time. The real weakness of Never *Done* is also the basic weakness of the Women's Liberation Movement-the feminists haven't yet hammered out a coherent philosophy. On the one hand, the authors insist that women's work — the bearing and educating of children, the preserving of the fabric of society, volunteer work --'is of crucial necessity and importance. Then shouldn't women resist society's attempts, through economic pressures or social developments like day-care centres, to take it away from them? On the other hand. they share the universal feminist contempt for traditional women's work. By repudiating it in favour of breaking into board rooms and construction gangs, they unconsciously affirm the superiority of "men's work." And they do not recognize that they are seeing traditional women's work through a modern vision clouded by that general dissatisfaction with all work that has infected our society. Perhaps three centuries of Canadian women really believed in the eternal value of what they were doing. Otherwise, their behaviour suggests that they must have been uniformly unintelligent and gutless and worthy of subjection. an impression that The Corrective Collective surely does not want to impart.

The bitter truth is that the technological revolution finally has taken away from women. as the industrial revolution took fmm men. the conviction of the human and sacred value of work. Women held out longer. and there are still pockets of resistance. Nurses, for example, are notoriously hard to shake loose fmm their sense of vocation. But now women too are generally infected by the Western malaise. We cannot share the religious purpose of the early French settlers in Canada or the secular idealism of modem China. We don't know what "laws" to sweep a room for, or collect garbage by, or make programming a computer divine.

There is a good book to be written about women's work, past and present, but the' muddled ideologues of The Corrective Collective won't write it.

The best feature of the book is the illustrations by Colette French. They are charming — graceful, witty, good-humoured, non-hectoring and informative. They deserve to be in better company. □

From Emily, with love and tedium

Lilies and Shamrocks: A Iiistoty of Emily Township, County of Victoria, Ontario, 1818-1973, by Howard T. Pammett, prepared for the Emily Township Historical Committee, illustrated, 374 pages, $6 cloth.

BY DONALD SWAINSON

IT WOULD BE a gross understatement to suggest that the study of local history is merely legitimate. Ideally, such scholarship is an integral and important part of a nation's historiography. Several purposes can be served by studying a town, a township or a county. General interpretations can be tested against local experience, and often on the basis of hitherto unused evidence. Local studies can shift the focus away from national and epochal events to a more intimate setting. Such work should aid the social historian by directing attention to community traditions and problems, and by providing material germane to community organization. class structure, working conditions, poverty, immigrants and so on.. A vibrant tradition of local historical study will also aid in the preservation of important evidence, and strengthen the pride and cohesiveness that is essential to the preservation of viable small communities.

Apart from a limited amount of first-rate. writing about urban and regional history, Canada is sadly deficient in this area in terms of quality even if (and this is equally sad) the quantity of local historical writing is massive. Local histories have of course been written for decades. With a few notable exceptions, they tend to be antiquarian in nature and hopelessly dull. Only rarely do such studies possess a discernable conceptual framework, and they are hardly ever written within a general historical or historiographical context. Consequently this writing is of interest to few persons except antiquarians, genealogists and the local worthies mentioned in the text.

In *Lilies and Shamrock,* Howard T. Pammett has written a history of Emily Township in Ontario's County of Victoria. Unfortunately, it is all too typical of the genre. Like many such books, it was conceived as a community project during the 'enthusiasm engendered by 1967. Although Howard Pammett wrote the book, much of the research was undertaken by a committee that represented "all parts of the township." The result is a history of Emily from the 'retreat of the last glacier "about 12,000 years ago" to the present. The volume. which is unbearably tedious, consists primarily of anecdotes, quotations from various sources, undigested factual material and a host of illustrations. We are provided with lists of settlers, the dates of numerous deeds, and endless population statistics. There are innumerable references to the numbers of cows, horses and oxen in Emily. We are provided with lists of blue laws, militia officers, preachers, Orange Order officials and local politicians. The truly dedicated can even find lists of fenceviewers, poundkeepers and pathmasters. The book concludes with nd fewer than 30 separate appendices.

This is a pity. As the author points out, Emily is a "typical rural township in central Southern Ontario." Had certain questions been asked and answered the result would have been a fascinating book. How were strong Protestant and Catholic groups welded into a single community? How did government immigration policy influence Emily's development? What was the reality of pioneer experience? How did the local economy evolve? What was the impact of 20th-century technology? Such matters are not the concern of this book. We are presented with a history that will be of little interest outside Emily Township, and within the local community will probably convince readers that history is an unusually dismal discipline. □

Coming next month:

o Jim Christy on Juan Butler

Dams against the deluge

Conservation by the People, by A. H. Richardson, U of T Press, with map, 154 **pages, $8.50 cloth.**

By WADE ROWLAND

THERE IS LITTLE enough. God knows, to be hopeful about in the continuing story of-man's relationship with **the** natural environment. So what scant evidence of environmental sanity has been recorded in the **literature** becomes particularly **precious, both** for **its** instructional value and for the renewal of faith it makes possible among those of us who lately have been drifting perilously close to the brink of despair about the future of our species.

Conservation by the People, **subtitled** "The History of the Conservation Movement in Ontario to **1970"** is one such source of inspiration. The book traces the development of the **conservation** authority movement in the **province from its roots among interest groups** such as the Federation of Ontario Naturalists and the Ontario Conservation and Reforestation Association to the establishment in 1944, by the Ontario government, of a **Conservation Branch and the** subsequent spawning of "regional conservation authorities" throughout the province.

Until 1970, the movement was unique in Canada; its success has since led to the establishment of similar programs in **Quebec** and Manitoba and one can only hope that the **process of emulation will continue.**

Originally. conceived as a flood-control program, the movement was given important impetus by the Hurricane. Hazel disaster in 1954 in which 38 people lost their **lives and** property damage from flooding ran to **millions** of dollars. Following the hurricane one authority alone-the Upper Thames Conservation 'Authority operating in the **London-Stratford** region -embarked on a **$9.6-million** program **of** water conservation and flood control that involved construction of five dams and **extensive** river-channel improvements. Throughout the **province** hundreds of thousands of acres of **flood-plain' land were purchased by.** conservation **authorities** with financial **assistance from Ottawa** and the **province. These lands,** and other acreage purchased **during** the ensuing 20 **years are** the "conservation areas," familiar to anyone who has **travelled** in **Ontario,** recreation areas by strung-out city dwellers. Programs undertaken by local conservation authorities in these areas range from reforestation to demonstration **pasture-land** develop. ment to trout-stream improvement to **feeding programs for small birds. Several authorities have restored historic** mills and other structures; four have built **or restored entire pioneer villages.**

But what **is** most impressive about the movement is not the number of big flood-control dams constructed, **or even** the contribution to the preservation of **historical monuments.** It is thk little things, like the careful placing of an old railway tie and a few boulders in the curve of a stream to minimize **erosion** and provide a resting pool for fish, the planting of a **few hundred** saplings in a pocket of wind-eroded **barrenness,** the construction of a small fish-ladder on a salmon stream, the **day-long outing of** a **classroom** of students guided **by an authority naturalist, the em-**

still pockets of resistance. Nurses for by the Western malaise. We cannot [illegible] **on Juan Butler**

placement of carefully designed wood-duck nesting stations to replace hollow trees lost to Dutch Elm disease .... It is in the multiplicity of such small endeavours, carefully conceived and executed by local people, and not in grandiose multi-billion dollar extravaganzas, that we must base our main hope for the preservation and reclamation of the natural amenities of our environment.

A brief word of criticism: although the book is clearly written and competently edited, one could have wished for more emphasis on the "why" of the movement and its evolution to complement the thoroughgoing treatment of "how." One senses that there is real drama to be found here, and it is frustrating to see it ignored or, at best, only hinted at. □

Steam-age mail chauvinism

Ravenscrag: The Allan Royal Ma8 Line, by Thomas E. Appleton, McClelland & Stewart, 222 pages, $12.50 cloth.

By NEVILLE THOMPSON

THE ALLAN STEAMSHIP line, which played an important role on the Atlantic and in Canadian history for nearly a century, is a subject well worth investigation. And in Thomas E. Appleton, a former naval officer now a marine historian with the Ministry of Transport, it seems to have found the ideal author.

Unfortunately his book is not a success. To some extent Appleton was forced to make bricks without straw by being restricted to printed material. But more important are the limitations of form and style that owe much to his failure to decide whether he is writing for a general or a specialized audience. There is a considerable amount of technical information, whiih will interest some readers, but far too much detail, too much raw evidence lacking comment or analysis, and too many minor characters who obscure and detract from the main theme. One of the most lucid sections is that dealing with Sir Hugh Allan's involvement in the politics of the CPR, perhaps because the author was on unsure ground and had to clarify it carefully in his own mind. Too much knowledge can be a hindrance to communication. The book is also marred by overwritten passages on motives and feelings that can be based only on romantic speculation. Add yet there are good accounts of hair-raising voyages across the Atlantic and engaging descriptions of life aboard ship for the rigidly segregated classes in the golden age of steam..

There is some allusion. though little elaboration. to the close relationship of politics to success. The first member of the family was able to become part-owner of a ship as a result of the Peninsular war. Chartering ships to the British government and a Canadian mail contract in 1855 helped the company to forge ahead with iron hulls and screw propulsion in an age of rapidly changing technology. When he was in financial straits in 1869, Sir John A. Macdonald turned to Hugh Allan (he was knighted two years later); gratitude may have prompted him to give his saviour a chance at the great prize of financing and controlling the CPR. Politics most also have played a part in the Allan Line's decline. When Laurier came to power in 1896 it lost another lucrative mail contract.

