



# MRS. GRUNDY'S CRIMINAL CODE

**N**OWADAYS, BECAUSE THE CONSEQUENCES of our choices can be so disastrous, we are perpetually driven towards absolute conclusions, towards the knowledge that there are some situations which can only be solved by the extremity of a clean sweep. I suppose, despite a temperamental rejection of violence, a distaste for noisy rhetoric and its practitioners, I have always realized this fact. It led me, when I was young, to become an anarchist, believing with Bakunin that the "urge to destroy is also a creative urge"; it led me, with Orwell and Herbert Read, to reach the highly unpopular conclusion during World War II that if we believed in freedom it meant the right not only for liberals and socialists and anarchists, but also for communists and even fascists to argue and speak freely. We all served on a Freedom Defence Committee which accepted that conclusion and, though it led us at times into defending and sometimes successfully prising out of gaol people whom we disliked personally and violently disagreed with, we never felt there was any other way to be real libertarians. We had to give free voice even to the man who wished to destroy our freedom, which was far from saying that we would let him succeed in his aim. On the contrary, all of us, by civil disobedience in the Gandhian manner in Read's case and mine, and by reluctant violence in Orwell's case, were prepared to resist any encroachment on our own freedom. But we saw our defence of the enemy's freedom as part of the defence of our own at that period when all liberties were violently threatened.

Today we are obviously back in the kind of extreme situation where absolute conclusions are in some directions inevitable, where old attitudes and the old laws in which they crystallize have to be swept away and very often - replaced by nothing. In particular, in Canada, I believe that the most obstructive single barrier to social development and to the return of social harmony is the Criminal Code. It must be completely changed, and changed not on expedient grounds, but on a philosophical basis which - in my view - will almost automatically take care of most of the equivocal legal situations that face us today. To state my case before I argue it, the Code must cease to concern itself with *all acts in which there are not demonstrably victims*; on the other hand there are many

acts which do involve victims - from society down to individuals - and which at present find no place in the Criminal Code, and attention should be paid to the whole problem of how to deal with such acts and with victimizing crime in general.

I was led to this extreme conclusion by a bitter disgust, which I am sure must be shared by many thousands of uninvolved Canadians, at the vicious spread in the use Canadian police - both the RCMP and local forces - of what is generally called entrapment. In fact it is something more than mere entrapment, since it consists in the actual provocation of crimes by police agents who, though legally accomplices and therefore guilty of at least conspiracy to commit a felony, are allowed to go free while their victims are prosecuted and - since judges almost invariably take the word of the *agent provocateur* (as if a man capable of provocation were not also capable of lying) - are usually sent to prison on long sentences. As I write this article a Vancouver housewife is going through the mill of the courts because a policewoman asked her to perform an abortion; I pick out of my file at random another account of two RCMP constables on Vancouver Island who last spring grew their hair, submerged into the drug world, and came up triumphantly, having tempted no less than 48 people into drug-pushing offences.

It further repelled me to see, when such cases came up, that the press normally treated the officers involved as heroes (though I have noticed a recent tendency to downplay the adulatory tone). I remembered the traditional British detestation of police spies; for all the protest one now heard, except for a few civil libertarian groups, that appeared to have vanished, and this, it seemed to me, was the worst aspect of the situation. For the main reason one opposes repulsive methods in law enforcement is not actually pity for the victim, though that is secondarily important; it is one's consciousness of the effect of such acts on the whole moral fabric of society. The death penalty is worse than murder because it shows that society as a whole is as cruel as the criminals it destroys. Informing, which may seem relatively harmless when it is confined to the curious symbiotic sub-world shared by policemen and criminals, becomes steadily more menacing, the more deeply it penetrates into society. One of the invariable symptoms

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of a totalitarian society that spying on one's fellow citizens becomes a social duty. When provocation is added, and crimes are actually created by the people supposed to suppress them, then the situation is even worse. "Set a thief to catch a thief" is all very well as a phrase to express one's contempt of coppers (I object strongly to maligning that estimable beast, *porcus domesticus*), but I doubt if many of our legislators or administrators, or many even of the general public have really pondered (a) the danger of establishing spying as normal action in a society or (b) the danger of encouraging young policemen and policewomen to take for granted that a frameup is a legitimate way to catch even a known criminal. Of course, as far as the police themselves are concerned, the practice no doubt seems perfectly sensible, since it makes sure that any sense of fair play or trust between human beings is eradicated early in the young officer's career.

What has made informing and provocation so common during the past few years is of course the fact that large numbers of people outside the ordinary criminal world are now feeling so strongly about their freedom to perform certain actions which the law forbids that they are prepared to risk imprisonment. A similar situation existed in the United States among drinkers under prohibition; it also existed in England and Canada among homosexuals in the years before the laws affecting them were repealed and still exists among them in most American states. At present significant minorities wish for the abolition of the drug laws and the abortion laws, and are ready to defy them covertly or even openly until they are abolished.

**WHEN SUCH SITUATIONS ARISE** through laws that affect the private lives of individuals, the effect is always detrimental to society as a whole. One reads the accounts of London at the time of Oscar Wilde's trial; thousands of homosexuals lived agonized double existences and were preyed on by whole companies of blackmailers and mercenary male prostitutes. The grotesque parade of witnesses through whose evidence Wilde was imprisoned condemned the society rather than the man in the dock. Ruthlessly organized crime appeared and became a continuing power in the United States owing to the existence of prohibition and the fact that an absurd and annoying interference with their private lives induced millions of people to co-operate with the gangsters and their agents in frustrating it. Today the situation caused by the rapid growth in the use of illegal drugs is exactly parallel. A whole corrupting hierarchy of big and little pushers has arisen, from the stalwarts of the Cosa Nostra down to their dupes, the smalltime missionaries who really think that by dispensing pot or acid they are bringing others to the light. There also exists a frightening pattern of prejudice and bitterness between those who wish to use drugs and those who wish to prevent them. When such situations arise, with large numbers of people engaged on each side and the state -- up to now at least -- supporting the repressive elements, something like a lesser civil war afflicts society, and the mutualist virtues are neglected.

But the situation is really very simple. The conflicts arise from the confusion in the minds of legislators, and most of the people who elect them, between crime and

sin. A sin is really an act in the theological realm, an offense -- if one accepts a certain religion -- against the laws the deity imposes. Sins include crimes; the error is to believe that all sins are crimes. Crimes can best be defined as acts harmful to other individuals or the community in general or -- in the light of modern knowledge -- to the ecostructure. There is clearly a whole group of private acts which may well be theologically sinful, if one happens to accept the creed that condemns them, but which by no reasoning can be held to be crimes. Over the actual boundaries between sin and crime there has always been enormous confusion. Even in those Victorian days when masturbation was regarded as the blackest sin, the law accepted the fact that it had no business in the privies of the nation, and it was merely madness, impotence, blindness and hellfire that awaited those idle hands for which Satan had found evil to do. But the law did at certain times and places punish viciously as crimes adultery, pre-marital fornication, and, among primitive peoples, the breaking of taboos; e.g. the Tsimshian of northern British Columbia would kill a woman who by chance saw a carver in the process of making a secret society mask.

Once we recognise this essential difference between sin and crime, and let those who believe in sin punish themselves if and as they wish, the whole situation becomes simple. All offenses that have no demonstrable victim should be taken off the statute book, and they should be taken off together in a clean sweep recognizing that victimless sins (if sins they are) are not crimes. It is the piecemeal character of the Trudeau reforms to the Criminal Code that is their great flaw. It was good to give male homosexuals the same freedom as Lesbians enjoyed because Victorians refused to believe publicly that women could be so depraved. It was sensible to abolish that unworkable prohibition regarding birth control devices which forced pharmacists to treat French letters as mere prophylactics. But the amendment of the abortion clauses has been worse than useless because it has aroused expectations that have gone unfulfilled. In the published statistics for the last quarter before this article was written, it appeared that less than a thousand legal abortions were performed in the whole of Canada; in other words, the amendment did not work as Trudeau had probably quite sincerely expected it to, because it was not an absolutist amendment and left too many opportunities for the timid and the reactionary to frustrate its intentions. Obviously during that quarter many more than a thousand women had illegal abortions, and some of them died. If the will of the prospective mother were made the main factor in deciding on an abortion, women would be freed at once from the necessity to rely on kitchen practitioners, and the non-professional abortionist, with her gruesome little collection of dirty instruments, would vanish from the scene.

The present anger of Canadian women over the inadequacies of recent legislation relating to abortion reveals the unwisdom of compromises inspired by fear of hostile interest groups. If anything, the Trudeau reforms have worsened the situation, while a complete legalization of professional performed abortions, accompanied by the establishment of public clinics, would have satisfied the majority of women, the only people whose opinion counts in this context.

The remaining areas in which the Criminal Code notably infringes on the liberty of individuals are mainly those which concern the use of drugs and those which involve prostitution and certain minor forms of deviant sexuality (old men opening shabby raincoats with trembling haste, etc) not liberated at the same time as the Realm of Faerie. The whole question of drug use has been taken out of the realm of philosophic principle by the confusions introduced (a) by the current legal division between drugs like alcohol and nicotine and prescribed barbiturates on the one hand and the outlawed drugs on the other and (b) by the intense moral problem of whether and how far one is in fact one's brother's keeper. That was the famous question posed by Cain the outsider who slew Abel the square, but its Biblical connotations should not obscure the essential issue. We must try to persuade our brother from a course of suicide, but in the end that solitary decision has to be his own, and if a human being is really bent on self-destruction, by heroin or speed or any other expedient, that is his inalienable if regrettable right. Therefore though I would not -- being a writing-and-gin-addict -- avail myself, I believe all drugs should be obtainable by people over 18 on the principle that just as society should not force a man to his death by conscription, so it should not keep him from his death by restricting the possibilities of life. Standards of purity should of course be set as they are for all other commodities, and the sale of impure drugs should be regarded as a crime with victims. Such a course has obvious advantages over the half-measures suggested by the LeDain commission, which would curiously brand the use of drugs as a semi-crime. Only a complete liberation of the use of narcotics and a supervised liberation of their sale would remove from drug-use the glamour of illegality, would heal the social rift which current laws have created, would neutralise the anti-social machinery which the dope industry has developed, and would cut at its roots the cancer of distrust which the spread of informing and provocation in connection with the enforcement of narcotics laws has created.

**I T IS SAFE, AT LEAST ON THE RADICAL LEFT,** to argue for the legalization of drug-use. Prostitution is another matter, about which most professional liberationists are uneasy and even Women's Lib has not made up its mind. The fact is, our boasted "sexual revolution" is still hedged in by a whole fence of inhibitions. Only in France, where there is now a chance of the legalized bordello returning, is real sense being talked on this issue. In Canada a prostitute can be trapped through a whole variety of clauses -- against vagrancy, against keeping a bawdy house -- must be found in one, etc, etc, and she has few defenders.

Throughout the history of urban man, prostitution had been a necessary function (in some cultures a sacred one), and no advocate of feminine equality could fault the status of such deities of whoredom as Aphrodite and Astarte. The words *prostitute*, *whore* and their many synonyms have acquired invidious connotations, particularly in the English language. Yet in France a quarter of a century ago it was still accepted that a peasant girl might serve

her time -- like any other person following a trade -- in the lupanar of the local town, and return home with the dowry that would ensure a workable marriage. Many of those formidable ladies in black satin who still clank the cash registers in provincial French shops and cafes began their careers in this way, and nobody thought the worse of them. It was only a most unGallic wave of puritanism after World War II, instigated by a reprehensible busybody named Madame Richard, that resulted in the closing of the bordellos of France. Many English and American writers had -- like Henry Miller -- enjoyed the extraordinarily free atmosphere of the best of these institutions, yet when they were closed only Lawrence Durrell had the courage to write an "Elegy on the Closing of the Paris Brothels", and he had difficulty finding an editor to publish it; I did eventually in *Now*. Today it looks as though Durrell's elegy may become happily obsolete as the legislators of France change the laws to allow the re-opening of houses of assignation. The benefits will be obvious, to society as a whole, to *les filles*, to their patrons. While the brothels were closed, venereal disease spread in France as it had not spread since the eighteenth century; the girls were preyed on by criminal syndicates, avaricious ponces and bribe-greedy policemen. A return to the houses will mean not only effective medical inspection, but also liberation from the perverted *machismo* of the pimps. Why not co-operative bordellos, run by the girls and aimed at making the profession as respectable as physio-therapy, of which, after all, it is an agreeable form? And why not such co-operatives in Montreal and Toronto, or, for that matter, in Fredericton and Victoria?

I do not apologize for this digression into the sanity of the French past and the possibilities of its resurrection. Let it serve as a reminder that in this respect even Canada was less restrictive at one time than it is today.

I have been speaking in terms of particulars -- of the legalization of abortion, of drug use, of prostitution, but it is necessary to keep returning to the general since we cannot afford to amend the law in a merely pragmatic way. The incredible confusion that now exists over abortion should have made this clear. A partial easing of the drug laws as suggested by the LeDain commission could only create similar confusion, and even a complete elimination unaccompanied by a general implementation of the libertarian argument that acts which do not victimise others are not crimes, might have its dangers, since there would be the temptation to regard the supervision of drug sales as a state function and this could lead imperceptibly to a manipulation of society by actually encouraging drug-use as a way to avoid the problems of automation and leisure; that was Huxley's prophecy, and there are times when I think *Brave New World* was more prophetic than 1984, though the swinging young do not think so precisely because they, more than the rest of us, are actually in *Brave New World*.

A general revision of the Criminal Code on libertarian principle rather than one based on pragmatic convenience is in fact the only effective way to ensure that individual reforms are not used by politicians for more subtle intrusions on liberty. And the total elimination from the Code of all acts that have no demonstrable victims is, I suggest, the minimal beginning for the construction of a flexible structure of laws intended as a positive rather than a negative social influence.



**A** PART FROM ITS ADVANTAGES in restoring social harmony and trust, such a radical reform of the Criminal Code would immediately lessen the pressure on the courts and on correctional institutions by drastically reducing the number of convicted offenders; this in turn would give pause to consider just what should be done with those criminals whose acts do involve victims. Quite obviously, many such crimes do not even appear in the Code. One example is wrongful arrest; police officers depriving citizens of their liberty without cause are in essence kidnappers and should be treated as such. More grave is the fact that there is no provision in the Criminal Code for the drastic discouragement of pollution of a kind that does positive harm to communities, individuals or the ecostructure; yet the proprietors of enterprises which cause such pollution are by every moral criterion that seems rational as criminal as any mugger or any peddler of impure dope, and should be treated as such regardless of their standing in society. It is sometimes argued that this would be unnecessary if the ownership of the means of production were socialized; the example of Soviet Russia does not bear this out, for there the managers of state industries have shown themselves even more irresponsible in their tolerance of pollution than the pillars of Canadian capitalism. In any society at present foreseeable it seems necessary – and as a libertarian I admit this with intense reluctance since I would like to see the end of all laws – that there should be restraint on major criminals, on murderers, assaulters, defrauders and polluters. And here the Criminal Code should obviously extend its scope. There are respected men in the city where I live – men whose names appear on university boards and high on the lists of philanthropic causes – against whom the very water and air should speak in accusation.

But once one has accepted the idea of the Criminal Code as a means of dealing with people who harm others or society or the natural world on which we all depend for a future, there remains the question of penalties. Punishment as revenge, and punishment as deterrence, have never accorded with the moral systems that emanated from such religions as Buddhism and Christianity, and time and again experience has proved their total uselessness. Restraint is admissible – even the anarchist theoreticians have granted that – if it is the only way society can protect itself against a criminal; but the fact that a man needs to be restrained indicates a mental sickness that needs curing, perhaps by psychiatry, perhaps by education, perhaps by mere human fellowship. I am, I know, uttering clichés, but the awful thing about clichés is that they are often frozen truths – frozen because people go on repeating them and never put them into action. If we took all the public money that is now spent on suppressing drug-takers and prostitutes and running censorship boards – and the even greater amount of money squandered on maintaining an army that could not resist an invader for a day – and used it for imaginative research into the ways of reconciling criminals and society, we would end with few prison cells and a number of curious schools where the directors of pulp mills might sit beside defrauders of little old ladies and molesters of small boys and silk-stocking strangers to learn the elements of mutual aid and respect for living beings, which primitive peoples have often understood so much better than we have done.

## NINE HOLES

GEORGE BOWERING

Dimes that jingle in my pocket,  
odor of toothpaste recently uncaught --  
the rooms  
& passing thru them,  
this is the news  
the sheltered body hears  
during its routines.

(Appollinaire volunteered  
for the infantry  
& died during the armistice,  
a piece of his skull  
shot away,

a tenth hole  
made in him.

He was an alien  
to begin with, he  
didn't have to defend  
the French nation,

its bankers.

With a tenth hole  
he was a different kind  
of creature.

I have nine holes  
for news  
or what I will do.

Like the first half  
of a golf course.  
I began with these rooms  
& passing thru them  
& marking my score card  
correctly.

My parents were both born  
in this country,

they were taking up golf  
when I left the service of my country  
a man

ready to set up  
housekeeping.

George Bowering won the Governor-General's Award in 1969 for *Rocky Mountain Foot* and *The Gangs of Kosmos*, his fifth and seventh books of poetry. He has since published *Sitting in Mexico*; and he is also the author of a novel, *Mirror on the Floor* (1967).

# ANCESTRAL VOICES PROPHEYSYING....

*And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far  
Ancestral voices, prophesying war.*  
(Samuel Taylor Coleridge)

**A**MONG A SCORE OF OTHER THINGS, Dave Godfrey is a jazz musician. He is a writer, university teacher, publisher, etcetera, and he plays trumpet. He also writes like a jazz musician. The spiritual forebears of his particular writing craft are not the ancient storytellers around the cave-man's fire but the drummers and singers who were both artists and *shaman*. His short stories are prophecies, life-celebrations, laments. The themes enter, interact, interweave. The musician picks up a theme develops it, extends it and varies it.

