## Book Reviews

*Life Before Man*. By Margaret Atwood. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Limited, 1979. Pp. 317. $12.95.

> "Dinosaurs are dead," [Nate] said to [Lesje] one day, trying to lighten things up. "But I'm still alive."
>
> "Are you sure?" she said, with one of those ball-shriveling looks. As if he was a teeny little dog turd.

This brief scene takes place late in the novel, by which time the reader is hard pressed to find very much life in any of the characters, and possibly his only reaction to Lesje's question is why she took so long to ask it. But then, perception is not one of her strong suits, otherwise why would she have accepted him as a lover in the first place? The answer is that, compared to her recently discarded lover, William, described by Elizabeth as "a large and fairly active slab of Philadelphia cream cheese," Nate appears to be an improvement. But then Elizabeth is not a totally reliable reporter: she has lost her discarded lover through suicide, and her husband to Lesje, so she takes on William, more out of boredom than out of lust or revenge, or perhaps merely to keep the score more or less even in this adulterous circle game they are all playing.

I am being somewhat facetious here, more or less to counter the astonishing claim on the dust cover on *Life Before Man*, which assures us that "dazzling in style, disturbing in its unrelenting insight into men, women and the condition of modern marriage, it creates people whose vivid lives reflect some part of every one of us." In my view it creates insignificant people whose lives are so insipid and unmotivated that the reader simply does not care what happens to them. Indeed, had the tone of this novel been more lighthearted, and the humour more benign, the book could be read as a parody of human relationships, a literary version of the Alice and Bob and Ted and Carol game. But Atwood appears not to be jesting here: the structure of the novel, the juxtaposing of the trivial problems of insignificant people against the extension of prehistoric life, suggest a major fictional ambition on her part, but it is an experiment which falls short.

It is not that insignificant people aren't worth writing about—Alice Munro, Constance Beresford-Howe, and Brian Moore, to name only three contemporary writers, provide ample evidence that they are—but they must be created with compassion and sympathy. Atwood seems to create hers mainly to allow various games to be played: who can be the most civilized in the adultery game? Who is the cleverest when it comes to in-group games about Canlit? Who knows the latest intrigue in the corridors of the Royal Ontario Museum? It is only in these kinds of situations that her characters assume credibility; in their ordinary human relationships they suddenly become wooden, unconvincing, and irresolute.

Part of the problem lies in the novel's structure: the fifty-nine chronological sections, divided fairly evenly among the three main protagonists, ostensibly are designed to ensure an objectivity and an authorial effacement that will enable the reader to make appropriate judgments. But, as is the case with novels like Mary McCarthy's *The Group* or John Updike's *Couples, Life Before Man* lacks a moral centre or reflector against which we can measure the responses of the various characters. In my mind, one of the secondary characters has the possibility of assuming this role, and that is Nate's discarded lover, Martha, who in her brief appearances seems to be the only one created with a degree of compassion, and the only one who understands what is going on. "There's not much I'm an expert on," she cautions Lesje at one point, "but believe you me, I'm the world's living authority on [Elizabeth and Nate.]"

Elizabeth is presumably the central character in this drama: her section opens the novel (October 29, 1976) and closes it (August 18, 1978), and the largest number of sections (22) are given over to her. She assumes more credibility than either Nate or Lesje, perhaps because her present dilemma is juxtaposed from time to time against vivid recollections from her past—suicide lover, insane sister dead at 17, drunken mother burned to death, puritanical Aunt Muriel trying unsuccessfully to mold her into respectability. That she is, however, less guilt-ridden about the past than Nate, is suggested by the fact that it is only to him that chronological flash backs are assigned, one (August 25, 1975) when he learns that Elizabeth and Chris are lovers, and the other (October 7, 1976) when he learns she has discarded him. Two weeks after that, that is, a week or so before the novel opens, Chris blows his head off with a shotgun.

