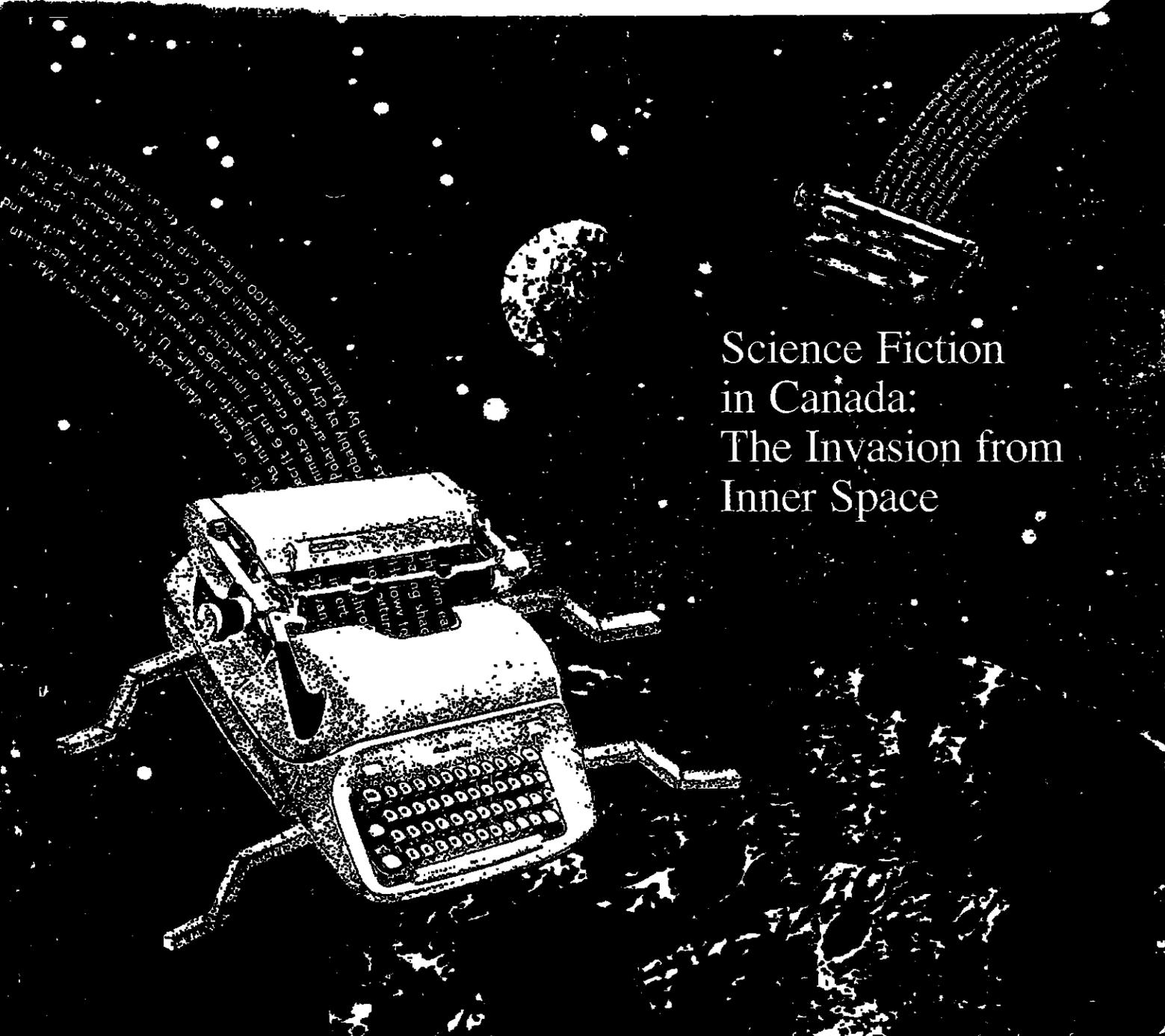


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BOOKS IN CANADA

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FUTURE IMPERFECT

Why so few Canadian writers write science fiction.
Could there be more in heaven and
earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy?

by Terence M. Green

HORATIO SHOULD BE immediately comprehensible to a Canadian. Sceptical and scholarly, stable and perceptive, "a man that fortune's buffets and rewards/hast ta'en with equal thanks", he carries within him the seeds of survival that some critics feel denote the Canadian character. That the world is indeed larger than Horatio can imagine is undoubtedly true, just as it is true that our conservative Canadian temperament seldom makes the imaginative literary leap to the world beyond our interminable winters.

In many ways, the body of writing we have chosen to label science fiction is still, even outside Canada, *terra incognita*. As a phrase, "science-fiction" is primarily a marketing coinage: that which fills the racks in the science fiction section of a bookstore just as carrots and celery occupy the produce section of a supermarket. It is therefore as commercial a label as gothics or mysteries or romance. It is also, however, one of the rare commercial fields of writing that can lay claim to being part of an enduring literature. One thinks of *Brave New World*, *Frankenstein*, 1984, *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, and more recently of the proliferation of academic interest in the field which has spawned scholarly seminars, treatises, books, monographs, and an explosive growth in university courses that centre on SF as a unique branch of literature.

Where does Canada fit into all this? Is there Canadian science fiction? The answers lie within the larger contexts of Canada's character, and in the state of creative writing in this country. Certainly, positing Horatio as a typical Canadian is a vast oversimplification; but conservatism is part of Canadian identity. In a nation born of no revolution, boasting disarmingly high rates of personal insurance per capita combined with one of the world's top rates of personal savings per capita, one cannot expect a national flair for the *outré* or the unconventional. Pierre Berton made much of the fact that Canadians prefer to be governed quietly and forcefully rather than suffer any radical disruptions in the status quo. The War Measures Act, he feels, could never have been invoked in the United States in 1970, since their vision of individual freedom is so much more fervent than ours. Canadians will suffer even drastic measures just to restore order.

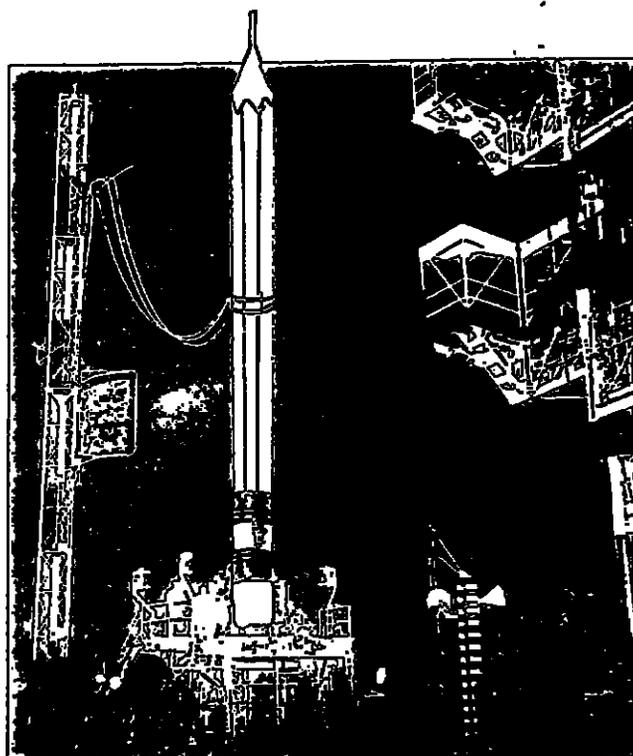
We are a neat, tidy, unassuming people. We huddle along the U.S. border, TV sets tuned to American visions and perceptions and experiences, quietly content and reservedly congratulating ourselves on our enviable standard of living. And we don't have to live in any of those lawless American cities that are a part of the video mythology that we devour. Instead, we can vicariously experience it all — safely, from a distance.

The same is true of the books and magazines that are readily available to us. They are, in large part, American products, reflecting American life. If we choose to purchase a book at the corner store that has been categorically defined as science fiction, the chances are overwhelming that it will be an American product.

Thus, even when we wish to escape, or to be entertained intelligently — as good SF can do — we inevitably dream someone else's dreams. It has always been easier to absorb American culture parasitically than to drive ourselves to do the necessary toil and suffer the probable deprivation involved in creating our own dreams. We are too comfortable. It is too cold. Summer holidays will be here. The hockey game is on.

The state of Canadian SF is inextricably intertwined with the issue of Canadian identity.

John Robert Colombo assembled the first anthology of Canadian science fiction (and fantasy — another field, not to be pursued here) with the publication of his *Other Canadas* (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1979). This volume was supplemented by *CDN SF & F: A Bibliography of CDN SF & F*, compiled by Colombo and three others, and issued by Hounslow Press. As much as I admire Colombo's efforts and his anthology, I cannot be as generous as he is in deciding what constitutes Canadian SF. Colombo includes nearly everything to either the concept of Canadian (former Canadians, as well as non-Canadians when their work is set in Canada,



qualify) or to the concept of science fiction (film script of NFB's *Universe*; poetry). In fact, Colombo admits that there is a prevalence of fantasy over science fiction in his books. "Canadians," he states, "... write more fantasy than they do science fiction. There are no stories of technological invention here, and David Ketterer, in his survey of science fiction, connects the low priority Canadians give to research and development and the movement toward deindustrialization with the tenor of our science fiction, which is of the 'software' rather than the 'hardware' variety."

All this is not to say that there is no indigenous Canadian science fiction. It does exist — in small quantities. But most of what has been offered as Canadian SF has been penned by transplanted Americans and Britons, not by native-born Canadians. Michael Coney is a prolific SF writer living in British Columbia. He arrived here from England (where his longer work nearly always receives first publication) via the West Indies. Spider Robinson now resides in Halifax. A talented and popular author, he is in no particular way a Canadian writer, and his works are primarily for the U.S. market. H. A. Hargreaves, an American by birth who has taught at the University of Alberta for many years, is certainly the most "Canadian" of the three. His collection of stories, *North by 2000* (Peter Martin Associates, 1975), is a rare event: a collection of SF stories published in Canada. Ironically, all the tales in the collection, although set in Canada, appeared originally in England.

Judith Merrill is the name most often proffered to represent Canadian science fiction. Miss Merrill's high profile derives from her past achievements as writer and anthropologist in the States, whence she hails. Since arriving in Canada she has become an enthusiastic and well-received promoter of the field (doing work for TV-Ontario, radio scripts, writing general interest articles on SF for large-circulation magazines and newspapers). She has, however, made her most forceful impression by donating her personal collection of 5,000 books as the basis for the Spaced-Out Library in the Toronto Public Library system. The SOL has now grown to approximately 17,000 volumes, and is the world's

largest such public collection. Toronto, indeed all of Canada, has benefited immensely from her energetic change.

But Judith Merrill does not actually *write* science fiction any longer — and has not for many years, even prior to her arrival in Canada. She may publicize, and intensify the focus, but her own creative well would appear to have run dry.

The Science Fiction Writers of America membership directory for 1980 lists 13 Canadians among its 600 members (for a Canadian to join a professional SF writers' group, he must join an American organization). They include William Gibson, Gus Funnell, Chester Cuthbert, Donald Kingsbury, John Park, Vincent Perkins, J. Brian Clarke, Andrew Weiner, and myself. Although the qualitative output of this group has been reasonably high, quantitatively we have not been all that prolific.

There is, however, one other writer (also a SFWA member), whose work both in quality and quantity can be said to be of international repute. She represents, I am certain, Canadian science fiction as it should be defined. She is Phyllis Gotlieb. With an MA in English from the University of Toronto and a husband who is a professor of computer science, she arrives on the field craftily armed.

Gotlieb was born in 1926 in Toronto where she still lives. At last count she had published 16 short works in such American genre magazines as *Galaxy*, *If*, *Fantastic* and *Fantasy and Science Fiction*, and three novels: *Sunburst* (1964), *O Master Caliban!* (1975), and *A Judgement of Dragons* (1980). A fourth novel is scheduled for future publication.

But once again we must face the fact that of all her work, only one short story was ever published in Canada; all else has gone to the American market. (The particular short story is "The Military Hospital", originally published in *Fourteen Stories High* (1971), edited by David Helwig and Tom Marshall; John Robert Colombo reprinted it in *Other Canadas*.) This quiet lady *does* have a wide reputation in Canada as a poet: *The Works: Collected Poems* (Calliope Press, 1978) completed the lineage of earlier volumes. For although there does seem to be a place in Canadian publishing for the poet, none has existed for the science fiction writer. Ms. Gotlieb has not received proper recognition in Canada for her achievements in this oh-so-unCanadian field. This has been a sad oversight, one that David Ketterer, in *Other Canadas*, partly redresses by noting that "it might be argued that Ms. Gotlieb is Canadian science fiction". I can only concur.

The future of science fiction in Canada seems encouraging. There is a large SF readership in Canada; there is also great academic interest in the field. And just when creative writing in Canada appears to be mired in swamps of recessive ennui, science fiction here seems to be forging ahead with fascinatingly slow momentum. It is, after all, a commercial genre that is enjoying such popularity — perhaps riding the coattails of the *Star Wars* phenomenon. SF's readership has evolved over the last generation from an adolescent cluster to a sophisticated cross-section.

Colombo has at least two more books on the back burner; *Quarry* magazine is planning a special SF & F issue for August 1981; *Room of One's Own*, the feminist literary journal, has just finished assembling a special issue devoted to women's SF & F (a sad addendum here: guest editor, Susan Wood, an associate professor of English at UBC, suicided last November); the Spaced-Out Library is alive and well; specialist bookstores keep going; there will be an entry on Canadian SF in the new *Oxford Companion to Canadian Literature*, edited by William Toye; poet and academic Douglas Barbour maintains a lively interest in the field and reviews it regularly for the *Toronto Star*; university courses proliferate. . . . All this is a tribute to the innate vitality of the field and the excitement that it affords to so many, in *spite* of the Canadian milieu.

Canadian science fiction requires what Canadian creative writing of all types requires: more publishing outlets, greater Canada Council and provincial concern, and readers who care enough to seek out our native visions. These items would unite to encourage more writers of *all* fields to suffer some of the creative pains that accompany the birth of any solid piece of writing. □

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TALESPINNER

Spider Robinson lives in Halifax with his wife, his daughter, his stereo set, and a growing collection of Hugo and Nebula Awards. Here's how it happened

by Phil Milner



Spider Robinson in Halifax: "I get my ideas from Schenectady, N.Y."

EIGHT YEARS AGO. Spider Robinson was visiting a friend at North Mountain in the Annapolis Valley area of Nova Scotia. They went to the grocery store and bought more than they could carry, so the friend set one bag down and they carried the rest home.

"Someone'll steal those," Robinson said.

"Heavens no," his friend replied. "Someone might look through the bag to see what's on sale today, but people have reputations. Nobody around here would be caught dead stealing them."

When Robinson returned home to New York, he walked into a hamburger franchise and saw a couple of kids stealing some onions. A policeman saw them too, and pulled out his .38. The kids put the onions back on the counter.

"The cop comes on a little strong, doesn't he?" Robinson commented to the manager.

"Listen, you should have been here before that policeman came along. This place was hell. Now, it's a nice place to eat. We like the way that cop comes on."

Robinson left and took the bus to the Port Authority, then raced to the Canadian consulate. "Take me!" he said. "I've got to live in Nova Scotia. I'll do anything!"

Thus began an odd campaign to get Spider Robinson into Canada. He would fill out forms in New York, sneak past the border guards into Canada, stay until immigration authorities caught up with him, then return to New York to discover that the immigration computer had spit out his application again. "They thought that writers were bums, and their computer didn't recognize any such occupation as science-fiction writer."

Robinson tried to solve the problem by getting a letter of recommendation from Isaac Asimov, who observed that Robinson's behaviour and personal appearance were somewhat eccentric. As far as Asimov was concerned, this was all right because, well, that is how science fiction writers *are*, and Asimov admitted that he himself was somewhat eccentric. Robinson concluded that Asimov had obviously never dealt with a bureaucrat.

Then he talked to a computer programmer who told him that the immigration computer would recognize "technical writer" as a legitimate occupation. But when he tried that, the computer rejected him again because there was no need for a technical writer in the North Mountain area of Nova Scotia.

Meanwhile, Nova Scotia had another attraction that made him even more anxious to become a landed immigrant. A company of dancers from Halifax came to North Mountain to perform. Robinson went backstage afterward and told the soloist that he wanted to get to know her. The soloist said that she was committed to developing her talent.

"I'll do anything to help you dance because I'm in love with you," Robinson said.

The soloist had heard that one before. Besides, she wanted to go to North Carolina and New York to study.

"I can live anywhere I have a place to plug in my amplifier," Robinson said.

After they were married, but before the birth of their daughter, Luanna Mountainborne Robinson, Spider Robinson finally managed to become a landed immigrant. Jeanne was a Canadian citizen by this time, which helped, and Spider managed to convince a benevolent immigration official that he sincerely did want to move. In 1975, they moved into a three-storey apartment house just off Halifax's Spring Garden Road where Spider writes and Jeanne choreographs music for her dance studio.

Since their name wasn't on any of the downstairs mail-boxes, I walked through an open door and up an unlit stairway and found myself standing in the hallway between the Robinsons' study and parlour. Robinson was sitting in a wicker chair with his thin legs folded under him. (The nickname "Spider" is inevitable, though he says that it derives from his university days when he was devoted to the folk-singing of Spider John Koerner. He says it now is his *only* first name — "legally and otherwise".) When we started to talk, he took the classical record off the stereo, and put on one of



Jeanne Robinson: On NASA's short-list for a space shuttle flight in 1983

birds singing. When the bird songs ended, he turned it over and played a half-hour of ocean waves pleasantly lapping against a shore. The records give him the ambience of Maritime living without leaving his apartment, which is probably a good thing, since he seldom goes out.

"I don't know too many people personally," he says. "I'm relatively indifferent to what goes on outside my window. One of the things I like about Nova Scotia is that the population density is so low that what goes on outside doesn't come boiling through the windows and doors at you the way it did in New York. I relate to hundreds of people a day by mail and by telephone. If I'm going to relate to that many people, let there be a little distance."

