

## Book Reviews

*Notes for Myself.* By MARIE NOEL. Translated by HOWARD SUTTON with a foreword by FRANCOIS MAURIAC. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1968. Pp. xvii, 272. \$10.00.

Marie Noel is the pen-name of the poet Marie Mélanie Rouget (1883-1967). Her *Notes intimes*, written in exercise-books over the years 1920 to 1968, consist of random jottings designed to help her in coming to terms with her acute personal conflicts and secret religious doubts. In 1957 she was persuaded, with some misgiving, to allow them to be published: "And these 'thoughts' that are for me deliverance, that might be a remedy for some—I am told—for others, I fear, may be a poison. . . . I should not want to do any mischief after my death and I cry to those who will come across these pages: Beware of me!" Professor Howard Sutton of the State University of Florida has now translated them, slightly abridged, adding a biographical and appreciative *Afterword* of his own. In a *Foreword*, drawn from his *Nouveaux Mémoires intérieurs*, François Mauriac sympathetically explores the connexion between her intense but often deeply troubled devotion and the strains and stresses of a provincial middle-class spinsterhood, voluntarily submerged in servitude to her family, the family patrimony, and the innumerable family dependants. He finds parallels between the *Notes* and the *Journal* of Ste. Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus. "Thérèse Martin, in Lisieux, wrote bad verse and became a true saint, a great saint. Marie Noel, true poet, has also consecrated herself, to be sure no more humbly or obscurely than Thérèse in her Carmelite convent. . . . The two young girls were caught in the same trap."

But all this gives no hint of the subtlety, nobility, and beauty of what lies between the covers of this truly remarkable book. To any but the most determinedly philistine of readers it must bring a sense of excitement, of discovery, of new-found treasure. In Marie Noel four things are notable: her faith, her doubt, her wit, her poetry. Her account of her "spiritual combats", of her extreme sensitiveness to human suffering warring against the tenacity of her faith, of her solitary desperate struggle to reconcile God and Evil, is indeed at times almost unbearably painful. She is a religious realist, without illusions. "I have learned to love God without expecting consolation." "The fearful hour when God is not true and I continue to love Him notwithstanding." "This is my image: a black rag perchance set on fire by God." "My name, my place among men: Surplus." "Mystery is the veil which God casts over God to protect man." "I shelter myself from God in the darkness of God." "The days when the prayers one says, the verses one writes, the alms one gives have lost their power for good, their saving grace. . . .

I try to act in everything as if I had faith and love. This is a kind of fidelity to someone absent." "I do as many things as I can out of love as a rest from doing so many out of necessity." "My moments of happiness have always astonished me, unhappiness never." "Perhaps my religious anguish is the bitter grace that preserves my faith. With the kind of mind I have, if God had not divided my soul, I might have settled tranquilly in the serene doubt of my father and many others. But I suffer. And to a large extent that is my way of believing." "At times I wished I had been born an infidel and had never known Him." "Only in blindness is there salvation." "Does the believer need to understand everything?" "God is not a place of repose. God is a place of torment." "I have suffered much because of God. I have suffered through Him night and day because of Evil. Because of the terrible question: Who created Evil?" "The only words to be said about me in the hour of truth, the last: She endured God, herself and men."

Despite her at times agonizing doubts, there is in Marie Noel that kind of almost unconsciously prepossessed faith that takes her religion for granted and enables her to write playfully about what is of all things most dear to her, to address God Himself with an easy and even jesting familiarity. This is a not wholly reverent book. Abbé Bremond spoke, according to Professor Sutton, of her "angelic roguishness". But this is too coy. François Mauriac, we have seen, likened her to Ste. Thérèse of Lisieux. But really it is of the robust good sense and devastating bluntness of that other and earlier Thérèse, Santa Teresa of Avila, that she more often reminds us. "What must God think when he reads a theological treatise? But God cannot read." "Dogma: the Holy Spirit in a cage." "How glad I am that God is not a Saint! . . . all the flowers would have been white." "O Lord! Defend the Pure against their purity!" "I announce to myself the 'Jubilee' of my first communion. On May 3, 1944, it will be fifty years since, tremblingly, I met for the first time the Lord, who was to be my only travelling companion. For fifty years we have lived together. Oh, no more than any other, it has not been an unclouded union. He has had to love me patiently, to forgive me unceasingly. And I, too, God, have had to complain of you. You have not spared me. You have not feared to make me suffer. You have been to me a hard master. . . . And what will the Lord give me for our golden wedding? I am afraid it will be a big bunch of thorns—that is the kind of present He makes—but I will take it, kissing his hands. All the thorns He has given me have always in course of time burst into bloom."

While the conclusions she reaches about the problem of evil add little, perhaps, to theology or philosophy, Marie Noel's lively and acute comments on her religious trials take their place among the classics of Christian spirituality but with an earthly and concrete beauty that they, for the most part, so singularly lack. For Marie Noel was also a poet, decorated with the Legion of Honour, conscious of the claims of her art but seeing no conflict between art and devotion. "And the artist,

the writer, who fashion proportions, rhythms, images . . . observe unformulated disciplines that have nothing to do with the rules of religion or morality, but that order, compel and are as much a commandment as 'Friday, no flesh shalt thou eat!'” If the lilac, in order to give itself, as you say, 'entirely to God', divested itself of its perfume because its director, Bossuet, told it that perfume was a beginning of sin, there might be rejoicing in the confessionals and cloisters of flowers over the lilac's renunciation, but perhaps the eternal Father would be offended by this disregard for his handiwork.” Scattered among these *Notes* there are exquisitely evocative vignettes of places and people. The words create pictures in the reader's mind of a quite astonishing presence and actuality.

Marie Noel is a real discovery. Her spiritual intensity, her descriptive subtlety, her honest realism, her tenacious faith, her quick intelligence and mischievous wit, her marvellous gift for creating concrete visual imagery all add to our experience and enlarge our understanding of what a deeply religious life may encompass. If a time should come when a faith like this is no longer comprehensible and religion like this passes into oblivion, a great and noble fruit of the human spirit will have vanished from this earth. But, most of all, it is Marie Noel herself that interests us. Facing the title-page, her portrait, taken in old age, increases the desire, now alas! impossible of fulfilment, to meet and converse with her under the shadow of the ancient cathedral of St. Etienne at Auxerre where, from childhood, her religious impressions, so hauntingly remembered in these pages, were formed.

University of King's College

HILTON PAGE

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*Gulliver's Troubles, or the Setting of American Foreign Policy.* By STANLEY HOFFMAN. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1968. Pp. 556. \$3.95.

*A Dissenter's Guide to Foreign Policy.* Edited by IRVING HOWE. Garden City, New York: Doubleday [Toronto: Doubleday Publishers], 1968. Pp. 349. \$1.75.

European educated and oriented, Professor Hoffman of Harvard University chooses, early and late, to recommend European unity with a collaborating role for the United States as the *summum bonum* of American foreign policy. There are difficulties, of course. He examines some of them: the need to rally public opinion, and the handicap of a "splintered executive branch" in the conduct of diplomacy. For all the close reasoning that the author brings to bear on this alluring prospect, the nearly total neglect of the international relations of the United States with Canada, with Africa, with the Middle East, and with Latin America (except for several critical references to President Johnson's intervention in 1965 in the Dominican Republic) is unnerving. It is, perhaps, a natural inclination of a specialized

scholar, inexperienced in the multiplicity of government operations. A more humble approach to the subject, or a more modest title for his volume, would seem more appropriate from an author relatively new to the country whose policies he wishes to correct.

In considering the uneasy balance of power now prevailing, Hoffman concludes that nuclear war is suicidal. In a way this reduces the super-powers to impotence in so far as reliance on ultimate force is concerned. But the resort to small wars with conventional weapons is by no means ended in a world of an increasing number of small states. Hoffman's characterization of a Russian "land mass" military posture seems to lack credibility in view of present Soviet naval power in the North Sea, the Pacific, the Mediterranean, and the North Atlantic, ranging from aircraft carriers laden with helicopters to nuclear submarines. That is to say nothing of the emplacement in 1963 of missiles on Cuban soil, or of "fishing trawlers" off the North American coast equipped with electronic gear.

