

BOOK REVIEWS

The Macaroni Parson: The Life of the Unfortunate Doctor Dodd. By Gerald Howson. London: Hutchinson, 1973. Pp. 264. £ 3.00.

Macaroni. An exquisite of a class which arose in England about 1760 and consisted of young men who had travelled and affected the tastes and fashions prevalent in continental society.

O.E.D.

The soubriquet "Macaroni Parson" was applied to the Rev. Dr. William Dodd for the dandified appearance and manners he affected while serving as a preacher in one of the fashionable areas of eighteenth-century London, where he was patronized by royalty and the nobility as well as the aspiring middle class. Intoxicated by success and seduced by desire for greater fame and position, he attempted to bribe the wife of the Lord Chancellor to procure for him in 1774 the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, "the sleekest and plumpest" living in the whole of the United Kingdom. The attempt was quickly discovered, and Dodd's name was struck from the list of royal chaplains. Compounding his folly, he forged a bond for £ 4200 in the name of the Earl of Chesterfield, the fifth earl, godson and heir of the author of *Letters to His Son*, and a former pupil of Dodd's. For this unbelievably stupid crime, he was sentenced to death, in spite of a host of petitions, containing about 100,000 signatures, on his behalf, and hanged before an enormous throng at Tyburn on June 27, 1777.

The execution of Dr. Dodd was a flagrant example of the appallingly severe treatment meted out to petty criminals at that period, when so slight a misdemeanour as the painting or whitewashing of a farthing to make it look like a sixpence could result in disembowelment and castration for a man and burning at the stake for a woman. Even measured by such standards, Dodd's punishment was singularly inequitable, since he had made total restitution of the amount of the forged bond before his trial began. Indeed, as Gerald Howson's book reveals, he was the victim of a contemptible piece of legal trickery, perpetrated by one John Manly, prosecuting counsel, who contrived the release from prison of Lewis Robertson, an accomplice after the fact, so that he might furnish the evidence necessary to secure Dodd's conviction.

The Dodd story has often been told before, but never with such narrative skill or such a sense of drama as are exhibited here by Gerald Howson, who, having scoured all the contemporary newspapers and legal documents available to him, presents a balanced and often moving account of the whole lamentable business. For all his skill in marshalling the evidence, however, he has seen fit to rely upon unsubstantiated rumour and gossip for several of the key incidents in the story. We are told, for instance, that the young Earl of Chesterfield (twenty-two at the time of Dodd's execution), having caused a girl to become pregnant, "gave Dr. Dodd £ 1000 to pay her off. The Doctor, however kept £ 900 back for himself." The sole authority cited for this story is Horace Walpole, hardly a reliable witness. Yet, if true, it might help to account for Chesterfield's otherwise incredible harshness in proceeding later with the crucial testimony against Dodd and thus condemning him to the gallows.

One of the unanswered questions raised by this absorbing study, indeed, relates to the Earl's conduct throughout the trial of Dodd and its aftermath. He owed much to his former tutor for past services, and had apparently treated him with respect and hospitality during a recent meeting in Geneva, providing him with a substantial living in Buckinghamshire in place of the royal chaplaincy Dodd had lost, and giving him sums of money to help clear his debts. While one can understand his fury at Dodd's presumption in forging a bond in his name, would not the repayment of the entire amount have justified his forgiveness and the withdrawal of the charges against Dodd? Or was there some secret grudge, some unpaid score, left to settle? If so, Dodd's latest biographer has failed to discover it.

The heartrending details of Dodd's last weeks in prison are presented in full: the extraordinary exertions of his friends (most notably Dr. Samuel Johnson) to save him, the many pleas for royal clemency (the Queen, after whom Dodd had named his impressive Charlotte Chapel in Pimlico, was tearfully sympathetic, but the King would not go against the advice of his Privy Council), and the heroic sacrifices of Mary Perkins, his loyal wife, to support him. Between bouts of weeping, teeth-gnashing, and rolling about the floor of his prison cell, Dodd managed to grind out a long, blank verse poem in five parts, *Thoughts in Prison*, which Howson dismisses, a little unfairly, as "almost unreadable". In fact, the work in some ways anticipates the manner, if not the quality, of Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol* and *De Profundis*, with its poignant plea from the pen of the doomed man for more humane prison treatment and its overtones of grievance at being more sinned against than sinning. In particular, this passage on Chesterfield must have stirred the young Earl's conscience:

How did I trust, too confident! How dream
That Fortune's smiles were mine! and how deceiv'd,
By gradual declension yield my trust,
My humble happy trust on Thee, my God!
How ill exchange'd for confidence in Man,
In *Chesterfields*, in Princes!

Following Dodd's execution, public sympathy turned for a time into indifference or downright hostility, for reasons the biographer finds difficult to explain. Even Dr. Johnson, who had fought very hard to obtain a reprieve for the condemned clergyman, appears to have shown little regard for his memory. The twenty-three thousand signatories to the weightiest of the many petitions, said to have been thirty-seven and a half yards long, remained silent, for the most part, in the face of newspaper criticism of the hanged man. Manly, the solicitor whose cunning had brought about Dodd's downfall, dropped into oblivion. Chesterfield, we are told, could not live down his failure to forgive his former tutor, though he became a firm favourite of George III. And poor Mary Dodd, the wretched widow, who never recovered from her ordeal, died "in circumstances of mental and corporal inanity" in 1784.

As so often happens in English history, the site of the martyrdom became something of a tourist attraction. Dodd's cell at Newgate was preserved as he had left it, with his little inkstand upon the small table where he had composed his final thoughts and prayers. Visitors to the place, including at least one member of the Court of Queen Charlotte, Mrs. Papendieck, paid fees to the guards and kissed the humble relics of the late prisoner. "A friend of mine", Dr. Johnson recalled, "came to me and told me that a lady wished to have Dodd's picture in a bracelet, and asked for a motto. I said, I could think of no better than *Curat Lex* ('Let the Law take its Course'). I was very willing to have him pardoned, that is, to have the sentence changed to transportation; but, when he was once hanged, I did not wish he should be made a saint."

Saint or not, Dodd lived on in the memory of his countrymen, for good reasons as well as bad. The extensive charities he had promoted continued to flourish; his three-volume *Commentary on the Bible*, his sermons, and his *Thoughts in Prison* went on being read and quoted; and his popular anthology, *The Beauties of Shakespeare*, was reprinted many times, even in our own century. More significantly, as Howson points out, the martyrdom of the Macaroni Parson marked a turning-point in the history of crime and punishment in England, as the public indignation aroused by his tragic plight helped to accelerate reform of the whole system of criminal law. Thus a prophecy made by John Wesley during a visit to the cell of the condemned man, "I doubt not, God will bring Good out of Evil", was eventually fulfilled.

Dalhousie University

James Gray

The Canada-United States Interparliamentary Group. By Matthew J. Abrams. Ottawa/Toronto: Parliamentary Centre for Foreign Affairs and Foreign Trade, and Canadian Institute of International Affairs, 1973. Pp. xii, 148. \$3.75.

Matthew Abrams has written an excellent book, but he has chosen a dull subject. For, in politics, the impotent are almost always less interesting than the powerful, and the Canada-United States Interparliamentary Group is in most respects an

impotent institution. Established in 1959 in the wake of a series of emotive and volatile issues in Canadian-American relations, its purpose is to contribute to the avoidance and reduction of potential sources of tension by promoting, through discussion, the mutual understanding of representatives of the United States Congress and the Canadian Parliament. In effect, it is intended to foster at the legislative level what is often described at the executive level as a "frank exchange of views". Its ultimate objective is to improve the climate within which matters bearing on the mutual interests of the two countries are processed by their respective legislative systems.

The trouble is that the vast majority of "Canadian-American relations" are not subject to legislative processes at all, and even if they were, the Interparliamentary Group would not be in a position to make a very tangible contribution to the outcome. It meets no more than once a year, and even then only for a few days. It has no independent supporting staff. As a collectivity, it makes no effort to secure expert advice. Its discussions are informal, and are not recorded. Its proceedings are closed to publics and press alike. Its members do not vote. Indeed, they do not reach decisions. They tend to their deliberations, moreover, to avoid the most controversial issues. Much of their limited time together is dissipated on extraneous outings. Their reports and communiques are brief and vacuous. Small wonder that Americans, in particular, are often reluctant to attend.

The Canadians, on the other hand, notwithstanding the Group's limited capabilities, are eager participants. Their greater interest reflects the lop-sided quality of the relationship: the United States matters far more to Canada than does Canada to the United States. It also reflects the difference in the two constitutional structures: Canadian MPs and Senators are much less plagued than their American counterparts by competing distractions and responsibilities. As one would expect, the impact of these fundamental asymmetries can be discerned everywhere in Dr. Abrams' book, which he has adapted from his doctoral dissertation at Columbia University. Some of his findings, although predictable, are nonetheless revealing. Aside from the fact that for Canadian MPs "service on the Group is a relatively prestigious assignment", whereas for "most members of Congress Canadian-American issues and relations are of peripheral concern" (pp. 40-41), the two sides appear to gain rather different advantages from the proceedings, especially with regard to the exchange of information. The author, for example, finds the Americans much better informed than the Canadians on the more technical aspects of issues, supported as they are by elaborate research staffs and related facilities. In this respect, they are victims more of information-overload than of ignorance, for they are deluged with more paper than they can absorb. They do suffer, however, from a lack of knowledge of the substance of Canadian interests and grievances—that is, they tend to be less familiar with the political than with the technical aspects of continental questions. The Canadians, by contrast, are much less well served technically—expertise in Canada lies principally with the civil service bureaucracy, and the bureaucracy is the servant of the Cabinet, not of Parliament—but they seem on the other hand to have a more comprehensive understanding than the Americans of the political context within which particular

problems arise. Hence, while the Group has had little direct impact on executive or legislative action on either side of the border, it has sometimes improved the level of mutual understanding. "In the case of the member of Parliament this has been the result mainly of *technical* information provided to him at the meetings. The member of Congress, on the other hand, has benefited not so much from exposure to new factual data as from the *political* information obtained which emphasized the nature of Canadian grievances" (p. 80; author's emphasis).