Though he writes in his study, his work overflows into the other rooms. The dining-room table was stacked with paperbacks and a huge dictionary of scientific and technical terms. He writes late at night, stimulating himself with cigarettes and an expensive blend of coffee that he grinds himself. His best work comes between two and six in the morning. He composes at his typewriter, an IBM Selectric, and plays his stereo as he works.

Robinson, 32, is an easy person to interview, bubbling with ideas and opinions, which he states with easy good humour. He has rote answers for the more obvious questions. Where does he get his ideas? "I get my ideas from Schenectady, New York," he replies quickly. "That is the official Science Fiction Writers of America answer to the question, 'Where do you fellows get your weird ideas?' We all say Schenectady."

"Actually, he gets a lot of them from television," Jeanne says.

Spider nods: "I've taken throwaway ideas from the *Six Million*

Dollar Man and developed them into stories. I write by impulse, but once I get hold of an idea, I like to block out the story pretty much as I write it."

His characters come from life or art, but he seldom bases them directly on people he knows. "I like to mix 'n' match. I'll combine five people into one character, or take a person I know and divide him into different characters in four different stories."

Jeanne Robinson, also 32, sat beside him on a straight wooden chair, her arms flowing rhythmically when she spoke, her face animated. Spider listened to her attentively, occasionally nodding in agreement and pleasure. Words such as "zonked", "spaced", "nerds", and "uptight" come naturally to both Robinsons. They seem to be as close to the 1960s ideal of love as any of that generation's blighted couples. Each of them is on his own trip; each complements the other.

In the case of *Stardance*, Spider's latest novel, the sympathy extends to collaboration. Jeanne is co-author. After watching her dance for three years, Spider decided to write a science-fiction story involving dance. Jeanne passed through the room as he was working. "That's not the right word," she said. Spider grumbled and made the correction. Looking at his manuscript, she corrected him again, "A dancer wouldn't approach it the way you're doing it," she said. Then she told him how to write it. Spider began to show her the manuscript draft as he wrote it. *Stardance* appeared originally as a novelette in *Analog* magazine, winning the Robinsons identical Hugo and Nebula Awards.

"What we had was a 30,000-word piece that had won some prizes and made us a little money," Spider recalls. "But the real money is in novels. I thought, 'Oh, God, I've seen a lot of good stories ruined by pumping them full of air in order to stretch them out to book size.' I didn't know what to do."

Then he had a conversation with Gordon Dickson, a Canadian-born science-fiction writer who now lives in Minnesota. "There are two ways to turn a novelette into a novel," Dickson told him. "The bad way is to pump it full of air. The other way is to write the sequel."

"Lightbulbs went off all-over our heads," Robinson says.

They finished *Stardance* (Doubleday: Dell paperback) in New York, where Jeanne was studying on a Canada Council grant. So far the book has sold about 300,000 copies, one-tenth of them in Canada. Like all of Spider's books, the novel turns on a single scientific premise, in this case the idea is zero-gravity dance. Shara Drummond is a beautiful girl, whose determination to be a dancer is thwarted by the fact that she is too heavy to realize her genius. But in the zero-gravity environment of the orbiting Skyfac and with help from a perverse millionaire and video-recording equipment, she dances and explores new frontiers of feeling and movement. At the same time, her dancing helps to repel an alien threat from space. Jeanne, by the way, has applied to NASA to be the first dancer in outer space, and NASA has put her on their short list for a space flight in 1983.

Spider is writing his new novel, *Mindkiller* (to be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston) alone. Set in Halifax and New York City, *Mindkiller* deals fictionally with recent developments in mind control. A group of characters have developed ways of wiping out and altering people's memories. This means that information that is not now teachable — say, the feeling a mechanic gets from a properly tuned engine, or the feeling he gets when he hears a certain ping in a motor and knows something is wrong — could be taught by direct memory transfer.

Telempath, his first novel, deals with a virus that so magnifies people's sense of smell that they recognize each other by their odour. Eventually they go crazy, kill themselves, or become autistic. The plot — like his other books, set about 20 years in the future — revolves around a confrontation between a black assassin and a supposedly mad scientist. *Telempath* won the John W. Campbell Award for the best new science fiction author for 1974.

Robinson also has three collections of short stories, *Callahan's Crosstime Saloon* (Ace paperback), *Antinomy* (Dell paperback), and the *Best of All Possible Worlds* (Ace paperback). His short stories have appeared in the major magazines, among them *Omni*, *Vertex*, *Fantastic*, *Cosmos*, *Chrysalis*, and *Analog*, for which he

was resident reviewer for a while. In Canada, his work has appeared in *Axiom*, *Borealis*, *Halifax Magazine*, and *Toronto Life*.

Though he considers himself a Canadian, aspects of his adopted country confuse him. He read at Toronto's Harbourfront last year, and was surprised to discover that he wasn't eligible for Canada Council support. And he considers himself politically incompetent: "I don't know who to vote against here. I keep tripping over my own false assumptions, like assuming that Canada has a Bill of Rights, things like that. Also, I like to keep a foot in the door in the States, so I can go back without having to go through all the paces again. Besides, Canada isn't the easiest place to be a science fiction writer."

That is because science fiction is big business, with its headquarters in New York City. Robinson offered Canadian rights for his last novel to several Canadian publishers. Only two responded to his overtures. The first politely said that the Canadian market wasn't big enough to justify a Canadian publisher's bidding on the book.

He put the second publisher in touch with his New York agent. Two weeks later the agent telephoned: "Will you get this hayseed out of my hair? He's tying me up for three weeks on a \$5,000 deal, and he wants respect! He has all kinds of concessions and contractual thises and contractual thats. Get the man off my back so I can sell your book."

It would be well, at this point, to examine the thin evidence for a Canadian tradition of science fiction. That evidence has, of course, been gathered and published by the tireless John Robert Colombo. *Other Canadas: An Anthology of Science Fiction and Fantasy* (McGraw Hill-Ryerson) makes a book out of Canadian science fiction by including "writing in prose or poetry by all of the following: Canadian citizens, new Canadians, former Canadians, even non-Canadians (when their work is set in Canada)." Colombo insists with typically Canadian modesty that though Canadian science fiction "may lack a distinctive character all its own, in my view it does possess some distinguishing characteristics." His pool of writers eddies suspiciously close to the CanLit mainstream: it includes work by F. P. Grove, Stephen Leacock, George Bowering, Alden Nowlan, Margaret Atwood, and Colombo himself.

Science fiction, at least on the international level, is a commercial art, though Robinson can justify it by quoting Sturgeon's Law and Robinson's Corollary to it. Sturgeon's Law is named after Theodore Sturgeon, who used to write a science fiction column for the *New York Times*. A reader once approached Sturgeon, poked him in the chest, and demanded: "Why is it that 90 per cent of all science fiction is crap?"

"But my dear sir," Sturgeon is said to have replied, "90 per cent of everything is crap."

Robinson's Corollary explains succinctly why everybody knows about the bad 90 per cent: "Crap floats."

And crap includes all the "sci-fi" movies and books that feature ray guns, monsters, or rocket ships. "Sci-fi" is a term of derision among devoted writers and readers of science fiction; the proper abbreviation for the good stuff is SF. Sci-fi boomed after *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* led the publishers to the erroneous conclusion that there was a huge market for science fiction. "The publishers didn't know that all those people who saw *Star Wars* 14 times had no interest in adult science fiction," Robinson says. "They couldn't read. That's why they saw the movie 14 times in the first place."

Spider Robinson writes for the literate 10 per cent. He has come a ways since he pecked out his first story eight years ago, and sold it to *Analog* magazine, the best-paying market for science fiction. "I've been ridiculously lucky. Be sure you say that. Regardless of whether I have any talent — which I think I do have — there are people out there who have more talent than I do, and who work harder than I work, who are not making a living with their writing. It is dumb luck that I survive."

He waved an arm toward the row of statuettes that sat in an orderly row on top of the fireplace. "I owe a lot of it to winning those things, but that's luck too; or some of it is. If anyone is out there thinking of trying this, my advice is: Go back! It's a trap!" □

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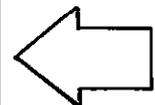
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Long live the new Queen of Faerie

by Richard Lubbock

The Snow Queen, by Joan D. Vinge, Dial (Doubleday), 536 pages, \$13.50 cloth (ISBN 0 8037 7739 6).

TO J.R.R. TOLKIEN, "the definition of a fairy story ... does not depend on any definition of elf or fairy, but upon the nature of *Faerie*: the Perilous Realm itself, and the air that blows in that country. ... I will say only this: a 'fairy story' is one which touches on or uses Faerie, whatever its own main purpose may be: satire, adventure, morality, fantasy. Faerie itself may perhaps most nearly be translated by Magic."

I invite you now to concatenate the foregoing with Arthur C. Clarke's third law: "Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic."

It follows from these two propositions that, since science fiction stories are predicated upon technology sufficiently advanced to be indistinguishable from magic, they belong to the genus "fairy stories", of the family "fiction".

Physicists, especially those of the quantum-mechanical breed, seem to be having trouble nowadays distinguishing between fiction and reality; that is between states that are merely potential, or imaginary, and those that are actually in "our world". Those familiar with the quandary of Schrodinger's Cat will also be aware of the "Many-Worlds" interpretation of quantum mechanics, that envisages our current universe as an infinitely branched decision tree embedded in a manifold of (higher?) infinitude that has been given the name "Superspace" by the cosmologist J.A. Wheeler. Every mind, every particle, is travelling down the tree, barely pausing at each node to make a decision: this? or that? or that?

I assume there are countless choices at each node. Question: Which branch is the "Real World"? The answer seems to be whichever branch your consciousness happens to be on at the moment. This could very well mean all the branches, although we are not, and seemingly never are, aware of the myriads of versions of ourselves and everything else that continue to split away from us every instant. If you think I am speaking fantastically, I refer you to the interesting metaphysical book, *The Many-Worlds Interpretation of Quantum Mechanics*, published in the Princeton Series in Physics.

I imagine that Superspace, Wheeler's meta-space, is the class of all the universes (1-dimensional, 2-dimensional, up to n-dimensional) embracing every possible physical parameter (Planck's constant, the charge on the electron, and so forth) in every possible combination. This infinite collection seems to me to be very like the Hindu concept of Brahman, or Whitehead's Primordial Nature of God.

These matters show that it is good, if speculative, science to ascribe "reality" to potential worlds as well as real ones, a train of thought that leads me to append Lubbock's first law to Clarke's third: Any sufficiently advanced science is indistinguishable from religion.

Science, religion, magic, moral philosophy, anthropology, and indeed almost all the arts and sciences intermingle most deliciously in Joan D. Vinge's *The Snow Queen*. I doubt that the world of *The Snow Queen* exists on any branch of my own supertree (which, since you are reading this, is also yours). The book is probably planted in some other grove of Superspace.

The author describes herself as "an anthropologist of the future," by which she means alternate universes, and her work certainly contains strong echoes of Margaret Mead, Sir James Fraser and innumerable other strains of scientific, social and literary thought.

The Snow Queen is a fantastical elaboration of Hans Christian Anderson's folk tale of the same name. It records events on Tiamat, a world which exists in two states of being, Summer and Winter, alternating every century and a half. The Change is governed by a nearby revolving black hole, which provides a relativistically time-offset Stargate to the seven worlds of The Hegemony — the remote, political empire to which Tiamat is affiliated. The Stargate is closing. Summer approaches and the 150-year reign of Arienrhod, the Snow Queen, is drawing to a close. Her youth and beauty have been sustained by regular injections of "the water of life", a silvery serum extract of the blood of an intelligent sea-creature, the mer, which is slaughtered for the purpose. Now Arienrhod's extended life must end, but she seeks to outlast Summer and rule other Winters by reproducing her exact body and mind in clones grown from her own cells.

Vinge spins her intricate story in sensu-

ous pleasure-giving prose that restores to the child in the reader all the delights of Faerie even while posing problems of adult concern. In her carefully crafted world of Festivals and Sybils, aristocrats and fisher folk, she lodges such moral questions as the propriety of one mind-form preying physically upon another, and the bitter probability that sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless clone.

Like all fairy stories, *The Snow Queen* is irreproachable in terms of plausibility. Perhaps the properties of "real" black holes aren't quite right for this story. Perhaps human nature does not in fact work the way anthropologist Vinge proposes. Never mind. Somewhere, in the branches of some supertree in superspace, Arienrhod must rule over Tiamat, and Moon and Sparks and Starbuck must fight and play.

The growing interest in science-fiction suggests that, like *The Snow Queen*'s world of Tiamat, our world is also confronted by a profound transformation. Our Change marks the end of the three-centuries-old Winter ruled over by the King of Pessimism, Sir Isaac Newton, and the advent of the lab-tested magical world of alternate quantum realities. This is the *peripeteia* that heralds the downfall of realism and the restoration of science fiction to its proper, central throne in literature. □

Clangorous, unpleasant, and indispensable

First Impressions, edited by John Metcalf, Oberon Press, 142 pages, \$15.00 cloth (ISBN 0 88750 368 3) and \$6.95 paper (ISBN 0 88750 369 1).

80: Best Canadian Stories, edited by Clark Blaise and John Metcalf, Oberon Press, 194 pages, \$15.00 cloth (ISBN 0 88750 352 7) and \$6.95 paper (ISBN 0 88750 353 5).

By GEOFF HANCOCK

EXTRAORDINARY THINGS can happen in a short story's trajectory, and the elegantly interlocking parts of a finely honed fiction should create a heady rush as we whiz through its handful of pages. Sometimes, though, there's jet lag, and the heart either falters, hardens, fibrillates, or stops, depending on what the sights do to the imagination's ascent or descent. Consider the work, in *First Impressions*, of three new writers: Martin Avery, Isabel Huggan, and Mike Mason.

In case we have difficulty with Martin Avery's work, John Metcalf's introduction provides clues for possible approaches. We are told he is interested in new forms. Instead of a beginning, middle, and end as found in a traditional story, he has chosen a

more "contemporary" style. He cites as influences Nabokov, Borges, Fuentes, Robbe-Grillet, Pynchon, Ray Smith, Matt Cohen, Dave Godfrey, and Alice Munro. The most obvious influence, however, is that of Richard Brautigan, whose fragments, juxtapositions, and free-floating associations have made writing seem easy to the collegiate generation.

But Brautigan is a deceptively simple writer whose little chapters and bouncy similes add up to an attitude toward the disappointments found in contemporary North America. Avery's story consists of nine disconnected fragments that aim for the most part at a superficial smart-aleck kind of fiction. Its clangorous shards, with some exceptions, can be sliced any way, and they still have less flavour than one potato chip.

The exceptions: a poet makes a poem out of his face by pressing it in a copy machine. (This takes eight short paragraphs.) He suggests short stories be sold in corner stores like milk and produce. (A page and a half.) A wolf cub works on his wildlife studies badge by hanging out at a bowling alley and watching his friends lob spitballs. (Green ones with white edges of spittle.) But a long bawdy piece on rugby players and several shorter bits on anonymous people, fantasy, and telephones are annoying rather than clever.

Isabel Huggan writes stories of girlhood, and the introductory notes compare her to "early Alice Munro". Forewarned, I ap-

proached them cautiously; "Sawdust" is a moralistic variation of "you show me yours and I'll show you mine". The adolescents call this "greeting". But the boy figures out what to do with his, and Dad catches him in the midst of a promising first rut. From that point on, it's shame and scandal to the end of their days. In rural Ontario, peckers must be kept in their place.

Her other stories, however, are quite moving portrayals of childhood. "Cecilia Behind Me" reveals the viciousness of children who take out their spite on a chubby, diabetic schoolmate. "Jack of Hearts", though rambling in places, is a revealing juxtaposition of parental expectations of their daughter's early womanhood in contrast with a flamboyant aunt who initiates her niece into a more interesting world of poker-playing and whisky.

In the tradition of the love-struck adolescent, Mike Mason brings the longest story, "Mondrian Skin". The narrator has an obsessive romance with an eccentric little tart named George. Each event is subtitled, and the story travels from trailer camp to tattoo parlour to laundromat to an abandoned farmhouse used for slaughtering deer. Mason has an energetic way of expressing himself through experiences both poetic ("The night's last star twanged a final silver chord of light and fell off its stage into the pink audience of day") and unpleasant ("His nose is like a blasted cliff, a big chunk of porous granite pocked with

blackheads and pimples and pus-clogged pores. Like seeing his tongue balled up and stuck onto his face, or looking at one of his testicles under a hand lens"). His energy almost covers up the fact that his story is not very interesting.

What saddened me about *First Impressions* is that all these stories reduced fiction to personal quirks. To that big subject of growing up they bring some conservative advice. Young characters no longer see things with smartass savvy, like Duddy Kravitz, but skim at oblique angles to real issues. Clever prose and nifty structures are complacent and conformist ways of saying "I want to be me", and from up and coming fiction writers, I expect more than that.

Mavis Gallant's long and excellent "Speck's Idea" is the centrepiece of *Best Canadian Stories*, which Oberon Press has been publishing for 10 years now. Her non-compromising attitudes and razor-sharp ironies are displayed in this story about an insecure Parisian art gallery dealer who wants to rediscover and resurrect the work of a long forgotten minor artist. His plans of quick wealth are thwarted by the artist's widow, a stubborn, plain-speaking woman from Saskatchewan who, after 50 years in France, still does not like speaking French. The confrontation between these two eccentrics builds deliciously.

To look at a Joyce Carol Oates story in isolation is rather like looking at a button on the floor of an immense wardrobe. Her

The family grows and grows

to be published February 1981

OXFORD

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Compiled by Joyce M. Hawkins

A pocket-sized dictionary (3 x 4 3/4 inches) containing 30,000 of the most useful words and phrases. Following the Oxford tradition of favouring compact definitions, but at the same time defining words in a way that is both concise and helpful, the definition of apple has evolved as follows:

'The round firm fleshy fruit of the Rosaceous tree (Pyrus Malus) found wild, as the Crab-apple, in Europe and the Caucasus, and cultivated in innumerable varieties all over the two Temperate Zones.'

