

## Book Reviews

*The Marvellous Chance: Thomas Howard and the Ridolphi Plot, 1570-1572.* By FRANCIS EDWARDS, S. J. London: Rupert Hart-Davis [Don Mills: General Publishing Co.], 1968. Pp. 416. \$14.95.

This close examination of the conspiracy that brought the fourth Duke of Norfolk of the House of Howard to the block—and also, it would seem, involved Mary, Queen of Scots, and Pius V against Elizabeth I of England—draws its title from words of Sir Gilbert Gerrard, the Attorney General, at Norfolk's trial: "No man could by any travail find it out, till God disclosed it by a marvellous chance." The author, who is the archivist of the English Province of the Society of Jesus, has already published a study of Mary, Queen of Scots, entitled *The Dangerous Queen*. The present well-documented book aims to be a strictly historical study. As Father Edwards observes in his Introduction, we are concerned here with an age that used the language of religion much more freely than we do in everyday political conversation. The struggle for power in the early years of Elizabeth's reign cannot be reduced simply to a struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism, and this book provides further evidence for this. Thomas Howard died as he had lived, a Protestant. His successful rival and able opponent Sir William Cecil was also a Protestant. Both faiths, Protestant and Catholic, had Machiavellian as well as completely spiritual adherents. Father Edwards' researches lead him to the conclusion that "the marvellous chance" of which the Attorney General spoke could be otherwise interpreted than from God.

The fourth holder of the dukedom of Norfolk, whose title dates from 1483, two years before Bosworth Field, did not find a biographer until 1964, when Dr. Neville Williams published his study. However, Father Edwards' work provides no duplication, for it is concerned only with the last few years of Thomas Howard's life. It endeavours to unravel a complicated web of events in these years, for the circumstances of the Duke's tragic end had remained obscure. Although the sequence of events described is extremely complicated, it would appear that Father Edwards' reconstruction of them makes a reasonable case.

When the head of Thomas Howard fell, Sir William Cecil, Lord Burghley, saw the passing of his dangerous rival. The hand of the Principal Secretary seems to be at work in the Ridolphi plot, which was so named from the Florentine who settled in London about 1555, became secret agent for the Pope from 1566, and served as a banker and money lender for English nobility including Norfolk. Ridolphi died peacefully and honourably in Florence at eighty-one, leaving three sons and a daughter to mourn their loss. Perhaps the most obscure part of the story, as concerns the plot, has to do with the direct implication of Thomas Howard

in the ostensibly treasonable plan of the invasion scheme. The official story, says Father Edwards, bears evidence of too much obvious subterfuge and chicanery to be acceptable today. In his reconstruction of the events, he shows that the duke was deliberately and cold-bloodedly misrepresented as a powerful conspirator in a plot of which he was fundamentally ignorant and innocent. His fall and tragic death were made possible by the corruption of one servant in particular. He was William Barker, whom the Duke believed to have been his principal betrayer. Though Barker himself was deeply implicated, and obstinate with his examiners, he was the only conspirator to receive a royal pardon.

The events of the plot are described in six chapters, entitled succinctly *Bailly Confesses*, *The Bishop Expounds*, *Barker Betrays*, *the Duke Defends*, *Stuckley Confuses*, and *Burghley Prevails*. Six appendices are also included. Two of these concern the *Battle of the Books*, 1569-71, of which the subjects were the projected marriage between the Duke of Norfolk and Mary, Queen of Scots, and Pius V's ill-advised excommunication of Queen Elizabeth in 1570, for which it is suggested that Ridolphi was to blame. Readers of detective stories may well find in this book that truth may be indeed sometimes stranger than fiction.

*University of King's College*

J. B. HIBBITTS

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*This Timeless Moment: A Personal View of Aldous Huxley.* By LAURA ARCHERA HUXLEY. New York: Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, 1968. Pp. 330. \$8.50.

*Aldous Huxley: A Study of the Major Novels.* By PETER BOWERING. London: Athlone Press, 1968. Pp. 242.

These two books are unique in that Mrs. Huxley's is the only intimate biographical treatment of Aldous Huxley and Mr. Bowering's the first reasonably adequate full-length critical appraisal of the novelist that have so far been published.

*This Timeless Moment*, which is dedicated to "the flower children of all times", is at once a tribute, a love story, and a first-hand account of the tragic last decade in the life of Aldous Huxley, whose surname according to a recent reviewer must be as important for twentieth-century readers as that of Marx, Russell, or Freud. The second Mrs. Huxley, a small lively Italian woman and a former concert violinist, had an already established friendship with both Aldous and his first wife, which after Maria Huxley's death eventually led to marriage in 1956. The following years were full and active for the Huxleys even after the beginning of Aldous's fatal cancer in 1961. During the last months his condition was kept secret from the public as much as possible, and his death on Friday, November 22, 1963 was vastly overshadowed by the assassination on the same day of President Kennedy. (C. S. Lewis died in the same week-end.)

That Huxley had always been reticent about his private life makes these

revelations of special interest, and their authenticity is enhanced by the inclusion of taped recordings of dialogues, private letters, a number of photographs, and the unpublished first chapter of an unfinished novel.

This portrait of the older Huxley, as opposed to the cynical image of the thirties, depicts him as a passionate lover and a devoted husband, a "respectable literary gentleman" who was a visiting professor at Berkeley in 1962, and primarily perhaps as the author of *Island*, his last novel, which was forecast as far back as the 1946 preface to *Brave New World*.

The book both begins and ends with an account of an experiment—in the first chapter a rather amusing mutual hypnosis session between Laura and Aldous during one of her first meetings with the Huxleys in 1952, and in the "Epilogue" a spiritualistic contact with her husband which his widow believes was quite probably genuine. At least two chapters have been devoted by Mrs. Huxley to an account of some of the experiments conducted by both herself and her husband with drugs (including LSD) as a carefully controlled means of expanding consciousness, and at the same time she clears up certain possible misconceptions on this subject.

The final three months of Huxley's life are described by Mrs. Huxley as "a slow but unrelenting diminuendo", and throughout the last six chapters of the book (with the exception of the spiritualistic "Epilogue"), we are spared very few of the details. "But nevertheless one must go on" is one of Aldous Huxley's last statements and one that was perhaps most typical of him. With a "super-human effort" and the physical assistance of his wife, Huxley finally finished in time for a deadline his last article, entitled "Shakespeare and Religion".

