

Book Reviews

The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell. Volume II: 1914-1944. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1968. Pp. 268. \$8.95.

The urge to explain people is as dangerous as it is irresistible. Russell's character is extraordinarily complex. More than most men he is "an embodied paradox and a bundle of contradictions." The perils of oversimplification are correspondingly great. Is he a mirror of the times, or a voice from the past, or both together? On the whole what impresses me most about the second volume of his *Autobiography* is the enduring power of a tradition and its growing ascendancy over a man of brilliant intellect and equally intense, if rather impersonal, emotions. Volume I had opened like an earnest and purposive Victorian novel: "Three passions, simple but overwhelmingly strong, have governed my life: the longing for love, the search for knowledge and unbearable pity for the suffering of mankind." And the ensuing picture of the newly orphaned small boy arriving at Pembroke Lodge, and of what he found there, is unforgettable. But Volume II begins flatly: "The period from 1910 to 1914 was a time of transition." The progress is in fact regress. The tradition has begun to reassert itself and it is the tradition of the eighteenth century nobleman-scholar, infinitely curious, wildly unpractical, frequently impoverished, the gifted amateur, the eccentric lord (his charwoman neatly sums it up: "a very percenteric gentleman"), the rebel aristocrat faithfully rebelling in the aristocratic manner, obvious to common prudence, disdainful of "the filthy multitude" and contemptuous of public convention—in short, the privileged individualist.

Small wonder that we find him writing: "A civilized Chinese is the most civilized person in the world." For China (the China of his 1920 visit) he thinks is "what Europe would have become if the eighteenth century had gone on till now without industrialism or the French Revolution." Near the end of the volume he writes to Gilbert Murray (in 1943): "The eighteenth & nineteenth centuries were a brief interlude in the normal savagery of man; now the world has reverted to its usual condition."

In many ways the chronicle of these years is saddening. Growing cynicism and disillusionment have begun to accentuate the earlier volume's "life of intellect tempered by flippancy." Wit and irony become edged with sarcasm. Pot-boilers begin to supplant the great works of original scholarship. The sense of failure and of isolation increasingly preoccupies his thought. Wives and mistresses and "casual philandering" bring him no lasting consolation.

The war of 1914-18 changed everything for him, he says. "I had got rid of the don and the Puritan." But a kind of intellectual Puritanism remains. "To follow scientific intelligence wherever it may lead me had always seemed to me the most imperative of moral precepts for me, and I have followed this precept even when it has involved a loss of what I myself had taken for deep spiritual insight." But at what a cost! For it is a kind of intellectual self-mutilation. To me the most poignant words in this whole volume (they are addressed to Colette O'Neil after their mutual parting) are of his one-time hope again with her "to touch the joy that is as real as pain." Pain has become the reality, and the reality of pain has become the touchstone of the reality of joy.

If there is a clue to the understanding of the contradictions in Russell's complicated nature, it is here. His prolonged agonizing over God and religion further illustrate it. He has had undoubted visitations of the numinous and the mystical. In Volume I he had written to Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson: "Seriously, the unmythical, rationalistic view of life seems to me to omit all that is most important and most beautiful." In the present volume he can still write (again to Colette O'Neil: "Somehow that is how I want to live, so that as much of life as possible may have that quality of eternity . . . of course I don't succeed in living that way, but that is 'the shining key to peace'." Yet Mrs. Bernard Shaw received a quite different impression. In a letter to Russell she says: "I have a very strong mystical turn in me, which does not appear in public, and I find your stuff the best corrective and *steadier* I ever came across!"

All men, it has been said, are lovers of God, some happy, some unhappy in their love. At 18, before entering Cambridge, Russell had already decided that "a theological proposition should not be accepted unless there is the same kind of evidence for it that would be required for a proposition in science." So the love of God, like the love of women, in the end brings only pain. It brings pain because what he wants from God, and from women, is not so much their love as the enlargement of his mind, in line with the dictates of scientific intelligence. And the pain, in its turn, creates the protective cover-up of levity. There is an ironical aptness in the mocking conclusion of his *Nightmares of Eminent Persons* (1954): "He sighed and muttered to himself, 'Could I but return to the old Sublimities! Ah, how hard is the Life of Reason!'"

Nonetheless, though curiously blind to many things that would be immediately evident to less cerebrally complicated natures, there is here a kind of Quixotic greatness. Mathematics, logic, metaphysics, God, love, politics, all from time to time have failed him. Yet he remains what, in the Epilogue to the dictated but unpublished autobiography of 1931 (the basis of the earlier and more substantial part of the present volume), he thinks the increasingly tight control by the state over its subjects will soon make no longer possible: a splendid individual.

Of course Volume II is not all gloom, pain, and solitude. I have said noth-

ing of the incidents of his life: of his wives, his mistresses, his friendships, his relations with Moore, Wittgenstein, Whitehead, T. S. Eliot, Conrad, D. H. Lawrence and a host of others; of his experimental school, his pacifism, his imprisonment and the loss of his Cambridge fellowship; of his visits to Russia and China after the First World War, and at a later date his much publicised American misadventures; of his championship of unpopular causes many of which have become the accepted commonplaces of today. Scarcely less than in Volume I there is a feast of good things: sparkling epigrams, amusing stories, the most candid personal revelations, forceful judgements on familiar figures and events, all conveyed with a fine, at times, almost Humean, economy of words. Here are wit, good humour, generosity, devastating frankness, frivolity verging on flippancy, courage, humanity, aspiration, despondency, acute agony, ecstasy both mystical and amorous, the turmoil of the emotions and the excitements of the intellect; but not yet serenity. Will it come in Volume III?

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Phoenix II: More Uncollected Writings. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Edited and with an Introduction by WARREN ROBERTS and HARRY T. MOORE. New York: Viking Press [Toronto: Macmillan of Canada], 1968. Pp. xv, 640. \$12.50.

The important publishing event in Lawrence circles thus far in 1968 has been the production of *Phoenix II* and the reissuing, at the same time, of *Phoenix I*, as the first collection of miscellaneous Lawrence works is now called. It has taken two editors to bring together, as the subtitle puts it, "stories and sketches, essays, reviews, introductions, a translation, and unpublished autobiographical material." *Phoenix II* is impressive, not only in its variety but in the richness of its creativity, which once again reveals Lawrence as a genius. But those who expect a wealth of new Lawrence writing will be disappointed. Despite their impeccable credentials as Lawrence experts, Messrs. Roberts and Moore are much too casual in their explanatory notes of just what is new in *Phoenix II*. In the Note on *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*, for example, the editors say: "Of the essays in this book, *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine*, 1925, 'The Novel,' 'Him with His Tail in His Mouth,' 'Blessed Are the Powerful,' 'Love Was Once a Little Boy,' 'Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine,' and 'Aristocracy' were previously unpublished" (p. 633). If this were so, how would they explain *D. H. Lawrence: Selected Essays* (Penguin, 1950), in which appeared "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine" (pp. 55-72); and, furthermore, what about *Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine* (Indiana University Press, Midland Books, 1958), where many students have been reading *all* the "previously unpublished" essays listed by the editors?

Another example of editorial casualness is found in the Introduction to

Phoenix II, where there is a paragraph on Lawrence's activities as "a creative translator, bringing the material over into English in his own vital prose" (p. xi). The editors repeat, without proof of any kind, Bertram Rota's story that Lawrence helped Koteliensky with his translation of Dostoevsky's *The Grand Inquisitor*. An examination of the Lawrence-Koteliensky correspondence in the British Museum does not support any such collaboration. Lawrence was extremely ill during the days when the collaboration is supposed to have taken place, and he wrote only the "Introduction"; even if Koteliensky told the story (which is doubtful), the record proves him wrong.

A further piece of misinformation about Lawrence as a translator is to be seen in what the editors say about "The Gentleman from San Francisco," which the "Notes" state "originally appeared in *The Gentleman from San Francisco and Other Stories*, by I. A. Bunin." They should have pointed out that this story first appeared in *The Dial* (January, 1922, pp. 47-68) where it was plainly published as translated by D. H. Lawrence and S. S. Koteliensky. Nor do the editors seem to have noticed that the *Dial* version of "The Gentleman from San Francisco" is not identical with that which was published in the edition of the work they cite in the Introduction. It would, I think, have been more useful to have the magazine version. The same is true of "The Crown," which first appeared in *The Signature*. Since the book version is readily available, would not the periodical version be the one to include in *Phoenix II*? Or if the book version was to be included, why not provide notes on the alterations made by Lawrence? More readers ought to have the opportunity to see what Lawrence means when he says, "I alter 'The Crown' only a very little."