It becomes clear from Dr. Abrams' analysis of individual issues, however, that the impact of this increased measure of awareness has been marginal at best. It has occasionally exercised a moderating influence on attitudes expressed in the legislative bodies of both countries, and it is on such atmospheric intangibles that the case for continuing the Group's meetings must rest. But the fact remains that the conduct of Canadian-American relations is largely an executive function, and "the executive branches of Canada and the United States pay little attention to the Group's activities" (p. 103). Even in Congress, which is generally assumed to be less subject than British-style parliaments to executive control, "Interparliamentary contacts are at the bottom of the list of variables to be weighed...because a concern for Canada does not in itself improve one's chances for re-election in the United States" (p. 90).

The Interparliamentary Group costs very little. That being so, Dr. Abrams has no difficulty in concluding that its "limited achievements" are worth their modest price (p. 122). This is a balanced judgment, and it is based on a thorough and painstaking investigation involving some 150 personal interviews. One is inclined at first to wish that this prodigious expenditure of energy and analytical talent had been directed to the examination of a more central feature of the Canadian-American relationship. It is possible, on the other hand, that the significance of the Interparliamentary Group will soon increase. Given the deepening intensity of the complex issues now appearing on the Canada-U.S. agenda, we will shortly require all the mutual understanding we can get.

Dalhousie University

Denis Stairs

Happy Rural Seat: The English Country House and the Literary Imagination. By Richard Gill. New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1972. Pp. 305. \$9.75.

It may be, as Henry James insists, that the quintessence of England is embodied in her country houses: "Of all the great things that the English have invented and made part of the credit of the national character, the most perfect, the most characteristic, the only one they have mastered completely in all its details, so that it becomes a compendious illustration of their social genius and their manners, is the well-appointed, well-administered, well-filled country house" (*English Hours*, quoted by Gill, p. 19). The declaration tends to sound like a romantic dream of England cherished by the American outsider. Surprisingly, however, it does hold true for at least the nineteenth-century novel. For over one hundred years the country house was an extraordinarily dominant literary convention, providing title

and theme, setting and symbol for nearly all the major novelists. During the nineteenth century, in fact, the novel (when it is not named after its central character) is typically called by the name of its most significant country house: *Mansfield Park*, *Bleak House*, *Nightmare Abbey*, *Wuthering Heights*. This naming points to the dominating importance of the house: the lives of the heroines in nearly all of the novels of Jane Austen and of the Brontë sisters are shaped primarily by their domestic experience of country houses; Trollope's novels are frequently structured around visits to country estates; Disraeli's politicians form alliances and plot strategies at country seats.

In nineteenth-century fiction, as in reality, the country house was a microcosm of the larger society. Socially, aesthetically, politically, and economically it reflected and was linked to the entire nation. Its organisation revolved around a family connected by birth, marriage, and friendship with a large network of other important families; its art galleries, its furnishings, its entertainments, its libraries all reflected and at times influenced the cultural interests of the nation as a whole; its inhabitants were always involved politically, either implicitly in the local community or explicitly in parliament. Economically, too, the country house, together with its grounds and holdings, was linked to the more significant developments of the industrial revolution: the owners of country estates used improved agricultural techniques, exploited minerals on their property, invested in public utilities, built factories.

It is, then, scarcely surprising that the country house should have engrossed so many of our best novelists. What is remarkable is that Mr. Gill's book is the first full-length study of the topic; for there is an abundance of promising material, which Mr. Gill has organised into a carefully planned, detailed account of how certain late nineteenth and early twentieth-century novelists have dealt with the country house. The book as a whole is a useful, if pedestrian, study of this extraordinarily dominant theme.

Mr. Gill's main subject is Henry James, for whom the country house is most often "The Great Good Place". But James was also very much aware of the ideological, aesthetic, and class conflicts between the values suggested by the country house and the more dominant forces of his society. Much of the effectiveness of his fictional accounts of country houses—Gardencourt, Poynton, Fawns, Summersoft—derives from his unease at the "disparity between the symbolic ideal and the social actuality" (Gill, p. 28) of the country house. Fundamentally, however, James is less interested in the relationship between the country house and its surrounding society than in the subtleties and ambiguities of the human relationships within the houses; the culminating moral and aesthetic point of his fictional stance is, perhaps, that moment in *The Golden Bowl* when Maggie during her stay at Fawns chooses "serenities and dignities and decencies" (*The Golden Bowl*, quoted by Gill, p. 90) as her means of resolving the intolerable quadrangle of the two marriages.

Later English novelists tended more to use the idea and the actuality of the country house as a measure of the society as a whole. For Wells and Galsworthy the country house and its inhabitants dramatised the failure of an entire social order; conversely, Ford and Forster saw the country house as an emblem of traditional,

enriching values which might be conserved or even, where necessary, re-created.

For Huxley, Lawrence, Waugh, and Isherwood, however, the country house is dead, its corpse the object of mordant comedy. The houses and grounds have been sold for villas, for allotments, for playing fields, for breeding farms for foxes. Those country houses which do manage physically to survive provoke only sardonic reflections on their actual, as differentiated from their ideal, past: Henry Winbush in *Crome Yellow* insists that "if all these people were dead, this festivity would be extremely agreeable. Nothing would be pleasanter than to read in a well-written book of an open-air ball that took place a century ago...But when the ball takes place today, when one finds oneself involved in it, one sees the thing in its true light" (quoted by Gill, p. 142).

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While the feudal anachronisms and modern decadence of the English country house establishment were being savaged by Huxley, country houses in Ireland were being actually, rather than metaphorically, destroyed. The burning by revolutionaries of many of the Anglo-Irish houses evoked among the novelists a mood of elegy, a lament for what came to represent—at least in its death—a humane order of

culture and civility. A few Irish writers, such as Elizabeth Bowen and Joyce Cary, even came to believe that at least the idea of the house might continue to exist, however tenuously, in the midst of revolutionary political and social change.

But the most socially realistic, as well as the most aesthetically acceptable, end to the country house in both England and Ireland was destruction. The spoils of Poynton are finally consumed by fire, while at the end of *The Last September* "the door stood open hospitably upon a furnace" (quoted by Gill, p. 189), as the rebels burn Danielstown. Even those novelists who attempt to restore the ideal of the country house suggest its ominous future: as Dowell settles down at Bradshaw "life peters out" (*The Good Soldier*, quoted by Gill, p. 128), while the red rust of London creeps inexorably towards the meadows that surround Howards End.

All of these tendencies in the fictional treatment of the country house culminate in Richard Hughes' *The Fox in the Attic* (which Mr. Gill mentions only in passing). Hughes' country estates—both those in England as well as the houses and castles in Germany—are richly imagined, and we see the lives of all their inhabitants: masters, friends, children, servants, children, even the animals. This minutely observed, emotionally complex life in country houses provides Hughes with an extraordinarily effective medium through which to view the political holocausts of the 1930's; the houses, with their personal and their political tensions, both form and are formed by the looming evil of Nazi power.

In fiction, then, the country house seems to function most effectively either in its death or as an image of death. In reality, however, the contemporary country house is far from being destroyed either as a physical fact or as a social institution. A few houses have been abandoned; a few more have been converted from their original use to become schools, hotels, or entries in the list of National Trust properties. But most of the houses are still country estates, their rooms still occupied by their established families, their gardens still meticulously cared for, their art galleries still intact, their social system (however unjust) still remarkably viable. Except perhaps in Ireland, the fictional destruction of the country house remains just that—fictional.

Mr. Gill, however, does not reach these conclusions about the current state of real and fictional country houses. Indeed, he does not reach any conclusions at all: his book ends with a wandering search through *Brideshead Revisited* for the nature of Waugh's Catholicism. There are other failures of imagination and judgement as well. The skimpy, poorly reproduced photographs show only the exteriors of buildings; there are no pictures of gardens, of art galleries, of rooms—of the physical environment of country house living that so deeply influenced both the inhabitants and those who wrote about them. The discussions of the houses themselves and of the novels in which they appear depend too often on (admirably chosen) quotations and summaries of other critics. In its somewhat unimaginative way, however, the book is both lucid and learned; and the richness of its subject matter is inexhaustible.

University of Strathclyde, Glasgow

Elisabeth Gerver

Give Me One Good Reason. By Norma Klein. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1973. Pp. 251. \$6.95.

