

Review Article

The Young Poets And The Little Presses, 1969

Young Canadian poets have always been somewhat rebellious; they feel that if they are to impinge upon their country's consciousness they must do so with little or no help from their elders, especially their elder poets. In the 1920s there was the rebel McGill Fortnightly group, publishing their poetry in magazines that they edited themselves. Despite this fact, their first anthology, *New Provinces* (1958), was published by Macmillans, and most young poets of the time eventually had their books published by either Macmillans or the Ryerson Press. In the 1940s, *Preview* and *First Statement*, both of which were later absorbed by John Sutherland's *Northern Review*, and, on the West Coast, *Contemporary Verse*, continued the iconoclastic work that Smith, Scott, and others had begun in the 1920s. Once again, however, most books of poetry that appeared at that time bore the imprint of established publishers, although Sutherland's First Statement Press became the prototype Canadian little press, publishing Irving Layton's first book, and the anthology *Other Canadians* in 1947. In the 1950s, Contact and Delta, and The Contact Press, formed by Raymond Souster and Louis Dudek, carried on Sutherland's work. Contact Press was a truly autonomous poetry press dedicated to getting young and little-known poets before the public, and it is partly owing to the trail-blazing of The Contact Press that there has been an eruption of private presses in the 1960s: small publishers to publish young writers.

At the end of the decade, it is clear that never in the history of Canadian letters has there been as much activity as during the last few years. Centennial Year had something to do with it, of that there is no doubt. But the more profound reason for it all is just that there are enough people with enough leisure in our society to allow the arts to have some breathing space. Oh yes, and there is the Canada Council, without which most of this activity just would not be taking place. Almost every book published by a small press during the past half-decade has acknowledged a debt to the Canada Council.

Great things, then, are afoot. A large number of magazines, of which *The Tamarack Review* (the earliest, begun in 1958), *Quarry*, *Tish*, *Prism International*, *Talon*, b. p. Nichol's now defunct *Ganglia*, and Bill Bissett's totally irregular *blue ointment* are the most important, have appeared during the

decade in response to the amount of material that is pouring in. For there has never been so much poetry available for publication as there is at this time. Anyone who has edited even a single issue of any small magazine will agree to this statement. He will also add that the overwhelming majority of the manuscripts received are of pretty low quality. Nevertheless, there is still more publishable poetry than there are magazines to handle it.

In such a situation the major publishing houses, even if they wished to, could not possibly handle even a tithe of the manuscripts they would be offered. There can be no doubt, then, that the small presses are filling a real need. Coach House Press, House of Anansi, Talonbooks, Very Stone House, Oberon Press, and The Quarry Press are all engaged in necessary and quite often valuable work. It is of special interest to note that only two of the twenty books under review were published by a major firm. They are two of the best books in this selection, but they by no means stand alone. There can be no doubt, when so many books are being published, often by young-writers-turned-publishers, that many will be quickly consigned to oblivion (and the twenty books being considered in this article do not represent nearly all of those that have appeared this past year or so). What is really important is that such a high percentage of these books repay the reader with exciting and well-realized poetry. It appears that Canada is finally coming of age in poetry, as well as in the other arts.

The Sono Nis Press is very new. Associated with the UBC Creative Writing Department, it publishes both poetry and prose, and all its books are beautifully printed. The Morris Printing Company of Victoria maintains a high standard of craftsmanship in everything it does.

