

Book Reviews

This Difficult Individual, Ezra Pound. By EUSTACE MULLINS. New York: Fleet Publishing Corporation, 1961. Pp. 338. \$5.00.

A Primer of Ezra Pound. By M. L. ROSENTHAL. New York: The Macmillan Co. [Galt: Brett-Macmillan], 1960. Pp. 56. \$2.50.

Ezra Pound. By G. S. FRASER. Edinburgh and London: Oliver and Boyd [Toronto: Clarke, Irwin], 1960. Pp. 118. \$.80. Writers and Critics Series.

Ezra Pound has been praised, proscribed, and almost prosecuted. His writings, gradually being gathered, would fill well over a dozen thick volumes of prose and poetry. He has his defenders in all quarters of the literary world, academic and anti-academic alike, and in many countries. He has plenty of enemies in all the same places. He has received the dedication of one of the greatest poems of our century and has had his fingers in some of the most distinguished literary pies, often at his own invitation.

There are many Pounds. In *A Primer of Ezra Pound* M. L. Rosenthal singles out "Pound the poet . . . the thinker, propogandist, and literary man of action." The list might also include Pound the translator, the editor, the private and public critic, the economist, the musical composer, critic, and impresario, the scholar or pseudo-scholar, and the self-proclaimed patriot. Cutting across these categories and confusing them there is, let us face it, Pound the crank. G. S. Fraser begins his study of this figure by confessing himself "stirred, interested, delighted, exasperated" by it; few students of modern literature have not had one or more of these reactions to Pound or to some part of him.

How can the reader or critic come to any terms with Ezra Pound and his work? Rosenthal and Fraser have both made honest, helpful attempts to answer this question. Eustace Mullins, to say the least, has not.

This Difficult Individual, Ezra Pound, by Eustace Mullins, an ardent convert to what has been called the book of Ezra, defends Pound by adopting the methods of Pound at his crankiest and at times going them one better. In spite of its documentation, it relies mainly on the most obvious sources for its biographical sections and on few sources for its polemical ones. It is a mass of anecdotes and outbursts, often irrelevant, with no real controlling point of view or frame of ideas apart from a rough chronological organization.

With its long chunks of unabsorbed quotation it often reads more like rough notes for a book than a finished work. And worst of all for a book that tries to speak on behalf of Pound, except for an occasional wisecrack it lacks style, personality, and humour—literary virtues that make Pound's crankiest writings readable. This is not to say that none of the issues Mr. Mullins sounds off about are valid. Pound may not have been a traitor in any exact, convictable sense; he may have been inaccurately diagnosed and unjustly confined (Mullins and Fraser both point out, with characteristic difference in tone, that the official report on Pound's mental condition might, in a sense, fit any great poet); he was grossly mistreated during his imprisonment at Pisa (an injustice which, at any rate, gave us some of the best writing in the uneven *Cantos*); and he was done far less than critical justice by the *Saturday Review of Literature* in its notorious attack on Pound's getting the Bollingen Prize. But *This Difficult Individual, Ezra Pound* hardly begins to define these issues clearly, much less to develop them. And except perhaps for the final one, these issues and injustices are, as are even the least objectionable parts of Mullins's book, no help in judging what for most of us really matters, Pound the literary figure, the critic, and the poet.

Among the questions that must be asked to evaluate the literary Ezra Pound are these: What significance or value can Pound's earliest work still have for us? On which of the more original, more "modern" later poems does Pound's reputation rest most firmly? How should we take Pound's "translations"? How influential was Pound as a critic, formally and informally, and how useful has his criticism remained? How influential was and is Pound as a poet? What use are Pound's non-literary ideas in relation to his literary work? And the *Cantos*, of course, bring up further questions.

Both Rosenthal and Fraser find Pound's earliest poems mainly of technical and "literary" interest. They recognize the derivative qualities, but praise these poems in terms of rhythm, music, form, energy, enthusiasm. They concede Pound's virtuosity and find early signs of his central strategy of speaking through other men's characters and even, by way of translation and near-translation, other men's poems. Rosenthal singles out more of these early poems for incidental comment and praise than does Fraser, but they both judge the total achievement, at least by implication, as slight.

Just as these early poems represent, as Rosenthal points out, the same late romantic qualities found at first in other moderns such as Joyce or Yeats, so do Pound's next poems clearly exemplify the reform of modern poetry by way of the impulses loosely and temporarily gathered under the heading of Imagism, influenced by non-English poetry of continental Europe and the Far East. Rosenthal and Fraser demonstrate the historical connection of Pound with this movement but also try to call attention to some of the virtues by which Pound's poems are more than representative. Fraser cites Pound's compression, simplicity, freshness, directness, and then sophistication and "ironically self-critical self-awareness", and Rosenthal his "mastery of . . . poetic line and metaphor", "compassionate yet satirical characterization", and "clarity of aesthetic transformation." Fraser, in addi-

tion, singles out from this poetry the somewhat longer "Near Perigord" and shows by generous analysis how it approaches in importance and value both *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* and "Homage to Sextus Propertius."

Fraser gives several pages to *Mauberley* and to "Propertius" in that order, preferring to follow the arrangement in *Personae* rather than the usual chronological and critical priority. With respect to "Propertius", Fraser insists that the infidelities to the original passages mocked at by Robert Graves and lesser linguists may be errors in some cases, but are more often "distortion for contemporary relevance"—a central device with Pound. (Hugh Kenner interprets these "errors" even more interestingly.) He sketches in this relevance, and concludes: "As a poem fundamentally, like *Mauberley*, about Pound, Pound's world, 'Homage to Sextus Propertius' seem to be a major achievement." Fraser analyzes *Mauberley* more fully than "Propertius", far too fully even to summarize here, and states challengingly that he now finds it a better poem than *The Waste Land*.

Rosenthal, for some reason, mentions "Homage to Sextus Propertius" only once and then only to apologize for not mentioning the poem elsewhere. But he does give even fuller consideration than Fraser does to *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley*. He places the poem within a peculiarly modern genre, the "sequence", gives some of the special qualities of this genre, and then explicates the poem at length, as does Fraser. However, neither critic brings to the poem the moral and judicial certitude of F. R. Leavis—whom Fraser praises in his very selective discussion of Pound's critics—or, obviously, the definitive thoroughness of John J. Espey's book-length study. But they leave no doubt that *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* is Pound's most important poem apart from the *Cantos*.

Both Fraser and Rosenthal accept the obligation to discuss Pound's general ideas, and both recognize that the subject is complex, controversial, and even distasteful. Two central truths emerge from their discussions: first, Pound's general moral and social position is more attractive than the specific political and economic mechanisms he seizes on, mechanisms that seem sometimes willful, sometimes despicable; second, Pound has asked some very central questions about our time and its values, and, despite the distraction of his special hatreds and obsessions, has continued to ask these questions forcefully and devotedly, in poetry and in prose.

Pound's prose is a special critical problem. Rosenthal and Fraser, of course, list the prose in their bibliographies and use it to clarify the issues and techniques of the poetry. For this, it is invaluable; it has also been invaluable to the compilers of the *Annotated Index* to the *Cantos*, for Pound has carried over into that poem most of the concerns of his prose. Fraser also devotes two and a half pages to the prose in and for itself, but that is all. Pound criticism in general has followed the same line. Perhaps the best discussions of Pound's prose criticism are still T. S. Eliot's short introduction to Pound's collected *Literary Essays* and the better reviews of that volume. To this reviewer's knowledge, no one has yet published a thorough survey, analysis, and evaluation of Pound as a prose writer, critical and polemical. Pound's influence, to which neither Fraser

nor Rosenthal can give more than passing notice, also needs fuller examination. Eliot and Yeats have both acknowledged their indebtedness, but we still need a full investigation of the innumerable hints provided by Pound's published *Letters* and other sources as to how many writers in the United States, England, and Canada have learned from Pound's example and his criticism.

And finally, the *Cantos*. As Fraser asks,

what can one say critically about the *Cantos*? Was the whole conception "wrong from the start"? Was it demanding too much of any possible reader? Was it a method of writing a long poem that could reach a climax or conclusion, or did it imply from the start an infinite expansibility? . . . Was it a triumph to have invented a form that could accommodate itself to so many different purposes? Or is the "form" of the *Cantos* not really a form at all but a pretext for preserving an identity, over years and over troubles, through unbroken self-expression?

Rosenthal does not really ask this sort of question. He confronts the *Cantos* with the attitude articulated by the compilers of the *Annotated Index*, that "the poem, like the mountain, was there." Starting from this stance, he shows how the *Cantos* present what he calls Pound's "basic frames of thought" and explores the entire range of the *Cantos* as the embodiment, if not the expression, of "the moral meaning and the moral responsibility of human consciousness." The *Cantos* have been compared not only to Pound's more obvious epic models but to *The Prelude* and *Piers Plowman*. Rosenthal seems, in general, to follow the lines implied by the second comparison. But Fraser, who tries more strenuously to come to critical terms with the *Cantos*, sees the poem as a more complex version of what Wordsworth called "Growth of a Poet's Mind" and concludes, I think rightly, that

. . . what the *Cantos* in the end are "about" is the isolated artist, and his struggle through an *idea* of tradition and community, towards sanity; what almost but not quite destroys the sanity of the artist, disrupts the organic being of the work, is the brutal failure of facts or "reality" to correspond to the "idea." When in the teeth of this failure of the world to be his idea of it, the artist clings to his idea, the clinging acquires a pathos, a dignity, a representative human value which the idea as such, unassaulted, might not have possessed.

To sum up briefly, Fraser's approach to Pound is finally more personal and critical, Rosenthal's more academic and systematic; in this and other ways they complement each other. It is only just to note that Hugh Kenner's much more substantial book still remains the best single study of Pound's poetry. But Rosenthal and Fraser provide something equally important at this stage in the vicissitudes of Pound's reputation. They convey a firm sense of how much Pound and his poetry matter. They sent this reader, for one, back to discover again the interest, the challenge, the worth of Pound's total literary achievement.

University of New Brunswick

LAURIAT LANE, JR.

The Liquidation of the British Empire. By C. E. CARRINGTON. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin and Company Limited, 1961. Pp. 96. \$3.00.

The dust cover commends this book as a provocative one and tells us that its author is a liberal and persuasive Commonwealth apologist. But one finds on reading it that it is instead a somewhat rhetorical presentation of a case, or, rather, an attitude, which did much, in years gone by, to impede the transformation from Empire to Commonwealth. Professor Carrington defends the reforms of the past but offers none for the present. He addresses us at times as though he were an official spokesman. The British part in the slave trade, before she set a precedent by repenting and suppressing it, is something that "we must face". As for Malta, "it is certainly our wish", he writes, "that it should continue to be associated with the Commonwealth". There is, indeed, a proprietary air about some of his remarks which will not be to every taste.

Professor Carrington does less than justice to the opponents of the Conservative party. He takes the Liberals to task for the weak and timid Indian policy of British governments in the years from 1906 to 1922 and omits to mention that from 1915 the country was ruled by coalition governments. Yet he applauds the Montagu-Chelmsford Report of 1917 and the Government of India Act of 1935, "both of which", he tells us, "were sponsored by coalition governments with a majority of Conservative supporters". Sometimes he glosses over party differences: "so thoroughly", he says, "has the word imperialism been smeared by the followers of Hobson and Lenin that some effort is required to recall a time when most conservatives and many liberals took pride in being imperialists, when even the Fabian Society, which contributed so much to socialist thinking, came down decidedly in favour of an enlightened imperial policy". One might almost suppose, indeed, from his observation that "the Fabians were talking of the change from Empire to Commonwealth many years before Lionel Curtis and his Round Table group popularized the term" that the Fabians encountered no opposition and that everyone was speaking the same language. One wonders, too, whether there is a hint of cause and effect in his statement that "it was in the 1920's that anti-imperialism was put forward as a constructive principle by effective and organized political parties, and that the first crisis concerning imperialism arose in British India". He is right to suggest that the intelligentsia of all parties favoured a liberal policy for India in the 1930's, but he need not have worried about the implications of this for Sir Winston Churchill, who, like any true Conservative, would make no claim to membership of such a stratum.

One must take issue with Professor Carrington on a number of other points. Reference is made to the ill-fated groundnuts scheme, even though "this blind alley in colonial development is now only of historical interest". Considering that he has included the Middle East in his Imperial survey, it would surely have been better to devote the limited space available to the far more costly Suez war of 1956. Given that "the sad story of the Palestine mandate" is "a perpetual warning against philanthropy at other people's expense", an apportionment of blame rather than a recommendation that we forget would

seem to be called for. Those who take the view that the best Colonial Secretary in the period from 1945 to the present was Mr. Arthur Creech Jones may wonder why he has to share the credit "with his unnamed advisers and assistants in the Colonial Office", while Mr. Oliver Lyttelton alone is mentioned in dispatches for the founding of the Rhodesian Federation in its present form. But perhaps we should be thankful that in this case praise has been fairly spread while blame has been concentrated in accordance with the principle of ministerial responsibility.

What is really a source of amazement is that a book on Commonwealth affairs published in 1961 can say so little about the Federation. No mention is made of either the Devlin Report of 1959 or the Monckton Report of 1960. True to form, Professor Carrington regrets that Central African policy has become a party issue in Britain. Yet he admits that "to withdraw a measure of freedom given to a colony" calls for an Act of Parliament, and that "an Act cannot be passed without a political struggle in the House of Commons". He advises critics of Rhodesian policy not to overlook the distinction between the nominal and the real authority of the British Government, but he fails to see that his advice is based on circular reasoning: "a self-governing colony", he says, "is likely to resist any effort to restrict its powers, and, furthermore, inevitably enlarges those powers by dealing with new problems as they arise, and by creating new precedents *which Whitehall has no inclination to question*" (Italics mine). It should not be necessary to remind Professor Carrington that between Whitehall and the Palace of Westminster there still stands Parliament Square.

Unfortunately, it is this last kind of distinction which is all too often overlooked by people who do not understand the British tradition, even though they may subscribe to it. If, as Carrington believes, the British government "cannot now begin to resume a legal authority that has been atrophying for thirty years", then it would appear that to pass the Bill that embodies into the Southern Rhodesian Constitution an "entrenched" Declaration of Rights in exchange for the elimination of British legislative jurisdiction over the colony is the most that the British Parliament can expect to do. By bargaining away her nominal authority, Britain is seemingly securing constitutional safeguards for Rhodesians that are more than nominal. But how can this be so? Constitutional entrenchment is the classical safeguard against encroachment by authority. But how effective it is depends on the extent to which the entrenched clauses are themselves entrenched. For Southern Rhodesia, interpretation and amendment of the Bill of Rights are to be subject to British surveillance. Given Carrington's analysis, however, this authority, too, is likely to be no more than nominal after a while. Discussing another constitution (that of Malaya), he says that "the system required a series of compromises and legal fictions of the kind which political scientists trained in the logical clarity of the Roman law find incomprehensible, and which lawyers trained in the flexible and accommodating English Common law interpret without much difficulty in the courts". But a flexible and accommodating constitution is not necessarily a good one. A good constitution requires the

there be good guardians. In Southern Rhodesia, where some seven per cent of the population elect two thirds of the members of the Legislature, it would seem that Britain is lowering her guard too soon.