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'Round fruit with firm flesh.'

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intention is to become a contemporary Balzac, and everything she writes adds to her immense panorama. She has her religious novel, her doctor novel, her lawyer novel, her Depression novel, and so on. "The Reliquary", a claustrophobic story of a repressed little girl who finds in a box for the relics of a saint the symbol of her own empty spirit, is a mere sidebar to her work.

Alice Munro, on the other hand, finds the spirit of place in everything. Her writing has always had a subtle power, accumulative and insightful. Lately, however, I've been getting tired of her "remember when" routine. Her story, "The Stone in the Field", is yet another nostalgic reminiscence. The adult narrator swings the pendulum backwards in her search for a rock in a field that holds the memories of three maiden aunts in place. But the rock is gone.

The one story that develops the art of its possibilities is Leon Rooke's "Devious Strangers", a breathless, unpunctuated teen-age monologue about a young girl infatuated with a prospective buyer of her late father's house. The tonal qualities of Rooke's distinctive voice create a fine pitch between an author's playful mind, the dramatic necessity of the story, and the tension between the surface of language and

the depths of its meaning.

As for the rest of the collection, I fell into the habit of tuning it in or out. I could scarcely get past the title of Barry Dempster's "A Large K in Kill", and wished I hadn't when I got to its flat ending. I thoroughly enjoyed Linda Svendsen's "Esso", a *Miss Chatelaine* fiction contest winner about a teenager's blossoming sexuality amidst the grease and auto parts of a service station. Terence Byrnes' account of a furnace breakdown in "Wintering Over" reaches mythological proportions. Martin Avery offers a flippant social history of Gravenhurst and Norman Bethune's influence as a role model on the left-leaning narrator. David Helwig's "Aria Da Capo" rather perceptively describes a radio announcer's inability to make emotional contact with the people about him. Guy Vanderhaeghe is a talented Prairie writer who rather awkwardly forces the meaning of his story upon a Belgian farmer who struck a clerk during the Depression and was taken to an asylum.

We need stories and these two volumes of short fiction leave all kinds of cross currents in their wake. Though neither slips absolutely into the artistic stratosphere, well, at least they got off the ground. □

Flower in disguise

Yarrow, by Robert Currie, Oberon Press, 111 pages, \$12.95 cloth (ISBN 0 88750 366 7) and \$5.95 paper (ISBN 0 88750 367 5).

By ALBERT MORITZ

IN HIS SECOND book Robert Currie develops the strengths of his first (*Diving into Fire*, Oberon, 1977) to create a work that is even more vividly realistic, rough-hewn, and honourable than its predecessor. The book recalls, besides the work of Andrew Sucknaski, an important antecedent: Edgar Lee Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*. If Masters's book is no longer rated as major poetry, its vital influence in and through major figures (for example, Cesare Pavese) should not be forgotten. *Yarrow*, by being organized around a single figure — a boy growing up in Saskatchewan during the Second World War — has stronger unity than *Spoon River*, while it achieves similar scope in its realistic panorama of a small rural community.

Yarrow improves on *Diving into Fire* because it is more sharply focused on the way a boy sees this rural world. The earlier book was best on this theme, but also followed its protagonist less impressively through later experiences: college, marriage, and so on. Boyhood experiences gained almost painful clarity in Currie's plain, spare, imagistic verse, with its absolute rightness in capturing living speech. Now in *Yarrow* — but more powerfully and consistently — Currie presents the pride, heroism, pettiness, or degradation inherent in common events intensely experienced and imagined: a sandlot baseball game; the taunting of a Chinese immigrant; a fight; conversations; a man's loss of fingers in a farm accident (in "The Musician at His Work", which compares well with Frost's "Out, Out —").

Currie's poems are not distinguished by originality or grace of language, but by the extremely economic handling of real speech to create small, sharp gems of memory: dramatic monologues, poetically compressed short stories, and searing flashes of spontaneous recollection.

With little psychologizing, with virtually nothing in the way of overt symbolism or imported mythology, Currie's realistic structures create images that are specific to the Saskatchewan of 40 years ago and yet carry a universal charge of experience.

If his book is largely a story of wounds opened long ago, the character of Yarrow — namesake of the omnipresent, supposedly medicinal prairie weed — emerges with the strength to bear them, and perhaps the power to heal. □

A. J. M. Smith, 1902-1980

*Watching the old man die
I savoured my own death,
Like a cowardly egoist
Whose every thought and breath
Must turn and twist
Selfward, inescapably.*

DESPITE THESE lines, which he composed in middle age, A. J. M. Smith was not particularly preoccupied with his own death. "My writing days are over, I'm afraid," he said in 1978. He was 76. He had already survived his wife Jeannie by a year. Cataracts had rendered him more than half blind, and an operation to implant a plastic lens in one eye had failed. And yet he would not look upon the end. "Give me another year," he added, "to see what happens with my eyes." He was not to get his year: a few months later he suffered the stroke from which he never fully recovered. He died at his home in East Lansing, Michigan, in November 1980.

*My death is a thing
Physical, solid, sensuous, a seed
Lodged like Original Sin
In the essence of being, a need
Also, a felt want within.*

Smith was a poet of profound contradictions. His immense contribution to Canadian poetry began in 1925, when he and F. R. Scott launched the *McGill Fortnightly Review* and published in it the poems and essays that introduced to Canadian readers the new poetics of Pound, Eliot, and Yeats. In 1936 *New Provinces* — "the first anthology of 'modern' poetry in Canada and the first I had anything to do with" — appeared, with Smith, Scott, A. M. Klein and others forming the basis of the *Preview* group that was to produce in Montreal in the 1940s a movement that would influence all subsequent Canadian

poetry. In 1936 Smith also accepted a post in the English Department of Michigan State University, where he taught until 1972.

As a critic and the editor of three major anthologies, Smith's contradictions became the paradoxes that have marked the progress of Canadian poetry toward maturity. In 1942, in his introduction to *A Book of Canadian Poetry*, Smith divided the poets into two groups: the "cosmopolitan" and the "native". The former group included the *Preview* poets and was represented; the latter group included Souster, Layton, and Dudek and was omitted. *The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse* (1960), however, redressed the imbalance by including poets of both schools. And in his introduction to *Modern Canadian Verse* (1967) Smith did away with such "formal and tendentious classifications" altogether. "The distinction that was once valid between a native and a cosmopolitan tradition has grown rapidly less significant," he wrote. "Modern Canadian poetry... has developed a sensibility and a language that are international but not rootless... It joins Canada to the world."

By example and through his teaching, A. J. M. Smith's responsibility for whatever sophistication our poetry possesses is immeasurable and undying. His life, as he wished in his own "Epitaph", will always be more significant to us than his death:

*Weep not on this quiet stone,
I, embedded here
Where sturdy roots divide the bone
And tendrils split a hair,
Bespeak you comfort of the grass
That is embodied me,
Which as I am, not as I was,
Would choose to be.*

— WAYNE GRADY

Doomed beyond survival with the bases loaded

by Stephen Scobie

Helen in Exile, by Ian McLachlan, McClelland & Stewart, 369 pages, \$14.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7710 5793 8).

IAN MCLACHLAN'S second novel, *Helen in Exile*, is nothing if not ambitious. It tells three separate but intertwined stories, each featuring a strong, sharply individual woman as central character. It deals with three separate but comparable historical periods, three of the most troubled and violent liberation movements in the 20th century. It attempts a definitive fictional statement on what happened in Montreal during the October Crisis of 1970. And it tries to link all these themes together through the invocation of mythology, from Herodotus to Roland Barthes.

The three women — grandmother, mother and daughter — bear three variants on the name — Helena, Hélène, Helen — which was in the original Greek simply Ελενη, past participle passive feminine, the captured woman. McLachlan begins by quoting Herodotus's account of how the real Helen never was in Troy, and how thus the ostensible cause of the war was in fact an illusion. Helen is doubly a victim: a war is fought in her name, but she isn't even allowed the dignity of being there.

As for Barthes, he is quoted in the book's epigraph as saying that "The very end of myths is to immobilize the world". History repeats itself: the Turks burn Smyrna, the civilized Gestapo listen to Mozart while torturing little children, and the RCMP conspire to cover up their role in the murder of Pierre Laporte. McLachlan's heroine reaches the gloomy conclusion that

I believe in my revolution, not because it will ever be triumphant (if it is, it will immediately be betrayed), but because it can never be suppressed.... Whatever kind of oppression triumphs, it will always fall. The defeated can never be beaten. It doesn't matter what happens to me now.

Helen in Exile would provide Margaret Atwood with a wealth of almost programmatic evidence for the thesis of *Survival*. "The defeated can never be beaten": how's that for a "Canadian" philosophy? Helena survives the burning of her city by a retreat into memory and senility; Hélène survives her memories of torture by cutting off all human contact. Helen tries to move beyond survival, but she is doomed from the start. Literally. The book opens:

Her first memory was of betrayal.
Not of having been betrayed. All chil-

dren remember that, the sudden removal of love.

Helen's first memory was of betraying.
Try to survive that.

(If this opening seems more than slightly pretentious, it's not helped at all by the next line's lapse into the colloquial: "Actually, to be more exact, my first memory is of a monkey's bum." All the Helen sections use this rather pointless alternation between the first and third persons.)

The theme of betrayal continues through the book — on personal, sexual, and political levels — until the ending, where Helen, blindly and foolishly refusing to repeat her childhood betrayal, is herself betrayed. Trapped in the archetypes of history, myth, and Canada, she can find fulfilment only in the role of victim: "It doesn't matter what happens to me now." Unfortunately, the reader may be tempted to agree.

As well as the survival thesis, McLachlan makes a bow in the direction of the "documentary" tradition in Canadian literature (one is often struck by the book's apparent determination to cover all possible bases, its patent — almost blatant — ambition to be the Great Canadian Novel) by including portentous "Appendices", which quote in their full, unreadable length both the FLQ Manifesto and the autopsy report on Pierre Laporte. The novel is also full of interesting snippets of factual or technical detail, from the correct method of training bonsai plants to the birthplace of Glaucis, "who discovered how to weld iron back in the seventh century before Christ".

I have profoundly ambivalent feelings about this novel. There is much to admire in it — the boldness of its conception, the evocativeness of the scenes in Greece — and also much to argue with. I find the parallel between the October Crisis and the Nazis as disproportionate from this angle as it is, from another angle, in Hugh MacLennan. McLachlan presents as major aesthetic breakthroughs paintings (done by Helen) that from their descriptions sound to me like a boring mess. While the major characters are quite strongly drawn, most of the minor characters, especially in the Canadian section, are entirely conventional and boring. But fundamentally, the novel failed, at least for me, because it failed to engage and command my attention.

It wasn't that I didn't enjoy *Helen in Exile*, but it took me a month to read it. I would finish a chapter, put the book down, and not pick it up again for four or five days,

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There was, for me, no drive to the book, no life: perhaps I felt it to be just *too* programmatic, too obviously ringing the changes of an inflexible pattern. I felt uneasily that the historical events were being exploited for their sensational aspects rather than explored in a genuine search for their significance. I resisted what I saw as the book's premature declaration of its own profundity.

Yet I would not want to end this review on a negative note. *Helen in Exile* is, as I said at the outset, a highly ambitious novel. If its ambitions in some ways exceed its achievements, this may be due to McLachlan's comparative inexperience: it is, after all, only his second novel. And the ambition, the willingness to take chances, the sheer audacity of the novel's proposed scope, are all qualities that should be applauded and encouraged. □

Only the lonely

The Pottersfield Portfolio, Number 2, 1980-1981, edited by Lesley Choyce, Pottersfield Press (RR2 Porters Lake, N.S. B0J 2S0), 52 pages, \$3.25 paper (ISBN 0 91001 02 5; ISSN 0226 0840).

By GWENDOLYN DAVIES

IN 19TH-CENTURY Atlantic Canada, such literary journals as *The Acadian Magazine*, *The Amaranth*, and *Stewart's Literary Quarterly* encouraged local writing by publishing inexpensive reading for the general public. Theirs was an important role in developing a sense of regional culture in the Atlantic area and in giving geographically dispersed writers a sense of literary community.

The Pottersfield Portfolio, which publishes Atlantic authors as geographically scattered as Alden Nowlan, bill bissett, Alistair MacLeod, Percy Janes, and Silver Donald Cameron, in many ways resembles these early periodicals. It assumes a magazine-like format and even on occasion advertises in a magazine-like way, but it is the role of the *Portfolio*, not its format, that is significant. Since the demise of the *Fourth Estate's* "Voices Down East", Atlantic Canada has not had a publication devoted to the current work of the area's writers.

This being said, it is ironic that there is nothing particularly Atlantic about the body of work offered in the 1980-81 *Portfolio*. Many of the poems are statements of alienation that lack the wry humour of Alden Nowlan's "The Inflatable Woman" ("and it's getting tougher all the time to tell the/real people from the phonies") or the intimacy of Alistair MacLeod's "On This
12 Books in Canada, January, 1981

of February's Cold" ("All day we work, responding/ Silently to each other's messages").

This does not mean that there are not some well-crafted selections, but one cannot help being struck by the absence of a mythic and a lyric sense in many of the voices. Instead, the loneliness of modern man seems to preoccupy both poets and prose writers alike, and in the fiction this is translated into tones of gritty realism. Whether the setting is the garbage dump of John E. C. MacDonald's "Junk" or the tavern of H.R. Percy's "A Passable Likeness", a shared poverty of spirit seems to be the only source of communion between the central characters. Jeremy Akerman's "Wednesday's Child" sums up the bleakness found in these stories in its chillingly detached last line: "I think of a lovely, lonely lady who dreamed she murdered Jesus Christ and talked to a rotting dog."

There are exceptions to this tone in the politically conscious writing of two Acadian authors, Phil Comeau and H. Paratte, and in the historical dimension of such poems as david c. kennedy's "A Long Time Ago On Bell Island". However, one cannot finish the anthology without wishing for some variance in theme and form. There is little sense of a body of writers responding to their social environment, landscape, or culture.

This is not to advocate that fishheads, fiddleheads, and Cape Island boats be scattered throughout the works as symbols of East Coast life, but there may have been some truth in Sam Slick's dictum, "Look to yourselves, and don't look to others." The fiction already published by David Adams Richards is a case in point, for throughout his writing career, Richards has succeeded in exploring the inarticulateness, loneliness, and alienation that also engage the *Portfolio* writers. However, Richards has achieved this by stylizing the distinctive speech patterns and daily rhythms of his own Miramichi background, and in doing so has given universal dimensions to his regional setting. It is this imaginative integration of the regional and the universal that seems to be lacking in *The Pottersfield Portfolio*, Number 2. That it will come is



probable, for editor Lesley Choyce is providing a forum for regional writers where few have existed in recent years. To quote Sam Slick again, because the "start" has been made, the "stages" will come. □

With my lens I thee worship

Nobody Swings on Sunday: The Many Lives and Films of Harry Rasky, by Harry Rasky, Collier Macmillan, illustrated, 262 pages, \$13.95 cloth (ISBN 02 990660 1).

By W. A. MARSANO

HARRY RASKY is a producer of documentary films for television, and is therefore one of a largely anonymous tribe, for it is given to us to know that Garry Marshall invented *Laverne & Shirley*, but not much more of this mysterious medium. Rasky is a little more familiar than his colleagues for two reasons: he got into his exasperating trade when the medium was less contemptuous of it; and some of his works have been portraits of great names. Ah, yes — his stuff is pretty damned good, too.

Now Rasky has written an odd book about his "many lives and films". In it Rasky may succeed in explaining himself to himself but he doesn't do very well by the reader. This is a highly personal and internal narrative that might better have been a film, or a long, good evening's talk, over single malt and cognac. The book's uncomfortable form is a problem: part is straight autobiography, part is interpreted through his films — spiritual autobiography.

Rasky grew up in a Toronto sub-ghetto — the congregation was too small to afford a rabbi. His early days are recounted in a mock-Teve style, not with feeling but with attempted feeling. It is not insincerity that does the damage, but a choke in the throat. Something is missing here. Something important is not yet come to terms with, and it causes inarticulated pain. Through anecdotes and incidents (including the weighty one involving the title of this book) Rasky hints at anti-Semitism and cultural exclusion. They may have played their part, but they are also a smokescreen.

Once the narrative shifts focus to the making of a young documentarian, a different problem surfaces. Rasky's travels are wide and his acquaintances many; often they are powerful men. But Rasky's interest in these men extends little beyond their effect on him. Readers may be willing to sit still for some of this — Rasky can be an interesting story-teller — but not to the virtual exclusion of the people he meets. Rasky interviews David Ben-Gurion, but "I do not remember exactly what he said. . . ." He meets Haile Selassie, but says not one word about it save that he was tempted to address him in Yiddish. Rasky goes to some lengths to interview Jomo Kenyatta, Julius Nyerere, and Albert Luthuli, but what Rasky wants us to be interested in are his own rhetorical questions.

Rasky sees something of the mystic poet in himself, but the acuity of his vision is not at point. Convincing us *is*. Rasky is sensitive, perhaps too sensitive. In his attempts to portray himself as receptor of all human vibrations — of pain and sorrow, of struggle and triumph — he urges his case too strongly and too often, as if surprised to have discovered his own cosmic qualities.

The picture is not utterly bleak. Certainly the republication of Rasky's Toronto *Telegram* "letters" from Vietnam to his infant daughter is a mawkish low point (published once was more than enough), but the book does gain vigour as it rattles along. Strong emotions emerge in the chapters on Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller, and the Chagall chapter has dizzy charm. Mrs. Ben-Gurion, in the brief hour she struts and frets upon the stage (and that is exactly what she does), provides far better copy than her husband. And there is a splendid vaudeville episode in Jerusalem, when Harry seeks permission of an Arab religious official to film within the Dome of the Rock.

Elsewhere, things go less well.