A venture into African affairs brings the author to the conclusion that the international game can not be played by bankrupts: Nkrumah and Ben Bella. It is not clear whether Nasser or Smith would be similarly classified. These, one surmises, are the Lilliputians, contrasted with the North American Gulliver.

The pragmatic approach to foreign affairs can often mean that attention is focussed on what is urgent, rather than on what is important. As a consequence, United States policy struggles from crisis to crisis, rather than functioning on a basis of long-range objectives. But the care and specificity of examples given in the author's analyses are not equalled in his conclusions. For recommendations he resorts to abstractions. "Flexibility" is one. He does not translate the concept into identifiable programmes or actions. The reader is left adrift.

Less well organized, but sharper in its criticisms (of both policies and personalities) is the collection of essays edited by Irving Howe as *A Dissenter's Guide to Foreign Policy*. Several of the contributors, such as Michael Harrington, Henry Pachter, and George Lichtheim are identified as organizers or spokesmen for the Socialist way of life. Sociologists, language teachers, journalists, philosophers, economists, historians, and professors of English literature contribute chapters, along with a pair of political scientists. Some of the writers deal with specific countries: China, Venezuela, or Viet Nam. Yet such countries as Cuba, Canada, India, and the U.S.S.R. are not treated in that manner. The third main portion of the book is devoted to polemics, with rebuttal and counter-rebuttal on a topic of long-continuing debate by the United States public—the purposes, the procedures, and the advantages that can accrue from a programme of substantial economic assistance to underdeveloped countries. There is much of value in this debate, as well as in the chapter written by the editor, entitled "The Politics of Disaster". Need it be said that this is a line-by-line, month-by-month critique of the Kennedy-Johnson administration's misadventures in Viet Nam?

Broader in scope than *Gulliver's Troubles*, *A Dissenter's Guide* treats most of the areas of United States involvement abroad, with the exception of Africa. More shrill in tone than Hoffman, the "Guide" is more balanced in that economic factors of basic significance, such as trade, tariffs, commercial policy, and aid-projects are given their rightful place. Hoffman is more intellectual; the Howe collection is more passionate. Hoffman is more consistent, albeit narrow in focus; the "Guide" has its high points and its low points, but is more comprehensive. One should not belittle the substantial understanding of United States policy dilemmas contained in the two volumes, both of which, in first editions, appear as paperbacks. Between them they are informative, stimulating, and astringent.

*University of Maryland*

WILLARD F. BARBER

*A Portrait of Isaac Newton.* By FRANK E. MANUEL. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: Saunders of Toronto], 1968. \$9.95.

The aim of the author of this book is to present a plausible explanation of some of the dominant psychic traits which were displayed in the attitudes and behaviour of Sir Isaac Newton. There is apparently no difficulty in finding experiences in the early life of Newton which will serve as "cause" for the behavioural psychologist to explain "effects" observed in later life. The source of much seemingly irrational but skillful and determined behaviour by the adult Newton is to be found in the "onerous heritage of childhood traumas". To present a convincing case the author has made a close examination of the early experiences of his subject and has concluded that Newton as a child believed that he had been deserted by his true father, that his mother had rejected him completely in remarrying, and that his stepfather was a rival and an enemy. Such views held strongly by a child, especially when pushed back into the unconscious, are able, by some hidden psychic mechanism, to assert an influence in maturity which is usually irrational and self-destructive.

Beside these personal influences there were social ones that seem surprisingly strong. He was a Puritan in religion and found this world view congenial with its emphasis on scriptural interpretation, rigid ethic, and narrow beliefs. Moreover he seemed to find in Puritanism an implicit rationalization for his compelling urge to eliminate all rivals who threatened his security in either the scientific or the administrative world. He regarded rivals as evil men and "Puritanism ordained the eradication of evil. To love and to destroy—an ambivalent commandment." His religion gave him an excuse for giving free rein to the hatred subconsciously directed towards his stepfather. "The lad Newton could not harm his stepfather with impunity; but the great scientist Newton could destroy his rivals living and

dead. So deep is the hurt and so boundless the anger, that he cannot be appeased as long as he lives. His victories do not assuage; his anger is replenished by what it feeds upon."

The author is aware of the dangers involved in focussing attention on the irrational behaviour of an individual to the exclusion of most other aspects. As he remarks, "Elements of quiet strength in men of genius are naturally harder to identify than those of weakness or uncontrolled violence." Because the reader is never allowed to forget that a man of genius is under examination, it is a rewarding experience to examine the imperfections in his character in an effort to uncover the original source of infection. It is interesting, but self-evident perhaps, that no man, even a man of genius, is ever a completely integrated person, although there must be some integrating principle at work in those who achieve much. Newton's mind was at its best when he was in his "twenties", and at all times it was good, but his personality was apparently shaped by influences of an unfortunate tendency. Newton has been regarded as the acme of intellectual perfection by poets, philosophers and scientists alike (and the author does not dispute this view) but he was also a man about whom it can be said (in the words of the author): "Anger and Suspicion were his constant companions";—"One of the most ferocious practitioners of the art of scientific controversy"; "Convinced that he was a chosen intermediary between the Creator and mankind, a sense of omnipotence, oscillation between feelings of grandeur and self depreciation."

The connection between Newton's adult behaviour and the childhood and social influences is convincingly established. In fact so much relevant evidence is presented that the reader is convinced long before the "case for the prosecution" is ended. None the less, the story is so interesting that one is content to listen to it long after the point has been made. In the final analysis, however, the man Newton is still a mystery—as are all men, especially great men. To erect a theoretical structure to "explain" relationships is the task of science, but it is strange that for every relationship explained new mysteries are introduced. Newton is now revealed as a more complicated person than he was formerly thought to be, and in a very real sense much more interesting and mysterious.

Mr. Manuel's study must be regarded as first-class both as a work of scholarship and as a literary achievement.

*University of Guelph*

W. J. ARCHIBALD

*Experience in the Novel: Selected Papers from the English Institute.* Edited by ROY HARVEY PEARCE. New York and London: Columbia University Press [Toronto: Copp, Clark], 1968. Pp. vii, 171. \$4.95.

*Imagined Worlds: Essays on Some English Novels and Novelists in Honour of John Butt.* Edited by MAYNARD MACK and IAN GREGOR. London: Methuen [Toronto: Methuen Publications], 1968. Pp. xxvi, 486. \$14.95.

Students of Dickens will take special interest in these books. Three of the six essays in *Experience in the Novel* deal with him, and though only two of the twenty-three essays by eminent scholars in *Imagined Worlds* are about Dickens, the collection is focussed on the novel in recognition of John Butt's excellent work on Dickens and his efforts in bringing into being the Clarendon edition of Dickens, which is now begun. What the collections most possess in common is a concern for the novel's special modes in which the novel represents or transforms reality, whether empirical or imaginary, social or mythical. Dickens, with his peculiar blend of social commentary (in his prefaces, he repeatedly emphasizes not his great gift for phantasmagoria but his factual accuracy) and wild improbability or symbolic reverberation, affords a fruitful ground for such investigation; and Northrop Frye, with his framework for assimilating and ordering all varieties of literary creation and experience, is an obviously appropriate investigator—as the sprinkling of references to him in the essays by others suggests. His paper on "Dickens and the Comedy of Humors" for the English Institute uncompromisingly pigeon-holes Dickens right away: "What he writes . . . are not realistic novels but fairy tales in the low mimetic displacement." What follows is a study of Dickens' New Comedy structures, paying special attention to the implications of Dickens' special vein of absurdity: "Everyone realizes that Dickens is a great genius of the absurd in his characterization, and it is possible that his plots are also absurd in the same sense, not from incompetence or bad taste, but from a genuinely creative instinct." Although the systematizing of Dickens goes on in rather excruciating detail, Professor Frye amply demonstrates that "for literary criticism the formulating of the theory of the absurd should not be left entirely to disillusioned theologians." Dickens' play with experience, biographical or imaginary, is elucidated skilfully in K. J. Fielding's "Dickens and the Past: The Novelist of Memory" and in J. Hillis Miller's "Three problems of Fictional Form: First-Person Narration in *David Copperfield* and *Huckleberry Finn*". Miller draws an interesting contrast between an English pattern of assimilation into society and an American one of flight from society. Other papers (two of these being Institute Prize Essays) explore the author's relationship to his material, character in the Gothic novel, and myth and history in *Tender is the Night*. The collection is a distinguished one.

