Book Reviews

The Black Loyalists: The Search for a Promised Land in Nova Scotia and Sierra Leone, 1783-1870. By James W. St.G. Walker. New York: Africana Publishing Company, with Dalhousie University Press, Halifax, 1976. Pp. xviii, 438. $24.00 (hardcover), $10.00 (paper).

Although the history of Black settlement in, and emigration from, Canada has yet to find its way into any standard textbook in Canadian history, the body of monographic literature is growing rapidly. For the most part this new growth of literature consists of studies with a local focus — a new essay on Elgin here, a chapter on the Ku Klux Klan in Saskatchewan there, sociological inquiries into the acceptance of West Indian immigrants over there — or candidly intended to be inspirational, with the growing Black Canadian community as its audience (Headley Tulloch's *Black Canadians: A Long Line of Fighters* is perhaps the best example of this). Not surprisingly, given the longer history of a Black presence in the Maritime Provinces, and the higher density of Black population prior to the Twentieth Century in Nova Scotia, the best studies in depth focus on that province.

For historians interested in Nova Scotia in particular, three recent books provide much valuable information. One, *Africville: The Life and Death of a Canadian Black Community* (1974), by two sociologists, Donald H. Clairmont and Dennis William Magill, gives us much significant information on the problem of urban relocation in the 1960's. A second, *The Loyal Blacks* (1976), by Ellen Gibson Wilson, while written for a more general audience, is scholarly, and in its details about the Loyalist Blacks' experiences in Nova Scotia and Sierra Leone, consistently fascinating. The third, and much the most important, is the book under review here, by James W. St.G. Walker.

Dr. Walker's book began as a doctoral dissertation at Dalhousie University. To say that it retains signs of its origin (in uncompromisingly heavy documentation, in arrangement, and on occasion in argument) is not to imply that it does not read well, for it is well constructed, well written, and well supported. It is also a book of major significance.

What Dr. Walker has done is to put an end to the "victims" school of Canadian Black historiography. Indeed, his book is an important contribution to the growing body of literature which is, in effect, calling for an end to the simple-minded concept of the victim in most settler encroachment, or Black-white encounter, situations. In recent years an historiography has developed which tends to see all imperial powers as exploitative, all indigenous peoples as helpless victims in the face of a brutalizing "modernization" or an uncaring white settler group. Those who promote this view often have failed to see that it is at least as racist as the view they wish to replace, for it does not see indigenous groups in terms of individuals, with individual abilities to respond to changes brought both from outside and generated from within. Nor does such a view accord to the "victims" the appropriate credit for intelligent, sometimes group, sometimes individual resistance. In the last three or four years, however, a variety of books have appeared from the pens of writers sophisticated enough to deal with so-called native peoples, or with exploited groups, as individuals. In the United States the most important demand that Black history be written from within the context of the Black community has been Herbert Gutman's work on the Afro-American family from slavery to the present century. In Canada, Dr. Walker's is the most significant effort to see the inner dynamics of a generally inarticulate group from an interior point of view. Put differently, Dr. Walker plays to my own work, *The Blacks in Canada* (1971), the role Gutman has played vis-a-vis Stanley Elkins.

Part of Dr. Walker's achievement arises from having devoted more space, and given more careful research, to the period of Black Loyalist settlement in Nova Scotia than any previous writer. As a result he has corrected many errors on the part of earlier writers. Dr. Walker's first 164 pages cover the ground that my work compressed into 74 pages. The story is not only fuller, however; it is more clearly perceived as a result of this greater density of data. He has convincingly corrected me on my view of Thomas Peters, and on the general question of the quality and legal conveyance of land holdings to the Black Loyalists (in a difference of opinion on John Clarkson, I still feel that the evidence rests with me). And while Ellen Wilson uses 176 pages to traverse the same portages, her account is on the whole less clear.

But it is not in simply providing more facts that Dr. Walker's study is outstanding. Far more important is his point of view, as a necessary corrective to earlier scholarship, including my own. In one of the two genuinely thoughtful and lengthy reviews of *The Blacks in Canada*, Walker wrote in *The Dalhousie Review* (Summer, 1971), pp. 282-87, that a) my perceptions had led me to write "a history of the Black man as an issue in white Canadian life" rather than a history of "the development of a unique Black culture and an independent Black community"; and b) that my perspective led me "to assume that any dynamic in Black history must have been directed against racial discrimination", resulting in a negative account of the Black church in particular and of

Black Loyalist divisiveness in general. These chastisements (happily accompanied by some words of praise) were well placed and intelligently voiced. They also were promises of Dr. Walker's own book to come, and he has now paid off handsomely on those promises.

For here at last is the book Dr. Walker had demanded of others, rightly, and ultimately that he had to demand of himself. It is a history of the Black Loyalist community *qua* community, working together to define and then to seek a "promised land." It is rich in its insights into the ways in which that community shaped itself from out of its own dynamics (but not to the neglect of external influences). Building upon the earlier and painstaking research of Christopher Fyfe on Sierra Leone, Dr. Walker then carries his story across the Atlantic, to pursue the question of Black nationalism to 1850, with a shorter statement on Creoledom as analyzed by Arthur Porter (1963) to 1970. In doing so, Dr. Walker provides an important — if the word were not quite properly banned from the historian's vocabulary, one might say "definitive" — contribution to both Canadian and African history. Not least, he demonstrates that the historical imagination is capable of reaching outside one's culture and constraints to interpret convincingly the history of a group which, some argue, may be written of only from within.

In focussing on the Black participants in the drama, Dr. Walker gives less attention to John Clarkson than the overall account may warrant. Happily, this is precisely where Ellen Wilson's book is strongest, for her interest in Clarkson has led her to suffuse her account with his presence. Somewhere between the two accounts (but closer to Walker) must, I believe, lie the truth, inextricably mixed with dependency theory, with O. Mannoni's *Prospero and Caliban*, and with Philip Mason. Only here would I fault Dr. Walker: the theoretical base on which the concept of Black nationalism rests seems to me inadequate. Hans Kohn is invoked, even though his construction is best suited to European, high technology societies, where either Karl Deutsch's model for "social communication", or the work of Sithole or Mazrui would seem more applicable to the transplanted Black Loyalist once they were in West Africa.

Of course, no inquiry into so complex a subject as social interaction is ever finished. Professor Gutman recently illustrated, in a new paper read to an international congress of historians in Sevilla, how many aspects of his massive inquiry await further research. Neither I nor Dr. Walker have provided sufficient information on the nature of the Black community in the Annapolis Valley — and what we do provide tends to be set against each other. Here, and in a variety of other subjects, Dr. Walker leaves us with the knowledge that there may be more to be done.

But not much, where he has gone.

Yale University *Robin W. Winks*

Doubling and Incest/Repetition and Revenge: A Speculative Reading of Faulkner. By John T. Irwin. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1975. $8.95.

Readers will be tempted to devour this fascinating book at a single sitting. Irwin says he was tempted to write it in the ideal form of a single non-stop Faulknerian sentence or paragraph, since the truth he pursues is a holistic one, its wholeness not the sum of its parts, but rather a synergistic "simultaneous multiplication of each element by every other." Instead of dividing into chapters or parts, the book employs a Faulknerian mode of discourse. It juxtaposes doubling and incest, repetition and revenge, juggling many elements and holding them in suspension. It abjures conclusions; it lets readers draw their own. Irwin does strive to expose the archetypal structure or plot underlying Faulkner's work. This is a highly ambitious undertaking. Irwin's writing is quite unlike Faulkner's, however. Instead of a deliberate struggle out of a densely sensuous morass of sensation toward conceptualization, in the Faulkner manner, Irwin is always lucid, sometimes painstakingly rational in his exposition of the irrational.

This book had its genesis while Irwin was teaching *The Sound and the Fury* and *Absalom, Absalom!* Irwin perceived that Quentin Compson's own story in *The Sound and the Fury* is superimposed upon his recreation of the Sutpen legend in *Absalom, Absalom!* During the summer of 1909 Quentin loses his sister Caddy and at the same time hears the story of Thomas Sutpen, his two sons, and his daughter. Quentin's own incestuous passion for his sister, the reason for his suicide, is projected as the reason for Henry Sutpen's murder of Charles Bon, his black half-brother, when Bon threatens to marry his white half-sister Judith. Irwin points out Quentin's primacy among the narrators of *Absalom, Absalom!* He says Quentin is the book's centre, that everything is ultimately filtered through his consciousness, and that thus his own story or psychodrama is projected backward onto the Sutpen story. Irwin notes that we do project our present onto the past and then paradoxically read that past as a repetition of the present. In Faulkner, of course, the present is in thrall to the past, doomed to repeat it. Quentin Compson in particular is obsessed by the past and in love with death.

As a result of reading *Doubling and Incest/Repetition and Revenge*, one understands better both *The Sound and the Fury* and *Absalom, Absalom!* and, indeed, Faulkner's work as a whole. Irwin also provides a penetrating analysis of *A Fable*. Much of what he says about these works is not new, and yet his study is valuable because he explores the meaning of certain recurrent themes and images with such thoroughness and in such depth as to have the last word. He illuminates certain scenes, particularly in *The Sound and the Fury*, as they have not been illuminated before. I would cite in particular his discussion of Quentin's attempt to kill Caddy and himself, a *Liebestod* loaded with sexual

and deathly symbolism, and his demonstration that the events of Quentin's dying day (June 2, 1910) recapitulate his incestuous love for his sister (in the figure of the little girl whom he befriends) and his failed struggle with Dalton Ames (in his fight with Gerald Bland). Irwin does the best possible job of explaining the significance in Faulkner's work of Biblical allusions and names - the title *Absalom, Absalom!* and the names Judith and Candace, for example - and he not only explains the meaning of various recurrent images - shadow, mirror, and closed door, for instance - but is able to show how they relate to each other.

Since Irwin's strategy has been to write a book establishing certain poles and inviting the reader's imagination to oscillate between them, a reviewer's best strategy is probably to show how Irwin's four central concepts relate to one another and to what end, if any, their interrelation points. First doubling. In his discussion of doubling Irwin is indebted to Rank, Freud, Ernest Jones, and Guy Rosolato. The origin of doubling, according to Rank and Freud, is to be found in a retreat to narcissism following the trauma of the oedipus conflict. According to this theory, a child's first love object beyond himself is his mother, but his love for her, tinged with eroticism, initiates a struggle with the father, whose place the infant would like to usurp but against whose power he is defenseless. If the threat cannot be faced and sustained, love for any woman will be felt as castrating, the sex and death instincts will fuse, and the child regress to the narcissistic stage in which he himself was the only object of his love. Doubling is then the only form of generation or procreation of which he is capable. The double is a repressed, disowned self which is both loved as the self is loved and hated because it embodies the feared unconscious instincts the ego cannot afford to recognize. Hence, as Freud remarks in "The Uncanny", the simultaneous familiarity and strangeness or uncanniness of the double.

What has doubling to do with incest? They are analogues of each other, both representing the closest possible relationships — of self to self or of self to its closest kin. Both express self-enclosedness or inversion. Doubles are often portrayed as brothers or as brother and sister, brother-sister incest being an outgrowth of a child's incestuous attachment to the parent of the opposite sex. Why was Faulkner obsessed with incest and why, beyond that, is Southern literature so full of it? The second question is easier to answer than the first. Southern literature, steeped in the romantic tradition, naturally inherits and gives full play to such romantic-demonic themes as doubling, incestuous passion, *Liebestod*, suicide, murder. Faulkner viewed incest as symbolic of the *postbellum* state of the South, which was self-enclosed, turned in upon itself to live on dreams of past glory. Further, in Faulkner and in the South the violation of one taboo became intimately linked with the infringement of another — incest is associated with miscegenation. In life this was the result of the white Southerner's code of rigid sexual exclusivity, belied by interracial promiscuity. On the plantation the acknowledged white heirs and unrecognized black progeny of a single white father lived in danger of committing incest. *Absalom,*

Absalom! is the story of both miscegenation and incest. As to why Faulkner the man (if we can distinguish him from the Southerner) should have been obsessed by incest, although Irwin problematically maintains that Quentin Compson is Faulkner's double, I am disinclined to apply Irwin's Freudian analysis of Quentin to Quentin's creator. In *Mosquitoes*, which Irwin calls "Faulkner's most extensive examination of the interaction between the artist and his creation", one of Faulkner's characters observes: "You are trying to reconcile the book and the author. A book is the writer's secret life, the dark twin of a man: you can't reconcile them." The relationship between actual and imaginary life is compensatory, no doubt, but remains irreducibly mysterious. Faulkner perhaps sheds some light on his obsession with incest in a long unpublished introduction to *The Sound and the Fury* which describes that book's birth:

> I, who had three brothers and no sisters and was destined to lose my first daughter in infancy, began to write about a little girl.
>
> I did not realize then that I was trying to manufacture the sister which I did not have and the daughter which I was to lose, though the former might have been apparent from the fact that Caddy had three brothers almost before I wrote her name on paper.

Irwin views writing as a form of doubling, autoerotic, incestuous, simultaneously creative and self-destructive, in which the author becomes the other. Faulkner stated that an author's work is his own story told over and over in many different ways. Still, trying to deduce Faulkner's psychobiography from his fiction seems to me a parlous venture. Irwin is on much surer ground in his analysis of doubling within Faulkner's work. He views Henry Sutpen and Charles Bon as projections of Quentin Compson's split personality. The Henry/Judith/Charles triangle in *Absalom, Absalom!* is adumbrated by that between Quentin, Caddy, and Dalton Ames in *The Sound and the Fury.* (There is a similar triangle in *As I Lay Dying.*) Irwin observes that doubles in Faulkner are usually both dark and feminine. Darkness is an archetypal quality of the double, who emerges still clad in the penumbra of the unconscious, but femininity is not, I think characteristic of the double. In American literature the black man often figures as the white man's double — for good reason — but (as black writers like Baldwin and Ellison show), he more often resembles a walking phallus than the curiously epicene, bisexual Charles Bon. Irwin provokes one to speculate about this "femininity" of Faulkner's doubles. Surely the answer is that in the South and in Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha blacks and women are associated: both are oppressed, unrecognized and therefore assume similar qualities of passivity, irrationality, and darkness. Irwin points out that a child born of a white father and black mother in the South, though only one sixty-fourth part colored, was considered black and his mother's son. Charles Bon is his mother's son, just as Henry Sutpen is his father's. As projections of Quentin's split personality and doubles of each other, Henry is the brother-protector or avenger of his sister's honor, Charles Bon the brother-seducer. (As such, these two are identified with father and mother, respectively, and embody

the struggle between ego and id.) In killing the brother-seducer, the brother-avenger is endeavoring to kill his own incestuous desire for his sister. This murder of the elder, unrecognized brother by the younger, acknowledged son is at the same time a substitute for the wished oedipal murder of the father. In doubling, vicarious satisfaction and punishment can be achieved simultaneously. And the murder of the rival is as much a love-death or *Liebestod* as possession of the beloved would be. Indeed all three — lover, beloved, and rival — are curiously identified with one another. In *Absalom, Absalom!* Faulkner describes this strangely intimate identification of lover with both rival and beloved:

> . . . perhaps this is the pure and perfect incest: the brother realizing that the sister's virginity must be destroyed in order to have existed at all, taking that virginity in the person of the brother-in-law, the man whom he would be if he could become, metamorphose into, the lover, the husband; by whom he would be despoiled, choose for despoiler, if he could become, metamorphose into the sister, the mistress, the bride.