It is in the inclusion of apparently small details that Mrs. Huxley can imply worlds of significance—for instance, the fact that one of Huxley's final actions was to add a comma to his article on the day before he died. And then there is this quotation from a letter to an unknown correspondent written by Huxley just a few months previously: "I have known that sense of affectionate solidarity with the people around me and the Universe at large—also the sense of the world's fundamental All-Rightness, in spite of pain, death, and bereavement. . . ." This from the man who wrote *Point Counter Point* and *Brave New World*!

Since Peter Bowering published his *Aldous Huxley* after Huxley's death, he does have the advantage of being able to view the novelist's career as a whole; but his book also surpasses the other handful of Huxley critiques in containing a competent analysis of the form and technique of the major novels as well as of their contents. As a result, Huxley finally receives his rightful due as an artist with a gift for irony that at least equals Swift's, while at the same time he is presented as "the moralist of a scientific age" working out the implications of the conflict between science and religion, as did his paternal grandfather, T. H. Huxley, only with different results.

Although Mr. Bowering restricts himself to a study of Huxley's nine novels

ranging from *Crome Yellow* (1921) to *Island* (1962), he has attempted to set these "in the widest area of reference", frequently drawing on non-fictional writings and source materials. Of these major novels, Bowering suggests that only *Antic Hay*, *Point Counter Point*, and *Eyeless in Gaza* are works of "exceptional literary merit", not denying meanwhile that Huxley's other works are still valuable for different reasons. It is in the "novel of ideas", according to this critic, that Huxley's chief contribution lies, although that term is qualified considerably, especially when applied to a lengthy and complex book such as *Eyeless in Gaza*.

Mr. Bowering traces the parallels in both subject and methods between Huxley and Thomas Love Peacock (who, according to Northrop Frye, was "Huxley's master"), including characterization, use of environment, digressions, and concern with the scientific conflict. But he sees Huxley as going much beyond Peacock in that his writings reflect a life-long spiritual quest as illustrated by the search for a "more desirable way of life" undertaken by central characters in the novels. On the private level this search is for "salvation" or enlightenment, but on the more social level it takes the form of a blueprint for utopia, a concept which is increasingly hinted at throughout Huxley's career and which reaches its most comprehensive exposition in *Island*.

Dealing with the novels in question, Mr. Bowering sees *Crome Yellow* and *Antic Hay* as exploring the concept of "meaninglessness" most fully through the "dialectic of ideas", while in *Those Barren Leaves* there is a foreshadowing of Huxley's interest in contemplative mysticism. *Point Counter Point* he regards as the most technically successful novel but *Eyeless in Gaza*, which stresses the "conversion theme", is proclaimed the most "interesting". These judgments are certainly worthy of consideration, although they are perhaps controversial; for instance, it might be objected that insufficient stress is given to the importance of *Brave New World* as a document of twentieth-century thought. Most readers, however, would probably agree with Bowering's observation that beginning with *After Many a Summer* the moralist in Huxley gradually gains ascendancy over the artist, and all will appreciate his clarification of *Time Must Have a Stop* (Huxley's own favourite, incidentally) through an exposition of the Tibetan Book of the Dead. Possibly the most important contribution that Mr. Bowering makes is his assertion that *Island*, in spite of its questionable literary merits, is the final and most important chapter in the Huxley synthesis.

Huxley's decline as a novelist is attributed to the fact that his ironical genius is deserted when he attempts to portray "goodness" rather than to direct his satire against more negative aspects; also, the very nature of Huxley's neo-Buddhist mysticism precludes the dualism so basic to Western thought and essential to literary irony. (Mr. Bowering is charitable enough to describe Huxley's "redemptive" characters as merely "weak" rather than as the "goody goody bores" that one reviewer named them.)

The book concludes with a rather vague appraisal of Huxley's attempt "to reconcile the two great opposing forces of our time, science and religion", and the suggestion that perhaps Huxley's final stand was "humanism" is not very convincing. But this inconclusiveness could derive from a similar ambiguity in some of Huxley's own final insights.

On the whole, this is a book that will be most useful to those who have not read a great deal of Huxley's work or come to many specific conclusions of their own about it, and since these so far constitute a vast majority it is a book that fills a real need. Mr. Bowering deserves credit for finally getting Huxley criticism of book-length on the right track, but this is not to say that there is not, in this so far neglected subject, a very wide field left open to challenge the efforts of future critics.

York University

GWEN MATHESON

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*The Young Hegelians and Karl Marx.* By DAVID McLELLAN. London: Macmillan [Toronto: Macmillan of Canada], 1969. Pp. ix, 170. \$8.75.

This book is designed to fill what the author refers to, quite correctly, as a serious gap in the history of ideas. After the "eclipse" of Hegel, his followers, not unnaturally, fell into virtual oblivion even in Germany. Now, however, with growing interest in Hegelianism and in particular with the recent publication of some of Marx's early writings, the Young Hegelians are beginning to attract at least footnote attention. Professor McLellan discusses the works of some of the young Hegelians in the conviction that they are important in themselves and that they contribute to an understanding of Marx's thought in particular.

After discussing the fate of Hegelianism following the death of the Master in 1831, the author concentrates on the increasing prominence of the group of able thinkers that came to be known as Young Hegelians. Unlike Old Hegelians, who were preoccupied with Hegel's "system" and in particular with religious questions, the thinkers discussed in this book quickly shifted the emphasis to practical questions—to ideas in politics, ethics, and economics.

A chapter is devoted to each of Bruno Bauer, Ludwig Feuerbach, Max Stirner, and Moses Hess. Many lesser figures are also mentioned. Of the numerous works discussed most will be new to all but experts in the history of the period: in general histories of philosophy only the name of Feuerbach turns up with any degree of regularity.

Although this book is well written and the judgments extremely well documented, it will be of limited interest to most readers. This is partly because the philosophers discussed are not in any sense major thinkers, and also because their ideas are treated less with conceptual vigour than with a view to showing their influence on Marx. Nor will it, strictly speaking, contribute much to an understand-

ing of Marx's ideas, since its limited aim is to throw light on the *genesis* of his thought. It is rather a guidebook for historians than a work that will commend itself to readers who seek an understanding of the thought, as such, of either Marx or the Young Hegelians.

Mount Allison University

C. F. POOLE

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*Surprises of the Sun.* By JAMES MCAULEY. Sydney: Angus and Robertson, 1969. Pp. 61. \$1.95 (Aus.).

