Paul Wells on what Harper did PAGE 7

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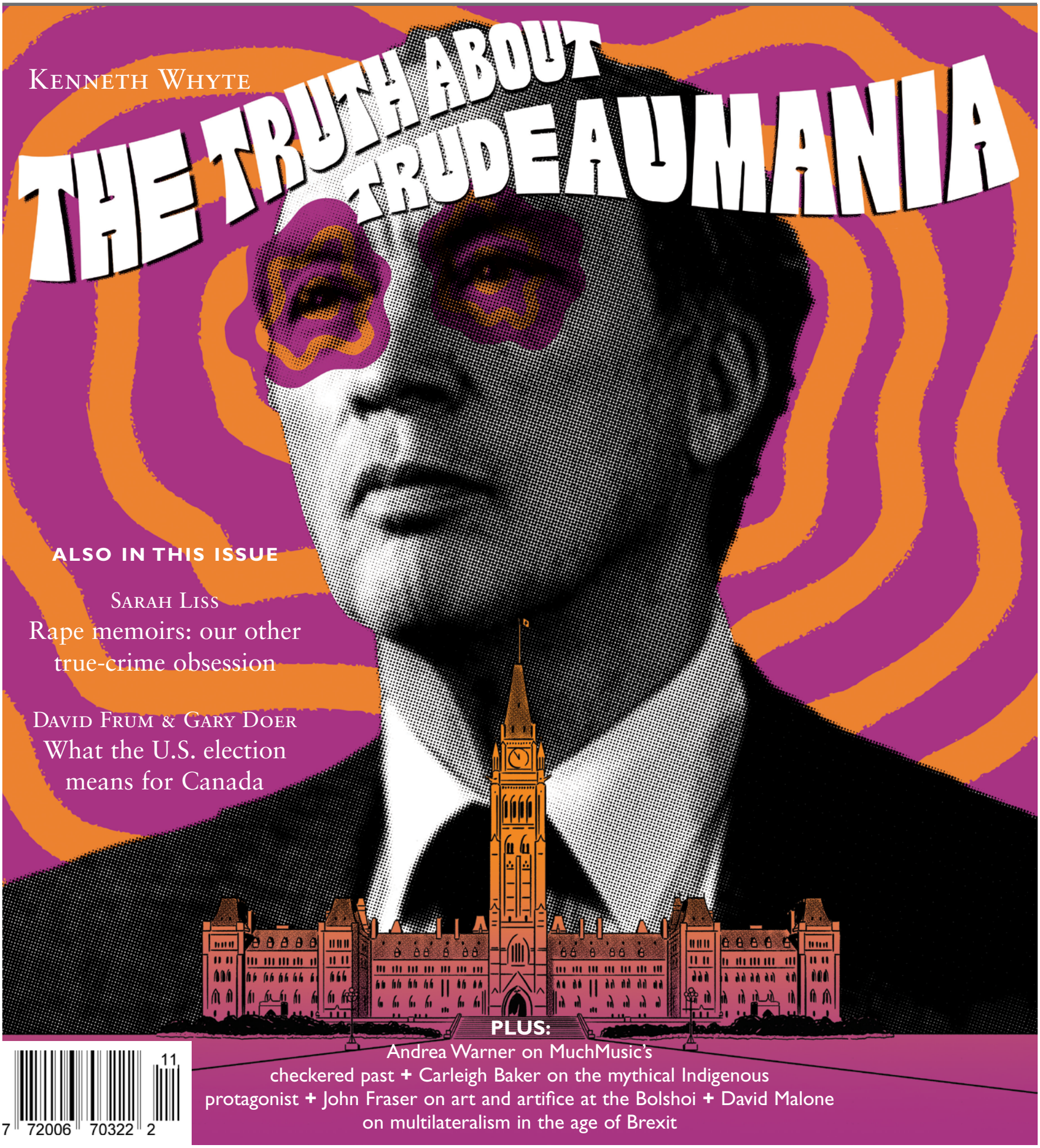

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PLUS:
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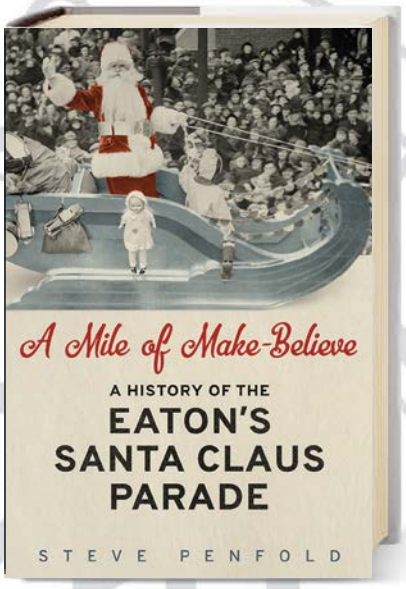

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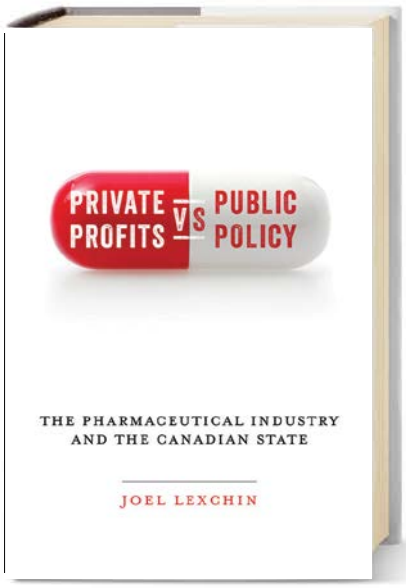

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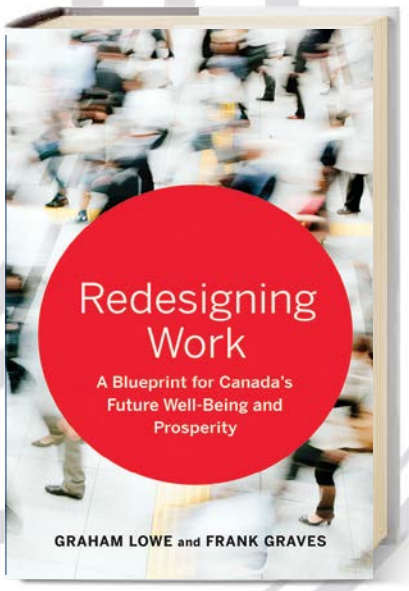

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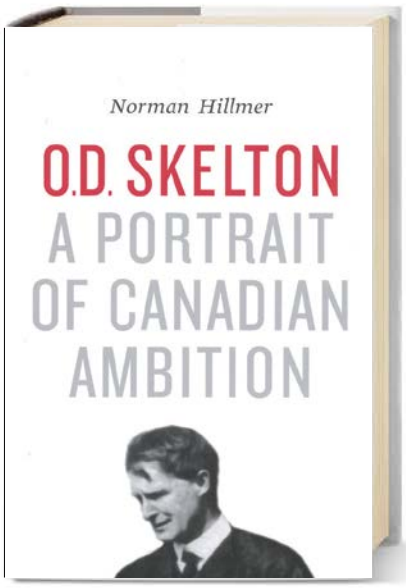

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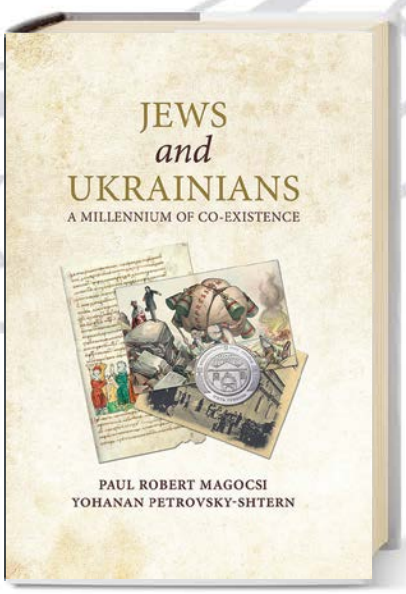

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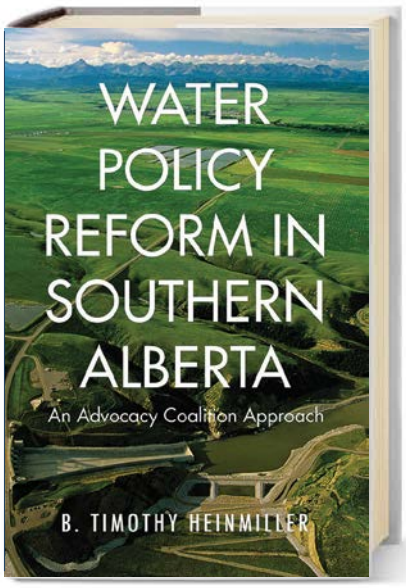

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In memoriam
Ken Wiwa
1968–2016

The LRC mourns the loss of one its contributors, who will be missed.

Cover art and pictures throughout the issue, unless otherwise indicated, by **Kyle Metcalf**.

Kyle Metcalf is an illustrator residing in Calgary, Alberta. He is influenced by *New Yorker* cartoons and European illustrators from the 1950s and '60s. He graduated from the Alberta College of Art & Design in 2011. He has worked for a handful of clients including *The New York Times, GQ* and *The Walrus.*

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Literary Review of Canada
170 Bloor Street West, Suite 706
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Look Who's Watching

Surveillance, Treachery and Trust Online

Fen Osler Hampson and Eric Jardine

Edward Snowden's revelations that the US National Security Agency and other government agencies are spying on Internet users and on other governments confirmed that the Internet is increasingly being used to gather intelligence and personal information. The proliferation of cybercrime, the sale of users' data without their knowledge and the surveillance of citizens through connected devices are all rapidly eroding the confidence users have in the Internet.

To meet the Internet's full potential, its users need to trust that the Internet works reliably while also being secure, private and safe. When trust in the Internet wanes, users begin to alter their online behaviour. A combination of illustrative anecdotal evidence and analysis of new survey data, *Look Who's Watching* clearly demonstrates why trust matters, how it is being eroded and how, with care and deliberate policy action, the essential glue of the Internet — trust — can be restored.

October 2016

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Laid Low

Inside the Crisis that Overwhelmed Europe and the IMF

Paul Blustein

An absorbing account of the world's financial firefighters and their misadventures in the euro zone. The latest book by journalist and author Paul Blustein to go behind the scenes at the highest levels of global economic policy making, *Laid Low* chronicles the International Monetary Fund's role in the euro-zone crisis. Based on interviews with a wide range of participants and scrutiny of thousands of documents, the book tells how the IMF joined in bailouts that all too often piled debt atop debt and imposed excessively harsh conditions on crisis-stricken countries.

Reviewers have lauded Blustein's previous books on financial crises as "gripping," "riveting," "authoritative" and "superbly reported." *The Economist* said his first book" should be read by anyone wanting to understand, from the inside, how the international financial system really works." This is all true in *Laid Low*, where Blustein again applies journalistic skills and methods to recount the biggest and most risk-laden crisis the IMF has ever faced.

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The Dragon's Footprints

China in the Global Economic Governance System under the G20 Framework

Alex He

Under the shadow of the global financial crisis, China's participation in the Washington G20 Summit in 2008 marked the country's first substantial involvement in global economic governance. China played a significant role in the global effort to address the financial crisis, emerging onto the world stage of international governance and contributing to global macroeconomic policy coordination in the G20 ever since.

The Dragon's Footprints: China in the Global Economic Governance System under the G20 Framework examines China's participation in the G20; its efforts to increase its prestige in the international monetary system through the internationalization of its currency, the renminbi; its role in the multilateral development banks; and its involvement in global trade governance.

September 2016

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Q&A

Plunder, Pipelines and Porous Borders

David Frum in conversation with Gary Doer

"Many writers, even superlative wordsmiths, must be having difficulty capturing exactly the phenomenon that we've been witnessing these past days, weeks and months in the United States presidential campaign." With this observation, host of *CBC News Now* Heather Hiscox set the stage for an engrossing and wide-ranging discussion of what the outcome of the U.S. election means for Canada. The conversation, between David Frum and Gary Doer, and moderated by Hiscox, took place on the occasion of the LRC's 25th anniversary gala in Toronto.

David Frum has been among North America's leading conservative political thinkers for more than a decade. A speechwriter for President George W. Bush, he is a senior editor at *The Atlantic*, chair of the British think tank Policy Exchange and the author of eight books.

After a ten-year stint as NDP premier of Manitoba, Gary Doer served as Canada's ambassador to the United States from 2009 until January 2016. He recently joined the global law firm Dentons as a senior business advisor, building on a distinguished public service career marked by pragmatism and bipartisanship.

Frum and Doer spoke before an audience of more than 200 LRC supporters, including a number of Canada's policy and business leaders. This is an edited transcript of their conversation.

Heather Hiscox: Mr. Doer, what are your impressions as you've watched the presidential campaign over these past weeks and months?

Gary Doer: Well, it's interesting to look at the Canadian election a year ago when it was really a battle between a message of "steady hands on the wheel" versus "time for a change." In the United States, normally after a two-term government it is a time for change. I would say the fundamental macro message for Donald Trump has been "throw all the bums out of Washington"—if I can use that language—and with Hillary Clinton "steady hands on the nuclear button." Now it gets complicated everyday with the coverage of "character"—he says diplomatically—but I think that is basically what's happening, besides demographics, maps and the electoral college.

HH: David Frum, [you were] one of the first Republicans to disavow Trump and Trumpism—as of July 2015, if I'm not mistaken—so from that perspective, what do you think as you watch this unfold?

David Frum: One of the questions I get asked a lot in my pundit life is "Are you surprised?" And, of course, the answer is always no, because a pundit is never surprised no matter how wrong the pundit was or how violently the pundit has changed their views since 24 hours ago. But yes I am.

To use terminology that would be recognizable to Donald Trump, what you've had here is a kind of leveraged buyout of a troubled corporation by an asset stripper who's admitted a lot of junk bonds and with that has been able to take a minority position and seize control of a majority institution, and has then attempted to plunder it. He is, I think, the only candidate in American history—certainly recent history—to have enriched himself during the course of the campaign because he's been directing a lot of the campaign contributions into his own pocket.

But I want to take a step back, because Canada is an important vantage point for what's going on in the United States, which is that a normal centre-right party has become a nationalist-populist party. That is a global phenomenon. The 2017 French election will almost certainly see the National Front facing off against the very unpopular social democratic government of François Hollande. In Germany you have a new nationalist-populist party, the Alternative for Germany, which has been winning second place in a series of state elections as the grand coalition of Christian Democrats and Social Democrats collapses under the unpopularity of Merkel's refugee decisions. In Britain you saw a nationalist-populist vote in the Brexit vote. It is a very interesting question whether to think of Brexit as a right-wing or left-wing phenomenon: it was Labour votes—Conservative voices, but Labour votes—that made Brexit a reality.

Canada is the only major democratic advanced country not to have a nationalist-populist movement. I urge my friends in the United States and Europe to study the Canadian example. There's a flu going around and ten houses on the block have got it but one doesn't. There's something to study in that one house.

HH: But the other point is leaders and elites [in this country] ignore what's happening in the world at their peril. Now, Mr. Doer, [you were] telling me as we began the evening that as ambassador, and particularly since 9/11, everything is seen through the prism of security, so it's security abroad and security at home.

Let's begin with the area of military spending, particularly NATO [the North Atlantic Treaty Organization]. The commitment is supposed to be two percent of GDP [gross domestic product] on defence spending. And Canada seems very comfortable: 0.98 percent, not even one percent—no indication of wanting to boost that, and happy with the role Canada's playing in NATO. Do you think there will be increased pressure on Canada for military spending?

GD: Yes, there will be. And that's been building in Washington for a number of years. You could get some of the investments in keeping the world safer included in that definition of two percent, but there's no question that being as low as we are, it's going to be a big Canada-U.S. issue.

HH: Will Canada push back, do you anticipate?

GD: Well, the argument in Canada has always been, and I had to carry this argument, that we're always there when you need us. But I think that this is not going to carry the day with the next president. If I was the Canadian government, I would look at options about how they're going to get there—it's always better to announce it yourself, rather than being forced by another country to do it. I would take some of the investments that Canada makes around the world to make the world safer—to paraphrase Tony Blair, I'm going to deal with the causes of crime. If we can deal with the causes of insecurity in our investments, that may be available. But it's better for us to anticipate and propose rather than oppose and be forced to do it.

HH: We certainly saw a shift in defence strategy away from, for example, flying combat missions, toward humanitarian aid, toward training in the case of the war in Iraq and Syria. There's light between the two countries in that area—do you think that's going to widen further, David?

DF: I think it will. The essential Canadian strategic fact is that Canada faces two kinds of security challenges: security challenges from the United States—and there's nothing that can be done about those—and security challenges from anywhere else, and Canadians have always said, "And that's for the Americans to worry about." The defence of Canada is profoundly non-optional, certainly for Britain and of course for the United States. It's not a surprise that Canada's at 0.98 percent. It puts in the minimum necessary to get its phone calls returned, and beyond that it rides for free.

But we have entered a much more dangerous period than even the post-9/11 period. I want to point to three areas of security threat that really do touch Canada. The first is, and probably in the long run the most important, the deteriorating situation in the Pacific. The Philippines is dropping out of the western-led alliance, and historic partners of the United States and Canada, such as Korea and Japan, are deciding that they hate each other more than they like us or fear China.

Russia, meanwhile, is, for reasons that don't make a lot of logical sense, behaving in an increasingly aggressive way. Canadian troops are taking up positions in Latvia early in 2017—not that many, but as Henry V said, "enough to do our country loss."

The area of security that is hardest for all of us to wrap our minds around is terrorism. Since 2005, we've moved into a security situation where, in the words of the old horror movie, the telephone call is coming from inside the house. And in Europe, with Angela Merkel's decision to admit a million Syrian refugees, that internal threat is going to accelerate. North America has experienced less of this for a lot of reasons, including luck, but this is going to be a growing problem. We have this great pressure of migration from the Middle East. The first generation settles uneasily but more or less quietly in their host countries, and in the second generation you get this wave of security threats.

HH: So we heard from Donald Trump about what he'd do in the face of that pressure of migrants arriving—keep all Muslims out of the country, although he backed away from that somewhat. Hillary Clinton would increase the number of refugees coming in as a result of the war in Syria, but she too is talking about careful screening. And here you have the country to the north—31,000 refugees and counting—and I'm wondering if the immigration/refugee policy divide could be widening further.

GD: First of all, on the Syrian refugee decisions, we consulted with the Americans on everyone to make sure there was not somebody identified as a security risk—

HH: I think that's a very interesting point. It's to the U.S. standard, is it not?

GD: That's right. We had an agreement with Homeland Security and the United States, and a protocol of what we were going through. They would alert us too if there were any security problems that they became aware of—somebody we didn't know as part of that refugee group that was embedded as a potential terrorist in either one of our countries. There was a procedure in place before the election in Canada and after the election took place in Canada, and it remains between our two countries.

We have worked very hard to get a beyond-the-border plan in place that requires legislation on Capitol Hill in the United States. It has support from people like Chuck Schumer; it has support in the House of Representatives. We have an agreement now on air, land, sea and rail, and I would recommend strongly that we continue to articulate the need to get that agreement passed in the House in the United States. And in Canada, of course, it requires legislation in Parliament.

HH: There is still a belief among U.S. lawmakers that Canada's is a porous border. We saw that after Ahmed Ressam. We even heard that from Hillary Clinton—

GD: We did hear that. The debate in Canada is kind of interesting. I was involved in the debate about handing over the passenger lists for airplanes flying over the United States maybe to Mexico or Cuba. A lot of policy people were arguing why should we do this. And my argument was it's not a human right to go into another country. Some of this stuff is common sense, but there is resistance in Canada.

But I think [the U.S. president's] focus will be on Turkey—those direct flights from Turkey to Canada and the United States—the perceived and real problems of the Turkish and Syrian border. In Washington that is the big, big issue—the so-called elephant in the room.

HH: Trade is another huge area in the relationship between Canada and the United States. It's the largest trading relationship in the world, with more than $2 billion a day in goods and services going across that border. And for the United States it represents 20 percent of its exports, but for Canada it's a much more important 70 to 80 percent. We have heard tough anti-trade stances, and the protectionist rhetoric has been high. How concerned are you?

GD: One of the areas that I hear about all the time from both Democrats and Republicans is something the Americans are very concerned about, though it isn't an issue in the media a lot. They perceive that countries manipulate their currencies for trade advantages. You can't just say we may have negative interest rates as an option in Canada so that we can sell more goods to the United States and not think that the senator from Ohio can read, and listen, and follow what you're saying.