Henry, Charles, and Judith often seem to metamorphose into each other, to exchange roles, as do Quentin, Caddy, and Dalton Ames and (to use a favorite Faulknerian term) his avatars. Irwin explains this multiplicity and reversibility of roles as "what we would expect in a closed system like the Oedipal triangle." Brother-avenger, beloved, and brother-seducer are surrogates for father, mother, and son in the oedipal triangle. Irwin observes that

> in the narcissistic love-death, the son plays not just the two masculine roles . . . (but) the feminine role as well, and it is precisely this narcissistic solution of one self playing all three roles at once that is self-destructive, for the three roles, by collapsing into one, collapse into none. All differentiation is effaced . . . the love instinct and the death instinct fuse; in a total consummation masculine and feminine consume one another; conscious and unconscious, animate and inanimate by merging destroy the opposition by means of which each exists.

In *A Fable* Faulkner observes that division and separation are necessary to frustrate and shock us into health.

To explain the multiplicity and reversibility in doubling Irwin further invokes Ernest Jones's theory of children's fantasy of the reversal of generations and Guy Rosolato's theory of substitute sacrifice, whereby the deadlocked oedipal conflict between father and son may be transformed into an alliance and the system of patrilinear succession. According to Jones, children imagine their own and their parents' roles reversed, thus identifying with their grandparents. According to Rosolato, as paraphrased by Irwin, the oedipal father-son relation "follows the rule of two . . . there exist only two alternatives in the son's relationship with the father — all or nothing, victory or defeat . . . " Sacrifice, or the substitution of a sacrificial male victim for the female figure in the triad, can

bring about an alliance of father and son and insure peaceful succession of son to father. The permutations and combinations of relationships between doubles have rarely been as thoroughly or searchingly analyzed as they are in Irwin's book.

Repetition is of course a form of temporal doubling and Faulkner is fascinated by doubling in time. Freud in *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* observes that our instincts are all regressive and repetitive and that many have to be repressed. The repressed always returns, however, and this resurgence of repressed instincts expresses itself in repetition-compulsion, a form of doubling. Everyone who has read Faulkner must be struck by the way figures, scenes, episodes, images, and themes are repeated within individual works and throughout his work as a whole. This repetition appears to be obsessive, compulsive. What has it to do with Irwin's fourth and final term, revenge? Well, repetition-compulsion or the return of the repressed is a form of revenge, inasmuch as what has been repressed reasserts itself, seeking in turn to subjugate the oppressor. Revenge is obviously cyclical and self-perpetuating — repetitive in its alternation or reversal of the roles of victor and victim. Irwin sees revenge as an attempt to avenge or to redress a primal affront to the psyche. It is illusory because the flow of time is irreversible. So, indeed, is repetition illusory, for no absolute repetition is possible in nature. In *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, Nietzsche defines revenge as man's impotent rage against time and avers that active assent to the paradoxical eternal recurrence of difference is the utmost heroism of which man is capable, for we cannot change time or stop it, we can only adapt ourselves to it. *Absalom, Absalom!* is, as Irwin points out, a story of the return of the repressed and, as Faulkner liked to point out, a revenge-story-within-a-revenge-story. (Thomas Sutpen's revenge, initiated when his humanity is overlooked, begets that of his mulatto wife and black son, whose humanity he in turn refuses to recognize.) There can be few more powerful examples of fated repetition or of the futile attempt to master time than the story of Thomas Sutpen. Writing itself is, of course, an attempt to master time. Irwin says Faulkner regarded it as a self-consuming act.

In conclusion, what is that archetypal structure or master plot Irwin detects in Faulkner? Irwin acknowledges that this structure is not to be found in isolation in any single Faulkner work, nor in all of them put together, but rather exists in the imaginative space between them or in the silent intervals between those obsessive, repetitive narratives. The meaning of Faulkner's novels remains as irreducibly ambiguous as life itself. The underlying structure Irwin adduces, unveiled only after some hundred and fifty pages of speculation, will probably strike most readers as vague. (In his introduction, Irwin remarks the cost of having clear and distinct ideas is to have very few.) Irwin identifies as Faulkner's central theme

> the struggle between the father and the son in the incest complex . . . played out again and again in a series of spatial and temporal repetitions, a series of . . . doublings and reversals in which generation in time becomes a self-perpetuating cycle of revenge . . . the passing on from father to son of a fated repetition as a positive or negative inheritance.

This is a better summation of Irwin's argument throughout his book than a summing up of Faulkner's work. Earlier Irwin enunciates as the "theme that Faulkner never tires of reiterating," that

> by courageously facing the fear of death, the fear of castration, the fear of one's own worst instincts, one slays the fear; by taking the risk of being feminized, by accepting the feminine elements in the self, one establishes one's masculinity.

Conversely, "by allowing the fear of death, of castration, of one's own instincts, of being feminized, to dominate the ego . . . one is paralyzed, rendered impotent . . ." This is clearer, valid for much double literature, and yet this formulation too may strike one as unsatisfactory. The major objection I have to Irwin's book is that it relies too heavily on a belief in the primacy of the oedipus conflict, both in life and in Faulkner. Irwin seems to see this conflict as making or breaking the individual. Faulkner is not thus reductive.

Doubling and Incest/Repetition and Revenge is not, however, reductive overall. Irwin is most impressive when describing the *Nachträglichkeit* of Faulkner, the sense in Faulkner of meaning always deferred, always just around the corner but never captured. This feeling Irwin is concerned to reflect in his own exploration of Faulkner, so that "there is no possibility of presenting (Faulkner's archetypal) structure but only its effects. It is as if . . . some past that never existed . . . was deferred to some future that will never exist, as if the structure is both before and after without ever having been here and now." (Irwin suggests that this realm of potentiality without actuality is what Freud meant by the unconscious, on its deepest level.) I am reminded of the difficulty human beings experience in living in the present. There is a passage in *Absalom, Absalom!* in which Judith Sutpen muses on the transitory permanence of a love letter from a dead man and compares it with the spurious permanence of an inscription on a tombstone, which will be effaced by sun and rain. The letter, she says,

> would be something just because it would have happened, be remembered even if only from passing from one hand to another, one mind to another. . . it would be at least a scratch, something, something that might make a mark on something that *was* once for the reason that it can die someday, while the block of stone cant be *is* because it never can become *was* because it cant ever die or perish. . .

Only thus does writing master time, through mortality achieving a kind of immortality. As Eliot said, "Only through time time is conquered."

University of Rochester *Doris L. Eder*

Reacting to Social Problems. By Richard L. Henshel. Don Mills, Ontario: Longmans Canada Limited, 1976. Pp. 191. $3.95.

At first glance one might take *Reacting to Social Problems* to be a part of the growing anti-liberal or "consciousness IV" literature. Professor Henshel takes a broad historical look at man's tendency (and the counter tendencies) for intervening to "solve" social problems. Chapters like "The Objections to Intervention" and "In the End: Expertise and Persisting Social Problems" certainly give the work a critical flavour and perhaps, deeper yet, serious doubt about intervention as an enterprise of either utilitarian or ethical merit. Indeed, there is a lot of destruction in the book, not the least of which is Henshel's assault on "evaluation research", which is supposed to help social scientists avoid the unintended negative consequences of social intervention. Drawing on Weber and Michels, the author flirts with the notion that bureaucracy is ubiquitous in modern society and precisely the feature of modernity that disallows successful problem-solving intervention or the arrival at anything which a pre- (or post-) "technician" philosopher would recognize as "the good". Henshel's method is to typologize; the outline of the book is almost visible, and for the classroom this is probably advantageous.

The author also typologizes the various critical (dare one say "normative"?) perspectives on the subject: the case for intervention; the case against. Professor Henshel, himself, has considerable difficulty choosing; and, if the tenor of the book is mildly weighed against intervention, his conclusion is a nervously positive retrenchment. Between humanist ethics and organizational expertise the author would have us keep a hopeful eye out for what he calls the "compassionate bureaucrat". One is reminded of Joseph Levenson's dictum: "synthesis is the act of a tired mind." The more acute our moral and existential contradiction becomes, the more desperate becomes our synthesizing.

Dalhousie University *Roger Dial*

Process of Speech: Puritan Religious Writings and Paradise Lost. By Boyd M. Berry. Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1976. Pp. 306.

Berry's book on Milton has good general insights into Puritan currents in the century preceding *Paradise Lost* and good particular insights into the epic itself. The converse is true too. The book has no general insights into *Paradise Lost*, and its particular insights into Puritan current before Milton are confined to very specific passages in seventeenth-century texts, which are quoted so often that they are tiring. However, the latter is not the central part of the book, and Berry achieves his aims with the solid creative imagination of a seasoned historian of Puritan ideas in Renaissance England.

Berry's thesis is that style is not only a mere question of syntax and figure, but that it is fundamentally a way of thinking, and that prose and poetry are its metaphor. In Puritan writings, he continues, the metaphor is "carnal", in the way that creation is three-dimensional and fleshly or carnal and therefore expressive of the ideas of its Creator. And so, the style in question, insofar as it is the incarnation of the "process of speech" in the head of this or that Puritan author, it as old as the Calvinist origins of Puritanism itself (the Early Reformers). The verbal incarnation being the same, the "process of speech" is the same, in the sense of arguing like ideas and values, in *Paradise Lost* and in the big and little tractarians who paved the long arduous Puritan path to Milton, of which he was himself the end. Sometimes this view of Puritan style seems to get the obvious. It also lacks all historical and critical reference to Renaissance rhetoric. However, it can be revealing, particularly when applied to typology (Chapter 8), and to the relationships between Christ and God the Father (Chapter 15) and Adam and Raphael (Introduction). They were argumentative sorts those paradisal fellows in Milton's poem, the descendants of men like William Whitaker the tract writer, who railed like hell against the "carnal" Anglican and Papist habit of genuflecting before the named Jesus (Chapter I), but who gave "carnal" word to the greatest English secondary epic, and who peopled its lines. Berry, who often parallels Christ, Satan and Adam — and Eve — with the leaders of the disruptive student movements in the late nineteen-sixties, would have us call those paradisal fellows "transcendental activists".

If solid critical and scholarly imagination encompasses boundless erudition with ease, and if such an imagination possesses the ability to depart from fact and go as far as insight into a literary work or into its times or into both, Berry's imagination is superlative. On the other hand, if that solid imagination also knows when to stop citing passages that become useless by accumulation, and if it can maintain a sense of the difference between proof and pedantry, and if it knows when to give valid ideas their due development and not replace them with thin interpretations of citations of sometimes doubtful worth, Berry's imagination is on less sure ground. *Process of Speech* would satisfy the requirements of even the most demanding reader for citations from contemporary critics, particularly if the reader were a pedant judging its manuscript for a publication grant from a national foundation. But, when reading a valid commentator like Berry, does anyone really care for page after page of Fish, Frye, Webber, Bell, Daiches, Diekoff, Empson, Nelson, Wilson, Summers, Woodhouse, Wilding, Voegelin, Tuve, Williamson, Patrides, Martz, Kermode, and countless other critics, some of whom like Berry have turned Milton criticism into a quotation machine by citing one another to prove to their readers that they are up to date on their scholarship? Such an orgy costs publication money. Why not spend the cash on straightening out the annoyingly irregular righthand margins of Berry's text. Is the terrible alternative to the law of compulsory quotations that those who break it are poor Miltonists?

The strength of Berry's truly creative imagination, as well as its weaknesses, speak for themselves. Though he does not sympathize with the seventeenth-century Established Church, and has consequently only a veiled appreciation for Donne and Crashaw, he has an indisputable liking for Milton. This reveals itself in his emphases. For example, Berry is strongly interested in the angel Abdiel whom he describes as the first figure in *Paradise Lost* to augur the isolation of the individual Puritan from the socio-theological Community of Saints, an isolation which Adam and Eve later epitomize with their expulsion from Eden. This sort of isolation is a conclusion about the human condition of the later politically disillusioned Milton. Berry's reader will also be struck by his definition of liberty in Milton. He says that it arises from the freedom of the middle-of-the-road Puritan to interpret the Scriptures and contemporary history in a non-literalist manner. For Milton, artistic and political liberty was as wide as, and was determined by, the freedom to interpret the typological levels of meaning in time and in the Bible. Berry's approach to liberty has considerable impact on the aesthetics of *Paradise Lost*. It suggests that such liberty enabled Milton to create the fictions of his poem. And elsewhere in Berry's book we will not forget that Milton's heroes stand and that his villains sit, that the Oedipus complex is paternally rather than maternally oriented (confront Father, rather than love Mother), that the Puritan view of the soldier pervading *Paradise Lost* prevents us from making a clear-cut choice about its hero (p. 214), that "maturity" in terms of the fulfillment of the Old Law of the Scriptures distinguishes the new Israelites of England from the old Israelites of the Bible (p. 134), that throughout its history English Puritanism extended the hope of salvation to more and more men, quite contrary to what we usually think, because of its elitist theory of the Elect (p. 153).

On the other hand, we will not want to remember the discussions of the "linear", the "cyclic", and the "circular" in the "process of speech" of *Paradise Lost* (pp. 194, 195, 209, 254). They are too confusing. What seems more aptly at work than "circles" and "lines" throughout the poem is the movement of the structure of the Aristotelian oration; such a movement is evident less disputably elsewhere in microcosm, in the declamations of the fallen angels in Book II and Satan's temptation of Eve in Book IX. We will also want to forget being told that *Paradise Lost* is poetry (p. 255), that *De Doctrina* is one of the most Puritan things Milton did (p. 256), and that Satan had to choose between covert guile and open war (p. 211). Having remembered and forgotten what we should, we are permanently marked by Berry's *Process of Speech*. Then, it is true that Milton is mainly a derivative thinker, and that his supremacy is artistic rather than conceptual. All his life, Milton leaned on his ancestral community of historically unillustrious Puritan Saints whose ideas he pillaged. He isolated himself from them more and more with every line of poetry he wrote and, with the very tool of his isolation, he rendered them all immortal for as long as the readers of non-folk epics will exist.