But all this takes plotting and plodding: the chronological structure is clumsy and unproductive, and like the characters themselves, fails to reflect any significance. There are three sections, for example, devoted to opening day, and four to closing day, and Hallowe'en, 1976 is allowed five sections, but these days are very much like those days which are glossed over quickly by one short section. Perhaps the juxtaposition of these brief human temporal segments against the seemingly ageless prehistoric time as symbolized by the dinosaurs grinning in the background is supposed to remind us of our transience and insignificance, or of the penalty of not adjusting to our environment. One of the epigraphs to this novel, a quotation from *The Age of the Dinosaurs,* supports this point, but I wish Atwood had worked more on the implications and possibilities of the second epigraph: "Look, I'm smiling at you, I'm smiling in you, I'm smiling through you. How can I be dead if I breathe in every quiver of your hand?"

Atwood still hasn't fulfilled her potential as a novelist which was hinted at in *The Edible Woman,* brought closer to realization in *Surfacing,* but then held in abeyance, as it were, in *Lady Oracle.* She is consistently excellent in her poetry and in her short stories, for it seems that the more concentrated literary form allows her vision, her brilliance with language, and her sharp perception to join together to produce memorable images and scenes. These talents, however, without an accompanying compassion and sympathy for the ordinary people she characteristically chooses to write about, do not always salvage the longer novel form; and for this reason *Life Before Man* is for me Atwood's weakest novel to date.

*University of Calgary* *Hallvard Dahlie*

---

*Changing Images of the Family.* Edited by Virginia Tufte and Barbara Myerhoff. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1979. ix + 403 pp. n.p.

This is a rather amorphous book: one of many of which it might be said that the whole is less than the sum of its parts. Three, at least, of the sixteen essays that compose it are exceptionally good. Phillipe Aries, whose *Centuries of Childhood,* published 17 years ago, ushered in the present sequence of serious studies of the family in historical perspective addressed to the general reader which includes such works as Edward Shorter's *The Making of the Modern Family*; Lawrence Stone's *The Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500-1800,* and Christopher Lasch's *Haven in a Heartless World,* opens *Changing Images of the Family* with an original and stimulating essay on "The Family and the City in the Old World and the New." In this essay, Aries applies to the family some of the kinds of issues we are more accustomed to see raised by Raymond Williams or Jane Jacobs, with enlightening results. Arlene Skolnick, in a brief but thoughtful paper called "Public Images, Private Realities: The American Family in Popular Culture and Social Science", fails to develop fully the range of possibilities suggested by this title; but she deals very cogently with the difficulties created by the propagation and acceptance of the image of the happy, loving family as a social norm, which dooms most of us to failure as well as domestic discord. And David Kunzle, in the best paper in the book, gives a fascinating account of the work of William Hogarth as social critic and transitional figure whose mordant prints compelled public awareness of the plight of children in 18th century England, thus giving initial impetus to the process which has led, in our day, to the perception of most young people as potential or actual social problems. If Hogarth were alive today, he would probably view Nigel Williams' play *Class Enemy* with an ironic sense of the stability of British, though not just British, culture.

But *Changing Images of the Family* is a collection of essays, not a book; and it is marred by certain deficiencies in addition to those inevitably associated with edited compilations. Such collections usually work best as mini-encyclopedias in which each disparate contributor deals with his particular special area of competence as it relates to the subject of the book. But *Changing Images* is not useful as a reference work, save possibly for Stephen J. Morse's chapter on "Family Law in Transition," which is both highly specific and heavily documented, though it deals only with American law. The rest of the essays are too idiosyncratic to serve as reference tools, though they do serve as sources of insight in many cases.

Moreover, the editors have not interpreted the words of their title rigorously enough to achieve coherence. Some of the essays are not distinctively concerned with the *image* of the family so much as with various aspects of family life and the socio-economic forces that affect it. Most of the contributors *do* deal with the images of the family, but they mean quite different things by this. Some deal with the actual picture of family life portrayed in an artist or writer's work—there are chapters on Dickens, Zola, and changing portrayals of the American Jewish mother in fiction. Others stretch the concept of image to focus on the conception of the family implicit in the way it is dealt with in society, like the Morse chapter on law already mentioned. When it is added together, no clear image emerges, except an image of concern.