Nonetheless, such lapses on the part of the editors need not discourage the reader, who will find some pieces that are new in *Phoenix II* and many that have been conveniently collected in a single volume. And with *Phoenix I* also available in the same binding and format, the two volumes are indispensable Lawrence materials. The bindings are durable, the type large and readable (in this day of microscopic print no inconsiderable achievement), and even the dust jackets are tastefully refreshing. The volumes are worth the price.

The real value of *Phoenix II* is in such pieces as "Mr. Noon," a full-length novella made available for the first time since it was published in *A Modern Lover* (1934). There are two interesting autobiographical pieces, "[Return to Bestwood]" and "On Coming Home," both previously unpublished. The incomparable "Introduction to the *Memoirs of the Foreign Legion*", long since out of print, is here in full, as is a whole series of articles which Lawrence wrote for a variety of periodicals and which were once available in *Assorted Articles* (1932), but not since. There is, in addition, a section from *Women in Love*, which will no doubt start a new wave of Lawrencean psychoanalysis. And for those who may recall that Lawrence was once a schoolmaster (and, if we omit Milton, perhaps the most famous

schoolmaster turned writer) there are two previously unpublished pieces called "Lessford's Rabbits" and "Lesson on a Tortoise." These reveal what a sensitive and a sensible schoolmaster Lawrence was.

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The Reformation in England to the Accession of Elizabeth I. Edited by A. G. DICKENS and DOROTHY CARR. London: Edward Arnold [Toronto: Macmillan of Canada], 1967. Pp. vii, 168. \$3.95 (paper \$2.50).

Professor A. G. Dickens is one of the foremost scholars of the English Reformation. *The English Reformation*, published in 1964, to name but one of his books, has become indispensable reading for students of the period. He now makes readily available, with the assistance of Miss Dorothy Carr, a volume of basic documents of the Reformation from 1520 to 1558, providing evidence of the complexity of the movement. The English Reformation was not simply legal and constitutional, even though the Henrician Reformation of the 1530s must be sharply distinguished from the introduction into England of Protestant doctrines. Its causes as well as its effects were religious, intellectual, conomic, and social. And at no time and in no reign, the editors emphasize, were religious changes merely acts of state.

As a collection of relevant documents, one in the series of Documents of Modern History, edited by A. G. Dickens and Alan Davies, the book should be welcomed. The usual compilations of constitutional and ecclesiastical materials are either expensive or hard to come by. There is a useful Introduction and Epilogue, together with valuable introductory notes, and a brief Glossary, in which unfamiliar or obsolete terms such as "adiaphorism" and "impropriations" are elucidated.

The documents themselves present evidence of the contemporary criticism of the clergy, late Lollardy and early Protestantism, the legal bases of the Henrician reformation, and the state of doctrine and discipline from 1536 to 1558. Materials are included concerning the dissolution of the monasteries. The Statutes establishing the Protestant revolution under Edward VI and the return to Roman Catholicism under Mary are cited. Among the many interesting documents, the extremes presented in the autobiography of the thorough-going Protestant Thomas Hancock, on the one hand, and in Robert Parkyn's conservative, late-medieval Catholic *Narrative of the Reformation* on the other, indicate the diversity of the contemporary opinions. And it is worth noting that Foxe's *Acts and Monuments* provides a number of the extracts.

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Canadian Books

Ox Bells and Fireflies. By ERNEST BUCKLER. New York. Alfred A. Knopf [Toronto: McClelland and Stewart], 1968. Pp. 302. \$7.95.

On the strength of two novels, *The Mountain and the Valley* (1952) and *The Cruellest Month* (1963), Ernest Buckler has been described by Claude Bissell as "the subtlest sensibility of contemporary Canadian prose fiction". Similar praise is fully justified by his third book, *Ox Bells and Fireflies*, although some queries may arise as to the purely fictional quality of the work, sub-titled "A Memoir".

While his ostensibly "non-fiction" book was in progress, Buckler said that the aim was "to give a comprehensive picture, descriptive and analytical, of Nova Scotian village life as I witnessed it at the time of my childhood and after"—a way of life that has now vanished *forever*. "I should like to triangulate it, so to speak, within the mingling stream of heritage, material change and social mutation." Buckler has achieved this purpose with the novelist's technique, using fact, incident, and character as "the prism of theme", while subordinating the autobiographical elements to the objective general portrait he offers of "Norstead" (the fictional name of his "no more place"). So the sub-title really is a ploy of the novelist.

Ox Bells and Fireflies is the culmination of both the man and the novelist's principal motivation: the need for a human equation that would express the essence of time and place and that would reconcile the "rustic" and the "more sophisticated" man. The significance of this reconciliation is gradually revealed to the reader, in the twenty-one varieties of subtly textured chapters, as he realizes that what he is sharing with one of the most articulate of English prose stylists is the many-faceted way of life of the rustics, who "however inchoate their expression sometimes was, . . . were equally charged with depths and intricacies of thought and feeling as the more sophisticated."

The "non-fiction" approach frees the novelist from some of his limitations. The intensely possessive narrator of the first novel is at work, but not at such an unrelieved high pitch and unrelenting immediacy as before. The analytical narrator who nurtured the "more sophisticated" characters (who explored and discovered themselves in the second novel and appear there only parenthetically to keep the "memoir" in a context that is not merely "wispy elegiac") is also employed. The first novel came to grips with the *flesh* translating itself; the second was an examination of the *bones* of life (in the intellectual sense); *Ox Bells and Fireflies* is a contemplative record of the *spirit* of "the way it was." The style is generally more relaxed and casual, but the perception is clear and the insight sudden. This is the

magic of memory's "second chance": "The heart, far less misty-eyed than the mind, despite its sentimental name, is far sounder witness. Once in a while it leaps of its own accord—through the skin, through the flesh, through the bone—straight back to the pulse of another time, and takes all of you with it." With the rhythm varied by the use of the first, second, and third point of view, the book's structure and the reader's immediacy are paced expertly after the fashion of memory. At times the speaker in the narrative, like the speaker in a poem (for the book is a prose-poem), seems to take the reader by the hand in Whitmanesque fashion. There is a feeling that "he who touches this book touches a man". But Buckler is not merely a namer, sharing in the act of creation, like Adam or the "Child that Went Forth"; his customary strength of simile and juxtaposed clusters of imagery evoke from the reader constellations of thought and feeling and from the narrator whispers or shouts: "I have created it . . . I see the oracle in it."

The book is a continuing counterpoint of sadness and joy, life and death, reverence and vigorous humour, told from the child's, the man's, and the woman's point of view. By tapping memory, Buckler has tapped what seems to be a bottomless well-spring of the crowning moments of a lifetime, including "the man's knowing that for each saving instant that brimmed him whole his wife had one of her own".

One moment the young boy leaps with the "unexpected fireflies of what could only be called pure joy" where there is no "moth of disenchantment in any fold of the cloth of the day". When everything seems like "instant Zen" and each day in a child's life a drug to each night's dreams, there is a note of warning: "The world outside, and its sour lessons, could wait." The next moment the adult spectrum (discovered outside Norstead) is summed up: "The whole world is stonestruck because there is nothing listening to *all* of it at once." There are the "bull's-eyes" of conversation, anecdote, and character sketches (forty-eight in one chapter). A man might see the ceremony of death in a glance at the farm where the dead lay and "maybe then his sight would blur with that strangest of human answers, the globe of a tear." At the conclusion of the funeral, "When for the space of a breath held each face lost its running total and collided with its own eyes," and then, when the ritual was over, "A kind of freedom welled up in everyone." By the final chapter, "Fireflies and Freedom", the narrator has shared this welling-up with the reader.