Even more tantalizing than the political connection is the sketchy account of the company's end. As the family, in classic fashion, lost interest in the business, it was purchased secretly by its chief rival, the CPR, the Royal Trust acting as agents. To all outward appearances the two shipping lines continued to compete. Only under cover of war did the directors judge it safe to leak out the news in the back pages of the newspaper. Perhaps some other enterprising writer will follow the clues Appleton throws out to produce a more complete picture of the Allan Line's place in the business and politics of the country. □

The diary of a somebody

'The Siren Years: A Canadian Diplomat Abroad, 1937-1945, by Charles Ritchie, Macmillan, 216 pages, $12.95 cloth.

By J.A.S. EVANS

NOT BEING A professional psychiatrist, I do not know the special neurosis one needs to be a good diarist. But I would wager that there is one. Why otherwise would a man confide to his notebooks, in the privacy of his study, his sharp observations on the people he has met, and his comments on the day's business? I suspect that men in public life are particularly prone to the diarist's syndrome-most of all the good grey men who make fine civil servants. Do not confuse the syndrome with the tape-recorder neurosis, which afflicted Richard Nixon to the extent that he bogged his own office. The tape-recorder neurotic wants to fix his place in history. He wants to be able to eavesdrop on himself in the future, as if he were a peeping Tom who peered into a mirror. The diarist is a person who is at heart an outsider, who participates in society without actually belonging. He observes, and in the privacy of his study, he commits his observations to paper.

Charles Ritchie makes a superb diarist. He was one of a small group of brilliant men who built up the Canadian Foreign Service in the 1930s. A Canadian whoseancestors had lived in Nova Scotia for nearly two centuries, he was educated along the "British is best" principle, and grew up to realize that Britain was an alien place, though an immensely attractive one for a young Canadian who moved in the right circles. Ritchie did. He was posted to the Canadian High Commissioner's office in London in 1938, and remained there until just before the end of the war. The High Commissioner was Vincent Massey, who had, as Ritchie puts it, "coosolidated his personal and official position in the inner bastions of pre-war London." Massey could provide an *entrée* to the people who mattered.

However, there are no great revelations in this book. What makes Ritcbie's diaries worth reading is his sharp eye for detail and his frankness. Here is his comment on Margot Asquith, widow of the British Prime Minister fmm 1908 to 1916: **"She is too old and there is nothing left but senile vanity and play-action ....** She horrified me by saying, 'I should like to live forever.' I was thinking at that very moment how tragic it must be for her not to have been able to die before now." Or on the reaction in Britain to the American outrage over the treachery of Pearl Harbour: "It is like a hardened tart who hears a girl crying because a man has deceived her for the first time." Nor do the lower classes come off unscathed: "The squirrel-faced lift-woman was talking away volubly last night about the English — 'The greatest race on earth,' she said, 'Never has been anything like us —

A Stuff Gown and a Silk One
Ernest G. Black

Fifty years in practice, Ernest G. Black records, with the humorist's touch;. many highlights of his legal-and sometimes illegal-career. A successful lawyer—successful in the sense that he always kept, the vagaries of his practice in perspective—tells about some of tlie characters that he met: clients, lawyers, judges, politicians, business men, prospectors-and his relatives. Most, of them were his friends, in one way or'another. Although some cost him a great deal in time and money, Ernest Black always mastered the situation because he has faith in people and a sense of humor.

Hi adventures with his cars ahd their passengers on pre-macadamised roads and streets will amuse the young and stimulate the recall of old-timers. The experiences of teaching in the country provide a vivid glimpse of schooling in Ontario in the twenties.

This book provides an honest peek into law, a profession that often appears closed to the non-legal members of society. Lawyers like Ernest Black are real people who humanize their practice by never losing contact with men from all walks of life.

151 pages, bard cover, 97.95
Fully Indexed

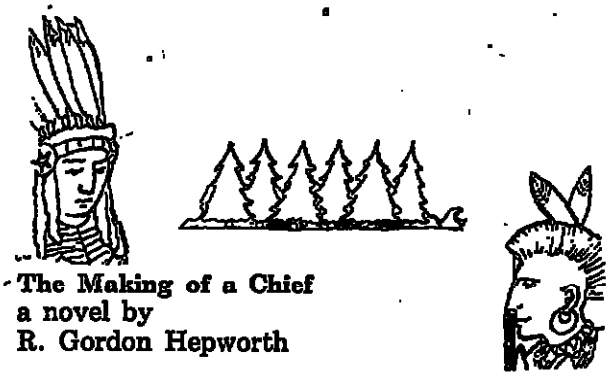
The Influent and the Effluent
The History of Urban Water Supply and Sanitation
F.L. Small, P. Eng.

Mr. Small has long dsplorsd the lack of published literature dealing with the historical development of public water supplies and waste disposal facilities in urban communities.

This book is au attempt to outline, in a brief but comprehensive manner tbs historical development of public water supplies and waste disposal facilities in relation to the course of urbanization from its neolithic beginnings to the present;

Ten pages of bibliography.

256 pages, bard cover, $9.95



The Making of a Chief
a novel by
R. Gordon Hepworth

This novel offers the most piercing insights into racism Canadian Style I've ever read. - Jean-luc McGillicutty.

It would be a sweet simplification to say mankind can be gathered into two groups: men civilized and men savage. But, looking around, it's clear enough there are only savages, with a few exceptions who prove the rule.

The events whii provided the foundation for such occurrences as the Wounded Knee occupation in the United States, the blockade of Highway 12 in British Columbia, and the confrontation at Kenora in Ontario are all in this book.

How the peoples who live on reservations have been treated year by year has piled generational stratum after stratum of discontent to the peak and pitch North America faces presently.

The traditional bureaucratic attitudes and actions which led to this and tbe brutality which has gone on for as long as Canada can remember ars all here. Ths author observed it fist-hand. Details have not been spared.

Dr. Hepworth completed research on a Prairie Indian Reservation for Tbe Making of a Chief while he practised them.

305 pages; hard cover, $15.00

ıe Senseless Sacrifice'
Black Paper on Medicine ,
.eward Grafftey

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He has devoted one chapter to each aspect of the medical profession - emergency services, research, medical schools, hospitals, wet, drugs, even the role of paramedical people. His accusations are amply supported by statistics and examples.

The Senseless Sacrifice is at times a frightening book, but if you plan to be sick at any time during your life, you owe it to yourself to read it. Who knows? Maybe you can do something to change the situation.

166 pages, herd cover, 95.96

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by Mary Pack

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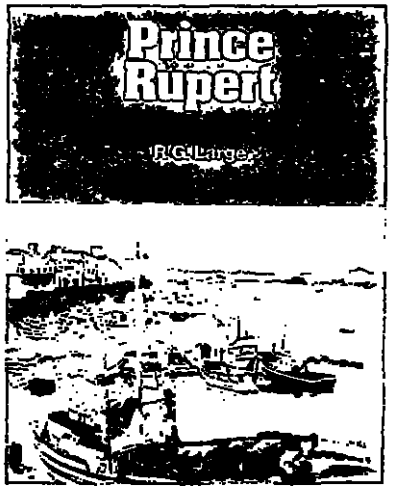

Prince Rupert
R. G. Large

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Every modern community stands as a legacy frbm its pioneers. The Prince Rupert book ie highly recommended as a record of the successful efforts of dedicated citizens of a Canadian west coast seaport city.

229 pages 510.00

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never will be. Look at the way we borne the brunt of tbe war yet we never talk about ourselves-no swank — we just get on with the job."

There are delicious gems of prose like this throughout the book. But more fascinating still are the attitudes Ritchle reveals. Like a good many Canadians of several generations, he went abroad and discovered that he did not really belong in either Britain or the United States. He became an observer, all the more sharp-eyed because he represented a small power. I hope this book will be only the first volume of his diaries, for Rltchie assures us in a brief afterword that he remains a victim of the diarist's syndrome. □

Of cretins and cetaceans

Mind in the Waters, assembled by Joan McIntyre, McClelland & Stewart, 240 pages, $14.95 cloth.

By **ALAN PEARSON**

THERE WAS A time. years ago, when the purpose of a book such as this was to present the reader with a good informative text and an abundance of photographs and diagrams. *Mind in the Waters* goes a step further: it puts the subject matter squarely within an ecological framework and suffuses it with considerable humanitarian concern.

The book is about cetaceans (whales and dolphins). Joan McIntyre, who writes most feelingly about man's brutality to marine life, has presented her i&as to the Stockholm Conference on Human Environment and persuaded the United States to support a 10-year moratorium on the killing of whales. However, the bulk of the text is written by scientists, anthropologists, psychologists, naturalists, poets and simply lovers of whales. With a profusion of photographs and line drawings, the book tells you as much as you'll ever need to know about Cetaceans — as well as some nasty home truths about man's treatment of them.

The place of cetaceans in mythology is discussed. For instance, the "dolphin rider" has been a recurring image in poetry and art for thousands of years and, we are told, has substantial psycho-sexual overtones. There is a technical section on the brains and consciousness of whales and dolphins; apparently they possess full intelligence, different fmm ours but no less complex. These creatures can think. Another section covers "living in the sea" and examines communications between cetaceans. Interspersed among such texts are whale poems by D.H. Lawrence, Pablo Neruda and Michael McClure. There is also an interesting article by Parley Mowat on his personal encounters with whales.