Gwendolyn MacEwan's *The Shadow Maker** is one of the two books under review to be published by a major press. It is her third book, and is a very fine collection, indeed. Because Miss MacEwan's is already a name to conjure with in Canadian letters, *The Shadow Maker* has met with interestingly mixed reviews. Eli Mandel, for example, found it a brilliant continuation of her earlier work, while young poetess Gail Fox, writing in *Quarry*, found the imagery of the new book "less daring, more subdued, and almost commonplace and conventional". There is some truth to Miss Fox's accusations: a few of the poems are decidedly inferior to the poems of *Breakfast for Barbarians*; or to the best poems of the new collection. At her best, however, Miss MacEwan reveals no diminution of her talent; the power of her incanta-

*Books reviewed are listed in order at the end of the article.

tions continues to hold the reader, or the lucky listener, spellbound. Still, there is no doubt that Miss MacEwan is looking inward more than she used to do, seeking within herself the recognition that we are all one, the mirrored others, murderer and saint and everyman. Many of the poems of inner exploration are difficult, and appear less exciting than some of her earlier work; but they do remain very powerful poems, and while she has developed a style of surface simplicity it covers real and often terrifying depths of meaning. In the few poems where she ventures out into the outer world, she achieves a new naturalness of great beauty, as she demonstrates in the marvellous "The Compass". There is much more about this book that might be praised. One poem, in particular, "Dark Pines Under Water", seems to be quite central, because it gathers so many of the themes together and then adds a further dimension to Miss MacEwan's work by being necessarily Canadian in context. Here it is; there are others equally good between the green covers of this fine book:

This land like a mirror turns you inward
 And you become a forest in a furtive lake;
 The dark pines of your mind reach downward,
 You dream in the green of your time,
 Your memory is a row of sinking pines.

Explorer, you tell yourself this is not what you came for
 Although it is good here, and green;
 You had meant to move with a kind of largeness,
 You had planned a heavy grace, an anguished dream.

But the dark pines of your mind dip deeper
 And you are sinking, sinking, sleeper
 In an elementary world;
 There is nothing down there and you want it told.

Elizabeth Gourlay's *motions dreams & aberrations* is a strong first book by a young woman who is obviously sure of her femininity. The poems, with their clear lines and unobtrusive, subtle images, are deceptively simple. Without shrillness, they often achieve a considerable emotional impact. Hers is a strong imagination, which works upon the basic ingredients of art with skill and insight, as when she asks us to imagine Galatea "when she found/her cold and inert tissue/all of a sudden fused/to light and dance and music,/taste, touch, sight, scent and sound."

Andreas Schroeder is certainly talented, and he knows how to fling words on the page. Michael Yates's introduction to *The Ozone Minotaur* sug-

gests affinities to "surrealism", and these appear on every page. But what Schroeder lacks is the necessary maturity to create a relevance for his poetic world. These poems are skilful and empty. They reveal wit, energy, and a mighty big lack of anything to say. There are a few poems which suggest that his next collection, if he doesn't bring it out for a few years, might be worth reading. But not this one.

Nelson Ball's Weed/Flower Press is a very small press, from which he issues little volumes of poems because he wants to. Ball publishes his own poetry, and it is an accurate reflection of the press he runs. Delicate miniatures, his poems are as tight and taut as it is possible for poems to be. Ball is not interested in the large poetic gesture: he merely wants to record, with absolute honesty, what happens within and without, as in "Cold Stone":

I take a stone from
its context, palm it, rub

into it
the oil of my forehead,

to mark my presence. I throw
it back.

In water the whole stone darkens.
It traces nature's currents.

The final couplet is characteristic in that it represents the poet's movement outward into the world. Ball's poems are miniaturist, and they are homey, but they reveal a mind actively engaged with the whole world through which it moves. *Water-Pipes & Moonlight*, Ball's latest book, is a miniaturist's work of art in itself. Thin, only a few inches tall, with but three to six lines to a page, its spaces, the spare imagery, the tentative tone, all combine to form a lovely unity. One section is dedicated to W. W. Ross, which is fitting, as this poem demonstrates:

The wind
shakes

loose the
illusion

of
stillness.

Ball's poems, too, are only apparently still. They speak from strength.

