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In this issue of *Canada Today/D'Aujourd'hui* we offer seven Canadian books to read and one to look at. (The photographs in the issue were selected from *The Female Eye/Coup d'oeil féminin*.) We hope our readers will buy one or more of the eight but this may be mildly difficult. Only *The Street* and *World of Won-*

ders are published in the US and readily available. You should find them in any large bookstore. If you cannot, ask your bookseller to order them.

Four of the books — *Inner Views*, *Stepping Stones*, *The Female Eye* and *The Battle for Saltbucket Beach* — can be ordered through Books Canada or their Canadian publishers. *The Canadian Establishment* is available through its publisher and *Canada's War*, published in England, is available through the publisher's branch office in Toronto. The addresses of Books Canada and the publishers are on page seven.

Through the Looking Glass

The Canadian Establishment. Peter Newman. McClelland and Stewart Limited, \$14.95.

Is there a Canadian Establishment? The British have one. They have an established church (a temporal as well as a spiritual guide), establishment public schools, establishment accents, and even establishment words (looking glass, not mirror). Young men of established families go into establishment lines of work—the Army, the upper reaches of the Civil Service and in recent decades, the BBC. The British Establishment is exclusive. It strives to preserve the advantages of its members, and though it has lost some, it still maintains many.

By such definition the Canadian Establishment does not exist. Peter Newman has, nevertheless, written a fascinating book entitled *The Canadian Establishment, Volume One*. It is about "the 1,000 men who really run Canada," a definition which excludes members of only one group, Canadian women. Towards the end, Mr. Newman admits that he is using that capital E with some poetic licence.

"There exists no single monolithic Establishment in this country, but rings of establishments." He finds that the most important ring is the one "formed by the businessmen who control the Canadian economy's private sector."

Even that ring is not exclusive, but in a state of unprecedented flux. "The great business dynasties—except for some Molsons and Eatons—which so recently dominated Canada's economy have all but vanished from contention. Power shifts according to the ways money is made. Leaving behind the railway and banking barons, the mining and oil fortunes, wealth is now flowing out of very different fashions and life styles. There are many more millionaires ('people one hardly knows'); the influence of money grows more diffuse. Education, breeding and manners have become deflated currencies among the business elite."

Having established (or disestablished) his criteria, Mr. Newman does a formidable job. He



writes in rich detail of individuals—Bud McDougald of Argus Corporation, Paul Desmarais of Power Corporation, Neil McKinnon, the former Chairman of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Nelson Morgan Davis of N. M. Davis—and of groups—C. D. Howe's Boys, The Frightened Men in the Corner Offices, the El Dorado Crowd and Clubland on the Rocks.