Université du Québec à Chicoutimi *Anthony Raspa*

The Four Plays of William Wycherley: A Study in the Development of a Dramatist. By W.R. Chadwick. The Hague: Mouton, 1975. Pp. 208. 48 Guilders.

An old English proverb warns that hanging and wiving go by destiny. This formula comes closer to defining the typical concerns of English comic drama than most of its rivals. Seldom indeed will both terms of the conceit be so literally connected as in *The Beggar's Opera*, but even where hanging is no more than dimly implied, wiving remains clearly visible at the centre of the comic design.

The wits and rakes in Wycherley's plays never tire of making supercilious epigrams at the expense of married men. In *The Country Wife*, Horner taunts Pinchwife by comparing the marriage vow to "a penitent Gamesters Oath," and Horner's friends eagerly take up his theme. "Ay, ay," says Dorilant, "a Gamester will be a Gamester, whilst his Money lasts; and a Whoremaster, whilst his vigour." Dramatically, this bantering exchange forces Pinchwife to admit that he married Margery because he could never keep a whore to himself; thematically, it locates Wycherley firmly within the tradition of English comedy. Pinchwife is vexed with problems that link him — in varying degrees of intimacy — to Noah in *The Wakefield Plays*, to Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, to Corvino in *Volpone*, to Morell in *Candida*, or to George in *Jumpers*. Of course Wycherley strikes his pose in response to a particular historical moment, and of course he develops a style consistent with his personal tone of voice; but the sheer audacity and brilliance of *The Country Wife* ensure Wycherley's permanent position among playwrights of rare comic genius.

Perhaps it is the very zodiac of Wycherley's wit that makes W.R. Chadwick's workmanlike study seem so disappointing. Readers who suspect Professor Chadwick of concealing a naughty pun in his title will soon discover their mistake; the book is no *jeu d' esprit*, but a rather ordinary guide through Wycherley's four plays. The occasional reminders that Wycherley deals with the subject of marriage do not coalesce. For coherent if controversial discussions of this theme one should return to the relevant pages in Norman N. Holland's book, *The First Modern Comedies* (1959), or to the suggestive remarks in Roy S. Wolper's essay, "The Temper of *The Country Wife*" (*Humanities Association Bulletin*, 1967). The treatment of Wycherley as a satirist is almost an afterthought in Chadwick's book. Here again one must continue to rely on T.W. Craik's article, "Some Aspects of Satire in Wycherley's Plays" (*English Studies*, 1960), or on Rose A. Zimardo's analysis of satire in *Wycherley's Drama* (1965).

Chadwick's finest critical talent is a shrewd eye for felicities and faults in dramatic construction. He rightly admits the awkwardness of *The Plain-Dealer*, and by contrast he admires the finesse of *The Country Wife*. Precise attention to the ironies of structure, Chadwick argues, will prevent facile value judgements: "There is no need to judge Horner. If Pinchwifes and Sir Jaspars and

Sparkishes are the premise on which society if founded, then Horners are the inescapable conclusion, and it is the premise that is the object of satire in *The Country Wife.*" Perhaps this view needs further qualification, but at least it does register a thoughtful response to the subtle ambivalence of Wycherley's world.

Despite his frequent appeals to the concept of the play in performance, Chadwick provides only rudimentary data concerning Wycherley's theatrical connections. The single exception is a conjectural account of the playwright's intentions in writing *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*. This play was Wycherley's only contribution to the repertoire of the Duke's Company at Dorset Garden. Why — in this one instance — did Wycherley abandon Drury Lane? Chadwick believes that the principal comic roles in *The Gentleman Dancing Master* were designed to exploit the special talents of two leading actors in the Duke's Company: James Nokes and Edward Angel. Here is a worthwhile beginning to something that should have grown into a much broader enquiry. If Wycherley wrote with specific actors in mind, then may we assume that Horner and Manly were created especially for Charles Hart, the darling of Drury Lane? If so, then how might Hart's stature and style as an actor help a modern reader's interpretation of these perennially puzzling roles? These questions may never be answered conclusively, but they do merit attention from a student of Wycherley's stagecraft.

Though he repeatedly implies allegiance to the no-nonsense school of criticism, Chadwick himself is not always a plain-dealer. He is rather too fond of decorating his English with continental glitter: the nature of his subject may justify *honnête homme* and *pis aller*, but surely *Weltanschauung* and *contemptus mundi* are expendable. Some of the casual asides might have been discarded; few readers will agree, for example, that Window Blackacre "is a good example of a professional woman who has not quite managed to sublimate her natural instincts." And most readers will be annoyed by a writer who reminds them twice (on pp. 29 and 36) that he has already dealt with the problem of "Dapperwit's ambiguity." But these are trifling errors by an author who is otherwise capable of competent and lucid prose. I would not complain about the smudges on the crystal if the main course were a fully satisfying meal.

Dalhousie University *Ronald Huebert*

Orphan Street. By Andre Langevin. Translated by Alan Brown. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1976. Pp. 287. $10.00.

Sitting on his uncle's balcony, rereading from a scribbler the romance he created from his one happy experience in the orphanage, Pierrot considers the relationship between the events and the tale:

> The story barely exists as it's told in the notebook, for there were so many holes between the days, and the important things were left out, and what was there was so complicated that if would have been easier to read his mind, but nobody could do that, not even himself, tomorrow or even an hour later, with so many thoughts in a minute, and a thought isn't very exact and it's invisible, like drops, and no one of them alone *is* the water or knows the one that dropped before or after it.

Here, in fact, the child author is reflecting upon the stylistic challenge which the adult author has set himself to face. Pierrot's is a rich, a painful and complex consciousness, and to capture it demands the linguistic dexterity of a poet. To translate it successfully is an equally demanding task.

Alan Brown's translation of *Une Chaîne dans le parc* certainly allows the reader to understand the impact of one week's freedom on this sensitive eight-year-old child. The dreadful man-hating aunts, the iodine-smelling uncle, the tuburcular chain-swinging Rat — all are sketched with the vividness of an eye that has been newly opened. And the fact that Pierrot, though horrified, is not intimidated is equally clear, as he begins to sense in himself a state of futile revolt similar to that revealed to him in the gradually emerging portraits of his brother and father. Nor are the tender and kindly Mama and Papa Pouf blurred by sentiment: their garden paradise into which Pierrot occasionally escapes is alive with the smell of beer and rubber factories as well as the comforting odours of soup and milk and lilacs. And Jane, "the only light in the darkness of his mind that he has not been obliged to imagine", is not only a russet-haired nine-year-old beauty but a child in a dirty dress with chocolate on her nose.

The translation also permits us to grasp the intricacies of the secret universe which Pierrot created for himself in the orphanage and which he struggles to discover outside its walls. Pierrot's need for the Blue Man, the fantasy father created to block out the memories of his real father's brutality and desertion, becomes so evocative that it is impossible to miss the significance of his meeting with the flesh-and-blood Man in Blue at the port. Apocalyptic images of parks, trains, magic animals and light make intricate war upon the page against the destructive powers of walls, chains, darkness and snow. It is Pierrot's imaginary world that both renders the real world so disappointing and allows him to survive it. Even as the dream world is destroyed by the increasing evidence that the gates of paradise recede at one's approach, he is able to rescue aspects of his real experience, to incorporate them within the imagery of the shattered dream world, and to carry them with him into the new orphanage where he will dream again. All this is faithfully rendered into English prose.

What more, than, do we ask of the translator? It is not enough that he should make us understand? The answers to these questions surely depend upon the translator's own intent. One thinks, on the one hand, of those literal, pedestrian prose renderings of the classics with which one struggled toward an appreciation of the original and without which one might have been lost in advanced courses of Latin or Greek. On the other hand, one remembers that one was

scarcely conscious of one's ignorance of Russian as one first devoured *Anna Karenina* or of the poverty of one's German as one gasped through *The Tin Drum*. It seems quite clear that Alan Brown does not intend to provide us with a crib. In the very act of choosing his title, he both reveals his intention and betrays his trust. For the words *Orphan Street* are neither a literal translation of the original nor a genuine reflection of the preoccupations and idiom of the protagonist. Pierrot has small interest in and little experience of streets, and though he is, strictly speaking, an orphan, his entire perception of himself and the world around him is in terms of families. The choice of title reveals a lack of empathy with the material which is too frequently evident in the text itself. It is impossible to imagine a French Canadian family exchanging remarks such as "gee whillikins", "dang it", or "go peddle your pots". One can appreciate the difficulty of translating slang, but there must be some kind of fidelity to cultural milieu or the conversation loses all credibility. It is equally unnerving to find, on one page, references to "a high-heeled voice" and "a slug of coke": the shift from sophisticated metaphor to trite vocabulary destroys all continuity of mood and point of view. There are examples of word-for-word translations, too, which simply do not work in English: "your fat blond" is a disastrously unnatural appellation for a male figure, and when in the midst of a string of hysterical insults we come upon the phrase "You're certainly not a boy for me", we pause and wonder what on earth is meant. It is the pause that destroys emotional intensity, the inconsistency which draws attention to language so that we cannot surrender to its power.

Mr. Brown does retain some French epithets such as *maudite anglaise*, *Baptême* and *torrieu*. These work very well, and one wishes he had taken greater liberties in this area. One wishes, too, that he had shown more imagination in his handling of many passages, particularly one in which French and English intersect in the original text. At one point the Rat sings a marvellous English song to the children about riding the horse of death into the belly of the night. The words are not only rhythmical and evocative in themselves but full of meaning within the context of the Rat's personal doom and of Pierrot's dawning consciousness of the death of his dreams. The Rat asks Jane to translate the song into French, and as she does so, comments frequently that she must be missing some of the spirit of the thing. Pierrot is "angry at Jane for diminishing the sense by her interpretation." Admittedly, this scene is fraught with complications for the translator. Surely this is a moment for taking some imaginative liberties with the original. Mr. Brown does not do so. We read the song in English; we read, in English, Jane's translation of it. A scene which ought to be full of horror and suspense is frankly a redundant bore. Worse still, Jane's translation, translated in turn by Alan Brown, is so faithful to the words of the song, that Pierrot's and Rat's objections cause us to wonder whether they are deaf, pedantic or insane.

One cannot, in the long run, regret that Alan Brown has provided us with a translation of *Une Chaîne dans le parc*. The novel is not only a masterpiece of form and characterization but a striking portrait of the ambience of Old Montreal at the close of World War II. But what is missing in *Orphan Street* is the wholeness of impact which great fiction demands. Surely it is the literary translator's task to leap inside a text and to animate it with empathy and intensity, to make us forget, indeed, that we need him at all. Alan Brown is alternatively noticeable for his intrusive presence and his unimaginative absence; we cannot but be grateful for his assistance, but it is grudging gratitude indeed.

Vanier College, Montreal *Frances Davis*

Religion in Canadian Society. Edited by Stewart Crysdale and Les Wheatcroft. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1976. Pp. xi, 498. Cloth, $19.95; paper, $12.50.

At one point in their "Introduction" to *Religion in Canadian Society*, Crysdale and Wheatcroft remark that their "...brief overview indicates substantial progress in the accumulation of systematic knowledge." (54) There lie both the strength and the weakness of their lengthy textbook itself: the knowledge made available to the reader is substantial, but it is presented largely as an accumulation.

The preponderance of social scientists among the contributors (thirty-six altogether, with two historians completing the roster) perhaps explains the reference to specifically "systematic" knowledge. And the wide range of significant topics shows that substantial progress has been made in the study of religion in Canada. One can gain insight into United churches or Mennonite sects, Christian evangelicals or Maoist evangelicals, religion as opiate or religion as stimulant.

Anyone interested in the study of religion in English Canada and French Canada will find something intriguing in each of these thirty-three articles. A few of them are real gems. I particularly enjoyed Harry H. Hiller's demonstration that the category "Bible Belt" is a two-edged sword; his paper is an example of tightly logical empirical analysis at its best. More impressionistic but altogether sound is the poignantly insightful reflection on *action catholique* written by Everett Hughes in Quebec during the dark days following the first conscription crisis of the Second World War. On the other hand, at least one article may usefully stand as a bad example of unconscious theologizing: we learn more from the late Diamond Jenness about the significance of creation myths in Christianity than we do about the meaning of emergence myths in "Canadian Indian Religion".

Like the articles that follow it, the "Introduction" deserves high praise for its content. Although only a "brief overview", it covers all the major developments in the social scientific study of religion everywhere in the West, including important aspects left untouched in Thomas O'Dea's widely-used text, *The Sociology of Religion*. I found the tangential remarks on Hinduism, Tillich, and Bellah (p. 11) to be misleading, but on the whole the overview is helpful as well as encyclopaedic. The entire book is so good, in fact, that I intend to require its use in my undergraduate course on religion in Canada. But I do so with the sharp sense of frustration.

As an undergraduate textbook, *Religion in Canadian Society* has serious structural flaws. There is no index, nor is there a map showing unfamiliar but important place names. Introductory remarks on each article are woven into a general bibliographic essay in the "Introduction", but it is inconvenient to track them down if one intends to do anything but read the entire text through at one sitting. These remarks are useful summaries of the aim of each article, but provide neither critical nor historical comment. The editors have appended a very good general bibliography to their "Introduction", but have made no recommendations for further reading after each article. A few such particular recommendations are scattered at irregular intervals throughout the "Introduction", and it is irritating to have to search for them after reading the article to which they refer. Similarly irritating is the fact that a key Inuit word found in an article on pages 151-160 connot be understood without first reading a less useful article found on pages 89-99. Moreover, the word is transliterated inconsistently.

The most serious weakness is the style of the "Introduction." It possesses all the rational order of a sociological survey report, but is does not engage the reader's curiosity. Many undergraduates already find social science and the study of religion to be dull. Would it be a sacrifice of genuine clarity and orderliness to avoid heavy reliance on branching typologies that produce headings which begin with "4. (b)(vi)"? I think not, particularly if a different style were able to communicate to the reader some of the "renewed fascination" that the study of religion in Canada holds for social scientists. It is an astonishing fact that the most productive students of religion in French Canada have been psychologists, and in English Canada have been political scientists. What is the significance of this fact? The fascinating answer is buried in the body of a section on page 42 that begins with the flat phrase, "In this section we will (sic) consider briefly the main differences in emphasis between..."

This book should be widely used as a textbook, and its "Introduction" will serve for a long time as a basic reference work. But there is still a need for a text that will do for undergraduate studies in religion what Donald Creighton's *Commercial Empire of the St. Laurence* did for economic history.