Nelson Ball has also published two recent volumes by Bill Bissett, a true West Coast hippie poet, if such a being exists. Bissett breaks all the rules and does not care. When he fails, which is often, there is nothing to say. But his successes are always worth while, and often very powerful. Bissett has been experimenting for a long time in what he, and a number of other young poets call the "borderblur" area of literature. *Of th [sic] Land Divine Spirit* contains some results of one area of that experimentation: chants, meant to be heard, rather than read on the page. Nevertheless, Ball has performed a real service here to anyone interested in poem-chants who might not have the chance to hear Bissett perform. They are the equivalent to a score for a symphony, but even that is useful. Besides, the ideas these poems reveal and the religious attitudes they contain are very interesting. *Lebanon Voices* is a long poem in three parts dedicated to the moon-goddess in whatever contemporary form she deigns to assume for the poet. It is an intriguing poem, despite the many difficulties inherent in Bissett's style and approach.

More West Coast poetry, this time from a West Coast publisher, Talon-books. *Moving Through The Mystery* is a physically beautiful book. Printed on heavy paper, with marvellous visuals by artist Jack Wise, it is certainly a book to admire. Except for the poetry. Peter Trower tries hard, is sincere, and wants to put profound thoughts on paper. Profundity in art, however, is not easily attained, and it usually appears when the artist is concentrating on something else, such as writing a good poem. With his eye firmly on the spot where profundity should be lurking, Peter Trower consistently misses the good poem. Occasionally phrases have bite, and one or two short poems such as "old love, new summer" have an unpretentious beauty. But if Trower has moved through the mystery, very little of it rubbed off for him to bring back to his readers.

Jim Brown's *Forgetting* is an attempt to do just that. The problem with such personal poetry is that while the emotion is very real, too real perhaps, the poet is not always able to find a formal order for it in words. This is Jim Brown's problem, for the book is obviously about a personal loss of love. Nevertheless, he succeeds often enough to make this little book a useful experiment. Like many West Coast poets, Brown is fascinated by words as puns, especially visual puns, and the games that can be played with spellings and syllables. He has also experimented with Concrete Poetry, and the results of these interests are apparent in *Forgetting*. The first poem, for example, looks like this:

layers, fall away, fall
 from, falling
 layers form a
 way

It is a picture, a statement of purpose, a game with words, and therefore a good opening poem for this particular book.

West Coast Seen is a huge anthology. Twenty-eight young West Coast poets are represented in this book, and there is enough variety to satisfy anybody's taste. There is no way to review this collection adequately in a short space, but the reasons for recommending it are many and good. It provides the fullest and quickest introduction to what has been happening in British Columbia during the past few years. There has been a lot of activity out there recently, and much of it has resulted in some very exciting poetry. Concrete and sound poetry, the new syntax and spelling of such poets as Bill Bissett and Martina, what Eli Mandel calls the "psychedelic school", these and other movements have helped to make Vancouver a city where poetry is a continual happening. Not all of it, of course, is worthwhile; in fact, to some readers, very little of it might prove appealing, but *West Coast Seen* contains a full cross-section of what is being done and, in the work of Bissett, Copithorne, Hulcoop, McKinnon, Phillips, Scobie, and Pat Lane, at least, readers should discover poems of sufficient interest to make the purchase very much worth making.

David Helwig's *Figures in a Landscape* met with such critical acclaim a year ago that Oberon Press has decided to capitalize on his new reputation with another book of poems, this time without any plays. *The Sign of the Gunman* is a big book, and for those readers who are not yet acquainted with Helwig's work, it is heartily recommended. But it contains only twenty new poems, the rest of the book being reprints of most of the poems of *Figures in a Landscape*. Those were good poems, and so are the new ones. Helwig shows himself to be a competent craftsman in a number of poetic modes. His homely verses are warm and gentle, his visionary mythic studies reach into hidden places in the psyche and turn tiny screws. To the few truly marvellous poems of the earlier collection, "A Shaker Chair", "The Undertow", "September", and "Epilogue to John Bunyan", there are added "The Maze", "Portsmouth Harbour and Beyond", and, best of all, "Metamorphosis". Helwig tends to be at his best in sustained compositions such as those in these three sequences, which give him time to unravel the metaphors through which he chooses to write. He is a fine poet, and this is a fine collection, but the Oberon Press

seems to be just a little too commercial in bringing it out in this way. It is also somewhat disconcerting that Oberon has now apparently decided not to use a table of contents in its books.