We learn from *Mind in the Waters* that whales are being slaughtered at the rate of one every 12 minutes. And, although this international killing amounts in total to only about a $150-million-a-year industry, it could, if it continues, lead in 10 to 20 years to the extinction of whales. Why are these harmless creatures being killed? Principally, to make pet food, cosmetics and fertilizer, — products for which there are available substitutes.

'I remember, on the sea voyages I have taken, the sense of exhilaration when I've spotted a school of dolphins. They are a magical sight that fills the mind with a sense of mystery. The image of their joyful leapings in a sun-flecked sea can haunt the mind for a long time. However, since most of mankind never sees or thinks about such creatures, what chance do they have against the commercialism of an aggressive whaling industry and the seductive imagery of television commercials that proffer the by-products of whale slaughter.

There is something quixotic about Joan McIntyre and her colleagues trying to secure the agreement of several governments to abandon a profitable industry, simply because they believe it is wrong to kill whales. But it is heartening that such a group of people can still maintain their purpose in what to many of us seems a bleak world occupied largely by homicidal fools.

The royalties from the sale of this book will go to Project Jonah (a group of people devoted to the pmtectlon and understanding of cetaceans) to be used in its campaign for a world-wide momtorium on the commercial killing of whales and dolphins. □

Unsound effects

The Dirty Scenario, by John Ballem, General Publishing, 256 pages, $8.95 cloth.

The Quislings, by Percy Bishop and Anna McIntyre, Libmag, 257 pages, $6.95 cloth.'

By **PAUL STUEWE**

READING THESE two novels suggests a useful analogy between "novels of suspense" and satiric fiction. The latter depends for its effectiveness upon setting exaggerated or incongruous phenomena against "normal" ones. The classic suspense thriller, similarly, sets a fully-realized protagonist against a nether world of double agents and crosses. In each case, the desired effect is a simple one: What could be easier than contrasting the mundane and the exotic, the usual and the unusual, the known and the unknown? But controlling and shaping it can be something else again, at least on the evidence of *The Dirty Scenario* and *The Quislings.*

The Dirty Scenario drops a psychopathically inclined cabinet minister into a situation of American energy shortages and Canadian waffling, with the minister's gradual deterioration keeping pace with a developing confrontation over the Mackenzie Valley pipeline. Author Ballem strings this out nicely, interspersing vicious assassinations and explicit sexual encounters with some inside dope about the politics' of resource development, and ha delivers a slam-bang conclusion with the mandatory (but for once untelegraphed) twist of irony. Most definitely "Good of Breed," as we used to say at the Poodle Show.

The expertness of this performance is somewhat undermined, however, by Ballem's reliance upon garden-variety psychoanalytic jargon in delineating the personality of Paul Curtis, the minister, which makes him into something out of Krafft-Ebing rather than a focus for the reader's empathy. This sort of mono-dimensional characterization is by no means an unusual falling in suspense fiction — the James Bonds have always outnumbered the Alec Learnases — but it is *particularly* annoying here because *The Dirty Scenario* is otherwise *an* intelligently conceived and capably executed thriller, tightly plotted, economically writ-

and certainly one of the more impressive Canadian efforts in the genre. ok for even better things from John. llem.

Inadequate character development is so a feature of *The Quislings.* Although here it is but one of several, glaring deficiencies that render the book practically unreadable. Bishop and McIntyre have evidently decided to emulate Richard Rohmer's *Ultimatum* by writing prose of near-absolute woodenness about people with a corresponding emotional life, who are each made to "represent" something in an unbelievably simplistic and stereotypical (excitable French-Canadians, rugged Westerners, etc.) manner. They also take great &light in haranguing one another with pompous ideological rhetoric, which is understandable because every now and again one of them reverses the beliefs of a lifetime at the drop of a diatribe.

I could go on in this vein, but I think it more important to point out that *The Quislings also* contains a potentially insightful criticism of the Canadiaii financial community. The thesis, insofar as I can abstract it from the morass of the prose, is that this community has restructured itself to accommodate foreign control of the Canadian economy, and has thereby seriously diminished the opportunities for Canadian entrepreneurship, If Bishop and McIntyre would turn their efforts to an extended consideration of this subject, they might well discover an aptitude for nonfiction and spare us the amateurish bumblings of *The Quislings. They* appear to have something to say, but we won't be sum of that until they attempt to say it in some other medium. □

Delicate chamber plot

The **Silent Booms, by Anne Hébert, translated by** Kathy **Mezei, Musson,** *167* pages, *$7.95* **cloth.**

By **PHILIP LANTHIER**

ANNE **HÉBERT'S** writing in the 1940s and **'50s** appeared to emanate with **spectral** intensity from appallingly empty inner spaces. In her poem "Manor Life," she wrote of the "perverse enchantment" of ancestral rooms in which the only possible activity was to look at oneself in the mirror day and night. Love in the **Hébert** universe was an embrace of bones, a "long bitter shiver."

Such **figures as Stéphanie** in "The. House on the Esplanade" (1942) and **François** in "The Torrent" (1945) **are utterly** Isolated. the first a small, futile body as **"dry as** a **pressed fig"** in a house of sealed rooms, the second a tormented victim of his mother's monstrous **Jansenist** guilt.

In *The Silent Rooms.* **first** published in 1958 as *Les Chambres de bois* and now admirably translated by Kathy **Mezei,** Anne **Hébert** further explores **the** vacant regions of human **experience.** The story tells of **Catherine,** a young girl from a **blackened** mining village who marries **Michel, a** strange, effete **seigneur.** He takes her **off** to **Paris** where she is expected to **ripen into** the **languid** and pale **infanta appropriate to** his own stultified existence.

In the wood-panelled rooms of **their** apartment, they do absolutely nothing. It is weeks before Michel musters enough interest to make love to his **bride. When** his sister Lis appears, the **two** of **them create** an **exclusive indoor** weather, "motionless and **retrospective."** They drink, smoke, paint, mad and play **music** in their "baroque camping ground" around the **fire.** Catherine feeds them bland helpings of **boiled fish** and **rice.**

Then Lia announces that **the** family manor has been lost, and Catherine,. falling ill, **dreams** of fresh snow. **Lia,** a "desiccated **raven,"** regards her with icy disdain while Michel marvels **ghoulishly at** her deathly beauty. He caresses **her face in anticipation of making her death** mask.

But Catherine has enough native grit to resist their sterile vacancy. Sent to the south, **she** is regenerated by the sun, and by the devotion -unconsummated **—of a young man named Bruno.** When she returns to Paris, she finds Micbel and **Lia still** encamped before the fire, encircled by cigarette butts, and sinking into a mood of perverse spirituality. "One day," **says Michel** of Lia, **"I** think she'll become as pure **again as** her bones." Catherine, however, **dressed** in **smart gloves** and new **travelling** coat, departs for the real world.

This oblique. intense **book** really **belongs** to the world of the **lyrics with** which it shares a body of compelling imagery. Some readers are likely to **find** its action insufficiently supported by incident and motive. Thus Catherine's renewal at the end seems either magical or a very ordinary case of **sun**shine; **but we** can't quite tell **which.** The ancestral manor remains onlv a **tantalizing off-stage reference; we want to know-more. But Anne Hébert's real** subject is a state of being which is hardening itself **wilfully** info immobility. **The** book will imprison you with its **strange,** menacing beauty. □

Three yearlings from Alberta

Bird at the Window, by **Jan Truss, Macmillan,** 178 pages, $7.95 cloth.

Lonesome Hero, by Fred **Stenson, Macmillan, 182** pages, 57.95 cloth.

Breakaway, **by Cecelia** Frey, **Macmillan, 183 pages,** $7.95 **cloth.**

By KEATH FRASER

WITH THE **THREE** winners of this year's competition for Albertan novelists just announced, **the** three winners of last **year's** competition have just **been published. Evidently the contest** is to be an annual one, **and** while we may question **the capacity** of a small province to produce prize-winning novels on **schedule,** the aim (not to **mention co-ordination)** of the competition can only be admired. There is nothing the matter with patronage, and if a wealthy provincial government wishes to encourage new novelists, few will mind the publication of three mediocre novels as one sign of Alberta's increasing literary awareness.

Perhaps the weakest finalist is the winner. *Bird at the Window tells* the **story of a pretty high-school senior** who refuses to tell anyone, **except an** English teacher who isn't much comfort, that she's pregnant. Angela **travels** to **England** where she avoids both a salacious baker and her **cranky** grandparents, giving birth at last to a dead child. When she returns **to rural** Alberta **she agrees to many** dull Gordon Kopec (the unwitting **father)** but. in a spurt of affirmation, rejects marriage to become **a writer** instead. Thii decision follows the death of her father (yes, cancer of the stomach) and her mother's rather selfish decision to pursue her own **career** as an artist of dubious merit. Here the novel would appear to come full-circle, with the **heroine penning** the **closing chapter of her own** story.

Jan Truss is not, I feel, a gifted writer, and the **success** she currently en-

joys seems inseparable from her sheer determination to write a novel on a theme we *should care* about. Yet there is little in her technique as a novelist to make us care, no spark of genius about to ignite. The symbolism is awkward, her imny is frequently unintentional, and the prose often trite and embarrassing.

Of the two runners-up, Fred Stenson seems to possess more potential as a novelist than Cecelia Frey. Admittedly, Stenson's *Lonesome Hero* is derivative and anecdotal instead of sequential. Yet it has two qualities that *Bird at the Window* and Frey's *Breakaway* don't: irony and detachment. Once again the. protagonist is young, in conflict with his parents, and bound for England. Tyrone Lock, however, wishes to stay at home. Compelled by a promise to his girl friend, he arrives in Europe where his picaresque journey as an anti-hero ends in his being robbed by thugs and deserted by his girl. For the most part the narrative takes place in the rural community where Lock grows up. Here the key scenes that establish Tyrone's scepticism and acumen occur between himself and either his farming father or the middle-class parents of his girl friend Athena. The author of *Lonesome Hero* is young, and will be heard from again. Where less insightful writers angle for the phrase, he goes unerringly for the word. His style is both fresh and laconic.