Some elucidation would have been welcome as regards certain other matters that are raised in this book: the early history of Africa, the late nineteenth-century scramble for that continent, the principle of self-determination, infra-structures, and the significance of Commonwealth trade. The author could certainly have made better use of his space. One might have expected him to devote more attention to the essential basis of the Commonwealth as it now is—to say something, for instance, about Britain's European dilemma, to betray some preferences concerning the future line of march. Could it be that to believe in the Commonwealth nowadays one has to be a socialist?

Dalhousie University

D. J. HEASMAN

Communism in Czechoslovakia, 1948-1960. By EDWARD TABORSKY. Princeton: Princeton University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1961. Pp. xii, 628. \$15.00.

I have been deeply impressed by Dr. Taborsky's book, for it has revived my personal experiences preceding the Communist *coup d'état* in Czechoslovakia in February, 1948, and also my personal friendship with the author. But, whether a Czech or not, no one sincerely interested in the recent political history of Central Europe should miss this study, written with deep concern for objectivity, by a man who had a unique access to political documents during his Czechoslovakian career and who is also prominently qualified as a professor of political science to interpret to Western students political events of the past few decades.

Dr. Taborsky spent a number of years as a Secretary to the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia and as Political Secretary of the President of Czechoslovakia, Dr. Edward Benes. He had a first-hand opportunity to participate actively in the domestic and foreign policy of his country, which followed the principles of humanitarian democracy of its two great presidents, Masaryk and Benes. No wonder that he could not return to his homeland when Communists overthrew its democratic constitution and replaced it by the secret police, forced labour camps, prisons and gallows of the new Stalin-Gotwald era. Dr. Taborsky resigned in 1948 as Czechoslovak Ambassador to Sweden, and is now a professor at the University of Texas.

His analysis of Communism in Czechoslovakia covers more than the last twelve years. The author follows the development of Communism from its foundation in 1921 for a better understanding of its subversive policy, its tactics and strategy, its fundamentalist ideology, and also its servile dependence upon Moscow. It would be absolutely impossible to give justice in this brief review to all documentary facts which the author put into more than 620 pages of his book. I can only indicate here its importance for the

understanding of Communism not only in Czechoslovakia, but wherever it appears today on the global scale either in fulness of power or in the attempt to reach it. I emphasize this importance because, as it was in Czechoslovakia, there are also in our Western Hemisphere people who believe that "it cannot happen here". It can happen, if our Western democrats understand Communism according to their own democratic interpretation instead of taking it as it really is in its ideology and practices. When reading Taborsky's book, it becomes quite evident how false is the belief that democracy and communism can "peacefully co-exist". The book also illustrates the Communist conviction that in our own age all "decadent democracies" must be wiped out from the face of this earth and replaced by a "classless communist society".

Dr. Taborsky proves that Communists do not miss any opportunity to reach this goal: they regard as good and "moral" anything, at the particular moment, that brings Communism closer to this goal. Is it a co-operation with decadent democrats? If so, let us co-operate with them. Is it a revived nationalism and racialism? If so, let us inflame both as the first step to international Communism. Is it a treaty, economic aid, a cultural co-operation by which Communism can infiltrate non-Communist countries? If so, let us do it, for this may be the way to Communist domination over them. Everything is relative and temporal, only the goal is absolute. Domination of the world is the great Communist vision, and all avenues of individual, social, national, and international life in their political, economic, social, cultural, moral and spiritual spheres must serve it. Even religion is used for the same purpose. If it cannot be totally destroyed at present—but it must be finally liquidated according to the Communist ideology—it is permitted to exist as one of the means of the Communist strategy. Communists control religion: they are not controlled by it.

Dr. Taborsky shows how the Communist Party in Czechoslovakia built its position step by step by gnawing patiently at its democratic roots, and using to full advantage democratic freedom of the country. I think it was in 1937 that Klement Gotwald told us in the Czechoslovakian Parliament: "We Communists will defend your rotten freedom with all our means, for we need your freedom that we might destroy it one day". We laughed at him, as we laughed at Hitler and his *Mein Kampf*, for we could not believe that any intelligent and sane person would follow such "idiotic doctrines". We stopped laughing when Hitler settled in the Castle of Czech Kings in Prague and President Benes fled into exile; we stopped laughing when Dr. Benes was buried and Klement Gotwald succeeded him as the President of Czechoslovakia. If a reader of Taborsky's book can learn and digest the fact that dictators do what they say and profess in their ideologies, then the book fulfils its beneficial purpose.

The Czechoslovakian case shows clearly not only the difference between democratic and communist ideologies, but also between their strategy and their tactics. Democrats believe that only a majority of people can represent and perform national policy. Communism never works on this principle. It is always a well organized minority seizing

power at the first opportunity over the confused majority. Democrats believe in a parliamentary system, and if Communists have no representation in the Parliament, or if their position there is insignificant, then our democrats do not consider Communism as a serious danger. But for Communists a position in the democratic Parliament means very little or nothing. As Dr. Taborsky shows, Communists never reached a majority in Czechoslovakia. In 1930, during the worst year of economic depression, they had only 28,000 members; in the election in 1935 they reached only 10.3% of votes. After the war, when the Communist Party held the most important positions in the government—Army, police, political administration, industry, agriculture, finance, information, education, etc.—, when the country was under direct influence of NKVD and other kinds of Communist secret police, army and militia, when there was no hope of help from the West, even under such desperate conditions Communists reached only 38% of votes in the Parliamentary election in 1946. And yet two years later they were able to destroy Czechoslovakian democracy and to establish a Stalinist regime. During the “election” in 1948, when only one list of candidates was permitted, 6,424,734 of 7,419,253 voters voted for this Communist list. This shows how a minority can force its policy upon the whole nation.

In spite of all the “party deviations” that had appeared from time to time among Communists, the Party always remained well organized, never losing sight of its goal. The Party prefers to have a smaller number of members fully devoted in discipline and obedience to its goal, rather than large numbers who would differ in views on the unified Communist policy. Democracy usually operates in the opposite way: it is based upon quantity, and expresses its policy through diversity of ideas. Here is the main reason why democrats so often misunderstand Communist practices. The same misunderstanding concerns, for example, the present “de-Stalinization” policy introduced in the USSR and its satellites. Many people in our Hemisphere interpret it as a sign of hope for us, for they see some kind of “liberalization” behind the Iron Curtain. It is not so. This new strategy has been chosen by the Kremlin for the sake of reaching the Communist goal sooner than it would be reached otherwise. The fact that the bodies of Stalin and Gotwald were removed from the mausoleums in Moscow and Prague does not change by one jot the general Communist policy; it does not weaken, but strengthens it; it makes the Communist danger more acute, not more remote. Stalin, Gotwald, Molotov, Malenkov, Voroshilov and others are in disrepute today; a few years ago it was Trotzky, Tuchtchevsky, Slansky, Clementis, and others. All these purges mean only adjustment of Communist strategy, not a revision of its goal; through them Communist ranks are tightened, and a new, revitalized discipline, obedience, and zeal are emphasized for another Communist offensive against the non-Communist world.

When Czechoslovakia was destroyed by Hitler in 1938-9, the eyes of the Western countries were opened to the Nazi danger. When Communists seized power in Prague in 1948, the West also was awakened from its political self-complacency, and the NATO defence system was the result of this awakening. Let us hope that Dr. Taborsky has

contributed to the Western understanding of the Communist danger hanging over us just now, in this crucial hour of history.

University of King's College

FRANTISEK UHLIR

An Approach to 'Hamlet'. By L. C. KNIGHTS. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1961. Pp. 91. \$2.75.

Professor Knights describes *An Approach to 'Hamlet'* as "in some ways a supplementary chapter" to his former work, *Some Shakespearean Themes*. In that work he had written, "Now a deeply ingrained preoccupation with time almost inevitably brings with it two further allied preoccupations—with death and with appearance and reality" (p. 65). Shakespeare's preoccupation with death was explored in *Themes*; it figures prominently in *An Approach*, and *Hamlet*, ignored in the earlier work, is fully examined in the present one. Besides *Hamlet*, most of the plays examined in the first chapter of *An Approach* were previously neglected. *Troilus and Cressida* is an exception: it provides a link between the two books.

In *Julius Caesar*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Troilus and Cressida* Shakespeare reveals, according to Professor Knights, a concern with "Distortions in men's way of looking at the world." Some failure of personality makes a man prone to deception or self-deception. Troilus is misled by his "intense subjectivism". Brutus distorts reality by imposing on it an abstract ideal. Timon in the first part of the play is buying a flattering picture of himself; in the second part he projects on society his view of his own hateful self. Moving on from these plays to *Othello*, the author discovers a similar failure of personality. Othello cannot love Desdemona as she deserves to be loved and consequently becomes Iago's dupe because of his "egocentric romanticism".

All this time Professor Knights has been stalking Hamlet. Hamlet, too, distorts reality. The author admits fully the evil in the world that surrounds Hamlet, and, as we might expect, he describes this evil cogently and lucidly, but he still sees the core of the problem as a flaw of consciousness in Hamlet. The evil does not justify Hamlet's "sore distraction": "Hamlet does not merely see the evil about him, does not merely react to it with loathing and rejection, he allows his vision to activate something within himself—say, if you like, his own feeling of corruption—and so to produce that state of near paralysis that so perplexes him" (p. 48). Hamlet's moral inadequacy is minutely examined in the last two chapters of the book. He moves in isolation and self-consciousness. His disgust evokes sadism (the author does not use the word), evident in the "shock and damage" he inflicts on Ophelia. His apparent self-criticism really discloses a "panic recoil not only from sex but from those aggressions and self-assertive drives that sooner or later we have to come to terms with and put to constructive uses" (p. 61). He is fascinated by what he condemns. He constantly resorts to "play-acting." His longing for death

is a kind of regression from adult consciousness. In the "To be" soliloquy his diseased mind is disclosed. It is incapable of solving the problems it raises; indeed Hamlet's consciousness is so eroded by feeling that he cannot achieve "true being" in the Boethian sense. In the author's view there is no true recovery in Hamlet's mental or moral state at the end: "All that Hamlet is now ready for is to meet his death in playing the part of the avenger, the part imposed on him by that Ghost whose command had been for a sterile concentration on death and evil" (p. 89).

The Hamlet that emerges from *An Approach* will hardly be recognizable to the average reader of Shakespeare. This Hamlet does, however, resemble all too closely the sinful creature of Mr. John Vyvyan's revelation in *The Shakespearean Ethic*, a work twice quoted by Professor Knights. It is a Hamlet without the Prince or *Hamlet*.

In the first place, even though the author insists that the book is an "approach", there are too many critical short cuts. The horror attending the Ghost's appearance is taken to indicate that he is tempting Hamlet into an evil course. His secondary injunctions, "Taint not thy mind" and "leave her to heaven", are ignored, as is the likelihood that the spectator will attach the horror to Claudius' crime, where it belongs. Again, Hamlet's brutality in the "nunnery scene" is censured, but no mention is made of the opening line, "Nymph, in thy orisons / Be all my sins remembered." Furthermore Hamlet's antic disposition is degraded to mere "play acting". Finally, Hamlet's age is not presented as a problem; it is employed in a way that begs the question. An adolescent may be shocked by a revelation of the powers of sex, but "Hamlet was not in years an adolescent; he was, as Shakespeare tells us, a man of thirty."

Professor Knights' approach is moralistic. Since Shakespeare in *Hamlet*, as in *Lear* and *Macbeth*, constantly appeals to the moral judgment of the audience, this kind of approach is unexceptionable. Moreover it seems legitimate for a critic to make the "tragic flaw" intelligible to the modern mind. But because Professor Knights is concerned almost exclusively with Hamlet's own moral inadequacy, he distorts the play. Hamlet is judged by criteria drawn principally from the Christian ethic and the moral implications of *King Lear* but then supplemented and modified by the ideas of Boethius, Bunyan, Turgeniev, T. S. Eliot, and others. Modern critics are also marshalled to the indictment. Hamlet is found wanting. But what if he had measured up? What would have become of the tragedy? Whatever else tragedy may be, it is not a dramatized Saint's Legend. But more of this presently. It must suffice for the moment to indicate how far astray Professor Knights is led by his moralistic preoccupation. While discussing Hamlet's ineffectual thinking, he writes, "One can hardly resist the feeling that some of the energy that Hamlet expends in unpacking his heart with words might more profitably have been directed—and with more humility—towards a stricter accounting of his share in the harm done to others" (p. 63). Despite the qualification of "hardly resist", the comment suggests rather a professor scolding an erring undergraduate than a distinguished critic

dealing with the hero of a tragedy. Unfortunately this petulant tone is heard elsewhere in the book.

Without propounding a theory of tragedy in an attempt to refute Professor Knights, one may use as points of reference certain conditions of tragedy. One is that the playwright persuades us to accept at the end of the play the paradox of triumph in calamity. Whether it is "calm of mind, all passion spent" or a more active feeling that corresponds to the "burst smilingly" of Gloucester's heart, "Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief", there is an emotional fusion that we may call "katharsis". In the case of *Hamlet* there is first defeat when he is wounded by Laertes, followed by victory as he stabs Claudius; then the defeat is converted to victory by lines such as "Absent thee from felicity awhile." This final note is sustained by Horatio's farewell and Fortinbras' tribute. No audience can find Professor Knights' regressive, delinquent Hamlet in this passage.

Another condition of tragedy is that in the middle of the action we see a noble person performing ignoble deeds. This contradiction seems to be the very essence of tragic action; the end of the play confirms our acceptance of the double vision. Speaking of Hamlet, Mr. Vyvyan says, "A noble nature is committed to an ignoble act. It is a contradiction in terms" (p. 29). Precisely. That is why only a few literary artists have sufficient imaginative power to transmute the antilogy into truth. The noble/ignoble contrast applies directly to Hamlet: his actions are ignoble, but he is the "noble" Hamlet. But it applies equally well to *Oedipus Rex*. Hamlet's cruelty to Ophelia and his callous attitude to the deaths of Polonius and the Rosenstern pair are matched by Oedipus' cruelty to Tiresias and his injustice to both Tiresias and Creon. And Sophocles' Orestes does more than think about Nero; he actually kills his mother. In *King Lear*, which is like a Greek trilogy all in one play, both conditions of tragedy are met in a distinctive way that makes Shakespeare's intention plain: at the end we have the paradox of spiritual gain in physical loss, and in the middle we have "reason in madness" and vision in blindness.

Denigration of Shakespeare's tragic heroes has been fashionable too long. Lear stands firm; indeed his "progress" provides a norm for Professor Knights. But Othello has been "cheering himself up" in one abortive fashion or another ever since Mr. Eliot caught him at it. Of course Othello has found able champions, Professor J. Dover Wilson among them. But the defence, or rehabilitation, of Shakespeare's tragic heroes must be based on wider grounds than those provided by the individual play. Mr. J. I. M. Stewart's *Character and Motive in Shakespeare*, though directed at Bridges, Stoll, and Schucking, carried us in the right direction, towards the central imaginative experience of the audience. It is to be hoped that Professor Knights' next book will likewise lead us in this direction.

