

Book Reviews

Imitating the Italians: Wyatt, Spenser, Synge, Pound, Joyce. By Reed Way Dasenbrock. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1991. Pp. 273. \$35.95.

Reed Dasenbrock's *Imitating the Italians* demands classification as a precondition of evaluation. What *kind* of book manages to include discussions of widely diverse authors—Wyatt, Spenser, Synge, Pound, and Joyce—yet has some principle which precludes the inclusion of any additional writers? The book's full title suggests a book of historical breadth, but breadth that does not reach to the comprehensiveness of a historical survey. *Imitating the Italians* makes the description intellectually satisfying by looking at the writers surveyed as being paradigmatic of different ways of imitating. As a consequence, *Imitating the Italians* has two agendas: one is to provide, through specific examples, something of a theory of imitation; the other is to look at specific writers and their interactions with Italian culture. Dasenbrock chooses these particular writers because they cluster around two historical moments and because these are writers who take Italian art *and* Italian society seriously.

In presenting forms of imitation, Dasenbrock claims both that "to imitate is an important act" (12) and that this assertion separates him from theorists of intertextuality: Dasenbrock looks at works, not texts. *Imitating the Italians* has a second polemic. Against Bloom, Dasenbrock argues that the most significant forms of imitation can be overt. For example, one of Pound's most important forms of imitation is his overt, acknowledged imitation of the Italian past through the mediation of Leopardi. In their imitation both Pound and Leopardi *minimize* the distance between themselves and Dante. While Dasenbrock's initial theoretical argument intends just to show his presuppositions in writing this book I should at this point introduce a small quibble: Dasenbrock is

a sophisticated theorist; I wish he had expanded his theoretical argument in his introduction.

The first half of the book uses Wyatt and Spenser to explore Renaissance models of imitation. Arguing that such a dichotomy is a modern one, Dasenbrock does not examine how closely Wyatt conforms to or rebels against his model. In looking at Wyatt's reworkings of Petrarch, Dasenbrock rather describes "the distance the poem must travel to become a poem by Wyatt" (27), and eventually concludes that "what Wyatt does to Petrarch's original poems varies because they vary, not because he does" (30). The chapters on Spenser were equally convincing in changing my ideas of Renaissance imitation. But I also found them to be slightly less interesting—my guess is that this comes about because of my modernist predisposition to find Wyatt to be a more interesting poet than Spenser. Dasenbrock argues that Spenser differs from other Renaissance poets because he, like Petrarch, desires to transcend Petrarchan love. In looking at the problem of Queen Elizabeth in *The Faerie Queene* (and her representation in Britomart and Belphoebe) Dasenbrock examines Spenser's criticism of how Petrarchan love structures power.

Dasenbrock uses Synge, who, he argues, looks for a contemporary idiom into which to translate Petrarch, as a springboard to the second half of the book, which examines how Pound and Joyce use Dante (and not Petrarch, as did the Renaissance imitators). Dasenbrock finds Pound and Joyce to be useful writers to study because their theories of art are "deeply bound up with imitation" (102), and he explores the differences between their theories. For my purposes the most resonant distinction is these writers' opposing attitudes on how exact one should be in imitation. Pound uses the Renaissance because he wants imitation as reproduction: i.e., he wants a new Malatesta as a patron. Dasenbrock finds more value in Joyce because Joyce doesn't believe in such exact imitation. Rather, Joyce uses what Dasenbrock calls the operatic, not the mythical method. It is, of course, Italian opera that Joyce admires; Joyce dislikes Wagner because Wagner (like Pound) insists on exact identification between historical sources and contemporary remakes. As Dasenbrock argues, "Joyce does not provide his characters with systems of identification; he provides them with roles they can try on (and take off)" (205). Joyce uses identity *and* difference, and this makes him a comic writer.

Imitating the Italians has other useful discussions of Pound and Joyce which I do not have the space to discuss here: Pound's eventual reliance on *virtu* rather than on corruptible institutions, how Pound's move to Adams in *The Cantos* was also a move to Dante's political thought, and Pound's admiration of Mussolini (as opposed to other fascist non-Fascist leaders who might incorporate *virtu*.) Dasenbrock also looks at why Joyce uses Vico for his discussion of the epic artist, and how Pound and Joyce imitate different Dantes: Pound imitates the lyric Dante; Joyce, the encyclopedic.

This book ends by addressing its double agenda, judging the usefulness of the different forms of imitation employed by Pound, Joyce and Eliot. In this evaluative look at individual authors and theories of imitation, *Imitating the Italians* employs perhaps the best move I have seen to justify the exclusion of a writer (in this case, T. S. Eliot). That move—daring, unexpected, and convincing—underscores the value of the book as a whole. *Imitating the Italians* should prove useful to scholars both of modernism and of the Renaissance, and to those who wish to read a convincing continuation of the debate over imitation.

Dalhousie University

Leonard Diepeveen

***Samuel Johnson and Biographical Thinking.* By Catherine N. Parke. Columbia: U of Missouri P, 1991. Pp. xiii, 178. \$34.95.**

***New Light on Boswell: Critical and Historical Essays on the Occasion of the Bicentenary of The Life of Johnson.* Edited by Greg Clingham, introduction by David Daiches. Cambridge: Cambridge UP, 1991. Pp. xix, 235. \$44.50.**

Samuel Johnson was a professional writer of lives long before James Boswell, his own great biographer, was born. His early journalistic work—probably for Warren in Birmingham and certainly for Cave in London—included brief articles on the lives of historical figures such as Father Paul Sarpi, Admiral Blake, and Sir Francis Drake, as well as obituary notices he developed into more comprehensive biographical studies, such as his life of Philip Barretier, a linguistic genius who

commanded five languages at the age of eleven and who died at nineteen. From his own testimony we know that Johnson loved reading and writing biography, and, as Boswell acknowledged in a rare *il miglior fabbro* gesture at the very beginning of his famous *Life of Johnson* (exactly two hundred years ago), he excelled in it.

Catherine N. Parke demonstrates that Johnson's penchant for life-writing was a natural consequence of his *thinking* biographically. To illustrate the point, she analyses a number of non-biographical works such as his Preface to *The Preceptor* (1748), an anthology intended for the instruction of young people, which included his *Vision of Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe, Found in his Cell*, an allegory on the dangers and virtues of habits. These, and many other products of his pen, she argues, are indicative of Johnson's thwarted desire to be a schoolteacher and of his fascination with the learning process—factors that gave rise to his studies in depth of the mental and psychological make-up of his biographical subjects.