My first reaction to Cecelia Frey's fiction was one of incredulity. The opening pages of *Breakaway are* astonishingly pmlix and pretentious. Later on the author's eye for the domestic ambience of a homestead in northern Alberta during the late 1930s does help to persuade one that here is a writer genuinely engrossed in her craft. Alas, at the same time, there remains a lingering sense of a writer determined to prove she can write — if only by the plethora of detail she supplies. To be sum, the task of seeing family life through the eyes of a growing child must have been a formidable one, and appreciation for attempting to solve an artistic pmblem of this difficulty deserves mention. All the same, the marriage hem of character and author does not strike me as altogether happy. Point of view seems rather ambivalent; what Lia will sometimes take in as a child appears closer to what the author herself lets out in retrospect. What results isn't enough of that irony we might reasonably expect in the chasm between two worlds. □

Old con trie d new pe.

In the Belly of the Whale, by Doi Bailey, Oberon Press, 146 pages, $6.95 cloth and $3.50 paper.

By G.D. KILLAM

DON BAILEY'S first novel is about, as his hero says, "... a need to die. To get things over with. I was tired of waiting for whatever it was that was going to happen. I was scared."

In 145 quite tightly written pages, Joe Cross, just out of prison where he has spent four years for robbing a bank, reconstructs his life, muses on his presem and speculates on his prospects for the future. Past and present are juxtaposed in Joe's mind as he relives and considers what his life has meant to him. Joe begins life, so far as be knows, as Joe Fair, thesonofaprinter, and he is Joe Fair until in his early teens he enters hospital with a serious illness. Then his mother reveals that he is a foster-child and because of the tenuous state of his health-he has a faulty heart- he was not allowed to be adopted formally and legally, thus his real name, Cross, must be now used. (The ambiguous possibilities of meanings in the names are apparent.) He leaves home, spends a term in a reformatory for delinquents, drifts into marriage and fatherhood, and becomes a skilled camera technician and repair man. Equally casually, he drifts into robbing a bank with a friend who needs money. Life is purposeless, life is dull, life is frightening. Prison is not bad and Joe is a model prisoner. He gets on well with the prison chaplain-psychologist. who helps him to understand himself through interpreting his dreams (a fault in the novel is that the theme is not developed) and assists him in winning an early parole. Back with his wife Berniece (six years older than him) and children, he girds his loins through a weekend of drinking to face the wprld again. He visits his old employers who say they may employ him, and his parole officer who says be will assist him. He endures the visit of a patronizing social worker who fears and hates and fails to understand him. He escapes briefly to an island in a lake near Moosonee in the north country and this is where we leave him.

The author gives us Joe as a modern man in modem society, drifting and

king (but not too hard) for a mean-. Joe's faulty heart, his bastard th, his inability to connect and to feel y emotion powerfully or with con-rn make him a familiar figure in the iodern urban landscape. Toronto, deft-.y established as the setting, is a heart-less city. What one finds here is cruelty and indifference. When Joe's daughter tells him the story of Jonah and the whale in her own words, she concludes: "And he lived inside the whale's stomach along time until finally he did what God wanted him to do." One lives and will continue to live in the belly of the whale because there is no god to command and to appease in order to achieve release.

The publisher's blurb says that' the prison — it was Kingston — where Joe has spent the past four years, is the belly of the whale. But this is not so: the belly of the whale is the outside, the so-to-say normal world. Prison may be restraining but it is predictable and full of certitude. Outside of the prison is the uncertainty and the terror that causes Joe to say what he is quoted as saying at the opening of this review.

There is good writing hem, a strong feeling for a telling metaphor and a nice sense of locale. The author is most concerned with the mind of his character, with what makes him tick and keep on ticking in the face of a grey, indifferent world. So we know Joe pretty well at the end of the novel; and what he has gone through, ordinary as it is, is familiar IO most of us. Bailey tells hi story well and doesn't bore us. Than is Some social criticism on the way in which the parole officer and the social-welfare worker treat Joe; one feels their indifference comes about as much because this is the way that human relations have evolved as it does because Joe is an ex-con.

The .&or has done time and is an ex-con as is his hero. Doubtless, then-fore. more than the usual amount of autobiography is transmuted into the stuff of fiction in this first novel. (There has been an earlier volume of short stories.) In light of this, and good as this first novel is. the real test may come with the second novel. □

Through a Glassco darkly

The Fatal Woman: Three Tales by John Glassco, The House of Anansi, 200 pages, $8.50 cloth and 83.95 paper.

By JOAN HARCOURT

JOHN GLASSCO HAS been clearing out his drawers. The stories in *The Fatal Woman* were *written* over *a* period of 30 years, the most recent in 1964. In his preface Glassco displays an easy familiarity with Greek tragedy, the French decadents, *Axel's Castle*. While modestly disclaiming any gnat merit in the three novellas snuggled here together, the implication is that they slide nicely into a minor slot somewhere below the giants, but well within an acceptable literary tradition. And on these (the author's) terms, most reviewers have, dealt with the book. My own response was one of exasperation and ennui — and I mean ennui, since the stories all reek of *fin de siècle* sentiment. They am still lifes, still-born. and' no blowing away of the dust can activate the dreary characters into anything resembling vitality.

Mr. Glassco must be admired for laying his obsessive fantasies on the line. But what mundane fantasies they are — the fatal woman is a cruel, cold Amazon, victimizing the sensitive and helpless male who is no match for her will, her wit, or even her physical strength. One thinks of Edwardian schoolboys at the mercy of, and finally warped by, brigades of strict nannies and house matrons. A tired subject to which Glassco brings no new revelations. The stories are not erotic. funny, or even pornographic. I can't think why, after all this time, he decided to publish them.

In the first story, "The Black Helmet" (1936-44), a self-confessed auto-erotic returns to his crumbling family home where be broods about the governess who. years ago, had unaccountably deserted him. A mysterious, sadistic older woman seduces him (he is taken with the severe black bathing cap she sports, even when otherwise naked), and the images of the lost governess and present tormentress fuse in hib'mind. This, we are informed, is a m-working of the Endymion myth.

The plot of "The Fulfilled Destiny of Electra" (1934-46) may be as old as the Greeks, but its staleness is peculiarly Victorian. Mother decides daughter should be initiated by her own lover. He. unable to consummate the act,. dies. leaving the two women enough money to travel about the world. free to cut up men to their hearts' content.

"Lust in Action" (1964) takes us into the future — a "delicious" world ruled by women. Men have been genetically phased out, but a few manage to be born by mistake. These are castrated at the age of 20, and if they cause any trouble before that time they are put in well-guarded institutions. In one such prison two teenagers try to break out. Their chief weapons are pieces of paper with obscene words written on them, and the threat of exposing themselves to their wardens. Their escape is thwarted by a beautiful lesbian detective, and all ends well for the matriarchy. Other reviewers have found this story anything from outrageously funny to mildly amusing. I didn't laugh once.

It's more than disappointing — it's demeaning-that John Glassco, a poet. of considerable talent, and author of the brilliant *Memoirs of Montparnasse,* should have sought to preserve *The Fatal Woman* alongside his other writings. For all the scholarly and self-deprecating justification in the preface, I would be happier had he left his "three faded tributes," his "three dried-up little sticks of incense." pushed well to the back of the bureau drawer. □

Madeleines of Muskoka

The Sisters, by Elizabeth Brewster, Oberon Press,.175 pages, $6.95 cloth and $3.50 paper.

The Skating Party, by Merna Summers, Oberon Press, 120 pages, $5.95 cloth and $2.95 paper.

By KENNETH GIBSON

THE PAST IS opaque: a nice place to visit, but not to live in; the snapshots of memory will have to do. But m writers keep poking away at their re lections to find out the significanc those names that echo in their ima nation like a ritual summoning. mere catalogue will do, and yet mu of what we read is just that: Thjs Lal and That River, and of course, Our Old Cottage. It 'might even be fun to assemble a collection of Vacation Poetry — or, in a more local way, Muskoka Verse.

This is a prelude to noting how in their own different ways Elizabeth Brewster and Merna Summers manage their unforced summoning of, respectively, Moss Lake, New Brunswick, and small-town Alberta. Each is parochial in the best sense, linking an acute sense of place to its attached memories and dreams. Sinceeach book is an interlocking series of accounts, they match curiously: *The Skating Party* might be a fragmentary novel, while *The Sisters* would admit of excerption in several chapters. One's own prejudice for the novel as novel may tip the balance towards *The Sisters*, but Ms. Summers has a clarity that almost amounts to malice, especially in the title story. "The Bachelors." and

Willow gong." More, please: one esn't want to be premature in sug-sting that the short story is in full alth, although the honourable excep-n of the yearly anthologies is noted. he trouble is. Ms. Summers will robably be encouraged to write a "real" novel; almost everyone else is.

The Sisters is admirable in its strength and restraint. The young women are Vickie, Lottie and Jane, the last of whom tells most of the story. Moss Lake is the "green spot" in Jane's imagination, and it becomes increasingly centripetal as an image for her and the reader as the novel moves deftly along through the 1930s and '40s, with an occasional shunt into Victorian-Edwardian times. The two world wars act as a parenthesis for the narrative; and the ungainly, painful passage from childhood to adult life is examined without self-pity or bitterness. In a way, it is like those family bibles (in one of which Jane records her sister Vickie's marriage) that tell us more, in brief, than either gossip or letters can.

