

BOOK REVIEWS

Survival. By Margaret Atwood. Toronto: Anansi Press, 1972. pp. 287. Paper \$3.25 Cloth \$8.50.

Every society, we are told here, has its ruling cultural symbol: England—The Island; America—The Frontier; Canada—Survival. Miss Atwood believes she has discovered that Canadians from the first have been preoccupied with merely “hanging on, staying alive”. Indeed, she contends, this Canadian obsession with surviving “pushed far enough” becomes “the will not to survive”, becomes a will and a need to fail. Thus Canadians, singly and collectively, become, or are on the way to becoming, self-certified victims. They sometimes cajole themselves into pretending that they are not, or at least not through any fault of their own. “But stick a pin in Canadian literature at random, and nine times out of ten you’ll hit a victim”.

When I stuck a pin at random in Miss Atwood’s book, I immediately thought that she must be paying an extravagant compliment to the prophetic powers of the Canadian imagination. For it seemed that from our very first scribbles in grim cabins under candlelight, wolf-bound, on the edge of the ancient wood, to the most sophisticated trickeries of word-play delivered to the liberated by the House of Anansi, we have ever proclaimed, with a devastating and unswerving consistency, a knowledge of the human predicament here below which not only anticipated by almost two hundred years the prevailing world-view of the 1970’s but which also, in its uncompromising rigour, surely makes Camus and Sartre and our latter-day breed of absurdists and doom-howlers look like a flock of startled sentimentalists on the wing.

No, by heaven—not faceless, stuffy colonial Puritans we, blinkered and bedevilled by a dank “garrison mentality”—but rather a people of profound and iron stoicism, undeluded by fantasies of Paradises once lost but soon to be regained.

As I peeped at the pin-point I had made I began to feel a warmth of pride in a culture which could foresee, so unflinchingly, its end in its very beginning, a culture so trained to the hard fact that it might greet the extinction of life on this planet with a simple “I told you so!”

But it was, alas, only a pin-point. And when I put down my pin and put on my improved binoculars, my little moment of patriotic pride was soon sicklied o’er with the dark cast of doubt. I began to remember lugubrious Latin authors I had moped over in the long ago, and Don Quixote, and the nineteenth century “Russian soul” with the dirges of the Volga, Jude the Obscure, the death’s head sermons of John Donne, poor Emma Bovary, Jean Valjean and all “les misérables” who have everywhere and in every time languished in the vast dungeons of the human imagination. Alas, poor Yorick, thought I, and scurried in the midst of my fever to those yea-sayers of “the Frontier” to our south. Moby-Dick? Herzog? Benjy?

And Robert Jordan with his pathetic machine-gun, lost in a lost cause, silent on a peak in Franco Spain?

But (and here was a brief respite from disenchantment) had not Hemingway been with the Toronto *Star*, Faulkner with the Canadian Flying Corps? Wasn't Bellow a Montrealer by birth? And, after all, hadn't it been a Canadian, Archibald MacMechan, who rescued *Moby-Dick* from the oblivion to which it had been consigned by generations of yea-saying, happy-hearted Americans? Do you suppose . . .? But no, there were others, many, many others of the breed who had not as much as spent a summer holiday in Prince Edward Island ("Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore'"). And I began to lose all my faith in what I had thought was Miss Atwood's fine grave-digger's vision of our unique cultural identity.

It was therefore, perhaps, with a certain feeling of letdown that I began to explore *Survival* in the item. Surely it was because my eye was now jaundiced that I saw no mention at all in the book of Robertson Davies. Or Stephen Leacock. Or F. R. Scott. Or Thomas Raddall. Or that I could not be really sure that Miss Atwood had actually read *Brebeuf and his Brethren* (a martyr is a victim, to be sure, but a victim with a difference!). Or that Miss Atwood understood *The Stone Angel* (Hagar dies. Canadians frequently do. Presumably if she had been in an American novel she would have been given a face-lift, a clear conscience, a shot of monkey-gland, and a life-span stretching into infinity). And then *David*. I would have thought that it is not nature that becomes monster at the end but rather (by a fine feat of expressionist art) it is the narrator's sense of guilt that twists nature into images of his own loss of innocence.

And, in my disenchantment with the myth that had seemed for awhile so to magnify us and all our works, I grew less than content with Miss Atwood's deployment of shrewdly selected fragments from writers as various as Callaghan, Grove, Livesay, Le Pan and A. M. Klein (whose *Second Scroll* is not to be ignored in any hunt for what it is that is Canadian).

Survival has penetrating things to say about writers who are susceptible to Miss Atwood's approach. But I fear that Miss Atwood has taken Northrop Frye's suggestive but elusive notion of "the garrison mentality", expanded it, and bent it into a stiff, metallic, cup-shaped and capricious formula which is then clamped down hard on the wriggling body of Canadian writing. Much is contained within the down-swept cup. More—much more—is left mangled or headless or untouched without.

Dalhousie University

MALCOLM ROSS

Lovers and Lesser Men. By Irving Layton. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Limited, 1973. Pp. 109. \$5.95 Hardcover, \$2.95 Softcover.

Lovers and Lesser Men, coming close on the heels of Irving Layton's *Collected Poems* of 1971, might at first strike the reader as rather a noisy book, containing

as it does a good deal of the usual violent declamation about religious ecstasy, buggery, castration, breasts, thighs, clefts, and excrement in asylum toilets. But one gets the impression that all this is just Mr. Layton's way of clearing an area of silence for himself in a noisy room: the insults, the scorn, the fist-waving ("I want to put on gloves and spar with a couple/Of archangels/With the Old Man himself") are, one gathers, a preparatory warming up for the poetry which will give us the true voice. So Mr. Layton thumps the table, and silence falls. What follows in the quieter moments of this collection is a kind of suet-pudding banality. When Mr. Layton is not warming up for a quick three rounds with God, he is praising him in doughlike ironic fashion:

Faultless the scheme and eternal.
Praise, praise the Lord who thought it out.
I each day am full of wonder
And each day I grow more devout

Which could have been commissioned by *The War-Cry*. There is a flabby versatility about it all, however. The Layton who became Bob Hope in "A Greek's View of Canadians" ("Such a people will go far/It has to") can, apostrophizing Rupert Brooke, resemble Sarah Binks, Paul Hiebert's "Sweet Songstress of Saskatchewan": "Great lover, your sweetness is lost forever"; and one encounters here also the triumphant banality of Mr. Layton's Shakespeare, who, "seeing through" Christianity "kept smiling his inscrutable smile". (A line which should wipe the smile off his face, inscrutable or otherwise.)

Most of the book is rhythmically flaccid, as well as simply dull, whether written in a loose rambling prose arbitrarily chopped into free verse, or broken-backed meter of which the following, from "The Fine Excess" (*sic*) is an example:

Women I've loved and taken to bed
And they gave me all their nature allowed
But one woman gave without a thought
One woman loved greatly and she is dead.

We have several pages of this kind of thing, ranging from the "rhapsodic" ("I, Israel, can plainly hear his majestic vocables dripping from copse and corpse and the flash of a fish") through the tired punning of "Tale of Two Cities" ("TD tedium Te Deum") to the flatly sententious memorial to Edmund Wilson:

A hundred years from now who'll read your books?
The fame of a critic does not last long;
Erudition and wit have their brief hour
But time itself preserves the poem and song.

After a strong dose of this, one is relatively happy to get back to the noisy side of Mr. Layton. There he may sound like the village zany, but at least he is more in his element.

All this would be simply sad, and hardly worth noting, were it not that Mr. Layton is purportedly one of Canada's major poets, or even, as it was recently suggested in what may become an influential school and university textbook, "perhaps the best poet we have had in Canada".¹ Northrop Frye and George Woodcock have praised his work. This is not the place for an examination of Mr. Layton's entire poetic output, but *Lovers and Lesser Men* does suggest two things in this respect. The first is that the poet lacks taste in the most important sense: not in his clowning and his grumbling on about testicles and breaking wind, which may offend literary decorum but which assumes the neutrality of background noise after fifty pages or so, but in the sense that everything becomes grist to his mill; things are defiled in his hands. I suppose the earlier poem "Whom I Write for", which makes actual human suffering ludicrous, is a past example. In *Lovers and Lesser Men* we have a poem entitled "York University", which I quote in full:

Coming at it from the south
after I've passed several oil refineries
and desolate warehouses

I do not know
on certain mornings
whether I'm approaching a university
or a more civilized version
of Bergen-Belsen

Especially if one of the chimneys
should be belching smoke
into the air

I'll forgo comment about the rhythmic life (or lack of it) of this poem; my point is not that one is offended by the intimation that a university burns bodies (or souls), but that the flip reference to Belsen is distasteful.

The second reflection to which this collection gives rise is that critical approval has put Mr. Layton in an awkward position; it seems to have made him anxious both to act the part and to rebelliously disclaim it, and the two anxieties become combined in his identification of himself with great artists and thinkers of the past. Thus, he says in "The Establishment": "I have only one establishment in mind:/That run by Homer and Shakespeare". As a consequence this slim volume is thickly larded with *illuminati*: Ovid, Plato, Husserl, Camus, Chagall, Kropotkin, Marx, Yeats, Solzhenitsyn, Eliot, Rubens, Picasso, Handel, Bach, Horace, Rupert Brooke, Housman, Rilke, Pound, Whitman, Plotinus, Hopkins, Shakespeare, Spinoza, Wagner, Einstein, Goethe, Freud, Lenin, Nietzsche, Verlaine, Herrick, Donne, Rabelais, Homer, Marlowe, Blake, Dante—all are arbitrarily hauled into court as witnesses for the defence (arbitrarily in the sense that they are often inter-

1. Robert Weaver and William Toye, eds., *The Oxford Anthology of Canadian Literature* (Toronto: O.U.P., 1973), 265.

changeable; "When she awakes how will I/who read Husserl and Camus/tell her of my simple need of her" for example, allows of endless permutations—any two of Goethe Freud Lenin Rilke etc.)

In "Berry Picking", a poem better than any in *Lovers and Lesser Men*, and available in the *Collected Poems*, Mr. Layton watches his wife as she picks raspberries, and comments:

Berries or children, patient she is with these.