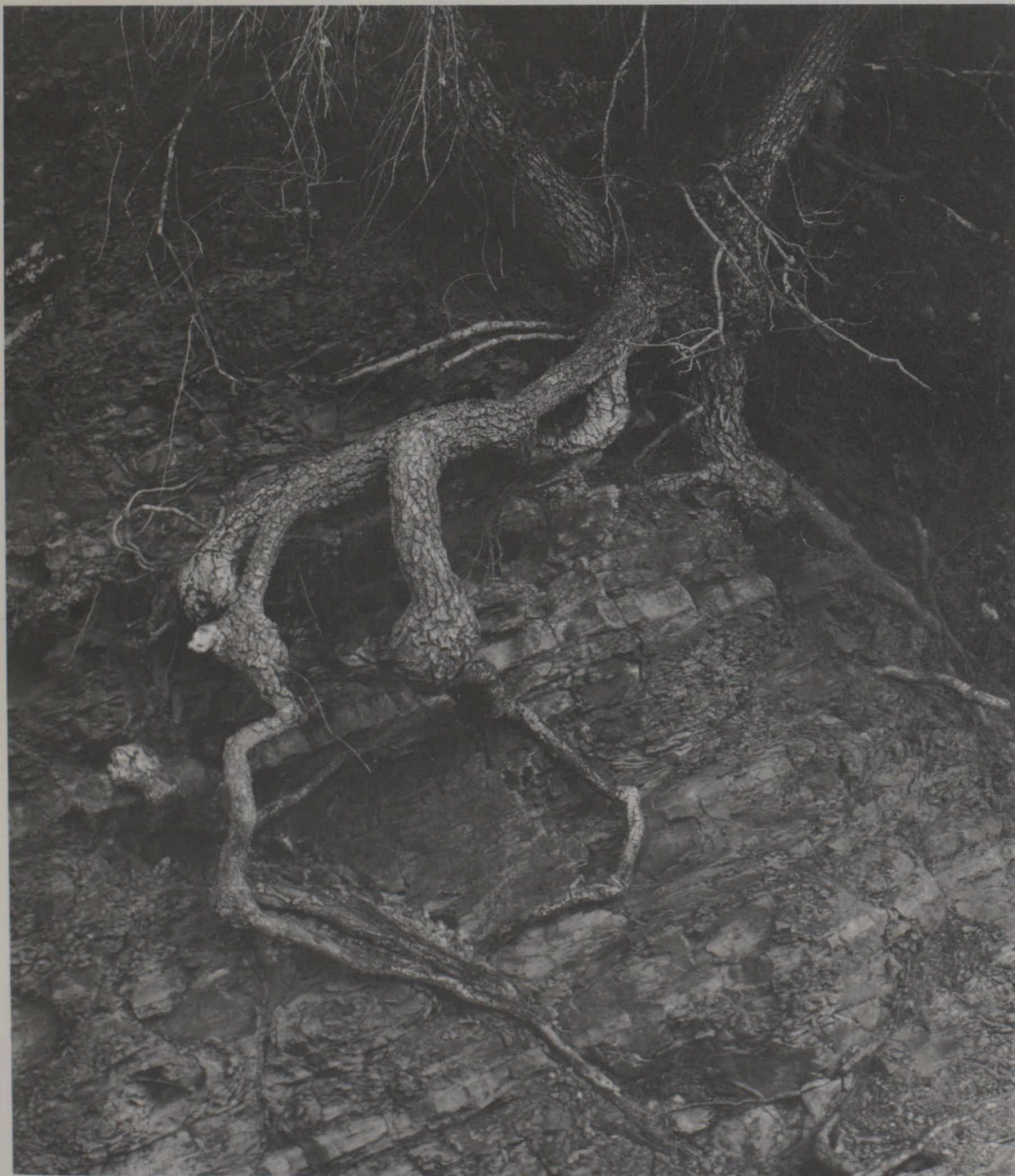
He has twelve appendices which list the members of such groups by name, from The Sturgeon Lake Pack through the Ottawa Mandarins to the Harvard Business School Clan. There is a foldout halfway through the 480 page book labelled "A Guide to the Weston World," the conglomerate which controls scores of Canadian and US companies through George Weston Ltd., from Allat's Bakery Ltd. through Ziggy's Fast Foods Ltd.,

The Female Eye/Coup d'oeil féminin. National Film Board of Canada. Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited, \$19.95.

As part of Canada's contribution to the International Women's Year (which ended in December) Lorraine Monk of the National Film Board assembled an exhibition of the works of some eighty women photographers. The collection, *The Female Eye/Coup d'oeil féminin*, has now been published by Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited.

Is the female eye significantly different from the male? Perhaps. The pictures in this issue speak for themselves — some loudly, some subtly, each individually.

The photographers are, of course, all Canadians as well as women, and that gives them another interesting, if irrelevant, distinction. According to *A New Perspective on the Health of Canadians* published by the Ministry of National Health and Welfare, Canadian women live longer than almost anyone else in the world. A twenty-year-old Canadian woman can expect to live to 78.3, six-and-one-half years longer than a Canadian man. Only Swedish, Norwegian and Dutch women live longer and only by a year or less.





with total sales in 1974 of \$4,733,355,000 and profits of \$40,179,000.

The book is a valuable resource tool and has a nice gossipy edge. Since he plans two more volumes, it may also provide Mr. Newman with a life's work. By the time he finishes the third, the first should be ripe for revision.

The Canadian Film in Focus

Inner Views: Ten Canadian Film-Makers. John Hofsess. McGraw-Hill Ryerson Limited, \$8.95.

Some Canadians resent Hollywood's traditional domination of North American films without analyzing why it came about. Critic John Hofsess believes it was inevitable, though once, for a golden moment, Canada produced mass audience films which held their own.