Dalhousie University *Tom Sinclair-Faulkner*

The Novels of Charles Kingsley: A Christian Social Interpretation. By Allan John Hartley. Folkestone: The Hour-Glass Press, 1977. Pp. xii, 188. £6.

Queen Victoria's chaplain was a puzzler. G.M. Young tells us that about 1860 a rift opens in the English intelligence which the modern mind can not easily cross, and that Kingsley is the representative man for the period just before. "Kingsley was with equal sincerity and heartiness on the side of knowledge and the State, religion, and the family: and he realized, while believing in them all equally, that religion must allow for science, and the family for sex. Inevitably therefore he passed for a revolutionary, a heretic, and a propagator of impurity." He enjoys a current interest through Susan Chitty's recent biography, *The Beast and the Monk: A Life of Charles Kingsley* based in part on Kingsley's newly available love letters to his wife and on her diary for 1843, which contains some of Kingsley's erotic sketches, sketches that Hawthorne considered "no pure man could have made or allowed himself to look at." The sketches, as Chitty observes, reveal his attempt to reconcile a sensuous nature with strong sexual inhibitions by convincing himself "that the body was holy and the act of sex a kind of sacrament in which he was the priest and his partner the victim." His drawings show "naked women, often saints, undergoing atrocious tortures," and heaven, he thought, in one view of the matter, "would consist of one perpetual copulation." An interesting view for Queen Victoria's chaplain. Kingsley, then, was a man of parts, churchman, theologian, historian, scientist, Christian Socialist and novelist, but the parts were rather oddly assembled.

The skewing of ideas has also been held to be what makes him significant and interesting in Christian Socialism for which he became a major spokesman. Chartists, communists and radicals in general had, on the whole, a clear enough idea of socialism as a political tendency. It was a tendency that clergymen and conservatives saw with fear and distaste. F.D. Maurice, whose point of view Kingsley set about disseminating, hoped to draw its teeth by Christianizing it. For Maurice, true socialism meant "a fellowship constituted by God Himself in a divine and Human Person," an association "constituted in Christ." "As for democracy," says Hartley, "Maurice believed 'the voice of Demos' to be 'the devil's voice and not God's.' " Socialism then was not politics but religion. The resultant blurring, drawing some ministers towards the left and adding a strain of pietism to the Labour movement, had important consequences, as G.D.H. Cole observes, "preventing that hostility between the organized working class and organized religion which became universal on the Continent."

This novel interpretation of socialism was hard to keep clear. What was a working man with political grievance to make of Maurice's "idea of a Tailor's Association' ? Said Maurice: "To call men to repentance first of all, and then also, as it seems to me, to give them the opportunity of showing their repentance and bringing forth the fruits of it. This is my idea of a Tailor's Association."

Certainly Kingsley, with his enthusiasm, got himself into difficulties of statement. His letters to Chartists began, as Hartley reminds us, with the ringing pronouncement: "I am a radical reformer . . . My only quarrel with the charter is that it does not go far enough in reform. . . . It disappointed me bitterly when I read it. . . .That French cry of 'Organization of Labour' is worth thousands of it." "Few," says Hartley, "read to the tame and orthodox climax of his argument: . . . 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass.' " Victorian intellectual history is full of interesting scenes of confrontation, Mill and Carlyle, Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce, Ruskin and Whistler. Kingsley's was with the Reverend G.S. Drew, who invited him to preach to working men gathered in London for the Great Exhibition. Kingsley's sermon presented the Christian Socialist fusion of social and religious concern much more coherently this time, but his account of a Christian priest's business was new and alarming with its echo of a French slogan:

> I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest into a Christian nation is, to preach freedom, equality, and brotherhood, in the fullest, deepest, widest meaning of those three great words; that in as far as he does, he is a true priest, doing his Lord's work with his Lord's blessing on him; that in as far as he does not he is no priest at all, but a traitor to God and man.

While Kingsley, the sermon finished, prepared to pronounce the blessing, the Reverend Mr. Drew rose to declare that much of the sermon just heard was "dangerous" and "untrue." "Excitement," says Hartley, "rippled through the congregation, but Kingsley withdrew to the vestry, thus narrowly averting an unseemly uproar." The papers "branded him a radical," the Bishop of London forbade him to preach in his diocese, the Chartists offered him a lecture-hall, and Maurice hoped his disciple would turn his attention to early Christian history.

The relevance of the historical background to Hartley's study of the novels is that he presents them as fictional propaganda for Christian Socialism under the influence of Maurice's ideas. The study, says Hartley, is "concerned more with the sermon than with the art that bodies it forth." Kingsley "did not think of himself as a novelist at all . . . .for him as for his generation his novels were all extended but highly imaginative and exciting sermons." Hartley, then, though he has many interesting things to say about the appeal and method of Kingsley's novels, approaches them primarily in terms of their ideas, showing how those ideas determine structures, characters and themes. This is a useful way of dealing with a novelist of Kingsley's sort, a coherent and sensible sort of investigation for books more significant socially than as works of art. Hartley's discussion, after introducing Kingsley's devotion to Maurice and describing the beginnings of Christian Socialism, proceeds with analysis of individual novels, expounding their philosophy without making any great claims for their status as art. The study shows balance and tact, is unpretentious but informative.

Those interested by Susan Chitty's revelations will perhaps note the communication by pen-and-ink drawing between the hero and heroine of *Yeast:*

"Down the path of the morning beams, came Woman, clothed only in the armour of her own loveliness.. . . A Youth . . . stood with clasped hands and brimming eyes, as remorse and pleasure struggled in his face; and as he looked, the fierce sensual features seemed to melt, and his flesh came again to him like the flesh of a little child." Whatever we may be expected to deduce from this, Argemone, the heroine, draws what are in the Christian Socialist context the appropriate conclusions: "Her social conscience awake," observes Hartley, "she discards tractarianism and intellectual pride in doctrinal analysis, and thus begins a new life." Turning to the second decade of the fifth century, Kingsley found a martyred heroine from history upon whom to build a novel about the difference between moral and intellectual Christianity. Torn to pieces with oyster shells, she reminds one uneasily again of Kingsley's sketches, as she rises "for one moment to her full height, naked, snow-white against the dusky mass around" and is then struck down by the swirling mass of monks. Tennyson didn't like it. He wished she hadn't been naked. And perhaps he was right — though unhistorical. Hartley, however, is not interested in these psychological side lights. He sticks seriously but methodically to expositing Kingsley's philosophy and pursues it through the later works where other critics see it fading out. In that, he does a genuine service.

The major work he excludes is *The Water Babies*, the book for which Kingsley perhaps is best remembered and which, as Susan Chitty remarks, "can claim the rare distinction of being among the dozen or so juvenile classics of the last century still available today in half a dozen editions (nine, to be exact)." It is not included since, "as a children's fantasy including observations on natural phenomena, it lies outside the general plan of this work." Hartley's is a relatively short study of the views of an interesting, influential, and odd personality, perhaps a somewhat straitened account but sensible, straightforward, informative.

University of Alberta *R.D. McMaster*

The Little Emperor. By J.S. Galbraith. Toronto: Macmillan, 1976. Pp. x, 232. $16.95.

From 1820 until his death in 1860 Sir George Simpson, the "Little Emperor", dominated the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company in British North America. His talents, however, were not limited to the governorship of a fur trade hinterland. Events saw him emerge as a skilled negotiator representing the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company in discussions with officials of the British, Russian and American Governments. Both a knighthood and the accolade "statesman" greeted his achievements in this area. Serving both the Company's

interests and his own interests he would emerge as one of the leading entrepreneurs in the nascent colonial metropolis of Montreal. In the years around the mid-century, leading politicians and businessmen in Canada East would court his friendship and advice. His rise to a position of power and influence, as "one of the great business leaders of the nineteenth century", was a function "of his own great abilities and of the opportunities which circumstances provided him". In capitalizing upon these opportunities the author suggests that Simpson would approach greatness. But in the end his own deficiencies of character, not his abilities nor circumstances, would deny him this appellation.

In Galbraith's book, Simpson's life-story is in the hands of a master of the craft of history. Using a chronological narrative to detail the relevant actions, events and circumstances, the author integrates the many aspects of Simpson's abilities and character into a composite portrait that is at once historical and timeless. The reader accepts Galbraith's portrait because, in part, the author demonstrates a masterful sense of the varying nature of the evidence at his disposal and the differing limits to which the various types of evidence can be taken. This is particularly apparent in the opening chapter where the author examines the demi-myths that surround the circumstances of Simpson's birth, early family life and education. The results in this chapter and throughout the remainder of the book denote an historical inquiry of some magnitude.

For the most part scholarly interest in Simpson's career has centred on his role in the fur trade. As long as thirty years ago, however, Professor W.L. Morton, in reviewing A.S. Morton's biography of Simpson, decried the failure of scholars to perceive Simpson as "business-politician, as the statesman entrepreneur", not simply the fur trade governor. Galbraith's study rectifies this short-coming. No doubt the author's previous studies in areas of British Imperial history have provided the knowledge of sources and the perspective necessary to appreciate Simpson's career outside of the geographical limits of Rupert's Land and the licensed territory. For many historians this aspect of Galbraith's study will be its most significant contribution to scholarship.

Thirty years ago Professor A.S. Morton, in his biography of Simpson, deflated the larger-than-life legend that Professor George Bryce had created in the "Makers of Canada" Series. In turn A.S. Morton emphasized the "jesuitical" devotion of Simpson to the Company. Achievements and deficiencies were to be integrated in the image of a loyal employee of much consequence attentive to the policies and directives emanating from London. As a result A.S. Morton showed little interest in those activities of Simpson that were not directly related to the Company's interests. For Galbraith, Simpson's devotion to the Company was simply a function of the fact that the Company was the vehicle through which he could realize his ambitions; the approval of the Company's Governor and Committee "was the mark of his success". When other opportunities presented themselves, Simpson quickly rose to the occasion, careful not to compromise the Company's interests. Simpson was sufficiently clever to

perceive that his connections and associations outside the Company's affairs could and did redound to the Company's benefit. By the criteria of the day, including those of his employer, Simpson was indeed a notable "success".

In detailing the course of Simpson's activities the author is always "clinically" accurate and correct in his assessments. But it is equally obvious that the author maintains a distance between himself and his subject. It is not simply a question of methodology. The simple fact of the matter is that Galbraith neither likes nor admires Simpson. He is, perhaps, "fascinated" by the "Little Emperor". His reaction to Simpson is most eloquently given early in the book. "Men who concentrate their energies on the pursuit of material success often pay a price in shrivelled humanity. Dr. Faustus's compact with the devil has many counterparts in real life". For Galbraith the "flaw in Simpson ... (was) his inability to sense the emanations from another human being". Again and again the narrative seems to relate events and circumstances to this theme. It is apparent in Simpson's relations with business associates and fellow officers, with his mixed-blood mistresses and their children by him, and with his own family. Simpson's many outstanding abilities wreck on this fatal flaw of character. Rigorously intellectually honest in his inquiry and assessment, Galbraith cannot be accused of falling victim to the tenets of presentist history. Simpson's flaw was a defect of character then as it is a defect of character now.

For historians in a variety of fields, Galbraith's study of the Little Emperor will be a significant scholarly contribution. For those readers who enjoy scholarly history from the hand of a master craftsman, Galbraith's study should prove most rewarding.

University of Alberta *J.E. Foster*

One Canada: Memoirs of the Right Honourable John G. Diefenbaker: The Years of Achievement 1957-62. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1976. Pp. XV, 330. $15.95.

The second volume of Mr. Diefenbaker's memoirs can best be described as dull. Rather than being a book of personal memoirs, it generally has the intimacy of *Canadian News Facts;* further, much of the material may be found in *Canadian News Facts*, and it is even presented in the pedestrian style of *Canadian News Facts.* In their foreword John A. Munro and John H. Archer suggest that a major purpose of the book is to rescue Canadian historiography from the grip of Liberal historians, who have usually presented any period of Conservative government as "an aberration in the great Liberal scheme of things Canadian." But although this was a worthwhile objective, it falls far short of fulfilment in this work.

While Mr. Diefenbaker gives excessive attention to his participation in external affairs, his speeches and activities in this area display little in the way of innovativeness, indeed, little more than a pretentious belabouring of the obvious. Surprisingly he even plays down his role in the one action in which he supposedly took the lead, the forced withdrawal of South Africa from the Commonwealth. The book's treatment of domestic policy is better, but still disappointing. While the performance of Mr. Diefenbaker and his government will likely be adjudged much better in the perspective of history than it has been up to now, that will be despite, and not because of, these memoirs.

One major charge against the Diefenbaker cabinet has been that, although it was always in session, it vacillated in reaching decisions. If Mr. Diefenbaker meets this accusation at all, it is at most indirectly. A second alleged fault of the Diefenbaker administration was that its legislative programme consisted of a host of makeshift expedients designed merely to meet problems as they arose. The book examines in detail an impressive number of the Diefenbaker programmes, many of them innovative, but at the end the reader still wonders whether it was all part of an integrated plan and whether Mr. Diefenbaker knew where he was taking the country. Moreover, far too much is claimed for some of the accomplishments. Certainly E. Davie Fulton, as Minister of Justice, did not come nearly as close to patriating the constitution as Mr. Diefenbaker suggests, for although Quebec let Saskatchewan carry the brunt of opposition to the Fulton formula, it is inconceivable that it would ever have agreed to proposals making the unilaterial power of the federal authority as strong as this formula would have made it. Similarly Mr. Diefenbaker tells his readers that the Supreme Court of Canada, in the *Drybones Case*, made his bill of rights the powerful instrument for good he conceived it to be and not simply the "pious and ineffectual declaration" his critics said it was. But he neglects to add that only a year or two later, in the *Bédard Case*, the Supreme Court appeared to reverse itself and that *Drybones* may remain only as an isolated case and not as a precedent.

Mr. Diefenbaker's acerbic references to institutions and people provide a little colour in this otherwise dull book. He scoffs more than once at *Maclean's*, "a national newsmagazine of questionable political judgement" for which "the Trudeau government has created a virtual monopoly." James Coyne, "an unregenerate Grit," seemed to "develop an obsession with his own infallibility", while J. W. Pickersgill was "the only Member I've known who could strut sitting down." There are gratuitous references to Mr. Trudeau's dress in parliament and his frequent holidaying, and to John F. Kennedy's private life: "Nor did he ever comment on the subject of women in my presence." But in it all, as Dalton Camp has pointed out, is revealed Mr. Diefenbaker's "tenacity never to admit he could have been wrong"; indeed, Mr. Camp has selected a long list of villains who in this book allegedly thwarted Mr. Diefenbaker's purposes and objectives.