As is appropriate in a volume dedicated to the editor of the Twickenham Pope and author, with Kathleen Tillotson, of *Dickens at Work*, the collection

of essays in honour of John Butt spans the whole history of the English novel. The essays are written by renowned international scholars, and the collection is pre-faced with a memorial address by Denys Hay and a graceful British Academy obituary by James Sutherland. The book is a fine tribute to an excellent scholar and a generous man.

University of Alberta

R. D. McMASTER

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*E. M. Forster's Other Kingdom.* By DENIS GODFREY. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd [Toronto: Clarke Irwin], 1968. Pp. 228. \$9.00.

In the critical evaluation of E. M. Forster, there has been a tendency of late to focus more upon his human values and neglect the spiritual implications of his writings. Ingenious researchers and microscopic analysts have attempted to unravel the quality of symbolism contained in Forster's last two novels: *Howard's End* and *A Passage to India*. Nonetheless, all arguments and interpretations converge only on the human scenes and human factors.

Dr. Godfrey's book considers the concept of the unseen and its manifestations informing the novels and stories of E. M. Forster. The author feels that the unseen world and transcendent spiritual reality have never been questioned or denied, but that their nature and significance have been misunderstood. The "unseen" remains a potent force in human activities, an irresistible means of human salvation. This critic argues that Forster's world is universalized, irradiated by the spirit, since the individual seeks to raise himself up towards the divine—which is indeed powerful in the fateful ordering of events, in the evidences of superstition and in the disposition of the ancestral past or of the ministrations of the dead. Yet it also affirms the ultimate nothingness of the universe and the apparent futility of all human endeavours.

Dr. Godfrey seeks to reconcile this paradox and attempts to amend this critical unbalance. He attempts to break new ground by establishing the thesis that without a comprehensive diagnosis and awareness of Forster's "other kingdom" or of the "impact of the unseen" the reader is apt to miss the author's true intent and ultimate philosophy of life. Forster's world of human relationships does not defy analysis, but his account of transcendental realities seems to be termed a kind of "double-vision" or a sense of "this world, and a world of worlds behind". And this transcendental realm cannot possibly be ignored, for it affects and colours our physical being. The existence of this underlying spiritual reality is mystically experienced even in its manifestations at the human level. While setting forth a searching survey of Forster's short stories and novels, Dr. Godfrey argues that Forster's world is a genuine creation, a Goethean "higher reality" where spiritual



forces and powers interact continuously in everyday existence. He demonstrates the spiritual emphasis of Forster's novels and stories.

Forster observes and presents life as he experiences it, and interprets it in terms of the unseen. Although a positive force and a source of benevolence, the unseen remains incommunicable and indestructible in human terms. Spiritual concern passes beyond man. In Forster's philosophy, the unseen cannot be discovered in terms of its manifestations within the material, but it survives in its isolation from it, and may not at all be experienced by the conscious mind.

Forster remains a great artist poised on a spiritual threshold and viewing with regret and nostalgia a vanishing unselfconscious spirituality. But he is able to resolve those paradoxes in which he becomes involved. According to Dr. Godfrey, Forster is antipathetic to the modern world and refuses to come to terms with it. His novels appear openly hostile to intellectual self-consciousness. Forster had felt that the modern world in the process of advancing in intellect had become divorced from the primeval spirituality of the ancestral past. In this regard Forster appears akin to D. H. Lawrence, whose faith in the blood and the flesh had established that tribal unconsciousness is more strong and potent than the intellect. Godfrey detects a certain spiritual evasiveness in Forster's critical writings, a sort of reluctance to go beyond the purely human, to see the human, as in the novels. Perhaps this great artist avoided the nature of fundamental spiritual commitment. He brought nothing in the way of a personal mystical experience to justify his intuitions of the unseen.

In *Howard's End*, however, the unseen spiritual world is postulated by various manifestations at the human level, particularly through the medium of the dead. But the body of information on spiritual matters is summarized within the term "theosophy" and some light is thrown upon the nature and processes of the spiritual world. Yet in the atmosphere of panic and emptiness the ominous note of ultimate doubt is sounded. Reconciliation is achieved only through the medium of death.

*A Passage to India* is more than a re-statement of the spiritual postulate sounded in *Howard's End*. The "unseen" ever permeates this novel, shaping characters, precipitating and informing every thought, word, and action. Spiritual experiences of two kinds present themselves in *A Passage to India*: those resulting in benevolence and those resulting in its eventual triumph. Neither in this novel nor in his autobiographical *The Hill of Devi*, does Forster refer to Karma, nor does he indicate its influence on the Indian way of life and thought. Fate in *A Passage to India* is less in evidence than in *A Room with a View*; but still it dominates by implication, purposively in the chain of events, obtaining a predetermined spiritual objective.

Dr. Godfrey demonstrates the spiritual emphasis of Forster's short stories and five great novels which will continue to challenge our understanding. He

treats these works in chronological order, and proves his ability to propound his thesis by strong and consistent arguments. But at times and for several pages Dr. Godfrey's style becomes very involved and difficult to follow. The bibliography is selective and useful, and the short index is convenient.

To conclude, the full measure of salvation is reserved only for those who have retained their instinct for an "unseen" of immemorial antiquity manifesting itself through Italy, through the English soil, and through the spiritual heritages of Hinduism and Islam. Forster's novels remain, like the symphonies of Beethoven, not a message of panic and emptiness, but of spiritual triumph and hope on this side of the grave.

Dalhousie University

DEVENDRA P. VARMA

*Tudor Drama and Politics: A Critical Approach to Topical Meaning.* By DAVID BEVINGTON. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: Saunders of Toronto], 1968. Pp. 360. \$10.00.

One who was to write a history of Tudor Drama would need to decide what is the subject. Is it authors and their works (a romantic passion), or theatres and their repertories (a current concern), or (among other things) plays? The latter may be inclined to, on the grounds that plays make authors and actors. If plays, which aspects, and what are their relations? In 1962 Mr. Bevington gave us a study of Tudor plays in the popular repertory from *Mankind* to Marlowe's, and successfully demonstrated relations between structures of plays and casting patterns in small troupes of players. Now he ably treats again of Tudor plays to show that a large number deal with political issues. This book, though perhaps not quite so original or fundamental as the earlier one, is a pertinent stimulus to discussion of an aspect of the plays that needed some clearing up.

Sometimes Mr. Bevington deals with political theory, as do several near-recent books on history plays; sometimes he deals with attitudes of audiences, such as war-fever worked on in *The Massacre at Paris*. The distinction, or lack of it, wants analysis, and perhaps we need more evidence of audience attitudes. Yet this seems a sensible approach to a public art and avoids the suggestion conveyed by some other writers that the pit was a congress of political scientists, though Mr. Bevington may seem a trifle sensitive to public concern for such matters as seizure of power in *Jacob and Esau*. In his survey he has hit off a good many plays with impressive speed and nicety, even if there is more to the politics of *Edward II* than he has taken the space to expose. Plays are often set in lively perspectives. *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, *The Candler's Prophecy*, and *The Troublesome Reign of King John* rub shoulders in support for an alliance of king and commoners

against foreigners. It is refreshing to see that in *Gorboduc* dividing the kingdom is bad from the point of view of Elizabeth's parliament but not from that of Elizabeth.

The book is consistently concerned with political issues rather than with historical persons in plays. While identifying allusions and acknowledging the Elizabethans' and the scholars' habits of making applications to particular individuals, Mr. Bevington maintains that allegorical plays such as *Endymion* convey values rather than biography. This conviction, ably supported by the treatment of play after play in its public context, is one of the most salutary emphases of the study. Since in some Elizabethan works actual individuals or events were alluded to under figurative devices, one would like to know what Mr. Bevington thinks are some principles for relating the two factors or for distinguishing them by more than mere disagreement over the applications. Is it that a supposedly historical individual (such as King Henry VIII in the minds of a contemporary audience) if and when identified by his analogies to a person in a play (such as King Johan in Bale's piece) was to be judged in the scale of values established in the play while it was made and performed by its own principles as a drama?