That was one of the big criticisms of the Transpacific Partnership, which has improved wording from the left on labour and the environment, but nothing on foreign investment protection, as they would see it, and nothing on currency manipulation, which was a huge issue to get the authorization from the president during the votes on the Hill.

I think we should always say that we're the United States' biggest customer. We shouldn't use "eight million jobs, $2 billion a day" and all these numbers that mean nothing. Our line should consistently be "Canada buys more goods and services from the United States than the European Union [countries] put together."

Third, the biggest problem we had on trade was with the House controlled by Nancy Pelosi, who brought in the U.S. *Recovery Act* that had "Buy America" right throughout it. We actually had to get waivers in nine of the key areas in Canada-U.S. trade so that we wouldn't be subject to Buy America. It took us a year to do it. In my view, Paul Ryan on trade is easier for Canada to deal with than Nancy Pelosi—that may be heresy for a former New Democrat to say. When I was premier, I thought the Democrats were better on multilateralism, on international affairs, and the Republicans were better for Manitoba and Canada on trade and energy. And nothing that I did in Washington in six years has changed my mind on that.

DF: Here's where you're right on the trade front: something is happening. When we talk about the American trade deficit with China, we tell a morality tale: that Americans consume too much and sell too little, and therefore the Chinese accumulate American assets, and this accumulation of American assets (stocks and bonds) in Chinese

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Vanishing Point

the last
grain elevator
demolished
our little town sinks
further into dust

we leave
wild blanketflowers
on your grave
hoping deer will come
to keep you warm

trees stand
against the horizon
so far
and few between
but, oh, this prairie sky

Debbie Strange

Debbie Strange is a Canadian short-form poet, haiga artist and photographer. She is a member of the Writers' Collective of Manitoba and the Manitoba Writers' Guild. Her first full-length poetry collection, Warp and Weft: Tanka Threads, *was released by Keibooks in 2015, and her chapbook of haiku,* A Year Unfolding, *is forthcoming from Folded Word in 2016.*

hands is the penalty Americans pay for not working hard enough and consuming too much. And I think what we've figured out over the past decade is that that's an exact inverse of what is happening. What is really happening is China is making a deliberate policy of accumulating American assets and not spending them in order to hold its currency down, in order to create employment in China, in order to avert a revolution.

HH: That's certainly been much of the fodder of what we've heard from the Republicans—

DF: —and Democrats too, by the way—

GD: Democrats are the same. Actually, in the Senate and the House, you hear it more from the Democrats than the Republicans.

HH: So in concrete terms, then, [is] the TPP done?

GD: Not necessarily. Again, I know that Hillary Clinton said it would be the gold standard, and then when Bernie Sanders came out, it wasn't the gold standard anymore. I do think President Obama will try to get a vote, because he's already got the trade promotion authority. He will try to get a vote in the lame duck session [between the election and the inauguration of the new president].

> Canada is the only major democratic advanced country not to have a nationalist-populist movement.

HH: If that doesn't happen, though, that's 40 percent of the world's economies in the world's largest trade pact—what would Canada lose out on?

DF: Well, on trade and on defence, Canada has a very particular competing set of incentives. Canada always has to think about two things: one is what system does Canada want for the world, multilaterally, but if you can't get that, how does Canada protect its own interests.

The U.S.-Canada trade agreement in 1988 originated in this way. Canadians had originally always opposed the idea of continental free trade because they always wanted to be in a multilateral framework. The Mulroney government had said that's becoming obsolete—you have to protect yourself in the face of an environment that is generally becoming more adverse.

I think your story about Buy America—I mean obviously it would have been better if the *Recovery Act* had had no such provisions at all. But the Canadian view is, "well, gee, we're not going to invest Ambassador Doer's time exempting Germany—he's paid by the Canadian taxpayer, he's there to make sure that Canada is exempted, and congratulations, good job." But it is going to be a different world.

HH: They've also begun to raise—and again we heard this back in 2008 and it never happened, so perhaps again it's just rhetoric for the campaign—NAFTA [the North American Free Trade Agreement].

GD: Yeah, I don't think there's been a candidate that hasn't said they're going to reassess NAFTA.

HH: Well, are they not now so baked in, integrated—would it even be possible?

GD: We've had the same situation in Canada where candidates say they're going to renegotiate NAFTA, and then they write a letter on environment and labour policy, and then exchange letters and say that's a renegotiation—not to be cynical about it! [*Laughter*]

There are two agreements: the Canada-U.S. agreement and the NAFTA agreement. And, for example, Mexico didn't want energy in the NAFTA agreement—it's in the Canada-U.S. agreement. Of course, you look at Pennsylvania, which is selling gas to Canada, and that's protected in the Canada-U.S. trade agreement. I did not hear Donald Trump talk about the Canada-U.S. agreement, but there's also no question that the NAFTA trade agreement in northern, Democratic states, is not popular.

HH: We'll get to clean energy in a second, and that leads into climate change, but energy itself, the pipeline issues … will Keystone ever take place?

DF: Keystone is a very interesting prism through which to predict what a Clinton presidency is going to be like. She is very likely going to win a very big victory, and she's going to look for 16 or 17 hours like a very powerful president, but she's not going to be.

Unlike Barack Obama, who was the clear leader of the largest faction of his party, who never faced any significant internal challenge and, of course, who faced no primary challenge when he ran for re-election in 2012—he commands a Reagan-like authority within the Democratic party—Hillary Clinton is not that person. Whereas Obama fought and won a hard-fought primary against the most famous brand name among living democrats, Hillary Clinton fought and barely won a primary contest against Larry David without the jokes. It's absurd that you would almost lose to Bernie Sanders.

So she will be governing, always, with one eye over her left shoulder, and she'll be worried about a primary challenge in 2020, and with good reason. And on foreign policy, she is far to the right of where her party is. So on domestic issues, and on things like the pipeline, she will try to appease an unappeasable democratic left, and whatever she does it will never be good enough. And one of the places she will pay her party's left is on energy issues, pipeline issues, fossil fuels. And that's especially easy to do because we are in a global energy glut, especially in fossil fuels.

GD: On energy, it's an interesting debate. When George W. Bush started, he had 1.2 million barrels of oil a day from Canada, and 1.9 million when he left office—and Barack Obama is at 3.4 million. So he's actually doubled the amount of oil from Canada in less time. But he's not perceived to have done that because the Keystone pipeline became such a big symbolic issue and was opposed by a lot of his people. And when Nebraska said no to it after Hillary Clinton said yes to it, that's when it became just an absolute mess, and it still is. I don't see Hillary Clinton having the ability to change course, going from yes to no to yes. But I think there's a populism to getting your oil from Canada, a reliable neighbour, rather than getting from a country in the Middle East, if you want to get out and sell it that way.

HH: On the clean energy point, do you see that sort of continental negotiation, with Canada as part of it, being foreseeable, David?

DF: Look, the climate issue is really about China and India, right? What are they going to do? All of the developed countries have been on the path for a long time to reducing energy intensity. Canada has a lot of hydroelectric resources that have never been worth anybody's while to develop, but there are a lot of them, as you know well, and Manitoba's the sort of Saudi Arabia of this potentiality. But it just hasn't been cost effective—small market changes and technological improvements can make it happen. Meanwhile, the idea that you're going to sit down with a Mexican government that is an especially dysfunctional one, wracked by terrible scandals, run by an unusually—even for Mexico—corrupt president … Has anyone ever seen pictures of his plane? Just go look at the pictures of the new 787 Dreamliner delivered to the president of Mexico, and then look at the plane of Angela Merkel…

GD: I have seen her plane!

DF: Oh, you've seen her plane. Right? It's, it's…

HH: Modest?

GD: It's your basic…

DF: Yeah, it's your basic head-of-state, we-need-a-lot-of-security-equipment-to-get-you-from-place-to-place plane and you have to share it with the president of the state. The president of Mexico has a plane upholstered in white leather, with a working fireplace. It's as big as Air Force One. I mean, it's wacky! And then you look at his house. Okay, and GDP per worker in Mexico is still lower today than it was in 1980. It is a highly dysfunctional country. And the idea that anybody there is going to be interested in these things, and negotiating them in a functional way—I just don't think it's real.

GD: [*Laughter*] I do believe there's a lot of room for agreements on clean energy, energy efficiency, between Canada and the United States. It takes five years to get a transmission line approved from one state to another state in the U.S., and I used to joke (and I got in trouble in the media) that it was one lawyer per megawatt to get a transmission line approved from Canada to the United States. And

that actually hasn't changed. We need a big vision, or a big plan to approve all these projects, because right now it's a battle of one-trick ponies.

HH: You talked at the beginning about Canada so far [avoiding] that populist tide that has been so detrimental in so much of the world. The extent to which politics has been debased in this U.S. election campaign, the level of political discourse—do you ever see that happening in a Canadian campaign?

DF: I don't think Canada is inherently immune to what has happened in other countries. Canada has had populist movements in the past. It just doesn't have them right now. I think the reason Canada is different [today] from the United States and France and Germany and Great Britain and all the countries of central Europe comes down to three things. First, Canada has had the strongest employment recovery from the great recession of any developed country. Second, Canada has had an unusually strong growth in middle class incomes. That is a tremendous inoculator. What drives populism is a sense of unfairness, the world not being ordered. But the last thing I would stress is that the Canadian experience with immigration has been different from others. Canada has an immigration policy that is not overly reliant on any one source. And immigrants to Canada are better educated than native-born Canadians, so they tend to enter at the top of the labour market and they therefore exert a pro-equality influence. They are driving wages at the top down, and purchasing power at the bottom up. In almost every other country, the opposite is the case.

> In my view, Paul Ryan on trade is easier for Canada to deal with than Nancy Pelosi—that may be heresy for a former New Democrat to say.

But none of these things are guaranteed and a lot of them owe themselves to luck as much to sound policy.

GD: Yeah, I think on immigration it's good policy. One of the things that I really found in the United States from my time as ambassador was a fourth factor: we did not go through the housing crisis like the United States did. A lot of Americans had a 40 percent decrease in the value of their home at the same time they had rising unemployment. And then all their taxes, they perceived, were going to Wall Street to bail them out. So when you have your own home going down in value, and your own taxes perceived to be going to Wall Street—that's why you get a lot more anger in the United States, some of it very legitimate. LRC

Remains of His Day

Does it make a difference that Stephen Harper was ever prime minister?

Paul Wells

The Harper Factor:
Assessing a Prime Minister's Policy Legacy
Jennifer Ditchburn and Graham Fox, editors
McGill-Queen's University Press
305 pages, hardcover
ISBN 9780773548701

After Stephen Harper's Conservatives finally won a majority government in 2011, I used to enjoy terrifying readers by reminding them that by the time his term ended in 2015, Harper would still be three years younger than Jean Chrétien was when Chrétien became prime minister for the first time. Since Chrétien had lasted a decade, I was implying, Harper could turn out to be damned near eternal. Readers would protest that they could not stand the man. So how could he keep winning elections? But by 2011, I had a ready answer: You never could stand him in the first place, and yet he has won three in a row. Why would he stop now?

The truth—obvious to me only in hindsight—is that very soon after the 2011 election, Harper's electoral goose was already pretty thoroughly cooked. He had always run an insurgency. He could not figure out how to run an incumbency.

We are left with three questions. Why did he lose in 2015? How did he win three consecutive elections before that? And does it make any difference that he was ever prime minister?

The second question—how Harper won, while he was still winning—was so hard to understand for so many readers that I needed to write two books to answer it properly. To some extent my effort was wasted. Many Canadians never wanted to know how Harper won elections. Many do not really believe he did. When pressed to acknowledge that Harper did indeed reside at 24 Sussex Drive from 2006 to 2015, many will finally admit that it may be so, but that the unfortunate mishap can be chalked up to chronic voter fraud, combined with the bottomless gullibility of the uneducated.

My own claim is that Harper represented widespread, long-standing and legitimate currents in Canadian politics; that millions of Canadians were pleased to see him become prime minister and happy to help him stay as long as they could; and that although millions of others were less sure about him, he was skilled at politics and, often, able to win enough of them over.

And then it all fell apart. Here I am not sure how to avoid the cliché about the dog that chases cars until it finally catches one. Winning that majority, like so much else Harper did, was a hell of a stunt, and it took him four elections to pull it off. But then he was not sure what to do.

Harper divides Canadians in his absence as he so diligently sought to do in office. Many will not want to entertain the notion that he left anything tangible.

For most of 2011 he tried to offer a Holiday Inn government: "No surprises." He reintroduced the budget his government fell on before the election. He had the governor general read a throne speech that said close to nothing. His goal was to prove that a majority Harper government need not be a scary thing. But his base grew restless because he was proving it could be an insipid thing. Then, in November 2011, Barack Obama delayed a decision on the Keystone XL pipeline for at least a year, giving Harper a chance to transform into a resource export crusader. Harper was friendly to the Chinese, which won him no favours from China and upset longtime Conservative voters; he was theatrically furious at Obama, which failed to hurry the president along, and belligerent toward environmentalists, indigenous opponents of pipelines and just about everyone else.

Eventually he probably would have decided anyway that none of this was helping him. Before he could get around to that epiphany, Robert Fife of CTV News started reporting on Nigel Wright's secret deal to pay off Senator Mike Duffy's living expenses. Perhaps there was some clever way to handle this revelation that Harper did not try. What he did do was collapse into a defensive crouch from which he never recovered. A decade earlier he had won power by reaching out to a succession of unlikely allies: Progressive Conservatives, Quebec nationalists, Tories on Bay Street and in Atlantic Canada. For his last two years in power he lived in an echo chamber.

I could go on about all the big events of the 2015 election, but here is a little thing that preceded it and is, I think, illustrative. It is Harper's practice of federalism, in its late decadent phase. Never mind that he refused to meet the premiers as a group: that was an interesting experiment in rejecting the stacked premises of executive federalism in this country. But he refused for as long as he could to meet Kathleen Wynne, the Liberal premier of Ontario, in what he clearly intended as cretinous punishment of Ontarians for having elected the wrong government.

A million Ontarians had voted, in turn, for the Harper Conservatives in 2011 and the Wynne Liberals in 2014. A million of them. They believed both of their votes were legitimate, and they expected both leaders to act like adults. The Harper who won in 2006 would have told the Harper who pouted in 2014 to suck it up and meet the lady. The Harper who lost in 2015 appeared, twice in the campaign's final week, with Rob Ford instead. His detractors need to contemplate all the reasons for his victories. His supporters should ponder all the reasons for his defeat.

What does he leave behind? So soon after his defeat, so early in the gaudy reign of his successor, it is brave even to ask the question. Harper divides Canadians in his absence as he so diligently sought to do in office. Many who were on the losing side of his decade will not want to entertain the notion that he left anything tangible, or anything good at any rate.

Fortunately, the Institute for Research on Public Policy has a long history of barging into the country's nastiest debates. That the Montreal think tank was founded at Pierre Trudeau's initiative, during his government's first mandate in the early 1970s and with a generous federal endowment, does not matter much anymore. The IRPP is now, for all intents and purposes, eternal. Its publications, including its flagship periodical *Policy Options*, are cheerfully non-partisan and aimed at an informed general audience, rather than at academics. When I was an undergraduate in the 1980s, IRPP-commissioned essay collections on the Meech Lake constitutional amendments and on Canada-U.S. free trade offered one-stop shopping for my term-paper research.

Paul Wells is a national affairs columnist at the Toronto Star. *He has written two books on Stephen Harper:* Right Side Up: The Fall of Paul Martin and the Rise of Stephen Harper's New Conservatism *(McClelland and Stewart, 2006) and* The Longer I'm Prime Minister: Stephen Harper and Canada, 2006– *(Random House, 2013).* The New Yorker *called him "Canada's foremost Harperologist."*

Written by academics, journalists and practitioners of the political arts, the books left a reader plenty of room to draw his own conclusions about the issues under discussion.

And so it is with *The Harper Factor: Assessing a Prime Minister's Policy Legacy*. Edited by the IRPP's current president, Graham Fox, who served 15 years ago as Joe Clark's chief of staff, and by Jennifer Ditchburn, the former CBC reporter who now edits *Policy Options*, *The Harper Factor* offers 15 essays on Harper's record in as many policy areas. Ditchburn covers Harper's fraught relations with the parliamentary press gallery. Reporter Susan Delacourt, whose most recent book was on political marketing, writes about Harper's strategies for goosing voter support for the Conservatives. Michael Decter, long a first-call expert on Canada's health-care system, sums up Harper's record on health ("A Curious Mix of Continuity, Unilateralism and Opportunity Lost").

This impressive cast was conscripted long before the 2015 election, Ditchburn and Fox take care to note, with a mandate to deliver copy no matter who won that battle. The authors were told to bring their passions to the table, but not to ignore the facts. "While there was a lot of instant analysis of the Harper government in the form of punditry and editorials, much of it—too much, perhaps—focused on the personality of the man," the editors write. The goal here is to take a longer, cooler view.

To the extent their partisan stripe can be known, most of the contributors are Liberals or, well, Tories, as distinct from the sort of populist and mostly western Conservatives who would once have consorted with the old Reform party.

One honourable exception is Paul Wilson, a former policy director in Harper's Prime Minister's Office, who mounts a spirited defence against widespread claims that Harper used the rules of parliamentary procedure to crush his opponents when he was not simply ignoring the rules altogether. Wilson uses data on closure, time allocation, length of debate and the bulk of budget implementation bills to significantly nuance these claims. At times Wilson's tone is defensive, and at other times he does concede that Harper departed significantly from his predecessors' practice. But even where his portrait softens the caricature of Harper as an authoritarian, it is not gratuitous: Wilson offers information that most readers will not have considered before.

> Deeper understanding of what he was up to proves elusive. He is a complex man, plainly given to conflicting impulses.

"Harper's record," the editors state at the outset, "is decidedly more nuanced than both his admirers and his detractors will concede." Less coherent than either would try to argue, too. Reporter Murray Brewster, now at the CBC and for a long time the military specialist at the Canadian Press, tries to make sense of Harper's record on war, military procurement and veterans affairs. Brewster's account is meticulous and nearly incomprehensible. It is not Brewster's fault: Harper extended Canada's mission in Afghanistan before cutting it short. He led a surge in equipment procurement before proving, in his last years, incapable of buying almost any piece of military kit. He announced a massive multi-year military expansion before scaling it back considerably. "It is safe to say that those who are left coming out of Stephen Harper's wars," Brewster writes, "have yet to fully appreciate or reflect upon the experience."

The same could be said of any veteran, participant or observer, of Harper's many combats. The sector-by-sector approach Ditchburn and Fox favour permits more detail on individual files than, say, the more impressionistic take I offered in my own books on Harper. But to a surprising extent, deeper understanding of what he was up to proves elusive. He is a complex man, plainly given to conflicting impulses and not at all fond of explaining himself. (I am told, reliably, he has no plan to write his own memoir. He would be the first long-lasting prime minister since Louis St. Laurent to so deprive us. Harper's continued turtle act is a serious loss to our understanding of executive government in Canada.)

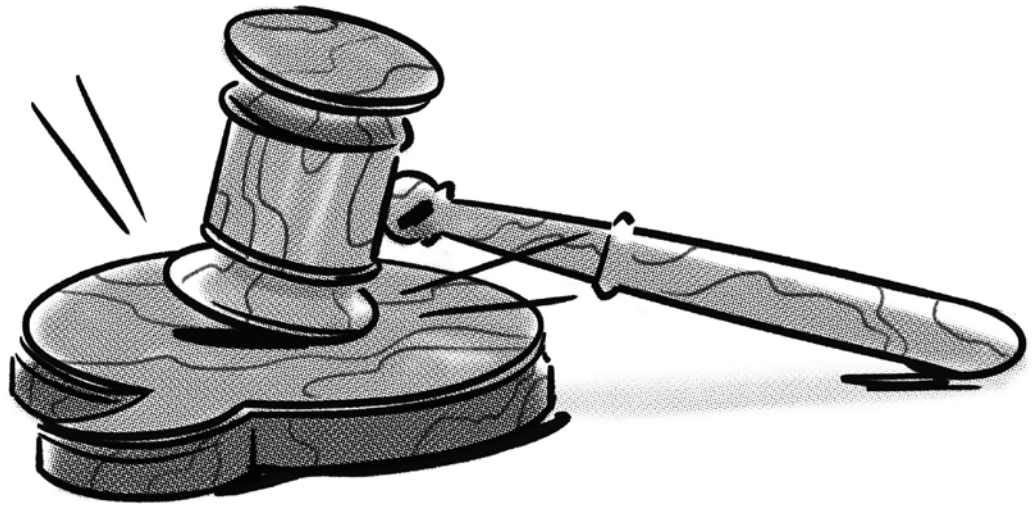
Does he leave a legacy? Justin Trudeau is trying to ensure it is as minimal as possible. Still, there are traces. On transfers to the provinces for health care, on the response to Russia's aggression against Ukraine, and on levels of taxation, Trudeau is closer to Harper than either might like to admit. In most ways they were as different as chalk and cheese. Canada is a big enough country to accommodate both. LRC

ESSAY

Survivors Guild

What does the profusion of rape memoirs ask of sexual assault laws, and of readers?