And that concern is the most notable aspect, not only of this book but of the whole genre of books about the family and, indeed, of the conception of life's difficulties as social problems crying out for amelioration. People these days will study anything, and treat it in the process as something external to our being, to be manipulated or negotiated with. As Canada's greatest living poet once observed, "We don't know who discovered water; but we're pretty sure it wasn't the fish." A sad day for them when they do, no doubt, as the Book of Genesis suggests. Clean water and air, domestic tranquility, stable government, distributive justice—it all seems so *contrived.* If God had wanted us to have these things, He wouldn't have given us politics.

*Hubbards, Nova Scotia* *Edgar Z. Friedenberg*

---

*Dreaming America: Obsession and Transcendence in the Fiction of Joyce Carol Oates.* By G.F. Waller. Baton Rouge and London: Louisiana State University Press, 1979. Pp. 224. Cloth $12.95.

*Joyce Carol Oates*. By Joanne Creighton. Boston: Twayne Publishers, G.K. Hall, 1979. Pp. 173. Cloth $9.95.

These two books are the first full-length studies of Joyce Carol Oates. About time, one would have thought. By almost any yardstick one would care to apply Oates is a significant writer—even if her significance is something one hesitates to affirm lest her astonishing, annual output cause one prematurely to underestimate her value. Although only in her early forties, she has published over thirty volumes—including novels, short stories, poems, and essays—in addition to a number of uncollected pieces.

Waller's book emphasizes the obsessions in Oates's fiction, her characters being seen as mirroring in their individual lives the prevailing obsessions of North American culture, particularly violence. He argues that Oates herself is driven by obsessions, as in her "concentrated, often obsessive, concern with personality." Finally, Waller sees himself as having been drawn to Oates's work with a fascination that "at times has been obsessive." While the lines of demarcation between these various obsessions are not always as clearly drawn as they might have been, the study is an engrossing one.

Waller conducts a chronological examination of Oates's novels—which analyses are generally incisive, and at times, as in the case of the structuring of points of view in *Do With Me What You Will*, especially fresh and convincing. He seeks to play down the prevailing view of Oates as a naturalistic novelist in favor of a view of her as a Romantic. He sees her as most intensely interested not in the mechanism of society but in the flaring of psychic energy: the "charisma of emotional extremism." The parallels between Oates and D.H. Lawrence are carefully built up. Both writers link sexuality with the "Nietzschean vision of the self struggling to overcome itself;" both stage a "neo-romantic celebration and evocation of flux and the human potential of unpredictability." Illuminating as the parallels are, Waller's understating of Oates's Naturalism seems finally a bit pointless since he concedes both her documentary approach and the determinism underlying the lives of her characters. Oates is in fact both a Romantic and a naturalistic novelist, frequently within the same books. Indeed, it can be argued that the power of her writing issues from the tension between these two perspectives.

Waller ranges a good deal, from some earnest comments on the role of the critic to some tangential connections between Oates and the psychological theorists Maurice Merleau-Ponty and Paul Ricoeur. While the overall quality of this ranging is uneven, some of his observations are noteworthy, as in his sense of the contemplative advantage Oates has gained by living in Canada while writing primarily about the United States: "Canada is the perspective of a writer who is compelled to write about the experience of being overwhelmed (or nearly overwhelmed) by America, without being overwhelmed in her own person."

Less eclectic than Waller, Joanne Creighton provides a better overview of Oates's work, though, due to the volume of that work, she finds herself unable to include a study of the poetry. Moreover, while presenting the modernist side of Oates, Creighton places her convincingly within the tradition of American naturalism, thereby providing those literary roots that are so awkwardly absent in Waller's study.

Creighton's analyses of Oates's criticism, novel, and stories are concise and astute. Her discussion of the form of these works is often perfunctory, though, and one cannot help but feel that a little less time might have been devoted to interpretation and to recording the reactions of her students to Oates's writings—and a little more time given to the elucidation of form. Indeed, where Creighton does concentrate on matters of form, her observations are penetrating.

