The perils of solitary sex

MARCH 1974 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 50¢

Maclean's

Previewing Pierre Berton's CPR spectacular
Gordie Howe, hockey's mean old man
Designing the livable highrise



The sweet, splendorous world of Johnny Bassett



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Maclean's

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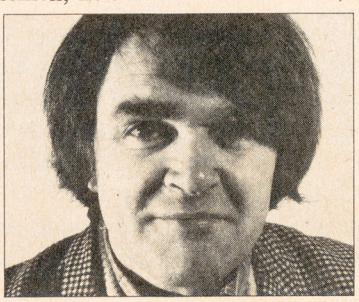
INSIDE MACLEAN'S

Alexander "Sandy" Ross, one of our contributing editors, has a fixation. He can't stop watching entrepreneurs. He finds them more fascinating than movie stars. "You have to realize that these people spend more time buying and selling than they do making love," he says. "And that alone makes it a curious part of human nature. Starting up a new business is an existential leap, a freedom trip that I see as an artistic impulse."

Lately, he's been doing a lot of snooping on the money breed (for his profile on John F. Bassett see page 21) and is just finishing up what promises to be the first comprehensive book on the Canadian entrepreneur. Where Sandy picked up this captivating interest in businessmen, he's not quite sure. It might be that he, as a journalist very much in demand, shares their restlessness and need for new ventures.



Within four years of graduating from the University of British Columbia, he had been through public relations, a trade magazine in Britain and the wire services with United Press International. All without satisfaction. "I knew the names of every cabinet minister in Africa," he recalls of his UPI experience, "yet in two years of filing reports I never saw a real event take place."

He was able, however, to look upon these times much as a true businessman would: bad ventures make good experience. It paid off. Back in Canada, Sandy Ross found doors open and became a well-read name at a very young age. He passed quickly through the Vancouver *Sun*, *Maclean's*, *This Hour Has Seven Days*, *Maclean's* again (this time as managing editor), then *The Financial Post*, where he brought a new flair to business reporting. There was even time out to write much of the Senate's Davey report on the mass media in Canada, a hard look at the tough business of publishing and broadcasting. And the Toronto *Star*, where he immediately became the paper's premier columnist. Different jobs that he says always held one thing in common: two years or so into the job, some mysterious force would come along and advise him to try something new.

After the book, he threatens to become a businessman himself, starting up a children's magazine with his son Alexander III. It will be a victory for youth if young Alexander can keep his father's interest up past the magic two-year period.

PM spurns the west to woo the rest

As this grim winter wears on, it becomes increasingly evident that the federal Liberals' strategy for the coming election is based on that old political credo: divide and conquer.

We all know the way it works. The pols get themselves together in some cosy hotel room (and in my experience the air is usually more redolent of expensive Scotch than of cheap cigars), divide the country into five regions, and decide which they can dispense with and still win. They were doing it in Macdonald's time, wearing frock coats and sideburns; they were doing it in the Fifties wearing three-piece suits and crop cuts; and they're doing it now in three-piece suits *and* sideburns. But the calculations are the same. You can win support in one part of the country at the expense of another. You can set the French against the English on language rights, the farmers against the manufacturers on tariffs, the west against the east on freight rates — or, in the latest variation, Central and Eastern Canada against Alberta and Saskatchewan on the issue of oil.

To the hardheaded in the Liberal Party (and that means most of its members), it makes good sense. They hold only seven seats west of the Ontario-Manitoba border. Their prospects of bettering this total are marginal at best. And they know that if the Prime Minister keeps on hurling insults at western leaders they may lose what little they have.

This doesn't particularly dismay party strategists since they believe they can win — and conceivably win big — if they sweep Central Canada. Ontario and Quebec together account for 61.3% of all seats in the House of Commons. The Liberals have never been surer of Quebec and they're putting their most febrile energy into winning Ontario.

Every Thursday night for months now, the best brains in the Ontario organization have been meeting to map out a winning strategy and they are becoming as important to the federal Liberals as the tightly controlled Marchand machine in Quebec. (Their emergence is strongly reminiscent of another group — the Walter Gordon Liberals — who got hold of the party as Young Turks in the late Fifties and are now Old Turks in the Senate or on government boards.)

This is nothing more or less than pragmatic politics. If the strategy works spectacularly, its architects will be applauded and appointed; if it achieves moderate success (*i.e.,* another Liberal minority), they'll be laughed at and appointed; if it fails, oh well, there's always next time.

But the trouble is that Pierre Trudeau has taken this party politicking beyond where it ought to go. He's using it in an area where one might expect him to be playing not party leader but Prime Minister and maybe even statesman: the area of hammering out a national policy on oil.

It's easy enough to pretend that you're fostering national unity by bad mouthing the west, as Trudeau did in late January before the federal-provincial meetings on oil when he urged Eastern Canada to join him in fighting Western greed and selfishness. But national disunity is what was served by that attitude.

What Trudeau needed to do was to pay attention to the west for once, to understand the nature of its rage, which seems to me to have less to do with greed than with old inequities that might at last be righted. He needed to put the whole problem in the context of the worldwide energy crisis, and to persuade Canadians that the era of cheap energy is over. He needed to talk less about one Canada and do more to foster it.

He needed, in other words, to change the old dogma of divide and conquer and recognize that with enough will and the right spirit you can, in this country, conciliate and conquer.

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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What you see in the painting is her visualization of a microwave repeater tower. It could be any one of the many scattered across the Northwest Territories and the Yukon, built by CN Telecommunications to provide a communications link between a remote settlement and the outside world. To build such a tower in the middle of nowhere isn't a simple thing. It requires many preliminary engineering studies. Repeated aircraft visits to the site. The construction of a landing strip, and possibly a barge-landing area. Building a construction camp. The airlifting in of a 200-foot tower, its four 14-foot parabolic dish antennas, and all the channelizing equipment needed to make a microwave repeater work. Finally, it's operational.

And then a marvellous thing happens. All traces of construction, of human presence are removed. The land is



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returned to its pristine state. All that remains, of course, is the tower itself. No movement, no noise. Just a slight bit of heat coming through the soundproofed generator walls, enough perhaps to attract the occasional white fox for a momentary snuggle.

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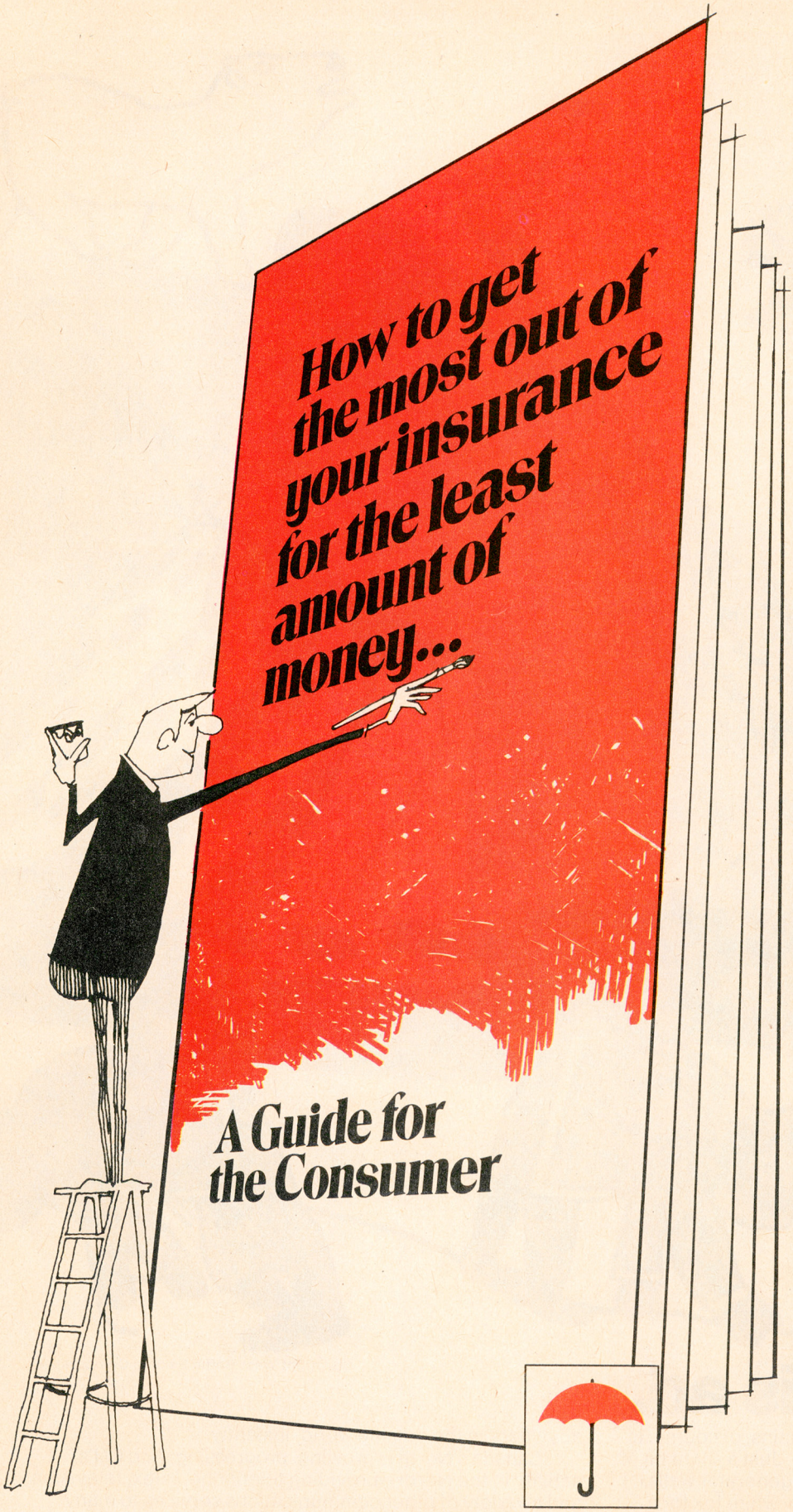

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BRITAIN / H. S. FERNS

A case of bankrupt leadership

In 1972 a team of researchers of the Hudson Institute, the think-tank run by Dr. Herman Kahn, predicted that within 10 years Britain would be one of the poorest countries of Europe, with a standard of living on the level of that of Portugal and Albania. The prediction attracted a lot of attention because it expressed what a great many people in Britain were beginning to sense for themselves, that there is something seriously wrong with their country.

When Oxford economist Colin Clark published his book *The Conditions Of Economic Progress* in 1940 he was able to classify Britain among the wealthiest countries in the world, in the same class as the United States, Canada, Switzerland and Argentina. In 1972 Britain was no longer among the wealthy nations. Measured in terms of gross domestic product per head of population each Briton was producing $2,217.50, compared with $4,830 for the U.S., $4,630 for Sweden, $4,127.50 for Canada, $3,682.55 for Switzerland, $3,661.58 for West Germany, $3,287.50 for France and $2,930.00 for Australia.

The serious economic and productive weaknesses afflicting Britain are revealed in two ways: by the balance of payments between Britain and the rest of the world, and by the rate of inflation inside Britain itself. The balance of payment figures have shown for a long time that the British buy more from other countries than they sell to them. Until now the British have been able to get away with this because they own businesses and property in other countries, and the profits and rents from this source together with payments for services like insurance and banking help offset the deficit. But the deficit keeps growing each year at a rate that these so-called "invisible items" cannot match.

Since the end of World War I until two years ago Britain experienced a mild and steady inflation running around 2% to 3% annually. But inflation is no longer mild and steady — it is moving toward 20% a year. Pensioners are facing starvation unless they get similar increases annually in their incomes and the wage earner has no alternative except militant action over wages in order merely to maintain real standards of living. Inflation is generating a naked class struggle of which there have been few previous examples in British history.

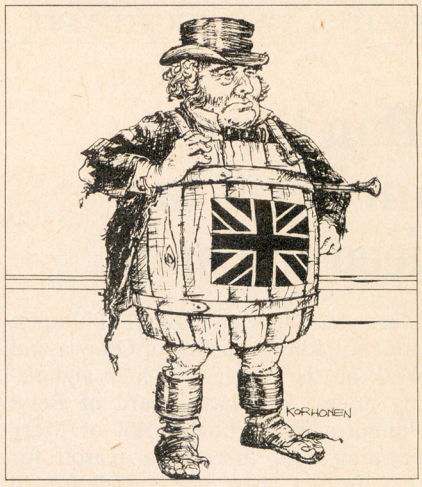
There are a great many explanations of the condition of Britain. Diagnosing the "English disease" is a major industry. *The Times* of London celebrated the most recent crisis in the economy by proposing a vast plan for "modernizing" British industry by mobilizing the capital resources of the nation. All three of the British political parties share the belief that Britain suffers from an insufficiency of investment; that British industry is only good in parts and that much British plant is old and inadequate.

The only rival to this theory is the notion that the British do not work hard enough; that there are too many strikes and that the welfare state has produced a working class that is irresponsible and indolent.

There are a few observable facts that cast some doubt upon the belief that British industry is backward and underdeveloped. In the midst of economic crisis British order books are so overfull that industry cannot meet the demand for British goods manufactured in both the home and foreign markets. The major problem of British industry is the shortage of manpower. If capital investment seems inadequate it is largely because there is an insufficiency of men to put to work the capital invested in the production of salable products.

The manpower shortage is not an inadequacy of numbers, but a misemployment of too much manpower of established skill and/or great productive potential in activities which have no salable end product. The best example of the misuse of skilled manpower is in the production of supersonic aircraft which no one will buy. Another example is in the enormous expansion during the past 10 years of full-time higher education. The effect of this expansion has been to remove from the productive force of the community a higher and higher proportion of able young people.

Then there is the vast pool of labor power tied up in the state service at all levels. Leaving aside the nationalized industries, the health services, the post office, and municipal services, which provide real economic utilities to the public, the nonproductive part of the public service has been expanding steadily for 30 years as more and more activities are regulated, licensed and controlled.



The "English disease" is really bad planning

British policy makers nearly all belong to a generation that learned to cope with the last great depression of the 1930s. To them there is only one real evil — unemployment. In the blessed name of full employment all can be forgiven — even poverty and injustice to minorities, especially the old, the unorganized and the disadvantaged. The result is that they have lost sight of the essential objective of sane economic policy. The goal is maximum consumption, not the matching of income with the activity of producing goods and services.

Wage earners are paid so little for a normal day's work that more than 1,700,000 of them work nine or more hours overtime a week. The need for overtime is well illustrated in mining. By simply refusing to work overtime the British coal miners produced an energy crisis more severe than that of the oil producing sheikhs. Low wages produce serious inefficiencies. The need for overtime pay at time and a half or double time induces workers to prolong jobs so that overtime is necessary. Overtime in turn produces fatigue, and poor work rates and accidents. The net effect is low productivity per worker — a readily observable phenomenon which leads people to suppose that the British workers are less able, less industrious, less productive and more strike prone than other workers and even previous generations of British workers. But it is not the people; it is the system and the leadership that are the cause of it all.

Prof. H. S. Ferns, co-author of The Age of Mackenzie King, *teaches political science at the University of Birmingham.*

PARADE

Headline of the Year Award goes to The Prince Albert Daily Herald, which ran a main story under the banner, "City Crime Rate Increases As Police Methods Improve."

POLITICS / WALTER STEWART

Don't count on Beryl to feed the poor

Marg Hartling and Beryl Plumptre are two ladies who live in Ottawa and work on the problem of high and rising prices. You have heard of Beryl Plumptre, but probably not of Marg Hartling, and there is a reason for that. In fact, there are reasons for all the startling differences between these two charming, intelligent, hardworking, concerned ladies, and the reasons speak volumes about how Ottawa runs.

Beryl Plumptre is chairman of the Federal Food Prices Review Board, which occupies two floors of the Booth Building in downtown Ottawa; Marg Hartling is executive director of the National Anti-Poverty Organization, which occupies two desks pushed together in a corner donated by the Canadian Association of Social Workers, on the fourth floor of a building in the city's west end. Both women are dependent on government largesse, but it has been much larger for Mrs. Plumptre than Mrs. Hartling. Mrs. Plumptre started with a contingency fund — she insists it was not a budget — of $500,000 last May; she has run that into a budget of $997,000 for this fiscal year and will get "more than $1.3 million" next year; she has a personal salary of $40,000, plus expenses, a staff of 38 and the rank of deputy minister. Mrs. Hartling struggles by on a grant of $20,000 from the Secretary of State's department, which may or may not be renewed; she has a personal salary of $12,000 and a staff of one-and-a-half (a secretary-translator and a part-time editor); she spent $1,500 of her salary to move her family from Vancouver to Ottawa and she has trouble raising funds to hold executive meetings of her organization.

Mrs. Plumptre is 64, and her husband is A. F. W. Plumptre, who has been assistant deputy minister of finance and principal of Scarborough College in Toronto; they have a son in the civil service and a married daughter in England; they own a beautiful home in Rockcliffe, a rich suburb of Ottawa, which is run by a housekeeper, of course. Mrs. Hartling is 39, and her husband is Bob Hartling, who has been a truck driver and recipient of unemployment insurance; they have eight children, two grown up and living in British Columbia and six here; they pay $260 a month to rent half a duplex on Heron Road, on the city outskirts, which is sometimes untidy because they have no housekeeper, of course.

Mrs. Plumptre wears expensive suits, has her hair superbly styled and smiles a lot; she is able to face the problem of skyrocketing food prices with unshakable aplomb. "We don't think there is any reason to panic," she says. "I don't think there's a real crisis." Mrs. Hartling wears sweaters, slacks and wool socks, does her own short hair and, frankly looks harassed. She knows people who have lost their houses because they were too proud to ask for welfare, she talks about people who die because they can't afford to eat properly — not that they die of starvation, but because they are weakened by malnutrition. She is not cool at all.

The Food Prices Review Board chairman, an economist and government consultant, came to her present job after a long string of successes in volunteer organizations (including presidency of the Consumers' Association of Canada and the Vanier Institute for the Family). The executive director of NAPO, a housewife, organized a Vancouver co-op, the Mothers' Club, in 1970, and rose through the ranks of poor people's groups to her present job.

So the federal government, which constantly reaffirms its concern with rising costs, particularly as they affect the poor, was naturally more inclined to support Mrs. Plumptre, an expert appointed to a duly constituted board, than Mrs. Hartling, an outsider whose expertise is confined to knowing what it's like to be poor, and not liking it. Mrs. Hartling's family had always been "at or below the poverty line" before she took this job; Mrs. Plumptre says, "We have never wanted for anything."

But there is another difference worth noting. Mrs. Plumptre has no idea, really, what should be done to bring prices down; her most notable comment to date has been, "There isn't much we can do about it"; she doesn't believe anyone is at fault, and if by chance her board does turn up some villains, it is no part of her task actually to do anything: "If we produce information that indicates a certain policy should be followed, then it is up to the public to put pressure on parliament to do it."

Mrs. Hartling, on the other hand, has some very clear notions of what should be done — starting with price controls — she has strong views on who is to blame — starting with supermarket chains — and she has a whole kit bag full of programs she wants implemented, now — guaranteed incomes, low-rental housing, tax reform, better pensions and higher minimum wages.

In short, the government has nothing to fear from Mrs. Plumptre; at best, her board is a lightning rod to draw complaints away from the cabinet; at worst it is, in the unkind phrase of her old friends in the Consumers' Association, "just another ineffective and expensive exercise." But Mrs. Hartling's group is something else again; give her a little room to move, a budget to work with, a researcher, or one of Mrs. Plumptre's PR staff, and she could be an awful pain in the neck.

Or, as they say in Ottawa, Mrs. Plumptre is a responsible official, laden with honors and worthy of support, while Mrs. Hartling is an outside agitator who should be grateful for any crumbs that fall her way.

Not long ago, the two ladies thought it would be a good idea to talk over some of their mutual interests and problems, so, with two or three others, they had dinner together. Mrs. Hartling got stuck with the bill.

And that's how Ottawa runs.



Mrs. Plumptre and Mrs. Hartling: the wealthy bureaucrat and the truck driver's wife

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QUEBEC / GLEN ALLEN

Getting the news from a separate press

It will look like *Le Figaro,* be run by the same kind of editorial co-op that runs *Le Monde* and it offered a trip to Paris (for two) to the person who suggested the name judged best by the editors. But for all its French connections, the new daily newspaper set for publication the last day of February will be a kind of emblem in print of Quebec and Quebec nationalism.

The co-founders of Montreal's seventh daily are Parti Québécois chief René Lévesque, the PQ's financial guru, Jacques Parizeau, and defeated PQ candidate Yves Michaud, the editor-in-chief. All three assured a roomful of reporters in a Montreal hotel, when they announced the launching of the paper, that it wouldn't be the party's press organ, a promise that most couldn't believe.

"It's high time we had a national and *indépendantiste* newspaper," said Michaud, a former editor of the Montreal tabloid, *La Patrie,* who sat in the Quebec assembly as a Liberal from 1966 to 1970.

The new daily's birth notice is one of the first signs that the pink is coming back into the PQ's cheeks after the October 29 provincial elections — a ballot that gave them 7% more of the popular vote than in 1970 but only six seats in the national assembly, one less than they had before. (Aside from a dukes-up debut as official opposition, for two months the party had stood as still as the slate-grey autumn that hung on here almost supernaturally long. It was almost as if the seasons were reluctant to move on until *things were decided.*)

Though Michaud said the paper would not go out gunning for any of its competitors, it is bound to hurt *Le Devoir* and its director, Claude Ryan. Anyone who thumped through the stormy skies of eastern Quebec in an old DC-3 with Lévesque and entourage in the weeks before the election remembers mornings when everybody but the pilot had his nose buried in *Le Devoir,* the influential daily whose support the PQ wanted badly and didn't get. Lévesque never allowed himself to become too optimistic but Parizeau was bitterly dismayed at *Le Devoir*'s decision and denounced Ryan publicly for his "betrayal" of the Quebec cause.

Michaud's new daily is aiming for a circulation of at least 25,000. It will almost certainly cut into *Le Devoir*'s circulation of 40,000 and deal a blow to its fragile financing. And some of the 15 or so journalists who will work with Michaud may come from Ryan's staff. There have been rumblings of unhappiness in *Le Devoir*'s newsroom over Ryan's firm hand and his unrelenting campaign for federalism with a special status for Quebec.

But besides taking a swipe at *Le Devoir,* the PQ daily ties up a whole garland of other loose ends. It will use Lévesque's abundant talents as a journalist. The PQ leader again failed to win a seat for the party he heads, and again has refused to accept a safe seat from one of the PQ's sitting members. Lévesque, at one time Quebec's best-known broadcaster, can make words jump off the printed page and, though he is under contract to the *Journal de Montreal* until summer as a columnist, he may oversee the new paper's international desk until he can begin writing himself.

The paper will also amplify the all too thin voice of the official opposition, which with six seats to the Liberals' 102 may be the smallest on this side of the world. And party officers just don't think other Quebec papers cover the province as they should, especially developments in the economy and use of natural resources.

Some fear that if the paper failed commercially the whole party cause would be brushed with failure. But according to market studies it should meet its modest ambitions. Close to a million Québécois voted PQ last fall and if only 3% of them buy the paper, it will break even.

Some critics say, however, that the new venture is symbolic of what's wrong with the party. As well orchestrated as was the party's last campaign, it was marked by an intellectual if-you're-not-with-us-you're-against-us obduracy. It was run by men from Montreal. It was a campaign that favored big ideas over local concerns, windy theories more than problems such as the price of chicken feed in Drummondville, the holes in the roads around Rimouski. As one observer here put it, when the news of the PQ's fate was in on election night: "They should have run a couple of plumbers."

It's clear the new party paper will be more intellectual than popular too. Its feet will be in Montreal and its



For Lévesque, a chance to use his talents

head may be in the clouds. It may well be just more words for the already converted.

Paper or no paper, the moment is crucial for the Parti Québécois. The opportunity is there: Quebec has only two parties now, and the PQ is one of them.

But there are dangers too. Bourassa, for instance, has proved himself far more cunning than anyone thought. And Quebeckers are coming off a good year: life here was more comfortable for more people in 1973 than ever in the past.

Americans are all over the place. That man in the red mackinaw and granny glasses sloping up the bosky sides of Mount Royal is probably from Maryland or Michigan. Americans were the largest single group of immigrants to Quebec in 1972 and they're still coming, especially to Montreal and the Eastern Townships. Bourassa's "government of big projects" (the Premier's own words) will before long be lighting half of New York State with power from James Bay, and Quebec will be tied to New York banks for a half-century to come.

Many PQ supporters feel their success is preordained — that the party will just grow and grow until it tips the Liberals under with weight of numbers. But that seems too sanguine a view. The PQ, more likely, has to set a new course. If it doesn't it could just become another idea whose time had come — and then gone again.

Glen Allen is a reporter and editor with the Montreal Gazette.

PARADE

We all know that the trend is going to be to smaller and fewer cars, so maybe that's the explanation for the following ad that appeared in the "Births" section of the December 28

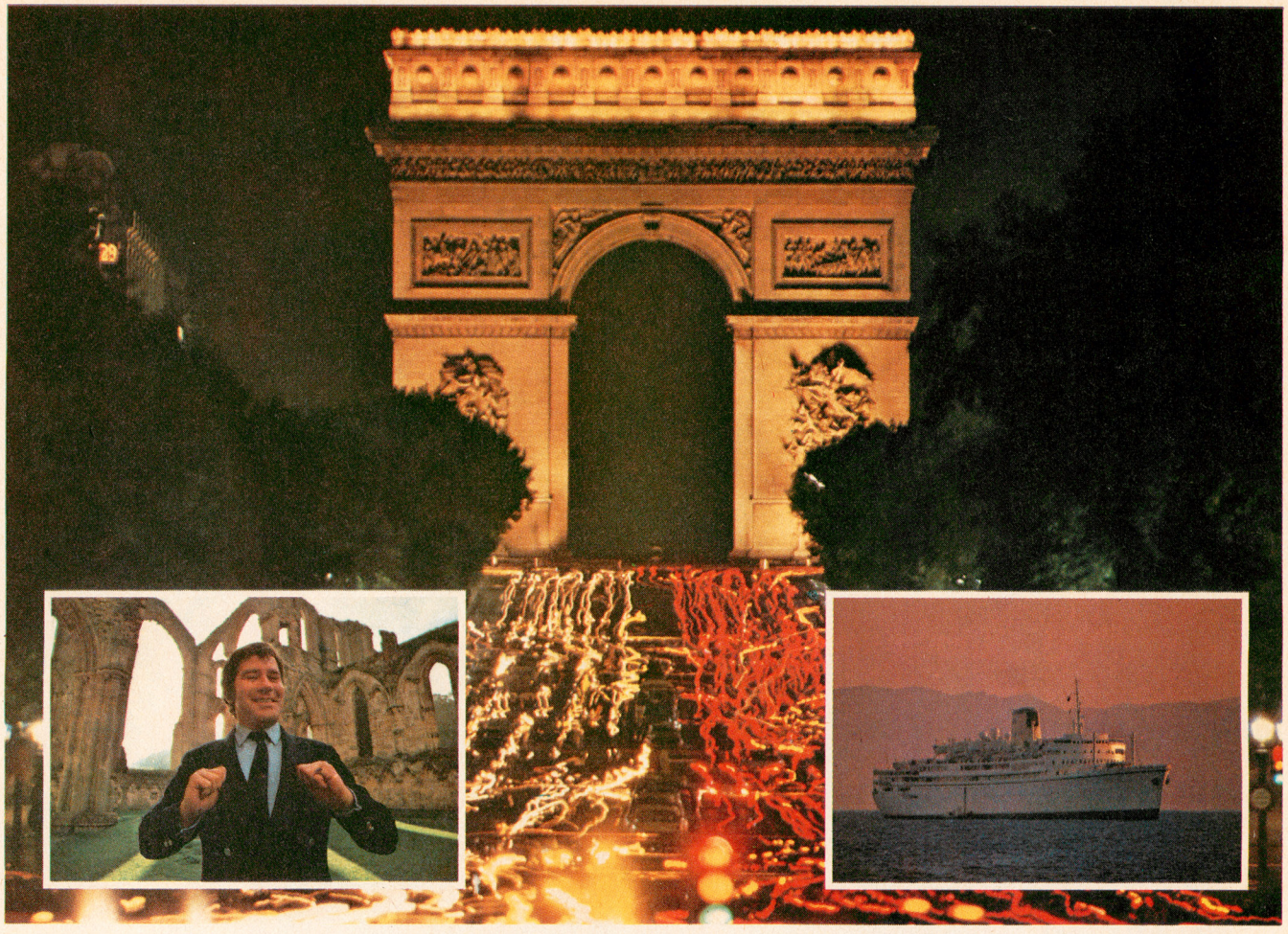
Like Benson & Hedges...

the longer the better.



Why settle for short?

Warning: The Department of National Health and Welfare advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked.

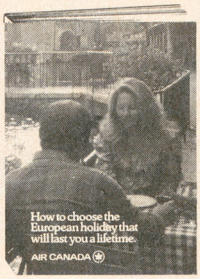


Air Canada invites European holiday that

Choosing the right kind of holiday in Europe can be a confusing experience – whether it's your first or your fifth.

There are so many things to do, so many places to see, that figuring out what you want to do in your all-too-short holiday can boggle the mind.

So we put together a planner. So you'll be better able to choose the kind of holiday that will give you pleasant memories for years to come.



Here's how it works

To start, we put ourselves in your shoes. You're the kind of person, or family, that likes a lot of freedom to roam; or maybe you just want to relax with all the details looked after. Or maybe you're in-between.

So that's how we divided up all our holiday packages.

Independence Holidays

Independence spells freedom. Free to do what you like, when you like.

An Avis car. So you can drive from city to city from less than $10 a day. Stay wherever you like in comfortable hotels for around $10 a night per person. And when you combine the two, you've got a great travel bargain.

Or we can supply rail and bus passes, so you can be steered round Europe in comfort. Or steer your own motor camper. Or for something a little offbeat, how about a gypsy caravan or sailing your own river cruiser. Whichever way you go, you'll set yourself free.

Carefree Holidays

If you want to try something a little different but want to forget the details, here's an idea of what we've got in store for you.

Being pampered on a Mediterranean cruise to exotic places like North Africa, from less than $31 a day, including all your meals.

Three days floating down the Rhine in the lap of luxury.

Living it up between theatres and shows on a London or Paris Show Tour, from around $10 a day each, including theatre tickets.

Or eight days golfing where the game began: Scotland.

With our Carefree Holidays, we take care of the details, you take care of the fun.

Friendship Holidays

Just about the most relaxing way to see as much as you want of Europe and make lots of new friends while you're at it.

We've got dozens of super luxury coach holidays to every



you to choose the will last you a lifetime.

nook and cranny of Europe, from seven days in bonnie Scotland for less than $19 a day each, to thirty-six days that encompass Europe for around $27 a day each – including your hotel and meals. What's more, every coach holiday has a know-it-all courier to explain the local sights, sounds and customs.

In fact, he'll soon become a friend. For life.

Because he'll look after you every inch of the way, so all you have to do is sit back and relax.

Mix 'n' Match

Here's where our book differs from the others. Since most of our European holiday passengers travel for 3 weeks to 4 weeks, we've designed all our holidays to mix or match each other. So you can get the most memories for your money.

Perhaps fly into say, Zurich, drive to Paris and spend a week in a luxurious hotel. Or maybe take a super coach tour for a week around Britain after you've spent 2 weeks cruising in the Mediterranean.

The combinations are endless.

How much will it cost?

First, there's the cost of the holiday, and they're all in the book. Then there's the airfare.

The cost of our most popular airfare – the 22-45 Day Excursion Fare – varies from Spring and Fall, to Summer. For example, you can save about $80 each if you fly in the Spring or Fall.

And only Air Canada can fly you directly into, or out of, 11 destinations – depending upon which holidays from our wide range you want to mix 'n' match.

(One important note: Because no one around here has a crystal ball, things like the fuel crisis make all our holiday and airfare prices subject to adjustment.)

Get the scissors

And send the coupon because we like to think that our 176 page European Holiday Book is just about the most comprehensive, easy-to-follow planner around. But, since no book is perfect, if there isn't a holiday in it that suits your fancy, come in and see us – or your Travel Agent – anyway.

One way or the other we'll find you a holiday that will last you a lifetime.

AIR CANADA

Air Canada, P.O. Box 250, Montreal, P.Q. H3B 3J7
I want my holiday to last a lifetime.