SARAH LISS



You hardly know him but now he thinks he knows you:
he has taken down your worst moment
on a machine and filed it in a file.
He knows, or thinks he knows, how much you imagined;
he knows, or thinks he knows, what you secretly wanted.
—Adrienne Rich, "Rape"

IN MID OCTOBER, A LOS ANGELES–BASED SCREENwriter named Kathryn Borel, widely known as the former CBC employee who charged disgraced *Q* host Jian Ghomeshi with workplace harassment, published a post on her Facebook page. "I want to join the chorus of women sharing their experiences with sexual assault," she wrote, proceeding to note, with harrowing matter-of-factness, that she had been "raped and sodomized" by a stranger four years earlier. Borel had alluded to the incident in an interview with *Maclean's* magazine after Ghomeshi publicly apologized to her as part of his court-ordered peace bond. But in the post, which referenced a speech she had given at a recent fundraising brunch for the UCLA Rape Treatment Center, she gave details of the attack, and thanked the series of women who had helped her—from the petite early-morning jogger who scared off her assailant to the counsellor who helped her find words to articulate what had happened to her.

"This is not my 'story'…" Borel wrote. "These are facts, and what happened to me was a crime." Later, acknowledging the people who helped her find clarity in the fragmented aftermath, she wrote: "speaking about rape is a collaboration."

Borel's post was published nearly a week after a tape surfaced featuring Donald Trump's boasts about grabbing female acquaintances' genitals. As the scope of the presidential candidate's sexual impropriety was revealed, essayist Kelly Oxford encouraged survivors to come forward. "Women," she wrote on October 8, 2016, "tweet me your first assaults. They aren't just stats." Over the course of a single evening, she later reported, she received more than a million anecdotes, representing a grotesquely wide spectrum of personal violation.

It has been two years since the high-profile allegations against Jian Ghomeshi sparked a national conversation about sexual assault, a year and a half since *New York* magazine ran a cover story featuring the accounts of 35 women who described having been assaulted by Bill Cosby. The treatment, inside and outside the courtroom, of the women who made these allegations was a neat illustration of that "institutional conspiracy" (in Borel's words) to solicit silence. In response, survivors of sexual assault raised their voices. In the past year, a torrent of unflinching first-person narratives has swept through social media, news publications and popular culture.

In *Jane Doe January: My Twenty-Year Search for Truth and Justice* and *I Will Find You: A Reporter Investigates the Life of the Man Who Raped Her*, both published earlier this year, two writers (crime novelist Emily Winslow and journalist Joanna Connors, respectively) desperately seek justice for their rapes, which happened two decades prior. This past spring saw the release of *Mexican Hooker #1: And My Other Roles Since the Revolution*, in which Vancouver playwright Carmen Aguirre confronts the gruesome assault she endured in her teens. Public figures—Amy Schumer, Gretchen Carlson, Lena Dunham—have used their own memoirs to ruminate on past rapes and instances of harassment. This past summer, Toronto journalist Lauren McKeon wrote an essay for *Toronto Life* about why she never reported any of the three rapes she suffered; bestselling novelist Jessica Knoll recounted being raped in her teens for Dunham's *Lenny Letter*.

In June, *Buzzfeed* published a victim-impact statement written by "Emily Doe," the woman who was raped by a Stanford athlete named Brock Turner (who attributed his actions to "drunken promiscuity"). Honest, unflinching and profoundly insightful, the statement went viral. First-person accounts of sexual assault have since appeared in publications including *Self*, *Cosmopolitan* and *The Daily Beast*, some of those prompted by the recent allegations about Donald Trump and by his reaction to them. In the past several weeks, a wealth of firsthand responses could be found everywhere from *People* (where a reporter recounted her own Trump allegations) to *Business Insider* (where a male survivor recounted his assault) to the college-journalism outlet *Tab* (where a woman recounted having been raped in her teens by two male friends).

All these stories—or rather, as Borel aptly notes, each factual report of a crime—are heartbreaking and repellent. And yet, this time around, not one feels like something you have never read before. All fit into a form that has started to feel unsettlingly familiar.

There have been earlier personal reflections of sexual assault: Alice Sebold's memoir, *Lucky*, or Nancy Venable Raine's *After Silence: Rape and My Journey Back*, both published in 1999. But the recent accounts are distinguished in part by their number, which marks the emergence of a literary genre that seems very much in demand.

For survivors, the echoes in the stories can be comforting: here is solidarity; here is proof that someone else has been through this unfathomable experience. For the wider community, the articles mark a certain kind of progress: the shroud

Sarah Liss is a writer and editor in Toronto who has contributed to The Walrus, Maclean's, Toronto Life, The Globe and Mail, Hazlitt, *the* Hairpin *and CBC.ca. Her book,* Army of Lovers: A Community History of Will Munro, *was published by Coach House books in 2013.*

of stigma has lifted enough to encourage victims to come forward with their stories. And yet, two years after that watershed moment, many of the women—it is still mostly women—are delivering their testimonies in magazines, rather than in the courts.

Even as sexual assault memoirs proliferate, the system that fails survivors remains broken. Judges (like Robin Camp, who infamously asked the victim of a violent assault why she did not "keep [her] knees together" to prevent her rape) continue to perpetuate myths about rape. Attackers (like Brock Turner) walk away with a slap on the wrist. By now, these institutional failings are well known and widely publicized. According to statistics published by YWCA Canada in 2015, of every 1,000 sexual assaults that occur annually, twelve have charges laid, nine are prosecuted and only three lead to conviction. An Ipsos Reid poll commissioned by Global TV in 2015 revealed that, of women who report their assaults to police, 72 percent describe that experience as "negative," and nearly 40 percent of respondents come away "devastated." In her *Toronto Life* essay, McKeon points to this emotional horror show as a reason for why she declined to go to the police: "The legal system requires proof beyond a reasonable doubt. I'd behaved in ways that didn't make sense … Facing the antagonism of an interrogation hardly seemed worth it."

In this context, memoir can be a formidable, even necessary, recourse. The legal system may reject anything outside of black-and-white certitudes, but personal narrative allows a writer to revel in these grey areas, to explore the things that do not "make sense." In a paper published by the *Journal of Feminist Scholarship* last fall, Tara Roeder, a professor at St. John's University in Queens, New York, examined "rape and the politics of storytelling." As she writes, "memoirs of sexual assault become a different kind of evidence than courtroom testimony. They allow victims to … explore the complex truths of rape without altering their narratives to fit seamlessly into culturally sanctioned scripts." That demand for the "perfect" story was one of the things the Ghomeshi trial laid bare: one by one, his accusers were discredited by inconsistencies in their accounts—inconsistencies that were wholly consistent with the undermining effects of trauma on the brain—and subjected to a kind of public humiliation.

First-person narratives have created a countervailing effect, a virtual community for survivors. Hashtags such as #beenrapednevereported have turned Twitter into a de facto support network. "When I realized that … he did this to many, many women," Cosby victim Linda Brown told *New York Magazine*, "I felt the need to come forward and help report them because there is strength in numbers."

But often, that impulse toward comradeship is tinged with ambivalence. In a *Buzzfeed* essay about her own decision to talk about a rape that occurred years earlier, Lena Dunham writes: "Survivors are so often re-victimized by a system that demands they prove their purity and innocence … They are isolated and betrayed by people close to them who doubt their reality or are frustrated by their inability to move on. Their most intimate experiences are made public property." Writing on the evolving meaning of the word "survivor" in the *New York Times Magazine* in May, Parul Sehgal homes in on this impulse: "In Japanese, the word 'trauma' is expressed with a combination of two characters: 'outside' and 'injury.' Trauma is a visible wound—suffering we can see—but it is also suffering made public, calcified into identity and, inevitably, simplified."

Memoir bears both the risk of entrenching that calcified identity and, as for writers like Carmen Aguirre, the promise of liberation. In 1981, while walking with her twelve-year-old cousin, Macarena, near the University of British Columbia campus, Aguirre was raped at gunpoint. She was 13; she was wearing a brand-new wraparound skirt; she was eager to watch the soccer game that had started in a field not far from the trails. Her attacker threatened to kill both girls if Aguirre refused to acquiesce to the rape; she told him to shoot. As time passed—as his threats became increasingly graphic and gruesome—Macarena, terrified, begged her for mercy. At that point, Aguirre recalls, "my surrender was absolute." Training his gun on her temple, the rapist demanded that she cover her eyes with her blouse. "Don't move. Don't speak. Don't breathe," he instructed. "And then," Aguirre writes, "he sliced me clean in two."

> Social lift may have drawn attention to rape culture, but it is an arbitrary, and fleeting, phenomenon.

She is speaking literally here, describing the physical violation of that 13-year-old body, an experience that felt like a hot knife slicing her viscera, again and again. But that line, which comes nearly two thirds of the way through *Mexican Hooker #1*, carries the weight of metaphor: there is a cleaving between the person she was prior to the attack, and the compartmentalized self she became in its aftermath. When she reflects back on that spring day, she evokes an out-of-body experience, a soul soaring overhead, communing with an eagle. That division took hold even though Aguirre, the daughter of Chilean revolutionaries, was already inured to trauma (as a very young child, for instance, she stood, trembling, in the yard in front of her house, as Pinochet's soldiers pointed guns at her and her little sister). It took hold even though she promptly told family members and law enforcement officials who believed and supported her; it took hold even though the serial rapist who terrorized her and other girls and women in Vancouver for eight years was brought to justice within a half decade.

Mexican Hooker #1 is not exclusively—or even predominantly—about rape. Intended as a complement to her first memoir, *Something Fierce*, an incisive account of her time in the Chilean radical left, the book takes stock of Aguirre's "other roles since the revolution"—roles that include theatre artist, self-described "basketball wife" (to a flashy player on a team in Argentina), displaced Latina in lily-white Vancouver and, yes, survivor. But the shadow of sexual assault is long and insidious, and Aguirre deftly illuminates the ways in which it permeates every part she plays. The kinetic energy of her efforts to repress—and then contend with—the attack (and her attacker) drives her fierce, funny narrative.

Although Aguirre spent years trying to actively live in the portion of her psyche that remained untainted by her attacker—it was, she believed, the only way to resist letting him take over—she never managed to extricate herself fully from the story of what had happened to her. "He was always present in my bedrooms of love and sex, in the four chambers of my heart, my guts, my womb, in the childhood forest I hadn't returned to since the rape, present in the booming recital hall of my skull," she writes. Her life is, effectively, a kind of palimpsest—until a flashback during acting class in her early twenties becomes a catalyst for therapy, self-searching and emotional collapse. Eventually, more than a decade later, that narrative coalesced into a powerful work of autobiography.

For Emily Winslow, now based in England and separated from her rape by an ocean, two decades, a marriage and two kids, returning to an attack that occurred in her final year of university amounts to excavating a dormant self. And yet returning to that time, revisiting the minutiae, playing the current court case over in detail, becomes essential when, thanks to an absurd legal loophole, the Supreme Court rules that the statute of limitations has indeed run out, and her rapist—whose DNA is

HAIBUN

Late March

I will check to see if my house still has lots of salt — pink salt, and matches for candles. "You never start fires, you never travel," my neighbour complains. She wants the street to herself, with its cherry blossoms, its stellar jays, bay views, and kisses on benches. Occasionally a skinny coyote saunters out of the park, making dog walkers tug at their leashes.

Rainy spring again
I will soon sign a mortgage
with my beloved

Jen Currin

Jen Currin has published four books of poetry, including The Inquisition Yours*, which won the Audre Lorde Award for Lesbian Poetry in 2011, and* School*, which was a finalist for three prizes. She has recently finished her first collection of stories.*

an unequivocal match to the traces found in her rape kit—walks free. *Jane Doe January* becomes a vehicle for her rage, and an effort to find some form of justness when true justice proves elusive.

If memoir is therapeutic, allowing individual writers to grapple with their own trauma, it is not an effective universal solution, or an enduring one. For one thing, it is available mostly to the sorts of people who can write engaging personal accounts and have them published in media outlets: educated, middle class and, more often than not, white writers, academics, actors and others in the creative class. But a myriad women are affected by sexual assault whose lives unfold far beyond those circles. The form of justice accessible to most is the deeply flawed one offered by the court system.

Even for authors, writing about it remains an imperfect answer. Social lift may have drawn attention to rape culture, but it is an arbitrary, and fleeting, phenomenon. Becoming a product means being tied to the rules of the market, which makes sexual assault stories subject to the kind of evaluations that accompany any story: Is it fresh? What's the angle? For those in the business of publishing sexual assault memoirs, the goal is rarely the empowerment of the writer. The first-person economy, Laura Bennett wrote in a 2015 article for *Slate*, "incentivizes knee-jerk, ideally topical self-exposure, the hot take's more intimate sibling." "It's harder than ever to weigh the ethics of publishing these pieces against the market forces that demand them," she wrote. (She was not talking about first-person accounts of rape, but she could have been.) There is a hunger for these stories right now. But at some point, that unsettling sense of familiarity will start to feel more rehashed than resonant; the clicks will ebb and the gatekeepers will lose interest. Sadly, that point is likely to come long before the legal system is fixed.

In the meantime, there may be a danger in providing an informal forum that embraces complexities and shades of grey even while we have a legal system that penalizes nuances. As the complainants in the Ghomeshi trial learned, the wellspring of support that bolsters survivors—Twitter hashtags, virtual bathroom walls where names are named—can be turned against women in the courtroom if they do choose to report. There is also another side to lionizing those who come forward. For McKeon, the chatter that swelled during the Ghomeshi trial itself was a double-edged sword: "I couldn't help thinking that the conversation I was hearing tended to erase the flesh-and-blood women who'd been raped. It transformed my personal experiences into a political rallying cry." She struggled with the sense that, as a feminist, she needed to speak out. "The thought of admitting it, even in a hashtag, was suffocating."

It is a Catch-22, as University of Guelph professor Karyn Freedman explains in an interview about her 2014 book, *One Hour in Paris: A True Story of Rape and Recovery*, which combines reflections on her own rape years earlier with illuminating philosophical theory on the nature of trauma. On the one hand, she affirms that women should not be pressured into coming forward, and addresses her own professional and personal privilege. But on the other hand, she insists, "I have a certain responsibility. When women don't come forward, we end up seeing rape as a series of isolated events as opposed to a systemic problem that faces women and children worldwide."

As it stands, survivors bear an unfair burden when it comes to fixing a broken system. "After being sexually assaulted last year, I wrote a letter to my attacker that made headlines," wrote Ione Wells in *The Independent* last June. "I was glad that my voice was being heard, but there was also something fundamentally depressing about it being 'news.' Why does society still wait for victims to be attacked and then speak out before its interest in rape and sexual assault is captured? Why should the onus lie with them?"

Then there are the consumers of these accounts—the readers who are not themselves survivors. What does reading five, or ten, or 15 of these memoirs illuminate for them? Is a commitment to taking in the horrific details sometimes tinged by a prurient curiosity? And is bearing witness enough?

Sharing stories—but especially these stories, as Borel suggested—involves an intimate relationship between speaker and listener. Readers and publishers have a responsibility to the person telling the story, although it is not always clear what those obligations entail. Protest marches are not for everyone. Roeder argues that "such texts shed light on the backdrop of sexual violence against which women live their lives, serving as invitations to their audiences to begin to rethink rape and its effects simply by the act of listening." But that view (optimistically) assumes an audience that is eager to be enlightened.

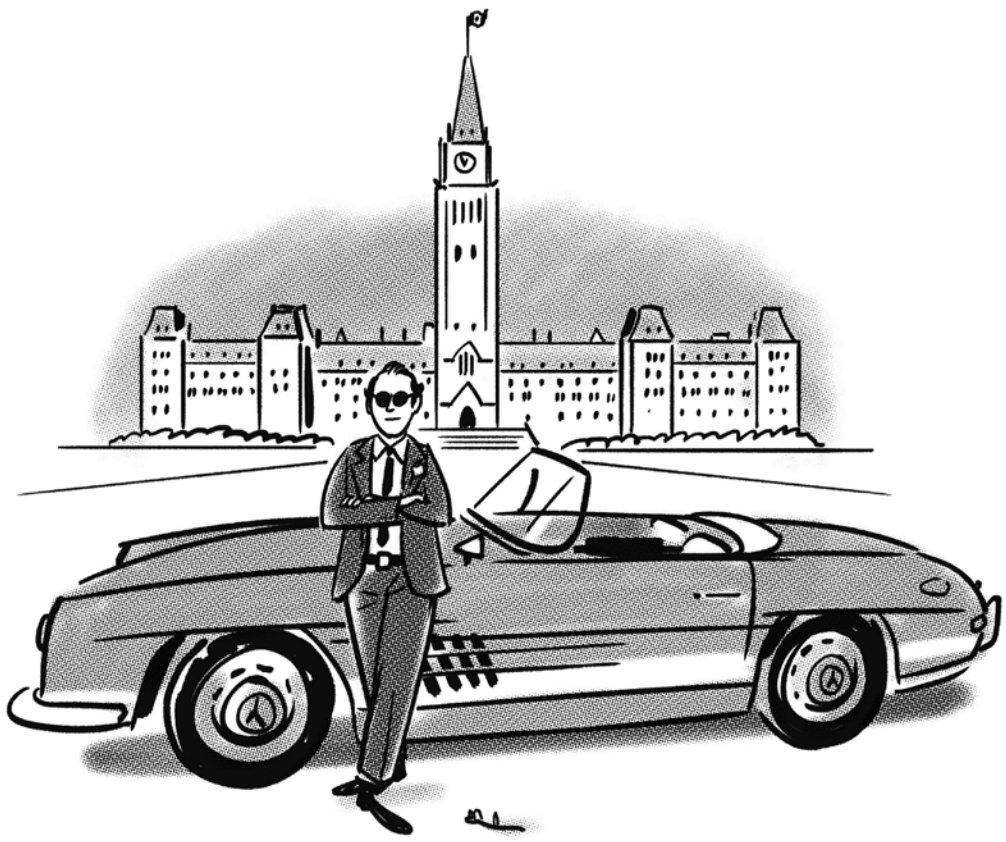
For Aguirre, memoir provided one of several opportunities to address her assault publicly; she also tackled the subject in a play, which provided a different (and possibly more direct) form of audience engagement. *Mexican Hooker #1* concludes on a high note: years after reconnecting with her trauma, Aguirre, now a bestselling author and playwright who has transformed the horror of her attack into a stirring play, *The Trigger*, goes face to face with her rapist—long imprisoned and repeatedly denied parole—in a restorative justice process. As she confronts her assailant, she feels her heart expand in her chest; "I want to thank you," she says, "for teaching me compassion." It is a beautiful depiction of a kind of liberation that so many survivors seek, and that most are denied. Lest it leave the impression that a more profound justice does indeed prevail, Aguirre follows up the scene with the revelation that her rape kit, preserved decades earlier, was never tested.

Kathryn Borel may have been thinking similar things as she stood on the steps of the courthouse in downtown Toronto, facing the blank eyes of a cabal of cameras on May 11, 2016. Her workplace harassment suit against Ghomeshi was slated to go forward; bolstered by the rueful savvy of a woman who has seen her rapist get put behind bars, she was prepared for trial. Until she decided not to proceed. It was Ghomeshi's team that offered her the option of a peace bond—a chance to avoid an inevitable courtroom evisceration—but it was Borel who demanded a full apology. And she did so with the aim of sharing her own masterful, beautifully articulated account of his transgressions on the steps outside the courtroom. "When it was presented to me that the defence would be offering us an apology," she said, "I was prepared to forego the trial. It seemed like the clearest path to the truth. A trial would have maintained his lie, the lie that he was not guilty and it would have further subjected me to the very same pattern of abuse that I am currently trying to stop." Her words resonated with survivors around the world. It was the purest example of narrative justice standing in for criminal justice served. LRC

The Truth about Trudeaumania

The fictional roots, and legacy, of a defining Canadian moment

KENNETH WHYTE



Trudeaumania: The Rise to Power of Pierre Elliott Trudeau
Robert Wright
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Trudeaumania
Paul Litt
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ISBN 9780774834049

TRUDEAUMANIA, BY COMMON understanding, refers to a state of mind that prevailed in 1968 when a swinging intellectual bachelor from Montreal rose to the leadership of the governing Liberal Party and swept Canada off its feet on his way to a majority victory in a national election campaign.