I only vex and perplex her; madness, rage
Are endearing perhaps put down on the page;

.....
So I envy the berries she puts in her mouth,
The red and succulent juice that stains her lips;
I shall never taste that good to her, nor will they
Displease her with a thousand barbarous jests.

The momentary dropping of the guard is touching, as it was meant to be. But the reader of *Lovers and Lesser Men* might want to say that "rage" is rather a dignified term for the flatulent rumblings and self-pity Mr. Layton usually gives us, and that if it ever was endearing, even on the page, it no longer strikes one that way.

Dalhousie University

CHRISTOPHER XERXES RINGROSE

The Manticore. By Robertson Davies. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1972.
Pp. 280. \$7.95.

With *Fifth Business* Robertson Davies began a new venture that now promises to result in a series of novels, one leading into another. Old Dunstan Ramsay, V.C., history teacher, seeker of angels and saints, maker of myths about Magnus Eisengrim and himself, deliberately and sardonically lives in the shadows of Boy Staunton and later Magnus Eisengrim. He sees himself as Fifth Business, not hero and not the villain but essential to the action and to the understanding of the others. Ramsay is telling his own story partly to refute the portrait in the *College Chronicle* "Farewell to the Cork", and one needs to be aware of his desire to justify himself. At the end of the novel "somebody in the top balcony shouted out, 'Who killed Boy Staunton?'" The Brazen Head's reply, suitably broad and enigmatic, causes an uproar: "He was killed by the usual cabal: by himself, first of all; by the woman he knew; by the woman he did not know; by the man who granted his inmost wish; and by the inevitable fifth, who was keeper of his conscience and keeper of the stone". And the novel ends with Ramsay's seizure, brought on, one is led to believe, by his acceptance of the part of the "inevitable fifth".

As the end of a novel, it is not really very satisfactory, but it makes a beautiful beginning for the second novel in the Staunton story. For it is Boy Staunton's forty-year-old son David who shouts the question from the balcony, and it is his story (or at least part of his story) that we have in *The Manticore*. David is a brilliant criminal lawyer, a hard-drinking, cynical bachelor driven to seek psychiatric aid by the grotesque events of his father's death. The point of view here is again first person, although a good deal of the novel is in the form of dialogue between the patient and his Jungian analyst who leads him part-way out of his despair and sends him away to decide whether or not he wishes to continue with the analysis. The novel ends with unanswered questions—questions to be answered we expect in the next novel in the series. David sees in a sort of waking dream a woman approach "nearer and nearer, but still I could not see whether her face was that of Liesl or Johanna". The reader is left wondering—will the next novel continue David's story or will we have new light shed on him by a novel with his sister Caroline (or her husband) or his stepmother Denyse or even old Netty as protagonist? Will Liesl or Johanna appear or disappear?

In *The Manticore* the rich, successful and suspicious lawyer at first fights against his analyst Johanna von Haller and then finds himself falling in love with her. He describes the dream in which she appears as a smiling sibyl holding by a golden chain a lion with a man's face, his face. This is the manticore, which "is a fabulous creature with a lion's body, a man's face, and a sting in his tail". It is also, Dr. von Haller explains, another indication that he has failed to develop the feeling side of his nature. And perhaps it reminds us of Yeats's "The Second Coming" and the question at the end: "And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, / Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?" There is talk in the novel of David's rebirth, his emergence as some one purged of his most glaring weaknesses and ready for a new life. He even sees Johanna as the woman with the golden chain leading him happily in green pastures, an interpretation of the dream that amuses Johanna.

He disappoints Liesl in the prehistoric cave of the primitive bearworshippers by his inability to participate in her awe as they "stand where men once came to terms with the facts of death and mortality and continuance". She calls him "flippant fool" and a "mighty lover of the light and the law", but after his humiliation and recognition of his unworthiness she agrees that he has probably "learned something". David's Felix bear, the prehistoric bears of Liesl's womb-like cave and even Ramsay's Christmas gifts of gingerbread bears merge into further animal symbolism to parallel that of the manticore and apparently to emphasise the same deficiency: David's inability to recognize fully the animal side of his nature. Somehow "The Heavy Bear" of Delmore Schwartz keeps "lumbering here and there" as Davies piles bear on bear.

In the process of self examination and the analysis he undergoes David Staunton tells us about his life as a poor little rich boy, always in debt to and dependent upon his sister, always bullied by Netty, always desperately trying to have his father's love and respect. He tells about Denyse (his stepmother whom we know only from his unsympathetic point of view) and about his mother whose pathetic inadequacy as wife of Boy Staunton seems to draw very little sympathy from her son, who appears to see her through his father's critical eyes. He tells his analyst and us about his love for Judy Wolff, described by Boy Staunton as David's "little Jewish piece", and about his one and only sexual experience, arranged by his father with an older and well-qualified "amorist". Then there is the Staunton coat of arms, the fake one devised by Denyse for Boy's coffin and the true story of Boy Staunton's indomitable grandmother and her bastard son called Staunton by the whole town.

And then we meet David's Oxford tutor, named Pargetter, a lawyer who died without a will after having "honed his mind to a shrewd edge". Perhaps one of David's most embarrassing recollections is his innocent misunderstanding and gauche misuse of the epithet "Swordsman" as used to describe his father as an amorist, instead of the gay and gallant figure on the national scene. It is in keeping with the Jungian analysis (where David's peopled past is neatly and efficiently packaged into "Animal Friend", "Anima", "Deserving Person", "The Wizard", and so on) that we find even in the pre-analysis world of the Stauntons that nearly everyone is labelled, not always accurately, in vaguely archetypal terms.

Then as the analysis proceeds and Dr. von Haller tells David "the work you have been doing here during the past year has told you *who* you are; further work would aim at showing you *what* you are", he is left, after the interlude with Liesl, Magnus Eisengrim and the resurrected Dunstan Ramsay, with the decision he doesn't make (in this novel). The ending is again obviously not an ending but a beginning; what it leads to is tantalizing and I look forward to reading the next novel in this admirable series.

Dalhousie University

ALLAN BEVAN

Hunting Stuart and Other Plays, New Drama No. 3. By Robertson Davies. Toronto: New Press, 1972.

With the publication of *Hunting Stuart and Other Plays*, by Robertson Davies, New Press is offering the third in a series of theatre volumes under the general heading of New Drama, of which Brian Parker is the General Editor.

The first reaction of this reviewer was disappointment that the plays in the volume are not, in fact, new drama at all, so much as unpublished and largely unproduced old drama. The latest of the three plays in the present volume was

written in 1956, and the earliest dates from 1948. Although it is always interesting to read hitherto unavailable work of such an author as Robertson Davies, (particularly after the triumphant success of *Fifth Business*), the sense of disappointment remains.

It seems particularly unfortunate that *Hunting Stuart* was not only chosen as the title piece for the collection, but was also placed first in the volume, for such distinctions suggest a pre-eminence the play in no way deserves. The plot is generally silly, without being particularly entertaining, revolving around the idea that the sole direct descendant of Bonnie Prince Charlie is a mild-mannered Ottawa civil servant. This regal offspring of the House of Stuart, by inhaling an otherwise harmless anesthetic, becomes a reincarnation of his fiery ancestor. The irritation created by this kind of nonsense is exacerbated by the fact that the characters tend towards mere superficial caricature. The American visitor, for example, is called Homer Shrubsole, and much of the characterization remains on this level. The play is a poor one and tends to create an unfortunate disinclination to read the book.

Persistence, however, is rewarded as the dramatic quality of the work improves steadily throughout the volume (ironically it is only *Hunting Stuart* that has received professional attention while the last and best of the three, *General Confession*, has received no stage production at all). *King Phoenix*, the second play, is inspired, the author informs us, by a reading of *The History of the Kings of Britain*, by Geoffrey of Monmouth. On one level it is an imaginative recreation of the myth of King Cole, whose existence is remembered chiefly through the familiar nursery rhyme.

But the play is more than a mixture of myth and history. It is worked out, as its title suggests specifically, in terms of the spring fertility ritual. Unfortunately the play is, particularly in its language, uneven. It varies uneasily from a Yeats-like *caoin* for the dead king, to King Cole's Lear-like denunciation of 'the bloody fluxes, rank sweats and lustful engorgements of youth'. Idomeneus introduces a bathetic note with the line 'Frankly, what is at the back of your mind, Master Cadno?' It is also up to the actor playing Idomeneus to shoulder the awful responsibility of delivering the line, 'how old is King Cole?' without smiling. However, the closing scene, in which the younger generation move forward spiritually as well as physically to fill the vacuum left by the death of the old king, is a moving one. Robertson Davies has created a scene which, especially with sensitive attention to its scenic possibilities, promises fine theatre.

The last piece, *General Confession*, again shows, this time more consistently, Robertson Davies' theatrical flair. He himself, in his introductory remarks to the play, states very revealingly that he enjoyed writing a play which combined modern interests with nineteenth-century dramatic technique. The general theme of the play is that every man must confront, understand and accept all aspects of his own

personality, good and bad, before he can achieve any meaningful peace within his soul.

Robertson Davies has not presented us, as this all too brief summary suggests, with yet another plunge into Freudian *angst* or vague Jungian conversation.

The general confession of the title is that of Casanova, at the end of his life a neglected and unknown librarian in a German castle. To him are conjured three aspects of his personality: his wisdom in the guise of Voltaire, his urge towards beauty in the person of a lady known only as the Ideal Beloved, and his 'Contra Destiny', the forces within his own soul that lead him to frustrate and destroy his own happiness, his own pursuit of beauty. This destructive force appears as Cagliostro, and the climax of the play comes when Casanova is brought to accept the creative necessity for this aspect of his character.

The play is eminently dramatic, both in setting and in the opportunities it offers to the actors, especially those playing Casanova and the Ideal Beloved. Casanova, as he reenacts crucial scenes from his past, must appear as an old, professional observer of the art of seduction, as a young man totally committed to love and as an aging roue, humiliated by his bought mistress. Matching these changes the actress playing opposite him must appear as an imperious beauty, a sullen slut and a naïve country girl.

For the first time the language of the play matches and complements the flamboyance of the character and situation, as Robertson Davies displays his skill as a writer of wit and style. G. B. S. himself could not have done better than the line given to Voltaire to deliver, 'God's judgement is final, but not single; it is, let us say, the Supreme Court!' I hope one day to see *General Confession* given the professional production it deserves.