Yet, although "the Chief" invariably sloughs off the responsibility for his failures on others, it is, on the whole, a mellow John George Diefenbaker who emerges from these pages. Perhaps he is adroitly preparing the way for the third volume and simply providing the background for dealing with the real villains who engineered his loss of power and the party leadership.

Dalhousie University *J. Murray Beck*

Diefenbaker: Leadership Lost 1962-67. By Peter Stursberg. Toronto and Buffalo: University of Toronto Press, 1976. Pp. XV, 212. $15.00.

In *Leadership Lost* Peter Stursberg has produced a book of some fascination, even though it defies classification. By the very nature of oral history, it could be neither history nor fiction, but somewhere in between. For one thing some of the evidence is missing. That of the chief witness — nineteen hours of testimony — could not be used and will not see the light of day until the publication of the third volume of Mr. Diefenbaker's memoirs, now in course of preparation. On the other hand, the evidence of a host of major and minor witnesses is subject to a variety of disabilities and must be treated with caution: memory plays all sorts of tricks on witnesses, especially after a lapse of eight years or more; politicians, like everyone else, can be expected to describe and interpret their own conduct so that it appears in the most favourable light; self-justification is all the more probable, if, like Mr. Stursberg, an interviewer tries to "act as a prompter more than a questioner," and does not resort to probing cross-examination.

The result if to leave the reader with many questions which he must answer for himself. The leading one is, of course: How much of a conspiracy was there to dump Mr. Diefenbaker? Or, perhaps, if the ministers who engaged in clandestine meetings are taken at their own word and sought only the best for the country, the government, the party, and Mr. Diefenbaker himself, the question should be: When is a conspiracy not a conspiracy? Whatever the answer, and even though the evidence is not all in, it is certain that George Hees and Pierre Sévigny did not emerge from these events with much credit to themselves, while Douglas Harkness retained his self-respect as a man of principle. Not all the villains in the book are Conservatives. Liberal witnesses themselves admit that the Pearson government went ahead with the Munsinger probe even though it could do nothing but harm to the country's parliamentary and judicial institutions simply to take the heat off the Prime Minister and his Minister of Justice, Lucien Cardin, in the House of Commons.

But, all in all, the basic theme of the book is to confirm what has long been obvious, that Mr. Diefenbaker could not be part of a team. Although no friend of his, J.W. Pickersgill is right that "he just had no capacity whatever to work with other people". No less revealing is Dalton Camp's statement that on one

occasion Mr. Diefenbaker had given him "his blessing, as much as he could give it." Whether or not it resulted from mere vanity, or, as one witness suggests, from a tendency towards megalomania, Mr. Diefenbaker seemed congenitally incapable of accepting any accommodation proposed by someone else. The best example is that his government need not have fallen in February 1963, had he given, at the proper time, the assurances which the Social Credit members so desperately wanted in order to avoid precipitating an election.

It is a sad commentary upon Canadian politics that one of its most successful campaigners could be so anti-intellectualist in his approach to speech-making. Richard Rohmer, who was supposed to provide him with policy concepts during the 1965 campaign, confessed sadly that "he studiously avoided anything that I produced." Instead, Mr. Diefenbaker used to test out a number of ideas with his audiences to find out which was most appealing, and then amplify it from the storehouse of his capacious memory to ignite the crowd.

Inevitably this book has all the weaknesses of oral history; yet no one could find fault with the selection and arrangement of the material. Nor could he escape the conclusion that, between 1962 and 1967, there was much that was nasty, even venomous, beneath the surface of Canadian politics.

Dalhousie University *J. Murray Beck*

Why The Lyrical Ballads? By John E. Jordan. University of California Press, 1976. Pp. xii, 212. $9.75.

Those of us who are familiar with Mr. Jordan's scholarship in his "biography of a relationship" where he brings us "close to the human beings who were Thomas De Quincey and William Wordsworth", find the same assiduous approach and the same subtle shades of distinction in this present study that characterized *De Quincey to Wordsworth* (1962). *Why The Lyrical Ballads?* abounds in unusual details that enhance our picture of *Lyrical Ballads* — that small but epoch-making volume that formally initiated the Romantic Movement in England.

There are eight chapters in Mr. Jordan's study, the earlier ones confining themselves to the beginnings, the appearance, and the critical environment in which the volume was born. His middle chapters discuss the simplicity, the innovation, and the originality of the poems (three chapters with subjects in that order), while the seventh chapter adumbrates "Wordsworth's" purpose. In the eighth and last chapter he defines Wordsworth's concept of a "lyrical ballad" as a "descriptive-narrative structure" charged with emotion, so that, in his view, *Lyrical Ballads* becomes an illustration of the poet's definition of poetry — "the history or science of feelings".

The author confines his examination to the first edition of the poems which he divides into three groups: those composed before March; those written between March and mid-May; and those written between May and early July — all, during 1798. He elaborates on the way in which poems already written were selected for inclusion in the collection, and shows us why Wordsworth wrote others specifically for the volume — the group of eleven poems written between March and mid-May, which includes "Goody Blake and Harry Gill", "We are Seven", and "The Last of The Flock". These poems constitute "the core of the 'experiment' ", and he argues further that it was the poems in this group that Wordsworth had in mind when he wrote the Advertisement and the later Preface.

Mr. Jordan has thus aimed to answer some of the many questions — the "whys" — that beset readers of this curious collection, and thus to stimulate their interest and deepen their appreciation of the significance of *Lyrical Ballads* in the history of English literature. He discusses the character and nature of the poems themselves, their actual composition, and their preparation for the press, with all the frustrations and changes, both in plans and in poems that an anonymous but collaborative venture of this nature necessarily entails.

The author makes the originality of the volume the more striking by looking at the poems in it in conjunction with other poetic productions of the time. They are shown to be original, perhaps less in what they are than in what they are not. Wordsworth had come to "a fixed resolution to steer clear of satire"; and none of the poems is a sonnet, or "little song" — a form as much in vogue at the time as satire itself; and Wordsworth also avoided the topical — the Gothic, the French war, and slavery. He preferred "more realistic and down-to-earth" themes, but in choosing the commonplaces of every-day, the poet paradoxically chose themes elemental, and thus universal and eternal. From 1798 on, Wordsworth "insisted" that poetry dealt with "the universal, general, eternal", and the "universalizing instrument was in different contexts the 'colouring of the imagination', the 'inward eye', the 'Mind of Man' " (p. 159). These comparisons, then, form one of the most enlightening aspects of Mr. Jordan's treatise, and for our convenience in following them further, he has included his consultative list in an appendix.

His oddly titled "Introduction and Conclusion" confirms the nature of his text, and in it, he quotes the famous passage from "Tintern Abbey" (11. 93-9) referring to "presence" and the "sense ... Of something interfused", which he translates as "permanent being" and which, he says, indicates the central idea that "Wordsworth" expressed throughout the entire volume. But why confine himself to Wordsworth? Coleridge was in the plan from the beginning and if as the climactic poem of the volume, "Tintern Abbey" supplies the permeating theme of "permanent being", we surely ought not to forget that "The Ancient Mariner" has pride of place in it as the undoubted first poem in the arrangement, and that its theme of crime, punishment, atonement, and redemption is

equally implicit in all of the poems, not only in the collection, but in the entire out-put of both poets. Indeed, without "The Ancient Mariner" there would hardly have been "Peter Bell"; and although Wordsworth's poem — even after its many re-workings over many years — failed to achieve the felicitous perfection of "The Mariner", and although it was not included in the collection, its theme was never absent from the minds of the two poets, and was particularly in the forefront of their thoughts in 1798. This theme is equally universal and eternal, and neither the character of the poems nor their actual composition can ignore Coleridge's poetic and speculative contribution to the venture. The majority of the poems in the collection are indeed Wordsworth's, and although Mr. Jordan properly stresses the poems written between March and mid-May, it would seem that he is unduly inclined to credit Wordsworth with more than is justly his due.

However, Mr. Jordan has done well to bring together in this book the various essays and lectures on *Lyrical Ballads* that he has worked out over the years and some of which are already in print. *Why The Lyrical Ballads?* becomes a welcome and useful addition to romantic studies, and it inevitably reminds us of the editorial work of Brett and Jones (1963) and of W.J.B. Owen (1967); and equally inevitably, it complements theirs.

Dalhousie University *A.J. Hartley*

Peasants Knights and Heretics: Studies in Medieval English Social History. Edited by R.H. Hilton. Past and Present Publications. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1976. Pp. vi, 330, 4 tables, 1 graph. $12.95.

Professor Hilton, editor of the book under review, epitomises the contributions to *Past and Present*, from which it is derived, as two-fold: "the relatively short and deliberately provocative presentation of a thesis for debate" and "the long and well-researched examination of a major theme". He inveighs against "some critics" (citing Denys Hay) who "persist in propagating the view that it is the first type of contribution which characterises the journal as a whole". Readers of *Peasants Knights and Heretics* can judge for themselves.

About twenty years ago the reviewer was present when the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford in his inaugural lecture castigated those researchers who stagnated in backwaters, and proceeded to advocate a history that would be both lay and controversial. *Past and Present* goes a long way towards realising this ideal: it is undeniably controversial, and many of the topics broached (including most of those in this selection) if not exactly 'lay' are at any rate comprehensible in modern terms, for instance: inflation, class structure, the organised resistance of 'labour', and the medieval equivalent of the urban guerrilla.

The *reductio ad absurdum* of the controversial approach is reached in the 'Robin Hood debate'. Professor Hilton sets the ball rolling. Characteristically he attributes the origins of this elusive 'hero' to the "history of intertwined economic and social grievances" of the latter half of the fourteenth century (p. 233), rather than, for example, to the civil war "mainly affecting the upper classes' during the reign of Edward II — a theory propounded by Joseph Hunter in 1852 (p. 224). However, Hilton seemingly overlooks the case persuasively argued by Ian Kershaw earlier in the book to the effect that the years 1315-22 marked a crucial, perhaps even a decisive phase, in the social and economic history of the later middle ages in England! But that is not all. The reader, beguiled by the vigorous riposte of Maurice Keen (pp. 258-66) to J.C. Holt's well developed argument that Robin Hood might be more satisfactorily placed chronologically in the early thirteenth century and socially in the knightly or near-knightly class (pp. 236-57), is unexpectedly confronted by a note to the effect that five years later Mr. Keen no longer held the veiws expressed in his article but had come virtually to accept those of his 'antagonist'. One admires his candour, but questions the editor's inclusion of an argument which even its originator has repudiated. The layman could be excused for smirking at the antics of historians and the will-o'-the-wisp character of historical 'evidence'. The argument against Maurice Keen's position is pressed home in a communication by T.H. Aston (pp. 270-2), but the reader is now aware that he tilts only against windmills. Despite all this, the editor cannot refrain from delivering a Parthian shot in Professor Holt's direction (p. 8).

There is excellent material in the book, nonetheless. J. Z. Titow, well-known for his work on the episcopal pipe rolls at Winchester, contends compactly and cogently, though with a degree of acrimony, for the ancient origin of the open- (or common-) field system (pp. 33-50). He seeks to refute the tentative hypothesis of Joan Thirsk (pp. 10-32, with a somewhat irritable rejoinder to Titow at pp. 51-6) that it was the result of gradual evolution, particularly during the twelfth and early-thirteenth centuries.

With refreshing detachment P. D. A. Harvey makes a strong plea for the inflationary nature of the years 1180-1220 (pp. 57-84). The same quality is observable in Ian Kershaw's discussion (already mentioned) of the famine and agrarian crisis of the middle years of Edward II (pp. 85-132), which has yet to have an impact on the overall interpretation of that troubled reign.

The intractable problem of the size of a knight's fee at the time of Domesday and beyond is tackled once again — despite the warnings of Horace Round — by Sally Harvey (pp. 133-73), who demonstrates that the term 'knight' (*miles*) is misleadingly comprehensive. By the early-thirteenth century only the wealthy could afford the essential accoutrement, so that "knighthood appeared socially desirable".

Professor Hilton himself deals with the problem of 'freedom' in the context of what he sees as an increasing tendency from the late-twelfth century to associate

villeinage with 'unfreedom' (pp. 174-91). The reader will be bemused by the triple negative at p. 189: "They (the tenants) did not argue that the doing of labour services did not imply unfreedom". Such infelicities are rare, though one or two misspellings occur, e.g. Selb*ou*rne (p. 39) and Bridg*e*north (p. 159), both of which appear correctly in the index.

In a contribution heavily dependent on the manorial records of the fifteenth-century bishops of Worcester, notably John Carpenter (1444-76), Christopher Dyer points to the widespread failure of tenants to pay rent and other dues, which he interprets as a form of social protest (pp. 192-215). Increasing population, he feels, had by the mid-1490s served to modify this tendency (p. 213). Again a note informs us of subsequent revision: such refusal to pay did in fact extend well into the following century. This modification goes unacknowledged in the communication by Barbara Harris (pp. 216-20), who (in contradiction to Dyer's original conclusion) discerns marked tenant resistance on the duke of Buckingham's estates during the earlier 1500s.

Finally (pp. 273-318) comes Margaret Aston's excellent assessment of Lollardy's connection with sedition between the Peasants' Revolt of 1381 and the abortive rising of Perkins and others half a century later.

What can be said in conclusion? There is much of lasting value in this book, though the claim of the publisher's blurb that the articles "illustrate the range and depth of recent writing in medieval English history" requires the qualification 'social'. In fact the range of interest appears far narrower than the chronological sweep. In the reviewer's opinion it would have been preferable to leave the more combative and ephemeral pieces in the relative obscurity of the Journal's back numbers. They lack an essential element of the dialectic — synthesis, and can by quite tiresome.

Dalhousie University *Roy M. Haines*

The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Volume XII. 1835-1862. Edited by Linda Allardt. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1976. Pp. xlviii, 657. $35.00

Volume twelve of *The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson* contains nine of Emerson's lecture notebooks, dating from 1835 to 1862. Emerson used these notebooks in peculiar and important ways. Serving as working links between his journal entries and his published essays, lectures, addresses, and random articles, the nine notebooks in this volume are all of a similar kind. In each there are outlines, notes, lists of topics or titles, revised journal entries, translations, material copied from authors whose works he had been reading, and various kinds of index-like compilations concerned often with related passages in his journals. Since the twenty-seven years covered by these notebooks are Emerson's richest and most active years, there are many

valuable insights to be gained from a close study of their content. They tell us much about Emerson's working methods.

By observing Emerson's habits of composition in the notebooks, we can readily understand how his penchant for recording brief and pointed observations led to the development of his well-known aphoristic style. They also tell us that he did a great deal of preparatory work before he reached the writing stage. The easy-flowing quality of his finished style is misleading because its spontaneity and simplicity do not betray how much he fretted over his prose and how often he re-wrote sentences and paragraphs. A completed manuscript never came easily for him. And even after publication, Emerson often remained unsatisfied with the draft that he had finally decided to send to the printer.