Ox Bells and Fireflies is fashioned with a deep love for those in whom neither the good nor the bad was counterfeit. So Buckler surpasses himself not only by translating experience, but by finding the mystery and oracle in all things without yielding to the sentimental and the nostalgic. He purges himself and his work of these pitfalls by objective clarification, judgment, and universal statement.

NATO: Issues and Prospects. By HARALD VON RIEKHOFF. Toronto: The Canadian Institute of International Affairs, 1967. Pp. 170. \$2.50.

Among the concerns of Canadians who engage in disputes about foreign policy, the question of the future of the North Atlantic Alliance has held in recent times an increasingly prominent place. Three major conferences dealing specifically with NATO have been convened in Canada in less than three years—the first in Ottawa and the others in Vancouver and Toronto—and a fourth will assemble at Dalhousie early in November. The recent election campaign, moreover, brought forth pronouncements on Canada's NATO policies from a number of senior candidates for public office and, because many of these were vaguely revisionist in tone, there has since developed a substantial body of comment in the editorial and correspondence columns of the daily press.

All of this makes Harald von Riekhoff's *NATO: Issues and Prospects* a timely book. It is not, however, a book through which the casually interested reader can lightly browse if he hopes thereby to obtain a quick and easy briefing on the problems of the Atlantic Alliance. The problems, alas, are much too complex for this, and von Riekhoff's rigorous treatment of them will make his contribution heavy reading for those who are unfamiliar with the language and calculus of strategy in the nuclear age, and who have not previously contemplated the difficult politics of alliance systems.

It will be unfortunate if this has the effect of limiting the book's circulation, for it contains as penetrating an account of the factors underlying the development and present condition of NATO as one could hope to find anywhere. Basing much of his argument on interviews with senior NATO and allied officials, von Riekhoff observes that many of the organization's problems are the result ultimately of the breadth of its membership and responsibilities. In greater or less degree, every alliance experiences difficulty in maintaining effective internal co-operation, but when it has as many as fifteen members, touches on three continents, and is expected to flourish under changing political and military conditions over a prolonged period of time, the task becomes especially formidable.

In the case of NATO, the internal tensions which have resulted from the diversities of interest and power among its members have surfaced in connection with a number of concrete issues, including, for example, the conduct of strategic planning, the distribution of the economic and military burden, the credibility of the American deterrent as it relates to the defence of Western Europe, the control and command of nuclear weapons, the character of small-power participation, and so on. The divisive effect of such questions as these has naturally varied according to military and political circumstances. The Europeans, as a case in point, became much less sure of the credibility of the American deterrent, as it applied to them, when the United States itself became vulnerable to Soviet missile attack, and there-

after they argued much more vigorously than before for a share in the control of the nuclear arsenal.

Von Riekhoff analyses the development of these issues in detail and recounts at length the various proposals that have been made for resolving them. His discussion is lucid and sound, and should excite no serious criticism. When he turns, of course, from academic analysis to suggestions for future policy, he inevitably covers more controversial ground. Nevertheless, he makes a sophisticated case for his view that NATO still performs important security functions in the international community and that to dismantle it now would be unwarranted and premature. He argues that the gradual weakening of the rigidities in East-West relations in recent years, particularly in Europe, derives from an enhanced sense of security which "is still very largely the result of the super-power nuclear stalemate extended to the European allies through the 'deterrent-exporting' mechanism of a common alliance framework." It follows that the removal of the mechanism would have a destabilizing effect which might well undermine the progress of the *detente*. If, on the other hand, it is retained, the governments of Western Europe will more readily accept the transitional risks and imbalances that will be involved in executing any agreements with the powers of the Warsaw Pact for the mutual reduction of force levels, the expansion of their economic relations, and the other prerequisites of *rapprochement*. The alliance performs, in any case, useful functions as a political clearing-house for its own members, promoting their habits of compromise and accommodation (a healthy development for the long term), keeping them informed of one another's intentions and interests, and providing a vehicle for informal consultation and the co-ordination of their individual efforts to improve their bilateral relations with the Soviet bloc.

A corollary of all this is that the smaller powers, Canada notably among them, should think carefully before reducing the size of their military contributions. In strategic terms, the significance of the Canadian effort has diminished enormously over the past decade or more, but politically it still "serves to preserve the integrated system of defence in Europe against the disintegrative challenges posed by [the withdrawal of France]," and it successfully underscores "continental interdependence by actively involving both North American members in Europe and not only the United States." A unilateral reduction of Canada's contribution would, in short, "provide other allies with strong internal pressures and inducements to adopt a similar course of action." It would also deprive this country of a vehicle for placing part of its relationship with the United States on a multilateral, and therefore less lop-sided, basis.

Von Riekhoff defends NATO well, but many will complain that this Canadian corollary is not very convincing. There is certainly no question that any present-day justification for the Canadian contribution must be political rather than military, for its strategic value could hardly be less. But the political argument is

weak. If the maintenance of the alliance is as important to the Europeans' sense of security as von Riekhoff implies, it is not at all clear how the reduction of obsolete Canadian forces would encourage its disintegration. In the unlikely event that the alliance is, in fact, dismantled within the near future, it will be because its members have decided that its costs outweigh its rewards, not because a Canadian withdrawal has undermined their cohesion and morale. If there are effective arguments in favour of continued Canadian participation—it is often said, for example, that our contribution buys us diplomatic friends where they count most, or that it should be maintained until the East Europeans are prepared to make a reciprocal reduction of their own—this, surely, is not one of them.

But this is a question of opinion, not of fact, and it is one of the virtues of von Riekhoff's book that it so clearly poses the issues. One wishes only that the Canadian Institute of International Affairs had asked him to include a bibliography, since he has obviously engaged in a thorough search of the literature.

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Canada: A Geographical Interpretation. Edited by JOHN WARKENTIN. TORONTO: Methuen Publications, 1968. Pp. xvi, 608. \$17.25.

Lawrence of Arabia, so the story goes, once had submitted to him, for his appraisal, a new textbook of Arabic grammar. His comment was to the effect that it was a good grammar, if one knew Arabic; if one knew Arabic, he didn't need the grammar. To a rather limited degree the same can be said for this review of Canadian geography. The book, the editor claims, "is meant to reach the general public, and teachers and students. . . ." One would be surprised if the "general public", outside a few geographers and Pleistocene geologists, have—as is assumed—even a casual acquaintance with the Campbell strandline of Lake Agassiz. It is evident throughout that the "general public" to whom the book is addressed is expected to have either a fair working knowledge of the geology, meteorology, history, general physiography, and trade of the country, or have convenient facilities with which to provide that knowledge.

The book is the work of twenty-two contributors and is designed to provide a comprehensive view of the whole country on its hundredth anniversary. There is a brief introductory review of the Indian and Eskimo migrations and the early European settlements. This is followed by Part Two, "Lands and Peoples", which describes, in about 180 pages, the resources of the country: landforms, climate, soil, water, or the lack of it, and such "derived" resources as water power and vegetation. The human resources and the role played by national policy in settlement are reviewed here. The largest part of the book, about 300 pages, is a description, region by region, of the "people and places". This is followed by Part Four, "Relations and Trends", which discusses regionalism and nationalism, Canada's foreign

relations (especially economic), and in which Professor Trevor Lloyd has the unenviable job of prophet in extrapolating trends into the future.

It is always possible to go through a book of this kind and pick up isolated comments with which the reviewer will disagree. The operators of the nickel mine at Rankine Inlet, for example, would no doubt be surprised, after the trouble they had drilling in it, to learn that "permafrost is not a serious problem underground". It is only fair, however, to note that such statements are commendably few.

In recent years, and probably as a result of the "publish-or-perish" philosophy, we have had more than a sufficiency of "comprehensive" books by multiple authors. Many of these have been distinguished by their uneven content and writing, by their gaps in coverage, and by their blatant special pleading for the ideas of the editor and some, or all, of the contributors. To a reviewer who is not a geographer this volume seems to be remarkably free from these faults.

The editor is to be commended for this. The quality of the writing is consistently high throughout, and although it presents an enormous volume of factual information the text flows smoothly and without the squirt-gun style that it could very easily have developed. Where data are compiled from a wide range of specialties, there is inevitably a reflection of the ideas of the specialists consulted, and concepts which are debated by the specialists may be presented as established facts. Within the field of this reviewer's competence, there is very little of this; the need for a decision and the presence of doubt are usually indicated clearly. Though a reviewer may fancy that he can detect the inevitable pet ideas of the writers, these too are kept well under control.