It never happened, at least not in any quantifiable way. Pierre Trudeau in 1968 was a politician. Elections are how we keep score in politics. Careers are made, governments change, history is shaped by electoral results. The 1968 election gave Pierre Trudeau his first majority government and revealed to the world his peculiarly Canadian charisma, but no matter how many women (and journalists) swooned in the course of his campaigns, there is nothing in the data to suggest anything resembling a mania.

Voter turnout in 1968 was 76 percent, less than one point above the previous election, and well below the average of the previous four. Trudeau and the Liberals eked out a slim majority over Robert Stanfield, an unusually weak Conservative leader (or so we thought until Joe Clark and Kim Campbell came along). Stanfield's campaign is best remembered for a photograph of him eating a banana. The sole reason the image has endured—Stanfield was perfectly competent with the banana—is that nothing else happened in his campaign.

The Liberals took 45.5 percent of the popular vote in 1968, compared to 31 percent for Stanfield and 17 percent for NDP leader Tommy Douglas. This was a middling result for the Liberals. Trudeau improved on his predecessor, Lester Pearson, whose popular vote peaked at 42 percent, and who never managed a majority. He fell short of Louis St. Laurent, who took 50 percent of the vote in 1949 and again in 1953. In historical terms, Trudeau's popular vote sits at the low end for a majority victory by either party. It is reminiscent of Mackenzie King's finishes of 1935 and 1945 when he managed to control Parliament with 41 percent and 44 percent of the popular vote. King had the excuse of a more competitive field, with Social Credit making it a four-horse race on both occasions.

The notion of a mania looks even more dubious through a regional lens. Atlantic Canada shunned Trudeau, leaving him just seven of 32 seats, perhaps out of loyalty to Nova Scotia Bob. The West, too, was resistant, returning just 27 Liberals in 68 ridings. Across both regions, Trudeau took 38 percent of the available vote. Even in Ontario, where Trudeau took 64 of 88 seats, his share of the popular vote was no different from what Pearson had managed in 1963. Quebec was more generous, giving Trudeau 54 percent of the vote, which is impressive but well below the 60 percent that St. Laurent, the last Francophone to lead the Liberals, had averaged in his three national elections. Trudeau underperformed as a native son.

If you are looking for a mania in the Canadian political record, Diefenbaker's triumph (54 percent in 1958) stands alone, at least since the two-party system broke down in 1921. Yet here we are, nearly 50 years after the election of 1968, with a new prime minister giving fresh meaning to the term—and two books, each by a reputable historian, on the subject of the original Trudeaumania.

Historians have long debated the importance of Trudeaumania. Was it or was it not a watershed in the country's political history? Was all the hype as impactful as legend would have it? Robert Wright's *Trudeaumania: The Rise to Power of Pierre Trudeau* positions itself as a work of revisionism. Wright believes a watershed was crossed but that ideas, not hype, pushed us over. He wants to explode the Camelot-like myth of "the hipster Montrealer who drove up to Ottawa in his Mercedes in 1965, wowed the country with his dictum that 'there's no place for the state in the bedrooms of the nation,' rocked the new medium of television like no one since JFK, and in scant months rode the crest of Canadians' centennial-era euphoria into power."

Wright takes Trudeau's intellect and ideas very seriously. His insistence that Trudeau's winning personal style, his made-for-TV poses and quips, had little to do with his success drains much of the fun from the saga, but Wright lands his fundamental argument that there was substance at the core of whatever kind of phenomenon Trudeau represented (oddly, the author makes no attempt to define Trudeaumania).

Wright does a thorough, if unoriginal job, of positioning Trudeau in the intellectual ferment of Quebec in the 1960s. Trudeau had been a supporter of the Quiet Revolution, the process by which the province, long dominated by the Catholic

Kenneth Whyte is an author and journalist. He can be found at kwhyte.com.

church and an Anglo business elite, was secularized and modernized under the leadership of Premier Jean Lesage's interventionist Liberal government. He was a critic of the various species of Quebec nationalism that were unleashed in the process of yanking the province out of its past.

Trudeau hated nationalism. He considered it backward, "corrosive," a threat to the individual's fundamental rights and liberties. Nationalism was prone to intolerance, discrimination and totalitarian tendencies. Quebec nationalism would trap the province within its own borders, cutting it off from the larger future available to it in a united Canada. Trudeau reminded Quebecers that it was "the Nation-State image" that had spurred Canadians of British descent through history to stomp on the rights of French Canadians who had "had the bad grace to decline assimilation."

The most popular expression of Quebec nationalism in the mid 1960s took the form of "Deux Nations," the mushy idea of Canada as a binational union of French and English Canadians sharing one land mass and common institutions. The rising threat was the secessionist expression of Quebec nationalism, a bid to make the province "progressive, free and strong," in the words of its eventual champion, René Lévesque. Trudeau considered the latter a "ridiculous and reactionary idea." Separatism had nonetheless gained a frightening momentum by the time of Trudeau's emergence as a force in Ottawa, turning violent in the hands of the Front de Libération du Québec, Parti Pris, Rassemblement pour l'indépendence nationale, Armée Révolutionnaire du Québec, the Popular Liberation Movement and the Taxi Liberation Front, among other actors attempting to force Quebec sovereignty through argument, protest, threats, riots, bombings and the killing of innocents.

Wright dwells on the mob scenes and exploding mail boxes as an antidote to cheerier accounts of this era, notably Pierre Berton's *1967: The Last Good Year*, which fondly recalls Montreal as the happening, cosmopolitan seat of Expo 67—the highly successful world's fair that served as centrepiece to Canada's centennial celebrations. Wright also draws out the confusion and desperation of the Canadian political elites faced with an existential threat in their second largest province. He maintains that Trudeau's appeal to the federal Liberal Party and Canadian voters was his clear and unyielding response to Quebec's turmoil.

There is an important truth here. In the course of his rise to 24 Sussex, Trudeau consistently preached that Quebec's aspirations were best pursued within a strong federal Canada, as one of ten provinces in a "truly pluralistic and polyethnic society," with a bill of rights guaranteeing French-language rights across the country. One might argue that Wright overestimates the familiarity of the Canadian public with Trudeau's constitutional ideas (Trudeau's book of essays, *Federalism and the French Canadians*, did hit the bestseller lists in 1968, but more as a campaign souvenir than a catechism). There is no doubt, however, that his ideas, boldly held and forcefully articulated, were a part of his success.

RENGA

The Flat on Mackay

mother's whistle
two fingers under her tongue
come home! come home now!

that flat on Mackay where we lived
is now a parking lot

my new glasses
show me the ragged asters
at the edge of concrete

sweeping the sidewalk
scraping up the bubblegum

Yoko's Dogs

Yoko's Dogs is a collaborative group of four poets—Jane Munro, Susan Gillis, Mary di Michele and Jan Conn—dedicated to writing in Japanese forms. Whisk *was published by Pedlar Press (2013) and* Rhinoceros *by Gaspereau (2016). Visit yokosdogs.com.*

It is salutary to be reminded of Trudeau's substance given that Paul Litt's *Trudeaumania* comes at its subject from quite the other direction. Litt opens in the spring of 1968 with Canada in "the throes of passion" and Trudeau looking "like a pop star on a concert tour." The candidate is beset by "shocking-stockinged micro-boppers" begging for a snog. Girls who fail to reach his lips try to rip the flower from his lapel or kiss the hub caps of his convertible.

Litt and Wright have combed the same newspaper and television archives, providing, between them, a neat case study of how historians tend to find what they want in the record. The weight of evidence is on Litt's side. The front-page photos and evening news footage of Mod Trudeau—the "single, youthful, athletic, and fashionable [candidate] with a liberated-lifestyle"—are more plentiful and impactful than editorials on Intellectual Trudeau, editor of *Cité Libre*, circulation 500. Litt finds reason for the best-selling status of Trudeau's book of constitutional essays on its dust jacket:

> Pierre Elliott Trudeau is almost incredible: A Prime Minister who swings, who is described by *Maclean's* magazine as "an authoritative judge of wine and women," who drives a Mercedes, throws snowballs at statues of Laurier and Stalin, wears turtleneck sweaters and says things like "the state has no business in the bedrooms of the nation."

Media imagery was critical to Trudeau's emergence. Wright is correct in that Trudeau could be underwhelming in televised debates, formal speeches and long interviews. It was his spontaneous performances, catalogued by Litt, that created an endless supply of news hits: Trudeau dancing to rock 'n' roll beside his campaign bus, Trudeau using a hanging microphone as a punching bag, Trudeau jumping over railings to get at his worshippers, Trudeau wearing ascots and sandals and saluting supporters with Buddhist bows, Trudeau posing shirtless and in yoga positions (yes, him too), Trudeau sliding down bannisters and performing somersaults off the diving board at a hotel pool, and, of course, Trudeau kissing, on the lips, random 16-year-olds on the street.

These were the moments that established Trudeau as a new kind of political hero, charismatic, liberated and "authentic" in that preening, self-aware manner that works so well on screen. These were the moments that inspired the posters, songs, cartoons, slogans and fashion statements catalogued by Litt. We are reminded, for instance, that "Go-Go Trudeau" was at once a cheer, a pop song and a t-shirt.

Trudeau was uniquely positioned to tap into many of the obsessions of the times. Single and relatively young, he seemed to bridge the generation gap. While his politics were mostly within the bounds of conventional Canadian discourse, he had toured China and the Soviet Union and demonstrated an openness to more radical ideologies (he had famously attempted to paddle to Cuba, a theatre of his fellow 1960s icon, Che Guevara). He was a symbol of the sexual revolution, a hero to those "progressive men [who] found the conflation of their sexual pleasure with righteous politics profoundly seductive."

That last point helps to explain why Peter C. Newman and Pierre Berton, two liberated alpha-journalists of this period, were as agog at Trudeau as the women they chauvinistically claimed were losing their minds and throwing themselves at the candidate's feet. "Trudeau is the guy who really excites me," wrote Berton. "He is the swinging young man I think the country needs." Explains Litt: "A strange passion swept the media ranks, precipitating an idolization of Trudeau akin to that of an ancient religious sect worshipping a fertility god."

There was an unhealthy co-dependence between the media and Trudeau. He claimed to find them a nuisance yet somehow was always in the picture, tossing a grape in the air and catching it in his mouth. Newsmen (they were almost all men) hosted talk shows and conferences on the troubling question of whether they were creating or covering Trudeau, all the while running photos of him posing with bunnies from Montreal's Playboy Club.

> The notion of a mania looks even more dubious through a regional lens.

As for the centennial effect, Litt finds direct lines between the exuberance of Expo 67 and Trudeau's candidacy. One of them is Bobby Gimby, writer of the centennial anthem, "Ca-Na-Da," who a year later performed the song at the head of Trudeau's tickertape parade through Toronto's financial corridor.

Litt does try to define Trudeaumania, and in the process leaves one wondering if Wright was not wise to leave the matter aside. He acknowledges that the phrase was invented by the forgotten Cold Warrior and newspaper columnist Lubor Zink, who used it to describe what he considered a clinical pathology infecting a segment of the Canadian public enthralled by a man with totalitarian sym-

pathies. Litt also admits that Trudeaumania was "not a mania in the sense of a contagion that swept through most of the populace." He reduces it to a measure of "the strength of the engagement that Trudeau inspired among his supporters. Those who liked Trudeau liked him a lot."

As for its significance, Litt argues that Trudeaumania was "a formative episode in Canadian nationalism that had an enduring influence on national identity." He cites as evidence Trudeau's success in keeping the country united, his official languages legislation, his multiculturalism policy, his Charter of Rights and Freedoms, and his generally liberal political orientation that kept Canada to the left of centre long after the United States and the United Kingdom had shifted rightward. These, however, were consequences of Trudeau's 15 years in power, not those fleeting, delirious months in 1968 when the regular cohort of voters who could be counted on to support a Liberal supported him emphatically.

Pierre Trudeau's political legacy is long, mixed, substantive and deserving of serious consideration. Trudeaumania was a fad. If it lives on it all, it is only in the imagination of the Canadian actor and comedian Mike Myers, who came of age amid it and, consciously or not, brought it back to life in his popular Austin Power franchise. Myers's self-admiring, desperately modish, sex-mad 1960s hero (with a slight Trudeauvian overbite) does battle with a bald, hopelessly out of touch, Stanfieldian Dr. Evil and gets off lines like, "I put the 'grrr' in swinger, baby!"

Far-fetched?

Trudeau, when asked if he would give up his Mercedes if elected: "Do you mean the girl or the car?"

Trudeau, when asked why he has never been married: "There are so many pretty girls, it's so hard to decide."

Trudeau, speaking to a reporter about his hike of the previous weekend: "There was a blonde along."

Mike Myers's desperately modish, sex-mad 1960s hero (with a Trudeauvian overbite) does battle with a bald, out-of-touch, Stanfieldian Dr. Evil.

Trudeau, stopped on the streets of Ottawa by "a blonde" and asked for a kiss: "Why not? It's spring."

Trudeau asked whether or not he would have a hostess at 24 Sussex: "Could I change hostesses from time to time?"

Trudeau surrounded at the Liberal convention by "the Pierrettes," a group of young women in "persimmon-orange coloured shifts and matching berets." Surrounded in London, Ontario, by "Trudeau's True Pets," a group of young women who follow his car and scream for kisses. Surrounded in Burnaby, British Columbia, by the "Action Girls"…

Yeah, baby. Yeaaaaaahhhhh!

Both books in their final pages note that the phrase "Trudeaumania" has regained some of its currency in 2016 with the original's son, Justin Trudeau, enjoying an extended honeymoon as Canada's 23rd prime minister.

Litt sees the younger Trudeau's famous "sunny ways" permeating "the torpid substrata of the collective consciousness" and warming Trudeaumania out of hibernation. "Canada is back!" This takes him dangerously close to Myers territory. The Powers saga opened with the hero, cryogenically frozen in the 1960s to make himself available for the salvation of future generations, thawing back to life.

Wright would have it the other way: he presents Justin Trudeau *sui generis*, loyal to his father's memory but very much his own man. Justin does not possess his father's keen intellect, or his ostentatious individualism; he is warmer, with more humility and better personal skills.

It makes for entertaining debate: Is he or isn't he his father's son? On the one hand, he is taller and better looking—a "Smoking-Hot Syrupy Fox," according to Twitter—and thus less comical in the role of sex symbol. He has none of his progenitor's sexism, and he is (so far) a better and more popular politician. On the other hand, he too inspires the old man's "strength of engagement" among his supporters, and works diligently at his media profile and seems to enjoy it immensely. You decide.

At the end of the day, the comparisons do not much matter. Many Canadian voters were not born when the first Trudeaumania happened. Justin Trudeau has the opportunity to create his own legacy and when he does so it will be based, as is always the case, on his performance in office, not his Instagram account. LRC

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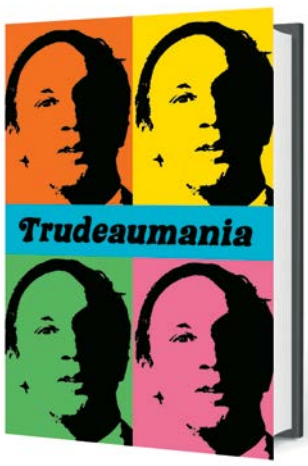

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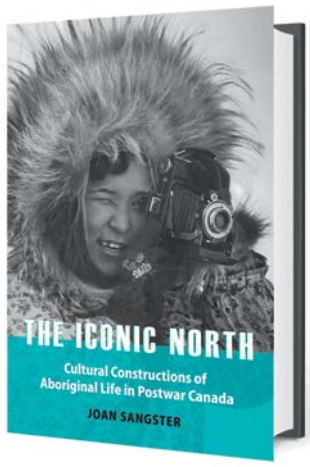

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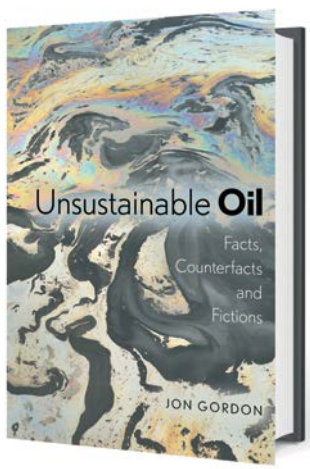

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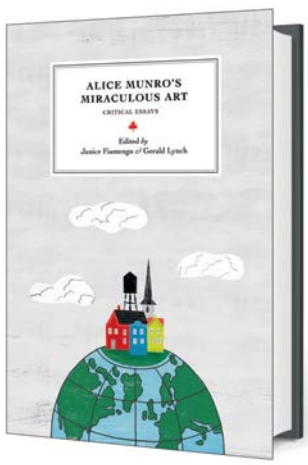

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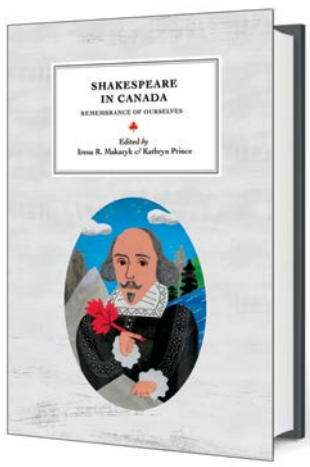

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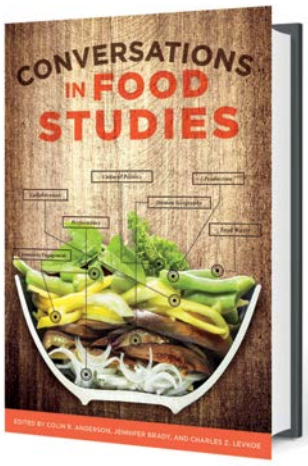

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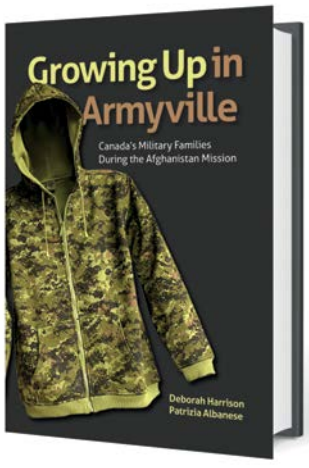

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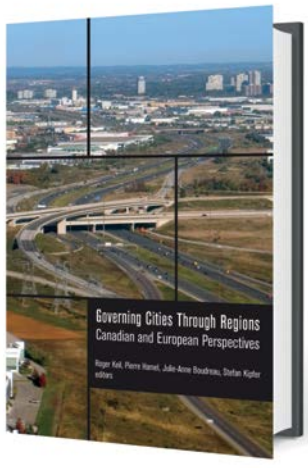

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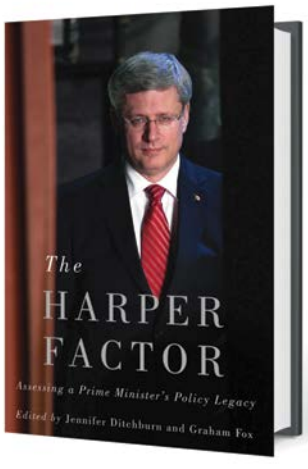

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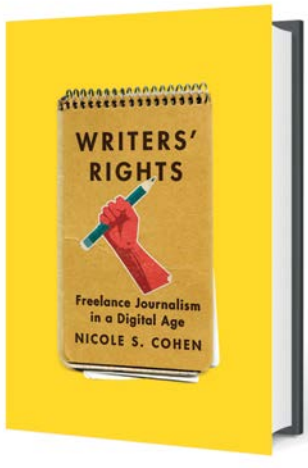

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Trapped in Shenzhen

Folktales from a hyper-modern 21st-century city

Judy Fong Bates

Shenzheners
Xue Yiwei, translated from Mandarin by Darryl Sterk
Linda Leith Publishing
176 pages, softcover
ISBN 9781988130033

I first saw Shenzhen in 2006, gazing through the window of a bus, driving past miles of medium-rise apartments shrouded in a smog of pollution with nary a piece of greenery in sight. It was a place I could not wait to leave. Until 1980, when the Chinese government declared Shenzhen a Special Economic Zone, it was a quiet fishing village on the border of mainland China, abutting Hong Kong's New Territories. Since the designation Shenzhen has become China's fastest growing city with a population of more than ten million. It is now a major metropolitan centre, a commercial and industrial magnet where everyone is from somewhere else. "Just like here in Canada," says a character in *Shenzheners* by Xue Yiwei.

Xue Yiwei is an award-winning Chinese writer of 16 books. He has lived in Montreal since 2002, when he moved there from China to study at the Université de Montréal. *Shenzheners*, a collection of short stories, translated by Darryl Sterk, is the first to appear in English. This collection offers the reader a bleak vision of contemporary industrialized China. Although a character in the first story compares Shenzhen to Canada, the comparison does not hold. When my parents came to Canada they were, like many immigrants, filled with hope and believed that their sacrifice would result in a better life for their children. The people in *Shenzheners* do not share that hope, or, if they ever did, it has been destroyed. In fact, they feel trapped. These are not stories of solitude, but of gut-wrenching loneliness and the devastation that ensues when one human being is unable to connect with another. And in the last story, *The Taxi Driver*, the protagonist decides to leave the city and return to his remaining family in another part of China.