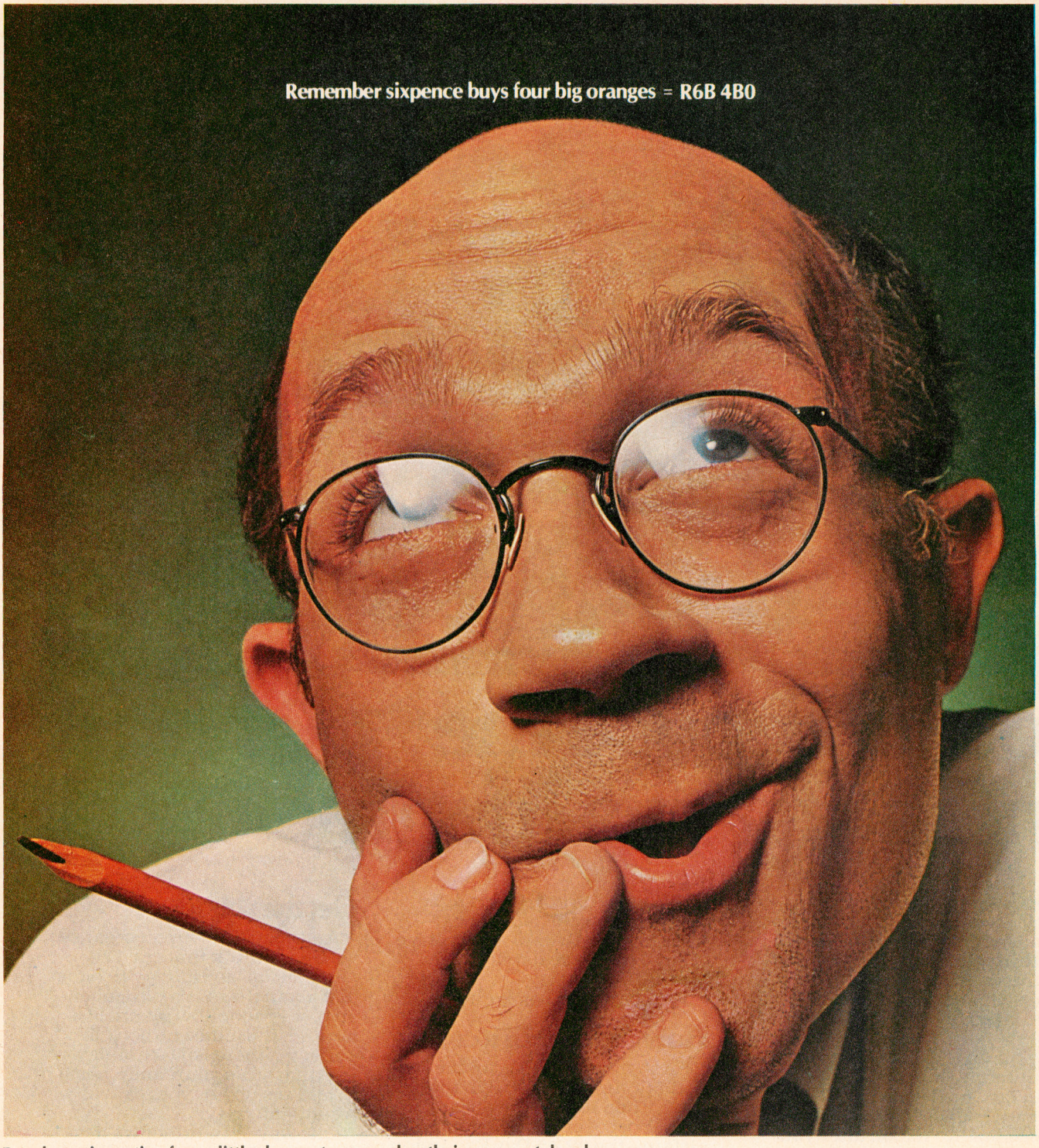
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Code _____ M-1

Canada Post / Postes Canada
Hon. André Ouellet, Minister / André Ouellet, ministre



People are inventing funny little rhymes to remember their new postal codes.
But there's nothing funny about the effort we're putting in to make the system work.
Sophisticated electronic equipment will process your mail automatically, by code. Fast.
It's a big job, but we're doing it. Because we want our coding system to be the best.
For your sake.

Canada Post. We're working to make it work better.

edition of The Brandon Sun:

Monk: The Monk Production Co., proudly announces the new 1973 model, Dean Stewart Salvator, wheelbase 19½ inches, weight 6 pounds 11½ oz. model No. 1. Designer and chief engineer Robert William, production engineer Beverley Helen, technical director Dr. I. W. Chang. Model released Dec. 19, 1973 at 0646 hours. Features free squealing, economical feed, streamlined body, water cooled exhaust and changeable seat covers. The management guarantees there will be no other model released this year.

SPORTS / PHILIP MARCHAND

Pool is a sucker's game

Watch out there, Steady Eddie, as you walk into that billiards hall with your eyes shaded by the floppy brim of your denim hat — you're about to be hustled by the counterman playing a gaff game.

"Hey, Eddie, see these four nickels here?" The counterman is holding this stack of four nickels between his thumb and forefinger, and in his other hand he's got a metal cylinder, covered on one end, that he probably picked up in a local joke shop. "You wanna see them turn into four dimes?"

"Whuuaah?"

"Wanna bet a dollar I can't do it?"

"Sure."

The counterman lays the stack on the counter, covers it with the metal thing, presses down on it hard with the palm of his hand, uncovers it, and, sure enough, there are four dimes lying there on the arborite.

"That's bullshit, man." Eddie repeats. "Let's see you turn them back into nickels." But the counterman just laughs. He has hustled Eddie out of one dollar. Later in the afternoon he will ask other customers if they, too, want to see four nickels turn into four dimes. "Look, I gotta hustle all I can, with this job," he explains.

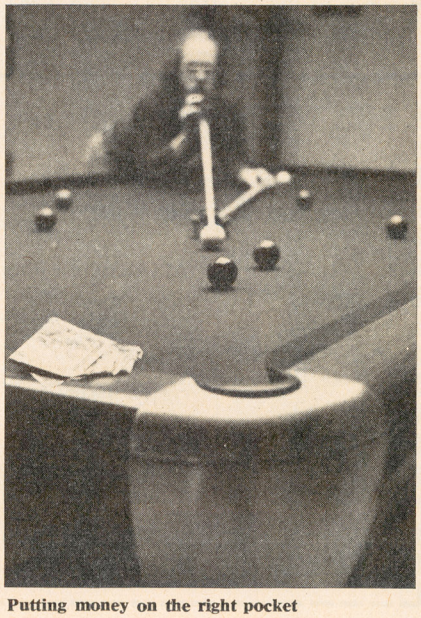
This is a pool hall, and despite the claim that billiards, or snooker, is "good clean family fun" like table tennis or bowling — or a "serious sport" deserving of organized leagues, competitions, tournaments, associations — the fact remains that the good old standard pool hall with a linoleum floor and a snack bar serving warmed-up meat pies is still the epicentre of the hustling ethic, and a good pool player — I mean a *good* pool player, not some 15-year-old suburban hotshot who can beat all the other kids in the shopping plaza — who doesn't put his talents to good use by hustling a little, now and then, is like some Thomas Edison who doesn't believe in taking out patents. He is wasting his time.

The basic idea behind pool hustling is to get into a game with a stranger, lose, and then say something like, "Geez, my game is really off tonight. I only get going when there's some money on it, I guess." Hopefully, the mark is some sport who feels that he's an A-1 pool player, and this other guy here, he's full of crap, trying to find an excuse for losing. So the mark offers to put money on it, and the hustler plays again, and this time he wins, but only by a few points — perhaps he trails most of the game, leaving the easy shots for the mark, and comes up with an uninterrupted run at the end so that it looks like he's won by a fluke. Again, hopefully, the mark, from the depths of his wounded vanity, offers to play again, for more money. A good hustler, depending on the degree of his playing skill and his psychological acuity, can keep some fool going for hours, losing money.

Figures are, of course, unavailable, but a very good full-time hustler in a big Canadian city may make from $30 to $50 a day. (Hustling is, by the way, the only way a pool player will ever make money at this game, since there are no real big money tournaments played in this country. In Toronto, there is an unofficial championship played each year at Centennial Billiards where each player kicks in $10, but no one walks away from that rich. You win money a lot faster at poker. There's also the Montreal snooker championship which is held over the winter months and still brings out the old greats, like Leo Levitt, the man who registered the first perfect game in North America. But interest has dropped a bit since George Chenier died; up to his death, he was generally considered the country's best.) Most hustlers, in fact, have to supplement their income pushing dope, or working at other hustles, such as ticket scalping. Only a few make it to the big leagues, where one acquires a manager-backer and no longer has to stand around in pool halls all day, trying to look uncoordinated, and waiting for a live one with a few bills in his pocket. When you have a manager-backer, your matches are selected for you, and you play with his money, not yours. A manager-backer will know who the wealthy businessmen are who have a table in the basement and an itch to know if they are as good as they think they are, an urge to pit themselves against a true *heavy* from the great smoky billiards underworld. A heavy like John the Hat, a Toronto hustler who wears authentic gangster pinstripes, drives around in a Lincoln Continental, and never plays with his head uncovered.

Most hustlers, however, are strictly small time. They consume their winnings in cab fare to and from the various pool halls each night (the sum of the exact change imprinted in their brain), in craps and poker games (a good pool player is usually a bad poker player, according to some as yet unfathomed law of nature), and other diversions. And while they never have to worry about the cops, they do have to worry about stiff artists and speed freaks. (The two are usually the same.) Stiff artists and speed freaks do not pay up when they lose, and they get nasty when you ask them.

The hustle, as a life, is probably a worse grind than a regular eight-hour day. Most pool hustlers spend more time and energy for less money than do the most exploited wage slaves. You can see what it's done to the old guys who sit around all day in the halls in real Cagney-era double-breasted suits, watching games, and — God forbid — trying to hustle customers by transforming four nickels into four lousy dimes, at a dollar a sucker.



Putting money on the right pocket

Philip Marchand is an editor for a national book publisher.

Nixon's seventh crisis

Superb clarification of the incredible mess in Nixon's Washington was provided by Canadian investigative reporter, Stephen S. Leopold, in *Inside the Watergate hearings* (December). Again and again, Leopold's careful factual story underscored the truth that Nixon's ethics parallel the American Stephen Decatur's who said, " . . . My country [My President!], right or wrong."

To that immoral slogan Carl Schurz, Civil War general and friend of Lincoln, long ago made the appropriate reply: "Our country [our President], right or wrong? When right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be put right."

CARLTON F. WELLS, PROFESSOR,
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

As an avid follower on television of the Watergate hearings, I was more than ordinarily interested in the splendid article by Stephen S. Leopold in your December issue — *Inside the Watergate hearings.*

It amazed me that a young man of 21 could write in such wonderful literary style and with such cogent reasoning. I was impressed, too, with the initiative and tenacity this young man displayed in reaching his objective to attend the hearings, at which he volunteered to work in an unpaid capacity!

GEORGIUS FOSTER, VICTORIA

Odd man in

I must make a slight correction to Betty Jane Wylie's account in your December issue of my part in the selection of Robin Phillips as artistic director of the Stratford, Ontario, Festival. As she says, I was asked to advise the committee responsible for choosing a successor to Jean Gascon. But my brief was to advise them only about British directors who might suit the job — for advice on other directors, Canadian, American or whatever, they went elsewhere. I wouldn't have been competent to compare the merits of the British directors I suggested with those of any other country, and I wasn't asked to. So that my "orientation toward the British rather than the Canadian theatre" was taken fully into account, and can scarcely have influenced the committee in its final choice.

Having grown up in Canada, though, I felt it part of my job to recommend directors not only for their general talent and experience with Shakespeare (the festival's staple product) but for qualities which, I thought, made them likely to understand, fit in and get along with Canadians. In that category, Robin Phillips headed my list and, for all I know, this may have weighed as much with the committee as my opinion that, in Phillips, they'd be getting the most brilliant young director to emerge in England since Peter Brook.

RONALD BRYDEN,
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY,
ALDWYCH THEATRE, LONDON, ENGLAND

Let me put Stratford's plight in the proper light: nobody any good inside Canada would have wanted the job, without major changes in the Festival's structure and programming. Nobody any good outside the country really wanted the job, unless they were interested in autopsy and embalming. Of the two possibilities, a Canadian would have known quicker and better than a foreigner how to readjust Stratford to the Canadian reality, therefore somebody from inside the country (good or bad) posed the greater threat. But somebody really outstanding from outside might also have stirred up the Festival's solidly mediocre management, and some of those 700 people Mrs. Wylie refers to might have had to go. Seen in this perspective, the appointment of Robin Phillips is ideal.

PETER HAY, FORT LANGLEY, BC

Together we stand

It was with considerable interest that I read Alexander Ross' column, *Soft lights and a soft sell seduce a city* (January), dealing with the street lighting on north Yonge Street in Toronto.

Since 1972, our association has been aware that the lights along Yonge could be changed from incandescent to high-pressure sodium. In June of 1973, we presented a deputation to the Committee on Public Works. At their meeting of June 9, 1973, City Council, being very much aware of the concerns expressed by our association and others, voted to retain incandescent lights. The September vote at Public Works and City Council was confirmation of this earlier stand.

While it may be dramatic journalism to make it appear that one lonely individual fought all that opposition to retain the present incandescent street lights, this does not adequately convey the interest and concern by many individuals. Incidentally, the final vote was recorded with Mayor David Crombie *against* retention.

GEORGE D. MILBRANDT, VICE-PRESIDENT,
BEDFORD PARK RESIDENTS ASSOCIATION,
TORONTO

Food for thought

I read the article by Sondra Gotlieb *A feast from the roots* (December) with great interest. It is very refreshing to learn that, after all, "multiculturalism" is not an empty word. At least in Toronto and some other bigger centres of ethnic settlements it begins to show itself in a positive way. I am grateful to you for recognizing this fact of Canadian heritage and giving it some publicity.

IVAN SHUMUK, PORT ALBERNI, BC

Enjoyed the article *A feast from the roots* in your December issue, written by Sondra Gotlieb. However, I take objection to her use of the word "perogies" in describing a Ukrainian dish. There is no such word in the Ukrainian language — the proper term is "pyrohy." One does not twist around the words "chop suey" or "lasagna" so why twist pyrohy?

I feel so strongly about this that, as

continued on page 18

ATTACH LABEL HERE

MOVING? PLEASE NOTIFY US SIX WEEKS IN ADVANCE

MR./MRS./MISS
NAME (please print)

ADDRESS (new if for change of address) APT.

CITY ZONE PROVINCE

DATE OF MOVE

TO SUBSCRIBE TO MACLEAN'S CHECK BOX (BELOW) AND FILL IN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS (ABOVE).

☐ Send me 1 year of MACLEAN'S. Canada $3. Others $5.

MAIL TO MACLEAN'S, SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, BOX 9100, POSTAL STN. A, TORONTO, ONT. M5W 1V5

The world's most welcome credit card is getting a huge welcome in Canada!

Master Charge is welcomed around the world by more merchants and banks than any other credit card. That's one reason why Canadians have been so quick to give it a warm welcome here.

There are other reasons: free membership; one convenient monthly statement; and the fact that Master Charge can be used for everything from gasoline and clothing to travel and entertainment.

Master Charge can even get you cash. Just present your card at any of the more than 20,000 banks around the world that welcome Master Charge and you can get cash to the full extent of the unused portion of your credit limit.

If you want to be one of the thousands of Canadians who find Master Charge a welcome way to use credit, here's where you apply. It doesn't matter where you bank. All you have to do is fill out and send us the attached application card.



Welcome to Master Charge.

Welcome.

master charge
THE INTERBANK CARD LA CARTE INTERBANQUE
INTERBANK

Meet a proud Canadian.

Royal Reserve has won out again.* This time in a taste test with Canada's largest selling rye.

The testers were groups of average Canadians who appreciate good rye—people just like you.

They sipped Royal Reserve and the star seller in identical unmarked glasses.

The verdict? Royal Reserve was overwhelmingly preferred.

No wonder we're proud of our Royal Reserve. Try it. You'll agree it has the character and quality that belong to a winner.

Royal Reserve. By Corby.



Use our new back label to show that you're a proud Canadian, too.

*In a previous taste test, Royal Reserve was judged superior in taste to a famous *premium priced* rye.

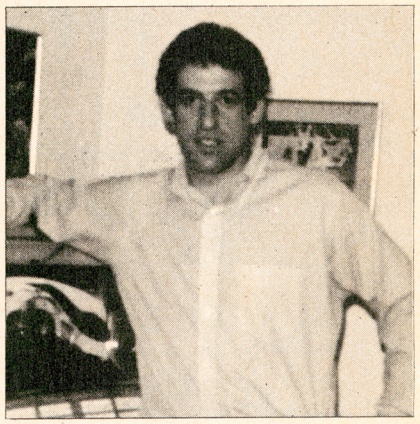
Corby. Good taste in Canada since 1859.

a matter of principle, I do not patronize any establishment that advertises "perogies" as such.

Your author's use of the term "holubtsi" for cabbage rolls is correct.

J. W. EVANISHEN, WESTBANK, BC

Body talk



How magnanimous of you to put my head on the body of a nude, 300 pound Sumo wrestler in the January issue.

I should sue you guys for defamation of physique.

Look, what you did was false and "lowered me in the minds of the right thinking members of society." That's the classical definition of defamation so you should be more careful.

But forget about classical definitions . . . my mother had an anxiety attack when she saw it, girls won't go out with me any more, and people who meet me for the first time ask, "Is that what you looked like before you lost all that weight?"

DANNY FINKLEMAN,
THIS COUNTRY IN THE MORNING,
CBC RADIO, TORONTO

Godspell

There are two points in Penney Kome's article *Joy in bad times* which I take objection to. Ms. Kome did not take the time to interview anyone at the church about Scientology, as she did with the other religions that she wrote about. The personality test that she wrote about is not Scientology, it is merely a public service offered by the church.

As to Ms. Kome's pointing out the cashier's booth at the top of the stairs in our church, I again feel that this is an unfair criticism. The Church operates a flourishing bookstore from which we sell hundreds of our religious books each week. The cashier's booth services the sale of these books and is not the point of our church as Ms. Kome implies in her article.

Other than what I have previously

continued on page 19

written I did enjoy the article Ms. Kome wrote and feel that it is indeed a validation of the spiritual outlook of today.

REVEREND GARY A. JEPSON,
RESIDENT MINISTER, THE CHURCH
OF SCIENTOLOGY OF TORONTO

The inscrutable east

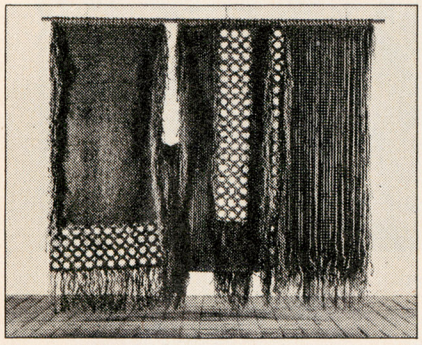
Regarding Heather Robertson's latest television column, *Kung Fu and the cult of the gentle hero* (January). She states that Caine (of Kung Fu) leads a "life of celibacy . . ." Well, perhaps your critic should know of what she speaks. (But then, she knew absolutely nothing of life on the prairies and she wrote a whole book.)

If celibacy still means staying away from pleasures of the flesh, then Ms. Robertson obviously doesn't watch the show that she describes. Out of the last three episodes, Caine has, in one, slept with a very exciting and sexy young Chinese woman (and the night love scene left not too much to be imagined) and, in another, traveled with a "free woman," who called him her latest lover, etc.

Ms. Robertson, again you are in the dark.

MRS. M. HOMBERT, ALSASK, SASK.

Learning the ropes



Our apologies to Isolde Savage of Liverpool, NS, for failing to credit her fine example of textile art which accompanied Helen Duffy's predictions in the January issue.

More! more!

Congratulations on your December issue. The articles in there are tremendous, and I bought one dozen extra copies to give away to my relatives in their Christmas stockings!

ATTORNEY JOHN E. SATO,
STENEN, SASK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO *Maclean's* MAGAZINE, *Your View*, 481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA M5W 1A7.

It takes more than just muscles and trucks to become Canada's No.1 mover.



customers never come back. Or they tell their friends not to come at all.

We'll always stick to that rule. It keeps us being Canada's number one mover.

You see why we're number one in the way an Allied man arrives at your destination at the time promised.

You see it in the equipment he uses, the way he tries to make your move as easy on you as possible.

Just watch a 200-lb. Allied packer handling a piece of priceless Dresden china and you see something else. You see muscles plus gentleness and the result of years of experience in handling other people's treasures.

These are what helped him become a number one. They're also what helps us stay number one.

Look us up in the Yellow Pages.

Don't look for fly-by-night movers in Allied. We don't have any.

What we do have is what the Allied Van Lines founders laid down:

"To become an Allied Van Lines member you must first prove you're an established mover." In other words, you do a lot of business. And that means you do it honestly. Because dissatisfied

CANADA'S NO.1 MOVER

ALLIED VAN LINES

We got together to make moving better.

Some of the equipment illustrated is optional at extra cost.

Buckling seat and shoulder belts is an idea you can live with.

The way we build and test them is one reason why Chevrolet is the largest selling car in Canada.

Chevrolet





GM Canada

A Bassett To The Manner Born

Johnny F. is one of a new breed of celebrity businessmen — and only incidentally his father's son

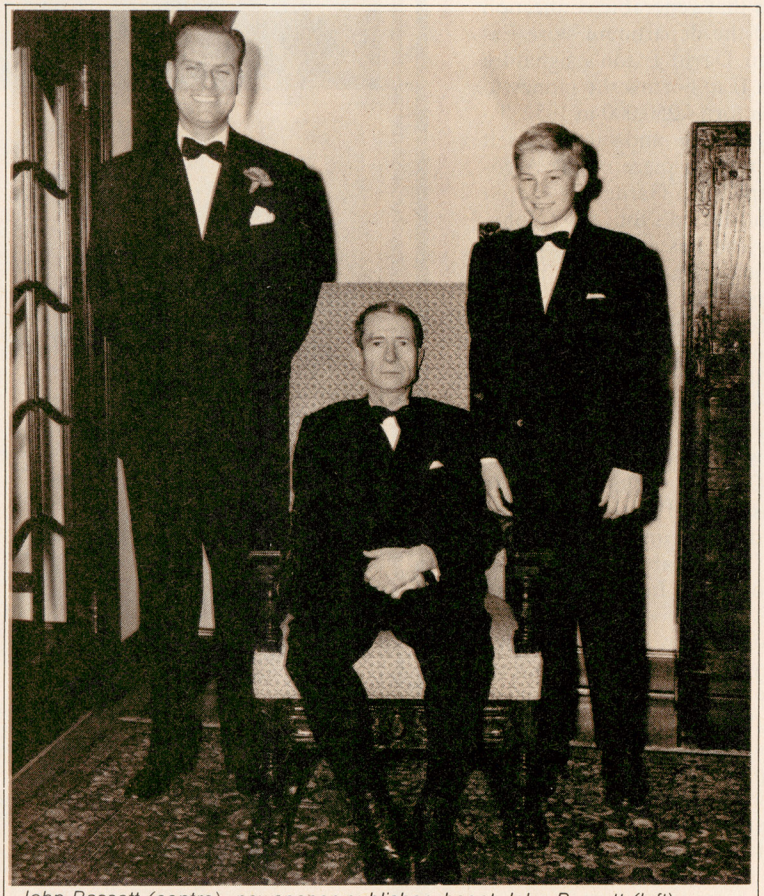
BY ALEXANDER ROSS

The way to recognize a member of the Jock Mafia is to look at the walls in his office. Almost invariably, you will find framed photographs, many of them fondly inscribed, of other members of the Jock Mafia. John F. Bassett Jr., for instance, operates out of an office tucked away above a hamburger stand on Toronto's Bloor Street — the location reminds one of the American Mafia don who rules his empire from a funeral home in Buffalo.

And, sure enough, the walls of John F. Bassett Jr.'s office are lined with framed photographs: John Bassett's young son, wearing skates and a Maple Leaf hockey sweater, being introduced to Our National Game by Harold Ballard; John Bassett and George Eaton, posing for the camera at Mosport with Stirling Moss; John Bassett with Robert Kennedy, an old and lamented family friend; John Bassett with his chum and sometime business partner, John Craig Eaton; John Bassett with his father, who controls the Toronto Argonauts football team and much of the CTV network; John Bassett with Elizabeth Ashley, the star of the most recent film he produced; John Bassett with his beautiful wife Susan, of the brewery Carlings . . .

Yes, it is all there, on the wall of the office where John F. Bassett Jr., 35 years old, handsome and slightly blond, all coiled and energetic and somehow *languid* at the same time, a Canadian inversion of the gilded Princetonians whom Scott Fitzgerald used to write about, sits on a sofa in front of a coffee table, talking urgently into the telephone about some sports or entertainment deal which, a surprising amount of the time, will involve people he's gone to school with or played hockey with.

I ask John about this, all these guys he went to school with and played hockey with and sits on boards of directors with, and his face brightens as he catches the line of my questioning. I am not being very subtle, because you don't have to play games with John. He is direct and honest with people, and has a very good name in circles where a man in his position could easily acquire the reputation of a ruthless, overprivileged *schmuck*. And so, when the subject of these interesting friendships emerges, he says: "Aw, I see what you're getting at — you're trying to establish a sort of *network* of these people." Then he chortles in a sort of self-deprecating way and adds: "Maybe Fred or John Eaton could give you that better than I could."



John Bassett (centre), newspaper publisher, begat John Bassett (left), newspaper publisher, sports conglomerator, television entrepreneur, who begat John Bassett (right), film producer, sports figure and doubtless more to come.

John F. Bassett Jr. is becoming a celebrity in spite of himself. Late last year, when he flew down to New York to have lunch with the new president of Columbia Pictures, it amazed him to discover that everyone who processed him onto that flight — the girl who took his ticket, the ticket agent standing next to her, people in the waiting room — they all recognized him, greeted him like a hockey player or a movie star they'd

"I know I've got a good name in the entertainment business"

seen on TV, treated him like – well, like a celebrity.

Much of this recognition is due simply to the fact that, as Aristotle Onassis once observed, the easiest way to become famous is to buy businesses that are people's playthings. And John F. Bassett is rapidly becoming the visible embodiment of that small network of people who run the businesses that are the playthings of Canadian society.

Movies, pro sport, newspapers, pop concerts, TV, stage productions — these are the toys with which an urban culture diverts itself. And since Bassett, like his father before him, is involved in nearly all segments of this small and interdependent world, people tend to know about him, and about the interconnections that make it all work.

The most obvious connection, of course, is John Bassett and his father, John Bassett Sr. (In this article, which touches on four generations of John Bassetts, I'm going to call him John Bassett II.) Bassett II owned the now defunct Toronto *Telegram*, was once a one-third owner of Maple Leaf Gardens, now owns the Toronto Argonaut football team and Toronto's CFTO-TV. His son, Bassett III, has expanded that network by becoming (a) probably the most important film producer in English-speaking Canada; (b) the promoter of Toronto's WHA hockey team, the Toros; (c) the Toronto option-holder for a new football league franchise, and the Canadian entrepreneur behind a proposed pro tennis league.

And of course there is that venerable connection between the Bassetts and the department store Eatons. It was the late John David Eaton's signature that allowed John Bassett II to borrow the money to buy the Toronto *Telegram* for $4,250,000 in 1952. To avoid death duties, the *Telegram* and other Bassett interests, which then included a piece of the Argonauts, CFTO-TV and Maple Leaf Gardens, were put into a trust owned by John David's four sons (John, Fred, George and Thor), and Bassett II's three sons (John III, Doug and David). John David Eaton died in 1973, and the store is now run by John Craig Eaton as chairman, and Fred as president. It was John Craig Eaton who, with John Bassett III, led the Toronto group that bought the Ottawa Nationals, for a reported $1.8 million, from a Buffalo aerospace millionaire named Nick Trbovich, and renamed the team the Toronto Toros. All these interests are owned by The Telegram Corp., the holding company that, in trust for the Bassett and Eaton boys, and through a chain of subsidiaries, controls the Argos, the Toros, CFTO-TV, Glen Warren Productions Ltd., Agincourt Productions, and Inland Publishing Limited.

The other Toronto group that wanted the Ottawa Nats was fronted by 26-year-old Bill Ballard, vice-president of the Toronto Maple Leafs and son of John Bassett Sr.'s old partner, Harold Ballard. Harold Ballard was in jail at the time for defrauding the Gardens. This allowed sportswriters to speculate on the rivalry between the two families. Bassett III says the rivalry doesn't exist, at least in his mind. But the structure he's building, with the Toronto Toros as the centrepiece, could some day become a business as rich and elaborate as Maple Leaf Gardens itself — and be in direct competition with it.

One begins to sense from all this that there is some kind of affinity in this country between politics, pro sports, the media, and / *continued on page 56*

John F. Bassett, entrepreneur





Newfoundland gothic

The critics applauded

Good hockey, good fun

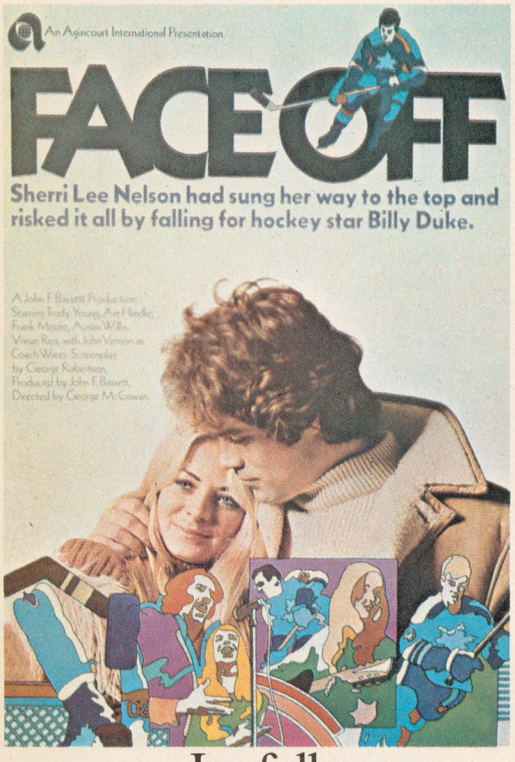
His Toros are climbing up the WHA ladder



Rock opera

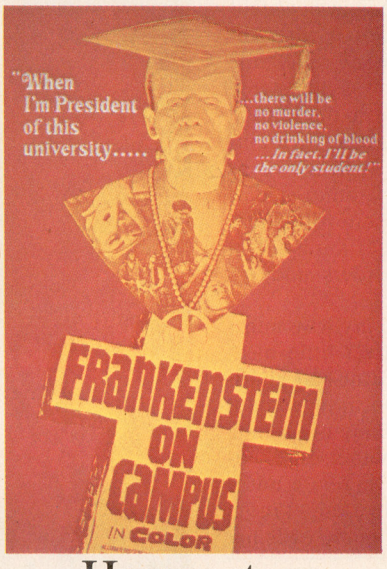
The Canadian version ran 13 months





Ice folly

Mixed reactions and box office



Horror story

A box office disaster



Saskatchewan western

A good, maybe great film

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEVERLEY ROCKETT

A Country After My Own Heart

A Czech novelist and his wife, Zdena, come to terms with Canada

BY JOSEF SKVORECKY



I am a landed immigrant, which means that I am still only a guest in Canada. Common decency requires guests to be polite to their hosts and to say nice things about their way of life. Sometimes, this is pretty difficult. When some Canadian friends of mine who are adherents of an odd sort of Eastern religion (which is, I suspect, a product of American imagination about Eastern religions) take me to an eating place they consider *kosher*, I find it difficult to praise the delicate taste of broiled grass and mashed moss. But I overcome myself, consume the mess and then, secretly, take the despicable Yankee concoction called Alka-Seltzer. But there are many things about Canada that a guest may praise without having to resort to politeness.

For instance, my first night in this country, one of the most blissful nights I have experienced in my life. I shall never forget the feeling of security, of an utter absence of that central European nightmare called the Doorbell-Ringing-At-Four-a.m. Prague was only some eight hours away; the funeral of Jan Palach, the student who immolated himself in protest against the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, was only a couple of weeks away, and here I was in Toronto. On the other side of the Atlantic were the Jodas fascists,* one of whose leaders I had heard threatening a friend of mine only a few days before: "We'll close the borders and it's 'Good-bye, Charlie!' We'll get you all."

After a period of utter hopelessness, my wife and I began comforting ourselves with the great little pleasures of life in Toronto. We rented a furnished apartment. It was as simple as that. What is so strange about it? Well, the vast Atlantic divides the people of Canada from less drastic but nevertheless very bothersome central European experiences. At the time my wife and I were married in Prague in 1958, I lived in a sublet room and she lived in a one-bedroom apartment with her

*An ultra-Stalinist group which, among other patriotic things, demanded the extradition of reformist newsmen to the KGB, the Soviet Secret Police.



mother and her younger sister (no bathroom, toilets shared by three other apartments on the outside corridor). So she moved in with me — not because I could not afford to pay the rent for an apartment, but because there were no apartments to be had. There were waiting lists at the housing office. You joined them and you were evaluated. You got points: for having children or tuberculosis, for living in a wet *souterrain*, and so on. Most points you got if you managed to bribe the housing commissioner. These gentlemen were the most frequently replaced of functionaries; invariably, after amassing a sizable fortune from bribes, they failed to please some customer and were found out.

But I bribed too little, so we continued living in our sublet room. The whole suite consisted of our room, a kitchen and a bathroom. The bathroom was accessible only through the kitchen, where the landlady spent her days; consequently, we were not allowed to use either the kitchen or the bathroom (the toilet was fortunately separate). We ate cold food and once a week we went to the public baths, which meant waiting in a line for a couple of hours. And there was no laundry room; my mother-in-law did our washing for us in the classical manner, the only remnant of which in this country seems to be the washboard used by some of the tradition-minded Dixieland bands. This is how the more fortunate young couples lived in Prague.

However, in 1960 the housing situation deteriorated so horribly that the state was forced to start cooperatives. The government decided to sell apartment houses then under construction that were meant for the first people on the housing office waiting lists. The price of a one-bedroom apartment was 21,000 crowns, and people were mistrustful. It was a lot of money, more than the annual income of a senior editor (my job then). I received 16,800 before taxes. But we paid the money and got our Blue Heaven. No elevator, no swimming pool, of course, but a laundry with an old-fashioned machine that got broken twice a month. With the help of bribable artisans, however, it was always repaired.