Rasky's documentaries — which he and one TV critic occasionally and un-euphoniously refer to as "Raskymentaries" — have deservedly won a great many awards, and Rasky has pioneered and developed various techniques in the form. But if there has been one criticism that sticks, it is the charge that his later films are "soft", almost worshipful. It is not that Rasky lacks the courage to be tough-minded

when necessary, but that he revels in intense sympathy for those whose portraits he makes. He is drawn to his subjects by kinship, and the result is always more celebratory than exploratory. He sees what he wants to see: good, not bad.

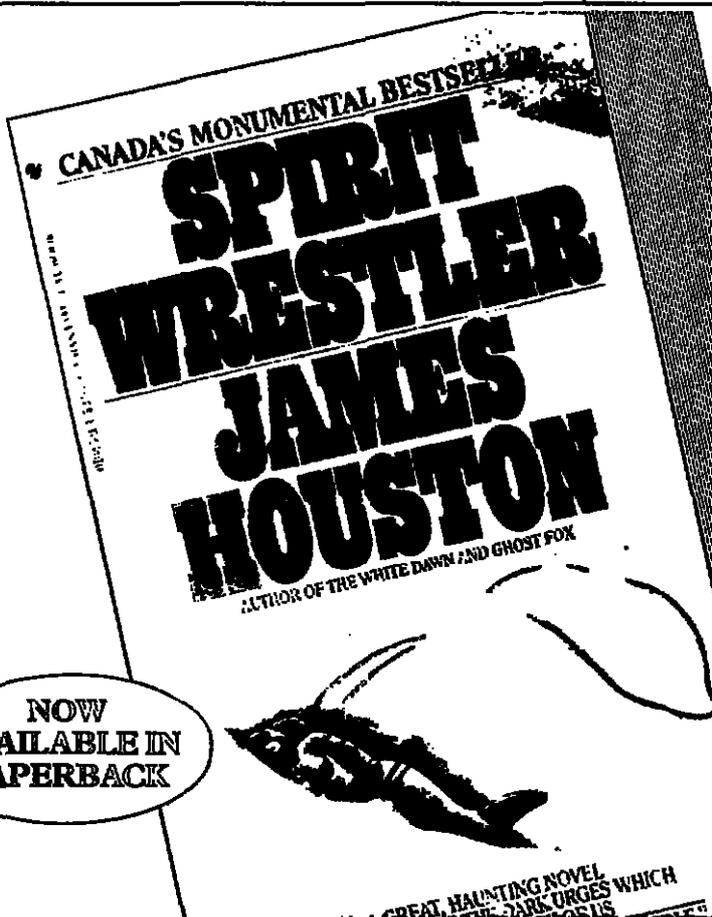
That tendency, however, eliminates perspective. We are left only with Rasky's private vision, and it is too intimate to appreciate from without. The "many lives" in the subtitle comes from Rasky's mystic (or, if you're feeling uncharitable, sentimental) belief that he *becomes* his subject as he portrays them. As for a biographer being too close to his subject, that is as close — and protective — as you can get. In the chapter on Tennessee Williams, for example, Rasky says Williams "told me he had fierce nightmares about his dead grandparents. He seemed personally angry, and it was our only anxious time together." Here we seem to have reached a critical point, but it is often at such points that Rasky drops the subject. Why? Is this excess concern for someone's feelings? Or is Rasky worried that the person who might emerge would disturb the image he intends to preserve?

Despite the populace of great names in this book, Rasky spares us any pomposity. He does not shrink from recalling that putting this track of sound over that foot of film was a truly smashing idea, but he isn't bragging. These are almost always off-hand comments; they have the surprise of fresh remembrance and are cheerfully ingenuous. There are other unguarded moments that

look out upon areas of speculation. Rasky remarks, toward the end of his book, that he has seen one of his films more than 300 times. And he's liked it every time, too. And it is clear that he travels a great deal to take the finished portrait back to his subject and screen it right before his eyes, to have it approved on the spot.

Self-regard is not at work here; it is something more like expiation, or justification, or an attempt to reconcile some past conflict. There is a delight in setting down the praise of critics (in seemingly amounts, please note) but almost a need to receive and record the applause of his subjects. The subject of any biographical effort is not necessarily fittest to judge it, but it is his word that Rasky accepts as final. (If he likes it, that is. If any subject doesn't like Rasky's film, we do not hear of it.) Tennessee Williams says, "Let this be my epitaph." Chagall says, "Wonderful, wonderful!" There is an almost filial quality in this need for praise.

That brings up Rasky's father, a mysterious figure. We get a small sketch of him at the beginning, but it is a dim one — more a silhouette of a strong old Jewish lion singing the praises of the lord in an impoverished *shul*. And yet he is present everywhere. He visits his son in New York (and, typically, Rasky tells us almost nothing of their meeting). Critically, perhaps, he dies in Toronto while Harry is in Africa on an assignment he took on knowing the old man was dying. Thereafter the father figures



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more strongly than when he was alive. It is astonishing, the number of people Rasky interviews who remind him of his father, how often the image of the old lion appears out of nowhere, sinking his son into reverie.

Rasky, who began his career as one of a generation of Hemingway-riden young reporter-adventurers, comes to the end of this book as a father-haunted figure in search of spiritual peace. Perhaps it is no wonder, then, that Rasky's important later films (especially those mentioned in this book) are portraits of older men — men whose lustre is dimming — and that his portraits hymn praise, and have about them the spirit of prayer. □

The secret is out

Daddy's Girl: A Very Personal Memoir. by Charlotte Vale Allen, McClelland & Stewart, 225 pages, \$14.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7710 8668 7).

By ELEANOR WACHTEL

HAPPY FAMILIES are all alike, Tolstoy wrote in *Anna Karenina*, but unhappy families are unhappy each in its own way. Exposed to the harsh light of modern sociology, those unhappy ways — madness, wife battering, child abuse, and incest — are shocking indeed. The hopeful aspect of this recognition that the family is a primary crucible of violence is that these taboos can be discussed openly today. Not only the social researchers and the therapists but the family victims themselves feel able to speak out.

Daddy's Girl is an autobiography of an incest victim. When Charlotte Vale Allen was seven years old, she pulled on her mittens one morning in her Toronto apartment and found inside two quarters, three nickels, and a dime — payment from Daddy for letting him touch her *down there*. And so began a 10-year nightmare for Ms. Allen as prostitute to her own father. Twice a week, when her mother was playing cards with friends, Charlotte would climb into bed with Daddy. She was desperate for affection and approval; here was a warm invitation. Her mother seemed ill-tempered and pre-occupied. From the first, though, Charlotte sensed something wrong. But even then it was too late. Along with the coins in the mittens came threats of all too vividly imagined consequences — prison, torture — if anyone were to discover *The Secret*. Charlotte lost weight, couldn't sleep, and became accident-prone. She made few friends at school and even today is frightened of men. A social outcast, she yearned to tell someone, anyone, what was destroying her. She secretly auditioned teachers, relatives, a guidance counsellor, but con-

cluded that none would be able to deal with the horror if it. Her father's lies would charm them.

Christmas, when she was 11, Daddy took her to visit the factory where he worked. There he forced her to do the "new thing" — fellate him. Charlotte could feel herself splitting into two persons: the One who was evil, had money, and an unpleasant sense of power; and the Other, a wholesome girl who loved her family and the idea of happy families. Her life became an act, and the effort was killing her. Charlotte began to hear voices screaming in her head. She alternately wished for her father's death and her own.

Had she not been befriended by a kind, intelligent teacher, Helen, a breakdown would seem to have been inevitable. Much of the second half of *Daddy's Girl* chronicles a tender love story between Charlotte and Helen. She is quick to caution us that there were no sexual overtones, but it would seem that all along what she really wanted was to be Mommy's Girl, to be held in a warm maternal embrace.

In recounting her life, Allen cuts back and forth in time, tracing her early childhood and juxtaposing it with that of her own seven-year-old daughter. Her hunger for reassurance is insatiable, so the comparisons are unavoidably self-serving. But that's hopeful; we know she must be reasonably all right and the promise of a "happy ending" mitigates somewhat the wretched tale of her growing up. In fact, Allen frequently alludes to her rescue. An English couple took her under their wing when she hit bottom in her 20s. Norman and Lola were warm, generous, and provided her with a supportive family. But partly because of the cross-cutting writing technique, partly as a result of Allen's obsessive insecurity, the tributes to her saviours become repetitive and tedious. It's an exercise with which we are all familiar: when feeling discouraged, make a list of those things we do have — friends, family, home, whatever. Allen does it over and over again. I'm okay, I'm okay is her version of the pop psychology book, and she proffers just as many clichés. No doubt it's inappropriate to expect anything else from "A Very Personal Memoir," but the all-pervasive and fragile egotism becomes increasingly difficult to bear.

Aside from this, Charlotte Vale Allen writes effectively. Sixteen novels in nine years have sharpened her skills. Characters and scenes are realized quickly and vividly. Dialogue is utterly real. She has written a genuinely troubling book, annoying, uncomfortable, and compelling. Writing *Daddy's Girl* drove Allen to abandon a singing career and become a novelist. It took 14 rewrites and almost nine years for her to be able to make the switch from third to first person and pare away the self-protective lies hiding the truth. That even then she hasn't achieved any distance does not detract from the fact that *Daddy's Girl* is a brave account and not merely another case history in a suddenly burgeoning field. □

Before the Force was with us

Canadian Airmen and the First World War, by S. F. Wise, University of Toronto Press, 771 pages, \$35 cloth (ISBN 0 8020 2379 7).

By DONALD JACK

THIS IS THE first of a four-volume official history of the Royal Canadian Air Force; in effect, an introduction, as the RCAF was not established until after 1918. The book deals mainly with the remarkable contribution of Canada's airmen to the British flying services in the First World War.

Canadians proved to have a distinct talent for flying and for aerial warfare. Perhaps geography had something to do with it. Just as, in the Second World War, Patton's army moved with such headlong speed because of the "Wagons-ho!" American experience, horizontal distance no object, Canadians responded to the vertical dimension — there has always seemed to be so much more sky in Canada than in any other country. Certainly, Canadian flyers were unusually effective in the air. Many of the top Allied fighter aces were Canadians; vigorous, uncourtly knights like Billy Bishop, Raymond Collishaw, Donald MacLaren, and William Barker, who, in the greatest individual air combat of the war, fought 60 enemy scouts single-handed and shot down four of them before crashing near a balloon site. He received extensive hospital treatment and a Victoria Cross.

Despite the high proportion of Canadians



in the British services — by 1916 up to 20 per cent of the pilots in some squadrons were Canadians, "and in most cases they were the pick of the squadrons" — the

Canadian government made no real attempt to establish a separate Canadian air arm, though the farsighted pointed out that a Canadian Air Force would advance the national interest. "It was not enough, Wise writes, "that a great many Canadians were accumulating experience as pilots and observers. What Canada was missing was the challenge to put together and actually operate a flying organization, so that invaluable executive administrative experience would be acquired, to be used in the future both for military and civil aviation at home." But the British were naturally reluctant to lose so many of their best men, and the Canadian government, having a respect for the Imperial authority that was as profound as it was unwarranted, was not prepared to force the issue. Not that there was a precedent lacking. The Minister of Militia and National Defence, Sam Hughes, had even stood up to Lord Kitchener, the War Office autocrat, and insisted that the Canadian troops fight as a unit — Kitchener had intended to break up the first Canadian division he could get his hands on, to use it as a blood bank — as reinforcements for British divisions. This military autonomy had important political benefits, giving Canada international status and a separate representation at the Peace Conference. The Americans had resisted a similar Allied effort to muck about with their men: General Pershing reduced Foch, the Allied commander-in-chief, to a trembling rage by refusing to allow his men to be used as donors to the blood-white French. The American army would fight as a unit or not at all. The Canadian government failed to insist on the same measure of independence for their flying men, though their contribution was such that, even by early 1917, eight Canadian squadrons could have been formed, complete with air staff, supply, and equipment support. The Australians, incidentally, had their own Flying Corps. This failure of nerve and self-confidence perhaps accounts for the lack of direction in Canadian aviation that obtained for years after the war.

Canadian Airmen and the First World War is an attempt, as Wise says, "to recover for Canadians a chapter of their history that has lain buried for over 60 years". It succeeds handsomely, in a definitive volume of 800 pages, with multi-coloured maps and 400 illustrations, many of them reproduced for the first time. There are sections on Canadian Training and Air Policy, The Admiralty and the Air, Strategic Airpower, and Airpower in the Land Battle, and extensive appendices. I looked for certain specific incidents in the war and found them faultlessly recorded, with proper care for historical accuracy and no attempt at dramatization of the kind that might create a popular history but can deform the facts. This is not to say that popular history does not have an honourable place in literature. Frequently it can convey the truth through the recreation of atmosphere more tellingly than many an academic history. In the case of the First World War

we have had a superabundance of colour and personalization. Professor Wise restores the balance with a work of great depth of research, cleanly presented. An example is an incident that occurred during the Allied intervention in the Russian Civil War in 1919. Among the intervening forces were three RAF squadrons, one of them commanded by a Canadian, Raymond Collishaw. He had a number of Canadians under him, including a Captain Anderson of Toronto. "Anderson and his observer, Lieutenant Mitchell, distinguished themselves on 30 July while carrying out a photographic reconnaissance along the Volga. When Anderson's fuel tank was punctured by fire from the ground, Mitchell climbed out on the port wing and plugged the leaks with his fingers, while Anderson jettisoned his bombload on a gunboat in the Volga. Meanwhile, Anderson's escort, a DH9 flown by Captain William Elliott, a future air chief marshal of the RAF, had been shot down by machine-gun fire; Anderson thereupon landed close by. 'Several Squadrons of Cavalry attempted to surround our machine,' he reported, 'but they were kept clear by our machinegun fire.' Elliott set fire to his aircraft, he and his observer tumbled into the other DH9, and with Mitchell still plugging the holes in the fuel tank with his hand, Anderson flew home. Both Anderson and Mitchell were recommended for the VC ... eventually they received DSOs." □

In the steps of Carleton

Guy Carleton: A Biography, by Paul R. Reynolds, Gage, 209 pages, \$9.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7715 9300 7).

By **ROGER HALL**

IF THE MEASURE of greatness is commemoration through place-names, then Sir Guy Carleton, later Lord Dorchester (1724-1808) was a very great man indeed — at least in Canada. A check in the gazetteer reveals more than 50 places apparently named after him, and that is without including roads, streets, or local features. This cartographic abundance, however, doesn't find much complement either in scholarly interest or public awareness. Students find Carleton's governorship of Canada, apart from his scrappy defence of Quebec, difficult to understand and devoid of interest.

Biographers — including Reynolds — have done little to pump much life into Carleton, not the least because his wife obediently burned all his personal papers after his death. Yet Carleton ruled Canada



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virtually singlehandedly for nearly a quarter of a century, and devised policies and opinions that explain not only a great deal about the evolution of this country's bifurcated society, but go far toward charting the course of early American development.

Carleton was born in Ulster, as were many successful British officers. At the age of 18 he was commissioned an ensign in the 25th Regiment of Foot. Carleton's family was not wealthy, so promotion (conventionally, in the 18th century, by purchase) was slow and Carleton was fortunate to have as friend and booster James Wolfe, whose own spectacular career saw him rise to lieutenant-colonel by 23 and major-general by 32. Carleton served under Wolfe as quartermaster-general during the siege of Quebec, and upon Wolfe's death was a principal heir. In 1766 Carleton was in Canada once more, this time as a general himself and acting governor.

Carleton appears to have been a cold and aloof character, a man of vicious and mean temper, whom even Wolfe called "grave". His aristocratic disdain quickly alienated him from the local English merchants at Quebec, and it soon became clear that the governor openly favoured *Canadiens*. Carleton's sponsorship of the conquered people was not without guile: he understood that if the former colony of New France were to be kept loyal to George III, then he would have to devise a way of winning local hearts and minds. His strategy: the Quebec Act of 1774, which perpetuated *de facto*

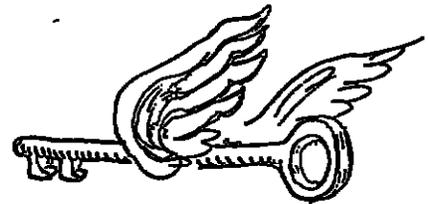
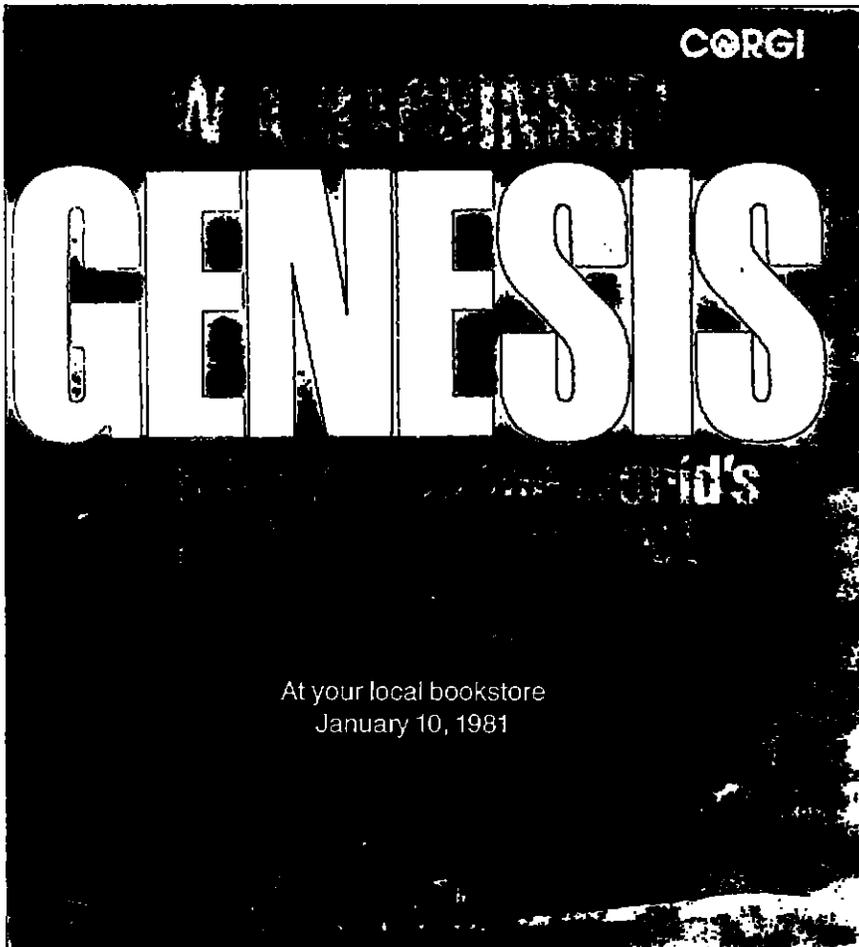
British paternalism and guaranteed the rights of the clergy and the seigneurial class. Carleton's failure was that he couldn't understand that New France was not Old France. He thought his sponsorship of the aristocratic elements of the society would bind ordinary people to the British connection. In this he was seriously mistaken, a point not at all well developed by Reynolds. When the American Revolution burst into frenzied life with an attack on the British underbelly in Quebec, the *habitants* either fell under the sway of Yankee rhetoric, or remained sullenly neutral.