While her study ranges fairly widely through the Johnsonian canon, it pays particular attention to his Prefaces to the *Dictionary* (1755) and to his edition of Shakespeare (1765), as well as *The Rambler* (1750-52), *Rasselas* (1759), the *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* (1775)—referred to, perhaps rather grandly as "the biography of a nation"—and, most appropriately, the *Lives of the Poets* (1779-81), Johnson's last and most extended exercise in critical biography.

What should have set this book apart from the many others that have tackled the same subject over the years is the author's attempt to bring Johnson into direct contact with some of the formidable minds of later eras, including those of William James, Gertrude Stein, Virginia Woolf, Bertrand Russell, and Carl Becker. Her rationale for this procedure is that all of them share the same intellectual space, and "as surely as they owe debts to [Johnson], so he owes debts to them. . . . There is a healthy inevitability about such anachronistic indebtedness that says something basic about life itself, its forms and forces" (6). Unfortunately, this meeting of minds across the centuries is not very adroitly monitored, and their conference call keeps being interrupted by the author's own philosophical-epistemological commentaries. At times, indeed, the reader simply tunes out, as when the author expresses her views on Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes* in the following strain:

Dematerializing its subject-matter by introducing a meta-communicative level, the poem imports into itself a new consciousness. This new consciousness makes visible retrospectively the poem's methodology of observation and its underlying materialist assumptions. In order to become real and truly useful such assumptions must function in relation to another imaginative possibility, as here, the perspective of prayer grounded in a different epistemology. The assumptions of this epistemology are not symmetrical and power-based, but complementary and participatory. (75)

As if such verbal felonies were not enough, the author commits a depressing number of faults in scholarly procedure—misquotations, failure to track down the primary sources of some quotations, misleading inferences, and patent misreadings of the texts. Of her various stylistic quirks and whimsicalities, one of the most prominent is her preoccupation with the word "drama": "the vulnerable drama of power," "personal drama of embodiment," "drama of recomposition," "the drama of education," "a drama of personal knowledge," "the Cartesian drama," "the more complex drama of the intersection of will," "the drama of conversation," "the drama of history," "drama of thought," "that many-voiced drama of reading," "drama of self-confidence," and so on. Plagued with all those dramas, how can this writer ever sit still?

A much less intimidating book, at least for this reader, is *New Light on Boswell*, a collection of fourteen essays, edited by Greg Clingham and published to mark the two-hundredth anniversary of the first edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Mainly, though not exclusively, the work of seasoned scholars, these essays tend to reinforce Boswell's reputation as a great biographer as well as an interesting and talented personality in his own right, while recognizing, and in no way attempting to excuse, the many serious flaws in his character. To be sure, some contributors, such as Paul Korshin, question the authenticity of the content of the conversations recorded by Boswell in the *Life*, but none seriously doubts the magnitude of this achievement as a whole.

In an excellent Introduction, David Daiches draws our attention to what was distinctive about Boswell's practice as a biographer, his adroit use of "the self as the writer's tool rather than the writer's guide"—a point also taken up by Marlies Danziger and Joan Pittock in their respective essays. Thomas Crawford discusses Boswell's rhetorical deployment of that "self" through the various styles he uses in letters to

friends, styles that go all the way from "plate-glass" transparency to mannered declamation. Richard Sher explores Boswell's interaction with several Edinburgh divines and legal lairds during his years as a rather unsuccessful defence lawyer in the capital city. Sher makes the assumption, which may not be well founded, that Boswell was the author of a series of anticlerical articles in the *London Magazine* in 1772. In one of these, the Rev. William Robertson, Edinburgh's leading historian and Principal of her University, was quite brutally attacked for neglecting his ministerial duties while amassing a fortune from his best-selling histories. Somewhat disingenuously, Sher asks why Boswell, who praised Robertson to the skies in his *Life of Johnson*, should have chosen, under the shelter of anonymity, to assault his reputation in this way. It is not until we read Sher's endnote (the 54th of 55, by the way) that we discover any hint of doubt about Boswell's authorship of that scurrilous sketch.

Pat Rogers, writing on "Boswell and the Scotticism," reminds us that the biographer, who cultivated the nobs in English society, suffered from tugs of conscience between his genuine pride in his Scottishness and his disdain for those of his fellow countrymen who did nothing to refine their barbarous accents. One of the crowning moments in Boswell's career came when he was reassured by Dr. Johnson, who had a thickish Staffordshire brogue himself, that he spoke English quite acceptably.

Joan H. Pittock, in a valuable essay on "Boswell as Critic," while characterizing him as an "amateur" in the field, makes it clear that he could and did express forthright literary judgments of his own. His independence of mind, which is not a feature of his *Life of Johnson*, where he often appears to sink or downgrade his own views, shows up in his warm reception of the work of Laurence Stone and his opinions on Ossian, to take two examples.

Thomas M. Curley claims that Boswell's *Account of Corsica* is "an excellent and extraordinarily unified specimen of eighteenth-century travel literature exhibiting the new Romantic turn for an exuberant imaginative empathy with foreign scenes" (101). As he shows, in this history-cum-travelogue, which preceded the *Life of Johnson* by nearly a quarter of a century, Boswell already exhibits some of his special interviewing and conversation-recording techniques in his presentation of his Corsican hero, Pascal Paoli.

Another of Boswell's early heroes was a renowned fellow Scot, David Hume, moral philosopher, historian and agnostic. Richard Schwartz suggests that Boswell's famous interview with the dying Hume is not, after all, the brilliant piece of reporting that others have claimed for it, but rather the observations of a man well below Hume's intellectual level, and one who never properly understood the real purport of Hume's deathbed remarks.

Susan Manning, however, puts Boswell and Hume in the same psychological, if not intellectual, category as melancholy brooders and inveterate self-analysts, comparing them with Alexander Pope's *Eloisa* and the poet William Cowper. Her conclusion, sad to say, is a little fuzzy:

... where Hume's public language can plunder the resources of metaphor to suggest the recesses of the private self recalcitrant to analysis without becoming lost in them, Boswell is trapped in his minute adherence to a philosophy it cannot transcend. (140)

A more admiring word for Boswell comes from John J. Burke, who gives the biographer unstinted praise for providing, in the *Life of Johnson*, the authentic version of the celebrated quarrel between the lexicographer and Lord Chesterfield. Marlies K. Danziger, on the other hand, sees Boswell's authorial comments in the *Life* as falling somewhere between self-restraint and self-display. Paul J. Korshin, in the kind of well reasoned and carefully researched article we have come to expect from the assiduous editor of *The Age of Johnson*, casts real doubt on the authenticity of much of Boswell's reportage, but credits the biographer with partly reconstructing, partly inventing those "endlessly brilliant and effortless sayings that awake a chord in every intelligence" (191).

