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Taking Pictures of Taking Pictures:
Reading *Weekend Magazine* 1963-1973

by

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June, 2001

A thesis submitted to the Faculty of
Graduate Studies and Research
in partial fulfillment of the requirements
of the degree of Master of Arts

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Canada

Abstract:

"Taking Pictures of Taking Pictures: Reading *Weekend Magazine* 1963-1973"

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In the period 1963-1973, *Weekend Magazine* was the most widely-circulated periodical in Canada, claiming more than two-million weekly readers. An English-language publication, *Weekend Magazine* largely overcame the difficulties which beset the Canadian magazine industry in the 1950s and 1960s by circulating as an insert in the Saturday edition of local newspapers across the country. As a national magazine aimed at a general audience of Canadians, *Weekend* was involved in the difficult pursuit of inventing a kind of national entertainment for its readers, while representing the diversity of local identity without betraying the integrity of the national context.

This thesis is the study of a certain representation of the 1960s in Canada- an interpretation of the way in which the most widely-circulated magazine reflected and represented the nation in a period of significant transition. In the first half of the Sixties, *Weekend* was about the articulation of the various local identities within Canada, but always with regard to a power structure that maintained certain racial, sexual and regional divisions. Yet, in the second half of the decade, we can witness a transformation of this power structure, and with it, a disintegration of the sense of unity that had been implied before. As *Weekend* begins to move from an either/or understanding of otherness in Canada towards a more complicated recognition of local identities, its vision of a united Canada begins to break down.

This thesis considers various representative articles from the period 1963 to 1973 in an effort to establish the shift in the representation of otherness in *Weekend*'s Canada. The key theme is explored through representations of Gender, Youth Culture, Foreignness and Nationalism in the magazine. A summary and review of historiographical and theoretical literature constitutes the first chapter of the work.

Résumé:

"Photographier des photographies : en lisant la *Weekend Magazine* 1963-1973"

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Pendant la période 1963-1973 le *Weekend Magazine* était la publication périodique ayant le plus grand tirage au Canada, desservant au-delà de deux millions de lecteurs chaque semaine. Une publication anglophone, le *Weekend Magazine* a réussi à surmonter les difficultés qu'a connu l'industrie Canadienne des périodiques dans les années 1950 et 1960 en incluant le magazine dans les éditions des journaux locaux du samedi, et ce à travers tout le pays. Se voulant un magazine national destiné à un auditoire populaire composé de Canadiens, le *Weekend* devait relever le défi de captiver et de divertir ses lecteurs tout en respectant la diversité de l'identité locale sans trahir l'intégrité du contexte national.

Cette thèse est une étude d'une certaine image du Canada dans les années 60, une interprétation de la manière dont cette revue populaire reflétait et représentait le pays pendant une période de transition significative. Durant la première moitié des années 60, le *Weekend* était le moyen d'expression des diverses identités locales du Canada, mais s'appuyant toujours sur une puissante structure qui maintenaient des divisions raciales, sexuelles et régionales. Néanmoins, dans la deuxième moitié de la décennie, on remarque une transformation de cette structure de pouvoir, suivie d'une désagrégation du sentiment d'unité qui auparavant était sous-entendu. Alors que le *Weekend* passe d'une compréhension d'autrui au Canada a une reconnaissance plus complexe des identités locales, la vision d'un Canada uni commence à s'écrouler.

Cette thèse examine divers articles du *Weekend* paru au Canada, représentatifs de la période 1963 à 1973, dans le but de démontrer le changement de position de la représentation d'autrui dans le magazine. Le thème principal est développé à partir d'articles portant sur le sexe, la culture de la jeunesse, l'étranger et le nationalisme. Le premier chapitre du travail comprend un sommaire et un compte rendu de la litérature historiographique et théorique.

Acknowledgements

I am indebted to members of the History Department at McGill University who encouraged my work and gave me the sense of purpose to see it through. Professor Suzanne Morton was an enthusiastic advisor, and I am grateful for her generous support of my writing. This thesis simply could not have been written without her help. Thanks go to Professors Catherine Desbarats and Nancy Partner for challenging me to think again (and again) about everything that I thought I knew. Thanks also to Professor Gil Troy for helping me learn to teach, and proving that an historian singing right-wing anthems in an army helmet in front of 200 undergrads is worth two in the bush.

As well, I would like to thank Professor Graham Carr of Concordia University for giving me the very idea for a study of *Weekend Magazine*. His last-minute (and much needed) editorial suggestions, along with his always enthusiastic encouragement, helped me to get this thesis into shape. Thanks also to Professor Michael Cross of Dalhousie University, whom I grievously neglected to thank publicly when he, as my undergraduate honours advisor, taught me that serious history can never be boring as long as it is risky. Even if that seems obvious, it changed my life.

I would also like to acknowledge the help I received from Louis Louthood, former publisher of *Weekend Magazine*. Having never met me, and knowing me only through one thirty-minute telephone conversation, Mr. Louthood gathered together various papers and recollections and sent them off to me at his own expense. For his benevolent gesture, I am much obliged. I am indebted to Dr. Fred Lowy for his masterful translation of the abstract. Thanks also to John Macfarlane, Greig Dymond, and David Macfarlane, all of whom responded with helpful and encouraging suggestions to my calls for assistance in tracking down information on *Weekend Magazine*.

Finally, I would like to express my deepest thanks to my family and friends. My parents, Pam and Gord Henderson, have never failed to encourage my often whimsical endeavors. Their loving support continues to invest me with the courage to explore and to create. Thanks to my sisters, Kate and Liz, who have been equally supportive and beautiful friends to their big brother, and to Sarah Lowy, who has put up with living with me through the writing of two theses, the kindest and most supportive friend I have ever known.

Table Of Contents

Introduction:

Images of an Imagined Nation

A man walks down the street
It's a street in a strange world
Maybe it's the Third World
Maybe it's his first time around
He doesn't speak the language
He holds no currency
He is a foreign man.

-Paul Simon, *You Can Call Me Al* (1984)[1]

Communities are to be distinguished, not by their falsity/genuineness, but by the style in which they are imagined.

-Benedict Anderson[2]

What am I doing here, fumbling around in someone else's past, in my parents' childhood? It feels like I am rummaging through a cedar chest in the attic of another man's life. This is not my time, these are not my people. I am, for all intents and purposes, a foreigner in this land. Everything looks old, awkward, contrived. It smells of mildew and cigarette ends. I try on the clothes but I can't seem to shake the feeling that they don't fit. I am in costume. This stuff looks funny, I find myself laughing at it- but it is not designed as comedy. It is, probably, nothing more than the arrogance of perspective, an involuntary haughtiness which comes from the assumption that I am the product of a world that has outgrown these clothes, that has matured beyond these images, this ancient noise. But I am trying to find something here, trying to find something to balance myself on, to use as the anchor to hold me in place in my own

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[1]Paul Simon, *You Can Call Me Al*, Graceland, 1984.
[2]Benedict Anderson, Imagined Communities (London: Verso Books, 1991), 6.

present. This is recent history, a study of my country in the 1960s, the fifteen years before I was born.

I search the attic for clues.

What do I find? A book of photographs- images of another, older (or is it younger?), world. A collection of recipes, a folding T.V. tray. A stack of magazines, a weekly insert in the nation's newspapers, the words *Weekend Magazine* written in the top corner. Inside are sports columns, editorials, advertisements for cigarettes. There are articles on a Cold War, a 'swinging' chimpanzee, a summer camp for altar boys. Photographs of a sunset on the railway tracks, a stunning Joni Mitchell, a ragged eastern fisherman with his catch. There seems to be a bit of everything in here. It is at once weird and serious, light and bleak, comforting and confounding. A microcosm of the period- a record of the disparate elements that make up a Canadian experience of this recent past. The 1960s. My parents' generation.

The Sixties have always existed for me as images and noise. Images of a clumsy kind of cool, a desperate attempt to grasp the modern. The noise of a million clashes, debates, rallies, shots, guitars, riots, demonstrations. Of drum solos, nightmares, trips, typewriters, explosions, cheers, cries. There was a generation gap. A baby boom. There was a period of relative peace and prosperity for most Canadians. And then the fear of the bomb. The Pill. A slackening of the moral rope. It was a decade marked by consumerism, decadence, and adolescence. A time of dreams and decisions.

The decade has the feel of a televised event- an after school special, a pageant. The roles are played out by 'straights' and 'freaks', conservatives and liberals, hippies and squares. Today, the Sixties are staged, performed, and then re-viewed as we search

for ever more meaning, ever more insight. And, after the years of representation and performance, the Sixties have become ingrained in our collective memory, like a lesson.

Or a myth.[3]

* * * * *

The Sixties does not actually refer to the decade 1960-1970, but rather to a ten-year period which followed the baby boom and preceded the economic crises of the mid-1970s. For the purposes of this thesis the Sixties began in 1963 and ended roughly ten years later. For American historians these demarcations often refer to the assassination of JFK and the end of direct U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War. In Canada the framing events are more vague, but perhaps that is as it should be.[4] We do not have the defining moment of the murder of our leader to set us off- nor do we have the tidy conclusion of our young people returning from war. What we have instead are a series of cultural events, political shifts and social movements which profoundly affected the face of the nation.

This thesis is the study of the mythology of the Canadian experience of the Sixties- a study of the Sixties as performed by *Weekend Magazine*, the most widely circulated periodical from the period. *Weekend* stands as a record of *a kind* of experience

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[3]"Myths organize the past into a coherent story, the story of Canada, which simplifies the complex ebb and flow of events and weaves together the disparate threads of experience. Myths are echoes of the past, resonating in the present." Daniel Francis, National Dreams: Myth, Memory, and Canadian History (Vancouver: Arsenal Pulp Press, 1997), 11.

[4]See Jennifer Reid, "'A Society Made By History': The Mythic Source of Identity in Canada", *Canadian Review of American Studies/Revue canadienne d'études américaines* Volume 27, Number 1, 1997: 1-20. Reid argues that "[Canadians] exist in a state of what could be regarded as mythic confusion (16)." See also Daniel Francis, National Dreams, for a lengthy discussion of the mythology of the Canadian experience.

of the moment, a commercialized, sanitized, and particular portrait of a nation. The peculiar experience of *Weekend*'s Canada.[5]

The fact that a magazine is a business is not to be forgotten. *Weekend Magazine* was full of advertisements. It was, if one is to assume the most cynical posture, nothing more than a vehicle for advertisers. This was a magazine based upon the selling of a *product*. As a rule, if there is advertising, then there is a particular audience in mind- the effort to ascertain just who was reading *Weekend Magazine* is as simple as looking at the ads which flank its articles. And from Kotex to b.b. guns, cigarettes to cars, these advertisements seem to speak to a mass audience, a virtual 'everyperson'. This was not a women's magazine, nor was it a men's magazine. This was everyone's magazine. Canada's magazine.

This was the twilight age of what Ian McKay has called "the former Canada"- the end of the era when it was still possible to discuss an essential Canadian national identity without irony.[6] From 1963-1973 we shall see that this notion of a shared cultural experience in Canada begins to lose ground. *Weekend* was aimed at the wide spectrum of 'Canada', at a mass national audience, and for some time its efforts were undeniably successful. *Weekend Magazine* was the most widely distributed magazine in the country with a circulation of over two million. But, who were the readers? English Canadians. White people. And, judging from the advertising and editorial content, middle-class,

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[5]I have borrowed this phrase from the title of Wendy Kozol's study, Life's America: Family and Nation in Postwar Photojournalism (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1994).

[6]See Ian McKay, "After Canada: On Amnesia and Apocalypse in the Contemporary Crisis", *Acadiensis* XXVIII, 1 (Autumn 1998): 76-97. For some contemporary examples of the debate over the crisis of nationalism as it developed, see George Grant, Lament For A Nation: The Defeat of Canadian Nationalism (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1965); Frank H. Underhill, In Search of Canadian Liberalism (Toronto: Macmillan Company, 1961), 209-213; and any of the articles in J. Peter Meekison Canadian Federalism: Myth or Reality (Toronto: Methuen, 1968), but especially those from the first section on the definition of federalism.

married, probably urban, moderately educated, slightly paranoid, and (hopefully) spendthrift. *Weekend*'s articles speak to the parents of the baby-boomers. It was designed for the housewives and the expecting, the businessmen and the daddies, the consumers, the cooks, and the worriers. As I shall demonstrate below, everyone else in *Weekend* is presented as Other. The youth, feminists, the working class, francophones, native peoples, and new Canadians are all represented in *Weekend*, but are always displayed as a kind of curiosity. The magazine aimed to appease, to consider, and to include, but not necessarily to *recognize* that which it determined to be Other.

As a result of this limited targeting, *Weekend Magazine* can be read as a kind of message. There is a theme which develops as one pores through the stacks of weeklies. Essentially what one finds is the answer to a few pointed questions: *what does this audience want to read about? what do they want to hear? who do they think that they are?* The Sixties was an exciting time in Canada- ideas about identity and nationhood came to the fore in a number of social, political and cultural expressions, culminating in the climax that was the Centennial Summer of 1967. Gender roles were being simultaneously expanded and disintegrated. Youth culture, the fallout from the tremendously important baby boom, was re-determining itself at every turn. In a country that was built on a kind of quiet racism, ideas about ethnicity and nationalism were increasingly raised and evaluated. Even the very idea of Canada as a nation, as one people united *a Mari usque ad Mare*, began to lose credibility as nationalism in Quebec, Native Canadian communities, and other minority groups was on the rise. For a great many Canadians, everything, it seemed, was falling apart. This was the world turned upside down. The cozy, reassuring community of the 1950s that was sold to Canadians

by media like *Weekend* was being subverted by a new kind of reality in the Sixties. Civil rights could no longer be avoided- although still regarded as someone else's problem for many Canadians, they were becoming, unmistakably, a part of the public concern. In the Sixties, teenagers were not necessarily content to smile and nod like Wally Cleaver- they were a force to be reckoned with, a virtual army of energy and will. And *some* of them even recognized this. The value of *Weekend Magazine* for the historian is that in each of its weekly issues these emerging forces were confronted, and then packaged for sale to the audience.[7]

Although the pages were full of advertisements for itch cream and Tylenol, something much more important was being sold by *Weekend* in the first half of the Sixties. It was a vision of a Canada that was appealing to its readers. A Canada that was full of difference, but which was geared toward the WASP. An imagined Canada, an advertisement for Canada, like a warm, reassuring hug. Until 1968, *Weekend Magazine* was largely about consensus, consumerism, and coddling. It was topical, and covered the issues that were important to its readers, but laboured to avoid offending anyone so as to keep them (and the advertisers) content. Yet this image would become increasingly difficult to maintain as the Sixties wore on. By the early 1970s, *Weekend* was no longer reassuring, no longer upbeat. The tone had changed, its message fragmented. The simple dichotomies of power it had maintained throughout the first half of the Sixties were replaced by more complex, less defined representations of identity. A new concern with recognizing different regional, cultural, gendered and individual identities began to

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[7]The overwhelming number of issues that comprise my period of focus forced me to limit the depth of my research somewhat. Instead of reading every single issue, I read every *other* issue, every *other* month. Thus, in the end, I had read almost exactly half of the material from the period- some 120 issues

confuse the sense of any one essential Canada in *Weekend*. And, the imagined nation thus revealed, the magazine began a slow decline in readership and revenue that would culminate in a merger with its competition in 1979.

This is a history of the Sixties, then, as sold by *Weekend*. This is the myth. The pageant. These are images of an imagined Canada.

A foreign land.

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which were each comprised of about 1200 articles, or 3600 pages (not including comics, condensed novel, or advertisements).

Chapter One:

This Is (*Weekend*'s) Canada

> *Soon the signs started appearing. THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED BARN IN AMERICA. We counted five signs before we reached the site... We walked along a cowpath to the slightly elevated spot set aside for viewing and photographing. All the people had cameras...A man in a booth sold postcards and slides- pictures of the barn taken from the elevated spot...Murray maintained a prolonged silence, occasionally scrawling some notes in a little book.*
>
> *"No one sees the barn," he said finally... "Once you've seen the signs about the barn, it becomes impossible to see the barn... We're not here to capture an image. We're here to maintain one... We've agreed to be a part of a collective perception... They are taking pictures of taking pictures."*
>
> -Don DeLillo, White Noise[8]

This thesis is the study of more than simply a magazine and its message. It is the investigation of a culture on the page, and an era in representation. Just as it would be narrow-viewed to consider a novel without making reference to the author and her influences, it is useless to examine *Weekend* without discussing the conditions from which it sprung, and the period that it reflects. Thus, a study of *Weekend* in the Sixties is also the study of a version of Canada in the Sixties. In *Weekend*, events are already in representation- the key themes of Gender, Youth Culture, Foreignness and Nationalism are already once-removed from the actual. To study history by looking at the actual in representation is necessarily nebulous and problematic. Just as a photograph can only tell us the truth about itself as *photograph*, and only by association the event which it depicts, *Weekend* must be read as a *magazine* first and foremost, not as proof, necessarily, of anything at all. I struggle to uncover truth, then, out of a source which, by its very nature as a product designed to be sold, distorts the truth behind which it stands. I struggle to

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[8]Don DeLillo, White Noise (New York: Viking Books, 1985), 11-12.

uncover truth out of the lexis of consensus. *Weekend* (like all magazines) was built on the assumption that if people like what they read, accept (or want to accept) your representation of the actual, they will keep buying your magazine. So, in order to make any sense out of this source, in order to understand both the community and the world that it reflects, we must first establish a context for its representations.[9]

The Magazine

In the era following the Second World War, Canadian magazines experienced a decline in popularity. The combined forces of post-War material shortages, the advent of television, and better-funded American magazines now flowing more freely over the border served to undermine the success of the Canadian medium.[10] Of these factors, perhaps the most significant was the growing public, and advertiser's, fascination with television.[11] The old (and somewhat unique) concept of the magazine as a kind of package in which different articles written by many authors about various subjects could be included was being usurped by television.[12] Programmers for television stations adopted this juxtaposition technique and exploited it, endeavoring to establish television as a medium that was capable of much the same feat of general interest entertainment as

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[9]Portions of this chapter have been culled from my work on historical methodology under Prof. Catherine Desbarats at McGill University between January and April, 2001. Sections of two papers, one on source criticism of *Weekend Magazine* and one on the marketing of identity, are here occasionally excerpted.

[10]Fraser Sutherland, The Monthly Epic: A History of Canadian Magazines 1789-1989 (Markham: Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 1989), 181-183.

[11]"Within a decade of the first Canadian signal [1952], more Canadians owned televisions than telephones." Doug Owram, Born At The Right Time: A History of the Baby Boom Generation (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1996), 89. If we consider that television signals were strongest in urban centres, and that *Weekend* was carried by newspapers from all of these cities, we can assume a certain degree of competition.

[12]A *magazine* is, after all, the contents of goods in a storehouse. See Paul Rutherford, When Television Was Young: Primetime Canada 1952-1967 (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1990), 188-219 for a discussion of the variety show on Canadian television.

radio or the national magazine. As 'national' networks, the CBC, and (in 1961) the CTV both reflected this attempt to widen the scope of subject matter to the broadest possible audience.[13] As television became more successful, advertising gravitated toward the burgeoning juggernaut. The Canadian national magazine (in English) was in trouble.[14]

In fact, the Canadian national magazine was in so much trouble that many of its greatest pillars were falling in these post-War years. As print culture historian Fraser Sutherland laments: "One by one, magazines crumbled and collapsed, were merged or absorbed: *New World Illustrated* (1948), *National Home Monthly* (1950), *Canadian Home Journal* (1958), *Canadian Homes And Gardens* (1962), *Mayfair* (1961), The Canadian *Liberty* (1964), *The Family Herald and Weekly Star* (1967), *The Star Weekly* (1969) [sic]."[15] Yet Sutherland does concede that, oddly enough, out of this period of disaster for the Canadian magazine industry there arose a great success: *Weekend Magazine*. (It should be noted that *Saturday Night, Chatelaine* and *Maclean's*, the three true survivors in the long history of Canadian magazines, went through a succession of phoenix-like rebirths during this period. Their longevity is impressive if for no other reason than for the anomalousness of such success in the Canadian magazine industry. I choose not to consider them as forebears of *Weekend* (or even as contemporaries)

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[13]In fact, the CBC was so concerned with maintaining the widest possible audience that it undertook a massive survey in May and June of 1962 to determine its success as a national network. The overwhelming response was that yes, the CBC "tries to please everybody equally". CBC Research, What The Canadian Public Thinks of The CBC (Ottawa: CBC, 1963), Tables 47-48.

[14]The paradoxical problem of the title 'national magazine (in English)' is noted. When I use the term 'national magazine' below, I refer to English language publications alone.