Carleton's defence of the city is considered heroic and legendary, although some writers (not Reynolds) argue that he should have been court-martialled for not effectively pursuing the American armies when the siege evaporated. And it was Carleton, at Revolution's end, who discharged the melancholy but necessary duty of overseeing Britain's withdrawal from the former Thirteen Colonies.

By 1786 Carleton was back in Quebec, This time as Governor-in-Chief of the rump of British North America. As Baron Dorchester, he faced a population now including a growing number of American Loyalists vociferously clamouring for the repeal of the inadequate Quebec Act and calling for the rights of Englishmen. Carleton's soldier's vision couldn't see much beyond that aging act, although his advisor, friend, and confidant William Smith, former Chief Justice of New York,

put forward a prophetic scheme for federating all the remaining British colonies. The plan finally adopted was the Constitutional Act of 1791, or, as it was called at the time, the Canada Act (the name which Prime Minister Trudeau now suggests for a patriated, revitalized BNA Act). This was English government all right, but really a throwback to the Stuarts. It seems that neither the Imperial government nor Dorchester had learned from the American Revolution or the ongoing French Revolution, and it would require armed rebellions half a century later to make those lessons sink in. By that time, of course, Dorchester was long in the grave. As A. L. Burt, Carleton's most successful biographer, noted, he spent the last 12 years of his life in retirement on his English estates: "There he devoted himself to the breeding of horses and it may be that he found more happiness in that than he found in the governing of men."

Paul Reynolds has given us a largely inoffensive account of Carleton, one which grew out of a youthful visitor's fascination with Quebec. He is an American and, despite the fact that he is directly descended from Paul Revere, he objectively relates the tale of the Americans' coming. Too frequently he relies on marred secondary accounts, and consequently the book repeats many errors, errors effaced elsewhere by scholarship. Certainly his picture of the life of the *Canadien* is quaint: "The *habitant* loved dancing, storytelling, gossiping, and joking." He probably had natural rhythm as well. The most annoying aspect of the book is Reynolds' continual use of the term "Quebecois" to refer to 18th-century Canadians. The word, of course, if it had any meaning at all, referred strictly (until the 1960s) to inhabitants of Quebec City. Although Reynolds has gone to some pains to reveal the warts on Carleton's stern face, he has left a few out. A particular flaw is his refusal to deal with Carleton's last few years in Canada when he badly bungled Indian policy. This and other limitations prevent the book from being of much use to scholars; on the other hand Reynolds writes well and reminds us of Carleton's pivotal role in Canadian history. He reminds us too of the longevity of the ingredients in the Canadian mix: keeping America at bay, finding workable solutions for French/English animosities, staving off English interference, settling native claims, and grappling with the appalling need for a new constitution. Carleton doubtless was happier in his retirement governing horses, although he probably didn't notice too much difference. □



Roughing it in the clearings

Young Mr. Smith in Upper Canada, by Mary Larratt Smith, University of Toronto Press, illustrated, 284 pages, \$15.00 cloth (ISBN 0 8020 2376 2).

By I. M. OWEN

ONE OF THE determining factors in the history of this country was the long peace enjoyed by Britain from 1815 to 1854. While the officers who remained in a shrunken army occupied themselves in painting water-colours or devising ever more gorgeous and impractical uniforms for their regiments, their colleagues who had retired on half-pay had an alternative if they had no landed estates of their own to fall back on: Canada. Here there were large tracts of land to be had for the asking — at no charge if they were uncleared, at modest prices otherwise. Here was an opportunity to found a new squirearchy in the New World. As few of them could have passed an aptitude test in land management, the results were seldom happy.

Captain Larratt Hillary Smith arrived in 1833. Putting first things first, he entered his two sons, Larratt and George, as boarders at the recently founded Upper Canada College, before proceeding north with his wife and two daughters to Lake Couchiching, where the land he had acquired sight unseen proved to be a mixture of stones and infertile soil. In 1836, a move south to Richmond Hill (which today is a very short distance from Toronto) made for a rather less uncomfortable life, but it didn't last very long. By the middle of 1844 the whole family was back in England with the exception of young Larratt, now 23 and a budding lawyer.

This Larratt Smith lived to be nearly 85, having had a successful career without attaining, or probably seeking, great eminence. Posthumously, however, he left an indelible mark on our history by keeping a journal from the age of 18 until, in a codicil to his will a few days before he died in 1905, he wrote: "My epitaph is in my diary."

Now Mary Larratt Smith, herself old enough to remember being taken to see her grandfather in the last summer of his life, has made a fine book out of his diaries from 1839 to 1858, together with letterbooks in which he transcribed his correspondence. It's a splendid chronicle of life in Toronto in the first three decades of its incorporation, seen through the eyes of a spirited young man.

Larratt Smith worked hard at his profession, though at this period of his life he didn't like it much. He evidently had a real talent for both singing and acting, and

managed to get in a great deal of both. For anyone planning a historical novel about the period, here is much of the detail that doesn't get into sober records such as Dr. Scadding's: prices, rents, household equipment, diet, weather, social life (strenuous), musical and theatrical events (incessant).

I suppose every diarist has an eye on posterity, and this one shows it in a certain reticence about personal feelings, though he was clearly an emotional and quick-tempered man. For instance, there is much about his father but very little reference to his mother, whose portrait by Berthon reveals her as a dreary sourpuss. Again, he records, in guarded language, that he nearly had a duel with one of his closest friends, but avoids specifying the occasion of the quarrel.

Among the many points that strike me is the precariousness of life in that time. Smith's first, very happy, marriage lasted only six years; his wife died before she was 27. Their first son lived about six weeks, the third died at the age of nine; the middle one died at 20 after being wounded in the battle of Ridgeway in the Fenian Raid of 1866 — according to his father, of privation and neglect while the senior officers and John A. Macdonald were celebrating their victory nearby. Larratt Smith never spoke to Macdonald again and voted Liberal for the rest of his life.

On the other hand, his second marriage, with which the book ends, and which seems to have been a much less passionate affair, lasted for the rest of his life and resulted in 10 sturdy children and, today, a high frequency across the country of people with "Larratt" somewhere in their names.

It's interesting to see how urbanization, with its improved communications, may in a real sense make places more distant from each other. In 1839 Larratt Smith was living in a rented cottage on the eastern edge of Garrison Common. One weekend he went to visit his parents at Richmond Hill:

I finally started at 11 A.M. & walked out to Finch's Tavern where I met Captain Stuart & his men . . . so I rode in their vehicle to the Cricket Ground & played there from 2 to 5. Left there on foot. . . . Arrived home by 6 o'clock.

Now, the first stage of this walk was about 10 miles, done in something under three hours — a perfectly imaginable country walk. But to a modern Torontonionian it's a walk from Spadina and Front to Yonge and Finch, which is unthinkable. I'm a walker by nature and habit (some readers may remember that a letter in the November issue called attention to my pedestrian quality) but it would never occur to me to do it. If the subway happened not to be working, if I had no car, and if no taxi was available, Yonge and Finch would seem inaccessible. □



Malice in Wonderland

Malcolm Muggeridge: A Life, by Ian Hunter, Collins, illustrated, 270 pages, \$15.95 cloth (ISBN 0 00 216538 4).

By DEAN BONNEY

WHEN MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE was journalist in residence — or as he put it, "old hack in residence" — at the University of Western Ontario, Ian Hunter spent the year in Muggeridge's house in Sussex going through letters, diaries, and other unpublished material, and writing this book. He says in a graceful and disarming introduction that most biographers admire their subjects (he cites Boswell), but that at all times he was aware of "the danger of hagiography". He may have been aware of it; he hasn't avoided straying into its Pavlovian byways. He's a biographer, but he's also a friend, apostle, champion, apologist, and, since he's a lawyer by trade, attorney for the defence. He disparages each of Muggeridge's critics in turn. He finds evidence that might throw their credibility into question and flourishes it, as before a jury. Muggeridge's enemies are, *ipso facto*, his too. It's an attitude that's hard on the great man's friends. They're implausibly virtuous. It extends even to his research: he attributes to Muggeridge what most people (and books of quotations) accept as Churchill's characterization of Atlee: "a sheep in sheep's clothing".

Is there any need for a biography now anyway, since it must be incomplete, and since Muggeridge has already published two volumes of his autobiography and will publish the third in 1981? This book will be useful to sticklers. Muggeridge, characteristically scornful of facts, relied on his memory when he wrote *Chronicles of Wasted Time*. Hunter shows he was often a couple of years out when he says he wrote something or stayed somewhere — a trifling benefit, but better than nothing. It may also be a convenience for those who want a short cut through Muggeridge's life, although *Chronicles of Wasted Time* is much better reading. Hunter tries hard to emulate his idol's style, but he lacks the ear and the long experience. He also needs a careful editor. Muggeridge would never have written "straightened" when he meant "straitened", or, twice, "portentious" when he meant "pretentious."

He spends much time tracing the evolution and present state of Muggeridge's political and especially his religious beliefs. If he had been able to stick to exposition and analysis this would have been valuable, but he can't. He marvels at the rightness of it all, sneers at those who have disagreed, and

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lets the reader know that if he can't reorder his own convictions to coincide with the master's, then he's deficient.

In his time Muggeridge has written novels, short stories, plays, and poems. Hunter gives plot summaries of several of these and assures us they're "moving" and "powerful", but from the passages he quotes it's not difficult to see why, with one exception, they've been allowed to go out of print. But he also quotes liberally from Muggeridge's journalism and, probably without realizing it, he illustrates brilliantly how a callow young man, who started with the great advantage of being infatuated with words, slowly shed his affectations and became the virtuoso writer he is today.

The book fails because it doesn't do what every good biography must do: draw a convincing portrait. Will the real Malcolm Muggeridge please stand up? He may resemble the paragon depicted here. But readers who know him only from the printed page, radio, and television will wonder what happened to the knowing performer, provocative, facile, all puckish sanctimoniousness and twinkling intolerance, the latecomer to piety and asceticism, the adroit and self-serving autobiographer, and the seer whose counsel is the love of God but whose stock in trade is malice. □

Battle hymns of the Dominion

The *Passionate Observer*, by Donald Creighton, McClelland & Stewart, 211 pages, \$19.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7710 2363 4).

By DONALD SWAINSON

THE LATE Donald Creighton was one of our very finest historians. His research, at least for his earlier books, was impeccable. Creighton wrote beautiful prose; indeed, he regarded history as a literary craft. And he possessed a coherent vision of Canada — a vision that informed all of his writing and provided an interpretative framework for his brand of history. For Donald Creighton, Canada was a monarchist and conservative state that represented continuity on a continent dedicated to revolutionary and republican principles. We adhere to British traditions, and the United States is our traditional enemy. Our uniqueness resides in our ethnic mix, political and constitutional traditions, and place within the North Atlantic English-speaking world. Canada was consciously constructed along east-west lines, and that construction must be protected by good nationalists. Otherwise, Liberals will sell (or give) the whole operation to the Americans, and we will be absorbed into a society that Donald Creighton abhorred.

It is important to differentiate vision and

interpretation. Creighton's vision was consistent and he interpreted, or judged, Canadian history accordingly. If history conformed to the vision, Creighton was exuberantly positive. Events were falling nicely into place during the mid-1860s. Hence, *The Road to Confederation* (1962) is an optimistic work. During the long Liberal hegemony of the 20th century, however, events went awry. The tie with Britain became exceedingly loose; continentalism and republicanism spread like a fungus over our body politic; constitutional traditionalism was assaulted repeatedly; provincialism and regionalism wrecked the centralized system created by the Fathers of Confederation. As a result, *Canada's First Century* (1970) is a book of gloom.

The Passionate Observer, published after Creighton's death, is not representative of Creighton's scholarship. It is a collection of reviews, addresses, newspaper articles, reflective pieces, and comments on friends and colleagues. One excellent piece debunks what was once the conventional wisdom concerning the history of Ontario during the 1830s and 1840s.

Creighton's writing, as always, is a joy. Articles are crafted entities that are designed for dramatic effect. They make a case, and often in a polemical manner. Creighton can be irreverent, and occasionally shocks. He vituperates thus about the fund-raising campaigns that irritated him as an undergraduate at Victoria College:

At least once a year a great campaign was launched on behalf of the Methodist missions in China. We were informed, in compelling tones, that in the Chinese provinces of Chu-bu or Bang-quang, or names to that effect, there were only two missionaries where at least fifty were urgently needed.

Firm judgements abound, and they relate closely to Creighton's vision of Canada. The Americans remain a villainous threat, and their allies are the perfidious Liberals:

The United Nations, under peremptory American direction, justified the Korean War; and in those days Lester Pearson and the Canadian Department of External Affairs regarded the United Nations as a divine institution, created by God for the preservation of collective security and peace. And looking back now, after a lapse of nearly thirty years, we can realize how wonderfully correct they were in their confident expectations, can't we? In their eyes, the Korean War was a noble crusade for the collective system. Innis saw it for what it was, an American imperialist war. . . .

Republicanism continues to creep throughout the land; constitutional traditionalism is constantly undermined; central authority is inexorably destroyed. The villains are, to borrow a phrase, the same old bunch: Mackenzie King, St. Laurent, Pearson, Underhill, Liberals in general and French Canadian leaders in particular. Creighton's allies are such correct-thinking intellectuals as Harold Innis, C. P. Stacey, and Eugene Forsey. The article on Senator Forsey is

particularly amusing. One gets the impression that without the Creighton-Forsey campaign all of it would be lost: the constitution, the Crown, the central authority — even the very word "Dominion".

Some of Creighton's most interesting passages relate to personal matters about his father, his friends, and himself. They are too brief and too few, but they reveal that Canadian letters suffered a major loss when Donald Creighton decided against writing his autobiography.

The Passionate Observer is an unusual book. It permits us to observe a great historian and major writer as he applies his skills and insights to a range of topics, from the early history of the University of Toronto to the iniquities of the Liquor Control Board. It is great fun and should be treasured by those who love the literature and history of Canada. □

Meanwhile, in Bang-quang

James G. Endicott: *Rebel Out of China*, by Stephen Endicott, University of Toronto Press, 421 pages, \$18.95 cloth (ISBN 0 8020 2377 0).

By J. C. M. OGELSBY

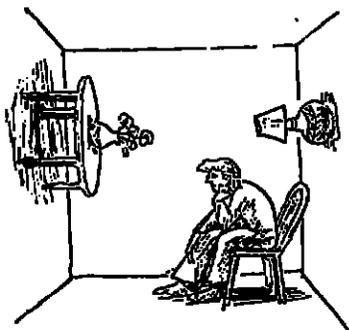
CANADIANS TEND TO overlook the fact that their government's willingness to commit billions of dollars to external aid owes its origins to the sense of mission that inspired members of Canada's 19th-century educated elite to serve God in Asia, Africa and Latin America. A wave of enthusiasm to convert "China's millions" to Christianity stirred university students in Britain, Canada, and the United States in the 1880s. Two young Methodists at Queen's University, caught up in this enthusiasm, successfully prodded their church to take up the cause and the Methodist Church of Canada began its mission to West China in 1891. James G. Endicott's father, James, joined that mission in 1895. There, in 1898, the subject of this enthralling study was born.

The imperial impulse that sent Jim Endicott's father and mother overseas led to his spending the first decade of his life in China, and contributed to his joining the army in 1916 to fight for God, king, and country, formed Endicott's own commitment to serve in the mission field. He chose that field at a time when there was growing scepticism about the role of missionaries abroad. Endicott leaned significantly toward the liberal and "social gospel" wing of his church, and often found himself at odds with his more conservative colleagues. The recounting of his involvement in China's swing from control by the nationalist but corrupt Kuomintang leader-

ship to that of the Communist movement is fascinating. Endicott had contacts on both sides; he knew and argued with Chiang Kai-Shek and the Communist leaders, among whom Chiou En-Lai, second in rank only to Mao Tse-tung, was a friend. By the end of the Second World War, Endicott had become convinced that the Communists offered the only reasonable salvation for China's rural and urban poor.

Endicott, therefore, became a spokesman for the Chinese Communist movement. He had to overcome the problem of mixing Christianity and Marxism, and in doing so appears to have been a forerunner of today's Christians who espouse a "theology of liberation". The book describes his discussions with Chinese Christians and Marxists that led to his acceptance of the view that Christianity and Marxism "both were travelling in the same direction, Christianity going beyond the Marxist goal". Endicott's views on Communist China ran counter to the majority of opinion in North America, and he decided at length that it would be best to resign from the ministry. He then turned his talents to directing a Canadian peace movement. As a result he came to be identified as an international spokesman and, for some, apologist for the Soviet Union and China. The challenges he faced in this role provide insights into the Cold War struggles of the 1950s and the hotter ones of the 1960s.