Dalhousie University

GRAHAM WHITEHEAD

The Abstract Beast. By J. Michael Yates. Port Clements, B. C.: The Sono Nis Press, 1972. \$9.95.

My general impression is that Yates lost patience and threw a book together because it was time to publish. This is particularly odd because he had just quit U.B.C., and had apparently relieved himself of publish or perish pressures. Perhaps it also cleared his desk for other work.

The collection is rationally coherent enough since the title covers a wide and significant intellectual spectrum. Imaginatively, however, the book is chaotic, and only in "De Fabrica", "The Border" and "The Sinking of the Northwest Passage" are there signs of growth. One finds a sense of humor, a better sense of plot and timing, faster pace, slightly greater resonance, and a fuller, though by no means complete tonal range. But even these good pieces are marred by occasional private jokes, self-conscious asides, strained metaphors, and uncertainties of tone.

"Philodendron" is the first of Yates' fictions to treat the mother-child relationship, but, in spite of some fine writing, it's trivialized by a central image out of Plastic Man comics. "And Two Per Cent Zero" is extremely interesting. The pointillistic technique is brilliantly appropriate to the subject, and this only becomes less exciting when one realizes, as one often does in Yates, that the whole thing is based on a cliché of popular thought, (that a man is 98 per cent water and 2 per cent dust). Though Yates has complained publicly of being overeducated, it sometimes seems as if he's not. While I was reading it and admiring the skill, I kept hearing Dostoyevsky repeating with a tolerant smile, "I am a man, and not a piano key".

For the most part, these new fictions do not, as the dustjacket, (which was presumably composed by the publisher, J. M. Yates) says, "evinced a radical departure from the styles of *Man in the Glass Octopus*". It may be true, as the dustjacket also tells us, that Mr. Yates (Mike the Blaster to his friends) is "a great explorer in the unmapped zones of literary possibility". Some of these pieces explore genuinely distant areas of consciousness. But if he is the Admiral Perry of inner space, he is also the J. Alfred Prufrock of contemporary stylists, and prefers, like the hermit crab, to use the durable shells of older fish, rather than grow his own, or, (perish the thought) go naked. As a result, the style of the title piece is a curious and entertaining hodgepodge of 19th-century echoes. This produces a tone that wavers between Edgar Poe and J. Conan Doyle. His structural techniques, too, are conventional, old-fashioned, even Medieval. The characters in "Abstract Beast" (a radio play which used to be called "Angel Ape" until I suggested the present title) like those in the first miracle plays, represent abstract ideas: B—The Body, A—The Mind. But the neatness of this mechanical dichotomy damages the imaginative life of the dialogue. It's as if his rational awareness of the strict framework is constantly throttling the imaginative possibility of the voices. Apparently Yates still needs the support of a familiar "idea for a play" in which to exercise his technical gifts. But this nearly compulsive adherence to school figures is the last obstacle of the journeyman. Yates seems to realize this in his brief epilogue:

Let us say that such a dichotomy between body and mind is impossible. Both A and B are simply random voices from a single pen—mine.

And this after 26 pages of rigorous adherence to the cliché. Perhaps it's really what Yates himself likes to call "pre-art". The first draught is over, and any really good writer would take his own word for it and go back, knocking out the obsolete scaffolding, and allowing the voices to emerge in their fullness. Yates has been content to publish it as it is. It is at best an accomplished literary exercise, but we never arrive at vision because the author can't let go of his "idea" long enough to grow beyond it. His work tends not to develop, but simply to extend. Yates' fictions and plays have the predictable and prolific familiarity of assembly-line

work. The archetype is nearly always the split self, the mode narcissistic, the tone ironic, and the language intellectual. Seen as psychodrama, the essential form of thought in many of these fragments is the double-bind, the neurotic conflict between damned if I will and damned if I won't, the "modern", divided self. It is no accident (as my assembly-line image is no accident either) that Yates is fond of repeating his alleged line to Fritz Perls, the father of Gestalt Psychiatry, "Human dignity? My motorcycle has more dignity than a man". Apparently it was said in high seriousness, and Perls must have thought he was insane. Nevertheless, the last time he told me the story, what came through was not the usual triumphant exuberance of a youngster trumping the master's ace, but the sad, dismal, wasted, nostalgic, and empty bitterness of a Pyrrhic victory. The affirmation of identity with mechanistic matter was so profound it left the spirit thinner than a whiff of gasoline fumes, and apparently Perls and his group avoided Yates for the remainder of the evening. It's my guess, though I'm no psychiatrist, that this anguished and painful turning away from "eternal delight" (Blake) in the name of efficiency, is at the centre of Yates' failure in this book. It is a failure to trust his own imagination, his wholeness as a writer; a failure to let the work grow fully, releasing his considerable gift for syntax and rhythm from the double prison of hypothetical absolutes which turn out to be "impossible", and barren themes of paralysis, inhibition, extension, stasis, isolation, fear, compulsion, self-torture and impotence, which the author chooses to inhabit. I'm not saying that it's naughty to write about these things, but writing about them as obsessively as Yates does is boring, like being stuck in *Waiting for Godot* for 15 years.

Reviewing a book by a living writer is somewhat like discoursing, however accurately, on a snakeskin: the real animal is somewhere else. When I visited the author in his Island Retreat, he was working on a novel called THE FALLERS. The parts he read out to me were remarkable. If he can finish it (he's now teaching in Arkansas, presumably to make enough money to write for a while) it may very well fulfill what this "installment" only sporadically promises.

University of Manitoba

GEORGE AMABILE

You Can't Get There From Here. By Hugh Hood. Toronto: Oberon Press, 1972. Pp. 202. \$3.95.

Viewed as an allegorical fancy depicting the place of the 'good man' in an increasingly mad, chaotic and amoral world, as a confrontation between goodness and the "voice of the soul of human madness", Hugh Hood's latest novel, *You Can't Get There From Here*, is an imaginative, though ambiguously presented, work.

Ostensibly a novel of political and cultural upheaval in a newly independent African country, Leofrica, the novel is really a sensitive treatment of the dilemma

of Anthony Jedeb, a Ugeti tribesman, educated abroad and now the Prime Minister designate of the young state. A kind, good man but incorruptible, and therefore, as one character remarks, "politically incapable", Jedeb ironically places his faith both in his supporters and in that Worldly Wiseman, politics, in a sincere effort to bring his country, culturally and economically, into the twentieth century peacefully. His attempts to do so are frustrated because all the major world powers practise deception and duplicity in vying for Leofrica's allegiance. As the novel progresses, it becomes clear that the United States and the Soviet Union, having learned their lessons from damaging alliances with Egypt, Cuba, Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam, are only apparently seeking to integrate Leofrica into their own sphere of influence. Instead each nation cunningly encourages the other to involve itself in Leofrica, ruthlessly creates political turmoil, and then extricates itself, leaving the other with a liability—not a very imaginative plot if one contemplates contemporary world events.

Jedeb, as trusting and unwary as Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*, and thus pathetically vulnerable to an unscrupulous and un pitying mankind, is thrown headlong into this political maelstrom. He is duped by a voluptuous Russian agent whom he hopes to marry, by his private secretary who is an American spy, by his ambitious constabulary, and by his fractious cabinet. Finally the populace, aroused by tribal animosities heretofore illusory, storms his residence. Sadly disillusioned—"Some political situations simply won't work"—he tries to swim to safety across the river separating Leofrica from a former French colony. But he is fired upon from both sides, and his suspended state provides a strained metaphor for his precarious position as a representative of both tribe and nation, and for his isolation in an insane and conscienceless world.

The novel is more entertainingly written than this brief summary suggests, but the total effect for the reader is one of bewilderment because some ambiguity exists in Hood's treatment of his characters. The undefiled innocence of the natives is sharply contrasted with the unprincipled exploitative attitudes of Russian and American, and stereotypical portraits of a lustful American businessman, a dedicated Russian bureaucrat, and a zealous Albanian Minister bent on fomenting revolution, reflect Hood's lack of sympathy for them. But one is never certain how one is to regard the 'innocent' victims of foreign machination, particularly when humour dominates, as for example, in the descriptions of Clive Maharaj's amateurish efforts to transmit information to an American submarine offshore, of Ted Dogwa's determination, as Minister of Trade and Export, to establish the wearing quality of brick used in city buildings by surreptitiously chipping off samples, of Colonel Naumba's concern for a 'bomb' uncovered in a piano at Jedeb's inaugural ceremony. And a heavyhanded use of symbols confirms one's misgivings about Hood's uncertain handling of character in the novel. The sputtering fireworks display at Jedeb's inauguration is a feeble and clumsy prophecy of his

eventual failure as a politician, and the fragile Ugeti sand-sculptures are too obviously representative of the precarious nature of tribal culture in a rapidly changing country. Finally, none of the characters is drawn in any depth, although Hood has a subtle and skilful talent for conveying the agonizing perplexity of individuals—Dogwa's inability to comprehend Lev-Paul Minho, the Trotskyite economist; Colonel Naumba's mental confusion about the truth of myth after Soyede's body is discovered; Jedeb's astonishment that his idealism is anachronistic.

If characterization has been subordinated in order to facilitate the moral allegory, then it has been sacrificed in vain. While it is clear that the lunatic complexities of Leofrica are presented in the similitude of dream, like "the lining of an enormous soap-bubble, the insides of a fantasy—as though humanity as philosopher had a moment before invented out of nothingness a desperate and perilous ground for existence", and that Leofrica is intended as the unconscionable state of the world writ small, the moral lesson remains obscure, unless it is to point out the consequence of placing one's faith in mankind, as Jedeb appears to do, rather than in 'God'. Then, as another novelist has suggested, 'the world is a vaudeville of devils; everything is lawful'.

Dalhousie University

RON LEITOLD

Collected Poems: The Two Seasons. By Dorothy Livesay. Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson 1972. Pp. xvi, 368. \$14.95 Hardcover, \$6.50 Softcover.

In the "Foreword" to her *Collected Poems* Miss Livesay says that "these poems written between 1926 and 1971 create an autobiography: a psychic if not a literal autobiography", and the phrases and subject-matter of her poetry do in fact correspond to what we know of her life. That life—which includes her experiences as a student in Paris, as a social worker in the United States, and as a teacher in Zambia and in Canada—has been an interesting one, and in reading through the *Collected Poems* one encounters the responses to it of a sensitive, eloquent and humane person.