Dalhousie University

S. E. SPROTT

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*Ventures in Social Interpretation.* By HENRY WINTHROP. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1968. Pp. xvi, 551. \$5.75.

Dr. Winthrop provides us with a collection of his essays published over the course of the past ten years. They are concerned with the impact of science and technology on the form and content of such collective aspects of human existence as work, leisure, culture, education, and government. This is not a modest task. The stated aim of the author is to approach within an interdisciplinary framework "current social trends . . . associated with increasing urbanization and industrialization; . . . suggest fresh ways to view a number of our modern concerns; and foresee some of the future social impacts of science and technology" (p. 14).

It is Winthrop's intention that his statements "should be taken less as prophecy and more as a venture in social interpretation . . ." (p. 103). By necessity, the essays, regardless of the author's intention, have elements of both prophecy and social interpretation. Writing in the future tense places even the most hard-bitten empiricist at an obvious disadvantage. Data known in the present must be extrapolated with caution to describe the future. Nevertheless, Winthrop's attempt to illumine the post-industrial era is guaranteed to produce head-nodding accord in all learned circles liberated from what Marshall McLuhan so aptly terms "rear-view mirror" mentality.

The thirty-one essays which compose this volume have been grouped with

respect to five major headings. Part I, *Technology and Some of Its Social Consequences*, is concerned primarily with automation and its inevitable, albeit distant, offspring, cybernation. Cybernation has been dubbed the second industrial revolution. It has resulted from the "combination of the computer and automated self-regulating machine" (p. 59). Although Marx and others have provided us with an astute social interpretation of the first industrial revolution, their insights may be altogether passé with respect to man-machine and man-man relations characteristic of the cybernated society. Cybernation leaves in its wake a broken link between work and consumption and the necessity for a radical change in the organization of production. With technological unemployment extending into the ranks of the middle-class service worker, alienation no longer has as its referent the work situation; potentially meaningful human existence resides with man's coming to grips with leisure.

Part II, *Culture, Leisure, and Education*, examines the probability of man's forging an intellectual life à propos the social fabric of the post-industrial era. The new proletariat that Winthrop nominates is composed of the intellectually inferior, those in "the lower quarter of the distribution of human intelligence who are separated from the values of developmental leisure" (p. 121). As work ceases to be the orienting activity, leisure and its use become crucial to the survival and identity of post-modern man.

In Part III, *The Burden of Social Complexity*, the burden of a former era has been transferred from the weary back of the once thought "racially superior" and placed squarely upon the accepting shoulders of the "intellectually superior". Winthrop spells out for us in the most operational terms how social complexity and intelligence may be assessed. An unsatisfactory ratio between the score on an IQ test and a score on an Issues Test would result in the political disenfranchisement of the voter in Winthrop's IQ oligarchy. In spite of this flippancy "no head no vote solution" (p. 243), the larger problem of the preservation of a democratic ethos in times of increased social complexity should not be obscured. Since disenfranchisement will ultimately lead to "revulsion" followed by "community breakdown" (p. 212), Winthrop submits a long-term solution to the democratic management of increased social complexity—the raising of the mean IQ of a population through genetic controls and the achievement of maximum expression through educational reforms.

In Part IV, *Pathologies of Over-Urbanization*, Winthrop's focus shifts to the past and the present. He judiciously points out, for example, the deleterious ecological effects of air and water pollution. A penetrating stock-taking of our sick cities is offered as it is Winthrop's contention that only when we are aware of the deep-set pathologies which pervade mass culture, contribute to urban stress, and are symptomatic of over-centralized bureaucracy, will we be able to go about the work of restoring a "genuine sense of community to social life" (p. 292).

As the title of Part V, Technological Decentralization and the Restoration of Community, implies, the plight of over-urbanized man is best remedied by decentralization. Winthrop goes beyond the simplistic decentralization of E. Fromm and P. Goodman by advocating the Scientific Intentional Micro-community (SIMC). These revolutionary human settlements of the future will be organically distinct entities often inhabiting new ecological terrain using clean energy—solar energy, for example, as opposed to the more traditional fossil energy. In short, SIMC strategically exploits science and technology in an attempt to recover a satisfying form of community authenticity (p. 492).

Although it is a collection of articles, the volume is not plagued by the unevenness often characteristic of similar efforts. More positively, a lucid plea for man to be at one with his future environment runs throughout the book, thus uniting it into a coherent whole. Furthermore, any one article is capable of standing by itself and will assuredly provoke the intellectually curious. The future is not a hackneyed topic, and Winthrop is not a run-of-the-mill scholar. He is a bold, clear-sighted visionary probing an area off-bounds to the myopic and timid. The conclusion to this volume suggests an implicit "to be continued" rather than the more traditional and often longed-for "*finis*". Winthrop is urged to share additional ventures with us.

Dalhousie University

JEAN LEONARD ELLIOTT

## Canadian Books

*The Papers of the Prime Ministers, Volume I. The Letters of Sir John A. Macdonald, 1836-1857.* Edited by J. K. JOHNSON. Ottawa: Queen's Printer, 1968. Pp. xxiii, 600. \$10.00.

Between 1919 and 1937, the Public Archives of Canada published substantial editions of documents. The *Elgin-Grey Papers* (1937) in four volumes was one excellent example. The depression ended this programme and after the Second World War, the Archives was concerned rather to publish broad descriptions of its extensive holdings. Now at last the Archives has revived the earlier programme in what promises to be a superb collection: the significant writings of each of Canada's Prime Ministers.

This volume of Macdonald's letters is the first. It is handsomely done by the Queen's Printer on a scale that should make historians rejoice, with exact and comprehensive footnotes, and with a full calendar of all Macdonald's letters from 1836 to 1857 at the back. It is an excellent project, well executed, and with splendid prospects. If the series is continued on its present scale, Macdonald's letters alone will run to a dozen volumes and more.

It will be well worth while. Of all the Prime Ministers of Canada, Macdonald wrote the best letters. They are delightful, racy, perceptive, rich with allusions from a vast store of reading piled up from years with books, newspapers, and whisky. Macdonald was a man full of life and politics, who loved men as much as politics, and his letters reflect his delightful verve and humour. We have good reason to be grateful to those who, like Brown Chamberlin, the editor of the *Montreal Gazette*, did not follow Macdonald's instructions in 1856, "I hope you burn my letters. I do yours" (p. 399).

This volume of letters reveals Macdonald as the young lawyer, the young husband with his desperately and chronically ill young wife, the young Receiver General in the Conservative Government (in 1847-1848), as well as the more experienced contriver of the great Conservative coalition of 1854 that was to endure so well. There is much in this book of Macdonald's political sense. In December, 1857, Macdonald sent some good suggestions to a Conservative colleague who was fighting an election in Cobourg. The letter sounds like a serious discussion of real political issues and of how they could best be handled on the hustings. But at the end of the letter Macdonald gives the show away. "These," he wrote, "are good bunkum arguments" (p. 469). There is all the world in that remark. Macdonald reposed little trust in the virtues of political argument as such. In 1855 he wrote to a friend that George Brown was trying to get up an agitation over "rep-

resentation by population". The issue of the Clergy Reserves, Brown's earlier hobby horse, was settled. There was nothing Brown could do but find another one. But "rep. by pop.", Macdonald thought, would not take. The farmers were too well off. "It is an abstract question . . ." (p. 301). And so in 1855 the issue was, rightly, dismissed. (In 1857, when the farmers were not so prosperous, it was another matter.) Such issues as "representation by population" were not important to Macdonald unless they became the subject of public debate; even then it did not alter the fact that they were often quite unimportant. On the University question in 1847 Macdonald wrote: "Many questions of more real importance may arise, but none which operates so strongly on the principles or *prejudices* of the public, and if the Conservatives hope to retain power they *must* settle it before the general election" (p. 53). Macdonald tried hard to settle it, but could not; and the Conservatives did lose the election. This rationale of Macdonald's political thinking is characteristic of him, and emerged here when he was only thirty-two years old. His view was, even then, that it was more important to develop the country and improve its economic capabilities than to waste time and money "in fruitless discussions on abstract and theoretical questions . . ." (p. 12). That other Conservative, T. C. Haliburton, nineteen years older than Macdonald, would have agreed with him. Haliburton wrote in *Sam Slick* in 1836:

Don't come down here to Halifax with lockrums about politics, makin' a great touse about nothin'; but open the country, foster agricultur', encourage trade, incorporate companies, make bridges. . . . One such work as the Windsor Bridge is worth all your laws, votes, speeches, and resolutions, for the last ten years, if tied up and put into a meal-bag together.