At thirty-one years old, Godfrey has published stories in *Tamarack Review*, *Saturday Night*, *New Canadian Writing* (Clarke Irwin 1968), *Canadian Short Stories* (Oxford 1968), and his collection of short stories, *Death Goes Better With Coca-Cola*, was published by Anansi in 1967. He has completed a long novel, *The New Ancestors*, which will appear soon, and from which excerpts have been published in *Tamarack Review*, *New Canadian Writing* and *The Canadian Forum*. He taught for several years in Ghana with CUSO and it is in West Africa that his forthcoming novel and some of his stories are set. The rest of his stories are set mainly in Canada, and a few in America. He is, to my mind, the most talented young writer now writing in Anglophone Canada.

One of Godfrey's main themes is expressed with precision and irony in the title of his collection of stories. Death goes better with coca-cola. One of his chief concerns - obsessions, almost - is with the influence of one culture on another. This could be called the colonizing process, whether one culture actually takes over another in terms of physical occupation (initially by force) or whether one culture imprints itself on another by means of economic and political levers and propaganda, thus destroying the previously held values of the society which is taken over, and ultimately destroying the original fabric of the society itself. There is no external society, in a sense. Society, with its tapestry of values, institutions, language, religion and customs, exists in the minds of men, and it is the cross-cultural contact and attack which Godfrey explores. He relates this theme again and again, both in his novel and

in his short stories, to American imperialism as it appears in its various forms in Vietnam, in Africa and in Canada. African countries, having thrown off one colonialism, are now in danger of another. Newly independent, but receiving aid, arms and Big Brother advice from America (or, for that matter, Russia or China), they are changed, infected, corrupted with corruptions other than indigenous ones (of which there are always plenty anywhere). Canada, whose resources and industries are to an appalling degree owned by America, has so far suffered the fate of having politicians too timid or too avaricious to argue more than tokenly with the selling of the peoples' birthright and heritage for a mess of colour TV and plastic cornflake giveaways. Godfrey has, by some miraculous means, discovered a way of saying these things without ever writing propaganda or polemical pamphlets. He is very angry. He is, at the same time, very cool, incisive, moving and (don't knock it) entertaining.

Godfrey's second main theme, related (as all his themes are) to the first, is that of the element of time and history, the linkage of past and future, the ways in which archetypal patterns appear in human life and mythology. Our ancestors are reborn, with variations, in us. We, too, are in the process of becoming ancestors. We will be the myths of our descendants. Like all of Godfrey's writing, his treatment of this theme is a study in relationships - the influences of one generation upon another, the influences of one individual upon another, the struggle of children to free themselves from parents, the process of becoming parents themselves and repeating in some unforeseen form the damage their own parents passed on from their parents. Godfrey shows that this inter-generation struggle is common to all cultures, and that archetypes appear in world legend for the simple reason that the ancestors are constantly with us, constantly reappearing, and we ourselves, of course, are the new ancestors of his novel's title, whether we are African, European, American or Canadian. This theme takes Godfrey deeply into the realm of myth, and some of his writing is an attempt to express our vital mythology in contemporary terms.

**A**NOTHER OF GODFREY'S THEMES is his love of the land, the physical geographical country itself - mainly Canada, because this is his own land, but extending also to the physical countenance of Africa and by implication to the planet we inhabit. Coupled with this theme is his awareness of man's terrible tendency to des-

Margaret Laurence won the Governor-General's Award for her third novel, *A Jest of God*, which Paul Newman subsequently made into the successful film *Rachael, Rachel*. She has just completed a year as writer-in-residence at the University of Toronto. Her second collection of stories, *A Bird in the House*, and a novel for children, *Jason's Quest*, were both published last spring.



troy himself and his planet. Godfrey is most definitely not a liberal humanist. He is not sanguine about the nature of man. He knows the violence that exists not just in some people (Others) but in all (Oneself). He knows that the struggle between the forces of life and forces of death goes on at all levels, all the time, both externally and in an inner way in individual hearts and minds. Man, with part of himself, is a hunter who no longer needs to hunt for food and who both deplores and enjoys hunting.

The pungent theme recurs often in Godfrey's writing, and as with Norman Mailer's *Why Are We In Vietnam*, he observes repeatedly the connection between the gun and symbolic sexual potency, but he does so subtly, never underestimating his readers' ability to grasp this fairly obvious connection without any explanation. He explores the symbol and relates it, once again, to myth. Part of Godfrey's view of man is Man as Hunter, forever externalizing the fight against the demons within, forever trying to press his will upon an environment which he both loves and fears, forever destroying what he loves and loving his destruction even as he hates it.

To turn now to some of Godfrey's most typical short stories: *The Winter Stiffs* is a bizarre tale of archetypes.

The Finn, driving a tractor in a prairie winter when he was thirteen years old, once found three men frozen to death. Carleton Carl, Billy Ball and Sask had been fumbling a drunken way home when they collapsed, and in a prairie blizzard, to stop is to freeze. Old Carleton Carl's body was broken by the tractor, and they stacked him up in the blacksmith's shop like cordwood.

The Finn tells it all with a kind of gusto and humour, but is obsessed by it and keeps coming back to that faroff story. He is, however, basically easy inside his own skin and in his environment. Godfrey, with a fine ear for idiom and a deft descriptive ability, gives in a few pages an extraordinary character portrayal. Finn is genuine, strong, and perhaps alas - archaic. Godfrey contrasts him, at the end of the story, with the lady in Toronto, who pitifully says of the birds she is feeding (and doesn't want to share with anyone else), "My pigeons. My pigeons." She is trying to get to something she never had and never will - some ease with herself and her world, a condition probably not possible for many in the cities of now. Finn, on the other hand, is a Canadian myth - the giant woodsman, now passed into history, but immortal.

In *River Two Blind Jacks*, the title itself has a mythical ring and the story is narrated by the grandfather who was "a trader of truths", a myth-maker who himself claimed to have captured Henri La Mort on Great Bear Lake, and who was buried in a conglomeration of garments ludicrously incorporating our history - beaded Blackfoot moccasins, mountie breeches, longjohns, a Cree deerhide jacket, and an English bowler. The old man's tale concerns two lumberjacks, Reginald Couteau and Albert Godspeed, whose French and English surnames are typically suggestive of legend. In single combat, each the champion of his camp, the two half-blind each other with the murderous steel claw used by woodsmen. They then set out to track and hunt one another. Godspeed falls into a bear pit prepared for him by Couteau, and breaks a leg. Couteau arrives to see if the other man is dead, and in the process falls himself into another of his own pits. The two trapped champions are gradually drawn closer together in their misery, as

they shout back and forth from their pits. They exchange whiskey and hardtack; the enmity fades. They then make "a pact to end the feud and get a legend started about themselves." Ironically, when they think they hear help arriving, their rivalry returns. It is, however, not help which is arriving, but death, in the form of a grizzly.

This is one instance in which the land itself, through its wild creature, seems to overcome and destroy the men who violate it. Yet it is not quite that simple. The listening children feel themselves a part of their grandfather, a part of his country, his legends. But it is a time which is past. Couteau and Godspeed like Finn, are giant archaic figures. What sort of legends will the children become, in their time? Not an answerable question, perhaps, but an askable one.

#### IN TWO SMITHS, THE YOUNG AMERICAN,

Rhett, starts out in high school by being against the system, the Vietnam war, the travesty which America has become. He goes through protest marches and burns his draft card, but he is finally beaten, both by the system and by the potential violence in himself. He joins up, goes to Vietnam and begins to enjoy killing. The central irony of the story is that the friend who goes shooting with Rhett just before the latter departs for the Army knows it is both useless and wilful to shoot the last remaining pheasant, which no one needs for food, but he does so and enjoys doing so. The narrator recognizes the violence which is within himself as it is within the ex-protestor, Rhett.

Godfrey does not offer answers - and quite rightly, as that is not the function of a fiction writer - but he does point some directions. Rhett's "brother", who is a draft evader in Toronto, appears to represent a degree of hope. This story seems to me to be one of Godfrey's least successful, possibly because it is a little too obvious, but these may be themes which sometimes need to be stated very plainly indeed, and the story does remain true fiction, relying on being, not preaching.

*Fulfilling Our Foray* is set in Ghana, and brings in Godfrey's three main themes - the influence of one culture on another; the hunting theme; and the pattern of archetypes. It also introduces us to Gamaliel, who appears again, and centrally, in excerpts published so far from Godfrey's novel *The New Ancestors*. Gamaliel is a Ghanaian drummer who has been to America and who has played with Charlie Parker. He talks about "the African personality" to young Ghanaians, "whose electric guitars had been purchased for them by the Minister of Defence." Gamaliel - Gamaliel the brave, the crazy, emanating life - has embarked on a journey more perilous than he recognizes. He cannot, by himself, combat the forces which make the young Ghanaians want to emulate America, nor does he realize the

corrupting effect of America's gifts to his country. Indeed, he himself is almost more a product of black American culture than his own, and although he is the only one to bring back a worthwhile trophy from the ill-fated "safari", a traditional African xylophone, this object seems almost like something from an anthropologist's fantasy collection. But it is, also, real -- it is a connecting link with the ancestors, who once were alive and who in some ways live on.

The hunting theme is dealt with beautifully in this story, and interwoven with the ancestral theme in amazingly few words. These three young hunters are sore-footed and inept, acting out dreams, and the mighty elephant never appears. But the white narrator ponders the fact that "the white grandfathers between 1880 and 1910 had destroyed two out of Africa's three million elephants." Man the hunter, destroying his environment; our ancestors reborn in us. And yet, these present-day hunters do shoot an antelope, which gives at least one meal (although what use is one meal only?) to a village whose children have *kwashiorkor*, a disease of malnutrition. *Fulfilling our Foray* is full of ambiguities, just as life is, and it is partly this fact which gives the story its strength and authenticity.

*Kwaame Bird Lady Day*, although a self-contained story, is a portion of Godfrey's novel, and deals with the recurring themes of archetypes and inter-cultural influences, as well as portraying individual characters in remarkable depth. Here again we encounter Gamaliel the drummer, who is defending in argument the regime of the Redeemer, the leader of the country (referred to in this story as Lost Coast). The sceptical European narrator is Michael Burdener, who is married to Gamaliel's sister, Ama, and who tries unsuccessfully to face the adamant Gamaliel with the ways in which Lost Coast is being sold out to neo-colonialists, American and Russian alike.

This is one of Godfrey's most subtle and powerful stories. In discovering Burdener's slowly growing perception of Gamaliel, we are led back in time to the day when Gamaliel took Burdener to a local shrine. An African woman, evidently mad, appeared, seeking the help of the shrine's *obosomfo*, priest of the god. She mocked Burdener, telling him "the Redeemer is our King", and then went into a wild scene of madness and bitter laughter. Later, Burdener spoke angrily about the event to Gamaliel, saying that the women attacked him only because of his white skin. Gamaliel allowed Burdener to continue for a long time before revealing that the woman was his own mother, and Burdener's mother-in-law, the woman whom Ama had carefully prevented his meeting.

**B**URDENER, APPALLED AT HIS OWN lack of knowledge, is driven to break into a doctor friend's office in order to gain the psychiatric file on the woman, Delicacy Harding. He discovers almost more than he can bear to know. Delicacy's mother was an Akante, her father a Canadian sailor who lived off the mother's earnings and later deserted the family. Delicacy had an unhappy marriage and has lived to see her children grow into new ways of life unfamiliar and impossible to her. Burdener is faced with the burden of her life, the damage done to her by circumstances, the uprootedness of her mixed cultures, her

terrible bewilderment and fear. And he is now burdened, as well, with the ways in which Delicacy's spiritual hurt has been passed on in changed forms to her children, to Gamaliel and Ama. The past is forever; the ancestors are still with us; we attempt exorcism in our own ways, but no exorcism is complete or final. Burdener has long recognized this from his unhappy relationship with his own father; now he is forced to examine Gamaliel's past as well, two generations back. The word-play on Burdener's name is interesting, for the proverbial "whiteman's burden" now carries sinister and repulsive connotations, and yet Burdener's own mental baggage is genuinely heavy. erbial "whiteman's burden" now carries sinister and repulsive connotations, and yet Burdener's own mental baggage is genuinely heavy.

Gamaliel has tried to take refuge from the scars of the past by believing totally and absolutely in the new society of the Redeemer. He will not allow doubts either in himself or in his son, Kwaame Bird Lady Day. In the end, he cross-examines his son on the new catechism, the Leader's salestalk. But the boy fails to remember all the required answers. Gamaliel suddenly reverses his refrain and damns the Redeemer, enraged that all is not to be simple or perfect, acknowledging by this outburst his own self-deception and disappointment. Then he beats his son cruelly. And Kwaame Bird voices the same desperate cry as Delicacy his grandmother did at the shrine, a plea which as well as being addressed to the loved and hated human parent, is really mankind's eternal and never-to-be-answered cry to the gods and the ancestors -- "M'agya, m'agya" -- *My father, my father*.

Gamaliel goes off by himself, to weep -- for his son, for himself. But his scars have now been passed on, all the same. In this story, we can observe a writer growing into his full ability, expressing himself on many levels with simultaneous force on all. The stretch and scope of the writing bode extremely well for Godfrey's forthcoming novel.

*The Hard-Headed Collector* is certainly Godfrey's most complex story, and I am not even going to attempt an exhaustive analysis of it. It is a story to be read, re-read, felt, heard, experienced. Like music. Or like myth, which it is.

Seven men, carvers and poets, set out from the Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia, the furthest western point of Canada, to reach the Bay of Chaleur, New Brunswick, far east. They have been summoned by the manager of the lumberyard there, to carve a giant totem, Egssdrull.

The seven men represent both the two great monotheisms of our country -- Christianity and Judaism -- and the mixture of races we contain. The two who most represent the religions are the first to fall by the wayside. Pier Dela Ombre, at North Battleford, goes off with the bread-maker's daughter. When he leaves the camp, he walks "in the gentle circle of one who is uncaringly lost." It should be remembered that he is not the leader of the expedition. He stands in relation to Christianity not as Jesus, but more, it seems to me, as St. Peter. He is a self-chosen martyr, in one sense, certainly not of this world. In another sense, he is willing to lose himself in order to find himself. And perhaps he does. Or perhaps not. Maybe for *our* needs it does not matter which. But where is the Church founded? On a Rock -- as Jesus demanded of St. Peter -- or on a Shadow?



Or both? Pier Dela Ombre.

The next man to be lost is Torah Black, who, as well as representing the Jewish faith may also represent two peoples - Jewish and black. (I am only speculating; this is a story which makes you want to speculate; there are no guaranteed right answers, thank goodness.) Torah sacrifices a goat - as in the Book of Genesis, Abraham did - in an attempt to save the party from the fire that blocks their way. But the sacrifice fails, and Torah is lost. The ancient rituals applied without reference to present situations, will not save us.



Margaret Laurence

**O**NE BY ONE THEY GO - Looky McLaw, the Scots Canadian, whose name bears overtones of a scrutinizing law-worshipping Presbyterian, but who also (the other side of the Celt) is the one who "had a libation" for the blade of the magic axe and who is lost partly because of his proud lust for women. Andre Mineur, French Canadian, speaking many tongues, Andre the translator, connecting many pasts with himself, is distracted from the journey by another group of craftsmen at French River, devoted to the building of a huge golden-scaled fish and frequently martyred by their task. The references to "God's fish" and the blue robes of the craftsmen-priests are, of course, Christian symbols, but there is also a sense of destiny and a kind of redemption/conquest about this group, for they hope to awe and convert the Sarrasians. Andre is caught up in his own vision and it is this which severs him from the general quest. Scrop Calla, English Canadian, drops out and is drawn into a cult of hallucinations, sacrificing himself, as all seven men do in one way or another. Ole Siuk, when he and Piet are tortured and beaten, discovers his need to make masochistic atonement for the atheism of part of his "family" in the Ukraine, so he remains at Edmondston.

Then only Piet Catogas is left. Piet, leader of the expedition, whose name indicates his quality of holiness although as himself, the individual man, he is portrayed as tough-spoken, wry and earthy. Piet the carver. The Christ figure. Not the historical Jesus - there is a difference. Piet is the christ who appears in every culture, every religion in the world. He is the priest-god-king who must sacrifice himself in order to save his people from the inner chaos which men would experience if they were deprived of myth. He is Osiris, who has to undergo death and be reborn if the corn is to grow, those three thousand years ago in Egypt. There are aspects of the same figure in all seven men, but Piet gathers all these into himself. The name Piet, also, is French-Canadian, and Catogas an Indian name, so Piet, as Metis, carries within himself the original mainstreams of our country.

When Piet reaches the Bay of Chaleur, the manager of the lumberyard tells him he has come too late and too alone. He would have been required to fulfill seven rituals, but the men who could have performed six of the seven are gone. Who can now "shape an axe, sing its joints, engrave its shaft, bless its point, name it in ten tongues, knit soul and intent, determine where lies its enemy"? The task is too great for one man. And the land itself, which should have provided the tree for the great totem, is desolate. "The creek . . . was damned." Also damned? The land has been despoiled, and the totem tree is no longer alive.

It is like a kind of Day of Judgement, except that it is Man crying out to God as the Christ did upon the cross - *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* Piet cries to the Manager of the Lumberyard, "Father, father . . . you have forsworn me. Thiefman." He is given a meaningless job, sorting lumber, and dies soon after. In the manner of the Viking kings, a ship comes for his body.

Just as Canada is a combination of many cultures, so this story combines references (perhaps some of them too obscure) to myths and legends of many countries' past. Godfrey, fantastically, re-shapes these and weaves them into a Canadian myth, a myth as old as man and yet with a contemporary idiom and relevance.

The story is counterpointed throughout with quotes from *The New York Times*, a report concerning an American collector, who made his money out of Canadian oil and who presented his art collection to the American nation. The collection, Godfrey clearly implies, was bought out of pieces of Canada. The hard-headed collector owns part of our land but does not know about its creation, its mythology, does not know or care who or what we are, from what manner of men we are descended, how our blood flows, the colours of our hearts. And we have let it happen.

The newspaper excerpts also point up another terrifying irony. The President of the USA, in accepting the art collection, says that Washington is a place of democracy and beauty, an example to the world. All you have to do is look at TV from time to time to see the profound derangement of that statement.