How does one respond to a book which, while genuinely revolutionary in terms of the subject matter it introduces, is formally chaotic to an almost embarrassing degree? Does one rejoice that issues that should have been raised years ago have finally been brought into the open? Or does one despair at the formless vehicle used to express those ideas—and worry, perhaps, that the ideas will be thought less of because the author has not thought more about her medium? *Perhaps* in the case of a clearly 'feminist' work, such as this novel—a piece basically in the confessional mode, and dealing with a bright, frequently engaging 32 year-old biochemist, fond of men but not so sure about marriage, who decides to have a child out of wedlock—one should simply be glad of the issues (the confessional note runs so strongly throughout that it is all but impossible to think of the work as having a plot), and suspend judgment on the form until after the revolution—not concerning oneself, for instance, with the fact that it is all but impossible to tell whether Dr. Gabrielle Van de Poel, the heroine, has a separate existence, or is simply speaking as the author's mouthpiece.

A slightly less extreme version of the above position is taken by Lucy Rosenthal, reviewing the book in the January issue of *MS*. Conceding a "certain lack of prose distinction" in the work, Rosenthal goes on to defend it as "more lifelike than literary, a story-teller's book, not a poet's." She concludes this same paragraph by suggesting that "Certainly a women's literature has room for both or all kinds of writers, and one is grateful for Norma Klein." This all sounds very well-intentioned, and I imagine it is. But what if Norma Klein were Norman Klein? Would that "certain lack of prose distinction" *then* be offset by the work's "humanity"? Would a reviewer feel compelled to distinguish between writers "engaged more with life and its possibilities than with language its resources for language's own sake," a distinction which gets us into perilous waters indeed? Would she speak of *men's* literature—or literature, period, for that matter—as having room for admittedly undistinguished writers of prose? I think not! I hope not! In fact, I think that such talk, used to describe a book by a male author, would have any reviewer laughed out of the offices of any self-respecting magazine in North America.

The question then is, of course, why it is tolerated in the case of a female author. Perhaps I "don't understand", but to me, it should not be tolerated at all. It smacks painfully of separate-but-equal and the double standard; in fact, it is not very far from this to the college professor who, a few years back, supposedly said, "I give my blacks A's and B's—and to hell with them." Such talk about "a women's literature", a term, incidentally, that Rosenthal does not see fit to define, is most certainly not good criticism. Nor do I think it good politics. So long as there is a separate class of "women writers", (hasn't there always been), it will be all too easy for people to say, "Ah, but how does she compare to Tolstoy, Joyce, Proust. ..." It is true that we may not see a female author of this class for another fifty years. But

we certainly will not if most of the available talent is funneled off into "women's literature" specialty work. That is the ultimate condescension, and Lucy Rosenthal ought to know better. To praise a work indiscriminately because it is "women's literature" is, among other things, to blind readers to its legitimate merits. Which, for all I may have suggested so far, are numerous—just about exactly as numerous as its drawbacks. But then, if I suggest that it is a book whose drawbacks make it as well worth reading as its merits, perhaps I will give a clearer picture.

In the face of all the hoopla generated by the women's movement of late, Gabrielle Van de Poel is not always easy to take on her own terms. The fact that we cannot distinguish between her and some mouthpiece for Norma Klein doesn't make this any easier, particularly in those passages which appear (on the surface, at least) to be highly ideologically coded. Are we to take Gabrielle's frequent rantings in behalf of freedom, which frequently end in a put-down of her boy friend, Rudolf, as the expressions of the author's own philosophy, or is she trying to take a sympathetic or possibly even ironic perspective on them? Such questions arise frequently, but so long as the distance between author and speaker remains indeterminate, or, as may be the case, non-existent, they cannot possibly be answered. The ever-crucial question of tone becomes a Gordian knot; we come away from the final pages not knowing what to think. The problem of tone becomes even more important in such passages as those in which Gabrielle agonizes over her inability to obtain a vasectomy for her male Great Dane. If such a moment is to be taken seriously, we may legitimately have some doubts about the author's sense of proportion (nearly ten pages are devoted to the scene). If, on the other hand, the whole thing is a joke, we should perhaps have some more hints from the author, so we'll be aware of that fact at some point before the ten pages are up.

Such silly moments as the one just mentioned bring out a central truth of the book; either Gabrielle or the author is her own worst enemy. Concealed behind a rather modish front of the "right" issues is a book which does some of the things that few if any books (including quite a few seemingly more spectacular ones) have done. There is matter-of-fact discussion of the problems (both personal and professional) facing a sensitive, educated professional woman working in a highly competitive field. There is a real thinking-through of the abortion question, which Gabrielle resolves not by waving a placard saying "It's my body" (one of the best things about the book is the clear-cut realization that she knows this already, and thus doesn't need to waste her time and ours informing us of the fact), but by coming to the realization that, damn it, she does not want any surgical scalpel coming between her and that body's natural processes (like giving birth). Although the scenes with Rudolf are sometimes rather strained, I like the way Gabrielle thinks through the question of the child; of course she *can* raise him on her own, but she can do better with help—better for herself, as well as for little Bruno. And the scenes with her own parents, and with her niece, are genuinely delightful. Here Gabrielle (or the author) feels able to drop the ideological guard for a moment, and simply have a good time talking about human beings who in this day and age are different precisely because they are (in the conventional sense) rather ordinary; it is

precisely because Klein does not, as so many modern authors tend to do, burden us with her characters' obscure sexual practices, psychosomatic illnesses, or cases of chronic anorexia, that she is able to show us character and personality, rather than providing us with caricatures, as Atwood tends to do, particularly with the male characters, in such a work as *The Edible Woman*. I mention Atwood, because it is by comparison with such a writer as Atwood that Klein's real strength appears. Her characters are all reasonably intelligent; the best we can say of most of Atwood's is that they possess a certain low cunning. They display frequent compassion and tenderness; indeed, they move in a distinctly moral universe. Compared to Rudolf, Elizabeth, Gabrielle, and her parents, the characters in the *Edible Woman* strike me as virtual emotional illiterates. Indeed, Klein's book is, in most basic terms, about a woman's emotional education; behind all the frequently neurotic talk is the basically sane and pro-life assumption that people can basically shape their own fate, if they are tough and flexible and, yes, loving enough. That is a good assumption, a humane assumption. So in this limited sense—but only in this sense—Lucy Rosenthal is right when she praises the work for its humanity. Whereas, except for Joe, the philosophy professor, who is the butt of considerable ridicule, Atwood's characters don't seem to have the slightest idea of what a moral action is.

Thus, we can say that it is a good thing that this book has been written; by showing us a woman at work at something other than making coffee, and at play at something other than house, Klein has indeed done us all signal service. I think that the world would be a better place if a great many people were to go tomorrow and read her book. But I cannot pretend that it is a book to which I would like to return in twenty years, or even in five. In that time, historians of literature should come to see in perspective the contributions Klein has made in advancing a more accurate image of women, and of personal relations, than was available before. For now, I can only suggest that those who aren't bothered by the confessional mode should read the book through rather quickly, without being as picky as I have been. Then, having read this book, and hopefully enjoyed it, let us all sit back and hope that between this book and her next, Norma Klein undergoes some fairly considerable technical maturation (a re-reading of the classic novels of the 18th and 19th centuries might do wonders). If she does, it is fairly clear to me that that next book will be something a good deal more substantial—and something to which one just might return in five years' time. As her present effort shows, the intelligence and the moral clarity are already there, and technique (thank God) is something which can always be acquired.

Dalhousie University

J.C. Peirce

Roger Williams, *A Key into the Language of America*. Edited with a critical Introduction, Notes, and Commentary by John J. Teunissen and Evelyn J. Hinz. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1973. Pp. 322. \$14.95.

Seventeenth-century America provides our prototypal colonial literature. Intensive recent scholarship, sometimes unwillingly, has revealed its derivativeness, the

increasing cultural lag evident in, say, Anne Bradstreet writing like Du Bartas, Edward Taylor's eighteenth-century Puritan Baroque, or Roger Williams—his latest editors suggest—writing in something like the mode of *Utopia*. Yet in its very dependence on metropolitan European culture, and the cultural rigors of the Wilderness itself, are seen the mythic origins of later American civilization and literature. The New Englanders wrote earnestly, picking out the more utilitarian or simplified tenets from the ragbag of Renaissance critical theories, seemingly only rarely aware of the rapidly changing literary standards and theories in the sophisticated culture from which they were drifting apart and yet were so dependent upon.

The new direction of scholarly interest in Puritan literature in the last generation has concentrated upon discovering literary as opposed to mere historical interest in their work. Sometimes, however, the very industry required and the need to proselytize leads to startlingly naive or, at least over-stated, critical evaluations.

The editors of the work under consideration, who teach at the University of Manitoba, provide, in some ways, a case in point. They offer us an attractively presented and useful edition—with occasional slips in proof reading, on pages 32 and 52 for instance—but in their 80-page introductory essay, they make a number of over-enthusiastic and indiscriminate judgements on the merit of *A Key*. Roger Williams was a Puritan pastor turned trader, who wrote *A Key* as an introduction to Indian language and customs while on a journey to London, where it was published in 1643. It is a selective English-Indian language handbook with prose and verse observations. The phrases are arranged under such headings as "Of Salutation", "Of Eating and Entertainment", "Of their nakedness and clothing", "Of their Gaming", etc. The editors reject the traditional view of the work as having merely historical or political significance and concentrate on establishing that "the evangelical and linguistic directives" are subordinate to "the controlling artistic dimension" (13)—a claim which if proven would make the work unique in the New England Puritan canon. They see Williams presenting the Indian as "both the wild and Edenic man" (42), and more deserving of salvation perhaps than the privileged Europeans. In such commonplace observations they sense the essential American ambivalence of Wilderness and Garden, and also a "tragic primitivism" (45) suspiciously akin to that of Melville—or to many contemporary myth-critics. The moral lessons Williams drew from his experiences with the Indians are just if commonplace, such as: "...some cut their haire round, and some as low and as short as the sober *English*; yet I never saw any so to forget nature it selfe in such excessive length and monstrous fashion, as to the shame of the *English Nation*, I now (with grieve) see my Country-men in *England* are degenerated unto" (130).