These are not stories of solitude, but of gut-wrenching loneliness and the devastation that ensues when one human being is unable to connect with another.

In each story, Xue Yiwei focuses on a specific event in the lives of his characters and how it irrevocably changes and often damages their lives. In the first story, "A Country Girl," a Canadian woman floats through life, until one day she boards a train in Montreal and sits beside a Chinese man from Shenzhen, who is reading the same Paul Auster book in Chinese translation that she is reading in English. During the five-hour ride, she experiences a profound connection that will haunt her for the rest of her life. In another story, a student is fascinated by a street peddler, but after witnessing the peddler's mistreatment and beating by a group of fellow students, he becomes contemptuous of the peddler and of himself, and ends up seeking refuge in the abstract world of physics. When a teacher shares a love of poetry with a student, events take a dark turn. The contents of a mysterious package ruin a man's marriage even before it begins. After marrying a man she perceives to be perfect for her, a woman is devastated by his infidelity and destroys herself in the course of her revenge. A musical prodigy, whose future is destroyed by his teacher's depravity, remains silent and decides to retreat into a life of mediocrity rather than face the demands of his brilliance. A mother's obsession with a stranger ruins her marriage and prevents her from connecting with her own child. At the end of a work shift, a taxi driver enters a pizzeria and relives the death of his wife and daughter.

In each of these stories the life of the main character is altered by a single act or decision. Often the event is a tragic one, and one from which there is no escape or resolution, leaving the character in a state of hopeless limbo.

Of these nine stories I found *The Father* to be the most powerful. This story begins with the death of a child's mother. During the process of his father's grief, the child discovers that the father whom he has always seen as aloof and reserved was not always so. He learns that a single act of cowardice and indecision (which also involved his mother) had changed his father forever. Everyone associated with his father since has unknowingly suffered from the ripple effect of that trauma. At the end of this story the reader is given the faintest glimmer of hope when the child places a hand on his father's knee.

Shenzheners has been compared to James Joyce's *Dubliners*. I see little similarity. *Shenzheners* is a powerful book in its own right, without a need for comparison. In *Dubliners*, Joyce's intimate, lyrical prose brings to life with great detail and compassion the lives of the inhabitants of early 20th century Dublin. Joyce takes the reader into homes and down streets and allows us to eavesdrop on conversation between his characters. By contrast, the prose in *Shenzheners* is unadorned. For the most part, the translation by Darryl Sterk, an Edmonton-born Mandarin Chinese translator living in Taiwan, serves these stories well. However, I did wonder about the occurrence of "capacious prospects" five times in the first story. And since it was never clear to me whether this was an attempt at irony, it just stuck out.

By being so spare, these nine stories in fact have a strange folktale quality. The characters have no names, are only known as the teacher, the pedlar, big sister, mother, father, by a pronoun. And with the exception Father and Mother in "The Father," the characters do not even have the benefit of a capital letter in their monikers. The stories have little sense of place, and it is only when reading the last one and its descriptions of traffic and crowding did I feel that I was in a bustling modern city. Instead, we are told about a park, a river, a row of trees, a room, but not much more. By being minimal in his descriptions and leaving places and especially characters without names, Xue Yiwei creates anonymity and reinforces the theme of alienation. Indeed, these stories are not folktales: they are not allegories or parables; the characters are not archetypes whose actions might provide a moral guide to living. The reader does not close the book with a sigh of satisfaction. The writer goes straight to the bone; everything else is superfluous.

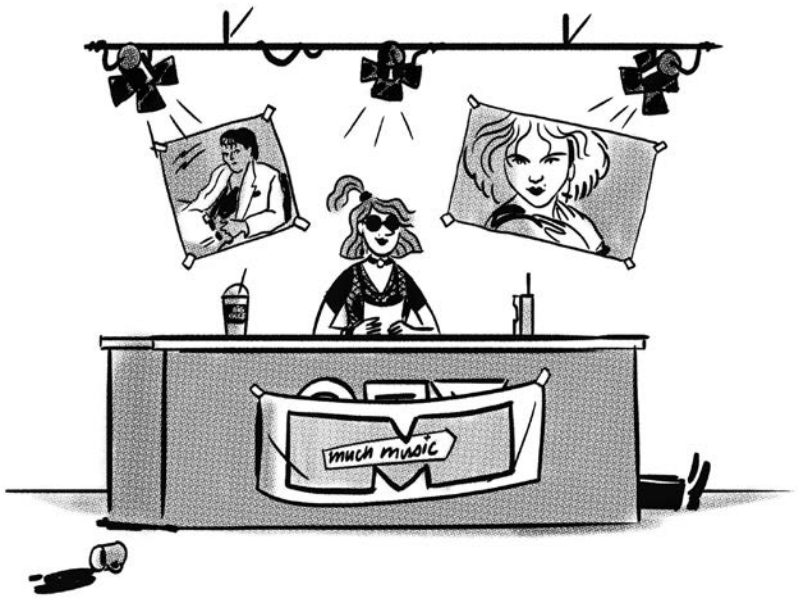
This is not an easy collection and Xue Yiwei's pessimistic vision of life is often hard to swallow. What he does, though, is shine an unflinching light on the lives of people in contemporary China, and, in doing so, questions the price that China is paying for this "modern" society—a question that China (and perhaps all of us) ignores at its peril. LRC

Judy Fong Bates is the author of The Year of Finding Memory *(Vintage, 2011), a memoir of returning to China and uncovering her parents' past.*

A Mic of One's Own

Searching for women in a revolution that was televised

ANDREA WARNER



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IN 1984, A MONTREALER NAMED COREY HART went from relative anonymity to rock stardom, complete with screaming mobs of fans. Hart's debut album had been released in Canada the year before, to tepid results. A warmer response from the American market surely helped. But there was another factor: 1984 was the year MuchMusic launched, beaming Hart's pouty lips and spiked hair into Canadian homes, making Hart this country's first music video star. I was five years old at the time, and Hart's *First Offense* and Michael Jackson's *Thriller* were the only two LPs I considered mine. I knew all the words to the songs, perhaps because, like many music aficionados a decade older than me, I had gone from never having seen a music video to being able to recreate every twitchy, fright-night move of the creeper zombie dance, and spending my evenings running through the back alley of an East Vancouver living room, pretending my already-thick spectacles were sleek, dark sunglasses.

This was Canada—or at least its youth cohort—in the first years of MuchMusic. In *Is This Live?: Inside the Wild Early Years of MuchMusic The Nation's Music Station*, former Much VJ Christopher Ward presents a quasi oral history of the channel's first decade. A scrappy affair held together by hair-spray and safety pins, MuchMusic was the perfect, careless wild child to convey the bloated excess, ambition and artistry of the record industry in the 1980s and '90s—and the wide-eyed awe of the next generation of music fans.

Is This Live? documents a moment in the country's cultural history that can never be recreated. This was not merely a platform for a new art form but a new way of making live television, one that was defiantly imperfect. This is the spirit of Ward's book, too, whose format mirrors the pastiche aesthetic of Much itself. In it, Ward's own reminiscences of on-air and off-camera conversations with the likes of George Harrison, Kate Bush and Maestro Fresh Wes sit alongside interviews with his erstwhile colleagues and MuchMusic executives, including the network's founder, Moses Znaimer, and a trove of trivia from the Much archives, a fascinating record for amateur pop music historians.

Ward's jump-cut–style text evades a linear narrative, but a clear picture does emerge of Much's role in shaping some major Canadian music industry careers. At one point, Corey Hart talks about the character that he and the director Rob Quartly created for his initial videos. "The lone wolf persona is true to my actual personality, so it was easy for me to play this solitary character," Hart tells Ward, in one wonderfully self-mythologizing moment. At another point, Blue Rodeo's Jim Cuddy recalls how the group had already been playing for seven or eight years without a major breakthrough and Warner Music suggested they take a job as k.d. lang's backing band for six months. "We had no fucking interest in that," Cuddy recalls. Shortly thereafter, in 1989, "Try" became the band's first hit, largely thanks to the video making it into significant rotation on Much.

Znaimer, co-founder of MuchMusic as well as CityTV, emerges as an unusual figure—a visionary and, sometimes, a progressive one. His TV stations were disruptors before disruption became a business buzzword and the subject of *Harvard Business Review* stories and *New Yorker* deconstructions. They were television channels that looked like little else in the television universe, and not only because of the flashy camera techniques on which they relied. Like many of today's media disruptors, they showcased young people, and they evinced an interest in cultural diversity. Znaimer insisted that he wanted a range of voices on air. Not looking for perfection in his hosts, he prioritized "personality, preferring memorability to smooth," he tells Ward in the book. Fat and thin, male and female and "anything in between," as Znaimer put it, anyone "who lived the life of music" had a chance. Not only was this not what television looked like in the early 1980s, but it was also not remotely what the music industry looked like.

In *Is This Live?*, Stephen Stohn, an entertainment lawyer and producer, notes that Znaimer's "crowning achievement really is hiring young, energetic, creative people and giving them vastly more responsibility and freedom than they ever should have, and paying them almost nothing." According to Ward, it was the late John Martin, Much's co-founder and the original director of programming, who was perhaps the real visionary: Martin "hired people who were comfortable with disarray, inspired by anarchy," Ward writes. His standard rule was, "You can do anything you want … as long as it doesn't cost anything."

But whosever idea it was, paying young people "almost nothing" and giving them more responsibility than they should ever have is not anarchy; it is exploitation. And it is important to reframe, or at least offer an alternative interpretation of, this MuchMusic mythology. There is tremendous unchecked privilege in having a "cool job" that requires long hours and pays very little (and no overtime), particularly when that cool job promises visibility, representation of your voice and ideas, and a chance at shaping a country's pop culture landscape. It is, generally speaking, a kind of opportunity that only a select few with resources and support can afford to take. And one wonders if Znaimer or Martin themselves would agree to be grossly underpaid for the relative and nebulous privilege of enjoying "freedom" on the job.

Indeed, Znaimer's vision is equally often rather regressive. "I considered you part of my intellectual arsenal as opposed to the big-knocker part of my arsenal," he tells Ward, not in the 1980s, when it would have been bad enough, but in a present-day interview for this book. This kind of rock-and-roll, boys' club nonsense is part of the foundation of Much, and *Is This Live?* is rife with both subtle and explicit examples. Sometimes Ward calls it out, but occasionally he is complicit in it, as when

Andrea Warner is a writer (CBC Music, Exclaim! Pitchfork), critic and author of We Oughta Know: How Four Women Ruled the '90s and Changed Canadian Music *(Eternal Cavalier Press, 2015). She co-hosts the weekly feminist pop culture podcast "Pop This!"*

HAIKU

Ice Pond

Picks and autographs,
ice pond scarred by hockey stops.
Past survives in bits.

Janice Colbert

Sext

What are you wearing?
Something that breathes: a dress
made of living doves.

Kateri Lanthier

book maker:
first I fold the mountain
then, the valley

Terry Ann Carter

gravel laneway
out of sync with the footsteps
behind me

Marianne Paul

Janice Colbert, a writer and painter divides her time between Toronto and Key West, Florida. She holds an MFA in creative writing from the University of British Columbia. Her poems have been published in the LRC and Prairie Fire. *In late fall 2016 her chapbook is forthcoming with Frog Hollow Press.*

Kateri Lanthier's second book, Siren*, is forthcoming in Spring 2017 from Signal Editions at Véhicule Press.*

Terry Ann Carter has published five collections of poetry and five chapbooks of haiku. She has been awarded a community fellowship to study the influence of Buddhism on contemporary haiku at the University of Victoria's Centre of Study for Religion and Society. She is the president of Haiku Canada. For more information, visit www.terryanncarter.com.

Marianne Paul is a Kitchener novelist and poet who has recently transitioned to Japanese short-form poetry, primarily haiku, haiga, senryu and haibun. Marianne won the Canada category of the 2016 Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival Haiku Invitational. Her books are published by Bookland Press.

introducing the heavy metal singer-songwriter Lee Aaron:

> In a genre of music where most of the guys looked like women, where were the heavy metal femmes fatales? The ones who actually looked good in lipstick and platform shoes? The women—who are they? The Runaways? Lita Ford, maybe, but Joan Jett was always a punk, no? Vixen—c'mon, Richard Marx wrote their hit, "Edge of a Broken Heart." That's problematic.

Ward seems to be raising a question about the lack of representation of women in a male-dominated genre, but he is glib and trades in gender clichés, which undermines any sincere interest in the subject. *Is This Live?* zeroes in on the first decade of Much's existence, so the coming domination by Canadian women in the music industry—the confluence of Céline Dion, Shania Twain, Alanis Morissette and Sarah McLachlan—is not covered here. But, of course, that was an authorial decision, and a writer more genuinely interested in the gender narrative might have followed that thread a year or two on.

Throughout *Is This Live?* female employees do recall their own experiences with sexism, and that can be edifying. Catherine McClenahan, the first woman VJ at Much, provides some insight ("Except for Moses, I loved working there," she tells Ward), as do Laurie Brown, Denise Donlon, Monika Deol and Erica Ehm. It is particularly striking to read how differently Ehm, Much's second-ever female VJ, and Anthony were treated. Anthony's disruptor/agitator identity—he had no TV experience, although he had been a radio DJ—ushered in a new era of the VJs as stars, and his antics were not just tolerated, but celebrated. "At [Toronto radio station] Q107 they let me do whatever I wanted, and that's what attracted MuchMusic, and that's what they encouraged," he tells Ward. Ehm, meanwhile, was critiqued constantly, both inside Much and by fans. Ward recalls that she would spend hours preparing for her interviews, but her inexperience on camera was evident, and she tells Ward the speculation was endless that she had slept with the boss. "I was … repeatedly reminded … that I was easily replaceable," she says. "I was paid less because I was a girl."

"Because I was a girl" is a loose thread throughout Denise Donlon's memoir, *Fearless As Possible (Under the Circumstances)*, which charts the former Much host and executive's life and career in the music industry. Donlon spent 14 years with Much and its parent company, CHUM. She was host and producer of *The NewMusic*, then director of music programming, and eventually vice-president and general manager. She subsequently became the first female president of Sony Music Canada, followed by a brief stint at CBC in the executive suite.

A self-assured, confident writer, Donlon talks candidly about her feminism and its evolution. After finding out about periods from a friend, she recalls asking, "What happens to the boys, then?" "Nothing," her friend told her. "'*Nothing?*' It was my first inkling that the world might just be unfair to girls," Donlon writes. It is a funny moment, but also a poignant one. In a chapter titled "The Feminist Compromise," she recalls being handed a backstage pass at a stop on Whitesnake's *Slide It In* tour. The picture on the pass showed a woman's bright red lips, lightly parted, a banana or snake or some other visual euphemism halfway in. "I'm not wearing that!" she said, fruitlessly, to Whitesnake's tour manager. Taking it off was not an option—she was working as a publicist for bands signed to famed music manager Sam Feldman. Instead, she tore off the backing and wore it inside her jacket to hide the image.

That ends up being a good metaphor. Donlon writes compellingly about other showdowns with the industry's sexism—in one interview she challenges Professor Griff, of the critically acclaimed Public Enemy, on his sexist views, only to have him double down, adding homophobic slurs. And she talks about some of the socially progressive content she presided over at Much, such as *The Big Tease,* a special on *The NewMusic,* which she co-hosted with Jana Lynne White, focusing on female exploitation and power in the music business. But Donlon never explicitly identifies any of her own experiences of sexism. At one point she writes, rather vaguely, "As a woman, I'm sorry to say, you *do* need to run faster, work harder, jump higher, and learn to thrive sleep-deprived. Remember what was said of Ginger Rogers: 'She did everything Fred Astaire did, backwards and in high heels.'" But about 30 pages later, she contradicts this statement, expressing frustration with constantly being asked to comment on being a woman in the business. "The truth was, I wasn't aware of ever being treated differently, and I wouldn't have whined about it if I was."

There is so much internalized sexism in that one line it is heartbreaking: if women complain about gender bias, it's "whining." It also speaks to a well-established coping mechanism, the legacy, it seems, of growing up with a father she loved, but whose temper she describes as a "kind of rolling wrath," something that could not be contained once it got the best of him. He would call her a "slovenly bitch" or a "clumsy clod" in the heat of his fury, although he never hit her. She admits in the book that he prepared her for a lifetime of dealing with people just like him. "I don't see rage as something to be scared of," she writes. "I see it as a sign of weakness."

Donlon writes regularly with this kind of gorgeous, raw clarity, and often in a witty and self-deprecating manner. That, too, is perhaps a coping mechanism, a way to control tempers and tempos in situations of volatility involving highly driven creative people, many with sizable egos. Donlon writes about her interactions and friendships with an array of iconic musicians, sharing stories about Neil Young and Annie Lennox, Céline Dion and Joni Mitchell. ("Evenings around Joni require some stamina.") A fight she has with Leonard Cohen about including his classic "So Long, Marianne" on a greatest hits compilation is a highlight. Sony wanted to include the song and Cohen did not. Donlon did her best to convince him, but he would not budge. Finally, she told him, "Leonard, you know we can put it out without your blessing." The poet was furious, Donlon writes. They continued to argue on the phone, and Cohen warned that if she insisted on this course of action, she would "forever hold a much smaller place in my heart." Understandably, Donlon is crushed. Later, Cohen sends a fence-mending note, written with the same effortless eloquence as anything by Leonard Cohen, which Donlon reprints verbatim. And "Marianne" did make it onto that album.

The music industry has changed substantially in the last 35 years and Donlon's book, like Ward's, captures the business at a more profitable, and greedy, time. It offers a unique and fascinating vantage point into that history, and Donlon proves an inspiring figure, if an occasionally complicated one, who has genuinely worked hard at being as fearless as possible—under the circumstances, of course. LRC

A big anniversary requires a big thank you.

On October 13, the Literary Review of Canada celebrated its 25th year of publishing award-winning coverage of Canadian culture and public affairs, by hosting an Anniversary Gala in Toronto. The LRC would not be celebrating this milestone anniversary without the generous support of you, some of Canada's most passionate readers.

We cannot thank enough the group of visionary anniversary supporters who have each helped us hold our 25th Anniversary Gala and who have ensured the LRC will achieve even more in its next 25 years:

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"On behalf of the entire LRC family, thank you: to you for buying tables and tickets; to our government, foundation, corporate and individual funders for your support throughout the year; to all those who contributed to the wonderful silent auction; and thank all of you you for celebrating with us."

—Helen Walsh, Publisher

LRC
LITERARY REVIEW OF CANADA

The Limits of Resilience

Katherena Vermette's new novel, and how we read indigenous fiction

Carleigh Baker

The Break
Katherena Vermette
House of Anansi
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"Moving is the only hope," a media presence who really should remain nameless recently said of a troubled Northern Ontario community. A predictable settler solution, to which the author and playwright Drew Hayden Taylor provides the best response: "Social malaise doesn't come with a street address," he says. "It comes with history."

How did we come to accept the street-address view, which has an undeniable pedigree in this country? Historically, settler literature, from James Fenimore Cooper to John Richardson, has portrayed pre-contact land as empty, treacherous and hostile toward those who seek to conquer and civilize it. As the scholar and author Margery Fee points out, this narrative of an unforgiving "no man's land" contributed to and even heroized the settlement of Canada. Stories are powerful and pervasive, and this narrative persists today.

It is not confined to the realm of historical writing. As readers, we are missing the point on a grand scale if we do not take into account the politics of land in indigenous fiction. In the work of Métis poet and author Katherena Vermette, this manifests as an exploration of indigenous characters in urban neighbourhoods.

Vermette's view of urban life was powerfully articulated in *North End Love Songs,* a collection of poetry that acknowledges her complicated relationship with Winnipeg's North End. Vermette grew up in this neighbourhood in the late 1980s and early '90s and still considers it her home—warts and all. Winnipeg activist and co-founder of *Red Rising Magazine* Lenard Monkman speaks of his experience growing up in the North End: "During my teenage years and for a good majority of my 20s … you'd always leave the house on alert, always watching out in case. I think that's just part of the way it is growing up in the inner city."

The land we grow up on is home, and home, as anyone who grew up on the proverbial wrong side of the tracks knows, is more than a collection of hostile statistics and news stories. It is your community. In *The Break,* her stunning debut novel, Vermette revisits the North End, still choosing her words with a poet's precision. She takes on the unruly task of weaving ten narrative voices, most of them female. A family tree at the book's beginning proves useful. But before we meet any of them, we meet the land.