[15]Sutherland, The Monthly Epic, 181. Sutherland is not entirely accurate in his reporting: The *Family Herald* died in 1968 not 1967, and The *Star Weekly* actually limped along until 1973. See Peter Hendry, Epitaph For Nostalgia: A Personal Memoir on the Death of The *Family Herald* by its Last Editor (Montreal: Agri-World Press, 1968), for an overview of the downfall of one pillar of the Canadian magazine industry.

because their much clearer editorial policies and specialized content in the Sixties places them on quite another plane than the more general *Weekend*.)[16]

Weekend Picture Magazine was born in September 1951 out of a simple marketing idea. The Montreal Standard newspaper, owned and published by John Wilson McConnell, had, since 1948, been busy re-working its photo-news section, expanding its photojournalism and gradually moving toward a new and more informal look. A condensed novel, colour comics, book excerpts and articles with modestly serious subjects comprised the section.[17] The new insert was to become a magazine itself, patterned after the American examples *Parade* and *This Week*.[18] The Standard came to realize that this format was more than simply a good gimmick for their weekend edition, but perhaps a viable product which could be sold to other newspapers as well. The insert was given a cover page, a vague editorial policy, and contracted out to eight Canadian newspapers.[19] The audience was designated: *everybody*. No specializing, no targeting, just a Canadian magazine meant for as wide an audience as possible. As Sutherland makes clear, "the innovation- the papers raised weekend prices and shared advertising profits- was instantly successful...".[20] The profits for, and the circulation of, *Weekend Picture Magazine* soared. The first issue had a circulation of 900,000 between the eight newspapers. By 1956, the circulation had risen to 1.5 million; by the mid-Sixties, the magazine now called simply *Weekend Magazine*, "appeared in forty-one papers with a

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[16]For an excellent historiographical essay on print media and journalism in Canada, an area which has only recently become the subject of pronounced academic attention, see William J. Buxton and Catherine McKercher, "Newspapers, Magazines and Journalism in Canada: Towards a Critical Historiography", *Acadiensis* XXVIII, 1 (Autumn 1998): 103-126.

[17]Sutherland, The Monthly Epic, 188.

[18]Ibid.

[19] The Vancouver Sun, Toronto Telegraph, London Free Press, Kingston Whig-Standard, Peterborough Examiner, Montreal Star, Moncton Times and Saint John Telegraph-Journal.

[20]Sutherland, The Monthly Epic, 188.

total circulation of more than two million."[21] And yet, this rapid rise to fortune only preceded an equally rapid financial slide, the denouement of which saw the magazine founder some thirty years after its inception, to the distress, it seemed, of virtually no one.[22] But the rise and fall of a magazine which, starting in 1966, proclaimed to the nation on the upper left corner of every cover that it was "the single largest selling force in the country" is not the specific purpose of this paper.[23] Rather, the purpose is to discover what this magazine, which enjoyed so much popularity, was saying to Canadians about Canada in the Sixties.

Sutherland largely excludes *Weekend* from his book on the history of Canadian magazines because of its special status as a supplement in weekend newspapers. Since it was carried on the back of another medium, *Weekend* was able to transcend many of the troubles that befell the other general interest magazines in the post-War period. *Weekend* used the simple marketing ploy of association- buy your local newspaper on Saturday and get this week's copy of *Weekend*- and was thus able not just to remain afloat but even to prosper.[24] Advertisers may have been drawn to the magazine because its readers did not have to make a conscious decision over whether to buy it or not- if they were already apt to buy the local newspaper on Saturday, then they were now likely to bring home *Weekend*. In other words, while people had to decide to buy the *Family Herald* off the rack, readers of *Weekend* only had to decide whether they wanted to read the magazine

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[21] Sutherland, The Monthly Epic, 189.

[22] In early 1980, *Weekend* merged with the competition, Southam's *Canadian*, to form the unsuccessful *Canadian Weekend*, and eventually, the hapless *Today*. See: "Roto Gets New Name" in *Content* (February, 1980): 3; "*Weekend, Canadian* Merged" in *Marketing* (August 6, 1979): 1, 19.

[23] Advertising ploy designed by Louis Louthood. He told this to me in a telephone interview, January 23, 2001.

[24] Dean Walker, "Magazines in Canada" in Report of the Special Senate Committee on Mass Media: Volume III (Ottawa: Printing and Publishing Supply and Services Canada, 1976), 218-222. This is a good discussion of the tactic in the magazine industry.

once they had already brought it home. Here was a perfect way to send print advertisements into the homes of a vast Canadian audience every Saturday- and in colour too!

Consumerism and a Baby Boom

It seems that in any description of the Fifties in Canada, everybody was either a married parent or a spoiled child. Doug Owram's Born At The Right Time: A History of The Baby Boom Generation[25] explores this myth and carries it into the Sixties as a consideration as to what precipitated the ensuing (perceived) crisis of authority. Owram's work tackles everything from the significance of the suburbs to youth radicalism and the sexual revolution. I cannot overstate the significance of his study- his work stands alone as a comprehensive and even-handed overview of the aspects of a period which have been largely undervalued by Canadian historians. His approach is simple: a history of the baby boom generation, of the families that came to be during the years 1946-1962, and the massive effects that such an influx of youth culture had on Canadian society throughout the ensuing decade. His thesis is that the baby boom generation has "a defining influence on the history of the larger society that surrounds them," and he argues persuasively toward that conclusion.[26]

The idea of the suburb as a defining influence on the baby boom generation is explored by Owram with regard to the theme of prosperity. Crestwood Heights (1956),[27] a study of the culture of suburban life by John Seeley and others, speaks volumes about

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[25]Doug Owram, Born At The Right Time: A History of the Baby Boom Generation (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1996).

[26]Owram, ix.

[27]John Seeley et al, Crestwood Heights: A Study of the Culture of Suburban Life (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1956).

the influence of the affluent community on children.[28] A notice from the *Tamarack Review* by Dennis H. Wrong refers to the suspense established by the work: "what sort of adults will these children turn out to be?"[29] The received wisdom is that the baby boomers are understood to have grown up either in affluent urban neighborhoods or the suburbs, the sons and daughters of a working father and a stay-at-home Mum, to have wanted the same toys, eaten the same foods, expected the same material goods. This was a generation that was brought up with *things*. They had TVs and b.b. guns, shiny new bikes, dolls, records and a well-bred dog. Things that their parents, as they must have reminded their children, never had. Owram explains what he calls the "historical discord" of the Sixties as being the result of "a crisis of authority and the rise of great movements of dissent" among the youth.[30] Interestingly, and paramount to the discussion of *Weekend Magazine*, Owram argues that this historical discord had its seeds in the economic prosperity of the period. His view is that the baby boom generation was, simply, spoiled by the prosperity and calm of their collective childhood. As Alvin Finkel makes clear in Our Lives: Canada After 1945, his survey of the post-war history of Canada, the Fifties was a time of a particularly intense consumerism. Three quarters of Canadian society was involved in what he calls "the orgy of 1950s buying."[31] Interestingly, his view is that these three quarters of society were made up primarily of young families, while the less fortunate percentage of Canadians was primarily made up of the elderly population. The young, financially secure family was the ideal, even the norm in Canada.

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[28]It should be noted that Crestwood Heights was the study of Forest Hills in Toronto, an atypical 'suburb' by any standard. Yet, because it claims to be concerned with the 'culture' of suburbia, it is a useful record of an understanding of a growing urban isolation.

[29]Taken from the back cover of the 1969 paperback edition of Crestwood Heights.

[30]Owram, Born At The Right Time, 171.

[31]Alvin Finkel, Our Lives: Canada After 1945 (Toronto, James Lorimer and Company, 1997), 61.

Owram's discussion of the three 'crazes' that define his interesting idea of 'consuming leisure' is worth noting.[32] The craze, or fad, is an important aspect of collective identity. A craze is born out of a certain sudden mass fascination with a product, and an equally sudden dismissal of said product. What defines this fascination as a *craze* is its power to unite- in the Fifties and Sixties, the era of affluence, demography did not necessarily determine access to the subject of the craze. Spending power meant a kind of leveling. Owram outlines the rise and fall of the Canadian obsession with Davy Crockett in the mid-Fifties as a benchmark for the age of consumerism. Here was a craze, built around a specifically American myth, which so dominated the media in 1954-55 that "by July 1955 more than 300,000 records of *The Ballad of Davy Crockett* had been sold in Canada, and more than 250,000 hats."[33] This craze was followed by the Hula Hoop, as bizarre a toy as any, which enjoyed a curious fame in 1958 before it receded, but never vanished, into the background. If for no other reason, the Hula Hoop represents the consumerism of the period through its unlikely rise and fall- suddenly important, suddenly discarded.[34] The one craze to which Owram refers that managed to survive and endure is the ever-significant Barbie doll. Barbie, who makes very little structural sense, struck a chord which still rings today. Owram is clever to leave Barbie last, for, her enduring presence (and power) suggests something more about the consumerism of the period: her clothes were interchangeable, and new ones were continually put on sale. Barbie stayed the same, but her fashion moved with the times. Her identity was malleable. This is, in effect, the central goal of any product, including *Weekend*

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[32]His chapter heading: *Consuming Leisure: Play in an Era of Affluence, 1950-1965*, 84-110.

[33]Doug Owram, Born At The Right Time, 97. This discussion of the three crazes is found on pages 96-99.

Magazine. The core stays the same, so long as it is based upon a proposition that can endure (Barbie with her impossible body, *Weekend* with its imagined Canada), but the clothing, the appearance, is in ceaseless flux. As Owram points out, the consumerism of the Fifties spilled over into the Sixties, and carried with it the children who had it all and wanted even more. Inevitably, after looking at Owram's work, one cannot conceive of the Sixties without considering the significance of the baby boom, its passions, its fickleness, and its overwhelming power.

The Parents

In this way, the relevance of the baby boom to *Weekend Magazine* is incalculable. The audience for the weekly was an audience which had survived the depression, had lived through the war, and had settled down and started a family with the majority of their neighbors, in and around the late 1940s and early 1950s. The magazine grew up with these families, went from articles on parenting infants in the 1950s to discussions of rebellious teens in the Sixties. An exemplary cover photograph from 1954 begs description- a crawling white baby, disarmingly cute, flanked by two dark flannel legs and two dark leather shoes, stares in awe at his parent above. The caption underneath reads, simply, "My, people are big!"[35] If only the baby boomers had stayed that way- cute, respectful, innocent, amazed by their parents. If only they had grown up the way they were supposed to, just as the picture suggests, under the knowing, looming presence of their father just home from the office. But they didn't. The baby on the cover would come of age in the Sixties, at a time when this particular ideal of the Fifties would have

[34]Although there is no doubt that the Hula Hoop has endured, the Hula Hoop 'craze' certainly has not. It would be rare, I would presume, to find a child who simply *has to have* a Hula Hoop anymore.

less and less of a social relevance, no matter how *Weekend* would endeavor to maintain it.

This is a theme that sits at the centre of former journalist Robert Collins' virtual lament for a generation, You Had To Be There.[36] An oral history, Collins' book is a collection of memories, culled from nearly every region of Canada, and held together by fine journalistic writing. This is not 'history' in the strictest academic sense, but in scope and effect, this is the most useful study of the generation that I have found. By inverting the focus of Owram's book (to which he refers regularly), Collins achieves a deep context for both the rebelliousness of the youth of the Sixties and the confusion in the minds of their parents' over the younger generation. His central point is not new. Collins asserts that the lasting effects of the depression years and the burning memory of a terrible war in a foreign land brought his generation together, defining for them a certain ethos from which few would stray. His main concerns (and frequently those of his interviewees) are money, morality, appearances, and family. His work is centred on the notion that *you had to be there* because if you had not felt for yourself the financial hardship of the depression, or lived through the tumultuous war years, you could never truly understand how they had affected his generation.

This was a generation for whom "the gender ideal... was quite clear"[37]. A man worked to provide for the his wife and children- it was supposed to be *that simple*. Marriage was seen as more than a goal; rather, it was a necessity. To be married meant fitting in, conforming to the highly conformist society, being normal. As Mary Louise Adams argues (paraphrasing Steven Seidman) in her study of sexuality in the Fifties,

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[35]*Weekend Picture Magazine*, Dec. 4, 1954. (It is reproduced in Sutherland, 189.)
[36]Robert Collins, You Had To Be There (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Inc, 1997).

"marriage was drawn as the most important, indeed the only important, relationship between adults. Husbands and wives were to gain their 'basic sense of belonging, of well-being, of fulfillment' from each other."[38] Collins' book comes back to this idea frequently, always teetering on the brink of accepting the liberation of women which began in the early Sixties and lamenting the demise of the ideals in which many of his generation believed. With regard to the younger generation and the Sixties, his book is never more profound than when it examines the shift from an authoritarian, disciplinarian style of parenting to the more sensitive, non-physical style which became the norm when his children became parents.[39] There is a certain amount of defensive posturing here, a certain amount of 'we just did what we were told'. But there is also a minority view that kids stopped listening when parents stopped beating them. The Fifties in motion.

Marketing a Nation

The tension between the many local identities and the one national identity come to a head in this study of *Weekend Magazine*. As the best selling, most widely circulated magazine in Canada throughout the 1960s, *Weekend Magazine* works as an effective reflection of a *kind* of Canadian national identity. A self-proclaimed national magazine, *Weekend* had designated as its target audience an entire nation of Canadians. It was developed with regard to a something-for-everyone philosophy, and as such it included articles that were designed both for women (such as those on cooking, children, movie stars) and men (politics, sports, adventure). It even carried comics (and the occasional

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[37]Finkel, Our Lives, 64.

[38]Mary Louise Adams, The Trouble With Normal: Postwar Youth and the Making of Heterosexuality (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1997), 33. See also Mona Gleason, Normalizing The Ideal: Psychology, Schooling, and the Family in Postwar Canada (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1999) for a thorough discussion of the importance of 'normalcy' in this era.

photo spread depicting apes in human clothing) for the children. Yet pandering to polarized genders and various age groups was the least of the editorial concerns at *Weekend Magazine*. The real conundrum was of the articulation of a national identity to which all of its readers could ascribe, so that, for example, a woman in Antigonish could appreciate an article written about loggers in Prince George. The hardest thing about writing a national magazine for a national audience is neither the diversity of the topics nor the proliferation of voices, but rather the development of a workable, acceptable and marketable national product. People want to read about themselves, and want to see a vision of themselves reflected in others from their community.[40] But this was not the news, thus there was no external justification for the stories and editorials run inside- *Weekend* had to remain both topical and relevant to an imagined community through the choices it made.[41]

A comparison between *Weekend Magazine* and the popular television programs of the period can be made to underline the manner in which messages are marketed through unlikely means. Just as television programs such as Leave It To Beaver and Father Knows Best promoted a *kind* of family with a certain set of values, morals, and dreams, to which many would ascribe and aspire, *Weekend Magazine* was about the promotion of

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[39]Collins, You Had To Be There, 225-228.

[40]Frequently, this is the problem with the non-committal product that is *Weekend*. In an effort to please everybody, the content becomes mush. See Earle Beattie, "The Shrinking News Media", *Content*, (April-May), 1974.

[41]In other words, if there were a newsworthy event in Orillia Ont., such as a fire, there would be an external justification for a national newspaper to write about the community. *Weekend* operates apart from the breaking news story, so it has to invent justification for an article on Orillia. The (perhaps) invention- "Orillia: the real life Mariposa." The imagined community. See Richard J. Doyle, Hurly-Burly: A Time At The Globe (Toronto: Macmillan, 1990), 1-3 for a discussion of the means of *making* a newspaper "national".

a kind of community which reflected these sorts of goals.[42] The imaginary family on television was to be taken as an example for others to follow- not quite perfect, but pretty darn close. To a certain extent, a young family in the late 1950s could look to the Cleavers as reflective of the model family, as some kind of reassurance of the value of the family and its effectiveness.[43] The Cleavers may have had their problems from week to week, but we are reassured that these problems, no matter how major, could always be resolved. The message one may draw from this weekly narrative cycle is the reminder that, above all, the *family works*. The show was marketable, and highly successful in the 1950s and into the Sixties because people were able to relate to this idea- that is, they *wanted* to relate to this model family. *Weekend Magazine*, while about a different kind of family, is essentially about the same message. *This Is Canada*, it proclaims. This family works.

The 1960s was the end of an age when it was still possible to discuss a shared Canadian national identity without irony.[44] The idea of a mass culture, or a kind of postmodern condition of community, has begun to colour the argument.[45] As Bernard Rosenberg, an early theorist of mass culture explains,

> what makes mass culture so tantalizing is the implication of effortlessness. Shakespeare is dumped on the market along with Mickey Spillane, and publishers are rightly confident that their audience will not feel obliged to

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[42]American family-based sitcoms have always enjoyed considerable airplay on Canadian stations. See Rutherford, When Television Was Young, 356-363.

[43]See Karal Ann Marling, As Seen On TV: The Visual Culture of Everyday Life in the 1950s (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1994).

[44]The 1960s saw a proliferation of work concerned with the crisis of national identity, which was, more often then not, concerned with protection from American influence. See George Grant Lament For A Nation: The Defeat of Canadian Nationalism (Toronto: McClelland And Stewart, 1965); Frank H. Underhill, In Search of Canadian Liberalism (Toronto: The Macmillan Company, 1961), 209-227; W.L. Morton, The Canadian Identity (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1961). See also J. Peter Meekison ed., Canadian Federalism: Myth or Reality (Toronto: Methuen, 1968) for a collection of some 36 articles on and around the question of nationalism and identity in Canada in the 1960s.

[45]Bernard Rosenberg, "Mass Culture in America" in Mass Culture: The Popular Arts in America ed. Rosenberg (New York: The Free Press, 1957), 3-12.

> make any greater preparation for the master of world literature than for its latest lickspittle.[46]

Sociologist Simon Frith, writing more recently, endeavors to determine a space for mass culture by defining it in relation to high- middle- and low-cultures. This sense that mass culture is somehow a combination of all three class-cultures, at once vaguely basic yet carrying always a trace of the transcendent, places mass culture in the realm of a widening middle-class. He writes:

> mass culture (if we define it as the culture made possible by technological change, by the use of the means of mass cultural production) has always been a form of middle-class culture, characterized by middle-brow concerns... [it is] a blurring of the distinctions between high and low, art and commerce, the sacred and the profane.[47]

Because, for the first time, most people could afford to buy the same things, a community of consumers was established in Canada. Mass culture was based (partly) on the idea that if people could generally afford the same cultural products, then they could be treated *en masse*.[48] From newspapers to magazines, radio to television, this was the age of the general interest entertainment. The variety shows (such as Don Messer's Jubilee or the (American) Ed Sullivan Show) which were the staple on the television in the period can be taken as an example of this national targeting.[49] Any one program could

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[46]Rosenberg, Mass Culture, 5.

[47]Simon Frith, "The Good, The Bad, and The Indifferent: Defending Popular Culture From The Populists" in A Cultural Studies Reader: History, Theory, Practice ed. Jessica Munns et al (London: Longman, 1995), 359.

[48]Rosenberg would disagree (11), but his assessment that mass culture "flourishes wherever the appropriate technological apparatus emerges" (11) seems to forget the problem of *access*. It is an important consideration that the era of affluence and the era of mass culture emerged together. See Edward Shils, "Mass Society and Its Culture" in Mass Culture Revisited ed. Rosenberg et al (New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1971), 61-84. His discussion of Mass Society as both a uniting and individualizing force is important when we are discussing *national identity* versus *limited identities*. See also, for a contradictory argument, Ramsey Cook, "Identities Are Not Like Hats" *The Canadian Historical Review*, 2000 81(2): 260-292.

[49]See Rutherford, When Television Was Young, 188-219 for a discussion of the significance of variety shows in Canada. "The CBC imported a series of hit variety shows from the United States, both to

present such diverse entertainments as historical drama, sketch comedy, a chorus line of dancing women, a concerto for violin, a hoedown on a fiddle, or a quaint morality play, and often all of these in one episode.[50] Something for everyone, high culture and low, for men and for women, young and old- this juxtaposition of entertainments was part and parcel of the sense that mass audiences desired to share diversions. This is Rosenberg's mass culture in representation.

Yet between 1963 and 1973, the principle years for this study, the notion of the shared Canadian cultural experience began to lose ground. One tempting explanation for this is that, just as the variety shows were being pushed aside by more specialized 'targeted' television programming throughout the Sixties, so was the perception of a united Canada.[51] Just as advertisers scrambled to target audiences with regard to ethnic and regional identity, there arose a fragmentation in the notion of 'we' for Canadians.[52] Another, more ominous explanation is that the racial make-up of Canada in the 1960s was significantly altered by the instigation of new, less explicitly racist immigration laws that no longer excluded eastern and southern Europeans, blacks and Asians from entering

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boost its ratings and to enrich commercial revenues. The longest-lasting and most important of these, of course, was that phenomenon of American television [...] The Ed Sullivan Show (193)."

[50]Geoff Pevere and Greig Dymond Mondo Canuck (Scarborough: Prentice-Hall, 1996), 136-141. The chapter, "Another Fine Messer: The Down-Home Tradition That Will Not Die", deals with the variety show in Canada in the 1960s.