Stuart MacKinnon's first book of poems is The Quarry Press's third publication. It is a beautiful book, for the poems were hand set on a small press at Queen's University and the book was then done by photo-offset. Ken Tolmie has contributed a cover illustration and three drawings, all of which enhance the very fine and very original poems that make up *The Welder's Arc*. Stuart MacKinnon is something of a sport in contemporary Canadian poetry. His poems invite us to share a very private world with him; a world where perceptions are intellectual, a world quite metaphysical in outline. This is not a book to read quickly and discard, for the poems only unfold their meanings slowly and subtly. Like many fine poets, MacKinnon creates a private vocabulary, the only gloss for which is to be found in the poems themselves. It is possible to comprehend his use of the word "interval", for example, only after studying his use of it in a series of poems about love. In the series, it becomes, indeed, a talismanic word of great power, but in one poem alone it is merely baffling. Through all MacKinnon's poems there runs a thread of melancholy, which is only just defeated by the artistry that is continually apparent. He watches the world and the people in it with his special vision, then he offers to share what he sees. It would be foolish to refuse the offer.

As we walked through the town
My new and only love and I
There was one square we crossed
More desolate than our lives
Before we met; clinkered and
Tramped in gentle mounds
With dark red buildings at the side
There was a small object we found
Oval and glazed grey-brown
Do you remember in our palms
Glass that was not glass —
That had been through a fire
Like true lovers we discarded it
The only thing in that hollow town
That was full and round
And knew, like love, how
To withstand an interval

Harry Howith's fourth book, *Fragments of the Dance*, marks the beginning of a new publishing venture, The Village Book Store Press. It is an auspicious beginning, for this is Howith's finest book to date, and the illustrations of William A. Kimber further add to its beauty. Howith's poetry has always been tightly controlled and bitterly funny. In this book there appears to be a new movement towards more deeply felt emotion. But the control, if anything, is greater than before, and in the two brilliant sequences "The Seasons of Miss Nicky" and "Fragments of the Dance", Howith's poetry achieves a mythic power and an emotional and intellectual depth that is quite a surprise from this formerly cool and satiric poet. Howith's satiric edge has not been blunted, however, by his new involvements; if anything the satiric force of his poems has been intensified. Perhaps the short poem that best reveals his work at this time is the very moving, very bitter "Priorities". It is a poem that digs its claws into the reader and will not let go.

A classic carcinoma is deployed
 through my friend's lymph and marrow;
 he, devout Catholic, doubtless
 prays privately to reconcile
 God's sparrow-charity with slow
 twenty-six-year-old dying, but

with visitors at his hospital bed,
 between chemotherapy and radiation,
 he jokes about the cigarette machine
 in the lobby, and bears with love
 memorial dreams of health that flicker
 sometimes in his lovely wife's clear eyes.
 Meanwhile, twisting wire coathangers
 into fantastical and meaningless mandalas,
 I bitch about going broke
 on ten thousand a year, and listen to you
 fret on your psychological guitar
 about "more honest human relationships."

Hobbling on canes my cancer-blasted friend
 lights candles for our conversion,
 as I light up another cigaret,
 and you light up another epigram,
 and many ingenious sick cells
 strangle his body and our souls.

If this is seemly,
lend me twenty bucks till payday.

That one word "seemly" with its medieval overtones carries a tremendous poetic weight and reveals the fine sense of craft that went into the making of the poem.

In Toronto, at the moment, House of Anansi is *the* important small press, and as its publication of three books of poetry in the fall of 1969 testifies, it is obviously striving hard to maintain that reputation.

