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nadians, I feel, also share with certain Jews a subscription to plot theories, the former spying the CIA under every bed, the latter, anti-Semites, and both groups enjoy a neurotic, a conveniently neurotic, misconception of the larger world outside. . . .

"In these overheated days, intellectuals in their late thirties or, like me, in their forties, are commonly cast by the young nationalist zealots as cultural colonials, lackeys, of the U.S. cultural establishment. The truth is we belong to the last generation, perhaps, who cannot honestly rise to all-embracing anti-Americanism . . . for we must recognize that the very best, as well as the worst, influences that shaped us were inevitably American. Or British. Or French. . . .

"Morley Callaghan has put it rather more graciously. I quote: 'Canada is a part of the North American cultural pattern. We in the north should have a different literature than, say, Southern writers. . . . We have our own idiosyncrasies here, you know, our own peculiar variation of the cultural pattern. . . . But it is still definitely American.' . . . What (this) is to say is that looked at objectively . . . it is possible to be a Canadian writer and not accept Leacock, albeit a funny fellow, as the rock on which any literary church can be founded. Or that Frederick Philip Grove, our great Canadian unreadable, is classic by anything less than the most picayune standards. Grove's problem, bluntly stated, is

that he couldn't write very well. . . . When, as is often the case, a Canadian novel is not published outside of Toronto, then the trouble is not the literary homosexual conspiracy in London, or the Jewish den of thieves who run New York; it is, put plainly, that the novel isn't good enough. There are far too many novels and collections of poetry, published in this country whose only virtue is that, like Bright's wine, they are conceived in Canada, but don't travel well . . . the truth is most British novels are not published in the United States as well and very few American novels, fewer than ever in fact, are also brought out in England. Most are adjudged too parochial to make the trans-Atlantic trip. . . . O Canada, Canada, there is hope. If we are indeed being plundered by a satyr so insensate, of such omnivorous appetite, we may yet sell them *Spring Thaw*, *Front Page Challenge*, the *Mounties' Musical Ride* and other cultural treasures. . . . We have already dumped Guy Lombardo on them, as well as Robert Goulet and, God forgive us, the California Golden Seals. . . ."

Mr. Richler has published many books, all entertaining, all amusing, all pungent. His most recent, *Notes on an Endangered Species* will be published by Knopf in 1974. Earlier works include *Son of a Smaller Hero*, *the Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* and *St. Urbain's Horseman*.

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