[51]Don Messer's Jubilee was cancelled by the CBC in 1969 even as a protest took place on Parliament Hill. Paul Rutherford explains that it was the fragmentation of musical tastes during the Sixties, "that made it increasingly difficult to craft a TV show that would have any chance of reaching everyman and everywoman (218)." See Rutherford, When Television Was Young, 217-219 for the end of the variety show in Canada.

[52]For a brief account of the shift from the general to the specialized magazine in Canada, see Jon Ruddy, "Magazines: Of Patriotism and Profits" in A Media Mosaic: Canadian Communications Through a Critical Eye, ed. Walt McDyer (Toronto: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971). See also Dean Walker, "Magazines In Canada" in Report of the Special Senate Committee on Mass Media: Volume III (Ottawa: Supply and Services Canada, 1976), 209-240.

Canada in significant numbers.[53] Thus the traditional invention that Canadians shared a cultural heritage of English and French ancestry was becoming more and more exclusive.

The first real indication of vulnerability at *Weekend* came on January 1 1967, when the Southam Company pulled out of *Weekend* to start its own version of the magazine, *The Canadian*.[54] Essentially a knock-off of its predecessor, the relative success of *The Canadian* serves to underline the effectiveness of the national magazine in the mid-to-late 1960s. This move may have injured *Weekend* somewhat, but it did little to slow advertising presence or immediate returns.[55] Starting in 1966, at the height of *Weekend*'s reign, and continuing off and on for two years, the magazine proclaimed to Canadians right on its cover that it was "the single largest selling force in the country." What, we must ask, was it selling?

In 1966, the distribution of *Weekend Magazine* did in fact cover much of Canada, and it did enjoy a wide circulation, but when we look at the provincial breakdown of local newspapers that carried *Weekend*, we begin to get a sense of the 'everyone' in *Weekend*'s Canada: Ontario, 20 newspapers; Alberta, 5; B.C., 4; Quebec, 3[56]; Nova Scotia, 2; Manitoba, 2; Saskatchewan, 2; Newfoundland, 2; New Brunswick, 2; P.E.I., 1.[57] *Weekend*'s Canada is simply dominated by Ontario. Without discounting the fact that Ontario *did* have the highest population in the country in 1966, this disproportionate

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[53]Finkel, Our Lives, 47-50.

[54]Southam's newspapers included Ottawa Citizen, Winnipeg Tribune, Hamilton Spectator, Medicine Hat News, The Edmonton Journal and The North Bay Nugget.

[55]Beattie, "The Shrinking News Media" *Content*, (April-May), 1974.

[56]The French-language version of *Weekend*, called *Perspectives* (and, on Sunday, *Perspectives-Dimanche*), was carried by five more Québécois newspapers and one Ontarian: (Granby) La Voix de L'Est, (Quebec) Le Soleil, (Trois Rivières) Le Nouvelliste, (Sherbrooke) La Tribune, (Montreal) Le Dimanche-Matin (*Perspectives-Dimanche*), and (Ottawa) Le Droit. Due to time and space constraints I have excluded *Perspectives* and *Perspectives-Dimanche* from my thesis.

[57] Submission to the Senate Committee on Mass Media (March 3, 1970) Appendix A. This information was provided by Louis Louthood, former publisher of *Weekend*, by mail, February 26, 2001.

readership surely says something about the community of Canada as understood by *Weekend*. While the Canada on the pages was diverse, cross-regional, cross-cultural and inter-provincial, the main body of the community that was reading the magazine was based in one province. Thus, one might conclude that while *Weekend*'s Canada was agreeable to *some* Canadians across the country, it was *most* agreeable to those who lived in Ontario. The family reflected in the pages was theirs to accept or deny.

And accept it they did, but only for a time.[58] Following the great nationalistic fervor which characterized the Centennial Summer in 1967, a slow downward slide began at both *Weekend* and its competition *The Canadian*.[59] After 1967, the magazine seems less able to marry regional identities, less able to maintain illusions of consensus and cohesion. Articles on broken homes, racial violence, the FLQ, poverty, and drugs become a part of the discussion. The imagined Canada begins to look like the illusion that it was- by 1973, the last year for my study of the magazine, *Weekend* has lost its way. It has gone from an average of 70 pages (including comics) in 1966 to a scant 30 pages. Gone were the comics, the condensed novel, the lengthy sports section, and the old standby photo feature called *This Is Canada*. The magazine looks much less vital, and has become far more specialized. The audience seems more deliberately courted, and interactive columns such as 'Counter Attack' (in which readers can comment on editorial content) suggest the contentious environment in Canada in the early 1970s. Such columns, by acknowledging the strife and heated debates that were dividing the nation,

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[58]In fact, the Toronto Telegram alone had a circulation of 1,417,000 in 1970. Leonard Kubas Royal Commission on Newspapers: Newspapers and their Readers (Ottawa: Minister of Supply and Services Canada, 1981), 99.

[59]"By 1979, *Weekend*... and *The Canadian* were more relics of the preceding era than viable concerns. The net advertising revenue of all weekend supplements peaked during 1971-72 and had been sliding since." Sutherland, The Monthly Epic, 265.

undermine the sense of a cohesive community of Canada. In a sense, the product that is *Weekend*'s Canada is broken. This study, then, can be divided between the build-up to 1967 and the ensuing crisis. These two periods are further clarified by the change in editorship at *Weekend* in 1968- Craig Ballantyne, who had been the editor of *Weekend* since its inception, was replaced by Frank Lowe, former writer for the Montreal Star. This changing of the guard coincides with an apparent shift at *Weekend* from an emphasis on the greater national community to one on the more confusing, fragmented local identities within Canada.

Thus the key to reading *Weekend Magazine* in its historical context is to read it as an advertisement for a certain experience of the Sixties in Canada. The magazine is to be understood as a message, a voice from the past which can tell us something and nothing about everyone and no one. For, during both periods, *Weekend* pretends to have something to say about *all Canadians*, and it is clear that it does. Even as it addresses minority groups, the rock 'n' roll set, activist women, conservative men, or any other local identity, *Weekend* is always working to present these Others as somehow part of the national audience. Yet the portrayal of these Other identities is necessarily affected by strained connections drawn between them and an invented national identity. This thesis is largely the interpretive task of determining the Other in *Weekend Magazine* and examining the way in which this identity is subsumed under the blanket of *Weekend*'s Canada.

Chapter Two:

The Boys Against The Girls

Computers, like women, don't make sense.
-Weekend, June 22, 1966

Weekend Picture Magazine was born in September 1951. The war in Europe had been put to bed some six years earlier, the baby boom was in full swing, and the big movies at the Oscars that year were A Streetcar Named Desire, A Place in The Sun and The African Queen. It was a particularly good year for movies. And for celebration. Louis St. Laurent and his Liberals were in power, the Cold War was on, and people in Canada had never had it so good. Here was a country with money, a country with goals, and a country with a strong conservative anchor. *Weekend* was, in the early years, little more than a light, easy reminder of the three tenets of conservatism: work, family and faith. In practice, the work was done by the men, the family was overseen by the men but run by the women, and faith was something that you did on Sunday mornings, dressed in your best. Doug Owram's Born At The Right Time provides a useful examination of the social significance of family and the 'home' in Canada in the early 1950s. Following Owram, the home is to be understood as a kind of goal; as something to work toward, to revere, and to uphold. The soldiers returned 'home' from Europe having in some sense achieved this goal. As a result, the various means of achieving 'home' had become

increasingly important: marriage, a good job, and a family. As Owram, among others,[60] points out, "those who did not marry were the subject of suspicion, for they were, in a sense, deviant in terms of cultural norms."[61] In particular, women who did not marry were seen to have failed in some way. By the age of twenty-five, if a woman had yet to be engaged, it was "time to worry", as Owram puts it.[62] For men, the case was largely the same (if the 'worrying' age pushed a few years further along), although it was common to *act* as though marriage was the end of a man's life. Inevitably, since sex outside of marriage was still condemned, the 'end of a man's life' might have begun to shine with appeal after awhile. The baby boom, of course, was begun in the bedroom. But, sex aside, marriage and family were the ideals of the time. At the end of the day, Owram concludes, "marriage and family were *expected*."[63]

The ideal young parents of the Fifties carried into the Sixties this belief that a man was a man, and a woman was a woman- that is, that there were specific roles assigned to two well-defined genders. As Alvin Finkel explains, "the gender ideal of this period was quite clear: men were to go out and work for income, while women were supposed to have babies and take care of the home."[64] The received wisdom was that if men and women worked together, the resulting union would beget a 'home', a community, and even a nation. Gender roles were seen as distinct, even disconnected, and naturally so. A woman and a man could work together to build and maintain a home, but it was

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[60]This understanding of the either/or of normal/deviant with regard to gender and sexual identity in Post-War Canada is well-explored in: Mona Gleason Normalizing the Ideal: Psychology, Schooling, and the Family in Postwar Canada (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1999); Mary Louise Adams The Trouble With Normal: Postwar Youth and The Making of Heterosexuality (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1997).

[61]Doug Owram, Born At The Right Time: A History of the Baby Boom Generation (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1996), 12.

[62]Owram, Born At The Right Time, 14.

[63]Owram, 15.

understood that between them lay a wide chasm, determined by sex, which would forever keep them at odds. The Henny Youngman approach to marriage was appealing for it spoke of a lighthearted acknowledgement of this gulf- he may ask you to take his wife (please), but you knew that without her, he'd be left in the lurch. Everyone was in on the joke- something could not be sexist if there was no way to recognize sexism. Gender relationships worked in *Weekend Magazine* on a similar level in the Sixties. The idea of the stubborn husband, handy (yet prone to accident), adrift in the kitchen and similarly confused when it came to household chores, pervades the pages from 1963 to 1973. Busy men in suits are juxtaposed against their pretty, yet hardly sexy, wives who wait for them sporting a Jackie Kennedy hairdo and an apron, tending to the washing up, the children, and the dustbin. The Report of The Royal Commission On The Status Of Women In Canada, published in late September 1970, listed among its findings the concern that

> stereotypes are perpetuated by the mass media. Day after day, advertising reinforces and exploits stereotypes to achieve greater sales by repeating the idea that the 'real' woman and the 'real' man use this or that product... woman is often presented as a sex object, defined as a superficial creature who thinks only of her appearance, who sees herself mainly in terms of whether she is attractive to men. She conforms to the beauty and youth standards which men are said to want of her... women are hardly ever associated with intelligence, sincerity, culture, originality, or talent.[65]

Given that our argument is based on the notion that *Weekend* can be understood as a sort of advertisement for Canadians about themselves, these findings should apply here as well.

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[64]Alvin Finkel, Our Lives (Toronto: Lorimer Books, 1997), 64.

[65]Canada, Report Of The Royal Commission On The Status Of Women In Canada (Ottawa: Information Canada, 1970), 14-15.

As early as 1951, one in four husbands saw his wife head off to work (part-time or full-time),[66] but this statistic was taken through the Fifties and into the Sixties as a reflection not of a woman's desire to work, but rather of a failure on the part of the man to provide for his family.[67] If a woman was working, it was because she had no choice. Thus what would later be termed the 'battle of the sexes' was propagated in the Fifties and into the Sixties by a deliberate polarization of male/female, and a proactive effort to maintain established boundaries between the two constructed genders. The consequence was that a man could be 'a man', and a woman could be 'a woman', and both could know what that meant. But even as these gender identities were being reinforced, there was a sense that it was all falling apart. As Owram suggests, "so much had changed [with regard to gender roles]... that the emphasis on sexual differentiation was almost defensive- an insistence that any further changes would threaten sexual identity."[68]

In 1963, the year in which this study of *Weekend* begins, George J. McLeod Books in Toronto published the Canadian edition of a new book by an American woman named Betty Friedan. It began with the poetic idea that, buried in the minds of educated, middle-class American women there lay a quiet, simmering question: *Is this all?*[69] After the housework is done, after the dinner is concluded, after Ed Sullivan says goodnight, after she kisses her kids, dons her nightgown and climbs into bed beside her husband (whom she loves), what if she asks herself this secret question? The Feminine Mystique, Friedan's designation for the 'problem with no name', stands as a watershed for the re-determination of gender roles in middle-class North America. The notion that the gender

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[66]Although women generally did not work if they had young children.
[67]Owram, Born At The Right Time, 29.
[68]Owram, Born At The Right Time, 255.
[69]Betty Friedan, The Feminine Mystique (Toronto: George G. McLeod Books, 1963).

role 'woman' was somehow deficient, somehow incorrect, inspired some women to experiment without the borders of their understood femininity.[70] Thus, 1963 can be understood as a certain turning point for the construction of gender in the mass culture- the way that a woman (or a man) answered Friedan's rhetorical question in some sense determined her (or his) understanding of gender and her(him)self. We tend to speak of *women's studies*, as though it is possible to study one sex on its own- but shifting notions of the feminine necessarily impact upon the understanding of the masculine.[71] As the boundaries around the idea of 'woman' began to break down, and femininity became associated with symbols and gestures which were previously believed to belong only to the masculine, the idea of 'man' underwent a considerable re-figuring. *Weekend Magazine*, caught in the snare of shifting consensus, was forced to respond to the problematique of gender along with the whole of its audience. Between January 1963 and December 1972, we can witness a kind of comedy of errors in *Weekend* as it endeavors to discover a manner of articulating gender without looking either too radical or too reactionary. The tentative solution: maintain the illusion of the unbridgeable gulf which separates the boys from the girls.

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1963-1966

Snapshot, 1963: On the left-hand side of the page, smiling casually, confidently, is Elizabeth Taylor. On the right, an equally confident, but somehow more mysterious, Sophia Loren. They are faces set against one another, two photos taken on different days

[70]Certain aspects of this experimentation were greatly enhanced by the more widely-available birth control pill in the early Sixties.

at different events. The actresses are reduced to startling close-ups, caricatures of themselves, their attributes exaggerated, juxtaposed, compared. On either margin, beside their made-up faces, is a list of their measurements. Age, height, weight, bust, waist, hips... even salary. That Loren weighs a bit more than Taylor is apparently relevant public information. But more to the point, it is public interest that has demanded this display. Here are two women, both talented actors, and role models to many. And here is their chest size. The measurements are not there to help you get to know your favourite star, they are not published so that you can finally see if your guess about Loren's height was accurate, but rather they are there to act as a kind of yardstick. How do you measure up?[72] How about your wife? The photographs pit two women against each other in a race to see who is the better woman. And, conversely, it invents a dichotomy of desire- both for men and for women. Do you prefer American or European? It is like a beauty pageant, or a boxing match. This is the girls vs. the girls, in a sense- but the idea of a winner here seems absurd. They both win, for they are beautiful, desirable, wealthy, and married. They are attractive by any quantitative measurement.[73]

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A quirky article from May 1963 entitled "Watch My Smoke"[74] is the ideal place from which to begin to explore gender in *Weekend*. Written in the first person, the article is the confession of a woman who decides one day to take up pipe smoking, flirting with an exclusively male and decidedly un-ladylike practice. Much of the action takes place in

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[71]This is not to suggest that everyone in Canada was reading, or was even aware of Friedan's book. Alvin Finkel, for example, reminds us that "most suburban women... deny that they ever fit Betty Friedan's categories of depressed housewives" in Finkel, Our Lives, 63.

[72]Or, more to the point: *you don't measure up, do you?*

[73]This photo spread accompanies a brief article which continues the comparison of the two actresses, *Weekend*, May 3, 1963.

[74]"Watch My Smoke", *Weekend*, May 18, 1963.

the tobacco shop- the very embodiment of the male space. The article pretends to be an irreverent social experiment, the study of a woman doing something silly to see what people will say. Yet because of the heavily gendered nature of her study, gender divisions are the implicit theme of the article. At the tobacco shop, as she peruses the merchandise, she points out what she calls "a man's lighter," the "small" and "slender" pipes to which she is most drawn, and a pipe called "the Ballerina," the most popular "woman's pipe" in the shop. The author, Constance Mungall,[75] is pre-occupied with the performative aspect of her pipe smoking. She decides against keeping the pipe in her mouth at all times the way her male friend does, explaining that it "felt more feminine to hold the bowl and remove the pipe every time I exhaled." Her performance is significant because it is so deliberate, and so self-consciously comedic. Mungall is not trying to sway her audience to the idea that women can safely take up masculine activities, but rather is concerned with the moments when her femininity is at odds with the maleness of the pipe. She is a woman taking up a male affectation, the gendered equivalent of trying on someone else's hat. But this is done in public- for it is the audience which concerns her, not her own opinion. Smoking a pipe in private is a meaningless gesture, for it is without social connotation.[76] So she takes her pipe to a crowded restaurant in Toronto where people can stare at her, and she can take note. Men are "amused"; women register expressions of "disgust." Mungall makes it clear that only the more masculine woman can get away with such a crossing of the gender gap. "Luckily I have the face for it," she writes. "Stuck in the mouth of a simpering blonde, a pipe looks foolish- and it makes the girl look foolish too." But even though Mungall has 'the face for it', she still manages to look foolish. She

[75]She is not a regular writer for the magazine.
[76]For it is society, not individuals, who construct gender.

has trouble lighting the pipe, and then with keeping it lit. She even has "trouble extinguishing the match." Significantly, she blames this awkwardness on her "sense of femininity" which requires her to hang on to the thing as she lights it, leaving her "fumbling with pipe, match book and flaming match." Mungall's experiment finds waitresses laughing at her, restaurant patrons "carefully avoid[ing] looking in my direction," and a number of double-takes from "curious" men. Mungall's self-consciousness even carries so far as to find her imagining what nasty things people might be whispering to one another about her. "Three women... all registered the same expression of disgust. 'Really, if she must smoke, she should do it in private!' they seemed to say." The message here? "It wasn't worth it." In the end, Mungall puts her pipe away, mildly disgusted by her "dirty and smelly" index finger and the feeling that her tongue has been run over by a "miniature lawn mower." The ostensible purpose of the article is suggested by the subtitular claim that "more and more women are turning to pipe smoking, and one woman decided to find out why." However, Mungall's irreverent narrative strays far from determining why a woman might want to turn to the pipe. Instead, it is the exploration of the ridiculousness of the idea. Not only does Mungall encounter incredulity and insult at every turn, but she even finds the pipe disgusting herself. Her pre-occupation with maintaining a feminine posture while smoking is the best proof of her trepidation. The implicit message is that women should not flirt with such gender-bending practices, if for no other reason than that they might look foolish. The hat, as it were, just doesn't fit.[77]

Articles like the one discussed above characterize the idea of gender in the years 1963 through 1966. Roles were to be maintained, not expanded - and, though one might

[77]Doesn't, and shouldn't, fit.

stray from his determined role, he will almost certainly come back in the end. That is, if he wants to be 'normal'. The conservatism of the period is evidenced by the way in which women and men are portrayed as opposites, as if they were encamped forces involved in perpetual skirmish. In an article from 1965 that discusses the debate over whether boys and girls should be separated from one another at school, the either/or, apples and oranges argument is strongly reinforced.[78] The photograph accompanying this, the lead article in the issue, is heavily didactic. A boy and a girl are pictured sitting side by side, and the girl (dressed smartly in a tunic of sorts) is busily at her reading as the boy (dressed in a hooded sweatshirt), laughing, prepares to flick her on the forehead with his index finger. The article explains that boys and girls simply do not learn well together, and complains that "Johnny often is not able to produce a report card that compares with the one Mary takes home, although she sits right beside him." But it is not Johnny who is in the most danger, for "despite her success, coeducation may not be good for Mary because it is giving her the wrong kind of education". The article suggests that the shared curriculum is problematic because it leads young girls away from natural inclinations toward feminine vocation. A professor of Sociology from Carleton, Francis Vallee, is quoted in the third paragraph of the article: "girls today are not taught to find the great satisfaction that may be derived from the work of a housewife and mother, nor are they prepared for the frustrations, damaging to personality, that may lurk in a career that takes them away from the realm of their instinctive interests." This is followed by the much more direct statement from Louis Gluck of the Yale School of Medicine: "The trouble with our civilization is that women are being brought up to think like men." The article goes on to explain that "these and many other observers are suggesting that the root cause

[78]"Should We Separate the Girls From the Boys", *Weekend*, May 8, 1965.

of a great many of today's social problems- unemployment, delinquency, broken homes, suicides and alcoholism- is the fact that boys and girls get exactly the same schooling." The article is, as elucidated by the photograph, screaming about difference- boys wear casual (sports) clothing, girls wear more conservative outfits; boys can't concentrate with girls around and vice versa; boys are rowdy, girls are demure. One comes away from all of this with the distinct impression that it was not simply enough to believe that girls and boys were supposed to be different from one another, but even that this was *necessary*.