Perhaps some suggestions for future volumes of the Macdonald letters may be worth making. Few historians would do else but cheer at the generous principle of inclusion in Volume I; nevertheless, there are a great many letters here that are business or routine correspondence. Some of these letters are doubtless interesting in themselves, or as examples of Macdonald's administrative technique, and could be thus included; it is simply a question of the value of including so many. Deletions of this kind would have reduced the volume by perhaps 10% to 15%, and, it would appear, would have improved it.

One thing that occasionally spoils the appearance of this book is the unevenness of the spacings between the lines. An example occurs on the very first full page of print (p. ix), and periodically through the book. It is a pity, for otherwise the Queen's Printer's work is well done.

The index is a good one, and happily there will be one for each volume. There are some entries in this index that should be deleted, being without substantial value, especially those under Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto.

These quibbles are, it is hoped, constructive. The series has great promise. There are not many books of letters which leave one with the delicious feeling of anticipating the next.

Dalhousie University

P. B. WAITE

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*Pendulum of Power: Canada's Federal Elections.* By J. MURRAY BECK. Scarborough: Prentice-Hall of Canada, 1968. Pp. 442. \$7.95, (paper) \$4.25.

"Canadian politics are so boring." This is a frequent refrain from Canadians, and if repetition could create fact from fancy, Canadian politics would be dull. But in fact our politics are fascinating. Where else do you find such a mixture of regions, races, religions, social classes, and competing economic interests? Where else could you find the perfect pragmatic politician, Mackenzie King, competing against a man of unbending principle such as Arthur Meighen? Our politics are unique and they are interesting, if only the story could be told.

Yet until very recently there was a dearth of books on Canadian politics and politicians. Confederation, to be sure, has been well-mined, and the Manitoba School Question of the 1890s has been examined in great detail. But where are the serious and detailed histories of the major political parties? There are still precious few. Where the histories of public life in the 1920s, in the 1930s? There are none. Where are the critical biographies of our great statesmen? Once the reader gets past the excellent studies of Brown, Macdonald, King, and Meighen, he is almost fresh out of good material. All that remains is the spate of out-of-date campaign biographies and puffy autobiographies, most of which are revealing only in ways their authors never intended.

*Pendulum of Power* can not, of course, remedy all these defects in the writing of our political history. But it does gather together in a useful fashion an enormous amount of material. Here is a brief narrative account about each of our twenty-eight general elections. Here is a handy, convenient statistical guide to the results. Incredibly, this is the first time that we have had anything like this, and this alone is sufficient to make Professor Beck's book an indispensable reference text for every-one interested in Canadian politics and government.

The book is well done. Nowhere does it pretend to be anything other than what it is—a compendium of the readily available literature, skilfully analyzed and well presented. There is no primary research in evidence, and little need for any. The issues in the various campaigns are analyzed in a cool, calm fashion, the judgments are generally well-tempered, and the result is a moderate, balanced account. This is precisely what a reference book should be.

Almost all that is contentious in the book is Professor Beck's concluding



chapter. Here he offers his considered judgments, many of which are unexceptionable: Election campaigns could and should be shorter; Quebec is the decisive province; The Liberal appeal to Roman Catholics is often decisive. Well and good. But the author is probably on less secure ground when he presents his views on those elections in which he believes that the campaign was the decisive factor. In 1917, for example, the campaign, despite Beck's avowal, almost certainly changed little. In Quebec it was a foregone conclusion from the moment the election was called that Borden would be hard-pressed to hold a seat anywhere outside of English-speaking Montreal. This being so, it was probably an equally sure bet that English Canada would go the other way. The War Times Elections Act, the state of hysteria that existed throughout the country, the rabid antipathy to Quebec that had been growing through three years of war, the increasing distrust of Laurier's *bona fides*—all these factors ensured the result. To be sure, the Union Government propaganda machine was a marvel of lavishly financed efficiency and lack of scruples, and the government's willingness to proffer concessions when and where they were needed during the campaign certainly aided in the return of the Borden government. But to say that the campaign was decisive in this election would seem to overstate the case badly. All this, however, is nit-picking, although every historian or political scientist could probably find one or two elections in which to quarrel with Beck's listings.

Equally one might quarrel with Professor Beck's failure to make use of the studies produced by the Committee on Election Expenses in his examinations of the elections. Money rarely plays a part in the narratives here, while certainly it played—and continues to play—a major role in the elections. Nor is organization stressed in the book as much as it might be, although this is understandable in view of the almost total absence of studies of political organization in Canada. The result is that in *Pendulum of Power* the elections seem to be decided only by debate on the issues, a tenuous argument at best. For a reference book, too, there are far more typographical errors and slips than there should be (ranging from Lowell instead of Lovell Clark to the selection of John Bracken as Premier of Manitoba in 1920 instead of 1922).

These mild criticisms notwithstanding, the book is a great success. It covers one hundred years of history in a lucid and happy fashion, and *Pendulum of Power* deserves the success in the bookstores that it will undoubtedly attain.

York University

J. L. GRANATSTEIN

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*Acadia: The Geography of Early Nova Scotia to 1760.* By ANDREW HILL CLARK. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press [Don Mills: Burns and MacEachern], 1968. Pp. xx, 450. U.S. \$12.50; Canada \$13.75.

Geography has become a hungry science and has been devouring the territories of

other disciplines and incorporating them in a single picture. For this, we in Nova Scotia can only be deeply grateful. Our books on geology are forty years old, on history many and contradictory, on archaeology non-existent, so a thorough and well-documented study covering the whole field must be welcome.

This work is certainly thorough within the limitations of its sources, and no attempt is made to cover the subsidiary fields—such as geology, soils, botany, and archaeology—beyond the sketch needed for an understanding of the progressive occupation of the country by the Acadians and their immediate successors. Every step is well served by maps, which are even occasionally duplicated to give both French and English names.

There are, of course, some details in most subjects which might be questioned. *Eriophorum Chamissonis* is not the commonest rusty cotton-grass of the peat bogs, though it occurs occasionally along the coast. Who has ever found the word "Cadie" in the Micmac language? There is a locative termination, *-kade*. This does not make it impossible as the source of the name, Acadie, since the feminine termination, *-skw*, seems to have ended as "squaw", but it makes no Micmac sense alone. The "iron pots" of the fur trade which replaced the pottery of the Micmacs have escaped our notice. One burial with an iron pot was found near Guysborough, but it was the latest of these known, and the others had kettles of copper or brass. Wallis (p. 32, note 20) is not very reliable in matters of botany. He was very careful, pressed his plants and labeled them with the Micmac name, and had them named by a botanist; but, in order to make them intelligible to the public, he replaced the scientific names with popular ones which might mean anything. The situation is sufficiently confused by the Micmac custom of naming the plant by its use, so that different species, used for the same purpose, may share the same name. His *seguben*, or Indian potato, "a species of wild carrot", is a paradox. If it is *Ligusticum scoticum*, as Clark states (p. 62), it cannot have given its name to Shubenacadie (*Segubena-kade*) far inland. The usual *seguben* is *Apios americana*, a vine of the pea family.

Our knowledge of the Indian past in Nova Scotia is not quite so deficient as might be thought from the two publications cited, though it still has serious gaps. The effect of the European fishermen upon the Micmacs was even more important to the Micmacs than the text (p. 8) suggests, for the tribe was at that time suffering from attacks by the agricultural Mohawks to the north and the agricultural Penobscots to the south. The iron weapons of the fur trade armed the Algonkian rising which swept the Iroquois out of the St. Lawrence Valley between 1550 and 1600.