Rereading Yeats has long been a habit of mine; rereading James McAuley has become another. My usual impression, as might be expected, is that Yeats is at least slightly the greater poet; but I also find myself thanking whatever gods may be that McAuley could see his way to becoming a mere Roman Catholic—which means that I do not have to put up with another private, all-too-private, cosmology, another *Vision*. One does not reprove Yeats for the System: in an increasingly materialist-mechanist world it helped keep his spirit alive and helped him toward the high reaches. But one can still wish that the metaphors for poetry could have been discovered in some more accessible land; one can bless Yeats without forgetting that the patchwork religion could not do for him all that the more genuine article did for Dante and George Herbert. In any case, McAuley is a wonderful poet—saner, smarter, more balanced, and more self-effacing than the moderns to whom one is usually directed. However unabashedly he proclaims Christ the King, neither his living in Tasmania, far from the literary king-makers, nor his detractors and ignorers—the energumens of the Left and of arch-modernism whether left, right, or somewhere else—can impede his reputation much longer. A proud egalitarian world must suffer, as it did with Yeats, the chagrin of having to take seriously another humble aristocratic poet. McAuley lacks, of course, certain advantages that Yeats enjoyed, chief among them the immensely propitious historical moment. Time and place have not provided him with equivalents of the Irish Troubles or the passing of the great houses of the Ascendancy—public and national occasions to lend to verse the highest urgency. But his themes—in his own words, “love, human and divine; order and crisis in the soul and in the city of man; creative energy in life and art; the heroic virtues . . . the search for, and the struggle to express, an intuition of the True Form of Man”—are the old ones of the great poets, and in his role as *artifex* he is fully adequate to these burdens of the *vates*. He has humbled himself before the traditions of English rhetoric and metrics and learned what they can teach; he has despised in both technique and attitude all sensationalism, all that glittering idiosyncrasy that catches (and too long holds) the eye of today's worldly-wise—but, alas, seldom otherworldly-wise—critics.

Readers who have not followed McAuley's career may find it helpful if *Surprises of the Sun* is placed in perspective within the canon.

Two books of poems, *Under Aldebaran* (1946) and *A Vision of Ceremony* (1956), were followed by *The End of Modernity* (1958), which collected McAuley's essays on the arts (especially poetry) in the modern world, and which confirmed what the poems had already revealed: a splendid critical faculty, a penetrating and judicious intellect. McAuley was tenacious, determined to trace to its root-causes the malaise of art and artist in our times—and nowhere in contemporary criticism, to my knowledge, is there so readable and just a definition of cultural tradition and of the steady destructiveness of the anti-traditional forces that now hunt the artist down. (The discussion is the more telling because McAuley's career in Australian government introduced him to the native arts and crafts of a large area of the South Pacific.) The same book presented, in passing, an understanding of the supreme advantages of traditional metrical forms. All in all, *The End of Modernity* is a valuable gloss on the poems themselves. Becoming more technical a few years later in his *Primer of English Versification*, McAuley emerged as the soundest and most readable prosodist of recent years (only Paul Fussell, Jr., it seems to me, is as rewarding.) Then followed the *Selected Poems* of 1963 and the epical narrative *Captain Quiros*, one of the few modern verse narratives that will be re-read for pleasure rather than for its author's name.

*Selected Poems* showed McAuley as master of an opulent, hieratic style but more partial to a colloquial yet austere pastoral vein. *Surprises of the Sun* apparently collects all or most of the short poems that McAuley has written since 1963; in any case, it continues his preference for the conversational (not to be understood as the speech-reportorialism of a Carl Sandburg or a W. C. Williams). In this relaxed idiom McAuley satisfies more deeply than Frost: the Vermont poet often just misses greatness because he refuses to allow intellect to develop vigorously, and one is tempted to say that McAuley at his most typical is like Frost with a mind. That would be more clever than fair, but it might carry the point.

McAuley is one of a very few satisfactory devotional poets now writing in English (F. T. Prince, a neglected poet, is probably the best of the others), and the central group of these forty-four poems, a sequence titled "The Six Days of Creation", is not below the fine achievement of earlier poems such as "Vespers", "Nuptial Hymn", "Celebration of Divine Love", and "In a Late Hour". (One curiosity that is difficult to explain is that the present book reprints unaltered the author's beautiful "Pietà", which appeared as the last piece in the *Selected Poems*.)

These forty-four can seldom be faulted: they do what they set out to do; McAuley is an even poet. But, given his predilections, herein lies a danger as well as a strength. The vicious tendency of both conversationalism and intellectual vigour is discursiveness and flatness, and McAuley (like Frost and like the Yeats of *Last Poems*) sometimes becomes rather more dilute and expository than is desirable even in the low key deliberately adopted; and of course it is the richer, more intense poem that does the most for us. One would not want McAuley's outstand-

ing success in the easy registers and light touches of *Surprise of the Sun* to discourage his attempting again the like of the devotional poems mentioned above, or of *Selected Poems*' "Sleep", "Canticle", "To a Dead Bird of Paradise", and "Merry-Go-Round", which some of us find as moving as the last odes of Keats.

*University of Prince Edward Island*

ROBERT BEUM

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*Chaucer's Mind and Art.* Essays edited by A. C. Cawley. Edinburgh and London: Oliver and Boyd, 1969. Pp. x, 210. £2.

In this book, Professor Cawley has adopted an interesting approach to Chaucer criticism. Four new essays have been added to six reprinted ones and a good selective bibliography to produce a planned anthology which opens with a discussion of general principles and then continues to various applications of some of these. It works, as the title suggests, from Chaucer's mind to his art.

The opening essay, by D. S. Brewer, entitled "The Criticism of Chaucer in the Twentieth Century", is an outstandingly good survey of modern Chaucerian scholarship. It ranges from Legouis and Kittredge to D. W. Robertson and Payne, from Chesterton to Lumiansky, and the influence of Marshall McLuhan is not overlooked. Though extensive discussion of each scholar's work is obviously impossible, the most significant contributions are outlined and commented upon in an eminently reasonable vein. The modern mind's approach to Chaucer is thus well demonstrated.