The first of the nine notebooks in this volume contains, among other items, Emerson's draft of his letter to President Van Buren protesting the removal of the Cherokees. There are important differences between this draft and the letter actually sent to Van Buren. This notebook also contains passages that Emerson re-worked for the Divinity School Address. He apparently gave much thought to the person of Jesus and the essence of the Gospels. It is a pity that he did not use in print his provacative version of the Gospel according to John: "Preach Christianity today. Say, as Christ did, God is in me, I am God; . . . " It is a very bold statement even for Emerson. He does not simply write pantheistically, I am in God, but, instead, "I am God."

The second and third notebooks in this volume are concerned in the main with his lectures on English literature and the Philosophy of History. The fourth notebook reflects the revisions he made for essays like "Self-Reliance" and "Compensation," but there are many unpublished Emersonian gems to be discovered: "Any pain which a mob can inflict is trifling compared with the humiliation of obeying them." That is the real Emerson.

The fifth notebook is intriguing because it contains material from widely separated periods. 1837-41, 1850, 1857, 1862, and like the sixth notebook in this volume includes notes on Emerson's "Human Life" lectures and important essays like "Circles" and "Nominalist and Realist." The sixth notebook also contains notes, drafts, and outlines for "The Poet" and "Experience." The seventh and ninth notebooks are similar in content, but the eighth is essentially an index of the journals. These last three notebooks, like the other, were used to record notes and revisions of lectures prior to publication. They date from 1839 to 1851, when Emerson was working on most of his important essays. While busy indexing his journals in the notebooks, Emerson remarks that "A wise man is a perfect index or table of Contents of the Universe in which he walks." The observation was topical.

Volume twelve, like volume eleven, memorializes a founding editor of this new edition of Emerson's Journals. Two years after the death of Alfred R. Ferguson, and just prior to publication of the present volume, William H.

Gilman, the chief editor, who had supervised the editing of the twelve volumes now in print and was himself directly responsible for several of them, died. All four of the original editors are now dead. It will be a tribute to them that the team they have assembled will be able to maintain in future volumes the high editorial standards they have established.

As usual, the editing of volume twelve is generally excellent, and the organization, format, and quality of the book very fine. I have only one or two minor complaints. The introduction to this volume cold have been more literary than it is, and the notes more consistently informative than they are. The reader is often told that this sentence or that paragraph was used in an essay or lecture, but *not always*. A novice student of Emerson could sometimes be misled. The editor should be congratulated, however, on the inclusion of Appendix I, a table showing where Emerson's journals and notebooks already in print in this edition are to be located in volumes I through XI.

University of Alberta *E.J. Rose*

Keywords: A Vocabulary of Culture and Society. By Raymond Williams. New York: Oxford University Press, 1976. Pp. 286. $10.95 ($3.50 paperback).

When Raymond Williams returned to Cambridge in 1945, after a four-and-a-half year absence to serve as an artilleryman in the war, he noticed something that few of us are given the circumstances to observe: the English language had changed. More particularly, Williams found that people were using familiar words but with new senses and meanings not known to him. His examination, both intellectual and historical, of the changes in what he set out as the five "Key Words" — *industry, democracy, class, art* and *culture* — appeared as his book *Culture and Society, 1780-1950* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1958).

But Williams went on collecting words and examining them for changes in meaning, and has now published the results of his twenty-year inquiry as *Keywords*. The book lists one hundred and ten words alphabetically, each with one to four pages of exegesis. The exegisis typically begins with a short etymology, then tells when the word came into English and what meaning it carried at that time. Derived or related words are presented: Under *common*, for example, one finds also *community, commonwealth* and *the commons*. Throughout the exegesis one encounters citations from such writers as Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Bacon, Marx and others, the purpose being to show how the word was used or defined during a given period. The quotations are paralleled by Williams' commentary on the important historical events and social changes as the diachronology of the word is being traced.

Though it is an axiom of linguistics that all languages change with the passage of time, the explanation of why and how words shift in meaning or,

more subtly, in connotation lies outside the field of linguistics, and such explanations are therefore difficult to find. But now Williams has joined linguistics and sociology in a readable and useful work which will prove instructive to people engaged in the study or the enjoyment of literature.

Williams has limited his investigation to a body of words dealing with "the practices and institutions which we group as *culture* and *society*" (p. 13). Understanding these two broad concepts is made easier and more precise if we become aware of the slippery semantic nature of the many key-words and view them as elements of the problem. From Williams' "notes and essays," as he calls his exegeses, we come to see that discussions of such concepts as *naturalism*, *standards*, *civilization* and *family* raise difficulties which are not strictly semantic, but are composed of "historical and contemporary substance" (p. 21). Williams realizes that resolution of these difficulties is beyond the reach of his study; he intends, instead, to give "that extra edge of consciousness" (p. 21).

Two examples, unfortunately but necessarily truncated, will demonstrate what Williams has done. A century ago, when significant numbers of children received no organized education, the distinction between the words *educated* and *uneducated* was clear. But how can the distinction be maintained in this day of universal education? Williams' answer: "The level indicated by *educated* has been continually adjusted to leave the majority of people who have received an education below it" (p. 95).

Under *literature* we find a short social history of the ability to read. *Literate* in the fifteenth century meant "well-read." *Literary* appeared in the seventeenth century with the same meaning; those of this period who were highly educated were the *literati*. *Literacy*, dating from the late nineteenth century, meant both "well-read" and "an ability to read." As literacy became near-universal in England, the word expanded to take in those with the newly-gained skill: requirements for admission were lowered. The requirements for *illiteracy*, on the other hand, became increasingly selective: from poorly educated (1500s) to ignorant of Greek and Latin (1700s) to unable to read.

I have two minor quibbles with the book. First of all, the reader will find that the introduction (pp. 9-24) is largely an account of the semantic and lexicographic difficulties Williams encountered in his work. Perhaps more explanation should have been given here of the theory or the idea underlying *Keywords*. In other words: less linguistics and more sociology in the introduction. And then why ignore linguistics altogether in the word list? Surely language is a part of culture and society, yet no exegesis discusses a language word or gives an account of the way in which language has been viewed through the centuries.

The author states in the introduction that his "publishers have been good enough to include some blank pages" (p. 23) for the reader's notes, but my American edition contains only the single-sheet endpapers fore and aft. The paperback edition has *no* blank pages.

I have used "exegesis" instead of "definition" because the latter term would seriously understate the scope and purpose of *Keywords*. The scope is as broad as European social history, outlined here by the listing of the vocabulary of society and culture. The purpose is to lead us through the turns and changes of word use in order to arrive at an understanding of contemporary problems of meaning, for the words reflect the shifts in our perceptions of the lives we lead.

University of North Carolina *W. Kruck*

Samuel Johnson and the Problem of Evil. By Richard B. Schwartz. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1975. Pp. 118.

As Robinson Crusoe begins to instruct his man Friday in the articles of the Christian faith and justify the ways of God to men, the savage listens with grave attention. His primitive mind is not troubled by new concepts of an omnipotent God, creator and preserver of all things, and of his son, Jesus Christ, and before long he rejects his own notions of primitive religion. But when his master introduces the idea of the devil and all his works, Friday quickly demonstrates that even though he is primitive, he isn't stupid:

> 'Well,' says Friday, 'but you say, God is so strong, so great, is He not much strong, much might as the devil?' 'Yes,yes,' says I, 'Friday, God is stronger than the devil, God is above the devil, and therefore we pray to God to tread him down under our feet, and enable us to resist his temptations and quench his fiery darts.' 'But,' says he again, 'if God much strong, much might as the devil, why God no kill the devil, so make him no more wicked?'

At this point, the reader will recall, Crusoe sends Friday away on an errand which will take some time to perform and on his return diverts the discussion to the matter of redemption.

Within the context of life on a remote island, far from the complexities of civilization, Defoe brings us face to face with the vexing problem of the theodicy — the vindication of divine justice in allowing the existence of evil — the oldest and most fundamental problem of Christian thought and one which would later trouble Enlightenment philosophers unable to accept the myth of the Fall. Some denied that evil existed at all while others constructed elaborate explanations (chiefly founded on the concept of the Great Chain of Being) to show that it was really an essential part of the cosmic order serving in each instance as test, as warning, as reward, as the weapon of a malignant power, as the result of limited perspective, as the absence of good, as a source of aesthetic contrast, as a result of action in a former life, or as a necessity with a created being — all cold comfort to men and women actually suffering in mind, body or estate. Essentially they were fruitless attempts to solve a problem that had no universal solution.

In this slim monograph, largely an extension of the author's *Samuel Johnson and the New Science* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1971), Professor Schwarz gathers together the various disparate opinions of the stern moralist Samuel Johnson, and wanting a long Johnsonian dissertation on the subject, looks for a distinctive approach. By so doing he is able to give the reader a clear impression of Johnson's relationship to such eighteenth-century thinkers as William King, Pope, Leibniz, Shaftesbury, Voltaire and Hume. The admirable review of Soame Jenyns's *Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil* (1757) which appeared in the *Literary Magazine*, usually treated by anthologizers as an example of Johnsonian bombast, receives the most searching scrutiny ever. A facsimile of that rare document is printed at the back. In the *Free Inquiry* Jenyns, best known in those days as a minor poet and Whig placeman, made some of the most bizarre claims imaginable in his theodicy, and Johnson's review is a common-sense if unusually vigorous argument against similar works, notably Pope's *Essay on Man*. How, then, do Johnson's own pronouncements differ? By concerning themselves not with the the ultimate cause of major catastrophes, it is suggested, but with sufferings which concern us all — the tedium, frustration and aggravation of everyday life and the struggles of the domestic arena — experiences which Johnson's own life particularly qualified him to discuss. His mastery of the subject of ills which afflict common life gives point and substance to his sermons, biographies and periodical essays. Theodicies, Johnson seems to imply, only exaggerate the problem of evil and minimize the possibility of alleviating it.

University of Alberta *Ronald Rompkey*

The Seventh Hexagram. By Ian McLachlan. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1976. Pp. i, 278. $9.95

If *The Seventh Hexagram* had been written as a straightforward thriller, it might have achieved one kind of success based on the strengths of vividly plotted action. But the author has aimed at a more complex effect and has not achieved either the narrative pleasures of a John LeCarré story or the psychological interest of a Graham Greene novel — to name the two writers with whom the dust-jacket invites comparison. The novel has two subjects: the political unrest of Hong Kong at the time of China's Cultural Revolution and the involvements of the protagonist Joe Stewart, a young English socialist working in Hong Kong as a journalist and dallying with the Maoist cause. To join his two subjects, Ian McLachlan uses two structural principles which strain against each other and, being unevenly employed, cause the novel to flounder in unresolved formal problems.

One principle is suggested by the title. This book, like the hexagrams of the *I Ching* or *Book of Changes*, has six parts. The logo for a hexagram consists of six lines, each either solid or broken in the middle, stacked vertically. Here, each of the novel's sections is introduced by a developing logo of the seventh hexagram, one line added for each section. We might expect, then, to find developing symbolic resonances among the book's parts, corresponding to the intricate symbolic relations among the various lines of the *I Ching's* seventh hexagram, the hexagram of the Army. But such resonances do not emerge, even if the reader studies the commentaries on the seventh hexagram found in the Bollingen Foundation's edition of the *I Ching*, from which McLachlan quotes briefly in an epigraph. And if we notice that McLachlan is developing his logo from top to bottom, rather than from bottom to top as the *I Ching* does, we still do not register any structural relations like those by which the *I Ching's* lines create a symbolic net within which to trap the archetypal meaning of concrete events.

McLachlan focusses instead on the material of the seventh hexagram. The Army, this hexagram tells us, is always latent in the masses, to be called forth at need by a leader until, the danger past, they return to their ploughs. Here we have the archetype to which the novel's political story belongs. Hong Kong is a festering colony where the grinding poverty of the masses, clustered near the harbour's factories, lightens shade by shade as one travels up the mountains above Kowloon, the social scale ascending with the altitude. Joe Stewart falls in with Kwan, a leftist newspaper magnate who is the chief Maoist agent in Hong King, and with Jordan King, an aging half-Chinese doctor who made the Long March with Mao and, living on old glories since, has become a liability for Kwan's movement, but a temptation towards radical action for Joe. Vacillating in his allegiance to these two, Joe is also watched and pressured by Donald Winn, a British intelligence officer who sniffs after the leftists when he is not sniffing around the gay bars of Kowloon. When the violence of strikes and demonstrations erupts, Kwan procrastinates and loses the initiative while Jordan King, with Joe's help, bungles an independent attempt to frighten the capitalists, killing one and then collapsing hysterically. Here, surely, we have some good material for a political thriller, and perhaps for an examination of the character of a naive young English socialist caught up in a storm which the author seems to see as an accessible paradigm of the modern global political situation.

But the other structural principle erodes the potential of this story of public struggle, just as it saps the symbolic possibilities of the hexagrammatic structuring. For Joe is also the narrator. He is recalling his memories of Hong Kong from exile by a frozen lake in the Coboconk region of Ontario where he has retreated to reintegrate the psyche that disintegrated in Hong Kong. Accordingly, memoires recur in the order of their obsessive power over him, and his private involvements in Hong Kong swamp the public story in which he was in-

volved. The novel opens with Joe's car accident as he flees naked from Jordan King's house where Jordan and his wife Evelyne lie dead. Kwan and Donald Winn are introduced visiting him in hospital, each wooing his allegiance. We learn that Joe's capitalist mistress, Mei, has left him ten days before the accident because of Joe's involvement with Evelyne King. Later we find this devoted socialist seducing the girlfriend of the man who rescued him from his accident and who afterwards sheltered him. But the incidents are related achronologically so that we must devote too much attention to piecing out Joe's socio-sexual history to respond adequately to the political story. It is there, but some of the best material in the book — the account of Jordan King's career, and accounts of the Long March by some of the marchers — remains unintegrated either with the private world of Joe Stewart or with the documentary accounts of police brutality and of the poverty which is the lot of the striking masses.

I suspect that the author regards Joe as detestable but interesting. He isn't interesting. The narrative begins by referring to him in the third person, then switches to the first person in the next chapter. Gradually the switches back and forth become more rapid until in the final sentence of the book we find a switch from third to first person within a single clause. Somehow this grammatical mimesis of a schizoid dissociation fails to provide any rhythm of integration for Joe's personality; the therapeutic principle of narration is structurally in place, but it is in itself so dissociated from the political or public world of the novel that the book is stillborn as a work of art.