This is a biography that one might expect from a son. It is sympathetic and shows the author to have the same intellectual position on world affairs as his father. He can be extremely partisan with regard to the more general aspects of the international situation. In his chapter on the Korean War, a war that has recently come under close scrutiny by revisionist historians, he joins them in seeing the outbreak as a U.S.-South Korean conspiracy without asking how an "unprepared" North Korea could mass sufficient tanks and infantry to "counter-attack" and capture the South Korean capital within four days. The revisionists and Stephen Endicott may have some grasp of politics and diplomacy, but they appear to know little about the four phases of war.



If, as history the book has its weaknesses because of the author's commitment to its subject, as biography it is an important contribution to that small body of literature that attempts to come to grips with the impact of Canada's missionaries on China, as well as on their own country. □

Trudeau burns while Clark fiddles

Discipline of Power, by Jeffrey Simpson, Personal Library, 369 pages, \$16.95 cloth (ISBN 0 920510 24 8).

By ARTHUR KAPTAINIS

AN ELEMENTARY analysis of Jeffrey Simpson's *Discipline of Power* would portray it as a history of political phenomena up to and including the reign of Trudeau. As a chronicle of political events it seems almost unimprovable. No doubt the book — written during Simpson's leave of absence from his position as Ottawa bureau chief for the *Toronto Globe and Mail* — will render scores of Party gladiators bug-eyed with wonder at what goes on in their own camp, let alone in the opposing ones.

But *Discipline of Power* is most valuable as an examination of how princes learn their destruction and their preservation in the arena of federal politics. The moral neutrality of Simpson's tone will likely surprise frequenters of the editorial page:

In the months following their election, the Conservatives were forced to confront many of the disciplines of power: shaping policy according to changed circumstances, establishing a healthy working relationship with the civil service, listening to the voices of organized interest groups, learning how to judge today's decisions by the measure of a longer time-frame, moving swiftly to take advantage of an adversary's temporary weakness.

This is a list of some of the things decent people hate about politics. But by taking the lead of Machiavelli, who after all wished only "to pursue the effectual truth of the matter rather than the imagined one", Simpson has produced a deep and telling analysis of the nature of power in Canada.

Simpson's method is to proceed from the specific to the general, from a thorough outline of effects to a disclosure of the cause. Thus, after we learn how William Davis and Peter Lougheed launched crippling publicity campaigns against Joe Clark's energy policies, we are told that provincial premiers of the same political stripe cannot be trusted by even the most benevolent prime minister. After we learn how Clark was damaged by his intransigence on the Jerusalem and PetroCan issues, we know it is often politically unwise to keep campaign promises. And we are told, perhaps most tragically of all, how the most successful election campaign can be the least honest one, after we are shown how Trudeau and his henchmen Jim Coumts and Keith Davey conducted just such a campaign last winter.

Simpson establishes the principles of power not only by alluding to politically

prudent (mostly Liberal) decisions, but also by suggesting alternatives to reckless decisions (mostly Conservative). He points out, for instance, that the Tory budget might have stood a chance of public support had Finance Minister John Crosbie announced the allocation of gas-tax revenues to a special fund to promote self-sufficiency, a popular goal despite prevailing public disbelief in the existence of an energy crisis. The measures Clark could have taken to save his government — some as simple as changing the orders of the day in parliament — are described in fascinating detail. Clark and the Tories, from the moment their defeat in the house was evident, envisioned a repetition of Diefenbaker's 1958 sweep after nine months of precarious minority government. In fact the settings were radically different. Dief had filled his nine months with captivating public appearances and popular legislation, while Clark had pulled off the most spectacular political hibernation since Pius VII dropped into a coma in 1386. The time Clark spent learning ropes, settling a surprising number of cabinet feuds, and generally toiling at the workaday problems of government, could be interpreted by a cruel public only as time spent teaching Joe Who how to use the coffee machine.

Clark's tragic flaw, as Simpson sees it, was his misguided notion that Canadians had given him a mandate for sweeping change, not just a chance to improve on an



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obviously jaded Trudeau. Clark's campaign, with its cries for "real change" unsupported by a sense of direction or vision, met with nothing but scorn. Clark appears finally as a leader lacking visionary credentials, who governed first with an eye for a better Canada, in the end with a consuming fear of appearing weak.

Regrettably, *Trudeau* is never given the same sort of X-ray. His oily sidekicks are mercilessly wrapped and labelled: Jim Coutts is shown as a causeless sycophant "wedded only to the fickle bride of power"; Keith Davey emerges as a back-slapping huckster who happened to be born into a Liberal family. But when the time comes to discuss the motivation of the man who has successfully sought and kept power for more than a decade, Simpson can only repeat grandiose descriptions of his appeal to the electorate — his "dashing character ... superb body language, elegantly tailored clothes" — advantages as obvious as the contemptible traits of Joe Clark. And although Simpson feels that Trudeau has served Canada poorly, he seems distressingly unremoved from the awe in which the semi-educated hold Trudeau's "raw intellectual power". Trudeau as a "philosopher and man of action" who will be remembered as a great prime minister simply by virtue of his holistic view of the Canadian nation.

The electorate of that nation is the sleeping bear around which Simpson's tip-toeing coyotes must perform their subterfuges. Some voters, like Quebecers and Albertans, are predisposed to vote monolithically for a certain party. The others, we are told, are unduly influenced by a leader's appearance and style, and inevitably disgusted by any leader who tells them their expectations must be lowered. They are also unsophisticated, or at least so Simpson presumes when he develops an interesting thesis that voters enter a polling booth with only one question in their minds. The winning party is the one which, through the skillful adaptation of advertising to the results of surveys, plants its question in the minds of most voters. (For example, "Do we want Joe Clark?" and "Do we want four more years like the last 11?" The unanimous answer to both questions is, of course, "no".)

Despite its insights, Simpson's analysis of the electorate leaves the reader with some untidy contradictions. If party leadership is indeed "the most salient motivating factor" to voters, why didn't the NDP, whose leader was widely regarded as the most capable and trustworthy of the three, do better in 1980? It is also hard to believe, in this age of epidemic separatism, that "there exists the feeling ... that Canada must be more than the sum of its parts". The book has other shortcomings: there is no discussion of the role of money, or of organized lobbyists. Simpson also has an irritating habit of labelling tax cuts and spending slashes as "regressive", as if that high-voltage adjective represented an experimentally verifiable property.

20 Books in Canada, January, 1981

Throughout the book, which for the most part presents reports, conjectures, and conclusions with steely objectivity, one feels the tremors of moral energy searching for an outlet. Simpson allows himself an outlet in the final pages, a jeremiad on "the triumph of politics" too brief to avoid sanctimony. Perhaps he felt some indignation was

on/off/set

by Wayne Grady

Ever wonder what the Mabinogion has to do with science fiction? No?

TWO DISTURBING questions concerning the recent sonic boom in science fiction studies arise from a perusal of the current issue of *Mosaic* (Vol. XII, No. 3-4, Spring/Summer 1980: 208 Tier Building, University of Manitoba; 225 pages, \$6.95 paper). Entitled *Other Worlds: Fantasy and Science Fiction Since 1939*, it is a collection of 18 academic essays on such wide-ranging topics as "Semiotics, Space Opera, and *Babel-17*" and "The *Anti-Consolatio*: Boethius and *The Last Unicorn*". As their titles suggest, the essays are an intriguing blend of serious scholarship and adolescent swagger, written by professors of English Literature who seem to feel, deep down, that they are bringing a vocabulary designed to discuss the semiotics of Boethius to bear upon a fairly peripheral body of writing. It is hard to believe that anyone can write about "a development within the hitherto androcentric genre of a gynocentric sub-genre" (as Patricia Monk does in "The Problems of the Feminine Image in Science Fiction") without feeling a little bit silly.

Disturbing question no. 1: Why all the fuss?

Attempts to answer this are made in at least two of the essays. In "Certain Assurances: The Utilities of Speculative Fiction in Shaping the Future", Donald L. Lawler divides the usefulness of SF into four categories: cautionary (SF "sensitizes its readers to the likely consequences of the often fast-moving developments of the

needed to dispel an image of smiling compliance with political chicanery. Not so. The virtue of *Discipline of Power* is in its account of the nature and ubiquity of powerlust in Ottawa. The evil that the "triumph of politics" has visited upon Canada is evident to us all. □

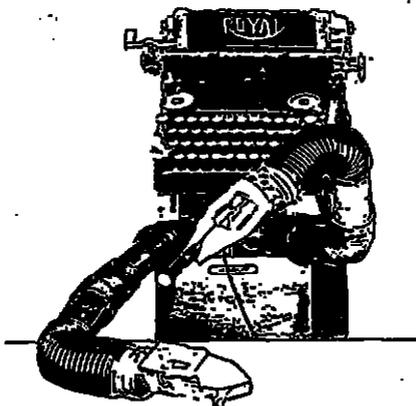
present"); normative (SF is "the new mythology of the people" that will "help moderns reset their moral barometers"); aesthetic (SF, in ways presumably superior to those of the Petrarchan sonnet, has "the power of producing imagined awe and wonder"); and epistemic (by which he seems to mean newly epistemological: "Speculative fictions expand consciousness and the imagination" and thereby "create the probabilities of new primary realities").

A more tangible reason for Darth Vader dolls outselling *The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier* this Christmas, if Robert G. Pielke is to be believed, is that science fiction prepares us psychologically and practically for that inevitable "first contact" with beings from outer space. This is a little like the explanation for the rise of the novel in the 18th century: it told the bourgeois oiks which fork to claw at when they finally were invited to sit down at the table with Lord Malquist. In his essay "Humans and Aliens", Pielke persists with some dignity in the belief that "the relationship *per se*" with aliens, when it comes, will be a "non-trivial unique relationship, one which is fundamentally different from all of the possible relationships in which we can find ourselves on this planet," and that the really crucial works of science fiction — specifically Herman Tennesen's "Homo Telluris: The Conscious Cosmic Caddis Fly", Arthur C. Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey* (written after the movie, by the way), and Lem's *Solaris* — address themselves to this very problem.

The most enlightening clue, however, may be hidden in Ray Bradbury's brief Preface to the collection. "How come the United States," Bradbury asks, "the country of Ideas on the March, for so long neglected fantasy and science fiction? Why is it that only during the past 30 years attention is being paid? Who is responsible for the change? Who brought the teachers and the librarians to pull up their socks, sit straight, and take notice?

"The answer is: the students. The young people. The children."

In these days of declining university enrolment, when English departments will



do anything short of kidnapping to get students away from the computer terminals long enough to shove a book into their hands, is it any wonder that they have begun to offer courses in "speculative fictions" and to teach books the students may already have read? The *only* books the students may already have read?

And that brings me to disturbing question no. 2: What affect will this market-survey approach to education have upon the students, who are tomorrow's bankers, generals, and prime ministers? Their teachers may blushing cite Boethius, delve into Celtic myth, and legitimize an already perfectly respectable phenomenon by tracing it back to *Frankenstein* which, we are informed at least four times, was the first SF novel and was published by Mary Shelley in 1818. This need to establish a speculative tradition may gnaw at the essayists, but I suspect it leaves their students remarkably unmoved. A friend who works in the computer centre of a large Canadian university informs me that her colleagues and the students who use the centre divert their minds from the rigours of FORTRAN IV by playing computer games such as Star Trek and *Dragons & Dungeons* (there is even a

Dragons & Dungeons Magazine, and a national championship). And they read, when they read at all, nothing but science fiction. Many have been reading nothing but science fiction since early high school. Which means, to return briefly to Donald Lawler's Law, that the cautionary, normative, aesthetic, and epistemic values of an entire generation may soon be formed by science fiction and fantasy. It's a chilling thought.

There is some consolation in the knowledge that the more serious science fiction writers discussed in this volume—Asimov, Bradbury, Ursula K. Le Guin, Doris Lessing, Arthur C. Clarke.—are aware of their responsibilities to the future, as well as their indebtedness to it. One thinks of Ray Bradbury's genuine horror, in *Fahrenheit 451*, at the thought of one day not being allowed to own books. And Ursula Le Guin may be correct when she writes that science fiction shows us "who we are, and where we are, and what choices face us, with unsurpassed clarity, and with a great and troubling beauty." But I do hope someone tells her future readers that there are other non-trivial sub-genres that do it at least as well. □

the browser

by Michael Smith

Of mice and Mennonites: a wholesome trot through a wilderness of lurking monsters

IT HAPPENS THAT, in another incarnation, Mrs. Browser and I are the keepers of a couple of hundred apple trees in rural Ontario. So we could hardly afford to pass up the fascinating recipes, for everything from soup to glazed game hens, in *The Cider Book* (Douglas & McIntyre, 166 pages, \$6.95 paper), by Lila Gault and Betsy Sestrap. Their introductory chapter describes the making of cider both in North America and abroad, especially in England, where apple varieties unknown to Canada — such strange-sounding strains as Slack-My-Girdle and Sheep's Nose — are grown specifically for cider, which is stored during fermentation in gigantic vats with equally picturesque names. (The largest, the famous Strongbow tank, holds 1,650,000 gallons.) We pressed our own modest supply — around 10 gallons this year — on a pleasant but unseasonably cold November afternoon, and all of us got chills. I can recommend, among others, the authors' recipe for Rum Cider Tonic as a good way to warm up.

Of course, there is cider, and there is *cider*. As a contributor wrote to the editors of *The Canadian Whole Food Book* (Camden House, illustrated, 286 pages, \$8.95 paper): "I have yet to figure out how they can call 'water, sugar, concentrated

apple juice, malic acid, natural and artificial flavour, colour and one-tenth of one per cent sodium benzoate' Country Style Apple Cider." (The italics are theirs.) In response to this sort of synthetic tampering, Pamela Cross and the editors of *Harrowsmith* magazine have produced a directory of natural food suppliers, markets, and cooperatives, and articles about how these alternatives to supermarkets work. Meanwhile, *The Harrowsmith Reader II*, edited by James Lawrence (Camden House, illustrated, 319 pages, \$17.95 cloth and \$12.95 paper), applies the same spartan principles to such topics as energy conservation, organic gardening, and buying a used pickup truck.

But the real experts at so-called "alternative lifestyles" are the Mennonites. Elmo and Mark Stoll are members of the two Amish families who operate The Pioneer Place, a mail-order business near Aylmer, Ont., without the dubious benefit of telephones or showroom. Their *Pioneer Catalogue of Country Living* (Personal Library, illustrated, 112 pages, \$7.95 paper) intersperses catalogue entries for windmills, horse-drawn buggies, and a nifty wooden cider press with essays on simple rural self-sufficiency and advice on how to raise your own milk cow. The

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Amish, the most conservative Mennonite sect, are reluctant to accept any modern technology (cars, for one thing) that they feel would threaten their traditional, family-oriented way of life. *To Market, To Market: The Public Market Tradition in Canada* by Linda Biesenthal, with photographs by J. Douglas Wilson (PMA Books, 165 pages, \$22.95 cloth), records, for example, how most old-order Mennonites withdrew from the popular Kitchener Farmers' Market when it moved to a new shopping complex, even though they had been the market's main attraction.

Though many of the people interviewed by Andy Turnbull for *Another Way* (Denon & Greenberg, illustrated, 171 pages, \$9.95 paper) do live in the country, the emphasis is on making money and beating unemployment, rather than pastoral living. "Cottage industry" are Turnbull's buzzwords in this breezy, sometimes ungrammatical series of profiles (one man "likes leaning on things, dressed in cowboy boots, jeans and a railway cap"). He is much less interested in why people choose to be artisans or small manufacturers than in what they have gotten out of it. If someone decided to become a bagpipe maker or herb grower for spiritual reasons, Turnbull doesn't dwell on it.

When it comes to horse-racing, I have to admit a fondness for the harness horses — standardbred pacers and trotters, the slowest of which, by the way, often end their careers between the shafts of Mennonite buggies. Still, *Champions* by Michael Magee (Nelson, 192 pages, \$29.95 cloth) will appeal to any horse fancier. It's a loving tribute to 17 great thoroughbred racers on both sides of the Atlantic — from Canada's Northern Dancer to Britain's three-time Grand National winner, Red Rum — with knowledgeable profiles of each by Magee and spectacular photos by Pat Bayes. Also generously illustrated is *The Squirrels of Canada* by S. E. Woods, Jr. (National Museums of Canada, 199 pages, \$29.95 cloth), which has entries for 22 species, including the common, often pesky black squirrels that populate my neighbourhood, their exotic flying cousins, and such bulkier members of the squirrel family as woodchucks and other marmots.

Perhaps it's appropriate that Woods has also written *Ottawa: The Capital of Canada* (Doubleday, illustrated, 350 pages, \$19.95 cloth), the history of a city that — on the surface, at least — seems a squirrely choice for the Romance of Canadian Cities Series. Alas, Woods contends, Ottawa has suffered from the slanders of glum visiting journalists who've found themselves assigned to news bureaus on Parliament Hill (me, for one). Despite this bad press, he has managed to turn out a readable, exhaustive account of Ottawa's development, beginning in the early 1600s. He records some of the city's more questionable distinctions, too. During the logging days of the 1800s, for instance, it was the most lawless (least lawful?) town in

British North America. And with an average winter temperature even lower than Moscow's, it is the second coldest capital in the world. Only Ulan Bator, the capital of the Mongolian People's Republic, is colder.

As an avid, encyclopaedic bird watcher, for years Louise de Kiriline Lawrence shared my murderous attitude toward the squirrels that disturbed her feeder. She eventually learned to tolerate them after a lecture from her husband on the right of every animal to live its own life, and as a result of observing a particularly personable red squirrel that she named Kicki. Though Lawrence is a sympathetic naturalist — at times even taming the animals she studies — she never quite loses her objectivity. Her essays in *To Whom the Wilderness Speaks* (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, illustrated, 180 pages, \$14.95 cloth) span 40 years of wildlife watching at her wilderness home near Pimisi Bay, Ont. They are written with affection, not sentimentality.