Perhaps the best homecomings, after all, are to other people's places. And for that we must trust the tale and the teller who is at home there. □

Lo, the porn Indian

Tales from the Smokehouse, edited by Herbert T. Schwarz, illustrated by Daphne Odjig, Hurtig, 102 pages, $8.95 cloth.

'By PAT BARCLAY

A COLLECTION OF erotic Indian legends, edited by someone named Herbert T. Schwarz? Merciful heavens, what next? I had seen some of Daphne Odjig's work. however, so her powerful and startling cover illustration — of two nudes rampant on a field of animal bides — quickly dispelled my wild, first notion that *Tales from the Smokehouse* had sprung full-blown from rhe wicked imagination of Mordecal Richler.

On the contrary. The book is the real thing: a labour of love and integrity. Dr. Schwarz, who came to Canada in 1950, served as a doctor on the Dewline in 19.69 and settled in Tuktoyaktuk in 1970, is also the author of *Windigo* and *Elik and Other Stories of the Mackenzie Eskimos*. His new collection, which he describes as "based on personal experiences with Indians in various parts of Canada and not meant to be a scholady book," contains a winning combination of humour, frankness, poignancy and insight, simply and appropriately presented. In short, it has the makings of a genuine classic.,

There are 13 tales in all, each told by one or another of a gmup of Indians who gather to build a sweat lodge or smokehouse, spend a few hours in ceremony and story-telling, then disperse into the harsh reality of their daily lives. They range from old men who recall legends of the past to young men who describe some of the effects of encroaching white civilization. Each of the stories is self-contained, yet taken as a whole they suggest the history of Indian culture in microcosm. Appropriately, then, the mood of rhe book alters fmm sly hilarity and easy calm to a sort of resigned cynicism as the stories progress.

One story in particular marks the transition. Titled "The Magic Gun," it is the account of a lovestruck brave,

Dancing Light, who journeys to the white man's trading post in search of a "magic gun." (He has lost his wife in payment of a gambling debt and only the magic gun will win her back.) The innocent hem survives a series of adventures in white-man's land, including a strong dose of firewater and a wild coupling with the wife of Scarface, an unsavoury, corrupt Indian from an encampment near the trading post. He returns to the safety of home triumphant, gun in hand, and secures his wife. "He was content at last. He would never trade her-not even for a barrelful of magic guns," says the storyteller. Then he adds the punch line. "Deep inside her, he planted the seeds of Scarface's wife's disease."

Other stories continue this depiction of the ruinous effect of white practices and influence on Indian lives. Some, like "Big Horn Gives Birth to a Calf," arc both shrewd and funny: Gradually, however. ribaldry gives way to deeper sensibilities. An author's note at the back of the book reveals that several of them arc "personal narratives" told directly to Schwarz himself.

He has rendered them with an unassuming dignity and respect. The result is a collection of erode tales that do far more than entertain. Odjig's Picasso-like illustrations. replete with curving forms and earth-toned colouring, provide a fitting accompaniment. Altogether an unexpectedly subtle and moving reading experience.□

Seize theday and the axe

You Are Happy, by Margaret Atwood, Oxford University Press, 96 pages, $3.25 paper.

By MARSHALL-MATSON

THE FIRST POEM in Margaret Atwood's new book compares the loss of love to a newsreel execution by firing squad and thus recalls the cinematic violence of *Power Politics* (197 1). But her new collection of poems proceeds to be different. The language becomes more direct, and love is finally regained, not as part of a cycle, but in freedom from mythic as .well as cinematic repetition.

The happiness of the title poem is concentration, being so cold you can think of nothing else: "You are happy." When love *is* lost the only recourse is to find beauty in pain, and so the first group of poems does.

Then come "Songs of the Transformed." They generally express the horror of being in a body, of the soul swallowed whole, and they prepare for the explicitly mythic poems about Circe, who changed her gentlemen callers into beasts.

As. earth mother, Circe lets a man transform himself into a pig by rooting in the mud. As virgin, she attempts to achieve her liberation by transforming him with her talismanic fist, but he is armoured against it. It is as fortune-teller that Cl is most dangerous:

To know the future
there must be a death.
Hand me the axe.

This is the last of the old hatchet jobs, for not only is Circe left behind in Ulysses' story, but the myth itself cannot be lived; it is fatally repetitive, forecasting a future no different from the past.

And so the last group of poems affirms the present, the only time for love: "There is only one of everything." Hem the body is praised, and augury blesses rather than foretells. Metaphor replaces myth: the heart is given without being torn from the body, and the ancient violence of ritual is disowned.

Of course. features of Margaret Atwood's earlier work recur. The climactic image of present love — a man dancing in the kitchen — was glimpsed before in *The Circle Game* (1966). What is new is a mom human expression of sexual conflict, dramatic rather than cinematic. and a varying of sharp aphorism and slow meditation with occasional prose poems and with the notebook-like immediacy of "Four Evasions" —

thinking of my reluctance, way I withdrew
when you came towards me, why did I.

-or with the rhythm of lingering love in the Keatsian "Late August":

This is the plum season, the nights blue and distended, the moon hazed, this is the season of peaches.

Finally, even the cliché that love is giving oneself is revived by artful preparation, but that is too long to quote. You read the book. □

Garnet and other glows

The Last Adventure, by Eldon Garnet, Obemn Press', 64 pages, $4.95 cloth and $2.50 paper.

Im(pulse), Volume 3, Numbers 3 and 4, edited by Eldon Garnet, 188 pages, $1.25 wrappers.

love: a book of remembrances, by bp Nichol, Talonbooks, unpaginated, unpriced.

Dream Cmtcrs, by Joe Rosenblatt, Press Porcépic, 86 pages, $4.95 paper.

Mediiine. My Mouth's On Fire, by bill bissett, Obemn Press, 72 pages, $5.95 cloth and $2.95 paper.

Chaim the Slaughterer, by Joseph Sherman, Obemn Press, 80 pages, $5.95 cloth and $2.95 paper.

By GARY MICHAEL DAULT

BEFORE ME LIE five new poetry collections and a new anthology. *"Fermez respace:. . . Il y fait chaud."*

Eldon Garnet's *The Last Adventure is a* long poem in, four sections (it is mistakenly referred to as "poems" by Oberon). Despite its unhappy title, so oddly evocative of bad Hollywood action films (an ironic reading isn't going to be of any help either), the poem, written in 1971-2 but not published until now. is a muscular and frequently successful attempt to-construct a full-bloom mainline Canadian epic poem. It is disarmingly unembarrassed in tone about its asymptotic approach to the heavy machinery of established archetypal themes and shapes.

The poem is, not surprisingly, based on the search for Physical survival in the wilderness and for serf-knowledge. The quality of the work varies, of course; there are some rough moments early on. Cars on highways are referred to as ". . . belching/beasts head to ass like a steady/stream of ants trailing on/in one straight unbroken line." But such noddings wear away as the poem grows. One of the poem's great satisfactions, in fact, is the accelerating intensity and increasing delicacy of the language as the structure leads from the external mechanical movement of the driving through the snowbound forest in a car in the first section (The Line Leads) to the loss, hunger, static whiteness, and the reduction of physical possibility of the third section (The Circle

rmed) to a releasing of the physical dy to the lightness of pure mind and e-apocalyptic wisdom in the poem's st section, Spiraltrope (one is reminded of Nabokov's definition in *Speak, Memory* of the spiral as a "spiritualized circle"): "Zeno I am/ your arrow never arriving/ sound trying to move in a vacuum."

Garnet is also the editor of *Im(pulse)*, Volume 3, Numbers 3 and 4. This anthology is one of the great periodical bargains of the year. For $1.25 you get 183 pages of poetry culled from the work of 13 of our best poets, Rosenblatt, Coleman, Nichol, bissett. Marlatt and the like. You also get helpful. eager. and often invigorating commentary (even if a little jejune occasionally) fmm editor Garnet scattered unobtrusively throughout the text in reduced type so that it bridges (and comments on) a poet's developments in style or scope as he progresses from work to work. Altogether, I should think this is as successful an anthology as I have seen for some time and probably a model of how the thing ought to be done (it is amusing to read Bernice Lever's nettled slapping of Garnet's wrist in *Alive #40* for, among other things, allegedly using some of his M.A. thesis as possible source material for his critical commentary in *Im(pulse)*. Puritanism is the flip side of Marxism, just as sentimentality is the obverse of fascism.

bp Nichol's love: *a book of remembrances* is a mistake. The first drawings in the book ("ghosts") are all right but the next set ("frames") are useless as language-ideas and execrable as drawings. bp Nichol is an important poet, but he has a tin eye (it is curious how many poets do — one thinks of Judith Copithorne or bill bissett at his worst — Rosenblatt is a happy exception to this unhappy condition). The Nichol "allegories" are. one supposes, a misunderstood spin-off from Claes Oldenberg's "City as Alphabet" of a few years ago. With a little touch of softened-up Herb Lubalin mixed in somewhere. The "love poems" are old stuff from '71, slight and not worth reprinting.

Joe Rosenblatt's *Dream Craters*, edited by John Newlove, is essentially Rosenblatt's gnatest hits. It is a welwme volume for anyone who is a committed (perhaps irrationally so) Rosenblatt fan. Certainly he makes mistakes. There are the top-heavy metaphors ("life is a postage stamp/without a letter") but you sometimes put up with that in order to get a few lines later:

time is bleach.