The moral of the tale is suggested by the words of the Seventh hexagram: "Let the eldest lead the army. The younger transports corpses." McLachlan possibly intends China to be seen as the "eldest" and Europe as the "younger" world leader, but despite much good material to which he might profitably return, he has either oversubtilized his symbolism or swamped it with his congealed presentation of a European whose politics (and whose mind) play second fiddle to his penis.

Dalhousie University *Donald G. Reid*

Bounder from Wales: Lloyd George's Career before the First World War. By Don M. Cregier. Columbia and London: University of Missouri Press, 1976, Pp. 292.

This compact book displays a mastery of a wide range of sources new and old, and while it does not claim to make "any radical revision of the standard image of Lloyd George as a tarnished and somewhat crooked genius", it achieves clarity and some depth of insight into the episodes in which the enigmatic "Welsh Merlin" was involved. It is indeed easier to understand the strategies and ruses than the man. Extroverted, volatile, pugnaciously active and incessantly

sociable, Lloyd George committed few of his private counsels to paper, and the historian has little on which to take his bearings amid the conflicting subjective impressions of him recorded by others. Hence the study of the essential Lloyd George continues to be an ongoing affair. Professor Cregier concludes with a survey of the various positions of the more prominent "Lloyd George-ologists" without doing much to resolve the perplexity. One myth, however, is effectively killed, that of the "man of the people" whose populism sprang naturally from youthful familiarity with poverty and the ways of humble folk. The account of Lloyd George's upbringing and precocity in matters political is perhaps the most illuminating section of the book, and reveals him as taking up politics as a kind of middle-class hobby from an early age - he "witnesses" his first election campaign at five! As for his sympathies; "As a youthful politician Lloyd George was class conscious, but he was moved by resentment of the privileged gentry, not by identification with the poor." The stunts and the posing came early, too, the championing of poachers and the contrived confrontations, such as that produced by the forced burial of a Nonconformist in an Anglican graveyard followed by a much-publicised appeal to the High Court. At twenty-one Lloyd George was a complete lawyer-politician, and soon he acquired his own newspaper. "We want something stirring, never mind the bombast if the stuff is good", he instructed his editor. This precept served to elevate Lloyd George himself into Parliament and national prominence. He exploited the nuisance value of Welsh nationalism and Nonconformity, threatening to detach the Welsh members from the Liberal Whip. With Labour menacing its left flank, the Liberal party was susceptible to the blackmail of a "tribune of the people", Joseph Chamberlain's migration to the Unionists had left a vacancy which Lloyd George readily filled. He went further than Chamberlain, as befitted the times, and hit new lows, culminating in the Limehouse speech in a packed music hall. This attack on dukes as urban landlords (a "fully-equipped duke" cost as much as a dreadnought) was part of an elaborate strategy of provocation associated with his expropriating Budget of 1909, and the whole episode marked the high point of his political genius and devilry. The taunt of "bounder" in a jocular ditty seems in the circumstances a remarkably mild response by the offended classes:

> Lloyd George, no doubt, when life ebbs out,
> Will ride in a blazing chariot.
> He'll ride in state on a red-hot plate
> Twixt the Devil and Judas Iscariot.
> Ananias that day to the Devil will say
> 'My right to precedence fails,
> Move up a bit higher away from the fire,
> Make room for this bounder from Wales.'

But Lloyd George was no revolutionary. His known acquaintances and intimates, identified en passant with fair completeness in these pages, were

businessmen, international financiers, money-making adventurers and members of the pushing elites on the fringes of high society. The Marconi scandal brought down on Lloyd George the scorn of the City and left him swirling in a backwash of anti-semitism, but the "Marconi-gang" as well as being intimates of Lloyd George were too representative of the monied patrons of the Liberal party to be cast out. In any case Lloyd George had grown in public estimation and was shaping up to his later part as a dominant statesman and war leader of supreme talent and resource. No biography of Lloyd George has satisfactorily explained how a mastery of the gamesmanship of politics relates to a sense of realities and the gift of prescience, how artificiality relates to sincerity of purpose. That Lloyd George continued to combine elaborate trickery with deep sincerity there can be no doubt, and the moral is, perhaps, not altogether unfavourable to democracy.

Dalhousie University *Peter Fraser*

In My Time: A Memoir. By Thomas H. Raddall. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1976. Pp. viii, 365. $14.95.

Thomas H. Raddall is a novelist who never "sought to teach or preach". His sole aim, he tells us, has been to create "intelligent entertainment". Yet, while entertaining us hugely, Raddall, in novels like *Roger Sudden* and *His Majesty's Yankees*, has given us an imaginative hold on our beginnings as a people, an insight into the first fashioning of an identity, an insight which may do much to sustain us now that our identity is being put severely to the test.

In My Time, Raddall's autobiography, is an illuminating record of a man's life and work, of a man whose work became his life and at a time when work such as his was a perilous adventure (even now, and even with Canada Council help, there are few among us who dare to live by the pen alone). The autobiography is also something of a portrait of a "time" — especially of the years between the start of the First World War and the end of the Second. The Halifax Explosion is recalled with terrifying force out of a schoolboy's stunned and awful daymare. We hear of great events, as they happen, in the crackle of wireless off the Nova Scotia coast. We observe, close at hand, the doings of worthies like Izaak Walton Killam and Angus L. Macdonald and Arthur Meighen. We enter publishing houses in New York and Toronto. We sense the shaping of a Canadian literary world peopled by writers like E.J. Pratt, Earle Birney, Morley Callaghan, Hugh MacLennan — and Thomas Raddall. (Our author's allusions to literary folk are not always charitable — Raddall seems to have had a mighty distaste for Charles G.D. Roberts and all — or almost all — his works).

It is fascinating to observe Raddall's stories taking off from lived spots of time: *The Nymph and the Lamp* from those bleak days on Sable Island where Raddall served as wireless operator; *Hangman's Beach* from boyhood visits with his father to McNab's Island; *Roger Sudden* after patient exploration of every hill and bay of the Louisbourg terrain. The stories seemed to come as naturally, if not as easily, as leaves to the tree. Raddall revised with painful scrupulousness. The research for the historical novels and histories was relentless and exacting. Yet the effort that went into the books does not show. They seem to issue from a loving sense of place taken and touched by time.

One marvels at how it was done. Raddall says little about his apprenticeship as a craftsman. And what did he read? He says almost nothing about his reading (remember that he stopped school at the age of fifteen). Certainly he had no more help from "college English" or courses in "creative writing" than he had from government handouts. I suspect a moral might be drawn from this — but, as a college teacher, I must in prudence, refrain from drawing it.

Thomas H. Raddall has been honoured by an appointment as Officer of the Order of Canada, by election to the Royal Society of Canada, by the Lorne Pierce Medal, by three Governor-General's Awards for Literature, by several university doctorates *(honoris causa)*. But what he cherishes above all these honours is a remark made to him by an old friend, the proprietor of a small fishing business on the South Shore of Nova Scotia: "Tom, I'm not much of a hand for talking and I don't know how to say this, but I am proud of you and proud to know you, because you write about our own people and our own country, and you live here and you're one of us."

Dalhousie University *Malcolm Ross*

Canada and the Third World. Edited by Peyton V. Lyon and Tareq Y. Ismael. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1976. Pp i, 342. Cloth $18.95; paper $8.95.

An attempt to deal comprehensively with Canadian relations with the developing countries is long overdue, and this collection of articles edited by professors Peyton Lyon and Tareq Ismael has been eagerly awaited by scholars and interested observers of Canadian foreign policy. Unfortunately, the final product is likely to disappoint most of its readers, for the contributions offer, with one exception, a mere updating of previous work on Canadian bilateral relations with the various regions of the "Third World" (a term which by now surely obfuscates more than it clarifies in its equating of consensual rhetoric with political and economic reality). Such an updating certainly has utility, especially for undergraduate students of Canadian foreign policy, but what is most needed at the mid-point of the Second Development Decade is a comprehensive, critical analysis of Canada's place in the so-called "New International

Economic Order" (NIEO), and of the Canadian record, past and present, on the range of issues subsumed under its rubric — not only aid, but trade, investment, debt, commodity arrangements, transfer of technology, etc.

Professor Lyon's introduction prepares us for the limited treatment to follow in devoting fully fifteen pages to Canadian aid policy, while little or no attention is directed to the other, more important cornerstones of the NIEO. Furthermore, his analysis of Canadian aid tends to accept too many governmental protestations at face value. For example, does CIDA's (or rather, the Canadian government's) 1975-80 International Development Strategy really announce much that is new, or merely reaffirm recent trends? Do official claims of bureaucratic consensus on aid issues indicate that such consensus does indeed exist, or are they, as this reviewer's own research indicates, often a smokescreen behind which the real battles are fought?

Many other assertions are made with dubious empirical foundation — for example, that Canada is valued by developing countries because of its links with Washington. There is simply no evidence provided that this is the case. One must also doubt that decision-makers in Ottawa, in their policies affecting the developing countries, have been "relatively free" of domestic constraints (xliv). This has certainly not been true of aid untying, commodity negotiations, trade and tariffs (e.g. textiles), debt, or, for that matter, most of the issues on the UNVTAD agenda, issues on which Canadian officials have shown little desire to offer a "generous" response. In view of this, one wonders how long Canada will continue to be perceived by developing countries as "inoffensive and well-intentioned" (xxx).

Most of the articles that follow are competently researched and well written, although of interest mainly to the general reader rather than the specialist. In perhaps the finest article in the book, Robert Matthews presents an excellent survey of the development of Canadain policies towards Anglophone Africa, placing Ottawa's current ambivalence towards South Africa firmly in the context of the past evolution of these policies and of contradictory Canadian interests that defy harmonization. Canadian relations with Francophone Africa receive similarly thorough treatment by Louis Sabourin, although some weighting of Canadian interests in the region would have been helpful.

Bringing us closer to home, Heath Macquarrie and J.C.M. Ogelsby offer well-researched, historical studies of Canadian relations with the Caribbean and Latin America respectively, the emphasis in both cases being on straightforward description rather than explanatory analysis.

Professor Ismael's article on the Middle East deals, in fact, entirely with Canadian perspectives on the Arab-Israeli conflict, of which he provides a lucid analysis from the all-too-rare perspective of an Arab critic. The questions he raises on Ottawa's response to President Nasser's call for the withdrawal of UNEF in 1967 should stimulate considerable debate. As in the case of South Africa, "neutrality", it seems, is impossible when issues are polarized, and Canadian interests are diffuse and contradictory.

Of more value to those interested in what, in the opinion of this reviewer, is the all-important economic dimension of Canadian relations with the developing countries, Clyde Sanger's contribution on development policy is the most relevent and timely. While being, perhaps, overly preoccupied with the aid component, he provides some cogent criticisms of Ottawa's aid policy, although he probably overrates CIDA's potential for challenging the departmental "heavyweights" on non-aid issues.

Less enlightening is Barrie Morrison's article on "Canada and South Asia", of which less than half deals specifically with Canadian policy, and which contains too many unsupported assertions: for example, that the de-emphasis of the Cold War by President Nixon (whom this de-emphasis surely pre-dated) created problems for Canadian programmes in India and Pakistan; or that Ottawa helped to forestall potential Indian isolationism during the fifties and sixties. Equally disappointing is David Van Praagh's review of "Canada and Southeast Asia", a contribution in which speculation all too often passes for fact. To claim, for example, that Michel Gauvin's pugnacious diplomacy, while Canadian commissioner on the ICCS in Vietnam, was "embarrassing" to Ottawa (p320) is to underestimate both Gauvin himself and his External Affairs superiors.

In conclusion, despite its title, this book does little to enrich the current debate on Canadian policies in the developing world. There is a continuing trend towards dealing with the entire gamut of major North-South issues in multilateral form rather than at the bilateral level, and the former development is clearly influencing relations at the latter level. One would therefore have expected the editors to include, at the very least, a contribution on "Canada at UNCTAD" or "Canada and International Commodity Negotiations", but such is not the case. Rather, *Canada and the Third World* ignores Canadian activity on the crucial multilateral plane, where it is most visible to developing nations, and where Canadian actions and policies, with all their blemishes, are seen increasingly to contrast with Ottawa's progressive rhetoric.

Dalhousie University *Glyn Berry*

Song of the Pearl. By Ruth Nichols. Toronto: Macmillan, 1976. Pp. 158. $7.95.

Song of the Pearl is a story about the continuity of love and hate, about their power, and about the individual's need to control them. The heroine, Margaret Redmond, who in life has been unable to resolve her deep love-hate relationship with her mother's brother, dies — and finds herself forced to confront it repeatedly in a timeless land beyond death, until finally she can understand its roots and ramifications in time and space, and having understood it fully, can forgive the man who has, with her own connivance, so deeply enmeshed her in it.

This is not an easy book to discuss, except in seeming contradictions. It is, for example, a small book, yet it discusses large ideas (about love and hate, life and death, time and space). Furthermore, it tells a very moving story, but it is spiced with a humour which removes every trace of sentimentality. Even more paradoxically Margaret's life after death is lived in surroundings which are both dreamlike and realistic, and the "spirits" whom she encounters are remarkably vivid. Yet neither any of these singly, nor all of them together, can quite account for the effectiveness of the book.

Perhaps the central quality of the book can be identified in its imaginative matrix. The publishers describe the book as fantasy, but it is better described by a word which distinguishes it from fantasy, yet accounts for the same appeal to a sense of wonder: it is poetic. *Song of the Pearl* alludes, as the author's postscript "Notes" acknowledge, to several literary sources. Most of these sources are religious writings or poems, and consequently give to the story a strongly poetic quality. But at the same time, the book is highly autonomous, and can be read without reference to any of these sources. It shares with them only the poetic mode, and this, for me is the deciding factor in my enjoyment of it.

Other than that, I cannot describe *Song of the Pearl.* It is not like anything else, and therefore cannot be compared. It is itself, and must be read.

Dalhousie University *Patricia Monk*

Thought, Words and Creativity: Art and Thought in Lawrence. By F.R. Leavis. Chatto and Windus, 1976. Pp. 156. $13.95

The full title of F.R. Leavis's new book *Thought, Words and Creativity: Art and Thought in Lawrence* accurately suggests that the book is essentially a sequel to two of Leavis's previous works: its immediate predecessor *The Living Principle* (1975) and the classic *D.H. Lawrence: Novelist* (1955). That these are two of Leavis's most important and impressive works may account partially for my feeling that the new volume is a disappointment since, on the whole, it is simply not up to their standard nor does it really extend or contravene any of their assumptions and arguments. But the new work could have been interesting in its own right had Leavis only fully explored the possibilities inherent in his announced topic: the novelist as thinker, fiction as thought, and the relationship between fiction and society. Repeating the contentions of *The Living Principle* Leavis argues in his preface that "the completest use of the English language is to be found in major creative works" such as *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* in which a "major creative writer" attempts to "refine and develop his pro-

founder thought about life." It is with this "thought" that Leavis concerns himself as he reads the fiction of Lawrence and argues that in Lawrence's major fiction (thought in art) we have a profound criticism of life in all of its important aspects.