One of these occasions is the last chapter, Creighton's summing up and the best stretch of writing in the book. Here she confronts those questions that must be answered in any evaluation of Oates's work, such as the cleavage between Oates as "popular" and as "literary" writer. Of particular importance is the difficulty created by Oates's linear, naturalistic style (which Creighton feels is less visible in recent novels like *Childwold*) in attempting to explore experimentally the psyches of her characters. The question is a culminating one both for Creighton and Oates since Creighton's central thesis is that what ties Oates's prodigious output together is her "continual reformulation and reassessment of the problems of selfhood, which shows her characters groping toward the liberating oneness which underlies their creator's vision."

Creighton concludes reluctantly that the naturalistic style chosen by Oates was "too clumsy a vehicle for her modernist formulation and assessment of the problems of selfhood and for the private vision she posits." Furthermore, Creighton reflects, the naturalistic novel may well have built into it "expectations of meaning" which are at odds with Oates's vision of transcendence. Creighton's analysis is a telling one, particularly in showing the inhibiting effects on the form of Oates's novels caused by her ambivalent expectations about her characters. All in all, Creighton's book is a perceptive introduction to a writer who is destined to be the subject of a great many studies in the coming years.

*University of British Columbia* *Ross Labrie*

---

*Écrits/Writings 1942-1958*. By Paul-Émile Borduas. Translated by Dennis Young and François-Marc Gagnon. Introduced and edited by François-Marc Gagnon. Halifax: The Press of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design/New York University Press, 1979. Pp. 160. $15.00. Paper, $10.00.

Twenty years after writing to his friend Claude Gauvreau that the correct treatment for his failing spirits and health "would be affection in my luminously beautiful country," Paul-Emile Borduas is being feted in Canada. The Montreal Museum of Fine Arts held a Borduas retrospective in 1962; Guy Robert's book *Borduas, ou le dilemme culturel québecois,* 1977 was shortly followed by François-Marc Gagnon's *Biographie et analyse de l'oeuvre,* 1978; *artscanada* devoted their Dec-Jan 1979 issue to Borduas.

The latest tribute to Borduas is the bilingual edition of his writings by Dennis Young and Gagnon, many of which are available for the first time in English. This extension to the anglophone audience would have pleased Borduas. In the last letter of this collection entitled "One small corner-stone in the turf of my old prejudices" he realizes that his old assumption about being *Canadien*—"as we say when we unreasonably identify this epithet with our 'French superiority' "—was a betrayal of a much more valid unity which was Canadian.

This kind of reversal is typical of Borduas and frustrating to those who want to ascertain Borduas' position on art, on politics, on the effectiveness of art as political device, on nationalism, on internationalism, etc. It is what leads Robert to devote a central section of his book to what he calls *Dilemmes*—the apparent contradictions and conflicts in Borduas' thought. Fortunately, in this collection we are given no directives for understanding Borduas, only Borduas' writings and a short introduction to each of the three sections: Montreal and Saint Hilaire, New York, and Paris. These introductions contain brief biographical information and what has become the mandatory apology for Borduas' "awkward, untutored" use of language. My own command of French is too crude to detect any crudities on Borduas' part, but the English version (and this is undoubtedly due in part to the careful, sensitive translation by Young and Gagnon) contains simple, lucid, and at times amazingly beautiful prose. The introduction also, in an attempt to locate Borduas in the tradition of famous manifesto writers, compares him to Marinetti—to whom he is nothing like. There is in Borduas no rejection of the past, no shrill macho stance, no rigidity of ideology that could ever become Fascist. There is instead that baffling *transformation continuelle:*

> Real things require relationships repeatedly renewed, or challenged, or put to question: relationships impalpable, exacting and dependent on the vivifying force of action.
>
> Our treasure is poetic resource: the emotional wealth on which the centuries to come will draw. It cannot be passed on unless it is transformed, *and lacking this it is deformed.*(p.54).