David Knight's *The Army Does Not Go Away* is full of witty, well-turned poems, many of them in traditional forms. Knight recalls Auden in the way he takes the old forms and subverts them to his purposes, which, in the "public" Nigerian poems of this book, are political as well as poetic. His rhymes are well chosen, and not only tie up a couplet but underline a well-made point. He dedicates a poem to Andrew Marvell, and that Roundhead poet's work seems very close to Knight's own in its sensibility. Like Marvell, Knight comes across best in such private verses as "Poem for a Conscript Child", where he says:

You too will cry with air, and cry with life,
And cry to set the tenanted flesh erect,
And be cried for. Target and gun connect
For you too somewhere. You have made live a wife
And mortal husband. You can forgive the wild
Start of it all. They are lovers. Now be a child.

Like Knight, Ian Young is a conscientious craftsman, although he works with very free forms. Very deliberately, Young cultivates the taut cryptic phrase and image, the suggestion that such control is dearly bought, that such precision teeters on the edge of hysteria. His mask, whether or not it connects to his real life, does connect him as poet to the decadence of the 1890s. He would get along well with Oscar Wilde or Dorian Gray:

When the boy undressed,
I saw on his left shoulder
a blue tattoo —
two daggers, crossed
under a skull.
'That's pretty phony,'
he said, and laughed,
uncertain.

Later, I half expected it
to peel off
in my mouth.

At their best his poems capture an intimate moment of perception or personal entanglement with such clarity that it can be seen with the pure simplicity that only art achieves. But Young has not yet learned to exercise at all times the control of which he is capable. In a number of poems, precision is attained at the expense of rhythm and sound. But at his best he creates small, sharp and hard poems, such as "For Rick, at the coming of Christmas", in which everything comes together into the whole.

George Bowering must be at the moment the most prolific poet in Canada. Critics use terms such as "energy" and "raw vitality" when referring to him, and seldom suggest that he is a "conscientious craftsman". Yet his best poems do show signs of careful work, and in this collection there is a greater proportion of good poems than there has been in his last few volumes. Bowering has to fight the temptation to say too much in his poems. Essentially, in his attempts not to be a foppish poet, he leans too far towards what can only be called anti-poetry. When this happens his rhythm and language become parodies of poor, "tough" prose. But when he allows the poetry to come naturally, he can concentrate a great deal into a single poem:

If you have come this far
you might as well stay,
you might as well be me
for a day.

See my two eyes
if you want to look,
turn my pages, think back,
read the book.

Even marry me, write
my name, you might
as well stay, if I
have come this far.

*How can I die alone.
Where will I be then who am now alone,
what groans so pathetically
in this room where I am alone?*

I do not know, I know
 you begin where my eye
 leaves off, you too, turning
 my pages are alone.

This is the final poem, and it is fittingly so placed. The book contains some longer poems, of which "Wendigo" and "Hamatsa" stand out because they deal with native legend in Canada. "Wendigo" is a complete success, but doesn't risk as much as "Hamatsa" does. That poem is an intriguing attempt to project the myth into the very present where the poet resides. It is a very near miss, and remains an interesting poem to read. Where *Rocky Mountain Foot* failed to create the necessary ambience to support its length, these poems do, on the whole, and as a result *The Gangs of Kosmos* emerges as Bowering's strongest book yet.

The whole of *Letters from the Earth to the Earth* reflects David McFadden's homely concerns, his discovery that poetry is always there, right where he happens to be. Throughout the book, McFadden's poems and photographs of family, friends, picnic sites and vacation spots mix and interact with one another so that no separation is possible even were it desired. The book is a kind of epic, dedicated to the proposition that everything, the prose of life, is really poetry. It's a flawed epic; many segments are flat, barren, and merely prose indeed. McFadden takes chances continually: poem after poem is a high-wire act, with the poet teetering precariously over plain prose. There are very few poets who would even want to try to write poetry McFadden's way: they would be so aware of the possibilities for failure. McFadden appears to be hardly aware of them, however, which perhaps explains the number of his successes. David McFadden is a nice guy, and, although this fact does not argue one way or another for his success as a poet, it does affect one's response to the continuum of poems that is this book. Yet the poems, when they succeed, do so because they bring delight, not because they tell us that he's nice.