The seven have been summoned from the totem-carvers of the Queen Charlottes, and yet none of them are Indian. Not a Haida amongst them. The only full-blooded Indians to appear in this story are given the imaginary name of Nanarino. Has the Indian, on his own continent, already passed into the *Myth Only* category? Maybe Godfrey doesn't think so. But if he does, it is not because he wants

to think that way; he is, as I've said, not a liberal humanist, nor will he comfort his readers with any false optimism on any score. His view of life is a sombre, almost apocalyptic one despite the humour which leavens his writing. History may prove him wrong in all directions; for this he is prepared, even hopeful, but guarded.

Egdrall, the great totem, is the Tree of Life. The name is ancient Scandinavian, but the symbol appears in all cultures. Similarly, the whole story revolves around myths which are universal – the myth of the Journey, the Quest, in which the hero must undergo perils and suffering in order to discover life's meaning (basically, the *rites de passage*, the passing from childhood to manhood), and the myth of the godking who must die to save his people.

We cannot live without myths. Man is a myth-making animal who knows he must individually die but who cannot bring himself to believe it. Perhaps now we have to forge appropriate new myths. Perhaps we have to learn how to live with and in our portion of the only home we possess – Earth. If we have time enough left, as a species.

I could talk about Godfrey's "style" (I don't like that word), but I don't think I will. I could talk about how he

juggles levels of reality; how he creates individual characters by setting down their own voices; how he uses irony; how he can describe a landscape so you can see and feel and smell it. What would be the point?

You have to read his writing, and hear the music reverberating in your own head.

*Note: This article appeared originally in French translation and in somewhat shorter form in Ellipse, Autumn 1970. It is printed here for the first time in English, with the permission of Ellipse.*

*Of the stories mentioned in this article, River Two Blind Jacks/Kwaame Bird Lady Day can be found in New Canadian Writing (Clarke Irwin 1968), while the others appear in Death Goes Better With Coca-Cola (Anast, 1967).*

## NO SOLITUDES

GEORGE BOWERING

"Why dont you write  
a poem about separatists?"  
now yr in Montreal, or  
at least Westmount  
for ever or at least  
a winter.

From my balcony  
the other yards, cubistic  
as taught this eye  
by Greg Cumoc, but he  
is in London, Middlesex County  
Ontario, crushing bones  
for art. Even the washing on the lines  
cubistic, the map of the prairies  
as in my old jigsaw, to be fitted  
all its straight lines. Look  
at Saskatchewan, obeying the  
narrowness of its north  
duè to the longitudes & not  
Mercator. He was no Frenchman,  
never in Prince Albert. Who  
was also never

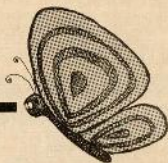
in Oliver, B.C., where I  
was & am still, but where  
there were no Chinese as further north  
27 miles in Penticton, where I was  
born

to bring it all here  
where I think  
I command, in my own ambiguities  
walking among French Canadian  
black leather coats,

walking  
that is, linear in the poems  
as no separation makes feasible  
as the Place Ville Marie names  
Montreal, and in its sunset  
turns on its lights, seen from  
Mt. Royal, cubistic but seen  
with the same eye that sees angular  
church domes, French  
fried potatoes, long cubes  
on the ground, fitting in.



# THE IMPERIAL BUTTERFLY



**T**HE STUDY OF CANADIAN LITERATURE – one might say the perception of it as an independent fact – and the consciousness of Canadian literature as possessing a unique imaginative reality of great power are historical events only now coming to crystallization among serious Canadian readers. For that reason, present writing about Canadian literature, and the writing that will be done in the coming decades, will be of the very greatest importance to the development of literature in the country and to the development of the community and its ideas of itself. In Canada today one of the most important activities that one can engage in is the study of the Canadian imagination and its products. The fight for the survival of the Canadian community engaged in at all levels of Canadian life in this decade must be based on what we are as a fact of history, geography, constitutional life, and communal aspiration – all of which forces, in any country, conspire to inform the products of imagination, the works of art of a people.

For those reasons, *Butterfly on Rock* by D.G. Jones, a work which claims to be a partial literary history of the imagination, must be examined with complete seriousness. D.G. Jones isolates "certain themes and images" and "attempts to define more clearly some of the features that recur in the mind, the mirror of our imaginative life" (p.3). The study does not claim to be exhaustive, but of the themes discussed, Professor Jones says: "There can be no doubt that they are central and characteristic themes in Canadian literature. To study them closely should reveal essential features of both individual writers and the literature generally" (p. 4). The book, to my mind, is deeply flawed, based upon unclear concepts, out of which comes much misreading of individual works and historical themes. That is not wholly the fault of Professor Jones, for the last twenty years of Canadian history have been played upon by powerful forces, urging the Canadian not to see his own fact steadily or clearly. A kind of intellectual colonialism, under the guise of boundary-less cosmopolitanism, has urged Canadians away from their own intellectual tradition as a meaningful consistent fact towards a condition of seeing the Canadian imagination in terms of archetypes formed on other geographies in other times, or of formal comparisons (which usually see Canadian work, often falsely, as 'imitative'), or even in terms of claims that the

Canadian imagination belongs to another tradition – the North American tradition. That last is seductive to many critics covered by continentalism as Northrop Frye, George Grant and Marshall McLuhan have all, in their writings, given evidence of being. Each, interestingly enough, has accepted continentalism through the error of defining technology as U.S. technology. George Grant goes even further in *Technology and Empire* to suggest that the experience of coming and settling has made Canadians the same as the U.S. people. And he suggests Canadians are alienated from the landscape in a North American way, both claims which are decisively rejected by the Canadian imagination expressing itself in Canadian literature. The flaw in speaking of "the North American tradition" is quite simply that the histories, geographies, constitutional structures and communal aspirations of Canada and the U.S. are different. Critics who speak or write of Canadian literature in the North American tradition mean Canadian literature to be

D.G. Jones bases his work on two of those enormously dangerous modes of criticism. The one is the archetypal mode of Northrop Frye, which when turned to Canadian literature invites comparisons which confuse rather than define (the Old Testament and Canadian literature, for instance), generalizations which obscure rather than clarify, and postulations of thematic concentration more suitable to the alien archetype than to the body of Canadian literature brought into comparison with it. The Odyssean archetype, for instance, used with a kind of flagrant pertinacity by George Woodcock of Hugh MacLennan's work might be equally applied to scores of other works in all countries in which the hero wanders, returns changed, and perhaps re-unites with a woman on new terms. But even in MacLennan, the claim of the Odyssean parallel, except in terms so large as to be virtually meaningless, is strained beyond credibility. Woodcock says of *Each Man's Son* in "A Nation's Odyssey" (*Canadian Literature*, Autumn, 1963): "the slaughter in the great hall of Ithaca is repeated in miniature." It is not, for Penelope is not sleeping with the suitors and is not herself killed, nor is Odysseus. In *Each Man's Son*, Mollie is caught with Camire, is slain, and so is Archibald MacNeil! Some archetype!

Robin Mathews started the national uproar about the proportion of American professors in Canadian universities, and has become one of our best-known nationalists. Co-editor of *The Struggle for Canadian Universities*, Mathews is an English professor at Carleton University and a poet whose most recent book of verse is *This Cold Fist*.

*Butterfly on Rock*  
D.G. Jones  
University of Toronto Press  
Toronto, Ontario  
197 pp.  
\$7.50

**B**UT THE ARCHETYPE OF ODYSSEUS permits Woodcock to compare, generalize, and to postulate themes in such a way that MacLennan's real powers are obscured and his real themes confused. Woodcock finds himself unable, for instance, to credit the deep conviction pairs of characters feel or reflect in MacLennan's novels about their own relations as moulded and even created by community. But that is a basic theme in Canadian literature and in Hugh MacLennan's work.

The second dangerous mode of criticism Professor Jones uses is one he describes as cultural and psychological, coming not only from Northrop Frye but Warren Tallman. To the archetypal method is joined a method which sees Canadian literature as U.S. literature. Mr. Tallman builds his most influential articles on a U.S. concept of alienation and of Canadian literature as, in reality, a part of U.S. literature. His discussion of W.O. Mitchell's *Who Has Seen the Wood* does not recognize the major theme of the healer and community builder in Canadian literature, nor the theme of the necessary multitudinousness of personality in a truly pluralist society. No. We are invited to see "desolation." We are invited to compare *Who Has Seen the Wood*, not with Canadian works, but with Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce and Bret Harte. We are invited to see the characters Mr. Tallman likes best in Canadian fiction "come forward and take their awkward North American bows" ("Wolf in the Snow", *Canadian Literature*, Autumn 1960). They are not, of course, characters from U.S. fiction. Mrs. Bentley of Sinclair Ross's *As For Me and My House* and Duddy of Mordecai Richler's *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*. But they are the closest of those Warren Tallman writes about. And he misreads the novels to whatever extent is necessary to make them seem to be U.S. novels. He is followed with an astonishing perversion of Morley Callaghan as a U.S. writer in a recent book by Victor Hoar, *Morley Callaghan* (Toronto, 1969).

The bad influence upon Canadian criticism of Northrop Frye's general method, George Woodcock's Odysseus analysis, and Warren Tallman's "americanizing" serve to reveal the general cesspool out of which D.G. Jones attempts to swim towards a sense of reality in Canadian literature.

The confusion in *Butterfly on Rockis* is persistent. Fine insights are found among a rubble of contradiction. Near the end of the work, Professor Jones writes:

*The world is a wilderness; guilt, isolation, the menace of death are inherent in the human condition. Yet the problem of how to affirm such a world, posed over and over again in the work we have studied, is resolved by accepting these conditions. That acceptance effects a real transformation: the alienation produced by attempts to exclude or destroy every menace is replaced by a larger communion. As MacLennan suggests, what was the condition of our defeat is now also the condition of our victory; what was a wilderness is now also a garden.*

*The view at which we arrive provides the basis for the individual's affirmation of his actual world, his own authentic reality; he need not conform to an external order to justify his life or possess an identity.*

The contradiction is not a paradox; it is an illogicality. The large communion is in the soul and in the society. One cannot have "a larger communion" without regard to "an external order". The two are interdependent. Moreover, it is not a communion, in Canada, won by making what was a wilderness a garden as MacLennan's novels repeatedly show, as all Duncan Campbell Scott's

work makes clear. It is a living *with* nature, not ruling over it.

**O**NE OF THE FUNDAMENTAL ARCHETYPES used in the book, the garrison and the wilderness, is inept and unclear. To begin, we never are told what a garrison and what the wilderness is. They are never defined for the reader in any understandable way. They appear to be opposites. They appear to represent "culture and nature" (p. 6). The "garrison culture" confronts "a hostile wilderness". "It is . . . a literary reflection of the colonial mentality, which is practically, by definition, a garrison mentality" (p. 6). But the colonial mentality exists in relation to empire, colony and empire. The colonial mentality is the opposite, one might suppose, of a garrison mentality. A garrison defends against destruction; a colony exists to be exploited and abused. Professor Jones elsewhere writes of "a culture garrisoned against nature" (p. 87). But writing of *Top John* by Howard O'Hagan, Father Rorty's church is "a garrison which opposes the letter of the law to the violence of life" (p. 67). Surely "culture" is not, properly speaking, "the letter of the law"; and surely "nature" is not "the violence of life". Lampan, on the other hand, wanted "to escape from the garrison of culture that was itself becoming a wilderness, a desert of boredom on the one hand and a jungle of violence on the other". Finally, Professor Jones reminds us that Hugh MacLennan in *The Watch That Ends The Night* characterizes Montreal as "an English garrison encysted in a large French village" (p. 157). But it is not, we know, a garrison defending against destruction, nor is it a colonial community. It is an imperial garrison inhabited by the ruling Anglo-Saxon group. The difficulty with the archetype Professor Jones employs is not the difficulty of language in complex relation; it is the difficulty of language used without clarity and precision. Literature is fitted to the archetype. The archetype is shifted to hold the literature.

As a result of a forced dichotomy, a "garrison" and "wilderness", that reduces rather than informs complexity, the literature, whenever it arises above simplistic alternatives, is mistread. Moreover, Professor Jones gets himself into the awkward position of both supporting and rejecting violence, of recognizing the Canadian sense of community and denying its validity in favour of American individualism. His weakness can be seen most easily in the discussion of *Who Has Seen the Wood* by W.O. Mitchell. It is a struggle we are told "between an authentic and an inauthentic way of life . . ." The opposition to the Bens, the Fringe family, we are told, "is clearly an opposition to the land". That is nonsense. In the first place the young Ben and his father play entirely different roles. To confuse them is a major error. Even the young Ben is not "the authentic culture". He is a legitimate form of life. Professor Jones says of the Bens and other fringe people: "They and the authentic culture they potentially embody fail to find adequate expression" (p. 37).

But the old Ben is not even potentially an authentic culture. He is the other end of the human folly represented by the overconventional people. The Ben claims to have over a hundred children spread around Canada. And the



reader understands, as Brian comes to, that the old Ben does not potentially embody "the authentic culture". He is an irresponsible rogue. The community in harmony with the land, Brian discovers, must reject rigid stratification and uninhibited individualism. This is one of the main themes of Canadian literature.

**A**NOTHER IS THAT THE CANADIAN MUST learn to live *with* and not *over* nature. And yet Professor Jones uses two men, without the fundamental experience of Canada, to base his concept of land upon, men who do not understand Canadian relations with nature. Patrick Anderson's "Poem on Canada" is a tourist's poem. In a land where the people do not possess the land, a mystery exists. Patrick Anderson writes: "and the land was. And the people did not take it." We are, therefore, says Professor Jones, colonialists in relation to the land. But in their relation to the land, throughout Canadian literature and at the present - in that respect - Canadians are *not* colonialists. The equilibrium Brian achieves in *Who Has Seen the Wind*, of soul, soil and society, is denied by Jones, though it is characteristic of a major theme. It is denied because Warren Tallman, the other tourist in Canadian literature, employing U.S. terms, has said that, "at the heart of the novel lies a conflict between cultural facade and the crude violence of place".

Finally, for this review, but not for the book, unfortunately, Mr. Jones misreads the Indian. In Canadian literature the Indian won't play the "garrison" "wilderness" game. In this regard, the book is peppered with obvious error as well as misreading of theme. Professor Jones tells us, for instance, that the "Yankee farmer and his slattern daughter were for Mrs. Moodie as insolent, scheming and uncouth as any of the Indians" (p. 36). But Mrs. Moodie says of the Indian that he is one of "Nature's gentlemen - he never does a rude or vulgar thing" (p. 29).

Throughout *Roughing it in the Bush* she never makes the kind of comparison Professor Jones attributes to her. But because Mrs. Moodie represents, for him, a sterile type, Professor Jones misrepresents Mrs. Moodie. At one point, he quotes Mrs. Moodie as writing of "a purer religion" (p. 61) which is needed. A few lines down, he quotes her incorrectly as having written of a "purer form of religion" (my italics), which, incidentally, suits his argument better.

For many writers, the Indian possessed a culture. The confrontation with the Indian in Canada was not seen in U.S. terms. Many writers did not think of the Indian as "primitive". "Garrison" and "wilderness" don't work to explain the major theme in Canadian literature of cultural meeting, cultural disruption, a tragic sense of loss and pain at the passing of Indian culture. From Major Richardson's *Wacousta* on the cultural question is complex and profound. Duncan Campbell Scott, forty-five years in Indian affairs, writes of the Indian with greatness, in the major Canadian tradition. I regret to say Mr. Jones does not understand Scott's work. We are invited to think of the Indian in of "Powassan's Drum" as commanding "the demonic irrational power of nature" (p. 70).

In the poem "we are presented with one of the strangest and most naked visions of the demonic face of nature in all Scott's poetry" (p. 109), "all that is primitive in nature and man" (p. 7). Rubbish. The poem is too complex a part of Scott's poetry to analyze here. But the medicine man represents a culture, a culture in decay, a sophisticated culture with an operative religion much given to trance consultation with a spirit world. The medicine man is aware of the range of his culture. He wants revenge of prophecy. He wants to understand the meaning, the destiny of his race. All he can evoke is a beautiful, decapitated Indian, "haughty in manful power / Headless and impotent in power".

When Professor Jones says that in "Night Hymns on Lake Nipigon", Scott "had attempted to celebrate the triumph of Christianity in leavening the lump of savage nature" (p. 69), his very language brutalizes Scott's sensitivity to the meeting of cultures. The poem begins in irony. Scott "not celebrating the triumph of Christianity. He is figuring forth the meeting of cultures, both moved by a religious spirit older than particular faiths. The storm which rises at the end is a recurrent image in Scott's poetry. It is the storm that accompanied the medicine man in religious ritual (as a matter of fact). It is the storm which is excited to life, also, at moments of cultural disruption. But in "Night Hymns on Lake Nipigon" the storm reaches around the fundamental sense of the larger existence implied in both cultures, and it accompanies them.

*Butterfly on Rock* is not a good book. One would expect that its selectivity would make possible a dovetailed argument. But the reader is disappointed. The literature of Canada is not read; it is chopped up to go in loose, imported archetypal bags. The literature of Canada is not liberated into its own personality; it is imprisoned in U.S. theory, in "americanizing". I have chosen a few themes, a few works to comment upon. But the commentary could go on and on. "Central and characteristic themes" not handled or handled ineffectively abound. The major issues in Canadian life and imagination await their explicator.

PEACE  
ON  
EARTH

# MILESTONE or CENOTAPH

**T**HIS IS EITHER A MILESTONE or a cenotaph for Imperial Science. Years ago, America's National Academy of Sciences commissioned a series of books which would outline the current state of various sciences, one to a book, as well as indicate the capacities of that science for attacking the problems it dealt with. In other words, the professionals of a particular body of knowledge were to perform the courtly ritual of celebrating a) the progressive nature of their enterprise; b) its ability to solve a wide range of problems, provided that the ever-present need for increased funding were met. With an innocence endearing in children but suicidal in the power centres of Imperial Science, the spokesmen for the Life Sciences did not then feel prepared to mount an offensive for a greater share in the pie. A growing sensitivity to the realities of the Imperial knowledge system had, by 1966, compelled the biologists, zoologists and their allies to assemble their scroll of achievements. This lengthy volume is the result.

The editor, Chairman of the National Academy of Sciences (the Byzantine Minister of Posts was called the Logothete of the Golden Dome), declares with commendable forthrightness that even the limited selection of the wonders of his trade that he lays before his audience "amply justifies the expenditures of public funds for research which have made them possible", a not unexpected conclusion. Few butchers are vegetarians.