Our experience with this moody machine was the reason why, during the first weeks of our stay in Toronto, my wife did all our laundry in the bathtub. We didn't trust the door on the first floor with the sign LAUNDRY and did not feel any temptation to see the Canadian equivalent of our tin monster. No doubt also, in a building of that size, there would be waiting lists of tenants with appointments to use the laundry in three weeks' time, as there had been in our apartment house in Prague; and that had housed only 14 families.

Here, our European experience proved false. One day, by chance, my wife glanced into the laundry room and discovered that it was lined with automatic machines, similar to those which had been in the two or three public laundromats in Prague. Armed with her scanty knowledge of English, she entered the laundry room and started asking for the overseer. For that is how it was in the public laundromats in Prague: in each of them a bulky lady took your money first and then your dirty linen and started the washer. You were not allowed even to touch the machine. It was a good precaution, since no vending or otherwise automatic machine survived two weeks in Prague. People always tried to fool them with buttons or homemade coins.

Well, my countrymen are / *continued on page 72*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHÈLE LAMBETH



Corporal, I feel just terrible. I have a problem. I need help.

CONSTABLE HEDDINGTON'S LAST DECISION

BY HARRY BRUCE

He was 19. His name was Neil Thomas Heddington, *Constable* Neil Thomas Heddington of the RCMP. He'd been something of a Golden Boy in Bridgetown, Nova Scotia. Color of eyes: blue. Color of hair: light brown. The hair was almost blond, and silky. It was still a boy's hair, and he was not the sort to let it grow to his shoulders. Height: six-foot-two. Weight: 215 pounds. Academic abilities: average. Athletic abilities: excellent. Character flaw: occasional laziness. Distinguishing features: manly dimples, good jaw, strong eyebrows, straight nose, broad mouth, huge feet. Big Neil. He wore size 14 shoes and because of this, both at Bridgetown Regional High and later in the RCMP, his friends called him "Skids."

At school, he was also the bigger half of "Mutt and Jeff." The smaller half was a wiry kid named Steve Durling. There were ways in which Steve knew Neil better than anyone did; and now, more than a year has passed since Neil's last letter to Steve and, still, Steve does not believe in his heart that what happened to Neil in Regina happened the way everyone says it did. "He's the best kind of friend to have," Steve says and, for a second, you're sure that he's looking forward to horsing around with Neil Heddington in the locker room before tonight's big volleyball game.

If you had met Neil in the last springtime of his life in the old, pink, water-bright loveliness of the Annapolis Valley, if you had met him in the great, green cathedral that the elm trees have raised in the fragrant air above Granville Street, you might have sensed something old-fashioned in him. If you had happened to be chatting with him there, down among the white churches and the rambling Victorian dignity of the big wooden houses that lie just a few hundred yards west of good old Bridgetown Regional High and not far from the little tidal river (where the brown muck has given back the bodies of Bridgetown's drowned from time to time over the past 150 years), if you were with him there, you might have noticed how *respectful* he was. He'd let you speak first.

He was the sort of boy older people insist the world no longer makes. Each Sunday morning you'd find him at the Bridgetown Baptist Church; each night at eleven you'd find him at home where his mother would not have to worry about him; and each weekday dawn, if you rose that early yourself, you'd find him delivering the Halifax paper. His reliability as a newspaper delivery boy, even in weather that stopped trains, was a town legend.

He had a certain cool, too. Surely it was a sign of maturity.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO ROGOSAHEWSKY



Each night at eleven you'd find him at home where his mother would not have to worry about him.

You know how a lot of kids his age hate to be seen alone. They won't even walk downtown without rounding up a friend or two. Well Neil wasn't like that. He never seemed to need public proof that other kids liked him. He walked at his own pace. He would not hurry to catch up with the gang. They liked him anyway. At Bridgetown Regional High you could become something of a hero simply by being big, good-looking, athletic, uncruel and cool.

Duff Montgomerie remembers Neil's cool and, when he heard what the boy had done, "It was just like a blow to the lower parts." Until recently, Duff taught physical education at Bridgetown Regional High, and he'd coached Neil on assorted championship teams, traveled with him to big games around the province, shared motel rooms with him. He had seen Neil cool and effective under the pressure of tight competition. Duff is a bright, blond, keen young guy, and he thought he knew Neil as well as any teacher could ever know any youngster. He wondered later if he should not quit teaching. If you could be that wrong about any kid, by what right did you go on telling other kids what to do with their lives?

There happened to be a meeting of parents and teachers at the high school on the night the news came — the news of his death — and because Bridgetown is Bridgetown and people there take an old-fashioned interest in the character and welfare of their neighbors; because the high school is the high school it is, and not a massive, urban factory of impersonal, assembly-line education; because it has only 450 students and six of the teachers are themselves natives of the town and graduates of this very school; because of these things, the people there knew Neil. Surely they did know him.

"Honest to Pete," says Jack Walker, the Supervisor of Schools, "we *just* couldn't *believe* it! People were walking around here just like zombies . . . Some of our teachers know every kid by name and background. We knew Neil. We really *knew* him. Or we thought we did . . . Whatever it was, whatever was in him, it was well hidden." He was never one to show the older people who were responsible for him any cause for concern; and, according to a teacher who played cards with the boy, week after week and year after year, Neil had "a great poker face."

They could not escape knowing that they had never been as close to him as they thought they had been. They were sick with an unreasonable guilt over their failure to gain even a flicker of insight into some part of him that must always have been there, some seed of the mind that had been waiting all along for a precise chemistry of pressures to fertilize it and make it suddenly flower in his head as a dark orchid of anguish. But the guilt could not possibly be theirs alone.

"Yes," his mother says, "I wanted to lash out at the RCMP. I mean, he did cry out for help, and he didn't get it . . . He should have been in a hospital . . . But we're all of us human. I mean, no one's infallible. I mean . . . God, I was there myself the day before, and I knew he was nervous but I didn't know he was *that* . . . I mean, I wouldn't have left. If I'd known, I would never have left him . . ."

For a while, Bridgetown was so confident it had known Neil as a normal, healthy high-school kid that it was sure the reason he killed himself was hiding at the RCMP training

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWLANDS



Can there possibly be a connection between the leafy seduction, the living bliss of the Annapolis countryside and the fact that this county has the highest suicide rate in Nova Scotia?

camp in Regina. The RCMP were so confident they'd known Neil as a normal, healthy recruit that they were sure the dreadful reason was hiding in Bridgetown. But the Mountie who brought the body home to Bridgetown talked with a dozen local people, and then he was no longer certain where the secret lay. And the Bridgetown people heard the Mountie out on Neil's career in Regina, and they were no longer sure either. There was nothing any of them could know. They could never be sure that they had not failed him in ways they were unable to understand.

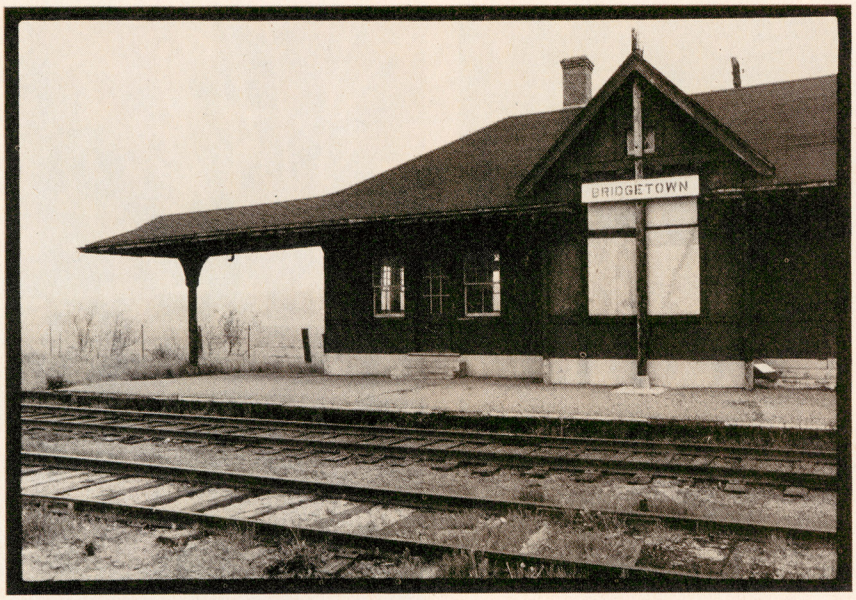
And that was why the thing that Neil did inspired not only the comprehensive grief that small towns feel so much more than cities do, but also a stunning of the community that was related to fear. And perhaps, too, it is the chief reason why the terrible puzzle of his story is worth trying to set down. For, if you can't know a boy inside-out in a place like Bridgetown then maybe, just maybe, you cannot really know anyone anywhere; and God alone knows what sleeping psychic demons and simmering volcanoes of potential agony await their arousal deep within even those we think we know best, and care about most.

The town was the larger family beyond his own family. The town was the larger house, out there under the near trees, beyond his own house. There have been about 1,000 people in Bridgetown for as long as anyone can remember. It's as though another baby had arrived each time a kid grew up and moved away. Or each time somebody died. The people care about all the births and all the deaths. They close in on the bereaved. Some of those who close in have a macabre curiosity, but most come out of some urge to protect the mourners from pain, and they bring food, take the children home for the night, speak with care. Their behavior is honorable and old.

The first people to rush to the side of Bridgetown's suddenly grief-struck are those who've not yet recovered from the blows of their own losses. Neil was part of an awful pattern. A young Bridgetown housewife sits in the soft light of the Captain Crosskill dining room in the Bridgetown Motor Hotel, and tells you, "There's a curse on this town. I really believe it." Every six months for several years now, a young Bridgetown boy or girl, in the full Valley bloom of health and promise, has met sudden death. A ghastly car crash here. Another equally ghastly car crash there. A one-chance-in-a-billion hunting accident. A mysterious heart failure strikes a girl student. She falls down and dies.

You ask Bridgetown people what Neil's death means to the town and, under the shadow of their time, they do not know. What does *any* of it mean? In the five months from late November, 1972, to early May, 1973, four Bridgetown fathers died unexpectedly. Not one was an old man. One choked to death at the dinner table. One killed himself. One died in a car crash. One succumbed to a lightning heart attack. Together, they left 31 children. A fifth man, on a dark and recent night, just disappeared off an old pier, and drowned in the murky waters of the Annapolis River.

Only about four years ago, Neil's own uncle, Gary Abbott Cook, one of the finest athletes in the high school, caught an impossibly rare kidney disease and died at the age of 24. Other deep and sudden sorrows lurk in the background of Neil's



There are a lot of people to remember and to not let down.

mother's family; and you wonder if there can possibly be a connection between the leafy seduction, the living bliss of the Annapolis countryside, and the fact that this county has the highest suicide rate in Nova Scotia.

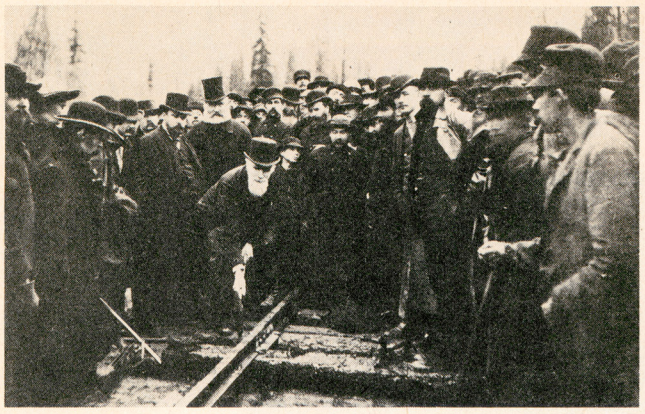
Bridgetown has more than its share of sunny, lush, riverside beauty; more than its share of creamy-skinned girls who should all be queens of the Valley's annual Apple Blossom Festival; of local boys who became Rhodes scholars (three); of rock-ribbed conservative thinkers; of rich people who neither talk about their money nor spend it rashly; of respecters of the Union Jack; of trust and friendliness. Some Bridgetown people leave their cars out on the street all night with the keys in the ignition. Others may leave their doors unlocked so that, when they're out, their friends can drop in and pour themselves a drink.

Bridgetown has more than its share of town characters, too, and uproarious yarn-spinning about the adventures of the eccentric is a major social pleasure. The stories are affectionate, and it's possible to be the person you want to be there. There are no ciphers in Bridgetown.

Bridgetown was Home and, out west, Neil missed it. It wasn't that he was aware of disliking what was happening to him at the RCMP training centre. Oh sure, he did complain in his letters home. He said you had to get everything exactly right, 100% perfect, or you'd really catch hell. He wrote that once he'd stood up during a typing class to get a drink of water, just as he might have done back at good old Bridgetown Regional High, and the RCMP penalty for this offense was an order to do 600 lines of flawless typing. "Boy," he wrote, "I'll never do that again!" His letters about such indignities were cheerful enough but, still, the RCMP training centre has an emphasis on the cold virtue of discipline in the details of daily living that may be fading even from the military, and if there's one thing the boot camp is not it is warmly personal. He remembered Bridgetown.

The elms, the apple blossoms, the small river, the wet morning sparkle, the noon-hour surge of life on Queen Street, the evening shadows, the streetlights, the brick high school with the unusual curved corners, the road over the mountain to the Fundy shore, the road to his girl in Middleton, the handful of calm streets that he knew as well as he knew the smell of his mother's kitchen, or the warmth of his old bed, or the voices of his younger brothers, or the habits of his own thought . . . they were Bridgetown and he had a place there, and no other town could ever again be quite so far inside him, and this was the first time in his short life that he had been away from it for long. And on his own.

So just once, he did confide to his mother by letter from Regina that it was kind of tough being out on your own; and she replied that he didn't know the half of it, that he'd had it pretty easy compared to a lot of people. Her letter was not harsh. She hoped to buck up his spirits. Many parents have said the same thing to their distant sons. But, you can understand, it is one of the thousand things to which she cannot stop her mind returning, it is one of the thousand reasons why she may turn her desolate face to you and say she should never have been a mother, and why there's still a dark swelling under her eyes. */ continued on page 44*



The Second Last Spike

On location with Pierre Berton

BY JOHN HOFSESS

Suppose they created a great television series and nobody watched? Will a public gulled out of its skull over *The Whiteoaks Of Jalna* trust in the abilities of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to once again spend two million dollars on home entertainment? The CBC knows how to spend, but does it know how to *create*?

The National Dream, an eight-part series starting Sunday, March 3, based on the best-selling books *The National Dream* and *The Last Spike* by Pierre Berton, is the CBC's biggest gamble to date. Each one-hour episode cost $175,000. After two years of research and preparation, headed by Executive Producer Jim Murray, six months of filming by Murray and co-director Eric Till, and several months of editing, *The National Dream* certainly qualifies as a television epic. In the weeks to come reporters and television columnists in every Canadian newspaper will describe the logistics, perils and impressive facts of the production, and evaluate its merits. Personally I think it will be straight raves across the board. Early in December, even before the sponsor, Royal Trust, had seen anything of the series, I saw episodes one and two, late in the day, feeling tired and hungry, and was amazed at the exhilaration I experienced watching William Hutt give a spellbinding portrayal of a boozy Sir John A. Macdonald, and being witness to the kind of political intrigue and chicanery that makes Watergate a piker. Later I watched other episodes, and found each profoundly thrilling. *The National Dream* is a major cultural event, an exciting and original work which will have reverberations for years to come.

As a companion to the series, McClelland and Stewart have republished *The National Dream* and *The Last Spike* in a paperback edition, edited by the author, with 96 color stills from the television production.

On the last day of shooting for *The National Dream* I accompanied Pierre Berton and the CBC crew, not so much to learn more about the production itself, which is likely to be the most exhaustively written-about television series of 1974, but to learn more about the dreamer behind *The National Dream*. Pierre Berton for all his television appearances remains in large part an unknown man, and for all his book-sale popularity, a neglected artist. */ continued on page 48*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL RIECHMANN






the
Roostertail



Gordie Howe & Sons Unlimited

Heads up! No. 9 is back

BY JACK LUDWIG

The Winnipeg Jet grinned hugely. He was obviously happy being on the same ice with a hockey "immortal," a live Hall of Famer, Gordie Howe. Not for a moment did it occur to him that Gordie wasn't just as pleased to be on the ice with *him.* Gordie wore his famous number nine, Bobby Hull's famous number, and Bobby was such a nice guy to be on the ice with, boyish, forgiving, patient, masochistic, friendly. Cheerful, full of delight, the Jet (whom I shall anonymize) sailed into the shipping lane between Gordie Howe and the Houston Coliseum boards. He could almost have been tipping an imaginary hat in Gordie's direction.

Gordie's slant shoulders dipped, his stick made a swift, almost imperceptible pitchfork motion, and the Jet turned catherine wheel, tumbling limbthrashingly in air like someone rebounding off an overly taut trampoline, sprawled finally like a bumpkin making his first contact with a funhouse chute. Gordie didn't break stride or so much as look at the spontaneously acrobatic Jet blurring through Houston Aero space. Jettisoned, the Jet awoke howls of blood in the Houston spectators' throats. Only then did the referee turn.

An NHL referee would have put one and one together immediately — Gordie Howe and a crumpled Jet wreck. The WHA ref had much to learn. Like a London bobby at the scene of an accident he blew his whistle and a couple of still-standing Jets helped their teammate off the ice. Gordie didn't cut a notch in his stick. Neatly, and carefully, he peeled a bit of tape off its blade and courteously handed it to the linesman. In the ensuing face-off no Jet came within 10 feet of old number nine. Some learn from experience; others go through life being helped off the ice.

No NHL fan would have been surprised by the Jet's sudden launching and equally sudden landing. He might have observed that Gordie Howe was a little greyer, and only slightly heavier than in his last season as a Detroit Red Wing in 1970-71. He would, of course, have heard about Gordie joining the Houston Aeros with his sons Marty and Mark, ex-Toronto Marlboros, in the World Hockey Association's second big coup (the first being Bobby Hull's jump to these same Jets from the Chicago Black Hawks). Stories about money abounded — a million for Gordie, half a million each for Marty and Mark, all through the excellent managerial genius of Gordie's wife, Colleen, chief of the now-famous Gordon Howe Enterprises. Papers and / *continued on page 66*

The decade before Houston: in the 1963-64 NHL season, Gordie Howe was at his pinnacle. It was also a year in which Mark (then eight, on the far left) joined brother Marty (then nine) on the Roostertails, a Detroit-area squirt all-star team.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE HOWE FAMILY

THE PROBLEM

HUMANIZING THE HIGHRISE

THE SOLUTION

VERTICAL ROW HOUSING

BY HARVEY COWAN

HOUSING DESIGNER AND ARCHITECTURAL CRITIC

Harvey Cowan, 38, is a senior design architect for the Webb, Zerafa, Menkes and Housden partnership of architects and engineers in Toronto. His 14-year career incorporates successes within his own profession in the shape of the traditional design awards. But he has functioned also as an architecture critic and his responsibility has always been to both his culture as well as his profession. He has refused to see art as a side issue and has at times taught art to architectural students (University of Toronto) and architecture to art students (the New School of Art). "Architecture is a social art and should not solely exist in servitude to the economy," he says.

At the moment he is seated in the living room of his renovated Victorian row house near Toronto's lakefront. A visitor does not feel the brutalities of the highrise here and it is about this that Harvey Cowan is speaking:

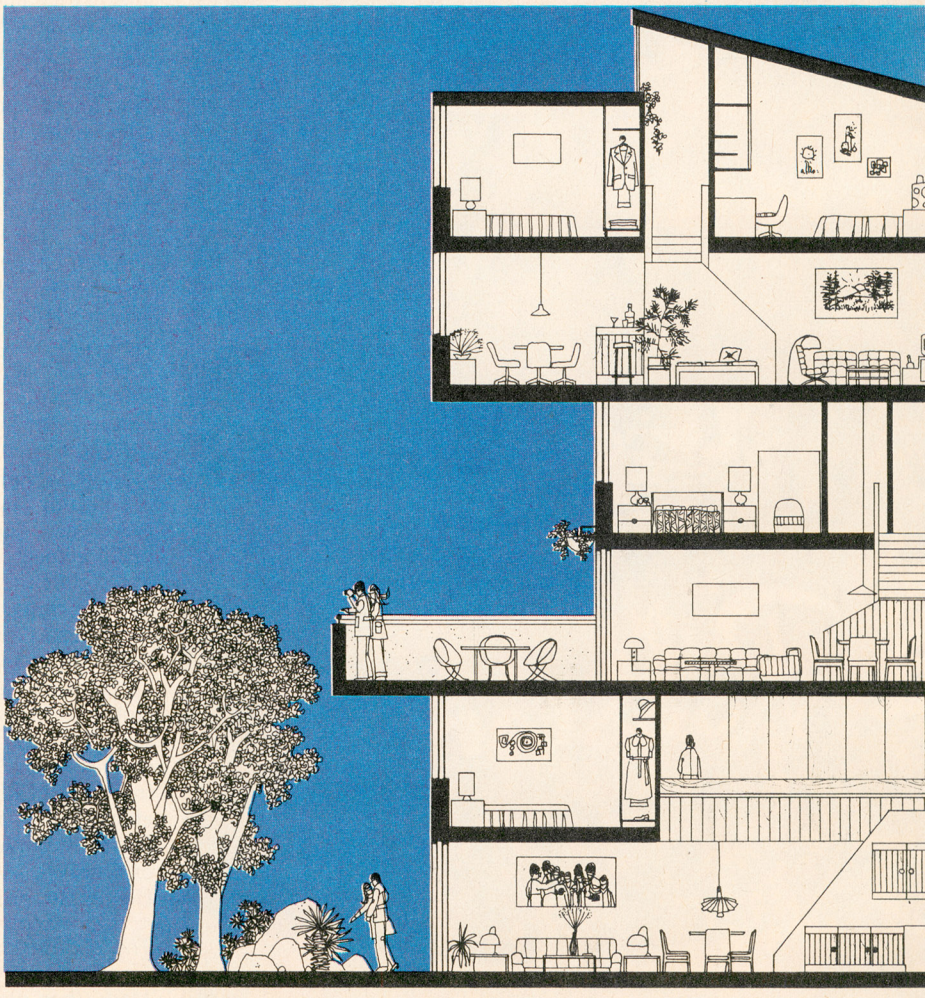
First we must talk about scale. Just how high should a highrise be? Our cities would lead us to believe that apartment buildings should be very high and as predictable as Archie Bunker's prejudices. Bigger is better, Muzak is soothing, conformism is appropriate. This system of standardization is rooted in the economic, not necessarily the human process. There is a point when a building becomes a monument to the system (that is the technology) and loses touch with the scale of the street and the needs of the people.

The question is are these monuments to technology necessary? Certainly they are not always desirable. In this country we still respect the myth of the single-family home. A man's home is his castle. This kind of ownership is the citizen's dream. To own a castle-home. This fantasy comes equipped with images of moats, drawbridges, privacy, security, ambitions and personal privileges. But the fact is about three-quarters of the population of Canada choose to live in the towns and the cities. The dream of the castle-home is often not feasible as towns and cities continue to grow. Still, somehow, the dream must be satisfied.

It is important to a uniquely Canadian design idiom that this dream be kept intact. It shouldn't be destroyed in the name of some kind of Chicago notion of progress. The standardized highrise does not satisfy the dream. And castle-homes are out of the reach of most people. My point is that the important qualities of the single-family dwelling can be realized in nontraditional forms of housing that lie somewhere between the dream of the castle-home and the reality of the highrise.

My basic Canadian instinct here is to feel uncomfortable in the sky. It is possible, of course, crowded by the dense population of the Far East, say, to design a tall building, a massive project, both high and wide, that has its relevance, in the needs of a city such as Hong Kong. I am not arguing against great height or monumental structures in themselves. It just seems to me that Canada is one of the few countries in the world that has a genuine, even rare, opportunity to relate to the land as opposed to the sky. Even in our urban centres there is a feeling of belonging to the earth.

In Canada people still think of an acre as a parcel of land not a piece of sky. But too often standardized highrises in our cities have in them essential design confusions. There comes a point when the height of an apartment loses its relationship to the ground and the street. As soon as that happens the dream of the castle-home starts to go out the window and into the clouds. It is at this point



that the acre begins to become a parcel of sky. We are different from many other countries in this regard. We don't like being in the clouds. But that's fine. After all, countries often find differences in their varied relationships to people and space.

Quite aside from the question of height, there are a number of other design prerequisites to keep Canadians rooted in the land. To keep the dream intact the resident, at least, requires:

- A private entrance.
- A private outdoor space.
- Equal opportunity to experience sunlight and the seasons.
- Choice of views.
- Flexibility in apartment interiors as an outlet for individuality.
- An upstairs and a downstairs.
- Choice of self-sufficient services as opposed to communal services; that is, no mandatory collective laundry, no lobby, no tuck-shop, no doorman, no wrong buzzers late at night.

Alright, you say, but how is all this possible?

Not only how is it possible but how is it economically feasible? It is true that Moshe Safdie's Habitat had some of these characteristics, but it was unreasonably expensive. The client might well ask how are these things possible, given the need of having to create a density of 50 to 60 units per acre.

Step One

Start with a familiar accommodation. The two-story house unit. The technique is to stack and butt these units. First butt several two-story units together on the ground space. This automatically increases the number of people available to use the ground space. By itself Step One would be traditional row housing. So far, as is the case in row housing, the castle-home concept has not been threatened.

Step Two

Stack more two-story units on top of the row housing created by Step One. In order to create private entrances for the second level structures a grading would be manipulated from the street to the second level. That is the street would be graded to reach the second level. This would create private entrances and walkways to the second level. The walkway to the second level would become the roof of the entrance to the first level. By now you have doubled the townhouse density and it is possible to meet all the prerequisites for individuality.

Step Three

Here, the designer begins to feel the pull of the sky. It is important to feel the acre, the ground, and not lose sight of the street. Still more two-story houses are again stacked and butted. But to accomplish the necessary private entrances a raised pedestrian street must be constructed. The resident would reach the pedestrian street by means of a single-stop elevator. This is accomplished as indicated in my drawing shown here.

By now you have created a density comparable to many highrise developments. Such a project could be realized for a cost of $20 plus per square foot. This figure is also comparable to many standardized highrise projects. Also, and essentially important, the tenants could all visually participate in the life of the street. A community of human scale would be created. The street still has meaning. From the highest vantage point all children could be both seen and heard.

Your finished structure would add up to six stories in height. A decent measure. The highest is within 50 feet of the earth. This is no farther than the first balcony of the average concert hall. Not bad seats when all is said and done.

Private outdoor space would be accomplished by the use of traditional row house devices such as verandas and roof gardens. All other prerequisites mentioned earlier such as opportunity to experience the elements, choice of views, outlet for individuality and so on would be incorporated in the strict specialness of each unit. Inside, the feeling of a home is in the freedom of movement that is created by an upstairs and a downstairs.

The basis of this concept is contained in my own row house. I don't think I've ever felt more at home as here. And if this same two-story space were stacked on my roof I'd never really feel the difference. The space upstairs would in no way interfere with my life and I would not interfere with the space upstairs.

This is just one solution for a growing and serious problem. The alienation of the human being to the environment in which he spends most of his day and the trend in urban environment to grow beyond the scale of the human being. This is just one solution but the problem is the same:

How high is too high for a nation whose roots are still firmly in the ground? ■

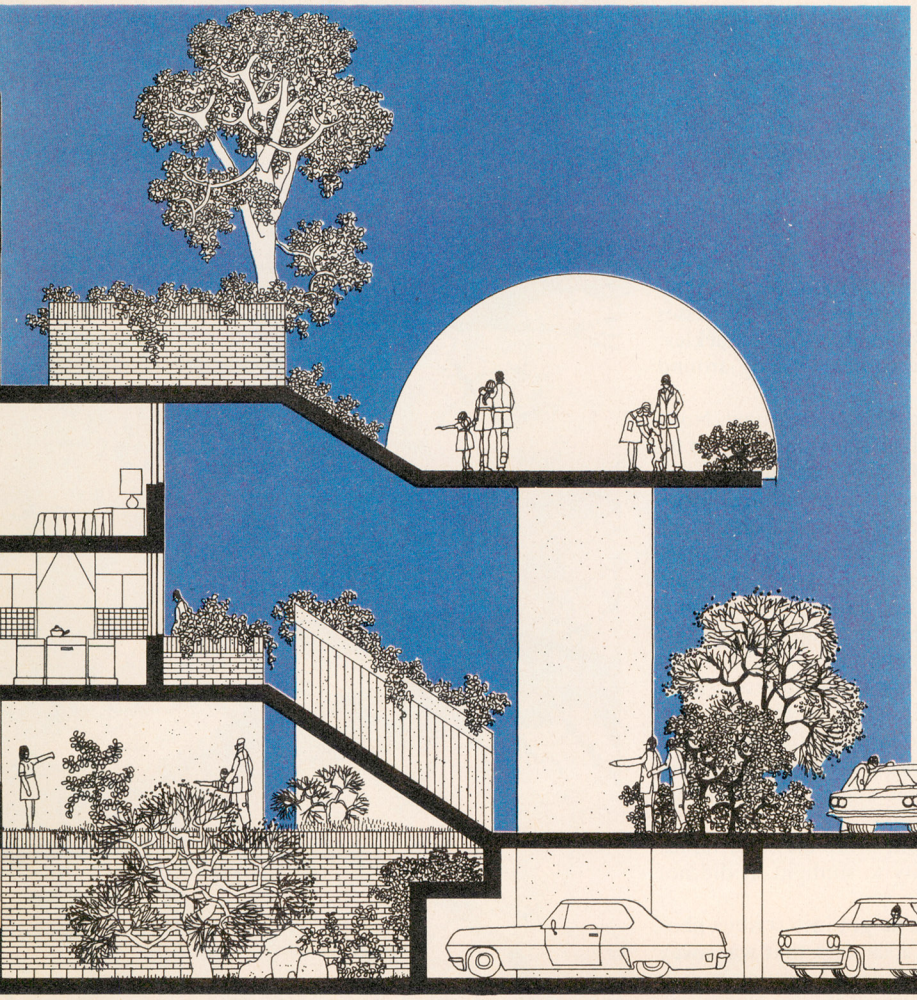
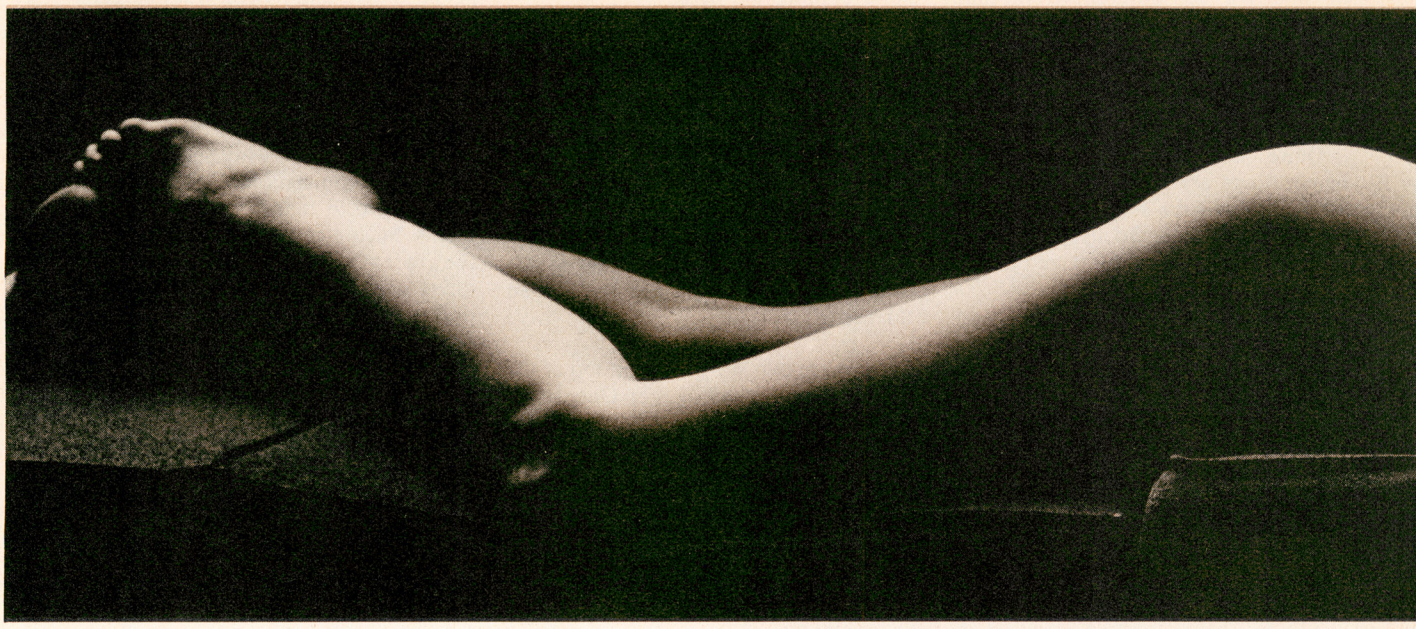


ILLUSTRATION BY HARVEY COWAN

This is the second in a new Maclean's *series,* Solutions, *which will try to provide answers for the many issues that face Canadians today.* Maclean's *welcomes readers' suggestions for topics and experts to tackle them. We'll pay for accepted submissions. Address: Solutions, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto M5W 1A7.*



The Seeing-Eye Camera

Alex MacDonald, blind photographer, is living proof that beauty is not only in the eye of the beholder

BY PENNEY KOME

Alex MacDonald glides down the handrail of the Toronto subway and flashes his blind man's pass at the man in the glass booth as he passes through the turnstile. The ticket taker does a double take. Alex chuckles: "They must wonder why a blind man has three cameras strung around him. But they've never stopped me."