It is misleading to make the bald statement that the bulk of the book is a description, region by region, of people and places. Descriptive it is; but the description is an integration of the historical, cultural, and physical factors into a whole. And that whole will give the specialist a new look at his own specialty and its relation to the development of the country. The historian, it may be suspected, will consider with interest how physical geography controls political decisions; certainly he never seems to pay much attention to this factor. To the geologist, also, it is of interest to see the classical exploratory work of Bell, Low, and Tyrrell from a different perspective. Many businessmen will probably be interested to see their endeavours in the perspective of the geographer and two centuries of time.

Any book which shows as clearly as this one that the history and economy of a country are the result of reaction between its people and their environment should be read by every teacher of geography in our school system. It should be required reading for all those who believe that "Geography" is a memorization of assorted dry and unrelated facts about cities, products, and their transportation, suitable only for stuffing into the heads of defenceless twelve-year-olds.

Dark As the Grave Wherein My Friend Is Laid. By MALCOLM LOWRY. Edited by Douglas Day and Margerie Bonner Lowry. New York: The New American Library [Toronto: General Publishing Co., Ltd.], 1968. Pp. xxiii, 255. \$5.95 (U.S.).

This "new" Malcolm Lowry novel is in fact an extensively edited version of a manuscript left unfinished by the author when he died in 1957. Surprisingly, the pieces fit together rather well and we can imagine the kind of novel that Lowry intended. On the surface, in fact, there seems to be no reason why it would not have been as brilliant as *Under the Volcano*, given several more years' work. There is an even more strongly defined "quest"; the temptations of the protagonist are more numerous and varied; the possibilities of dramatic coincidence are vast; the symbolism is adequate, and would undoubtedly have been woven into the overall fabric as one.

The novel is more than autobiographical, it is psycho-critical; and it is well on its way to discovering the "new form, the new approach to reality", that Lowry was seeking. It concerns a trip that Lowry took with his wife to Mexico just after the war. The final version of *Volcano* had been sent to publishers some time before and was arousing almost no interest (in this novel we learn of Lowry's first suicide attempt, precipitated by a publisher's reluctance to publish the manuscript). Their house at Dollarton had burned to the ground a year before, and the manuscript of another novel along with numerous poems had been destroyed. As Lowry's protagonist (Sigbjorn Wilderness) sees it, the journey is more than an escape from their immediate troubles; it is an attempt to retrace the actual and psychic terrain of his boisterous alcoholic youth eight years before, to learn something of himself, of themselves, and at last to find, he hoped, the encouragement to return and rebuild their house. The trip is further organized around an attempt to find Wilderness' old Oaxaquenan friend, Fernando, the same who was the model for Dr. Vigil in his novel.

Their wanderings through Mexico leading finally to Oaxaca have a strangely circular shape, suggestive of Wilderness' compulsion yet unwillingness to discover the truth about himself. Throughout, the vulcanized landscape reifies his old state of mind, leading his thoughts from the quiet resort of their Canadian life back to this Gehenna of his past. Alcohol enlarges the process. In Lowry's very symbolic imagination, the two places come to mark the poles of his being, merging as necessarily as do hope and despair, heaven and hell, each with its plenary beauty and truth for the artist. "So unimaginably frightful and intense had been his suffering that he looked back upon those days almost as he looked back upon the beauty and health of their Canadian life. They were days as beautiful as vultures circling in high sunlight, as beautiful as death that flies just for the love of flying. And of all these things Fernando was in some way the symbol."

There are some brilliant scenes which show the treacherous balance in Wilderness' mind of terror and hope. Seeing the Oaxaquenan jail ("the worst jail")

Wilderness recalls having been incarcerated three years before because he was not in possession of his papers and because he was a friend of a Communist; he remembers "the murderer, covered with blood, getting mescal from the guard, wiping the bottle politely, but there was blood on the bottle. . . ."

Then the alcoholic child, not more than six or seven at most that had been thrown in, and the murderer had comforted him all night as the shadow of the mescal-producing angelic policeman swung against the wall as he made his ceaseless rounds on Christmas morning and then the blue sky and the beautiful country air coming into this pignen of the prison, with outside the fountain blowing, and a butterfly hovering there in the air alive with Christmas bells, black velvet with sapphire-studded wings. Then, the door opened for all but him, and instead of Christmas bells wildly hot music coming from the prison radio. . . .

A humorous release comes, as usual with Lowry, just in time; always it comes naturally, if not organically, and gives the suggestion of the structure of joy which daily outflanks the protagonist's misery. But the scene is archetypal not only in its structure, its ethylized balance between tragedy and comedy. (In the same one-to-one measure is the alcoholic's abyss seen with visionary lucidity.) The scene is of the essence of Lowry's vision. It is the children of this world who are at its mercy and who suffer for it; that is what keeps the comedy from getting out of hand. The consul had bemoaned his unborn children tossed into the sea; and in this novel, Wilderness refers to a similar incident. The image of this alcoholic child succoured by the murderer comes to him over and over in the book, as the image of the chimney-sweep haunted Blake's imagination. Indeed an affinity with Blake is not presumptuous. Throughout the novel there is a Blakean thickness of feeling and intellect: a promise in the prose of certain windows at the edge of the world washing clean. In our imaginations we illustrate this book with Blake-like engravings; engravings because that medium never quite lets us forget the tears and agony and the sweat of the artist behind his tools.

What Lowry in this book is on his way to realizing (and it *is* realized in his final writings in the form of an architectonics of hope, hope against the everlasting odds of life, hope that endures because it is on the side of something as traditional as holiness, the *integritas* of mind, body, and soul) is the degree to which as an artist he was moved by God's creation. This is perhaps the real difference between this novel and *Volcano*, and its distinct advance upon the earlier book. It was as though the lesson Lowry had to learn the hard way (and of which this book is the shadowy substance) was simply that immortality was impossible: that the artist no less than the saint must content himself with man's state of ignorance. Lowry went as deeply into despair as any other writer in this century; what he learned belonged properly to another order of existence altogether than the one of writing—fictitious as that life seemed to him to be; what he learned was the vanity and thus the irrelevance (to human suffering) of most art. After such knowledge there is room for spiritual forgiveness, but for the artist, who more often than not has

imagined himself pushing the frontiers of unreason and irreligion to their extreme (it was the artist in man after all who contemplated Faust), indeed has envisioned himself at the opposite pole from priesthood, there may be only silence. Lowry fought against that silence, and he fought the only way he knew how, desperately, with words. What he brings back with him assuredly has little to do with the notion of art or the novel propagated today—but that it will be worthwhile and paradigmatic for a future age there would seem to be no doubt.

State University of New York at Buffalo

MATTHEW CORRIGAN

The Fiction of E. M. Forster. By GEORGE H. THOMSON. Detroit: Wayne State University Press. Pp. 304. \$9.95.

Mr. Thomson's learned and enthusiastic book presents a masterly analysis and a penetrating interpretation of Forster's works examined in their symbolical and mythical contexts. This publication discusses Forster's short stories, the Italian romances, and the major novels *The Longest Journey*, *Howard's End*, and *A Passage to India*, and finally establishes the soundness of their symbolic texture. The writer's devoted study has been spread over a number of years, and his perception of Forster's genius seems to have matured with time. Earlier, Mr. Thomson had written three important and interesting articles, all published in 1961: "E. M. Forster's Earlier Fiction" in *Criticism*; "Theme and Symbol in *Howard's End*" in *Modern Fiction Studies*; and "Thematic Symbol in *A Passage to India*" in *Twentieth Century Literature*.