There is one poem in this volume that stands out from the rest, for both its length and its subject matter. "An Hour's Restless Sleep" was written on the night that Martin Luther King was assassinated. It is a troubling poem because one can't help being moved by it, and yet the poem does not quite work as poetry. It achieves its effects despite itself, and that is not good enough. Some kind of revision is necessary before this poem will achieve a purely formal and aesthetic coherence. Nevertheless, no one can regard as a total failure a poem containing the lines, "up there waiting to meet him were all the other great Americans/whoever lived — Walt Whitman." *Letters*

from the Earth to the Earth is a beautiful book, the kind for which Coach House Press is already famous. It also proves a fine introduction to a young poet who has a delightful vision to share.

The Silences of Fire is a very strong first book. Tom Marshall's eye is often turned inwards so that most of the poems in this book could be subsumed to the title of one of them, "Autobiographies". But he is a patient and competent craftsman, and he always keeps one aware of the world outside. The world is seen through the consciousness of Tom Marshall; but because that consciousness is interesting, controlled, aware, and ironic, the resulting poems are complex and unified wholes. There are too many good poems in this selection to make a choice possible. All repay attention. But "Sequiturs" is both a very fine poem and a representative one in that most of his recurring themes are found in it:

The persistence of the dead in the living,
if recognized, makes us sane.
This park is a wood where brown
men walked. As I walk. Now.
The squirrels eruptions of earth.
Myself an explosion of whirling dust.

(Twisted gum-trees stand in the bush
near Brisbane. Dark, still
Aborigines on the high ridge. At Delphi,
too, the afternoon sun broke into fields of flowers.
But then, even squirrels persist. And not just
in memory. The cells of the brain disintegrate.)

Atomize the wood. The brave, the vast
animal that lives alone, deathless
as dust. Man, plant, bird alive —
all things are alive, then. Dust
is a winged life before and after life,
immortal bird made of cosmic fire.

We have not known our demons, truly.
Even cars, boats, are alive.
The persistence of the dead in the living,
if recognized, makes us sane.
Must we live again the brave's painful death
in our machine-cities, these grotesque disguises?

Finally there is the long poem, "MacDonald Park", a brilliant and fragmented

epic about our first prime minister, his country and ours, the literary history of Canada (our "ancestral voices"), and our need for myths as well as history. It is a marvellous pastiche, and yet it is more than that. The poem is held together by the park itself, seen as the seasons change, and MacDonald's statue becomes the focus for the meditations of the poet-narrator, who uses his meditations to compel a final and unified vision. *The Silences of Fire* is an important book because of such individual poems as "MacDonald Park", but—even more than that—it is an accomplished and enjoyable collection, and it is for this reason that it is recommended.

Michael Ondaatje's *The Man With Seven Toes* is a long poem sequence in which the poet's concern with myth, with passion and violence, is given free rein. It is not a poem for weak stomachs, for the story of a woman lost in the Australian outback and captured by a tribe of Aborigines, and later trekking across the desert with an escaped convict, is full of terror and awful feats. But the result is a poem of great power and sweep, which concentrates with mythopoeic intensity on human fortitude under stress. It is not quite as concentrated and profound a poem, however, as "Peter", the highlight of the poet's first book, *The Dainty Monsters*, which Coach House has just reissued in paperback. When *The Dainty Monsters* first appeared, it met with widespread critical acclaim as the best first book of poems to appear in years. The book deserved all the accolades it received, and it remains one of the finest books of the past decade. Anybody who does not yet have a copy should not rest until he has one in his hands. Ondaatje's "bird thoughts" range across wide spaces and to the very farthest reaches of myth. Personal life, animal life, and legendary life, all forms of life are captured in his poetry, and Ondaatje possesses a technique capable of handling every theme. *The Dainty Monsters* is an important book of poetry in anyone's view. It is also a beautiful book, one of the best examples of fine craftsmanship from Coach House. *The Man With Seven Toes* is also a beautifully crafted book. But it makes me sad to have to report that Coach House Press has apparently decided to aim at the carriage trade. At \$6.50, this book is priced right out of the pockets of those young readers and poets to whom it could speak with greatest force. It is a fine book, and it is recommended, but only with the hope that Coach House will change its mind again soon, and return to its earlier policy of making some of the most exciting work of the young Canadian poets available to all who might be interested.