Doyle Klyn, the Women's Editor, could be counted upon for her weekly contributions to the debate. Her editorial, 'According to Doyle',[79] could be found either just before or just after the recipes section in the back third of the magazine. Klyn's editorials generally stick to the issues which presumably matter to her female readers: beauty and fashion, chores, husbands and children. A typical contribution from 1964 entitled "Speak Softly- and Wear An Original"[80] describes the debacle which ensues after a man tells his wife that Canadian women should speak softly like the Jamaican waitress serving their table. Klyn is annoyed enough to write about it, but does concede that yes, Jamaican girls do speak in "gentle", "soft" tones compared to the "shrill" voices of the Canadians. In the end, she decides that her own voice will simply never be as soft and gentle as the Jamaican girl's- and then she moves on to a brief discussion of walking up steps for fitness. These types of articles, based upon the supposition that men and women will never agree on many issues, play into the theme established by the article on pipe smoking. Klyn reminds us of our differences, celebrates them in her frumpy way, and

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[79]Klyn's contributions could constitute their own lengthy chapter here, but I have chosen to employ only this one, typical editorial. Virtually any of the hundreds of 'According To Doyle' editorials I have encountered would have fit here as well.

[80]"According To Doyle: Speak Softly- And Wear An Original", *Weekend*, Feb. 1, 1964.

then abruptly moves on. She never tries to deconstruct these problems, find a solution or a compromise. For Klyn, the gender divisions are established, understood, and not worth re-working. Her pseudo-feminism is based upon an articulation of her femininity in the face of the masculine- when she talks about a man who insults women (such as the man described above), she does so not to decry the injustice of it all, but rather to reinforce the notion that men and women just don't understand each other, and probably never will.

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1967-1973

In the second half of the Sixties we can see a marked shift in gender determinations in Canada, as more women than ever before, probably as a result of their 'dangerous' coeducational schooling, are attending university and going on to careers. Yet with all of this expanding of the boundaries which surround the constructions of 'woman' and 'man', the old notion of the chasm between the genders has not been bridged. In fact, *Weekend* may be more active than ever in maintaining the division. The reverence for the home, and the traditional associations of man with work and woman with family are being challenged- women are increasingly associated with more traditionally masculine vocations, and often choosing work over family. *Weekend*, after having established that men and women were fundamentally different, was now put in the precarious position of maintaining this difference in the face of merging gender roles. *Weekend*, in this period, seems like a referee secretly playing for both of the teams over which he officiates, and still sort of throwing the game.

An issue from early 1968 presents a photograph of a beautiful woman wearing a polka-dot bikini and holding a beaker. The article which accompanies the photograph is

entitled "They Laugh When I Talk About My Seaweed."[81] The subtitle: "Well, Susan Morrall doesn't really look like a scientific researcher, now does she?" But she is, in fact, a candidate for a Master of Science degree from McGill, and, the article goes on to explain, her specialty is single-celled algae. The article is short, about 400 words, but is flanked by large, artistic photos of Susan at work in her bikini, riding a motorbike, and collecting samples on a beach. Susan Morrall serves to represent the contradictions and confusion surrounding the notion of 'women's liberation' in the late Sixties. Susan is beautiful in the most conventional way, but exceptionally so. Like the prototypical surfer girl, she is pictured cavorting on a tropical beach, blonde and skinny and tanned. And therein lies the difficulty, for she is also a scientist, highly intelligent and driven to succeed. Consider the way in which the article reconciles these two aspects of her character: "Susan has an IQ of 150, which is about 30 points above what most people score, but she's blonde and pretty." Rather than accept that she is both sexually desirable and a scientist, the article portrays her as a kind of contradiction-in-terms. She complains: "nobody takes me seriously. I have a non-scientific image. Everybody thinks I'm blonde and stupid." But the article shifts away from her plight as a woman who, because she is beautiful, is vastly underestimated, and concludes instead with a discussion of the high chances for her success if she were to become a full-time model. We get the sense that the article is designed to ridicule her into making the right decision to put away her childish beaker and stick with the bikini. The photographs which surround the terse article reduce her to the status of a pin-up, glorifying her body and her smile, while insulting her science- she becomes not unlike a librarian montage from a *Playboy* magazine, the kind where each shot portrays a stuffy-looking woman in progressive

[81] "They Laugh When I Talk About My Seaweed", *Weekend*, April 20, 1968.

stages of undress, revealing that underneath her cold exterior she has hidden a wild, heaving sexuality. The implications of both the *Playboy* cliché and the photos of Morrall are the same- no matter how 'serious' a woman might be, she is still basically a sexual object, still a specimen to be admired and enjoyed. And so *they* laugh when she talks about her seaweed, and we are invited to laugh as well.

An editorial by Craig Ballantyne from August 1968 subtitled "Women's Week at *Weekend*"[82] is reflective of the way in which the idea of the burgeoning women's movement was presented by *Weekend*. By turns smug, contradictory and conciliatory, Ballantyne's editorial acts as a response to the Royal Commission On The Status Of Women In Canada. The Commission was set up in February 1967 with the expressed intent of affecting some positive change in the 'status' of half of the population. It had, by August 1968, published some findings with regard to the way in which the mass media in Canada, especially advertising, propagated myths and stereotypes which held that women were weaker and less intelligent than men. Ballantyne's editorial begins:

> We're thinking of shipping this issue to the Royal Commission on The Status of Women In Canada. After all, the Commission's job is to recommend what steps the federal government can take to ensure women equal opportunities with men. Talk about equality! Just look at the bylines- six articles are by women... and a key point is that most of the stories are of general interest.

What Ballantyne means by stories of 'general interest', of course, is that most of the women on his staff are not asked to write solely on *women's issues*, but branch out to write articles to which everyone can relate. "For instance, the lead story, written by Miss Morgan MacGregor, is a good solid look at Cuba today; Dr. Jean Hogarth's article on

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[82]"Your *Weekend Magazine*", *Weekend*, Aug 3, 1968.

diet pills... is aimed equally at both men and women." His quantitative understanding of the idea of equality betrays his bias- equality is a measurement of girls against boys, a ratio of sex. His editorial acts as a sort of 'see how they run' for the women on the *Weekend* staff. Ballantyne is proud of the women, but the sense is that he is mainly proud of himself for giving them these opportunities. Again, his emphasis on the general interest value of the articles serves to suggest the real argument here- not only does *Weekend* allow a woman to write a lead story, but it even lets her write it on such a serious topic as Cuban communism. His argument stumbles a bit as the editor confronts the other articles written by women in the issue, but he relies upon the old 'battle of the sexes' stereotype to justify his argument:

> Patricia Welbourn's fashion [article] is more of a women's-interest story, but we don't know a man who can pass up a chance to look at a pretty girl. Keitha McLean, who tells of the trials of getting your hair done across the country... apparently is writing for a female audience. But men, haven't you ever wondered what goes on in a hairdressing salon and why your wife sometimes comes home in tears?[83]

He goes on to mention Margo Oliver's recipes section[84] and Doyle Klyn's editorials as other examples of women's writing which, although centred on feminine issues, are designed for the wider audience. The editor of *Weekend Magazine* is here reinforcing the old myth, the invented community of two genders separated by an unbridgeable chasm. The argument that Welbourn's fashion article (obviously aimed at women for what could men want to know about clothing?) is of some interest to men since it is populated by pretty models reduces the debate to its essentials. Men are interested in serious issues, but

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[83]Keitha McLean's article, "Sometimes I Sat On The Bathtub And Cried", will be discussed at length in Chapter Four.

can be distracted by a slender-legged beauty. Women are interested primarily in the inconsequential, but are, on occasion, capable of moving beyond such trivial concerns. Why else would it be worth noting that this issue gives 'equal' time to women? The only reason *Weekend* makes this assertion is because it is a rarity. Ultimately, Ballantyne sounds as confused as a father who has been told that his daughter is playing for the boys' baseball team.

* * * * *

Snapshot, 1969: The cover is a split screen. On the left we see a woman in a tight-fitting, belted jacket and a mid-length pleated skirt. She is casually conservative, sexy in a tax attorney kind of way. She has her hair pulled back and tied with a bow, and large-framed glasses on her nose. She is standing on any downtown street in any city, gazing off at something we cannot see. Underneath her feet, the caption: "FASHION IS A LADY AGAIN." On the other side of the page, in stark contrast to the relative serenity (and deliberateness) of her pose, are two embattled hockey players. A Russian player is in tight with a Canadian, and they are caught by the camera presumably somewhere between a check and an injury. The Canadian is pressing the Russian into the boards, his stick up in the Russian player's face, his eyes on the puck below them. This is one of those times when the frozen moment of a photograph simply demands context- the image on its own conveys very little information. All that it seems to be depicting is a deadlock- the players are caught by the camera as they fight for the puck in an otherwise insignificant instance from a match. We have no sense from the image of who will win, of who will skate away with the puck. However, underneath their skates lies a kind of

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[84]Oliver's recipes are a kind of old faithful, along with Andy O'Brien's sports page, Gregory Clark's short stories and Doyle Klyn's editorials.

answer: "WHY WE CAN'T BEAT THE RUSSIANS- YET." On one side, we have the 'return of the lady', and with her, the return of a certain conservatism of dress and style. On the other, we witness brute force and aggression, as well as a microcosmic allegory of foreign policy. Side by side, juxtaposed, we have two different commercials for an imagined community. Two images to appeal to two distinct audiences- sports vs. fashion, barbarism vs. elegance, sweat vs. style. The boys against the girls.[85]

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In August 1970, *Weekend* expresses what can only be described as a return to explicit sexism and objectification with its Mini Skirt issue. The cover, a close-up of a woman's mini-skirted behind and upper thighs as she walks away from the camera, asks: "Is This (Sob) The Last Summer Of The Mini Skirt?" Inside, the article by Paul Rush works as nothing short of a lobby, on behalf of *Weekend Magazine*, to "Save The Mini Skirt."[86] The subtitle reads: "Our own good reasons, mostly in photos, why women should ignore the dictates of fashion, eschew midi-length skirts, and keep up the good work." This, and the rest of the article, revels in explicit objectification and condescension. Rush tells of his recent disappointment when he had read that the mini skirt was on the outs in the fashion world. His journalistic response: "yetch." The photographs which accompany the article are predictable, nothing more than casual shots of women walking around in short skirts. There is no argument here, no serious content, nothing beyond an emphatic plea wearing the mask of comedy. But that it is done from the point of view of a spokesman is interesting- Rush repeatedly refers to *Weekend* in his article as though he is to be understood as a kind of emissary. It is not him, but the

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[85] *Weekend*, March 8, 1969.
[86] "Save The Mini Skirt", *Weekend*, Aug. 8, 1970.

magazine itself that is lamenting the loss of the mini. But, of course, we must already have guessed that *Weekend* supports his lobby since the very cover of the magazine is adorned with a photo of an otherwise bodiless woman's backside. The case it presents is openly insulting to the increasingly image-conscious aspect of the women's movement- the late Sixties saw a growing awareness and refusal of the images of femininity that were projected and reinforced by the media. Some women famously took to burning their bras in protest of the repression of the female body; some refused to conform to invented 'hygienic' practices such as shaving or wearing perfume in protest of the imprisoning emphasis on feminine beauty.[87] Rush's article descends into unfunny comedy, but concludes with the simply offensive: "Women, listen to us: Burn, if you must, your bras. Lower, if you will, your necklines. But keep, if you can, your skirts up... Remember, *Weekend Magazine* is behind you. And the view is great." In Rush's estimation, 'women' are not the same as 'us'. And if 'us' refers to *Weekend Magazine*, as seems to be the suggestion, then here we have a clear articulation of the vantage point of *Weekend* on the idea of 'woman' at the end of the 1960s. It is the Other.

But by the end of the Sixties (the early 1970s), the notion of a mass culture is becoming fragmented, and so is *Weekend Magazine*. Under its new editor, Frank Lowe, the magazine is becoming shorter, more pointed, and less general. Contentious issues such as gender are being presented in more deliberate, opinioned ways. There is the sense now that the old 'something for everybody' variety show technique is losing ground. In order to discuss the complex issues in a brief, punchy, *Laugh-In* style, contradictory arguments become commonplace. The contradictions are as varied and diverse as the

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[87]These are examples of over-analyzed and most-likely quite rare occurrences. However, the stereotypical bra burning, hairy, and unkempt feminists were invented as a defense mechanism against the

subjects themselves- in 1971 there are at least five feature articles written by women about issues close to the heart of the women's movement such as 'liberation', workplace equality and even male backlash. In January there is a long article which incorporates interviews with five couples who both work on the states of their marriages.[88] Each presents another side of the debate, and each is left largely alone to tell his and her story. In the end, the article is most useful with regard to *Weekend*'s choices of representative couples from five different regions of Canada.[89] In November there is a pseudo-scientific article on the alarming rise in cases of women who desert their families.[90] The article also uses interviews rather than relying on too much authorial information. The subject is treated as a crisis, certainly sensationalized by the implied theme of the disintegration of the 'home'. What was once the 'problem with no name', the secret longing for escape for some women, has now become a viable *option*. Women no longer dream of escaping the drudgery of housework and the stress of child rearing, they actually pick up and leave. Financially, women are empowered, as they can work and support themselves, but more importantly, it is becoming socially acceptable to be single, and even divorced. Articles from this period are often sensitive to the issues in the sense that they try to accommodate the idea that women may have a right to be unhappy. Yet they also rely upon the somewhat contradictory notion that the home is where women *should* be happy- the question *Weekend* continues to ask is *why*? Claire Helman's article from July 1971 provides the implied answer: *women have been given too much power*. Her article, "The

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otherwise contradictory notion of a feminine woman who would want to re-figure her gendered space.

[88]"Jim and Vivian and Mike and Barbara and Dave and Sonia and Steve and Elsa and Stuart and Ruth and Murdoch and Celeste", *Weekend*, Jan. 2, 1971.

[89]On which, more later.

[90]"Why Thousands of Wives Are Running Away", *Weekend*, Nov. 20, 1971. (By no means incidentally, Canada's divorce laws were liberalized in 1969.)

Case For Men's Liberation,"[91] is a study of the male backlash against the increasingly aggressive and moderately enfranchised woman. The problem as Helman presents it is that men are not only being dumped by their wives at an alarming rate, but they are then losing their court battles over alimony and custody because the pendulum has swung too far to the side of women's rights. She remains aloof, does not take a side in the debate, and instead allows her interviewees to do most of the arguing. One of them complains that "judges discriminate against men, carrying out society's punitive attitude towards divorce and... the male supremacy belief at the same time." In a very short period of time, *Weekend* seems to have shifted from a magazine which was firmly behind the miniskirt (and enjoying the view) to a forum for open debate on issues of gender and equality. But then, as a surprise twist to the article, Helman's voice is heard in the last paragraph: "Can [the men's liberation movement] save men from themselves" she asks? Can it "free them from the shackles of a self-imposed myth of male superiority?"

Men need to be saved from themselves, by themselves. Even though Helman would have us believe that the problem is the 'self-imposed myth' of superiority, the real problem here is that women are acting like *they* are the ones who are superior. Men have to take back their rightful place on top of the totem pole, fight back for the old kind of equality, save themselves from the working myth that has somehow been reversed. And men must do this themselves, for women are the real problem, not part of the solution. When we speak of equality here, we are speaking in a *Plessy vs. Ferguson* kind of way. The boys against the girls makes it all sound so black and white, but it must be clear that so simple a dichotomy does not, and can not, really exist. The selling of the either/or gender war by *Weekend* in the Sixties acts as a kind of imagined and cultivated

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[91] "The Case For Men's Liberation", *Weekend*, July 3, 1971.

understanding of the gendered spaces which Canadians inhabit. The maintenance of the gulf between the boy and the girl, reinforced by the photo of the two incompatible kids at school or the fashion/hockey cover, is the message. In the era of shifting understandings and articulations of gender roles and spaces, *Weekend Magazine*, while wearing the bikini of progressiveness, stuck fast to the ancient divisions which held men and women as opposites. Ultimately, while *Weekend* might claim to have been behind the women's movement, it was more than likely just checking out of the view.

Chapter Three:

The Kids Are Alright

> *Teenagers aren't the only ones who are fed up with the rotten image their 'now' generation is getting. Some of us from the 'then' generation are disturbed, too. We're disturbed because the image is unfair. It's unfair partly because, I think, too many of the 'then' generation look no further than outward appearances and are put off by the teenagers' casual clothes and hair and manners.*
>
> - Doyle Klyn, *Weekend*, August 17, 1968

It is 1963. The photograph, run across the bottom of the page, is of a star signing autographs in Seattle. In the exact centre of the shot stands a young Elvis Presley, decked out in a conservative business suit, flanked by local police, and surrounded by a throng of admirers. The fans are subdued, even calm, and so is Elvis. The security seems to be present more out of protocol than necessity. This is a placid scene, hardly comparable to that which one might normally associate with a rock 'n' roll star accosted by fans. This is not Beatlemania. This is not even Anka-mania. Underneath the photo lies the caption: "Gone are the sideburns and flashy clothes...". At the top of the page, the headline reads: "Elvis Presley: Hollywood's Politest Heart-Throb"; below, the telling subtitle: "His millions have not spoiled his good manners."[92] Money, manners and rock 'n' roll. These are the elements which define the two visions of youth in *Weekend* in the Sixties: the lines along which *Weekend* separates the good youth from the bad. The article on Elvis Presley never discusses his music (apart from a short paragraph in which the considerable royalties from his records are mentioned), for his music is not the concern here. He is employed instead as an example of a polite, "well-mannered" youth from Hollywood. His *manner* is contrasted with that of other stars of his vintage: Burt Lancaster (who swore at

a reporter) and Marlon Brando (who must personally approve who will be allowed on the lot while he works) are taken as examples of the darker side of modern youth. Gone is the notion that Elvis is subversive, that Elvis is tough, sexy, dangerous. He is serene and polished, and, more to the point, he is not guilty of the corruption of youth which comes from power and money. As *Weekend* explains,

> money takes young, handsome, photogenic players of scant education, poor background and little breeding, and overnight transforms them into 'monsters', truculent, imperious, dictatorial, selfish, suspicious, narcissistic, egomaniacal and, what is most inexcusable of all, bad-mannered.

But Elvis, following a string of harmless, almost anti-rock 'n' roll-flavoured songs,[93] has somehow risen above his past, conformed, and in so doing has avoided the pitfalls associated with fame and financial freedom. He is someone to whom the children of Canada can look up; he is someone to emulate and to revere. At the tail end of the baby boom, *Weekend* had found a young man with whom the good Canadian kids could identify.

The treatment of youth culture by *Weekend Magazine* is best understood as an exercise in dealing with the growing fear that some of the children of the baby boom were not of the same moral stuff as their parents.[94] Discussions of manners, comportment, dress, style, music, language, and especially hair comprise the main body of articles on youth in *Weekend* in the Sixties. The sense is that *Weekend* was involved in

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[92]"Elvis Presley: Hollywood's Politest Heart-Throb", *Weekend*, March 2, 1963.

[93]For example: *Blue Hawaii* (1961), *Can't Help Falling In Love* (1961), *Return To Sender* (1962), *Kissin' Cousins* (1963).

[94]This is a central theme in studies of the relationship between the baby boomers and their parents- see Doug Owram, Born At the Right Time (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1996), 185-215; Alvin Finkel, Our Lives (Toronto: Lorimer Books, 1997), 127-128; Robert Collins, You Had To Be There (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1997), 220-229.

a very deliberate attempt both to portray and to disarm the growing 'rebellious' culture of the young. The fear of the negative effect that increased leisure time and youth spending power was having on Canadian values pervades the pages, yet the general depiction of youth is one which displays the conservative over the rebellious- the result is a lopsided polarization of good youth versus bad youth. Or, a version of youth which pits the One against the Other. In the years between 1963 and 1973, these fears are largely on the outskirts of the argument, snaking around the conservative core of the message. The invented fear that this *bad* culture of the young was becoming a culture of the depraved is present, but always underneath the more important assertion that the vast majority of Canadian youth was fundamentally conservative and well-mannered. Canadian youth are presented as being generally good, and generally dependable, and there is the sense that the few bad apples could never spoil this barrel. In the Sixties in *Weekend*'s Canada, youth culture is largely represented by bright, happy, confident kids who have overcome the temptation to otherness and difference which characterizes this *bad* youth. Articles on such key issues as long hair and rock 'n' roll take on the appearance of sensationalized journalism, an exploitation of the Other, a glimpse into foreign territory. We are reassured that these bad kids don't exist, not really anyway- for they are merely a fad. But while they are here, they should be recognized, identified as *Other*, and then marginalized. Like the latest dance craze, this youth culture is disposable, perhaps even forgettable, and certainly avoidable. It is almost cute- someone else's son is letting his hair grow out, playing in a rock 'n' roll band, getting high. Look at how silly, how strange, how foreign. Look at how different. But this way of approaching the otherness of youth in *Weekend* shifts over the course of the Sixties from what is at first a kind of

refusal, to a marginalization and segregation, and finally to a somewhat ambiguous acceptance of its role in *Weekend*'s Canada. It is a kind of recognition of the inevitability of change- a reluctant conclusion that the fad has become the theme.