I find myself in basic agreement with these assumptions — or as Leavis now prefers to call them, "constatations" — as well as with Leavis's other assumptions about Lawrence's importance as a novelist, about the essentially moral or religious nature of the greatest art, and about the vital relationship between art and society. But what disturbs me is the book's failure to move convincingly beyond its prefatory dogmatic statements. Too much of Leavis's argument remains on the level of generalization and assertive repetition — "life is the necessary word," "his art is thought and his thought art" — statements insufficiently explicit or detailed to permit any extended questioning. Even the chapters dealing with specific texts — *The Plumed Serpent*, *Women in Love*, *The Captain's Doll*, *The Rainbow* — fail to provide clearer expositions of Leavis's central theme.

If on the one hand Leavis doesn't develop or define his own proposition, on the other, he indicates a disturbing, because almost totally unqualified, acceptance of Lawrence's art and his ideas about self and society. Such an attitude may have been necessary in the forties and fifties when Leavis was waging in *Scrutiny* his almost single-handed campaign to gain acceptance of the notion that Lawrence was a major writer but it is unacceptable in the present day. As salutary as most of Lawrence's insights may be, there are, nevertheless, aspects of his thought which are controversial. As Colin Clarke pointed out in *River of Dissolution* Leavis is almost entirely blind to these "darker" aspects of Lawrence's thought. What, for example, are we to make of the short story "The Woman Who Rode Away" — "one of his finest things" according to Leavis — which ends with the ritualistic sacrifice of a woman; or to cite one of Leavis's favourite novellas, "The Fox", how is a reader to understand the murder — I can call it nothing else — of Banford, the girl who opposes the marriage of March and Grenfell? The important point is not that these events occur in these stories but that the narrative voice, Lawrence's voice, approves of them. As does Leavis without inquiring whether Lawrence's attitude is consistent with Leavis's claim that he is a profound moral and religious thinker.

What I am suggesting is that if we are to treat Lawrence's art as thought then we must realize that certain of his psychological, social and religious ideas, whether they are expressed in his fiction or in what he termed his "pollyanalytics", need to be examined, qualified and sometimes even rejected. Lawrence's attitude to women is a minor but still important case in point. I assume that there is general agreement that although some of Lawrence's fictive women are among the most convincing in literature his actual ideas about women cannot be held seriously by any comtemporary. Reflecting the now untenable assumptions of Rousseau's *Emile*, Herbert Spencer's *Education*, and

Ruskin's *Of Queen's Gardens* (all of which Lawrence had read) his ideas on this subject should have, at best, the curio status of Freud's. Yet Leavis, by almost exclusively emphasizing the notion of the "difference" of the sexes, manages to fudge the implications of Lawrence's position in which male superiority or supremacy is taken for granted. Superiority is apparent even in the pattern of the male-female relationships in much of the fiction after *Women in Love:* the male is depicted as the teacher from whom the woman learns something of value about life. Because Leavis focusses almost exclusively on "difference" and ignores superiority he also involves himself in a confused repudiation of both the women's movement and modern democracy. I write "confused" because it is never quite clear just what it is that he finds objectionable in the former nor does he offer any constructive alternative to the latter.

This total and consistent acceptance of the Laurentian position both simplifies Lawrence and also prevents Leavis from inquiring critically into the issues raised both by Lawrence's thought and by his own thesis. For example, although Leavis writes (as he did in *D.H. Lawrence: Novelist*) that "*Women in Love* is the great Laurentian inquest into our civilization and what menaces it" he never indicates how such an inquest, which we more commonly associate with historical writing, succeeds as fiction; nor does he go on to explain on what basis, other than our faith in the author's genius, we accept a novel's thought as true? The latter becomes a particularly difficult question when we are dealing with a novelist like Lawrence whose thought, as Leavis convincingly argues, has a consistently religious orientation. It is a measure of this book's failure that it neither asks, much less answers, any of the difficult questions implicit in its subject.

Offered instead is a series of variations of what had been said much more effectively twenty years ago in *D.H. Lawrence: Novelist.* I expected more from a re-encounter between the century's greatest novelist and its most important critic.

University of Toronto *Sam Solecki*

The Strong Necessity of Time: The Philosophy of Time in Shakespeare and Elizabethan Literature. By. G.F. Waller. The Hague - Paris: Mouton, 1976. Pp. 176. Guilders 39, $15.75.

In *As You Like It* Orlando's remark, "There's no clock in the forest," is not a complaint, but Arden and other Elizabethan retreats are now being supplied with time-pieces. Northrop Frye is one of those who have counted Shakespeare's clock, while R.J. Quinones *(The Renaissance Discovery of Time)* and F.W. Turner *(Shakespeare and the Nature of Time)* struck together in 1972. G.F. Waller's *The Strong Necessity of Time* can more than hold its own with Turner's and Quinones' books, and in his preface he makes perfectly clear just where he departs from his predecessors.

While showing the preoccupation with the subject of time in Renaissance philosophy and in the works of Spenser, Ralegh, Donne and especially Shakespeare, Dr. Waller recognizes and admits that "time travels in divers paces with divers persons" — a disarming quotation and an apt one, for he sets himself a great deal of travelling through time. In such travel the pace has to be finely gauged: with centuries of thought about time to be covered there is the danger of labouring the point, yet one must be careful when summarizing not to seem too cavalierly general ("Somewhere within this transition between two ages..."). One needs the speed and lightness of Puck just to avoid the tediousness of Polonius, otherwise

> to expostulate...
> Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
> Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.

Dr. Waller's scholarly run-up through sixteenth-century treatises, tracts and sermons which deal with time is not too slow, nor are his concluding leaps too headlong. In his first three chapters he examines the widespread sense of mutability in Renaissance literature — the feeling of "insecurity, decay, and ceaseless wearing away of life" which is made bearable, perhaps, by some recognition of "eternal, transcendental Providence." He makes a case, however tentative, for an interaction between literary and philosophical "trends" in the Renaissance — though it is a pity to see the case overstated when, using Wilbur Sanders as a stalking-horse, he shoots out a phrase like "Shakespeare's contribution to the debate," or "Shakespeare's contribution to this controversy (on 'the ultimate meaning of time')." And when we are told that at the end of *Troilus and Cressida* the fundamental question of what human experiences can oppose or transform time not only is unanswered but "has been deepened," we may wonder whether to state or dramatise a problem really is to exacerbate it.

In Dr. Waller's view, Spenser was aware of the new streams of philosophy in the 1580's but still was able to find adequate depth and scope in the medieval conception of history as working out the will of Providence through time. Waller suggests that a conflict between this "defensive traditionalism" and the poet's knowledge of its anachronism worked to render *The Faerie Queene* unconcludable. Seen from this perspective, Spenser is a poet or intellectual wandering between two worlds; so is Walter Ralegh, who because of his intimate experience of the instability of the political world rejects traditional optimism in favour of an "essentially...nihilistic view of time's passage and its effects on man." Dr. Waller finds many of Ralegh's poems not only gloomy but actually rather sour: the lyric "To his love when hee had obtained her" admittedly is painful in its rendering of time's effect on beauty, but here it is read as if it were Swift's "A Beautiful Young Nymph Going To Bed." There also is in the Ralegh chapter a sense that Dr. Waller finds Ralegh out of his depth on the subject of time — desperate, almost blundering around: it is striking that Ulysses' explanation in *Troilus and Cressida* about time is invoked in this

chapter, and Ralegh is represented as knowing only what the confused and rather dense Achilles is told, that time collects alms for oblivion. Though Waller recognizes Ralegh's courage and sensitivity, he also represents him as blind, and clinging to a view of Providence that somehow Ralegh ought to have known better than to trust: "his God is either vengeful, unpredictable, and malicious or else remote." There is a startling belittlement of the couplet which, on the eve of his execution, Ralegh appended to a poem he had written twenty-five years before on the ravages of time: "And from which earth and grave and dust/The Lord shall rayse me up I trust."

If Ralegh is seen as crying out in despair at the end — an old battler finally brought to his knees by time — John Donne is even a sadder case as he slowly capitulates (Waller accepts Empson's word) to orthodoxy. Donne's early poetry celebrates wonderful moments which never last — Waller usefully reminds us that *carpe diem* has its strain of melancholy, acknowledging time and mutability as well as exalting joy. After the early poems came a decade or so of "transition," where Donne's mind, or at least his contextual view became, according to Waller, more and more commonplace. He fled "the deepest source of inspiration in his early poems, the trust in the value of his own restless aspiration to find eternity through the intensity of human experience," and came to conceive of time as a dreadful and inevitable rush towards death. Waller bravely tackles the sermons in just over three pages, carefully listening for typical notes and hearing again Donne's despairing revulsion from time and his obsession with the minute which will wrench him from it. I am not convinced that in Donne's sermons the repeated emphasis upon "the need to grasp each opportunity to accept the offered moment" is a clear sign of dispair or inability to face the intellectual or religious challenge of mortality. The repeated "now" in the sermon on Romans 13:11 could for instance be read as carrying the same joyful urgency that it bears when used in Marvell's "To his Coy Mistress" — indeed it might be heard as a *carpe diem* hortation without melancholy undertones: "That *Now*, that I named then, that minute is past; but God affords thee another *Now*..." So too in the Holy Sonnets and other late poems we may read, not the frustration which Helen Gardner detects or "the death wish of John Donne," but something of that wit, that serene recklessness, the delighted spirit of a poet whose inspiration has developed from passion to Passion: "And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die." As Dr. Waller readily admits, tone is all-important.

The second half of the book deals with Shakespeare, in essays on time in the early works, on mutability in the political world of the histories, on "the Time-Worlds" of *Troilus* and *Antony*, and variously, time and providence in the tragedies and romances. Dr. Waller trenchantly dismisses the "sloppy intellectual history (and) glibly abstract readings" on which Chain-of-Being interpretations are based. In early comedies, he suggests, Shakespeare "seems particularly to concentrate on the destructiveness of time in order to represent with the

comic structure the 'reality' continually challenging the wishfulfilment tendencies of 'romance'." Dealing with the histories, he concentrates chiefly upon *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. His wholehearted adoption of L.C. Knights' designation of the histories as "political" seems to colour and even to limit his reading of them, for the word "politician" then has the intensity and dismissiveness which Hotspur gives it when applying it to Bolingbroke. In this view, Prince Hall is as calculating as his father, whom Waller sees as a Machiavel who (like Octavius) justifies his ruthlessness by appealing to "the strong necessity of time." And Hal also is something of a hypocrite whose "single-minded acceptance of temporal ends is...given a consistently ironic caste by repeated contrast with the accepted religious sense of the phrase ('redeeming time')." Dr. Waller is no more enamoured of Hal when the latter becomes king: he dislikes Henry V's confidence "in his monopoly of divine favours," and is "by no means certain that Shakespeare's attitude to Henry V is as unambiguous as upholders of the Tillyard thesis make out." Critical admiration for Henry has been questioned before now, of course — by Allan Gilbert and Roy M. Battenhouse, among others.

Observing that the public world is never static, Waller points out that as king the formerly confident Bolingbroke "seems subject to complusive, restricted, and purposeless movements." Exactly: but is this because time has moved forward, or because it has come back in a circle? — Henry IV turns, by *Part Two*, into a facsimile of the man he deposed, Richard II.

One of the best things in the book is the concise and perceptive discussion of Falstaff. I would gladly have given up pages of the discussion on the philosophical background of "time" in exchange for more of Waller on Falstaff. He writes strongly about how in *Part Two* Falstaff's memories of youth are shadowed by death; and it is a pity that he did not go on to include Shallow, that Marley's ghost who croaks to Falstaff of chimes at midnights past while foreshadowing that midnight future when Falstaff himself will part just at the turning of the tide.

As the discussions on Shakespeare move forward they seem more and more independent of the background chapters. The theme of the *Antony and Cleopatra* analysis is that "time triumphs over all men. What differentiates them is their attitude towards its passing." Antony and Cleopatra love and lust in a private world, and "fail" but are fulfilled in time; Octavius exploits opportunities in the public world, and triumphs — momentarily. The non-necessity of the book's preliminaries is most noticeable in the *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* discussions, which are based upon the very commonsensical recognition that "Shakespeare goes beyond . . . abstractions and seizes on the experiential roots lying behind the theological problem (of time). Indeed Shakespeare's typical procedure throughout his career is to grapple with abstract problems as they are experienced. Time's nature and meaning, the problems of human and natural mutability are central to his plays not because

they are convenient thematic pegs on which to hang a story, but because they are felt problems, expierenced and explored on the very pulses of living. Macbeth's agony is . . . experienced by him not as philosophical problems but as irresistible pressures upon his consciousness — and in turn Shakespeare's audience apprehends (it) as (experience) that (is) far from abstract." Well said, and so is this on *Lear:* "if only because he imaginatively involves himself and his audience in the torments of Lear, Shakespeare shows himself more profoundly aware that most theologians of the inexplicable mixture of pain and joy in the human situation." These observations, and the close and perceptive analyses of the tragedies which are conducted in this spirit, are worth pages of philosophical and history-of-ideas discussion. When he is showing Shakespeare transcending his "background," Dr. Waller transcends his own method.

It seems a step backwards from the persuasively gloomy reading of *Lear* to the statement that the romances echo Bruno's conception of Providence unfolding within time. Even the term "changes and chances of life" which Dr. Waller quotes, scarcely needed to be derived from Bruno: there is a perfectly adequate description of life's instability (and a definition of tragedy) in Edgar's "the lamentable change is from the best." In an early chapter, Dr. Waller suggests that the sonnets generally offer inadequate solutions to the problem of time's destructiveness and sometimes betray that inadequacy by a "self-defeating and frequently hollow tone." Yet I wonder whether there is any essential difference between the sonnet assertion that "nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence/Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence" and Dr. Waller's description of the *Winter's Tale* reunion: "the symbol of this apparently miraculous but purely human fulfilment is the family." The marriage sonnets are saying what Waller says: "Within the timebound yet timeless unit of the family, age and youth, maturity and innocence, past, present, and future can be reconciled in a complex organic pattern that makes for the transformation of time's passing without escaping time's demands." Human triumphs in the face of mutability may indeed be small; but Shakespeare was assured of them, and he expressed this assurance from first to last: *The Comedy of Errors'* conclusion, "After so long grief, such nativity," proclaims a theme that bestrides his career, and many lifetimes.

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