Brewer observes that one of the functions of criticism is to show the correspondence between modern attitudes and what we find in ancient literature, but that it is also criticism's function to adjust modern thought to the thought and sensibility of the past. The second section of the book consists of four essays which attempt to fulfil this latter aim. D. R. Howard's "Chaucer the Man" considers the medieval concept of the author's role and its relation to oral and written publication and to literary style. R. W. V. Elliott's "Chaucer's Reading" looks at Chaucer's sources, both of his stories and of his philosophy, placing considerable stress on Boethius, the *Romance of the Rose*, and the dream in general. The essay by F. L. Utley, "Chaucer and Patristic Exegesis", amounts to a critique of D. W. Robertson's *A Preface to Chaucer*. It is a much needed antidote to Robertson, whose apparent infallibility is very definitely open to question. The final essay in this section, J. G. Southworth's "Chaucer's Prosody: A Plea for a Reliable Text", brings up the question of what, exactly, Chaucer *did* write and how we are to discover it. He shows that editors have altered the original texts to fit a questionable prosodic theory, even to the omission of words and the changing of word order. If we are to appreciate Chaucer, we must hear his own speech rhythms.

From a consideration of the modern and medieval criticism of Chaucer—the attempt to discover the mind—the book moves to five essays on various aspects of Chaucer's art. Dorothy Everett's well-known "Some Reflexions on Chaucer's



'Art Poetical'” deals with Chaucer's reliance on and use of the rhetorical tradition as demonstrated throughout his work; A. C. Cawley's "Chaucer's Valentine: *The Parlement of Foules*" brings unity to the *Parlement* through close reading, archetypal criticism, and the love vision; and Roger Sharrock in "*Troilus and Criseyde*: Poem of Contingency" takes issue with C. S. Lewis on the question of love in *Troilus and Criseyde* in the light of changing attitudes in the late Middle Ages. Janette Richardson examines the imagery in the *Friar's Tale*, combines it with traditional beliefs about the devil, and develops a pattern of images centred upon the hunter and his prey. Dorothy Bethurum Loomis ends the book with a comparison of Chaucer and Shakespeare—a series of contrasts and similarities intended to show Chaucer's place in the stream of English literature. It is thought-provoking, if perhaps not quite so illuminating as several of the other essays in the collection.

This anthology is a valuable addition to Chaucer studies. It puts a great deal of criticism into perspective and, while it obviously cannot offer a guide to all aspects of Chaucer, it is a stimulus to discussion and to imaginative interpretation. It presents a balanced appraisal of the subject, a type of judgment which is not always found in critical works. By dint of wise selection of topics and contributors the editor has produced a noteworthy blend of scholarship and criticism.

University of King's College

R. MACG. DAWSON

*Early Middle English Literature.* By R. M. WILSON. London: Methuen [Toronto: Methuen Publications], (third edition) 1968. Pp. xi, 309. \$6.95 (paper, \$3.25).

This book is the third edition of the work originally published in the Methuen Old English Library series in 1939 and long considered one of the best guides to that comparatively neglected period which precedes Chaucer, Langland, and the *Gawain*-poet. The text is unaltered, but four pages of bibliography have been added at the beginning to supplement the footnotes. The format has been changed slightly: the new edition has a larger page of more pleasing proportions and a different cover.

University of King's College

R. MACG. DAWSON

*William Blake: An Introduction to the Man and to his Work.* By RAYMOND LISTER. London: G. Bell and Sons [Toronto: Clarke, Irwin], 1968. Pp. xi, 200. \$7.00.

Raymond Lister's introduction to William Blake succeeds not, as apparently intended, to serve as a groundwork for Blake beginners, but as a generally useful historical and bibliographic study of Blake's paintings and engravings. Besides establishing the

dates and recreating the circumstances of individual productions, Lister describes, authoritatively, the various technical processes utilized by Blake in the preparation of his work. Designation of the present location of Blake originals rounds out the author's definitive research on the art work.

The other single strength of the book is found in the descriptive and interpretative commentary upon Blake's illustrations of the *Book of Job*. In this discussion, there is a freedom of phrase and fullness of treatment, markedly different from the author's interpretations of the poetry in which both the technique and thought of Blake are usually reduced to what the poet himself would call "mathematic form".

Unfortunately, Lister's uncompromising devotion to his own personal concept of Blake's personality leads him to set scholarship aside and selectively re-tell apocryphal stories which beclouded Blake studies over a century ago. As in the case of Blake's Swedenborg, Lister must be called to account for writing the "old falsehoods".

Although it is intended as an introduction, this study of Blake has far too many purposes. It attempts to characterize the man; to describe his domestic, art, business, and social worlds; to interpret almost all of his poems; and to remark the history, nature, and significance of his paintings and engravings. Fortunately, for both beginners and the initiated, the author succeeds admirably at the last of these intentions.

University of Calgary

S. K. FREIBERG

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*Blake in the Nineteenth Century: His Reputation as a Poet from Gilchrist to Yeats.*

By DEBORAH DORFMAN. New Haven: Yale University Press [Montreal: McGill University Press], 1969. Pp. xvi, 314. \$9.50.

Literary criticism has received a major contribution from Deborah Dorfman in her study of William Blake's reputation in the nineteenth century. She writes a carefully and comprehensively documented book which reconstructs the knowledge of Blake and the responses to his verse, not only in the period from Gilchrist to Yeats, but also during the poet's lifetime and during the period between his death in 1827 and the writing of the *Life* by Gilchrist in the early 1860s.

As a result of her inclusive documentation and precise commentary, one follows the affective shifts in literary taste and critical stance as Blake studies proceed from obscure beginnings to notoriety. The citing of unfavourable reactions to Blake poems in which bodily substance is given to the spiritual world, for instance, affords the reader with particular proof that "eighteenth-century attitudes had by no means disappeared from literary criticism of the 1830s". The strength of editorial penchants in the shaping of Blake's critical history is given clear demonstration. For example, an exchange of letters between William Rossetti and Anne Gilchrist (who, in 1862, was preparing her late husband's manuscript on Blake for the press) in-

dicates mutual interpretative understanding of Blake's assertion in the "Visions of the Daughters of Albion" that the church had a decided detrimental effect upon relationships between the sexes. However, Mrs. Gilchrist "shrank from trying" to get Rossetti's forthright exposition past the publisher Alexander Macmillan, described by her as "inexorable against any shade of heterodoxy in moral".

The most important sections of Miss Dorfman's book are naturally dedicated to the prominent Blake scholars of the century. The discussions, centred on Gilchrist, D. G. Rossetti, Swinburne, Ellis, and Yeats, not only describe the objective contributions of each but also elucidate the individual use that each made of Blake materials in the support of personal concepts and interests. Gilchrist, under the influence of Carlyle, writes of Blake as an "enthusiast", the sincere poet-hero at work; Rossetti sees Blake in the light of his own pre-Raphaelite aesthetic; Swinburne uncovers a libertine, pagan Blake, dedicated to art for its own sake; Yeats betrays one of his own fundamental concerns in describing Blake as "a man crying out for a mythology".