Contemporary master and sometimes victim of the wnceit, Rosenblatt juxtaposes. his way through the world, animating matter, ferreting out sentience wherever it appears to lurk. There are not a great many perfect Rosenblatt poems; in this collection, I think that "Degas," "It Slides into a Number 8," and "The Ma&ill Baboon" fall into that category. Usually you have to take the gaffs to experience the energy. Anyhow, a Rosenblatt misfire is often worth mom than the measured successes of lesser poets.

bill bissett's *Medicine My Mouth's On Firs is mom* of bissett's bardic, energetic, rather old-fashioned hectic lyricism pummelled by his idiosyncratic spellings and formats into something approaching a genuine revivification of sound and of language. The volume includes a recording of bissett chanting his works, it is strange, exhilarating, and other. bissett the acoustic poet goes "bourn" in the Marabar cave of your mind.

Joseph' Sherman's *Chaim the Slaughterer* is stolid, sonorous without content. Sherman has a sensitive ear but he wears his homely meanings and his sentimentalities on his sleeve. "And", as Sherman says in "The Reading," "a bad poem makes noises like a flat tire." □

IN BRIEF

BISHOP WHITE'S monument, on this earth at least, is the gallery of the Royal Ontario Museum that houses the treasures of ancient China collected by him for the museum between 1924 and 1934. The single-minded devotion and strength of purpose that carried him thmugh the physical difficulties of his mission field and resolved for him the theological inconsistencies between Anglicanism and Confucianism, when brought to bear on the aesthetic problems of collecting ancient works of art, produced remarkable results. It was frequently said of him'that he was "God's white-haired boy" and certainly his career, as detailed by Lewis Walmsley in *Bishop in Honan: Mission and Museum in the Life of William C. White* (U of T Press, 230 pages, $10.00) indicates that he found himself in the right places at the right times. The many people who will now, after

Early model showing the Copernican system from Atlas of the Planets *by Vincent de Callatay and Audouin Dollfus (U of T press, $15).*

the Chinese Exhibition, gaze with renewed interest at ROM's own treasures will find the latter half of this book interesting background reading.

RICHARD LANDON

FATHER MOSES Michael Coady, *The Man From Margaret?* (McClelland & Stewart, $3.95), was one of three leaders of the Antlgonish Movement that flourished in eastern Nova Scotia in the 1930s. A genuine. grassroots, social-action movement that ran on small amounts of money, and large amounts of dedication by local-leaders, the Antigonish Movement is world-famous as an example of a program that helped "the little people," as Coady used to call them, to help themselves in social and economic action. This book of Coady's writings and speeches originally appeared in hardcover in 1971. Dr. Alex Laidlaw, who worked with Coady, has put Coady's words together with love and care. He has also included a biography of this "Modern Moses," and provided material that sets the writings in their historical, social and economic context. The Antigonish Movement, and the work of Coady. despite their fame outside this country, remain virtually unknown in Canada. This book provides an excellent introduction to them.

JIM LOTZ

BY NOW THERE must be more Maritimers in Toronto than in all of Prince Edward Island. Police, welfare workers and educators haven't failed to let us know the problems some of us Maritimers create. Now, in *The Urbanization of Sophia Firth* (Peter Martin Associates, $8.95), readers with a penchant for unadorned social realism get a chance to see how these problems take shape within one transplanted family. Sophii Firth's kids are always dropping in and out of schools and jobs and even their own home; at various times they lie and steal and get busted; family fights are more predictable than mealtimes, with Sophia and her husband setting the hectic physical and verbal pace. And yet, incredibly. the family relationship is seen as a close and valuable one, and the already overcrowded Firth household has mom and security enough for a steady stream of "downhomers': and losers of one sort or another. Sophia's book doesn'tprovide any answers to the problems of families. like hers but at least it suggests that things aren't always as bleak as they look to the outsider.

RUTH BROUWER

THE PLOT OF *Reflections on a Mountain Summer* (McClelland & Stewart, $7.95) concerns Jay Rutherford, now approaching 65 and a wealthy Detroiter, who has decided to record his reminiscences of the summer spent in the Alberta Rockies when he was 14. Author Joanna Glass tells her story with skill and intelligence, interspersing Jay's recollections with contemporary Detroit, as she generalizes on the theme of loss ofinnocence. Although the confrontation of emotionally starved wealth and sophistication with culturally starved poverty and emotional richness is the stuff of soap opera, the novel is witty, intelligent and. above all, highly engaging.

LEON SURETTE

FROM COVER TO cover-in terms of 'design, format, illustrations, and text — *Forgotten* Music (McGraw Hill Ryerson, $7.95) by retired Toronto publisher C. 1. Eustace, is a novelistic celebration of sentimentality. If the story were less skilfully told, it would he worthy of the rank, purest *schmaltz;* since it is related intelligently and sensitively, it becomes something else-a quiet, appropriately dignified recollection of half a century of bourgeois respectability exhibited with some of its vices and, one suspects, all of its virtues. The hinge on which the book turns is the enduring relationship of Charles and Heloise Cardwell, whose lives traced (fmm' their genteel romance, the 1920s to her death in the 197 against a backdrop that too frequen reads like a potted pop cultural histo of the 20th century. More successful portrayed are the personal relationship between family and friends in which the author shows a rare (and useful) talent for making the commonplace appear, if not profound, at least occasionally meaningful. The book's strength is in its forceful simplicity.

ROGER HALL

THE PRODUCT OF a small press in St. John's, Nfld., (Belvoir Books, P.O. Box 5515), *Chemical Eric by* Gildas Roberts is a send-up of academe, and the quasi-humorous tale of Eric Leroux on his rocky road to fame and fortune. Essentially the book is a 1970s version of Kingsley Amis' hugely successful *Lucky Jim.* which probably accounts for its all too familiar ring. The pressure is on for LeRoux to complete his Ph.D. 'and, aided by enormous quantities of ego-expanding pills, he does, by cribbing from an obscure South African dissertation. The thesis is a resounding success, examined by Norrie Prye himself and eventually submitted to McGush-King's Press; there are many of these obviously cute references to real people end places. Now a powerhouse in the faculty, LeRoux receives an absurdly large sum of money to hold a seminar he entitles "Book Alive Canada." The end comes with a climactic conflagration that destroys the university and, gratifyingly, puts an end to the various luminaries who have been invited to speak and otherwise perform. Not a had book, for a dentist's office or for reading on one's way to work.

SM

HORIZON IS THE line at which earth and sky appear to meet. This union comes too often in the 203 illustrations in black-and-white and colour in *The Mountains and the Sky* by Lorne E. Render (M & S West, $27.50). The text of this book also suffers from attempting too much, an exercise in overachievement. The text reads like a primer for the beginning student, including tedious fundamental analysis of background and foreground shading (which Render occasionally and unbelievably confuses). The important Glenbow collection is poorly served and nothing new at all is offered in the biographies of the artists who are pmsented. The standard of reproduction is

), predictably, a mixture of a few ellent with many poorquality offer-,s, and tbe drawings themselves are elled inaccurately throughout as to ze. People who buy this volume will o so merely to have a printed record of art of an important collection. At the price, it is barely worth it.

KAREN MULHALLEN

IN A PIECE on Peter *Gzowski's Book About This* Country *in the Morning* a couple of months ago, our reviewer suggested that the Andrew Allan excerpts in that book revealed he couldn't write. That's true if one judges only by his *This Country in the Morning essays, some* of which are also included in *Andrew Allan: A Self Portrait* (Macmillan, $10.95). But there is much other material here that, despite obsessive name-dropping and frequent rambling, often reveals a pleasant style. My favourite essay tells the story of a young woman fmm rural Alberta whom he met on a train. At the lime, Allan was thinking of giving up producing his famous radio-play series *Stages,* but it turned out that her life had been transformed by listening to those plays. Allan decided to stick with it. "The girl," he wrote, "had that look of freshness that can move a man, even when he is still young. It will move him close to tears when he is older."

MW

A MUCH SOUGHT-AFTER book. long out of print, *The Postage Stamps & Postal History of Canada* (Quarterman, *$40)* by Wintbmp S. Boggs, now has been ma& available by an *American* house, and is distributed here by Charlton International Publishing. 299 Queen St. W., Toronto). While this is not a book for light reading, it is a valuable reference work and an important addition'to the library of the advanced philatelist. As a text on the history of Canada's Postal Organization, it brings us in one volume the best of the original two that won the Crawford Medal for philatelic scholarship in 1947. Another publication fmm the same duo is *Canadian Tokens and Medals* (edited by A. D. Hoch, $20). Hoch has provided, in an eminently readable book, reprints fmm old issues of *The Numismatist, an ex*tensive value list, and generous illustrations.

MARGARET MCKAGUE

FRANK DAVEY'S *From There to Here: A Guide to English-Canadian Literature Since 1960* (Press Porcépic, *$4.95)* is a much more interesting book than its companion volume', Our *Nature – Our Voices I* by Clara Thomas. Davey's brief introductions to each of the 60 writers inch&d are frequently perceptive and incisive. The bibliographies and lists of reviews and criticism are useful, though often incomplete. I've now had two different copies of the book, and both have had pages out of order- different pages each lime.