The question of Micmac agriculture is still open. They had a green-corn legend which tells how they tried to plant corn and failed because of their own neglect, but this may well have happened before they reached Nova Scotia, which was probably not before A.D. 700. Digging tools are found in Micmac sites, one

of them inland where clam-digging could not have been their purpose, but the crop, if there was one, was most probably tobacco. The statement (p. 70) that "the local tobacco (if any) was not taken over by the French" seems to be contradicted by Ganong, quoted by Wallis, who found *Nicotiana rustica* being planted in Yarmouth County as late as 1914, and it is reported from Gaspé at later date.

Biard's figures on the Indian population of New France cannot be taken very seriously. What was New France? His acquaintance with the country covered a radius of a few miles from Port Royal, a trip up the lower Saint-John River, Mount Desert, and his trip to the south of Maine with Biencourt. Membertou told Lescarbot that in his youth the Indians had been as the hairs on his head but now they were few. This seems likely, if exaggerated, since two of the great rivers were depopulated by epidemics during the few years of Poutrincourt's colony, but the known campsites do not suggest a population of more than two thousand at any time. The statement (p. 68) that "they offered no serious, concentrated threat to French occupation" was true only because the French were always useful and friendly to the natives. The English settlements in Maine were destroyed quite effectively by a people no better organized. The opinion that Poutrincourt was primarily a fur trader was not that of Membertou, who said to Biard that "He does not value our beavers."

A more serious doubt is of the statement (p. 89) that there were no women in the settlement before 1630. There is a mention of women after the 1610 landing, and it is said that five of Alexander's men had married French wives and so remained after the withdrawal of the Scottish colony. It seems likely, though not provable, that Biencourt's centre at Port Royal had an enduring French nucleus. The success of the Acadians in settling a difficult country depended upon their partnership with the Indians in amity, culture, and religion. The Indians alone had the key to immediate self-sufficient survival.

The information about the seventeenth century is contradictory, so that the account is speculative and uncertain. This has been increased by our neglect of archaeological study of the early Acadian settlements which might still give information about the types of houses and equipment in the different periods. However, the collected statistics are important if not exact, and they show the gradual expansion of agricultural life. After the adoption of Indian techniques, the dyking of the salt marshes helped the Acadians towards security. Clark refutes the idea of the Acadian holdings as strips on the Quebec model, but he does not replace it with another as definite. The late Professor Cameron said that his air photographs of Grand Pre showed a scale pattern of ancient dykes advancing toward the shore, but this, as usual, is unpublished and it would, in any case, need interpretation.

The last part of the book centres upon Louisbourg and, consequently, upon the foundation of Halifax and the new colonial efforts, the enrichment of the Acadians, and the increasing tensions between the two powers which tried to shift

them from their neutrality. *Le grand derangement* is treated statistically, and the study ends with the re-acceptance of the Acadians and their assignment to empty lands.

The book is a mine of good information, well put out, and almost without typographical errors. Apologetically I offer: p. 48, line 1, for *aliganthos* read *oliganthos*; p. 59, line 5, for *summer* read *winter*; p. 82, line 31, for *Jean* read *Charles*.

Wolfville, Nova Scotia

J. S. ERSKINE

*The Mackenzie King Record*, Vol. II, 1944-1945. Edited by J. W. PICKERSGILL and D. F. FORSTER. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1968. Pp. xi, 495. \$12.50.

Basically, this volume of excerpts from King's diary covers the reinforcement crisis of late 1944, the shadow it cast on the Grey North by-election of February, 1945, and the federal general election of June, 1945, and such intervening events as the Roosevelt-Churchill conference at Quebec City in September, 1944, and the setting up of the United Nations between April and June, 1945. Some reviewers are fearful that the editors have been arbitrary in deciding what to reveal and what not, but there is no evidence that any material has been excised other than the purely personal, the highly repetitious, or the acutely embarrassing to persons still living.

Except in matters of detail, the book reveals little that is factually new. Hence its primary value is as autobiography, in letting King reveal the inmost workings of his own mind. However, it is not King the master politician who is of greatest interest in these pages. Rather it is another side of him—a side which might have cost him electoral support if the voters had known of it. It is the somewhat paranoid King bursting with righteous indignation against anyone who sought to frustrate the designs of Providence, whose instrument he believed he was. It is the lonely King who used his diary for purposes of self-justification in the absence of family and close friends in whom he could confide.

This side of King is best revealed in the diary entry of March 2, 1945, by which time it had become clear that the government would weather the reinforcement crisis:

... the whole course of events have now so shaped themselves that once again I may become the instrument to make clear to the country that God's will and purpose have been behind what my life has stood for in these times in the accomplishment of things which could only be accounted for by His purpose working out its aim. . . . In other words, I believe the present government will yet carry through to the end of the war and I may yet be the one chosen to at least make

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Accordingly, more than ever before, he believed that any opposition to himself was tantamount to an interference with a divine plan for the well-being of Canada. The Tories, he charged, were guilty of "deliberate perversion and misrepresentation" and had "no sense of decency or chivalry," while the C.C.F. were "so treacherous" that they deserved their complete obliteration in Ontario.

He was equally hard on those of his own ministers who insisted on adhering to principle even when it threatened the retention of power by King, the instrument of Providence. "Politics", he wrote, "is not a matter of the ideal thing but of doing what is best to meet circumstances and difficulties that present themselves from day to day." Long before the reinforcement issue he became "incensed at Ilsley's inconsiderate attitude . . . toward myself" and accused him of being "like a horse with blinders". On the conscription crisis he found Ralston "inhumanly determined about his getting his own way, regardless of what the effects may be on all others". Thereafter he could say nothing too bad about Ralston's performance of his duties, even suggesting that "the Department of Defence has made a terrible mess of our whole war effort." Above all, Ralston had let things go "far too far as regards the size of the army, [and] the numbers of the men kept in the army in general service, but not in combatant service." King's greatest *bête noire*, however, was a third Nova Scotian, the "always difficult" Angus L. Macdonald. The distaste reached its peak when Macdonald made the "suicidal" proposal of conscription on principle for the Japanese war. After the reconstruction of his cabinet, King recorded with relief that he "was particularly glad to be free of Angus Macdonald." In contrast, McNaughton—the man who told King what King wanted to hear—was the ideal minister: "The more I see of [him] the finer character I find him to be."

More than once King expressed indignation because his ministers were not co-operating with Providence to realize the goals it had contemplated for him. "What strikes me as so cruel on the part of some of the Ministers is that they are quite prepared to gain all the strength that comes to them through my leadership but they are not prepared to help me maintain that position; rather are doing everything in their power to undermine me."

For King, genuine success lay in the justification of his past life and that of his family through his own accomplishments. Somehow he imagined that the aims of his grandfather William Lyon Mackenzie had been realized in him; on one occasion he became agitated simply because he disliked Angus Macdonald had dared to sit below his grandfather's bust. Sometimes the inter-relationships that he conjured up approached the realm of the fantastic. As he saw it, his brother Max had drawn his attention to Pasteur's writing; it had inspired him to

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write *Industry and Humanity* (1918); and that book had in turn helped to pave the way for family allowances and other social reforms more than two decades later. Thus, he concluded, "God selects the weak of the earth to confound the strong." Most observers suggest that the cliché-ridden, platitudinous *Industry and Humanity* had little influence on anybody, but according to King, it contained "the fundamental principles on which the whole work of the United Nations organization is based."

Yet, however self-deluded, self-justificatory, or paranoid King may have been, he never let this side of him interfere with the cool, careful practice of the politics of accommodation. It was not chance that prevented the Liberal party from breaking up in late 1944. King would have said it was leadership—his brand of leadership: "There is a common feeling with many men that leadership consists in showing that one has power rather than in getting one's end by means that lead to agreement on the part of all. Only the latter to my mind is a true kind of leadership." Critics alleged that this was not heroic leadership and that King cut anything but a valiant figure. But perhaps even they would have admitted that, but for him, Quebec might have turned "off into the darkness, behind a motley array of extremists, provincialists, isolationists, demagog[ue]s and crack-pots."