The strangest essay in this book is Donna Heiland's "Remembering the Hero in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*," woven, as it is, around a slightly macabre argument to the effect that Boswell and other biographers have "cannibalized" the body of Samuel Johnson through their parasitic activities, and yet, somehow, managed to resurrect and sanctify it. Finally, Greg Clingham, modestly delaying his own contribution to the end of the volume, "Truth and Artifice in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*," performs a post-mortem psychoanalysis of the biographer, from which he concludes that Boswell was really searching for a father substitute, and, having

tracked him (Johnson) down, would not permit him to shake free from his biographical "son." If we find this essay a bit tortuous and heavy-handed, we ought to be ready to forgive its author on the grounds that he has produced an otherwise exemplary, or nearly exemplary, selection of valuable contributions to our understanding of the man who, two hundred years ago, brought a totally new dimension to the art of biography.

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James Gray

***Women's Lives and the 18th-Century English Novel.* By Elizabeth Bergen Brophy. Tampa: U of South Florida P, 1991. Pp. x, 291. \$29.95.**

The dual structure of Brophy's study is accurately reflected in the title. This is a book on women's lives in the eighteenth century as it can be gleaned from numerous letters and journals; it is also a survey of how women's lives are depicted in the eighteenth-century novel (specifically those of Richardson, Henry and Sarah Fielding, Sarah Scott, Charlotte Lennox, Clara Reeve and Fanny Burney). And while one can understand why the literary analysis is there (after all that is what literary critics are supposed to do), one might well find Brophy's presentation of the so-called "real" lives far more fascinating. Her archival material here is truly engaging, whereas the literary analysis presents few new insights.

Women's Lives is well structured. There are chapters on the various social forms that women must follow as daughters, in courtship, as wives, and finally as spinsters and widows. Brophy sifts through a wealth of previously unknown letters, memoirs and journals to create several wonderful fictions or dramatizations in themselves, such as the sensational elopement of Isabella Eccleston with John Everard, the trials of Mary Cowper and Anastasia Fenton who were married to less-than-perfect husbands, and the hardships of Sarah Perrin who had to depend on a capricious brother for her maintenance. Readers might feel so drawn to these stories that the discussions of the novels almost seem like intrusions. The stories stand by themselves for they suggest no new ways of understanding the structure of gender and power in the eighteenth

century: "daughters were . . . taught primarily to be dutiful, obedient, and submissive" (66), the same can be extended to wives. The only alternative to dependence for single women, namely spinsters and widows, was to go into service or become a governess. Brophy reminds us that both were hard positions to fill with long hours, and although the second choice was probably preferable, it was restricted to those with both the means and education.

Throughout Brophy's study the message is the same—women were repeatedly victimized by a patriarchal society that reduced them to dependence and subservience. According to Brophy, the novels generally offered a different view (39), one in which women were encouraged to exercise a certain intellectual faculty with respect to domestic and educational concerns and in which they seemed to stand on more equal footing. The qualifier "more" is important for even Richardson does not suggest that men and women should have equal status or power. However, the novel at least did allow women to think of themselves as being at the centre, rather than always on the side of male activity.

Two other chapters round out *Women's Lives*: a preliminary one that examines various conduct books like *The Ladies Calling*, and a concluding one that is taken up entirely with the novels. In the first, Brophy does an excellent job of using the relatively unknown material to document our notions of how subordinate women were expected to be, how they were discouraged from any political activity or classical learning, and how biblical authority was used to support these positions. However, the last chapter on the novels seems rather repetitious and its conclusions obvious—e.g., Richardson "remains the strongest supporter of women's equality" while Henry Fielding "cheerfully support[ed] the century's mores, admiring women who are quietly submissive and tolerating sexual waywardness in men" (266).

Although it is perhaps regrettable that Brophy did not take up the challenge of treating the "real" lives as literary texts—that is of concentrating exclusively on some hitherto unknown correspondences or memoirs, or at least of emphasizing them more in her study—it can be argued that the surveys she makes of the novels will provide useful information to those with less expertise in the area (undergraduates, or other period/genre specialists). After all, not everyone can afford the time to read *Sir Charles Grandison* or even find a copy of Charlotte Lennox's

Euphemia. Still, the plot summaries of the better known works, such as *Clarissa* and *Tom Jones*, really do seem superfluous. Perhaps my reservation here has to do with judgment, or the importance of treating what is generally familiar in a cursory manner and being a little less mechanical about one's approach.

In the end, the reader who perseveres through the summaries is rewarded with a glimpse of how difficult life was for many eighteenth-century women. The hardship and incredible stories that come to life through the letters and journals do not change how we see the plight of these women, but they seize our attention nevertheless.

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David McNeil

***The Art of Restraint: English Poetry from Hardy to Larkin.* By Richard Hoffpauir. Newark: U of Delaware P; London: Associated U Presses, 1991. Pp. 332. \$40.00.**

The subtitle of this sizable book, "English Poetry from Hardy to Larkin," suggests at a casual glance a synoptic study of a period nearly a century long, bursting with all sorts and conditions of talent. A tall order to comment on so much, one thinks, but a worthwhile effort to make, even if only a part of the field were freshly illuminated. And then one's expectations narrow. The names that provide Professor Hoffpauir with his starting and finishing posts have been mentioned together before, notably by Donald Davie twenty years ago in *Thomas Hardy and British Poetry*, but earlier than that by Larkin himself, in his introduction to the 1966 reissue of *The North Ship*. We all know of Yeats's early influence on Larkin; we all know, too, that when "the Celtic fever [had] abated and the patient [was] sleeping soundly," it was the newer influence of Hardy which had brought his poetry to this apparently desirable state. From the expectation of plenty one is reduced to the bleak anticipation of another revisionist reading, not only of the twentieth-century poetic canon but, as the title of this book suggests, of poetry itself. Unlike poetry, a phrase like "The Art of Restraint" is not likely to set a would-be reader's pulses racing; indeed, it and the text it labels are deliberately calculated not to

do so, concerned as they are with promoting the appreciation of such poetry as is "conceptually intelligible," makes use of traditional metrics, and proceeds by conscientious logical connections rather than discontinuous associative jumps. These aims are, on the face of it, respectable and important. And yet . . . and yet. . . . As A. E. Housman said in 1915, concluding his review of Volume IX of *The Cambridge History of English Literature*: "If one tries to picture a reader cherishing this volume, the image does not come at call."