Fundamentally, the editors' error is that of turning what is essentially a descriptive contextual placing of the work—in terms of American mythology, the work's contribution to what they unfortunately term "the true meaning of America" (31)—into a qualitative judgement. To describe *A Key* as ironic apocalyptic (52) or to point out the obvious metaphor in the title *Key* (29) in no way establishes the book as a subtle literary work, however valuable such observations may be within a theory of literary colonialism. Williams' verse, too,

never rises above the level of pungent doggerel; it certainly does not merit him "the name of poet for literary as well as historical reasons" (67), although it may often be (unintentionally) amusing, much in the manner of the *Bay Psalm Book* or Wigglesworth:

Proud filthy *Sodome* saw the Sunne
 Shine or'e her head most bright.
 The very day that turn'd she was
 To stincking heaps, 'fore night (159).

The modesty of Williams' claim that his work "happily may unlocke some Rarities concerning the Natives themselves, not yet discovered" (83) contrasts with the editors' claim that the work expresses "the true meaning of America". As an instance of their indiscriminate and over-solemn judgements, Williams' simple list of hunting vocabulary (224-225) becomes a dramatic interchange "which has for its anticlimax the prototypic American hunting accident followed by the proverbial tall tale" (53). It is all a fairly common occurrence in early American literary scholarship: an interesting work, lovingly presented, but greatly overvalued, in an attempt to place it alongside the undeniable giants of later literature. So, the final paragraph of the introduction epitomises major temptation to those of us working in the field. On the one hand *A Key*, it is now admitted, "is not a great work of art; nor did Williams exert in any definable sense an influence upon the American literary tradition." But on the other hand, it contains, nevertheless, "the self-reliance of an Emerson, the symbolic perspective of a Hawthorne, the tragic primitivism of a Melville, and the pragmatic empiricism of a Twain" (69).

In short, an admirable edition; but alas, a work overvalued by its presenters.

Bedford, Nova Scotia

Jennifer Waller

Revolutionary Politics in the Long Parliament. By John R. MacCormack. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1973. Pp. xiii, 346. \$14.00.

Although there have been studies made of the membership of the Long Parliament, no systematic, detailed study has been made heretofore of the activities of that body in the period following the death of John Pym in December 1643. The book under review sets out to fill the gap up to and including the purge carried out by Colonel Pride on 6 December 1648. The period was a crucial one. The questions to be determined concerned the nature of the political and religious settlements to be hammered out between King and Parliament in the wake of the defeat of the Royalist forces, and, indeed, whether a settlement with King Charles could be reached. There was also the question of the extent to which Parliament could be swayed by the democratic ideas of the Levellers and other yet more radical groups.

Earlier works on the membership of the Long Parliament generally have discerned shifting alliances between factions in the House of Commons, forged and broken in

accordance with the progress of events. Professor MacCormack however, sees two main groups, the moderates and the radicals, each of which possessed enough cohesiveness to merit the descriptive term "party", at least down to 1647. The moderates were led by Denzil Holles and Sir Philip Stapleton, the radicals by Sir Henry Vane, Jr., and the Solicitor-General, Oliver St. John. For the first two years it was the radicals who by and large had the upper hand in the Commons. They were determined to gain control of the New Model Army, an object which they accomplished. In this early phase they seem to have enjoyed a slight numerical superiority over the moderates which they hoped to increase in the aftermath of the first civil war through elections to replace the royalists who had defected in 1642. However, the results produced a numerical majority for the moderates which for a short time allowed them to dominate proceedings in the Commons. More important, the radical grouping began to disintegrate, and never really recovered. Ultimately this helped to pave the way for the emergence of Oliver Cromwell as the major force in the devising of policies to be pursued by Parliament in attempting to reach a settlement with the King. The author delineates well the crucial but very difficult role played by Cromwell in shaping events from the middle of 1647 onwards.

Professor MacCormack argues that religion was not the great issue dividing the two parties, and makes clear the fact that only a minority amongst the moderates were intent on the establishment of Presbyterianism as the solution to the religious problem. Many moderates would have been prepared to accept a limited episcopacy, but because the party was forced to ally itself with Scots in 1644 it was viewed by the King as the "Presbyterian party", and the label has stuck. Of course, on occasion both radicals and moderates supported the cause of Presbyterianism, but invariably for political or tactical reasons. The great majority of Englishmen were not interested in it.

One of the most remarkable features of the period was the incredible, tortuous complexity of the paths pursued by the two parties and the factions within them in their attempts, at times sincere, at other times not, to reach a settlement with the King. The traditional view has been that the inability to reach a settlement with Charles in large measure stemmed from the fact that he could not be trusted. This present study makes clear that if either side is to be regarded as having been untrustworthy it was the parliamentarians with their shifting attitudes shaped by the exigency of the political situation of the moment inside and outside of the House of Commons.

Professor MacCormack has drawn upon a wide range of sources, and the inclusion of a bibliography would have been useful. It is surprising these days to see a reference to the "middle class" in seventeenth-century England (p.208), and it is perhaps anachronistic to suggest the outcome of a division in the Commons as a "vote of no confidence in Cromwell" (p.273). Although this study is concerned primarily with the political complexion of Parliament, one never has much sense of Parliament as an institution. The approach to the subject is strictly chronological and the novice to the subject on occasion may find himself getting lost in the complexities of the events and personae. In respect to the latter, an elaboration of

the valuable appendix at the end, which is concerned with the political attitudes of the Members of the House of Commons, as an introduction might have been helpful in setting the scene. These points aside, this is unquestionably a useful and valuable study.

University of New Brunswick

C. G. Ericson

Charles Baudelaire: Edgar Allan Poe: sa vie et ses ouvrages. Ed. by W. T. Bandy. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1973. Pp. xlvi, 128. \$10.00.

In 1952 Lois Hyslop announced Professor Bandy's present book in the preface to her own book, *Baudelaire on Poe*. Twenty-one years later, after some six articles on Poe and Baudelaire, we have the results of Professor Bandy's investigations concerning Baudelaire's essay *Edgar Allan Poe: sa vie et ses ouvrages*. The book consists of three parts: 1) a 36-page introduction by Professor Bandy, 2) Baudelaire's first article on Poe (with textual notes), as it appeared initially in 1852 in the *Revue de Paris*, 3) appendices containing the commentaries on Poe from which Baudelaire borrowed: John M. Daniel's review of Poe's *Works* in the *Southern Literary Messenger* (March 1850) and John R. Thompson's obituary of Poe in the *Southern Literary Messenger* (Nov. 1849).

The foreword tells us that Professor Bandy's introduction "presents for the first time a complete and accurate account of the genesis of Baudelaire's essay, with supporting documents showing his indebtedness to American, British and French sources." By genesis we must understand all the details *external* to the work which Professor Bandy faithfully unearths in Baudelaire's life and in various anecdotes and biographical snippets. This book will therefore appeal to all those scholars who are interested in a criticism which locates itself outside the literary work and follows the precepts laid down by Sainte-Beuve.

The book informs the patient scholar that Baudelaire's work on Poe has been clouded over with various myths which misled commentators of the past. In the course of subjecting Baudelaire's biography to careful scrutiny, Professor Bandy demystifies all these legends. He proves, for example, that in 1852 Baudelaire was acquainted only with a small part of Poe's minor works and that in order to write his treatise he had to "lift bodily" large sections from the two articles on Poe in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Finally, Professor Bandy gives an assessment of Baudelaire's plagiarism. Baudelaire is forgiven because he was an "altruist" who "filched" whole pages in order to defend and further the fame of Poe in France. Baudelaire would only then have been a flagrant plagiarist had he snatched the portions out for selfish reasons to enhance his own reputation or pocket-book.

In spite of the plea for mercy, there is not much left to respect or admire in Baudelaire when Professor Bandy has finished with his introduction. And one begins to wonder why Professor Bandy goes to all the trouble of writing the thirty-six pages at all. Not that he ever underestimates Baudelaire's importance as a poet or translator—he even feels that Baudelaire's essay on Poe "had a major part in

shaping the European view of Poe"—but his critical exercise, which can appear thorough and satisfying, can also become tiring and depressing. It implies a certain gift of gossip and demands of the one who indulges in it that he renounce an immanent interpretation of the work of literature, that he explicate the work away instead of making it explicit. Two dangers are laid by this mode of criticism in the path of the innocent reader. First, he may get lost in an excess of external facts. For, asked to grasp all the little biographical details, he does not focus on the work itself. The second danger is indifference. Having had to mold himself into so many outer and successive "finds" he loses the passion which Baudelaire saw as fundamental to the critical act. Professor Bandy succumbs to both dangers and, in his case, this is lethal. Rather than helping us to get into Baudelaire's work, he fabricates objective means which can reduce the work for him and can help him to explain it away. Rather than searching out the internal meaning of the work, Professor Bandy tries systematically to determine its external causes. For a prolongation or provocation of Baudelaire's work on Poe, we must go to other critical texts.