It is a comprehensive collection, including many poems never before published, and will I think confirm the impression gained from Miss Livesay's previous volumes from *Green Pitcher* (1928) to *Plainsongs* (1971) that we have in her a poet of considerable stature. In a way, however, the book may be misleading: it may be taken as a "monument to a life's work", with all the funereal connotations of that phrase. In fact, as the last pages of the book show, Miss Livesay is still writing prolifically and well, and still writing her own form of autobiography; the poems from this, the sixth decade of her life, are full of various and determined vitality, as well as an unsentimental wistfulness before the intractable fact of aging. In "Where I Usually Sit", a poem reprinted from *Plainsongs*, she describes the explosive energy of children from the school opposite her house as they slide on

the ice, and adds "I sorrow a little/that I'm only an aging person/onlooker/petrified behind glass". But typically the poem does not end there. There is an "and yet":

And yet
 from where I usually sit
 my feet slide and skate
 my arms gesticulate . . .
 I stay in love with movement
 hug hug
 the dancers
 this world's youngest
 most daring dancers.

That is charming, but it is more—it is positively heartening.

It is one of Miss Livesay's gifts to be unselfconsciously autobiographical: self-aware without indulging in special pleading, and it is a pleasure to rediscover here the fine "Ballad of Me" from the early sixties, with its deeply felt but somehow objective presentation of bewilderment and crisis. It is a talent she developed over the years; her early poems tend to be measured statements: brief glimpses into an almost painful sensitivity which registers a November with "its tower of swords", or elm trees "stronger and bolder . . ./Than blinded men" sucking the spring from the earth. It is fascinating to follow the girl who wrote these lyrics through to the woman whose mature sexuality is expressed in the taut, sensual poems from *The Unquiet Bed*, where she draws "the knife/the forked light-/ning of tongues" from her younger lover (to whom she remarks coolly: "You did it from design/I—from compulsion").

Between these two groups of poems lie, among other things, Miss Livesay's "social verse" from the late thirties and forties, both lyrics and longer dramatic poems such as "Day and Night". I know from her comments elsewhere that she is very fond of these poems, particularly "Lorca", but for me they form the weakest section of the book. It is hard to ignore the combination of staleness and strain one finds in the elegy for Lorca, with its conscientious evocation of death: "When veins congeal/And gesture is confounded/When pucker frowns no more . . .", or in the "documentary" "Day and Night", with its gestures in the direction of revolution. In the latter poem the strain comes from the attempt to subdue her normal style in favour of a doggerel toughness:

Are you waiting?
 Wait with us
 After evening
 There's a hush

 Use it not
 For love's slow count
 Add up hate
 And let it mount

Until the lifeline
Of your hand
Is calloused with
A fiery brand!

This Audenish verse is of course very much of its time, but it conveys something less than conviction, particularly when one has it in the *Collected Poems* a few pages away from the touching "Lament" for the death of her father, and the different lament for the silence of the poet A. M. Klein:

And in the hive, your head
the golden bowl
bees buzz and bumble
fumble for honey amidst empty cells
where the slain poems
wingless, tremble.

Perhaps this is because Dorothy Livesay's poetry at its best has something elemental about it, a fascination with the mysteriousness of life in its most basic and powerful manifestations: in the child, the lover, the play of the sun on earth and skin and flower. As one reads through the *Collected Poems* one is struck by the way the imagery works not so much to render concrete and particular detail as to link the particular with the universal, and how often the elements of earth air fire and water (soil breath and sun) appear in the poems:

I dream of the next step
On into time—
Casting off skin,
Bones, veins and eyes,
Flower without root,
Dancer without feet—
Gone in a cone of spiralled air
And I only wind
Sucked to the sun's fire!

It is interesting in this respect to find Miss Livesay suggesting in her "Foreword" that Canada is perhaps "a country more feminine than we like to admit, because the unifying, regenerative principle is a passion with us". Well, I don't know if that is really true of Canada; Margaret Atwood has recently made an opposite diagnosis in her book *Survival*. But this does seem to me to describe something of the elemental power that one senses in the poems themselves: they are the life's work of a very feminine intelligence.

Dalhousie University

CHRISTOPHER XERXES RINGROSE

A Review of *Parliament & Congress*. By Kenneth Bradshaw and David Pring.
London: Constable, 1972. Pp. 426.

Parliament & Congress is addressed primarily to British and American audiences,

yet for that very reason it has much to say to Canadians whose history is so inextricably related to that of Britain and the United States. The authors are both clerks in the House of Commons at Westminster, and their long experience there has been supplemented by an intimate acquaintance with other Commonwealth and European legislatures and a careful study of the procedures of the American Congress. They set out to show the similarities and differences in the two great models of democratic government, and their comparison is instructive. Without attempting to write a history of either Parliament or Congress, Bradshaw and Pring have shown clearly how the modern procedures and practices of both institutions have involved from the practices, procedures, customs and conventions which governed parliamentary business at Westminster in the late Eighteenth-Century. Jefferson's manual on procedure, written in 1796 for his own guidance as presiding officer of the Senate, was in fact a very clear statement of *British* parliamentary law of the day. Since then, however, both institutions have so modified their Eighteenth-Century structure that they are now separated by "a width of incomprehension, an Atlantic of the mind, which prevents each from benefiting from the acquired wisdom of the other" (page 1). The essential difference is, of course, the presence of the executive in Parliament and the corresponding absence of the leadership of the executive in Congress. This theme is elaborated chapter by chapter as the comparison of Parliament and Congress proceeds through an analysis of leadership, membership, first and second chambers, committees, legislation, finance and scrutiny

The chapter on leadership, for example, cuts through the generalizations which have become mere commonplace catchwords—"responsible government", "checks and balances", "constitutional monarchy" and so forth. It deals instead with the machinery through which the checks and balances of the American system and the principle of ministerial accountability in Great Britain are actually effected: the party system, political organization, floor leaders, presiding offices and permanent officials. Similarly, the discussion of the committee structure shows the origins, the types, the powers and the achievements of committees in Parliament and in Congress with particular emphasis on the way the committees carry out the responsibilities assigned to them and the different attitudes towards committees in Washington and Westminster. At Westminster, committees are creatures of the House, and Governments can usually rely upon the protection of a built-in majority in committee as on the floor. Congressional committees, on the other hand, are for the most part established by law and form part of the system of constitutional checks and balances. In Britain, the Government's majority is assumed; in the United States a majority must be created on each issue from a multitude of party, personal and regional interests. American committees enjoy a degree of autonomy unmatched by any British committee, and their influence extends over the activities of both Congress and the executive. In the final analysis, parliamentary committees

are under executive control; they exist not as a counterweight to executive influence, but as a means to facilitate the passage of Government business through Parliament.

The chapter is of particular interest to Canadians, for it is the committee structure of the Canadian House of Commons in which the congressional influence is most clearly apparent. Canadian committees are established under the authority of a standing order, a process more closely related to the American system than to the British in which most committees are set up on the initiative of the Government. Again, like the committees of Congress, Canadian committees are organized more or less in parallel to the departmental structure of government. Moreover, their procedures tend to adhere closely to the function of inquiry, even when considering legislation, thus suggesting something of the congressional concept of the committee as an instrument involved in the process of checks and balances. Significantly, many of the proposals designed to strengthen the committee structure of the Canadian House of Commons—the reduction of ministerial influence and the development of an independent committee staff, for example—would move the Canadian system even closer to the American. There are serious problems involved in the attempt to graft a congressional flower on to a parliamentary vine, and Canadians ought therefore to be interested in the conclusion reached by the authors of *Parliament & Congress*: the advantages of the American committee system do not necessarily stem from the constitutional structure nor do the disadvantages arise from any intrinsic defects in the system. Consequently, it is in this area that the Canadian House of Commons could most fruitfully seek a synthesis of the two traditions. Indeed, the author's premise that a better understanding of the two systems will enable each to benefit from the experience of the other is perhaps even more valid in Canada than in the United States or Great Britain. Implicit in the thesis, however, is a note of caution against the indiscriminate interchange of practices and procedures, for the multitude of differences in practice emerge from a basic difference in principle: the executive occupies a constitutional place in Parliament, but is constitutionally excluded from Congress.

It is on this point of difference that *Parliament & Congress* speaks most clearly to Canadians currently caught up in rethinking their own constitutional structure, and particularly to those involved in the day-to-day operation of Parliament. It is worth remembering that in the 1830s and '40s, after more than a generation of experience with an Eighteenth-Century constitution which effectively separated the executive from the popular branch of the legislature, Canadians insisted that the executive government must be drawn from and must be responsible to the elected Lower Chamber. This was a deliberate choice intended to resolve the inadequacies of an archaic constitution. It was advocated by the colonists themselves, but the important point is that Canadians could have chosen a different path. If there were no Jeffersons in the first legislature of Upper Canada, the Loyalist Councillors and Assemblymen summoned by Simcoe in 1792 surely in-

herited the same British colonial tradition as the Senators and Congressmen who in the same decade began to work out the procedures of congressional government. There would obviously be much common ground in constitutional practice between the United States and Britain's remaining North American colonies. Even Simcoe's determination to provide Upper Canada with "the very image and transcript of the British constitution" was, in a sense, illusory, for that very constitution was the inspiration for Jefferson and his colleagues who were at the same time developing American constitutional practice. Clearly, British North Americans had a choice: they could move with their relatives to the south towards a full-fledged congressional form of government, and this was indeed the solution that appealed to the more radical reformers in both Upper and Lower Canada in the decades between the War of 1812 and the Rebellions of 1837. Or they could develop in parallel with Britain where the influence of rank and property was giving way throughout the Nineteenth Century to the emerging concept of modern parliamentary democracy. This was the predisposition of Baldwin and the moderate reformers, and it was in fact a rejection of the congressional principle of the separation of the executive and legislative power. It was the separation of powers that had emasculated the democratic element of the colonial constitutions and distorted Simcoe's "image and transcript". It was the principle of ministerial accountability, conceded finally in 1847, that gave the executive government a presence in the colonial legislatures and ensured the parliamentary nature of Canadian political institutions. The anomaly was that in the first few decades of the Nineteenth Century, Canadian Tories, determined to resist republicanism in all its forms and to uphold the British connection, had locked themselves into a constitutional structure which had never existed in Britain and which required only an extension of the principle of election to emerge as an infant congressional constitution on the American pattern.