"Sorting out is the general aim of this book," Hoffpauir's introduction begins. From a student of English poetry I should have hoped for a less aggressive phrase than this one, with its colloquial overtones of physical violence: Hoffpauir's "disappointment with the twentieth century canon as it has generally been defined in and for the popular and academic mind" has led him to put poets in their place, to distinguish sheep from goats, in a way that seems intended not merely to rescue some poets from undeserved neglect or improperly-founded appreciation, but to shove hitherto well-regarded ones up against the ropes and pummel them into insignificance. Such an over-compensatory enterprise seems likely to be counter-productive: "disparaging the other chaps" (to use another phrase from Housman, taking exception in 1896 to similar, though much milder, critical efforts to elevate him) may well make the reader of Hoffpauir's book bristle indignantly rather than pay attention to those poets he wishes to praise. And when those poets include not only currently obscurer figures like Robert Bridges, Edgell Rickword and Elizabeth Daryush, but poets like Hardy, D. H. Lawrence, Ivor Gurney, Robert Graves and Philip Larkin, one may simply feel that the effort at appreciation, or rehabilitation, has already been adequately made, and needs no especial emphasis on "the moral value of poetry" to make it stick.

If I read him rightly, what Hoffpauir asserts, by and large, is the existence of a canon, starting with Yeats, Pound and Eliot and proceeding via Sassoon and Owen to Auden, which is sufficiently firmly entrenched to need attacking, even as late as 1990. For him, the really valuable poetic tradition, a tradition of moderation and responsibility, starts from Hardy and moves by way of Ivor Gurney and Edward Thomas (the Thomas of rural continuity rather than the introverted melancholy of "Rain," dismissed on p. 81 as an "unwholesome" poem) to the "social consolations" made available particularly in the poetry of Betjeman and

Larkin. For Hoffpauir, the responsible reader has no way round the question posed in black and white (like his book's cover) in his first chapter: "Yeats or Hardy?" I cannot, myself, as one who finds much to admire in both of them, and in the poets of the "rival" groups, see anything but self-imposed impoverishment in such a choice, and my impression has been that, in the last couple of decades, the canon (assuming it is necessary to use that term) has gradually widened as more critics have written on more poets. Admittedly, not much useful critical analysis has been brought to bear on Betjeman, and one is glad to find him treated at some length in Hoffpauir's book, despite its misquotation of two good lines ("deadening" on p. 243 should be "deadened"; "dissolved" on p. 262 should be "dissolving"). But I doubt whether Betjeman—who would certainly not have misguessed the location of Auden's "derelict lead mine" (246) as "probably near Birmingham"—would much enjoy figuring in a study where so many of his predecessors had to be pushed aside to leave the route to him less cluttered.

If so much of Hoffpauir's book—aside from the final chapter in which Betjeman and Larkin are discussed, together with the more problematic cases of Edgell Rickword and Elizabeth Daryush—appears to be fighting battles already won, and thus gives a decided sense of *déjà-vu*, this is at least partly because a great deal of it (almost two-thirds) has appeared already, in articles published between 1983 and 1988. I do not say that the battles have been won by Hoffpauir; they have been won, or have stopped being fought, while he was writing, and the republishing of his articles as a book is surely a retrograde gesture in a literary climate which allows peaceful co-existence to Hardy and to Yeats, and has a place in the sun for those whom Hoffpauir praises and for those he dispraises. Is it necessary—is it even, considering the availability of their works, other than otiose—to lower some in order to raise others? John Crowe Ransom once said that the response of a critic who admired a work of art was to produce "a little work of art in its honour." There is a little of this, or of the intention of it, in *The Art of Restraint*; but not enough.

St. Ursula's Convent or The Nun of Canada. By Julia Catherine Beckwith Hart. Ottawa: Carleton UP, 1991. Pp. xli, 237. Paper, \$12.95.

The choice of Julia Hart's tale as the eighth work selected by The Centre for Editing Early Canadian Texts has posed a literary problem for its editor Douglas G. Lochhead. He celebrates the work as "a Canadian bibliographical and literary landmark" because "it is the country's earliest recorded work of fiction written by a native-born Canadian and published in book form in what is now Canada" (*SUC*, xiii). Yet, he recognizes a fairly consistent attitude among its limited number of critics that the fiction is "a heterogeneous account" (xxvii), "another of those 'reviewer's miseries'" (xxviii), a "light, amatory . . . tale" (xxix), and only its "firsts" in writing and printing are the "book's sole claim to attention" (xxxii). He claims it has "suffered from misunderstanding and neglect" (xiii) because it has "usually been considered as a novel for adults" (xxxii). He suggests it might be approached more appropriately as a tale written "to edify and to entertain a juvenile audience" or be placed within the great tradition of story-telling identified by Northrop Frye as "naive and sentimental romance" (xxxii).

Attempting to categorize provokes particular expectations and related judgments. Neither need fit the work. Instead, let us look again at what is there. The plot defies succinct synopsis. The editor offers a description of what appears to be an incredible *mélange* of events (xxxiii). Any résumé of the action can only suggest the somewhat maudlin melodrama that is a reader's first impression. However, as the story unfolds, a succession of narrators repeat, in differing circumstances, their accession of the facts of the life of Madame Julia Montreuil, Sr. St. Catherine of the Ursuline convent. The first narrator of the nun's story is the nun herself who is persuaded to tell it to the teenage student, Adelaide de St. Louis, granddaughter of the Chevalier de St. Louis of France. Her father, for displeasing his father, had been banished to Canada and that is where she is born and educated. Adelaide is permitted to record the story. Some years later, when visiting her Convent friend Charlotte's family in England, Adelaide identifies some of the nun's lost family. These members, including the supposedly dead husband, gather to hear the account read from Adelaide's manuscript. In turn, the husband tells his

tale which involves his revealing that he had let his sister believe one of his newborn twin daughters was her own child switched at birth with her dead baby. Meanwhile, Adelaide has contracted a marriage in England which precipitates a Canadian servant's revelation that Adelaide is one of two babies switched in Canada in their infancy. Ascertaining all the facts of the crime cause the entire group to go to Canada where the nun rejoins her husband and Adelaide de St. Louis, now Louisa Dudley, recognized daughter of Lord Durham, can marry the man she loves. This arrangement of revelations and connections within a relatively small group prevents the tale from being as heterogeneous and episodic as some first think. In fact, the young author's control over the multiplicity of details and dovetailing is worthy of more praise.