Mount Allison University

Liliane Welch

Death by Melancholy: Essays on Modern Southern Fiction. By Walter Sullivan. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1973. Pp.xi, 133. \$5.95.

This collection of essays is divided into two parts: the first a series of five essays on individual writers of the Southern renaissance; the second a set of three essays which speculates on the decline of Southern literature since World War II. The essays on William Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren, and Katherine Ann Porter pretty much indicate the tenor of the book as a whole. The bedside manner is cautious, but the diagnosis is disheartening. Faulkner, after his great achievements in the late twenties and through the thirties, suffered a loss of "moral vision" which accounts for the falling off of his late work. Warren lost the touch that allowed him to write *All the Kings Men* and succumbed to "an existential and activist orientation" which cost him the failure of *Band of Angels*. Katherine Ann Porter, after the glory of her early short stories, followed her romantic heart into the fashionable clichés of *Ship of Fools*.

This motif of decline and fall is picked up and developed in the last three essays in the collection. Most readers will recognize something of a familiar Southern threnody. In Professor Sullivan's version, Southern culture, while undergoing its own inner erosion, still managed to carry into the twentieth century a body of traditional virtues that nourished the outstanding achievement of the Southern renaissance. In the forties, as the process of cultural change accelerated, the South lost much of its political and religious integrity and, as a result, its special fertility. The work of established writers such as Faulkner began to fail; while that of the

younger generation of William Styron, Madison Jones, and Cormac McCarthy never reached fulfillment. Sullivan describes a number of symptoms of the general funk of postwar Southern writers. For example, he argues that contemporary Southern writers have had their creative vitality bled away in liberal social causes, that they have surrendered to the social sciences with their "demystified" concept of man, that they have drifted after James Joyce into a rebellious asceticism. Finally, as a result of having lost their proper spiritual centre, they have plunged into a melancholic quest for self-destruction.

While Sullivan's image of the Southern literary landscape is obviously gloomy, it is not totally despairing. He concludes with a call to young writers to rediscover a religious outlook and a renewed sense of spiritual values which can alone redeem their work.

Sullivan's argument suffers from the same weaknesses as a great deal of Southern literature. It proceeds from assumptions which are too narrowly focused and are not sufficiently examined, for example his more or less unstated conviction that the South enjoyed some special literary dispensation between the two wars—in one instance Sullivan parallels his period with the Elizabethan age. If we compare the literary output of all the Southern states during this period with that of say the upper Midwest, it becomes clear that the South enjoyed no unique advantage. Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota have probably had as many significant writers over this period as the whole of the South and with considerably less than half of the South's total population. This comparison is not meant to disparage Southern achievement and certainly not to make any pitch for a Midwestern renaissance but only to indicate that the so-called South renaissance should be seen within the larger context of the cultural expansion that took place in the United States through the first half of the century. The danger of making an easy assumption of the special merit of modern Southern literature is that it leads straight to the false conclusion that this special merit resulted from the unique character of Southern culture. The South did not suddenly produce writers in the twenties and thirties because it had held onto an agrarian way of life, or a respect for traditional belief, or a full sense of history, or a rigid class structure or indeed because of any separate and distinct Southern identity. These are all doubtless significant aspects of the kind of literature that was made in the South, but they are not the cause of whatever excellence it has. If they were, the deep South would have been the fertile crescent of American literature in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century and not the Sahara of the Bozart that Mencken accused it of being.

For theory's sake, Sullivan slips into a number of inaccuracies. His contention that the modern novel reflects a cut-and-dried image of humanity that has been deprived of mystery by "the hegemony of the social sciences" doesn't fit a very impressive number of cases in the South or anywhere else. The general drift of contemporary fiction has been in the opposite direction: humanity is seen as not only mysterious but totally incomprehensible. The idea that the ghost of James Joyce somehow prompts the melancholic Southern novelist towards the edge and self-destruction is probably ridiculous. At any rate the essay on Joyce and the Southern renaissance misses the point of Joyce's purpose and his effect and ignores

the past twenty years of Joyce criticism, apparently to follow down a cold trail set by Caroline Gordon. Finally, Sullivan's call for revival strikes me as being as misdirected as his anatomy of decline. No writer of any great potential is likely to discover God in order to improve his art. Perhaps those who do achieve real faith come to see, with the martyrs, that God is the solution to nothing in *this* world.

Dalhousie University

M.A. Klug

Marcel Proust: A Critical Panorama. Edited by Larkin B. Price. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1973. Pp. xiii, 288. \$7.50

Collections of essays written without a central, unifying structure or methodology may often lack a certain cohesive necessity. Larkin Price, who is responsible for bringing together the thirteen voices of yet another international choir to sing the praises of Marcel Proust, shows himself sensitive to this problem in both his preface and his nevertheless somewhat arbitrary organisation of these essays written largely to celebrate the centennial of Proust's birth. The risk of idolatry is indeed great, as Theodore Johnson, echoing Proust himself, warns—and it is hydra-headed, as each critic understandably, zealously tends, in his concentration upon given factors or motifs, towards a certain inflation of their general significance. But few critics can perhaps afford the necessary humility, particularly when the study must lack the amplitude and synthetical dimension granted only by a more extensive piece of criticism. Fortunately, however, the reader may establish his own Einsteinian coordinate system and a relative Proustian truth rapidly emerges. Moreover, inevitably, the essays, for the most part well-documented and quietly effective, interpenetrate at various levels, thematic and methodological, and the insights of an individual contribution are often heightened by unconscious cross-fertilisation.

This is particularly the case with regard to the question of the interplay between reality and fiction, where the contributions of Germaine Bree, Douglas Alden, R. A. Sayce, Philip Kolb and Theodore Johnson intertwine their different emphases and discoveries. In the back of a number of minds no doubt lurks the ghost of Jean-Francois Revel brandishing his inflammatory *Sur Proust*. Douglas Alden takes issue rather violently with certain of Revel's pretensions, examining both realistic moulds used in the casting of *Jean Santeuil* and its impressionistic, poetic "disruptions". His conclusions point to the need for a more finely gauged assessment of the tension between realism and its transcendence in *A la Recherche*. Germaine Bree demonstrates that Proust's x-raying techniques were already well-developed at the time of writing *Jean Santeuil*, in which the Dreyfus affair is exploited not for its purely topical significance but rather for its "deep-structured relevance to central considerations". Both analyses, in different ways, implicitly support R. A. Sayce's plea for a non-simplistic appreciation of realistic techniques. If Sayce, too, then, in his excellent study of the Goncourt pastiche in *Le Temps Retrouvé*, objects to Revel, it is for a certain over-simplification, for a failure to observe the complex nature of the dialectic between art and reality within the novel itself. Sayce also briefly crosses swords with Gerard Genette in a finely articulated

assessment of the way in which this pastiche, a concretely created *oeuvre d'art imaginaire*, subtly functions via a two-way process of assimilation: insertion of pastiche into novel and vice-versa. Agnes Porter's examination of pastiche as characterisation, however, is rather less ambitious, involving a straightforward juxtaposition of Proust's article on Montesquiou, "Un professeur de beauté", and the evidence of *A la Recherche*. Nevertheless, here again, her conclusion intimates the peculiarly "deep-structured" quality of Proust's mimetism.

Philip Kolb's study also concentrates attention upon Proustian methods of absorbing and transmuting lived experience or known facts. His valuable analysis of amalgamation processes in character formation (Elstir, Elstir's wife, Vinteuil/Gabrielle Hébert, Paul Helleu and wife) is highly documented and amply illustrates the singular ease with which Proust transposes from one artistic medium to another—a creative process at the centre of which lies the metamorphic principle generating so much in so many realms of Proust's work. Theodore Johnson's contribution, like Kolb's, reveals meticulous scholarship and, despite a certain intermittent heaviness, remains attuned to the subtleties of Proust's complex creative imagination. We are permitted to observe the fine brushwork of Proust's fusion of symbol and reality and witness the synchronic, yet allegorically dialectical reassembling of metamorphosed materials, as Proust finds in Giotto not only a kindred spirit but a master in the art of visionary self-projection.

Other essays in the collection deal with thematic, metaphoric knots—though we shall have to await the appearance of Jean-Pierre Richard's *magnum opus* for a Proustian phenomenology to be attempted—and certain structural patterns. Peter Conroy neatly exposes the *Einblendungstechnik* by means of which the Hotel de Balbec becomes church, then theatre, finally churchtheatre. Rosette Lamont, attracted to her study by Eugene Ionesco's own fascination with Proustian theatricality, attempts to decipher some of the "living hieroglyphics" of the hermaphroditic actor-character Saint-Loup, suggesting that it is Proust's demonstrable awareness of the importance of "la gestuelle" that gives to his theatrical "poetry" its especially modern flavour—that the subtleties of allegorical mimicry are confined to the modern period is, however, somewhat doubtful. With the contributions of Marc Hanrez and Michel Raimond we enter clearly into the realm of structural analysis. Hanrez, succinctly, though not entirely without pedantry, evokes the three imbricated systems responsible for the smooth functioning of Mme Swann and shows how in turn they interlock with those of the narrator in a "triple relation bipolaire". Michel Raimond, more humble than Hanrez in reminding us of the ultimate brittleness of imaginative and structural models, nevertheless produces a finely suggestive analysis of the way in which a certain structural logic (involving, here, systems of opposition, reversal, repetition, variation and surprise) may be deemed to constitute a conscious or unconscious principle of creative production. Professor Cocking, tackling along more traditional lines the question of the structural coherence of *Le Temps Retrouvé* with respect to the tensions between intelligence and instinct, establishes valuable dialogues with Maurice Bardeche and Paul Valéry. His conclusions are modest, but scrupulously honest.