However, while in the early decades of the last century Canadians opted in principle for the parliamentary form of government, they have nevertheless continued to be influenced by certain congressional concepts. The Canadian reader of *Parliament & Congress* is struck by the similarities between some Canadian parliamentary and American congressional procedures and practices. He is struck also by the differences in the way parliamentary government functions in Britain and Canada today. The reader might also be struck by the intriguing possibility that out of our current constitutional agony a modern Robert Baldwin will emerge to offer a useful and workable synthesis of Parliament and Congress which will correct the drift towards prime ministerial government presently distorting the parliamentary system in both Canada and Great Britain. Before that happens, however, Canadians must learn to distinguish what is parliamentary and what is congressional in their own practices, and this is the great strength of *Parliament & Congress*.

In addition to offering the Canadian reader certain insights into his own parliamentary system, *Parliament & Congress* is a useful tool for the student of comparative government. Ranging from *adjournment motions* and *amendments* to *whips* and the *woolsack* (it was restuffed in 1938), it is a comprehensive account of the procedures and practices of the two institutions, and the index is arranged to facilitate reference to the practices of the separate chambers in each jurisdiction. Avoiding unnecessary complexity, the authors deal with each subject in satisfying detail. Regrettably, however, only four of the eight chapters include a summing-up, and the reader would have benefited from a final chapter in which two knowledgeable professionals might have drawn together the threads of analysis and contrast. Nevertheless, the exposition is clear throughout and the style eminently readable. The American Vice-President, as President of the Senate, is described, for example, as having about him "the whiff of executive power" (page 63); and one learns that effective compromise in bringing debate to an end at Westminster is often reached "in the shadow of the guillotine" (page 155). Duncan Sandys' famous epigram—"I was elected to represent Streatham in Parliament, not Parliament in Streatham" (page 89)—replaces Burke's classic address to the electors of Bristol to point up the relationship between a Member of Parliament and his constituents; and the effect of the parliamentary Question on the public service is shown by citing the occasion when, in the corridors of the Ministry of Defence, a correspondent of *The Times* "saw a General, with a parliamentary Question in his hand, *running*" (page 367).

Parliament & Congress, then, has a place on the reading lists of courses in comparative government. It has a place in the personal collection of anyone interested in the legislative machinery at Westminster and Washington. It is, in addition, an important book which will assist those historians digging amongst the roots of Canadian political institutions to identify the different strains which have contributed to the parliamentary tradition as it has emerged in Canada.

University of Saskatchewan, Regina

C. B. KOESTER

The Foreign Powers in Latin America. By Herbert Goldhamer. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1972. Pp. xiii, 321.

Without question this book offers a welcome change in perspective from the prevalent tendency to focus exclusively on U. S.-Latin America relations to the disregard of the relations of other foreign powers with the area. No doubt this tendency has been due to a natural interest in the effectiveness and success of the Alliance for Progress, virtually a New World Marshall Plan, which was itself called forth by the general rising revolutionary expectations of the late fifties and particularly by the successful revolution in Cuba in 1959. But the Alliance for Prog-

ress notwithstanding, the fact of the matter is that the 1960s saw a part of the preëminent position of the U. S. in Latin America given up to the enlarged influence of other foreign powers. Consequently, the author's attempt to give a comprehensive treatment to the activities of all the foreign powers involved in the area presents a perspective hitherto lacking.

Unfortunately for the general reader, however, the book is very much more of a descriptive survey in considerable detail than an interpretive essay in contrasts and comparisons. The approach is thematic, rather than country by country, which indeed allows for ready comparison of the aims and efforts of the different powers vis-à-vis each other. Certainly this is a positive feature, although here too the several themes examined by the author are treated individually and somewhat independently of each other. Hence the book suffers from an encyclopedic savor.

In terms of scholarship, on the other hand, the author has unquestionably written a well-researched, comprehensive, and thorough-going account of a variegated subject which necessitates a knowledge of at least five foreign languages. A very good multi-language bibliography of the most recent source material, dealing principally with the sixties, has been compiled, but it is left distributed through the footnotes and not printed together in a section at the end, which is an unfortunate flaw in the format of the book. Nonetheless, the work should remain for some time a basic *monographic reference* for those interested in the whole gamut or any one of the foreign power involvements in Latin America in the 1960s.

Probably the most arresting parts are the passages in which the author offers his own views on the effectiveness of giving aid and assistance in Latin America and on the successes and failures of the Alliance for Progress (chs. 12 and 13). Some historical depth is introduced here in comparing the U. S. effort to influence Latin America towards certain geo-political ends during the sixties with similar efforts made by the Nazis in the thirties and the Soviets in the forties, but the historical perspective is not developed. However, the author finds generally that long-term programs aimed at permanent influence through large-scale credits and aid have proved to a not inconsiderable degree to be counterproductive, nor have these programs greatly altered the evolutionary course of Latin American society. It is rather the short-term specifically directed assistance and investment which seems to produce the most effective and successful results. A frank business deal is likely to be more agreeable to Latin American sensibilities than a grand largesse which brings political tutelage in its wake, although of course the former implies necessarily an indifference to many social issues.

Last but not least for the Canadian reader is the modest attention the author gives to the growing involvement of Canada in Latin America. Canadian investment, aid, and diplomacy are carefully described, but again without any elaboration as to the Latin American attitude toward this new involvement, nor are Canada's future prospects in the area in any way assessed. This country, it seems,

more or less ranks ninth (after the U.S., U.S.S.R., U.K., Germany, France, Japan, Italy, and Spain) among the foreign powers significantly involved in Latin America, and this is only a recent development belonging to the last several years. The older Canadian involvement in the British colonies of the Caribbean is omitted (quite rightly) as outside the Latin American area properly understood. Nevertheless, this presentation of Canada's growing interest in Latin America is both informative and not without some encouraging indications.

Saint Mary's University

GEORGE F. W. YOUNG

The United States and the Trujillo Regime. By G. Pope Atkins and Larman C. Wilson. New Brunswick, New Jersey: Rutgers University Press, 1972. Pp. 246. \$10.00.

Cuba, Castro, and the United States. By Philip W. Bonsal. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1971. Pp. 318. \$9.95.

Now that Canada has officially become a permanent observer in the Organization of American States—and an active participant in the activities of the Inter-American Development Bank, and the Pan American Health Organization—it may result in greater interest in Latin American affairs than has hitherto been demonstrated. The entrance of Trinidad and Tobago and Jamaica into full-fledged membership of the OAS, despite the non-attendance of their neighboring islanders from Cuba, may be a portent of an English-speaking bloc in the hemispheric body. It may equally furnish a hint that the immediate future of the OAS is likely to emphasize commercial and economic relationships. But political considerations, always of prime importance *within* Latin American governments, can not be excluded from the international atmosphere prevailing in Central and South America. Thus, a review of the careers of two Caribbean dictators, one of the right, and one of the left, both of whom reached out beyond their own territorial jurisdictions to intervene in the affairs of other Latin American countries, is highly relevant to an appreciation of the total inter-American scene.

The Atkins-Wilson collaboration by two young political scientists at once establishes an evaluation of the tyrant Trujillo's role as a violator of the doctrine of non-intervention into the affairs of other countries. Little time is spent on a recital of the sins and misdeeds committed over a period of thirty years of personal mis-rule. That they were many, and of a greedy and cruel character, has been attested to many times over by a variety of non-Dominican sources. Most notable of Trujillo's adventures in other nations' terrain were assassination attempts against President Betancourt of Venezuela; intrigues against Costa Rica at one time, and Haiti on other occasions; and the kidnapping on U.S. soil of a Columbia University professor, subsequently murdered in the Dominican Republic. But the non-intervention issue formed a dilemma, of many years duration, for U.S. foreign

policy, as Atkins and Wilson make abundantly clear. As events unfolded, time and again there arose the legalism of a continental treaty commitment restraining the government in Washington from action of an interventionist nature, even if motivated by humanitarian impulse. Furnishing even more criticism of U.S. policy during the Trujillo decades of the 1930s, 40s and 50s, were complaints of failure to support the principles of democracy, to which one American president after another rhetorically dedicated himself. For of democracy in that sad country there was none.

Embellished with maps in the end papers, and photographs of the *dramatis personae* of the civil war of 1964, this study of Trujillo's rise to political eminence and the self-enforced limitations on the freedom of action by the United States in an area earlier known as its sphere of influence is a valuable contribution to a reading of the mysteries of Caribbean politics and diplomacy.

Philip W. Bonsal was a logical choice for the United States Ambassadorship to Havana. He had lived in Cuba as a young man, and after serving as Chief of the Latin American Division of the State Department in Washington, he had filled with distinction important posts, as Ambassador to Colombia, and later, to Bolivia. Grounded in the philosophy of non-interventionism, cultural and economic cooperation, and respect for Latin sensitivities, all embodied in President Franklin Roosevelt's "Good Neighbor" policy, Bonsal states his credo openly and courageously. "I do not believe the United States can or should use the leverage of American political and economic power to secure a special position for its citizens and their property in these countries" (p. 307). Subject to pressures from private commercial interests, and inattention from high levels in the Washington hierarchy, Bonsal held to this concept. (A measure of its validity is the posture of the United States vis-à-vis the Allende regime in Chile in the 1970s. For it is recognized that harsh reactions to Allende's provocations might turn him towards other, non-hemispheric relationships.)

Ambassador Bonsal had been for years a specialist in the vicissitudes of the Cuban sugar industry, at once the most valuable, and the most dangerously fluctuating element in the Cuban economy. A special section of the volume is devoted to that subject. Bonsal also recounts the unique story of Cuban-U.S. relationships emanating from the Spanish-American War of 1898, occupation of the island for several years by North American armed forces, the lamentably unsuccessful attempts by the Cubans to establish responsible and democratic political institutions, and varying degrees and forms of American influence. Much of the U.S. impact came through economic, commercial, and educational contacts—as well as much travel back and forth by citizens of both countries—quite aside from government-to-government dealings. The upshot, unintentional on both sides, was an inclination on the part of the Cubans to look to Washington for leadership, and for solutions to their problems. During World War II, for example, Cuba without a

merchant marine or a navy, was rescued by U.S. agreements to purchase and ship the sugar harvests, and to deliver to the island country industrial and food products of vital necessity. A generation later, the Cuban psychological dependence on the U.S. was to lead Cuban moderates and conservatives into a passive role—awaiting, somehow or sometime that the U.S. would dispose of Castro—which permitted Castro to isolate and then to destroy the individuals, the political groups, and the economic forces within the country that were opposed to him.