The consistency inherent in these writings resides not so much in the argument (although there is much more coherency here than would appear at first), but in the temperament of the man himself—generous and disinterested. The Arnoldian echos are not gratuitous, for if we are going t locate Borduas within any tradition of aesthetic, political, or philosophica speculation it is Arnold to whom we would most profitably refer. Once place in this tradition Borduas' ostensible lack of political platform or aesthetic directives would be seen not as a shortcoming, but as intentional. His abhorrence of the petty and the self-interested, in favour of the generous, the ardent, the spontaneous would not make us feel we are in the presence of the naive, but rather the wholly informed sensibility. Like Arnold, Borduas locates the revolutionary potential within the development of the best attributes of the human temperament:

> The self-seeking act is fettered to its author;
> it is stillborn.
>
> The passionate act breaks free, through its very dynamism. (p. 51)
>
> Political distractions cannot be more than
> short-term and without consequence for
> us, as captivating as they may appear:
> They may be thrust on us but we must
> turn away. Social action should be
> effected through personal relationships, by
> the unreserved giving of the most illuminated. (p.120)
>
> Friends of the present regime suspect us of supporting the "Revolution". Friends of the "Revolution" call us merely rebels, saying we "protest against what now exists but only to transform it not to displace it." As delicately as this is put, we think we understand.
>
> It is a question of class.
>
> We are credited with the naive intention
> A wanting to "transform" society by
> exchanging the men in power with
> others of the same kind—and of
> ignoring the friends of the "revolution"!
>
> But the only distinction between these "friends"
> and those presently in power is that
> they belong to different classes—as if
> a change of class implied a change of
> civilization, a change of desires, a change
> of hope!
>
> For us the risk of all in global refusal. (p.52)

If Borduas was not going to allow his group to become *Les Automatistes au service de la révolution*, he was equally adverse to their being enlisted into the service of the French Surrealists. To Breton's overture of 1943 and his urgent request that the Québecois group participate in the 1947 Surrealist Exhibition, Borduas returned his sincere good wishes along with his evasive "perhaps when you know us better." That Borduas did not want to appear in a subordinate role where Breton was concerned is a possible, but rather facile explanation and hardly in keeping with our sense of the man as it is derived from these writings. That Borduas found himself and his group in the Canadian cliché of needing to "catch-up" with the European avant-garde while not wanting to be subsumed by it is a more common explanation, but really only a variant of the first. More to the point is to recognize that Borduas' position as an artist and animator of a group of artists and poets is a direct parallel to his political position. Herein lies the key to what has come to be seen as one of the central paradoxes concerning Borduas. His sense of place rooted in the area of Saint Hilaire is thought to conflict with his internationalism and his desire to see the young Canadian school enter the "cycle of world discussion." But a man rooted and reaching out is not in an untenable position, rather the best of all possible ones. It is a question of response. He describes his people as "a little people", "huddled", "trapped", and "abandoned"—"spellbound by the annihilating prestige of remembered European masterpieces, and disdainful of the authentic creations of its own oppressed." The solution to this insularity was not trips abroad "for improved exploitation of the crowd upon return"; nor the importation of international artists to serve as a kind of cultural blood transfusion for anemic Canadian art. When Alfred Pellan arrived in Montreal, Borduas and his group were conscious of the benefit to their movement, but also conscious of their own self-worth: "The work that this painter brought from Paris bore the rich perfume of its place of origin. It was, all in all, a Paris fruit which he offered . . . . But we were not to be swept off our feet! Pellan's painting was not to be allowed to set a fashion. It was a wholesome element to be assimilated, just as it should have assimilated the best elements of the Montreal art among which he had chosen to live."

The interest of Pellan and many of the members of the Contemporary Art Society were solely "cultural" and centered on the notion of "catching-up". But for Borduas imitation, while perhaps the highest form of flattery, was not creation. Research in art "proceeds from a psychic state proper to the place where the work is done; this psychic state is the unconscious of the place. Who will ever know its wide ramifications?". Part of the excitement of the book is derived from Borduas' growing awareness of these ramifications: "My students came to realize they were involved in something no longer confinable within the four walls of a classroom, but with echoes outside."

The choice of metaphor here is significant. It reflects the Canadian preoccupation with isolation and communication. Historically we are a country bribed into what little unity we have achieved with the promise of the means of communication. Always with us there is the consciousness of geographic and cultural alienation. When Borduas talks of Canadian art he does so in terms of the desire to communicate; and he acknowledges that Canadian answers, once out of the country, do not start any discussion. "Because from the outside they seem to be fixated on irrelevancies: the materials used have not been forged through an intense struggle, they seem loaded with sentimentality, and they have meaning only at home—or, if elsewhere, only for the under-developed classes."