The volume closes with two essays by John Erickson and Reino Virtanen, examining respectively affinities between Proust and Einstein, Proust and Santayana. The latter's theory of essence is shown less to have affected Proust's notions of essence, seen to have been initially at a remove from Santayana's, than to have ultimately and unwittingly assimilated Proust's own theory! Close analysis of Proust's correspondence, in particular, reveals that Einstein's discoveries in the realm of physical phenomena had, in a similar way, little direct bearing on Proust's discoveries concerning psychic phenomena. Yet a fundamental convergence of their two optics emerges from Erickson's exploration of how scientist and novelist envisage relationships between things in time. The Proustian dialectic between time-destroyer and time-preserver focusses attention upon the positive, as well as the negative, aspects of time. For time is a maker of reference points; it permits the laying out of a coordinate system. In this optic distance and loss are ironically preconditions for recovery and understanding, for they alone allow us to "get a fix" on past phenomena; they alone permit the construction of what Bergson called relativity's amalgam of absolutes. The single absolute point of reference breeds error and takes on meaning only in relation to another point of reference. The relative perspective is a condition for truth—in Proust, as "on" Proust. For it is via the gathering together by Larkin Price of this collection of "absolutes", with their inevitable self-centredness, that we may become perhaps rather more aware of the elusive truth of Proust's work itself, with its own mosaic, multi-dimensional network of shifting coordinates.

Dalhousie University

Michael Bishop

The Peacock Papers. By Leo Simpson. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1973. Pp. 226.

What Simpson is apparently trying to do in this novel is to use the conversion of a small-town Ontario public library from books to computer tapes as the occasion for a broadly-scattered, far-reaching social satire. As is often the case with such efforts, his is only sporadically effective. In the course of his novel, Simpson introduces various bizarre situations and incredible characters and then mixes them thoroughly (and confusingly) so as to provide what is presumably meant as a zany take-off on various aspects of small-town life, though several features of the wider world are introduced, notably, a girl trapped in male-proof bikini underpants put on to stay by her mad scientist father. This character alone will give some indication of the novel's style of humour. Other characters include Dr. Harrison Royce, a mediamaniac and obvious caricature of Marshall McLuhan, who repeats such aphorisms as "the concept of illiteracy is actually a complementation myth created by specialist literacy, as affluence creates poverty and education creates ignorance." This sketch, to my mind, is the best in the book. The characters include such topical figures as the Desmond Morris-like human zoologist, Mr. Apely Heritage; the touch-and-feel grouper, Mr. Tactor; and a reincarnated T.L. Peacock.

The book's conclusion features a battle at the town library, fought with shovels and moose rifles. Even in context, one's credulity is strained and it is difficult to see what this conclusion concludes. This highlights more general problems with the novel as a whole, for while it is amusing at points, it is often embarrassingly tedious and heavy-handed. For instance, Hector Jorgenson's footnotes, meant to illustrate his boringness, become simply tiresome and irritating. Perhaps this is a technique borrowed from Warhol and this reader is missing the point; however, the climactic fight in the ladies' washroom is just simply badly written. The sketch of Jeffrey Anchyr's mother-in-law is another instance of writing that is out of control; the humour inherent in the Jewish mother, mother-in-law, liberated woman combination palls very quickly.

Simpson's writing can be effective when it is controlled. His insights into the change of life of the forty-year old Jeffrey Anchyr are quite poignant at times. For example:

But suddenly the world around me is drained of colour and good purpose....The soul of poetry dies, leaving a body born of insufferable pretension. My wife doesn't listen any more. My hair comes out in my comb. Every fair prospect suddenly has its snake. I am making progress toward misanthropy, dying as I go, and as I go stamping the things of the world with the impression of the corruption of my belly.

Such reflections and the truly comic account of the local attempt at an imitation Synge play are the high points of the novel, for me.

Simpson's gift for irony, noted by reviewers as central to his first novel, *Arkwright*, is overtaxed in this novel. The overall impression of the book is that he is trying too hard, introducing too many targets for his Dunciad. At many points, this reader simply wasn't interested in regaining the story line of the James Bond-ish action. In short, the book has the bones of a rather amusing and timely send-up of small town characters in conflict with the larger world, but the book is too laboured, too unsubtle and too chaotic to succeed in being much more than annoyingly cute. The reader interested in something other than a diffuse presentation of the randomness of modern existence may wonder, finally, what is *central* to the novel. I certainly did.

Dalhousie University

Janet Baker Peirce

Dorothy Richardson: The Genius They Forgot. By John Rosenberg. London: Duckworth, 1973. Pp. xi, 212. \$2.95.

Dorothy Richardson appears on the scene at seven-year intervals. John Cowper Powys' *Dorothy M. Richardson*, the first monograph on her work, was published in 1931. Seven years later in 1938 the first four-volume edition of *Pilgrimage*

appeared. In 1960, after a hiatus of twenty-two years, the first serious critical study of *Pilgrimage*, Caesar Blake's *Dorothy Richardson*, gave promise of initiating a new era of interest. But again, seven years were to pass before she was heard of again in any sustained study. Coincidentally, the end of the seven-year cycle fell during the tenth anniversary of her death, so in 1967 *Pilgrimage* was reissued by Dent, this time complete with its thirteenth chapter-novel. An adulatory biographical monograph, Horace Gregory's *Dorothy Richardson: An Adventure in Self-Discovery*, appeared in the same year. This plethora of riches in a single year again gave rise to expectations of a Richardson renaissance, but the pattern won the day, despite a flurry of brief, but valuable studious explorations that appeared in the journals. True to the cycle, seven years later in 1973, the centenary year of Richardson's birth, John Rosenberg's new biographical study with critical overtones was published. It is to be hoped that the pattern will be broken, for if it is not, it is conceivable, but lamentable, that nothing further will be heard about Dorothy Richardson until 1980!

In the meantime we do have the new biography to consider, John Rosenberg's *Dorothy Richardson: The Genius They Forgot*. The subtitle of the Rosenberg volume presents us with a minor critical stumbling block. Rosenberg seems to be unaware that Richardson would not have felt particularly complimented by the designation, since she never regarded genius as a particular mark of distinction. The quality of genius is neither unique nor rare. The greater part of humanity, she claimed, have it in some measure, while women, especially, have it in large measure. Talent is a gift possessed by only a few. It is talent not genius, she asserts, that is in short supply. Would, therefore, that Rosenberg had subtitled his book, *The Talent They Forgot*.

Whereas Horace Gregory's method makes the closest possible identification between Richardson and Miriam, the main character of *Pilgrimage*, employing the extreme measure of writing her name as Dorothy-Miriam, Rosenberg attempts to establish a reasonable space between the writer and her created character, thereby maintaining a perspective on Richardson's literary method by which life is refashioned into art. While emphatic about the autobiographical foundation of *Pilgrimage*, Rosenberg, nevertheless, tries to see Miriam within the confines of the novel's created world, and to see Richardson in the expansiveness of her creative life. In this he was aided immensely by the late Rose Odle, Richardson's sister-in-law, to whom both Rosenberg and Gregory dedicated their books, as well as by several others who personally knew Richardson and her husband, the artist Alan Odle. These personal accounts supply hitherto unrecorded biographical details that are particularly significant. Little is known about specific events in Richardson's life around the turn of the century to about 1908, particularly about her intimate relationship with H.G. Wells, which culminated in an abortive pregnancy. Many of the details of their relationship are part of the narrative of *Pilgrimage* where Wells is fictionalized as Hypo G. Wilson. But the significance to Richardson of the deep and lasting trauma caused by the miscarriage is finally revealed as a formative factor in her maternalistic attitudes and attachments towards those considerably younger than herself, notably towards her husband.

Rosenberg's inquiry into the details of Richardson's life lend support to my own view that patterns of duality apparent in *Pilgrimage* and, indeed, fundamental to Richardson's thought, were strongly evident in her human relationships. He notes accurately that *Pilgrimage* is "taken up with seeming failure in relationship" (p. 163). But what modern novel is not? If all novels were written from within, as are those of Richardson, Joyce, Proust, and Woolf, we would see more readily the frequency and extent of such failures in the more honest and revealing terms of mental experience. Failure marks relationships in Ford, Huxley, James, Lawrence and Conrad as well. In this at least *Pilgrimage* is typical.

Two apparent contraries persist in Richardson's life as they do in *Pilgrimage*. On the one hand, we come to know the dark despair of a lonely, misunderstood, and vulnerable artist encumbered by penury and ill-health; and on the other hand we are exposed to a self-reliant, bouyant, and wondering creative consciousness, awed and delighted by the pageant of existence. For serving to remind us of this important paradox, Rosenberg's study is to be commended. However, his point about the artist as outsider seems to be seriously strained by the claim that "the artist's original guilt of being different from everyone else, of seeing people's characters too clearly and cruelly, of lacking the common touch of sympathy" (p. 165), underlies the guilt Miriam suffers as a consequence of her mother's death. Mrs Henderson's suicide can hardly be charged to Miriam's artistic temperament.