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Snapshot 1964: An article called "Campus Carnival" from February 1964 is perhaps the best place to witness the performance of youth in *Weekend*'s Canada of the early Sixties.[95] The subtitle reads: "It's the most rollicking weekend of the year at Waterloo University College," and the short article by staff writer Bill Brown is mediated by an assortment of half- and full-page photographs of the event. It is the 'Winter Carnival', a three-day event that has the distinction of being the "biggest annual college affair of its kind in the country." As Brown discovers, "practically everyone on the campus, from the freshest freshmen to senior faculty members, is involved." The carnival is marked by "weird and wonderful figures carved in ice" and a beauty pageant which is designed to determine and then celebrate the year's "Miss Canadian University Snow Queen," an honour bestowed upon one of the nominees from "Canadian universities stretching from British Columbia to Newfoundland." But the real excitement comes from the exhausting three-day schedule of minor events and distractions including "parades, sports events, assorted contests, a concert, featuring such artists as folk singer Pete Seeger, a monster dance, as well as countless private parties...".[96] In one of the photos that dominate the spread, we see some twenty students at what is presumably the 'monster dance'. The students, dressed in both semi-formal and semi-casual clothes (the

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[95]"Campus Carnival", *Weekend*, February 1, 1964.

[96]I have to assume that the reference to Pete Seeger, certainly a controversial (and 'communist') musician, was not meant to carry much weight. It is left as a throwaway, buried in the middle of a list- I

majority of them looking like they have really spent time on their make-up and outfit), dance with their respective partners at arms' length. In the immediate foreground, a blonde woman looks disinterestedly toward the band rather than her date. In the background, a man in a dark vest and a white dress shirt does what looks suspiciously like the 'mashed potato'. It may be a 'monster dance', but it is utterly subdued- it is much more Dr. Jekyl than Mr. Hyde. Many of these university students, at the "social highlight of the weekend festivities," look uninspired. In fact, they look positively geeky- if not for their clothing then for their gawkishness. Everyone seems to be concentrating on his or her steps, trying to achieve *fun*. On the most rollicking weekend of the year, *Weekend Magazine* is happy to report that when the students let loose, they do it quietly. They are calm and controlled. They do things like attend parades and performances of folk music. The article concludes with this comforting thought: "'I spend the first part of the year getting ready for the Carnival,' sighed more than one student, 'and the second part getting over it.'" Rest assured, parents, the kids are alright.

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Hair: 1963-1966

The photograph above the title is a head and shoulders shot of a man in his early twenties. He has mussed up his mid-length hair allowing it to stand on end.[97] His beard, which is about the same length as his hair, has also been teased so that it sticks out wildly in all directions. His eyes bulge, and his mouth is slightly open in an expression of mock savagery. He is joking, and looks ridiculous. One hand tugs at his beard, suggesting that his appearance is his own responsibility. To further emphasize the absurdity of his look,

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wonder even if it was an accident? For his presence immediately confounds the argument that this is a benign festival.

his wild beard is juxtaposed against conservative eyeglasses and a suit and tie. Underneath the photo, the caption reads: "Mike Cozzi lacked that neat, well-groomed look. An undergrad at Sir George Williams University, Montreal, he had avoided barbers for six months." In larger letters, the title proclaims that Mr. Cozzi is a "Supreme Test For A Super-Barber."[98] This is a throwaway article, there for our amusement. But, just as was the case with "Watch My Smoke,"[99] there is something more going on here. A young man with *almost* shaggy hair (for it had to be affected, pulled at, in order to make it look so unkempt) is made the subject of ridicule. He looks wild, exaggerated- his conservative clothing suggests something that his untamed hair cannot match. The article follows Cozzi on a journey from the unkempt to the "debonair," underlining throughout the importance of looking one's best. The article explains that Cozzi "ambled unannounced" into the barber shop of one Mr. Ivan, "super-barber." From this very deliberate introduction, Cozzi is drawn as a disorganized person, as though his actions are to be associated with his appearance. He ambles rather than walks; he comes unannounced rather than to meet an appointment. Yet it is noted that Cozzi came in to see Mr. Ivan on his own accord: "the cheerful Cozzi had let his brush cut grow out for six months and let his luxuriant new beard to its own wild devices. His head,[100] he now realized, was in sore need of some attention from a barber." And attention is what he gets- Mr. Ivan, in an effort to make an example of "Canadian males [who don't] take an interest in tonsorial fashions," donned his special "collarless electric-blue lamé jacket he wears for special occasions" and called a photographer to come and document the procedure. "Mr. Ivan

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[97]My best estimation would put the length of his hair at about three or four inches long. At most.

[98]"Supreme Test For A Super-Barber", *Weekend*, April 18, 1964.

[99]I refer to this article (about pipe smoking) in Chapter Two. "Watch My Smoke", *Weekend*, May 18, 1963.

realized at once he would never again find such a good example of what an inspired haircut can do for a man." The finished product, established by another headshot on the opposing page, is an image of a smiling, meticulously groomed man, "looking suave and debonair." He leaves as if a new man- transformed, transfigured even, from the wildly hirsute university student to a shining example of "what an inspired haircut can do."

Perhaps the best explanation for the Cozzi experiment can be found on the heads of The Beatles.[101] By mid-1964, the phenomenon of Beatlemania had utterly refigured the association between hair and lifestyle in both Britain and North America. The famous 'mop top' hairstyle sported by the most popular rock 'n' roll band in the world, long hair that barely crept over the top of the collar and only just covered the ears, had become part and parcel of a wave in youth fashion toward the refusal of the kind of image imposed upon Mr. Cozzi above. The idea of a media obsession with the Beatles and their hair seems utterly absurd today, but in the two entries which concern the Beatles that I have come across, hair is virtually the only thing discussed by *Weekend*. In the same month as the article on Mr. Cozzi's transformation, there is a one-page photo spread of four birds in a pet shop window, with plumage that looks remarkably like the mop top haircut, run under the title "Birds That look Like The Beatles."[102] If ever there was an insult to a style, this is it. The birds are utter curiosities- quaint, weird and hilarious. The implicit message seems to be that perhaps if the Beatles saw how silly the birds looked, they would see themselves too. For it seems that the Beatles' haircuts are to be treated as nothing more than curiosities to be ridiculed.

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[100]His *head*- not his hair.

[101]A nice depiction of the pandemonium which was Beatlemania in Canada in 1964 can be found in Owram, Born At The Right Time, 185.

[102]"Birds That Look Like The Beatles", *Weekend*, April 18, 1964.

Eighteen months later, in November 1965, the Beatles haircut makes another appearance in *Weekend*. The telling title: "The Beatles Let Their Hair Down."[103] The main photograph consists of a casual shot of Ringo Star and Paul McCartney sitting on an airplane; Paul is staring off absently, and Ringo is making a face at an interviewer. The article purports to determine the answer to the eternal question: "what's behind a Beatle?" In a wonderful moment of high cultural bias, *Weekend* reporter Melinda McCracken wonders aloud about "what really goes on underneath those thick mops of hair- that is, if their heads hold anything but more hair." Her immediate conclusion: "Well, even the genius of Marcel Proust, the great French thinker who died in 1922, couldn't fathom the Beatles. Proust... devised a set of questions to probe personalities. During a plane trip, the questions were given the Beatles to fill out..." What ensues is largely predictable- George Harrison, Paul and Ringo respond to the ersatz psychological exam with utter contempt, and some of their famous sarcasm. John Lennon (to whom McCracken refers as "the author") regrettably declines to play the game. The responses range from the childish to the truly funny, and often manage to be both of these at once. Some of the better moments:

Your favorite painter?
George: Hitler.
Paul: Secret.
Ringo: John Lennon.

Your heroines in history?
George: Jeff of Arc.
Paul: Elizabeth I, Marcel Proust.
Ringo: Lady Godiver.[sic]

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[103]"Beatles Let their Hair Down", *Weekend*, November 27, 1965.

Your favorite names?
George: Tom, Albert,
Sidney.
Paul: Nathaniel, Anna,
Relf, Gobbo, Belt,
Corset.
Ringo: Roach, joint.

McCracken follows this list of responses with her own brand of sarcasm: "Does this impromptu display of Beatlish wit mean that the Beatles are clowns to the core? Or is it a cover-up, like their hair, for their inability to take themselves seriously. [sic] Only their hairdresser knows for sure." The message seems angrily clear. McCracken's analysis of the band as a group of men who can't take themselves seriously is in fact rather the same indictment one might make of her journalistic intentions here. She has failed, even refused, to take her subjects seriously. Their informal rock 'n' roll image, their 'uninspired' haircuts, become her only front upon which to attack, for it is the only one which she allows herself to apprehend. One gets the impression that McCracken is pleased by the offhandedness of the Beatles' responses to the questionnaire. Their dismissal of Proust simply furthers her point. She never considers the music, not once is it even mentioned, instead focusing, even fixating, on hair as a symbol of this lack of integrity and maturity. The hair is the symbol of a clown, of the comedian who lives inside these rock 'n' rollers. The message McCracken means to send to the throng of "teenaged fans [who] have scratched, scuffled, screamed, done everything to get close to their idols" is that their hair says it all. This is a lesson, a sermon to the good kids of Canada- you must not take these clowns seriously.

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Snapshot, 1964: The parliament buildings rise up behind a group of six teens and CBC National Affairs Reporter Norman DePoe as they sit on the steps and discuss the issue of the day. Three girls, three boys, two and one of each sex on either side of DePoe. The girls are dressed modestly, although the one closest to the camera to DePoe's left is showing her legs almost to the knee. One of the boys is a letterman. One is wearing a sports jacket. All are attractive, even beautiful. Everyone is smiling dumbly, the way you do when you have been asked to 'say cheese'. Their names are listed in the caption, perhaps to underline their ethnicity, or perhaps simply to make them seem as human as possible. They are all white, presumably all English Canadians.[104] This is a sample of teenage opinion. The photo, from April 1964, accompanies an article on the question of lowering the voting age in Canada.[105] Norman DePoe has taken the question to the teens themselves, and has come to a few reassuring conclusions. "One thing is clear," he writes. "The majority of the late teens want the vote, and think they are entitled to it." From here, the article moves into a few rather striking generalizations which DePoe takes as evidence for his findings. First, he refers to a poll conducted by a student newspaper in 1963 that indicated that 69% of students wanted the vote.[106] Next, he relates what he calls a "typical opinion": "In her [Edith Blackely, of Picton Ont.] view, the vote should be given on completing high school. 'He who has passed through high school,' she said, 'has sufficient knowledge to make a wiser choice than most 'adults'.'" DePoe leaves this quotation alone, presumably because it is reasonable enough, and moves directly into the dissenting view:

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[104]Jane Irwin, 17; Peter Pinfold, 18; Anne Innes, 17, Suzanne DePoe (his daughter), 16; Paul Veitch, 19; Jim Miller, 19.

[105]850,000 Teenage Voters", *Weekend*, April 18, 1964.

[106]*Canadian High News*.

> Two minority groups do not agree. One is made up of the hard-core rock 'n' roll set, who couldn't care less. In a word, while they think their elders have made a mess of a good many things, politics is 'square'. They do not want to try to change the situation, or even to discuss it... I have been able to reach a few teenagers who have left school to go to work, but they tend simply to confess their complete ignorance of government and politics; they do not want to put in the time and effort to become knowledgeable.

DePoe's utter dismissal of *the rock 'n' roll set*, the kids who do not make it into the photograph, is more than simply unfair. It is important. DePoe's conclusion is that there are essentially two kinds of teens, the typical (such as Edith Blackely) and the minority (nameless, faceless) hard-core rock 'n' roll type. DePoe dismisses all of the latter with one fell swoop- associating rock 'n' roll with high school dropouts and apathy so casually one might think that he was doing it out of spite. Or fear. One looks back at the photograph above, and wonders: what is this article really about?

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Rock 'n' Roll: 1963-1966

An article from August 1964 proclaims the message of the polarization of youth culture in bold characters: "Mods Against The Rockers."[107] The photograph above the title shows precisely this apparent division between the opposing factions of youth culture. The scene is a street in Margate, England- on the left stands a group of fifty 'Mods' (or moderns), looking well put together and generally clean cut. On the right stand a group of about twenty 'Rockers', dressed in black leather, their long hair covering their ears and foreheads. These two groups are separated by a pair of police officers, hands behind their backs, who look at one another as if to say *kids these days*... The juxtaposition that is created by the title and upheld by the photograph is expanded upon

in the article below by a guest reporter named Wallace Reyburn. Perhaps the most striking example of biased reportage one might ever come across, Reyburn's article reads as little more than an attack upon the Rockers and all that they represent. It begins with a description of Reyburn's initial reception at a shop in London where Rockers buy their clothing. The shopkeeper tells Reyburn that "helmet, leather jacket and jeans are NOT 'the uniform of the Rockers'. They are merely very practical clothes for motorcyclists." Reyburn reads this as an insult to his intelligence, and describes this brief interchange as "frosty." Next, he ventures to the "mecca for the clothes-buying Mods", where "the red carpet was laid out for me." His sudden conclusion: "And there we have a basic difference between the Rockers and the Mods." The Rockers are surly, the Mods are friendly. He goes on: "the Mods are 'in'. Everybody is interested in them. Which makes the Rockers jealous, and this envy is a contributing factor to clashes between the two camps." The key point here is that Reyburn would have his readers believe that the Rockers are not just churlish, but that they are 'out'- that is to say, they are fighting to protect their culture from being utterly annihilated by the vastly more agreeable 'modern' youth culture. Reyburn finally nails the argument down when he says: "The Rockers- thus named because they are still interested in that antiquated thing, rock 'n' roll- had their time in the limelight... Now it is all Mods- the young, around-20s who regard themselves as the 'moderns' compared to the frightfully old-fashioned Rockers." The implications of his assessment are two-fold: on one hand, by virtue of his condemnation of one gang, Reyburn is siding with the other, and is in this way nearly condoning their (frequently violent) actions; on the other hand, he is attempting to disarm the Rockers by painting them as anachronistic. The perceived culture of rock 'n' roll is the target here.

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[107]"Mods Against The Rockers", *Weekend*, August 1, 1964.

Reyburn, in another open display of hostility, claims that "the Rockers can be dismissed in a couple of sentences." As the photo illustrates, the Mods are winning the battle of numbers, "and this balance in their favor [sic] is increasing through the constant defection from the Rockers' ranks over to the Mods. After all, it is only human nature to like to be on the winning side." But, this battle between the Mods (who are fashion conscious, clean cut, organized and polite) and the archaic, angry Rockers is taking place in England, not Canada. As Reyburn explains, "There were the equivalent of Rockers in Canada when I left more than 10 years ago... the Rockers [in England] are merely carrying on, rather belatedly, the tradition..." Thus the message behind this article is not simply the dismissal of the Rockers in Britain, but even more it is the celebration of their demise in Canada, so many years ago.[108] Reyburn is reminding Canada that rock 'n' roll is dead, and that the more polite, well-dressed, modern youth culture is firmly in control. What is the winning side in England has apparently already won in *Weekend*'s Canada- this article is simply a reminder of what side your sons and daughters must be on if they want to be 'in'. Ultimately, the argument reads like a denial of the very polarization which it suggests. Yet it is a denial that can be read also as a warning to would-be Rockers in Canada: if you want to be 'in', you should become a Mod.

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The Shift: 1966-1968

By 1966 we can see the shift begin to take place. It has been coming slowly, the magazine inching along with its readers toward the sense that this fad of another youth

[108]It seems that Reyburn is simply making this up- in 1954 the culture of the Rocker in Canada would have had virtually nothing to do with the barely invented rock 'n' roll music.

culture has become something more, something deeper. What had begun as a phase, a curiosity, a *craze*, has now become a lifestyle. Yet, there is still a tension between the two sides of the youth culture in the years 1966-1973. There is a recognized, though only nominally accepted, hippie culture on the left, and a conservative youth culture on the right. The tension between the two sides manifests itself in *Weekend* in yet another polarization, but this time it is a much more ambiguous field that separates the two sides. On the right there exists a version of youth that is comprehensible, conservative, clean-cut, and well-defined. On the left we see a vague, confounding, wanton youth culture which we can only struggle to understand, much less respect. The result is an increase in the number of articles on the so-called 'hippie' youth in this period, but virtually always from the perspective of the outsider looking in. This relationship between the magazine and its subject works to distance *Weekend*'s Canada from the problem, marginalizing it; at once recognizing the culture while dismissing it as other. While the left may have become recognized as *lifestyle*, it is hardly one that is worth celebrating.

This sense of a foreign culture of the young in Canada is a key facet of the invented nation in *Weekend*. The cohesive unit of the family, perhaps the best analogy for the nation, is affected by the perceived shift in youth culture from the well-mannered, conservative kids of the early 1960s to the long-haired, ill-mannered hippies of a decade later. Ultimately, *Weekend* both invents and exploits this dichotomy of good youth/bad youth in the Sixties in an effort to stave off the fear that the Other might become the One.

This effort to deny the hippie lifestyle manifests itself in one somewhat anomalous article from 1966. Andy O'Brien, sports editor and weekly contributor of lengthy articles on virtually any sport-related subject, takes a side step from his usual

coverage to discuss the problem of the degradation of youth culture. The article, instructively entitled "Nothing's The Matter With Modern Youth", takes the form of an interview with Warren Stevens, the Director of Athletics at the University of Toronto.[109] Stevens, a former hero of the Canadian Football League, has worked at the University of Toronto for thirty-five years, so, presumably, if anyone knows about modern youth, it is he. "What's the matter with modern youth?" Stevens wonders aloud. "I say nothing's the matter, nothing." This reassuring assessment, we learn, is based upon his years of observation- "I guess I've watched a changing flow of some 100,000 boys going through my department here at Varsity over a [35 year] span, and I marvel at today's youth more than any others." He goes on:

> All this talk about deterioration of modern youth is based on the actions of a comparatively small percentage, the knuckleheads every generation has known, but our generation's youth[110] gets more publicity. The moderns are bigger, stronger and healthier and they don't like to be pushed around- some people don't like that modern characteristic but I think spirited youth is a good omen.

Perhaps the most important question to ask about this article is over why it was ever written in the first place. 'All this talk' about something being the matter with modern youth has not yet been evident in *Weekend*. Rather, the magazine has, frequently in a heavy-handed fashion, maintained the image of Canadian youth which was presented in the article on the Waterloo Winter Carnival. Yet here we have an article that responds to claims that the magazine has not necessarily been guilty of putting forth. The pseudo-investigative journalism of the article (an 'expert' interview) suggests that there is some desire among *Weekend*'s audience to get this kind of reassurance. Wallace Stevens,

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[109]"Nothing's The Matter With Modern Youth", *Weekend*, August 27, 1966.

football hero, says that kids these days are just fine. And he should know. But given the fact that his observations are confined entirely to boys who take gym at one (hardly representational) university, Stevens' examination of the evidence is somewhat suspect:

> If there is [sic] a deterioration of youth it would be felt at this level, too. Toronto is perhaps the best example of [sic] rich-fat city in Canada, and students from outside generally fit into the same family income-brackets, so Varsity should be a prize place for students to soften. But did you see what happened during the last college year? Our football Blues beat out Alberta Golden Bears for one national intercollegiate title and our hockey Blues won over St. Francis Xavier and then Alberta for another. We also won titles in swimming and cross-country harrier...

This is some fuzzy logic- the 'quality' of modern youth is measured by sporting titles? Stevens bases his assessment of youth on the evidence at hand- his students are doing very well at sports, therefore they must be good kids. But by this logic, the youth of Alberta are worth less than these Toronto kids. There is no deterioration of youth felt by the University of Toronto's athletic department, but one supposes that there must be some sense of it at St. Francis Xavier if a winning season is the litmus test.

These problems aside, the article *is* saying something profound about modern youth. Although Stevens' assessment of his students' abilities to perform is meaningless, his *focus* upon this as evidence is essential. It is used as a kind of common denominator. He, like Andy O'Brien (and by implication, his audience), is searching for a way to explain youth culture in the mid-Sixties. Here we have an entire article based upon the dissuasion of fears about the 'deterioration' of modern youth, and yet we have no mention of any of the perceived aspects of this deterioration. The argument is neatly

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[110]It is perhaps worth noting that Stevens refers to the youth as though he were in possession of it. There is no generation gap here- for this is still *his* generation, *his* youth.

avoided- by using success at sports as an indicator, Stevens confounds the argument. It is a strange, ambiguous reassurance indeed.