While the work lacks that N.A.S.A. baroque style so endearing to connoisseurs of the Space Programme, no one could attribute its prose style to any author other than a committee. In fact, each of its twenty chapters are committee-born, sprung from the heads of a single panel, scrubbed and buffed by a higher committee, reworked again, "subjected to the searching, sometimes scathing, criticisms of the parent Committee on Science and Public Policy", and sanitized finally by the Editor. In the process as with the over-refining of rice, a little of the flavour one associates with life has been ground away. The archons of the science trade, that is to say The Survey Committee on

the Life Sciences (a sub-committee of the C. on S. and P.P.), charged their contributors to "convey a sense of the excitement and enthusiasm of the practitioners of our disciplines and succeed in convincing scientists outside each specialty field that that field is important scientifically," but this don't-rat-on-me-and-I-won't-on-you mentality has produced a series of reports with all the excitement and enthusiasm of a parade of postal workers on a wet November afternoon. The enormously stimulating developments taking place in the life sciences today (and stimulating they are, whether you consider the excitation that of adventure or pornography), are reduced to dots on a graph, hillocks on a moorland of grey prose.

Of course, nuggets can be found in the oddest places, and thus one encounters such pure gold as, "But leaving art and theology aside, is the ecology of man so very different from that of a social insect?" Such a sentence has the tang of Swift's "Last week I saw a Woman *slay'd*, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her person for the worse" (*Tale of a Tub*).

The reader is also treated to bits of arrogance and naivety, in the Ecology chapter. There, we are told of the Tsembaga, New Guinea aborigines who have evolved an ecosystem by which they and their numbers do not unduly tax the environment in which they exist. The Tsembagas number 250 and occupy a region the size of a moderate city park (3.2 miles). The astronomical distances between Them and Us in scale and economy fail to deter the committee scribes from finding lessons for us in the lot of the Tsembagas. They have, you see, a number of rituals supporting an ecologically correct relationship with the world around them. Well, what we need are a number of "belief systems" to do the same for us. One recalls the late Sir Julian Huxley's cry that if Jesus was able to get so influential a thing together with a dozen illiterates, then why couldn't a committee of scientists establish a new belief for moderns? Possess your souls in patience for the *parousia* of the Tsembagas.

The last chapters deal repeatedly with the threats to our

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Biology and the Future of Man  
Edited by Philip Handler  
Oxford University Press  
Toronto, Ontario  
936 pp.  
\$13.95



environment, man-made and natural. "On Feeding Mankind" seems to the reader (the writers being more optimistic, as befits anyone bent on "convincing scientists outside each speciality field that that field is important scientifically") a series of lamentations on the dangers inherent in the development of more and more hybrid crop strains, intensely susceptible to the ills they were not developed to resist, and more powerful insecticides. And while the writers, or rather computers, cannot be bothered to speculate upon the possible harmful effects of seeding species of pests with sterile strains that will diminish numbers, any reader who has ever seen the term, balance of nature, may wish to do so himself. "Renewable Resources" and "Environmental Health" can be read as records of cultural disaster, with their long lists of problems to be solved by the scientific technologies that have created them. The final chapter, "Biology and the Future of Man" (the prospects of the latter appear less rosy than those of the former) regales the reader again with the facts of overpopulation, misuse of resources, wide-spread ignorance and unconcern about the consequences of our actions, and concludes all this with a surreal paean to sperm banks and genetic engineering. To be sure, dangers exist, "But one day, when populations are stable, world peace is the norm, and man's social and political institutions are sufficiently mature to assure that biological understanding will not be utilized to perpetuate injustice or strengthen dictatorship but, rather, to expand human potential, man will be free to guide his own evolutionary destiny."

*In these Colleges, the Professors contrive new Rules and Methods of Agriculture and Building, and new Instruments and Tools for all Trades and Manufactures, whereby, as they undertake . . . all the Fruits of Earth shall come to Maturity at whatever Season we think fit to chuse, and increase an Hundred Fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy Proposals. The only Inconvenience is, that none of these Projects are yet brought to Perfection; and in the mean time, the whole Country lies miser-*

*ably waste, the Houses in Ruins, and the people without Food or Cloathes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are Fifty Times more violently bent upon prosecuting their Schemes, driven equally on by Hope and Despair. (Gulliver's Travels)*

The volume concludes with a restatement of the collective madness of America's scientific Establishment, the power grid for our future here and elsewhere. The reader is fired by a rhapsody on those themes of unlimited power and riding in triumph through Persepolis that have fuelled Faustian Man since the rise of Baconian science. That is, the same drives toward the reduction of the universe to an extension of man's super-ego, the results of which have exercised the preceding chapters, are now touted as Ways Out, as if a man could screw himself into virginity:

*Yet, Homo Sapiens has overcome the limitations of his origin. He controls the vast energies of the atomic nucleus, moves across his planet at speeds barely below escape velocity, and can escape when he so wills. He communicates with his fellows at the speed of light, extends the powers of his brain with those of the digital computer, and influences the numbers and genetic constitution of virtually all other living species. Now he can guide his own evolution. In him, Nature has reached beyond the hard regularities of physical phenomena. Homo Sapiens, the creation of nature, has transcended here. From a product of circumstances, he has risen to responsibility. At last, he is Man. May he behave so.*

*His Employment from his first coming into the Academy was an Operation to reduce human Excrement to its original Food, by separating the several Parts, removing the Tincture which it receives from the Gall, making the Odour exhale, and scumming off the Saliva. He had a weekly allowance from the Society, of a Vessel filled with human Ordure, about the Bigness of a Bristol Barrel. (Gulliver's Travels)*

Progress is our most important problem.

## ONE MAN'S LAWRENCE

*It has become, I think, now, a supreme wickedness to set up a Christ-worship as Dostoevsky did: it is the outcome of an evil will, disguising itself in terms of love.*

(-from the Letter of Thursday 8 April, 1915)

*Einstein isn't so metaphysically marvellous, but I like him for taking out the pin which fixed down our fluttering little physical universe.*

(-from the letter of 16 June 1921)

*No no! La vita è da spendere, non da conservarvi.*

(-from the Letter of 2 February 1922)

**H**ERE'S GENUINE SCHOLARSHIP, & warm human interest. 346 letters; 220 published for the first time. In one place, in chronological order, the record of a lasting personal acquaintance between two unusual men. (No doubt regrettable, only Lawrence's side of the correspondence survives; and of interest, others of these letters are withheld by terms of the Koteliansky will.) George Zytaruk also notes that "the number of letters to Koteliansky exceeds easily that written by Lawrence to any other person." Lawrence, who seldom stayed for more than a few months in the same place and virtually wandered the globe, needs little introduction. S.S. Koteliansky, who lived for all of these 16 years at the same place in St. John's Wood, was a Russian Jewish emigre from the Ukraine. He worked with and moved among many of the literary in London, and he did much as a translator earlier this century in bringing Russian literature and philosophy to the English-speaking west. Lawrence helped and encouraged him a great deal in finishing and editing several of his translations. And he helped and must have encouraged Lawrence a great deal too, acting as a kind of personal literary agent and as a frequent friend in need. (For example he supplied pen nibs, note paper, or packing cases; he sent food and medicines during the end-of-war flu epidemic; he was on the staff of the *Signature* journal during its brief life; later he served in the distributing and safe-keeping of copies of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* sent to London from Florence; and he arranged for a TB specialist, Dr. Andrew Morland, to visit the dying Lawrence on the Riviera.)

Herbert Burke is a professor of English at Mount Allison University, where he teaches the modern novel alternately with seventeenth-century literature (as well as freshmen) and leads a writing workshop; deeply concerned about the forms of protest manifest on every hand, he recently published in *Continuum* a thoughtful essay on Thomas Morton as man of letters and man of protest.

The two men met on a walking tour in the Lake District midsummer 1914, returning from it to hear of the outbreak of World War I. So Lawrence will say to Kot, in writing from Florence, 28 June 1926: "and we must make a little trip somewhere, like the memorable trip to the Lakes." They never did.

In itself this volume is an impressive, an authoritative, and a handsome volume. Impressive because Lawrence is Lawrence and the man was impressive. Authoritative because it's thorough: introduction, documentation, cross references, appendices, index, all are thoroughly thorough. George J. Zytaruk knows D.H. Lawrence - the man and the artist, his circle and his canon - inside out; and he knows his significance. The volume is handsome in format, page design, finish. There's the special clarity of its several type faces: nor is there any niggard using-up of open margins or end-spaces. Add 4 fine gloss reproductions: (1) Lawrence's own Phoenix *Ex Libris* sketch, inscribed "to Kot from D.H.L.", and enclosed in a letter from Florence of 18 April 1928; (2) a photo of Koteliansky as a young man and (3) another from later life taken in the garden at No.5 Acacia Road, St. John's Wood - the so-called "Cave" - where he lived all these years; (4) a copy of one of Lawrence's last letters to Kot (he would write him only two more) dated 15 January 1930 from Bandol in the south of France. All in all, this is a volume exemplifying the best in contemporary bookmaking.

**W**ITH THREE MAJOR AND NOT UNSUCCESSFUL films during the last year or so - *The Fox, Women in Love* and *The Virgin and the Gypsy* - Lawrence's work receives added general attention. A further volume of his letters (Aldous Huxley's was the first in 1932; Harry T. Moore's *Collected Letters* in two volumes the most recent in 1962; while George Zytaruk notes that a complete and definitive volume remains for future scholarship) - a further volume of his letters may receive more than its deserved scholarly interest. For Lawrence was a prophet (not the least of our ecologically-conscious time) and a revolutionary (always questioning the world, its fixations, its

The Quest for Rananim: D.H. Lawrence's Letters to S.S. Koteliansky, 1914-1930  
Edited by George J. Zytaruk  
McGill - Queen's University Press  
Montreal, Quebec  
433 pp.



abstractions, its mechanization, its wars). He seems as perennial as the *Philosophy perennis* or the phoenix myth; he seems as recent as an issue of *Psychology Today*, one featuring perhaps sensitivity training and a new carnality. Or consciousness expansion. In February 1916, he ended a reference to Nietzsche's *Zarathustra* by writing to Kot: "... not innocent unconsciousness: but the maximum of fearless adult consciousness, that has the courage even to submit to the unconsciousness of itself.

And Lawrence (was) is the sort who so often provokes. *Time* magazine, reviewing the film *Women in Love*, claimed that Katherine Anne Porter referred to Lawrence as giving "the nightmarish impression of the bisexual snail queezed into its narrow house making love to itself." There's been provocation somewhere. Writing to Kot on Monday 20 November 1916 from Higher Tregerthen, Zennor, St. Ives, Cornwall (the names, at least most of them, of the many places where Lawrence and Frieda stopped have a poetry all their own), he wrote:

*Today I have sent off the MS. of my new novel Women in Love. Can I tell you how thankful I am to have the thing done, and out of the house. - But I have a great respect for this new book. I think it is a great book - though no doubt I shall share the opinion with nobody.*

Add Kate Millet (of Women's Liberation and *Sexual Politics* fame). Provoked, she dubs Lawrence "an inventor of a religion, even a liturgy of male supremacy." Although he rarely discussed "woman" with the bachelor Koteliensky, in one of the 1914 letters he does write:

*There is another quality in woman that you do not know, so you can't estimate it. You don't know that a woman is not a man with a different sex. She is a different world. You do not understand that enough. Your world is all of one hemisphere.*

Granted he is defending Frieda here (Zytaruk suggests there must have been a kind of armed truce between Frieda and Kot much of the time), that sounds very little like "male supremacy". As does the substance of such essays as "We Need One Another" and "The Real Thing". To say nothing of his candid and tender respect for the otherness of woman in many of his poems; or in his Ursula Brangwen of *The Rainbow*.

Among others, G. Wilson Knight has also shown concern with the "sexual challenge" in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, since its human pair go beyond "normal sexual encounters". (The fullest treatment of this range of problematics is, I think, George Ford's in the "Dies Irae" chapter of *Double Measure*.) But here we want to check on what Lawrence had to say to Kot. In one of the Cornwall letters, written 12 March 1917, he offers a clue that should perhaps be followed. He says:

*I have done some peace articles - called "The Reality of Peace." I wonder if anybody will publish them. They are very good, and beautiful.*

They are to be read today in the Phoenix collection. In one part he writes:

*I must make peace with the serpent of abhorrence that is within me. I must own my most secret shame and my most secret shameful desire. I must say, "Shame, thou art me, I am thee. Let us understand each other and be at peace." Who am I that I should hold myself above my last or worst desire? My desires are me, they are the beginning of me; my stem and branch and root. To*

*assume a better angel is an impertinence.*

He is talking here surely only about the false shames associated with sexuality. And years later, writing about *Lady Chatterley's Lover* from the Villa Mirinda, Scandicci, Firenze, near Florence, where the novel was entirely written (in its 3 distinct and separate versions) he had this to say to Kot:

*I'm thinking I shall publish my novel. . . here in Florence, myself, privately. . . I won't cut it about; (22 November 1927).*

*As for my novel, it's half done, but so improper, you wouldn't dare to touch it. It's the most improper novel ever written; and as Jehovah will probably find it sheer pornography. But it isn't. It's a declaration of the phallic reality. (23 December 1927).*

These are the words of a man who believes in what he has created. George Zytaruk explains in his editing (with reference to others of his own Lawrence studies) that Lawrence's interest in "the phallic reality" was given added dimension when Koteliensky introduced him to the work of V.V. Rozanov, a Russian philosopher, in April 1927. Unfortunately, I haven't yet been able to find a copy of Zytaruk's article, "The Phallic Vision: D.H. Lawrence and V.V. Rozanov"; however, in a review of Rozanov's *Solitaria* re-printed in the Phoenix collection, Lawrence writes:

*Rozanov has more or less recovered the genuine pagan vision; the phallic vision, and with those eyes he looks in amazement and consternation, on the mess of Christianity.*

So it is hardly surprising when Blake-like he had these teasing words to say to Kot in that letter of December 1927: *O dear, why are you so Jehovahish. I could wish you were a little Satanic. I am certainly going that way. Satanasso. It's a nice word. I'm weary of Jehovah, he's always so right.*

**N**OW ON TO THE APPROPRIATENESS of the volume's title. For Lawrence quest was a constant. His was a quest for the sun, actual and symbolic, symbolic for him of all that was vital or "sexual". His was a quest for personal and for social health; a quest, as someone has suggested, for instinctual harmony. Zytaruk includes in an important footnote part of a letter Lawrence wrote to W.E. Hopkins in January 1915:

*We will also talk of my pet scheme. I want to gather together about twenty souls and sail away from this world of war and squalor and found a little colony where there shall be no money but a sort of communism as far as necessities of life go, and some real decency. It is to be a colony built up on the real decency which is in each member of the community. A community which is established upon the assumption of goodness in the members, instead of the assumption of badness.*

As Zytaruk suggests, there could be no fuller expression of Lawrence's yearnings. And so - while Kot remained somewhat like the fixed point of Donne's compass at "the Cave" - Lawrence and Frieda moved on and on. The letters trace almost every move. As soon as they could after the end of World War I, they left England, rarely to return (already Lawrence had written 177 letters to Kot). They never settled for long in one place, although they stayed for a while during 1920 at the Fontana Vecchia in Taormina, near Messina, Sicily. Soon, they had sailed from

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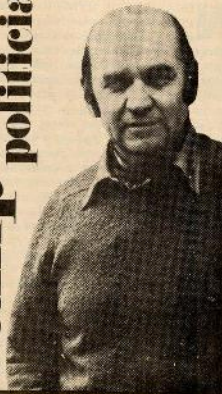
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Naples through Suez for Kandy, Ceylon. (Lawrence writes from shipboard: "Then Mount Sinai like a vengeful dagger that was dipped in blood many ages ago, so sharp and defined.") Ceylon was thought of beforehand as the original of Paradise but proved too hot; and it was on to Australia, west and east; then to New Mexico by way of San Francisco and on into old Mexico. But his ideal colony evaded him. Nor could he, back in western Europe, find himself at ease. He spoke briefly in a few letters to Kot of going to Russia. England he couldn't bear, although there was one pleasant return if brief, while Nottinghamshire nostalgically forms the setting for so many of his tales. It was only in Sicily, in the sun, and later near Florence at the Villa Mirenda, that he could stay for a while. And in these last years his tuberculosis forced him to the higher altitudes of the Alps several times. But his quest remains, a deeply felt longing for the islands of the blessed, or as he put it somewhere rather ironically, "an island for lost souls". It might be in Florida, or California, in South America. It was to be called *Rananim*.

This name was Koteliansky's, the word itself coming from a Hebrew chant. Lawrence first heard Kot sing it, apparently, during the walking tour, midsummer 1914, when they had sheltered by a stone wall during a sudden rainstorm. Writing to Kot from Sicily, 14 January 1922, Lawrence partially recalled the words of the chant, while reflecting on their shared melancholy:

*What isn't empty -- as far as the world of man goes.  
 I too think of the Bucks Cottage fairly often, and still  
 sometimes lull myself with:*

*"Ranane Sadikhim  
 Sadikhim Badanoi."*

*If only there were some of the dark old spirit of that,  
 left in the world.*

Later, writing from Florence in October 1926, he will tell Kot of having sent off the music for his play *David*, and add:

*Wonder if you'll recognize the prophet singing Ranane  
 Sadikhim [sic]. But it won't sound the same.*

As early as January 1915 (it was during the dark war years that *Rananim* was foremost in his mind, just as hopes and plans of ideal communes are foremost for so many these dark "war" years), as early as January 1915, Lawrence wrote to Kot enthusiastically:

*What about Rananim? Oh, but we are going. We are going to found our Order of the Knights of Rananim. The motto is "Fier" or the Latin equivalent. The badge is so: an eagle, or phoenix argent, rising from a flaming nest of scarlet, on a black background.*

Lawrence will refer to *Rananim*, if only in a passing allusion, in at least 22 others of these letters -- oftener to Kot it would seem than to his other correspondents. Finally, while staying at the Villa Bernarda, Spotorno, near Genoa, he writes to Kot on 4 January 1926:

*We had a warm sunny Christmas. It is extraordinary, the change when one crosses the Alps. I think on the whole I like the Mediterranean countries best to live in. The ranch [in New Mexico] still doesn't attract me, though sometimes in my sleep I hear the Indians drumming and singing. I still wish my old wish, that I had a little ship to sail this sea, and visit the Isles of Greece, and pass through Bosphorus. That Rananim of ours, it has sunk out of sight.*

This is the last mention of his hope for a *Rananim* colony



in the Koteliensky letters.