University of Manitoba

A. L. WHEELER

The Rainbow Bridge. By R. W. LIVINGSTONE. Toronto: Clarke, Irwin Company Ltd., 1961. Pp. vi, 176. \$4.00.

Students of Canadian educational theories over the past twenty or thirty years are familiar with the weary clichés about “character building”, “social adjustment”, “not facts but attitudes”, and all the rest. It is momentarily dismaying to find Sir Richard Livingstone apparently not on the side of the angels, vigorously affirming Ruskin’s opinion that “Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know: it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave”, and complaining of “the weakness of an education preoccupied with knowledge, with the intellectual aspect, to the exclusion of any other” (p. 128-9).

We have had all too much of this kind of thing offered as an excuse for lack of strict standards, toleration—even preference—given to teachers ill-prepared academically, emphasis on everything but intellectual achievement.

But Sir Richard Livingstone would be horrified at the suggestion that he lends himself to these views. Agreeing with Plato that “the noblest of all studies is what man is and how he should live”, he would have no sympathy at all with the suggestion of the “life adjusters” that learning to make a cherry pie is as socially desirable as learning to read! In all the essays that make up this invaluable book he assumes a most rigorous intellectual training. He urges, in fact, Greek for everyone, or, for those who cannot possibly learn Greek, Greek works in translation. The Greeks in a moment of time built “the rainbow bridge” from barbarism to civilization. Christianity apart, our subsequent achievements have been confined to filling in the Greek idea “that the universe is rational and capable of being explained and understood” (p. 106).

Livingstone suggests the Greeks as a supplement to Christianity, not as a substitute for it, but there is a suggestion that, in this post-Christian world rapidly resigning itself to insanity, renewed contacts with the Greeks might restore us at least to reason if not to a state of grace. This is the point of his protest against mere intellectualism. Reason does not teach that mere knowledge is sufficient for the good life. Man must contemplate the good as well as the true and the beautiful. Hence the pleas for a constant consideration of moral values and for a formal study of religion or philosophy or both, for every university student. The forces that change the world are not “hard facts” but “moral theories”. There need be no indoctrination, but “no one should pass through the highest stages of education without considering the greatest problems of all” (p. 29).

It would be easy to show the manifest difficulty of carrying out many of these suggestions in an educational system largely supported and supervised by the state. While the schools have gone in for wishy-washy moralism at the expense of scholarship, universities in their terror of indoctrination have leaned over backwards to preserve pure scholarship in an atmosphere of moral neutralism. In an age where the very existence of “the good” may be questioned, it is difficult to see how one can require agnostic teachers to expose to children of agnostic parents the lessons of the *Republic* as Livingstone suggests.

Livingstone is prepared to take a difficult stand and to appeal to the many teachers, whether in the universities or elsewhere, who will agree with him and with Bishop Berkeley, "Whatever the world thinks, he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human mind and the *Summum Bonum* may possibly make a thriving earthworm but will certainly make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman". These teachers and many others will read this book with encouragement and a sense of exhilaration in a calling so great that no one can follow it in complacency and yet so fundamentally simple that no honest workman need feel ashamed.

University of Saskatchewan

HILDA NEATBY

The Demons. By HEIMITO VON DODERER. Translated by RICHARD and CLARA WINSTON. New York: Alfred Knopf [Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, Ltd.], 1961. Pp. 1334. \$15.00. (2 vols.).

Imagine, if you can, a misalliance between Kafka's *Trial* and Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*. The product of this inauspicious union might be von Doderer's creation, *The Demons*. I say "inauspicious" because I suspect that such a union could never produce anything superior to the camelynxes and rhinocerotides of some precocious child's wildest dream. What von Doderer has given us is hallucinatory substance couched in the form of a chronicle-novel—or *vice versa*. At one moment he renders intensely subjective soul-states in the idiom of dry narrative; at the next he presents discursive narrative material through the broken prisms of a character's (or a dozen characters') consciousness. Moreover, the whole is suspended in a temporal chaos that makes Faulkner's trickery with time look like child's play. Add to this the fact that the "list of characters" appended to the second volume contains 142 names of which thirty-one are starred (some mistakenly) to signify the principals, and you have a literary hodgepodge of prodigious dimension.

At the risk of over-simplifying, we can perhaps say that *The Demons* is concerned with two things: at one level it is a portrayal on the grand scale of the European debacle in the twentieth century. Vienna of 1927 becomes the focal point—temporarily and spatially—at which all the demonic forces of the modern age converge. A moribund aristocracy, a plethoric bourgeoisie, a stupid but vehement proletariat crash together. The West, including even America, and the East, symbolized by the zealous remnants of Bela Kun's soviets, collide at the July 15 conflagration of the Palace of Justice, which is von Doderer's climactic *tour de force*. The elegance of old Vienna and the disorderly refuse of new industrialized Vienna all tumble together. Salons and sewers link inseparably. And the cohesive element that binds impossibly disparate people, places, and events together is precisely the paralyzed, mad, sterile intelligentsia through whom we observe most of the story.

At another level, *The Demons*, patterned after Dostoevsky's *Besy* (which has been translated under various titles: *Demons*, *Devils*, *The Possessed*), is a treatise on the muddle

of modernity, on the fracturing of the individual into a "double", on our apparently inescapable habit of breaking the world into "two realities", one ideal, one real. Most of von Doderer's central characters live by halves; indeed most seem driven crazy by pursuing the wrong half: one follows an insane hypothesis on the superiority of Fat Females; one follows a parallel course into Medievalism; another seeks salvation in mastery of the violin; a fourth yearns for a vaguely conceived or misconceived revolution. But the end of all the futile activity is social, moral, and psychic deterioration and disintegration. The only ray of hope that von Doderer seems to tolerate in his realm of darkness is reminiscent of Boris Pasternak's mystical and absurd panacea, namely the preservation of vital fictions and metaphors to protect us against the crude, lethal facts of reality. He opposes *false* "second realities" not in order to replace them with "first" or "naked reality" but in order to synthesize a new "second reality" which will prove more efficacious than old ones. Von Doderer makes his own fond commitment to a cultural coalition between the bona fide, enlightened aristocracy and the bona fide, educated working class—metaphorically to the promising collaboration between Prince Alfons Croix and Leonhard Kakabsa, a nobleman and a self-educated young worker.

Patient readers will doubtless extract from *The Demons* more than two levels of meaning. But von Doderer has placed before us such difficult stylistic and formal barriers that his book will probably never have many readers. It seems unlikely, for example, that the contrived imagery popularized by second-rate novels in the 1920's will again become fashionable: "laughter resounded . . . as though scrap iron were being unloaded"; "his face was as empty as a vessel with the bottom knocked out"; "fear crawled under her skirt and underwear, crawled over her rounded thighs like an army of ants."

In the second place, careful readers will certainly discover the taint of anti-Semitism, ill-concealed behind the first four letters of the villain's name (Levielle); and they will probably recognize that, far from curing the modern disease of romantic illusions, von Doderer is himself a sufferer. He not only exhibits obscurantism; he endorses it.

As one reads *The Demons*, one is rarely permitted to forget that in 1914 von Doderer served Emperor and Kaiser as a cavalry officer, that after 1939 he served Goering and Hitler in the *Luftwaffe*. If, as some reviewers assert, he is "the greatest living German writer", then we must conclude that German literature is in serious trouble. Von Doderer's superb linguistic facility will scarcely counterbalance either the mammoth confusion of *The Demons'* form or the *revanchist* flavour of its bitterness and disillusionment. If the book is at all prophetic, it prophesies little more than a repetition of the events that succeeded July 15, 1927, in Vienna—events that led to the *anschluss* and then to the formation of Austrian SS divisions which were probably the cruellest of all. Von Doderer has none of the serenity that Thomas Mann inherited from Goethe, none of Arnold Zweig's humanity; rather he celebrates the afflictions of psychopathic elements in the intelligentsia—a fashionable, perhaps even remunerative thing to do, but not very fruitful.

The Vice-Admiralty Courts and the American Revolution. By CARL UBBELOHDE. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press (published for the Institute of Early American History and Culture, Williamsburg, Virginia,), 1960. Pp. ix, 211. \$7.25.

This recently published book is perhaps of especial interest to the people of Halifax, and of Nova Scotia. The opening chapter begins as follows:

Halifax Courthouse was crowded to the point of overflowing on the morning of October 2, 1764. In the audience sat the Right Honorable Lord Colville, commander of His Majesty's navy in North America, surrounded by army and navy officers and the gentlemen and ladies of the Nova Scotia seaport. This day had been appointed for the opening of the new court of Vice-admiralty for all North America. Only a week before, the brig POLLY had entered the harbor at Halifax, bringing Doctor William Spry and his family safely from London

The commission that William Spry brought from London was a symbol of a new day of British rule in America. Nine years of war with France had brought England more than great stretches of wilderness. Victorious in arms, she must now arrange her household and prepare to pay the price of her glories. The enormous debt must be liquidated, and the colonial trade must be taxed to contribute its proportionate share. This could be done only with a revitalized customs establishment. The French War had pointed up the weaknesses of both the American revenue collectors and the provincial vice-admiralty courts. The year 1764 became a year of reform. The entire colonial revenue structure was reviewed and revised. As part of this program, Judge Spry had come to Halifax to establish a supercourt with authority extending from Florida to Newfoundland. His court was to serve as a cornerstone in the new imperial rule.

It is made clear in this interesting book that the establishment of Super Admiralty Court in Halifax was one of the many stupid blunders made by the Home Government in England during the period immediately preceding the American Revolution. As Professor Ubbelohde clearly states, the Court never should have been established at Halifax, and it commenced to die the day it was born. It was a contributing cause of the American Revolution, not on account of what it ever did, because it never did anything, but because of the unusual powers given to it, particularly the wide authority conferred upon it in respect of the collection of revenue from the Colonies in America to help pay the war debts of the mother country.

Reporting to the Home Office in England, Judge Spry wrote: "The employment I have had here in my Court has been too inconsiderable and trifling to be communicated." Professor Ubbelohde comments on this statement as follows: "A year and a half had gone by since he had opened his vice-admiralty tribunal with pomp and ceremony. His original jurisdiction in maritime and trade causes was not employed; no one came north with appeals from the provincial courts. Judge Spry wished he were elsewhere."

The location of the Court in far-away Halifax was strongly objected to by the Colonies to the South. Indeed this objection soon resulted in a proposal to establish three

other super Vice-Admiralty courts—in Boston, Philadelphia, and Charleston—and to leave the Halifax Court with jurisdiction only in the Provinces of Quebec, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia.

This proposal, however, was not accepted until the year 1768, four years after the establishment of this super court in Halifax. In the meantime, as Professor Ubbelohde reports,

Judge Spry decided that he would remain a judge no longer. His court was not consulted; he was bored with the whole arrangement. When Governor Montagu Wilmot, who had ruled over Nova Scotia for less than three years, died in the early summer of 1766, Spry resolved to graduate to a governorship

It was almost a year before the judge's dream came true. When the Barbados governorship fell vacant in the summer of 1767, Spry was appointed to fill it In January 1767, the man-of-war BEAVER cleared Halifax harbor with Doctor Spry and his family aboard. Less than a month later the new governor landed at Barbados. His dismal adventure in the northern colony could now be forgotten.

Although he moved to Barbados in 1767, Governor Spry continued to hold his position as Judge of the Court in Halifax. He drew his salary of £800 per annum as such Judge, but appointed Joseph Gerrish as his Surrogate to act for him in all matters which might come before the Court. Mr. Gerrish was a storekeeper for His Majesty's Royal Navy in Halifax, and apparently had no training for his new position. As Professor Ubbelohde comments, "The new position added little to his duties, and he was assured a part of the income from the judgeship. The arrangements pleased everyone, the only dissatisfactory note being the fact that the Court had never performed the functions for which it was established. And there was little indication that it ever would."

When the four new super courts were established in 1768 and the jurisdiction of the Court in Halifax was greatly curtailed, Judge Spry, who then had been living in Barbados for about two years, was finally discharged from the position as Judge of that Court. Four lawyers were then appointed as Judges of the four courts in place of the one Court in Halifax. A lawyer named Jonathan Sewall, of Boston, was appointed to be the Judge of the Court at Halifax in 1768, with jurisdiction only over Nova Scotia, Quebec, and Newfoundland.

At the time of this appointment of Judge Sewall, he was Attorney General for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and resided in Boston. He continued to reside in Boston and retained these two positions until the outbreak of war in 1775, when he escaped to England. He remained in England for twelve years and continued to receive his salary from the British Government, but appointed a Surrogate to act for him in Halifax. He finally returned to Nova Scotia in 1787, when he took up residence in New Brunswick, but continued to act as Judge of the Halifax Admiralty Court until his death in 1796.

It would thus clearly appear that the so-called Super Admiralty Court which was established with a blare of trumpets in Halifax in 1764 never proved to be of any value for the purpose for which it was established. The two Judges, Spry and Sewall, between the years 1766 and 1787, never took up residence in Nova Scotia or presided over the Court, and the Court never decided a case of any importance.

Professor Ubbelohde sums up the effect of the establishment of the Vice-Admiralty Courts in America before the Revolution as follows:

The Vice-admiralty courts were a minor, but persistent, cause of the American Revolution. Although they never invoked the opposition that greeted such larger issues of the times as the Stamp Act and the Townshend Acts, from the first news of the Revenue Act of 1764, down to the signing of the Declaration of Independence, colonists constantly questioned their jurisdiction, authority, and constitutionality.

The American colonists cited four major grievances against the vice-admiralty courts in the pre-Revolutionary years. They objected to the methods of paying the vice-admiralty judges. They expressed alarm when the four regional courts were headed by men who gained their appointments as rewards for their loyalty to the crown during the Stamp Act crisis. They complained that Britain was extending the jurisdiction of the vice-admiralty courts far beyond their traditional limits, creating an inequality that would not be tolerated in England. Finally, they argued that through this extension of jurisdiction they were being deprived of the right of trial by jury.

Professor Ubbelohde concludes:

The vice-admiralty courts were, after all, tools to be used, either in the hands of crown officials or state-makers. A regulatory institution may receive the brunt of an argument, but it is often the regulations entrusted to it for enforcement, and not the institution itself, that is the cause of the complaint. The history of the sea courts, both before and after the American Revolution, indicates that it was the laws they enforced, not the courts themselves, that required revision to silence the hostile critics.

Halifax, Nova Scotia

CHARLES J. BURCHELL

Justice According to the English Common Lawyers. By F. E. DOWRICK. London: Butterworths [Toronto: Butterworth & Co. (Canada) Ltd.], 1961. Pp. ix, 251. \$7.00.

This is a learned and fascinating book which may be read with profit by any intelligent citizen interested in justice as administered in the courts.