The limitations of Rosenberg's general survey of Richardson's life and work are the result of a weakness in both format and viewpoint. The bibliographical apparatus is confused and confusing. References are keyed to text page and paragraph, making precise attribution to sources difficult at best and, all too frequently, impossible. The bibliography itself is divided into reasonable categories, but the key relating the entries to the source references is illogical. The text shows signs of hasty writing and thinking. An assertion such as, "Romanticism at its best . . . is the bias of feeling", is not made more lucid or meaningful by following it with, "Although it may be a distortion or reality, it can give a work of art its final stamp of greatness" (p. 166).

Rosenberg calls *Pilgrimage* "a flawed but great novel". He feels that a significant weakness lies in too copious a presentation of ideas, preferring a near-total emphasis on feeling and sensation, since their depiction in *Pilgrimage* constitutes its most interesting feature. At this point in time such an opinion is tiresome. I would suggest that subjective reality, Richardson's primary subject, requires that her novel contain a substantial concentration on thought in its discursive and analytic modes. To ignore or exclude these vital processes from the mind of an ostensibly highly intelligent character, and a female character at that, is to accept the cliché that the feminine mind is all but devoid of ideas and filled, rather, with barely articulate impulses, reactions, memory fragments, partially realized perceptions, and fantasies. Of these there are many examples in *Pilgrimage*, plus the record of finer, more sensitive creative and imaginative perceptions and constructions within the inner space of Miriam's consciousness. Yet, without risk to the subjective life of the character, rather with a necessary and finely balanced tension, the logical, philosophical and ideological levels of Miriam's thought are explored as she labors

to liberate her lively, probing mind from what she feels to be the strangulation of ideas as things-in-themselves. Not to include this level of Miriam's mind would create a serious challenge to the inherent reality of the novel, besides distorting its overall view of the feminine mentality. By demonstrating the real threat of analytical thought processes as delimiting the life of the mind, Richardson not only continues to examine the paradoxical dualities confronting her character, but also displays the rich variety of the subjective life. Thought is the nightmare from which Miriam is trying to awaken. Richardson details the ideational level of Miriam's mind in a manner calculated to show that the process of analysis is not merely a contrived antagonistic principle, but a real threat to Miriam's self-awareness and creativity.

Rosenberg still leaves us in doubt about too many parts of Richardson's life. Was she actually a member of the Fabian Society? How extensive was her involvement with the work of the Society? How deeply was she involved with the radical left in her early London years? What was the extent of her long and intimate friendship with Veronica Grad, the Amabel of *Pilgrimage*, who upon learning of Richardson's death pleaded for the return of the wedding ring she and her husband had bought for the Odles in 1917, "to wear in memory of her friend"? These questions suggest just a few of the areas that still remain to be explored.

Rosenberg's biography lacks critical depth. Its chief value as a further aid to Richardson research lies not in its simplistic descriptive review of *Pilgrimage*, but in its preservation of additional first-hand accounts about Richardson supplied by the remaining few who knew her personally. Most of the information, however, pertains to the period from the First World War to her death in 1957 about which a good deal is known already. No one remains who knew her well during her early years. In time, undoubtedly, more information will be forthcoming in the forms of letters, diaries, memoirs, and official documents to add to what is presently available. It is to be hoped that the period of superficiality and neglect is coming to an end, and that the excesses of John Cowper Powys and Horace Gregory will be superseded by the kind of full-length scholarly investigation initiated by Caesar Blake. John Rosenberg's *Dorothy Richardson* is not much of a step in that direction.

University of Alberta

Shirley Rose

Huronian: A History and Geography of the Huron Indians 1600-1650. By Conrad Heidenrich. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart, 1971/3. Pp. 337. \$14.95.

This study was an impressive Ph.D. dissertation; the manuscript has not, however, been reshaped into an impressive book. It is disjointed, awkwardly organized, repetitive and studded with weak transitions. Nevertheless, the book contains much useful information and a number of fascinating insights into the seventeenth-century world of the Hurons.

Professor Heidenreich has endeavoured to reconstruct from the "ecological rather than the historical" perspective the "geography of Huronia". In so doing he has examined in considerable detail six interrelated themes—the delimitation of the boundaries of Huronia, the physical characteristics of the settled area, population estimates, general settlement patterns, the essential nature of the subsistence economy, and finally the problem of politics and trade. Excellent use has been made of the relevant primary and secondary sources especially as they throw light on the ecological environment.

Despite the title of the volume, relatively little attention has been devoted to the history of Huronia. Readers interested in the human side of seventeenth-century Huronia would be far better off reading Bruce Trigger's suggestive *The Hurons: Farmers of the North*.

There is a first-rate bibliography and a large number of superb maps and charts. Unfortunately, there is no index.

Queen's University

G. A. Rawlyk

Between Science and Religion: The Reaction to Scientific Naturalism in Late Victorian England. By Frank Miller Turner. New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1974.

Leaders of Victorian science and religion appear like antagonists, marshalled in solid phalanx, spoiling to do battle with each other. Turner's book tries to show that the picture is largely correct though the blocs were not quite as monolithic as they might at first sight appear. There were, even among the scientists, some who were not satisfied with the limited scope of the New Science and were troubled by deeper questions like the nature of the ultimate reality, the existence and immortality of the soul. In this respect they resembled the philosophers and men of letters who, though generally accepting the concepts and theories of science and appreciating the great contribution it had made to the advancement of knowledge, questioned the scientists' claim to be the sole interpreters of reality, as well as the adequacy of their conception of reality—the New Nature as Turner calls it—on which this interpretation was based. Turner is careful to distinguish the intellectual stance of the six thinkers he selects for his study from both the nineteenth-century Christian reaction to the new theories of science and the later twentieth-century disillusionment with scientific progress in that they criticized scientific naturalism before "the demonic elements of the New Nature" had emerged and without defending either Christianity or an ecclesiastical structure.

Turner attempts to do for English thought what H. Stuart Hughes did for European in his *Consciousness and Society*, and points out that the reaction against "positivism" started much earlier in England than it did on the Continent. Sidgwick, Wallace and Myers regarded the nonrational as normal to human experience. The psychical phenomena they investigated and considered significant for their lives were the same phenomena that Durkheim, Weber, Janet, Flourney, Freud and Jung were to ponder. Certain ideas developed by Butler, Ward, Wallace

and Myers indicate that some British intellectuals held theories similar to those of "the philosophy of life" associated with Schelling, Fechner, Schopenhauer, Bergson and the French spiritual writers. They pointed to an inner life force manifest in man or also in physical nature but insusceptible to scientific or mathematical analysis.

Before explaining the reaction to scientific naturalism, Turner offers a very satisfactory definition of the latter. Scientific naturalism was committed to the inductive method, based on a rigid distinction between subject and object, fact and fiction. Epistemologically, the spokesmen for scientific naturalism were positivists. Truth to them was always description of the phenomena of the external world and of the mind and description of the laws of succession and coexistences of those phenomena. The cosmology of scientific naturalism, like its epistemology, simply excluded all those facets of human nature that did not fit into the preconceived pattern of physical nature. These beliefs about the nature of reality and the correct method of knowing truth were held by them with the passionate intensity of religious convictions and propagated with missionary fervour. And, as with all missionaries, the ruling desire and ambition of the protagonists of science was to substitute for a culture dominated by religion one dominated by science. "The future of our civilization", Huxley wrote towards the end of his life, "depends on the contest between Science and Ecclesiasticism which is now afoot." And Francis Galton, a cousin of Charles Darwin's, hoped there might arise "a scientific priesthood" that would tend to the health and welfare of the entire nation. No wonder Butler complained that the scientists were constituting themselves into a new priesthood.

Turner is both sympathetic and detached in his treatment of the six thinkers who were among those strongly opposed to the establishment of this new priesthood. He presents a systematic, comprehensive and careful analysis of their thought, bringing out its strengths as well as weaknesses. The exposition is not equally satisfying, however. Turner is extremely good on Sidgwick, Wallace, Myers and James Ward. He cannot be blamed for not being very enthusiastic about Romanes because he gives him full credit for pointing out the difference between true agnosticism and dogmatic negation. He is one of the very few critics who have been able to understand the significance of Butler's scientific writings and does well in placing his thought in an European context. But he is unable to understand the mind of that complex figure. To call Butler a nihilist is to betray a grave misunderstanding of his thought and personality which were marked by a deep conservatism. Butler's entire life was spent in search of a principle of authority; he found it in the instincts of the race, the marvellous "cunning" which had enabled man not only to survive but to face and master new situations. The institutions of society, including the Church, being the products and repositories of this cunning, are deserving of our respect, much more than the shallow reasonings of doctrinaires—whether scientists or philosophers.

The book on the whole is a brilliant and masterly study, based on extensive and original research, which makes it definitive and is likely to keep it so for a long

time. It is pleasantly and gracefully written, every fact and opinion fully documented, and is altogether a fine piece of work, indispensable to students of Victorian thought and culture.

Acadia University

Govind Narain Sharma

John Galt: The Life of a Writer. By Ian A. Gordon. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1972. Pp. ix, 170. \$9.00.