In assessing Forster's values, it had been customary with dogmatic and conventional critics to focus attention on his liberal humanism. Mr. Thomson forges ahead of this beaten track and uses a singular approach. This original and painstaking study, therefore, shapes differently from the superficial and common canons used by critics during past decades, and establishes that Forster is a romancer while the realistic elements in his fiction were employed for other than realistic ends. Mr. Thomson, in order to defend his thesis, describes those realistic expectations brought to Forster's fiction, and categorizes them as physical, social, psychological, and moral. He outlines his entire thesis in a remarkable introduction, written with gusto and solid conviction, in which he challenges the arguments and approaches of other critics, including those of Virginia Woolf. He considers that even the most fantastic and improbable aspects of his fiction remain the real products of Forster's personal experience and psychic processes. Imitating the stylistic manner of F. R. Leavis, he writes: "Four things may be said about the fiction of E. M. Forster: first, that his works are romance rather than novel; second, that symbolism is central to his achievement in the romance form; third, that the principal source of his symbols is ecstatic experience; and fourth, that through the power of

ecstatic perception his symbols achieve archetypal significance and mythical wholeness."

Touching upon mythology and symbolism in Forster's works, Thomson brings to view those romance moralities in his short stories which contain the direct conflict of the good and the evil as essential to Forster's romance pattern. He finds that the conflicting forces of our inner life are given external representation in the Italian romances where life and death, good and evil, spring and fall, contend with each other. All details and movement in the fiction present an integrated vision and project the whole image. The narrator appears as archetype in the Italian romances, but the hero becomes an archetype in *The Longest Journey*, which deals with the thoughts and inner life of a single character, while the dialogues and description turn into the main constituent. It is the object which evolves as an archetype in *Howard's End*, but the novel itself becomes an archetype in *A Passage to India*.

Writing to Forster in 1913, G. Lowes Dickinson had said: "India, as it glimmers in a remote past, is supernatural, uncanny, terrifying, sublime, horrible, monotonous, full of mountains and abysses, all heights and depths, and for ever incomprehensible." In *Appearances* he added another comment: "This terrible country, where the great forces of nature, drought and famine and pestilence, the intolerable sun, the intolerable rain, and the exuberance of life and death, have made of mankind a mere passive horde cowering before inscrutable Powers". Forster, although he had experienced the impact of "this terrible India" and "its cowering hordes", had also been impressed by the appeal of its mysterious life. He was able to fathom the deep, throbbing, and intense human reality which lay dormant beneath the crust of surface appearances.

Even today on the banks of the Holy Ganges in Benares, the Indian populace, oblivious of their sectarian and racial differences, daily assemble to offer prayers to One God. This has been the hallowed practice for the three thousand years since the Aryans settled in that country. It is in places like this that one may observe that all India is a single spirit, despite the diversity of race and creed. Forster, in a 1915 review of Sister Nivedita's *Footfalls of Indian History*, thus summed up her views: "And to the objection 'What is India? Are there not a hundred Indias?' she replies that India once was, still essentially is, and in the future visibly shall be, One, and shall give light to those who sit in comparative darkness".

In *A Passage to India*, Forster tried to comprehend an interesting and alien world which opened to him a new vista for recreating a universe expressive of a deep significance. According to Forster "the hundred Indias which fuss and squabble so tiresomely are one, and the universe they mirror is one". The western civilization which stresses the idea of order, in its stress on perspective and proportion, is irrelevant to the vastness and confusion of India, for India—as a true image of the universe—cannot be comprehended by intellect.

Mr. Thomson discovers in Forster's genius sombre tones of romance rather than qualities of conventional fiction, and establishes that symbolism is the principal source of Forster's ecstatic experience and thus the core of his achievement. Accordingly, through the power of ecstatic perception, Forster's symbols attain a mythical significance. The thematic significance of the mystic's dilemma forms the base of Thomson's thesis. He explains that during the last hundred years the fascination for "myth" has spread from the confines of anthropology to the ultimate circle of the verbal universe, yet the myth critics have neglected to specify the precise function of myth and its implication in a literary work. Whereas other writers who offer mythic materials and methods use symbols to synthesize the fragmentary and disjointed experiences of modern man, Forster uses archetypal symbols as the very core of his fictional method. These exist neither as instruments nor as tools of his writing technique, but are shaped into the very essence and significance of his art, and thus are transformed into solid objects of mystical vision. According to Thomson, Forster offers myth as something experienced rather than as something known.

In addition to the study of Forster's works, this book contains a useful analysis of the "mystical method" which has become standard practice in twentieth century literature, but which, Thomson insists, is very different from Forster's usage. The study of Forster's individual technique involves the author in a study of its opposites—what may be labelled as the dominant tradition of modern "mythical method". Readers may well find this analysis useful and illuminating.

Doubtless, a vast amount of reading has gone into the making of this book and the deductions are based upon every fragment of Forster's works. The entire approach of the author is original and he breaks new ground in Forster criticism. But it is the conviction of Mr. Thomson's study that challenges interest. He establishes with sound and perceptive logic that the realistic elements in the body of Forster's fiction are designed for other than realistic ends. According to Thomson the future will be little interested in Forster's liberal humanism or moral philosophy and its specific application to contemporary times; what may stand out as pertinent and permanent will be the splendid narrative and those symbolic evocations through which he portrays the polarities of an individual's experience of the universe.

Mr. Thomson's interpretations are well documented. The two appendices, containing notes and extracts of the manuscripts of *A Passage to India* and *Forster and the Nineteenth Century View of Nature and Symbol*, should be of considerable use and interest to Forster scholars. But one must, once again, register a protest against the infuriating way in which American university publications bundle away footnotes on to the end. There are 21 pages of interesting footnotes which keep the reader busy in two places simultaneously.

This volume is neatly printed and well bound with a cover photograph by Mme G. Moitessier Fernstrom from *The Art of Indian Asia* by Heinrich Zimmer

which further enriches the format. The content, however, provides highly specialised and heavy reading which should be of interest and use to the admirers of Forster, but which may frighten away many scholars.

Dalhousie University

DEVENDRA P. VARMA

Finlay's River. By R. M. PATTERSON. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1968. Pp. xiv, 315. \$7.50.

According to news reports, the month of September, 1968, was to see the official opening of a dam near Hudson's Hope, B.C., designed to meet the ever-increasing demand for electric power by utilizing a portion of the Peace River. In the process, the reservoir will drown some of the country about which Patterson writes, for the Peace is formed of the union of the Finlay and the Parsnip, and the flooding will cover their junction.

The Finlay River derives its name from John Finlay, who spent a few days in its lower part in the course of explorations for the North West Company, about 1797. Although this first brief visit is commemorated, the name of the man who first explored the river is completely lost from the place names in the area, and almost from the record. Samuel Black, in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, penetrated to the source of the river in 1824, and overland to another stream, a branch of the Liard. This was named "Black's River" by another explorer seven years later. The name persisted well into this century, and Patterson suggests, probably correctly, that it was finally removed from the maps—and with it the only day-by-day recognition of Black—as a result of the peculiar logic regularly displayed by the Canadian Board on Geographical Names.

The other systematic explorations were those of R. G. McConnell, of the Geological Survey, in 1893, and F. C. Swannell, of the B.C. Department of Lands, who made the first instrumental survey of the river at the beginning of the First World War.

Patterson has met the first of the two problems of the author of a book on travel—scheme of presentation and adequate description—by utilizing the records of these explorers. Though he has first-hand knowledge of the river himself, he has used his own journey as a very slender and generally minor thread to hold together the stories of the others. A part of the river is covered by a narrative of the day-to-day problems and progress of Black; another part is described from the survey work of Swannell, from whom also come some very impressive photographs; a third, and minor, role in his book is played by McConnell. Three different men, with three different jobs to do, present three different aspects of the work of exploration. There is some space also given to the trappers, traders, hunters, and other more or less permanent residents who, as in other places, may have gained great knowledge, but rarely leave written record of their discoveries.

The variety of outlook, problems, and objectives so presented makes interesting reading. The topography and character of the country appear with reasonable clarity, even to one with no knowledge of the district at all. The different approaches required by different objectives are illustrated without being emphasized. In these respects Patterson has produced a better than average book of travel. His sketch maps are adequate and clear, but they seem to be unfortunately placed, and it was often necessary to search for required information. But Patterson fails, unfortunately, to convey to the general reader the obstacles that Black and Swannell, especially, had to overcome, the appalling conditions under which they worked, and the strength of character necessary to keep themselves, and the occasional reluctant member of their crews, pressing onward. Here he is up against the problem which faces all authors of such books.