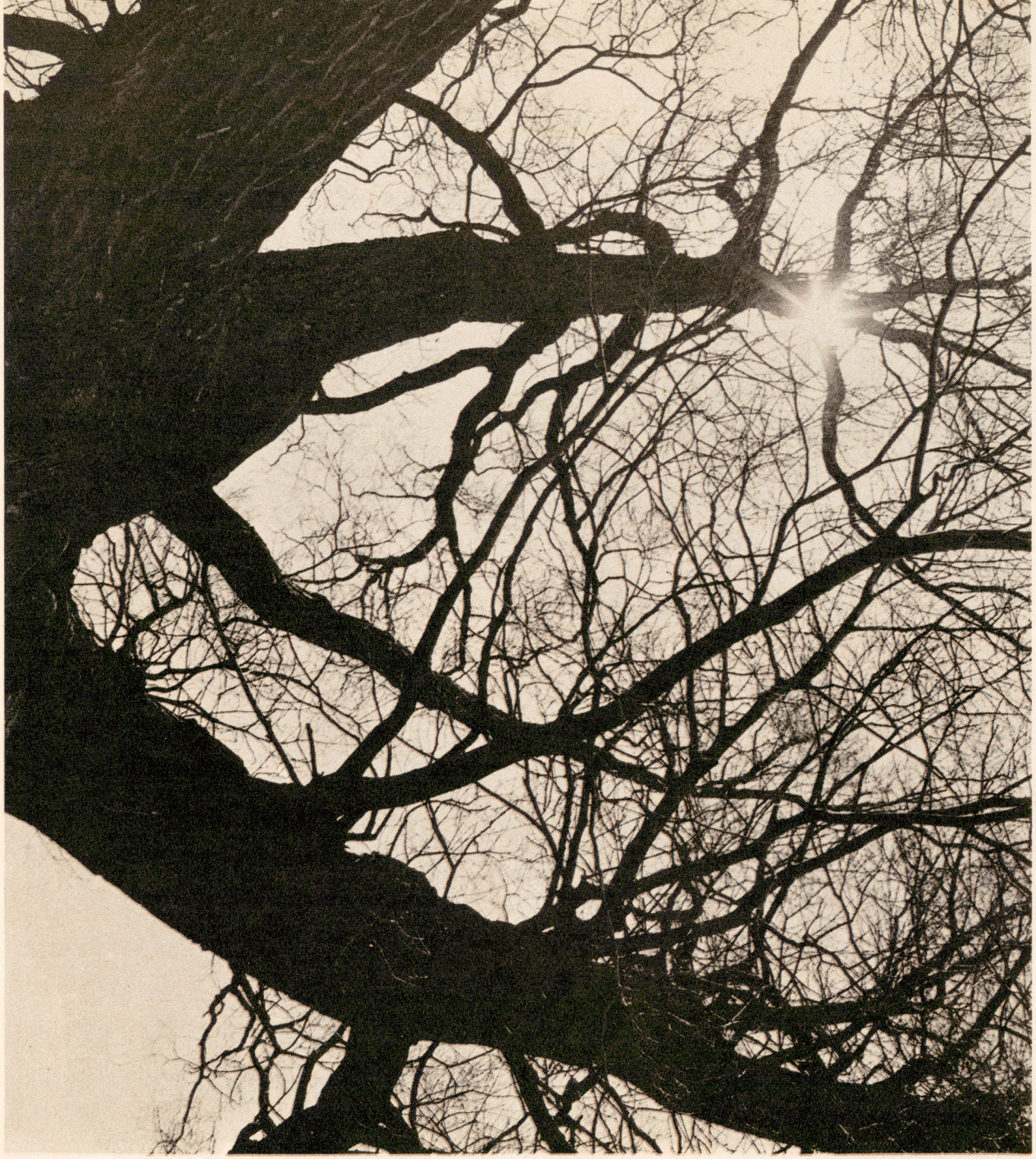
Alex MacDonald, who was born 25 years ago in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, is a slight, attractive and determinedly self-sufficient man whom no one would take for being almost totally blind. He can make out cars and buildings at 10 feet, faces at five; and he reads at a distance of three inches. Somewhere in the process of growing up, he discovered that a single lens reflex camera casts an image that can be magnified by accessories. By placing a magnifying glass between the camera and his own glasses, he is able to get a clear picture of his subject. And something, perhaps the very limited vision he has of the world around him, gave him the exquisite sense of composition illustrated in the photographs on these pages.

The point is that MacDonald has refused to allow his blindness to limit his relationship with the world. When he reads this, it will be with a magnifier over his eye. And perhaps someone will say to him (as someone did at my house once), "Gee, you should get your glasses checked." Alex will put down the magazine and explain patiently, "The glasses aren't the problem. Brain damage at birth is the problem."

That damage left him with less than 10% vision, complete color blindness, tunnel vision, fibrilation and hypersensitivity to sunlight. It did not affect his enthusiasm for life.

MacDonald's first camera was a Brownie, but he got into serious photography when a fast-talking salesman sold him a camera that was away over his head while he was at the University of Windsor. Learning how to use it led him eventually to becoming photo editor of the student newspaper, *The Lance.* He is now a partner in a free-lance photo agency. ■







PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEX MACDONALD

How We Used To Learn About Sex*

* *This article will not grow hairs on the palms of your hands*

BY MICHAEL BLISS

Sex has always been with us. Whatever critics may say about the sexlessness of Canadian history, our grandparents came equipped with the normal human anatomy; at puberty, they experienced the normal human curiosity about what was happening to their bodies. In pioneer days, most Canadians could satisfy that curiosity through simple and direct experience, in the barnyard or the haystack. But as the country industrialized and urbanized in the 19th century, more and more young Canadians had to be taught the facts of life at second hand. They learned a grim set of facts. Sex was not just sinful, as most religious puritans were already inclined to believe; it was also likely to be bad for the health — so bad that Canadian insane asylums were thought to be full of its victims. The only healthy approach to the sexual instinct was severe repression and self-control.

This was, of course, the exact opposite of today's belief in the good effects of total sexual *ex*pression, as taught by Dr. Reubens, Masters and Johnson, and half the authors of drugstore paperbacks. But in the past the idea of sexual repression naturally appealed to most middle-class people, who believed that life was strenuous and beset with quite enough moral and physical temptations without the added burden of sexual lust. For a Canadian Methodist in 1900, sexual abstinence was only one part of a moral code that also encouraged abstinence from drink, gambling and leisure. Also, like today's "scientific" sexology, the old puritanism seemed based on "expert" scientific knowledge, so strongly supported by medical authority that it was almost as difficult to challenge as today's orthodoxy.

Our conception of healthy sexuality has changed completely in half a century or so. But the daring idea of educating the public, especially children, toward a "healthy" outlook on sex did not begin with the reformers and sexologists of the Sixties. It first occurred many years ago to the good ladies of the Ontario Woman's Christian Temperance Union who, in 1900, hired one Arthur W. Beall to be their "Purity Missionary."

A native of Whitby, Ontario, Beall had been a missionary and English professor in Japan, and returned to Canada after a nervous breakdown. From 1900 until the mid-1930s he toured Ontario public schools, first delivering his "message of whiteness" as a volunteer speaker for the WCTU, then after 1911 as a special lecturer on eugenics and personal hygiene for the provincial Department of Education.

Beall would begin by talking to mixed classes of senior public school students on the need to avoid cigarettes, smutty stories, dirty pictures ("Look here, girls and boys, if such a picture is not fit for your mother to look at, is it fit for you to look at?"), and kissing ("Girls, if any boy should ever try to kiss you, you will at once slap his mouth . . . Boys, if some girl should one day unexpectedly try to put her arms around your neck, just shake her off as you would a snake"). Then he would dismiss the girls and give his advanced lessons in Sex Hygiene to the senior boys. These centred on the danger involved in boys bleeding away the "life fluid" from the "male part" of the body. It had been secreted from the "life glands," Beall explained, and was needed to feed the brain and the nervous system. Repeated draining of the life fluid would occasionally lead to death, but usually it led to something "10,000 times worse than dying" — the fate of Henry, the farm boy from Perth County, who found the habit so hard to break that "one day — click! snap! crash! — he went out of his mind; they took him to the Hospital for the Insane, and there he is still." Even so, Henry continued to bleed away the precious life fluid, "until one day the doctors came along and cut off the two life glands just to keep the miserable dregs of a miserable existence from all being frittered away." When Arthur Beall died in 1939 the *Globe and Mail* hailed him as "one of the best informed men on educational matters in Canada."

Beall had not been working alone to warn Canadian youth of the perils of masturbation. In the late 19th and early 20th centuries, doctors, clergymen, teachers, YMCA workers and Methodist purity lecturers had circulated tons of literature and given hundreds of talks on the evils of self-pollution, self-abuse, the "secret" or "solitary" vice. Perhaps the most active of that first generation of sex "educators" had been Dr. Alexander Milton Ross, one of the most extraordinary professional reformers in Canadian history. Ross had been introduced into American radical circles in the 1840s by one of William Lyon Mackenzie's exiled lieutenants, had taken a medical degree in hydropathy (the system of curing disease solely by the use of water), and had worked actively in the Southern States encouraging Negroes to flee to Canada before the Civil War. After the war Ross became a renowned Canadian naturalist, president of the vegetarian Food Reform Society of Canada, worked for temperance, woman's suffrage and women's dress reform, took credit for securing Garibaldi a pension from the Italian government and led an anti-vaccination crusade in Montreal in 1885 on the grounds that vaccination for smallpox was a deadly ruse on the part of the Establishment to avoid its moral and social responsibility for public health. In the midst of all these activities Dr. Ross concluded that fully one third of the insane had brought the curse upon themselves "by indulgence in an unphysiological habit practised in ignorance of the results." In the quarter century after Confederation he claimed to have distributed 600,000 pieces of literature alerting the Canadian public to the evils of masturbation, this "worm eating at the core of society and doing more injury than all other diseases combined."

Pamphlets, books and lectures about masturbation were only a small part of a surprising amount of material circulated in Victorian and Edwardian Canada about sexuality and sexual problems. In fact sex "manuals," books purporting to contain facts and wisdom about sexuality, circulated in North America in the hundreds of thousands in the half century before World War I. From this literature it's possible to find out in exhaustive detail what "educated" Americans and Canadians used to think about sex and why. The great masturbation scare, it turns out, was not a curious / *continued on page 61*

Michael Bliss teaches history. He is editor of *The Social History Of Canada* series for the University of Toronto Press, and author of *A Living Profit: Studies In The Social History Of Canadian Business, 1883-1911*, to be published this month by McClelland and Stewart.

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY KEW

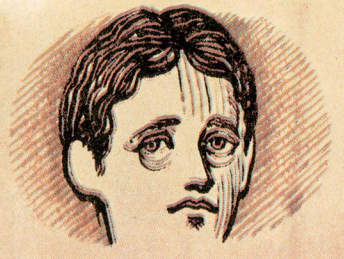
BEWARE

the evils of self-abuse

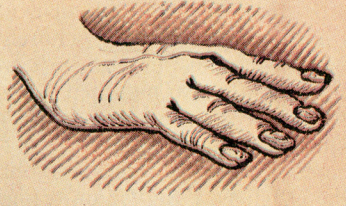
"If persisted in self-abuse will not only undermine but completely overthrow the health. If the body is naturally strong, the mind may give way first, and in extreme cases imbecility and insanity may and often do come as an inevitable result."

–THE REV. SYLVANUS STALL

DO YOU HAVE THESE TELL-TALE SIGNS?



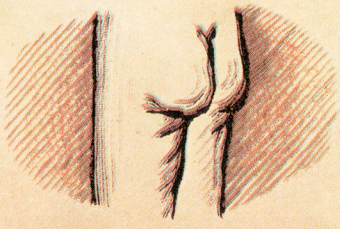
Circles under eyes!



Calloused fingernails!



A stooped posture!



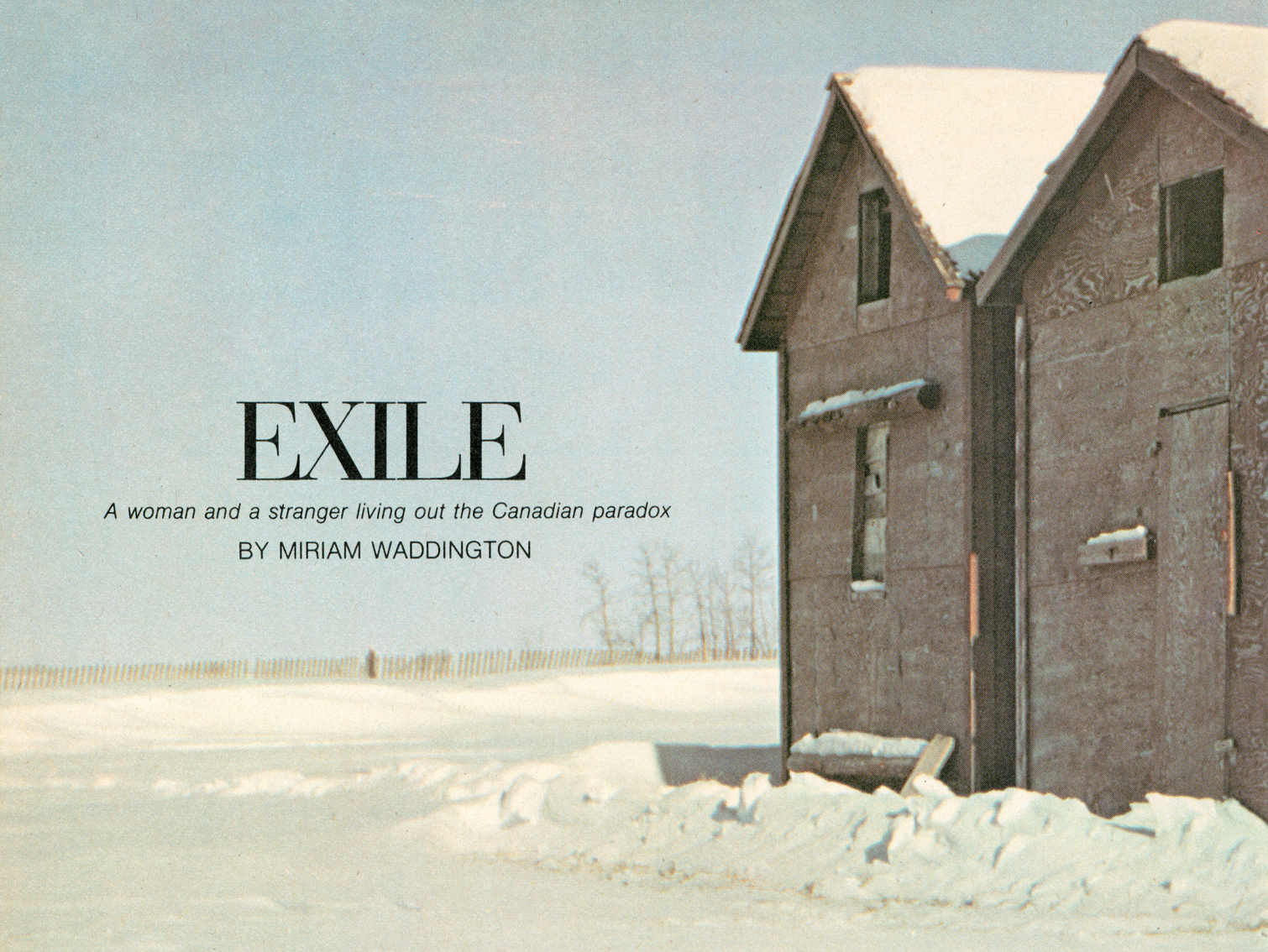
Flabby muscles!



Back pains!

IF SO CEASE AND DESIST THE EVILS AT HAND. HANDS OFF, MASTER JONES! HANDS OFF, MASTER SMITH! HANDS OFF, MASTER YORK! AND YOU TOO, MASTER BATES! !

BEWARE the HELLS OF SELF-ABUSE!



EXILE

A woman and a stranger living out the Canadian paradox

BY MIRIAM WADDINGTON

Canada is made up of many things and many places, but for me it begins in Winnipeg, the city where I was born. Winnipeg stays in my mind like a poem and its rhythms linger in my blood like snow songs. To this day its images fix and limit my internal climate. And though I am a writer, my bond with Canada is not so much through culture as through actual places. My love for the country is physical, biological. I believe that whatever attitudes are embodied in a land, whatever creatures lie buried in it, whatever stones and shells have crumbled into it, and whatever spirits have hovered over it will eventually reveal themselves to the people who live in it.

A country's traditions are intangible and experienced unconsciously by its inhabitants. It may take the better part of a lifetime to recognize and affirm nationality. Some people may never experience it if the environment is not conducive or the times do not require it. But now we are living in a time of crisis which does require it, and in which – to paraphrase Jung – it is not a man's character but his country that is his fate.

When I was growing up in the prairies in the mid-Twenties and early Thirties, we were taught in school that the sunsets of Manitoba were the most spectacular in the world, and we believed it. Climate was extreme, either hot or cold, and everything around us unfolded without ambiguity or shading. If you grow up among oceanic fields of wheat, tossed between extremes of summer and winter, you never learn to value the happy medium, and no matter where you live afterward you never stop yearning for the old totality of space.

The tendency to extremes taught by climate and landscape was reinforced by a permissive education in a parochial school. My parents, who settled in Winnipeg before the First World War, were Russian, Jewish and socialist, and they insisted on a Yiddish language school for their children. Our classes were small, and our teachers were nearly all sentimental enlightened Europeans who, like Rousseau, believed in the goodness of men and the innocence of children. We were therefore encouraged to question our teachers, to work at our own pace, and were seldom if ever punished. Both our teachers and parents had great faith in the ultimate triumph of truth, justice and human community.

I was also exposed to "progressiveness" during two summer holidays at the OBU (One Big Union) camp in Gimli. This was a children's camp run by the Canadian Brotherhood of Railwaymen, and the children who came there in 1928 were from Scottish, English, Polish, Icelandic, German, Russian and a few Jewish homes. More was exchanged than we realized. The children met with the camp director every morning to work out the day's program. We called him by his first name and carried on discussions from which I learned that the world was composed of two groups – bosses and unions, oppressors and oppressed, regardless of race, creed or color. That was a big year for whoopee pants and beach pyjamas, for learning how to dive, and for making friends with children who came from a different background than my own.

Winnipeg was a good place for encounters with other cultures, but when I left the parochial school to transfer into grade five in Machray school there was no doubt about which



culture was dominant. Our teachers were Scots Tories, the descendants of Lord Selkirk's Red River settlers. They were Frasers, Burnses and Laidlaws, who believed in God and who strove to elevate us – the children of immigrants – to a properly ordered state of grace. We listened to Bible readings, sang *God Save The King* and *O Canada* in both the English and French versions, and, if we did our work, might be rewarded with the job of hulling strawberries for lunch in the teachers' room. For our annual school concerts we put on scenes from Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, or else some obscure but exotic drama, set preferably in China.

Even in the life of a single person like myself, living in a raw provincial city like Winnipeg, you can see the presence of paradox which is so characteristic of Canadian life. I moved from the permissive atmosphere of the Yiddish parochial school to the English Fabianism of the OBU camp, and then finally into a structured, rigid, conservative school system, without an apparent crack in my wholeness. I stepped without much consciousness from the uniculture of the Yiddish home group to the multiculture of a very mixed social group. These two cultural aspects – Yiddish and English-Canadian – did not come together in me for many long years. They simply existed side by side and I devised two codes of behavior, one to fit each world. That's why I also had to create a third world which was my own invented one, where I could include the elements I chose from the two other worlds.

My childhood was dominated by a jumble of such kaleidoscopic fragments. On our Sunday picnics we would drive out past the white houses of Ukrainian farmers with their gardens of bright zinnias and dahlias. When my mother was bedridden one winter, a Mennonite spinster became our housekeeper. She hung little bunches of artificial violets and golden calendar pictures in her room, baked raisin pies and hot-breads, told us Bible stories and forbade us to sing or be joyful at meals. Some time later my father impulsively bought a farm along the river in St. Vital, a few miles out of Winnipeg. He used to take all four of us children along with him after school while he spare-time farmed. There we caught frogs, picked mushrooms, and made friends with the children of some Métis tenants who showed us where lady's-slipper grew in the dry creek beds.

Back in the city, I tagged along after a neighbor's daughter to Saturday morning classes at the Art Institute. One of my teachers was Le Moine FitzGerald. He seemed no different than the other teachers, except that at Christmas he sent his pupils an elegant hand-printed card.

Then came the Depression. In one way at least the Thirties were like today – young people could not find jobs. The boys I knew who were out of high school and not at college were also out of work and riding the boxcars between Halifax and Vancouver. One of them joined the Mackenzie-Papineau battalion, went to Spain, and began writing novels. Another worked at organizing the unemployed, and still another managed a co-op store in Timmins. My special high-school friend signed up for three years with the army so he could save enough money to go to college and study law. We */contuined on page 42*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CURTIS LANTINGA

EXILE from page 40

used to hike up into the Gatineau hills outside Ottawa every Thanksgiving, light a fire, cook our lunch and read poetry to each other.

Then, as now, I felt an outsider as far as being an English Canadian was concerned. The message that had come through to me in public school in Winnipeg, and again in high school in Ottawa, was that to be a Canadian was to be English, to have your mother in the IODE and your father in the Rotarians. English was definitely top dog in Canada until after the Second World War. But I was Jewish, and the child of Russian immigrants who were so critical of the economic system that the conductor on the streetcar near where I lived was once moved to ask, "Your daddy is a Bolshevik isn't he, little girl?"

Although I couldn't identify with the English, I felt ambivalent about my parents' immigrant status and my own Jewishness. The injustice of being excluded from certain things because I was Jewish often embittered my life. When I came to the University of Toronto in the Thirties, there were separate sororities for Jews and Gentiles. The Muskoka resorts advertised themselves as being for Gentiles only, and the sign NO JEWS ALLOWED was a commonplace. Sometimes the sign was varied to read NO JEWS OR DOGS ALLOWED. And no Jew could get a job teaching English in a Canadian university until after the Second World War.

It took me most of my life to bring together and accept my three traditions – the Jewish, the Russian and the Canadian. When I first began to teach I could never quite get over the miracle of talking to undergraduates about Chaucer and Shakespeare when every single one of us was scarcely 100 years away from absolute wilderness. The British culture in Canada did not Canadianize me. And the French culture? Until I moved to Montreal in 1945 it was something I had read about in textbooks, or associated with churches when we crossed the river into St. Boniface, or with Maria Chapdelaine picking blueberries in northern Quebec. At home it was the other language on the shredded wheat box, the deciphering of which saved my breakfasts from boredom. And yet today, just as in my childhood, if I had to choose a single image as being representative of Canada, the one that flashes across my mind is the engraved profile of Jacques Cartier in his flat King Henry VIII hat. And the sound that I think of as most typical is a voice speaking English with a French-Canadian accent and intonation.

The unconscious unerringly chooses the symbols that best express its purpose; but the symbols change with the setting even if the purpose remains the same. This was brought home to me dramatically in 1968 when I took a year off to study in London. Soon after I arrived I began to meet the same dismal figure wherever I went – in the Marble Arch underground, outside theatres in Piccadilly, on rainy days in Portobello Road. It was that of an old man with a leonine face framed in harshly cut grey hair; he always wore the same long coat.

In retrospect I realize that the old man was a symbol of old age and death. When I came home the old man disappeared and his place was taken by an image of myself running through fields until I fell down and died from exhaustion. Death is death, but who wouldn't rather die from running in fields than from sitting in subway stations?

After the war jobs were plentiful, I had a profession – social work – which I enjoyed, and exciting things were happening in Canadian literary circles. But I still didn't think about the Canadian part of being a Canadian poet, any more than I thought about the woman part of being a woman poet, or the Jewish part of being a Jewish poet.

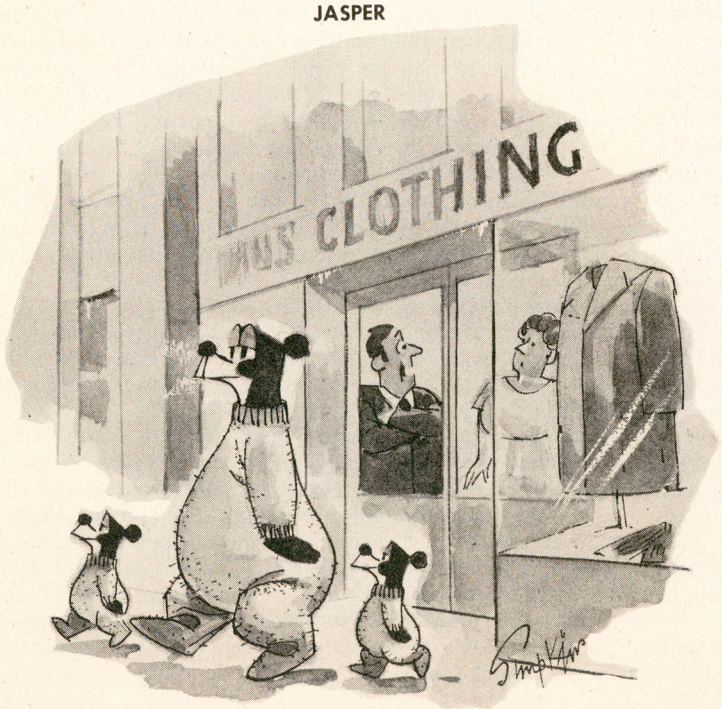
Yet all these factors have influenced my work, usually without any effort of will on my part. At certain points in my life some elements have been more on my mind than others, and now we are living in a time where we can no longer afford to take the Canadian part of ourselves for granted. We have to think about it and interpret it.

I don't mean that we have to interpret it in clichés and stereotypes. The local color of Mountie uniforms and snow-flecked sleigh rides can't hide certain melancholy realities, and we will never cover our nakedness with a maple leaf. Neither can we suddenly produce a rich old tradition just by wishing we had one. And it is no use dragging out the artifacts of the Indians and Eskimos and sentimentalizing over them. You can't transform history into art with name lists and roll calls. Art is a process that grows out of the relationship between a people and their country. The painters and writers and composers are the ones who articulate this relationship, but all the people must have had a share in forming it.

And so the issue of being a Canadian never loomed large until I began to teach in a university. Even then, it never occurred to me to question the fact that two thirds of my colleagues came from the British Isles or the United States. It was only after I began to realize that the internationalism of scholarship was purely a one-way thing, and that these colleagues had no interest in anything Canadian, that my old feelings of being an outsider revived.

It wasn't just my sensitivity to all kinds of exile that made me react. Here are some random examples of the kind of incident that spoils the atmosphere and setting within which I work. One year I put the poetry of A. M. Klein on my course in modern literature. The chairman called me in and told me I could teach Klein if I liked, but to leave his name off the list. The reason? It wouldn't look good for the department if anyone outside the university saw such an unknown name on one of our reading lists! Admittedly this happened five years ago, but it still rankles. Until

JASPER



"Boy, talk about a cold winter!"

two years ago, any second-rate British or American writer or scholar would be invited as visiting speaker ahead of a first-rate Canadian one. The reason is simple. Neither Englishmen nor Americans read Canadian writing; it just is not a part of their background or interest, so how should they know what's good and what's bad in Canada?

One of the questions that is repeatedly asked by my American and British colleagues is: what do you mean by Canadian? For a long time I naïvely tried to find an answer, but now I've stopped. I simply say that it is not up to us to explain what we mean by Canadian; those who are really interested will be able to find out for themselves. Can you picture any Canadian teaching in France or England or the United States continually challenging his host country to define its nationality every time it was suggested they should teach the national literature or hire their own citizens?

In my university we do offer courses in Canadian literature, but it has been a struggle to achieve this. Six years ago every suggestion that Canadian literature be taught was met with a polite amused silence just as if some eccentric spinster had proposed a course in basket weaving. Later, when it became acceptable to teach Canadian literature, every new course was and still is endlessly disputed and "balanced" by similar courses in American and English literature. One colleague suggested that we should base our decision on reason, and reason alone. After all, how important was Canadian literature when compared to the other great literatures of the world? How many languages have Canadian writers been translated into as compared with British, American, South African, Australian and West Indian writers?

Do Americans ask, before they hang up the photograph of their President in every post office of the country, how he compares with other statesmen of the world, or if he would be elected in other countries? No, because the reason for hanging his photograph is simply that he's President. And the reason we should teach Canadian literature is not because it is the best in the world, but because it is ours.

I feel lucky that I can still escape into my old world – that inner place where along the line of smoky hills the crimson maple still stands. The landscape, at least, responds to me with the assurance that I am part of it and that this is home. But I recognize that it is an escape and that mere atmospheric presences will change nothing. Feeling is useless unless it can be translated into action, and action for me is words that reach people. The real Canada is not to be found in the myths and mystiques of landscape alone. It exists largely in living people; in myself and in other Canadians. ■

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"Every horizon, upon being reached, reveals another beckoning in the distance."



W. Eugene Smith

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Minolta

HEDDINGTON from page 29

Her name is Shirley Taylor. Her first husband, Neil's father, left the family when Neil was a small boy, but do not leap from that fact to quick Freudian conclusions about how his being fatherless at home unbalanced him. Neil loved and respected his stepfather, Arch Taylor. He loved and respected his mother's uncle, Harry Abbott. They're good men. He was a good boy.

A curiously gentle boy. Roughhousing at home with his younger brother Joel, the care he took to avoid hurting the smaller boy was noticeable. In sports, his play was clean. Once, in a basketball game against graduates of the school, a man in his twenties had taunted and fouled and harassed him until, finally, he turned and floored the older man with one fast crack in the face. Blood all over the place. But this act, like the final violence he did to himself, was memorable because it was uncharacteristic.

He did not shine at hurting people and, during the hand-to-hand combat in his RCMP training, he suffered nasty blows to his nose and ears but still, his mother gathered, "he wouldn't want to be thumping the little fellows." The RCMP "self-defense program" involves collegiate wrestling, karate, elements of judo, jujitsu and, in RCMP language, "special techniques that are required in the peace officer's repertoire." (In the boys' book, *Dale Of The Mounted*, recruits learn "tricky police holds that could render criminals helpless and obedient.") Neil's mother remembers, "The only time he was ever hauled up on the carpet was for holding back in this self-defense."

But the dressing down, so far as anyone will ever know, did not deeply upset him. Patsy Baumgartner, a friend in Regina, said, "All he ever wanted to be, he had mentioned several times, was in the RCMP. He just loved his training, and there was nothing about it that he didn't like at all, and he had no trouble with anything from what I gathered talking to him."

In Bridgetown, he had never run with a gang of troublemakers. He had never been in a scrape with the police. He had never tried pot. In every respect, he appeared to be made of RCMP clay, and you may not understand what a career in the Mounties means to a small-town boy who knows he's not going on to university. It means security, romance, virility. In Bridgetown, the Mounties are not "pigs." Each year, "Scarlet Fever" still afflicts a dozen Bridgetown kids. At least 25 Bridgetown boys have tried to join the Mounties in the past 15 years. Only nine or 10 got to wear the red coat. Neil was the only Bridgetown boy the RCMP accepted in the spring of '72 and, the moment they told him he was going to their training centre in Regina, he inspired the pride and joy of his family, the envy and backslapping congratulations of his friends, the special admiration of the girl he hoped to marry, farewell parties, farewell handshakes, farewell kisses for a celebrity.

There were a lot of people to remember. And to not let down. Even if he ever let it cross his mind that some part of him might not like being a Mountie, it wouldn't have mattered. He was going. The sign on the outskirts says BRIDGETOWN, THE FRIENDLY TOWN, GREETS YOU. It says good-bye, too.

Six months later he went completely to pieces in just 18 hours. Those hours, hours of his agonizing bewilderment and his grim shame over the bewilderment, denied the logic of a whole young lifetime of being normal. It was as though the engineering experts had somehow got the specs wrong for a piece



His old coach began to doubt himself.

of wire cable and, under a wrongful strain, the strands of the cable had begun to snap and unravel and then they had to snap faster and faster until, at a moment no one had time to see, the entire line had parted and something big crashed to the ground in disgraceful air.

He had arrived at the RCMP training centre at Regina in May of 1972 to join several hundred others in the Mounties' sometimes grueling crash program to turn young men and high-school boys into instant lawmen. The training lasts six months and the recruits put in roughly 80 hours a week in some fairly ferocious courses. Until recent years, the training period was nine months and some Mounties quietly acknowledge that the force is not only accepting recruits who are too young to face police work but is also churning them out of the training centre too fast. It's a long way from the volleyball courts of Bridgetown High to the wheel of a patrol car and, in his last days, Neil said he wasn't sure he was ready.

And yet the Mounties who knew him and taught him say that, all during his training, he was "a rather average type of young man," that he was an "average trainee," that he was *happy* to be officially average, that he'd never had serious trouble with any of his instructors, that he had not once exhibited "unusual behavior" of any kind, that he'd never complained about anything and that, although he was a quiet chap, he got along well with just about everybody. To his dying day, he insisted he wanted to spend his life in the RCMP.