Carleigh Baker is a writer who lives in Vancouver.

Métis Mountie, from David Garneau's series "Cowboys and Indians (and Métis?)." 2002. Oil on canvas.
(Image courtesy of the artist)

The Break, we are told by an unseen narrator, is a section of undeveloped territory "just west of McPhillips Street." "Hydro land" is the designation given to this space, as the narrator says: "likely set aside in the days before anything was out there. When all that low land on the west side of the Red River was only tall grasses and rabbits." The Break is defined in settler terms—land as empty and valueless until validated by electricity. In an equally poignant and pithy history lesson, we learn how distribution of land in the North End of the city shaped the rights of its residents: "That was when you had to own a certain amount of land to vote, and all those lots were made just inches smaller," the narrator says of the property around the Break.

For Stella, a Métis woman who gave the Break its name, "if only in her head," this land parallels an internal fracture. Grief over the unresolved loss of her mother has slowly colonized Stella, causing her to retreat from her family. She feels the loss most acutely in the break from her Kookom, who raised her while her mother battled addiction.

Although hoping to escape her pain by moving to the "better side of McPhillips," as an optimistic real estate agent says, and through her daily responsibilities of marriage and motherhood, Stella instead finds herself in a frozen state. The story begins when she witnesses a violent sexual assault unfold in the Break through her window one evening and does little more than call the police. She chooses to attend to her crying children, leaving the victim to fend for herself. When she learns that the victim was a family member, the effects of severing ties with her family become clear.

A support structure built away from her community, dependent on a new life with her non-indigenous husband and their kids, turns out to have its drawbacks. Stella appears as a passive, even selfish character at times, but make no mistake, every woman in this book is actively working to survive.

Whether or not a broken bone heals harder, as the adage goes, the women in *The Break* constantly seek to harden themselves against the challenges they face, with varying degrees of success. This reality is exhausting, and makes it difficult for them to do anything other than survive. Cheryl, Stella's aunty, drinks more than she would like to, and smokes like a chimney, "loving the dirty smoke in her throat." Her friend Rita often defaults to hostility as a means of self-protection. Stella's cousin Louisa, a social worker, struggles to keep it together for both family and clients after her partner abandons her.

> I look at my files, all the poor, young children already with epic stories, their mothers mean or sad. The empty space where their fathers are supposed to be … I can't seem to be a social worker right now, I think. I can only be a left woman.
>
> I am trying to feel it. Like if I can just feel it then I can describe it, give it a name and a label and then deal with it … I am trying to fight back the tears because I don't want

to cry here, not at work where I am supposed
to be hard and unemotional, but I can't. I look
up to the pictures pinned to my corkboard—
my two boys, my family, my man—they all
blur too."

In both *The Break* and *North End Love Songs*, families gather strength from each other, but their connection to the land is never out of the picture. In her poetry, Vermette makes this link through metaphor, comparing aunties and uncles to trees, and invoking the currents of the Red River:

those ones she can
climb into
lean against
the strong dark bark
rest her small body
within their round arms

their sharp leaves
reach out over the river

she watches how
the waves fold
into each other
like family

While the older generation is imbued with the hardiness of an elm, the youth, delicate and resilient, possess bird-like attributes "poised for flight / one small foot / on the curb."

In *The Break*, this seems truest for the female characters. The support structures built by these women to maintain each other can sometimes exclude men, even "good men," from the picture. Since she cannot reconcile her fierce independence with her vulnerability, Louisa finds herself with a kind and loving partner whom she cannot fully trust. She knows this is one of the reasons for his departure: "maybe he's gone forever, like I always thought he would be. Sick of me and all my bullshit. Sick of my never giving him what he wants. I don't blame him. I'm pretty sick of me too."

Vermette has placed most of her protagonists at the nucleus of their familial support structures because this is indeed a role women play. And one of the critical responses to the book has been to marvel at the strength and resilience of its women. While accurate, this response is problematic in its superficiality. Although there is much media talk of indigenous resilience as if it is an otherworldly cultural gift, it in fact takes significant daily maintenance. It is precisely this effort that Vermette focuses on—countless moments marked by a blinking back of tears and a hardening of the jaw. The persistent anxiety about speaking out at times when simply having a voice may be dangerous. To leave these moments unacknowledged is to relegate indigenous women to the mythical realm—the noble and long-suffering Pocahontas. It ignores the sociopolitical underpinnings that create the need for such strength.

And what happens when strength reaches its limits? When sisters cannot be there for each other, or mothers are not there for their children? *The Break* explores the idea in a novelistic context. Nowhere in this book are the limits of resilience stretched more thin than with the character of Phoenix. She possesses a brutality that shocks the women of the older generation. Besides devastating violence, her actions signify a direct threat to the protective, female-focused support network they have counted on for generations. But Phoenix is a product of her environment—she cannot count on her mother, who is consumed by her own suffering. Like Louisa, Phoenix is also hardening herself to face the world, but without role models the results are destructive. She is left in the hands of the state, incarcerated.

This brings up another issue with the critical treatment of *The Break*. It has already been considered by reviewers as a whodunit mystery and a police procedural, which unfortunately takes the work completely out of context. It is, in fact, a powerful indictment of the real-life police investigation of crimes involving indigenous victims in Winnipeg, both female and male.

After the assault witnessed by Stella, the investigators are seen by her family as a further threat to their safety, rather than its saviours. And it is easy to understand why. Officer Scott, who is Métis, is eager to help but admits to himself at one point that all the women in the family he is trying to help look the same to him: "same long dark hair, straight and shiny, same almond eyes, almost." His partner, Officer Christie, is a TV cop stereotype: gruff, doughnut loving and utterly racist. He openly acknowledges having no interest in serving and protecting these women, whom he calls "dime a dozen." Even his expression is a cliché, but it is one drawn from reality.

There is much media talk of indigenous resilience as if it is an otherworldly cultural gift.

In 2015, *Maclean's* magazine placed Winnipeg at the heart of "Canada's racism problem." The story came out following the death of Tina Fontaine, whose body was discovered by police divers while searching for the body of Faron Hall, a Dakota man. Fontaine's family expressed hope that her death might ignite greater interest in the thousands of unsolved cases of missing and murdered indigenous women and men.

This is a subject Katherena Vermette has direct experience with. When she was 14, her brother Donovan disappeared after a night out with friends. In *North End Love Songs*, Vermette addresses the attitudes held by the police who investigated the incident:

indians go missing
they tell the family
indians go missing
everyday
blue suits shrug
no sense looking
they said
he'll turn up when
he gets bored
or broke

"They [the police] didn't understand, or for whatever reason, it wasn't relayed that he was a kid. My parents felt that my brother's disappearance wasn't taken seriously," Vermette said, in a 2014 interview.

Six months after his disappearance, Donovan's body was recovered in Lake Winnipeg. "We were broken," Vermette said. "We never repaired from that fracture that happened. We had started the journey of my brother's disappearance with a lot of energy and a lot of anger and a lot of frustration. That really drove us for a long time, trying to find answers. And then they never came. He was a good kid. And he should have been treated like one."

This experience, as well as the death of Fontaine, prompted Vermette's affiliation with Drag the Red, a group of Winnipeg volunteers who dredge the river in search of lost family members. Many of those they are looking for are the victims of cases the police consider closed. In 2016, working with an all-women crew, Vermette co-wrote and co-directed a short film about Drag the Red, called *This River*. In a scene from the film, she expresses her frustration with police apathy: "[They] won't look unless they're certain someone has gone in. They say it's futile." For the members of Drag the Red, pulling a dredge from the muddy waters with no idea what they will find, taking action is the only solution.

A generous storyteller, Vermette does not take it for granted that all readers will inherently understand how damaged the relationship between indigenous people and Canadian society has become. As readers, we can honour this generosity by not allowing ourselves to be lulled into a satisfying sense of camaraderie, having suffered alongside fictional characters. We can honour it by not repeating over and over how strong the women in this book are. It is true, they are strong. But let us not nod our heads in grim recognition of this strength, as if acknowledgement equals solidarity. Let us not pull our lips into thin lines and furrow our brows and express amazement at their resilience, as if its origin is a mystery. This makes it too easy to dismiss.

Let us look instead at the history behind the social malaise. Let us look at these characters as survivors and leaders within a damaged support structure, but not defined by it. And let us look at what is working: family, community, neighbourhood. People. As Stella's Kookom says: "it means so much to have people. It is everything." In *The Break*, we see the complex and occasionally pernicious nature of relationships, but we also see their undeniable beauty. LRC

Coming up in the LRC

Iron Curtains

Ballet's transcendent form has long been pitted against political intrigue in Russia

JOHN FRASER

Bolshoi Confidential: Secrets of the Russian Ballet from the Rule of the Tsars to Today
Simon Morrison
Knopf Canada
506 pages, hardcover
ISBN 9780871402967

When JACK DIAMOND, THE CANADIAN architect esteemed internationally for his concert halls and opera houses, was chosen to design a new opera house in St. Petersburg in 2009, he did not make too many assumptions about the project. This was wise. His patron for the project was the notoriously aggressive and fickle Valery Gergiev, the legendary head of everything artistic in St. Petersburg: opera company, symphony orchestra, ballet company, even urban arts planning and, who knows, probably the time of day as well. Gergiev was also a close ally of Russian leader Vladimir Putin, which was both useful and problematic, as the post-modernist French architect Dominique Perrault would very soon find out.

Perrault had already been commissioned for this project, a new opera house that was to stand juxtaposed with the historic Mariinsky Theatre (Mariinsky I) and was envisioned as a magnificent new monument to the glory of Russian culture. Poor Perrault had even overseen the laying of the foundations for Mariisnky II when Gergiev (and more importantly Putin) took an intense dislike to the design. Officially, the reason given was insufficient accommodation to severe northern weather conditions. Unlikely, but whatever the reasons (probably they included soaring cost projections), even as the great hole was being dug and the foundational concrete poured, the Russians were looking around for another architect altogether.

Welcome to the often indistinguishable worlds of Russian politics and Russian ballet. Politics rules in Russia, right down to the business of who sits where, as Jack Diamond was to discover to his chagrin. As luck would have it, Diamond's most recent tour de force, the opera and ballet house in Toronto (ineptly named the Four Seasons Centre for the Performing Arts), had been coming in for massive praise. Gergiev was more than curious and made a lightning visit to see the building, professed himself "delighted," and almost as quickly decided Diamond was his man, provided he could design a house on the already "available" foundations.

Diamond, a South African émigré who fled the old apartheid regime as a young man, is a committed egalitarian. As an architect, unusually, he puts performance and audience concerns—sight lines, acoustics, storage space and rehearsal rooms—ahead of grand architectural conceits. By his own admission, he made only one assumption. Despite the elitist nature of opera and ballet, he thought he was setting out to create a "palace of art for the people" and, having surveyed the czarist echoes of the old Mariinsky next door, he was sure of one thing: there would be no need for a "czar's box"—the old-fashioned royal perch at the symbolic centre of the first tier.

Czar, dictator or "persuasive" president: at the Bolshoi Theatre, they all have had their showpiece box seats in the first tier.

As Vladimir Putin's best American friend, Donald Trump, would say: "Wrong!"

The "Putin Box" that Diamond was obliged to create is even grander than the old czar's box and has become the updated symbol of what anyone peering into the realm of Russian performing arts has to learn, first and foremost: politics and hierarchy trump everything. Well, almost everything. That lesson is at the heart of *Bolshoi Confidential: Secrets of the Russian Ballet from the Rule of the Tsars to Today* by the Princeton University scholar and *New York Times* commentator Simon Morrison, an engrossing and comprehensive history of the Moscow theatre and ballet company that share as their name the Russian word for BIG. Big in everything: big in storied history and accomplishment, big in scandal, big in courage, and just as big in moral turpitude and betrayal. The story of the Bolshoi, inevitably, is also the story of Russia.

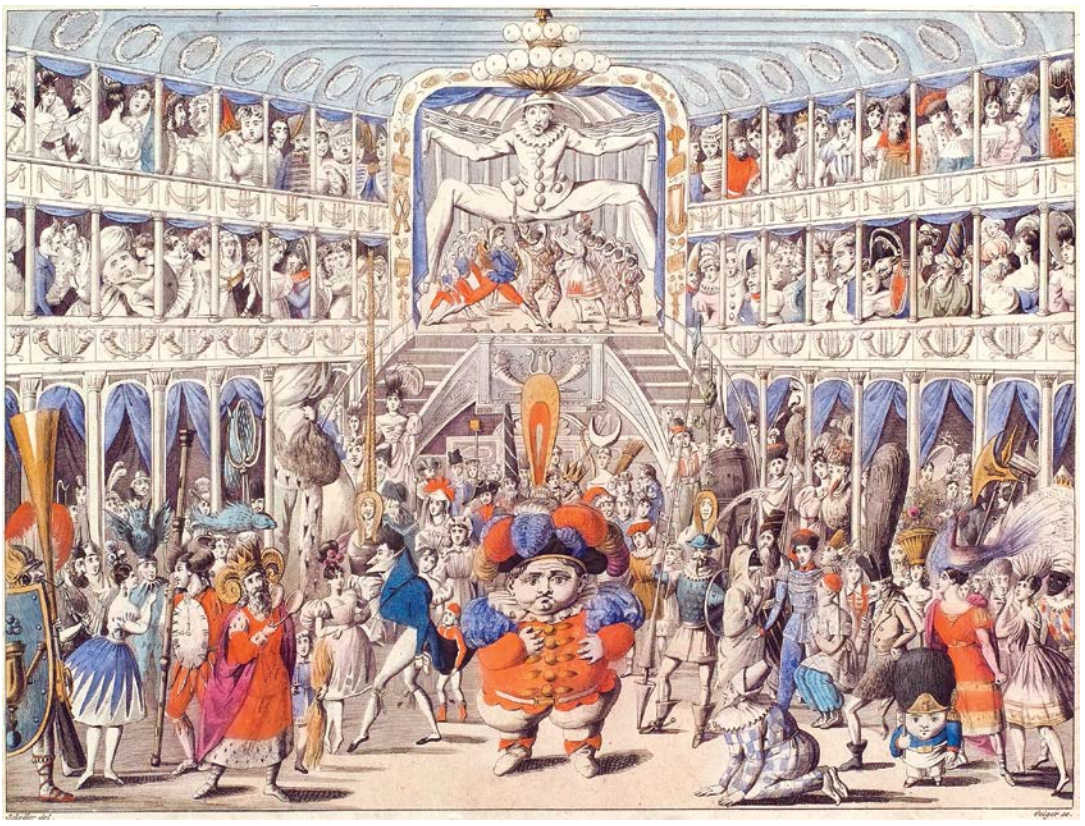
Right from the start, Morrison, a Canadian-born and -educated academic (University of Toronto and McGill, before he headed off to Princeton) has to grapple with an art form that demands of the human body the extremities of physical endurance and the soaring demands of artistic creativity—and which, in Russia, has long been pitted against grotesque rivalries and political intrigue. This is at the heart of what intrigues so many outsiders who get involved with studying the history and culture of the ballet world. It is what informs all the dark tales of brutal artistic directors (Darren Aronofsky's 2010 film *Dark Swan,* for example, or last year's television series *Flesh and Bone*). On this front, the Bolshoi trumps them all. This is the opening paragraph of the book:

> On the night of January 17, 2013, Sergey Filin, artistic director of the Bolshoi Theater Ballet, returned to his apartment near the central ring road of Moscow. He parked his black Mercedes outside the building and trudged through the wet falling snow toward the main entrance. His two boys were asleep inside, but he expected that his wife, Mariya, herself a dancer, would be waiting up for him. Before he could tap in the security code to open the metal gate, however, a thickset man strode up behind him and shouted a baleful hello. When Filin turned around, the hooded assailant flung a jar of distilled battery acid into his face, and then sped off in a waiting car. Filin dropped to the ground and cried for help, rubbing snow into his face and eyes to stop the burning.

Morrison's account hardly lets up once from this point on. The unfortunate Filin—caught out by intense rivalries within the Bolshoi and partially blinded for life—and the acid attack itself became symbols for the screwed-up side of Bolshoi history, a dark leitmotif nestled ominously beside the art form's high points through more than two centuries: the extraordinary artistry of two of the greatest ballerinas the world has ever seen (Maya Plisetskaya and Galina Ulanova), Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky's plaintive and soaring ballet scores, the transformation of male dancing from "the effete" to the "virile," and the greatest ballet ever created (*Swan Lake*). We travel mostly on the political caboose of this transcontinental journey, from czarist court dramas throughout much of the 19th century to the cruel grotesqueries of the communist czar, Joseph Stalin, right down to the "people's choice"—President Vladimir Putin. Czar, dictator or "persuasive" president: at the Bolshoi Theatre, as with St. Petersburg's Mariinsky, they all have had their showpiece box seats in the first tier and they all have their representatives running the show.

Following that explosive introduction, Morrison mercifully follows a more or less orthodox chrono-

John Fraser is president and CEO of the new National NewsMedia Council of Canada and the master emeritus of Massey College. He is a past dance reviewer for The Globe and Mail *and the author of two books on ballet:* Kain and Augustyn *(MacMillan, 1977) and* Private View: Inside Baryshnikov's American Ballet Theatre *(Bantam Books, 1988).*



"Die Maskerade im Theater, grosses Divertissement von Henry (Letzte Scene)." Johann Christian Schoeller. 1833.
(Image courtesy of the New York Public Library Digital Collections)

logical order, from the Bolshoi's murky beginnings in the 18th century, when Catherine the Great enfranchised one of her princelings to organize court entertainments, including a ballet company. That, in turn, eventually brought into theatrical and ballet history a dangerously intriguing English rogue named Michael Maddox, who took everyone—empress, princeling, dancers, audiences, even orphans—along for a very merry ride, indebting everyone and everything for hundreds of thousands of rubles, exploiting performers without remorse, and concluding his sojourn at the Bolshoi in a cataclysmic fire at its first performing theatre (the Petrovsky) on October 8, 1805 that looked for a while to be the end of the entire endeavour: tutus, the *tour-en-l'air* and transmogrified swans yet to come!

Ballet, however, is—if nothing else—an art that defies and transcends logic, earthly damnation, bankruptcy, philistinism, cruelty, misplaced idealism, ineptitude and ordinary sordid corruption. It defies it with intangibles: through sheer beauty, for example, or through fleeting moments of choreographic sublimity, through solitary or collaborative acts of pure genius, through heroic eroticism or metaphysical dreaming. Is this in fact the very definition of bipolar art? To have all of this, and so much more, coupled with Russian emotional extravagance is, quite simply, incredible. What Simon Morrison has done, therefore, and wonderfully so, is put this extraordinary mélange of history and high art and human cupidity into an account that manages to contain incredulity even as it seeks to find an explanation.

There are many highlights, especially for fanatical balletomanes, but for the general reader the Bolshoi under the communists is at the heart's core of the book. This is because Morrison has to explain how such a vicious regime came to identify its own progress and fate with the company and the theatre. Identify? Hell, Lenin himself took to the Bolshoi stage in 1918 to proclaim his constitution, so he clearly understood the significance of the connection. All the Soviet leaders—Stalin more than any of the others—loved that czar's box. For Stalin it was an expression of power, and with that power he set an example to administrators of all Soviet enterprises, ballet companies no less than state factories. Morrison reinforces this "example from the top," I think, by carefully delineating the appalling and often cruel managerial machinations of successive general managers and artistic directors, none more pig-stupid than Elena Konstantinovna Malinovskaya (1875–1942): "Stern, stout, and flushfaced from nicotine, she knew nothing of culture." Like Stalin, she believed in regular purges and an atmosphere of imminent denunciation and random terror.

The Bolshoi story also includes the competition between the Bolshoi and its great rival, the Mariinsky, in St. Petersburg (known for decades under the communists as the Kirov in Leningrad). The czars favoured the former, the communists the latter. Critical opinion over the years tended to credit the Mariisnky/Kirov with purity of line and elegance of production, set against the Bolshoi's staple of brutalism and over-the-top heroics (*The Red Poppy* or *Spartacus*, for example, or *The Bright Stream* or *The Bolt* and a whole procession of other doctrinally approved offerings). But Morrison does not delve too much into this rivalry, quite correctly, because a lot of it was arbitrary or outright false. All the dancers in both companies were subject to the vagaries of the times. They all danced in various productions of *Swan Lake* or *The Sleeping Beauty* or *The Nutcracker*, regardless of which company performed them first. They all had to take on Soviet realism. When Mikhail Baryshnikov, the rising star of the Kirov, defected from the Soviet Union on tour in Toronto in 1974, he was actually travelling with a smallish troupe that billed itself "The Bolshoi."