The problem is simply this: how do you convey clearly to the reader, in the comfort of his arm-chair, any real concept of the physical conditions and the dangers involved? Old servicemen who recall the effects of day after day of cold and wet, or fishermen hauling icy ropes, may have a frame of reference. Most of us have no way of really picturing the bone-chilling cold of wading in water just melted; or the physical exertion involved, the pulling, lifting, hauling, the stumbling over boulders, and around trees, the fighting of the current, in and out of the water. Unless one has experienced it, one does not appreciate what discomfort is contained in the quotation from Black: "Camped late very cold, the Ice forming on the Poles".

How does one convey the continual tension of working hour after hour where the momentary inattention, the mere placing of a pole or line in the wrong place, or the slightest error of judgment may be final? A Cree Indian described to this reviewer his first journey down the Nelson River: "I ran every rapid twice; once during the day, and once again in my sleep." Patterson quotes Swannell's Chinese assistant concerning one rapid which no one else has ever run, or perhaps even attempted: "No good watch you fellows drown and then starve and freeze to death in the bush. Better I drown, too. So I go!"

Very few writers, even those who were participants, have been able to describe the physical and mental tensions, and Patterson is not to be severely criticized. He has done as well as most, and better than many. Perhaps, without an elaborate treatment of the personalities involved it is impossible; and then the book would be a novel.

As it stands, this is an interesting and readable description of the Finlay valley, of the people who explored it, and of some of the people who will be flooded out of its lower end.

Dalhousie University

G. C. MILLIGAN

The Prose of Sir Thomas Browne. Edited with an Introduction, Notes and Variants by NORMAN J. ENDICOTT. New York: Doubleday [Toronto: Doubleday Publishers], 1967. (Anchor Seventeenth Century Series ACO-9.) Pp. 646. \$4.50.

In girth and in content this is a substantial book. The intention is to offer the reader a generous selection of Browne's prose and, at the same time, a sound experience of the whole man as a man and in relation to his century. In this way, thoughtful readers may free themselves from the inherited assessment which until quite recently, has written Browne down as a quaint figure, a warm, curious friend who, though charming, was, nevertheless, left far behind intellectually by the thinkers and experimenters of the Royal Society.

Only an editor who has long been companion to Browne could contribute to a decent perspective on Browne's relationship to his great contemporaries and to his society. Professor Endicott has accomplished a great deal in this direction by providing a wider audience than hitherto with an accessible range of Browne's prose. Browne speaks for himself throughout, unhampered by any redressive clamour in his behalf before a patronising body literary. The selection itself is representative and varied, from the anticipated entire texts of *Religio Medici*, *Hydrotophia*, *The Garden of Cyrus*, *A Letter to a Friend*, and *Christian Morals* to the range of lore, experimental methodology, and personal revelation chosen from *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, *Miscellany Tracts*, the notebooks and letters. The apparatus of textual notes, commentaries, bibliography, and glossary is useful and nicely judged in scale. Moreover, the apparatus is at the end of the volume, readily available yet not intrusive on the reader's engagement with Browne's prose.

Very pleasing indeed is the deft introductory essay of only eleven pages wherein the editor sets Sir Thomas in his context. While relating Browne to the large discoveries and experimentations of Harvey, Newton, Boyle, Fallopio, Gilbert, and Bacon, we are also asked to consider the so-called old fashioned superstitions to which many of these gentlemen were thoroughly prone. In this way we are firmly reminded of the perspective and balance we need to bring to Dr. Browne in a century whose dramatic discoveries tend to overwhelm us and blind us, at times, to the amphibian nature of an age which, to use our clumsy classificatory terms, could be comfortably medieval and modern simultaneously.

Above all, the introduction captures and conveys the Christian attitudes of Browne and the way in which these inform his whole thinking, which in consequence often becomes romantic in a manner hypnotic to the general reader and so trying to the experimental methodologist. It is in his high periods of religious scientism that we are completely involved with the particular temperamental cast and the intriguing aura of this human individual. Professor Endicott conveys

these factors with self effacement and with sensitive accuracy. His book is indeed a happy combination of editor and author.

Ryerson Polytechnical Institute

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Canada's North. By R. A. J. PHILLIPS. New York, St. Martin's Press [Toronto: Macmillan of Canada], 1967. Pp. xiv. 306. \$7.95.

This is an excellent study of the Canadian northland in all its aspects, clearly and satisfyingly written, masterfully summarized, with adequate illustrations and maps. There is no bibliography to tell the author's sources, but often a page or a paragraph seems to be the compression of a familiar authoritative volume. In such a digest there is little space for the discussion of opposing views and supporting evidence, so one may wish to qualify prehistoric dates and drifts of people, the wet-fishing of the French, and the reason for the importance of beaver, and yet marvel that so much generalization remains so accurate.

The beginning is a description of the northland, seen with the eyes of a resident rather than of a visitor. The climate, the flora and fauna, the native peoples, Eskimo and Athapascan, are sketched swiftly and, within their compass, accurately. The coming of the Europeans during several centuries is briefly summarized. Their diversion from the Northwest Passage to the fur trade of Hudson Bay reduced their impact upon the Eskimo, and even the later gold rush was confined to the land of the Indians. The shortlived Klondike bonanza gets a proportionately longer summary, for it played a great part in turning Canadian interest northward and in training the Mounted Police for their immense role in the northland. The story of Canada's gradual, reluctant, penurious acceptance of its arctic territory and responsibilities is a mingling of comedy and tragedy, while, even until the coming of the Dew Line, the Americans seem to have been unaware that the north was part of Canada.

The narrative settles down into detail when it comes to the impact of the whalers upon the Eskimo, since they initiated the disorganization of the Eskimo pattern of living and ruined them with disease. The author, having long been Chief of the Arctic Division, is now director of the government's anti-poverty programme which is trying to undo the devastations of European contact and to prepare Eskimo and Indian for participation in a new and valuable society to take the place of the old one which has crumbled.

The earlier gold-rushes to California, Australia, and South Africa were valuable to those countries chiefly because a new population of independent farmers remained when the gold had ebbed away. We have passed that period, and even that of the developing, and too often predatory, companies. The expense of opening such a wasteland, stripped of its game animals and fur-bearers by overexploitation, of its forests by carelessness, demands the support of the government and results

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in an essentially socialist development which links it to the centres of dominant industry, and this, as in other poor areas, tends to choke any independent activity. As mines and oil wells are developed, the Eskimo, intelligent folk, can be trained to take their part in the industrial machine and can look forward to increasing employment and prosperity throughout the years while the oil wells run and the mines are not exhausted. And after? The author is more optimistic than many in his estimate of the present state of caribou, seals, and bears, but he does not base the future upon them. The government is doing its best to educate the Eskimo and to shift him into more promising fields. In art he has succeeded well, in reindeer-herding he has failed. In the prehistoric period it took thousands of years for hunters to move from gathering to agriculture and herding, unless they were drawn into it by an agricultural religion. We have shifted the religious pattern of Eskimo and Indian toward Christianity, but that is a social pattern of morality and takes livelihood for granted. The best that we seem able to offer to the native peoples is the present paternalistic care until they can become incorporated into our impermanent modern world, and the northland, when we have stripped it of its non-renewable resources, may still be a temptation to tourists.

Wolfville, N. S.

J. S. ERSKINE

The New Romans: Candid Canadian Opinions of the U. S. Edited by AL PURDY.
Edmonton: M. G. Hurtig Ltd., 1968. Pp. 172. \$2.95.

About half a century ago, Archibald MacMechan of Dalhousie caused a small flurry of chauvinistic denial with an article pointing out that, in certain obvious but unrecognized or reluctantly-admitted respects, Canada was a vassal state. The concluding article in the present collection of prose and verse speaks for most others, but in a more reasoned and reasonable vein, when it argues that "Canada is already a satellite, regional economy of the U.S." A compression of the typical attitude is that of Louis Dudek in "O Canada", nine lines of verse beginning "Who owns Canada? You know who owns Canada/to the extent of 26,000,000 cash. . ."