The solution is not to lapse into a kind of cultural solipsism, "creating an ivory tower around ourselves and recapitulating, just for our own benefit, formal notions done with so long ago." He grants the possibility for originality within the atavistic and cites those who have achieved it. "They are, for sure, unexpected answers to the preoccupations of contemporary art, and answers useless outside home." "It would be enough, for achieving the best of all possible worlds, simply that nobler souls, better informed, were free to spread some gentleness around by means of lively works (instead of being forced to withdraw into themselves in a morbidity that would look bad for any country's health). But Canada may even have the nucleus of something well enough informed to generate socially the relationship needed for the spiritual adventure. And that is already a great step!"

Borduas was radical in both senses of the term. And this explains why he was seen as so great a threat to the repressive ideological climate of the Duplessis regime while those whose interests were solely "cultural" were not—cultural overlay is innocuous, radical change is not. The publication of *Global Refusal* resulted in Borduas' dismissal from his post as Professor of drawing at the *École du Meuble* and the cancellation of his upcoming exhibition; eventually it necessitated his departure from Canada.

The most obvious complaint about the writings (one that can be deduced even from the quotes I have included) is that the answers are poetic, not practical. There is, to counter this complaint, the lesson of the life. Borduas managed for a time to live his solutions—they are viable. And if he is lauded for being a Canadian artist who has achieved international recognition, the commendation has more to do with national self-congratulation than with a genuine assessment of Borduas. The most appropriate praise of Borduas is one he addressed to his old master Ozias Leduc: "So many exceptional beings have lived in ordinary places and made accurate responses to them. Accurate responses? That is to say poetic; that is to say bountiful."

*Dalhousie University* *Jo-Anna Isaak*

---

*A Man to Marry A Man to Bury*. Susan Musgrave. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1979. Pp. 122. Paper, $6.95.

In *A Man to Marry A Man to Bury*, her ninth book of poetry, Susan Musgrave presents more of her distinctive and original poems. In the six groups of poems (Flying the Flag of Ourselves, The Embalmer's Art, Becky Swan's Book, The Angel-Maker, Salmonberry Road, and Even in the Ordered World) which make up the volume, Musgrave shows herself to be a mistress of the morbid imagination, of the hieratic voice, and of the craft of words. The world she presents is her own inner world, and she moves through its strangeness as someone who knows it and is not afraid of any of its manifestations.

Her command of the morbid imagination manifests itself primarily in the theme of death which, even in the first group (a group of love poems) governs every line and phrase of every poem. She confronts suicide ("Picking Cloudberries by Moonlight"), accidental death ("Between Friends"), murder ("I Did It To Attract Women"), and execution ("Due Process"). The forms of death both attract and repel her: she cannot avoid writing about it, although, as the persona in "Between Friends" tells us, "Between you and me, it isn't much worth / talking about. It was common enough / in those days, anyhow. / Death and that."

To frame these deaths she conjures up a sombre and strange landscape. In her poems it is nearly always winter, nearly always night, and always cold, raining, or snowing. The "calm bright day" ("Crossing to Brentwood on the Mill Bay Ferry") is an exception; more usually "When it is time to dream / I wake up. It is the night / the real night" ("It Is The Night"), with "powdery stars" and an "insomniac moon" ("Picking Cloudberries by Moonlight"), near a "river of ice in a season of ice" ("Woodcutter, River-God, and I"). Moreover, through this monochrome world of death and winter move its living inhabitants, with barely human semblances and demonic propensities. Sometimes their strangeness is merely physical, as it is for "Elisa and Mary" who are "joined together / at the hip and shoulder—they were born / that way—joined" ("Elisa and Mary"); sometimes it is psychological as it is with the murderer who "came finally with their crushed heads to the / police station—calling God as his witness—/ a good family man" ("I Did It To Attract Women"). All bring with them the chill of the "other", which Musgrave like other poets knows to be too easily confused with simple madness.