The case of Baryshnikov is interesting because he was not really a victim of unrelenting Soviet demonics. His genius was recognized; he was under pressure to join the party and his continuing resistance had "come to the attention" of the higher authorities. But what really irked him was that the stratified Soviet ballet system, which Morrison describes so vividly, meant that a short dancer like Baryshnikov would never be allowed to do certain roles. It was this artistic straitjacketing that set him bolting from the stage door of the then O'Keefe Centre in Toronto into an amazing career in the West, where he got to embrace the destiny his talent had intended for him. Some of the fellow dancers and administrators at the Kirov and the Bolshoi—the sorts that got into such crazed anger and paranoid plots that they could conceive of that appalling acid attack—were what he fled and what stain the history and reality in Russia and remain a thread throughout Morrison's tale.

What Morrison also makes clear is that the Bolshoi is, first and foremost, the symbol of Russia—its sense of itself, its pride and, sadly from time to time, its shame. That clears the air for some wonderful small biographies of leading dancers and choreographers and bizarre administrators. This strategy mostly works well. Is it unfair to afflict the author with his occasional descent into "vacuum-cleanerism" where no detail is left unattended, no intrigue unexplored? It is a small enough complaint, as is the fact that there will be those who might, occasionally, feel that they have been thrust into *War and Peace* minus the handy *dramatis personae* guide provided in some editions of the Tolstoy masterpiece. *Bolshoi Confidential*, however, has an excellent index and even those of us who fancy we know a thing or two about the company and ballet itself will be (are!) grateful for it.

The Bolshoi journey is as wild as Russian history. Out of the strictures and occasional chaos of late czarist rule we get *Swan Lake*. Out of the communist revolution we get extraordinary dancers: propagandistic ballets with crappy choreography, for sure, but also those dancers who set world standards for athleticism and grace. Out of post-communist Russia we get … well, an amazing conclusion by the author:

> Ballet is the cruelest and most wondrous of the arts, a discipline and a dream that asks people to aspire to the angelic in a demonic competitive process. The results of that process at the Bolshoi, time and time again, have proven artistically stupendous but personally, physically catastrophic. Yet the dancers keep dancing, hoping to escape the constraints of the here and now and grasp instead at something everlasting. There is no other choice. To dance, after all, is to condition the body, and with it the mind, to let go.

So far as I know, there is no better popular study of the company, its history and its principal stars through the centuries. It is written with grace and a formal intimacy that effortlessly draws you in to the tale yet makes sure you do not settle for easy answers—even when someone is throwing battery acid around. LRC

The Open Road

Canada under the Liberals seems poised to rejoin the world. But how does multilateralism work in the era of Trumpism and Brexit?

DAVID M. MALONE

Seeking Order in Anarchy: Multilateralism as State Strategy
Robert W. Murray, editor
University of Alberta Press
353 pages, softcover
ISBN 9781772121391

Two Freedoms: Canada's Global Future
Hugh Segal
Dundurn Press
228 pages, softcover
ISBN 9781459734456

UNDER THE RECENT CONSERVATIVE DISPENSATION in Ottawa, everything was pretty simple on foreign policy: speak loudly, often stridently, and carry not much of a stick. For the new Liberal government, everything is more complicated. Its electorate and the party membership expect something more. Early gestures—in keeping with the steady, optimistic tone Justin Trudeau projected during the last election—have been met with plaudits internationally. The second coming of Trudeaumania was on full display here in Japan during the prime minister's May 2016 visit and he thereafter also adopted a new approach to China and at the United Nations General Assembly. Recent Canadian activism on Syria in the General Assembly, in the face of deadlock in the UN Security Council, also displays Canadian diplomatic creativity. Stephen Harper's stern pronouncements on global dysfunction are not much missed. Even though some of them were insightful, nobody likes a scourge.

For the Liberal government, the easy part has been to eliminate the tone of superiority, which grated on allies and adversaries alike. Harder will be defining a distinctive policy Canadians can identify with that addresses today's rapidly evolving global challenges. The world seems a less generous place than ten years ago, with Trumpism, Brexit and Angela Merkel more under attack than supported in Germany for her refugee policy. Consequently, for Canada, it will be more difficult than it was then to reposition itself globally.

Curiously, Harper's shrewder international decisions have been underrated. Having started dead keen on military engagement in Afghanistan, a policy inherited from the previous Liberal government, he realized more rapidly than other western leaders that the campaign of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization there was not working. To his credit, having reckoned with the mounting death toll among Canadian troops and civilians, he acted decisively to cut short Canada's over-ambitious military role in the Kandahar region, the epicentre of much of the country's violence.

But, while the Afghanistan operation unfolded under a UNSC mandate—unlike the disastrous U.S.-UK takeover of Iraq in 2003—Harper's distaste for the UN was palpable virtually from the outset of his parliamentary life. Instinctively inclined to band with anglosphere partners, he would have joined Tony Blair and George W. Bush in that calamitous action when in opposition, although his view changed over time as the scale of the ensuing disaster in Iraq became clear.

As to the UN, it warranted disdain if not contempt. His early stance toward Africa, perceived as actively hostile by African leaders and their diplomats in Ottawa, resulted in the defeat in competitive elections for a 2001/02 UNSC seat for Canada. During the campaign for this seat, the government prided itself on the principle of "not going along to get along." It would have required at least some of Africa's 53 votes to succeed in Canada's bid. The humiliation of this defeat doubtless further soured Harper on the UN, for which he found only one positive use—as a forum for the promotion and, in part, delivery of his international initiative on maternal, newborn and child health, wisely carried forward by the new Trudeau government.

For those engaged in re-engineering Canada's foreign policy, *Seeking Order in Anarchy: Multilateralism as State Strategy,* a splendid volume edited by Robert W. Murray, offers helpful perspective. This handsome book features an almost total Canadian cast of authors, across several generations, slicing and dicing multilateralism through a variety of lenses. The authors highlight a distinctive Canadian scholarship of international relations—literate, analytically acute and eschewing the academic fads that have narrowed the focus of political science in the United States. In an attempt to compete with natural sciences, many American IR scholars have espoused quantification and other techniques that, in excess, have proved both reductive and frequently unconvincing. Often mentioned in the volume is the English School of international relations scholarship, a close cousin of the best of Canadian IR scholarship, drawing on history and a multiplicity of methodologies with fine results, including high readability.

An excellent contribution from David R. Black and David J. Hornsby telescopes the practice of Canadian multilateralism through its mostly admirable policy on South Africa. Many years of successive prime ministers, culminating under Brian Mulroney, were strongly committed to defeating apartheid. Mulroney's sharp disagreement on South Africa with fellow Conservative Margaret Thatcher and his determination that apartheid should be overcome remind us that he was an exceptionally engaged and accomplished leader for Canada on the international stage. Black's pages also remind us of the important role in Canadian IR scholarship of Dalhousie University (particularly that of Denis Stairs, cited in the volume) and of other universities located outside our three biggest cities.

Kim Richard Nossal, from his perch at Queen's University, has contributed to this volume an incisive analysis of Stephen Harper's Conservative government's track record (2006–15) on foreign and defence policy. In it, he highlights the stark contrast between the ambitious rhetoric of the government and the means deployed to underpin the stated goals.

> In the early 2000s, critics … worried that Liberal foreign policy had "metastasized from a do-good to a feel-good foreign policy" … It can be argued that the underlying behaviour that prompted such complaints did not change much with the change of government in 2006, which is why … [it] seemed so "old school": the rhetorical flourishes that emanated from the Conservative government may have worked well to make those who heard them feel good about their country's role in the world, but the rhetoric was actually not intended to achieve anything of substance in global politics. On the contrary, under the Conservatives, foreign policy increasingly became about nothing more than winning at the ballot box.

Helpfully, Mount Royal University's Duane Bratt points out that Harper preferred some forums over others (e.g., the G7, over the G20 in which Canada's voice was more diluted and within which Canada's values were less fully shared). As well, Bratt highlights Harper's enthusiasm for NATO—suggesting that his multilateral policy displayed those nuances that were attuned to his world view and policy preferences, invariably cast as muscular.

And the great Canadian scholar Tom Keating contributes a fine set of conclusions seeking to reconcile and illuminate the idea and often imperfect practice of multilateralism.

David M. Malone, a former Canadian ambassador to the United Nations and former high commissioner to India, is rector of the United Nations University in Tokyo and Under-Secretary-General of the United Nations. He is a student of multilateralism, particularly of the Security Council.

Does a more open, active and philosophically more generous Liberal foreign policy necessarily need to be more expensive? Not necessarily.

Hugh Segal's tonic book, a much more personal and conversational affair, argues for a foreign policy rooted in values, and provides some examples of how this can work well in practice. When he was involved, it often did.

In Sri Lanka, a murderous 20-year-long struggle between the government and the brutal rebel group known as the Tamil Tigers ended in May 2009 in a bloodbath that killed not only many of the rebels and their unlamented leader, but also tens of thousands of civilians. The increasingly thuggish, family-centred government of Mahinda Rajapaksa in Colombo proved unapologetic and worked hard to restrict political freedoms. Reprehensibly, the Commonwealth, in part by rote, chose to convene its 2013 heads of government meeting in Colombo, and it was against this backdrop that Segal's tenure unfolded when he was a member of the Commonwealth Eminent Persons Group in 2010 and subsequently was charged with updating the Commonwealth's role as Canada's special envoy to lobby for implementation of the EPG's conclusions.

Because most Commonwealth governments take a dim view of insurgencies and because the Tamil Tiger leadership had been so widely reviled, many Commonwealth capitals were indifferent to Sri Lanka's political drift away from robust parliamentary traditions and went along with the plan. But the Queen, who serves as head of the Commonwealth, stayed away, as did the prime ministers of India, Canada and Mauritius. Segal, a Canadian senator at the time, had formed a convivial partnership with John Baird, then Canada's foreign minister, and the book documents how well their mutually reinforcing advocacy worked to embarrass those providing comfort to Rajapaksa. Baird was at his best partnering with Segal, at his worst when his near pathological distrust of public servants and rhetorical bombast were on display.

Segal's lines, fluent, lively and drawing on deeply held convictions of a distinctly progressive conservative variety, provide a bird's-eye view of foreign policy that accrued credit for Canada. He reminds us that ideas matter, as does well-designed strategy. In providing both to the Harper government, he proved a fine representative for all Canadians on the world stage.

Where does this leave the Liberals on foreign policy? As Trudeau did domestically, so he has changed the tone internationally, from one of bare-knuckle "realism" to one of optimism and engagement. His government's embrace of Syrian refugees captured the international imagination. We know that many consultative processes have been launched in Canada and that the UN is again in favour with the government. Meanwhile, Canada has ratified the Paris Agreement on Climate Change, and the government is seeking to have it implemented country-wide, as is also happening elsewhere. But how will Canada convince UN members it has changed its spots?

Away from the headlines in Canada, there has been a growing recognition in western capitals that they have let the UN down by essentially resigning from UN peacekeeping after the serial disasters of Mogadishu, Rwanda and Srebrenica. They mostly left the task to the less well-equipped, sometimes less-well-prepared troops from developing countries, many of which are uncomfortable with the increasing adoption of mandates by the UNSC calling for the use of force when civilian lives are threatened.

This was the backdrop for the summit on peacekeeping that U.S. president Barack Obama convened at the UN in September 2015. He was seeking to encourage a return of western militaries to an activity that, while often risky, is also necessary to prevent local difficulties in geo-strategically insignificant countries from degenerating into violence, sexual predation, massacre and even genocide, and to fight regional instability and terrorism. Obama challenged those attending to recognize that standing back was hardly noble, particularly on the part of those equipped with most of the world's high-end military capacity.

The new Canadian minister of defence, Harjit Sajjan, has been wrestling with the dilemma. There are no easy answers. A recent essay in *The Globe and Mail* by J.L. Granatstein points to sensible benchmarks for Canadian participation in specific UN peacekeeping operations. However, none of the current UN deployments fully meets all of them. Even the Golan Heights observer mission, which Canada anchored for many years, became a local theatre of war after Syria descended into interlocking civil conflicts in 2011. Should we hold back indefinitely, while our NATO allies are returning to the UN front lines? Should we rather take on some risks and work from within one or several of those peacekeeping missions to make them safer and more effective by deploying the high-tech capacities Canada possesses (that will fade into redundancy unless used), rather than thousands of infantry troops? This will be a tough call for the Cabinet, and an announcement seems imminent.

The UN has long been the preferred negotiating forum of developing countries on economic and trade issues. It is no secret why: they are in a majority and could outvote others on these issues in the General Assembly. As well, given the UN's central role in decolonization, they experience the UN as theirs. Does this pose a risk to Canada? Hardly—the UN reaches most decisions by consensus and, besides, no major decisions leading directly to large price tags are negotiated at the UN. So we risk very little by re-engaging with the UN on such issues. And should we ignore developing countries, many of which emerged from colonial subjugation deeply wounded? I hope not.

The UN's work in the development field has taken on a much more lucid tone in recent years. Its conference on financing for development in Addis Ababa in 2015 recognized that the primary financial vectors through which development occurs are those of internal resource mobilization, investment, trade and remittances sent home from workers toiling abroad. International assistance plays a more marginal role, albeit a critical one for the least-developed and conflict-affected countries. This took too long to be accepted, but now that it has been, sensible, useful work to implement the Sustainable Development Goals by 2030 is under way. Poverty will always be with us, in each of our societies. But extreme poverty, illiteracy, the denial of education, the absence of basic health services, water privation and much more can be vanquished.

The catastrophists, populists and soap-box artists will always find much about the UN to criticize. Like many supporters of the UN, I certainly do too. However, the key question is, how, in an era of renewed great power rivalry, but also an era of development progress, the UN could do better and in more targeted ways. On this grand challenge, Canada can make a very positive difference through ideas and targeted funding of development and peacebuilding programs.

We should play to established strengths, including our normative entrepreneurship, most evident recently through the ambition for Canada of then foreign affairs minister Lloyd Axworthy in the late 1990s, which largely yielded the International Criminal Court and the Anti-Personnel Landmines Treaty, along with other initiatives such as the international commission that proposed the principle of responsibility to protect, and an enhanced focus within the Canadian government on economic factors in civil wars. All of this cost very little, and was widely noticed and mostly praised internationally.

More needs to be done on the normative front, not least on the vexed issue of migration, a phenomenon with which humankind has been at grips since its emergence and that today has become neuralgic in parts of Europe. When on a large scale, it is also viewed with apprehension in other parts of the world. Refugees benefit from a convention and a range of other laws. Migration (within regions and countries more often than it occurs intercontinentally) has been little addressed normatively. On this issue, Canada's credibility is strong, although we need to recognize more than we generally do that our particular geographic situation has allowed us to regulate immigration more easily than has been the case for Europe or even Australia. As well, given events in Syria, respect for international humanitarian law is eroding. This trend urgently needs to be reversed.

Whether the world needs more Canada is debatable, but it has a more familiar Canada back. Our ideas, experience and potential action in a variety of fields marked by human distress, drawing on our civilians and uniformed capacities, are welcome internationally, and they need not break the bank. Now the government needs to decide how to deploy them. LRC

In Praise of Older Genres

André Alexis's kidlit for grown-ups

Caroline Adderson

The Hidden Keys
André Alexis
Coach House Books
230 pages, softcover
ISBN 9781552453254

Literary fiction has a lot to learn from genre. I discovered this myself when I started moonlighting as a children's author. Genre I define as a form of writing that follows certain unbreakable rules, and kidlit is one. Like a lot of genre publishing, not only is kidlit going strong, but it is liberatingly versatile and form pushing despite its rules. It also bubbles over with something literary fiction often lacks: story. In *The Hidden Keys*, another instalment of his ambitious quincunx, André Alexis delights us with a literary novel playing dress-up with genre and offers the best of both.

Alexis explained his quincunx project in a 2015 blogpost for *Quill and Quire*. "I'm obsessed with storytelling, with all of its ins and outs, its rhythms, graces, failures, byways, irreality and, of course, its traditions." To explore his obsession, he has taken as his narrative template Pier Paolo Pasolini's film *Teorema* in which "a god comes to earth and interacts with the members of a well-to-do family." Alexis writes, "I wanted to tell it as a pastoral (that is, a tale set in an idealized rural world), as an apologue (a moral tale involving animals), as a quest narrative (with *Treasure Island* in mind), as a ghost story (like *Ugetsu Monogatari*), and as a kind of Harlequin romance." Of his five-sided project *The Hidden Keys* is the third, following upon *Pastoral* and the apologue *Fifteen Dogs*.

The Hidden Keys is the *Treasure Island* version, although not a retelling of the story. There is no island, just Toronto so lovingly described it emerges as a character in its own right. Standing in for Long John Silver and Israel Hands are a pusher, Errol "Nigger" Colby, a black man with albinism, and his psychopathic sidekick, Sigismund "Freud" Luxemberg. The Azarians are the well-to-do family. The deceased business mogul Robert Azarian left not only his fortune to his five adult children, but also a *memento mori* of personal significance for each of them: a Japanese screen, an architectural model of Frank Lloyd Wright's Fallingwater, a framed poem, a painting of the Emperor Nero beside a man with a raven on his shoulder and a bottle of Aquavit. And the god unleashed upon them? Robert, through his bequest? Or is he Tancred Palmieri, a most moral thief who is Alexis's protagonist?

Tancred befriends Robert Azarian's youngest daughter Willow, a junkie in her fifties with but $15 million left in her bank account, the rest having been shot up her arm. Willow believes that there is more to their inheritance. When she was a child, Robert used to organize elaborate treasure hunts for her pleasure. She thinks the *memento mori* she and her siblings received contain clues to something else he left them. She convinces Tancred to steal the other four mementos so that they can find the treasure Robert has challenged her from beyond the grave to find. Tancred, being an honest thief, will claim his reward only from Willow's share, give the siblings theirs and return to them their stolen *memento mori*. When Willow dies, he honours her by keeping this promise. Each chapter in the novel is built around one of his thefts.

> Plot is what drives genre fiction, but it is also its weakness. Once the puzzle is solved or the criminal caught, the reader rarely reflects on the story.

Outwardly, it is the treasure-seeking plot of *The Hidden Keys* that keeps the reader turning the pages. What is the significance of these disparate objects? Is there really a treasure? On top of this, Alexis manages to up the page-turning power by throwing in another genre layer, for where there is crime there must be a detective, in this case Tancred's best friend from their impoverished childhood in the Alexandra Park neighbourhood of Toronto, Daniel Mandelshtam. Also from the old 'hood are Willow's dealer and his pal, the stand-in pirates, who also know of Willow's quest and find a way to make Tancred cooperate with them. And as a Mensa-bonus, Alexis has created a treasure hunt for the reader hidden within the text, "snippets of—or allusions to" 14 other works besides *Treasure Island*, some very obscure.

Plot is what drives genre fiction, but it is also its weakness. Once the puzzle is solved or the criminal caught, the reader generally reflects on the story for about as long as it would take to stuff a crossword in the recycling. This is where *The Hidden Keys* masterfully transcends its form. At the same time that Alexis has indulged us with a humdinger plot and a ludicrously happy ending (I was astonished how good it made me feel), he has also written a multi-layered, nuanced, absorbing novel that touches on themes that can be described only as "great," themes that are presented not only in the moral decisions the characters are required to make, but in their musings as well—musings that left me musing whenever they came up. What is the meaning of family? Does God exist? What is the nature of goodness? How relevant is place? This, for example, on the latter: "[Tancred] had once wondered if home were people or a place. It was, of course, both and neither. Each person who lived in Toronto held a facet of the city. Naturally he did as well and, to see himself clearly, to begin the new life, he would have to be in that place that held the old one, that held those who knew him." Coming near the end of the novel, this passage, beautiful and profound, resonated even more. By the time I finished *The Hidden Keys*, solving the mystery was the least of my interests. In fact, I found the mystery distracted me from the true pleasure of the book—the reflective frame of mind it asked of me—so much that I found myself agreeing with the character who tells Tancred, "I used to love a good puzzle. But I am old and I find this business only mildly diverting."

