

who made themselves exiles, Mavis Gallant, whose stories have appeared often in the *New Yorker*; is a good example. She has lived in Paris since 1951 and has not yet returned home (although she has been appointed writer-in-residence at the University of Toronto for six months in 1983). Many of her stories are about other expatriates, while one of her best books, *The Pegnitz Junction* (1973), is a remarkable fictional study of post-war Germany. More recently, she has reached the exile's logical goal by going back in memory to childhood and writing a superb series of stories on a past Montreal, *Home Truths* (1981). Another Canadian writer who lived long abroad was Mordecai Richler, but his novels were often set in Canada and always populated by Canadians. His period of residence abroad ended after the completion of *St. Urbain's Horseman* (1971) which, with *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* (1959), represented the high point of Richler's achievement in giving fictional expression to the vigorous multicultural society of Montreal.

The crossing of frontiers by Canadian writers has been more than a matter of foreign travel. It has also meant expansion into previously neglected fields of writing. Serious criticism, once mainly represented by Northrop Frye (*The Anatomy of Criticism*, 1957), developed into a significant literary genre in the 1960s, and many important younger critics emerged, including Margaret Atwood (*Survival*, 1972), D.G. Jones (*Butterfly on Rock*, 1970), and W.H. New (*Articulating West*, 1972). Significantly, some of the best of these critics are themselves fine poets, and this has meant that criticism in Canada has become a genuine dialogue within the world of writers. In the theatre, there was in the 1960s a leap from radio drama to stage drama, led by writers like James Reaney (*Colours in the Dark*, 1967), George Ryga (*The Ecstasy of Rita Joe*, 1967), Sharon Pollock (*Walsh*, 1973) and David Freeman (*Creeps*, 1972). Canadian stage drama has tended to be radical in sentiment as well as presentation, and to be concerned

largely with minorities, the poor, the despised. Another genre — the short story — which was long neglected in Canada and for years kept going by CBC radio, re-emerged with vigour in the 1960s in the hands of writers like Alice Munro (*Dance of the Happy Shades*, 1968), W.D. Valgardson and W.P. Kinsella.

The novel was a rather conservative form in Canada until the 1960s, with only a few experimental exceptions like Howard O'Hagan's *Tay John* (1939) and Sheila Watson's *The Double Hook* (1959). But by the end of the decade experimentation of some kind had become almost *de rigueur* in prose fiction, and the result has been an enormous variation in the kinds of novels being published in Canada. Even comparatively realistic novelists like Mordecai Richler and Margaret Laurence have played with time and memory in adventurous ways. The period saw the emergence of Margaret Atwood, whose novels like *Surfacing* (1972) and *Bodily Harm* (1981) are tight and sinewy studies of neurotic frontiers; the quasi-mythical prairie novels of Robert Kroetsch (*The Studhorse Man*, 1969); and the later novels of the ironist Robertson Davies, which moved into a rich metaphysical vein (*Fifth Business*, 1970, and *World of Wonders*, 1975). The pattern of variation has continued among younger novelists like Matt Cohen, with his excursions into rustic melodrama (*The Disinherited*, 1974) and futurism (*The Colours of War*, 1977); Jack Hodgins, with his elaborate manipulations of strange fiction and stranger fact (*The Invention of the World*, 1977); and Timothy Findley, with his elaborate pastiches of invented history (*Famous Last Words*, 1981).

In poetry the variation has been even greater, because more poets have emerged than fiction writers, and books of verse are more easily published than novels. It is hard to do more than indicate the contrasts in this crowded field. They have ranged from the ironic classicism of John Glassco (*A Point of Sky*, 1964) to the concrete idiom of bp Nichol (*The Martyrology*, 1972), and from the colloquial exuberance of Al Purdy to the