Lawrence will write some 95 more of them over the last four years of his life. It is all intolerably sad, darkened by illness and mortality. Lawrence is now forty years old. He is dying of tuberculosis, although he stubbornly refuses to admit it. And he stubbornly refuses to allow it to happen for these four years, perhaps as actively creative as any period of his life. The letters bring much of that activity and creativity to us. The familiar titles sound from letter after letter - *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine* (he is ordering Kot a copy from Philadelphia), *The Plumed Serpent*, "the Etruscan book", his play *David*, and his painting - "of Boccaccio's story of the nuns and the gardener", *Mornings in Mexico*, a volume of short stories, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Collected Poems*, "a portfolio of reproductions of my pictures", *Apropos Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Pansies*, *The Escaped Cock* (later called *The Man Who Died*); and of course there were all the familiar censorship problems.

**B**EFORE LEAVING THESE LETTERS one other passage calls for quotation. It gives in essence it seems to me so much of what Lawrence meant and writer means, if we can really read his meaning. It is a Cornwall letter, dated Saturday 25 November 1916.

*I saw a most beautiful brindled adder, in the spring, coiled up asleep with her head on her shoulder. She did not hear me till I was very near. Then she must have felt my motion, for she lifted her head like a queen to look, then turned and moved slowly and with delicate pride into the bushes. She often comes into my mind again, and I think I see her asleep in the sun, like a Princess of the fairy world. It is queer, the intimation of other worlds, which one catches.*

The total meaning of this experience must have been with the Lawrence who late in Sicily wrote the poem, "The Snake", surely one of the more significant and moving poems of the twentieth century.

D.H. Lawrence did not go to Cambridge, but to Nottingham University. Earlier this year, however, Cambridge hosted a debate. Topic: "The role of the artist is to change the world." Michael Kustow, the director of London's Institute of Contemporary Arts, took off on that topic. He asserted that it is emphatically not "the artist's role to change the world," but to cleanse "the doors of perception." Doing this, any artist may transform the world "willy nilly". In this volume of almost continuous correspondence (with only one appreciable gap in time - March 1924 to December 1925 - a gap George Zytaruk admits he cannot yet explain), the reader enters intimately into a warm human relationship which helps him to understand just a little of the life-long struggle that was Lawrence's as a man and as a writer who "willy nilly" helped to transform the world. And through these letters we realize more than we had before that Lawrence's struggle was, in Kustow's words, "ruthless, painful, joyful, compulsive, ecstatic."

Finally, we often find Lawrence saying directly in these letters what his best writing dramatized and made into mythic shapes to show us indirectly - that "the way we live, the world we live in, won't do."

JOHN NEWLOVE

## STRAND BY STRAND

Strand by strand the meanings  
unravel themselves. The garment worn  
lets in cold. One remembers  
how warm the falsity was.

Is. O God,  
damn metaphor. One remembers  
the ocean, outside the window,  
by looking. One remembers

the curve of hip and belly  
balanced on air, in time, the hand  
unable to touch what it wants;  
unable, when it could touch, to know  
what it had, or wanted. The mind

turns itself in attitudes, pages  
of a well-read book, practised; the eyes,  
looking at dead air, wish. One  
remembers everything, before.

## THE LISTENER

The Listener doesn't listen:  
he talks. He says,  
everyone tells me their troubles -

What am I,  
a social worker or something? -  
do I look like one?

But he never listens  
to the answer

## CANADA: A SPEECH

It is sometimes said  
that our voluntary surrender  
of political  
independence  
has reduced us to being  
servants of the Americans.

I, as a proud and independent Canadian,  
reject this.

Sir,

**F**OR YEARS, A PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY AT a remote university in the Maritime Provinces of Canada has been calmly prophesying the death of the biosphere. Perhaps not the end of *all* living things. In otherwise "dead" Lake Erie, sludge worms survive along with a mutant of the carp which lives off poison. But the prognosis for man and most other organisms, the professor tells his students, is extinction. He is almost as agitated by his own outer calm as he is by the clarity of his vision of the void. For a time he considered resigning his appointment and travelling wherever he could find an audience to spread the alarm. But he could not bring himself to believe this would do any good and so he chose to remain with his work, his family, his comfort. The swift, recent concern with ecology - klaxons of doom are sounding everywhere - makes him feel less guilty, but he is no more optimistic than before. He cannot believe in the necessary counterintervention - a mass rising against the economic and political power at the root of destruction.

A mixture of rhetoric and fragmentary reformism, the professor is convinced, will largely anesthetize fear until it is too late. Meanwhile, scientists at the Atmospheric Sciences Research Center at Scotia, New York, have presented a prospectus for life in the Northern Hemisphere should no more than rhetoric and fragmentary reformism take place: "In 1980, 10,000 people will die in one metropolitan area of the United States, which will be inundated by a cloud of pollution. In ten to fifteen years, every man woman and child in the hemisphere will have to wear a breathing helmet to survive outdoors. Most animals and much plant life will be killed out. In twenty years, man will live in doomed cities." At that point, says Alfred Hulstank, a biologist and assistant director of the center, "we can put on a semi-space suit and roam around a deserted and dead country. The people will be inside and all living things outside will be dead. Technology will have taken over completely."

What can be done? "We have no solution," Hulstank answers.

But the rhetoric has begun. In a State of the Union address - which the *New York Times*' James Reston, bellwether of respectable opinion, described as "magnificent" - Richard Nixon gave no specific budgetary figures for cleaning the air and disposing of solid wastes. He did announce a \$10 billion, five-year program to clean up America's waters, but this turns out to involve the expenditure of only \$4 billion by the federal government with the cities and states expected to raise the rest. And looked at even more closely, that \$4 billion will be stretched over the fiscal years 1971-79, thereby averaging about \$445 million a year, little more than half the amount Congress appropriated for the same purpose in the current fiscal year. (Before the speech, the Department of the Interior had estimated it would cost between \$43 billion and \$66 billion to curb water pollution over a five-year period.)

What is the answer? To many of the activists in ecology, it is public education leading to political accountability. The staff of END (Environment Near Death) is compiling dossiers on industrial and governmental polluters as well as examining the voting records of politicians on environmental issues. And Scientists' Institute for Public Information (30 East 86th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021) is preparing a series of workbooks for "concerned citizens" on specific environmental problems. The workbooks will be followed by more comprehensive and technical reports drawn up by task forces of scientists from "appropriate disciplines"

**I**T ALL SOUNDS REASONABLE, just as have similar educational-political campaigns about civil rights, about Vietnam, and about poverty. But in none of the latter campaigns has dispersal of information been enough. Direct action, including a sizable nucleus of people willing to commit civil disobedience, became an inevitable next stage if "action" were to be more than a simple circulation of facts and programs. Nor has direct action been enough, because not enough people were involved long enough in cumulative refusals to be governable. What if the 500,000 in Washington last November had refused to leave and had been joined day after day by thousands more? It did not happen, it could not happen, because such an action would have involved too many inconveniences and risks for the avocational demonstrators that nearly all of us are. Not only jail, but the disruption of normal job and home securities that keep us reasonably intact in a nation which we casually indict for war crimes, racism, indifference to the poor and the rest of the catalogue of abominations that, having been recited by us, make us different from "them?". Them in power. Them in the quietest and, we fear, approving majority. And, we also fear, if we do turn dissent into dislocation on too large a scale, the former will forcibly remove us somewhere while he latter cheer.

But, the contention is increasingly being made, there is finally an issue - nothing less than the end of man - that can vastly increase the numbers of those who will not allow themselves to be governable if public order actually means acquiescence in the obliteration perhaps not of self but of the children of one's children. So, buoyed by this imminent mutiny on at least this part of Spaceship Earth, Gene Marine writes in *The Nation* of "radical college students and distinguished, 'respectable' professionals



# keeping the ecology ALIVE

nat hentoff

arrested together as they vigorously protested a Corps of Engineers project on Tamalpais Creek in Marin County, north of San Francisco." He also recalls "an amazing alliance of old and young, housewife and hippie and politician leftist and rightist and middle-of-the-roader, that fought the Leslie Salt Company and David Rockefeller consortium to a standstill, and for the time being at least, kept farther land fill out of San Francisco Bay."

And Professor Richard Falk of Princeton is hopeful that it will be possible to make people "angry at what is happening to their environment, and the prospect for themselves and their children, as a consequence of allowing so much public policy to be determined by the selfish interests of individuals, corporations, nations, and even regions of the world. I think that the kind of community reaction that occurred in Santa Barbara as a consequence of the oil slick is the sort of thing that is going to happen more frequently and more dramatically in the years ahead. When it is understood that these occurrences are not isolated disorders but threads in the pattern of disaster, then a more coherent response will begin to emerge . . . A movement toward a new system of world order will be a serious part of the political life of the community when people are willing to go to jail on its behalf and are put there by those who fear the challenge. The outcome of this confrontation will shape the future of planetary history -- in fact, determine whether the planet is to have a future in history."

**P**ROFESSOR FALK'S PRESCRIPTION for survival, it seems to me, is unassailable. But how will it be possible to make enough people angry -- an anger rooted in the visceral believability of the void ahead -- enough? Angry enough not only to take the politics of ecology into civil disobedience, but also to so constrict the determination of public policy by "selfish interests" that present economic and political power will not be allowed to perpetuate itself. Harry Wheeler of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions predicts that this country is likely to reach a point, in ten or more years, when "the present rate of growth is absolutely disastrous and economic growth may well have to be eliminated altogether." Eliminated by whom? By what political party?

What do you seriously think the prospects are for democratic, decentralized socialism -- with human services the primary growth industry -- in this country in ten years? In twenty years?

I raise the question because confronting it is essential to any serious attempt to create a "movement" for survival. Any political action that does not connect ecology with the end of the military-industrial-labor complex is frivolous. Yes, that term is jargon, and there is a need to abandon jargon and mount a specific informational campaign -- with concomitant direct action -- clarifying the very real danger to everyone should that complex continue to operate and to grow as usual. Last December, at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a group of prestigious scientists deploring the disintegration of the biosphere was interrupted by a student who shouted: "Your beliefs are absolutely valueless outside the context of action to implement those beliefs."

The further question should have been: "In what political context do you hold those beliefs?" It is now conceivable that more and more scientists will be engaging not only in the dissemination of information, but also in action, and in time, civil disobedience. But the object of action is only one company or one bureaucracy at a time, whatever concessions are gained will not stop the slide to oblivion. As Barry Weisberg, a San Francisco ecologist, puts it: "The deterioration of the natural environment all around us is clearly a product of the nature of production and consumption, of cultural values and social relationships that today hold sway over industrial technological society."

To be effective in the movement for survival, therefore, scientists will have to be both active educators of the citizenry and self-educators in ways to change "the nature of production and consumption." At the edge of the possibility that nothing will be able to continue we are all forced to become interdisciplinary in our awareness of the options left us. Political radicals, some of them scientifically illiterate before, through the new focus on ecology, are seeing with unprecedented clarity the interconnectedness of all fields. Scientists, many of them only tangentially involved in politics before, hopefully will recognize that whatever awakening they help cause in the population at large concerning the bleak future of the species, cannot be sustained unless they have more than warnings to offer.

At that meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the same student asked: "Why does the science association not recommend that the automobile industry be forced immediately to halt production?" It was more than a fanciful taunt. Ought not the association to examine in meetings with other groups, including nonprofessionals, the problems of how to make the auto industry accountable for what it has done and is doing to the balance of nature? And from there, ought it not to go

on to examinations of other industries and institutions with a resulting diagnosis of acute social disease as well as the start of political plans to arrest and eventually reverse it?

More than most of the rest of us scientists *know* that, as Gene Marine writes, "we are genuinely confronted with a problem, or a set of problems, so ominous that *no answer* can be ruled out because it is politically unpalatable, or because it requires drastic measures, or because it's "impractical" in some vague liberal sense." But scientists do not yet, in sufficiently significant numbers, use what they know to help create political forces, to work out ways to provide all of us with alternatives to extinction.

**T**HE SAME RESPONSIBILITY, OF COURSE, applies to other groups. For one example, how many civil libertarians have begun to seriously think through the rights and liberties involved in drastically curbing population growth? Stanford biologist Paul Ehrlich, now head of Zero Population Growth, Inc., is trying to persuade people that it is irresponsible to have more than two children. But if persuasion doesn't work, and it is not likely to, what then? I don't have the beginning of an answer that would not, however euphemized, sound thoroughly anti-civil-libertarian. But the question will have to be faced, and to my knowledge it is not on the agenda of any civil liberties group.

The enormity of what has to be done -- the education, the organizing, the coordinating -- if ecology is not to recede in the public consciousness as just another "cause," is stunning. And I can't get those carp, living on poison in Lake Erie, out of my mind. We may well come to adapt to our semi-space suits, to taking shorter and shorter journeys outside the doomed cities. If none of us -- except for a few authentic eschatologists -- believes in our own death, what chance is there for humanity to save itself?

Already there are those who expect the now largely inchoate interest in ecology to peak in five or ten years as the populace is soothed into a belief that "the authorities" will surely do something. "After all, they'll go down if we do." (Man expiring in final innocence.) "We've got a program," says Harvey Wheeler, "to invent a new name for ecology; so we can keep it alive after it's been talked to death. We're thinking of calling it politics."

And then?

Nat Hentoff writes for *The New Yorker* and interviews such people as Eldridge Cleaver for such magazines as *Playboy*. He is perhaps best known as the author of several fine novels for young people as well as such adult novels as *Call the Keeper*.

## EMPIRES

JOHN NEWLOVE

Two Empires exist in the air of time,  
both warring and working, both magical,

encapsled and bloody, both hiding,  
tilling, reaping, raiding, toiling

with heaped masonry, paving roads,  
carving palaces, creating statues

of the eagle and jaguar gods  
while white-sailed ships float the oceans

in search of gold, land, slaves, war,  
religion. A third has crumbled

though the cities stand, abandoned,  
in the vicious green jungle; survivors

haunt the cults and calendars  
and farmers will still sow new seed

though the masters change. In the first Empire  
the priests dance in the skins of the victims,

the great drum booms, the happy sacrifices  
climb the long stone stairs to death

as whistles blow. The daggers descend  
and the gods are appeased again.

The Empire is upheld, and rain comes  
while white-sailed ships float the seas.

In the second Empire the Sun Gods  
sit living on their ornamented stools;

the roads extend to the borders of knowledge,  
populations are changed, conquered tribes

learn a new language, the regiments  
march farther along the cultivated coast

and into the mountains. The Empire of the Sun  
sweats gold, sweats silver, sweats war

as the white-sailed ships float the sea,  
drift through green water to the ignorant world

where the welcoming victims in wishfulness  
and confusion wait to receive their new gods.

John Newlove's new book, *The Cave* was published last spring

# URBANE TERRORISTS

**M**R. FURLONG HAS AN EYE FOR A LIKELY subject. Bernard Shaw and G.K. Chesterton stood opposed to one another on every available issue from the complicated question of economic organization to the mundane matter of meat and drink, and yet their opposition enjoyed the solid underpinning of a genuine friendship which spanned the years from the dawn of the twentieth century until Chesterton's death in 1936. How should this be explained? More importantly, what were the consequences for each of their mutual interaction?

The approach Mr. Furlong adopts is basically biographical. He settles for 1901 as the date of their first encounter since this was the year in which Chesterton wrote a review of Scott's *Jeaneke*, which convinced Shaw that "he was evidently a new star in literature". Both were Fabians and so may have encountered one another before 1901; but Furlong is obviously justified in pointing out that those who think that the pair first met in Rodin's studio, when Shaw was sitting for the sculptor, cannot be right, since this event did not occur until 1905 by which time they had exchanged letters and written articles about one another signifying some friendship.

Mr. Furlong takes the view that Shaw deliberately set out to displace Hilaire Belloc as Chesterton's literary mentor, a campaign waged in public as well as in private, and he offers Shaw's well-known article on "The Chesterton-bellec" (1905) as evidence. While it seems fair to say that Shaw's analysis of the phenomenon of "Hilaire Forelegs" and "Hindlegs Chesterton" as simply a contradiction is perceptively accurate, it is nonetheless extravagant to infer from it that Shaw replaced Belloc, either as friend or as influence. He plainly stood in a different relation to Chesterton as a developing writer.

What Shaw did set out to do was to turn Chesterton into a playwright, a task that would certainly not have appealed to Belloc, and here Shaw perhaps recognized a quality of Chesterton's imagination whose potential was never fulfilled. He was not, however, the first to do so. What Mr. Furlong does not tell us is that both Sir George Alexander, who had successfully launched Wilde's comedies, and Granville Barker, whose star was rapidly rising, under Shaw's aegis, as an actor-manager of a new kind, had already asked Chesterton for plays.

Shaw peppered Chesterton insistently with demands for his "rebirth as a dramatist", to which Chesterton responded with a remarkable critical achievement, *George Bernard Shaw* (1909), still one of the best books on Shaw's mind and art that we have. In return, Shaw offered Chesterton a scenario for a play.

In this, the Devil persuades St. Augustine to return to England to see if it is still a Christian country. Needing a body to inhabit, Augustine attempts to persuade a bishop to go to heaven for two weeks in his place, but the bishop finds this offer quite unappealing. The other characters include a literal-minded policeman and an effete newspaper tycoon, named Lord Carmelite. Shaw's proposal was that the play should show Augustine as thoroughly perplexed by their various views of practical and doctrinal Christianity.

Chesterton, however, preferred to retain his artistic autonomy. When he did eventually write a play, *Magic*, he took the opportunity to poke elegant fun at Shaw's position on everything from religion to vegetarianism. Shaw was sufficiently impressed that he wrote a curtain-raiser, *The Music-Cure*, for the hundredth performance of *Magic* on January 28, 1914.

