

tion company into a world-class, free swinging conglomerate, moving its assets from \$4 billion to \$13 billion . . . The glory days of his stewardship will not come again. A dozen Big Julies would turn Canada into an ungovernable industrial oligarchy. But I'm glad we have one."

At the back of the book Allan Fotheringham, Canada's highest paid and least restrained columnist, occasionally speaks well of a city (Montreal) or an institution (lovely old Queen's University) but seldom of politicians.

He does not like Ottawa. In one recent breathtaking paragraph he called down maledictions on the town and its "politicians, snivel servants and journalists . . . isolated refugees on a planet floating in a void, bereft of humanizing qualities, deprived of an ordinary climate" in a city "populated by people who would actually . . . prefer to be elsewhere but [who] are trapped in this giant lifeboat adrift on a sea of gas, persiflage and obsequiousness."

He has a format that he occasionally drops in among his straight lectures, entitled "The Fearless Fotheringay Current Events Whiz Quiz." It opens with an announcement—"Only one entry allowed per customer. Generous prizes will be awarded. Ineligible are employees of *Maclean's* and the residents of Alberta. Marks will be awarded for neatness"—and then offers a score of caustic questions. Question No. 6 in an issue last May, for example, read: "You are trapped in a lifeboat for 90 days with Margaret Thatcher, Sterling Lyon [Manitoba's Premier] and Merv Griffin. Describe in detail the most charming features of each and in what order you would throw them overboard."

The bulk of *Maclean's*, between Newman and Fotheringham, is shaped by the news at hand. Some weeks certain areas of activity are featured, some weeks others. There is always, logically, an emphasis on Canadian news and always, equally logically, considerable attention given to news from the United States.

U.S. news is reported primarily by *Maclean's* man in Washington, Michael Posner, who had a few things to say about President Reagan's efforts to get his budget through Congress: "For the first time in more than three months, the White House last week put Ronald Reagan on display, throwing him before the frisky, but largely docile, herd of beasts known as the Washington Press Corps. Nobody was terribly impressive, neither the reporters, with their soft questions, nor the President, with his aw-shucks, issue-ducking, syntax-slaughtering answers. He seemed comfortable with a single theme: the need for urgent passage of his economic program, all its elements intact. . . ."

Maclean's sells for \$1 (Cdn.) on the newstands and to subscribers in Canada for \$26 a year and in the United States for \$33. In all other countries a subscription costs \$40. It is published by Maclean Hunter Ltd., P.O. Box 1600, Postal Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 2B8.

The Tamarack Review

Tamarack, Canada's oldest and finest little magazine, died this fall, not with a whimper, but with a well modulated, harmonious bang.

Kildare Dobbs, Millar MacLure and Anne Wilkinson began putting it together in 1956 when eighty people chipped in \$25 each. Robert Weaver, who supports himself by conducting "Anthology," a weekly CBC radio program on literary topics, and other enterprises, has been both its editor and its business manager ever since. It has published the best writers in Canadian fiction and the best poets, many for the first time. It has never had more than 1,500 circulation and, naturally, it has never made money.

It is twenty-five years old and seemingly in good health, but like an old rejected Roman Senator it has decided to open its wrists in the bath.

It has not been rejected by its readers nor its contributors but by Mr. Weaver's own high standards. It was, Mr. Weaver feels, a child of the late 1950s, "which was in a funny way our period," and now it is time to make way for this decade's children. "Looking back," Mr. Weaver says, "I think a little magazine has a life span of about fifteen years. We met a couple of years ago to decide if we should let it continue to drift. We decided not to. I could see it unraveling."

Though *Tamarack* is gone other little magazines remain:

Exile publishes original works by such Canadians as Leonard Cohen, Marie-Claire Blais, Jacques Ferron, Margaret Atwood and Morley Callaghan. It often publishes foreign writers as well, and has full colour reproductions of paintings. (Exile and Exile Editions, P.O. Box 546, Downsview, Ontario M3M 3A9.)

The Malahat Review, "an international quarterly of life and letters" edited in Victoria, B.C., publishes poetry, fiction and criticism by writers from Canada and elsewhere. (University of Victoria, P.O. Box 1700, Victoria, B.C. V8W 2Y2.)

The Fiddlehead, which began as a mimeographed sheet of poems in 1945, is a quarterly of Canadian poetry, fiction and reviews published by the University of New Brunswick. (The Observatory, University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B. E3B 5A3.)

Public Funding

The Canada Council, the Ontario Arts Council and, to a much smaller degree, the arts organizations of other provinces, lend support to many small, serious journals.

In 1980 the Canada Council spread more than \$1,000,000 among seventy publications in English or French.