It must not be construed that Miss Dorfman decries subjective response to Blake; she simply remarks on it, conveying the sense that each commentator, each editor, appreciators and detractors, all are part of the complex background which lies behind the present-day knowledge and texts of Blake. Scholars can be grateful to Miss Dorfman for elucidating that background.

A few words need to be said about the presentational mode of the book. Because of the numerous references employed by the author, reading sometimes becomes difficult. For instance, page references cited in parenthesis and footnote markers accompanying directly quoted materials may be found in a single sentence which leads into a following blocked quotation. This is not to say that arrangements are unintelligible; simply, unusual persistence is demanded.

On one count, Miss Dorfman is somewhat incautious. Wishing to remark on the neglect suffered by Blake from prominent Victorians, she asserts that there is no available evidence of George Eliot's ever having read Blake's poems; this, despite the fact that George Eliot lived in a cottage owned by the widow of Blake's biographer, Gilchrist, precisely during the time of writing parts of *Middlemarch*, a work in which she quotes two stanzas from Blake's "The Clod and the Pebble" as a heading for Chapter 25, and two stanzas of "The Divine Image" as a preface to Chapter 76.

This oversight in the case of George Eliot is indeed minor, a small blemish in a continuously cogent manuscript.

Miss Dorfman completes her important contribution to Blake studies by appended inclusion of systematic tables of first printings of individual and manuscript poems.

## Canadian Books

*Ryerson of Upper Canada.* By CLARA McCANDLESS THOMAS. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1969. Pp. 151. \$6.95.

*John Strachan, 1778-1868.* By J. L. S. HENDERSON. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1969. Pp. vi, 112. \$4.50.

An appropriate timeliness marks the almost simultaneous publication of these two biographies of early Canada's two most outstanding adversaries. Despite Strachan's and Ryerson's roles as perennial controversialists, these most recent studies of their respective careers reveal many striking similarities. Both were clergymen and church leaders in opposing camps. As champions of their respective faiths, they met head on. Ryerson, as Strachan's lighter-weight opponent (since his church, the Methodist, had for many years no recognized status) countered his challenger's bludgeoning assault by dashing in to the attack with the agility of a skilled fencer.

Both were excellent teachers and educators; for a term of years each headed the educational system of Upper Canada. Both were responsible for founding and heading independent denominational colleges—Victoria and Trinity—each of which later became affiliated with the undenominational University of Toronto. Ryerson, as editor of the *Christian Guardian*, was the outstanding journalist of his day; Strachan was the author of Canada's earliest school-arithmetic text. Both were skilled pamphleteers and were responsible for innumerable papers defending their respective stands on Church Establishment and on that ever-contentious question, the Clergy Reserves. Strachan moreover, was an incorrigible letter-writer, thus providing modern critics with most of the evidence marshalled against him.

These rather striking similarities extended even to their private lives. As youths, both struggled manfully to obtain an education. Strachan's parents were far from well-to-do Scots, without influence or patronage. Ryerson, as the son of pioneer Loyalist farm folk, had few advantages and his formal education ended after a brief stay at the Gore District Grammar Schools, when ill-health sent him home. This setback left him with an unremitting thirst for knowledge; he was probably the first native Canadian to deliberately set himself to learn French. In six weeks intensive study he learned the language well enough to understand the Sorbonne lectures he attended in 1845, while undertaking a study of European school systems.

Worth mention, too, is the fact that both Ryerson and Strachan changed their religious faiths, Strachan switching from the Presbyterian to Anglican, "a change not dictated by conscience . . .", Professor Henderson tells us, "but by convenience", while Ryerson renounced his Anglican and Tory background to become a Methodist and a Reformer—with full realization of the detrimental effects that these changes could have on his future career. And, strangely enough, once success was achieved both Strachan and Ryerson were subject to attack for supposed misuse of public funds.

To return to more pleasant comparisons, both were strong family men. Ryerson married twice—his first wife dying in childbirth; Strachan's wife bore him nine children. Like many another fond father, each adored his only surviving daughter—Strachan, his beloved Elizabeth, Ryerson, his "Dear Sophie". Both girls made socially successful if not exactly happy marriages. Certainly, neither Ryerson's nor Strachan's children achieved the stature of their parents, although both men, like so many ambitious fathers, sought to achieve for their families the success and social acceptance that they were themselves denied in their youth. Despite the obvious authoritarian character of both Strachan and Ryerson, a psychiatrist might see in this hankering for their children's social acceptance and self-assurance an unacknowledged feeling of inferiority.

As writers of history, both Professor Henderson and Dr. Clara Thomas employ modern methods of dispassionate, unbiased recording—not failing to include the bad as well as the good. John Henderson, in his almost sole use of strong direct narrative, probably achieves this result more successfully. He tells it "the way it was", pulling no punches and for the most part letting Strachan's actions speak for themselves. Henderson's dry wit and his rather "low-key" satiric comments come through so subtly that one must read them twice to savour the frequent underlying meaning.

Dr. Clara Thomas relies more upon direct analysis and interpretation, and in her concern for unbiased reporting, she tends to over-emphasize those characteristics and actions of Ryerson that resulted in his being denounced as a "turn-coat" and "traitor" by his co-religionists and fellow reformers. Aileen Dunham, in her book *Political Unrest in Upper Canada*, probably appraises Ryerson more accurately when she says "Ryerson was never a real Reformer . . . he had political interests, rather than political principles—his true colours were Blue, not Red". Basically, Ryerson was all for law and order, hence his retreat from the Reform Cause when he foresaw the increasing violence of the people's temper. Nor do the facts support Dr. Thomas's viewing with regret what she describes as Ryerson's aura of mean spiritedness in the period following the 1837 Rebellion, when he took no active part to restore the confidence of the Reformers. In the first place, only a tremendously brave man would have essayed such action in that "sorry period", as John Henderson describes it, "of murder, houseburnings" and hangings. In the second place, Ryerson at that time held no position from which he could take a stand: he was no longer editor of the *Guardian*; he had no official voice. As for Strachan's visiting the jailed rebels, which she commends, Dr. Thomas fails to realize that such visits were a regular part of Strachan's official duties, each Sunday afternoon. It is open to doubt if the largely non-Conformist prisoners, facing possible hanging, appreciated the Archdeacon's services.