Her three character/narrators are the main figures in the text. There are approximately nineteen more in the principal groups and many peripheral figures. Characterization is thin. All the principal characters suffer from their idealized presentation by the general narrator as virtuous, loving, suffering, but privileged human beings. This voice preserves a calmness, a formality of expression, and frequency of moral comment which makes the characters relatively faceless. The modifying tone reminds a reader of Johnson's *Rasselas*—a tale *told* not represented in the Jamesian sense.

However, the general narrator's commentary, the epigraphs which precede each chapter and the perceptions allowed some of the principal characters to reveal connections which indicate the author's interest in relationships, in particular that within marriage, which give greater unity to what might otherwise appear to be a catch-all tale. For example, the epigraph preceding Chapter I to "marriage, rightly understood." The succession of marriages begins with Adelaide's parents and includes incidents emphasizing real caring. The extension of caring outside the family to mentors and friends begins immediately. Sr. Catherine's sympathy for Adelaide's sudden loss of a grandparent precipitates the nun's account of her many losses that profoundly move Adelaide and Adelaide forms a sisterly friendship with Charlotte Turner, her convent mate. Within the nun's story, and within Adelaide's maturing experience, there is much separation of husbands and wives, parents and children with consequent anguish and much rejoinings in consequent joy. Emphasized is tenderness directly expressed or indicated in action within all the older marriages.

As new alliances are formed among the young, estimates of what should be felt to enter marriage, estimates of what loving involves, are given some sophisticated expression by the young author. For example, there is Adelaide's recognition of a distinction between her affection for Dudley and her love for Grenville. While she and Grenville are in Canada, his desire for a speedy wedding, his wish for them to live in an Arcadian cottage in the wood, and his belief that he should be all in all to her is shown to be unrealistically romantic and untuned to a woman's emotional needs (172). Again, reality modifies romance when Louisa and Adelaide are returning to England to be married in the company of the already married Augusta and Charlotte. The young woman's conversation focusses upon real experience versus dreams (193). Finally, when Adelaide and Louisa are about to walk down the aisle for their joint weddings, Louisa, in contrast to the other's vivacity, thinks that "her present freedom" made her mind "shrink from the thought of fettering herself forever, even to him she esteemed above all men" (196).

Other themes than "marriage, rightly understood" include the vision of no barrier at the personal level between the French and English in Canada despite political struggles; the view of life in Canada as demanding the best from its people in order to survive, thereby allowing the development of a healthier society where class barriers break down; the Romantic view of the wilderness as beautiful and awe-inspiring.

In addition to this thematic substance, the young author includes much historical data reflecting the frequency of piratical attacks on all shipping with vignettes of the treatment of prisoners ranging from being sold into slavery in Mexican silver mines to Good Samaritan care by Quakers in New England. She includes fierce storms at sea—the terror of all intercontinental travellers. She includes episodes of landlords with territory in the Old World and the New. Much of the manner of the time is included, as are aspects of education, particularly the education of women. All but the last are merely there for concrete detail.

But, the education of women was very important to Julia Hart who set up a Ladies Seminary in Kingston in 1821. By tracing the growth of Adelaide/Louisa, within the powerful influence of the teachings of the Nun of Canada, to become the wisest wife among the new generation, the novel gains its central focus. The novel begins with Adelaide's birth and ends with her marriage. Her successful course is shaped by the life of Sr.

St. Catherine. Then *St. Ursula's Convent* is the flawed creation of a seventeen-year-old whose "juvenile performance" (4) gives evidence of the "native genius" (3) she hoped Canada would cherish. It has something to say to adults. As such it deserves its place in the CEECT series.

Mount Saint Vincent University

Olga R. R. Broomfield

Confessional Fictions: A Portrait of the Artist in the Canadian Novel.
By David Williams. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1991. Pp. x, 291.
\$45.00. Paper, \$17.95.

In *Confessional Fictions*, David Williams attempts to trace the development of the "*Künstlerroman*," or "artist-novel" (5), in Canadian fiction. Williams states, "The aim of this book is to explore the assimilation in the Canadian novel of an 'intelligible goal' which has not been as readily available to belated modernists and postmodernists as it was to Americans such as Sherwood Anderson or Ernest Hemingway, who wrote as contemporaries of Joyce" (5). Having explained the aesthetic viewpoints of James Joyce, Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, George Moore, and even Saint Augustine, Williams proceeds to describe how the theories of art, decadence, and confession employed by these writers have been adapted by the Canadian authors treated in this text.

The chief virtue of *Confessional Fictions* is that it presents the reader with a variety of interesting ideas. Williams's examinations of the fictional use of parody and photographic conventions and of the various perceptions of art and the artist in Canadian novels are certainly worth noting. He also spices his work with assertions that are guaranteed to keep readers interested. During his discussion of Robertson Davies's *Fifth Business*, for example, Williams makes the rather startling statement that the snowball that hits Mary Dempster "serves to 'impregnate' the Virgin and to install [Ramsay] as the father of his Holy Family" (80). In his examination of *As For Me and My House*, he attempts to prove that Paul Kirby is the father of Judith West's child. Many will disagree with at least some of the points raised by Williams, but such disagreement will,

hopefully, cause readers to pause and explore for themselves the issues in question.

What readers may miss in this book is the all-important influence of a discerning editor. Beginning with "the work of . . . writers [Frederick Philip Grove, Robertson Davies, and Margaret Laurence] whose fictional autobiographies are on the verge of turning into artist-novels" (29), Williams moves on to discuss examples of artist-novels by modernist and postmodernist writers (Sinclair Ross, Ernest Buckler, Gabrielle Roy, Alice Munro, Robert Kroetch, and Timothy Findley). The actual focus of the book is, however, sometimes unclear. Williams admits that "the essays in the first section were written . . . before I fully realized the design of a book in the making. In that sense, each chapter maintains its local focus, though I am hopeful that earlier sections of this 'Introduction' might resonate in the gaps between succeeding chapters . . ." (36). About his choice of texts, he says, "*Caveat lector* will have to do" (36).

Some of Williams's authorial decisions are somewhat disconcerting. He includes, for example, two separate chapters about *As For Me and My House* when several of the other chapters in the text deal with at least two novels. Some comparisons between Canadian works and those from other countries seem forced or out of place, and although the list of "Works Cited" is impressive, readers who are waiting impatiently for Williams to get on with his argument may well wish there were not so many quotations from other critics.

Within individual chapters, organization sometimes suffers. During his examination of the artists in *As For Me and My House*, Williams digresses into a discussion of plot, based on an article he had previously published. In a chapter entitled "The Self-Created Story-Teller in *The Stone Angel*," he devotes long passages to a discussion of Morag in *The Diviners*. One has the sense that David Williams is an energetic writer with so many ideas that *Confessional Fictions* could have been expanded into several books, each focussed on one of the aspects introduced in the present text.

