

Saturday Night is divided into neat compartments—Media, Politics, Academe—and it maintains a high, informative level in each.

Fulford is two of his own best writers. He personally opens and closes most issues with his "Notebook," an essay on current events, up front, and his movie critiques, written under the name Marshall Delaney, at the back. He also contributes, now and then, a full-length article on a person or a phenomenon.

In the "Notebook" he considers big subjects—the recent deaths of Marshall McLuhan and John Lennon, for example, with the significance of the latter illuminated by the doctrines of the former. Here is a slice of that essay:

"McLuhan would have said that logical reservations about Lennon's career [which was well past its peak when he was killed] were simply irrelevant . . . and he would have been right. Lennon's public life was lived electronically . . . We were tuned to Lennon in the 1960s on a mythic, emotional wave-length . . . At this subliminal level, anything like logic—anything that goes under the term 'thinking'—is no more than annoyance . . . "What mattered [to the people of the world during the strange week in which Lennon died] was something distant from work, from thought . . . What mattered was the shared mourning for a tribal god. . . ."

In the back of the book as Delaney, Fulford looks at the current state of the cinema, also as a big subject. He does not review current flicks (a

difficult thing to do in a monthly) but re-reviews them, taking them on after they have been praised or damned by others and fitting them into the reflective patterns of our times. In discussing *All That Jazz*, he notes that while, generally speaking, displays of egotism have a bad name ("A soldier who exhibits the extreme pride of, say, George S. Patton will find himself the object of vicious satire"), this is not true of the theatrical profession. Bob Fosse's *All That Jazz*, "a hysterical exercise in self-admiration . . . suggests that we grant people in show business a degree of self-absorption we would find repellent in anyone else."

Some of *Saturday Night's* best articles do not fit neatly into any of its standard categories, and its writers can, on occasion, be sharply critical of the folks at home. In "An Invisible Woman" by Bharati Mukherjee, which ran last spring, the author, who was born in India, considers evidence of racism in Canada. Many Canadians prefer to think of racism as something that is prevalent abroad but almost non-existent at home, and the article touched off a lively debate in the "Letters to the Editor" section.

Saturday Night sells for \$1.75 (Cdn.) a copy on newsstands, and subscriptions are \$15 for one year, \$29 for two and \$43 for three in Canada and \$4.50 more per year in the United States. It is published by Saturday Night Publishing, 69 Front Street East, Toronto, Ontario, M5E 1R3.

Maclean's