While both men were equally authoritarian and brooked no interference with their decisions, Ryerson was probably the more subtle and complex character, and

so more difficult to portray than the doggedly determined, contentious, "single-track" Strachan. Ryerson's political astuteness, his pliancy and willingness to compromise in an era of little or no compromise were viewed by his contemporaries, at best as instability—at worst as outright betrayal.

In view of the limits obviously set on the length of his text in this type of brief personality study, Professor Henderson wisely confines himself almost wholly to Strachan's struggle for Church Establishment and control of the Clergy Reserves—balancing this with a picture of his family life and his conscientious and indefatigable diocesan visitations to every part of the Province—difficult journeys which repeated themselves year after year. His services during the cholera epidemics of 1832 and 1834 represented, in Henderson's words, Strachan's "most meritorious hour". The author places special emphasis upon Strachan's genuine contribution to the Anglican Church in Canada—in that he gave it the Constitution, which "freed the church to govern itself, to become largely self-supporting, and to turn the proposed Establishment—Strachan's long-fought-for but unrealized goal—into an independent Canadian-controlled denomination". Oddly enough, in failing to effect Establishment, Strachan came full-circle. Despite his earlier oft-stated abhorrence of all things American and democratic, he accepted the American version (with some Conservative Canadian features) of the Episcopal church in America.

Such limitation of Henderson's study was necessary, for Strachan had a finger in many pies—political, financial, and educational—and not always to his credit, as in the case of Lord Selkirk, where one suspects self-interest in Strachan's lining up with Montreal's fur-trading group, the North-Westerns. Even more suspect was his anonymous letter-writing attack upon Frederick Widder, co-chairman of the Canada Company and a member of Strachan's own Church Council—all this on behalf of his son-in-law, Thomas Mercer Jones, the other Canada Company co-chairman. Nor was Strachan's long-term bitter attack on Ryerson's non-sectarian school system to be admired. He denounced the system as "rotten to the core" and he continued to call for Separate state-supported Anglican schools, akin to the Roman Catholic.

Both authors assess the contribution made by their men to the life of Upper Canada. Dr. Thomas naturally places greatest emphasis upon Ryerson's greatest achievement and most lasting monument—his eminently workable Ontario free public system of common schooling. Strachan had hoped to see an Anglican church in every town and village of Ontario, perhaps even achieving that "decent conformity" which to a degree marked religious life in the Mother Country. In his day, Strachan's church never realized that goal.

Ryerson, on the other hand, did actually live to see schools in scores of villages, towns, and school sections. And the people's increasing pride in their schools was the basis for a growing sense of unity and common purpose, which Ryerson's distinctly Canadian system itself fostered. This is perhaps best expressed in his

words: "The education to be imparted is to be British and Canadian. Youth should be educated for their country as well as for themselves". Ryerson really felt Canadian!

These two books fill a long-felt need for short readable biographies of Canadian men and women who are interesting not only for their achievements but as personalities. While they are "designed to interest the general reader", neither is exactly a work that "he who runs may read" with understanding. Both call for more background knowledge of the period than the casual reader possesses, but reading them should certainly stimulate an eagerness to explore Canadian history in greater depth.

*Ontario Institute for Studies in Education*

MARGARET K. ZIEMAN

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*Five Legs*. By GRAEME GIBSON. Toronto: Anansi, 1969. Pp. 194. \$6.50 (paper, \$2.50).

*We are all of us born in moral stupidity, taking the world as an udder to feed our supreme selves*. GEORGE ELIOT, Middlemarch.

Of this first novel, which has been noticed in many reviews across Canada, appraisals range from the hysterical praise of Scott Simons (*Canadian Saturday Night*, May, 1969) to the dismissal by John Curran (*Toronto Telegram*, May 10, 1969). The major publishers in Toronto rejected the work, but the new House of Anansi saw merit in it. By dint of tough-minded editing and the Canada Council, *Five Legs* saw the publishing light of day. In Ontario the book has been well promoted and marketed, and the results have been profitable. The first edition of 2,500 sold out in roughly three weeks. Now it seems that this work may be adopted for courses in Canadian Literature at three post-secondary institutions.

The medium of *Five Legs* is a stream-of-consciousness prose that has proved difficult for some reviewers, easy for one, and somewhat of a cliché for others. Right away one of the weaknesses of the work is apparent. Both in technique and in matter it is a work deriving but very distant from so diverse a group as Joyce, Lowry, Dylan Thomas, and Donleavy. The vigour and musicianship that Gibson does achieve in his chosen medium suffer from his failure to assimilate his scroungings into his own voice. This is a constant distraction. Moreover, *Five Legs* is passé because not only are serious writers and readers no longer obsessed by the stream-of-consciousness mode but they have even become wearied by a dated harking back to the angry young men of the 1950s, who emerge in this setting as limp and drab.

The protest against southwestern Ontario WASP society indeed occurs, but analysis of the Ontario WASP too often gives way to personal flytings. The irony is that although the WASP environment has sadly conditioned the personages

of *Five Legs*, there is little to suggest that the author is able to transcend his context. Instead, he rests with petty digs against established WASP ways, its provincial university, and some individuals. Which is rather waspish.

Not that there is no truth at all in the vignettes of Canadian provincialism with their tiny selection of some of its "people of consequence". The spare action concerns the funeral of a student, Martin Baillie, killed by a hit-and-run vehicle in his home town, Stratford. Reluctantly attending the funeral as a representative of the University of Western Ontario is Professor Lucan Crackell. He is accompanied on the drive to Stratford by Felix Oswald, a snide-minded doppelganger of Lucan. The novel is symmetrically built round the funeral, what led up to it, what followed it, and whatever speculations the minds of Lucan and Felix hit upon in between. Through these two we are led to experience the tensions brought about by what is considered to be respectable in outlook, dress, posture, and chitchat—professional, business, and social. To vary from rules of conduct in the slightest, or to be caught out in some subtlety of tribal taboo, is to risk ruin. And so such people as Lucan and Felix live acidic little inner lives driving themselves into labyrinths of self-regard and wasting negativity. Inside, Lucan protests and denies, outside scarcely at all, because of his past peccadillo and his future ambitions in the shifty politics of university careerism. A careless vomit, comically humiliating because of its discoverers, costs his reputation heavily. The choice of shirt and tie for the funeral and the consequences of "wrong" clothes must be weighed carefully. He is anxious about what people will say of him and his garb behind his back. Such are the minuscule anticipations that make up the "inner life" of this species. Out of the chrysalis of such travails emerges the race of WASP amputees. Their outer lives are endless poses, role playings, and confidence tricks in efforts to appear cool and unshakable. So the WASP social quagmire sluggishly heaves between "friends", acquaintances, colleagues, professors, and students. For this is what Gibson discloses, how from childhood people become five-legged WASPS.