The editor of the collection is Al Purdy, who contributes an introduction and a poem "The anti-American" (Che Guevara). As editor, he rejects "the 'glass-house' type of thinking which maintains that Canadians should not throw stones at the U.S. because our own country is also vulnerable", and points out that "the most powerful nation on earth is everyone's business". He notes one significant feature revealed by the articles as a whole: "most Canadians cannot talk about the U.S. outside the context of themselves as Canadians". Most of the contributors are throwers of stones, usually—either directly or on the rebound—on their own side as well as south of the border. A general attitude is crystallized in "Oh Canada" by John Robert Colombo, here quoted (by permission) in its entirety:

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Canada could have enjoyed:

English government,
French culture,
And American know-how.

Instead it ended up with:

English know-how,
French government,
And American culture.

While the author gives his principle of selection as literary merit, and regrets his inability—for whatever it may imply—to include some writers who were asked, the general and at times strident anti-American bias of his book may be explained in part by his saying that whatever his own feelings about the United States, he would not reject a pro-American article or poem for this book—if it were well written.

There are a few such articles, and they are as well—if not so provocatively written—as the others. Arnold Edinborough, from his own experience in the Folger Library, writes of the correction of certain unfavourable clichés and of his discovery, among scholars, of an attitude which “modifies that anti-Americanism which is only skin-deep in any Canadian living next door”. In “I Love Americans”, Hugh Garner, who visited the U.S. as an unemployed migratory worker in the 1930s, found himself “among friends who speak our language, are friendly and generous towards us, and will make us feel at home. What more could we ask?” Desmond Pacey, in a balanced but generally favourable survey from the professorial point of view, puts his finger on the basic ambivalence of two typical and unflattering Canadian attitudes: “a dual reaction of mixed envy and contempt”, and hopes that he is typical in his determination “to do what I can to build up our own resources to the point where we shall not need to be defensive.” So balanced and benevolent an approach as those just cited is not typical of this collection as a whole. Perhaps that should be left for another book—if only it could be read by the writers and the more enthusiastic readers of this one. The writers include many who have a right to be heard, from Margaret Atwood to Earle Birney in verse, which is, perhaps by virtue of the generally emotional approach, better in its kind than is the prose, which is generally journalistic or impressionistic rather than scholarly. Negatively, something is implied in the absence of anything by Donald Creighton, W. L. Morton, or Hugh MacLennan. (Something else may be implied by the small representation of French Canadian opinion of any kind). Economics and Political Science are not well represented, though there are interesting and encouragingly hopeful papers, from the Canadian point of view, by George Grant, Laurier LaPierre, and James M. Minifie. It is an academic, however, and the only professional historian, J. M. C. Careless, who reflects the general image of the book by his emphasis on what he himself calls “the great cliché” in “Hooray for the Scars and Gripes!”

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Whether the collection at large is encouraging or depressing, it should be kept in mind that it is largely one-sided, and not the less interesting or instructive for that. What influence it may have on the respect of Canadians for themselves or their neighbours may be open to question. That it may be expected to have little effect on American attitudes to Canada, the opinions of most of its contributors are as good evidence as can be put between two covers.

Dalhousie University

C. L. BENNET

McNaughton (Volume I, 1887-1939). By JOHN SWETTENHAM. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1968. Pp. xxi, 370. \$10.00.

This first volume of an authorized and definitive biography, to be completed with a second volume in 1969, was written by an historian, formerly with the Historical Section (Army) of Canadian Forces Headquarters, and now with the National War Museum. The work is a "Centennial project", and has had the advantage of assistance from Mrs. McNaughton, and of access to military, political, scientific, and private sources. It gives a conscientiously devoted record of the character and earlier achievements of a man who was long involved in a variety of decisive issues in the history of Canada.

The dominant traits of General McNaughton's character were dedication, determination, and complete integrity regardless of consequences. An incident from the First War will illustrate the calibre of the man who in the Second War was caught between the cross-fire of the political strategist, Mackenzie King, and the uncompromising soldier and Minister of Defence, J. L. Ralston, and who regardless of opinion put himself last and his duty to Canada first. Before the assault on Vimy Ridge in April, 1917, the position of Canadian artillery had been set, with the authority of General Byng, by Major A. F. Brooke, a British regular artillery staff officer. General Currie was not satisfied and called on McNaughton, already an expert scientific "gunner", though in British staff eyes only an amateur, who unhesitatingly said that the only thing to do was "Pull the guns back a couple of thousand yards and you'll be all right". It was done, and it was all right. The anger of Brooke fell not upon Currie, but upon McNaughton; and the anger and resulting difficulties remained to obstruct but not to deflect McNaughton, when Major Brooke became Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. It would have made little difference to McNaughton if Brooke had held that rank at their first encounter.

Although his own rank at the time was Lieutenant-Colonel, McNaughton was accorded full "V.I.P." treatment and respect by all who knew him, and the affectionate "Andy" by which he was known did nothing to diminish this. His brigade "runner" at this period told the present reviewer that on his thorough and conscientious inspections along and between the lines McNaughton had an unusual

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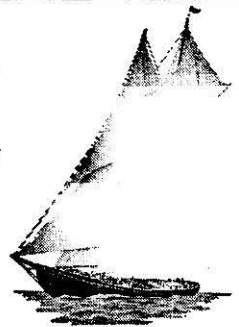
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combination of authority and democracy, the only distance between them being one of a hundred feet so that one of them would be able to gather the pieces and bring back a report. The same combination of qualities helped McNaughton, as primarily a soldier among scientists, and therefore at first under professional scrutiny and suspicion, to establish both firm and happy relations on his appointment as President of the National Research Council. It is worth noting that the Foreword to this volume was written, not by a soldier, or a diplomat, but by Dr. C. J. Mackenzie, his successor as President of the Council.

The regularly-accepted title of General has been to some degree misleading. McNaughton's achievements lay in other fields even more than in war. Between the wars, besides his work for the Council, he played a major role—with conscientious indifference to criticism and misunderstanding—in unemployment relief in the Great Depression, in the opening up of the Canadian North, and—as “The Father of TCA”—in the establishment of Canadian air services. However opinions may differ on McNaughton's absolute or relative achievements in the army, in science, in politics and public affairs, there can be no doubt that the combination was unique, and that it made McNaughton a great Canadian.

With his added authority and responsibilities during and after the Second War to round out this remarkable life, the second volume of this biography should be even more interesting than the first.

Dalhousie University

C. L. BENNET

On University Freedom in the Canadian Context. By KENNETH HARE. Toronto: University of Toronto Press in association with Carleton University, 1968. Pp. vi, 80. \$2.50.

In the preface, Kenneth Hare—who on July 1, 1968, assumed his duties as President of the University of British Columbia—notes that his is a little book and that it is based on two lectures that he gave in Ottawa in the winter of 1967. These are accurate statements, but both require a gloss.

On University Freedom in the Canadian Context is a little book in the sense that it is short enough to read twice over in a single evening; but it is not a little book in the sense of being of minor or passing importance. It is worth both a first and second reading, and there should be no one connected with a Canadian university, whether as student, staff member, administrator, or governor, who would not benefit from devoting an evening to two careful readings of it. It is firmly based on the Plaunt Lectures which Hare gave at Carleton University in February 1967; these were widely circulated in mimeographed form, and those who have read them will be able to complete their second reading in half the normal time. Such persons will find, however, that the conclusion has been substantially expanded; in effect a short third chapter has been added, one which directs attention

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to the role of students in the governance of universities. Hare says that the enlargement "takes in ideas raised in the discussions that followed the lectures." One suspects that it is also due to a large number of events that took place on a large number of campuses in the six to eight months that followed the giving of the lectures.

The original lectures were entitled "Diagnosis" and "Remedies", but the subtitles were more descriptive—"The Threat from Within" and "The Threat from Without". Each subtitle was followed in the mimeographed version by a question mark, but Hare's treatment was categorical. The threat from without was the threat posed to the university community by government—in the Canadian context by the provincial authorities upon whom all Canadian universities are by now heavily dependent for financial support. Why shouldn't he who pays the piper call the tune? Hare successfully answers that question, but he is equally convinced that the piper should not be able to play any tune he wishes, that the pipers should play in harmony with each other, and that the needs of the audience should be borne in mind when constructing the total programme to be presented. The bulk of both lectures is devoted to a discussion of the several ways in which the interests of the state and of the university can be jointly served. He advocates for Canada a North American variant of the British University Grants Committee, specifically in each province a statutory committee composed of laymen, university presidents, and senior professors, and supported by its own secretariat, with the exclusive right to present both operating and capital budgets for all the universities in the province to the appropriate minister and subsequently to distribute to the universities such monies as the government in fact does make available for both operating and capital purposes.