A decade later, when Russian missiles were about to be implanted on Cuban soil, President Kennedy in a message to the Congress said in 1963 that “Had the needs of the people of Cuba been met in the pre-Castro period, there would have been no Castro, no missiles in Cuba, and no need for Cuba’s neighbors to incur the immense risks of resistance to threatened aggression”.

A careful reading of Ambassador Bonsal’s book, along with the volume by professors Atkins and Wilson, illustrates the effect of non-interventionism as a policy guide for Washington. In one case it meant the degradation and exploitation of a nation’s politics and natural resources by a dictator of the right: Trujillo. In another case it contributed to the rise to power and the creation of a Soviet satellite regime in the person of Fidel Castro.

The thirty years of one-party rule and one-man rule in Santo Domingo left a legacy of political inexperience which continues to the present day to haunt that country. Will there be a similar continuation, for a generation, of one-party rule and one-man dominance in Cuba?

University of Maryland

WILLARD F. BARBER

Indians: The Urban Dilemma. By Edgar J. Dosman. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1972. Pp. 192.

Saskatoon, a prosperous Prairie city of 125,000, provides the setting for Edgar Dosman’s intensive inquiry into the plight of a new Indian, a first generation urban migrant. The urban dilemma is posed in terms of the increasing attractiveness of the city to the reserve Indian and the general failure of the city to fulfill its initial promise of a better life. The author, born in Saskatchewan and a political scientist at York University, addresses his work to the general public as well as to social planners, students, and colleagues (p. 12).

The data was assembled largely in 1968 and 1969 following on the heels of the Hawthorn Report in 1966 which anticipated a vast increase in urban migration and the controversial White Paper of 1969 which sought an end to the “special status” of the Indian and a gradual depopulation of the reserves. Needless to say, the White Paper was vehemently opposed by the national, native leadership and has been effectively abandoned in the interim.

One strength of the study may be attributed to Dosman's resourceful field-work which does not rely upon the traditional survey method. In addition to the direct observation of urban life styles, Indian organizations, official agencies, native-white action programs and family units were studied:

The spatial distribution of the native population in the city, and a large . . . number of complete case studies, were drawn together from archives, welfare rolls, employment records, and job placement files; . . . the study of reserve kinship structures was made possible by interested native people (p. 11).

The result of this multi-method approach is both a comprehensive profile and a very readable account in which the human element is sensitively present.

A central observation reported by the researcher is that life in the city reflects the relative poverty or wealth which the individual or family experienced on the reserve. A few "leading families", for example, were able to transplant their status to the city, often following a career in the governmental bureaucracy. Similarly, the skid row of Saskatoon has a parallel on the reserve with Indians known to drift from one to the other.

At the heart of the urban dilemma that Dosman outlines is the "anomic" Indian, occupying a position midway between the few Indian families constituting the bourgeoisie and the multitude of unfortunates destined to a bleak existence on skid row. Ironically, it is the anomic Indian who in the author's judgment possesses a motivational pattern best suited to the complexities of urban life, and it is this Indian who is currently bypassed by both the native and white power structures.

The anomic Indian is crushed by competition in an economic system in which he is educationally handicapped and is stifled by the paternalism of Indian agencies. He is not aided by the few Indians who have "made it", and he is pulled down by his poorer relatives in the kinship network who claim a share in any headway which is gained. The anomic Indian "is so effectively controlled, so completely dependent, and so totally without power contacts in the larger society that the spontaneous emergence of a leadership from its ranks are precluded (p. 183)." Nevertheless, the potential agent of social change in the author's analysis resides within the anomic group and not the native elite. "*The Affluent* are sufficiently lucid not to kill the goose. . . . (p. 127)."

Furthermore, Dosman argues that if it is futile to look for leadership within the ranks of the anomic who are by definition leaderless, leadership can be fostered by the creation of facilitative social structures. In the last few pages of the book, he introduces and begins to develop the concept of the Indian enclave as a "self-governing, native, residential community inside the city (p. 183)" which would provide the "community support that many other ethnic groups developed to cushion the shock of urbanization (p. 184)." The key to the successful functioning of the Indian enclave would be "local involvement and control (p. 188)", two

factors missing to date in the development of social policy concerned with the adaptation of the Indian to the city.

The author is careful not to present the Indian enclave notion as a solution to Indian poverty; clearly it is not, but the fate of the anomic Indian "marks the crucial difference between the creation of a sizeable adjusted native community in the city, and the unchecked growth of an urban *Welfare* native population (p. 182)." An Indian review of the enclave concept is now in order.

Dalhousie University

JEAN LEONARD ELLIOTT

South Africa: Civilizations in Conflict. By Jim Hoagland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1972. Pp. XXXiii, 428. \$11.95.

Hoagland has expanded his series of Pulitzer Prize winning articles into a highly readable book on white counter-revolution in Southern Africa. He originally intended to focus on the region's economic boom but quickly discovered that there is "no way to write intelligently about South Africa without constantly referring to apartheid". (p. 146) So he has drawn an engaging and largely accurate portrait of an Uncommon Society in which economic growth has magnified, rather than mitigated, conflicts between races, classes and nationalisms. The first half of this well-produced monograph is a lucid and perceptive sociological analysis of South Africa; the more synthetic second part presents a less satisfactory descriptive overview of both change in Southern Africa and also the interventive roles of the superpowers in supporting either the liberation movements or multinational corporations. The former is journalism at its best—comprehensive, succinct and erudite; the later chapters on the decline of multiracialism in Rhodesia, the prospects for cultural imperialism in the Portuguese territories, and the diverse reactions of the three "Black Satellites" to the outward-looking policy and their "proto-Bantustan" status (p. 311) are superficial and more tendentious.

Hoagland's insights into the major social forces in the *laager*—the isolation of the Afrikaner tribe, the erosion of Afrikanerdom under the impact of state capitalism, the failure of white liberalism, the alienation of the Coloured Community, the extermination of African nationalism, the rise of a new Black power within the grand apartheid scheme, and economic take-off despite the contradictions of white privilege—give the reader confidence in the author's research and perceptions. However, the second half on the "Southern African Commonwealth" (p. 219) is less thorough, although the informal analytic framework of three circles of interaction is valuable. Clearly, any analysis of future "counterapartheids" (p. xxi) must consider South Africa's regional role and extra-African intrusion, but such interdependencies should be reflected in a change in the volume's title to "Southern Africa".

Although the white elites share an interest in maintaining their privilege, their strategies are not homogeneous. While both Rhodesia and the Republic may replace racist control by "neo-colonial" class structures (pp. 215 and 246), the Portuguese hope to literally create a *mesticos* "indigenous" bourgeoisie and refuse to protect their poor whites (p. 264). By contrast, the Afrikaners disregard the product of their miscegenation—the Coloured community—and have responded positively to the protective demands of white farmers, miners and railway workers. Moreover, challenges to privilege have caused different factional cleavages within the white oligarchies—inside Afrikanerdom the *verligtes* and *verkrampes* advocate, respectively, expansionism and retrenchment to defend the *laager*; in Lisbon the "Europeans" and "Africanistas" (p. 282) advance alternate strategies to protect their Lusitanian cultural heritage.

The monograph is least satisfactory when analyzing the "shadows" of the guerilla movements and dollar imperialism. To assert that "the roly-poly shadow of Chairman Mao has fallen across Southern Africa in the past decade" (p. 284) is to detract from the indigenous bases of counter-violence and leads the author to underestimate the prospects of a successful struggle despite the dilemmas faced by the freedom fighters. While he correctly relates South Africa's regional expansion to the inflow of capital and technology from the capitalist states, his focus on only U.S. investment gives a partial view of the economic viability and international respectability afforded by interaction with the West.

Hoagland's major contribution is a powerful critique of the liberal thesis that in South Africa's "free" economy change towards multiracialism is a function of economic rationality (pp. 188-215). Multinational corporations advance white prosperity (p. 350) and neither of the proposed alternatives of "disengagement" or "communication" (p. 369) will produce equality. The investment bonanza after Sharpeville was a response to South Africa's harsh style of "law and order": "the black revolution was aborted; the white counter-revolution began" (p. 121). The author exposes contradictions in the U.S. non-policy towards the region and concludes that only "armed intervention" (p. 376) will generate fundamental change. However, like many white liberals, his research leads ultimately to an understandable, but nevertheless unsatisfactory schizophrenia:

The reader who has surmised that intellectually I see the white power option as the only realistic one for South Africa, while emotionally feeling that we should do whatever we can to help bring about a chance for the black minority to gain control over itself—by violence if that is the only way in which that objective can be achieved—is correct. It is an agonizing ambivalence for which I do not apologize (p. 383).

Coexistence between solutions and races is untenable in Southern Africa. However, this elegant work deserves the wider readership of a paperback edition, although the highly selective bibliography could usefully be expanded.

Dalhousie University

TIMOTHY M. SHAW

The Temper of Victorian Belief: Studies in the Religious Novels of Pater, Kingsley and Newman. By David A. Downes. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1972.

According to the late A. S. P. Woodhouse, it was Coleridge who 'sought a culture based on religion and a religion permeated by culture'; and from Coleridge to Tennyson, who saw Arthur's kingdom as a 'Christian social order', a mutating religious temper pervades the literature of the Victorian age. Varied and multiform as that temper is, twentieth-century scholars have found it difficult to form a comprehensive yet manageable definition of it. *The Temper of Victorian Belief* recalls *The Victorian Temper*, and we take up this new work in the hope that, in the manner of Buckley's sturdier and more comprehensive book, Downes's study will compass the nature of Victorian belief in all its ramifications.