The pity of it is that too often this writing, which purports to reveal inside complexity, becomes simple-minded description of inside mess. Too often it deteriorates into puppy-dog examinations of toilet seats not because of the code of the WASP that cleanliness is next to godliness, but because this is "realism", man.

Furthermore, some implications are too much to accept unquestioningly. For instance, there is the one about a grudging professoriate deliberately holding up the career of the student genius. Then there is the depiction of the seemingly lofty academic whose private life is a shambles, the suggestion being that in terms of human individuals the student is usually the finer man. Surely, apart from anything else, this is a kind of WASP moralising. These implications, together with rebellious living described as unmapped behaviour, beer, and talk about genital activities, echo some of the stridencies of the 1950s which are long gone.

Similarly, it is offputting to meet up with an invoking of the old tale about





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the direct relationship between an Edinburgh of the mid-twentieth century and the "Scotch" of Ontario as explanation of the Ontario WASP. That Toronto is Edinburgh with central heating is what it is—a flippancy. But one simple-mindedness that is criticized by Gibson with a ring of experience is the adulation of "getting into university" for what turn out to be WASP ideals concerned less with the quality of human life and more with the materially successful life.

Whether or not it contains the, nowadays, essential reference to some ancient myth or other, this is a work that, without such an interpretation, already pretends to too much both in technique and in allusion.

Though all my wares are trash  
The heart is true,  
The heart is true.

It seems to this reviewer that the book's implied claims of genuine concern about the problems of human development in WASPLAND are obfuscated by concern with counter-attack in return for hurt feelings, and that *Five Legs* is therefore too greatly tinged by what cannot be camouflaged, a jaundiced retaliation.

*Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, Toronto*

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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*The Shattered Plinths.* By IRVING LAYTON. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1968. Pp. 95. \$5.00 (paper, \$2.50).

*The Whole Bloody Bird (obs, aps and pomes).* By IRVING LAYTON. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1969. Pp. 155. \$5.95.

*Selected Poems.* By IRVING LAYTON (Ed. Wynne Francis.) Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1969. Pp. xii, 140. \$6.50 (paper, \$2.50).

With three new books and a *Selected Poems* in the three years since the publication of his *Collected Poems*, it is obvious that McClelland and Stewart are taking full advantage of the fact that the name Irving Layton sells books. And Layton produces page after page for them to print. But one doubts that it is worth it to the ordinary reader to try to keep up with him. So, although the hard-cover edition is an outrageous \$6.50, the soft-cover *Selected Poems* is the best investment one could make in Laytonia at the moment.

Layton, incapable of self-criticism, desperately needs an editor, and Wynne Francis is a capable one. The few worth-while poems in *The Shattered Plinths*, for example, and the one really good one, "The Graveyard", a quietly terrifying meditation on death that strikes a brilliant eighteenth-century stance with its rhyming couplets, are to be found in the *Selected Poems*. There are poems in this selection representing Layton in all of his many moods, and the passionate intensity which illuminates his best work can be found all through the book, rather than just on a few pages.

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One is tempted these days, when confronted with volumes such as *The Shattered Plinths* or *The Whole Bloody Bird*, to dismiss Layton as a washed-up poet. Such an accusation is unfair, if not as unfair as his followers would have it. It is just unfortunate that the mass of messy and jejune material far outweighs the few good poems to be found in these volumes. In *The Whole Bloody Bird* a two line aphorism gets a whole page to itself. It is not genuinely aphoristic, and certainly lacks the bite we expect of an original thought:

Happiness is impossible without suffering.

What can one say when faced with work like that? And yet there are such lines as the following, which show that Layton can still write:

I want to write poems  
as clean and dry  
and as impertinent  
as this skull

That perched on a cliff-edge  
stares  
and grins at the sea.

For an interested observer of recent Canadian poetry, *Selected Poems* in paperback is a very worth-while buy. For the Layton disciple the other two books are necessary purchases. But they can't honestly be recommended when there are so many better books by other poets waiting to be read and offering tangible rewards far beyond what Layton seems capable of writing today.

University of Alberta

DOUGLAS BARBOUR

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*Angola Awake*. By SID GILCHRIST. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1968. Pp. xiii, 123. \$5.50 (paper \$3.95).

Dr. Sidney Gilchrist (a graduate of Dalhousie University and a specialist in tropical medicine) has spent most of his professional life in Angola, Portuguese West Africa, as a medical missionary. In *Angola Awake* he severely criticizes the Portuguese administration of her largest colony, and points to the limitation placed on African advancement in practice as opposed to the claims made by government spokesmen that every citizen in Angola is able to develop his capacities to the full. He writes, for example, that he was openly cautioned by various officials to avoid the teaching of parliamentary procedure in the conduct of a meeting, and to refrain from introducing into church work any subjects apart from personal "salvation" and good behaviour.

That Dr. Gilchrist has upset the Portuguese is not in doubt, for he has been refused permission to re-enter Angola, and is now working in the Congo, in spite

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of ill health and years past normal retirement. White missionaries occupy a special position in Africa. They have often championed the black man's cause and undermined the authority of the officials of the Colonial power. Their close relationship with their flock has often placed them in an advantageous position when it comes to understanding Africans. Of government representatives, Dr. Gilchrist says: "It is my impression that, with rare exceptions, our consular people, living in a big city, seeing for the most part detribalized and uneducated Africans, and brain-washed by the Portuguese officials with whom they deal (most of whom speak English and are very charming neighbours), have very little idea of what makes the African tick, what he carries in his heart and how deep is his longing for freedom and justice" (p. 103).

Those who have faith in the capacities of a district officer in the days of British colonial rule in Africa may disagree with Dr. Gilchrist. His view, however, has sound support in other studies; and a North American does not have to look to Africa to realize how little officials and the general population knew about the Negroes and Indians on this continent a few years ago. As for freedom and justice, independence does not necessarily ensure this. It is a pity that many African governments are as prone to authoritarianism as governments elsewhere. The people soon realize that they have only changed masters!