MW

MULTI-FACETED Gordon Pinsent's second novel. *John & The Missus* (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, $7.93, shores up the reputation gained fmm his first book, The *Rowdyman.* His characterization is much surer here and his writing more perceptive, although the story is inclined to drag in parts. The book relates symbolically to the decline of a coal-mining village in Newfoundland through the life and death of one of its residents, John Munro. Munro, in many ways the guiding force of the village, is involved in a mining accident that leaves him weakened, confused and intemperate. His erratic behaviour towards his family and neighbours gives Pinsent the vehicle to draw a sympathetic and full portrait of community life.

SM

PERIODICALLY SPEAKING

By MORRIS WOLFE

CANADIAN COMIC books have been slowly making a comeback in the last year or so. There's the badly drawn. badly designed. but nonetheless politically effective work of the Exploding Myths Comic Collective in Toronto (P.O. Box 6646, Station A. Toronto); their first issue, titled More *Than the Price is Rigged,* dealt with Canada's food industry. Their second issue is tided *They Build Housing – Don't They?.* There's *Knockout* (P.O. Box 207 1, London, Ontario), five issues of which have appeared; its badly drawn, badly designed, and has little to commend it other than its amateurish enthusiasm. There's *Orb* (660½ Bloor Street West, #1, Toronto), the most eclectic in content and style of the new Canadian comics. Jim Waley's work tends to be the bestpf this mixed bag. There's rhe sloppily printed, but none the less sexually stimulating, *Best of the Underground Comics #2* (Cherasee Press, Box *909,* Hamilton). For what it's worth, the Canadian stuff is the least stimulating and the Dutch the most. And finally there's my favourite, *Pulp Comics (Box* 8806, Station H, Vancouver). The latest issue features Jolly Junkman in a wonderful satire, *Gearfoot Wrecks* (cf. Oedipus), 'written and drawn by Leo Burdak.

IT NEVER CEASES to amaze me how many seemingly aware people one meets who have never heard of the *Canadian Forum* ($7.50 per annum, 46 The Esplanade, Toronto). For much of its 54-year life. the *Forum has* been the best serious monthly produced in this country. (To explain the difference between the *Forum and* other Canadian monthlies, former *Forum* editor Abe

Rotstein likes to tell the story of having lunch with Robert Fulford, editor of *Saturday Night*. Fulford ordered a Lowenbrau, whereupon Rotstein ordered a Highenbrow.) With its October, 1974, issue, the *Forum* adopted a new and more attractive format that should give it greater popular appeal. Especially worth looking for are the magazine's Fall and Spring Book Review Supplements.

PERHAPS I'M being silly, but I find myself irritated by the preponderance of Americans and transplanted Americans in the first issue of a new literary half-yearly, *The Ontario Review ($5.00* per year, 6000 Riverside Drive East, Windsor. Ontario). For example the lead article in the first issue is a dreary interview of Philip Roth by Joyce Carol Oates. It's true that the magazine *is* subtitled "a North American Journal of the Arts," but that sort of continentalism is all too familiar. I'd *feel* better about it if. the magazine were titled *Windsor USA* orsomething like that.

LITTLE MAGS seem to be springing up in universities and colleges everywhere. To mention just three: From the Department of English at Carleton University in Ottawa comes *It Needs To Be &id ...*, a lively collection of reviews, notes and poems. From St. Mary's University, Halifax, the first issue of *The Atlantic Provinces Book Review.* Not so long ago it was regarded as unthinkable to establish even a notional book-review magazine. From Centennial College (651 Warden Avenue, Toronto) comes *Renaissance,* a magazine for and by old people in the area. This excellent publication consists of poems, drawings, photographs, bits of oral history, lists of things to do, and l o t s of jokes.

IN THE MOST recent issue of the radical bimonthly *This Magazine ($4.00* per annum, 56 The Esplanade, Toronto), its editors extend theii condolences to the readers of *Time* Canada "on theii imminent bereavement," and generously offer to take up the entire subscription list of *Time.* "To accommodate the withdrawal problem of habituated Time addicts," the editors promise, *"This Magazine* is planning a 100-word section at the front of each issue called 'The U.S.' "

TRADE & UNION

Will the masses read Canadian?

By SANDRA MARTIN

FOR ALL THOSE still suffering under the delusion that publishing is both fun and profitable. two recently released and doom-filled reports are mandatory. But don't expect wit or literary merit, for publishing studies like other briefs are replete with jargon and ponderous phraseology.

The first is the long-awaited Secretary of State's analysis of the mass-market paperback industry in Canada. And' the other, on "English-language Book Publishing in Canada," was written by Paul Audley, executive director of the Independent Publishers' Association (IPA).

The two briefs differ so radically in attitude and conclusion that one could be forgiven a little speculation on their objectivity. The IPA is asking (in fact imploring) the government to take immediate and comprehensive action to salvage the Canadian publishing industry from American domination (U.S. imports command 68% of the Canadian market, up from 53% in 1966). Grants are not enough and only provide a temporary respite; according to the publishers. They want the government to provide them with access to the marketplace.

Yet the Secretary of State's report indicates Canadian publishers could have an l active role in mass-market paperbacks if they published books people wanted to buy. It advises against government regulation because Canadian marketing organizations "would be weakened seriously were government to assist in the creation of a new mass market distribution structure."

Wherever you want to place the blame. for the lack of initiative, the statistics on Canadian publishing are staggering. Among the findings of the government-sponsored report:

- Of the 38 million mass-market paperbacks sold in Canada in 1973, fewer than 4% are by Canadian authors.

No Canadian publisher has enough selling tides to reprint for a profit- mass-market program. There some 14,000 Canadian titles in it. But a panel of three experts could d only 39 that were "sum winners" capable of selling more than 10,000 opies each.

- Fewer than 40 new Canadian titles could be published for the paperback market annually, a mere fraction of the 4,000 or more individual titles released each year.
- Canadian publishers have not attempted to "identify the unsatisfied needs of the consumer." In other words, they aren't producing enough thrillers, melodramas, and sex fantasies.

Not to despair, however. There are two rays of sunshine: Harlequin Books and PaperJacks, a division of General Publishing. The report urges Canadian publishers to collaborate with one or both of these successful firms — Har-Nal which distributes Harlequin has 14% of the market, topped only by Bantam with 15%. Both Harlequin (through Har-Nal) and General Publishing have expressed interest in acting as national distributors for a consortium ofpublishers. with GP going so far as to offer to co-publish suitable titles on a 50-50 cost- and profit-sharing basis.

Harlequin is generally considered a Canadian success story, having promoted its line of nurse romances into a multi-national corporation that turns an annual pmfit in the millions of dollars. It should be remembered, however, that the books are almost exclusively by foreign authors and, as the report states, Harlequin publishes "many variations of one title." So, while Harlequin's marketing prowess would be invaluable, its uniqueness does not make it a good model for an aspiring publisher wanting to produce a diverse line of home-grown products.

General Publishing has made a success of PaperJacks, but the company is having trouble finding new titles. Frequently, North American rights to best sellers are sold to the higher bidding American publishers. Unable to compete in the U.S. market, the Canadian publisher is often left to market only the less lucrative titles in his own territory. Consequently, General Publishing has endorsed a joint effort sponsored by the Writers Union and the IPA to have a voluntary six-months' moratorium on the sale of Canadian mass-market rights to foreign companies. One can only conclude that while GP is making a go of it, it's getting harder all the time.

Between 78% end 80% of mass-market paperbacks are sold on-racks located in drug, variety and grocery stores. The majority of these 14,000 retail outlets are supplied by 10 U.S. national distributors, whichactasalink between 250 U.S. mass-market publishers and 38 Canadian wholesalers. How will a consortium of Canadian publishers be able to compete against American distributors who control 83% of the market? Surely, despite the government report,. some regulation is necessary to help Canadian publishers overcome the handicap. And that brings us to the IPA report.

The IPA argues that Canadian publishers are far from being a bunch of lazy good-for-nothing laysbouts. Rather, they account for 80% of total trade sales of *Canadian titles.* And Canadian books *do sell.* Even when they am hidden away in the Canadiana sections of retail bookstores, they comprise some 28% of total sales. Using this figure as a basis, the publishers argue that other market sectors be regulated to enable Canadian books and authors the same representation they receive in the bookstores.

In an ironic section, juxtaposing Secretary of State Hugh Faulkner's public statements with the IPA's gloomy predictions, the brief outlines the necessary steps to maintain "residual Canadian ownership" of the industry:

- Screening of foreign films.' The mechanism was established with the Foreign Investment Review Agency; but still, two U.S. firms, Houghton Mifflin 'and Allyn & Bacon, incorporated here earlier in the year.
- A program of low-interest loans guaranteed by the federal government and available to all Canadian-owned companies! as well as an expanded' block-grant program. According to the IPA, "the total grants available 'are considerably smaller than the after-tax profits of McGraw-Hill."
- Federal-provincial funding, perhaps on a 50-50 cost-sharing basis, for Canadian-owned firms to develop educational titles. These publishers now have only 3% of the school-book market. Furthermore, there has been a 54% decline (taking inflation into account) in the amount spent on school books in Ontario since 1966.
- Libraries should buy from Canadian suppliers and. whenever possible, directly fmm bookstores. This would serve to expand and strengthen the bookstore network. Public libraries

spend only 8% of their budgets on Canadian books and the IPA wants this figure increased. If necessary, federal funds should be used to bring collections to "an acceptable size."

- Regulation of book clubs and mass-paperback tacks so that Canadian tides receive the same exposure hem — at the moment it's 7% and 2% respectively — as in the bookstores. (The government report quotes 1972 figures and includes the' wholly owned U.S. subsidiary Simon & Schuster to reach its conclusion that Canadian firms have 4% of the mass-paperback market.)
- Changes in the copyright law to give the Canadian holder exclusivity in hi own market and to provide penalties for firms imootting editions for which there. is already a Canadian copyright holder.