He also included the following remarks in a review of a book on Chesterton, which he contributed to the *New Statesman* in 1916:

*I think the theatre so lazily that I have lost the right to call myself a playgoer; but circumstances led to my seeing Magic performed several times and I enjoyed it more and more every time. Mr. Chesterton was born with not only brains enough to see more in the world than sexual intrigue but with all the essential tricks of the stage at his finger ends and it was delightful to find the characters which seem so famous and ragdolli (stage characters are usually ragdolli) in his romances become credible and vital behind the footlights just the opposite of what his critics expected.*

**A**PART FROM THE PLAY AND THE CRITICAL book, in both of which Chesterton is plainly making his response to Shaw's art and personality, Mr. Furlong also discusses Shaw's reciprocal attempt to include a Chestertonian character in *Back to Methuselah*.

Alan Andrews teaches Drama at Dalhousie University. His reviews and articles have appeared in newspapers from the Fourth Estate to the Toronto Globe and Mail.

Shaw and Chesterton: The Metaphysical Jesters  
William B. Furlong  
Pennsylvania State University Press  
University Park, Pa., USA  
206 pp.  
\$7.95



This is the overwhelming Immenso Champernoon, who, however, so imposed his bulk on the metabiological pentateuch that Shaw felt obliged to expunge the scene from the finished play. He later published it separately as "A Glimpse of the Domesticity of Franklyn Barnabas" (in *Short Stories, Scraps and Shawings*, 1932).

The public interaction of Shaw and Chesterton also took the form of debates. These were anticipated in 1911 by separate speeches to the Cambridge Heretics, the first by Shaw on "The Future of Religion" being followed, six months later, by "Reply to Mr. Shaw on the Future of Religion" from Chesterton, both of which form part of Mr. Furlong's discussion of "The debaters of the century".

The first debate proper took place within two weeks of Chesterton's speech to the Heretics, under the auspices of the Fabian Society and with Belloc as chairman. His attempt to keep Shaw to the announced topics, "The Democrat, The Socialist, and The Gentleman" was apparently a failure, though the rhetoric and repartee was sufficiently brilliant to ensure a successful evening.

Mr. Furlong writes as though there were other public debates between Shaw and Chesterton, but makes specific reference to only one, again under Belloc's chairmanship sixteen years later entitled "Do We Agree?" Of course they did not, and that was the point.

Here I must mention that Mr. Furlong has fallen into a most unhappy error, following in the footsteps of some other scholars, notably William Irvine. He assumes that an article, published in Middleton Murry's *Adephi* in 1923, is genuine. The article purported to be verbatim account of a private encounter between the famous debaters. Unfortunately, it was mere invention.

Hesketh Pearson, whose hoax it was, claimed to have recorded it at the home of a mutual friend in Chelsea. "The set-up was perfect," writes the deceived Mr. Furlong, "for an uninhibited exchange. Since the men were arguing in a private home and not on a public platform, they could afford to be, and were, astonishingly frank. The drawing-room audience was quite literate so that the men were free to conduct the contest on a high literary plane..." It is sad that Mr. Furlong was not guided by his instinct for astonishment instead of succumbing to propaganda about the high literary plane of drawing-room conversation.

His book, alas, is not a good one. Apart from his gullibility and tendency to sweeping generalizations unsupported by evidence or argument, he really avoids any penetrating analysis of the mutual interaction of Shaw and Chesterton, which might indeed have been symptomatic of a great deal in the culture of their time. He has not apparently examined all the obvious published material with any care - Chesterton's early essay on Shaw in *Heretics*, published in the same year as Shaw's "Chesterbelloc" article, or his later squibs on "The Superman", whom he claimed to have found living in South Croydon, or "The Methuselahite", a volunteer soldier from Portsmouth!

Subtler questions about the influence either had on the other are never asked because only works in which there is a direct reference to one by the other are considered. Even in these instances analysis is sacrificed; for example, in the case of *The Music Cure* whose relationship to *Magic* is more than an idle accident.

All of this is deplorable. It remains to hope that someone else will take advantage of what is still a promising subject.

## ANDREWS

### Collected Plays, Volume 1 BERTOLT BRECHT

CHESTERTON, IN HIS BOOK ON SHAW, acutely observed that Shaw was "a very prelatory sort of person", and added: "He always gives the explanation before the incident." For Shaw, as for the mystics, according to Chesterton, "The philosophy of facts is anterior to the facts themselves."

This is but one of the points of connection between Shaw and Bertolt Brecht. Like Shaw, Brecht saw no need for catharsis and empathy, the traditional means of the theatre both had inherited. In his revolutionary way, Brecht too came to advocate a theatre whose purpose was to entertain and instruct.

The young Brecht in fact acknowledged a debt to old Shaw, in a tribute for his seventieth birthday in 1926. This brilliant little article, which is reprinted in *Brecht on Theatre* edited by John Willett, both anticipates some of Brecht's later interests and reflects his more immediate concerns.

He observes first of all that Shaw is essentially a terrorist. This terrorism consists in the fact that "he claims a right for every man to act in all circumstances with decency and humour, and sees it as his duty to do so even when it creates opposition." Thus he retains a certain naive attitude which is exactly in tune with the younger writers among whom Brecht undoubtedly counted himself.

Moreover, he continues, "the reason why Shaw's own dramatic works dwarf those of his contemporaries is that they so unhesitatingly appeal to the reason." In a Shaw play, a character's fate is constituted by his opinions. Thus Shaw is able to dislocate our stock associations by refusing to treat characters as mere types.

It follows that his heroes are not "models of good conduct". For Shaw, "heroism consists of an impenetrable but lively hotchpotch of the most contradictory qualities."

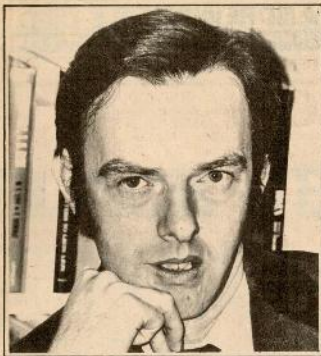
Finally, Brecht praises Shaw for his evident rejection of the fashionable notion that the artist is in some sense a martyr. Shaw enjoys writing, and "the effect of this inimitable cheerfulness and infectious good mood is quite exceptional."

Our knowledge of Brecht has been hampered hitherto by the chaotic difficulties that have surrounded the translation of his work into English, and the consequent limits on its availability to those without a ready knowledge of German: and by the infrequent and often unsympathetic or inadequate productions that his plays have received when they have been staged.

The first of these complaints is now answered by the publication of the first volume of his collected plays, an edition which will eventually include all the plays in the German collected edition - not unfortunately Brecht's adaptations of other writers for the Berliner Ensemble.

It is worth pointing out that Brecht's heirs have stipulated different translations for the British Commonwealth and United States editions (which will raise interesting dilemmas for Canadian continentalists ).

Collected Plays, Volume 1  
Bertolt Brecht  
Edited by John Willett and Ralph Manheim  
Methuen and Co. Ltd.  
London  
457 pp.  
\$11.95



Alan Andrews

The plays in this first volume cover Brecht's theatrical work from 1913, when, at the age of 20, he finished the first version of his first play, *Baal*, to 1924, in which year Brecht completed his adaptation of Marlowe's *Edward II*, and left Munich in his native Bavaria for Berlin, where he remained until he went into exile on the day after the burning of the Reichstag.

The other full-length plays in the volume are *Drums in The Night* and *In the Jungle of Cities*. All four plays had been produced by the time Brecht moved to Berlin, and he had already won the significant Kleist prize in 1922.

All of these plays expound the themes of man and nature, the city and the wilderness, the rational and the animal. At their ends, the hero is essentially alone. In *Baal*, he crawls off, animal-like, to die upon a final grunt. In *Drums in The Night*, the returned soldier, Kragler, walks away from the Spartacist uprising "to lie in bed and reproduce myself so I don't die out." In *In the Jungle of Cities*, Garga who has refused the challenge of a fight to the finish and left his antagonist to die alone, concludes: "It's a good thing to be alone. The chaos is spent. It was the best time."

**T**HROUGHOUT THESE PLAYS TOO THESE themes are supported by a strength and vigour of language which is as rare as the intelligence from which it springs. The patterns of animal imagery are especially striking, for Brecht has already seized on the cannibalistic nature of contemporary civilization as his central theme. As Eric Bentley, the most devoted and ardent Brechtian on this continent, has remarked: "What one should . . . observe is the way in which Brecht, when he joins the Left, brings his menageric with him. All he has to do is rename his jackals capitalists."

There are also anticipations of Brecht's later theatrical practice. The detachment that he will come to prescribe for the spectator in the theatre is already a part of the attitude of his central characters to the world around them. Says Baal: "There are some with brains some without. It makes for a better division of labour. Now you've seen for yourselves. I work with my brains. He

smokes. You've always been too irreverent, friends. ...Me I make discoveries, let me say." On the other hand, Shlink, Garga's opponent in the jungle, infuriated by his scornful refusal to fight, cries: "What kind of an attitude is that? Kindly take your pipe out of your filthy mouth."

Brecht's notion that smoking was an aid to detachment from dramatic action, which always threatens to carry the spectator away, became a familiar one. It is beautifully illustrated in that famous photograph of him gazing quizzically at us, a cigar between his fingers.

The plays also exhibit an episodic structure, not yet as relaxed as it will become in the later work, but certainly opposed to the static causal relations of earlier dramatic forms. Evidently, this was one of the characteristics of the Elizabethan stage, which made Marlowe's *Edward* attractive, and whose narrative method he specifically praises.

This edition contains the very necessary scholarly apparatus of notes, which include Brecht's own comments on the plays both from the time of their composition and from the last years of his life when he could look back on them in the context of his subsequent experience and achievements in the theatre. In the case of variant versions, the editors have given valuable material which enables the process of revision to be studied in detail.

Besides the four full-length plays, there are five early one-act plays, four of which appear in English for the first time here. Only one was performed in Brecht's lifetime, and all remained unpublished in German until 1966, ten years after his death.

This then, is a book of the greatest importance, not only to people who care especially for the theatre and its possibilities - they, I hope, will eagerly seize the opportunity it gives to make Brecht better known and understood - but also to anyone who values the experience of a lively imagination confronting the world profoundly and seeking to deal with it.

The editing, by John Willett and Ralph Manheim, is excellent, and the translations carry all the excitement of Brecht's thrusting apprenticeship. My sole regret is that there is no pictorial material to support the information in the appendices about the German productions of the plays.

It is to be hoped, too, that Messrs. Methuen have plans to publish single-play paperback editions for the assistance of those who will surely want to test these fascinating and challenging plays on stage. In the meantime, the preparatory work can begin with the aid of this splendid book, whose importance can only be exceeded by the volumes yet to come.

# LAST SUMMER A NUMBER OF OUR PEOPLE DIED JUST FOR A WANT OF SOMETHING TO LIVE ON

JOHN NEWLOVE

We have got in a country where we do not find all  
as stated to us when we was asked  
to swap lands with you  
and we do not get as much as promised us  
at the treaty of St Marys neither . . . .

Father -- We did not think that big man  
would tell us things that was not true. We have found  
a poor hilly stony country and the worst of all  
no game to be found on it to live on.

Last summer our corn looked very well  
until a heavy rain come on for 3 or 4 days  
and raised the waters  
so high that we could just see  
the tops of our corn in some of the fields and it  
destroyed the greatest part of our corn, punkies and beans  
and a great many more of my people coming on  
and we had to divide our little stock with them.

Last summer there was a few deere here and we had a few hogs  
but we was obliged to kill all of them  
and some that was not our own  
but this summer there are no game nor no hogs  
and my old people and children must suffer.

Father -- You know its hard to be hungry,  
if you do not know it we poor Indians know it.  
Father -- If we go a great ways off we may find some deere  
but if we do that  
we cannot make any corn  
and we still must suffer.  
Father -- We are obliged to call on you  
onst more for assistance in the name of God . . .

Father -- We expect a great many more of our people  
here this spring to make corn. . . . we wish to gether  
all of my people onst more to Gether  
cass I know I cant live always; Father --

found in Grant Foreman's *Indians And Pioneers*, University  
of Oklahoma Press, 1936, pp. 197-8, quoting from the  
U.S. Office of Indian Affairs Retired Classified Files  
"1824, Delaware on White River." The letter was  
written by the Delaware to General Clark, February,  
1824.



# BLACK is BEAUTIFUL

**T**HERE IS NO FEELING quite parallel to that of coming to the end of your fourth year of labour on a piece of fiction and then discovering, by chance, that someone else has published a novel which is reaching for the same ideas, the same representatives, the same sense of comic entropy - within the same African culture - as your own novel.

*The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born*, at one level, is a simple tale of third world corruption within the pseudo-socialism of Nkrumah's Ghana. But it is far more than that, it is definitely one of the great novels of our era.

Yet it is not a novel of radicalism. The narrator's son will be a radical, but the narrator himself is beyond radicalism. This paradox can only be explained by reading the book, whose patterns are woven with tender exactitude and cannot be unwound by analysis. But, briefly, let us admit that Armah himself possesses a wisdom far beyond his years. There is no sign of the author in the book, the people in their situations are totally believable, yet at the end of the book you would be glad to share a cell during the coming repressions with such an author; nothing describes that kind of major accomplishment except wisdom. What Armah has done is in its way as perfect as *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*.

You never see the Redeemer. You never see the society or the tradition of Ghana as such. You see only one man, his wife Oyo, his children, his mother-in-law, his friends Rama Krishna, Kofi Billy and Sister Maanan, and Joseph Koomson, Minister Plenipotentiary, the trade unionist who has become the bigman of the nation's dreams. The narrator is a clerk in the railway yards, existing in a round of trivia from one payday to the next. But out of these simplicities Armah has built up, in an inexorable pattern, one of the great contemporary parables of human decay, guilt, greed, escape and endurance.

There are many beauties in the book, but perhaps the finest is the sense of slow and aromatic decay which is one of the tenets of equatorial life-patterns, decay not only of kenky wrappings and plantain peels, but of daily actions and political visions and life-awareness. And within the decay, because of the decay, a special acceptance of corruption, a special comic wisdom. This condition of awareness

was always present in the Ghanaian people, always part of them, but seldom found literary expression because of a natural defensiveness about exposing flaws of the culture.

Armah's own novel, for example, was attacked quite strenuously by the local critics for a flaw of detail. He has his characters pass fifty pesawa coins, a coin which doesn't exist. Yet one can see the narrator quietly chuckling over this blow to his creator's pride and telling Armah the true inside story.

*Ah yes, contryman, you go grieve, I know. But why so? Somewhere there is a certain man. And he saw, one day, all those moneys come into Takoradi harbour. He had smelt them coming long since. And which coin appealed to him the most. Fifty, no? Neither bigman nor smallboy money. He must have had genius, eh? Yes, to remove it from the eyes of so many police. And he sits in his room with a fortune in fifty pesawa coins, chuckling. 'Ahhh contry, life is sweet but money is sweeter. The government is baffled. The bigmen are baffled. The banks are baffled.' But not so soon, my friend. Somewhere there is also an Anashe Clerk who says the fatal words: 'don't release any fifty pesewa coins when the currency changes. And the government does not. So there is a certain man in a certain room the next evening with a stack of coins worth a fortune and worth absolutely nothing. And is he chuckling contry? Perhaps so. Perhaps so.*

And are you chuckling, Armah, that the critics have attacked this "falseness" in your novel. Perhaps so. And am I chuckling that you have written my novel using different people and different events? Certainly.

And you, reader, read this book. The roots of the misery of poverty are there, but also the great humanity of that misery. *The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born* places Ayi Kwei Armah immediately in a very select circle that includes Achebe and U Tam'si and Tutuola and Silone and Turgenev and Orwell. It is a novel worth searching for.

Dave Godfrey has been butt sawyer, boilermaker, ad writer, parts picker, teacher and lead trumpeter with the Cape Coast Jazz and Highlife Band, with whom he toured Africa for two years; editor of *Man Deserves Man* and the recent *Gordon to Watkins to You*, he teaches at the University of Toronto. As Margaret Laurence makes plain in this issue, however, he is best known as a short story writer, author of *Death Goes Better With Coca-Cola*. His first novel *The New Ancestors*, was published in October by New Press.

*The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born*  
Ayi Kwei Armah  
Heinemann  
215 pp.

# THE STRAIGHT WORLD & ITS UNDERBELLY

**R**EVIEW COPIES OF *Cabbagetown Diary: A Documentary* by Juan Butler were accompanied by a letter from the publisher, Peter Martin Associates, Ltd., which said commercial printers were reluctant to handle the book because of their fear that it violated the laws regarding obscenity and libel.

They must have been extremely old-fashioned printers. Probably unreconstructed Toronto Presbyterian Orangemen. For there's nothing startling in Mr. Butler's book. In fact, one of the things I like about him is that he uses the formerly tabu words and idioms with an earthy nonchalance; he knows the melody as well as the lyrics. That's a refreshing change from the little upper middle class boys, who, judging from their essays in magazines like *Ramparts*, and *Rolling Stone*, giggle hysterically, wet their pants and run to their mothers whenever they utter the Anglo-Saxon word for coition.

There's a good deal of sex in the novel. But, again, Mr. Butler doesn't treat the subject with that godawful bourgeois lasciviousness that permeates most contemporary fiction. I know nothing about Mr. Butler's background, "Juan Butler" sounds to me like a pseudonym, but I do know that he speaks with the authentic voice of what for want of a better word I'll call the proletariat.

The proletariat never had to rebel against puritanism because it never adopted it.

One of Mr. Butler's problems, it seems to me, is that he can't make up his mind how tough he wants to make his narrator, a young reformatory graduate working as a \$60 a week bartender. In consequence the character frequently resembles an out-of-focus snapshot. We learn that he's sensitive, imaginative and intellectually curious - and then we're almost browbeaten into believing that he's possessed of the kind of egocentricity peculiar to the near-moron. It doesn't wash.

The narrator's girl friend is well presented. She comes from the country and possesses that curious blend of innocence, submissiveness, obstinance and cunning found in so many country girls: her soul is pliable, she'll allow you

to shape it into whatever you'd like it to be; but her spirit is steel. She's the stuff of which Earth Mothers are made.