Dalhousie University

P. D. PILLAY

---

*Affectionately Yours: The Letters of Sir John A. Macdonald and his Family.*

Edited by J. K. JOHNSON. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1969. Pp. 209, \$6.95.

A man's genius emerges, so to speak, professionally. Macdonald's *métier* was politics; into politics he poured himself, his knowledge, his temperament, and all his skill. So the best of Macdonald is not in these letters. True, this family correspondence has the charm of intimacy and reveals that loyalty within the family-clan so characteristic of the Scots; true, it gives a glimpse into the Macdonald family parlour, with the illnesses, tragedies, and joys incident to domesticity. Mary, Macdonald's crippled daughter, writes charming and pathetic letters to her papa. She was born in 1869 and died at Brighton, England, still crippled, in 1933.

There is a useful sketch of the complex Macdonald family history by the editor, J. K. Johnson, who also supplies admirable vignettes of Macdonald's life at the beginning of each of the four sections into which the book is divided. Nevertheless, this collection is not vintage Macdonald. It is, as the editor admits, "a residue"; it is really from the bottom of the wine cask, sometimes called the lees. This is rather a pity, for the book is handsomely presented and well edited.

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*I've Tasted My Blood.* By MILTON ACORN. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1969. Pp. xx, 136. \$5.50 (paper, \$3.50).

*Star-People.* By FRED COGSWELL. Fredericton: Fiddlehead Books, 1968. Pp. 48. np.

Both Fred Cogswell and Milton Acorn are conscientious craftsmen, and both care deeply about people. But for Fred Cogswell it is the individual situation which counts in poetry: a love affair, a personal insight, the impact of one person on another. Milton Acorn is concerned with these things too, but he also moves out further to include all mankind in his poems, especially the four-fifths everywhere who suffer most.

*Star-People* is a small book which contains a number of delicate and gentle lyrics. Cogswell is a gentle man, and yet he is aware of many things which most gentle men would not acknowledge: there is a core of toughness in his best poems. He demonstrates a fine understanding of traditional forms, and uses language with care. Despite this, a number of the poems in *Star-People* can be appreciated only for their craftsmanship, for they fail to overwhelm one's critical sensibility as truly exciting poems do. In the better poems, though, he weaves image and idea into a dialectical movement which is very satisfying, as in the following poem:

Inside the room's electric air  
we watched two birds alight  
on high-tension wires and sing

I turned to her and spoke,  
"If their wing-tips touched  
they'd both go up in flames."

She looked at me and reached  
to take in mine her burning hands

As this poem demonstrates, Cogswell is something of a miniaturist, and it is the short, tight poems in this book which stick in the mind. There are also "The Blue Bird", an interesting variation on the theme of self-transcendence, and the title poem, which makes brilliant use of a science-fiction theme for a poet-lover's symbolic purpose.

In "The Blue Bird", Fred Cogswell quotes William Blake, but Milton Acorn is much closer in spirit to that revolutionary and visionary man. Acorn is no miniaturist; as one of his poems asserts, he shouts Love! *I've Tasted My Blood* is a big book bursting with energy and fervour. Acorn was once a carpenter, and it is with a carpenter's sense of careful construction that he puts together his best poems. Whether they are the early intense lyrics, which appear as if carved out of stone, or the later long rambles, which seem to go nowhere but do arrive at a



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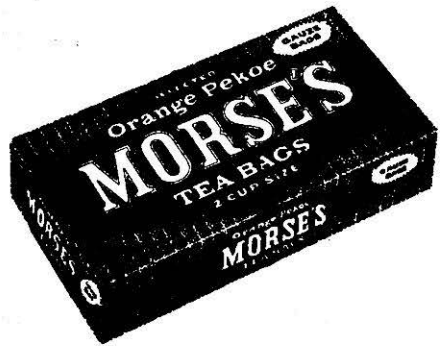
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definite destination, the best of these poems are beautifully crafted. There are, of course, failures. In a book of this size they must be expected. They are usually poems in which he allows his didactic (for him: political) purpose to over-ride his poetic sensibilities. Nevertheless, if, as editor Al Purdy says, "the most important fact about him . . . is that he is a Marxist poet, a Communist", then he commonly displays an unusually sensitive awareness of what a poem should be doing. Perhaps, as Purdy points out in his entertaining and invaluable introduction, this is because he "is a red-necked maverick, both in politics and poetry". A maverick, yes, but one who knows deep down how to shape a true poem. Acorn has obviously spent a lot of time studying his craft: the failures in this book are not failures of nerve, of playing it safe; they occur when he attempts too much.

There are at least two kinds of poem in the book: almost classically pure personal lyrics, and poems of social concern which articulate Acorn's involvement with his fellow man. There is a third kind: the poem where the personal and public concern mesh into a totality, a unity, in which the personal insight reaches out to include the public perception. "Kiss" is such a poem, and there are others, especially in the later section of the book:

The twist, the bend or arching up  
to kiss, always includes—with me  
, a watching of myself. It's a stepping  
into strangeness, becoming the man  
of hoped-for truth, who moves in the blood.

Was it so with Judas? The step towards  
the man moving in grace, the clutch  
and the shape his body took, lips leading  
. . . was it felt? Was the betrayal  
felt as if two men, the mover and the motion  
were there, balanced in the walk and the stop?  
It's a ceasing to be the dry grainy self  
of affairs, the bringing of another  
into the arm's loop, the compass  
the body contains for itself. Like  
receiving a kiss, it's the new breath  
of a new spirit, allowed by yours  
in the presence you carry . . . and a living guess  
included in your memories, hopes and urges.

A new complexion of colours. The god (the thing  
out there that's the tone of kindness) comes down  
for you both, into both. Two people stand  
for a wonderful one, as if it were a new person.

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I'm thinking of a sudden kiss I got from  
a stranger I'd been watching and thus knew  
she'd been watching me . . . in a crazy coffee house  
where she used to come and go dancing  
from table to table, kissing all  
she acknowledged part of the company  
. . . a contract to love and be loved.

Thus it'll be when the last rabbi crowns  
the Messiah . . . It'll be a kiss  
he's topped with, and all enraptured souls  
will kiss and joyfully allow each other to exist.

*I've Tasted My Blood* is subtitled "Selected Poems", but Milton Acorn is in no way ready for a final summing-up volume yet. He should continue to write his exciting and virile poetry for a long time to come. This book allows the interested reader to catch up on the career of a poet who deserves much more attention than has yet been given him.

*University of Alberta*

DOUGLAS BARBOUR

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