All courts of law—and those members of the legal profession who compose them as advocates or judges—are engaged in the high enterprise of administering justice in the legal sense as between man and man, or man and the State. It is, however, one of the paradoxes of the legal order in Great Britain that preponderant attention seems to be

paid to the element of Law and so little to the element of Justice in the perennial quest for justice according to law. Indeed, as the author of this book remarks, "the layman glancing at the literature of English law over the last century might well wonder whether the modern English lawyer had not dispensed with the concept of justice and relied exclusively on the established system of courts and the huge corpus of statutes and rules of the mature system of common law and equity". Nevertheless there is clear evidence to support the opinion of Lord Wright, a judge of great eminence and experience, that "the guiding principle of a judge in deciding cases was to do justice; that is, justice according to law, but still justice . . . the primary purpose [of law] is the quest of justice . . . its rules are subsidiary to justice and must, so far as precedent and logic permit, be moulded so as to conform with justice".

It is the purpose of this book to discuss "the notions of justice current in the English legal profession in the twentieth century", as revealed in the pronouncements of the judges in the decision of cases, and in the opinions of lawyers expressed in books or articles and in the reports of law reform commissions. These sources do not yield any clear doctrine of justice, but rather "*a cluster of notions of justice*"—seven in number—espoused in varying degrees by the profession, and discernible as aspects of that concept which is indispensable in the application of law.

With the reminder of the difficulty of sharply distinguishing between concepts which so often run into and embrace one another, the author analyzes these notions in seven chapters. The first two of these are entitled "Justice as Judicature" and "Justice as Fair Trial". These, it is to be noted, provide merely for the basic elements of procedural machinery and the conditions favourable to impartiality but leave out of account the nature of the rules that are to be invoked as the basis of judicial judgment. The current notions as to these are discussed under the titles—"Natural Justice", "Moral Justice" "Individual Utility" (Expediency), "Social Justice", and "Legal Justice" (wherein conformity to the law is the touchstone of justice).

The author concludes that there is a traditional philosophy of justice which underlies the purely legal system. The seven notions discussed are more or less interdependent aspects or facets of this philosophy, so much so that several of them may coincide in producing a given application of the law. There is the widest acceptance of the notions that justice does involve judicature and fair process as minimal requirements; and as to the others dominance is accorded to the notion of Legal Justice, in the sense that statute law and the law as laid down by the higher courts, within the limits of the doctrine of precedent, must be accepted as conclusive. This is not to say that the four other notions—such as moral justice—do not have operative effect as part of the mental equipment of the judges in various important parts of the law where their discretion is relatively uncontrolled.

In sum the factors that determine selection among these criteria of justice constitute part of the mystery of the art of adjudication. "The position . . . is that the lawyers

are actively pursuing a wide variety of policies each of which passes under the name "justice" [and that] justice is administered in a particular case when one or more of these policies is applied to the facts".

Supreme Court of Nova Scotia

VINCENT C. MACDONALD

Cabot To Cartier: Sources for a Historical Ethnography of Northeastern North America, 1495-1550. By BERNARD G. HOFFMAN. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1961. Pp. 287, 58 illus. \$8.00.

Old puzzles of cartography are unravelled with masterly skill in this book. Achievements of early post-Columbian explorers are engagingly presented with a thoroughness that amazingly never blurs the clarity or detracts from the reader's interest. The author's modesty and his alertness to possible alternatives to his own views are admirable. This book sets a good example to other scholars in method and style, and it should be in all libraries.

This stimulating volume nevertheless compels the asking of several questions. Hoffman assumes that all correct information which the cartographers possessed came from official voyages and that the navigators had skirted all coasts that were correctly delineated. Is this not imputing to sixteenth-century map makers the caution of modern research workers? And is it because of this self-imposed limitation that Hoffman cannot explain how Cuba could have been represented as an island before it was circumnavigated? Many shore natives were extensive coastal travellers, or exchanged information with each other, and surely many coastal inhabitants of Cuba knew that they were living on an island, and were aware of its general shape and size. This knowledge could have been communicated to Europeans across the language barrier. La Cosa, who was not committed like Columbus to a desire to claim that he had reached the continent of Asia, but who was a pilot with a respect for reality, could have drawn a line in the sand in the shape of the visible stretches of shore and with gestures could have indicated a request to a native to show him in which directions the shores extended out of sight. Primitive men could draw very good maps, for their lives often depended upon their accuracy. Should we not accept the cartographical evidence that Europeans knew that Cuba was an island years before they had circumnavigated it?

How does Hoffman justify giving as illustration of the Waldseemuller Mapped monde of 1507 only that portion which shows a gap between North and South America, without taking cognizance also of the inset portion of the same map close to the figure of Vespucci, in which Waldseemuller shows North and South America as one continuous land? Is the correct portion not at least as important evidence as the erroneous portion?

It is also fair to ask: Can the story of cartography safely exclude pre-Columbian records? The fourteenth-century Zeno Sea Chart delineates Greenland more accurately

than sixteenth-century cartographers did, and it shows Newfoundland ("Estotiland") in a form that can hold its own with the eleven maps of 1502 and 1546 which Hoffman presents on page 73.

New York City

FREDERICK J. POHL

The Journals and Miscellaneous Notebooks of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Edited by WILLIAM H. GILMAN and others. Vol. II, 1822-26. Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1961. Pp. xvi, 438. \$11.95.

Volume II of the new edition of Emerson's *Journals*, like Volume I (reviewed in the Summer [1961] number of *The Dalhousie Review*), demonstrates again the skill and scholarship of its editors. The format of the second volume is uniform with that of the first.

Like Volume I, the second volume restores passages suppressed in the earlier edition of the *Journals* which deal with the Negro and Emerson's periods of rebellion and melancholy. Once again this volume helps to rectify the image of the born cosmic optimist. Both volumes make it clear that Emerson earned his happy vision. As his little fable of King Arthur reveals (II, 63), he knew what it was to be buried alive and what it was to be a knight without a king. Emerson's apparently cold but paradoxical character, which Melville so well parodies in *The Confidence-Man*, was nurtured ironically on such Melvillean insights as the one recorded in one of the "Wide World" journals of 1823: "There is nothing in fable so dark & dreadful but had its first model in the houses & palaces of men. Iniquity, malice, & rage find many homes with the lords of the creation & Devils were not *invented* for our poetry, but were copied from (our) originals among ourselves" (II, 88-89).

In the nine journals and three notebooks that comprise the second volume much can be found that is to appear in later published essays, from moral beauty and fame to compensation and the unity of God. Perhaps most interesting is Emerson's apotheosis of solitude in one of the journals of 1825. As he taught Thoreau, "Nature vindicates her rights & society is more delicious to the occasional absentee. Besides tho' I recommend the wilderness I only enforce the doctrine of stated or frequent and habitual closetings" (II, 330). Though fame may not yet have come to the young Emerson, and though he may have yearned to free himself from this obscurity, his lonely self-revelations were to stand him in good stead, proving his point on solitude.

The Romantic in Emerson always remains uppermost. The last item in Volume II is a notebook containing an argument largely based upon intuitive cognition and directed against the rational skepticism of Hume. Natural religion is here challenged once again

by a Romantic rebel whose embryonic transcendental attack upon empiricism is based upon the same view as that of *Self-Reliance*, published some fifteen years later: "To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is genius."

University of Alberta

E. J. ROSE

The Pattern of Hardy's Poetry. By SAMUEL HYNES. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1961. Pp. ix, 193. \$5.00.

With commendable conciseness, Dr. Hynes outlines his thesis in his opening lines: "The pattern that I find in Hardy is not an intricate one—no Jamesian figure in the carpet—but simply the eternal conflict between irreconcilables, which was for Hardy the first principle, and indeed the only principle, of universal order. This idea of eternal conflict is manifested not only in the philosophical content of Hardy's poems, but also in their structure, diction, and imagery—it gives form to every aspect of substance and technique." The central chapters, cogent though brief, contain examinations and elaborations of this argument, and demonstrate its validity as an approach to Hardy's philosophy, style, form, diction, and imagery. The surrounding chapters are really separate essays on Hardy criticism, influences on him, his (lack of) development, *The Dynasts*, and his achievement. So in fewer than 200 pages the author takes a run at many a thorny hedge, and though he occasionally baulks, he clears a surprising number. I have outlined the contents in this way simply because the work solidifies attitudes towards Hardy in an unassuming and quiet way appropriate to the subject. (In fact it is so quiet that in order to make his point Dr. Hynes occasionally has to resort to the italicized intensive—, *did, really, thought, must, was, ever.*) Nothing in the study is irrelevant, and if the reader is not always persuaded, he will at least be arguing about central issues.

For example, the basic statement about pattern quoted above. The reference to the Jamesian figure in the carpet is apparently intended only to indicate Hardy's limitations, but it also recalls a passage in the *Early Life* which Dr. Hynes does not quote: "As, in looking at a carpet, by following one colour a certain pattern is suggested, by following another colour, another; so in life the seer should watch that pattern among general things which his idiosyncrasy moves him to observe, and describe that alone. This is, quite accurately, a going to Nature; yet the result is no mere photograph, but purely the product of the writer's own mind." The carpet is for Hardy "Nature", not the work of art, and so the pattern is isolated by the artist, not by the reader, and stands out in bold relief in the poem. Thus far there is no collision with the author's thesis, but one is threatening. Hardy's "antinomial vision of the world" has aesthetic value for Hynes when it issues in ironic two-part structures, marriage paradigms, mixed diction, and imagery of the light-world and the dark-world; but when it remains simply "vision" it i

"home-made philosophy." "Hampered by a philosophy which he only partly understood and could only partly assimilate, Hardy took, no doubt unconsciously, the poetic course—he reduced philosophy (at least in his best poems) to the folk level of belief, to superstition, to a sense of the impenetrable, contradictory mysteries of existence." Elsewhere the conflicts in the poetry are traced to an unresolved tension between thought and emotion, with emotion triumphing in the best poems; the conclusion, almost baldly stated in the final paragraphs of the book, is (to exaggerate slightly) "bad philosopher + good man = mixed poetic bag." Hardy's "idiosyncrasy" led him to the ironic tone, texture, and structure which Dr. Hynes ably describes, and to be patronizing towards the idiosyncrasy is at best question-begging and beside the point. The philosophy may not be satisfying—and Hap knows it didn't satisfy Hardy—but is Shakespeare's satisfying? *Si parva magnis* . . . still, Hardy did claim the dramatic mode, as Dr. Hynes recognizes only to forget. But here another argument is arising which must be kept down, as must yet another about the author's discussion of the impossibility of metaphor to a monist. Finally, I must object to his dissatisfaction in finding so few bones in Hardy's buried life, and to some of his evaluations of individual poems. But I am going back to the book again for the arguments, and to learn some more. I shall not, however, forget what I have already learned: the equilibrium between New and Old Criticism is still labile.

Victoria College, University of Toronto

JOHN M. ROBSON

Canadian Books

- To Any Spring.* By MYRTLE REYNOLDS ADAMS. Toronto: Ryerson, 1960. Pp. 12. \$1.00.
- Lost Dimension.* By FRED COGSWELL. Toronto: Outpost Publications, 1960. Pp. 12. \$.35.
- In the Egyptian Gallery.* By FRED SWAYZE. Toronto: Ryerson, 1960. Pp. 12. \$1.00.
- The Brain's the Target.* By MILTON ACORN. Toronto: Ryerson, 1960. Pp. 16. \$1.00.
- The Spellbound Horses.* By PAUL WEST. Toronto: Ryerson, 1960. Pp. 16. \$1.00.
- Skirmish with Fact.* By MICHAEL COLLIE. Toronto: Ryerson, 1960. Pp. 24. \$1.00.
- Eyes without a Face.* By KENNETH McROBBIE. Toronto: Gallery Editions, 1960. Pp. 58.
\$2.00.
- Selected Poems.* By EMILE NELLIGAN. Toronto: Ryerson, 1960. Pp. xv, 39. \$2.00.

What to do when faced with a number of rather different volumes of poetry? What unity is there in the chance choice for review? First, obviously, they are all poets of varying interests and skill. Second, they are all writing in, about, or out of Canada. The maple-leaf fallacy should not obscure the fact that national provenance does have some value in handling a poetry—if only as an awful warning—though I think there is more to it than that. Even if one adheres to the “international” view of Canadian poetry, the fact cannot be avoided that the Canadian poet wears his international rue with a difference, if only slightly so. Our very lack of national identity is an almost unique quality, and one that surely affects a poet at the most basic level, when its mere presence is almost unsuspected.

Some years ago a critic, speaking of the paintings of the Group of Seven, used the phrase “the faceless Canadian”. His main point, in connection with the first really recognizably cohesive Canadian art group, was the curious omnipresence of landscape minus the human figure. Our poetry had, he continued, been affected in the same way. This seems a correct appraisal. One form this concentration on landscape took—and sometimes still takes—was the superficialities of romantic nature description, redundant with sumachs and maple leaves when it was not anapocally replete with nightingales and linnets’ wings. This has rightly been condemned. But the form of the land, whatever it may really be, is still a form that is felt in most Canadian poetry. It is, I suspect, a structure consciously or unconsciously incorporated by the Canadian poet—sometimes in the most devious guise—to fill a vacuum, one that is filled in other poetic cultures by class structure, folk heritage, national pride, or the structure afforded by self-conscious intellectual pre-eminence and cultural hegemony. Eventually, for the Canadian poet, this results in an overt or latent contrast with something else.

The almost paradigmatic form this takes in Canadian poetry is the historic-geographic balance, and ambivalence, of the Old World and the New. (It may even assume

an apocalyptic mask.) There is Fred Swayze's confrontation "In the Egyptian Gallery" at, as the epigraphical title notes, "The Royal Ontario Museum"; there is Michael Collie's concatenation of the western prairies and a man in Leicestershire, of "The restaurant and its cocktail bar" and Wittgenstein and Stravinsky, and, most wittily of the "Oxford dons" and Mr. Collie's food, when he asks them to "approach with dignified haste, / explain my chop, and make it edible." It is even apparent, by a Canadian kind of transmogrification, in Milton Acorn's poem, "At El Cortigo" (Spain, or Mexico?), or Kenneth McRobbie's "Hommage to the Coast, and Rexroth." (The big and successful, the U.S.A., or the Latin, all the rest of North and South America, takes on a patina of the "old" world for the Canadian.) The Canadian is almost always caught in a stance—in his landscape—looking at something else. Here, I think, lies the reason for his weakness and the possibility of his strength.

With this behind us, what do we find when we turn to this assorted group of volumes of poetry? Something, I think, that is worth reading, and talking about. Notwithstanding my preamble, when I look at all these poems what I first find worth commenting on is not theme, subject matter, or Canadianism or lack of it, but how well the individual poem is done.

There are places, in *To Any Spring*, which make one recall Oliver Goldsmith's remark about those who vainly imagine "that the more their writings are unlike prose, the more they resemble poetry." Too much of the volume is flatly and awkwardly prosaic, in rhythm and presentation. There are also uncertainties of language: nineteenth-century poetic diction ("joy-seasoned loom") appears uneasily with twentieth-century poetic diction ("butterfly-flitting weather"). The suspicion of frequent rhyme-induced catachreses is confirmed by "What of youth that once on the wind's lyre / Played obbligato," to go with—you guessed it—"staccato." At its best *To Any Spring* is competent verse, presenting rather pastel-shaded figureless landscapes or weatherscapes; at its worst one wonders if it is only the woodpecker, in "Bird Tap", who "taps . . . / A specious two-fold doggerel."