He wrote to his mother, to Bridgetown high-school teachers, to Steve Durling, to his girl friend, Gini Cornell of Middleton, NS; and, in the letters, there was as much pride over what he was enduring in Regina as there was complaint. They all gathered he liked the direction of his life. He was saving for a car. He was sending Gini money so that when the great day came, the day he graduated as a Mountie, she could join his family on the trip out to Regina to share the glory of his red coat. The Mounties would allow them to marry after he'd seen two years' service.

His family begin to arrive a week before Graduation Day, November 14, 1972 and, by everything they can see and understand, it is a fine, thrilling time for him. It must surely be the highest point in his life. He's made it. He's a Mountie! He has exactly the posting he wants, to Stephenville Crossing, Newfoundland. He's young. He's strong. His mother, his two younger brothers, his great uncle, a woman chum of his mother's, his girl friend Gini, the voices of memory and home, they've traveled a couple of thousand miles to be with him, and they're all right here at the Regina Inn. A solid encampment of love. And love's obligations.

Neil is one boy who knows you should care for those who care for you. He sees them whenever he can escape his Duty to the RCMP. They all go out to the Chinese Kitchen. They go to a place called The Paddock. They throw a party for him in Room 467, and his troop supervisor shows up with his wife to meet the folks from down east. (Later, Neil's superior officers said Neil had told them the confusion that settled on him during his last hours had actually begun with the arrival of his family; Inspector E. J. Ard speculated that "it was this duplication of responsibility," the last-minute compulsion to worry about both preparing for his troop graduation and looking after his relatives "that triggered his . . . difficulties.")

Surely the sweetness of the time is enough to smother the one sour note of these days, and perhaps the note is not all that sour anyway. Neil asks Inspector Ard if the force will kindly allow him to go part of the way to his posting in New-

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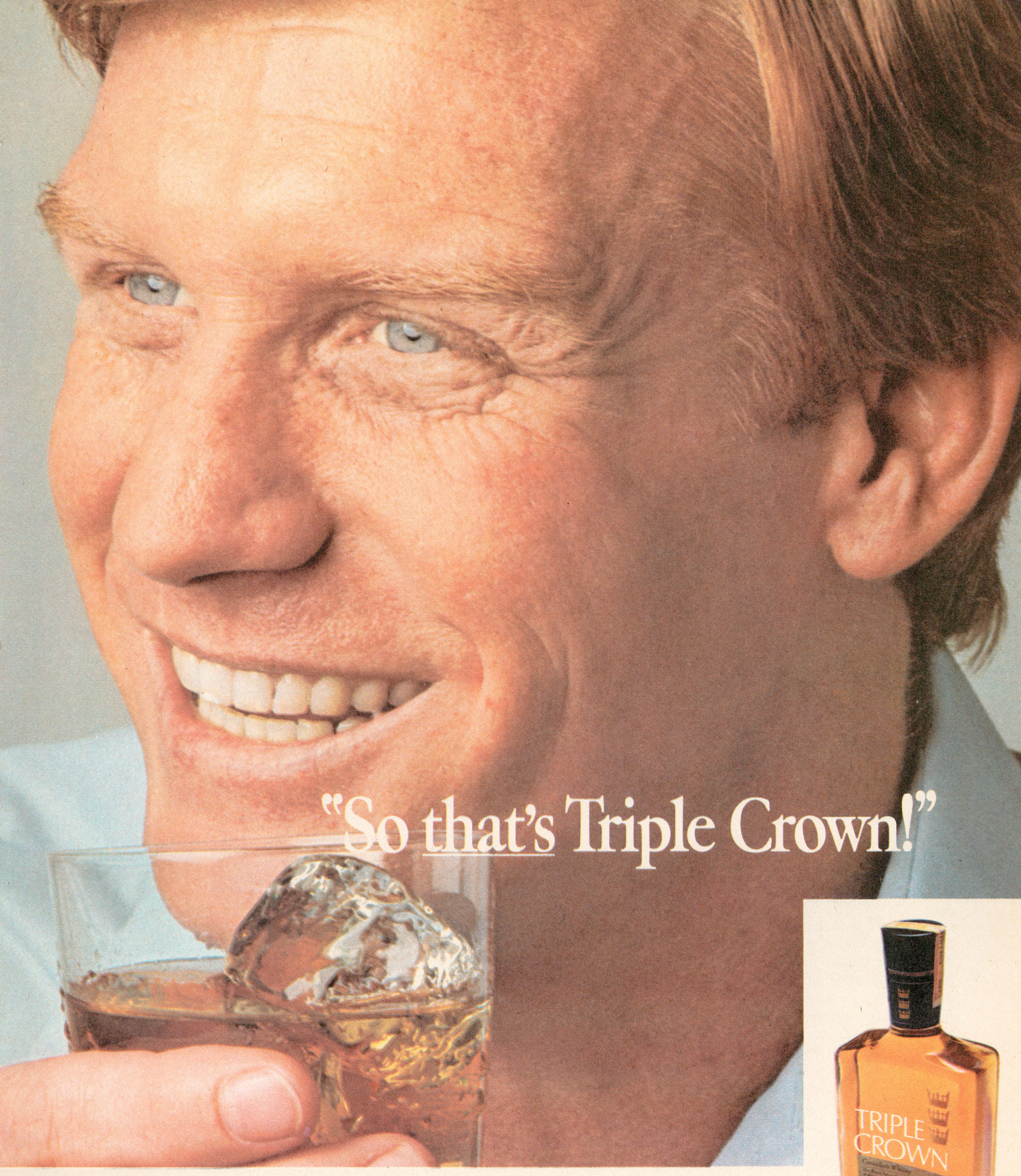

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foundland with his closest friend in the Mounties, Constable E. S. Coughey. Coughey's got a car and he's driving east anyway, to his own posting in Glace Bay, and Neil wants to ride along with him. Perhaps he's thinking how fine it would be to drop in on Bridgetown in his uniform. It's a romantic plan but, to the RCMP, an administrative nuisance. The answer is No. Neil must fly Air Canada from Regina to Newfoundland.

But by the time Tuesday, November 14, rolls around, no one in Troop Number 5 has time to worry about small disappointments. Graduation exercises begin at 9 a.m. They include swimming, physical training, self-defense displays. They last all day and carry right through to a banquet and dance for hundreds of people in the evening. It is a day on which punctuality is God and, in Neil, the fear of making a mistake and the pressure to be in the right place in the right clothes at exactly the right time seem to create an odd and secret stupor. No one sees it. His family notices only that he is "nervous." He gets through the day without disaster. One more red coat. But the following morning he won't be able to *remember*. On Wednesday, he will not be able to recall the sequence of his actions on Tuesday.

On Wednesday, for the first time, RCMP officers notice a strangeness in Neil. He separates himself from his troop mates. He sits by himself. He stares at nothing. He can't figure out what to put in his suitcase, what to put in his trunk, what he'll need the moment he sets foot in Newfoundland. He can't fill out a simple transfer form. He tries to explain his confusion to his superior officers but then his hands shake. He can't stop them. He trembles and stammers. He can't find the words he needs. He can't find his cigarettes. He bursts into tears. No sir, he says, he doesn't know what's bothering him. Yes sir, he certainly does want to be an RCMP officer. No sir, there's nothing wrong with his personal life at all. Yes sir, maybe he does need a little time here at the base to pull himself together. No sir, he hasn't been able to sleep for days. A psychiatrist? Yes sir, that would be fine.

Wednesday is a long, strange, hopeless time. He sees corporals, a sergeant, an inspector, corporals again. He goes out for a beer. He comes back for more talk. They reason with him, counsel him, grill him, lecture him, turn fatherly with him, keep an eye on him, remain utterly baffled by him. He cannot tell any of them what it is that's swept this fog into his head; and packing his luggage remains a monstrous challenge.

He has a farewell beer with a couple of his troop mates at a place called The Vagabond, and they talk there with Patsy Baumgartner of Regina. Neil does not tell her it now looks as though the RCMP is holding him back for three days. Instead, he says he's catching a plane to Newfoundland the next day at noon. "And he was really glad to be going," Patsy says, "and then we left the table about half an hour later and, just before they left, we were talking to them again, and he just sat there and he was sort of staring into space, he just seemed depressed or worried about something, and he didn't talk hardly anything at all, just as if he wasn't there, and that was within about half an hour."

He returns to the base. His superior officers sense in him a condition so serious that they ask him to turn in his service revolver. His ammunition is in his Sam Brown belt, which is too big to hide, and they do not want to embarrass Neil before his troop mates. He gets to keep the shells. They take him out to Regina General Hospital for an injection of sedative and a supply of tranquilizers. Near midnight he falls asleep.



His high-school principal was shocked.

On Thursday Neil rises from sleep directly into Wednesday's pain. He talks with corporals again, the sergeant again, the inspector again. He reports on sick parade to the doctor at the base. His troop mates are pulling out. They know there's something odd about him. The troop treasurer, Constable D. R. Tranquilla, asks Neil if he wants to go downtown to the bank with him to withdraw the troop's money but, as Tranquilla recalls the moment, "I looked at him, and he was crying, and he said, 'No, I can't go this way.' " Neil turns to his troop supervisor and says, "Oh, Corporal, I feel just terrible. I have a problem. I need help."

He learns he has an appointment with a psychiatrist. He learns that he must stay at the base not just for three days but for at least 10. Does it cross his mind that, in just one day, at the exact moment his life as an RCMP officer has officially begun, he has somehow blown it all, besmirched his career record forever, irrevocably betrayed Bridgetown's faith in him?

Bridgetown has left Regina. His mother is gone. His brothers are gone. His great uncle is gone. His girl has gone. In a few moments, his troop mates, the surrogate family of six close months, will all be gone. His friend, Constable E. S. Coughey, will be gone in the car in which Neil once hoped to be moving east. Moving home.

At noon on Thursday, Coughey and Neil talk for a few moments. Coughey would remember those moments for the inquiry into Neil's death:

"I can think of no reason why he would take his life. He was very excited about his parents and his girl friend arriving in Regina and he would forget little things like leaving the keys in the car and this would bother him and he appeared nervous. This nervousness was apparent during the last three or four days of training. There were three things that appeared to bother him . . . the fact that he was being held back three days; that he wouldn't be able to travel east with me; and that they thought he was mental and he was being sent to a psychiatrist. He broke down and cried when he mentioned the latter. This happened the morning of November 16 . . .

"The last time I saw him was about twelve noon after he had been with Inspector Ard. He told me then that he was being held back 10 days. We talked a few minutes and he asked me to notify his parents that he would be a few days late getting down . . . He said he would write me when he got to Newfoundland. He was crying when he was talking to me."

Coughey sets out for Nova Scotia.

In our time, anyone can kill himself painlessly but Neil has no cache of sleeping pills, no access to a secret walk-up flat with a gas stove and, though Albert Camus has written that "an act like this is prepared within the silence of the heart, as is a great work of art," Neil's anguish gives him no time for artful preparations and, at roughly two-twenty on the afternoon of Thursday, November 16, 1972, at the age of 19 years and 196 days, he chooses the way of some 19th-century British army officer — some poor, mad, young military gentleman who is far from home in a fetid colony and unutterably alone with an imagined disgrace — and, decisive at last, he breaks open a recruit's locker, takes out the Smith and Wesson service revolver, loads it with his own shell, and puts the muzzle in his mouth.

He pulls the trigger.

The lead passes through the roof of his mouth, out the back of his head at a point below his hat, and into the ceiling of the barrack room. Ceiling plaster sprinkles the bed beside his falling place. When they find him, he has $194.05 in his pockets, and the Mountie hat is still perched on his head. ■



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BERTON from page 30

"I read a fascinating book last night," I recently told a friend in Vancouver, "Pierre Berton's *Drifting Home*."

"Oh?" came the response, somewhere between incredulous and uninterested.

"It filled me with a strange longing. One I would not have thought possible," I continued. *"It made me wish I had a father."*

"Well," came the reply (still not much interested), "on the subject of fathers . . ." (there followed a sad-sounding, what's-the-use "Hmmmm") "you can have mine." My friend is married, in his mid-twenties and periodically bedeviled by blood relations and in-laws. As we were speaking after the Christmas and New Year's holidays, he had just had another fill of the lot.

"No you don't understand," I objected. "Reading this book, which is in no degree a sentimental one, filled me with the kind of feelings I had as a child when I first saw *National Velvet*, or *Lassie* and *Flicka* movies; a wistfulness just short of tears. It made me want a special kind of father (*and* brothers *and* sisters, a jolly clan with creditable genes, and a long history of memories). He would take me down the Yukon river, recite the legend of Dan McGrew with hammy gusto, be an example of wisdom and courage; someone with whom one could talk over anything, I mean talk it over profitably and satisfyingly, with understanding and the balm of wit. A hearty, un-neurotic man, with a no-nonsense approach to the fundamental appetites, who doesn't give a fig for debilitating pieties. What a lot of misery children could be spared if they had a father like that."

My friend, who has a typical postwar sensibility (Beatles, Stones, Dylan, and more recently John Prine) steeped in booze and grass, doesn't like to dream much, or yearn much, or hope for much. So he just said, "There aren't any fathers like that," and changed the subject.

Most conversations about Pierre Berton among my friends and professional acquaintances run a similar course. No one, it seems, is much interested. If I see a new Canadian film months in advance of its release, or read a new book in galley form, and tell the same people that *here* is an exciting talent they mustn't miss, most of them try to see the film, or they order the book. But when I tell them they should read *Drifting Home* or *Klondike* or *The National Dream*, a prejudice intervenes. They've *seen* Pierre Berton, of course, many times, and probably think they know him better than the Prime Minister. After doing more than 2,000 television interviews, and making more than 600 appearances on the weekly *Front Page Challenge* show, writing 21 books with several having sales in the hundreds of thousands, Berton has become so famous and successful, so *ubiquitous*, that few people, in or wishing to be in the vanguard of Canadian culture, take him seriously. He is so well known that few take the time to discover him.

The last day's shooting for *The National Dream* consists of doing plugs for the series ("I'm Pierre Berton and I hope you'll be watching . . .") with Berton standing beside an 1883 steam engine puffing away in the zero cold on an isolated stretch of CPR track near Havelock, Ontario. (Location shooting for the series involved more than 20 setups from Montreal to Bute Inlet, British Columbia.) It takes one whole afternoon to get a few usable seconds on film, trying to beat the deadline of an early nightfall, trying to get durable readings in the moody winter light, trying to keep the camera from freezing up: it will all fly by in a blink on your television set. As the day wears on, with everyone getting colder, and Berton doing his best to say his lines without letting his teeth chatter, it doesn't look like fun, but when it's finished, wrapped up for the last time, he says it *is* fun, it's exactly the way he'd like to spend a day. "I like variety," he remarks, "I like being free. It's a pleasant way to work and live. Each day, something different to do."



Berton pays taxes in six figures.

Up and back, from Toronto to Havelock, we talk about many subjects. From hardcore pornography (*"The Devil In Miss Jones* is one helluva sexy film," Berton says. Speaking as someone who has simply read about it, I ask him, "What does she *do* with that snake?" "Oh," he says, "nothing much. But you should see what she does with the rest of her equipment") to physical fitness ("I'm afraid to get on the scales," he says, when I query him about how much he weighs. "I figure I may be 30 pounds overweight. The trouble is I love good food and I love good booze, and in recent months I haven't been getting any exercise." He doesn't smoke, never has. Even for a white-haired, 53-year-old, patriarchal figure, I found his sudden portliness appalling: it would take months of daily exercise to reduce his protruding paunch and reduce the folds of thick flesh at the neck).

"When did it first occur to you," I ask, "that you had become successful? Did any one event tell you, as it were, from this point my career will go on building?"

"Twenty years ago," he answers, "I made a film with the National Film Board called *City Of Gold*. I sold all rights to it, the story and my narration, for $360. And that film went on to win awards, and it was shown for years all over the world, and never made a cent for me. I was 33, mind you. And that's the kind of salary I worked for then. Well, I vowed then and there never to work cheap, and never to sell entire rights to anything again. In one sense, I never doubted that someday I would be a successful writer, so no one event was pivotal in the sense you suggest, but making *City Of Gold* made me appreciate my worth, you might say."

"There was a recent report in the *Wall Street Journal* that your annual income has now reached $400,000 . . ."

"That's a guess," he interjects, "I never discuss my earnings. The writer simply added up what he thought might be my income from several different sources and published that conjecture. To be honest, I don't exactly know what my income is. I know that I currently pay taxes in six figures, and as long as there is something left for me, that's all the interest I take in it. I never negotiate settlements for shows or books personally, I have agents who do that. I find it creates too much bitterness to haggle over terms with my friends.

"Money doesn't interest me particularly, except as a means of doing things, things that have a higher value than money. For example, I've told the children that I will give them virtually any amount to further their educations. Both formally and informally, whether they go to university or travel around the world. But I'm not going to leave them money, and I'm not going to leave them the house in Kleinburg [Ontario]. I believe everyone should make their own way in life. As I did, as my father did, developing one's resources, testing one's will. That's how character is formed.

"Too much money, especially when it's inherited, spoils people, corrupts them. I want my children to be happy, and to get along with one another, so after they have had all that I can provide as an education, the adventure of living is up to them. What I wish to do with my estate is to have some university or arts council administer a fund for young writers and artists. Say someone needed six months to complete a novel, or something, they would be granted permission to live at my house, sharing it with others in the community, all ex-

continued on page 50

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penses paid, while they finished their work. The surroundings are pleasant, peaceful; I think it would be useful. But so far I haven't had any offers from universities to take care of the property and administer the program. To me, that's a *good* use of money."

"You once told me that the trouble with Canada's film industry is that no one takes a big enough chance, sinks several million into a really good story, and has confidence in a big payoff. Instead we keep making low-budget films, and this in turn dictates the *kind* of stories we tell. No big flights of the imagination, no *2001*s, or *Satyricon*s. Do you see *The National Dream* as an example of the big budget extravaganza you spoke of?"

"I've always liked the spectacular, the thrilling, the damn-good marvelous show," he replies. "Maybe it's due to having grown up in Dawson, which was a drab place, especially in winter. I've always liked midways and expos. I love Disneyland, I go on all the rides, twice, and more. All the experiments in multimedia, and expanded cinema, giant screens, multi-images, combinations of live actors and images, and so on, interest me very much. I like being stirred, jostled, awed, by the original and the unusual, rather than reinforced by the conventional and the familiar. I hope people agree that *The National Dream* is an exciting recreation of history, nothing has been spared to make it an exacting, accurate portrayal of the way things were and what people said and did. When negotiations began at the CBC for the books, I said only, 'You will do the story well, or not at all.' And as far as I'm concerned, it's as good as could be hoped for.

"I could have gone on for many years probably doing my interview series for Screen Gems. But I quit, even though they were paying me one of the highest, probably *the* highest, fee for any Canadian television performer, because there was no challenge left in it. It had become too easy, too monotonous. I don't go where the money is, I go where the adventure is, and making *The National Dream* was certainly a memorable adventure. What the next one is, I'm not sure. People often say to me, you must have your life all plotted out, and plans extending years into the future, but the truth is I drift, I have no plans. I'm always 'game' for a new challenge or opportunity. It is likely to be several years before I complete a new book. I have one I want to do but it would require a lot of research."

"What gives your life meaning?" I ask. "Does creating something like *The National Dream* give you the feeling of fruition, of amounting to something? Or do your satisfactions lie elsewhere?"

"Writing the books gave me a sense of achievement, everything concerning them since is just a spin-off. It represented a vast amount of work and also deprivation since I can't drink and write at the same time and I do like to drink. Even so, I'm not sure about your question. I've never had to look for meaning in life. I enjoy what's there, with a minimum of complication. My wife and family are the centre of my life, we're a close and happy family. With eight children, life is never dull."

"Do you have any problems with any of your children?"

"None. I wouldn't tell you in precise details, naming names, even if I did, but I *would* tell you, and the answer is no."

"Is there a secret to impart in all of that?" I inquire.

"The most sensible way to live has always been perfectly obvious to me," he says. "Unfortunately there seem to be thousands of people who can't see the obvious and make other people's lives hell as a result. Nobody needs a manual to be a good father or husband or friend."

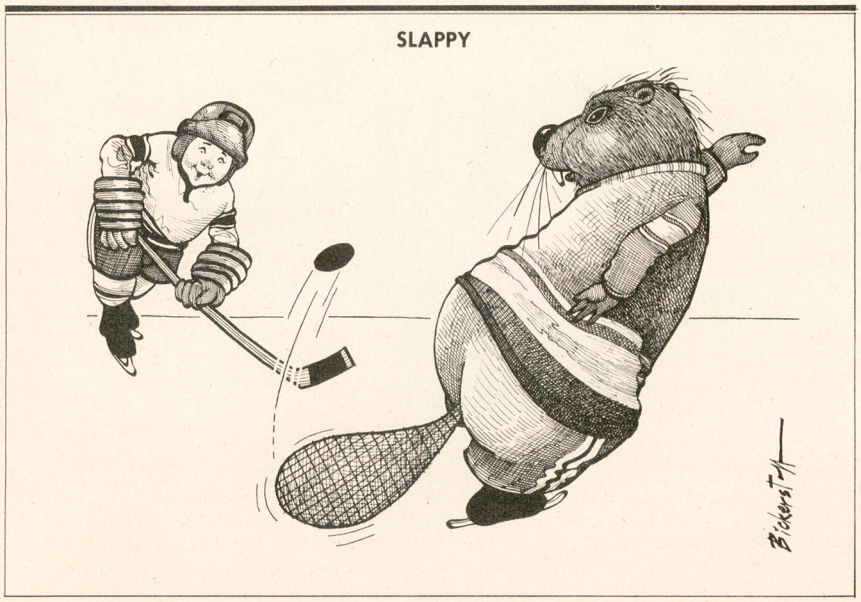
"Can you explain your success? What makes practically every book you write a best seller?"

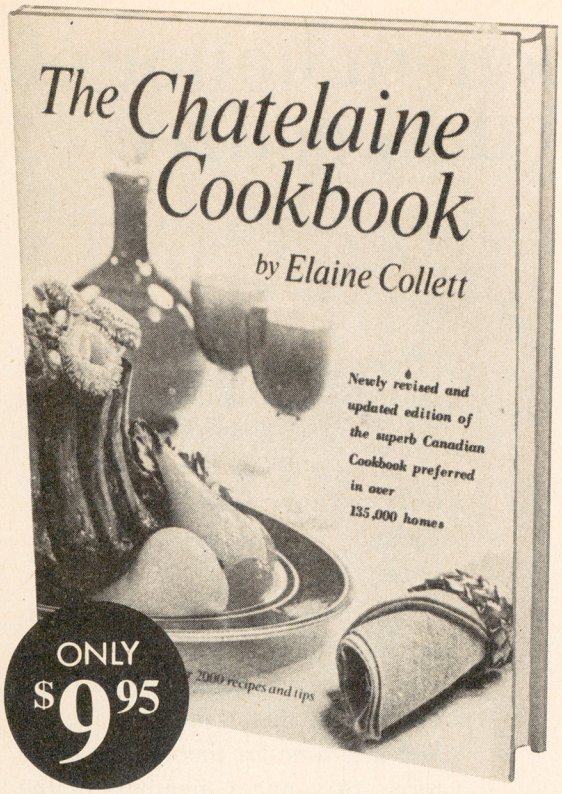
"People can't buy books they've never heard of. That's where being on television is an advantage. People get to know your name, and something of what you stand for. But being on television doesn't sell books, if they're not good books that people want to read. Johnny Carson and Jack Paar, people like that, can't sell books no matter how shamelessly they plug them. If I wrote a bad book tomorrow, it might sell a bit on the strength of the others, but that would be it. The *next* one would be hurt in its sales."

Near the end of *Drifting Home* Berton writes:

"The children are already noticing something about Northerners — that they are shaped to a different mold by climate, loneliness, environment and heritage . . . (have) the inner serenity of wilderness people. Almost everyone who visits Dawson talks about the special quality of the old-timers. Part of it comes, I think, from a kind of personal security which is the stamp of those who have survived and prospered in a harsh environment; some of it springs out of the very isolation of the northern communities, which forces people to fall back on their own resources (we notice the absence of television aerials in Dawson); some of it comes from the need to cooperate for survival rather than to compete — the tradition of the open cabin door goes back before the stampede. It is difficult to bamboozle Northerners. Phonies they can spot a mile away. Fads, fashions and sudden enthusiasms are not for them. They suffer no identity crises. They know exactly who they are and where their roots are and so they do not find it necessary to play a role or wear a costume."

Reading Berton is a distinctly different experience from reading, say, Anne Hébert, Marie-Claire Blais, Margaret Atwood, Graeme Gibson, Roch Carrier or Mordecai Richler. Many of Canada's writers seem to be Dostoevskian characters; they write of guilt, madness, coming apart, of feverish private lives. Berton alone has the calm, Olympian sweep of a Tolstoy. He chooses the big canvas, the epic scale. And only the epic can have a culturally unifying effect; personal dramas of lower depths always keep us locked up in the individual. *The National Dream* may, if anything can, unite Canadians in a new way, with television serving as much of a vital link from coast to coast as the building of the "impossible railway" did during its time. The great Canadian movie many of us have been waiting for turns out to be, of all things, a television series. ■





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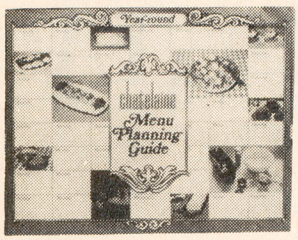

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London On Six Shows A Fortnight

The Theatre Tour is a cheap way to travel. But the English are still the best show in town

BY SUSAN AND IAN McDOUGALL

Bad theatre is better than no theatre; good theatre is a passion. And the theatre in London is at the centre of that passion. That is where it all came from, for English Canada; London established the traditions, developed the techniques, set and broke the limits. Sooner or later, if you love what happens on a stage, you go to London: the headquarters.

And, of course, you go to London for itself: for the people, and the past that lives in the city.

It remains only to be able to afford it. A round-trip ticket, Toronto to London, during the winter months, costs $434 (providing you're staying 14 to 21 days; if you're going for 22 to 45 days, the price drops to $279). But the cost of hotel accommodation has risen dramatically in London in recent years, and when we added up all our likely expenditures we concluded, reluctantly, that the trip would cost too much.

Then we struck upon a solution – the London Theatre Tour, developed by Air Canada and BOAC. If you go between the first of November and March 28, for the Super tour you get two weeks in London, accommodation included, tickets to six shows, a free Avis car for one day, and return air fare, for a price beginning at $446. (There is also a one-week Mini tour, with four theatre tickets, from $371.) We mused on the advertisements and finally jumped.

The tour solved problems. We've worked in and around London, husband and wife, as stage manager and set designer; we're London enthusiasts and theatre fanatics. And there was an element of curiosity: what would a tour like that be like? Full of plump English teachers from Toronto, bound for Culture? Ladies from Halifax in flowered hats off to see *The Mousetrap* for the ninth time?

Yes. And, of course, no. Shortly after we arrived in London, the organizers of the tour held an introductory tea for

those who were curious, as we were, about exactly who else goes to London on a show tour package. It was clear that nobody disliked the theatre; it was also clear that many of the customers had come for reasons other than the aesthetic.

A Toronto businessman: "It's cheaper for me to come over on the tour with my wife for two weeks, fly off to Frankfurt for three days on business and come back, than to fly over on a regular basis. And I can make some contacts in London while I'm here."

A couple with an extended family of relatives outside London: "It gives us a ready-made excuse to get away. We don't have to stay more than two days with any one before there's a show, and we have to get to London to see it."

But, of course, there were also aficionados like us on a short trip to London. We'd see at least one show every day and spend a good part of the rest of the day drinking bitter in a pub and arguing about the quality of the production. The shows, arranged by the tour agents on a block-booking basis, are not likely to include productions such as the National Theatre's exquisite *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, with Sir Laurence Olivier, which was playing when we were there but which rapidly became so successful that tickets were difficult to get. We were offered *Gone With The Wind*, a musical; *No Sex Please, We're British*, an addled farce; *Lloyd George Knew My Father*, another farce; *Don't Just Lie There, Say Something!*, another farce, this time starring Brian Rix, who appears in his underwear at some point in each of his productions; *I And Albert*, a musical based on the life of Queen Victoria; and a fine production of Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, with Maggie Smith and Robert Stephens.

All of them, with the exception of the last . . . well, not turkeys perhaps, but not the sort of thing theatre fanatics generally cross an ocean to see. In fairness to the tour agents, though, what we were offered was pretty representative of the fare generally available in London's commercial West End at the time. The list of available plays has been expanded considerably this year and includes such promising entries as *The Constant Wife*, starring Ingrid Bergman and directed by Sir John Gielgud; *Savages*, by Christopher Hampton and starring Paul Scofield; *Relative Values*, another Coward play, starring Margaret Lockwood, and several new musicals and comedies.

Those who are not satisfied with the plays offered by the tours are invited to browse through the shows available at the experimental and subsidized theatres. At their own expense.

Fair enough. There were, after all, two attractions to the tour: the theatre and London itself.

We're Canadians, but to be in London again was a bit like coming home. Back to the pubs: the Salisbury, in St. Martin's Lane, an actors' retreat, swank in purple velvet and etched mirrors; the Lamb and Flag, near Covent Garden, also known as the Bucket of Blood after its gory past as a cutthroat den. Dickens drank in the Lamb and Flag. Dickens, evidently, drank in every pub in London that existed in his lifetime, and in a number that hadn't yet been built.

London is not generally known as a city for sensualists. Well, it depends on your definition of sensuality. Sheekey's oyster bar is just around the corner from the Salisbury. Raw oysters, and Dover sole, elegant and smooth, like some exotic seagoing fruit.

We made the rounds. Foyle's, a colossal bookstore on Charing Cross Road, with long corridors of print winding to the horizon. Piccadilly. The Strand. Westminster. Hyde Park.

The tourist's London. But the tourist's London is the real London, and we are both tourists and Londoners. More than any other city, London seems to make the people who visit it part of itself; it's more accessible than, say, New York, the other great theatre capital, which makes the tourist a suspicious neurotic, a Christian in Nero's Rome.

Things are changing; they always do. The local pub survives and flourishes, but with a Colonel Sanders Fried Chicken palace on one side and a Wimpy Bar serving inedible hamburgers on the other. Shopping centres blossom. Somebody bought London Bridge and moved it to the American West. Perhaps because London is both foreign and accessible to North Americans, those North Americans have an impulse to change it or move it to make London a home away from home, either where it is or in Arizona.

American businessmen in particular have their own ideas of what London ought to be. We were lodged in a spanking new, grossly North American-style hotel, the Royal Scot, on King's Cross Road. Drinks were available in the room, served and charged by computer. Jeeves would blench. The doorman doubled as a fully kilted Highland piper, marching twice a day up and down the courtyard parking lot, dodging cars and playing the *Skye Boat Song*.

But London survived the blitz; it can no doubt survive technology and cost accounting. One quality, at least, is not for sale: the slight, endearing dottiness of many Londoners. The bright, the dull, the half- and wholly-cracked are on display every Sunday at Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park, proselytizing on behalf of free trade, social credit and vegetarianism. Refreshments are served in the theatre auditoria at intermission; one elderly woman went to see *My Fair Lady* every Wednesday afternoon for years, simply because "it's such a nice place to have tea."

English Canadians are closer, or like to think they're closer, to London than Americans; one of the ways to separate a Canadian from an American is to take him abroad. Canadian adolescents spread immense maple leaves on their packsacks, and Canadian adults spend a good deal of time saying pointedly that they are *not* from Pittsburgh. Instant patriotism. We did not revolt against England, and our reward for that is an emotional insight into England unavailable to the Americans.

So, finally, even the half-baked farces and unstrung musicals available on the theatre tour are tolerable, because they're English; a similar schedule on Broadway would be unendurable. You go home to London, even if you've never been before, and the peculiarities of home are endearing.

For those who ask that theatre be something more than endearing, the London Super Theatre Tour still represents a cheap and pleasant way to get to the place where the theatres are. There will be at least one free (or included) ticket to a show worth seeing; and tickets for all shows in London are a lot cheaper than theatre tickets in Canada. We recommend the following:

The National Theatre, headed by Sir Laurence Olivier. A highly skilled (although lately somewhat troubled), subsidized theatre that presents classic and modern productions, usually competently and occasionally with brilliance.

The Royal Shakespeare Company. An exciting and forceful group headed by Peter Brook, one of the most talented directors in the world.

The Royal Court. A theatre that specializes in new plays, and first presented the work of John Osborne and several other tough new British playwrights.

The Greenwich Theatre, founded by Robin Phillips, the young British director who is to take over this year as artistic director of the Stratford Festival.

There are also, of course, the theatres outside but close to London. Chichester, the Yvonne Arnaud Theatre at Guildford, and the Thorndike at Leatherhead. Regional theatres in Britain have been disappearing as the costs of production have risen, but the companies that are left produce work as competent as most of the West End houses.

The show tour, then, turns out not to be a tour at all: no regimentation, no leaders, simply a well-organized and convenient way to get to where the shows are. London.