Stylistically, Williams tends to lapse into the vernacular and to use unnecessary rhetoric. With reference to Hagar in *The Stone Angel*, he writes, ". . . the story ends badly, with Hagar outcast again. What's a girl to do?" (94). About Morag of *The Diviners* he says, "Now Morag, she had the sense to quit running a long time ago" (89). Such statements,

along with a number of other minor stylistic errors, tend to undermine the academic credibility of Williams's work.

In summary, *Confessional Fictions* is a book that, despite a number of imperfections, may still be recommended on the strength of its ideas. David Williams acts in the capacity of that professor most of us remember best—the one who first challenged our preconceived ways of thinking and opened new areas of mental exploration. In his examination of postmodernist fiction, Williams points out that readers must often interact with such works in order to complete them, and that is precisely the method that must be adopted when working with this text. Those willing to put this kind of effort into their reading will find that *Confessional Fictions* yields a harvest of intriguing thought.

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Sandra Orser

Signature Event Cantext (The Writer As Critic Series: II). By Stephen Scobie. Edited by Smaro Kamboureli. Edmonton: Newest, 1989. Pp. 175. \$22.95. Paper, \$12.95.

Seeing the title of Scobie's first chapter—"The Death of Terry/The Death of the Author"—I had high hopes of also finding an essay for which I have long been looking: "Le Nom du Père is Bob." No luck, always already. Nevertheless, despite this flaw *Signature Event Cantext* is a welcome addition to the Newest "Writer as Critic" series. Terry, from *The Martyrology*, turns out (indeterminately) to have been a dog, and Scobie to be not guilty of the foolproof seriousness that sometimes plagues deconstruction and almost always its detractors.

The interlinked essays form an excellent introduction to deconstruction; Scobie (or at least his name) is a lucid paraphraser of Derrida and a guide part-way into the tangle of signature, différance, tympan, pharmakon, supplement, and parergon without requiring extensive knowledge of Kant and Hegel. Two of the essays, "The Mirror on the Brothel Wall (John Glassco)" and "Documentary: the Forged Signature," respectively contain among the best short introductions to autobiography and to the documentary novel or poem. Scobie depends upon his subjects,

so that the "The Footnoted Text (Erin Mouré)" when it (like all the essays) develops Derrida's "I do not know what is essential and what is accessory in a work" only offers diminishing returns, like this sentence. On the other hand, the analysis of veracity, historicity, and alterity in Glassco shows that there is plenty in the dissolution of single "I," even if it all goes down the drain. Some of the theory will seem routine—"The document 'proves' the historicity of the subject: but the document is itself no more than another instance of writing" (122). However, such preliminaries are crucial to Scobie's complex readings of Bowering, Ondaatje, Atwood, and, in greater detail, of Sara Jeanette Duncan, Sheila Watson, Engel, Mouré, Thesen, Webb, Leonard Cohen, and Grove. The essays detailing the convolutions of voice in Webb and Cohen are on a par with anything written about those two writers. Of Cohen's "The Cuckold'd Song": "The poem invites us to read it as a suicide note, which I suppose J. L. Austin's speech-act theory might classify as a performative utterance, or at the very least a promise" (147). And how can a reader fail to be entranced by the following beginning:

By the late 1950's, solving the enigma of Grove's origins had become a favourite sport of Canadian academics. . . . The eventual winner of this biographical detective chase was Douglas Spettigue. . . . The runner-up, as it were, was Desmond Pacey. While Spettigue was following Grove, correctly, along the German trail, Pacey had taken literally Grove's description of a childhood in southern Sweden. . . . Since then, all biographical research on Greve . . . has followed the lines of rigid fact laid down by Spettigue. But I would like to resurrect Pacey's version, not as fact but precisely as fiction, as a performative signature, and thus to reinstate what Italo Calvino might call the Invisible City of Lund as the place of Frederick Philip Grove's fictive origin. (138-39)

The weaknesses in the collection have partly to do with inadvertencies in the theoretical language. Imagine Freud, wearing Kenny Rogers's cowboy hat, and Jacques Derrida dressed as Loretta Lynn (didn't he say something about "indeterminate gender"?) singing

The lack creates a gap,
and desire moves to fill that gap;
but the gap can never be filled,
so desire moves on. (53)

The other difficulties in language—bad, self-explicating puns like "si(g)(h)n" (149)—are perpetrated quite consciously. Perhaps puns allow the anti-metaphysical theorist to feel that s/he is not simply engaged in a rarefied and elite and metaphysical task, not reproducing the cultural binaries that s/he has set out to deconstruct. "In UNIX, the computer language in which I typed the earliest version of this section, 'bp' is a formatting command to start again, Begin a new Page" (156). So? It is not the intrusion of Scobie into the analysis that seems too inelegant; I just can't bear a confession of the scandalous *effort* that went into the making of the pun. And yet, the passage within which "si(g)(h)n" occurs is a profound reading of breath in a Fred Wah poem.

Generally Scobie is quite prepared to trace the limits of deconstruction, but here too there are weaknesses. For example, Scobie shows that Derrida does not dissolve the subject (13) as he has often been accused of doing. Later, however, Scobie tries to save Paul de Man from his critics by presupposing a complete inconsistency between the wartime de Man and the later theorist (22) of aporia. Scobie also argues that Coyote is absent from Watson's *The Double Hook*, ignoring the way Coyote appears, less literally in the characters. When the deconstructor asks "Why didn't I get the thing itself?" the question is revolutionary so long as the emperor told you that you had got it. It is not as exciting if you have already been told (by someone like Augustine) that you only got a trace, figura. In fact the exile of a central presence into its substitutes (3) may well owe something to the Augustinian theory of allegory. A related, and more troubling denial is the ingenuous argument that deconstruction is not systematic (21); this is perhaps what allows Scobie to make bedfellows of Derrida and Terry Eagleton (42), and to avoid historicist attacks on deconstruction: do the name and the authority of the author get "signed away" as Scobie argues (118), or do they only get signed away *in play*? Against these and other critiques, Scobie is ready with a motto: "No things but in ideas" (79). This flare for inversion, a strength of deconstruction, enlivens all of Scobie's work, but when he argues that bpNichol has "dissolved the difference between the reader and writer" (157) by including shiny reflecting silver paper with his poems, we may

be forgiven some scepticism. Ah reader, if it were that easy for you to be me, we'd invest all our words in silver paper.

