

themselves. As the author acknowledges, the evidence of how recipients of the Fund felt about the charity was difficult to locate. Undoubtedly soldiers' wives wrote to their husbands about their financial burdens and the intrusion of the Fund into their personal lives, but letters sent to soldiers overseas did not often survive. As such, there is a scarcity of material from the wives' point of view. In a book about the soldiers' families, this missing piece is an inevitable, but lamentable, absence.

What is perhaps equally inevitable in a book of this type is the barrage of facts and figures that Morton provides about the Fund. The mid-section of the book is devoted to long descriptions of the financial and economic situation of the Fund in every province, with special emphasis placed on Montreal. While the statistics are undoubtedly important to the study of the economics of war, it can make for a dull and repetitive read. Morton's prose is lightened considerably when we hear from the actual soldiers or their wives. For instance, he quotes one soldier, writing with eagerness to his wife about his impending return. The soldier tells her that she had "better get used to seeing the ceiling for a very long time" (p. 218). This glimpse into the human side of the war's economics serves to make Morton's point more effectively than the figures he quotes at such length.

Ultimately, Morton's book captures the Fund's impressive history of sustained, near-continuous, volunteer fund-raising and management over the course of five fraught years. As Morton reflects, "Soldiering ... had never been a generous or a democratic trade" (p. 142). The Canadian Patriotic Fund was an attempt to redress that historic failure, and despite all of its weaknesses, it did so admirably. Morton's book is a useful history of this endeavour.

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**One Man's Documentary: A Memoir of the Early Years of the National Film Board.** GRAHAM McINNES, edited and introduced by GENE WALZ. Winnipeg: University of Manitoba Press, 2004. 233 p. ISBN 0-88755-679-5.

Graham McInnes' memoir of his six years at the National Film Board (NFB), beginning just when it was being founded in 1939, is valuable and great fun. It is a lively, literate, evocative, and intelligent personal account of the formative environment, personalities, and projects of those important years. It is a memoir that should find its way onto the shelves of every scholar of film and cultural studies in Canada, and every university and public library in the country.

Graham McInnes was a writer, before and after his NFB career, working for CBC radio, as a freelancer, as an art critic, as a diplomat, as a novelist, and as a memoirist. It shows. Seth Feldman, eminent Canadian film historian, is dead

on when he is quoted on the back cover describing how McInnes wrote with “literate assurance – it’s like picking up a 1940s issue of the *The New Yorker*.” Admittedly, this also means that McInnes sounds more than a little old-fashioned. His graciousness and eloquence often disguise his astute observations on his colleagues and his times, for our ears accustomed to more astringent and strident language. Thus we do have to read slowly and be ready to enjoy a voice from another age.

The evocations of those early days at the National Film Board are literary and historic jewels to be treasured from many perspectives. Here are just a few sentences that allow the reader to enter that sawmill on the Ottawa River where the NFB began:

It was a great barn of a place with a cement floor, fibreboard partitions and windows only at the extreme river end. Over the clatter of movieolas and the whirr and whine of rewinds, the sudden metallic surges and snatches of unidentifiable sound effects and truncated music, hang a dangerous pall of cigarette smoke, in a building stored at all times with at least half a million feet of highly inflammable nitrate stock. Into this enormous room the bewildered acolyte was hurled, to sink or swim in the dog-eat-dog rate race of making wartime documentaries (p. 43).

Similarly, the very feel of the streets and corridors of Ottawa in the early 1940s is poignantly recreated for the reader.

The memoir’s portraits of the people of those days are equally vivid and memorable. The characterizations of the Brits – “British Poets and Pundits,” the Yanks – “American Professionals,” and the Canadians – “Canada Prose-lytes” who were hastily thrown together is great fun and rings true. There are few outright villains in the mix with McInnes obviously having a high tolerance for idiosyncrasies and strong personalities. Particularly his close and respectful relationship with Grierson and his unqualified admiration for the genius of Norman McLaren are warmly and effectively characterized.

Moving image archivists will find of particular interest the frequent references to the dangers of the nitrate film that some were treating so casually and carelessly. Indeed McInnes documents in prose, and in a mock-heroic poem, a nitrate fire of newsreel footage during their time at the old Ottawa sawmill. This footage was being hastily shot and assembled for Grierson’s vision of a regular Canadian newsreel production and the fire represents both a tragic loss for the archival record, but also for our troubled history of film production in Canada.