This brief study of the father of one of our Fathers of Confederation has disappointingly little to say about John Galt's associations with Canada. The purpose of the author, who is Head of the Department of English at the Victoria University of Wellington, New Zealand, was to investigate Galt's entire working life as a writer, and to attempt some assessment of his merits as a novelist. The first task he performs admirably, the second less impressively. All the available data on the sales of Galt's many productions, ranging from potboilers like *Stanley Buxton* or *The Schoolfellows*, a peculiar *mélange* of Radcliffean ghost-tale and schoolboy reminiscence, to minor classics such as *The Provost*, *The Ayrshire Legatee* and *Annals of the Parish* are recorded here. His stormy negotiations with his publishers, chiefly William Blackwood, who practised a far greater editorial tyranny than would be tolerated today, are also chronicled in detail. But the critical portions of the book are meagre, and frustratingly inconclusive. "Today what Galt most needs is a fresh judgment", says Professor Gordon. Yet that is precisely what his Preface led us to expect from him. To point out that Galt is now regarded as "a more serious writer than earlier readers had ever conceived him to be" does not help us very much.

When we turn to the best of Galt's novels, we can readily see why he has been compared, at times unfavourably, with Sir Walter Scott. His sense of history, as displayed, for instance, in *Ringan Gilhaize* or *The Covenanters*, is blurred by an almost fanatical Calvinistic bias, and the "photograph realism" with which he is rightly credited frequently turns his fiction into episodic "and-thens". On the credit side, we recognize a rare form of reportorial innocence which somehow anesthetizes our incredulity and compels us to read to the end of the inevitable third volume.

In some ways Galt's narrative gathers force from the language—a blend of Scots and English not unlike that found in the prose of Robert Burns, who came from the same part of Scotland. If at times the quaintness of the Doric lends a comic effect where none was intended, we have to remind ourselves that the early nineteenth-century reader would not have considered this a fault.

As Professor Gordon observes, however, Galt is "more than a superb dialect entertainer. He is a novelist of real originality," at his best when "selecting, interpreting, manipulating character and incident with a unique blend of affection and irony, offering by implication in his picture of the small world a commentary on the impact of changing ideas in the larger world, and a humane and decent gloss on the human situation everywhere."

Unfortunately, Galt lacked any real self-critical ability. He wrote at high speed and in a virtually uncontrolled flow, with the result that he had to rely upon the editorial skills of a friend, Dr. D.M. Moir, a physician and writer, who did much more than remove minor blemishes. One of the most interesting documents referred to by Professor Gordon is the printer's copy of *The Last of the Lairds*, now in the National Library of Scotland, which reveals the full extent of Moir's interventions. Considering the book coarse, vulgar and unclean, Moir re-wrote almost every page, expurgating, toning down, and even adding a couple of chapters of his own. As Professor Gordon states, "It is not claiming too much to say that the lively, vigorous, and earthy *The Last of the Lairds*, as conceived and written by Galt, has never been printed. It awaits an editor more conscientious than Moir."

Galt was in Quebec when he read this bowdlerized version of his novel, lent to him by Lady Dalhousie, the wife of the Governor-General. He could not account for all the alterations, but he commented, with some understandable bitterness, that it had "lost that appearance of truth and nature" which he intended.

A useful service performed by Professor Gordon in this study is that of resurrecting and dating Galt's short stories, many of which were contributed anonymously to magazines and reviews, and of providing a supplementary bibliography of Galt's works in general. The sheer quantity of his output (no fewer than five full-length books in 1812, for instance) and the assiduity with which he combined the roles of man of business and writer, in spite of every kind of setback, must continue to astound us. The efforts of Professor Gordon and others to retrieve the lesser known works from research libraries and other repositories will certainly be welcomed by those who agree with him that an adequate assessment of "the whole achievement of the real Galt" is "an act of justice long overdue".

Dalhousie University

James Gray

Sharing a Continent. By Janet Marchain. Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1973.

A sedate work, Janet Marchain's reader on Canadian-American relations is not destined to create much of a stir: certainly not among specialists and perhaps not even among students in high schools and in university introductory courses for which this "bird's eye view" was designed. Drawing heavily upon the conventional secondary sources, the essays that introduce the selected readings are well enough written, but with lapses into oversimplification. It is the readings, however, that provide the greater disappointment. From a pedagogic standpoint they are less than satisfactory. Many consist of half-page quotations that simply represent positions or ideas discussed in the commentary. Students at any level are entitled to more than reiteration and snippets. Fewer extracts from secondary sources and longer primary documents combined with well-thought-out questions would have provided greater leeway for student discussion and discovery.

Sharing a Continent, though a text, presents a thesis or viewpoint. Simply stated it is this: American restraint or morality and the Canadian will to survive present ingredients for unequal and yet peaceful partnership—a model for the world. Alas,

more than the word of Bruce Hutchison (p.4) is required to sustain this sugar-coated interpretation. Indeed, at times in this century what passed for restraint was pursued to ensure the greatest gains for American interests trading with or investing in Canada. In 1929 Harold Stimson, Secretary of State, endeavoured to have Congress relax its high tariff schedules for Canada. *Realpolitik* not goodwill was the motive. Stimson recorded this conversation with a Senator:

I then told him how so far as Canada was concerned we are likely to eliminate our best customer in the world to whom we sold \$800,000,000 of goods by keeping out imports which were not worth \$30,000,000 altogether; that this might go so far as to throw the balance of power in Canada out of the hands of our friends, the Liberals [the pro-American party, King's administration], into the hands of the Conservatives who are trying to adopt a policy of imperial preference.

In the nineteenth century restraint could not be detached from consideration of the imperial connection. A hypothetical plan for a United States invasion of Canada drafted by General Nelson Miles in 1893 contained this conventional consideration: "The relative condition of the United States and the Dominion of Canada, cannot be considered without comprehending the fact that the Dominion of Canada is a part of Great Britain, and in any important question, the result of which would be likely to involve the two countries, in war, Canada would be influenced, directed and sustained by the whole power of the British Empire." Let us not rhapsodize about our relations with the United States but understand the practical considerations that have determined it.

Minor points by themselves, the division of North American history into periods designated as ancient, medieval and modern; the inclusion of a pointless paragraph claiming to illustrate North American reform and reaction (p.198); the reference to George Grant as "a conservative (almost 'Victorian') critic" of the American influence on Canada (p.223), all suggest a more general weakness—oversimplification. It appears, for example, when Mrs. Morchain claims that "in the event of a trade war, there could be only one loser, Canada. The bulk of Canadian trade is dependent and concentrated on the United States. The bulk of American trade is diversified and independent of Canada (p.8)." Her analysis of "bulk" trade patterns fails to consider the qualitative aspects of Canadian exports to the United States, much of which has been in primary materials. Thus a trade war involving embargoes as well as tariffs would cripple the American economy. Moreover, the Canadian market has been important enough to the United States that its reduction would be a severe loss. Both points were recognized by Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover, who certainly did not think of Canada as the loser in a trade war when he wrote to Secretary of State Hughes concerning the latter's effort to pressure Prime Minister King into having certain provinces lift their embargoes on the export of raw pulpwood:

An analysis of the trade between the two countries reveals very clearly the fact that our exports to Canada, consist, to a very considerable extent, of

manufactured products, many of which could either be obtained from other countries or could be produced by the establishment of manufacturing facilities in Canada or the expansion of existing plants. Our imports from Canada, on the other hand, consist largely of raw materials, some of which could not be obtained from other sources without considerable injury to the American interests depending on such materials.

It is, therefore, quite obvious, that under the circumstances, it would be inadvisable to take any action that might result in disturbing the existing economic relations between the United States and Canada.

For Mrs. Morchain American mass culture "was a democratic, not an elite culture, and by its very nature it was made for spreading (p.189)." While in part true, it is also a fact that its spread into Canada was promoted by technological and organizational innovations that were anything but democratic. Some of these, such as those found in the cinema industry, represented the aggressive drive of a combine skilled in "dirty tricks."

As the preface states this "may be the first book on North America that the reader sees, but hopefully it will not be the last."

Queen's University

John C. Weaver

CONTRIBUTORS

D.C. Clairmont teaches in the Department of Sociology, Dalhousie.

John C. Courtney is a political scientist teaching at the University of Saskatchewan in Saskatoon.

John M. Ditsky is a poet and critic who teaches English at the University of Windsor.

Clyde E. Dankert, Professor Emeritus of Economics, Dartmouth College, has written for *The Dalhousie Review* in the past.

Averil Gardner teaches English at Memorial University of Newfoundland.

Lauriat Lane, Jr., a well-known Dickens scholar and now editor of the ACUTE journal, *English Studies in Canada*, teaches at the University of New Brunswick.

Arthur R.M. Lower is a distinguished historian, now Professor Emeritus at Queen's University, in Kingston.

Howe Martyn, Professor of International Business at The American University, Washington, D.C., has been a frequent contributor to *The Dalhousie Review*.

Marcia Schonfeld's address is Seldon Idle Farm, R.R. 2, Millbrook, Ontario.

C.J. Terry teaches English at Saint Mary's University in Halifax.

Michael J. Warren is a Dalhousie graduate who now teaches at the University of California, Santa Cruz.

Liliane Welch is Professor of French at Mount Allison University.

Rudy Wiebe, best known as a novelist (*The Temptations of Big Bear*, is his latest), teaches at the University of Alberta.

George Wing, Professor of English at The University of Calgary, is also editor of *Ariel*.

Verse from Eric Ivan Berg, Vancouver; J.A. Wainwright, Tantallon, N.S.; Don Domanski, Halifax; Derk Wynand, Victoria, B.C.; Patricia Elliott, Toronto; Stanley Cooperman, North Vancouver; John Lingard, London, Ontario; James Harrison, Guelp, Ontario; Charles Smith, Toronto; Ken Samberg, Toronto; Pier Giorgio DiDicco, Toronto.