There's the possibility of some really wild life in the title of *Manlike Monsters on Trial: Early Records and Modern Evidence*, edited by Marjorie Halpin and Michael M. Ames (University of British Columbia Press, 336 pages, \$24.95 cloth),

first impressions

by Douglas Hill

Strange folk and stranger folkways: from violence in Zimbabwe to a village of dreams

IN THE FIRST couple of pages of Neville Frankel's *The Third Power* (Nelson Foster & Scott/General, 267 pages, \$14.95 cloth), the prime minister and the military commander of Zimbabwe are assassinated, and the assassin is neatly blown up. There follows another nuclear-holocaust cum terrorist-conspiracy thriller, compounded with a cast of premiers, presidents, superpowers, and emerging nations, and a good dose of sex and violence. Formula stuff all the way, and predictable, but thoroughly exciting.

The writing is highly competent. There are effective settings, a skilful if incredible plot, strong narrative and exposition, reasonable dialogue. Characterization leans a bit hard upon the clichés of popular *roman-à-clef* political fiction — the sort of thing that has one world leader catching the steely gaze of another and deciding he's "indeed a man to be reckoned with". Some of the aforementioned violence is so raw as to be obscene, but it's not gratuitous.

As gripping, pulse-quickening fiction, *The Third Power* works well. And it leaves some depressing aftershocks: this kind of finger-on-the-button tale usually does. No matter that I didn't for one minute accept the plausibility of the scenario, despite the publisher's announcement that the novel's

but aside from some startling colour photos, this collection of scholarly papers tends to be pretty slow going. The book arose out of a conference on Sasquatch and Similar Phenomena, held by UBC's Museum of Anthropology in May 1978, to examine, on the basis of folklore, native myths, and scientific sleuthing, whether these giant ape-like creatures do exist in Canada and other parts of the world. Its final dilemma is probably best summarized by George W. Gill, an anthropologist from the University of Wyoming, who concluded that the evidence shows:

1. that the most complex and sophisticated hoax in the history of anthropology has continued for centuries without being exposed;

or:

2. that the most manlike (and largest) non-human primate on earth has managed to survive in parts of North America and remains undiscovered by modern science.

"Either conclusion," he says, "appears totally preposterous in light of the problem-solving capability of modern science; yet, one of these two possible conclusions must be true." □

"an all-too-possible blueprint for disaster". Sorry, I won't buy that. Good suspense, yes; prophetic political analysis, no.

* * *

Seahorse, by Graham Petrie (Academic Press, 169 pages, \$19.95 cloth), is unique among the year's (1980) first novels in its creation and exploration of a fictional world beyond the real and tangible. The book is set in an isolated seaside village containing strange folk and stranger folkways. There are peculiarities of appearance, dress, and ritual; there's a dominating card-game (*Seahorse*) with constantly changing rules and cards whose pictures maintain an ambiguous relation to events and dreams past and future; nearby is an institute where nightmares are manufactured and tested on the villagers.

The narrator — called variously Everrich, Overage, Overripe, Everripe, and Averridge, none of which is quite his name — comes from outside this world, and his reasons for being there are vague. His attempt to make sense out of what is going on and to make contacts with the people, hampered by his caution and confusion in the face of all the obscurity and by his personality, is the thread that holds the novel together. For much of the book the

narrator can neither understand as an observer nor tune in as a participant, and the reader is implicated in his plight. He's somewhat like Lockwood in *Wuthering Heights*: lots of dilettantish misapprehension, a need to adjust what he sees to his own prior but inadequate experience, a misguided but understandable wish to apply rationality to the irrational and so "solve" everything.

For a work like this to succeed at all, it

needs to be expertly written, since the only reality by which to measure and authenticate its experiences comes from within the novel itself. Petrie meets this challenge admirably. The prose — the narrator's voice — is impeccable to the point of preciosity; the control of tone is flawless. Petrie has published stories and two books on film. In *Seahorse* he demonstrates a considerable and inventive novelistic imagination. □

english our english

by Bob Blackburn

If Reagan had sustained more damage would he now be performing less credibly?

"ALMOST EVERY section of the city," Lloyd Robertson told us in a recent CTV newscast, "has sustained serious damage." If he meant that almost every section had borne up under serious damage without being destroyed, we have no quarrel with him. I suspect, however, that he meant *suffered*. If so, he should have said that, or simply said "was seriously damaged".

Sustain sustains more serious damage at the hands of modern journalists who keep telling us that "the accident victim sustained a broken leg", a barbarism now condoned by too many dictionaries. The word is most useful in its sense of *maintain* or *keep going*. Its extension (which dates from the 15th century) to mean *endure* is useful, but there is no reason to use it as a substitute for *suffer* or *receive*. As Fowler says, "... if it is not made to do the work of those more suitable words, it calls up more clearly the other meaning in which it is valuable..." That's a piece of advice worth framing.

Credible is another word that is taking a terrible kicking around these days. I've been wondering for weeks what *Time* magazine meant when it said Ronald Reagan "performed credibly" as governor of California. The man *is* a former actor. Was this a theatre review? *Credible* means a bit more than *believable*; it implies trustworthiness. *Credible* sometimes gets into print as *creditable* (praiseworthy), and vice versa. Could that be what happened? I would be prepared to believe anything of a magazine that (in the same issue) spoke of something being "razed to the ground", which is as bad as saying someone was killed to death.

A NEWS SERVICE referred to "Iran's demands for the release of the hostages". Iran wasn't demanding the release of the hostages. The writer should have said "Iran's conditions".

AN EDITOR SHOULD have no *compunction* about disciplining the writer who told us that the Speaker of the House of Commons "is under no compunction to justify her decisions"; indeed, he should be under some *compulsion* to do so. The same writer probably would say "mitigated against" instead of "militated against", and the fact that this is a common malapropism should not mitigate the punishment.

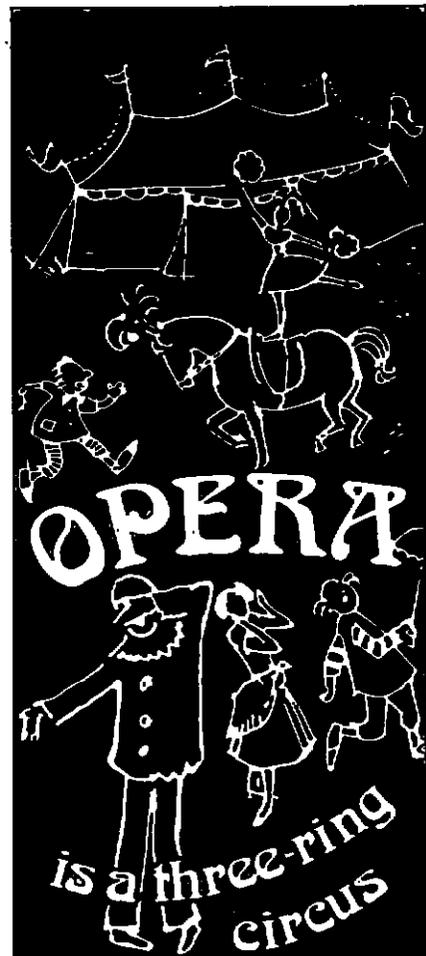
A reader writes to complain that his lawyer is indifferent to the distinction between *flout* and *flaunt*. Of all professions, surely law is one in which precision of speech is essential, and a lawyer who flaunts such ignorance may not be depended upon not to flout the law. Some lawyers also have trouble with *impugn* and *impute*, and some writers need to be reminded that *turgid* and *torpid* are not interchangeable, and more than are *perpetrate* and *perpetuate* or *enormity* and *enormousness* or *harangue* and *harass*.

ECOLOGY is the branch of biology that deals with the relations between living organisms and their environment. When you spurn spray deodorants or buy unleaded gasoline, you are *not* practising ecology.

WHY ARE SO many writing *momento* instead of *memento*? Is a *momento* a reminder of a memorable memento?

ANNOUNCERS WHO pompously say *con-sort-ee-um* are laughable. Ordinary people who say consorshyum are correct. But what are we to make of the editor of the *Oxford American Dictionary*, who, on a recent talk show, pronounced *exiguous* with a soft *g*? Whom can you trust?

WHY IS *loan* so commonly used as a verb? What's the matter with *lend*?



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Saskatoon, Sask.

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BOB MACLEAN, the CBC talk-show host, advises dieting restaurant patrons to limit themselves to two entrées. The entrée, Robert, is the main course, not the appetizer.

QUARTERBACKS ARE supposed to be the intellectual elite among football players. Perhaps it was the desire to sustain or perpetuate that conception that drove Bob Griese, when asked about his plans for his career, to reply: "I really haven't made a determination." Perhaps a lineman would have said "I haven't decided," but that would be unquarterbackly language.

THE LAST WORD this month goes to the newscaster who fondly remembered the late Mae West for "all the double-meaning entendre". □

Letters to the Editor

HIM AND HIS HOUSE

Sir:

George Woodcock's essay "Rural Roots" is yet another that praises *As For Me and My House* for being the Great Prairie Novel. Certainly, it is a great novel: it is well-written, well-crafted, complex, and it is a wonderful novel for literary critics to form well-written and well-crafted literary essays about the Prairie environment and consciousness. Yes, it is a great novel. But it is not a Prairie novel. It views the Prairie and the people who inhabit the Prairie from an outsider's point of view.

Ross has twice removed himself from the page. First, he chooses to write from a female's point of view. Although this in itself is not enough to warrant criticism, one must question whether or not Ross's perception of female perception is accurate. Several critics tend to be hard on Mrs. Bentley, calling her, as Lorraine McMullen does, "too possessive", "too manipulative", "too hypocritical". Although this analysis may be over-simplistic, it is, nevertheless, a judgement on her character. And one must then question: Could this novel have been written by a woman? Would she have written of herself in this way? Woodcock side-steps this issue by saying, in essence, that the novel revolves around Philip Bentley: his (Ross's?) frustration as an artist, and his subsequent withdrawal from his wife. If Woodcock is accurate in this judgement, the novel is thus written from Philip's point of view, not Mrs. Bentley's. And can we trust Ross's perception of her?

Secondly, and most importantly, although critics have questioned Mrs. Bentley's perception of her husband, no one seems to have questioned her perception of the environment, and of the people who inhabit that environment. Mrs. Bentley is herself twice removed from the place; she is a minister's wife, and she comes from the city. What she perceives is thus from an outsider's point of view, and to an outsider, the environment is hostile, the people are hostile, and Horizon is perceived as a "narrow, mentally-famished community".

Ross has deliberately (necessarily?) removed himself from the page, and from the place. It has not been written from inside experience, and thus to point to the novel as an example of the reality of Prairie experience is grossly unfair to that culture. Just as a woman would not (possibly) present herself as being manipulative or hypocritical, the inhabitants of Horizon would not present themselves as being narrow and mentally famished. In many aspects — regardless of stated environmental reasons — this novel is an insult to the Prairie people.

I once asked my uncle, a prairie farmer, if he'd see the movie *Who Has Seen the Wind?*

He said, "Oh yes, we had to go to that, they made it not too far from here you know."

"What did you think of it?"

"Oh well," he said, "we didn't think too much of that."

"Why?"

"Well, it wasn't right, was it? That's not how it is here."

It wasn't right. I would say the same of *As For Me and My House*, if it made any sense to anyone — and it would if one lived in small-town Saskatchewan. The novel is right for Mrs. Bentley because she is an outsider, but it is not right from an insider's point of view. It is thus not a Prairie novel. The Great Prairie Novel — to my knowledge — has not yet been written.

It is perhaps not the inhabitants of Horizon who are mentally famished, but the literary critics who so easily accept this perception that they, after all, share, since they perceive the Prairie from the outside themselves: "... it is that Prairie life itself which, in both its natural and human aspects, thoroughly permeates *As For Me and My House*." I'm sorry, Mr. Woodcock, but the real irony of this novel is that Mrs. Bentley, alias Sinclair Ross, has succeeded — very craftily — in pulling the wool over your eyes.

Judi Smith
Vancouver

SCOBIE SCORES

Sir:

Thank you for Stephen Scobie's informative article "Prude and Prejudice" (November). I will use it in my Canadian Literature class as part of my continuing argument that the provinces do not do enough for the literary arts.

Scobie makes the remark that writers' federations exist in Saskatchewan and the Maritimes. Actually, the only active group in the Maritimes is the Nova Scotia Writers Federation. P.E.I. writers are attempting to form a group at the moment, and the New Brunswick people are wallowing in oblivion.

I hope the Alberta Advisory Committee is more effective than that in New Brunswick. The Literary Advisory Committee to the government last met on Oct. 28, 1979.

If I might add my comment, it's a sorry state. Stephen Scobie has placed it in perspective for all of us.

Michael O. Nowlan
Oromocto, N.B.

Sir:

I wish to correct a statement made by Stephen Scobie in his article on the literary arts in Alberta (November). He states that NeWest Press has received grants from "Alberta's Nova Corporation and Ontario's Harlequin Romances". This is only partially correct.

NeWest Press has received a grant from Nova: An Alberta Corporation to aid it in the publication of literary titles. However, the press has not received a grant from Harlequin Enterprises

Limited. The grant from Harlequin was a donation to the NeWest Institute for Western Canadian Studies Inc., an organization distinct from NeWest Press.

NeWest Press is the book imprint of NeWest Publishers Ltd., which also publishes *NeWest Review*. NeWest Institute is an educational institution with a program, objectives and organization separate from the publishing house, even though it has evolved out of the review and the press and shares their name.

Finally, the term "Ontario's Harlequin Romances" may give the impression that the donation was somehow initiated in Ontario. This is not the case. The donation by Harlequin was initiated by Richard N. Bonnycastle, Chairman of the Board, who resides in Calgary and who was impressed by the activities of the institute on behalf of Western Canadian culture.

George Melnyk
Publisher,
NeWest Publishers Ltd.
Edmonton

BOWERING MISSES

Sir:

It is occasionally possible to spot odd inconsistencies between two articles, and Chris Scott's review of George Bowering's new novel, *Burning Water*, plus Linda M. Leitch's interview with Bowering (both in November) seem to indicate a case in point.

Scott, for his part, says: "This is a truly ugly book ... possessing no authentic voice, no authentic sense of time and place... George Bowering is just another deadbeat academic scribbler... Historical novel this ain't..."

For her part, Leitch has an interview entitled: "Why problem-solver George Bowering vows never to write another historical novel", and begins by saying: "George Bowering is a major literary force in Canada", continuing by discovering that Bowering doesn't want literature to be the articulation of a national identity, nor "a tool of self-improvement". (By implication, is Bowering a major literary force in Canada for the reason that he wants to wring out of its literature all traces of the country's ethos?)

The undersigned has always tried to avoid taking sides in great debates of the past regarding the issue of whether or not literature should serve a moral purpose (e.g., the respective views of Tolstoy and Nietzsche, or of James Whistler and Oscar Wilde). But the gist of Scott's comments on Bowering's "historical novel" plus Leitch's interview with its author make me wish to come down very decidedly on the side of a "content-oriented" literature of some moral import, one extending to some sense of national ethos. In short, if Bowering is simply not interested in the relationship of his writing to the reading public, then he serves no public.

David Lawson
Montreal

BATTEN RUES

Sir:

Rae Corelli's entirely wrong-headed review of my book: *Lawyers* (December) suggested to me that he falls into the same category of readers as many of the radio and television hosts I've run into recently on my travels across the country to promote the book.

"Hope you don't mind," the hosts would say seconds before we were to go on air, "but I only had time to skim your book."

Since Mr. Corelli clearly couldn't have spent more than a few minutes with *Lawyers*, I'll explain to him — and to the readers of *Books in Canada* who have undoubtedly been misled by

him — what I was up to in the book. First, in the prologue, I briefly outlined my own short and somewhat faltering career as a lawyer and mused over its lack of distinction, at the same time offering readers a few laughs and a little enlightenment. Then, in the book's following sections, I set out fairly detailed and (at times) dramatic and (at other times) funny and (at all times) revealing looks at lawyers who had succeeded in a variety of fields of practice. There was nothing "indiscriminate" (Corelli's adjective) about my choices of whom to write about. I chose lawyers who were representative of all the disciplines — criminal lawyers, corporation lawyers, Crown counsel, frontier lawyers in the Yukon, civil litigation counsel, the whole range. Finally, in the epilogue, I said, in effect, see, these people and their stories have illustrated what it is that makes them superior lawyers and what it was that I lacked during my days at the bar. Maybe that approach was too subtle for Mr. Corelli. But then I think he only had time to skim the book before he typed his review.

Jack Batten
Toronto

LOTZ, UH, LAUGHS

Sir:

Stephen Overbury's excellent piece "Sue and Be Dandy" (November) was marred by more than a tinge of paranoia. After all, writers can only benefit from the upsurge in libel suits. It admirably feeds their sense of self-importance and buttresses their feelings of insult, injury, and alienation. Margaret Atwood's hysterical outburst in defence of Ian Adams ("We don't cut off hands here...") illustrates the hype that's passing for wisdom in Canada these days. Every time an editor removes a superfluous adjective in future, a writer can claim kinship with the Russian dissidents. How long will it be before an author's degree of paranoia — rather than his or her literary abilities — will be the basis for the Governor General's Awards?

The real danger is that we'll all collapse from laughter over the sheer absurdity and confusion that marks the human condition in Canada. Recently an Ontario Supreme Court judge refused to open a trial to the public. He reversed his decision when a Toronto *Globe and Mail* reporter objected, and the paper's account of the incident contained the following: "The court clerk refused to allow me to see the indictment and said the judge had ordered the public excluded from the trial on Monday because the accused did not want any publicity. The clerk said the trial was not a serious one and the evidence against the accused, which involved the possession of wiretap equipment, also was not serious. He said the man would almost certainly be found not guilty."

Canada's prophet is not Orwell. Rather we can understand the future by appreciating the Marx Brothers and Franz Kafka.

Surely the task is to work harder at our trade, to learn new ways and forms of telling the truth. Churchill avoided libel and enriched the language when he accused a man of being guilty of a "terminological inexactitude". Who would have remembered the incident if he'd simply called the man a bloody liar?