Most chilling of all, perhaps, is the poet's solitude in her world. We see her isolated not only from the outer world of facts and events in the creation of this inner world, but also from the world she creates. At first, in the opening group of poems she is with a lover: "Now, crossing the water, / I am certain there is only us". But later, the "flag of ourselves" which gives this group its title is shown to be "the flag of loneliness", and by the end of the group the poet and her lover have separated, and "there is something about my leaving that is / beautiful, beautiful" ("Eddy"). In later groups the withdrawal becomes more strongly marked, the voice more imperative as she observes "I would not want to be born joined / promise me I will not be born joined to anyone" ("Elisa and Mary"). It is not a rejection of an individual, but of humanity, as her persona makes clear in "The Judas Goat"; she "wandered from the herd to / escape humiliation" and "skirting the world's edge . . . thrived on spoils", until, as she tells us finally: "I prayed I had not become human". Musgrave observes us all in the mirror of her imagination and removes herself from even that reflection.

This progressive and menacing isolation of self within the inner world of the poems is lightened by touches of comedy. "Salad Days" is a splendid satiric portrait of her fellow Canadian poets (and how different from and how equally accurate in its time as F.R. Scott's "The Canadian Authors Meet"); the found-poem she finds in the "British Migraine Association Poetry Competition" entry-form is also characterized by a bizarre comedy. Consequently, in other poems ostensibly perfectly straight-faced, lines such as "I buried you too soon, / though not deep enough" ("Dig, He Said, Dig") take on a faint ambiguity and provoke a tentative, nervous laughter. Her poems as a whole, consequently, are redeemed from a total absorption in the macabre and the morbid by a spice of the comic, keeping her well away from the tortured inner worlds of Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton.

As mistress of the hieratic voice in her poems, Musgrave speaks with unmistakable authority. From the opening of the first poem, she speaks imperatively, arresting the reader's attention: "Now, for the moment, everything is promised" ("Crossing to Brentwood on the Mill Bay Ferry"). It is not simply a question of good opening lines; she can continue to reach out throughout the poem to exercise the authority of her art: "I am history's / executioner" ("Time Out"). In "North Beach Birth" she speaks oracularly of the coming to birth of the child from the moment of conception, and binds child, parents, and herself into a solemn, incantatory ritual which takes shape as the poem. It is above all else, perhaps, this hieratic voice which gives her poems their distinctive flavour, their absolute originality.

The voice, moreover, is conveyed to us in words chosen by a poet sensitively submissive to the demands of her poems and at the same time mistress of all the techniques required to craft such demanding poems. She chooses her words with delicacy and verve, and manipulates them dextrously and with superb economy. If she can be faulted at all in this volume, it is on the tendency to prefer to end the rhythmic unit and the line unit together; this can fragment the poem into a series of short barks; more attention to spreading the syntactical unit over a group of lines, or even over the whole poem would eliminate this. But, finally, Musgrave must be acknowledged as both technically and imaginatively a mistress of her craft.

*Dalhousie University* *Patricia Monk*

---

*French Poets and the English Renaissance—Studies in Fame and Transformation.* By Anne Lake Prescott. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1978.

Mrs. Prescott has presented a study of the reputation in England of five sixteenth-century French poets, Marot, Du Bellay, Ronsard, Desportes, and

Du Bartas, and of how some of their works were transformed or adapted into the English idiom. It is consciously not a study of influence but, along with specific references to the French poets and to their writings, inevitably a measure of influence in translation and in borrowing plays a part in assessing reputation.

To each poet is devoted one chapter, and within each chapter Mrs. Prescott follows a fairly steady pattern, which renders the discussion fluid while structured, and comprehensible while complex. The briefest biographical and bibliographical sketch sets each poet in his time; translations and adaptations into English are given with liberal illustration from original and copy; dedicatory verses accompanying the English translations, and other references to the French poets, are assessed for what they disclose of English positive or negative opinion; and whatever further uses to which the English put the French are mentioned.