Assuming the IPA figures are accurate — and there has been no evidence to the contrary — the publishing industry is sinking fast. Since government handouts have resulted in more books, but not more' sales, perhaps. a new approach is necessary. The government might do well to listen to the. publishers. After all, what does the Secretary of State have to lose? The current program is obviously a losing proposition. ❑

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

OVER OTHER TRANSOMS

Sir:
The article "Avalanche Over The Transom" in the October issue is of special interest to mess I was 'tint reader for Mercury Press for slightly over eight years. The final stages of Brain Blugeon began to set in early this year sod I left the firm at the beginning of June.

As publishers of "The Magazine of Fantasy & *Science Fiction*" and "*Venture Science Fiction*," we received about 6.000 manuscripts a year from unpublished authors. The number of solicited manuscripts numbered about 500 per year, in addition.

Poetry accounted for about 25% of the total, in spite of the fact that we published no poetry. The flow of manuscripts was definitely seasonal, with surges at the beginning of the school year and during the holidays of Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter.

Manuscripts were received from around the world, with about 10%-15% fmm beyond the U.S. borders. About 10% of the total received (600 per year) came from Canada, with the majority from Ontario, British Columbia and the Prairies. in that order. A smaller number came from Quebec and the Atlantic provinces, but all provinces and the occasional territory were represented. We opened and read all manuscripts received, but used a printed rejection slip.

Several dozen major SF writers have con over the transom in the last few decades, sod: manuscript I received was subsequently p lished and went on to be widely anthologize which certainly made me feel good. But aft time the endless chore of reading bsd stories t on one; I believe I lasted the longest time of a first reader at Mercury Press.

For what it's worth, John W. Campbell. edit of Analog Science Fiction, published by Cond Nast, read both the solicited and unsolicited manuscripts for the period from 1933 until his death in 1971. A record which Few people can match.

Andrew Porter
New York

CONCEPTUAL'BIAS

Sic
I object strenuously to the completely biased and prejudiced review by Anne Roch of the book *Family Planning in Canada* which I edited (January issue).

Her review focuses primarily on the issue of abortion and accuses me of bias on this topic. She forgot to mention that this source book contains 33 selections of which six deal with this issue. This reviewer also forgets to mention that in the section on abortion, three deal with the anti-abortion issues and three with the positive aspects of this topic. Her review glosses over 27 contributions and the full appendix of sources of family planning in this country. Before a reviewer shares her biased opinions on any topic, she should at least review a book properly and share with the reader its total content and purpose, rather than focus the majority of her review on the issue of abortion and mis-label it as a pro-abortion book.

I feel that this just sheds fuel on the fire of miscomprehension of what family planning means in our country.

Benjamin Schlesinger, Ph.D.
Faculty of Social Work
University of Toronto

HUNGARIAN UNRHAPSODY

Sic
This is with regard to Joseph Mezei's review of *The Sound of Time* in your December issue.

How on earth could you publish a review that admittedly refuses to discuss the works of the "very few writers" included in the collection?

Of the 27 authors represented in the anthology, at least 10 are widely known to readers of Canadian literature and listeners of CBC Anthology. Of the remaining 17, 13 are accomplished authors and poets with several volumes in the Hungarian language.

As to Mr. Mezei's reference to the carelessly written biographical annotations, every date or title given is correct and several compliments have been received on this matter from bibliographers of Canadian literature who find the information useful.

Mr. Mezei carries his bias so far as to find fault even in the name of our organization: Canadian Hungarian Authors' Association.

The Sound of Time was primarily intended for the English-speaking reader and a review by an associate editor other than a Hungarian would have been more appropriate.

You claim to be a national review of books, but *in this particular case you display poor editorial* policy.

John P. Miska
Lethbridge, Alta.

Acrostic No. 2

By DIANA FILER

Speaks imperfectly — 55 22 15 71 174

Travelled from place to place — 119 5 14 29 68 159 49 38 138 106

C. One of the Group of Seven — 144 109 53 72 39 48

D. Gong-like class of musical instruments — 28 46 30 56 18 113 148 36 75

E. Was drowsy — 94 43 167 108 1 135

F. _____ *Roots* (Robertson) — 24 146 118 164 66

G. Author who sought male perfection — 10 13 33 58 31

H. Hudson's Bay vessel (two words) — 32 67 145 120 78 173 139 9 4 90

I. Town in Alberta — 79 17 25 158 168

J. Protuberances — 152 87 47 147

K. Afforded access into — 73 57 3 163 91 12

L. Town in Manitoba — 84 176 16 157 54 32 136

M. Nervous — 107 171 85 44

N. Heroine of Louis Hébert novel — 140 60 27 41 95 101 80 165 128 8 153

O. "... she hugged the _____ and forgave the offence." Dryden, "Cymon and Iphigenia" — 169 86 149 125 166 21 97 117

P. Jewish ritual instrument — 179 121 99 150 93 92

Q. Brazilian dance — 6 122 137 161 70 142

R. Element with same atomic number but different atomic weight — 114 35 170 77 37 154 65

S. Burned doing odd jobs? — 62 132 105 175 74 103 126

T. Protagonist of *Zero to Airtime* — 151 88 45 59 156 134

U. Aromatic unguents — 64 143 100 76 82

V. Novel by Sinclair Ross (two words) — 51 7 110 96 131 20 172 115 40 11 129 162 2 83 177 124

W. "... and naked I shall return _____" Job 1:21 — 89 127 61 130 102 69 155

X. Author of *Sex and Death* (two words) — 133 42 175 50 26 123 34

Y. Remote group of stars — 23 63 116 81 141 111

Z. Molasses candy — 160 19 104 98 112

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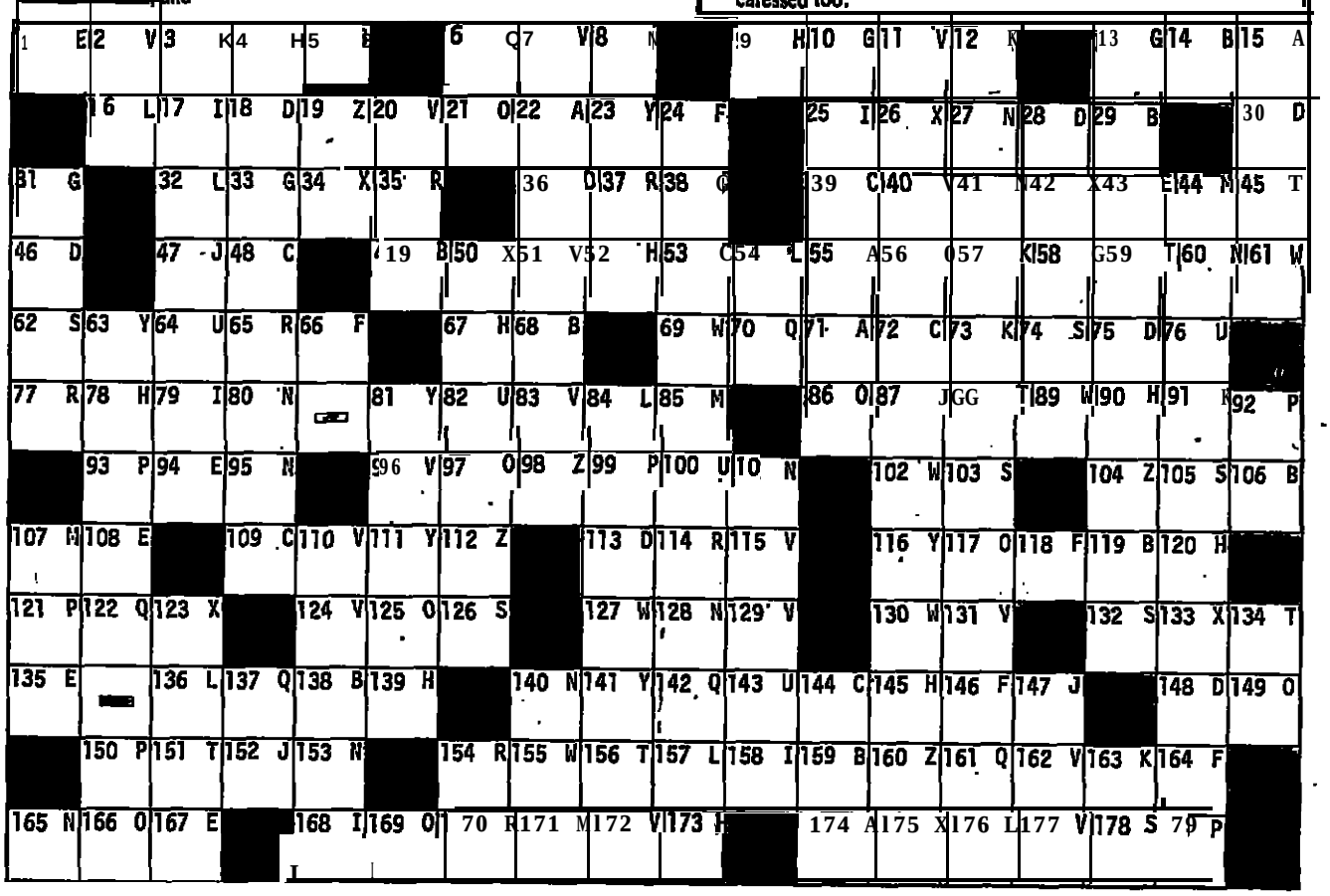

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