"In the entertainment section . . . of *The Ottawa Journal*, February 17, 1923, advertisements of two new silent films, one American, the other Canadian, dominate the page. D. W. Griffith's *Orphans of the Storm*, a fictionalized account of the French Revolution, had the edge in show business pizzazz. . . . In an equally large advertisement, *Glengarry School Days* boasts in bold type that it is 'Another Wonderful All-Canadian Picture!' Both did excellent business. In 1923 it was still possible for Canadian movies to play "in major theatres . . . [to be] promoted with substantial advertising budgets, and [to hold] their own against all competitors for a

sizeable share of the market."

This equality of opportunity was not prolonged. Talking pictures, colour and the Depression killed the Canadians, and this was "due more to inevitability than error," Hofsess believes. "The cost of ever changing technology made it impossible for a small country's capitalists to compete."

Now, Hofsess says, costs have stabilized, television, not movies, is the primary mass medium, and it is possible and sometimes profitable to make films aimed at limited audiences.

"Whenever a medium has passed its peak as a mass medium serving a large, homogeneous audience, it becomes a *multiple-minority medium* catering to the specialized interests of many different, small groups. . . . there must be sizeable minorities who have become conscious of themselves as distinct groups and desire the articulation of their 'separate culture.'"

What are these minorities? By Hofsess' definition they include both obvious and less obvious ones. Blacks are a well-defined group and there is a flourishing black-oriented film industry in the US. Hard-core pornographic homosexual and heterosexual films also cater to minorities. The black-oriented films gross millions and so do *Deep Throat*, *The Devil in Miss Jones* and *Boys in the Sand*.

Canadians are a minority in the frame of the North American continent. French-speaking Canadians are a minority within a minority. Can Canadians then have a viable film industry? French Canada does and its minority status is reinforced by the language barrier. The rest of Canada does not—not quite. Films such as *Going Down The Road* have attracted respectable numbers of people at home though they made little or (for the original investors) no money.

Hofsess says this unfortunate circumstance is caused by a lack of alienation. "Until such time as the word *Canadian* means *barrier*—the way that *black*, *Québécois*, *Jew*, *feminist*, *gay*, et al. mean barrier—there will be no thriving film culture here."



"If a film doesn't fulfil some psychological need, if it doesn't have some sociological purpose, if in short there is no minority to buy it, then you can't have a film industry. . . . We know that other groups of between twenty and thirty million people are creating self-sustaining, minority art and entertainment. But these other groups have a definite boundary. They are aware in some way—religious, racial, linguistic, ideological, sexual—that they are different and wish to cultivate that difference."

Hofsess believes, however, that some degree of alienation is probable and that "The evolution of an English-speaking Canadian minority may well be a psychological inevitability; when it is reached, a popular Canadian cinema will come into being."

The bulk of Hofsess' book offers interviews with ten Canadian film-makers. Claude Jutra is the best known and the most interesting. His first success, *Mon Oncle Antoine*, spent its initial year on the shelf and still has not played in some Canadian cities. In terms of Canadian films it enjoyed some financial success, and by almost any standard it is very good.

Jutra's more recent film, *Kamouraska*, had a special showing sponsored by the *Association Française de la Critique de Cinéma* (the most magnificent group of French film critics) and was highly praised at home and in the United States. *Kamouraska* cost \$850,000 and to make money it would have to gross more than \$4,000,000. It won't. No Canadian film ever has. Jutra is reconciled. "I've always been happy," he told Hofsess. "Even as an adolescent. . . . What I feel now is a kind of serenity."

The Triumphs of a Cautious Man

Canada's War: The Politics of the Mackenzie King Government, 1939-1945. J. L. Granatstein. Oxford University Press, \$18.95.

William Lyon Mackenzie King held high office



longer than any other leader in the western democracies; he was Canada's Prime Minister for 22 of the 27 years between 1921 and 1948.

He was a very odd man, a bachelor and a mother's boy. He collected old stones from significant and historic buildings and constructed his own artificial ruin at Kingsmere, north of Ottawa. He had visions and sought counsel from the spirit of his departed mother. He was reassured by signs—by the positions of the hands of a clock, portents and dreams. He saw the images of his mother and his dead pet dog, Pat, in his shaving lather and was affirmed in his decisions. He was also one of the most effective politicians who ever lived.

J. L. Granatstein, Book Review Editor of *The Canadian Forum* and a Professor of History at York University, has written an excellent and readable book about the Prime Minister. *Canada's War* gives a vivid picture of the ways of a careful man—there are times when a country is best served by a political leader who is not notably charismatic.