Dalhousie University

J. M. BECK

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*Shakespeare and the Earl of Southampton.* By G. P. V. AKRIGG. Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: Saunders of Toronto], 1968. Pp. xvi, 280. \$6.00.

From the end of 1592 until the early months of 1594 the London theatres were closed because of plague. About December, 1592, the twenty-eight-year-old Shakespeare began writing *Venus and Adonis*. In April, 1593, the poem was registered for publication, and in September it was printed with Shakespeare's dedication to the nineteen-year-old Earl of Southampton. About May in the next year, *The Rape of Lucrece* was printed with a dedication to Southampton couched in terms of great gratitude, and about the same time Shakespeare purchased, probably with money given him by Southampton, the share in the Lord Chamberlain's Men that secured his professional and financial future. All through this period not a single specific clear record of Southampton's whereabouts or activities seems to have survived, and the only known generality is that he was confusedly refusing to honour his promise of three years earlier to marry Elizabeth de Vere, the granddaughter of his guardian, Lord Burghley. Obviously Shakespeare was having some kind of considerable success with Southampton, but what else is to be made of these meagre facts? Ought they to be regarded as the key to the biographical interpretation of Shakespeare's sonnets, the first hundred and twenty-six of which are addressed



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to an unnamed youthful male friend and patron of high social rank, and the first seventeen of which urge him to marry?

G. P. V. Akrigg of the University of British Columbia thinks so, and in the course of re-examining the well known case for this view has written a painstaking and thoroughly documented biography of Southampton which succeeds in working numerous freshly discovered details into a picture of the man that is both much more sharply focussed and much more convincingly realistic than earlier ones. He gives a fascinating account of Southampton's early frustrations as a go-between in the bizarre quarrels of his self-willed self-pitying mother, who took a real or symbolic lover for revenge and company, and the weak-willed, sickly, mystically Catholic father who permitted her to seek forgiveness by living apart from him, set about with spies and guards, in a kind of voluntary house-arrest. Against this background Southampton's confused hesitations about marrying the rather hard and wilful Elizabeth de Vere at his guardian's insistence become fully understandable for the first time. Another unforgettable sketch shows Southampton at twenty-five as the General of the Horse under Essex in Ireland, his earlier moody generous instability totally submerged in enthusiastic and supremely competent soldiership. Akrigg shows as no one else has done how judicious, quick-thinking, full of initiative, and militarily sound was his daring as a cavalry leader, and consequently how understandable, though excessive, was Essex's fury at being ordered by the Queen—her mind swayed by malicious slanders at Court—to remove Southampton from his command. A series of such incidents led to the "Essex rebellion" a year and a half later and to Southampton's involvement in it, and Akrigg is again very convincing in the difficult task of showing how the intelligent participants in that insane enterprise gradually and rationally reached the irrational conclusions on which they acted.

But what of our absence of knowledge about the nineteen-year-old Southampton in the plague year, the patron of Shakespeare? Unfortunately for the theory that Shakespeare addressed his sonnets to Southampton, the only potentially good and coherent match between them and Southampton's situation belongs to this period of blankness. As soon as good documentary evidence about Southampton's life again becomes available in 1595, the match worsens and becomes a matter of scattered and fragmented points. All biographers of Southampton have had what is fundamentally the same problem—the more they discover about Southampton, the less significant in comparison seems the rather small and almost static list of possible correspondences between the sonnets and the Earl's life. If the theory were true, the reverse could be expected to be the case.

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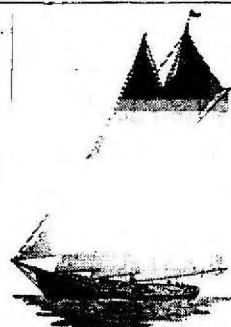
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- The Documentaries.* By DOROTHY LIVESAY. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1968. Pp. 56. \$4.95.
- A Breakfast for Barbarians.* By GWENDOLYN MACEWEN. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1966 (reprinted, 1967). Pp. 53. \$3.95.
- An Idiot Joy.* By ELI MANDEL. EDMONTON: M. G. Hurtig, 1967. Pp. 85. \$4.50.
- Entrance to the Greenhouse.* By JOAN FINNIGAN. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1968. Pp. 39. \$3.95.

A composite review need not distort by comparisons, nor does it prove that the four poets have anything in common except their citizenship. Yet there is some critical sense to the journalist's apparent madness. The books are reviewed in descending order of importance.

In part, it is from the journalist's point of view that Dorothy Livesay's *The Documentaries* is placed first. In her preface and five prose introductions she admits that the four key pieces, written in the 1930s and 1940s, are "documentaries" or "social histories". More significant are the two unintentionally subjective pieces that "serve to introduce and close the group" because they, like her early "brief, imagistic and lyrical" poems and her recent *The Unquiet Bed*, contain real private emotion which is subdued just enough to achieve universality.

It is Dorothy Livesay, reporter, didactic teacher, and social worker, speaking in the four documents. "The Outrider" is perhaps the best of them in its rhetorical (although prophetic) expression of anguish for the industrial rape of the countryside. "Day and Night" protests against society's disintegration during the depression years and records the poet's loss of "social innocence". This poem is related, in its Spender-Auden-Lewis expression of agonies of industrial labour, with "West Coast" in which the "old left" protagonist finds integration and the exhilaration of new commitment in the national home effort of World War II. The radio drama "Call My People Home" idealizes "the endurance and tolerance of the Japanese-Canadians who so roughly and violently, in the year 1941, were uprooted."

No matter how faithful the reportage, how numerous the interviews, how thorough the research, documenting is no substitute for authenticity of imaginative projection into character, place, and mood of the times such as Miss Livesay accomplishes in the opening "Ontario Story" and the closing "Roots". As Louis Dudek noted, however, in the Winter issue of the *Queen's Quarterly*, "The evolution of Canadian nationalism and the image of Canada in poetry need to be considered before we can understand our poetry in its present development." Herein, perhaps, lies the academic importance of *The Documentaries*.

Nine pages (one-fifth of the book) are devoted to prose explanations which make a review seem redundant and support the suggestion on the dust jacket of the book that eventually a prose autobiography by Dorothy Livesay might be more

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Peter McDonough

valuable "in helping today's youth in high schools and universities understand their Canadian past?" If the autobiography does not appear, it is to be hoped that we will appreciate the irony of the lines, "No one remembers Dorothy / was ever here" and ". . . I stand / Fast rooted to this place", for the poems from which they were taken, for the opening and closing poems in this book and her more recent work, and not for these four "social histories".

A refreshing celebration of modern man's cannibalistic tendency to devour rather than merely control his environment and himself is what holds Gwendolyn MacEwen's fifty-five poems in *A Breakfast for Barbarians* together thematically. In the face of cynicism, sarcasm, negativism, self-pity, coolism, *et al*, here is a young Canadian voice of optimism: "I write basically to communicate joy, mystery, passion . . . not the joy that naïvely exists without knowledge of pain, but joy which arises out of and conquers pain. I want to construct a myth." That is the Dionysian regenerative myth which is celebrated in her poems with some of the ecstasy, wild dance, thrilling music, and tipsy excess which Frazer attributes to the "rude tribes of Thrace".

The reader is won by MacEwen's eclecticism, inventiveness, wit, intelligence, and undespairing integral awareness of the present. She has the ability to question false premises and turn the lining of cloudy clichés. To readers star-gazed by the "cosmic sigh", she offers the "Thesis" that they might use the more positive metaphor: "pregnant web". Her "faith" in modern technology may annoy the cynic when she argues with a wry sense of humour that the media emanate "great waves of new power" that evoke laughter from a god "whose mouth transforms energy into His end." Although there is no doubt about her satiric observations, she is not inclined to moralize, because "to believe or not believe / is not the question." MacEwen has pooled "all cutlery in a cosmic cuisine" for a breakfast from which one can sit back and exclaim with her "by God that was a meal." Her mythology is personal, "kanadian", biblical, classical, and Egyptian. Her images excite and electrify in their expanding dimensions. The mind must gyrate when filled with thumb prints, whirling dervishes, ferris wheels and the new zodiacs of "The Astronauts". Her failure to refine the classical logic of style has frustrated even her best critics, for Miss MacEwen seems to move her images with what American poet Louis Simpson has called the surrealist's "logic of dreams". She has returned (with Graves and *The White Goddess*) to the magical invocation of the positive in nature—the new nature created by our industrial and social technology which tends to numb many of today's artists and intellectuals into a negative stance. Reading her work it is possible to achieve

the slow striptease of our concepts  
—it is even this which builds us,  
for you I would subtract my images  
for the nude truth beneath them. . . .