Jim Lotz
Halifax



The editors recommend

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

POETRY

The Girl in the Brook, by Wayne Wright, Breakwater. Wright's courage to take imaginative risks and his ability to let his language keep pace with his emotions make him one of the best of the new Atlantic poets.

NON-FICTION

The World of Canadian Writing: Critiques & Recollections, by George Woodcock, Douglas & McIntyre. A selection of Woodcock's more recent essays about 17 major figures in Canadian literature, from the *de rigueur* Morley Callaghan to the somewhat *recherché* John Glassco, accompanied by three literary overviews in Woodcock's personal, informal, and inimitable style.

Canadian Newspapers: The Inside Story, edited by Walter Stewart, Hurtig. Sixteen articles dedicated to the proposition that journalism is "a suspect craft, dominated by hypocrisy, exaggeration and fakery," that things in the newsroom ain't what they used to be, and that market analysis is killing the dailies. Hear, hear.

CanWit No. 59

Joyce Castor, the Tiresias-like author of *Resurfacing in Sarnia*, is in trouble again. This time our mutual friends at McClarkan & Newspider have asked Castor to produce a science fiction *roman-à-clef* that takes place in Canada in the year 2001. What is needed is a title (*Fahrenheit -32? Briefing for a Descent into Heck?*) and a 50- to 100-word plot outline. And we — on M & N's behalf — will pay a finder's fee of \$25 for the best submission. Address: CanWit No. 59, *Books in Canada*, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto M5A 1N4. The deadline is Feb. 1, 1981.

RESULTS OF CANWIT NO. 57

Contestants were invited to compose acrostics formed by the letters of any Canadian city. The results were always witty, wise, and often alarmingly acerbic. Is there some strong anti-urban sentiment building up acrosticcountry? The "W" in Winnipeg, for example, almost always came in as "Winter," and some classical contortions were exhumed to make the "X" in Halifax sound natural: witness Stephen Scobie's gem:

*Here, alas, landed immigrants
frighten all xenophobes.*

January, 1981 Books In Canada 25

But the laurel — and \$25 — must go to Mrs. G. E. Clerihew of Vancouver for the following examples of her wry and timely wit: Some advise separatism.

Kaleidoscopic attitudes threaten our one-time nationalism.

Oblivious to threats, alternatives woefully absent.

Esquimos dominate many opponents. Nab trophy. Owners nonchalant.

Honourable mentions:

Roughriders exhaustedly get into nothing again.

Vice and narcotics creep out under virtually eternal rain.

— Janet and Barry Baldwin, Calgary

Does Reed yet develop enough noxicity?

Quite unflappable English barristers expound constitution.

— Martin Griffith Evans, Toronto

Love Ontario now: develop our nature.

— Lisa Evans, Toronto

Vacancy almost nil!

Can one understand

Volrich's election results?

— Doug Davey, Burnaby, B.C.

CLASSIFIED

Classified rates: \$6 per line (40 characters to the line). Deadline: first of the month for issue dated following month. Address: Books in Canada Classified, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto M5A 1N4. Phone: (416) 363-5426.

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FROM AN ISLAND invites submissions in poetry, fiction, drama, graphics, photos by Feb 15, 1981 c/o Creative Writing Dept, UVic, Victoria, B.C. V8W 2Y2.

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

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS. Canadian, historical and literary. Catalogues free on request. Huronia-Canadiana Books, Box 685, Alliston, Ont. L0M 1A0.

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USED CANADIAN BOOKS. Free lists on request — C & E Books, Box 2744, Sta B, Kitchener, N2H 6N3.

Why it never, never improves puzzles each generation.

— D. Allen, Ottawa

Storming the raging Avon's theatrical furore: "Oh, ratify Dexter!"

— R. Paris, Montreal

Steel, Abitibi, unions, locks, transportation — such top employment makes a rare industrial environment.

— Peggy Coyle, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Too ordinary, really, or not too ordinary!

— Bill Roberts, Winnipeg

Books received

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

- Abraham Gesner, by Joyce Burkhouse, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
Acid Rain: The North American Forecast, by Ross Howard and Michael Perly, Anansi.
The Agonized Life, by Gaston Miron, translated by Marc Plourde, Torchy Wharf Press.
Almee Sempie McPherson, by Alysa Austin, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
All in Together Girls, by Robert C. Cosby, Canadian Plains Research Centre.
Along The Trail with Ralph Brice in Algonquin Park, Consolidated Amethyst.
The Alleyway Curse, by Bluebell Stewart Phillips, Vesta.
The Art of Political Cartooning in Canada/1980, edited by Sieve Bradley, Virgo Press.
The Astrology Game, by Malcolm Dean, Nelson Foster & Scott.
The Atom Bomb Spies, by H. Montgomery Hyde, Nelson/Canada.
Beast Gate, by E. D. Blodgett, NeWest Press.
Ben Wicks' Book of Losers, Seal Books.
Building With Wood, by John I. Rempel, U of T Press.
Canada/The Mountains, by Randy Morse, M&S.
Canadian Almanac and the First World War, by S. F. Wise, U of T Press.
Canadian Broadcasting, by Stuart McFadyen et al, Institute for Research on Public Policy.
China, Past, Present and Personal, by C. M. Fraser, Dorrance (U.S.).
Christmas Turkey or Prairie Vulture?, by David R. Harvey, Institute for Research on Public Policy.
The Cider Book, by Lili Gault and Betsy Seimpr, Douglas & McIntyre.
Completely Foxed, by Miles Smeeton, Van Nostrand Reinhold.
The Controversial Kierkegaard, by Gregor Malantshuk, translated by Howard V. Hong and Edna H. Hong, Wilfrid Laurier University Press.
Corpse in Handcuffs, by Frank Smith, PaperJacks.
The Days in Careful Measure, by Rita Rowentfeld, Fiddlehead.
Distant Dominion, by Barry M. Gough, University of British Columbia Press.
Donato's 1980 Political Cartoons, by Andy Donato, the Toronto Sun.
The Draft Dodger, by Louis Caron, translated by David Tohy Homel, Anansi.
Drapsus, by Brian McKenna and Susan Purcell, Clarke Irwin.
The Duxen Letter, by Edwin Leather, Gage.
Echoes of the Whistle, by Gerald Rushton, Douglas & McIntyre.
The Elephant's New Bicycle, by Mark Thurman, New Canada Publications.
End Game in Paris, by Ian Adams, PaperJacks.
Energy Shock, by Lawrence Solomon, Doubleday.
Enjoying Single Parenthood, by Bryan M. Knight, Van Nostrand Reinhold.
Faithful Unto Death, by Avisa Ravel, The Workmen's Circle.
Fat Woman, by Leon Rooker, Oberon.
Fifty Years of Theatre Row, by Ivan Ackery, Hancock House.
First Steps to Reading, by Carl Braun et al, Braun and Braun Educational Enterprise.
Further Adventures of the Great Detective, by John Wilson Murray, Collins.
A George Woodcock Reader, edited by Doug Fetherling, Deneau & Greenberg.

Good Times, Bad Times, Mummy and Me, by Precilla Galloway, illustrated by Linda Caven, The Women's Press.

The Government and Politics of Ontario, edited by Donald C. MacDonald, Van Nostrand Reinhold.
The Great Heroic Coup, by Henrik Kruger, Black Rose Books.

Greg Clark and Jimmy Frise Go Fishing, Collins.
Growing Old, by Peter J. Naus, Guidance Centre, Faculty of Education, U of T.

Halda, by William Scizer, PaperJacks.
The Harvest of Glass, by Hugh Montfort, Jubilee Press.
The Healthy Heart Program, by Terence Kavanagh, Van Nostrand Reinhold.

Hot Tan and Cinnamon Buns, by Avoka Weerasinghe, Vesta.
How to Make Your Money Work For You, by Jack A. Bava, Collier Macmillan.

An Impartial Umpire, by Paul Craven, U of T Press.
In Search of BB, by Wally Heller, Vesta.
In Search of Man Alive, by Roy Bonisteel, Collins.
In Spirit and in Truth, by Calvin H. Chambers, Dorrance (U.S.).

Inspector Therrien, by Andre Major, translated by Mark Czarnocki, Press Porcépic.
Jews: An Account of their Experience in Canada, by Erna Paris, Macmillan.

Johann's Gift to Christmas, by Jack Richards, illustrated by Len Nevins, Douglas & McIntyre.
A King's Ransom, by Victor Suthren, Collins.
Knight of the Holy Spirit, by Joy E. Eberney, U of T Press.
La Verendrye, by Mary Lile Benham, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.

The Lister Legacy, by Jan Drabek, Mussen.
The Look of Music, by Phillip T. Young, Vancouver Museum and Planetarium Association (Douglas & McIntyre).

Lorenzo Magalotti at the Court of Charles II, edited and translated by W. E. Knowles Middleton, Wilfrid Laurier University Press.
Love and Money: The Politics of Culture, edited by David Helwig, Oberon.

The Magic Box, by Claire Westman Walls, Exile Editions.
Manlike Monsters on Trial, edited by Marjorie Halpin and Michael M. Ames, University of British Columbia Press.
The Mother Kitchen, by Renee Galoto, Renee Galoto Productions.

My Own Brand, by Jack Homer, Horrig.
Naughts and Crosses, by Ron Graham, Cantos Press.
Never Sit Where the Cat Sat, by Gary Dunford, Best Sellers.
Official Language Populations in Canada, by Donald G. Cartwright, Institute for Research on Public Policy.

Older Ways, by Peter Bars, Van Nostrand Reinhold.
100 Great Canadians, by George Woodcock, Hurtig.
otob ingland, by Robert Oldham, published by the author.
Outport: A Newfoundland Journal, by Eileen M. Williamson, Medallion Books.

Path of the Paddle, by Bill Mison, Van Nostrand Reinhold.
A Picture History of British Columbia, by George Woodcock, Hurtig.

The Pioneer Catalogue of Country Living, by Elmo Stoll and Mark Stoll, Personal Library.
The Pioneer Cook, by B. Bann, Detselig Enterprises.
Politics of Debat, by Barry Wilson, Western Producer Prairie Books.

The Politics of Freight Rates, by Howard Darling, M & S.
Positionings, by Alice Van Wart, Fiddlehead.
Prelude to Comfort, by Sheila Mackay, Portage Press.
The Privileged Few, by John Lowndrough, Art Gallery of Ontario.

Pro Hockey NHL 80/81, by Jim Prossfont, PaperJacks.
A Profile of Canada's Older Population, by L. O. Stone and S. Fletcher, Institute for Research on Public Policy.
The Pulp Mill, edited by Barry McKinnon, Repository Press.
Quebec and The St. Lawrence, by John de Visser and Paul von Bach, Oxford.

The Ransom Commando, by James Grant, PaperJacks.
Red Crow: Warrior Chief, by Hugh A. Dempsey, Western Producer Prairie Books.
Reflections and Preoccupations, by Jaroslav Havelka, Ergo Productions.

Re-inventing the Wheel, by Lesley Choyce, Fiddlehead.
Resource Policy: International Perspectives, edited by Peter N. Nemetz, Institute for Research on Public Policy.
Restoring Old Houses, by Nigel Hutchins, Van Nostrand Reinhold.

The Roman Emperors, by Barry Baldwin, Harvest House.
Sandford Fleming, by Lorne Edmond Green, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
The Sash Canada Wore, by Cecil J. Houston and William J. Smith, U of T Press.

Selected Poems, by Daryl Hine, Oxford.
Sex Roles, edited by Carole Stark-Adams, Eden Press.
Shackling Up, by Kent Thompson, Oberon.
Ski-Camping, by Ron Waters, Douglas & McIntyre.
Spreading Time, Book II 1904-1949, by Earle Bimey, Véhicule Press.

Taxing Corporations, by Richard M. Bird, Institute for Research on Public Policy.
The Tin Flute, by Gabrielle Roy, translated by Alan Brown, M & S.

To Fly With Icarus, by Jennifer Wade, Fiddlehead.
Tom Longboat, by Bruce Kidd, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
Trilateralism, edited by Holly Sklar, Black Rose Books.
Understanding Ghosts, by Victoria Brundin, Clarke Irwin.

Unemployment and Labour Force Behaviour of Young People, by F. T. Denton et al., U of T Press.
Unity in Diversity, edited by Nicholas Nyman and Torvo Miltanen, Wilfrid Laurier University Press.
Urban Indians, by Larry Krutz, photography by John Pakewich, Hurtig.

Vancouver: An Illustrated History, by Patricia E. Roy, James Lorimer.
Vanishing Canada, by Rick Butler, Clarke Irwin.
Wakefield Today: A Gaffnean Village Sourcebook, by Beth Taback, published by the author.

Where's the Fire?, by Elizabeth A. Willmot, Macmillan.
White Lies and Other Fictions, by Sean Virgo, Exile Editions.
The White Shaman, by C. W. Nichol, Seal Books.
Who Is Bugs Potter?, by Gordon Korman, Scholastic.

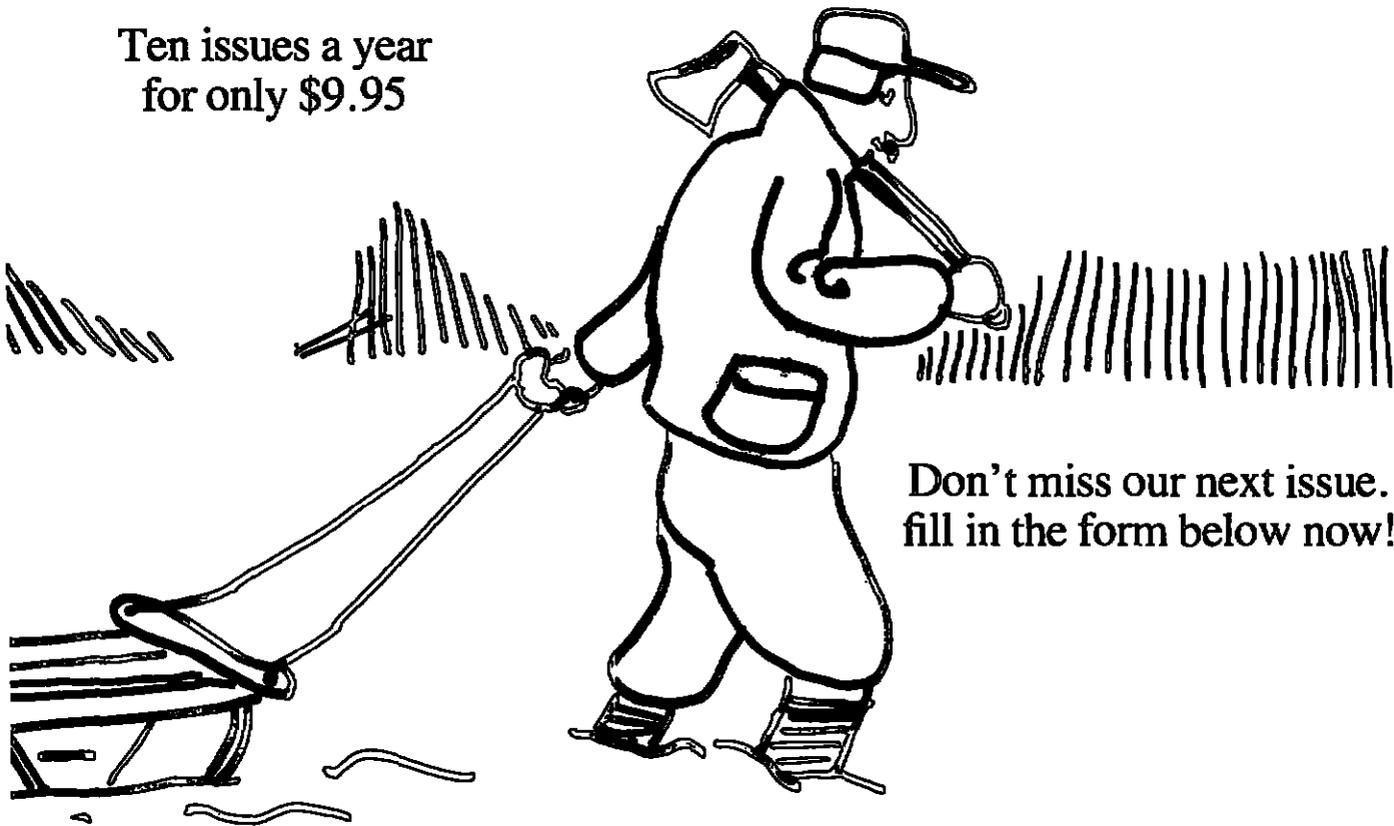
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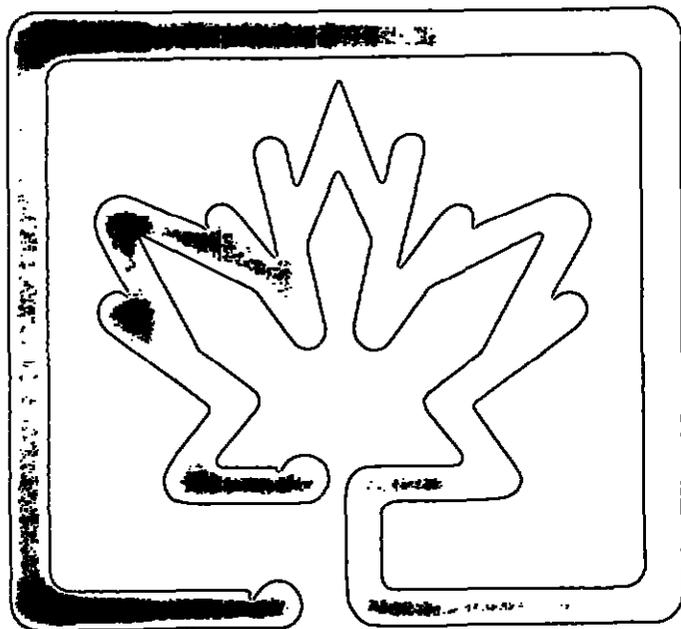
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