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Snapshot, 1966: The title proclaims "Sunny Days For Sonny And Cher."[111] The article is short, concise, and laden with *message*. Musicians Sonny and Cher, former beatniks who once lived on very little money, have made it big and now have the financial power to leave "the beat world behind." They are photographed in "the luxurious surroundings of their new home" in California, putting sheets on their "super king-sized bed" and lounging by the pool. "Two years ago" the article reads, "Sonny Bono could hardly afford to have his sheepskin vest cleaned- and he spurned the barber." Now, the article concludes, "Sonny still spurns the barber, but not for lack of money." Yet his shaggy hair is virtually all that remains of his beat lifestyle- he has moved on, overcome his past, bought into the world of money, of domesticity, and, presumably, of conservative values. The beat lifestyle is fine for awhile, but once one can afford to live *properly*, in a home with a wife, even rock 'n' roll musicians will forsake it.

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Long Hairs and Rock 'n' Rollers: 1968-1973

The relationship between *Weekend Magazine* and rock 'n' roll has changed somewhat between 1963 and 1968. While the magazine has become more interested in the association between youth and popular music, and more accepting of the legitimacy of rock 'n' roll as a cultural expression, the old dichotomy between the rock 'n' roll youth as 'either' to the 'or' of the rest of Canada still remains largely intact. The first full-

fledged article on rock 'n' roll that actually focuses some attention on the *music* rather than solely the implications of it as *lifestyle* comes as late as 1968. However, this major article on a rock 'n' roll band does a curious thing, for it serves to entrench the divisions even as it purports to transcend them. Its message is cloudy at best, but it is the beginning of a kind of surrender at *Weekend*. It is one of the first glimpses into the rock 'n' roll youth culture that does not explicitly aim to marginalize or to dismiss. "The Beat Pounds On", written by staff writer James Quig, focuses on Winnipeg's The Guess Who.[112] It takes the form of a mixture of concert review and an interview with the musicians, but it is shot through with reflections upon the culture of the rock 'n' roll youth from the perspective of the outsider. Quig describes himself in rather blunt terms as he sets the scene: "You don't believe it. You are in the King Of Clubs, a rock nightspot in Vancouver. You are 32 years old and you are here in your square blue suit, white shirt, maroon tie. And the music is so loud you don't believe it." James Quig immediately recognizes that he doesn't belong here, that he is witness to a thing which was not designed for him. He is out of place, disoriented, in disbelief, and utterly aware of his otherness. But so are *you*. The implication of the reader in the article, all bound up with these assertions of identity in the second person, makes very clear the division between the rock 'n' roll band and everyone else. *You* don't believe it. The article is designed in such a way as to ensure that if we are to identify with anyone, it must be with Mr. Quig.

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[111]"Sunny Days For Sonny And Cher", *Weekend*, April 23, 1966.
[112]"The Beat Pounds On", *Weekend*, August 17, 1968.

Yet this outsider, whom Quig renames Square Writer,[113] is not afraid to admit that, although he feels out of place, he kind of enjoys the performance.

> Shaking All Over is the name of the tune, and it is one of their best. The crowd is with them. Everybody is shaking. Some shake the top. Some shake the bottom. The big blonde in the aluminum foil mini is shaking top, bottom and in the middle, too... And now the strobe lights are flashing and you wonder what the hell is going on... And there you are in your square blue suit and suddenly it gets to you. You drop your cool, you stand up and before you know it, you, too, Square Writer, are Shaking All Over.

This moment of acceptance (or is acquiescence?) is designed to draw the reader in. This is loosely dramatic, even suspenseful writing- to play up the anticipation, each short, punchy sentence begins with 'and'. We are drawn in, implicated, and we wonder where Quig might be taking us. It is dark, sexy and disorienting, like any good rock 'n' roll concert, but it is something more. It is a rite of passage. Quig "drops [his] cool" and becomes part of the scene, becomes just another fan, shaking all over. The implication seems to be that if he can do it, so can we.

But the interview that follows this introduction serves to confound the point. Although one would assume that Quig had engaged the band in conversation for an extended period of time, the substance of the conversation as he reproduces it in his article is comprised of the moments that speak most loudly of foreignness. It begins with a discussion of the 'new music' and the place of The Guess Who in the development of the form. Lead singer Burton Cummings sums up the band's performance (the strobe light, the smoke machines, the thundering amplification) with a deceptively obvious statement: "everybody wants to be different." And this *difference* is where Quig places

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[113] An interesting identity with which we are asked to identify: a Writer is a conduit, a vessel for disseminating information and interpreting evidence. The Square Writer is, perhaps, all of us, as we

the emphasis from here on. The conversation moves to a discussion of the destruction of instruments on stage. Quig wonders, "But is it art?"[114] With regard to a televised performance by another group, The Strawberry Alarm Clock, who infamously took sledgehammers to Cadillacs, the twenty-year-old Cummings responds:

> "Wasn't that great? [...] Didn't you enjoy that? Man, that was out of sight. Too much."
>
> [Quig] But what was it?
>
> Gary [Peterson, 23, drummer]: "It was different."
>
> [Quig] And we are right back where we started.

Back where we started not just when we sat down to begin the conversation, but back to the moment before we began shaking all over, before we thought that we could understand the youth, before we thought that we could bridge the gap. How can we understand this *difference*? Cummings goes on to discuss the way that he is treated by adults who don't understand aspects of his lifestyle such as his "...hair and the way we dress." He continues:

> That really bothers a lot of people. But why? Why should they care how I wear my hair? I like it this way. Why should it bother someone else? [...] We get it all over but never, of course, from the teeny-boppers. [...] I hate playing in nightclubs. They don't care who you are... that's why we enjoy playing for the kids.

The kids understand- people like Quig never can. In the third person, Quig describes his own bias: "It is true that he [Square Writer] has discriminated, unfairly to be sure, against

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struggle to understand and relate our experiences with this otherness.

[114]As with all of his interjections in the 'interview', one cannot be certain as to whether Quig asked this aloud, or inserted it when he organized the article.

some pretty wiggy guitar players just because their hair was down to here." He can recognize this unfairness, but he cannot overcome it. And yet, after all of this discussion of difference, Quig ends the article back at the same rock club on the following evening, after having met the group and conducted the interview, armed with this new perspective on the youth culture that he was born just a few years too soon to understand, and he proclaims to all the world: "You are 32 and you are here digging the new rock in your square blue suit. And you feel good." The suit is now a badge of honour, a statement about the difference for which he is proud. He may be square, but he is his own kind of different- one in which *you* can share. This confusing sentiment serves to set the stage for much of the next five years of coverage of youth culture in *Weekend*. It is recognition, but not necessarily understanding. It is a kind of disapproving acceptance, an inclusive political move with overtones of distrust and disdain. The kids are alright, but you will never understand them.

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An editorial from June 1970 gets us closer to the essence of this new, more ambiguous dichotomy. *Weekend* staff writer Wayne Clark's contribution to the discussion comes in the form of an editorial in the Counter Attack section entitled "After All, It's My Head."[115] The editorial finds Clark in a defensive posture, not necessarily angry but certainly incensed. For Clark is one of them, a 'long hair'- he even wears a beard. His self-identification as *Other* is the message here. He complains of the "looks I get, subtle and otherwise." He admits that because of such looks, "I am always certain someone is about to ask me why, why on earth do I go around looking like *that*?" The only reason that this question matters to Clark is because he would ask it of himself.

Behind the editorial is the belief that long hair is more than an affectation, that it means something deeper, or holds some greater significance than just image. Clark's contention that there is always "some profound reason for [wearing long hair]" begins to answer this question. The kind of difference to which Burton Cummings refers above is perceived as being somehow institutionalized- Clark represents a kind of invented otherness which has evolved out of the polarization of youth in the Sixties. He is successful, he is married, he works for a major magazine, and yet he is concerned with overcoming such "conformity barriers" as long hair and a scruffy beard. The tension between his desire to remain identified with a marginalized otherness and his contradictory desire to be understood by the rest of society is by no means resolved by this editorial. Rather, it is expanded. Deepened.

Clark is writing here at cross purposes- his effort to denounce the "short hairs" who misunderstand him is undone by his implicit effort to reinforce the boundary which separates him from *them*. He is consumed by his sense that his hair represents his identity, like a tartan kilt or a royal seal. He claims that he wonders how people will react to his appearance "a lot; in fact, every day." Clark explains that he often sits in taxi cabs, wondering when the driver will hassle him about his hair: "I keep praying that he doesn't [ask me about my hair], but, just in case, I rehearse answers to that question, which simply has to come sometime." Clark relishes his role as the outsider. He 'prays' that the taxi driver won't ask him, yet he rehearses his answers (which is to say that even if the taxi driver never does ask him about his otherness, he will still have had to reinforce it as *truth* in his own mind). Clark explains that the only reason that he has long hair and a beard is that he is shy: "walking into a room full of strangers has always unnerved me

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[115]"After All, It's My Head", *Weekend*, June 27, 1970.

because to make my presence known, I have to say something- the right thing. But with long hair and a beard, I don't have to say a word. They say it for me." His appearance *speaks*- it is a message, a badge, a disclaimer. It is a table of contents, a list of ingredients, credits rolling on a screen. This is what I am, who I am, and what you have made me. For long hair is meaningless unless it is in contrast to the norm. The only reason one would grow his hair would be to invent difference- to construct an identity that is deliberately other, and one which can be reinforced from within and without. *I am* a 'long hair'- *he is* a 'long hair'.

As the editorial closes, Clark reiterates his disdain for those who would question him about his hair.[116] But into this jab (which is ostensibly aimed at those imagined short-haired Canadians who read *Weekend*), Clark lets us know where this editorial really came from. "Even though *I was asked* to write about why I have long hair, I really shouldn't have to explain."[117] He has been made an example by his editors. He has been *asked* to explain his otherness, to defend it, and to qualify it. *Weekend* has tried, once again, to bridge the gap between the constructed categories of youth and conservative Canadian culture while implicitly entrenching them. What's it like to be a 'long hair'? A hippie? Different? The rest of us in Weekend's Canada want to know just who we think you are.

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The photograph of Elvis Presley, standing there with his calm fans and a look of subdued, cool reflection on his face, has no place in the pages of the *Weekend* of the early 1970s. The shining example of youth culture from 1963 would seem absurd, certainly

[116]He does this notwithstanding the fact that he has just finished answering the very question that he claims to fear and despise.

anachronistic, barely one decade after its initial publication. Elvis Presley, famously afraid of being photographed with a beer in his hand for fear that it would affect his exemplary image,[118] had been replaced by people like Burton Cummings- destructive, wanton rock 'n' rollers whose search for identity has become manifest in a striving for the recognition of *difference*. The very deliberate dichotomies which characterize youth culture in Weekend throughout the Sixties serve to expound this shift within the youth culture in Canada from across the so-called barriers of conformity. The well-mannered youth versus the monster, the Modern versus the Rocker, the 'typical' teen versus the rock 'n' roll set, the Square Writer versus the rock 'n' roll musician, the 'short hairs' versus the 'long hairs'- all of these dichotomies speak to the invention of otherness, and the construction of difference. The Other Canada of youth, built on the foundation of a collective reaction to things like Elvis Presley's well-mannered image, the prosaic 'rollicking fun' of the Waterloo Carnival, and the dismissive, even insulting portrayal of icons such as The Beatles. The Other Canada of youth was born out of a reaction to the invented nation in which difference was to be feared, misunderstood, and marginalized, but always upheld.

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[117]My emphasis.

[118]See the article entitled "Special Brew" in *Mojo: The Music Magazine*, April 2001 for a brief discussion.

Chapter Four:

This Is Canada

> *In many ways it is a shame that I was not born an Eskimo. True, I don't have the strength or endurance of an Eskimo. Nor do I ever experience a raging desire for caribou and salmon cooked in whale oil. But I do have the basic general physical shape of an Eskimo- short and round.*
>
> -Frank Lowe (editor), 1972.[119]

Almost every week between 1963 and 1969 *Weekend* ran a photograph of a Canadian landscape under the caption: "This Is Canada." These photos typically pictured symbols of an essentialized landscape: train tracks, maple leaves, hockey rinks, the aurora borealis, a canoe, a prairie. Rarely are these photographs of people, and rarely are they of an urban environment. Rather, they are photographs of an elemental, essential landscape made up of identifiable Canadian symbols. This constructed landscape serves as the backdrop for the representation of the imagined community of Canada.[120] And, the caption *This Is Canada* doesn't just lead our understanding of the message behind the image- its effect is something closer to that of propaganda. This Canada is *Weekend*'s *Canada*- a place where a certain region can, if only for a moment, *become* the nation itself. This is Canada- a waterfall, a maple forest, a mountain, a seascape, a farm. Identify

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[119] "Happiness Is A Pointy Harpoon", *Weekend*, February 19, 1972.

[120] *Weekend* is, of course, not alone in the practice of using photographs of symbols to represent Canadian community. Perhaps my favourite example of this can be found in: Yousuf Karsh, Karsh and Fisher See Canada (Toronto: Thomas Allen, Ltd., 1960). See especially the section on Newfoundland- one of the captions reads "...look at their faces and you will know..." (11), which sounds suspiciously like *You Have Seen Their Faces*, a phrase coined by Margaret Bourke-White in the 1930s to describe the poor and hopeless. This doesn't necessarily mean anything.

with *this*! For no matter where you come from in Canada, no matter where you call home or what you see when you look out your window, *This Is Canada*- yours, mine, ours.[121]

The process of maintaining the illusion of community in a national magazine is not unlike the process of maintaining the illusion of community in the nation itself.[122] Canada is a country that is made up of disparate regional identities and cultures, spread thinly across a sprawling geographic expanse which encompasses varied climates and topographies, divided internally by multiple linguistic, ethnic and even provincial barriers. In short, it is a nation which, as historical geographer R. Cole Harris has suggested, is best understood as "an archipelago of islands spread over 4000 miles east to west"[123]. Islands of difference, united in concord. There are, of course, tangible aspects to the nation (such as the state, the legislature, the legal system, the infrastructure), but if these things were to disappear, wouldn't the nation cease to be? There is nothing else to tie a community in Newfoundland to one in Alberta. That is, there is nothing else but *belief* and identification.[124] Thus a certain degree of *marketing* (usually implemented by the state) is necessary in order for the population of any nation to accept the conditions of the agreement that unites one person to another.[125] In the case of a democratic nation, this

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[121] Portions of this chapter have been culled from my work on historical methodology with Prof. Catherine Desbarats at McGill University between January and April, 2001. Sections of two papers, one on source criticism of *Weekend Magazine* and one on the marketing of identity, are occasionally excerpted.

[122]This comparison works just as well for the national television network. See Richard Collins, Culture, Communication and National Identity: The Case Of Canadian Television (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1990), 250-263.

[123]R. Cole Harris, quoted in The Challenge of Modernity ed. McKay (Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1992), xx.

[124]Many of these issues surrounding the idea of the constructed nation are more fully explored in Benedict Anderson, Imagined Communities (London: Verso Books, 1991). Unfortunately, Anderson takes Indonesia as his primary example of an imagined community- a bad choice considering that Indonesia is already 'an archipelago of islands', and only united by an often brutal dictatorship. Regardless, his Introduction is a lucid primer for this discussion.

[125]I choose the term *marketing* because I see the relationship between Canada and Canadians as like that between producer and consumer. Once a product has become widely accepted by consumers, the

marketing is generally performed by politicians, those spokespersons for the effectiveness of the national community, those elected voices for the region in a national context. Each time a locally elected representative promises to defend the rights, culture, language or ethnic identity of his constituency, he is reinforcing the effectiveness (and, on a more fundamental level, the existence) of the national community.[126]

In a basic sense, there is little difference between the marketing of a nation by a politician and the marketing of a nation by *Weekend Magazine*- both endeavor to maintain a national audience composed of regional consumers. *Weekend*, as a national magazine and a product designed for consumption by as wide an audience as possible, must have been in want of achieving a kind of political balance between the region and the nation. To invent such an effective, marketable connection would be to appeal to both the vast and the particular, and to achieve the very same limited goal as any federalist politician: recognition of the local in the (necessarily) national context.

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The 1960s were years of significant change in the ethnic and cultural visage of Canada. Throughout the post-War period, the racial make-up was significantly altered by the instigation of new, less explicitly racist immigration laws which no longer excluded eastern and southern Europeans, blacks and Asians from entering Canada in significant numbers.[127] Thus, the traditional invention that Canadians shared a cultural heritage of

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activity of marketing is hardly complete. It is a perpetual activity- a process of *maintaining*. The marketing acts as a reminder that you want to buy, to possess, and to continue to possess the product.

[126]Anderson, Imagined Communities, 7. "It is imagined as a *community*, because, regardless of the actual inequality and exploitation that may prevail in each, the nation is always conceived as a deep, horizontal comradeship."

[127]Alan Finkel, Our Lives: Canada After 1945 (Toronto: Lorimer, 1997), 47-50. See also Valerie J. Korinek, Roughing It In Suburbia: Reading *Chatelaine Magazine*, 1950-1969 (Ann Arbor: UMI

English and French ancestry was becoming more and more exclusive.[128] Canadians could no longer pretend that their nation was composed of white Christians of Western European decent.[129] The postmodern multicultural nation was forming.[130] As a result, the Sixties are characterized by a growing concern and fascination with the maintenance of the local identity in Canada.[131] Issues of rights, especially the rights of marginalized groups, became popular discourse.[132]

However, the Sixties can also be read as the decade characterized by the most visible expression of nationalism in Canadian history- as the decade when a new flag was invented as the symbol of a union of Canadians; as the decade that was defined by the Centennial celebration and Expo '67. Truly, the study of Canadian national identity in the Sixties is bound up with the massive build up toward Centennial Summer. This symbol of nationalistic expression was by no means accidental. It was planned, marketed and packaged for years prior to its actual date. In *Weekend*, articles on the coming

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Dissertation Services, 1999), 275-276 for a good discussion of this demographic shift in the Sixties (and its impact on magazines in Canada).

[128]As Korinek argues, "multiculturalism rather than dualistic culture would become the order of the day." Korinek, Roughing It In Suburbia, 276.

[129]Korinek, Roughing It In Suburbia, 275. "The twenty years from 1951 to 1971 witnessed a change in the ethnic composition of the country. Those claiming British ethnicity dropped from 47.9% of the population in 1951 to 44.6% in 1971. Similarly, those reporting French ethnicity also dropped from 30.8% in 1951 to 28.7% in 1971."

[130]This process of *becoming* would continue for decades. The quantitative effects of the liberalized immigration laws would not fully be felt for years. But, I take the years leading up to 1967 as the last years of what Ian McKay has termed "the former Canada". Ian McKay, "After Canada: On Amnesia and Apocalypse in the Contemporary Crisis", *Acadiensis*, XXVIII, 1 (Autumn 1998): 89.

[131]See George Grant, Lament For A Nation, (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1965) for a contemporary, and hugely influential discussion of the death of the cohesive Canada. In his view, Diefenbaker's "interpretation of federalism is basically American. It could not encompass those who were concerned with being a nation, only those who wanted to preserve charming residual customs." (21) This is the core of the tension between nationalism and regionalism in *Weekend*'s Canada.

[132]Including, but by no means confined to: gay rights, prisoner's rights, handicapped rights, native rights, the rights of the insane. See Charles S. Ungerleider, "Immigration, Multiculturalism and Citizenship: The Development of The Canadian Social Justice Infrastructure" *Canadian Ethnic Studies* (1992) 24(3): 7-22.

celebrations began to appear up to two years before they would begin.[133] The invention of Expo '67 and the Centennial Summer can be taken as part and parcel of the fear of disintegration felt by many Canadians in the years following the end of the Baby Boom. As the nation became more populated, as its racial and cultural make-up became more varied, and as people moved out of the city and into the suburbs (further complicating the nature of the regional identity), Canadians became focused on an expression of explicit nationalism.[134] The search for identity would be marked by a mythical celebration- an almost desperate outpouring of emotion and passion.[135] In a recent collection of Canadian photographs, it is remembered in deeply poetic terms: "Something happened to Canadians during the centennial year of Confederation. Cynicism and self-doubt vanished, and we felt good about ourselves and our country. The focal point for this outpouring of national pride was Expo 67...".[136] The Centennial Summer would be a massive success- yet it would mark the beginning of a fragmentation of nationalism and national identity in Canada from which it has yet to recover. Amid all of this flag-waving, all of this national pride, Charles De Gaulle stood upon a balcony and shouted the now infamous call-to-arms: *Vive Le Quebec Libre*. 1967 saw René Levesque step down from the Liberal party in Quebec with the hope of establishing a sovereigntist party.[137] Less than a year later, a self-proclaimed terrorist named Pierre Vallières published Nègres

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[133]And, a publishing company called The Canadian Centennial Library was set up by *Weekend* in the early 1960s. The company began publishing a series of books geared to take advantage of nationalistic consumerism in the years leading up to 1967. One of the popular editions was: Remember Yesterday edited by Pierre Berton (Toronto: Canadian Centennial Publishing Co., 1965) which arrived a full two years prior to the anniversary.