Canada entered World War II as a semi-autonomous nation, wracked by the hardships of the Depression and the stresses of a bilingual and bi-cultural population. She went to war, Granatstein says, "because Britain had gone to war and for no other reason."

The ultimate crisis came over the sending of conscripted troops overseas. Many Canadians who did not object to conscription for the defence of Canadian territory opposed conscription for overseas service. Many others advocated it as a necessary part of Canada's war effort. It was a problem that had also plagued Canada during World War I. King diffused the issue slowly while manoeuvring to hold the country together and keep himself and his party in power. (His two-sided slogan was "Conscription if necessary, but not necessarily conscription.") As he retreated from the Liberal Party's no conscription pledge, he demanded public and parliamentary approval every step of the way.

He was a man of real but unobtrusive ego,



more concerned with the verdict of history than with present applause (though he did not despise applause), and he could cherish the thought that he had solved a problem even though the world and the voters were not aware that he had. He kept a detailed diary and in its wartime chapters, just made public, he credits himself with preventing disaster over the conscription issue. "It interested me immensely to think of my being there as Prime Minister and knowing that it was literally true that but for the part I played there would have been civil war."

His death inspired a poem by F. R. Scott, which said in part:

"Truly he will be remembered

Wherever men honour ingenuity,

Ambiguity, inactivity, and political longevity."

Granatstein is kinder than Scott. He observes that Canadians emerged from the war with a feeling that they had the resources and the ability to provide a good life and that the government was a positive factor in their lives. "To say that Mackenzie King led this shift in public perception towards a new reality is not too strong a claim. For all his caution, he had a clear idea of the direction he wanted Canada to follow, of what he wanted to prevent. . . . His greatest talent was for sniffing the wind."

A Triumphant Third

World of Wonders. Robertson Davies. MacMillan of Canada, \$10.95, (published in the US by Viking Press).

Few writers write great novels and fewer write great trilogies. Robertson Davies, having twice done the former, has now done both. *World of Wonders* follows *Fifth Business* and *The Manticore* and as improbable as it may seem, it is of the same excellence. It is a book which causes the addicted reader to almost swoon in anticipation and then to revel once more in Davies' infinite, intricate charm.

His charm is manifold. He writes with lucid-



ity and his tales roll along in great waves of domestic drama set against a perceptive backdrop of the world (Canada, England and Switzerland). They are also—and this is his most difficult and successful venture—of a great and persuasive psychological complexity. His extraordinary people do extraordinary things for what always seem profoundly right reasons.

The trilogy is not sequential—each book covers much of the same time span, and all revolve around the lives of three men born in the same Canadian village. Each emphasizes in its own fashion the same particular occasion, the sudden death of "Boy" Staunton. Each has its polished perfection and is a vital part of the whole. Each is a tale of the contrasting romantic, tragic, sexual, fiscal, emotional and metaphysical adventures of: Dunstan Ramsay, a scholar, hagiographer, war hero and school master; "Boy" Staunton, the rich boy and adult tycoon, philanderer and public man, and Magnus Eisengrim (who was born Paul Dempster of a mad mother), the greatest magician of the twentieth century. The women are mostly off-stage, except for one, Liesl Vitzliputzli, who is one of the marvels of modern fiction.

The books are much, much more than well told stories. They are mysteries in both the mundane and the profound senses; they are philosophical essays of a very high order, and they are marvelously and evocatively Canadian.

Hop, Skip and Splash

Stepping Stones. Jamie Brown. Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited, \$7.95.

Jamie Brown, author of *Stepping Stones*, believes he has written the first third of a trilogy when in fact he has written the first third of a novel. It is a good effort, almost. At the risk of being confusingly arithmetical, the first two-thirds are very good, the last third is perfunctory.

Mr. Brown, judging from the picture and biog-



raphy on the back of the dust jacket, is very young, but he writes with controlled style and evokes time and place vividly—Winnipeg late in the last century, the great, isolated prairie cross-road across which traveled all the emigrating farmers, Toronto at the turn of the century and Shrewsbury, a pleasant (if mythical) village emerging from the horse and buggy age and becoming magically, for a moment, a one-car town. He writes well of specific locals—of back country corduroy roads, of the tennis club, of the petty gentry and of the machine shop of a future auto tycoon.