University of Manitoba

Reinhold Kramer

***Unfinished Dreams: Contemporary Poetry of Acadia.* Edited and translated by Fred Cogswell and Jo-Anne Elder. Fredericton, NB: Goose Lane, 1990. Pp. 172. Paper, \$16.95.**

This anthology and its French companion volume *Rêves inachevés* (Moncton: Éditions d'Acadie, 1990), celebrate the twentieth birthday of Acadian poetry, and there could not have been a more distinguished master of ceremonies than Fred Cogswell whose translations have already marked its sixth birthday in *Canadian Literature* (vol. 68-69) and its fifteenth in *Poésie acadienne contemporaine/Acadian Poetry Now* (Moncton: Les Éditions Perce-Neige, 1985). Together with the issue of *Ellipse* devoted to "La poésie acadienne/Maritime Poetry" (vol. 16 [1974], in which some of Cogswell's own poems have been translated into French), friends of poetry and of Acadia now have at least three bilingual anthologies at their disposal.

Such bibliographical richness attests to the enduring vitality and significance of Acadian poetry which more than any other literary genre, including even Antonine Maillet's theatre and prose, has led Acadia through the turbulent 1970s and the questing 1980s, from Raymond Guy LeBlanc's "Land-Cry" (1972: 120) to Gérald LeBlanc's North American wanderings, *à la* Jack Kerouac, in search of a universal Acadianness (unfortunately not represented here). Contemporary Acadian poetry indeed divides sharply into the two decades of its existence, a division regrettably obscured by the unavoidably alphabetical order in which the anthology's thirty poets are presented. The first ten years of coming to terms with Acadia's past (Ronald Després, Léonard Forest, Calixte Duguay, Albert Roy), of despair, of physical and poetic revolt and of eventual profound disillusionment (Herménégilde Chiasson), were an age of militant, uncompromising Acadiocentrism (Guy Arsenault, Clarence Comeau, Ulysse Landry, Daniel Dugas, Louis Comeau); they were

followed by a period of suspended commitment, characterized by what may be a truce or an admission of defeat or a healthy, if once again painful, relativization of all that had seemed so vitally important only a few years earlier: minority status, national identity, geographical and cultural isolation, language. From the poetry of the second decade Acadia is thus largely absent, the poets having either retreated into the intimacy of their individuality (Melvin Gallant, Georges Bourgeois, Rino Morin Rossignol, Huguette Bourgeois, Rose Després, Jeannine Landry-Thériault, Huguette Légaré) and work (Dyane Léger, France Daigle, Anne Cloutier, Monique LeBlanc, Martin Pitre), or having transformed the collective Acadian experience into a supranational, ecumenical and fundamentally human one (especially Herménégilde Chiasson, Gérald LeBlanc and the Raymond Guy LeBlanc of *Chants s'amour et d'espoir* [1989: 122-30]; perhaps also Robert Pichette, Maurice Raymond, Roméo Savoie). In this context the presence of three Acadiophile poets (G. Étienne, H. D. Paratte, R. Runte) is particularly felicitous.

"[T]he future [of Acadian poetry]," writes Raoul Boudreau in his trenchant introduction, "if not threatened, is unpredicable" (27). It is, one is tempted to agree with Boudreau (26), a gamble in which the poets use their Acadian specificity in order not to lose themselves in continental and global Americanness, and use their universality in order to be forevermore free of the past hegemony of introverted Acadianness. The third decade of Acadian poetry "will tell the results" of their unfinished dreams.

Dalhousie University

Hans R. Runte

***Marcel Proust and the Text as Macrometaphor.* By Lois Marie Jaeck. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1990. Pp. 227. \$66.95.**

I have pondered over the question of "where" to begin this review, that is, where in Jaeck's text to engage her premise that Proust's entire endeavor, *oeuvre et écriture*, in *A la Recherche du Temps perdu* is essentially metaphorical. Were I to begin at the beginning, I would follow the linear exposition of her argument and discuss various critical

perspectives on metaphor (e.g., Ricoeur's hermeneutics, Aristotle's poetics, Shattuck's "action of metaphor," de Man's contention that Proust's text is "an allegory of reading," Ricardou's anti-representative "productive metaphor" and/or Sojcher's prelinguistic position on the question: namely that metaphor is an "existential figure at the origin of thought and language"). I would then proceed to expound, as she carefully and skilfully does, Proust's theory of metaphor as the basis of all creative processes, a phenomenon that issues forth directly from nature—superimposition and contiguity of dissimilars being the terms that coalesce in a perceiver-artist so that an innate common essence is extracted (abstracted?), the latter being the ground of all metaphor. This interactive view of metaphor is not new, but it has the virtue of avoiding binary closure and thereby "opening" the metaphor to a *tiércé*, a third "floating" element that may move about the text, overlay and interfuse with other structural and thematic layers of the discourse and finally engender a macrometaphor, a self-reflexive play of opposites that unfolds on the transcendent, or better, transtextual level. Similarly, the inter-relational view explodes binary staticity by its implicit questioning of the *locus* of metaphor: does it reside in the *fact of contiguity* between two terms? does it lie in the *perception* of the dissimilar prior to expression? or does it arise in the *articulation* of difference/similarity by means of language?

Jumping now to the end of Professor Jaeck's book, which is perhaps the real beginning if by this term we mean bringing a prevailing ideology about metaphor to an end (namely its inexorable and inescapable linguistic nature) and welcoming into being a new definition that would situate metaphor in a prelinguistic space while still containing it within "consciousness," two observations (major in this reviewer's opinion) from the beginning of the book are reintroduced. The first is a recuperation and revalorization of Sojcher's existential figure. Before I examine its significance in Jaeck's argument, I would like to quote a rather lengthy passage that summarizes her position throughout:

In the course of our investigation of *A la Recherche du Temps perdu*, we saw that the structure of the totality of the novel resembles the structure of the metaphors depicted in it (one example of those 'metaphors' being Elstir's paintings). Just as Elstir's 'le port de Carquethuit' consists of many minor metaphors (church/sea, for example) which accumulatively

culminate in the realization of the totality of the painting as a macro-metaphor (land/sea), Proust's *A la Recherche du Temps perdu* presents many different entities, phenomena and ideas (the magic lantern, the steeples, the two ways, dreams, art/life comparisons, works of art such as Vinteuil's musical compositions, Elstir's paintings, Bergotte's novels, homosexual characters—Albertine, Charlus, Saint-Loup, Morel, Andrée—the past/present reminiscences, the duality of names/presences) that individually function as metaphorical structures, and accumulatively culminate in the realization of the primary macrometaphor which expresses itself through the totality of the novel—time lost/time regained. (184)

Returning now to Sojcher's position, and considering it in light of the questions posed above about the locus of metaphor, we come upon an intriguing hypothesis:

Sojcher extends the concept of metaphor beyond its traditional sense of a trope of literary style and sees it as an "existential figure" that is mirrored in any change of consciousness, be it a conversion of perception, of the state of the mind (soul, feelings), of thought, or of language. He sees its function as essentially an opening onto a *unity beyond logical, grammatical analysis . . . which reveals itself through poetic language and allows one to discover itself* (my italics). (15-16)

This is rather heady stuff, provocative and challenging—even compelling! Now we are getting to the bottom of some of the things that have been obscured or eschewed by structuralism and post-structuralism: the work of art is not a *sign* of reality; it is an emanation of the real, a wave of consciousness as it simultaneously unfurls and watches itself do so.