And London, of course, has more than theatre. It has, well, London. ■

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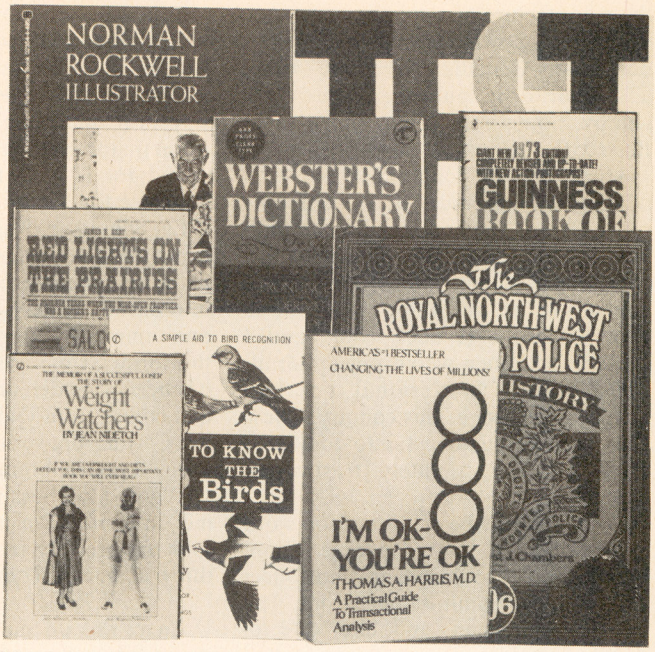

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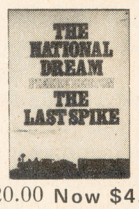

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BASSETT from page 22

the manufacture of alcoholic beverages. When a team owner sits down to make a deal in any Canadian city, there's often a distiller or a publisher somewhere nearby. Sometimes, as in the case of Bassett II, they're the same people.

These people don't all know each other. It's not as though there were some sinister, trans-Canada *broederbond* pulling it all together. But they all know *about* each other, which sometimes amounts to the same thing. "Give me 48 hours," Bassett II once said, "and I could find 10 men who'd put up a million each for a National Football League franchise in this country. These guys are itching to get into football." That was an absolutely trustworthy statement.

There used to be a journalistic word to describe the sort of people whom John Bassett II could ring up and collect million-dollar commitments from. The word is "sportsman" and, like "café society" and "philanthropist," it has fallen into disuse. Philanthropists have been replaced by foundations. Café society has been supplanted by jet sets. But sportsmen are still with us, although nobody calls them that any more. Sportsmen are jocks with money, and there are still sportsmen, or would-be sportsmen, in every large Canadian city. Not many, but always a few.

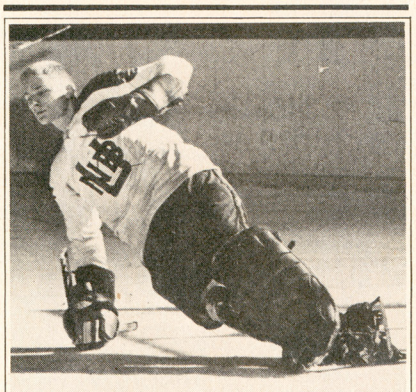
Maybe the significant thing is that control seems to be passing to a new generation of sportsmen: rich jocks very much like their fathers, making the same kind of deals their fathers made. John Bassett III, having grown up in a hockey-show biz environment, knows this new network. His connection with his father's vanished newspaper was a big help: "That's what I used to love about the newspaper business. You were in the main core of everything that goes on — in the sports field, the society field, the advertising field, the political field. And you see where all the strings go. What that does is give you a tremendous instinctual feel about a new situation, or a new idea, or where to go if you need help or support."

He says he feels "at home" in almost every large Canadian city. That means he knows who runs what, and where the strings go, and whom to call, in all those places. "Automatically, because of the Argonauts, you have a connection with people in all these cities that are involved in football. Then there's hockey. Then there's the film community — that's only Vancouver, Montreal and Toronto. Then, of course, being involved in broadcasting — that means I know most of the fellows who run the stations in the 14 CTV cities."

Bassett finds it uncanny the way the same small group of people keep popping up, over and over again, in different situations. The Montrealer who invests in a Bassett movie may turn out to have a lawyer who worked on a Bassett football deal five years ago. The Vancouver television executive's best friend may turn out to be a member of the group that Bassett put together years ago to bid for a Western Hockey League franchise for Victoria.

Everything in his life, it seems, has come through people he knows, or who know his father. Even Susan: they were introduced as teen-agers at Stratford one summer by Fiorenza Drew, wife of the former Conservative leader. Susan has been a model, and a successful one, and comes from Old Money (the original Carling Breweries) in London, Ontario. "I married into beer," says Bassett III, "only I kid Susan that she didn't tell me until after we married that they'd sold the brewery in 1922." Susan once threw a plate of scrambled eggs at him.

An ice rink on Sunday morning, when the stands are empty, reverberates like an echo chamber. Nobody is there to cheer, so you can hear something rather beautiful: the actual *sound* of hockey — the hiss of blades, the crack of wood against wood, the whump of somebody's padded body hitting the boards. John Bassett Jr. is resting on the bench after 10 minutes on the ice, breathing hard, his head down somewhere near his knees, his padded shoulders heaving, the sounds of hockey in this empty arena bouncing all around him. His Sunday-morning team is called the Sahara Desert Canoe Club, but of course he is wearing a Toronto Toros jersey. The Sahara Desert Canoe Club — the origin of the title was a schoolboy joke that no one can now remember — "is just a bunch of old jocks who like to stretch their legs once in a while." Although the club's personnel keeps changing, the old-timers, like Bassett and John Craig Eaton and Peter Eby, have been playing together, either at Upper Canada College, or in arenas two of the fathers owned or help to run, for nearly 20 years. It wasn't until late last year that Bassett and Eby quit the team because of health problems.



"I've always been a competitive guy."

Imagine the bonds, the shared signals, the unspoken trust that must exist between men who, from early childhood, played hockey together on the same sheet of family-owned ice! Maple Leaf Gardens, then owned by Harold Ballard, Stafford Smythe and John Bassett II, was young Bassett's personal playground. So many of the Sunday mornings of his youth were spent on the ice of that empty arena, as vast and awesome as a cathedral. Even after he was married to Susan, and even after his father had sold his one-third interest in the Gardens, Bassett still used the rink, and sometimes went on road trips with the Leafs. A few years ago, when Bassett III's son John IV, then seven, needed a place to learn the rudiments of the game, Harold Ballard said: "Let him play at the Gardens." Ballard freed up an hour of ice from seven to eight on Sunday mornings and even provided a man to clean the ice. Later, when Bassett was producing *Face-Off*, the first Canadian hockey romance, Ballard kept the ice in the Gardens for an extra week so the film crew could shoot the game sequences, and he didn't charge Bassett a penny. In fact, he even took a small deferred financial position in the movie. Later, during his fraud trial, Ballard asked the younger man to write a personal character reference letter, and of course Bassett's testimonial was a handsome one.

Bassett III can remember very distinctly the first time he walked into the Gardens after his father had sold his interest. The same faces in the same ancestral photographs were looking down at him from the entrance walls, Conacher and Pratt and Syl Apps and Conn Smythe and his father and all the rest. But it felt strange and sad, because the Gardens wasn't his place any more. "I guess if you lived in a house for 20 years and your parents decided to sell it, you'd have the same feeling. It's a real nostalgia thing — kind of a nice feeling. I got the same feeling when the *Telegram* folded." (If John III had had his way, the newspaper might still be publishing. His was the sole dissenting vote when the board decided to cease publication.)

Of course that isn't the first recorded Bassett II-Bassett III clash. Father and son seem to reinforce each other's competitive energies. Each has an obsessive need to excel at the same things. For years, their father-and-son tennis matches have been legendary: screams, curses, hurled tennis racquets and even, on one memorable occasion, a fistfight. "I've always been a competitive guy," says John III, "and he's a very competitive guy. But I don't think there's any conscious desire on my part to beat him. I mean, there may be, but it's not *conscious*."

Is it mere coincidence, then, that

continued on page 58

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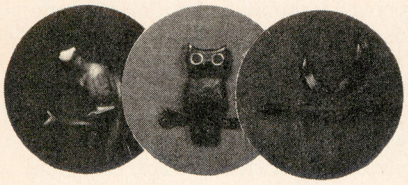

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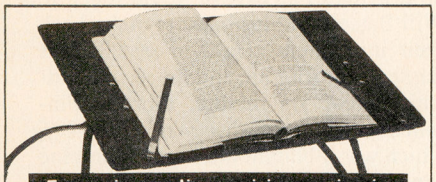
MM MAR.4 A



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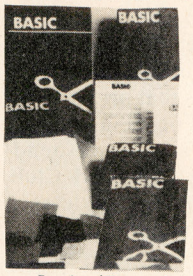

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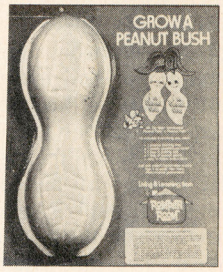

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prompted John III to acquire the option on the Toronto franchise for the World Football League, which U.S. promoter Gary Davidson is trying to assemble in a dozen major North American cities? If the WFA gets rolling, won't this put John III in direct competition with John II's Argonauts?

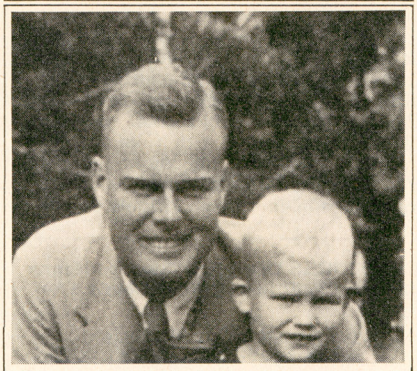
"Sure," says John III, "but if there's going to be competition between leagues, we'd rather be in competition with ourselves than somebody else. So I grabbed the franchise. And I did it with my father's full blessing and cooperation. It's going to be peaceful coexistence, I hope. We're not going to get into a bidding contest for existing Argo players. But my Dad and I might be competing if, say, there's a college kid we both want. I can imagine that happening. But we'll cross that bridge when we come to it." It is a beguiling notion: maybe they'll install a padded, soundproofed room upstairs at the York Club, so that father and son can settle such questions by single combat.

Ancestral photographs: they follow one everywhere. A few months ago, John Bassett III dropped into the Parliamentary Press Gallery in Ottawa. And there on the wall, in a framed photograph taken on some long-ago afternoon, was his grandfather, standing next to a fellow-Irishman named Grattan O'Leary, later the distinguished publisher of the Ottawa *Journal*.

John Bassett I, the grandfather, became a publisher too. He owned the Montreal *Gazette* and the Sherbrooke *Daily Record*. He had a home in Montreal, and the big country house near Sherbrooke where John III, with his father away at the war, spent much of his childhood. "It was a very, very warm place, with a big fireplace," recalls the grandson. "And my grandfather was a great man — the publisher of the *Gazette*, a great public speaker. He couldn't do the physical things. He was crippled. He had a very big comfy chair, and a footstool. And after dinner I and my brothers would be sitting around him. We'd have our pyjamas and kimonos on, hair neatly combed. Maybe we'd been given a glass of ginger ale as the big treat of the day. And then Pappy would read to us — poetry, novels, newspapers. Sometimes he'd tell us about the people he knew. He knew everybody. He used to dine with the Duke of Windsor at the Ritz. Royalty . . . and English history! He knew it like the back of his hand, King Alfred, everything. I spent all my time there during the war. I knew him better than I knew my own father." The old man was governor of Bishop's University in Lennoxville, Quebec; and so young John's first school was Bishop's College School, beneath his grandfather's portrait.

He was only eight when, at Bishop's College School, he launched his first venture in publishing and sports promotion: he invented a dice baseball game, set up a league — you had to pay a dime for a franchise — typed out a one-page newspaper of league news, and charged a penny for carbon copies.

In 1948, Basset II was publisher of his father's newspaper in Sherbrooke. George McCullagh, the man who'd merged the *Globe and Mail* and *Empire*, invited him to Toronto to become advertising manager of the *Telegram*, which he'd just bought. Four years later, Bassett, with John David Eaton's support, bought the paper from his boss. John III attended Upper Canada College, then University of New Brunswick and University of Western Ontario. His first job was as a reporter on the Victoria *Times*, where one of his father's friends, Stuart Keate, was publisher. His new bride Susan wanted to stay in Victoria, but John was bored stiff with cop-shop journalism. It only took a few hours of his day. So, in his spare time, he tried to



". . . my dad and I might be competing . . ."

get a Western Hockey League franchise in Victoria. At this point, Bassett was 21 years old. He put together a consortium of local businessmen, including Stu Keate. Through his father's colleagues back east, he arranged for the transfer of a Leafs farm team. Then he and Punch Imlach went to a WHL meeting in San Francisco to make their pitch. They were turned down. Bassett wasn't discouraged. "It seemed like a good idea, but it didn't work out. It was an opportunity, that's all. I like to be active."

Wasn't it sort of remarkable for a 21-year-old to be putting together a WHL team? Wasn't he intimidated by the process? No, he wasn't, because he'd grown up in this environment. And he acknowledges what this environment gave him: "If John Bassett hadn't been my father, I certainly wouldn't have known the people, I wouldn't have had the contacts, or the background you get from watching the Ballards and the Smythes and my Dad. I wouldn't have had the seat-of-the-pants."

We are at a wan little gathering at a German pub in Toronto, celebrating the premiere of Bassett's latest film, *Paperback Hero*. It's a good movie; in fact, one of the three or four best films ever made in English-speaking Canada. And this seems apparent to most of the people who are milling around comparing notes. It should be a triumphal gathering. But the atmosphere of penury is so thick in this room you could cut it with a splicer. Bassett had laid on two searchlights outside the theatre, but now, at the reception afterward, the canapés consist of stoned wheat thins and cheese, and the guests have already discovered, to their considerable horror, that they have to buy their own drinks. *Paperback Hero* has outgrossed *The Godfather* in Saskatchewan, where it was filmed. But Toronto is another matter, and Bassett stands around looking uneasy. Somebody tells him he thinks it's a great flick. Bassett smiles. "Yeah, it's great." Then his eyes narrow: "But how do you think it'll *do*?"

Peter Pearson, the director, is telling a friend: "I have to say it. He's the best producer I've ever worked for. *No* hassles. I wanted Keir Dullea for the lead, at a time when nobody else would touch him — too introspective, they said. But John okayed him . . ."

Bassett and Susan leave early. Six weeks later, *Paperback Hero* is still showing at the New Yorker cinema, grossing a respectable $7,000 a week — not bad, but if it had done anything less no distributor anywhere would touch it. Will Bassett and his backers make back their investment? Hard to say. This is Bassett's fourth film, and his second critical success. But neither Gordon Pinsent's excellent *Rowdyman* nor *Face-Off*, which was a blatant attempt to combine the presumed audience appeal of hockey and pop music, were runaway moneymakers. The first film, *Inside Out*, was so bad he never released it.

Bassett's connections with Big Money are so extensive that it's easy to forget that he takes real financial risks, and doesn't always win.

He has a good name among film people, and much of it is due to his commitment, a genuine one, to Canadian talent. After he left Victoria, he became a sort of vice-president-in-charge-of-youth at the *Telegram* and CFTO. He ran the newspaper's *After Four* section, and its companion TV program on CFTO. When Michael Butler's organization was looking for someone to coproduce *Hair* in Toronto, they came to Bassett. He insisted on an all-Canadian cast, something Butler's people believed was impossible. The show ran at the Royal Alexandra Theatre for 13 months, was seen by almost half a million people and, Bassett believes, had a lot to do with changing Toronto's image from stodgy to swinging. Entertainers as di-

continued on page 61







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verse as Gordon Lightfoot (Bassett arranged his first Massey Hall concert and his first major TV appearance) and Gale Garnett (who starred in *Hair* and, at Bassett's suggestion, wrote a column for the *Telegram*) and Carole Taylor (one of the best TV interviewers in Canada) owe at least some of their success to Bassett.

"I know I've got a good name in the entertainment business," he says. "It sounds arrogant to say it, but there's a very simple reason — and hopefully the same thing will happen in pro sport. I say what I think and I'm honest about it, and I treat people the way I'd like to be treated myself." If this sounds mawkish, remember that most of the English-speaking film community, which contains some of the nation's most accomplished bitchers and backbiters, would accept that statement at face value.

Paperback Hero wasn't Bassett's only opening that week. The previous Sunday, the Toros played their first home game in Toronto's Varsity Stadium. The team's advertising slogan is "Good Hockey, Good Fun," which is a subtle way of suggesting that you should hope for good hockey, not *great* hockey. There was a cocktail party for the team's directors before the game, and it was an interesting assemblage of New and Old Money. John Craig Eaton is on the board, as chairman of course, and so is his brother George, who used to be a racing driver and now runs a pop promotion agency. Doug Creighton, a former *Telegram* news executive and now publisher of the Toronto *Sun*, is another backer, along with land developer Rudy Bratty, another of the *Sun*'s angels. Ron Barbaro (Argo booster, insurance) is another director. So is Ken McGowen, the man who founded and later sold Mac's Milk. So is Peter Eby, managing director of Burns Bros. and Denton Ltd., the investment house, and Bassett's and Eaton's old hockey pal. Nearly all the directors are (a) young (b) rich and (c) dedicated jocks. Between them, they've gambled close to two million dollars on the proposition that Toronto can support a second major-league hockey team. They expect to lose $500,000 on that proposition this season and, before the team turns the corner financially, they could lose much more. They're hoping to build an arena that will be larger than Maple Leaf Gardens. Obviously, this is an insane commitment unless the Toros can deliver hockey of NHL quality. "Sure we'll be competitive with the Leafs," says Bassett. "I think we'll be competitive with anyone. Otherwise, I wouldn't be interested."

It's a long way from a sure thing. But the Canadian appetite for good hockey is very nearly insatiable.

Still, people like John Bassett Jr., the quintessential Canadian Sportsman of his generation, can face the prospect of financial setbacks with a certain lack of desperation. "I've never had to convince banks," says Bassett. "I've had to convince a board of directors, always our own. The relationship has always been a good one, with the seven Eaton and Bassett boys, and the three trustees, and of course my father as the key fellow in it. He's the kind of guy who will look at an idea, and give you a real good shot at it. He'll support you.

"And if you blow it, sure, you may get a kick in the butt or two. But it's not with meanness. It's with, you know, love and respect. And that really helps." ■

SEX from page 38

aberration of Victorian prudery but part and parcel of a surprisingly coherent pre-Freudian view of sexuality and its hazards.

Almost all the handbooks of sex education that circulated in Canada were originally published in the United States or England (it wasn't until 1936 that the Reverend Alfred Henry Tyrer wrote the first "all-Canadian" general sex manual, an excellent book for its time entitled *Sex, Marriage And Birth Control*). Canadians bought such popular American volumes as John Cowan's *The Science Of A New Life,* John Harvey Kellogg's *Plain Facts For Old And Young*, George H. Napheys' *The Transmission Of Life* and Alice Stockham's *Tokology*. In the first decade of the 20th century, when Arthur Beall was beginning his purity lectures in Ontario schools, the best-selling sex manuals in Canada (perhaps because they were distributed by the Methodist Church publishing house) were the eight volumes in the *Self And Sex* series.

Accompanied by glowing commendations from prominent clergymen, doctors, feminists and educators, the *Self And Sex* books had something for everyone. At various stages in his life a male would read *What A Young Boy Ought To Know, What A Young Man Ought To Know, What A Young Husband Ought To Know* and *What A Man Of 45 Ought To Know*, all written by Sylvanus Stall, an American Lutheran minister. Girls would begin with *What A Young Girl Ought To Know* and go on to *What A Young Woman Ought To Know*, written by Dr. Mary Wood-Allen, a popular WCTU lecturer and writer, and after marriage would progress to Dr. Emma Drake's *What A Young Wife Ought To Know* and *What A Woman of 45 Ought To Know*. The series was advertised in Canada under the heading PURE BOOKS ON AVOIDED SUBJECTS. A retired bookseller remembers that they were kept under the counter in bookstores and that most customers who asked for them were visibly embarrassed.

The *Self And Sex* books for boys and girls, after a few pages on plants and fishes, were little more than anti-masturbation tracts, claiming that the secret vice would lead to flabbiness, headaches, dizziness, clammy hands, a palpitating heart, ulcerated fingernails, consumption, insanity and early death. Boys were told of how parents sometimes tied children's hands behind their backs, to bedposts or to rings in a wall to stop the awful habit. Or they simply wrapped the whole child in a straightjacket. *What A Young Man Ought To Know* repeated all the same warnings, adding that the results also included "the dwarfing and wasting of the organ itself."

Young men were also faced with the difficult and puzzling problem of nocturnal emissions, or "wet dreams." Most otherwise continent men, Sylvanus Stall thought, experienced emissions every 14 days or so as a "safety valve." But emissions more often than that could be very dangerous and should be avoided by right living and pure thoughts. They could also be prevented by avoiding lying on the back, and this could be done by tying a towel around the waist with a hard knot opposite the spine.

Sexual intercourse outside of marriage would not be a healthy substitute for onanism or emissions because of the likelihood of infection with the "leprosy of lust," venereal disease. The books claimed that more than 25% of the population was infected with syphilis or gonorrhea and wondered if the carriers of VD should not be literally branded. The authors warned sweet young things that innocent kisses on the doorstep could lead to permanent disfigurement and insanity.

Chaste couples who had safely navigated the shoals of premarital temptation now had to face the major sexual problem of married life — excess! "Do not wait," young husbands were warned, "until you have the pronounced effects of backache, lassitude, giddiness, dimness of sight, noises in the ears, numbness of fingers and paralysis. Note your own condition for the next day very carefully. If you observe a lack of normal physical power, a loss of intellectual quickness or mental grip, if you are sensitive or irritable, if you are less kind and considerate of your wife, if you are morose and less companionable, or in any way fall below your best standard of excellence, it would be well for you to think seriously and proceed cautiously."

It was not exactly clear how often sexual intercourse could be enjoyed without injuring the health. Some physicians

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were inclined to recommend once a month, but the *Self And Sex* writers were more permissive, suggesting that a couple in average health who stayed within the bounds of once a week would not be in danger of having entered upon a "life of excess." On the other hand, the authors thought there was much to be said for the idea of absolute continence in marriage except for reproduction. Fortunately, wives would exercise a useful check on their husbands because they were "generally indifferent, often absolutely averse" to sexual activity.

When men and women reached approximately age 45, the activity of the sexual organs would cease. Accordingly, the last two volumes of the *Self And Sex* series were designed to explain the impact of the menopause to the aging. Its main effect on sexual behavior was to rule out any further intercourse. Sexual indulgence from now on would merely be throwing pellets of earth upon one's coffin. Nevertheless, nature offered returns which fully compensated for what had been lost. Not the least of those was "the grateful sense of relief" that the stress of the sexual impulse was passing.

Before the menopause men and women of all ages were advised to take special steps to avoid falling into one of the several kinds of sexual excess. Physical exercise, cold baths and showers, rubdowns with a coarse towel and a diet that minimized such stimulating foods as spices and meat all helped to control the body. The more direct carnal temptations of marriage could and should be reduced by the use of separate beds, preferably separate bedrooms, and by avoiding "the sexual excitement which comes daily by the twice-repeated exposure of dressing and undressing in each other's presence."

The *Self And Sex* books offered advice on many other problems relating to sexual behavior. They strongly favored women's dress reform to avoid the destructive effects of the "corset curse" on the womb. Prenatal influences or maternal impressions could have much to do with shaping the character of the infant in the womb, Dr. Drake advised, just as they had shaped Napoleon's character when his pregnant mother went on a military expedition and that of Robert Burns when his mother had calmed the foetus with Scots ballads. Sexual intercourse during pregnancy would be disastrous for both mother and child; after giving birth the mother should be totally confined to her room for six to eight weeks. Childbearing could be reduced if intercourse was limited to the "safe" period of the menstrual cycle, although continence was the surest contraceptive. Since the recommended safe period — thought to be the days in the middle of the cycle — was exactly wrong and mechanical contraception was condemned, readers would have found continence the only effective advice offered. Nothing was said anywhere in the *Self And Sex* books about the techniques of lovemaking or the female orgasm.

If anything, the *Self And Sex* books contained more liberal advice about sexual behavior than the older popular sex manuals. In 1869 in *The Science Of A New Life*, for example, Dr. John Cowan had called for total vegetarianism to repress sexual desire and sanctioned marital intercourse only once every two years. John Harvey Kellogg's *Plain Facts For Old And Young*, which sold 300,000 copies in five editions between 1879 and 1910, also advocated marital continence, claimed that nocturnal emissions were no more necessary than vomiting, and described how Dr. Kellogg treated victims of masturbation with metal cages, sutures and applications of pure carbolic acid at his Battle Creek Sanitarium (where he also invented peanut butter and corn flakes to help make their vegetarian diets palatable). Newspapers of the 1880s and 1890s were full of ads for compounds, pills, tonics, magnetic and electrical devices to cure the "sexual weakness," "fail-

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ing manhood" and "unnatural drains" bothering young men who masturbated or had wet dreams.

Nor were doctors any more willing to sanction "excessive" sexual activity. In a popular Canadian home medical encyclopedia, *The Family Physician, Or, Every Man His Own Doctor*, "leading Canadian medical men" claimed that masturbation destroyed beauty and manhood, leading to "absolute idiocy or a premature and most horrible death"; advised parents to shield children from late hours, sensational novels, love stories, the drama and the ballroom, all to avoid unnaturally hastening puberty; and warned engaged couples to be reserved in their embraces because "one impure, indelicate, or low word uttered in the ear of a truly chaste and virtuous woman may be destructive of her true happiness for all time to come."

Why was this so? Why did this extraordinary hodgepodge of quackery, repression, old wives' tales and pseudo-scientific nonsense pass as serious sexology in the United States and Canada as late as 1914 (and in the case of Arthur Beall and Ontario public schools, as late as 1935)?

Partly, of course, there was the obvious lack of scientific knowledge. Because doctors did not understand the physiology of the infant in the womb, for example, they had to pay attention to the many current stories about monstrosities and geniuses being the products of maternal impressions. Similarly, they did not understand the stages of the menstrual cycle, hence mistimed the infertile period. They could not treat venereal disease very effectively: it was far more widespread than it is today, and in this instance popular advice to be wary of casual sexual encounters was absolutely sound.

More important, the so-called experts were misled by what seemed to be reputable knowledge of sexual functions and their consequences for the body. The main reason why there was such terror of masturbation was the apparently conclusive evidence of its consequences discovered by the first doctors to observe uncontrolled masturbation among large groups of people — the superintendents of asylums for the mentally ill. Throughout the 19th century these well-intentioned physicians believed that as much as 50% of mental illness stemmed from masturbation. In 1865 and 1866 Dr. Joseph Workman, the superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane and now a revered figure in the history of Canadian psychiatry, contributed mightily to the masturbation scare by claiming in his annual reports that "the secret evil . . . all over this continent appears to be peopling our asylums with a loathsome, abject, and hopeless multitude of inmates." In 1877 his successor, Dr. Daniel Clarke, called on Canada's leaders to use every means at their disposal to crush out "a national curse," for "the mighty vortex of this malign, secret and subtle influence is hourly contributing its desolating waves that even wash away the fabrics of empire." The popularizers who copied the doctors' reports into their sex manuals (Workman's 1865 report was still cited in popular books as late as 1911) were only repeating what seemed to be accepted expert opinion.

By far the most influential source of medical and popular ideas was the persistence of vitalist concepts in physiological thought throughout the 19th century. Until late in the century almost everyone who thought seriously about the human body believed that there had to be some vital principle uniting its parts and enervating it, something that gave it life. Some writers talked about "vital force" or "life force," others about magnetism, electricity, nervous energy or nerve force. In any case, sexual activity was the function of the body most obviously connected with transmitting forces vital to human existence — the sex act transmitted life itself. Therefore almost all writers on sexual problems

continued on page 64



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identified sexual energy with vital energy.

Whether male semen was pure vital force or whether sexual energy was simply another form of nervous energy, its use was obviously a drain on the limited amount of vital energy or vitality in the human system. This is the heart of the matter, and goes a long way toward explaining the prohibitions and restrictions on sexual activity. Masturbation and sexual intercourse were both outpourings of vital energy, the preservation of which was essential to the well-being of the organism. This is why Arthur Beall taught Ontario schoolboys that semen was a "life force," made from "the most precious atoms of the blood" that had to be preserved to feed the brain and muscles so they could mature. And why Sylvanus Stall advised young men to be continent "in order that this vitalizing and life-giving fluid may be reabsorbed into the system, and become the vitalizing and strength-giving source of added physical and intellectual power."

Belief in the need for creative sexual repression was physiological orthodoxy until well after 1900 when the radical new ideas of such researchers as Havelock Ellis and Sigmund Freud began to be accepted. Until then its doctrines were accepted by almost everyone concerned with health and fitness, including many reformers and idealists interested in social progress through better health and a curbing of base animal passions. These ranged from Sylvester Graham, founder of food cultism (and of graham crackers), to George Bernard Shaw. Feminists were among the strongest believers in the desirability of sexual repression, for part of their rebellion against male domination was against male sexual aggression — frequent, thoughtless and brutal intercourse that turned marriage into "legalized prostitution" and condemned wives to the pain and hazard of endless childbearing. The *Self And Sex* series was endorsed by such prominent feminists as the American suffragist Elizabeth Cady Stanton and the Canadian Dr. Amelia Yeomans of Winnipeg (whose own pamphlet on the need for purity, *Warning Words*, was once publicly burned because of its frank language). After Canadians had discovered the prevalence of venereal disease in World War 1, a major crusade against it in 1919 was led by the former British suffragettes Emmeline and Christabel Pankhurst, who crossed the country urging Canadian men to match their women's purity and abstain from pre- and extramarital intercourse. The radical feminists in the United States in the 1860s, who attacked the institution of marriage and called for "free love," nonetheless only sanctioned sexual intercourse once every two years.

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Historians have not resolved the question of whether the physiological justifications of sexual repression may not themselves have been created by medical men rationalizing and reinforcing their own middle-class and Christian anxieties about sex. Perhaps they were. Perhaps there is an element of rationalization in our own attitudes toward sex. For in only half a century, we have swung the pendulum to the opposite extreme. All the sexual repressions of our ancestors turn out to have been bad for their mental health. Creative sexual *ex*pression is the new orthodoxy, "scientifically" respectable and also coinciding rather conveniently with the liberal lifestyle of our affluent post-industrial societies. It's a fair bet that the pendulum will eventually swing back to a middle position, perhaps that advocated by Freud before he was popularized beyond recognition. He too equated sexual energy with vitality, but called for a balance between the socially and culturally necessary repression of the sexual instinct and emotionally healthy sexual expression.

Arthur Beall, our pioneer sex educator, was a strong Canadian nationalist. He wanted to turn out "A-1" Canadian boys and girls, telling them that if they really loved Canada they would become builders of the nation by thinking only clean and noble thoughts and producing clean and noble children. It's doubtful that Beall's nationalist sex education — aimed, it seemed, at creating a distinctively Canadian aversion to masturbation — had any lasting effect on the Canadian character. Some of the middle classes who took the threats of insanity and castration and the other nonsense of the professional sex educators seriously may have contributed lasting overtones of repression and frigidity to our cultural traditions. Most Canadians, though, were either not exposed to these ideas or paid little attention to them. After all, brothels vied with churches as the most popular social institutions before the 1930s.

And probably the great 19th-century masturbation epidemic was never brought under control. Some who remember Arthur Beall's first sex education classes have suggested to me that the main impact of his talks was to interest his young pupils in masturbation for the first time in their lives. ■

THE HOWES from page 33

magazines told and retold Gordie's dream — to play on a side with his sons (Mark and Marty if not with 13-year-old Murray). Money and a dream brought Gordie Howe back after two years of retirement.

Stories soon turned to myth. Take that Jet's unfortunate fall: sportswriters couldn't see a Jet sailing inelegantly through rink air without putting his demise down to Gordie getting even for something the Jet did to Marty or Mark. Nobody who had watched Gordie in the NHL thought of him as someone in need of a goad. Gordie would have flicked Marty or Mark off in the same fashion were either to turn up on an opposing team. The essence of Gordie Howe was and is his disinterested detachment as he goes about his hockey business. Dullards need butt-ends and jabby elbows to awake in them thoughts of revenge: Gordie Howe was, and still is, a purist. From his earliest days as a Red Wing he simply assumed that certain ice areas were his and his alone: behind both goals, say, and in all four corners, and along a four-foot lane running the length and breadth of the rink. Should some aspiring St. George blunder into dragon turf he would find out instantly that some dragons are never losers. Or, to make the analogy more modern, think about the antisubmarine girdle perfected in World War II. A ship fitted with such a device is plain murder on submarines. Not all ships are so fitted. A submarine would be wise to avoid the ones that are.

Even non-submarines learn to be wise. The next shift Gordie took for Houston was as penalty killer, and out on the ice was Jet Chris Bordeleau, like Bobby Hull an ex-Black Hawk, one whose rookie season coincided with Gordie Howe's waning years in the NHL. Bordeleau gave Gordie lots of room. Had there been ice on the *other side* of the boards, doubtless Bordeleau would have chosen to do his playing there. Other Jets — Bobby Hull excepted — treated Gordie as if he were separated from them by a deep pool. Poke checking, they fished a stick tentatively in his direction, hugging the imagined water's edge as if afraid to fall in. Jets seemed to go out of their way to avoid Gordie Howe, a phenomenon I had observed two weeks earlier in New York, when the tarnished Golden Blades paid a last farewell to Gordie in Madison Square Garden (days later the New York Golden Blades became the Jersey Knights; in 1972-73 they had been the New York Raiders; what's in a name, eh, fans?). Players avoided Gordie but didn't ignore him.



United by money and a dream.