Even such a quick survey as this cannot fail to register the fact that

there is more poetry, and more good poetry, being published in Canada than ever before. This calls for celebration. Among the varied multitude of writers vying for our attention there are many good young poets, students of their craft. This exciting craft suggests that, as this new decade begins, Canadian poetry is coming into its own. Such a belief is perhaps too sanguine. But, when one considers that Al Purdy, Dorothy Livesay, and Raymond Souster are all still writing, that Jones, Avison, Mandel, Nowlan, Newlove, and Acorn are at their peaks, and that a whole phalanx of talented younger writers is advancing, optimism is difficult to discourage. When a reviewer can honestly and unhesitatingly recommend ten out of twenty new books, and find real fault with only two of them, something big is happening.

University of Alberta

DOUGLAS BARBOUR

BOOKS REVIEWED (in order of mention):

- The Shadow Maker*. By Gwendolyn McEwan. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1969. Pp. 83. \$3.00.
- motions dreams & aberrations*. By Elizabeth Gourlay. Vancouver: The Sono Nis Press, 1969. Pp. 68. \$3.25.
- The Ozone Minotaur*. By Andreas Schroeder. Vancouver: The Sono Nis Press, 1969. Pp. 58. \$5.00.
- Sparrows*. By Nelson Ball. Toronto: Weed/Flower Press, 1968. np. \$1.50.
- Water-Pipes & Moonlight*. By Nelson Ball. Toronto: Weed/Flower Press, 1969. np. NP.
- Lebanon Voices*. By Bill Bissett. Toronto: Weed/Flower Press, 1967. Pp. 28. \$1.00.
- Of Th Land Divine Service*. By Bill Bissett. Toronto: Weed/Flower Press, 1968. Pp. 35. \$1.00.
- Moving Through The Mystery*. By Peter Trower. Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1969. np. \$3.50.
- Forgetting*. By Jim Brown. Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1969. np. \$1.75.
- West Coast Seen*. Ed. by Jim Brown and Dave Phillips. Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1969. Pp. 212. \$3.50.
- The Sign of the Gunman*. By David Helwig. Ottawa: Oberon Press, 1969. Pp. 152. \$4.00. pb. \$2.00.
- The Welder's Arc*. By Stuart MacKinnon. Kingston: The Quarry Press, 1969. Pp. 30. \$2.00.

- Fragments of the Dance.* By Harry Howith. Toronto: The Village Book Store Press, 1969. Pp. 70. \$7.50, \$3.95, pb.
- The Army Does Not Go Away.* By David Knight. Toronto: House of Anansi, 1969. Pp. 42. \$1.95.
- Year of the Quiet Sun.* By Ian Young. Toronto: House of Anansi, 1969. Pp. 49. \$1.95.
- The Gangs of Ko:mos.* By George Bowering. Toronto: House of Anansi, 1969. Pp. 64. \$5.00, \$2.50, pb.
- Letters from the Earth to the Earth.* By David McFadden. Toronto: Coach House Press, 1969. np. \$3.00.
- The Silences of Fire.* By Tom Marshall. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1969. Pp. 72. \$4.95.
- The Man with Seven Toes.* By Michael Ondaatje. Toronto: Coach House Press, 1969. Pp. 45. \$6.50.
- The Dainty Monsters.* By Michael Ondaatje. Toronto: Coach House Press, (1967) 1969. Pp. 77. \$2.50.