*Cabbagetown Diary* is bawdy, funny, fast-moving and entertaining. Yet I'm not sure I'd have finished reading it if I hadn't been expected to review it. It didn't tell me anything I didn't already know; the characters, with the possible exception of the narrator and his girl, are cartoons rather than portraits; the author never really gives the reader anything beyond the surface of life - you see the inhabitants of the Toronto slums much as you'd see them if you spent an afternoon walking around Cabbagetown; there's no real examination of their inner lives.

But then, how rarely have truly poor people been adequately portrayed in English fiction. Juan Butler is a living stylist than Erskine Caldwell (a writer who I think is much better than the critics give him credit for being). But, essentially, his world is equally flat. Still I think that's preferable to the Dickens-O'Casey-Steinbeck kind of sentimentality that goes over so well with the middle classes.

James T. Farrell did it well now and then. Faulkner did it better but only on the occasions when he wrote about people rather than personifications of his private obsessions, and that wasn't often. The same with D.H. Lawrence. In Canada, Morley Callaghan has done it, as has Hugh Garner.

I wouldn't be surprised if A.E. Coppard had moments when he did it better than anybody, but I haven't read enough of him to be certain.

On the back cover of *Cabbagetown Diary* Arnold Edinborough is quoted as calling it "A good solid piece of reportage;" Robert Fulford calls it "A remarkable glimpse of the underbelly of Toronto;" and the *Toronto Star* reviewer says "The author has gotten into the tough, blunt mind of a citizen of Cabbagetown to a disquieting degree."

I'd be inclined to agree with Edinborough and Fulford, and to wonder how much the *Toronto Star* reviewer knows about what goes on in the minds of the people who live in slums. Not much, I'd imagine.

Alden Nowlan won the Governor-General's Award for poetry in 1967 for *Broad, Wine and Salt*. He has since published a book of short stories, *Miracle at Indian River*, and another fine book of poems, *The Mysterious Naked Man*. For many years a journalist, he has been writer-in-residence at the University of New Brunswick since 1968.

*Cabbagetown Diary: A Documentary*  
Juan Butler  
Peter Martin Associates, Ltd.  
Toronto, Ontario  
206 pp.  
\$2.95

One thing more: I've already recommended this book to my teenaged son, and I'd like to see it in every high school library in Canada. To tens of thousands of middle class kids the world depicted in *Cabbagetown Diary* would seem stranger than Tibet or Patagonia. Yet it's here in their own country and they should know about it. The Cabbagetowns make the Woodstock Nation seem pretty damned irrelevant.

**■ WAS DISAPPOINTED IN** George Woodcock's *Canada and the Canadians*, although I admit that I had no right to be. It's a sound, solid, shipshape account of Canada at this point in time. If, miraculously, an American asked me to recommend a book about Canada I'd suggest he buy this one. Its 344 pages are packed with information presented in a very readable way. I have a few criticisms: for instance, it seems to me that the Maritime Provinces get only token mention, and I think the wars, especially the First World War, were more important in shaping Canada than Mr. Woodcock apparently believes. And, as is inevitable when author and reader are equally concerned with the subject, I disagree with minor points on almost every page. For example he calls *Canadian Dimension* a "rabidly chauvinistic journal", where I'd call it an imaginative organ of creative nationalism. And in his section on literature he doesn't even mention what I believe to be the best Canadian novel, Ernest Buckler's *The Mountain and the Valley*.

Essentially, however, I suppose my disappointment springs from my admiration for Mr. Woodcock, a man of letters unique in Canada, biographer, travel writer, historian, poet. When I picked up *Canada and the Canadians* I expected to find fresh provocative insights that might prod me into reshaping or at least developing my own attitude toward my country. (Curious that the words "my country" sound strange and a bit false, coming from a Canadian: I feel the strangeness of it, and the hint of falsity even as I myself put the words on the page.)

In other words I expected to learn something — a prospect that always excites me. I didn't. So I felt cheated. To me the book is merely a recital of facts and a presentation of viewpoints which I know so well that they've become a bit unreal to me.

I open it at random and I read:

*Canada, when it emerged in 1867, had as its constitution the Act of a parliament far over the Atlantic, and today the sole remaining vestige of imperial rule is that the British North America Act can only be amended at Westminster . . .*

Again I open it at random and read:

*Yet in uncovering the circumstances that prevent*

*a great proportion of Canadians from grasping what the future might offer them, a great deal of poverty of the old-fashioned kind which everyone thought was dying out in the remote corners of Newfoundland has been brought to light even in the most prosperous cities in Canada . . .*

And yet again:

*Politically, Canada is at the beginning of a new era. The five years of minority government under the Liberal prime minister Lester Pearson that lasted from 1963 to 1968 was an interlude of searching in which politicians accustomed to the staid, gray Canada of the past attempted vainly to adapt themselves to a world in which all their values have been challenged . . .*

I simply flipped open the book at three different places and put down whatever first met my eye. Yet I think these excerpts are fairly typical.

Paraphrasing, I think that description of Canada as "staid and gray" is that rare kind of cliché that is both trite and untrue. Mackenzie King used to be pointed out as the apotheosis of our "staid grayness". Yet that "staid, gray" little man surrounded himself with artificial ruins, kept a perpetual light burning in front of a portrait of his mother and, as Mr. Woodcock says, "allowed his policy to be governed as much by voices from the other world as by the opinions of his living colleagues." Moreover he was the grandson of a rebel who escaped from the country with a price on his head. "Staid grayness" indeed. The trouble is that too many of our intellectuals have been colour blind.

I freely confess that it's unreasonable of me to complain because this book isn't what I expected it to be. Probably I should have shut up and given it to another reviewer.

I suspect *Canada and the Canadians* is intended primarily as supplementary reading for students of Canadian geography, history, sociology or what have you. As such it should serve its purpose very well indeed. If I were minister of education I'd endorse it cheerfully. And I hasten to add that I don't mean that as sarcasm; it's a simple statement of fact.

Canada and the Canadians  
George Woodcock  
Oxford University Press  
Toronto, Ontario  
344 pp.  
\$8.50



## INTERMEZZO

MILTON ACORN

I want to talk; I (like the wildgoose in autumn scanning  
the sky and its signs) want  
My tongue to be athletic at its ease, thuronly itself  
Because it's thuronly me; and my head  
To ring as a bell swings ringing, clapper giving noise  
As put in order to do; my lungs  
To be steady at their task, as an healthy heart:  
All organs put in aid of speech to obey  
Their function; my thoughts  
To obey their highest parts, direct and not interfere

(as is done in an intermezzo, piano and violin  
mindful but not too mindful of what's gone before  
and what will follow: not plagued by guesses  
of what will follow — no urgencies  
but these, the urgency of what's ado now . . .  
the urgency

Of being unplagued by urgencies  
Until they get the scent of me  
Come baying in a pack full of lust  
Either to destroy me or recreate

Milton Acorn, one of Canada's finest poets, was nominated for the Governor-General's Award for his most recent book, *I've Tasted My Blood*. He lives and works in Prince Edward Island.



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**ROBERT McKINNEL**

**GORDON TO WATKINS TO YOU  
SILENT SURRENDER:  
The Multinational Corporation in Canada**

# the mighty CARNIVORE

**T**HE MULTINATIONAL CORPORATION and its role in deepening Canadian dependence on the United States is the explicit topic discussed in these books. But even more fundamental issues are also involved, namely, the possibility of an enduring Canadian cultural uniqueness and the suggested necessity for a socialist Canada if that is to be possible. En route, the authors refer to the dismal performance of the economics profession in Canada, and, more importantly, to the links between all other issues and relations between English and French Canada. Such weighty issues deserve our attention.

*Gordon to Watkins to You*, edited by Dave Godfrey with Mel Watkins, is compelling reading as it brings together many separate themes — some biography, much of recent economic and political history, a diagnosis of the ills of our branch-plant economy, proposals for cure — which combine to form “a documentary: *the Battle for Control of Our Economy*”. Walter Gordon emerges as a puzzling eminence, early aware of Canada’s waning economic independence, but unable to dramatise the issues sufficiently, nor to persuade his Liberal colleagues to share his concern. He did, however, have great influence, directly and indirectly, on Melville Watkins, rising to prominence from a very different background. Watkins describes how he “went to the United States atukewarm Canadian nationalist and was turned into an American left-wing liberal”. Indeed, reviewing a 1964 book by Harry G. Johnson, Watkins expressed the hope that with more understanding of the nature and causes of economic nationalism “we can exorcise this devil from our midst.” By what rapid process was Watkins reformed? The record shows the influence of Toronto teach-ins (protesting initially against U.S. policy in Vietnam), the aftermath of working with McLuhan (“what it really did was . . . sweep the cobwebs out of my mind”), the rediscovery of an indigenous Canadian political economy as expounded earlier by Harold Innis at the University of Toronto, and a conviction — revealed in a review of Walter Gordon’s *A Choice for Canada* — that Mr. Gordon was asking the right questions. This led, no doubt, to Watkins’ appointment as Head of the Task Force on the Structure of Canadian Industry, which presented its Report to the Government of Canada on January 12th, 1968. Working in Ottawa (“listening to the Mandarins”); visiting the State Department in Washington (“you see where the power lies and how candour shades into

arrogance”), getting the Report ready only to discover that, with the Canadian dollar under pressure, the Report could not at first be released (“but the irony is situation created by U.S. control of the Canadian economy precluded issuing a report analysing U.S. control of the Canadian economy”), then having the Report disowned by the Government, all contributed to Watkins’ disenchantment and radicalization. The process was continued by a realization that the universities were producing “branch-plant intellectuals” and in attempting to persuade the New Democratic Party to build an independent socialist Canada, which would go beyond the welfare state to build new forms of community democracy.

But what of the events that form another theme of this book? In succession, the reader is guided through a series of significant developments: Mr. Gordon’s Budget of 1963 (which, despite its rather mild proposals to encourage Canadian ownership, provoked the angry reaction of Mr. Kierans, then President of the Montreal Stock Exchange, and led to Mr. Gordon’s resignation from Mr. Pearson’s cabinet); the revealing circumstances of the purchase by National City Bank of the U.S.A. of the Dutch-owned Mercantile Bank of Canada (“the Accountant and the Bank Clerk”, that is to say, Mr. Gordon and Mr. J.S. Rockefeller); and the impact of U.S. measures to ameliorate her balance of payments position by an interest-equalisation tax (July 1963), by voluntary guide-lines limiting new foreign investment, by increasing the repatriation of earnings to the U.S. (February 1965, but not applicable to Canada until December 1965), and by making these guidelines compulsory (January 1968). This last action produced such a decline in Canada’s exchange reserves that Canada had to beg to be excluded from the guidelines. This picture of Canadian economy becoming ever more dominated by U.S. policy and actions is further elaborated in a dry but persuasive list of foreign acquisitions of Canadian businesses (rising from 35 takeovers in 1963 to over 100 takeovers in 1968 and 1969). Furthermore, quite apart from the effects of foreign ownership, Canadian freedom to act independently is limited by the phenomenon of “extraterritoriality”. This is manifest in U.S. controls over exports to third countries,

*Gordon to Watkins to You*  
edited by Dave Godfrey and Mel Watkins  
New Press  
Toronto

*Silent Surrender: The Multinational Corporation in Canada*  
Kari Levitt  
MacMillan of Canada  
Toronto, Ontario

R.T. McKinnell is Professor of Economics at Carleton University. Originally from South Africa, he recently was on leave for a year with the United Nations in Geneva.

in the application of U.S. antitrust laws to the foreign operations of U.S. firms, including those located outside the U.S., as well as the balance of payments measures already described.

**T**HE MAIN AGENT IN THIS PROCESS of economic subordination is the multinational corporation, the principal subject of Professor Kari Levitt's attention in *Silent Surrender*. Professor Levitt presents an historical sketch of how Canada, once a peripheral satellite of the British economic system, "grew to independence and nationhood in a brief historical era in which goods, capital and people moved in response to economic forces operating in relatively free, competitive international markets", only to succumb to the "New Mercantilism of the American international corporation". In her view, "the subsidiaries and branch plants of large American-based multinational corporations have replaced the operations of the earlier European-based mercantile venture companies in extracting the staple and organizing the supply of manufactured goods". This phenomenon is not simply that of international trade, nor of foreign borrowing. We are witnessing a process whereby direct investment in productive activities in the new 'colonial empires' produces a nexus between the metropolitan company and the branch-plant which governs the latter's production-decisions, purchasing-decisions, sales-decisions, decisions on re-investment, indeed, every aspect of its activities.

But how important is this phenomenon? Professor Levitt not only documents once more the overwhelming extent of foreign investment in Canada (resulting in 1963 in 60% non-resident control of manufacturing, 74% of petroleum and natural gas, and 59% of mining and smelting, in contrast to 2% non-resident control of railways and 4% of other utilities) but goes on to call attention to the enormous weight already of the overseas production of multinational corporations (by 1964 the sales of subsidiaries of U.S. corporations had reached four times the total value of U.S. commodity exports) and their explosive rate of expansion ("it has been estimated that the overseas expansion of U.S. corporations will result in American control of 75% of the non-communist world's output by the year 2000, if not sooner"). Very well, but is this massive influence not benign, creating employment and generating incomes while adding to our technology? Professor Levitt argues no, for, apart from the behaviour of the branch-plant (with buying, from its parent, shifting profits and so affecting tax-yields, and so on), the whole economy becomes vulnerable, since domestic fiscal and monetary policy are weakened and concessions that appear valuable may be simply withdrawn. Even more vital in the long-run is the danger that, whereas "advantages accrue to countries to the extent that they are innovators and not takers of technology", an overdeveloped branch-plant economy will suffer the erosion of indigenous enterprise and thus be destined for permanent technological backwardness ("Canada has regressed to a rich hinterland with an emasculated, if comfortable, business elite"). Added to these economic costs are the consequences of "cultural homogenization" and Professor Levitt's fear that "the most bitter harvest of increasing dependence and diminishing

control may yet be reaped in the form of the internal political balkanization of Canada and its piecemeal absorption into the American imperial system". For, if the dominant classes in English Canada continue to promote rather than to resist a continentalist trend, if regional necessities compel provinces to seek foreign funds, and if the English-speaking community fails to recognise that those who live in Quebec aspire to dignity as well as prosperity, then, Professor Levitt argues, the continued existence of a Canadian community is in jeopardy.

**T**HUS WE SEE THAT, WHILE BOTH BOOKS are concerned with economic matters and, in particular, the role of the multinational corporation, they are demanding that attention be given to the wider problems which must be tackled if Canada is to survive, perhaps to play a distinctive and useful international role in the future. But what remedies are revealed? Walter Gordon appears to retain his belief that, although the problem is grave, no fundamental changes are needed and that Canadian entrepreneurs will save the situation. Likewise, Alistair Gillespie, Liberal M.P., contributes his view that "an appropriate economic policy for Canada should concentrate far more on adapting to the multinational form of corporate organisation than resisting it". Mr. Kierans would seemingly harness the beast to serve national goals by increasing the number of Canadian international corporations from 8 to 20. Prof. Neufeld envisages international government developing, like the international corporation, and, presumably, controlling it. Former Trade Minister Robert Winters established guide-lines for good corporate behaviour. The Task Force proposed many measures, including disclosure, legislation to limit extra-territoriality, and the establishment of the Canada Development Corporation. But a far more radical position is adopted by Professors Watkins and Levitt. They argue for an independent socialist Canada as the only strategy capable of reversing the trends they describe. Certainly, action must be taken to control the multinational corporations, but more is needed. The principles which dictated a curb on the sale of a strategic uranium product should be extended to all resource-industries. The Canada Development Corporation remains desirable, but "it should not be a private corporation" but should "rather pursue such social objectives as balanced regional development and worker participation". It is not only resources and the economy that need to be protected against American influence, but also, Watkins argues, the unions, the media, and the universities.

Prof. Watkins expresses some confidence that an independent (socialist) Canada can be achieved. Prof. Levitt warns that "instruments of policy... can be devised without difficulty; the real question is whether there exists the will to regain control over the economy." Five years ago, George Grant argued in *Lament for a Nation* that it was already too late to assert a Canadian nationalism. Currently there is little evidence that Canadians will adopt policies that they have been persuaded will affect their prosperity and the determination to emulate the U.S. However, in that



same five years, revulsion against the worst features of American society has grown ("the American Dream is absolutely dead. What has been created is not an inspirational new model for humanity but an aristocracy within an aristocracy, a perfect model of the low-synergy, high-aggression society, webbed internally with humiliation and revenge, externally with paranoia and slaughter."), at the same time as Canadian self-confidence and a positive nationalism appear to have grown. Many more will be prepared therefore to support measures to reduce Canadian dependence on economic and social trends in the U.S.A.; it remains to be seen, however, how many will wish to deal with foreign ownership by accepting a socialist solution, knowing that its advocates in the New Democratic Party propose also to tackle urban blight, inadequate housing, education, medical care and public transportation, as well as regional disparities.

"With nationalism on the agenda of Canadian politics", new books on these issues may be expected -- a volume on energy policy alone has already appeared -- but the two books reviewed will remain basic, both for the evidence presented and for their policy-conclusions. Every concerned Canadian, however prejudiced against the latter, should read and ponder the authors' arguments. If the "silent surrender" is not to be complete, then documentation and debate must be followed by active measures; the decision whether or not to support such measures has been passed from Gordon to Watkins to you.

## OUT

### GEORGE BOWERING

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## LET ME COUNT THE WAYS

**M**Y FIRST INCLINATION WAS to refuse to write anything about this book -- after all, we've been flooded with anthologies of Canadian poetry during the last few years. Those same names, and all too often, those same familiar poems over and over again in one anthology after another. To be sure, *How Do I Love Thee* has a gimmick; but even so, what could one say? Everybody who buys them knows the various flaws and merits of anthologies. But this week in which I write has been a bad one for those of us who care about the culture of Canada; this was the week when Ryerson Press was sold to the Americans. Last night on the television programme "W-5" I saw Mel Hurtig, and listened to him describing the problems that beset Canadian publishers and writers. Much of what he said was old (if worrisome) stuff, but Hurtig himself impressed me; his concern was visibly heartfelt, and he spoke admirably. Furthermore, I liked the suit he was wearing. Now I do feel obliged to say something about this anthology he's published.