It was the old NHL pattern all over again. Shunned and rejected, Gordie picked up loose pucks he either passed off to those Aeros able to shoot straight, or himself let go at the net. But here a difference was discernible.

Gordie's shots don't zip any more. Sometimes even his flip pass lacks the snap to hit a teammate's stick. Arthritis which, combined with injury, made quitting the NHL a wise move, is still with him. Blind mythmakers talk about Gordie as ambidextrous and versatile when they see him poke checking with his *right* hand, not the hand used by those who *shoot* right. The explanation for Gordie's not using his left hand is quite prosaic: pain, and numbness. Cruising his right-wing lane Gordie holds his stick "lefty," not to prove himself ambidextrous or versatile, nor to showboat, but to take the pressure off his left wrist. Only when he shoots or tries a hard pass does he assume his natural "righty" position. Yet, so gifted is Gordie Howe, so loaded with moxie, craft and talent, that even with that bad wrist, and a bad shoulder, he looks like Wilt Chamberlain on a basketball court with 10-year-olds. Houston, one must say, is not quite Detroit in Gordie's great days, before NHL expansion; Houston, in fact, is more or less a minor league setting for Gordie and his sons. That, I must tell you, is *not* Gordie Howe's opinion. He's loyal to the WHA, and won't let anybody knock it.

In Houston on November 28, 1973, with Bobby Hull in town, magazines, newspapers, radio and television, most of which ignored the WHA the rest of the time, swarmed into Houston to see Gordie and Bobby meet head-on. *Sports Illustrated* sent its top hockey writer and one of its best photographers to do a story on Bobby and Gordie meeting. In most of the papers the WHA was not only minor league (along with several of the NHL's expansion clubs), it was a joke. Its All-Star game got six-point type mention in the New York *Times* WHA standings the third day of 1974. Nowhere was a WHA lineup given — not even Gordie Howe's and Bobby Hull's presence could bring that off. Earlier in

continued on page 69

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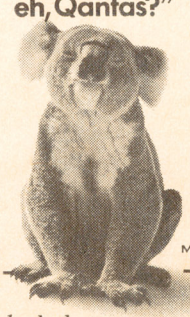

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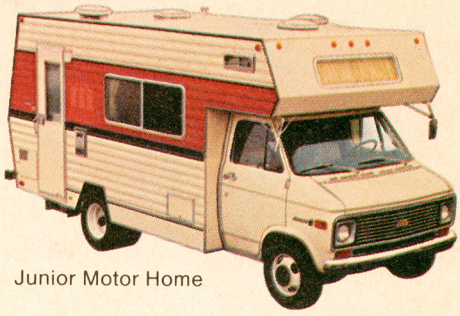

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Fleetside with slide-in camper

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November, when a reporter in the Madison Square Garden dressing room had tried to get Gordie to say the WHA wasn't really hockey as he had played it, Gordie wouldn't buy. The reporter tried another tack, suggesting that the WHA couldn't cope with even California or the New York Islanders in the NHL.

"If we were in that league," Gordie said, "we'd win our games."

"Against Boston and Montreal?"

"We'd give Boston and Montreal as much trouble as the rest of the NHL give them. You play serious hockey, you're gonna win your games."

"Could Houston make the NHL play-offs?"

"Hell," said Gordie, "play-offs aren't the whole story. You come to Houston and see the fun everyone's having. Not only hockey players but lots of people."

"What about the Stanley Cup?" the reporter insisted.

"What about the Stanley Cup?" said Gordie, and walked off into the shower.

Before the New York game Howe and I walked around Madison Square Garden. A peewee game was in progress.

"This is the age," said Gordie — and I prepared for some profound comment on hockey development — "that the mothers are cutest."

We found an empty dressing room. And Gordie began to talk about why he had come to Houston. Around the other players he indulged in the usual forms of ritual chatter common to North American jock life. He's a fairly easygoing man — though you couldn't prove it by the Jet whose fate I've described. He's natural, relaxed, and you never have the feeling, talking with Howe, that he's trying to find the words *you* want to hear.

But when we were away from the kibitzing and the ceremonial jazz, his resentment over his treatment by the Detroit organization broke out of him. Marty knows this about his father, Mark does too, that Gordie, as the greatest scorer in hockey history, who had played all his NHL life with Detroit, naturally assumed that there would be a place for him in the organization, where he could work, make some kind of contribution. The boys know that if Detroit had come through with style and consideration and humanity, Gordie would never have left the Red Wing or the Norris family organization. Houston — no matter how much Gordie wanted to play on the same team with his sons — would never have seen Gordie Howe. Nor, for that matter, Marty and Mark. With Gordie happy in Detroit the boys might well have played on for the Marlies and then seen what the NHL and WHA offers were like. It was Gordie and Colleen Howe's decision to cut bait in Detroit that was crucial.

"I'd think I was going into some kind of executive training program," Gordie told me, his face angry and disappointed, "and I'd wait for someone to make good on all those promises I'd been hearing. They wouldn't get in touch with me for days. I expected to get into the insurance business — the number of things I thought were going to happen. And — nothing."

Once Detroit made him a vice-president, according to Howe, it was content to let him cool it as sheer window dressing. Slowly it got through to Gordie and Colleen that Gordie's security was *not* a felt concern of people in and around the Red Wing organization. Slowly they understood that if Gordie — just in his forties and a long, long way from retirement — was going to have an active and financially rewarding life, they would have to do it themselves. Gordon Howe Enterprises, that is, instead of being some form of agribusiness sideline for the Howes, became a serious venture to sustain and support the Howes, their daughter and three sons.



"In the NHL, we'd win our games."

But Gordie Howe had lived for a quarter of a century as a hockey player. It was inconceivable, to him, and to others, that hockey didn't have a place for him somewhere. He didn't want to coach necessarily, but he did want to be closely connected with the team aspect of the game and its organizational side. He wanted to put his hockey to good use. Gordon Howe Enterprises, then, began to consider alternatives for its biggest assets, Gordie Howe and his two OHA star sons.

The WHA was a natural. Since pulling off the Bobby Hull coup the league had been trying hard to come up with an encore. Its well-noised capture of Derek Sanderson had ended up as an armful of flypaper. In 1973 the WHA would make a mark by getting the first Team Canada player to jump the NHL, Whitey Stapleton, who went from one Chicago team to another, its WHA entry, the Cougars, as player-coach. But Whitey Stapleton wasn't Bobby Hull. Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito were out of reach.

Slowly, then, the obvious came to be. Put together Gordie Howe's Detroit unhappiness with his love of hockey, his need for financial security, his desire to play with his sons, the WHA's feeling that it could sign players of junior age (ostensibly because the Howe boys were Americans), the WHA's need for a dramatic move, solid financial backing in Houston and elsewhere for getting all three Howes at once, and there it was — *the* hockey story of 1973. Not quite on the level of the combined Bobby Hull jump and the Team Canada-USSR series (without Bobby Hull) in 1972, but a big story nevertheless. The WHA desperately needed good news. And publicity mileage. Publications without the slightest interest in the WHA *were* interested in Gordie Howe, and what it was that brought him and his sons back to hockey, and to Houston. I, too, was fascinated by the Howes, and terribly curious about the resettling of Gordie Howe in Texas.

Other things interested me as well. How, for instance, were Gordie and his sons going to behave in practice, on the ice, and in the dressing room, where language, as I've indicated in earlier hockey pieces, is brutal and relentless. What I found was that Gordie, like an old NHL pro, uses the usual jock words as verb, noun, adjective: Marty and Mark, to the contrary, at least in my experience, wouldn't have shocked the most delicate ear with their polite talk. Marty and Mark are both rather shy, and nice young men. At the Houston Howe dining table it's all as wholesome as a TV commercial for cocoa. Gordie brings a beer to the table, but Marty and Mark are on milk or soft drinks. In New York City, the night before the Golden Blades game, I went up to their room to see the boys. Shortly after 10 p.m., in what tourists call the Big Apple and Fun City, Marty was in bed watching a western rerun on black and white TV. Mark was sort of cleaning up, and just hanging around. Anybody with the notion of a big binge in the big town would have thought he had blundered into a YMCA dorm.

The next day Madison Square Garden, for an afternoon game, looked rather like a workout day for the Rangers, when nobody knew the team was in town. Attendance was announced as 6,432. My guess was 2,000, and if you subtracted those under six years of age, around 800. When a goal was scored the sound was as high pitched as a clown gets doing a tumble at the circus.

The game the kids saw should not have been perpetuated in any way. On TV, between periods one and two, I preferred to talk about Team Canada and the USSR — and I hate reminiscing. Even Gordie and his sons looked terrible. An African or Chinese person brought to hockey for the first time and asked to deduce the point of the game

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would have concluded falling on one's butt was a certain essential, and making sure that when the puck was passed it went on no stick at all or, when absolutely necessary, on the stick of the opposition; he would have concluded further that bodily contact was forbidden, blocking or checking was in bad taste, and special points were awarded for whiffing.

But only two weeks later, when I came to Houston for the Howe-Hull show, things were quite, quite different.

That was apparent the moment I got off the plane and stepped into a cab. The driver, from a small town outside Houston, though white, seemed to have taken a course at the Stepin Fetchit school of etiquette. No matter what I said, or asked, his answer was the same:

"Yassuh."

The airport is a great distance from the city, and as you come in you're aware of the odd oil derrick but, even more, of huge ugly outdoor billboards set on derrick-like stilts right on the lawns of small houses.

"Driver," I asked, fairly familiar with American Southern games, "are those houses where black people live?"

"Yassuh."

After miles of those printed monstrosities, the signs suddenly disappeared.

"Driver," I said again, "is this where the white people live?"

"Yassuh."

My hotel was part of an arcade, shopping complex, underground-overground moneysplurge, featuring Texas's own high-price emporium, Neiman-Marcus. Its lower floor was built around — a skating rink, but it was *real* artificial ice. Or, as they say in Texas, ay-u-ss. Skating and hockey were the big things, I soon learned. Since the Howes came to town the number of peewees and olders engaged in some kind of league play had gone from 90 to about 380. Two transplanted Minnesotans, Bill Lund and Paul Brust, had convinced E. Z. Jones, one of the owners of the Houston Aeros, that hockey would be a big thing in Houston. It clearly was. Its best peewee club were called the Mah-ty Ma-y-uts (Mighty Mites to us Northerners).

Mark and Marty collect Texas hockey stories. Their favorite one was about the Texas lady they encountered coming out of their dressing room: she was waiting to ask a breathless question.

"That ittybitty thi-i-ing was juz bown-cin' so crazy out there tonight. You shore you-all didn' put more air in it this one time?"

Or this one about the goalie: "That there feller out there, he attached to that net so's the ball don' get by him?"

Or this one: "That there may-un got himsailf so iggcited he durn near dropped his mallet."

But even Houston knew who Gordie Howe was, and what a big thing the city had accomplished to get Gordie and his sons playing for the Aeros. Not a cab driver, not a restaurant employee, a bellboy, a doorman, was without some snippet of information about the Howes, though, I should add, not always reliable. Another cabbie startled me by saying, when I asked him to drive me to the Coliseum, "Say, I sure do li-ike that Bow-bby Hull." He reassured me almost immediately by adding, "Say, you mus' know a lil' ol' somethin' about hockey. One thing I never been able to figure out — how many them players they got out on the ay-u-ss at one ta-ime?"

I went to the Jet dressing room to say hello to Bobby Hull, the big man in my hometown. Bobby recently has been complaining about how difficult it is to keep things going with the Jets. But he himself looked absolutely shining. His head wasn't quite bushy, yet he had clearly had a successful hair transplant job. Thirty-four, he looked in his middle twenties when he grinned — something he was able to do *before* a Jet game, if not during or after.

Bobby was genuinely glad to see Gordie come out to pose for photographers with him. They shook hands straight,

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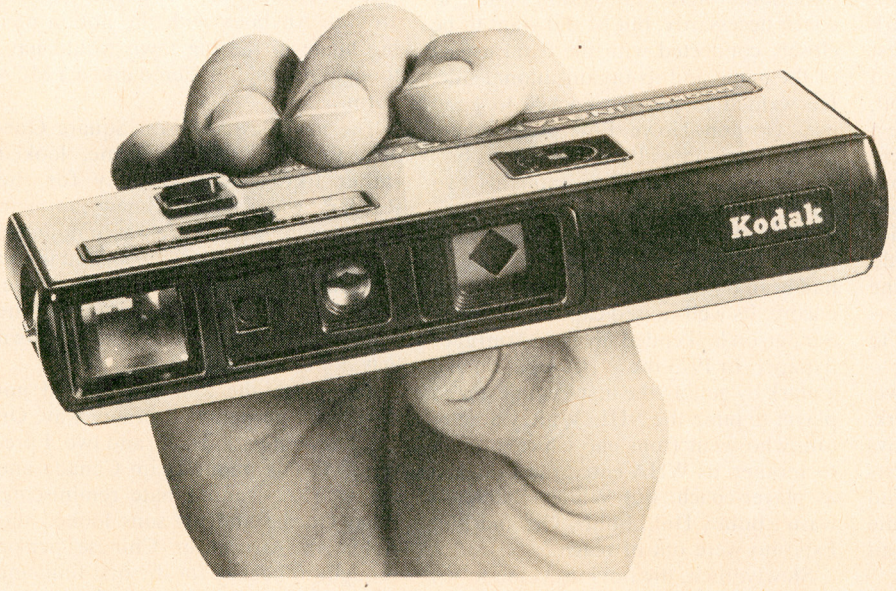

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then did a freedom clasp, faked banging into each other, and when a photographer insisted on getting down on his back to shoot up at the two of them, they both, quite spontaneously, speared the guy gently in the gut. During the game, Bobby several times broke into the clear, fast as ever, waiting for a teammate to headman him at the Houston blueline. The puck never came. Four times Bobby beat the man covering him, slipped the puck to a teammate, dodged his check, wide open, waiting. The Jet he had passed to kept the wanted puck in front of him, dribbling it back and forth as if he were a buyer contemplating a puck purchase. Time after time Bobby did something great, only to have his contribution swallowed up by avid ineptitude all around him. Nobody — not a Hull or a Howe or an Orr —can do it all by himself. Some help, some snap, some rhythm is needed from the other men on the ice. Bobby Hull had taken the tragic leap — out of the NHL and into a hockeyless pit. All game long I kept feeling sorry for him.

But not for Gordie Howe. And not for Mark or Marty either. Gordie never was a wind-up and roar-the-length-of-the-ice player like Bobby Hull. Gordie didn't go in for Bobby's spectacular slapshooting. His way was not to outskate but to outfox. And dent. Yes, *dent*, a word Jim Taylor of the Green Bay Packers introduced to sports. *Dent* recognized the existence of an opponent. A dented opponent was a tutored opponent — nobody likes to be dented day in and day out. Gordie Howe was not only not a rushing madcap Bobby Hull, he wasn't a crease parker like Phil Esposito or Vic Hadfield either. Gordie got the puck in roughly two ways: either he pursued it and its hesitant possessor into the corners, or he whacked it free, spun his check, nudged him away, gave him a helping elbow, a hip, a thumb, assorted ends of stick. In the NHL Gordie's message was instantly retrievable: *steer clear.* With his various techniques Gordie made *himself* the open man. Gordie's second way of getting the puck followed from the first. His antisubmarine girdle recognized, he had a clear segment of ice like a halo round his hips wherever he skated. Odds were high that sooner or later the puck would come into that area. Once the puck came Gordie's way he had lots of plans for it. In 25 years Gordie's polished method produced 853 career goals — without one splashy Bobby Hull 50-goal season (in 1952-53 Gordie did get 49). That style didn't need good teammates so much as it needed prudent opponents. Gordie at 45 was doing much better in the WHA than Bobby Hull at 34. At midseason Gordie stood sixth among the WHA scorers. Not Bobby Hull, not Mark, not Marty could be found in the top 10.

In the game with the Jets, Gordie got two assists, the second his feed for a tip-in with only seconds left to play, and the Houston goalie out of his nets. When Gordie shot from the point no Jet was there to check him: it was all familiar. Though Gordie hadn't made a commitment beyond 1973-74, one would not be surprised to find him playing in 1974-75 — or even beyond that. Houston, early in 1974, with its three Howes, occupied first place in its division.

The key word (apart from *money* and *security*) for Gordie in Houston is *fun.* Gordie likes to be out on the ice. He likes being out there with Mark and Marty. He enjoys being in the dressing room with them and the rest of the guys before and after a game. He is a cheerful dressing room kibitzer, and all the young Houston players, awed by this superstar of superstars, are amazed at Gordie's style and Gordie's teasing. After the game, Gordie nudged me.

"Look at Marty," he whispered. "They got him yesterday. Shaved him good."

He broke up looking at Marty, the only player in the dressing room wearing shorts. As a veteran jock, Gordie not

continued on page 72

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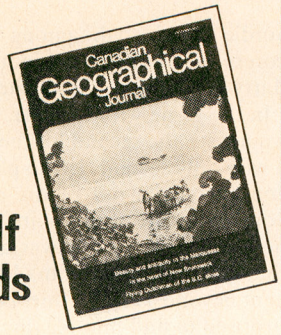

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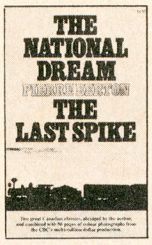

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THE HOWES continued

only enjoyed but approved the rituals of initiation the Houstons practised. If the guys couldn't play hockey too well, they could play pro.

"They didn't do too rough a job," Gordie said, grinning widely, "but Marty doesn't feel too cool. The guys found out what brand of shaving cream burns the worst."

He looked around.

"Hey, Mark," he yelled to his younger son coming out of the shower, "don't worry about it. There'll be lots more."

Mark had had two easy chances to win the game, but blew them both.

"Look at Mark," Gordie said, "he's real mad at himself. Give him a few more years though."

He stood up on the locker bench.

"Hey, Marty, I never knew you to get your shorts on so fast. You got a date or something?"

Marty grinned good-naturedly. Mark looked sullen. Both boys resemble Gordie. Marty has his upper face, Mark his lower. Marty, though slighter, is built like his father, and may fill out to be exactly like him one day. Mark is shorter, squat, thick, but a fast and elegant skater.

"That Mark," Gordie whispered, turning his back so his sons couldn't hear, "we're drawing up contracts and he goes off for a second with the Houston lawyer. What does the guy come up with? A bonus clause saying that if he gets shaved they got to pay him an extra $10,000. He won't sign unless they put it in. So they do! I keep telling him — 'slip some guy a couple hundred bucks to do the job, and collect.' "

Later that night I saw the Howes' great new house, and the huge unfinished swimming pool and patio. Gordie and Colleen and the boys, Colleen's old aunt and uncle from Colorado sat around in the dining room going over the game. The walls were covered with paintings of Gordie, drawings, caricatures. He was having his second time around. Detroit had wasted the talents of an unusually gifted man. Houston didn't seem to be making that mistake.

And yet, as I watched Gordie heave himself aching into his car — refusing to let me call a cab to go back to the hotel — I thought that not hockey alone but all sports fail to do well by the people who make sports thrive. I thought of Willie Mays, crying, speaking into a microphone in Shea Stadium a tortured farewell, a superstar like Gordie Howe, who, injured and hurting like Gordie, couldn't see the strike zone clearly any more, or get his arm up to throw a ball back to the infield. Immortals with ailing wrists, DiMaggio's bone spurs, Bobby Orr's bad knees, Jacques Plante's fear of flying. Given the fate of most sports stars trying to disengage gingerly, Gordie Howe's is a happy ending story. He found something better than beating his kids. He joined them.

Houston may not be much as a hockey team, or the city as a hockey town. But seeing the Howes thrive in Texas made me think that they don't order these matters as well in Toronto, Montreal, New York and, especially, Detroit. ■

SKVORECKY from page 25

enterprising people. The popular belief in this country is that in a socialist society there is no private enterprise. In fact, it thrives there more than in Canada, with no bankruptcies and only an occasional jail sentence.

A delicatessen shop, for instance, might get 50 kilos of Italian salad (a popular item in Prague) each day from the central supply station. The manager gives orders to his shopgirls. These clever kids buy 10 kilos of cheap carrots, boil them at home, cut them up and mix them with the 50 kilos of salad. The alchemy produces 60 kilos, but the store is charged only for 50. What remains is divided according to the old pirate laws. The customers notice nothing; and if they do, they attribute the low quality to a new restriction in the state food regulations.

This is teamwork, but there are also individual entrepreneurs. Once, during a world hockey championship, my TV broke down. I called the municipal repair shop. A girl's voice said: "Okay. You live in the Brevnov district of Prague . . . let me see . . . our man will come in the second week of June."

This was in March. "But I want to see the championship!" I wailed.

"I can't help you. We have to work according to our plan, and Brevnov comes for treatment in June."

"But I have to see . . ."

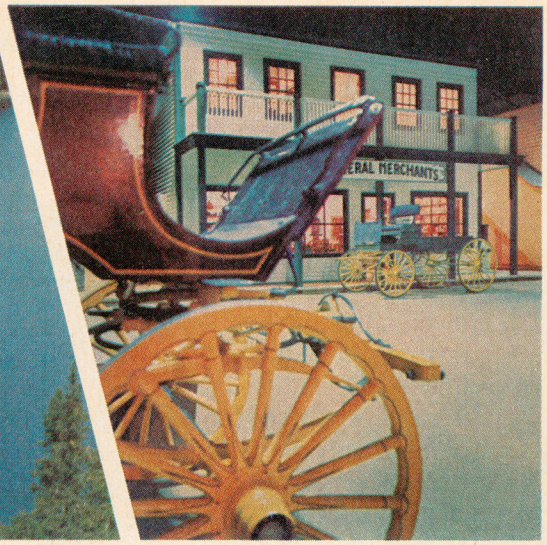
"Unless," said the girl, "unless you speak to our repairman personally. Shall I tell him to call you back?"

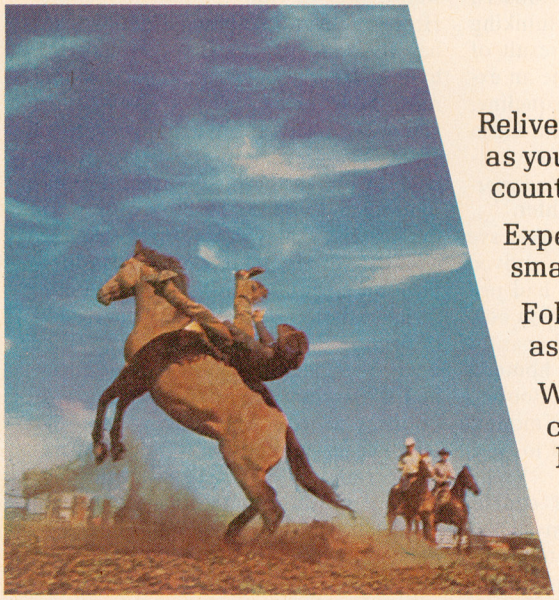
In five minutes I had a call from the man. He started in the official way: June was the month assigned for Brevnov, he couldn't make it earlier. Unless, of course, I would like him to come after hours.

The same day, five minutes after five, the man was in my apartment. He repaired my set with spare parts he had stolen in the municipal shop, and consequently was able to charge me less than the shop would have charged me for the same man's services had he come during his working hours and in June. After that, I became his frequent customer.

Not that Canadian entrepreneurs were that much less efficient. When the







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1968 wave of Czechoslovak immigrants was given refuge in Canada, all kinds of salesmen, kindly concerned about our welfare, descended on us. I got off relatively unharmed. A young man came to my door, offering to deliver five books a week for only five dollars a month.

"Books?" I asked, amazed.

"Yes," said the man. "Books. You know what they are? Things to read."

"But five a week? And what kind of books?"

"Excellent books," he assured me.

"But can I choose them?"

"Sure you can. Here's a list!"

He produced the list and my English vocabulary was enriched: what he meant were magazines. I hardly knew their names: *Field & Stream*, *Argosy*, *Mademoiselle*. One was called *Modern Screen*, and I selected that first, thinking it was a film magazine. As a result of that subscription I would now be an expert on the love relations of Jacqueline, had I time to read *Modern Screen*. I also get *Field & Stream*, although I hate killing animals for sport, and *Mademoiselle*, although I have no daughter.

The salesmen of Czechoslovakia are no less professional. When we moved into our cooperative in 1960, I had just returned from a four-month stay in hospital with a stubborn case of hepatitis. One day, when I was alone at home, a very competent individual undertook to insure my life for a large sum of money. Everthing was prepared for me to sign, when the man said casually, "You'll have to see a doctor. But of course, you're healthy?" I mentioned my hepatitis. The man's face fell; he took the papers without my signature and mumbled something about returning the following day.

The next day, my wife was at home when the doorbell rang. "Good day," said the man — a different salesman — at the door. "I have a very good deal for you. You know how much funeral expenses are. Now, I can insure your husband so that when he passes away all his funeral expenses will be covered . . ." whereupon my wife slammed the door and had a dizzy spell.

But I should be writing about Canada, and I want to. Undoubtedly, it is a beautiful country, but there is not much need to write about that: it is so self-evident. The wonderful mountains, the nostalgic squadrons of wild geese (do Canadians know that quite a few Czech popular songs are about Canadian geese?), the more-than-impressionist colors of the Indian summer, the beauties of the Far North where God, perhaps, still dwells, unmolested by the merchants with religion. I am beginning to feel a love for this country, which means that I am becoming Canadian, I suppose.

Which also brings me to the necessity of touching upon that very touchy subject: Canadian nationalism. To be quite frank, I have mixed feelings about any nationalism; in fact, I fear it if it takes hold of the feelings of a numerically great nation. In such a case it inevitably becomes chauvinism which, in its turn, changes into delusions of grandeur, of universal messianism and super wisdom. That is the first step: then follows idiocy, and finally acts of inhumanity, committed in the name of a purification of humanity.

But this is a danger that does not threaten Canada. Hers is the nationalism of a numerically small nation, living in the neighborhood of a mighty state whose interest in Canada is not always identical with an interest in the well-being of the Canadian people. However, even this kind of nationalism has its dangers. It cannot violate the lives of other peoples, but it can become narrow-minded, unjust and even vicious. I speak from experience for I come from a nation whose fate it has been to live in the neighborhood of exploiting and oppressing Big Brothers for the last 350 years. They were, of course, a rather different kind of Big Brother; not only disinterested in the well-being of my nation, but also deeply interested in forcing their ideas of political order on it, with concentration camps, racial and class discrimination, hundreds of political executions, ruthless exploitation of its natural and industrial resources and with no free press to point this out: in short, with all the pleasures of dictatorship. Consequently, I can understand why, after World War II, a majority of my people agreed with the expulsion of more than two million Germans from Czechoslovakia, irrespective of their political past, their age and state of health; had the German governments been as humanly unwise and politically cunning as some other governments have been, and had they kept these people in their refugee camps for 25 years, what a beautiful fuel for German chauvinism that could be now! I can also understand why, after the Soviet invasion, some people boycotted plays by Gogol and books by Dostoevski, and even refused to drink vodka. But nowadays I see that the treatment of Germans was rather inhuman, the treatment of Russian classics rather foolish and the holy war against vodka downright idiotic. I have come to feel that any nationalism must try to avoid feelings of hatred that encompass *everything* that comes from the land of the Big Brother. Otherwise, in the case of Canada, we might end up in some ridiculous display of rejecting bourbon, or worse, in the tragic rejection of political democracy, which surely is a different thing from economic democracy, but nevertheless a good thing to retain

even in a strictly socialist state.

For political democracy is one of the great things about Canada's powerful neighbor that should not be drowned in the tide of nationalism. The Watergate investigation, the Angela Davis trial, the Ellsberg trial could never happen in any of the other Big Brother countries of the world of today; and that should be appreciated by everyone who still believes that freedom of the press is not just an obsolete bourgeois sweetener of the bitterness of capitalist exploitation. Am I sounding too Nixonian? Well, my admiration for the neighboring country does not stem from its President frolicking around Hollywood pools with Leonid Brezhnev, noted author of a by now half-forgotten doctrine concerning the limited national sovereignty of small nations. I merely happened to spend most of my life under systems where people were being executed for their opinions and where a trifle like bugging was an accepted, if disliked, part of everyday life. I could tell you quite a few stories about bugging, but I suspect some of you would not believe me. So let me tell you just one, and it is about Canada.

Recently I had a phone call: a female voice speaking in Czech. It belonged to an old lady who had been permitted to visit her daughter, now the wife of a Toronto Wasp. "Are you sure that nobody is listening to what I say?" said the lady.

After five years in Canada I have lost some of my central European sensitivities. "Well, there is my wife sitting on the chesterfield," said I.

"I don't mean *that*! You *know* what I mean!" she interrupted. Then I knew what she meant.

"Oh no!" said I. "There is no bugging of private citizens' phones in Canada."

"Are you absolutely *sure*?" inquired the lady. "Because I don't know — I just dialed the number a friend of yours in Prague had given me, and instead of you there was this woman who said: 'What number are you calling?' I got so scared that, instead of hanging up, I told her your number — I hope I didn't do anything stupid — and then this woman gave me *this* number, and it was *right*! What does all that *mean*?"

I instructed the frightened lady in the mysteries of the Bell information service, but I am not sure that she was totally convinced. During the remainder of her stay she only wrote me notes, sealed with wax containing the impression of the Queen obtained from a dime.

I hope you believe me when I say that this lady had good reasons for her anxiety. A Canadian businessman to whom I told this story did not believe me. He had just returned from Prague, where he had been selling Canadian products to the Czech government. "It's not so dreadful there as you people make out,"

continued on page 76

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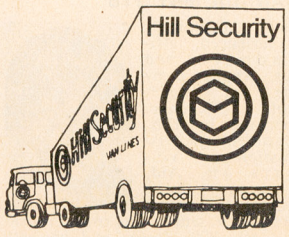

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he said, by "you people" meaning us reactionary exiled socialists. "I didn't see anyone sad in the streets. The restaurants are full of pleasant-looking beer drinkers; people promenade in bright clothes on St. Wenceslas Square. Everything is apparently in order again." He was right, of course. He only overlooked one detail. Thirty kilometres east of Prague, that is, some 20 miles, there is a small town called Lysa nad Labem. Two miles from that small town there is a big military camp called Mlada. In this camp, there is a Soviet tank division, an inconspicuous reminder to the independent Czechoslovak government that, should they decide something not to the liking of the power that commands those tanks, the division might do some slight manoeuvring in the direction of Prague.

I don't see any Yank divisions in the vicinity of Kitchener, and with all that's going on now in the U.S. I am not worried about seeing any in the future. And that's one of the things I like about sweet Sister Canada and her Big Brother, with all his distasteful shortcomings. As for Canada herself? Well, I hope I have enumerated a few things that endear this little big country to my heart. But shall I tell you about a particular thing of beauty that is a joy to me forever? It is the students' directory of the University of Toronto. Why? The Eisensteinian montage of the first and last names listed there. The beautiful contrast of the hopelessly non-English names these students inherited from immigrant parents, driven out of their old countries by hunger, racial discrimination or some sort of political savior — and of the hopefully English first names the students were given by their homesick and hardworking progenitors.

I have made up the following names, but they could belong to my students. Linda N. Ujihara, Marshall J. Postnikoff, Jeanette Fuentes, Alastair M. Kuzma, George Makebe, Pearl Marie Stribrny. When I browse through the pages of the directory, I am reminded of the old jazz bands which later, in the era of swing, were the first to break the race barrier and displayed similar Whitmanesque poetry: Art Rollini, Irving Fazola, Bix Beiderbecke, Leon Rappolo, Gene Krupa, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Venuti, Max Kaminsky . . . To us, Czech students of an "inferior" Slavic race who were trying to imitate the swinging sounds these very "inferior" musical wizards were making, their names were a manifesto. And so are my students at the U of T. In these incongruously named children a dream is being realized. It has not yet obtained its final shape. Let us hope it will be as beautiful as the deep woods, the golden wheat fields and the Polar light up north over this young continent. ■

EDUCATION / CLIVE COCKING

BC flunks its headmaster of free schools

British Columbia's devoutly populist, keenly reformist New Democratic Party government clearly did not foresee what would happen when it decided a year ago to *really* involve the people in a top-to-bottom study of the education system. If it had, there's no doubt — now that the study is in disarray — that the government would have opted for a more traditional inquiry, with more conventional leadership.

It's not that controversy wasn't expected with the appointment of John Bremer to a three-year term (at $28,000 per year) as Commissioner of Education. Bremer, 45, is, after all, a noted advocate of "open education," the creator of Philadelphia's innovative Parkway School (the "school without walls," where students use the community as their place of learning) and the man whom both Toronto and London, Ontario, found too controversial to hire as director of education in 1970.

But it was not expected that this pudgy, genial, British-born educator would stir the public up into a turmoil of frustrated hopes, confusion, suspicion and outright *fear* that would ultimately lead to his dismissal. It wasn't expected, in short, that John Bremer would launch what seemed like nothing less than British Columbia's own Cultural Revolution.

Rejecting the stately royal commission approach, Bremer (rhymes with dreamer) carried on a loose, free-wheeling series of discussions with the people. He breezed through the province probing, questioning, raising issues, stimulating debate and criticism.

Nobody — not even Bremer, it seems — knew exactly where it was to lead. "The community is the commission," he kept repeating, indicating that it was the people, not the experts on his advisory panels and task forces, who should decide the new shape of education. He did not propose any new educational blueprint of his own; in fact, he made few clear statements of his educational beliefs.