Fred Cogswell's poems show a certain delicate tenderness in the lyric treatment of love, but delicacy is a quality which takes great technical control to bring off. Too frequently, Mr. Cogswell's technique falters, on, for instance, a perky hypermetric line or on arch and seemingly willful inversions. The echoes of e. e. cummings, and particularly the blatant Housmanishness of "Burdens", also vitiates the total effect.

Nine of the eleven poems in Fred Swayze's *In the Egyptian Gallery* are concerned with death, and the other two mention it—if I may be permitted the expression—in passing. It would probably be too neat to say that there is too much neat death neatly handled—but in a way such is the impression given by the collection. This is a result of the sound of other poets in these poems (T. S. Eliot, Edgar Lee Masters, Rainer Maria Rilke), and partly of a certain learned quality in some of the imagery which unnecessarily forces the tone, as with "we surfeited shoppers who . . . / Embrace our paper bags / Like fertility

goddesses / Hugging mammoth breasts." What Dr. Johnson had to say about metaphysical poetry, the "thoughts are often new [or unexpected and surprising], but seldom natural," what Keats said about poetry in general, "[it] should surprise by a fine [I read this as meaning precise, accurate, subtle and beautiful] excess," should certainly be the principles by which to judge this kind of modern imagery. On the whole Mr. Swayze controls his material well, and his ear for rhythm and sense of metaphor is generally deft.

Turning to Milton Acorn's *The Brain's the Target*, I must begin with a minor point, even at the expense of appearing needlessly fussy. Twice in the small volume a fundamental fault of diction occurs. I simply do not think that the word "bum" sits very well in poetry—not even when Yeats tries it. It is a question, not of morality or manners, but of poetic decorum; I have the same objection to Auden's use of "guts" in his elegy on Yeats. Mr. Acorn's style, on the whole, is much better than this. These poems written in a kind of conversationally ruminative manner sometimes allow a certain slackness of texture; at other times the poet most expertly tautens the lines to a satisfying climax, as in "Islanders". Mr. Acorn also has a quick eye for the visually tell-tale item, and a sure hand for adjusting the balance of imagery, as can be seen in the concluding stanza of "Charlottetown Harbour":

He dreams of times in the cider sunlight
when masts stood up like stubble;
but now a gull cries, lights,
flounces its wings ornately, folds them,
and the waves slop among the weed-grown piles.

Paul West, in *The Spellbound Horses*, also makes use of the conversational manner, though the speaking voice heard in the lines is quite different from Mr. Acorn's. It is true that he slips occasionally into prosiness, but the total effect is one of power and a certain richness. The kind of imagery employed, and the evident ear for that splendour of language, which is the result of partly mere sound and partly meaning, keeps the poems alive and moving. This even makes the poetry rise above the frequent reminiscence, in tone and image, of the poets of the 'thirties, particularly Auden. There is in the volume a real danger of that worst kind of dated quality, which arises from what might be called the time-lag echo. It is a sign of Mr. West's skill that on the whole he successfully avoids this.

There is a peculiar yet powerful quality in Michael Collie's *Skirmish With Fact*. Seemingly disparate elements of manner—the modern and the apparently neo-classical, the symbolically allusive and the formally narrative, the faintly colloquial and the elevated—are fused into a successful, unified effect. The result is a real style. A poem may start with conventional personification and yet modulate convincingly to the modern scene:

O Fraud! If you must mumble, fragile Fraud,
 mumble your moody meanings, not to me,
 but like a sycophant, with minstrelsy,
 search out psychiatrists, or even Lords.

A kind of poetic reification, as in "oh so subtle surds," is firmly conjoined with the sensual world, "a piece of Ermenthaller [sic] cheese", but the conjunction is not, I feel, the conventionally modern one of ironic contrast; "the ecstasy of pantaloons" and "old fashioned recipes for cooking geese" are, as probably they should be, there on the same level of awareness. The basically conversational mode is stiffened and shaped by a consistent use of the rhetorical devices of repetition, such as epanaphora, which help gain formal elevation of tone, without slipping into pomposity or vacuity.

Kenneth McRobbie's *Eyes without a Face*, the first of a series of Gallery editions, is very handsomely presented. The poetry well deserves such excellent design and printing. Mr. McRobbie handles language with a kind of controlled exuberance that is most effective. His imagery frequently releases, as he says a kiss does in one of his poems, "A sharp / flower of electricity." A surrealistic mode of operation in presenting the imagery seems basic, a fact confirmed by "The World of the Chirico, *after André Breton*." Much second-hand—even much first-hand—surrealism does not come off. The surprising thing about Mr. McRobbie's surrealism is that it is generally successful as poetry, a sure sign of real talent. Even a poem such as "Blastoff", emblematically shaped like a space rocket, is almost, though not quite, saved by the sheer power of the language. Occasionally, when he lets poetic tension slack off, Mr. McRobbie drops into the kind of coterie chattiness that is too often in the modern period mistaken for poetically effective concretion. A kind of intellectual pathos sinks to the merely bathetic in such lines as "where Parker and Dylan slid from the weeping rock." Acuteness in poetry is always in danger of becoming only a cuteness. The particular poem, "Hommage to the Coast, and Rexroth", in which this line appears, is the longest in the collection, the most pretentious and the worst. The after-note stating that the poem "served also to introduce the San Francisco Scene, particularly Kenneth Rexroth, to the audience" at "an otherwise conventional poetry reading," is not only sloppy grammar, but bad poetic taste. I remain unconvinced about beat poetry, particularly when such a good poet as Mr. McRobbie goes all soft and squishy when he attempts a eulogy of it. That he can do much better than this, when confronted by a great artist, is clear from the poem, "After Zhivago". Lines such as,

You took me through the other rooms men make out of geography
 in the new wing your notes and memories blowing open
 on the spring-lighted sills, and outside in laughter
 Russians letting their mouths fill up with snow—with snow!

can almost—but, again, not quite—make me take back what I have said about "Hommage to the Coast, and Rexroth". When Mr. McRobbie is on, as he is in most of his poems, he is really on—which makes his occasional lapses reprehensible and almost inexplicable.

I have deliberately left Emile Nelligan's *Selected Poems* to the last because they present a special problem of distance: they come to us from the French, and from just before the turn of the century. Nelligan seems to have had a real, if perhaps minor and derivative, talent for communicating a melancholy *symbolisme*. There are certainly many striking images and lines, and the formal structures (almost half the poems in this selection are sonnets) are well-handled. But there is always the danger of plaintive melancholy turning into a stridulous whine; not all these poems escape this. The translations, by P. F. Widdows, seem reasonably good, and having them faced by the original French makes the most valuable type of volume of poems in another language.

University of Western Ontario

R. G. N. BATES

Canadian Universities Today; Symposium Presented to the Royal Society of Canada in 1960—Les Universités canadiennes aujourd'hui; Colloque présenté à la Société Royale du Canada en 1960. Edited by George Stanley and Guy Sylvestre. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1961. Pp. 98. \$4.00.

In a series of eleven papers, three of them in French and eight in English, Canadian universities are viewed in terms of their responsibilities to society, their role in scientific research, changes in the French-language system in Quebec, and the financing of higher education.

Universities' role. "Broadly speaking," say the editors in their preface, "those . . . who contributed . . . were in agreement that the responsibility of the university in Canada is primarily to itself, not to the state, or to industry, or to any group within society; that its responsibility is to remain true to its purpose and to its traditions" (p. v).

In this summary I think the editors misinterpret those who dwell on this theme. It is true that E. W. R. Steacie (President of the National Research Council) urges the universities not to shape their course in accord with the whims of an uninformed public, the political pressures of government, or the demands of industry for tailor-trained manpower. But he believes that the university should meet the needs of all of these, and of society generally, *as it sees these needs*. "Surely," he says, "the universities should regard themselves as the most enlightened and objective fraction of society—even if, in some cases, they are not!" (p. 4). It is true that James S. Thomson (formerly Dean of the Faculty of Divinity, McGill University) begins by stating flatly, "The primary responsibility of the universities . . . is to themselves" (p. 9). Later, however, he explains that by "themselves" he means "the human beings"—teachers and taught—"who constitute them" (p. 13). Léon Lortie (Director of Extension, University of Montreal) documents the fact that "the university tradition has always been to prepare young people, living in a given epoch, for the practice of a career" (p. 19). And Northrop Frye (Principal,

Victoria College, Toronto) concludes, "But whatever may be true within a university, it is of course concerned with returning students to their social environment after graduation"—returning them as educated citizens who will try to live in their social environment by the standards and values of the cultural environment emphasized in the university (p. 35).

These four men were well chosen for the task of defining the universities' role in this age. Steacie's forthright insistence on independent universities has enabled the National Research Council to work with them in remarkable harmony. Thomson has the viewpoint of the classical humanist, the universal scholar. Lortie gives us the fruits of his own great interest in the history of ideas and institutions. As for Frye, he is probably the Canadian most capable of developing a philosophy of education to guide us in these days. Not only that, he is an extremely quotable man. For example: ". . . the baffled stare with which the Canadian youth confronts his cultural heritage" (p. 30); "All experience educates, and our social personality forms underneath our vanishing experiences like layers of chalk under a rain of dying protozoans" (p. 31); "The more mature the student, the less the teacher becomes the dispenser of learning, and the more he becomes a transparent medium of it" (p. 34); "The university, by virtue of its emphasis on the cultural environment, the supremacy of mental discipline over personality, and academic freedom, has the resources for forming a bridgehead of flexible and detached minds in a strategic place in society" (p. 37).

Science. Tracing trends in university research in science, J. W. T. Spinks (President, University of Saskatchewan) attributes the amazing development during the past half century to the support given by the National Research Council. He notes that graduate students are increasing in number more rapidly than undergraduates, that more universities are offering opportunities for graduate study and research in science, that expenditure on research has more than doubled in the past five years and is bound to continue to increase. There is little contract research in Canadian universities, he reports, but the growth of industrial research is likely to result in more contracts with universities. He comments favourably on the trend toward establishment of research laboratories and institutes on university campuses, some independent of, some partially integrated with, and some wholly operated by, the university. Finally, he observes that of the results of Canadian scientific research that have been published, the proportion published in Canada has grown to roughly half the total. He concludes that "more and not less research is being done in the universities and . . . this will cost more and not less money. The real problem is where the funds will come from The development of a sound policy of university science research is essential if we are to get the right kind of answer" (p. 44).

On the progress of science teaching and research in the French-language universities, L. P. Dugal (Head of the Department of Biology, University of Ottawa) summarizes thus: ". . . in terms of graduate students in science, the French-Canadian universities

(even if they have made some progress between 1954 and 1959) still show a rather low percentage of the total Canadian registration. An analysis of the factors involved shows that they . . . were probably (1) the pre-university educational system, and above all (2) the lack of sufficient funds" (p. 49). He finds current trends promising, however: better and more appropriate preparation of students, better trained staff and more money.

French-language universities. Lortie returns to the lectern, this time in another role he has played effectively for years—as analyst and interpreter (especially to English Canada) of currents in the stream of development of the French-language universities. From the point of view of one familiar with the English-language universities of Canada, it would seem appropriate to say that in structure and curriculum the French-language institutions are being altered on the model of the former, with undergraduate arts colleges and increasing specialization at the first-degree level. In truth, however, the revolution is from within—a tardy response to a changed world.

On the question of new French-language universities in Quebec, Lortie anticipates the controversy which was to develop several months later over the applications of several existing colleges for university status (Loyola, Sainte-Marie, Trois-Rivières). "As to dreaming of becoming universities," he says, "I believe that that is, and for some time will be, a dangerous illusion" (p. 63).

Arthur Tremblay (Executive Assistant, Quebec Department of Youth), one of the chief architects of the new education in Quebec, describes the recommendations of the Laval University commission which had just completed a three-year study of the structure and programme of its faculty of arts, i.e. its affiliated classical colleges. It is proposed that the university should offer, for the B.A. degree, a revised course in the humanities comprising five years of secondary schooling (to the senior matriculation level) followed by a three-year college course (general, or with a major) or a four-year honours course. To allow greater flexibility, a system of "options" is to replace that of "sections". Course patterns, objectives, and methods also are to be changed radically.

Finance. Reflecting his long experience in key positions in public service, J. J. Deutsch (Vice-Principal, Administration, Queen's University) views the financing of universities in national perspective: "This remarkable and more than proportionate expansion in the magnitude and range of educational services by universities has been provided out of a slightly declining share of the total resources available in the economy" (p. 80). He predicts an increase of 160% in university operating costs in the next ten years, and an average expenditure of \$50 million a year on plant during that decade. (Already, his projections have been shown to be too conservative.) To meet these increased costs, he says, the provinces will have to contribute a larger share unless the federal government "steps into the breach". "Along with the rapid increase in financial requirements," he adds, "there is increasing responsibility on the universities and colleges to make the most effective and most efficient use of both scarce academic staff and costly physical facilities. This calls for careful planning, the control of proliferation [of

courses], the development of procedures for the best use of facilities, and generally the exercise of administrative skill and ingenuity" (p. 85).

Discussing "The University and Business", H. J. Fraser (President, Falconbridge Nickel Mines Ltd.) matches Deutsch's estimates of funds needed by universities in the future. He assumes that "business" might be expected to increase its share by half—to ten per cent of the annual total required—but concludes that it must be assumed that governments will bear the greater part (even greater than before) of the burden in the future: ". . . we can easily afford the costs of a superb educational system if we can convince our voters and politicians of the need for such a programme and of its vital national importance However, we must also convince some of our educators of the seriousness of the problem and of the absolute necessity of facing the risks that may lie in government support, because only through such financial support can the overwhelming needs of the next few years be met" (p. 92).

Finally, in a comparison with Australian universities, G. de B. Robinson (Professor, Department of Mathematics, University of Toronto) relates the story of increasing participation in the financing of universities by the Commonwealth government of Australia, culminating in 1959 in the appointment of the Australian Universities Commission to advise the central government on its role in university development and financing.

Need for planning. Three of the speakers (Spinks, Deutsch, and Robinson) refer to what is becoming a more and more obvious need in Canada, the need for national and regional planning and co-ordination in the realm of higher education and research. Here is Spinks: "With the limited scientific manpower presently available in Canada, some compromise between complete *laissez-faire* and all-out state planning would seem advisable" (p. 40). "I would venture to suggest that policy [with respect to the financial support of research] will only develop as the universities learn to speak as one . . ." (pp. 41-42). And Deutsch: "the resources made available to universities and colleges are precarious and, in considerable part, unplanned" (p. 80). "There is much room . . . for the co-ordination of expansion programmes on both a national and a regional basis" (p. 85). "The expansion of each of these sources [of university financial support] must be planned carefully and in good time. A serious shortfall or a continued lag in one is likely to place a load on the others which is unrealistically large. The greatest danger lies in a haphazard approach. There is going to be very little time for quarrelling about who is responsible or who should take up the residual burden" (p. 86).