McInnes went on after the NFB to a career in diplomacy and this undoubtedly informs his refusal to comment on the NFB in the twenty-five years after his leaving. There certainly is a sense of a “golden age” in his memoir and thus one can only imagine the intriguing observations he could have offered on all the NFB went through after his tenure. One cannot fault McInnes, or

Gene Walz, the editor, for that matter, for this tantalizing absence. However, we regret McInnes' early demise at the age of fifty-eight and surmise that he might well have given us further memoirs if he had lived longer. One wonders if McInnes did not leave an archival record somewhere, somehow, since he obviously loved the written word so fondly. Further, this absence reminds us of how valuable an oral history of Graham McInnes would have been, if someone could have undertaken it.

The introduction by Walz, who teaches film and film history at the University of Manitoba, is well researched and provides a useful context for the McInnes memoir. He fully appreciates what a treasure he has stumbled onto here. Walz answers most of the questions we would have of McInnes though some hint at the cause of his premature death would have been intriguing. He has also contributed useful and necessary annotations for some of the personalities and titles that the memoir assumes the reader will be familiar with. A timeline, or insertions, of milestones in the life of Graham McInnes would have been helpful as the memoir avoids dates almost altogether. One can deduce that McInnes would have been twenty-seven when he joined the NFB, and in his fifties when he wrote this memoir, but otherwise we have little sense of the sequence in which events happened during these six formative years at the NFB. Conspicuously and surprisingly missing in such a careful and thoughtful book is an index. This would facilitate reference to the dozens of names and projects being observed, and useful for any study of our cultural history of this period.

Walz discusses the greater impact that this book could have had, and should have had, on the history of the NFB if it had been published earlier. Its fulsome admiration of Grierson could have nuanced and muted the abuse that his reputation has endured. Also, an earlier publication would undoubtedly have challenged and stimulated his colleagues to write their own memoirs of this same period, or subsequent years. But it was not particularly "fashionable" to publish such a memoir before now, and even today Walz and the University of Manitoba Press are to be congratulated for bringing it to print.

But why do academics, filmmakers, journalists, and most everyone else so often have to describe the memoir as having "languished" (p. vii) as the preface does? Other favourite expressions are "dusty," "neglected," "hidden away," "buried," etc., invariably implying delinquency of the archives or the library where they were "discovered" by the dedicated researcher. Is it too much to ask that the archives or library be congratulated for carefully husbanding these resources until the "discoverer" deemed them fit for their attention?

We have much other such documentation just waiting to be "discovered," particularly in the area of film and broadcasting, where these memoirs and evidence need to be "discovered" and published. The surviving records of the filmmakers and broadcasters often do not document the personalities, the battles, the issues, or the fast-paced decision-making environment of these

worlds. Moreover, the quasi-ephemeral world of audiovisual production does not lend itself to consistent and reliable evidence. The legacy within this world tends to be measured by the audience claimed for the most recent production, and the budget boasted of for the current project. Thus the informal and half-completed memoirs, private correspondences, oral history interviews, and even debates and exchanges within the institutional records, have to be searched out, annotated, and published.

In the meantime, we will treasure this account and use it as a high standard with which to judge potential further publishing.

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**A Prisoner in the Garden: Opening Mandela's Prison Archive.** NELSON MANDELA FOUNDATION. Toronto: Penguin, 2005. 207 p. ISBN 0-670-006488-2.

In 1990, Nelson Mandela became the world's most famous free man. A prisoner of South Africa's Apartheid regime for twenty-seven years and a lifetime campaigner for equality and justice, Mandela is known throughout the world as an outspoken advocate for humanity and understanding. He is a man associated with images of peace, freedom and justice, a living symbol of the injustices and healing possible in the world.

*A Prisoner in the Garden: Opening Nelson Mandela's Prison Archive* furthers the public's love affair with Mandela and his causes. This glossy and beautiful two-hundred-page volume is a production of the Nelson Mandela Foundation and its Centre of Memory, which "leads the development of a living legacy that captures the vision and values of Nelson Mandela's life and work" ([www.nelsonmandela.org](http://www.nelsonmandela.org), "Vision and Mission"). In 2004, the Foundation put together an exhibition that was the genesis of the book now under consideration.

The intent of the exhibition and this book is to bring attention not only to the official record, which documents the relationship between Mandela, as prisoner, and the authorities who faced him down, but to the wider idea of a Mandela Archive. In doing so, *Prisoner in the Garden* flirts with three main themes: the nature of this Mandela Archive; the act of record creation in an authoritarian environment; and the shaping of Mandela's legacy. All of these themes are explored in such a way as to be inoffensive to the general public yet extremely thought provoking to archivists whose rigorous adherence to structure and standards is challenged throughout this work.

From the opening pages of the book, the gauntlet is thrown down. Referring to an "infinite record," *Prisoner in the Garden*, claims that "whereas a con-