[134]See John Seeley et al, Crestwood Heights: A Study of the Culture of Suburban Life (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1956) for evidence of just how distinct these new regional identities were taken to be. The suburbs constitute another *culture*.

[135]"Expo looms as large as a dream as it does an event: magnificent yet somehow sad". Geoff Pevere and Greig Dymond, Mondo Canuck (Scarborough: Prentice-Hall, 1996), 50.

blancs d'Amerique: Autobiographie précoce d'un 'terroriste' québécois, a candid (if stilted) discussion of a racist Canada from the perspective of the victim.[138]

In the years following 1967, *Weekend*'s Canada becomes more and more disjointed- by the end of 1970, the magazine is forced to respond to the changing face of the nation in the wake of the October Crisis with the ominous title: "1970: The End Of Innocence."[139] Each issue becomes more deeply infused with this sense that the myth of *Weekend*'s Canada can no longer be accepted as a necessarily authentic representation. Apologetic articles on such divisive issues as the treatment of the native peoples of Canada, pollution, Canadian involvement in the Vietnam War, and racial prejudice all begin to appear. Somehow, over the course of three years, the image of a proud, integral nation, the ersatz mirror that was *Weekend*'s Canada, has been shattered. Only the jagged pieces remain, but what they reflect is now undeniably incomplete. Even the framework, the setting, has disintegrated- the "This Is Canada" section was discontinued in 1969.

Weekend Magazine is about the marketing of a Canadian identity which was built on the rationale that the majority of Canadians saw themselves as an 'Other' of some kind. *Weekend* presents Canada as a kind of sea of otherness - this way, Canada is an inclusive community, a mosaic of regional identities that are connected by difference. National identity in *Weekend*'s Canada is about looking at the 'Other' Canada; the one which is quaint, endearing, special, and *different*. If there is any standard to which the Other is compared, it is an urban, white, and Christian male with moderately conservative

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[136]Mark Kingwell and Christopher Moore, Canada: Our Century (Toronto: Doubleday, 1999), 348. It is an interesting experiment to compare this collection with Berton and *Weekend*'s Remember Yesterday.

[137]He would succeed within a year.

[138]Pierre Vallières, Nègres blancs d'Amerique: Autobiographie précoce d'un 'terroriste' québécois (Montreal: Editions Parti pris, 1968). Published in English as White Niggers of America trans. Joan Pinkham (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Ltd, 1971).

values. He is also, as we saw in the first chapter, more than likely Ontarian. He is a *modern* Canadian. But this standard is left implicit within the message- all of the people discussed in *Weekend*'s Canada are somehow Other, somehow foreign, even those who fit the standard mould. The exploration of difference, whether this difference is manifested in regional, ethnic, religious, or ancestral identity, is rarely neglected. The idea behind most articles is not to break ground and explore a culture, but rather to cautiously reflect those stereotypes surrounding the culture which are at once comforting and entertaining. The stereotypes are comforting to the local culture in question because they maintain a sense of identity and celebrate this distinction; they are comforting to the rest of the nation because they rarely challenge preconceived notions.[140] Thus, the idea of the local identity is perpetuated in *Weekend* both from the inside and out.

In the case of the Maritimes, for example, the 'authentic' image of the Nova Scotian fisherman or miner as 'other' becomes both caricature and reality- both stereotype *and* identity. The proliferation of the tourist trade, and the piecemeal commercialization of the antimodern Maritime identity are seen to have served both to entrench the national identification of the east with the Folk as exploited by *Weekend*, and to encourage such a regional self-identification. The relationship between the Maritimes (or any other non-urban region) and the rest of Canada in *Weekend* is thus not

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[139]*Weekend*, December 26, 1970. (The cover of the issue is an extreme close up of the text of the speech given by Trudeau after he invoked the War Measures Act.)

[140]Consider the epigraph to Chapter One from Don DeLillo. The barn is only 'the most photographed barn in America' because, by continuing to take pictures of it, the people maintain this distinction. In doing this, the people become part of the process of identity construction. The people reinforce the 'truth' about the barn just as the barn, by remaining fixed as 'the most photographed barn in America' remains authentic. If everyone stopped taking pictures of the barn, it would cease to be distinct. 'Taking pictures of taking pictures' is the act of continuing to represent what is always already a representation. The act of maintaining a myth.

unlike the relationship between the One and the Other, the modern and the antimodern, where each imagined identity supports the next.[141]

The various articles on Orange Ontario, sugar shacks in the Laurentians, Inuit hunters, loggers in British Columbia, fiddlers in the Maritimes, and farmers on the Prairies, all add up to a certain maintenance of an antimodern identity that implies both the necessity of the regional context and the inclusiveness of the modern national community. Often, these articles read as celebrations of the antimodern Canada by the modern Canada.[142] The Other Canada is the past, the point of departure, the anchor which holds the modern nation in place. Thus, *Weekend* takes these antimodern stereotypes as essential to the local community, exploits and then celebrates them in articles that are ostensibly designed to represent a different facet of the *modern Canada*. For its part, the regional identity which has been thus represented is often entrenched internally as well. In order to remain distinct within a national context (such as the national magazine) those aspects of a local culture that are the most different are the ones that are held the most dear. For this is how we identify ourselves. Ultimately, it seems that the trick to marketing a national identity in *Weekend* is to present it as a curiosity that is both foreign and familiar, thus simultaneously yours and mine. But once this trick becomes impossible, once the audience begins to doubt the performance, the illusion that is national community is laid bare.

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[141]I am deeply indebted to Ian McKay's The Quest Of The Folk (Montreal: McGill-Queen's Press, 1994). His examination of the perpetuation of the antimodern Folk culture in Nova Scotia has immensely influenced my view of the role of the Other in the national context.

[142]The premodern Canada is one which has remained untouched by the modern world; the antimodern Canada is one which has *endeavored* to remain untouched by the modern world.

1963-1966

Snapshot, 1963: Three photographs, placed one above the other, dominate the page. In each picture, a different group of ornate, costumed people is dancing on an otherwise empty set. The title of the photo spread is "Dances From Our Varied Past."[143] This is a celebration of folk dancing. "All the races of Canada contribute to our rich heritage in this art form," proclaims the banner above the photos. The photographs are heavily constructed- each dancer is posed, smiling to the camera, symmetrically placed. The top photograph shows some sixteen men and women, dressed in "French-Canadian costumes that were common about 150 years ago." In the middle, men in vests and square hats perform a Bulgarian "circle dance, known as the Kamishitska Horo." Below, twice the size of the two photographs above, is a shot of the "Dance Of The Chieftains taken from the Chilkat people of B.C." The "authentic Indian blankets" and "Totem-like wands" are worn and carried in such a way as to accentuate them as *costume*. The point of the photographs is simply general interest- there is no interpretation offered, no real discussion of the historical value of folk dancing, and, more importantly, no photograph of folk dancing from an English-speaking tradition. The sense that "all the races of Canada contribute" to folk dancing is belied by the absence of an example of its tradition for the culture of the majority of Canadians. Thus, while the language may be inclusive, the imagery is not- the people in the photographs look undeniably extrinsic in their bonnets and boots, moccasins and beads.

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[143]"Dances From Our Varied Past", *Weekend*, July 6, 1963.

One way in which difference is incorporated into *Weekend*'s Canada in the pre-Centennial years is through condescension. Often, under the guise of inclusion and commemoration, minority groups and identities are simply interpreted for the reader by an outsider just like them, always in a sort of look-how-delightful tone. The result of this approach is a *sense* of common ground between the reader and the minority identity, but it is a common ground that is mediated by a power structure. The minority group is here a curiosity for the reader to enjoy. An article by Flo Whyard from 1964 is an explicit example of this approach. The article, entitled "Good News From Old Crow," is the story of "Indian columnist Edith Josie," whose weekly reports on "life in an Arctic village" shed light upon the ways of the native peoples.[144] The authenticity of the village is stressed early:

> Snuggled along the Porcupine River in the Yukon... [Old Crow] is served by no road and it depends upon periodic airplane visits to keep in touch with the rest of the world. The Arctic Ocean is just 120 miles north of it and you have to go *south* for 72 miles before you reach the Arctic Circle. Its 200 or so residents- nearly all are Indians- are happy, hardy people who trap and hunt and chop wood. They enjoy a way of life that has all but vanished: they have an almost complete preoccupation with food and shelter, life and death.

Out of this essentialized environment, a place where people 'chop wood' out of mortal fear, a woman named Edith Josie has managed to become a columnist for The Edmonton Journal and The Whitehorse Star. Yet her remarkable success at overcoming the odds (both as a native Canadian and as a woman) and actually becoming a columnist is not the point here. The article is instead a collection of her writing, interspersed with Whyard's deeply condescending commentary. For Josie is undereducated, poor, and has little

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[144] "Good News From Old Crow", *Weekend*, April 18, 1964.

awareness of life outside her village- her writing is not edited, and her spelling mistakes, grammatical errors, and punctuation inconsistencies are left as they were written, printed as though they are part of her message.[145]

> 'Old Crow sure quite lonesome town, but sure nice little town.' She is a 43-year-old Indian woman whose prose is anything but polished, but her copy is untouched by the editors. It gives readers a fascinating and perhaps clearer look at life in Old Crow. As the Journal said when it began to carry her column: 'Invariably people start to read Josie for the laughs they get out of the awkward phrasing and bad grammar. And just as invariably they soon stop laughing; they find themselves genuinely interested in Old Crow and its residents.'

In the centre of the layout, Josie smiles out at the reader, her photograph flanked by a cartoon of a beaver on her right, and one of a rifle on her left. She seems not to know that she is being insulted. The specious argument, that we should respect and celebrate Josie for her skill at entertaining readers of The Edmonton Journal, is annihilated at every turn. We do not necessarily respect Josie; rather we are entertained by her ignorance, by her simplicity of thought and expression, by her stereotypical 'Indian-ness'. She, as the antithesis to the overeducated, wealthy urbanite, is to be revered for her quaint poverty of resource and complexity. This is a glimpse into otherness, and a celebration of a peculiar Canadian experience of the North, but it is one which pretends to venerate what it humiliates.

The other side of the representation of regional identity is the inclusion, from time to time, of articles written from the perspective of the *insider*. These articles take as their subject the examination of a particular locale or culture with which the author identifies himself. The result is often a sense of a greater accuracy of description or authenticity of

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[145] Which is, ultimately, what they become.

representation. However, these types of articles frequently serve to embellish the same kind of condescension which we saw above. This tour guide approach to the examination of regional identity is virtually always focused upon the same sorts of stereotypical identifiers as the outsider perspective. For, just as the tourist would desire to catch a glimpse of 'authentic' local culture, so would the tour guide like to display it- the resulting emphasis is on those characteristics of a region or culture which are to be understood as distinct, and somehow entertaining. Somehow *different*.[146]

In 1966, Newfoundland celebrated its first "Come Home Year": essentially a scheme to attract expatriate Newfoundlanders to return and share what was advertised as the province's characteristic milieu.[147] Newfoundlanders were invited to return and visit their forsaken homes, to show all of Canada that there is a distinct, and significant, Newfoundland folk culture. The intended market value of this endeavor is important- Newfoundland, by inventing a celebration that was given national coverage, invited attention upon itself as a distinct cultural identity which could be witnessed and experienced. The Come Home Year is a celebration of the *difference* of the island. A.R. Scammell took advantage of the marketability of his province's traditions by putting together a collection of Newfoundland folk songs which were published coincidentally with the celebration. In April, *Weekend* published a brief article by Scammell and with it, a series of lyrics to various songs from his collection.[148] "It's 1966, and it's time to

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[146]Catalogues of difference, one of the major focuses of McKay's work in The Quest Of The Folk, work to establish tradition and history, the building blocks of identity, and impose it upon particular peoples. There is always a tension between recognition and imposition. See Edith Fowke, Folklore of Canada (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1976) for an extensive survey of difference in Canada and a complex example of this tension.

[147] Jim Overton "Coming Home: Nostalgia and Tourism in Newfoundland", Atlantic Canada After Confederation: The *Acadiensis* Reader Volume Two ed. P.A. Buckner et al (Fredericton: Acadiensis Press, 1988), 418-431. See the article on Newfoundland Arts Policy: www.heritage.nf.ca/arts/policy.html#1966.

[148]"Newfoundland's Come Home Year", *Weekend*, April 23, 1966.

return," reads the bold print under the title. "The call is out to true Newfoundlanders to pay another visit to their old homes, meet the old friends and perhaps sing some of the songs, old and new, that ring true as the beating surf." The emphasis on the word *true* is not to be overlooked. The message here is authenticity- true Newfoundlanders singing true Newfoundlandish songs. The authenticity of Scammell's recollections and descriptions in his article are predicated by this sense that he is himself a *true* Newfoundlander. The article is about his own experiences growing up in Newfoundland, and his memories of the way in which folk songs defined this experience. The article is, however, mediated by the magazine in which it is printed- *Weekend* interjects at the left of the article a brief explanation of the Come Home Year and the reason for including this series of song lyrics. "As Newfoundland is synonymous with hospitality" *Weekend* explains, "there is no doubt that everyone, visitors and visited alike, will have a wonderful time [during Come Home Year]. And there is also no doubt that whatever else they do, groups will get together to sing the folk songs which help give this land and its people such a distinctive character." Of this, there is 'no doubt'- the essential character of Newfoundland is somehow to be found in the singing of the Newfoundland folk song.

The songs that have been singled out for publication on the pages which follow the article by Scammell speak to this authentic, essential Newfoundland like a witness. Like evidence. We are told that "Of all the folk songs, old and new, the one that spells Newfoundland for most is *The Squid-Jiggin' Ground*." The third (and final) verse:

> Now if ever you feel inclined to go squiddin',
> Leave your white shirts and collars behind in the town,
> And if you ever get cranky, without yer silk hanky,
> You'd better steer clear of the squid-jiggin' ground.

The 'one that spells Newfoundland for most' is one which entrenches most every antimodern stereotype imaginable. It is a song about fishermen, about hardiness. It is about the working class and is coloured by a distinctly anti-intellectual, anti-upper class tone. It is a celebration of the Folk, and a statement to the effect that the *real* culture of Newfoundland is found in the sweat and tears of the workingman. The sense that if you are not of the land then you can never properly experience the place is clearly felt in the last line- if you are not a Newf, if you are *modern*, you had better steer clear, for life here is *different*.

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1967-1970

Snapshot, 1967: A perfect photograph, like a glimpse of god, an immaculate representation of something eternal, something at once now and forever. The sky is burning over flat land. The rails run straight ahead, off into the smoldering prairie horizon. In the distance, the spectre of an approaching train. To the left, beside the tracks, stands the building that is Redcliff Station- diminutive in any other setting, yet here it looms like a giant, the only structure for kilometres. This is southeastern Alberta, not far from Medicine Hat, but it feels as if it is a million miles from anywhere. *This Is Canada*. The photograph is entitled "Red Rails In The Sunset." Perhaps to ensure our complete understanding of the message behind the image, the caption describes it for us: "The railway tracks at Redcliff Station, Alberta, glow like two molten ribbons in the exploding sunset. The approaching train, The Canadian, roaring along the rails, will briefly disrupt the tranquil evening as it thunders past on its way to Medicine Hat." The nation is united

by the railway- it is the tangible link, the evidence of connection. *The Canadian*, rolling down the tracks across the vast emptiness (there are no people here) of the territory that is Canada, out of the west, back to the east from whence it came, signifies the union. There is little evidence of human manipulation of the land- this is Canada as pristine, elemental, beautiful. This is Canada as a place removed from the pressure of modernity, of progress. It is a celebration of a landscape which looks the same now as it always did, as, presumably, it always will- some measurement of infinity. This is *Weekend*'s Canada.[149]

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With the summer come and gone, and the Centennial jubilance beginning to wane, Stewart MacLeod of *Weekend* delivers a eulogy of sorts in November of 1967.[150] It is called "The Time We'll Never Forget," and one gets the distinct sense that he means it.

> It's gone now, the wonderful centennial summer of 1967. Expo attracted its millions on the St. Lawrence, mountains have been climbed, flags have been planted, books have been written and caravans have traveled. It's gone now, but it was wonderful while it lasted and for years we'll remember it, including that glorious day they burned the privies in Bowsman, Man.

The article works on two distinct levels. It is at once a celebration of the summer as a time of collective euphoria, an instance of 'we'-ness in Canada, and a depiction of it as the moment of ascendancy, a ceremonial rite of passage. For among the list of all of the great feats of goofiness that comprised the nationalism of the summer of 1967, MacLeod does not fail to include the symbolic moment of the burning of the outhouses in a Canadian town- the privies in Bowsman, Manitoba had been replaced by a new water and sewage system. The article continues in this vein, listing among the accomplishments of

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[149]"This Is Canada: Red Rails In The Sunset" *Weekend*, May 20, 1967.

the summer the unveiling of a giant UFO in St. Paul, Alberta, a 61-hour centennial barber-thon in North Bay, Ontario, and the "countless thousands of paint cans that were emptied on beautification projects." But all of these accomplishments are mediated by the disproportionately large photograph documenting the bonfire in Bowsman that is placed above the words. In the shot, a group of sixty people stand in the foreground, silhouetted by the bright blaze of the wooden outhouses. The caption reads: "even Paris didn't burn with the magnificence of the privies of Bowsman, when the residents celebrated the completion of their Centennial sewage system." MacLeod's focus upon this moment is symbolic- the movement from pre-modern to modern, witnessed and celebrated on the eve of the centennial anniversary of the nation. The people of Bowsman have achieved the Twentieth Century, have overcome the past, have matured into a modern town. The past is to be burned, purged, and we bear witness to the consummation.

From here, the stage now set, the two-sides of the argument now established, MacLeod moves to an interview with Centennial Commissioner John Fisher. "'It has changed the country' [Fisher] says... There's a new emphasis on Canadianism now, and it was the response of the little people that brought it about.'" For Fisher, the summer was his dream, his *invention*. His job was to design the backdrop, the stage on which the events would play out, but he had no control over the vast majority of the players. MacLeod explains, "...no one could be sure how the average private citizen would react. No country had ever planned a year-long birthday bash before..." The planning is the important part, for the celebration was constructed out of a kind of thin air- as Fisher admits, "I had nothing more than four blank walls to study [when I began]." But, four years after he was appointed to head centennial planning in 1963, the Centennial year had

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[150]"Centennial Summer: The Time We'll Never Forget", *Weekend*, November 4, 1967.

arrived. "With a peak staff of 230, the commission planned 1967 in minute detail from the schedule of the Confederation train to the cast of a rock 'n' roll concert. Nothing was left to chance, except for the response of the 'little people'." Every aspect of the setting, of the landscape of nationalistic euphoria, was invented, cultivated, organized. It was timed, practiced, perfected. This was a performance of *Canada*, populated by amateur actors improvising their characters. But Fisher's great success was that he was able to orchestrate a series of events which could bring the 'little people' out of the woodwork, unite them in a celebration of association, and reinforce the national community of revelers. Because he understood that "trains, caravans, festivals, concerts, canoe races, pageants and birthday cake cutting would not make a national party unless the 'little people' struck out on their own," Fisher began to travel the country making speeches, and inviting local communities to involve themselves on local levels. "'The centennial belongs to you', [Fisher] would shout. 'It doesn't belong to governments. Do something. It doesn't matter how small your effort, do it.'" For, although certainly mindful of the national context, the citizens of Bowsman were undoubtedly thinking of their own town first as they watched their privies burn. Using the 'Centennial sewage system' of Bowsman as a national symbol places the community in Canada, but also reinforces the distinct (and different) quality of the event. In Toronto, Montreal, Halifax or Calgary, this celebration would have made no sense. It would have had nothing to do with a Centennial celebration because it would have been foreign, utterly removed from the local Canadian identity.

The local community is where Canada exists, for it is a conception in the mind of the individual, something one either accepts or discards- the 'little people' *are* Canada,

they are the population within the imaginary walls of political boundaries. Fisher reminds them of their status as Canadians, he implores them to react, to respond to their identity as *Canadian*, and then he makes sure to recognize as many localities as possible through his campaigning for the celebration. As MacLeod writes, "In his four years of commission work [Fisher] has traveled roughly the equivalent of 10 times around the world, and he has come perilously close to averaging one speech a day to bring his message to every nook of Canada." If it had been an election, he would have won the seat. This is the politician marketing the nation to itself.

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The Shift: 1968

As we have seen in the two previous chapters, sometimes the articles that are designed purely for entertainment value are the ones which provide the deepest insight into the period. "Sometimes I Sat On The Bathtub And Cried" is one of these articles.[151] It is one year after the Centennial Summer, and a fashion writer named Keitha McLean has undertaken an experiment of sorts which has her traveling across Canada to visit hair salons in each of the major urban centres. This is "the fashionable - and frumpy - story of one woman's adventures in hairdressing salons from Montreal to Victoria." Never mind that she neglects the east- upon completing her experiment, McLean feels confident to proclaim that "it is easy to see that whatever the politicians might say, Canada is not one country. At least, not when it comes to hair." The article provides a brief description of the salon in each city, and then a critique of the experience of the haircut itself. Each section is illustrated by a photograph of McLean either mid- or post-procedure. Her

[151]"Sometimes I Sat On The Bathtub And Cried", *Weekend*, August 3, 1968.

odyssey begins in Montreal, presumably her hometown, which is important because it is suggestive of her urban identity. Montreal is where she gets a cut from "her favorite [sic] hairdresser" (who, we learn, was "at one time Sassoon's top stylist and assistant in New York") who tells her that "most Canadian women... still consider a good hairstyle one that lasts 10 days."