The really dangerous threat, however, is the threat from within—that is to say from within the academic community. Hare is satisfied that an effective *modus vivandi* can be established between government and university if the universities speak to the government with a single voice. Unfortunately, in this context, the academic tradition is highly individualistic. "We resist uniformity, change, external control organization. We are not organization men but cave dwellers. The mere thought that common action by our tribes in confederacy, like that of the Iroquois, might strengthen our hand, leaves us disdainful. . . . The threat from within is in fact this individualism, this unwillingness to organize" (22). Unless the pipers organize themselves and together develop a co-ordinated programme which satisfies the provincial authorities that the interests of the people are being effectively served by the publicly-supported universities, the government will step in and call the tune. Hare concludes his first lecture with a homely maxim: Those who do not hang together, hang separately.

That, in essence, was the message of Kenneth Hare's Plaunt Lectures delivered early in 1967. But we are now concerned with Hare's little book, which is pub-

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lished a year later. In the interim a new threat has arisen, also a threat from within. In his concluding chapter ("Whose Freedom?"—and this time the question mark is intentional) Hare turns to the matter of student power. He is enthusiastic about the capacity of students to play a significant role in the government of universities, particularly in the area of curriculum reform, and in this respect he welcomes the increased activism of students. But efforts by students to *control* the intellectual work of the university or to make the university an instrument to remould society *by political action* are another matter, both because they are contrary to the purposes of the university and because they create divisions within the academic community. It is not only universities which will hang separately if they do not hang together. The same fate awaits the students, staff, and administration of any university if any one of these groups refuses to work with each of the others.

University of Toronto

ROBIN S. HARRIS

A Critique of British Empiricism. By FRASER COWLEY. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1968. Pp. xiv, 214. \$6.75.

This work is an exceptionally good critique of British empiricism. Beginning with an extensive analysis of Hume's philosophy, it deals with related issues in Russell, Ayer, and Ryle. There is also a short chapter on physicalism and phenomenalism in the American philosopher Nelson Goodman's *The Structure of Appearance*.

Owing much to Husserl and in particular to Sartre and Merleau-Ponty, the author is a phenomenologist. It is from this point of view that he criticizes representative empiricists, and especially their assumptions. His aim is to reject the basic doctrines of empiricism, for example that of simple ideas or discrete sense data, and at the same time show that perceiving, feeling, doing, and saying "cannot be understood apart from our experience of being bodily in the midst of [objects]".

The approach adopted is not altogether satisfactory. By taking each empiricist in turn, the author was unable to present a continuous argument either against empiricism or for his own position. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the approach makes it more difficult for the reader to see the analysis as a whole. Professor Cowley's defence of this approach is that the philosophers singled out as representative empiricists differ from each other in certain important respects. The approach would have been more appropriate had Cowley been concerned only with a critique of these thinkers. But it does not serve well the attempt to present his own phenomenological viewpoint. That viewpoint is presented in bits and pieces; one does not get more than glimpses into it. This is a loss, as the growing number of philosophers who are becoming disenchanted with

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the main tenets of empiricism are looking to phenomenological analysis as a corrective.

The underlying thesis of Cowley's analysis is that British empiricism begins not from ordinary experience, but from modern physical and physiological theories. In holding this point of view he is certainly right. As he shows, for example, after Newton the world of direct experience came to be regarded as a "collection of minor effects of the great machine upon one small but complicated part of it, the body, and apprehended by a mind which was essentially disembodied" (p. 1). These impressions are the simple ideas of Locke's system and the discrete sense-data of twentieth century empiricists.

Denying that there are any such incorrigible data as starting points for philosophy, Cowley's book is a serious attempt to show why anyone ever thought there were. In this aim it is successful. For reasons already indicated, however, it is less successful in presenting an intelligible account of Cowley's own philosophy. Cowley's critique of British empiricism is philosophical analysis at its best.

Mount Allison University

C. F. POOLE

Frozen Ships: The Arctic Diary of Johann Miertsching, 1850-1854. Translated and with introduction and notes by L. H. NEATBY. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada. Pp. xviii, 254; illus. \$6.50.

Sir John Franklin's Arctic expedition westbound in search of a Northwest Passage had been unreported for five years when, in 1850, the Admiralty launched its fourth attempt to find him. His whereabouts—or his fate—had eluded searches directed along the continental shore and west from the Atlantic. Captain Richard Collinson, commanding H.M.S. *Enterprise* and H.M.S. *Investigator* (Commander Robert McClure), was dispatched to the Western Arctic by way of Bering Strait on the theory that Franklin might have penetrated farther west than Atlantic-originated searches could track.

Neither ship found a trace of the missing explorer. Captain McClure of the *Investigator* found something else: while trapped in the ice of Prince of Wales Strait during the winter of 1850, McClure explored far enough by sled to identify landmarks charted by earlier expeditions from the Atlantic, and so proved the existence of the long-sought Northwest Passage. It was the kind of triumph craved by McClure: a veteran of the third search for Franklin two years earlier, a sailor and disciplinarian of level skill and unrelenting ambition. But it turned out that Franklin had already found an alternate salt-water route, and it was yet another irony that McClure and his men unknowingly came close to duplicating what much later in the decade was revealed as the Franklin tragedy: a trek from an icebound ship across the ice in a hopeless reach for safety. The crew of the *Investigator* spent four winters in the clutch of the ice. Scurvy-ridden, starving



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and—in some cases—demented, they were within days of their own march of desperation when rescuers found them.

Johann August Miertsching, interpreter to the Eskimos for the *Investigator*, was walking on the ice with Captain McClure discussing “the gloomy situation” when, on April 7, 1853, strangers were reported: “The Captain looked at me and I at him: neither of us spoke as we went to meet the approaching men. In me a new hope of life had arisen. Taking the strangers for Eskimos, I thought that whence these come, thither we can go. For the last twenty-one months we had met no stranger. As we neared these strangers, in dress and nature resembling Eskimos, our hearts beat violently; we were speechless until words spoken in English reached our ears: ‘I am Lieutenant Pim of the ship Resolute. . . .’”

No one had prayed harder in beseeching the event. Saxony-born and a Moravian Brother, Miertsching had gone to Labrador as a missionary and become fluent in Eskimo. His fluency saw him enlisted in the expedition; his appeals to “The Heavenly Pilot” appeared to him to hold the only chance of his ever being discharged from the *Investigator* alive. Meanwhile, during the interminable months in the ice, he could do little more than encourage the confidence of the crew in relief of the spirit, exercise a remarkable marksmanship ashore in the relief of their hunger, and, in the cold dampness of his cabin, log his impressions of the miserable voyage.

Although later he published his memoirs, he was careful to edit in deference to surviving shipmates. Until Neils Jannasch, curator of the Halifax Maritime Museum, brought the original journal to light, it languished in the family archives.

Leslie H. Neatby, Head of the Department of Classics at Acadia University, is the author or editor of *In Quest of the North West Passage, The Link Between the Oceans*, and *Conquest of the Last Frontier* (Longmans, 1958, 1960, 1966). As translator and annotator of Miertsching's *Arctic Diary*, he presents historians, geographers, and casual readers with an account compellingly personal and authentic. Its historical merit arises as a third revealing comment on the two other primary source accounts of the *Investigator* saga; no doubt because of a resolute Christian ethic, Miertsching's anecdotes are largely free of prejudice. He recalled in remarkable detail the profile and nature of the locales that he inspected. His penchant for a dramatic rendering of event, balanced by Dr. Neatby's informed and perceptive notes manages, in its capacity to fascinate, to surmount the awful monotony of the ebb of health and hope aboard a ship frozen in the Arctic. It is impossible to resist sharing Miertsching's repulsion, terror, and awe at the pitiless Polar environment and the convulsive temper of its ice.

The reader will need an adequate map of the north polar regions. The publishers of *Frozen Ships*, sailing with two small-scale maps, cannot be depended on for rescue when the reader runs afoul of strange landfalls.

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