To conclude, Robinson, speaking of the establishment of the Australian Universities Commission, says: "This was achieved in 1959, placing them one step ahead of us in Canada, where the problem remains to be solved in a coherent fashion" (p. 95). Surely, the time has come!

My Other Islands. By EVELYN M. RICHARDSON. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1960. Pp. 213. \$4.50.

This book is mainly a retroactive instalment of Mrs. Richardson's autobiography and deals with herself and her family in her early years on the Shelburne County islands. Her portrayal of the background, so much a glimpse of an incredibly remote past though separated from us by a bare half-century, is handled in a simple and yet masterly combination of the objectivity which the half-familiar scene demands and a subjectivity which reeses it all through the golden haze of childish impressions, when food was sweet as it never can be again, when the terrifying shadow under the stairs was as much a member of the household as the cat or the grandfather. To my mind much of this writing reaches a higher level of excellence than anything in her prize-winning *We Keep a Light*. Of course, the picture has the limitations of childish experience, personal memories being most vivid, parents next and yet already misted into a picture compounded of years of affection and experience, then Scud and Grampa and Gramma seen as persons and companions and yet not felt, and the farther reaches of the large family fading beyond those two houses into an outer world in which people are vague generalizations. There are other passages, too, chronicles of family, tales of that world of icy sea, grey rocks and clammy fog, where the personal immediacy is wholly lost, yet even here the sharp detail is often valuable social history of a life that is almost forgotten. Many Maritimers who spent their youth on the South Shore will welcome this little book for the sake of the background, but many more will respond to the picture of an admirable and laborious family life because it is seen so clearly through the eyes of a vital small girl with dark pigtailed, running joyously barefoot in the mud.

Wolfville, Nova Scotia

J. S. ERSKINE

The Timeless Island and other stories. By H. R. PERCY. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1960. Pp. 163. \$3.50.

This small volume of Lieutenant Percy's short stories wanders over much of the world in choice of background—France, England, Scotland, Canada, the tropics. The types of subject are equally varied. Some, *The Captain's Lady* and *A Spirited Encounter*, are anecdotal, dependent upon action, and I can think of little praise for them. Others, *The Sailor and the Snow Princess* and *The Timeless Island*, draw upon the preternatural, and I cannot conjure up my childhood's fear of ghosts in order to be moved by them. Others again, *The Walking Tree*, *Tinsel*, and *Its Own Reward*, are almost without incident, without recognizable setting, but their true reality is a state of mind of one person in a short space of time, and these come nearest to meeting the aim of every form of art, that of involving the reader in an emotional vision which leaves him feeling that he has lived

a little because of it. If they are not wholly successful, what work of art ever is? and the blame lies in part with the medium.

The short story has suffered even more than the novel from commercial standardization for mass consumption, and this has tended to hide its unique value as an art form. Because of the limitation of its length, an almost classic unity is forced upon it. For the same reason its characters have no time to develop and must enter, as on the stage, full grown. With so little time available the plot tends to centre around a single incident, and critics gifted with divine vision have announced that this is the only subject for a short story. But, because the mood need not be long sustained, the short story can do many things denied to the novel. The treatment may be vividly realistic, or against a background of pure fantasy, or filtered and condensed through a biased vision to a degree that would be revolting if drawn out to novel length. To be successful it must involve the emotions, and this may be done in many ways. And, when it has been successful, what next. Obviously to stop reading and to do some mechanical task until the emotion has died away into a memory. But short stories are printed in litters for chain-readers, and habit carries one on to the next. If it is in a magazine, one moves to a new author, if in a book to a new mood in the same one, and an emotional clash threatens the value of both stories. It is as bad as seeing good pictures in a gallery. So, to suit the purpose of the chain-readers, short stories should not be gripping.

But my criticism of these stories would go deeper. Too often I feel that the characters and the situations are stereotypes. So, in a sense, are real people and situations, but beneath the stereotype there is always individuality. Many of the stories turn upon the familiar theme of love, which is both real and a stereotype, for beneath the convention of love there is that individual bond, never twice alike, variously compounded of needs and attractions, of habits and reservations. The reality lies in the detail, not in the outline, and it is this that I miss here. It is the same with the background. In the story *The Mountain* the mountain is itself a character, yet one never sees it or knows its shape or covering. Marquand said that a first essential was to know your scene thoroughly. This is true, and scene and society must be shown intimately, even though both may be wholly imaginary. It is not enough that "birds sang"—one must hear their individual voices, and this is the job of the writer more than of the reader. If they are not important enough to particularize, they have no place in the picture. The stage-set with a chair and a pot of flowers against a back-cloth may lack nothing in realistic impression.

The best of these stories have their own reality, and several others have good parts which fail of their effect because they do not share in the causation of the whole. In *The Party Dress* the futile vanity of a girl leads her to neglect the simple duty of a letter and so to wreck the life of the young man who has chosen her for his guiding star. The conception is true to life (even if the business of the Amazon is not), but it lacks the inevitability of art. If the young man mistook a butterfly for a star from calf-love or folly, he forfeits our sympathy; if he sensed real value in the girl and trusted that it would remain when

the silly season had passed, we do not share that vision; if, like Kipling's Wressley, he had seen her as his ideal, even when this was patently absurd, his illusion would have withstood a whole wilderness of missed letters. We do not know, and so the story remains an incident instead of an experience.

It is a pity to end on a note of fault-finding when the writing is so often excellent and the ideas good, but my hope in setting down the book is for better from Lieutenant Percy in the future.

Wolfville, Nova Scotia

J. S. ERSKINE

Darwin in Retrospect. By H. H. J. NESBITT, J. C. S. WERNHAM, B. WAND, SCOTT GORDON, M. HORNYANSKY. TORONTO: Ryerson Press, 1960. Pp. \$1.75.

The centenary of the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* was celebrated in 1959 by a spate of books and articles, not only by biologists, but by writers in other fields which have been influenced by the Darwinian point of view and this small book of eighty-six pages is yet another one. It consists of five lectures, suitable for laymen as well as students, given by members of the faculty of Carleton College. The five authors represent the Departments of biology, philosophy, economics and English.

The first lecture on Darwinism, by the biologist of the group (Nesbitt) condenses into fifteen pages a clear account of Darwin's ideas which ought to be appreciated by a student who has waded through the *Origin* for the first time and has been discouraged by the amount of detail in it and by the somewhat confused style of Darwin's prose. The four following lectures are concerned with the impact of Darwinism on religion, moral principles, social thought and literature. They emphasize the far-ranging effects of Darwinism on various aspects of knowledge. One is, once again, impressed by the immensity of influence that is attributed to the man whose major interest in life was to find a suitable explanation of the mechanism of the formation of new species. Darwin's quiet and hard working scientific life seems a far cry from all that is laid at the door of the *Origin of Species* in these lectures.

The style of these lectures is lively and somewhat informal in some cases, pleasant to read, but the material is treated critically, with references at the ends of the chapters. The book is attractively printed and its modest price ought to ensure its success.

Dalhousie University

DIXIE PELLUET

Wild Geese. By MARTHA OSTENSO. Introduction by CARLYLE KING. Pp. 239. \$1.25. *The Master of the Mill*. By FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE. Pp. 318. \$1.25. *The Imperialist*. By SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN. Introduction by CLAUDE BISSELL. Pp. 268. \$1.25. *Delight*. By MAZO DE LA ROCHE. Introduction by DESMOND PACEY. Pp. 174. \$1.00. *The Second Scroll*. By A. M. KLEIN. Introduction by M. W. STEINBERG. Pp. 142. \$1.00. *The Mountain and the Valley*. By ERNEST BUCKLER. Introduction by CLAUDE BISSELL. Pp. 302. \$1.25. *Where Nests the Water Hen*. By GABRIELLE ROY. Introduction by GORDON ROPER. Pp. 160. \$1.00. *The Town Below*. By ROGER LEMELIN. Translated by SAMUEL PUTNAM. Introduction by GLEN SHORTCLIFFE. Pp. 284. \$1.25. *The History of Emily Montague*. By FRANCES BROOKE. Introduction by CARL F. KLINCK. Pp. 318. \$1.25. *My Discovery of England*. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Introduction by GEORGE WHALLEY. Pp. 197. \$1.00. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1961. Numbers 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28 of the New Canadian Library. General Editor: Malcolm Ross.

This collection of Canadian fiction, which comprises most of the titles reprinted in the New Canadian Library series during 1961, offers an interesting mixture of the expected and the unexpected, a wide variety of styles and settings, and, it must be added, a wide variety of quality. Roger Lemelin's *The Town Below* takes its natural place beside *The Tin Flute* and *Thirty Acres*, so that all three of the best-known modern French-Canadian novels are now available in this series; Gabrielle Roy's *Where Nests the Water Hen* is only slightly less obvious as a selection than her better-known novel, although it is of a very different kind. Perhaps another Leacock was to be expected, but this time we must question the wisdom of the choice. *My Discovery of England*, despite some good moments, is much inferior to the humorist's three masterpieces already reprinted in the New Canadian Library: the point of view of the narrator shifts awkwardly, and much of the humour is flat or embarrassingly stale. A second Grove work to join *Over Prairie Trails* should not be amiss, but *The Master of the Mill* is a rather odd choice. It is a depiction of industrial growth over a period of fifty years and of the effects of that growth upon the human beings associated with the mill, workers and owners. Like many social-protest novels of the 1920's and 1930's, it does not manage to fuse the particular and the universal when it is read out of its own time; it is apt to strike a reader of 1962 as somewhat dated, of some value historically but as mediocre art. Above all, it lacks the convincing vitality of Grove's prairie novels.

The novels by Martha Ostenso and Sara Jeanette Duncan are well worth rescuing from obscurity. *Wild Geese* (1925) is one of the earliest works of realistic fiction in Canada, its representation of pioneer farm life in Manitoba having been conceived at a time

THE DALHOUSIE REVIEW

When what Carlyle King calls "the Sunshine School of Canadian fiction" held the floor—the sentimental romanticism of Montgomery, Connor, and Marian Keith, and when fairie life was being falsely drawn in the novels of Nellie McClung, Robert Stead, and Arthur Stringer. *The Imperialist* (1904), Miss Duncan's only novel with a sustained Canadian setting (an Ontario town), is a novel of manners after the style of William Dean Howells and Henry James. Although Miss Duncan's performance is far below that of her avowed masters in "the analytical school of realism", in *The Imperialist*, as her editor reminds us, she "did well what so many Canadian novelists have done so badly". Perhaps this may seem to be a poor excuse for the reprinting of a novel that is admittedly mediocre when judged by world standards, but when one is troubled by this old dilemma of Canadian literary criticism it is well to recall James Reaney's remarks in an essay about Isabella Valancy Crawford: "second-rate literary figures are extremely important to literary criticism when it is interested in finding out about the imaginative development of a particular environment . . . we poor idiot Canadians have to have some literary ancestors".

Mazo de la Roche's *Delight* is quite another matter. The editor of this edition defends Miss de la Roche as being "a much better novelist than most of her Canadian critics have granted" and describes *Delight* as being impressive in characterization and strong in "the pace and variety of its episodes". Furthermore, the novel is said to have a "firm structure" that is "buttressed by the use of thematic symbols" and to bear "a significant theme". It would indeed be pleasant to be able to agree with these views, to welcome a Canadian novel undeservedly neglected by Canadian academics. But surely *Delight* is merely a slickly written piece of popular fiction for mass circulation. Surely its characters are shallow stereotypes, its action swift but outward and only superficially exciting, its symbolism composed of the pretentious clichés of soap opera, and its theme of the holiness of the instincts no more profound than any other vaguely concocted kind of anti-intellectual glorification of human feeling. Probably the language of this novel, in its all too frequent lapses into the diction of the "slicks", is the clearest sign of fundamental cheapness. Two examples should establish this point: "Her eyes were an intense, dark brown, sleepy now, under thick lashes that seemed to cling together wilfully as though to veil the emotion reflected in their depths. Here was mystery, thought Kirke. And her mouth, he thought, was the very throne of sweetness, as it curved with parted lips, pink as a pigeon's feet". Hardly more impressive is this fetching picture of Delight "blinking sleepily" before her bedroom window: "The red sunlight stained the warm whiteness of her body to the blush of an apple blossom. Her breasts, gently rising and falling, lay like sleeping flowers between her rounded arms. A tangle of yellow curls hung over her drowsy dark eyes".

Surely it is a mistake to think that Miss de la Roche has been unjustly neglected by modern Canadian critics because her art is romantic—and therefore unfashionable—rather than realistic. *Delight* is indeed "romantic", but its flight from reality is hardly

that serious idealization of human experience typical of romanticism in literature; it is rather the unredeemed fantasy of popular fiction not many levels above the common drug-store variety, having at its core the same vulgarization of human sensitivity and the same appeal to stock responses.

A. M. Klein's *The Second Scroll* (1951) does not fit into any conventional category of the novel. Using the fictional framework of a nephew's search for his uncle, Klein writes of twentieth-century Jewish history as it is centred and symbolized in the experience of Uncle Melech and in the nephew's search. Poems and brief scenes of verse drama enrich and expound the theme of the novel proper. Readers who find this unusual work difficult would be well advised to consult M. W. Steinberg's article, "A Twentieth Century Pentateuch" (*Canadian Literature*, Autumn, 1959, 37-46; reprinted in *Masks of Fiction* [see below], 151-161), of which the introduction to this reprint is a condensation.

Frances Brooke's *The History of Emily Montague* (1769) is usually mentioned in histories of Canadian literature as the first Canadian novel. This it undoubtedly is, if one agrees to call "Canadian" a book with a Canadian setting that was written in Canada by a person temporarily resident in the country (Mrs. Brooke lived in Quebec for most of the period from 1763 to 1768). On the other hand, this novel is of course not of native growth but the work of a minor English novelist following the epistolary form of Samuel Richardson. Its interest is mainly historical; as a work of art it is frequently dull and tedious.

There is nothing dull or unindigenous about the last novel to be mentioned here, Ernest Buckler's *The Mountain and the Valley* (1952). Set in the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia and tracing the growth of a sensitive boy into manhood, it is neither a regional idyll nor a realistic novel. It is indeed realistic, but its realism is that of imaginative poetry, in which truth to experience is not confused with bare reporting or romantic introspection with prefabricated, assembly-line sentimentalism. Buckler focusses upon the inner drama of his hero David Canaan, and with a style that at its best encompasses the nuances of poetry writes a memorable novel that surpasses most of the books in this collection.

Dalhousie University

M. G. PARKS

The Swinging Flesh. By IRVING LAYTON. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Limited, 1961. Pp. xv, 189. \$4.50 (cloth), \$2.65 (paper).

The Swinging Flesh, a collection of ten short stories written during the years 1943-1960 and forty-three poems of very recent vintage, is Irving Layton's first book-length work to appear since *A Red Carpet for the Sun* (1958). This complementary blend of prose and poetry, shaped by "the same vision", "the same resentments and appetites", offers at once a generous sampling of Mr. Layton's latest verse and the opportunity to assess and compare



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his work in the prose medium. Unfortunately, neither, I think, will greatly enhance Mr. Layton's already well-established reputation as a leading Canadian literary figure.