Bremer spoke, very generally, of the need to redefine authority and the roles of administrators, teachers and students in the school system. The authority of teachers, he said, no longer rests on subject knowledge: teachers must achieve new authority as "model learners." Students should have more freedom and choice in their learning. Parents, trustees, principals, teachers *and* students should all be involved in aspects of education policy-making.

It's true that Bremer's arrival last April was welcomed by many BC educators and a minority of liberal-minded people who saw in his appointment the hope that the province's bureaucratic, regimented school system would be remade into a more "human" system characterized by flexibility, innovation and variety. But among a much greater number of people, Bremer stirred only powerful negative emotions.

I recall having a conversation in May with a very senior university administrator in which he made serious allegations about Bremer's professional qualifications and suggested "someone ought to seriously look into his background." The remark clearly represented more than the expected resistance of entrenched interests to change. The dominant mood quickly emerged as one of anxiety, occasionally rising to panic. When a rumor (false) spread that Bremer intended to abolish school administrators, the administrators of one school district immediately held an all-day emergency meeting.

One episode, particularly, led many British Columbians to ponder anxiously whether the Bremer Commission was not the vanguard of something more sweeping than mere educational reform. It occurred when Bremer created a seven-member student task force (most from alternate-style schools) to study the feasibility of a provincial student organization which reported initially this fall in favor of a compulsory membership, dues-paying student *union*. The task force made clear that principals should beware of the new student organization.

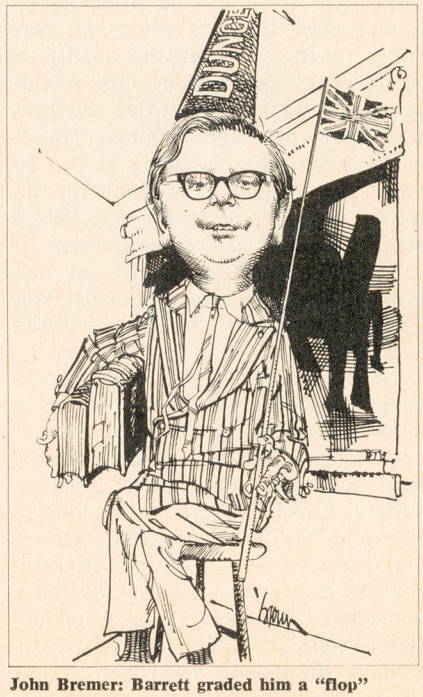
"Our policy is to shake up the education system," said Doug Coupar, 17, a task force member. "We are obviously opposing the power structure and they (the principals) are at the top of the structure."

Radio hot lines and letters-to-the-editor columns were full of parental outrage for weeks after that. The proposed student union (since dropped in favor of a more conventional format) was likened to the Hitler Youth, the Komsomol or the Red Guards. One incensed letter writer even suggested that "if there is any sense in high-school students 'unionizing' in order to grab control of the school system, then there is equal validity in parents 'unionizing' in order to protect themselves, rather than becoming slaves of the system or their children."

It was all a dramatic demonstration of the extent to which most parents not only oppose liberalization of the school system — but also seem to actually *fear* their own teen-age children. "What parents are scared of more than anything else," wrote one teacher, William Piket, in his teachers association bulletin recently, "is loss of control over their children."

The irony to all this was that far from producing radical change in BC education, the Bremer Commission seemed capable of generating only controversy, confusion and chaos. After a year, the only constructive result was one moderately reformist white paper dealing with university government.

But *ultimately* the failure was not John Bremer's so much as that of BC Education Minister Eileen Dailly. It was she, in her enthusiasm for involving "the people" in educational change, who appointed the unconventional Bremer, gave him free rein and then, a year later, found herself in the position of having to clamp the lid down on the Cultural Revolution BC-style. In January she abruptly fired Bremer after Premier Dave Barrett admitted on TV that his inquiry had been a "flop." It seems that Mrs. Dailly has belatedly learned that the process of educational reform, like that of education, requires order and leadership.



John Bremer: Barrett graded him a "flop"

Clive Cocking is a British Columbia free-lance writer.

TV / HEATHER ROBERTSON

Tripping out with Sonny and Cher

An unexpected pleasure of the current season is the emergence of a new kind of television woman. She's a scamp, a camp and a bit of a tramp, she is a V-A-M-P, VAMP. Cher sings it and Cher is it, the Dark Lady, the Hollywood sex queen, tough, cool, egocentric with the casual cruelty of a black widow spider. Undulating her magnificent body in a dress cut down to the navel, slowly running her tongue over the tips of her teeth, brushing her black hair from her face with a single catlike gesture, Cher projects a reckless sensuality which hasn't been around since Marilyn Monroe, who was also a very funny lady. Cher's style and dazzle make all other TV comedians instantly old and irrelevant. Her show, *The Sonny And Cher Comedy Hour* (CTV — Sunday, 7.30 p.m.) breaks through the old vaudeville routine of TV variety to become a kind of pop art.

Cher is not a new woman as much as a lacquered reincarnation of the stars who reflected the more liberated years of the Second World War — Katharine Hepburn and Lauren Bacall — women whose sharp tongues and hard edge of bravado, wit and total self-confidence made them suspect in the big-bosomed Fifties. Cher has the same cynical smile, the ironic laugh in her eyes, the low voice and perfectly timed put-down, the quality of world-weary independence and intelligence that makes her sexier and funnier than the scatterbrained housewives we've been laughing at for 20 years. Sonny and Cher don't do domestic comedy, or if they do, it's a send-up. Cher's marvelous Laverne at the Laundromat sketch is, on one level at least, a satire of Lucille Ball. The dominance of the zany redhead is over.

Cher's powerful voice and magnificent television presence — proof that a woman doesn't have to be ugly or hysterical to amuse — have already had important implications for TV variety. Carol Burnett has learned to sing and had her face lifted, neither very successfully. More significantly, she has improved immeasurably as a comedian, developing a new understated style and subtlety of expression, a disciplined self-control and delicacy of gesture which bring her performance closer to theatrical comedy than to nightclub routines. She has virtually jettisoned all her domestic slapstick and presents material which is not only more up-to-date but more complex and intelligent. Her new face and vamp wardrobe give her a broader choice of characters — she has done a fine parody of an aging movie queen — and the more sophisticated writing allows her to explore nuances of pantomime which depend on her own skill to create a mood rather than a pratfall or stock gag. Yet, fearful of competing with Sonny and Cher for the hip audience, *The Carol Burnett Show* (CBC — Thursday, 8 p.m.) has opted to corral the middle-aged by bringing back the blockbuster torch singers of the Sixties and those big dance numbers with 50 girls in pink chiffon being carried around the stage by serious young men in tails in some dreadful parody of the senior prom. With this pathetic attempt at glamour and flash, *The Carol Burnett Show* still carries the unmistakable vulgarity of domestic America.

Most of the jokes on *The Sonny And Cher Comedy Hour* aren't all that funny — some, in fact, are real groaners — and it took me a while to figure out why I found the show so much fun to watch. It radiates a kind of relaxed exuberance, an easy, good-natured high. And that's it. If Sonny and Cher aren't stoned when they do their opening number, they sure seem to be, and so does the studio audience. The whole show is put together like a good dope trip. Everybody is up, high-flying on the music, happy in the invincible power of their talent and charm. It's the one show on television which *has* to be watched in color — Cher in white on a white background with blue eyelids and a scarlet mouth, Big Bad Leroy Brown sung to an animated cartoon, black musicians in orange on a pink background, Cher reproduced five times in different costumes by the use of chroma key, a device which gives the television image the depth of multitrack recording — it's a stunning use of the medium, an exotic exercise in color, shape and free association, an adolescent fantasy in which nothing is important and everything is amusing. The sensuous stimulation is so complex and skillful, the illusion is so complete that you lose your sense of distance from the performance and become emotionally a part of it.

The Sonny And Cher Comedy Hour expresses in a way no other program has done the possibilities of television as art, a medium which is beyond morality and politics, which is all style and no content, which exists simply to enchant and entertain. Like the commercial, it depends for effect on the enclosed and controlled universe of the TV studio, an environment which gives it heightened, superreal intensity. The mind-tripping techniques of *The Sonny And Cher Comedy Hour* will hopefully precipitate a creative surge in TV variety and drama. For serious television, it demands not a flight into fantasy but a redefinition of reality.



Cher projects a mood of reckless sensuality

THIS MONTH'S TV SHOWS

Watch for: Jack, a pop rock musical (CBC — Feb. 28, 8 p.m.).
Optimum Canada, CBC White Paper exploring Canada's future (CBC — March 5, 9.30 p.m.).
Canadian Curling Championship (CBC — March 9, 2 p.m.)
Beware: The Rookies (CTV — Monday, 7 p.m.).

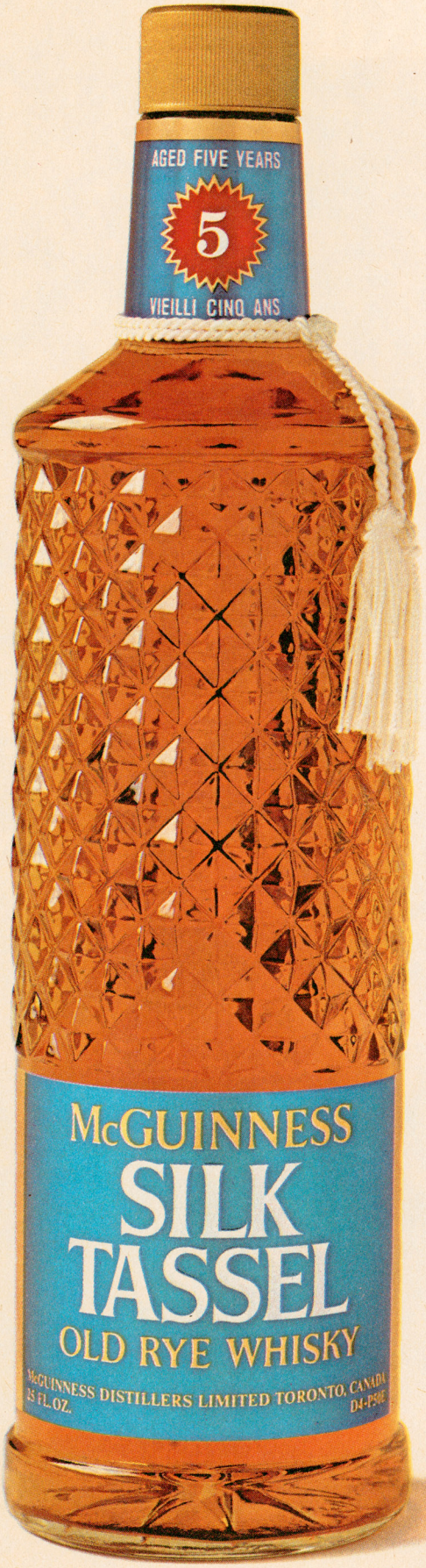
PARADE

Lester Halpin was born in British Columbia but lives in Portland, Oregon, where he has worked for years as a radio news editor. During this time, he has become well known for his hobby, collecting American misinformation about Canada.

He'd seen them all — "Royal Canadian Mountain Police," "the American outpost of Labrador" — but he finally felt he'd found an American reporter who knew something about Canada when he came across Harry Bodine's column in the January 8 edition of the Portland Oregonian.

Bodine was calling for Oregon to secede from the U.S. and join Canada so there'd always be oil and electricity. It was a humorous column, and

Mr. McGuinness' Promise.



I'll continue to sell my 5-year old Silk Tassel Whisky at the same price as 3-year old whiskies even though it's 2 years older and much smoother and that's that.

McGuinness Silk Tassel
The 5-year old whisky at the 3-year old price.

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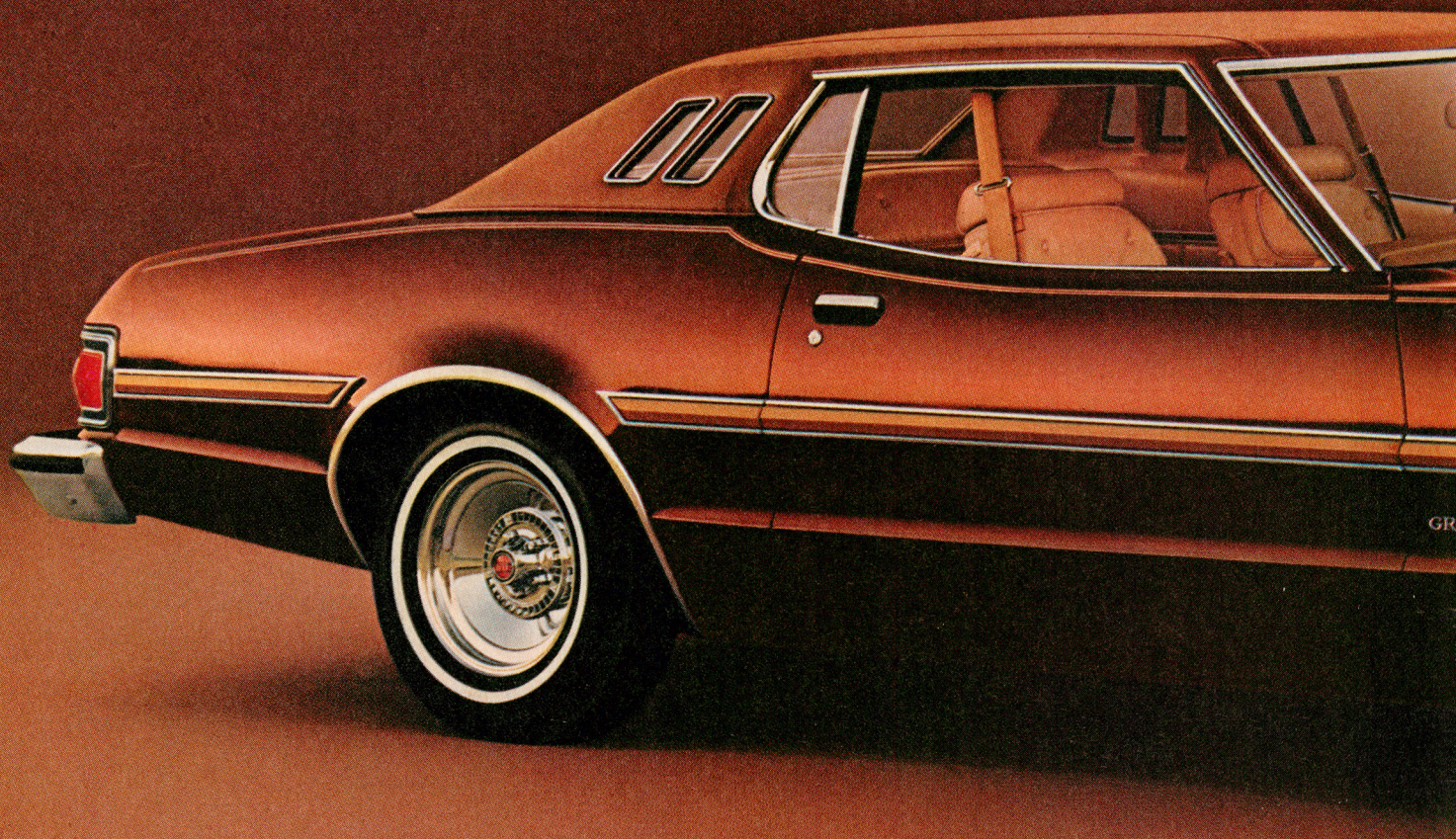

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Ford



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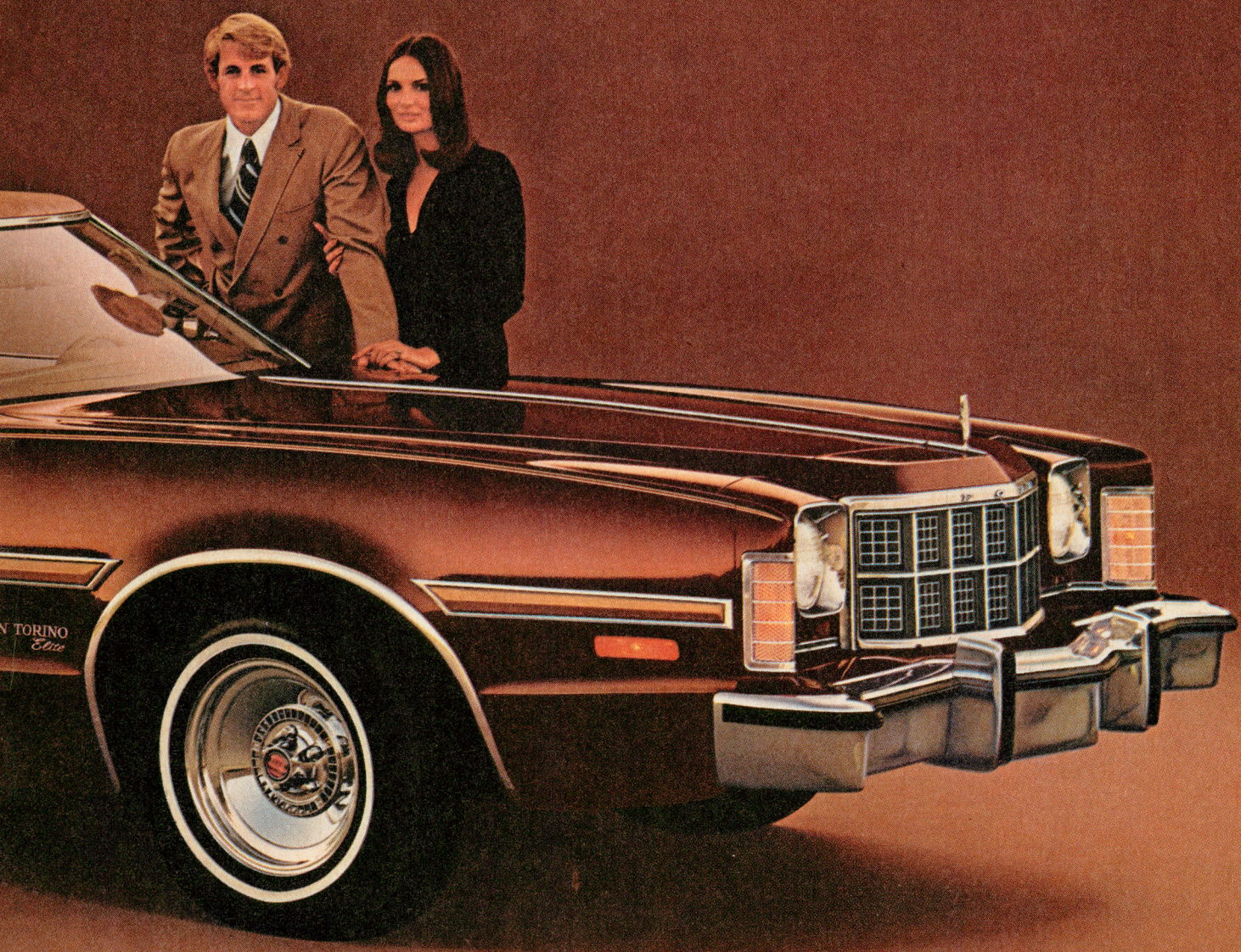
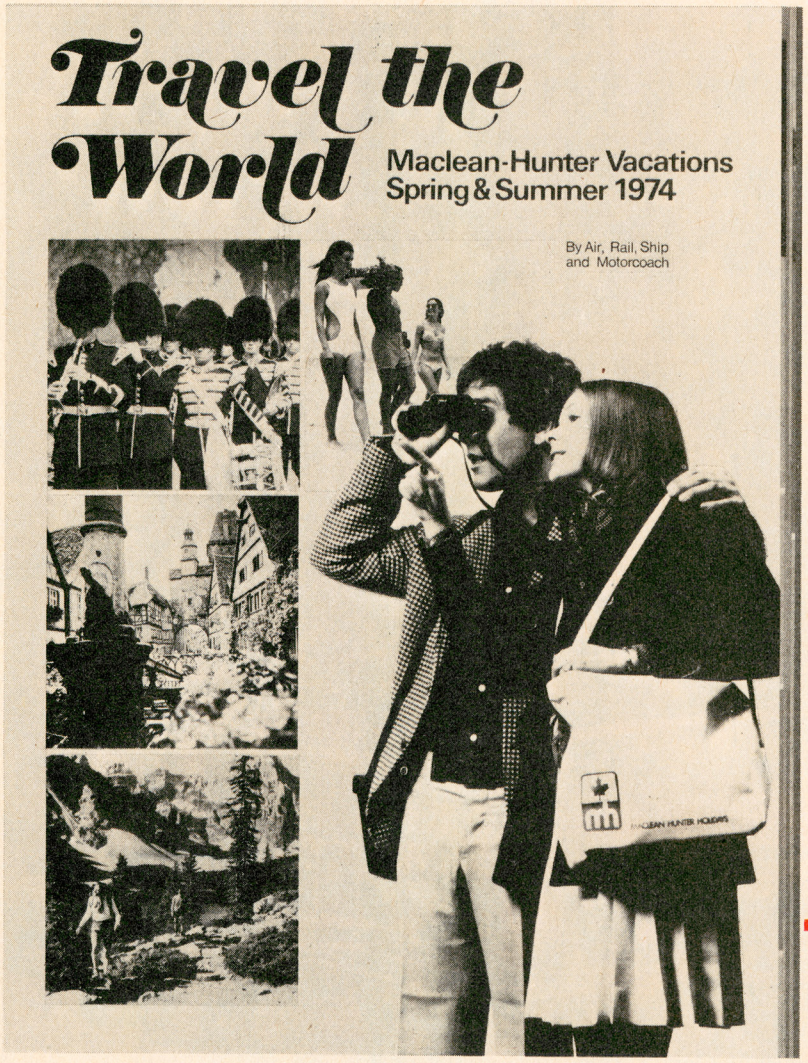
Left – Elite's optional luxury interior featuring knit cloth upholstery. Shown below – the 1974 Gran Torino Elite with optional deep dish wheels, white sidewall tires, deluxe bumper group and accent stripes.



It's a bore to stay at home when you can travel the world with Maclean's.



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an accurate one, for Bodine had the Prime Minister named properly, our capital in Ottawa, that we have a parliament, an appointed Senate, 10 provinces and the Liberal Party in power.

Halpin's lifelong search had ended. Or so he thought. Then he read the headline — THERE'S PLENTY OF OIL UNDER THE OAK LEAF.

FILMS / JOHN HOFSESS

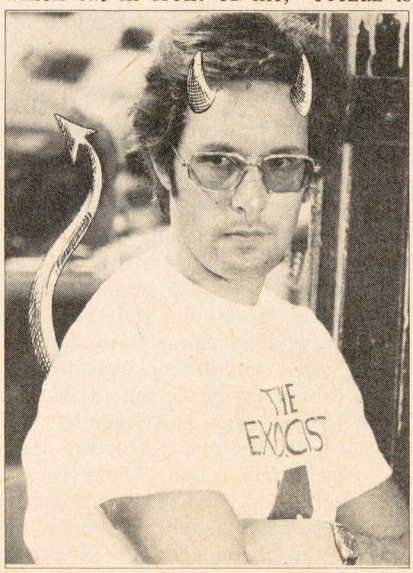
The Exorcist: guaranteed gross

Thank God for *The Exorcist.*

Four years ago, in a Hamilton courtroom, the dean of Canadian film critics, Clyde Gilmour, said, "Today's obscenity is tomorrow's commonplace." If the court heard him, it didn't heed him. Nor did it pay much attention to 12 other defense witnesses, university professors, clergymen, representatives of the Art Gallery of Ontario and the Canadian Film Institute in Ottawa, who came to testify on my behalf. Instead the court gave its support to five local, lay witnesses, a housewife, two steelworkers, a high-school instructor and a man who ran a tourist bureau, four of whom stated their religion as Roman Catholic, and all of whom said the screenplay I'd written for *Columbus Of Sex* was unspeakably vile. One scene in particular, they said, was deeply offensive, showing a girl holding a crucifix to her mouth and kissing it, apparently passionately. For the rest, it wasn't so much the visual content (which they conceded was similar to that in other commercial films) but the sound track, nothing but a torrent of four-letter words, they said, disgusting, obscene words. The film was found guilty of obscenity under Canadian law and banished from public view.

It was questionable, even then, if the decision was a fair one. It will be obvious to anyone, however, who sees *The Exorcist* that nothing was achieved by the lengthy and costly prosecution of *Columbus.* It adds a delicious irony, moreover, that *The Exorcist* was produced with the cooperation and technical assistance of several Jesuits, and, although not personally blessed by the Pope himself, has the tacit approval of the Catholic church. From the day it opened in Toronto and Vancouver *The Exorcist* has been gang busters at the box office. It's more than a movie, it's a social phenomenon. People line up for hours waiting to get in, waiting to get turned on by the last word in shockers.

Though I am somewhat hampered by discussing a "restricted" film in a family magazine I will try to convey something of what a viewer can expect to see, since it's important that no one wander into this film thinking it's one of those nice religious movies like *Going My Way, Bells Of St. Mary's* or *The Nun's Story.* An exorcism is the spiritual equivalent of an enema, and has about as much potential for cinematic treatment. If *The Exorcist* is "more than a movie" it is also less; the characters are one dimensional, and the plot is thin, little more than a series of well-timed jolts. In between shocks, it is even a dull movie. Director William Friedkin made one happy, pleasant movie, *The Night They Raided Minsky's* and a version of Harold Pinter's *The Birthday Party* (both in 1968), which were moderately successful. From *The Boys In The Band* and *The French Connection,* however, he achieved his greatest critical and financial success from piling on the shocks, and in *The Exorcist* he has let all the stops out. He is the epitome of directors who give the public what it wants, and only what it wants, with no excess baggage of meaning or higher purpose, or even talent. *The Exorcist* in its peak moments surpasses *Psycho* as the all-time nerve-racking thriller, but it doesn't have the sustained and terrible anxiety that Hitchcock knows so well how to produce, nor is its impact of long duration. Either you say, like a rowdy member of a youth pack which sat in front of me, "Jeezuz is this film ever gross!" (said with gleeful approval) or, like me, you make a mental note like "Neat!" when the young girl's head does a 360-degree swivel on her neck, admiring the special effects; or you scream, as many do, or throw up, as some do (the movie aisle I sat in smelled depressingly of puke and popcorn) — but then it's over. *The Exorcist* casts no lasting spell.



Friedkin gives the public what it wants

The Exorcist is full of blood, vomit, urine and gangrenous fleshly decay. At one point, Regan, the 12-year-old girl who is possessed by the devil, masturbates with a crucifix, with blood spurting all over the sheets, And then, because demon-inhabited people are supposed to have superhuman force, she grabs her horrified mother, pushes her head between her legs, screaming several of her croaky-voiced obscenities. The next shot shows the mother's face covered in blood. At other times, Regan either spews her vomit (a green bile, that made me think she must dote on asparagus soup) at the priests (and hits them, bull's-eye, every time) or else lets it seep slowly from her lips, like a bilious toad. There isn't a four-letter word for *any* bodily organ or function that she doesn't use, often, a sample of which is when she tells a priest that his mother is a — well, to put it gracefully — an aficionada of oral intercourse. *The Exorcist* is establishment pornography: it is a film which oozes loathing for the human body, its odors and wastes. That's what makes it socially respectable.

Some of the reviews of *The Exorcist* have been as shrill and hysterical as the film itself. In truth, there's nothing to get excited about. Any film that argues, as this one does, that all of modern science is morally bankrupt and helpless in the face of evil, and that only the Catholic church can contain and eradicate the forces of evil, must be a comedy. And in that spirit, I enjoyed it.

If in the course of its travels the film exorcises some Canadians' trigger-happy sense of obscenity, it will be a blessing.

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

SERPICO: Al Pacino turns in his best performance to date as an incorruptible cop in Sidney Lumet's fine new film.

WOLF PEN PRINCIPLE: Jack Darcus is a young Canadian film director that everyone interested in films will be talking about from now on. His third feature establishes him as an unique voice in Canada's growing film culture.

Turning the facts into bad fiction

Fashions in writing have always mirrored the modish anxieties of the book-reading public. I'm not talking about the really large figures, who set the pace rather than keep it, like Shakespeare and Tolstoy and Melville and their ilk, but about the majority of authors, who live either physically by their typewriters or emotionally by the self-esteem that feeds on popular approval.

An energy crisis develops; like an echo there blows up a flurry of novels about oil in Canada, written mostly by lawyers who are naïvely possessed by the idea that fiction is not only a good way of getting over ideas people won't take neat, but is also easier to write than briefs. So Richard Rohmer's dull and obvious crisis novel *Ultimatum* has been followed by John Ballem's *The Devil's Lighter* (General, $7.95), a boisterous and amateurish tale of intrigue and murder among the oil rigs which leaves one hoping that Ballem will in future be content to pursue crime in the courtroom.

Indians are, this season, an even hotter topic than oil. In the November *Maclean*'s alone three novels dealing with contemporary Indians were reviewed. Now there are two more, *The Revenge Of Annie Charlie* by Alan Fry (Doubleday, $5.95) and *No Virgin Mary* by Jonathan Simpson (Dorann Publishing, $2.50).

No Virgin Mary is a book whose presence I'd prefer to ignore if it weren't one of a fairly numerous kind, setting out to exploit in a very crude way the brutality that sometimes emerges in relationships between Indians and exploiting whites. Mary, the Indian girl who is persuaded to leave the reservation and is then sexually abused by two different white men who pretend to help her, may be intended to personify the tragic fate of the Indian people. She never lives as more than a roughly chopped caricature, her emotions as crudely outlined as those of her persecutors. As for the "graphic scenes and lively dialogue" which the publishers promise, a good sample — part of what appears to be one of the key episodes of the book — goes like this:

> "I'll sleep with you, Mr. Bottomore."
>
> Fred couldn't believe it. He sat up, confused.
>
> "But I don't want your money." Her gaze was frigid, unemotional.
>
> "What?" he looked hurt.
>
> "You've been nice to me."
>
> "And so now you'll . . . but don't you feel, I mean don't you feel more than that?"

Small wonder that Fred's urge goes limp by the end of that "graphic scene"! Yet a book so inept even in its sensationalism gets published nowadays in Canada, merely because the subject is in the air.

The Revenge Of Annie Charlie is a different case. Alan Fry has some ear for words, and he is good at evoking the feel and look of a place; anyone who knows the Chilcotin country where *The Revenge* takes place will get some enjoyment out of the book for the descriptions alone. Unfortunately, Fry isn't as good with people as he is with scenery. Nobody's motives ever become really clear in this tangled situation where a violent death brings together an Indian family, a white rancher and a pair of comic Mounties, and in consequence nothing that happens in *The Revenge* has the feeling that it must. When Annie Charles finally persuades the rancher Gyp Sandhouse to father her children, that is doubtless a praiseworthy symbol of reconciling the races. But — even as a happy ending — it reads too glibly to have much human meaning.

The trouble with such novels — and with most of the other recent books about Indians — is not always lack of skill so much as a failure in the writers to get out of the minds of guilty white men into those of living Indians. I can think of no Canadian novelist who has yet really bridged the crevasse between the white and the Indian way of seeing things, though Heather Robertson came near it in the excellent reportage of *Reservations Are For Indians,* and so in poetry does Susan Musgrave in her third book, *Grave-Dirt And Selected Strawberries* (Macmillan, $4.95).

Musgrave has managed to get rid of the whole inhibiting question of blame by immersing herself in Pacific Coast Indian songs and legends, and recreating in her own poems the feeling of aboriginal life. There is an eerie feeling of slipping into another kind of mentality, another pace of thought, in poems like *Net Maker's Song,* which begins:

> Bindweed bind
> The little fish
>
> Bind the witch
> Bind the crooked woman,
> The bent man.
>
> Bind the hunched-up
> Humpback salmon
>
> Bind the sea . . .

You sense in such poems as that a glimpse of the mind of an Indian living before the white men came. But is this merely one of those convincing impressions that good writing creates? I had my doubts when I came to read perhaps the most interesting of the books I'm now reviewing. It is *The Days Of Augusta* (J. J. Douglas, $6.95) and is a compilation by Jean Speare of the spoken memories of an old half-breed woman born in the Cariboo country in 1888. Augusta speaks in natural rhythms that form a kind of organic poetry. She remembers her parents' tales of a past before the white man, and so all the long experience of Indian contact with the intruding race comes alive in incident after glowing incident, all told from the Indian viewpoint. Everything is nostalgic and down-to-earth at the same time. Augusta laments the loss of the old way of life but she sees it realistically, and when she talks it has no brooding magic but the concrete practicality of someone doing well something that is necessary for survival.

The Days Of Augusta is illustrated with fine photographs of Augusta and her world taken by Robert Keziere, and its general production is a credit to the new Vancouver house of J. J. Douglas, one of the few general publishers on the West Coast.



Augusta's words create their own poetry

George Woodcock is a writer, critic and editor of 'Canadian Literature,' *Vancouver.*

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The Bloodhound.

(How to tell a copy from an original.)

What's red, has Smirnoff in it and is served in a tall glass? Think you know? Suppose we add it's easy to make and it has a nut-like taste instead of a spicy one? Still confident?

Well, even we were fooled when somebody served us what appeared to be a Bloody Mary but turned out to be a nifty new drink. It's made with Smirnoff, tomato juice and a little dry sherry. We're calling it the Bloodhound. So nobody gets fooled.

To make a Bloodhound, pour 1½ ozs. of Smirnoff into a glass with ice. Add 3 ozs. tomato juice and ½ oz. or so of dry sherry.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless

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