We do so the more eagerly because Downes, according to the blurb on the jacket, is concentrating on the belief of the period, not as it is put forward in 'explicit apologetical materials', but as it emerges in 'imaginative literature'; which, in this instance, includes certain novels of Pater, Kingsley, and Newman chosen especially for his purpose. This is encouraging. Like the temper of political unrest or the temper of *laissez-faire capitalism*, the peculiar *temper* of Victorian belief, simply because it must be apprehended imaginatively, may the more readily be grasped in the imaginative productions of the period than is likely to result from a perusal of the exegetical treatises that to us in our time are nothing if not dull, and which in their laborious prose forestall any imaginative ideas of the prevailing religious disposition. An approach to the age through explicit apologies is likely to leave us unable to see the forest for the trees, whereas an approach through imaginative literature stimulates feeling and is conducive to a general 'temper'.

In his studies Downes rightly makes no sharp distinction between the earlier and later thought of the century. In his view, the temper of Victorian belief was little more than an outward expression of personal responses to religious phenomena, which the poets of the Romantic Movement had stimulated. Newman and F. D. Maurice both owed their initial inspiration to Coleridge, and it is useful to have studies of Newman and of Maurice's disciple, Kingsley, that begin where each of them had begun—with the seminal writings of Coleridge. Downes assigns a chapter to each of his chosen authors and discusses the peculiar contribution of each to the religious feeling of the period. Each study is independent, however, and only in the fourth and final chapter are they interfused in a discussion of 'myth, history, and belief' to give us the general flavour of belief. This chapter contains the best and most lucid writing in the book and, since the faults peculiar to the earlier studies are similar in nature, we shall confine ourselves to a few remarks on the Kingsley chapter.

The most disconcerting feature in it, as in all of them, is the author's use of language. His idiom is hardly that of traditional English, and this frequently obscures his meaning. Secondly, he attempts to say too much in too little space,

and many of his sweeping generalizations demand the sober check of qualification. Moreover, he not infrequently forsakes his 'imaginative' delineation to make pronouncements on the doctrinal beliefs of the author in hand, thereby weakening his thesis by seeming to align himself on the side of the 'apologetical materials' that he wishes to avoid. Indeed, Downes resorts to this material too frequently for the good of his thesis and, in any case, a work on the general temper of belief has little place for dogmatism on doctrinal issues.

Here is a sentence chosen at random (p. 51) on the nature of Victorian liberalism. It is embodied in a paragraph on Kingsley's style:

Kingsley's evangelical spirit set about assimilating this [Victorian liberalism] to something that might be called Christian liberalism, which is partly socialism, democracy, the politics of social action within the Church, and a complicated mixture of secular intellectualism and the dogmatic tradition.

Presumably meant to define Victorian liberalism, this sentence really takes us nowhere and explains nothing. Furthermore, the footnote added to support the statement is taken, not from the 'imaginative literature' of the novel under examination, but from a personal letter of Kingsley's. This is not explained and, unfortunately, the idea left by Downes is rather that Kingsley's assimilation of certain elements both from High and from Low Anglicanism was indeed 'Victorian liberalism'. The sentence also implies that Kingsley's synthesis suddenly came in 1842 at the moment of writing, an implication that hardly squares with the facts. Socialism, democracy, and the rest are left in the air but, more importantly, the reader is led to conclude that Kingsley's liberalism is representative and that he has expressed the temper of belief for all his contemporaries. Although liberalism was growing, Kingsley was in 1842 advancing his ideas in the teeth of much strong opposition. As for Downes's dogmatism, on the following page he states that Kingsley entertained a 'personal theory' of the Incarnation, which was 'heterodox'. Of the many charges brought against Kingsley during his lifetime we doubt that this was among them, and, in any case, Downes has provided neither amplification nor quotation to support his statement.

The author goes to the heart of *Hypatia* in his discussion of conversion, but he represents the theme in terms of Newman's *Grammar of Assent* which, far from being imaginative literature, is a philosophical treatise on the ascent to faith. Although he agrees that belief for both men is a matter of 'lived and felt experiences' (p. 79), he fails to see that for Kingsley's individual characters these 'experiences' take place within society, and that they are inseparable from arguments about skepticism, aristocracy, and theocracy:

Rather than being concerned with these broadly polemic lines of argument [he writes], I am interested in the process of commitment by which each character comes to some meaningful reconciliation of his life predicament (p. 60).

In his indifference to "these broadly polemic lines of argument" he fails to see that it is the very nature of the society to which the character is committed that makes or mars the process of that character's conversion. Hypatia cannot experience a 'salvation history' precisely because she erects an exclusive aristocracy on her basis of intellectual logic. Raphael, on the other hand, cannot avoid being converted because, renouncing Hypatia's kind of reasoning, he imaginatively believes that the 'lived and felt experiences' in human life occur only in relationships with other human beings; and sharing in the lives of others is necessarily democratic rather than exclusive. The important point for the temper of Victorian belief, however, is this: when Kingsley was arguing for democracy in *Hypatia* he was one of a minority that represented but a single strand of the religious temper of the time. Downes never makes this clear.

These three studies of religious novels are penetrating, and Downes has begun a fruitful line of investigation. But the temper of belief as it emerges in the imaginative literature of the Victorian period has yet to be written. When it is written, its canvas, like that of Chadwick's *Victorian Church*, must be discriminating as well as historical and broadly inclusive.

Dalhousie University

A. J. HARTLEY

Alexander Pope: Tradition and Identity. By John Paul Russo. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1972.

The long, exact, and serious comedy of Pope's life was a drama enacted almost completely upon the page. Prevented by physical deformity and pain and by laws directed against his religion from much more than vicarious involvement in the chaos of public life in Augustan England, Pope lived a remarkably uneventful life for the greatest public poet in English literature. His identity seems to be a mosaic of images drawn from reading, energized by emulation, and activated in satire: the moderate man, the champion of honour, the intransigent foe of venality and dullness, the hero of order in a crazily arbitrary world. This identity does not seem to have been shaped by public crisis to any great extent. Indeed, by the time Pope took on the dunces and repudiated their attacks on him, his identity was fixed. Nor does private crisis account for the public image. Pope is little given to more than ironic self-pity in his poetry.

Behind the apparent identity there is an enigma, in spite of the voluminous testaments to posterity in the *Correspondence*, and any biographical approach to Pope's work runs the risk of merely using different words to say what has already been said: that this poet is unknowable except in his aesthetic disposition of his identity. One fears yet another account of the *persona*. John Paul Russo puts aside the problem of the *persona* (the 'speaker' in the poems, who is not to be con-

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fused with the poet) and chooses the more perilous task of attempting to demonstrate that the public image and the private identity, the speaker and the poet, are the same.

Russo argues that Pope's identity would have to be his own self-conscious creation, forged out of the materials and influences available to a man for the most part isolated by health and political circumstances from the normal contexts of self definition. Pope defined himself in relation to patterns of the contemplative and the active man he discovered in the writings of the Ancients and the humanists. This is not exactly new information, but Russo convincingly studies Pope's 'assured sense of self', or identity, as the deliberate realization of patterns of heroic conduct he discovered in Horace and in Homer's Achilles. The public image is not just a pose or a satiric device, Russo argues. Rather, it is the courageous presence of a wit whose life was a warfare on earth because he chose to make it so.

In his long years translating Homer, Pope found a conception of heroism perfectly suited to his temperament and to his developing sense of himself. Achilles embodied both the desire for 'public morality and personal glory' and the impulse 'to lead now the contemplative, now the active life'. Horace provided the resolution of the contrary claims of retirement and action, and indicated the proper sphere for the authentication of this heroic identity. Pope's commitment, like Horace's, would be as public conscience and as fearless spokesman of the antipathy of good to bad. Walpole's England was the perfect testing ground for the hero of action and contemplation, for the synthesis of Achilles and Horace. But it is one thing to realize patterns of heroism and quite another to establish oneself clearly and unmistakably within them. Pope styled himself the 'last' of a tradition of poets and, in his later years, conceived of the world in such a way as to suit the uniqueness of this position.

It is in his analysis of this magnificent egoism that Russo is most fascinating. Pope certainly did not falsify his world, but he transformed it imaginatively into a condition of such utter chaos and dullness that the heroism of his opposition to the forces of universal darkness makes him as radiant as Achilles. Moreover, he really was the hero of the end of things, and not only the fulfillment of a pattern of heroism, thanks to the greatest living influence on him, Jonathan Swift. Swift was the perfect model of the man the crucible of whose heroism was not books, but the harsh life from which Pope was isolated. A man not notably tolerant of retirement, Swift encouraged Pope's expression of the 'disdain of this World' he claimed to feel, and convinced Pope that the heroic identity need not have merely a rhetorical existence. Conscience, like virtue, must venture forth to meet its adversaries.

Swift was both poet and hero. His deep concern was with politics and society, and he was no optimist. Russo sees much of Swift in the later Pope, most significantly in Pope's increasingly apocalyptic consciousness of man and

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society. Swift was the living catalyst whose example enabled Pope to realize the heroic self he had been developing for years out of tradition and conscience.

Russo's book does not break new ground, but it succeeds in presenting as lucid an account of the personality of Pope as one would wish. The 'lost' years of translation have not before been examined quite so fully and convincingly as a fertile period in the poet's personal, as well as technical, development. Pope's often embarrassing lust for fame is interpreted, acceptably enough, as a necessary part of the identity he was forming. The Pope Russo presents is a man who accomplished the perfect synthesis of art and life, of image and identity. By genius, certainly; but also by sheer will.

Mount St. Vincent University

PAUL McISAAC

The Grand Design of God. By C. A. Patrides. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1972. Pp. xviii, 157. \$7.50.

The Grand Design of God is a revision of C. A. Patrides' brief but fearsomely erudite monograph *The Phoenix and the Ladder* (1964), adapted for inclusion in a new series, "Ideas and Forms in English Literature", edited by John Lawlor of Keele. It is a survey of what its author terms the Christian view of history, traced from its roots in Greek and Hebrew traditions through T. S. Eliot. With such a broad scope and a complex subject, it is, however, rather perverse that footnotes account for about forty percent of the text, taking space that undoubtedly might have been better employed in pursuing the series' stated aim to be "evaluative and critical rather than descriptive and merely historical".