The volume is prefaced by a blast of pseudo-apocalyptic trumpeting "to help the Elect to read me with understanding"; the sheer pomposity of which is calculated to carry the most tolerant Irving Layton reader to the verge of unrestrained outrage.

Once more reiterated are the hackneyed themes of his frequent public addresses and critical commentary—the exaltation of Dionysus over reason, life (which in Mr. Layton's terms seems roughly to mean sex, and plenty of it) over history, politics, and big business, the struggle of the artistic Samson against the Philistine critics and unresponsive reading public, and the bleak forecast of the eventual assassination of "whatever is passionate and unpredictable in human experience—that is, of art" in a society dominated by the "air-conditioned suburbanite of tomorrow".

"Prissy Anglo-Saxon academics" may pay up their Hades room-rent well in advance; there is no prospect of their admission to the Layton poetic Elysium in the foreseeable future. On the contrary, at the very outset Mr. Layton silences any attempt at traditional criticism by *ex cathedra* pronouncement, *non-sequitur* argument, or downright bluster.

In his preface Mr. Layton makes much of the role of the poet as prophet and critic, but concludes—"The time for warnings, however, and also for protests, is past. Today the poet can only curse". And curse Mr. Layton does—to the echo. One of the chief weaknesses in the poetry of this volume, it seems to me, arises from this sustained cursing; in the cannon-blasts of vituperation directed against "the wealthy dunce, the evangelical hick, the boor" the tone often remains at such an unvarying, strained, staccato pitch that the ear becomes dulled, and the mind calloused.

Some poems are rambunctiously flippant, gay and irreverent ("Why I Don't Make Love to the First Lady" and "A Prayer"); some are serious, almost bitter ("The Tragic Sense" and "The Atonement"); but whatever the mood, an immense energy permeates every line. Continually present, in spite of dire threats posed by professors, Marxists, and assorted hierophants, is Mr. Layton's exultation in unrestrained sensuality epitomized by the epigraph:

"Affirm life," I said, "affirm
The triumphant grass that covers the worm;
And the flesh, the swinging flesh
That burns on its stick of bone."

Once more Mr. Layton dons the mask of a benevolent satyr, changing age and shape as it suits him, the better to communicate the universal truth of the flesh. Yet, I suspect that behind the masks, the Yeatsian stilt-walking, lies a kind of Jekyll-Hyde duality. Hyde-Layton is the Dionysian devoté, living roisterously and fully; but Jekyll-Layton, unfortunately, writes the poetry, and the reader somehow gets the experience at one remove. The reader waits with mouth a-water to share in the Dionysian revel, but Jekyll-

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Layton fobs us off with a couple of smirks behind the barn or a catalogue of sexual apparatus. To distract our attention from his failure to give us more than report for rite, Jekyll-Layton keeps crying out that his joy in living is misunderstood, that the Canadian audience is incapable of appreciation. Meanwhile, the reality of experience keeps slipping through our fingers, and we are left with self-conscious, slightly obscene, adolescent whispers behind the lavatory door.

To say this is not to say that Mr. Layton never succeeds in communicating experience. When he succeeds, he succeeds brilliantly; but when he fails, he fails abysmally. Yet, even in the worst of his poetry are the gifts that established Mr. Layton as a leading Canadian poetic voice, even before *A Red Carpet for the Sun* appeared. Everywhere evident is the informal, conversational tone that leads the reader on unaware until he is brought up short with a poetic slap in the face. As in the earlier poetry the evocative word, the well-turned phrase, the juxtaposed images, the capacity to shock by chemically-pure irony are omnipresent. But even here, one is forced to make some reservations; these very strengths reveal equally great weaknesses. His verbal dexterity continually lures him to the brink of undisciplined rant or word-games for their own sake. Occasionally his parenthetical comment to Aviva may not be confined merely to our Gallic cousins:

(Word jugglery of course, my Sweet; but the French love it
—Mistake it in fact for poetry).

What Mr. Layton has to say remains more striking than the mould into which he pours it; the idea is more important than the vehicle of conveyance. Perhaps beyond rhythm and evocative phrasing, Mr. Layton has no wish to progress. Nevertheless, it seems a pity that poems, otherwise powerful, should be marred by flaccid diction, trite phrasing, or nauseating sentimentality such as—"How beautiful are they", "The most beautiful women in the world / Go past the Piazza Venezia", "that beautiful lady crossing the square", "Her loveliness will never die"—the catalogue is extensive.

In a number of these poems Mr. Layton has changed his poetic locale from Canada to Europe; yet, it is significant that the better ones seem to have their origin in this country. Although Canada may offer fewer choice wines and aromatic cigars (for which Mr. Layton thanks the Canada Council), he seems most at home in seeking the universal from the familiarity of his own doorstep.

Mr. Layton's short stories, on the other hand, are all set in Canada, although locale is relatively unimportant. Most take place in the province of Quebec, and a fair proportion feature the life of the Montreal Jewish community as seen by Mr. Layton—boy and man. The events described are not of the order of the major or sensational—two brothers play chess; an English tutor instructs an immigrant woman; a Jewish boy encounters death for the first time; an unemployed writer sponges a meal—but somehow they embrace a universe. The majority of these short stories have about them a tortured sincerity, which Mr. Layton's poetry often lacks. Most of them depict the frustrated

artist, the misunderstood intellectual, or the questing child, struggling desperately to make contact with, and express themselves to, a callous and philistine world.

Throughout all ten stories Mr. Layton himself moves in one form or another; but while his presence lends a powerful immediacy to the tales, his ubiquitous asides often retard the action and blur the directness of communication between character and reader.

The same gift for epigrammatic statement and the effective and startling image which characterize Mr. Layton's poetry, often raises these stories far above the level of mere competence. The eye revels in descriptions like that of the rain-swept poplars "like a fringe of wet crows drinking". Unfortunately, at times the far-fetched image, a heavy-handed piling on of epithet leaves the reader confused and frustrated in a moment of psychological crisis: "Instead Hugo looked away from her towards the river and said nothing. His disposition, like the rightful heir that turns up at the last moment to deprive someone of a fortune, hustled him downstairs into a cellar full of heavy thoughts." Occasionally, too, the language becomes stereotyped or over-lush: "There was nothing for Hugo to do but to lie on the grass, when the day was fine, and let the vital sunlight penetrate his exhausted body."

One looks in vain for the unobtrusive diction of Hemingway or Callaghan, the stringent discipline of Anderson, or the piercing insights of Mansfield. Yet there is warmth here—and power—a recognition of more routes to truth than the one-way street of sex. Life, death, work, filial devotion, friendship, all have their place; and when they do, Mr. Layton's art is enriched and enriches.

Dalhousie University

J. D. RIPLEY

Peter Skene Ogden's Snake Country Journal, 1826-27. Edited by K. G. DAVIES, assisted by A. M. JOHNSON. London: The Hudson's Bay Record Society, 1961. Pp. lxxii, 255, (xv).

Peter Skene Ogden, one of the more turbulent of the North-West fur traders in their strife with the Hudson's Bay Company, had proved so troublesome that he was not without reluctance re-admitted to the trade after the amalgamation of the rival companies. On being reconciled to George Simpson he was employed in the Columbia District, where the governor's policy was the hunting of beaver, exploration, and the maintenance and extension of occupation, while the British-American border from the Rockies to the Pacific remained undefined. In pursuance of these ends Ogden made four extended journeys into the region south of the Columbia River and west of its tributary, the Snake. The third of these is described in the journal here considered. On it Ogden's mission was trapping, and the discovery of a large river more convenient than the Columbia for the export of the furs of South Oregon. He left Fort Vancouver (across the river from the present city of Portland) with a mixed party of thirty-six Company servants and

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"freemen", and a string of pack horses, in September, 1826. Journeying south through the Oregon interior and reaching into California he touched, without knowing it, the headwaters of the river that he sought, the Sacramento. Thence he turned north and east to end his fur hunt in July, 1827, on the banks of the Snake, near the modern Payette.

It seems incredible that the limited and uncertain profits of the hunt could induce men to undergo the hardships detailed in Ogden's unemotional but circumstantial narrative. They travelled a partly desert and arid country, with few rations, always fearing and often experiencing the extremities of hunger and thirst; they were drenched with winter rains, imprisoned by floods, and in continual apprehension from Indians whom they mistrusted but dared not antagonise.

Though not indifferent to his own and others' sufferings, Ogden accepts them with little complaint. The terse statement, "Mr. McKay discovered an Indian going off with two [horses] which he secured" is typical of his wooden composure. He was a good servant of the Company and his labours were not without permanent significance. They did not make good the frontier on the Columbia, but they disposed the American Government to accept more readily the compromise border on Latitude 49.

Acadia University

L. H. NEATBY

The Rich Man. By HENRY KREISEL. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1961. (New Canadian Library) Pp. viii, 208. \$1.25.

By no means the least of the contributions of Malcolm Ross and The New Canadian Library toward an easily available stock of Canadian literature is the re-publication of *The Rich Man*, by Henry Kreisel. This novel is of particular interest to those of us who were at the University of Alberta with Dr. Kreisel at the time of its first publication, but no special pleading is necessary to establish the worth of *The Rich Man*. Its re-publication is particularly significant now, when all over the world the little man is stunned by circumstances over which he can have no control. Dr. Kreisel's unheroic hero, Jacob Grossman, is such a little man, and his tragedy, in terms of Arthur Miller rather than of Aristotle, may become most disturbingly significant to the sympathetic reader whose stupid little backyard shelter is the measure of his mastery of his fate.

The plot of the story, summarized somewhat too extensively by John Stedmond's introduction to the present edition, need not be given here. There is nothing spectacular in it or in the characters, nor is there intended to be. Indeed, *The Rich Man* depends for much of its tragic power upon the utter insignificance in a twisted world of events which shatter Jacob Grossman and his dream. Yet there is nobility of a high order in the bitter loyalty of Robert Koch to an ideal, in the enduring strength of Shaendl, in whom fate can produce no bitterness, and even in Jacob Grossman's thirty-year-old dream. Simple justice would have permitted Jacob to play to the end the role his family thrust upon

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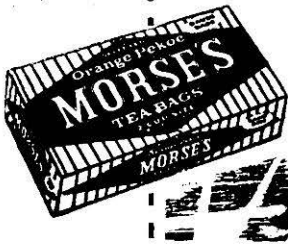
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him, "rich Uncle Jacob from Canada", a modest enough reward for thirty years of slavery. In a world without simple justice, his reward turns to ashes, the myth of riches is exploded, and his inability to meet extraordinary demands is exposed. In the end Jacob Grossman would be nothing but a pathetic figure if it were not that, in relation to his very limited capacities and except for this last trial, he has made a certain success of his life. To conclude, as Professor Stedmond does, that Jacob is concerned primarily with his own feelings is to miss the whole point.

Dr. Kreisel understands the value of understatement, and avoids sentimentality where the temptation must have been very great. There are flashes of great delicacy throughout the book, as when Jacob Grossman, almost overwhelmed by the superiority of the painter Tassigny, marshals all the culture he can claim into a single statement, naïve and yet significant—"I have a son a doctor, Messiey." Other examples the reader is left to discover for himself.

This new printing of *The Rich Man* deserves the excellent reception accorded to the first edition.

Ontario Agricultural College

H. V. WEEKES

Mad Shadows (La Belle Bête). By MARIE-CLAIRE BLAIS. Translated from the French by MERLOYD LAWRENCE. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart Ltd., 1960. Pp. 125. Cloth \$3.50, paper \$1.95.

Miss Blais, in choosing to tell the story of an unhappy, tormented family within the scope of such a short novel, has imposed on herself severe limitations, but her novel, overcoming these, is a triumph of skill and imagination.

Miss Blais' novel dissects the nightmarish despair, loneliness, and jealousy of adolescence and the many ill-effects they may cause. Many novels have been written on this theme, but what gives Miss Blais' book substance is the delineation of her characters and the beauty and precision of her prose.

It seems that it took her a long time to write this novel, yet there is nothing calculated about it. Indeed it has the naturalness of a growing thing. The incidents and descriptions—the adolescents' jealousies, the daughter's hatred for the mother, the savage pains of growing up—are dramatic and acutely observed; yet, like rich foliage, these seem so self-sufficient that it would be pedantic to show how they themselves nourished the many fibres of the book. The roots are hidden, but the effect is as exact as a diagram: there are few tales about adolescents that have quite managed so concisely to explore that world of childhood where experience and memory are empirical, and where hatred can be either totally obsessive or merely absurd, but never really understood.

However, the major defect of her book is similar to that of other novels on the subject of adolescent torment. The novel overflows with so much private symbolism and



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interior monologue that it distracts the reader's attention and forces him to lose interest. The "privacy" in her book, like that in many other novels, induces her to say meaningful things only to herself and to convey images and an atmosphere which the reader cannot always understand or appreciate. Miss Blais has successfully traced interesting and beautiful patterns out of the anxiety and torment of adolescence. Yet her novel may not prove durable because she has merely contrived patterns of words derived from memories or feelings which the reader is not always able, or even expected, to share.

Even if we allow for the dark and murky psychological overtones of her novel, we must admit that, within the limits she has chosen, her novel is quite moving. For a first novel it is written with flashes of insight and sureness, solidly and capably built. The portrait of the two main adolescents—Patrick and his sister, Isabelle-Marie—in all its devastating candor is excellent, the others less so. What redeems the book from being merely an exercise in fantasy and interior monologue is its quality of painful reality. No holds are barred: this is life as it is indeed lived by some adolescents and parents, unpleasant and even nightmarish, but thoroughly genuine.

New York City

GABRIEL GERSH

McGill: The Story of a University. Edited by HUGH MACLENNAN. Illustrated by JOHN GILROY. London: George Allen and Unwin Ltd. [Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons], 1960. Pp. 135. \$5.00.

As commemorative literature this history of McGill University will disappoint no one. Commemorative literature is not intended to entertain, to edify, or to inform, but merely to exist in an attractive form. In the act of publication true commemorative literature largely fulfills its purpose. The McGill-red cover and the forty drawings of McGill memorabilia, ranging from the statue of The Three Graces to Wilder Penfield, raise *McGill: The Story of a University* to heights only slightly below a leather-bound university year book.

What is disappointing is that the book is sufficiently interesting in parts to suggest the history of McGill that might have been written. Hugh MacLennan deals well with the thirty squalid years of lawsuits and titular professors which followed James McGill's bequeathment of land and money to make the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning something more than a magnificent title. Edgar Collard's chapters on Sir William Dawson and Sir William Peterson are excellent. Dawson, a vigorous young colonist from Pictou, Nova Scotia, for whom science was the true worship of God, turned McGill from a broken-down farm into a university eminent in science and the professions. Peterson, Dawson's successor as Principal, was an exile in a distant colony, a graduate in classics of Edinburgh and Oxford who attempted to bring to McGill the "higher elements of thought and sentiment and aspiration". Although McGill prospered during Peterson's

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long principalship, it prospered, as it has since, along the course set for it by Principal Dawson rather than in the humanities. Principal Peterson remained "a stranger among strangers".