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*A Breakfast for Barbarians* is a good introduction to a twenty-six-year-old Canadian who will produce her fifth volume of verse this year (*The Shadow-Makers*) and her second novel (*The Twelve Circles of the Night*).

Dudek has suggested that MacEwen and Eli Mandel offer one of the alternatives after the "anti-romantic recoil": the "return to excited vision". But in the 1967 Governor-General Award-winning *An Idiot Joy* the credibility and coherence of the poet's vision are dubious, not because the anxiety-ridden insane and criminal masques of Mandel are negative and pessimistic but because they fail to create any new umbrella for man's inhumanity to man. He has not *asserted* his fiction as Wallace Stevens (and John Barth) suggest the modern poet (and modern man) must.

The book's epigraph from *Herzog*—"Is it an idiot joy that makes this animal, the most peculiar animal of all, exclaim something? And he thinks this reaction a sign, a proof of eternity?"—raises a question that remains unanswered. The attempted answer is a fragmented rationalization of a *victim* rather than the development of any new premise for a *creator* of a vision of reality. The epigraph unfortunately recalls Shakespeare's lines: life "is a tale / Told by an idiot. . . ." Mandel may be expected, however, to offer more in the future that is less transitory than these "struts and frets". He seems to be reaching from the mythopoetic method toward metaphoric statement, flirting with imagism and symbolism *en route*. But the metaphor is weak, the style a decorative façade for what is basically a cliché idiom, and the existential theme of despair a little passé. He does not really define "how we might be / without enclosing space."

Mandel seems to be almost aware of all this in the second-last poem in the book, "The Apology." And it is this unfortunate theme that holds the book together and endears it to some writer-critics: the *apologia*. But it is merely a symptom that Mandel's work is changing. He is, as the first poem admits, "crazed by poetry". He is continually disturbed by "this silence in the inner ear", his "crooked prayers", "lost lovely words" and "strangling metaphor" (love) or "metaphor I distrust" (murder). Lines such as "one by one my poems fall apart / something like a cooked onion" (from "Neither here nor there")—particularly the phrase "*something* like"—do not build the reader's confidence. There is nothing organic or external that reliably holds either the collection or many of the individual poems together; they seem to be "new kinds of toys which never quite fit their parts" ("The Apology").

Last as a book to buy, but not least as a poet, are *entrance to the greenhouse* and Joan Finnigan. Like *The Documentaries*, also from The Ryerson Press, this book is invitingly designed and bound, but it is equally difficult to review for two reasons. The first is found in her dust-jacket note: "People bore me when they



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bear down with the scalpels of academia. If you dissect the heart and guts, the thing is dead. And people, even when they sublimate by reading and writing books, are looking between the lines for love." It's too bad that she and her publishers were not as fervently practical. What they have produced is literally "the entrance" to a book. Surely this single poem could have been held as a preface to the forthcoming collection, *It Was Warm and Sunny When I Set Out*, because at ten cents per page and about five lines per page *entrance to the greenhouse* leaves far too much room between the lines for love and money. There are no heart and guts here to dissect. It is a lovely poem of any colour except green, but the 162 lines, plus 137 spaces for stanzas and title, could be put on eight and a half pages and the four illustrations by Sindon Gecin incorporated in a twelve-page chapbook and sold for fifty cents. If her last volume, *A Dream of Lilies*, published by Fiddlehead Books in 1965 is not sold out, you can buy this soft cover edition of 48 poems, tear out about half of the weaker pieces and still have a good buy at \$1.50. It is almost impossible to quote anything from "entrance to the greenhouse" (unless it is the space between the lines) for any purpose of illustration. The poem is too polished and fragile. However, the essence of her work can perhaps be found in a stanza from the Fiddlehead Book:

with fury you create, fill in  
 the lines between the days and nights,  
 stuff verses in the dykes,  
 look death in the eye  
 with a new first line,  
 transmute your loss  
 into a great gain of stanzas,  
 with something beautiful  
 upon the page  
 obliterate the vision  
 of the empty room,  
 anaesthetize the ache

until finally you forget  
 you would have traded poems once  
 for love

and poems become a kind of loving.

The last is the title line of the poem. Miss Finnigan is, at her best, a poet of the mind transmuted in landscape—or whatever we call Aurora in Canada.

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*Technology and Empire.* By GEORGE GRANT. Toronto: House of Anansi, 1969. Pp. 143. \$5.50 (paper, \$2.50).

The impetus of this book of essays derives from the central fact of our existence in Canada, on the North American continent, in the year 1969. This is perhaps best stated by George Grant, himself, in the essay, "Canadian Fate and Imperialism", when he says (p. 74) of the war in Vietnam:

What is being done there is being done by a society which is in some deep way our own. It is being done by a society which more than any other carries the destiny of the West, and Canadians belong inevitably to that destiny. Canada could only continue to be if we could hold some alternative social vision to that of the great republic. Yet such an alternative would have had to come out of the same stream—western culture. Indeed our failure to find such an alternative is bound up with the very homogenising part of western history. So we are left with the fact. As the U.S. becomes daily more our own, so does the Vietnam war.

Grant is concerned, as a Christian and as a thinking man committed to preserving certain patterns of thought now believed to belong only to our past, to understand what ideas and ideals form the backbone of the Imperial monster the West (i.e. the U.S. and its satellites) is today. He chooses to consider the West mainly because it has pushed further towards a completely technological society than has any Eastern state, although he recognizes that they are hustling to catch up. The essays in this book deal with a number of aspects of the central problem. The two essays written especially for this collection, "In Defence of North America" and "A Platitude", are both the most passionate and the most stimulating in the range of their ideas, but the whole book is a unified work of "philosophy" if we take that word to mean "thinking as clearly as one can about the problem of being human in the world in which one lives."

It is an exciting book, and beautiful in the passionate working out of the terrifying implications of the insights Grant has fought to gain. His theme, the loss of all value in a world ruled by the will to technology (a world "where technological progress becomes itself the sole context within which all that is other to it must attempt to be present"), is the central chord about which he plays his variations in essays ranging from the formidably scholastic "Tyranny and Wisdom" to the moving and elegiac "A Platitude". Grant's insights are valuable, too valuable to be dismissed as Tory wails of self-pity. One of the central ones is that "The language of what belongs to man as man has long since been disintegrated." The new philosophy eschews value, and therefore a language of value cannot be found. Yet Grant, in this book, has striven, especially by using what he calls the "language of deprivation", to offer cogent and reasoned criticisms of the world view which dominates



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all our lives. He has succeeded to a certain extent, and in that limited success one can see some little hope.

The book is full of pungent comments on both the controllers of our system and the rebels (mostly young) against it. And there is the penetrating analysis of the thought of Leo Strauss and Alexandre Kojève, an essay that should be included in at least one course in political studies at every university in the land. Indeed, if our universities are not quite as far gone as Grant supposes them to be, I would hope to see this book appearing in both political science and philosophy courses. For, if our education is to help us face the world around us, then it will be through the writings of a man like Grant (and the thinkers he discusses) as well as such now established figures as Paul Goodman and Herbert Marcuse, or, in another field, Marshall McLuhan, that such aid as we need will come. It is because Grant represents a minority point of view today that his work is potentially of so much value. It is to be hoped that a large number of people will get this book and try to approach it with their prejudices firmly under control. It could prove a liberating and truly thought-provoking experience.

*Toronto*

DOUGLAS BARBOUR

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