He writes somewhat less well of people. John Angus Gould Moncrieff, the patriarch of a family, is richly present at the beginning of the book (the end of his life) and vivid as a young man involved with a sluttish young woman, a non-descript job and burning ambition. But when we leave him a premature success and a new bridegroom, he is in grave danger of becoming a bore.



Perhaps Mr. Brown was in a hurry to finish this slim 150 page book; he should cultivate patience. He is a man of talent and when he finishes the next two books of his trilogy, he may want to publish the whole inside one pair of covers.

Salty Farce

The Battle for Saltbucket Beach. Ian MacNeill. McClelland and Stewart Limited, \$8.95.

The Battle for Saltbucket Beach has 222 pages (almost as slim as *Stepping Stones*), but it is finished. It has a neatly constructed beginning, an intriguing middle and an ingenious end. It is funny, original, disrespectful and should make a first-rate, mass audience Hollywood movie. It recounts the efforts of a ruthless Toronto tycoon (Canadian authors this year cannot, apparently, leave tycoons alone) to return and exploit his native Cape Breton shore. He does not succeed and the devices by which he is thwarted are splendidly imagined.

Our Own Publishers List

Books Canada Inc.
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Clarke, Irwin and Company Ltd.
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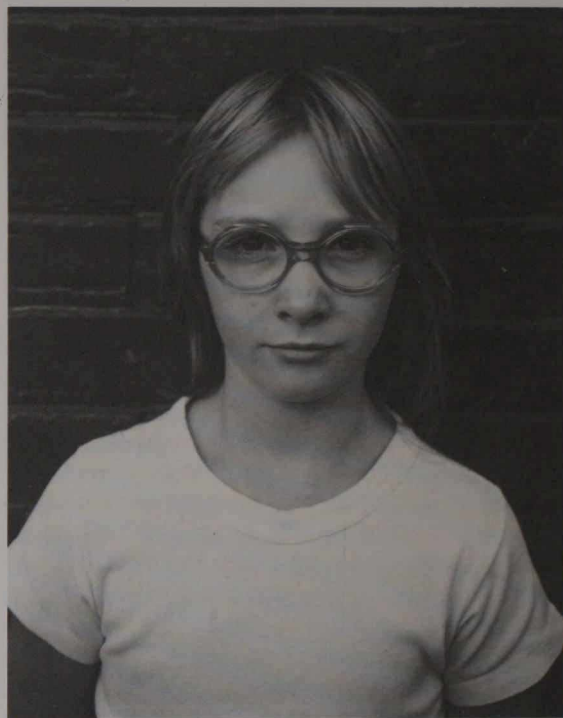
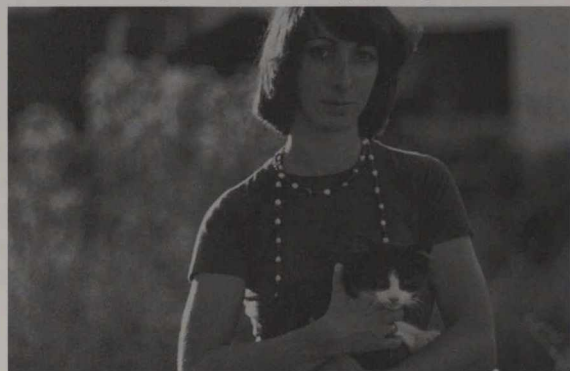
We would also like to note that the University of Toronto Press published the third volume of *Mike: The Memoirs of The Right Honourable Lester B. Pearson* this year.

Bricks, Sticks, Stones and People

The Street. Mordecai Richler. The New Republic Book Company, Inc., \$6.95.

Mordecai Richler grew up on St. Urbain Street in Montreal before World War II, when his street, Montreal, Canada and the world were distinctly different from what they are today. *The Street* is a collection of semi-autobiographical memoirs of Richler's teenage world of the 1940's. When Mordecai was young, St. Urbain Street was wide with narrow walks, lined with fussy, brick and stone Victorian houses under the shadow of Mount Royal, and it was solidly lower class Jewish. Today it looks the same, but it is filled with new immigrants, Greek and Portuguese. The world of the poor but striving young Jews grow-

ing up together in comforting, inspiring, stifling intimacy is gone. The people of the 1940's left for other homes, other lives, other fears and new frames of reference. *The Street* is nostalgia for anyone who grew up thirty or more years ago, Jew or Gentile, in a big city anywhere in the North American continent. St. Urbain is a street of half forgotten dreams.



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