Unfortunately neither David L. Thompson nor Cyril James, who have the task of describing the development of McGill from the First World War to the present, maintain the standards of the earlier chapters. No attempt is made to evaluate critically McGill's recent development or its direction. Instead we are given a roll-call of new buildings, departments, and institutes, and of some of the more impressive men who have been associated with McGill. No more serious problem is dealt with than that of obtaining funds, staff, and space to meet the growing student enrollment.

Hugh MacLennan notes in his preface, "Truth often is embarrassing to everybody, and always it is embarrassing to somebody. So is the whole truth about McGill." No one will be embarrassed by *McGill: The Story of a University*.

Dalhousie University

J. W. CLARK

Ten for Wednesday Night. Edited by ROBERT WEAVER. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Limited, 1961. Pp. xxi, 191. Cloth Edition, \$4.00; paper, \$2.65.

Ten for Wednesday Night, an anthology of ten short stories broadcast by the CBC on "Wednesday Night" in 1960, "gives an impression", says Robert Weaver's introduction, "of what some of the best short story-writers in Canada were doing towards the close of the 'fifties." Those who follow the progress of the Canadian short story will find considerable ground for optimism in both Mr. Weaver's introduction and the stories which follow.

Mr. Weaver astutely draws attention to the somewhat unexpected resurrection of the short story in the late 'fifties, marked by the publication of two reasonably successful anthologies, the appearance of "impressive collections" of the work of Hugh Garner and Morley Callaghan, and the advent of a number of new writers who spend "at least a part of their time writing short fiction." In spite of a lack of literary outlets in this country and a relatively small reading public, this "postwar generation" has achieved "some success abroad" and has secured "a slow but persistent increase in the number of Canadians willing to buy and read their books."

Ten for Wednesday Night offers at once a selection of short stories by this generation and fresh work of the older, better-established workers in the short-story medium. Among the comparative newcomers are Mordecai Richler, Gordon Woodward, Brian Moore, Alice Munro, and Jack Ludwig, whose writing is complemented and brought into focus by recent work of the more familiar figures Morley Callaghan, W. O. Mitchell, Ethel Wilson, Hugh Garner, and Gabrielle Roy.

The Canadian short-story critic (or any critic of Canadian literature for that

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matter) has to steer deftly between the Scylla of utter condemnation of work that fails to measure up to international standards, and the equally dangerous Charybdis of playing the over-eager Magus, continually heralding (out of sheer frustration) the rising of the promised literary star—only to have to admit ruefully in the next breath that it was but a passing comet.

As a corrective to either extreme, it may be stated at the outset that these stories are not of the first international order, when compared, for example, with the best of Salinger and Aymé. Nevertheless, the art neither invites condemnation, nor requires excuse; in fact, it may justly be termed remarkable. The distinguishing quality of these short stories lies in their diversity, sincerity, naturalness and, above all, their stylistic sophistication—characteristics too often absent from their predecessors.

The collection is as diverse geographically as Canada itself: settings range from Vancouver Island, through the prairies, to Ontario and Quebec, although the Maritimes are notably absent. Represented is a wide swath of racial and ethnic groups broad enough to include Richler's Montreal Jewish community, Ethel Wilson's West-Coasters, Hugh Garner's Polish immigrant, and Gabrielle Roy's Winnipeg French-Canadian family.

Even wider is the span of human emotion depicted in these tales. There is domestic pathos here, but a resounding note of violence as well. Domestic in tone, but far from quiescent, are Mordecai Richler's account of a Jewish grandmother in Montreal who fends off death for seven years to allow her dead husband an equivalent period of celestial bliss with his first wife, and Alice Munro's tale of a dour, sharp-tongued Ontario grandmother who, in her grocery store, meets death as she met life—wide-eyed and defiant. On the other hand there is a softer, more nostalgic strain in Gabrielle Roy's French-Canadian grandmother, the embodiment of all the pioneer virtues, who rivals in a small girl's mind the God of creation.

In other stories we leave the domestic atmosphere abruptly and are brought to face the darker side of the human condition—the triumph of violence over love and innocence within strict unity of place in Ethel Wilson's "From Flores", or the suffering unknowingly brought upon a small Haitian boy by two well-meaning, but insensitive, Canadian tourists who disturb the *status quo* in Brian Moore's "Off the Track", or the more sensational violence bred of hate, deceit, and jealousy in Gordon Woodward's striking story "Tiger, Tiger".

There is a touch of humour, too, in W. O. Mitchell's "Patterns"—a feast of exuberant good fun—but the reader finds himself glancing nervously back over his shoulder, asking himself (and Mr. Mitchell) if it was intended to be quite so simply amusing as he at first thought.

Stylistically, the handling is deft and assured—each author is fully in command of the medium and demonstrates highly individual capabilities; witness the terse dialogue of

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Richler, the disciplined energy of Ethel Wilson, the delicacy of tone and brilliant description of Alice Munro, or the aching sincerity of Hugh Garner.

The only two disappointments in the anthology—and “disappointment” is perhaps too hard a word—are Morley Callaghan’s “The Doctor’s Son” and Gabrielle Roy’s “Grandmother and the Doll”.

Mr. Callaghan began his career as a short-story writer in the early 1920’s, and within a very few years had achieved not only a national, but also an international, reputation for his short fiction, winning acclaim from Hemingway, Ivor Winters, Ring Lardner, and Sinclair Lewis, among others. Today Mr. Callaghan is probably writing as well as he ever did—although the point is debatable—looking into the lives of Canada’s ordinary people, asserting their humanity, their universality of emotion and ambition, attempting to catch the essence of the eternal in the here and now. The compact and confident style, the delicate irony are still apparent, but the art seems to have been somehow reduced to a formula. One would wish to see Mr. Callaghan not only hold his own, but expand. The mould into which he poured his work thirty years ago has long since assumed the proportions of a prison. What was striking in the ‘twenties may charm, but fail to move, in the ‘fifties. There is a slightly perfunctory air about “The Doctor’s Son”, a similarity in phrasing that recalls a number of the earlier short stories; there is even the fleeting impression that Mr. Callaghan may be a little bored with the whole affair. While still well in the van of Canadian short-story writers, Mr. Callaghan’s enviable position, it seems to me, may well be challenged by this new postwar generation.

Gabrielle Roy’s short story “Grandmother and the Doll” strikes a note of resonant sincerity, but it gives the impression of languor, diffuseness—even insipidity. Perhaps the translation may be partly at fault; but impossible to excuse by this argument are the lengthy description of the doll’s manufacture (which smacks somewhat of the “Home-maker’s Page” of a farm magazine) and the stereotyped exaltation of the pioneer virtues, the latter evoking the vague annoyance felt at hearing a popular record played once too often.

On the whole, however, this anthology marks a significant step forward in the development of the Canadian short story. There is too little material here for substantial criticism of any one writer, but as an *hors d’oeuvre*, it offers promise of more substantial things to come—sooner, perhaps, than had been anticipated. The CBC is to be congratulated for its foresight and encouragement, Mr. Weaver for his discriminating selection, and Mr. Frank Newfield for the pleasing format and lively portrait sketches which enhance an already entertaining and stimulating anthology.

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Samphire Greens: The Story of the Steeves. By ESTHER CLARK WRIGHT. Privately printed (may be obtained from the author at 407 Island Park Drive, Ottawa 3, and from June to September at Kingsport, N.S.), 1961. Pp. 102. \$2.50 (cloth), \$2.00 (paper).

"Samphire Greens" is the symbol of the ability of the Steeves' family to adapt to a changing environment. When Heinrich Stief and his family ran short of provisions in the spring of 1767 at Monckton Township they lived "mostly on Herbs which they Gathered in the Marsh in the Spring &c". These were the samphire and goose tongue greens and cow cabbage which grew on the salt marshes, and generation after generation of Steeves continued to gather greens on the marsh in spring and in summer. This adaptability of the Steeves has led them to change in the twentieth century from a race of farmers to urban dwellers, and to spread from New Brunswick to other parts of Canada and to the West wherever opportunities offered.

This is a prologue to a genealogy of the Steeves family which will list more than twenty thousand names. Of the five hundred and twenty-six great-grandchildren of Heinrich and Rachel Stief, who came to the Petitcodiac River in New Brunswick in 1766, some four hundred and fifty married, and probably produced over fifty thousand descendants. As a descendant of the youngest of the seven sons, Dr. Esther Clark Wright has a vital interest in this family, and also wishes to contribute information for the two-hundredth anniversary.

There are many amusing and revealing comments on pioneer days. The settlers waited in vain for promised supplies from Philadelphia. At last a vessel came in sight. "Heinrich Stief and two of his sons rowed out with their winter's gathering of furs, obtained either from their own trapping and shooting or from trading with the Indians. The price offered, however, was so niggardly, that Heinrich said: 'Well, boys, let's go back to our turnip mush' ". Yet five years later family tradition relates this delightful account of the eldest son's marriage: "Jacob was pretty young, but as he was a man of about two hundred pounds in weight his mother and father thought it would be all right, and Catherine was willing, so Jacob took to himself a wife". Evidently the period of privation was not as lengthy as some writers have tried to picture it!

There were tragedies too—Jacob's sudden death from pneumonia at the age of fifty-three, drownings at sea, deaths from a falling tree, and the little girl who was watching her brothers striking jack-knives on gunflints and who was blinded by the gunpowder explosion. Blind Nancy was still living in her brother's household at the age of eighty-four. With such a large family and a limited number of Christian names, there were many nicknames—King John, Cupboard John because of his saving ways, and John-under-the-hill.

Dr. Wright, who is the author of several histories about the rivers of New Brunswick and of *The Loyalists of New Brunswick*, has written a fascinating genealogy, with keen historical judgment and careful interpretation of family traditions. The author's

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training as a sociologist has enabled her to analyze family lore and to examine the relationship of the Steeves to the times and the places in which they lived.

This volume contains considerable information about Pre-Loyalist settlements in Monckton and Hillsborough Townships, and about the Steeves, Lutz, Trites, Jones, Somers, Ricker, and Wortman families and other Yorkshire, Scottish, and Loyalist families which intermarried with the Steeves. It will therefore be of interest to descendants of these families, and to citizens of the Moncton area.

Public Archives of Nova Scotia

PHYLLIS R. BLAKELEY

Books In Brief

Masks of Fiction: Canadian Critics on Canadian Prose. Ed. A. J. M. SMITH. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1961. No. 02 of the New Canadian Library. Pp. 175. \$1.50.

This is a small collection of reprinted articles on Canadian literature. Three of these are by novelists—F. P. Grove, Ethel Wilson, and Hugh MacLennan. Four writers considering past literature are represented—E. K. Brown on perennial problems confronting Canadian writers, V. L. O. Chittick on Haliburton, Edward McCourt on Mrs. Moodie, and Robertson Davies on Leacock. The final section presents F. W. Watt on Morley Callaghan, George Woodcock on Hugh MacLennan, William McConnell on Malcolm Lowry, M. W. Steinberg on A. M. Klein, and Hugo McPherson on Robertson Davies.

Creative Writing in Canada, Revised Edition. By DESMOND PACEY. Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1961. Pp. 314. \$5.00 (cloth), \$3.25 (paper).

The first edition of this history of English-Canadian literature, which appeared in 1952, was generally well received by reviewers. Dr. Pacey was generally praised for his wide reading in his subject, his refusal to exalt dull writers simply because they happened to be Canadians, and his relatively objective judgment. Few of his personal judgments have been changed.

The first five chapters, which cover the years up to 1920 and are concluded by a brief introduction to modern poetry, are almost exactly reproduced from the first edition, the only changes being very minor alterations in phrasing. Chapters VI ("Modern Canadian Poetry, 1920-1950") and VII ("Modern Canadian Fiction, 1920-1950") are extensively revised, and Chapter VIII ("The Literature of the Fifties") is, of course, almost entirely new. The revisions in Chapter VI and VII are mainly expansions which take into account work done in the last decade by already established writers. A few poets and novelists who were merely mentioned in the first edition are here discussed more fully, notably Irving Layton, Miriam Waddington, Douglas Le Pan, Alfred Bailey, and Sinclair Ross. Two writers, Louis Dudek and Raymond Souster, whose work was surveyed before, are

here given more attention. E. J. Pratt's poetry, which had been rather weakly handled in the original edition, is here examined anew—and more satisfactorily. Finally, the new chapter on the literature of the 1950's considers at some length the work of James Reaney, Margaret Avison, Eli Mandel, Jay Macpherson, Anne Wilkinson, Wilfred Watson, Leonard Cohen, Fred Cogswell, Elizabeth Brewster, Alden Nowlan, and George Johnston in poetry, and that of Ethel Wilson, Robertson Davies, David Walker, Brian Moore, Mordecai Richler, Ernest Buckler, and Adele Wiseman in the novel.

Milton: "Comus" and "Samson Agonistes". By J. B. BROADBENT. Pp. 63. *Pope: "The Rape of the Lock"*. By J. S. CUNNINGHAM. Pp. 62. *Jane Austen: "Emma"*. By F. W. BROADBROOK. Pp. 64. *W. B. Yeats: The Poems*. By A. NORMAN JEFFARES. Pp. 63. London: Edward Arnold Ltd. [Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada], 1961. (Studies in English Literature Series). General editor: David Daiches. \$1.00 each.

These are the first four volumes in a promising series of literary studies of individual works. The series is intended primarily for sixth-form and university students, but it is also of obvious value to those tutorless readers outside academic institutions who regard literature as more than a source of passively accepted entertainment. The excellent little book on *The Rape of the Lock* is the most stimulating of this collection, and the highly intelligent discussion of Jane Austen's *Emma* is almost as impressive. The other two do not succeed so well in attaining the purpose of the General Editor: the study of the two Milton poems is over-compressed and should have been confined to either *Comus* or *Samson Agonistes*; the study of Yeats' poems, though good of its kind, does not offer sufficient help in the form of detailed analyses of individual poems.

A Greek Critic: Demetrius on Style. By G. M. A. GRUBE. Toronto: The University of Toronto Press, 1961. Pp. vii, 171. \$5.00.

This book, which is supplementary volume IV of *The Phoenix* (journal of the Classical Association of Canada), will provide students of classical literary criticism with an introduction and translation of the work of a Greek rhetorician who, as the editors point out, was also a man of letters. Besides a translation, with notes, of *On Style*, there are appendices on "The Language of Demetrius" and "The *Rhetorica ad Alexandrum* and its Language".

Grandmother's Child: the life of Harriett R. Clark. By ESTHER CLARK WRIGHT. Ottawa: the author, 407 Island Park Drive, 1959. Pp. 110. \$2.00.

This is more than a family history or an exercise in filial piety. Dr. Wright—whose more extensive history of the Steeves family is reviewed in this issue—is an experienced historian and she has an excellent subject. The life of Mrs. Clark, who was born in 1869 and died in Fredericton at the age of 89, was intimately bound up with the history of New Brunswick, of which in 1940 she became First Lady.

Other Books Received

- Alexander, Fred. *Canadians and Foreign Policy: the Record of an Independent Investigation*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1960. Pp. 160. \$3.95.
- Bennett, E. M. Granger. *Short of the Glory*. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1960. Pp. 333. \$4.95.
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