The second observation grows out of and expands upon the first. Metaphor is essentially existential! It is Essence manifesting as function, as existence. It is prismatic in nature, gathering and transforming undifferentiated light into the morphology and syntax of a rainbow. The closing pages of Jaeck's book couldn't make this ontological rootedness more apparent: "'Macrometaphorical' fiction depicts on a large scale the metaphorical quality of language, and of the human 'existential crisis' which represents itself in the lack of correspondence between language and the signified concept." Moreover, Professor Jaeck inscribes metaphor within the larger framework of consciousness and perception (of which

thought and language are only metonymically related as part to whole) and thereby reestablishes its cosmic identity:

Proust's novel presents a comprehensive, metaphor-like reflection of life experience to us, which allows us to recognize—through the play of reflected doubles which the work engenders—the inarticulate, internal reality common to ourselves and to the work, which transcends the distinctions between time, life and art: the life force.

As such, Jaeck's book, and her concluding evocation of Aristotle's poetics as knowledge brought about by "reversal" and "discovery," situates art somewhere on the path to enlightenment (a term she justifiably uses) and imbues her own discourse with a "meditative" quality that reaches far beyond the purely stylistic, formal and linguistic descriptions of metaphor that have prevailed to date.

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James Brown

The Secret Ring: Freud's Inner Circle and the Politics of Psychoanalysis. By Phyllis Grosskurth. Toronto: Macfarlane, 1991. pp. xxiii, 245. \$26.95.

In 1932 Freud's secret committee of followers, formed in 1912 at the suggestion of Ernest Jones, performed what Grosskurth in *The Secret Ring* calls its "last act." Sandor Ferenczi, Freud's closest friend and an original member of the committee, was planning to present at the International Psychoanalysis Congress a paper in which he would claim to believe the stories of his patients, that they had been sexually abused as children. Freud had rejected this "sexual seduction" hypothesis in favor of his "sexual fantasy" theory and the "Oedipus complex" early in his development of psychoanalysis. Hence, in a tense meeting, Freud tried to convince Ferenczi to withdraw the paper. When the attempt failed, Freud and the rest of the committee worked to contain the damage by spreading the rumor that Ferenczi had gone "insane."

The secret ring of followers was initially formed when it became apparent that Freud's chosen successor, the "crowned prince" Carl Jung

was not going to maintain a commitment to Freud's sexual theory, an article of faith of psychoanalysis. Freud had placed Jung as head of the International Psychoanalytic Association, over such Viennese members as Adler and Stekel, who were personally insulted by the choice and eventually defected. But Jung's own independence of thought could not be contained, and so Freud had to face a truth that Grosskurth believes he should have seen from the start: that Jung would not be the submissive son that he desired to carry on his cause. In order to control Jung and to maintain the purity of the psychoanalytic movement, Freud needed followers who were fully committed to him and to his cause. Freud didn't have to look far to find others willing to fill this role; but it was the idea of a group of followers, rather than a single individual, that was finally decided upon.

From the start, the secret inner circle of brothers with father Freud at its centre operated like an unstable and conflictual family, with its competition for attention of the father, preferential treatment of some sons over others, jealousies and vicious attacks of one brother by another, alliances between pairs of brothers against other pairs, and the ganging up of brothers against one of the circle resulting in the eventual expulsion of the brother from the family unit. In addition to this soap opera of conflictual relations with only occasional agreement in purpose, this family of psychoanalysts expended considerable effort in analyzing each other's deficiencies in psychoanalytic terms.

In 1924 Otto Rank's expulsion/defection from psychoanalysis seemed to be a foregone conclusion. By putting forward the "birth trauma" over Freud's Oedipus complex as the primary original cause of neuroses Rank was declared to be a defector from psychoanalysis by his brothers. As Grosskurth is able to demonstrate in her book, using published and unpublished correspondence among the members of the secret committee, Freud was slow to accept the loss of Rank, whom, more than the other members of the committee, he viewed as his adopted son. When finally he became convinced that Rank was lost, he was very happy to have his youngest daughter, Anna, added as the last member to the secret ring. By then, years of experience with the infighting, and lack of true brotherhood within the "band of brothers," had taught him that only a blood relative, whom he himself had analyzed, would devote herself wholly to him and his cause.

Psychoanalysis has often been compared to a religion, with Freud as the Moses or Christ who initiated it. Indeed, there are numerous analogies to be found between the history of the psychoanalytic movement and Freud's own mythical accounts of the history of religions from *Totem and Taboo* (1913) to *Moses and Monotheism* (1939). Not the least of the parallels—one pointed out but not sufficiently developed by Grosskurth—is the notion of the "father of the horde" (Freud) who is killed and devoured by the "band of brothers" (Adler, Stekel, Jung). In the Moses version, there are followers (now read inner ring) who hold on to the religion of the father, and these followers finally succeed over the secessionist brothers (now add Rank, Ferenzci) so that Moses becomes the idealized originator of the monotheistic religion. While Freud's version of the history of religions may not have much relevance to other religions, it does seem to have hit the mark on his own religion, psychoanalysis. Even today many psychoanalysts treat Freud's works as biblical documents to be quoted ad nauseam, and attack each other on heretical grounds.

The Secret Ring provides some insight into the mentality of Freud and his followers. Unfortunately, its view is too limited. While it gives a clear picture of "father" Freud and his relation to the "band of brothers," especially in the secret inner ring, it attends too closely to the personal relationships among the committee's members, and does not provide an adequate account of how their activities fit within the larger picture of the movement. As a result, it reads more as an exposé than as a serious attempt at tracking the history of psychoanalysis either as a religion or as a science. Still, until the full correspondence among the members of the committee is published, Grosskurth's book will be essential reading for anyone who wishes to attain an understanding of the politics and personalities within the inner circle of Freud's followers and their roles in the early development of the psychoanalytic movement.