Certainly the book has a rich subject. Those two turbulent tribes, the Jews and Greeks, gave shape and direction to Western man's understanding of history, and the study of how their two apparently contradictory visions have diversely fertilized, distorted or nullified each other in Western life and literature is a fascinating one. Patrides' book, for all its author's erudition, however, merely makes gestures—many stimulating, others less so—towards the path some more critically detailed and sensitive study must take. His survey is clear and judiciously compressed but in the space he allows himself, his eight short chapters can contain only thumbnail descriptions of the main figures and movements concerned. Indeed, the book's major merit remains substantially those of its original version: the stimulation of pithily expressed summary, seen best in the first chapter, "The Phoenix and the Ladder: Gentiles and Jews", where he outlines the roots of the Christian view of history. Although fascinated by history, the Greeks gave no ultimate meaning to it: true reality lay outside the endless temporal cycles in which men were enslaved. The Jews, with no tradition of metaphysical speculation on history, were nevertheless deeply concerned with its meaning as it was experienced. History was comprehended not so much by change as opportunities. As Werner



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Pelz puts it, the Old Testament prophets "do not move towards a fated end, but *with* Yahweh, arguing and creating as they go. They do not have to cheat time of their bit of eternity, but to fill it". In his introductory chapter, Patrides neatly analyses this contrast, but thereafter his book degenerates into brief sketches and generalizations. Augustine gets two pages, Osorius one; when the Renaissance is reached on page 47, the survey remains clear but woefully summary, culminating in a ludicrous chapter of five pages (two of which are footnotes) on New England historians. However valuable it is to be reminded briefly of Mather and Edwards (why not Johnson's *Wonder Working Providence?*), there is no substitute in an area so crucial as the Renaissance and the cultural lag in the Wilderness of the New World for the detailed analysis promised by the series' general editor. Anne Bradstreet's continuation of traditional providential history in her laborious early works deserves mention—indeed, an analysis of the fascination for Raleigh's *History* seen in her writings and those of other New Englanders would have made a promising subject for the investigator of the transplanation and survival of traditional Christian historiography in the post-Renaissance world.

Insufficient critical analysis is undoubtedly the book's major weakness. Poets are used exclusively to illustrate historiographical commonplaces; seemingly happiest manipulating *loci communes*, Patrides skims over medieval literature in about a page, introducing the subject by the somewhat unremarkable observation that "the Christian view of history influenced medieval literature greatly"; Shakespeare gets three pages, Browne two, Milton—on whom Patrides has written illuminatingly elsewhere—six. The last 300 years are compressed into eleven pages, with glances at, *inter alia*, Dryden, Smart, Voltaire, Blake, Wordsworth, Shelley, Hopkins, Yeats and Eliot. Evaluative and critical rather than descriptive and merely historical?

Finally, two major matters of procedure deserve notice. The first, perhaps an ideological point, is that Patrides provocatively—it might be argued, mistakenly—regards the impressively monolithic medieval Christian view of history as *the* Christian view; part of the complexity and fascination of the post-Reformation world has been, it would surely seem, the multiplicity of historical stances continuing or remaking Christian historiography. Patrides' list of contemporary spokesmen for the Christian view of history is therefore predictably, as well, both partial and unnecessarily narrowing for his literary perspective. Neither Kierkegaard nor Tillich, two of the most influential modern theological thinkers upon modern literature, are mentioned, and it can hardly be said their work does not include or imply a Christian philosophy of history, however unlike that of Augustine's or Osorius' theirs might be.

Secondly, Patrides' book makes little allowance for the ways in which a writer may do more than simply reflect ideas and philosophies. An artist as sensitive and intelligent as Shakespeare is in a real sense responding creatively to



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the intellectual currents of his time, and in doing so changing man's ongoing understanding of his historical stance. Shakespeare, we may say, was capable of thinking for himself. The crucial role of the great artist is not to faithfully reproduce philosophical orthodoxies, however traditional or rich these may be. It may just as validly be to embrace and communicate the sheer unsystematizable nature of experience. If a striking theory of history emerges from Shakespeare's plays or *Paradise Lost*, it does so because the writer has submitted himself to a profound imaginative concentration on human realities that are far from abstract, and systematizable only with difficulty or distortion. Received ideas can merely give such a writer fuel for his creative fire, a set of concepts or idioms to be fused and recreated in the zodiac of his own erected wit. Patrides' viewpoint, therefore, is ultimately not only intellectually limiting but implies a regrettable distrust of the poet's autonomy. The evaluative and critical study of his fascinating subject, one which his enviable erudition and lucidity of style would undoubtedly serve, regrettably remains to be written.

Dalhousie University

G. F. WALLER

Shakespeare 1971. Ed. by Clifford Leech and J. M. R. Margeson. University of Toronto Press, 1972. Pp. xii, 298. \$10.00.

Shakespeare 1971 records some of the proceedings of the World Shakespeare Congress held in Vancouver in August, 1971. The book includes nineteen papers, the reports of the various Investigative Committees and a verse address given at a banquet. The papers deal with a wide range of concerns, but it is clearly impossible here to summarize and evaluate every contribution. What must be mentioned, however, is that a number of the papers touch upon a question which turned out to be the unplanned unifying motif of the Congress: how is the literary critic, who frequently comes to drama with critical tools and terminology derived from the study of poetry and the novel, to deal adequately with what George Hibbard refers to in his paper as the "intimate relation between what is said and what is done" in the theatre?

Hibbard raises this matter when examining the evolution of Shakespeare's dramatic poetry which he defines as being radically different from other forms of poetry because it avails itself of such non-linguistic forms of expression as spectacle, stage effects and physical movement. Norman Rabkin in "Meaning and Shakespeare" approaches the same problem from a different direction and attempts to demonstrate that much Shakespearian criticism wrongly assumes that "meaning" is all-important. Reductive critical methods, he complains, frequently fail to deal with the divergent responses of an audience and fail to treat a play as a "dynamic interaction between artist and audience".

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Reading through the papers one repeatedly finds evidence of a willingness to admit the justice of Rabkin's complaints. Such agreement is several times accompanied by attempts to write within a critical framework which assumes that the essence of a play (to use the words of one Investigative Committee) "is not to be sought exclusively in the text itself, but much more in the dynamic of dialectical interaction between the author, the work of art, and the public". Wolfgang Clemen, for example, complains, like Rabkin, of critical preoccupations with "meaning" and provides a thoughtful paper on Marlowe's *Edward II* and Shakespeare's *Richard II* in part of which he attempts to contrast the impact of the two plays upon an audience. Another example is R. W. Ingram's "Music as a Structural Element" which is full of perceptive observations on the structural interrelationships of music, words and visual actions and their role in the final totality of experience that constitutes the play itself. Somewhat similar in its concerns is Jill Levenson's "What the Silence Said" which discusses response to silence as a theatrical experience in *King Lear*. Even John C. Meagher's lively onslaught upon certain common failings of editorial annotation drifts into discussion of the dangers of detaching words and phrases from a text rather than considering them as "correlatives of moments in a dramatic context". However, his warning that "descent into the hypothetical bowels of original productions is always a risky undertaking" provides a timely and salutary caution. Bernard Beckerman's "Directorial Approaches to Shakespeare" provides an interesting corollary to Rabkin's complaints when it criticizes the way ideas have been imposed upon Shakespeare by Jan Kott and directors who follow him. At the same time Beckerman deplores directional approaches that deliberately limit audience responses and elsewhere defines the scholar's interest in Shakespeare as primarily verbal (and hence "protective") whereas the director's is comprehensive (and hence "explorative"). Though Beckerman seems to ignore the desire among his fellow contributors to bridge such differences, his paper admirably delineates just how much distance the scholars have yet to go.

Those who are suspicious of the approach of Rabkin and those who support him may be disturbed by the report of the Investigative Committee on New Research Methods which urges Shakespearians to explore the critical potentials of "Multi-Channel Analysis" (an application of communications theory) and "The Technique of the Semantic Differential" (an application of Charles Osgood's system for rating responses to words in a "two- or three-dimensional semantic space"), both of which can be used in the analysis of audience response.

Among other papers in *Shakespeare 1971* are contributions by Charlton Hinman and Fredson Bowers on the current state of Shakespeare bibliography. The "final and authoritative form of Shakespeare's text that need never be changed except in minor detail" is more remote, it appears, than we had been led to believe. More surprising perhaps is to find these two giants of modern bibliographical

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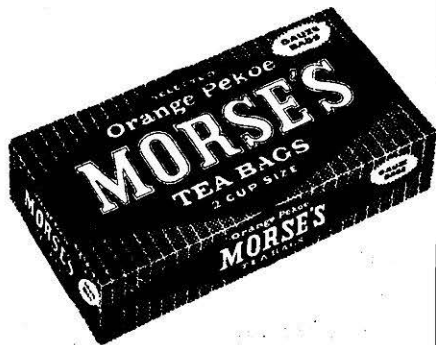
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scholarship so disarmingly in agreement on many points. On quite another topic is Herbert Berry's carefully researched paper on "The Playhouse in the Boar's Head Inn, Whitechapel", the third of a series on this subject. Finally, there is what for many was a highlight of the Congress, Grigori Kozintsev's "Stage and Film" which discusses how in the cinema "the aural has to be made visual" as prelude to a highly creative and sensitive reading of *King Lear* outlining the approach Kozintsev took in his film of the play (given its first North American showing at the Congress), a film that for power and intensity probably surpasses any previous attempt to translate a Shakespeare play into film.

Other papers also tend to be of a high standard though it is hard to be particularly positive with regard to C. Walter Hodges' disappointingly obvious "Arguments for and against attempting a full-scale Reconstruction of an Elizabethan Playhouse", David Bevington's "Shakespeare vs Jonson on Satire", which offers no new research or theory, and Muriel Bradbrook's inconclusive (and hardly novel) argument that *The Raigne of King Edward III* is probably not by Shakespeare and that *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is by Fletcher and Shakespeare in collaboration. If one regrets the inclusion of these papers, one must also regret that the editorial Preface by Clifford Leech and J. M. R. Margeson is so modest. Here surely was the place for an assessment of the significance of the Congress and a re-creation of its unique atmosphere and spirit. Here too more of an attempt could have been made to record the important contributions made by panelists who commented on individual papers by theatre directors such as Hans Dieter Mäde and Dimitri Malavetas and by those scholars with an especially strong experience of theatre such as John Russell Brown and Daniel Seltzer.

Acadia University

ALAN R. YOUNG



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