McLean then takes this favourable cut, which is vaguely described as "swingy" to Winnipeg to see what they would do to it. The experience of Winnipeg's beauty salons takes up the most space in the three-page article. First, McLean is stood up by her first choice of a local "top stylist." "Instead of tearing the place apart with my bare hands, I inquired where else I could go. They reluctantly suggested a large department store. ('Winnipeg is *still* a department store town,' one lady journalist informed me.)" And so, armed with her nettled disposition and snobbish disdain for the department store salon, McLean arrives at her second choice to find that "it was decorated more like a hospital than a beauty salon." But it gets worse.

> After subjecting me to a scalp-fracturing shampoo, the stylist set deftly and confidently to work with rollers. My spirits quickly plunged, however, as I noticed all the stylists carving out old-fashioned shapes with the old-fashioned razors, and I watched mesmerized as one unsuspecting customer was *shaved* up the back of her neck with electric clippers.

When it all was over, McLean claims that she "slunk back to the hotel, and brushed out as much as I could, then sat on the side of the bathtub and cried." But, her Winnipeg experience was not over yet. She finally got a chance to visit the "most IN salon" in the city to get her hair fixed. This experience, incredibly, was worse than the last- "My hairstyle," she laments, was "sort of a combined long, short and ghastly."

In Calgary, however, this disaster was at least slightly diffused. "While Roberto gave me a style I didn't particularly like, it was a good, up-to-date set, and I left the salon with my hair looking like real hair." Next, McLean visited Edmonton, where she "discovered to my astonishment that NOBODY would recommend *anybody*... *all* Edmonton hairdressers were good." However, her assessment of the performance of one of the top hairdressers was "dismal." Vancouver, on the other hand, was

> a delightful surprise... I would give [hairdresser] David Anson full marks for trying to upgrade the standard of hairdressing in the country. Because, like the Montreal hairdresser I'd chosen, while his original stylists were all London-trained, he is now taking on more and more Canadian apprentices to learn his techniques.

Next stop, Victoria, and "a diabolical torture." Toronto was much more pleasant: "I was only a little disappointed with the Toronto stylist," she tells us in the five sentence-long, almost dismissive paragraph devoted to the experience. Finally, McLean arrives in Ottawa to find "a sophisticated Victoria" where the stylist essentially "did nothing."

Back home in Montreal after her ordeal, McLean provides us with some telling conclusions: "I know as well as anybody that *la jeune Montréalaise* might have a different style sense than a Victoria secretary... [but] I believe that girls in towns right across Canada deserve as good hairdressing- especially from their towns' *top* stylists- as any girl in Toronto or Vancouver or Montreal." And so they should- but McLean's article has gone much further than simply providing an outline to this point. Rather, she has gone a long way to show that not only are people in smaller urban centres not getting stylish haircuts, but that they don't even realize it. Her deliberate tactic of choosing only *top* stylists is suggestive of her desire to expose the 'old-fashioned' *haute couture* of each

smaller city. The sense that Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver are the only cities that can give you a proper, 'in' hairdo, and (more importantly) that this is because their styling techniques have been imported from Europe and New York, is suggestive of the way McLean means for us to look at urban Canada. It is a juxtaposition between the *in* and the *out*, the One and the Other.

Fashion, the great paradoxical underpinning of the individualist society, is a clear indicator of identity.[152] To be fashionable, one must be at once individual and yet part of a community- but the right community, mind you. Thus, while everyone that McLean spoke with in Edmonton assured her that you cannot get a bad haircut in the city, her conclusion is that the poor people of Edmonton simply don't know any better. She doesn't believe that "Edmonton hairdressers... are good enough for Edmonton women. That's like saying good hairdressers are good for big cities, but small-town hairdressers are good enough for small towns." This is an insult wrapped in an awkward compliment. While Edmonton women might *deserve* better, they made it quite clear that in their view "all Edmonton hairdressers were equally excellent." McLean sounds dangerously close to pitying them for their ignorance. For their otherness.

The predictable results of the article are meant to entertain, but they also work to instruct. They teach Canadians that Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver still run the show with regard to style because they are the most influenced by the outside. It is no accident that McLean refers to European master Vidal Sassoon in each city, evaluating the quality of the salon on the basis of its relationship to his work. The standard to which Canadian style is compared has foreign legs, but is to be found in only the largest Canadian cities. The closer the relationship between a location and this foreign standard is precisely the

same as the relationship between the essential Canada of the "Red Rails" photograph and the constructed *chic* of a hairstyle. They are both symbols designed to represent identity- for McLean, the proper hairstyle implies a location and a community, a relationship with something other (or greater) than Canada. Everything else is simply *Canadian*: as mundane as rails in the rural sunset. 'In' Canada is Toronto, Montreal and Vancouver- everything else is decidedly 'out'. The rural, antimodern communities are not even considered in the article. To be urban is to be modern, and the great crime as McLean sees it is that most of these supposedly modern centres do not enjoy a modern style. She is crusading for Edmonton, but blindly ignoring Churchill. Just as the 'Squid-Jiggin' song states above, the silk hankies, white shirts and collars are to be left in the city.

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Snapshot, 1968: The cover of the magazine is split in two, divided directly down the middle of the page. On the left, a family of six sits rather sedately on a bench at what looks like Nathan Phillip's Square in Toronto. On the right, a family of five smile excitedly in the shadow of a looming Chateau Frontenac in Quebec. Rising up from the top of the head of the father on the left is a comic book-style speech bubble which proclaims in bold letters: "Bonjour, Toronto." On the right, above the ebullient face of one of the small children: "Hello, Quebec." It is winter in both cities, and the two families are wearing toques, mittens, gloves and overcoats. Both look to be middle class, perhaps because of their modest clothing, but also because of the sense that these families are meant to represent something beyond what they are- they are not just two families, but maybe even two provinces in representation. They are the average, the norm. They are not just two families, but rather two cultures, two languages, two nations. At the

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[152]And hair, as we have seen in the preceding chapter, is very much a statement about identity.

bottom of the page, straddling both images, is the selling point: "La famille de Gérard LeBlond est à Toronto and the family of Jack Wallace is in Quebec City. To find out pourquoi, turn la page, s.v.p." This is a complex image- while at first one might take it as a statement about the ease of integration of French and English in Canada, as suggested by the intermingling of the two languages, there is something more going on here. The families only *look* integrated; they have in fact simply exchanged cities for a vacation. They are beside each other, but there is no indication that they share anything in common apart from that. This is novelty, not an examination of any true aspect of Canadian society. The proposition that is set up at the bottom of the page does not suggest anything less than that we must think it rather odd that a French family would be in Ontario and an English one in Quebec City. The ostensible point of the article is the entertainment value of an ironic juxtaposition of French in Ontario and English in Quebec. We are enticed to "turn la page" to find out why these people are visiting a place in which they *do not belong*.[153] But when we do, we find an article about the success of enforced bilingualism, coloured by a sports metaphor complete with references to "opposing teams" in a game called Canada.

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The Struggle For Recognition: 1969-1973

After 1968 and the ascendancy of Frank Lowe as the new editor of *Weekend*, vague, but perceptible changes begin to take place. The magazine seems no longer sure about what it wants to say about Canada, or how Canadians will receive its message. The national community has fragmented- the articles become more specialized, less general.

[153] *Weekend*, cover, April 6, 1968.

They begin to look at edgier, more controversial topics without sanitizing the stories. The sense that the audience is restless, or perhaps even hostile to many of the positions taken by the magazine is evident in the new reader response sections fittingly entitled "Attack" and "Counterattack". A tone of apology, even occasionally of shame, begins to permeate the articles on minorities in Canada. In short, the *flavour* of the magazine begins to change. The cohesion and union that characterized the Canada on the pages leading up to and including 1967 is becoming fragmented. The individual, local identities which had been so carefully included as distinct pockets of difference seem more difficult to incorporate into the national fold. Even articles on racism begin to appear which recognize the failure of Canada to integrate its minority identities. The bubble of consensus is burst.[154]

Just five years after the article on Edith Josie and Old Crow discussed above, an entirely different article about native Canadians appears in *Weekend*. James Quig, the *Square Writer* from Chapter Three, returns with another story about the outsider looking in. This time the story begins far from the rock 'n' roll club, in his own living room. After dinner, just when "everything [is] as it should be," his children start asking him to explain to them where the "bad Indians live." The remainder of the article follows the adventure undertaken by Quig and his family as they "Journey Into Understanding."[155] Quig and his wife gather up their four children and head off to Moosonee and "the land of the Cree," taking the Polar Bear Express through Ontario's northeast. Along the way, Quig's children befriend a young Cree girl who barely speaks English, witness some "little

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[154]The notion of *recognition* as I employ it has been led by the work of Charles Taylor. Specifically, I am indebted to his The Malaise Of Modernity (Concord: Anansi, 1991) for its discussion of the definition of the individual identity, and his essay "The Politics of Recognition" in Multiculturalism ed. Amy Gutman (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1994), 25-73.

settlements,"[156] and look "into the eyes of a hundred and more Cree kids." Quig outlines the journey on the Polar Bear Express as marked by exciting differences- he and his family refuse to take seats in the more comfortable section of the train, opting instead to sit in the car that is "filled with Indians."

By way of introduction, Quig relates some of the "facts" that he has uncovered from "government folders" that he has brought with him. Among his findings: "today many of the Crees carry on their nomadic life much as they did in the past, fishing, hunting, trapping, and trading their furs." Quig seems to truly want to inform his audience, and to teach us the very same lesson that he would teach his children. The assumption is that we *all* want to make this journey with him- we all need to journey into understanding. This article could never have appeared in the years before 1969. It is part of the new, more fragmented vision of Canada in *Weekend*. Quig and his family are you and your family- you have a problem, and you need to resolve it. You (or worse, your children) are racist. You need to make the journey into understanding, to recognize and to respect this minority culture.

For when Quig arrives at his first 'settlement', he is shocked. "[We] wondered what it might be like in those shacks when it was 30 below in January. We... wondered what hope they had of developing beyond the narrow bonds of their little settlements. We looked into the eyes of a hundred old men and women as they stood stoically along the rails and watched the white man's train go by." The dialectic of white man/red man and modern/premodern is important. The juxtaposition is as strong here as it was in the

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[155]"Journey Into Understanding", *Weekend*, November 8, 1969.

[156]Funny that he doesn't call them towns or even villages, but rather settlements. We have entered another, premodern time. It should be noted that, to give Quig the benefit of the doubt, these villages *could*

'Bonjour Toronto' cover. Quig takes his family, and his readers, into a place where it is clear that they do not belong, in an effort to *understand*. This is the key difference between Quig's article and those of his predecessors at *Weekend*. Somewhere along the line a shift has taken place from the outsider looking in to the outsider *journeying* in. The in/out dichotomy is maintained, but it is done so more sensitively. Quig, for all of his falling down, is trying to *recognize* a culture which he feels that Canada has forsaken. But his efforts carry with them the new version of *Weekend*'s Canada- the broken mirror which we must endeavor to repair.[157]

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An editorial by Frank Lowe from early 1972 puts all of this into perspective.[158] The editorial, signed underneath with a blurry signature, has become a regular feature since Lowe's arrival in 1968. The greater emphasis on the individual opinion at *Weekend* may be behind this addition, but regardless, the effect is something closer to a weekly thesis statement. Each issue is anchored by Lowe's assessment of the week's central theme. This week, his editorial works both to outline the theme of the particular issue and to describe a trend that has been developing at *Weekend* for some time. The trend that he

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be termed settlements because they are non-traditional communities into which the nomadic Cree have been forcibly 'settled'.

[157]Quig's article was a kind of watershed. In the next four years, no fewer than ten articles appear with such apologetic, instructional intentions. From issues as divisive as racism toward blacks ("A Land Of Shattered Hopes" *Weekend*, February 28, 1970; "Racism in Antigonish" *Weekend*, October 7, 1972"), to racist policy toward Inuit ("Eskimos- Death of A Way of Life", *Weekend*, February 14, 1970) and Canadian involvement in the Vietnam War ("Canadians Who Adopt Vietnamese Children", *Weekend*, November 20, 1971), these articles speak of a new complexity in the relationship between the One and the Other in Canada.

[158]See Frank Lowe, I Beg To Differ (Montreal: Infocor, 1973). His book is a collection of whimsical articles and stories written during the Fifties and Sixties, and can serve as an introduction to his world view. The chapters have such telling titles as "Scotch on the rocks" (23-25), "My wife's a pre-worrier" (59-61), "The Rolling Stones gather no praise" (130-133), and "Girls that lovely should dance a lot" (139-141).

identifies is the deliberate recognition of "The Other Canada."[159] He explains that since *Weekend* is not bound by the same constraints as a newspaper with regard to the newsworthiness of its subjects, perhaps *Weekend* should endeavor to focus upon those people who do not have a hand in "what we call news." He explains: "...there are something like 20 million people in this country. Very few of them are politicians or criminals. Not too may, fortunately, get involved in disasters. They are the people who really make this country. Yet normally nobody ever reads about them." The 'little people' from Fisher's Centennial campaign are the same people to whom Lowe refers. But this time, it is a recognition of the Canada of others, of individuals whose voices carry their own tunes- the harmony achieved by Fisher is inconceivable in Lowe's assessment. 'The Other Canada' for Lowe is populated by antimodern people "living a way of life which, for one reason or another, is disappearing." Remnants of a premodern Canada that has been subsumed under the weight of the modern world; a nation in fragments, discarded, dying.

> One of our earliest efforts, I recall, was to tell how that vanishing breed- the one-man, one-boat fisherman- lives. In a day when fishing boats are getting larger and larger, company-owned and manned by hiring hands, the traditional fisherman, the fellow who with nothing but his own skill and muscle and boat kept a family alive, is fast becoming obsolete. But there are few left. And we found one living on the Nova Scotia shore.

This search for the Other marks the desire on the part of *Weekend Magazine* to uncover the antimodern Canada. The sense that it must be there, that it can be *found* is important. It is a search for the 'out' perpetrated by the 'in'. The effort to determine the links which connect the fragmented Canada of the early 1970s (the late Sixties), with a more easily

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[159]"The Other Canada", *Weekend*, February 5, 1972.

comprehensible past. The one-boat fisherman makes sense, as do the "one-family farm", "the country minister" and "the cowboys." These are the people who populate the essentialized landscape of the antimodern photographs from "This Is Canada." They are the anachronisms, the valued antiques which serve as symbols of a united nation, a simpler community. Lowe wants to portray these characters in his magazine not simply because they make for good copy, but because they represent something to a nation that is struggling to make sense of its community in the post-Centennial years.[160] What does it mean to be Canadian in the modern, multicultural world? Perhaps as a kind of admission of defeat, the early 1970s see Weekend clinging to The Other Canada like a raft, or a lover, amid the maelstrom of a vanishing national identity.

[160]See McKay, The Quest Of The Folk, 30-34 for a discussion of the psychology behind the maintenance of the antimodern Folk identity in the Maritimes.

Conclusion:

Is This Canada?

Perhaps Canada, the land of overlapping and conflicting identities, is the sort of place that defies the rationalists' (and the constitution-makers') desire for precision and order. Therein, perhaps, lie several of our present dilemmas.
-Ian McKay[161]

Photography is an elegiac art, a twilight art. Most subjects photographed are, just by virtue of being photographed, touched with pathos... All photographs are momento mori. *To take a photograph is to participate in another person's (or thing's) mortality, vulnerability, mutability. Precisely by slicing out this moment and freezing it, all photographs testify to time's relentless melt.*
-Susan Sontag[162]

Throughout the Sixties, *Weekend Magazine* was about inventing and maintaining a version of Canada that could be marketed, directed, and controlled. The years leading up to the Centennial Summer were characterized at *Weekend* by a perpetuated distance between subject and magazine, between the One and the Other. In this period, *Weekend*'s Canada was to be understood as an inclusive nation, but one in which difference was explored, celebrated, and *maintained*. Gender divisions were entrenched, youth culture was marginalized, and the non-urban became the antimodern, Other Canada. In the years following the Centennial, and after Frank Lowe became the new editor in 1968, the emphasis on unity in *Weekend*'s Canada began to dissipate. Articles became less inclusive, less apt to reassure their readers. Difference became more than just an aspect of Canadian national identity as represented by the magazine, but even seems to have

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[161]Ian McKay, Introduction to The Challenge of Modernity ed. McKay (Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1992), xxi.

[162]Susan Sontag, On Photography (New York: Anchor Books, 1973), 15.

constituted this very identity. *Weekend*- like English Canada- had lost its centre, its anchor, its vision of a united Canada. While in the first half of the Sixties it was about articulating a power structure that held at its core certain dichotomies of difference (boys vs. girls, good vs. bad youth, English vs. French, modern vs. antimodern), by the end of the period we can see that this power structure has been disassembled, confused. *Weekend* was, by the late Sixties, less capable of maintaining the myth of a united Canada, the myth of millions of harmonious voices singing together. Rather, it stumbled through the discordant noise of so many overlapping, conflicting identities, each singing its own, individual anthem. This was no longer (*Weekend*'s) Canada.

Following the constructed celebration of 1967, there is an obvious shift in the tenor of the articles. *This is Canada* becomes "Who Needs Ottawa";[163] articles on heroes like Tim Horton become laments for the demise of a Canadian national sport;[164] the cover proclaims "Read By More Canadians Than Any Other Magazine" even as the lead article is entitled "Uncle Sam Needs Us."[165] *Weekend*'s Canada, beginning to recognize the irony of the union of fragments that it has invented, steps out of the accidental clothing of modernism and into a kind of postmodern shroud. Ultimately, *Weekend*'s Canada can be read as "A Land Of Shattered Hopes,"[166] a place where "Innocence" has been lost.[167] It can be good for one, unfair for another, and meaningless for both. It is a place where a 'longhair' can assert his own cultural identity, where a rock star can claim *difference* and I, in turn, can reassert my own version of this difference. It is tangent without centre, voice without body, so many Others losing sight of the One. In 1971, Ontarian poet Al

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[163]"Who Needs Ottawa", *Weekend*, July 12, 1969.
[164]"Remember When Hockey Was Canadian?", *Weekend*, March 20, 1971.
[165]Cover, *Weekend*, June 27, 1970.
[166]"A Land Of Shattered Hopes", *Weekend*, February 28, 1970.

Purdy described his vision of the nation as "the cartography of myself."[168] This is a vision of a personal Canada- a Canada of individuals, of 'little people', looking to the maps that they have drawn, grounded in subjective representations of the land. A community of *myselves*. In these late Sixties, Canada has (dis)agreed, the pageant that was *Weekend*'s Canada begins to evaporate, and the multicultural national identity begins to take its nebulous form.

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Snapshot, 1968: An October afternoon, bright and clear, the branches alive in a dazzling array of colour. A country road actually seems to glide away from you, actually gliding through the centre of the photo, down through a valley, off into farmland and horizon. In the foreground, framed by the autumn leaves, two figures walk, hands in their pockets, down the long road. This is one of those photographs which can leave you breathless, stoned on the interplay of light and shadow, perspective and immediacy. *This Is Canada*. One of the later entries in the "This Is Canada" series, there is a sense of finality here; a certain autumnal foreboding. Winter is coming. "There's really no choice on a sunny mid-October afternoon," reads the caption, "you simply have to be outdoors." Celebrate the calm, beautiful weather; cherish it, because nothing gold can stay. "The air is warm and musky," the caption imagines along with you. "A crow squawks. A squirrel scurries through crispy leaves." You can feel it, any Canadian can. We all know these sounds, these sensations, this Canada. We look up at the photograph and recognize our

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[167]"1970: The End Of Innocence", *Weekend*, December 26, 1970.

[168]Al Purdy, No Other Country (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1977), 11-18. Purdy uses this image of cartography to explain his sense of comfort and familiarity everywhere he goes in Canada. He

home in representation, put ourselves in the shoes of the two women "strolling down this country lane about a mile north of Kimberley [Ont.]," looking out over the land as it dies, awash in colour and beauty. This vision of serenity, of simplicity, is a vision of a Canada that is disappearing.

This Is Canada, the caption laments: "If only it could last forever."[169]

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claims that the map of the country is the "cartography of myself". An identity in representation. The chapter from which I take the quotation was first written in 1971 (11).

[169]"This Is Canada: October Afternoon", *Weekend*, October 19, 1968.

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