Yes, yes -- here are those names again, gracing still another table of contents: F.R. Scott, A.J.M. Smith, Earle Birney, Dorothy Livesay, Irving Layton, Louis Dudek, Alfred Purdy, Raymond Souster, Eli Mandel, Jay Macpherson, Alden Nowlan, Leonard Cohen . . . But other, fresher, names abound as well, and ten of them are French Canadian poets. As you can see from its title, the thing that does distinguish this anthology from the others I was grouching about is the fact that each of the sixty poets was asked to submit his one favourite poem and to give his reasons for selecting it. In a laboured Preface, the editor of the volume, John Robert Colombo, gives most of his space to explaining how the title of the book was chosen. Of more moment is what he says about the nature of his idea:

*What was Shakespeare's favourite play? Did he prefer an earlier to a later work, a greater to a lesser one? And the sonnets. Which of the hundred and fifty-four did he personally enjoy most? And why? We have no answers to these questions because no one thought to ask them . . . How Do I Love Thee grew out of the conviction that poets share with non-poets the need to harbour preferences, to play favourites. Because the poet is in a privileged position as far as his own work is con-*

*cerned, his choice will illuminate his own poem and the rest of his poetry. When he writes about his work, he will do so with more authority -- certainly with more insight -- than anyone else.*

You would debate that last point? Anyway, whether you like the poems or not (and a majority of them are good poems), you'll find many of these "introductions" to be both helpful and enjoyable. It is only fair to add that a few of them are pretty short on insight. As for illumination, one could remark of some of those appearing herein, as Holmes did of Watson, "It may be that you are not yourself luminous, but you are a conductor of light." And who is to say that Shakespeare, had he received Mr. Colombo's invitation, would not have struck one or two of the following attitudes? *Reluctant*: "I was frankly irritated with John Robert Colombo for asking me to join in the nonsense of choosing 'a favourite' poem and explaining my choice." *Informed*: "The the poet -- like all men -- is a lonely cannibal." *Modest*: "I have merely created a mathematical yantra." *Confessional*: "When I was a boy of ten I killed a small bird with a sickle." *Thankful*: "Every time I look at this particular poem I say thank you, thank you very much." *Metaphorical*: "It is wet and dry, bittersweet, perhaps, like a martini." *Pleased*: "...it strikes me as astonishingly alive and up-to-date after all these years." *Disgusted*: "I don't of course, have one favourite poem." *Free-thinking*: "What's wrong with running a whore house nowadays?" *Rhetorical*: "Is an elephant nicer than a whale?" *Unsure*: "My 'reason' for liking it eludes me ..." *Inspired*: "...this must be Eternity." *Anxious*: "I hope that you like it too."

Robert Cockburn is a poet (Friday Night, Fredericton) whose critical study *The Novels of Hugh MacLennan* was recently published by Harvest House. He teaches Canadian literature at the University of New Brunswick.

*How Do I Love Thee: Sixty poets of Canada (and Quebec) select and introduce their favourite poems from their own work.*  
 Edited by John Robert Colombo  
 M.G. Hurtig Ltd.  
 Edmonton, Alberta  
 \$2.95

**FRED COGSWELL**

**A COMPASS OF OPEN VEINS  
FACE ON THE DARK  
THE GREAT BEAR LAKE MEDITATIONS  
MADE IN CANADA: New Poems of the Seventies**

# VEINS FACES & MEDITATIONS

**T**HESE FOUR BOOKS ILLUSTRATE in the widely differing styles, attitudes, and formats, the rich variety of Canadian poetry today and the wide range of what passes today as complete and publishable verse.

The personal love poems of Grant Johnston's *A Collection of Open Veins* are the product of a long, self-conscious distillation during which the original blood-and-guts of passion have been by concision and understatement transmuted to a series of laconics that gain in intensity by their contrast with the large generous pages on which they appear. This impact, however, is sadly diluted when, as sometimes happens, the words appear in white on black, or when the words are forced to compete with large and striking photographs upon adjoining pages. The attempt to combine pictorial and poetic art, so successful in the engravings of Blake, is here, it seems to me, as in the results of most such attempts by modern graphic book designers, a mixture rather than a compound. All the same, the photographs considered in themselves are excellent, and some of the poems achieve a rare distinction, if somewhat limited in range and sensibility. Usually, they are the essence of wisdom wrung from sad experience, as in the following poem:

*Why do we  
the lovers, after loving  
walk as strangers  
in the room*

*Is it that love  
the perfect stranger  
knocks  
but never enters in*

One of Grant Johnston's poems "Though you were shot and killed, Zapata" deals obliquely and effectively with revolution, which brings me to a consideration of Henry Beissel's *Face on the Dark*. The face is humanity, the "dark" is the tyranny of our times, and of others, and Henry Beissel uses words and images with the logic and emotive power of sledge-hammers which (to ears cuned to cacophony by the ugly sounds of both urban life, history and modern music) tend to numb rather than to

arouse any response in the reader. Beissel's sincerity and technical skill, however, deserve admiration, and when he adds to this an element of imagination as in "Machu Pichu" "The Ballad of the Madman of Malbridge" and, best of all, "Spring in Prague" where political forces become linked, as it were, to natural forces, Beissel writes the best political poems yet written in Canada in English.

Strikingly different is J. Michael Yates' *The Great Bear Lake Meditations*. This book is an attempt to order the historico-political world that Yates believes, quite as much as Beissel, to have gone wrong. But whereas Beissel would order it by methods of reform and active participation in politics, Yates would withdraw to the wilderness, observe the cosmic order of things as reflected in natural objects, allow this order in the brain to be associated with memories of personal experience and of history, and by this simple association establish a psychic pattern of unity that would correspond to the rhythm of the universe. The meaning so conferred on the poet would, accordingly, be transferred to the reader. The result in these aphorisms and prose poems is neither easy to grasp nor to communicate, but the packed, tough lines of this book repay reading and re-reading. For example, try the following for several facets of meaning:

*This is no ordinary piece of stone. In the rising fire-light it was taken in the hands of a great chief and brought down upon the head of another indian to kill him. Not in war but celebration, was the "slave-killer" used. Unless giving and sacrifice can be con-*

**A Compass of Open Veins**

Grant Johnston  
New Press  
Toronto, Ontario  
64 pp.  
\$3.00

Face on the Dark  
Henry Beissel  
New Press  
Toronto, Ontario  
64 pp.  
\$3.50

The Great Bear Lake Meditations  
J. Michael Yates  
Oberon Press  
Ottawa, Ontario  
\$2.95

Made in Canada: New Poems of the Seventies  
Edited by Douglas Lochhead and Raymond Souster  
Oberon Press  
Ottawa, Ontario  
192 pp.  
\$3.50

Fred Cogswell, poet critic and translator -- his most recent book is *One Hundred Poems of Modern Quebec* -- was for many years editor of *The Fiddlehead* and now publishes *Fiddlehead Books*. He also teaches at the University of New Brunswick.



*sidered aggression. Only here and there it's been -  
from excessive handling perhaps - worn smooth.*

*Made in Canada* contains the work of sixty-four current Canadian poets. Published under the auspices of the League of Canadian Poets, the book carries an advertisement on the cover that would make members of the Canadian Authors Association blush. The poems themselves demonstrate what a bunch of eager beavers Canadian poets are, and how much their work reflects the energy and complexity -- I almost wrote confusion -- of modern life. Each poet sings his own song in his own way - or that of his American neighbour (sometimes it is the same thing) in his own way. I admire many of these songs but I wish they did not sing out quite so loud. I wish they had memorized instead Bliss Carman's "Success is in the silences / Though fame be in the song". What I finally got out of this collection was a great desire to look at Japanese are and a memorable experience in reading Raymond Souster's "Queen Anne's Lace" and Dorothy Roberts' three poems. This latter poet, it seems to me, accomplishes the greatest effect proportional to her materials -- the sign of a true artist. I cannot resist quoting "Swimmer" to illustrate what I mean:

*There being nothing closer to place itself upon  
the shadow is plunged way down to the sea below  
and swims there rapidly, a winged small fish in  
the blue swell*

*It is enlarged in its fall but we can only see it  
small like fish in the great basin of the ocean.  
It is frisky with waves, sportive yet never stays  
behind.*

*Attached to our element at such a distance  
it has its own existence, it is lively and resistant  
to disturbances in the waves, coming out of them  
again*

*alive and running on with us as long as we can fly  
in the bright sun above the beautiful swell of  
waters down below*

*the turquoise and amethyst and sheer blue oceans  
and we are assured that it can swim.*

## **IDON'T LIKE YOUR FOOD**

**JOHN NEWLOVE**

She was really going to jump off the bridge  
when a horny young indian got his hands on her pants  
and said How would you like a job in the movies  
tomorrow tonight you can stay at my place  
I have cold hot dogs in the fridge  
in case you're lonely What kind of mustard she said.

In the morning eating cold toast with cold hot dogs  
she said Goodbye I thought I could fall in love  
with your eyes but I don't like your food  
give me back my pants you indian.

This time she'll really jump off that bridge  
even though she knows she can't fly.

# NOEL

This  
book  
could  
change  
Canada



## Reclaiming the Canadian Economy

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Gunnar Adler-Karlsson  
with an introduction by Abraham Rotstein

As Canada comes increasingly under the siege of American corporate expansion, we find ourselves desperately groping for some viable plan of defence. In this slim volume, Prof. Gunnar Adler-Karlsson presents a fascinating new approach to the problem, and Professor Abe Rotstein, this country's most brilliant theoretical apostle of nationalism, places it in a Canadian setting.

Peter Newman  
Editor, Toronto Star



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## ROOMS with VIEWS

**C**ANADIANS WRITING PROSE have almost always seemed more at ease in the journal or memoir, whether fully truthful or semi-fictional, than in ordinary prose fiction. Henry Alline's *Journal* is one of our early classics; that is the brilliant travelogues of explorers such as David Thompson and Henry MacKenzie; Major John Richardson was at his best in his autobiographical writings rather than in his romances; Frederick Philip Grove's semi-fictional memoirs, *A Search for America* and *In Search of Myself*, are his most fascinating productions; Ralph Connor and Laura Goodman Salverson wrote autobiographies which far surpass their novels in literary quality; most of Emily Carr's prose has an autobiographical base. To this long - but far from exhaustive - list of excellent autobiographical writings by Canadians must now be added John Glasco's *Memoirs of Montparnasse* and Norman Levine's *From a Seaside Town*, which are without doubt two of the best books in any genre published in Canada in 1970.

Glasco's book is, on the surface at least, the more directly autobiographical of the pair. Glasco gave up his studies at McGill in the late nineteen-twenties, and spent a couple of years in Paris and other parts of Europe; forced to return home by illness - an advanced case of tuberculosis - Glasco wrote most of these memoirs in a Montreal hospital in 1932-3, put them away for thirty-five years, and has only just published them in a very slightly edited form.

Although a few names have been changed, most of the people and events in the book are accurately described and identified: we get first-hand accounts of, for example, George Moore, Frank Harris, Gertrude Stein, Ernest Hemingway, Morley Callaghan, Ford Madox Ford, Richard le Gallienne, Lord Alfred Douglas and James Joyce, all of whom the youthful Glasco met and came to know with varying degrees of intimacy. Since Glasco had a very observant and slightly sceptical eye, and a gift for precise physical description, his book is most successful as a gallery of clearly etched portraits of more or less famous people.

Norman Levine's book, on the other hand, is presented as a novel, and contains the names of no actual persons. Anyone who knows Levine and his family and friends, however, will have little difficulty seeing through the thin disguises which real people wear. Joseph Grand, the central figure, is clearly Levine himself, although his life story

does not quite match that of his creator, the wife and daughters of Grand are Levine's wife and daughters; and all the other characters are almost as readily identified. With one or two exceptions, however, the characters in the Levine book are not famous people as are those in the Glasco book, and hence the novel has to depend for its interest on more private matters - on Levine's own personal reactions to experience as filtered through Joseph Grand, on the small details of domestic relations. Glasco's book in other words, is painted with broader, bolder strokes on a larger canvas; Levine's has the subtlety and intimacy of a deceptively simple watercolour.

This basic difference extends to the prose style: Glasco's is a rather flamboyant style, punctuated with rhetorical flourishes such as "It was the theatre of my youth," or "the delights of that heaven-inspired convenience, that port and paradise of young men, the licensed Parisian brothel," or "you who loved the Tuileries because their symmetry was the shadow of your own devotion to purity." (Not to be unfair to Glasco, such extravagances are rare: most of his book is written in a clear if elegant style.) Levine's style, on the other hand, depends rather on understatement and on a deliberate awkwardness. As if he were determined that we should not fall asleep from a rocking-horse rhythm, Levine breaks his sentences up into non-grammatical fragments ("Now he's supposed to be running a business that his father left him. A man's clothing store in Shaftesbury Avenue. But he's hardly there. When they ring. It has to be make-believe on my part.") He also has the rather annoying habit of putting into footnotes material that might just as sensibly have been incorporated into the text - but again I think I see what he is up to: he is trying to give to his material a kind of aesthetic distance to compensate for its intimacy, its naked self-revelation. Upon the intimacy of the confession is imposed something of the impersonality of the scholarly thesis.

Diamond Pacey is the dean of studies of Canadian literature - and the Academic Vice-President of the University of New Brunswick. His many books include *Creative Writing in Canada*, *Ten Canadian Poets*, and *Essays in Canadian Criticism 1938-1968*; he has also published a collection of stories, *The Picnic*, and several children's books.

*Memoirs of Montparnasse*  
John Glasco  
Oxford University Press  
Toronto, Ontario  
241 pp.  
\$6.50

*From a Seaside Town*  
Norman Levine  
Macmillan & Co. of Canada Ltd.  
Toronto, Ontario  
220 pp.  
\$6.00

**A**NOTHER DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO writers is the philosophy of life they adumbrate. Glasco's (although we must remember that the book was written when he was a very young man, and probably does not reflect his present attitudes) - Glasco's is frankly and sensuously hedonistic: "Literature isn't so important as life, and I've made my choice"; "But it was more fun to play at being a writer"; "The important thing in life was to have a good time." Norman Levine, however, like Flaubert and James Joyce before him, is an aesthetic puritan: he regards writing as a sacred mission, for the sake of which he and his family are expected to make a series of self-less sacrifices. Glasco several times questions the use of writing; Levine obviously regards it as the only thing that really matters.

But I do not wish to exaggerate the differences, for in many ways the two books are similar. They are both powerful studies in exile, specifically in Canadian exile. Glasco and Levine both were profoundly dissatisfied with their native country, and were in search of the great, good place - and both came to the reluctant conclusion that distant fields were really not any greener. Glasco returned to Canada to spend most of his mature life on a farm in the Eastern Counties of Quebec; Levine is anxious to get out of St. Ives and will probably return to Canada in the next year or two. I do not, however, think that this should lead us to be smug about Canada, or to argue that the age of Canadian expatriate artists is over and that from now on all young writers should stay at home. Finding that they could compete on equal terms with writers in France and England gave these two young Canadians a self-confidence that they might never have acquired at home, and a perspective from which to view the Canadian scene more passionately. See Canada first, perhaps - but what can they know of Canada who only Canada know?

In conclusion, I would be the first to admit that in this review I have done less than justice to the riches that these books offer so abundantly. I have said nothing, for example, of the brilliant impressionistic descriptions of Paris and the French Riviera that Glasco provides, of his acute self-analysis, of the many lively and amusing anecdotes such as his account of his first visit to a Paris brothel, or of the light his book sheds on the early career of Morley Callaghan. In Levine's case, I have failed to take proper notice of his brilliant vignettes of character, of the convincing way in which he projects the reality of poverty, of the almost painfully honest glimpses he gives us of the continuous tensions and occasional ecstasies of married life, of the accuracy with which he renders the visible world of gulls, streets, and moorland, of the symbolic use he makes of the transient French crabs standing off the Cornish coast, or of the tremendous honesty with which he reveals his own yearnings and his own weaknesses. Both of these books are of the sort Francis Bacon had in mind when he said "some books are to be savoured." Savour these to the full.

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**ERIC NICOL VANCOUVER**

## the man the book cover & the book

**A**T THE TIME OF REVIEWING *Vancouver*, by Eric Nicol, your reviewer has not yet received his copy of the book. He has however received a copy of the dust jacket, and assurance from the publisher that the rest of the book (i.e. dust jacket contents) will be forthcoming shortly.

This is a very fine dust jacket. The photo of Vancouver that adorns it, in a sweeping wrap-around that fairly takes the breath away in the confined space of the average bookshop, was taken by George Kropinski, a UBC student whom the author discovered as having a great talent and a lower price than Karsh.

The rear inside flap of the dust jacket includes a snapshot of the author, Eric Nicol, taken by the author's wife (Mrs. Nicol) during a family outing to the Iona Sewage Treatment Plant, on picturesque Iona Island, just a deep breath away from Vancouver city limits. The photo does not really do Mr. Nicol justice, according to the considered opinion of several people who owe him money, but it does hum with some of the vibrancy of that part of the Fraser River that is polluted beyond recall.

As for the text of *Vancouver*, your reviewer has advance information that this history of the city offers some of the most stunningly brilliant prose to come from the pen of a Canadian whose previous work has been described as frivolous, even pathetic, by critics who failed to recognize that he was merely building to this magnificent climax.

Whether the facts of Vancouver's history, as detailed in *Vancouver*, are accurate is of course another matter. Canadian talent must spread itself too thin to be concerned with the nitpickwickery of old-fashioned research. What emerges from this history is an enormous feeling for the city, feeling south, feeling north, feeling west and east, indeed a lovely all-over feeling that gives the 200-odd pages a substance that even exceeds the dust jacket.

A treat, this, for all Canadians, regardless of whether they live in Vancouver or are just planning to bum there. Don't fail to miss it.

Eric Nicol is the author of numerous books of humour; for some years he appeared to have squandered his rights on the Stephen Leacock Medal for humour. His recent book, *A Scar is Born*, was an account of the Broadway production of his play *Like Father, Like Fun*. He lives in Vancouver and writes a widely syndicated newspaper column.

*Vancouver*  
Eric Nicol  
Doubleday  
New York and Toronto  
\$7.95

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