I would be remiss if I did not mention how frequently funny this novel is, from its charmingly ridiculous character names to how Tancred manages to steal the unstealable. It is also why I could not help reading *The Hidden Keys* as kidlit for intelligent grown-ups. It has everything the best of children's writing offers: an engaging plot, an engagement with morality, goofy names and laughs. Perhaps this is what Alexis was implying when he dropped this clue: he credits as his inspiration not R.L. Stevenson, but Captain George North, the pseudonymous children's author of *Treasure Island*. LRC

Caroline Adderson, in Vancouver, writes for readers of all ages. Her latest novel for adults is Ellen in Pieces *(Patrick Crean Books, 2014). Visit www.carolineadderson.com.*

The Shadow of the Shoah

Two memoirs of the Nazi era are a needed reminder for our own times

Michiel Horn

Montage: man with scrolls and synagogue ruins by Henryk Ross, c. 1940–1944. Half-tone positive on paper. (Image courtesy of the Art Gallery of Ontario)

By Chance Alone: A Remarkable True Story of Courage and Survival at Auschwitz
Max Eisen
HarperCollins
284 pages, softcover
ISBN 9781443448536

Otto and Daria: A Wartime Journey Through No Man's Land
Eric Koch
University of Regina Press
275 pages, hardcover
ISBN 9780889774438

More than 70 years after the end of the Second World War, the shadow cast by the Shoah lingers. Monographs, memoirs and occasional diaries continue to appear, as some who lived and suffered through those years are speaking up at last as they approach the end of what are by now long lives. We may assume that not many more of these will be published—the survivors are now in their eighties and nineties—yet their stories are needed more than ever. Not only do they shed light on a *sui generis* tragedy in recent history, but they are also a cautionary tale for the present day, when anti-Semitism is on the rise and hostility toward other minority groups is mounting.

Two such memoirs by Canadians have appeared recently. The lives of both Max Eisen and Eric Koch were greatly changed by the Nazi war against the Jews, but their experiences were very different. Eisen's book, *By Chance Alone: A Remarkable True Story of Courage and Survival at Auschwitz*, although it deals at length with his life in Czechoslovakia and Hungary in the 1930s and '40s, is essentially a concentration camp survival story. Koch's account, *Otto and Daria: A Wartime Journey Through No Man's Land*, deals with the experiences of a relatively privileged family who managed to escape Nazi Germany, and its primary focus is on the author's life as a wartime "enemy alien" internee in Canada.

Of the two memoirs, Koch's is the more engaging. Not hung up on chronology, and often digressing into fascinating, sometimes irrelevant byways, it reads somewhat like an elegant and quirky novel. Eric Koch, known as Otto for the first 23 years of his life, was born into a secular Jewish family in Frankfurt. Owners of a fashionable jewellery store run by an uncle after Koch's father died in 1919, the Kochs belonged to the affluent bourgeoisie. That meant little after the Nazis entered office in 1933, and four years later the family was preparing to leave Germany. Eric, who was already studying in England, entered St. John's College, Cambridge.

He was there when war broke out in 1939 and had to register as an enemy alien. He was placed in category C, a group consisting mainly of Jews and political refugees who were deemed to be no threat. That status ended one day after the government changed on May 11, 1940. Wishing to reassure a frightened and largely ignorant public that everything possible was being done to counter the German threat, the new government led by Winston Churchill ordered the internment of all male enemy aliens whatever their category (the women were presumably not dangerous).

This was inappropriate action of the kind identified by Sir Humphrey Appleby of *Yes, Minister* fame: "Something must be done. This is something. Therefore we must do it." For Koch it had the unexpected result that he, along with many other internees, was soon sent to Canada for safekeeping, as it were. He appreciates the irony in this: the Jews among them would hardly have obtained admission to Canada in any other way, for Canadian government policy, as Irving Abella and Harold Troper have shown, was hostile to Jewish refugees.

Koch spent 18 months confined in internment camps in Quebec before the British government relaxed its policy on enemy aliens, and those who could find a sponsor could leave the camps. Koch's connection to the jewellery business did the trick: his sponsors were Colonel Gerald Birks, one of the principals in Henry Birks and Sons, and his wife, Phyllis. He changed his name to Eric, studied law at the University of Toronto, briefly taught French at Appleby College, and then, after meeting *Saturday Night*'s B.K. Sandwell, turned to journalism. Soon afterward, he joined the CBC International Service, in time becoming a fixture in CBC radio and television.

Koch's story is, on the whole, an upbeat one. The only near relative he lost in the Shoah was a grandmother who died in Theresienstadt concentration camp. Aided at times by family connections, at other times by friends, he landed on his feet. The same cannot be said about the Daria in the book's title, whose letters to Koch form a sort of counterpoint to his memoir. Koch met Daria Hambourg, the daughter of a well-established London family, in Switzerland in 1938, and they corresponded for five years. Their last contact was in November 1943; she died in 1992.

None of Koch's letters to Hambourg survived, and so the letters are a one-way conversation that Koch does not quite manage to integrate successfully with his own story. However, the slice of life that he serves up is enjoyable. He does seem a bit too quick to drop names, even when it is inappropriate. (Confiding the name of a woman with whom he enjoyed a one-night stand in 1940 adds nothing

Michiel Horn is professor emeritus of history at York University. He translated David Koker's At the Edge of the Abyss: A Concentration Camp Diary, 1943–1944 *(Northwestern University Press, 2012); he is also the author of* Becoming Canadian: Memoirs of an Invisible Immigrant *(University of Toronto Press, 1997).*

to his story.) Nevertheless, his tale is well written, often playful, good humoured and worth reading.

A clearer counterpoint to Koch's story is found in Max Eisen's, which is also well worth reading, even if his telling of it is not elegant. Eisen was born into an Orthodox Jewish family in a part of Czechoslovakia annexed by Hungary after the 1938 Munich agreement. Hungary, allied with Germany, was led by Admiral Miklós Horthy, whose government, although anti-Semitic, long resisted the Nazis' Final Solution. In 1944, the Germans forced Horthy to appoint a new prime minister, the fanatically pro-German and anti-Semitic Döme Sztójay. The last remaining large group of European Jews thereby came into mortal danger.

Eisen recalls that after the first Passover seder in 1944, a gentile neighbour came to warn them and help them escape, but Eisen's grandfather held it to be wrong to travel during Passover. The following morning, local police took them into custody, and three weeks later young Max (then called Tibor), his grandparents, parents, aunt and uncle, and three younger siblings, were loaded into cattle cars and sent to Auschwitz.

Most of the Eisens were selected for immediate extermination in Auschwitz II-Birkenau, while Max, his father and uncle were assigned to Auschwitz I, a labour camp. The three men were assigned to do agricultural work, hard physical labour on inadequate rations of food. In July, his father and uncle were removed for no apparent reason; years later, he learned that they had been earmarked for medical experiments. Not yet 16, he was left alone in the world with slim odds of survival.

That he did survive was due to an improbable combination of circumstances. It is not for nothing that Eisen titled his memoir *By Chance Alone*. He lucked into the position of assistant to the Polish camp doctor, which gave him a few privileges such as improved access to food. But that was not enough to keep him alive when the Germans abandoned Auschwitz in January 1945, and sent the inmates westward, on foot and sometimes by train. Eisen must have been blessed with an iron constitution, for he survived this long ordeal, and was finally liberated on May 6, 1945, by the U.S. 761st Tank Battalion near Melk in Austria. Eisen emigrated to Canada in 1949 and got married in Toronto three years later. He established a successful business and seems to have dwelt little on the past until he retired in 1988. Then he remembered his father's injunction when they last saw each other: "If you survive, you must tell the world what happened here." This prompted him to become a Holocaust speaker and to accompany tours to Auschwitz.

Memoirs are by definition an expression of memory, and memory is not history. Memory is highly prone to being reshaped by later events.

Did his father say those very words, or did Eisen conjure them up when, more than 40 years later, he started thinking about his experiences? I doubt it matters. Memoirs are by definition an expression of memory, and memory is not history. Memory is highly prone to being reshaped by later events, so that memoirs dealing with concentration camp life and death have been influenced by subsequent events and by knowledge gained from other sources. The passage of time also has the effect of highlighting some events and softening others. Memoirs have value, but they do differ from diaries, which are more immediate in what they record.

Diaries are unfiltered and intense, not only because of the subject matter but also because they are typically not intended for publication. A few years ago I was asked by the historian Robert Jan van Pelt to translate the diary that a young Dutch Jew, David Koker, kept in Vught, the only concentration camp the Germans established in the Netherlands—the better-known Westerbork was a transit camp for Jews. Reading it, I was struck by the horror of what he described. Against my expectations, however, I realized that even people who were living under the dire threat of deportation managed to find something like joy in their lives. That diary enabled me to enter into the world of a concentration camp in a way no memoir has been able to do.

But narrative reminders of the Shoah, whatever their genre, are invaluable to us, and they are all the more necessary now. As I was writing this review, I read Dow Marmur's column in the *Toronto Star* about efforts in Poland to suppress "evidence of Polish complicity in Nazi atrocities against the Jews." Hungary's right-wing Jobbik party, which in the 2014 parliamentary election got the support of one fifth of the voters, is widely regarded as anti-Semitic. And Belgium and France have seen anti-Jewish hate crimes committed. It is sobering to realize that a half century of awareness of the grim reality of the Shoah has not helped to eliminate anti-Semitism from the world. LRC

Letters & Responses

Re: "Tunnel Vision," by Lev Bratishenko (October 2016)

Lev Bratishenko's essay on Jane Jacobs takes the same tack as many such pieces in the decade since she died, taking her to task for what she didn't write on one hand and faulting her for tilting against clear trends like sprawl on the other. Her failure to apply a race or gender lens to her writing, or to take a firm position on the role of capital, is held against her. And not understanding people who bought into suburban living or to big condos is also cited as a sign she missed the boat.

A writer can apply various analytical lenses such as race, gender or the role of capital. All of them are important. Race, for example, is a defining factor in any analysis of the United States, and in its current presidential election, and plays a less obvious but vital role in Canada as well. The problem with a broad application of these lenses is that they can eventually occlude what you are looking at. I know from conversations with Jacobs that both race and gender were central to her own view of the world.

Jacobs admired entrepreneurs large and small, but not always their projects. She was observant of their practical impact. She often objected to developments that she thought made worse spaces or disrupted neighbourhoods but recognized that development and redevelopment were how cities evolved.

Her approach to her writing about cities and urban regions was straightforward: observe closely to see what works and then arrange to do more of it. That led her to some of her better known suggestions such as "eyes on the street" and mixed use. These have had a lasting influence on both public and private developers (not all of them) and their suppliers such as architects and planners. In this regard the "less Jane Jacobs" of the article is not what we need or are likely to get.

More than anything, Jacobs would have been appalled to think that an orthodoxy had been created from her writing, or that people would be wondering what Jane Jacobs would do, as happens from time to time. She wanted people to observe and to think, not to search her texts for clues. Having her writing treated as a rigid prescription for all time was not her intention.

Describing her as "Mother Jacobs" or "Saint Jane," or seeing her as a kindly old grandmother in her later years, disguises the fact that she was ferocious in argument and debate. She left more than one commentator wobbly kneed. The reviewer might have found it invigorating to debate her face to face.

Alan Broadbent
Toronto, Ontario

Re: "The Orient Express," by Patrick Brown (September 2016)

I've read Patrick Brown's review of Alexandre Trudeau's *Barbarian Lost: Travels in the New China* with much interest. The review, with its title "The Orient Express" and description of "Alexandre Trudeau's whirlwind, and sometimes cliché-rich, tour of China," accurately catches the overall impression the book leaves on its readers. In the research for my book *Re-Orienting China: Travel Writing and Cross-Cultural Understanding*, I encountered many "barbarians" lost in the sea of Chinese foreignness. The book's rhetoric resonates strongly with what David Spurr would call "the rhetoric of empire." A Shanghai lady's "odd and intriguing countenance" makes the writer imagine that she might be an opium smoker, which he also admits is quite unlikely; the abortive visit to a brothel in Guangzhou is replaced with the history of Chinese coolies building railroads and the chaos of Chinatown in San Francisco and Vancouver that the readers at home know too well.

So I sympathize with Brown's increasing disappointment as he reads, especially keeping in mind the provocative lines on the book's front flap: "each revelation [of Chinese people's secrets] jolts us from many a preconceived notion and forces us to challenge our ideas about the country."

However, I find Brown's judgements rather harsh and his reading rather cursory. He blames Trudeau for not making an effort to learn Chinese. One does not need to master Chinese to be a good travel writer about China. Canadian geophysicist Jock Wilson wrongly conceived the linguistic nature of Chinese, but this did not prevent him from imagining "a broader humanism" at the end of his travels and later initiating cultural exchanges between Canada and China.

Careful readers see valuable insights Trudeau has gained as a seasoned traveller. His understanding of documentary filmmaking as producing icons and not real people, his reading of Ai Weiwei as an artist who knows how to please the western audience, and his observation of Vivian, his translator and guide, who has been humbled as a result of living away from her native country, are a few sparkles that highlight the good quality of Trudeau's travel writing. At one point, he reveals that he includes comments about politics not out of interest but because "it's work." This perhaps forced him to take "the Orient Express" to live up to the expectations of a journalist.

Leilei Chen
Edmonton, Alberta

Re: "Reasonable Doubts," by Suanne Kelman (September 2016)

With respect, Suanne Kelman's article is a dog's breakfast of concepts and arguments only some of which touch upon the subject of the title: reasonable accommodation. Along with tolerance, reasonable accommodation is an important principle that frames our goal of living together with disagreement and it is actually an achievement to manage that as against the false justice of homogeneity of treatment where such homogeneity fails to respect the differences of belief and association that are essential to freedom.

The author repeats the common error that "religion" is in conflict with "equality." Properly understood, religion is one of the listed aspects that are protected from non-discrimination in section 15 of the Charter of Rights and Freedoms—the equality provision. The issue is not religion versus equality but the more subtle question of religion as equality versus other equality rights. What then to do when equality of one sort squares off with equality of another sort? Religious equality versus sexual orientation equality, for example. Here, the limitation provision of section 1 of the Charter requires a recognition of rights and freedoms "subject only to such reasonable limits prescribed by law as can be demonstrably justified in a free and democratic society."

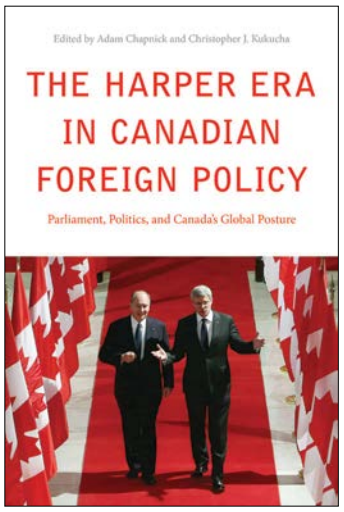
The only analytical framework that makes sense here is to do a more serious job of evaluating the contexts within which religious equality and sexual orientation equality are in conflict. Understood this way, some of the debates of the day can be resolved through understanding accommodation and tolerance in relation to the necessary presumption in favour of diversity that we need to make sense of law and legal challenges in relation to different types of associations (including religious associations) that exist in Canada.

One size, in short, does not fit all.

As for the face-coverings debate involving the niqab or burka, the author fails entirely to examine this issue in relation to a more foundational moral idea—that of "civic friendship." If we cannot see someone, we cannot really be in any kind of civic friendship relationship with them. This is why we consider it inappropriate to wear balaclavas when we come in from the cold on a Canadian winter day. The face coverings (not the nun's habit or the turban or the yarmulka or the head covering) do indeed offend civic friendship and that sort of analysis is useful and overdue in Canada.

Iain T. Benson
Sydney, Australia

BATTLES AND BATTLEFIELDS



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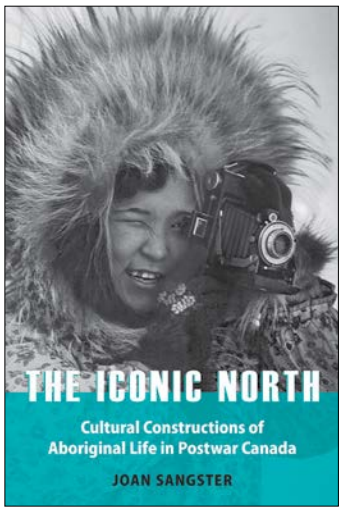

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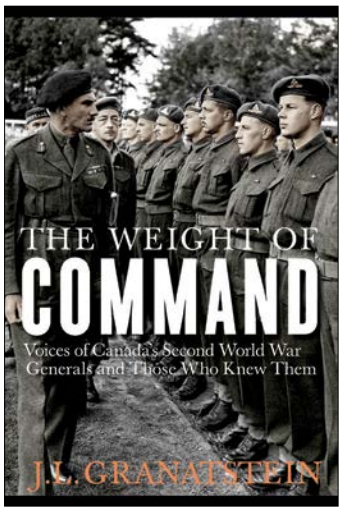

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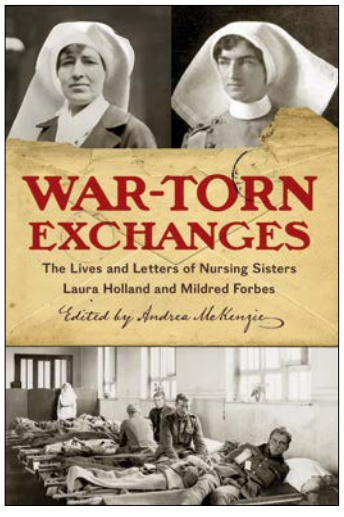

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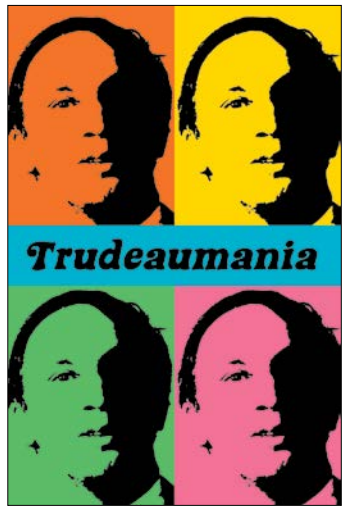

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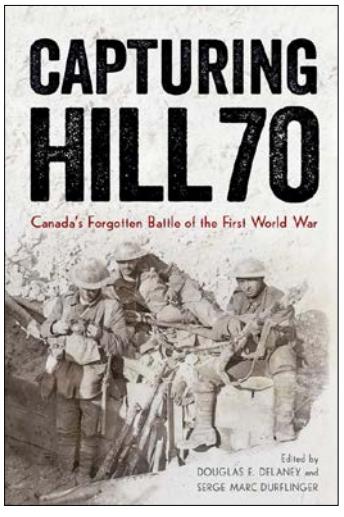

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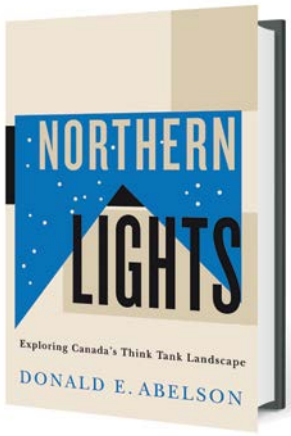

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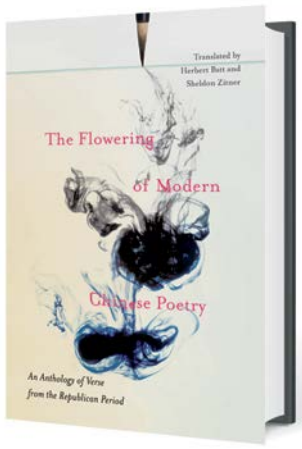

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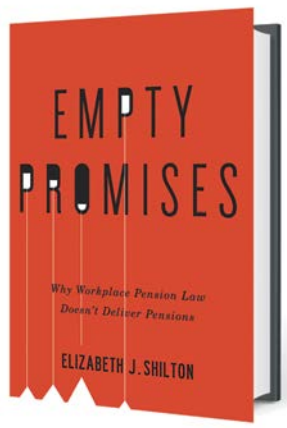

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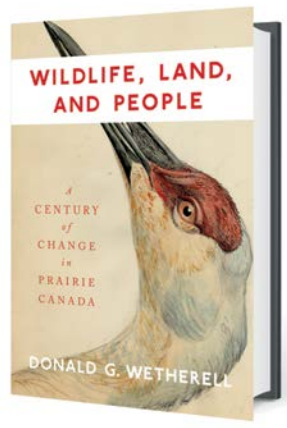

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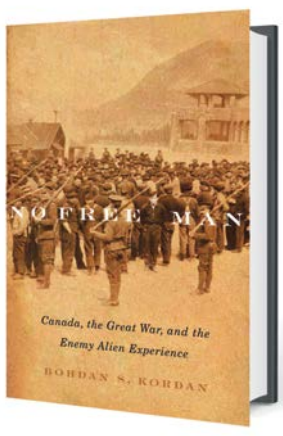

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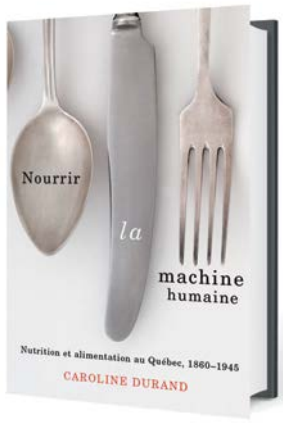

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