Having been warned at the outset that the evidence presents 'a rich and varied confusion which discourages swift generalization or summary conclusion' (p. xiv), the author's closing remarks contain the following considered judgements: English writers found in Marot a useful exemplar to imitate, both in secular and in religious verse, but his satire and humour went unappreciated; like Marot, Du Bellay received little overt comment, but his humanist tendencies and lyric imagery were openly copied until the last decade of the sixteenth century; Ronsard, on the other hand, created a more enduring impression which survived in comment and in copy until the end of the seventeenth century, as with Du Bartas, though the name of Desportes remained virtually dissociated from his much read sonnets. The overwhelmingly strong reputation of Du Bartas derived from the grandeur of the pattern and the encyclopaedic nature of the *Semaines*, not from either religious preoccupation or the quality of his verse. English response was not to the verbal orientation of Marot, but rather to the pictorial qualities of Du Bartas. Those French poets who became famous at home, either through self-promotion or position, were those most recognized abroad, as celebrities. English translations and adaptations purposefully extended and clarified the conceits of their French sources, simultaneously rendering them into local idiom and context. That these conclusions have been reached through some twenty years of thoughtful scholarship (p. ix) is unquestionable; that they are just, justified, and justifiable is fully supported by the evidence here so clearly presented.

From time to time small lapses occur which for the most part can be rectified by consulting some pretty standard works. In relation to Marot's 'De Ouy & Nenny', cited by Montaigne and reiterated in Florio's translation, the analogue from Shakespeare's *Richard II,* III. vi, 'Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it' (p. 246), must be put into perspective, for both M.P. Tilley, *Dictionary of the Proverbs in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries* (Ann Arbor, 1950), M34, and the *Oxford Dictionary* *of English Proverbs*, 3rd. ed. (Oxford, 1970), p. 499, provide many other examples in English, the earliest being from John Heywood's *Play of Love* (1534) and Sir David Lindsay's *Satyre of the Thrie Estaits* (c. 1535). As Marot's lyric was not published until 1538 (Marot, *Les Epigrammes*, ed. C.A. Mayer (London, 1970), lxvii), it seems safe to suggest that poets in the courts of France, England, and Scotland were conversant with a common tradition that there really were maids who said nay, and took it. Marot became associated through his wit with the court jester. In this respect, his name in English came to stand for a fool's bauble. While citing Cotgrave's *Dictionary* (1611), not noted in *O.E.D.*, Mrs. Prescott claims support, saying that 'the *O.E.D.* cites several instances of such usage in England' (p. 27). In fact, *O.E.D.* gives only three: one, quoted here, is a dedicatory poem to *Coryate's Crudities* (1611)—I will add that the author's name was Robert Philips; the second is from John Taylor the Water Poet's reply to Philips' poem, in his *Laugh and Be Fat* (1612), taken by the *O.E.D.* from *All the Works* of Taylor (1630); and the third, wholly unrelated to any argument which suggests popular usage in seventeenth-century England, in W.H. Ainsworth's *Tower of London* (1840). We are left with Cotgrave, and with Philips who is mimicked by Taylor, in 1611-12.

Mrs. Prescott's study would have been enhanced by reference to three of the publications of The Bibliographical Society: the second edition of the I-Z section of the Pollard and Redgrave *Short Title Catalogue* (1976); F.B. Williams, Jr., *Index of Dedications . . . Before 1641* (1962), and D.W. Krummel, *English Music Printing 1553-1700* (1975). Where Mrs. Prescott says that *All the French Psalm Tunes with English Words* was printed in 1592 (p. 16), Krummel admits not to have seen this lost edition, cited by Douen in 1879, but warns that 'the date seems unlikely' (p. 76). Where Mrs. Prescott refers to a dedicatory verse to the 1605 edition of Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas, signed by R.N. (p. 186), Williams in his *Index* identifies the author as Robert Nicholson, who had used an earlier version of his poem in Sylvester's translation of La Noue, *Profit of Imprisonment* (1594). Where Mrs. Prescott refers to a dedicatory verse to the 1578 edition of Jacques Bellot's *French Grammar*, signed by R.W.G.A. (p. 119), a poem in the company of one signed by Jean Wrothe, Gentilhomme Anglois (p. 19), Williams identifies the author as Richard Wroth, who signs his name in full in the edition of 1588 (John and Richard Wroth, both of Christ's College, Cambridge, may have been brothers; see J. and J.A. Venn, *Alumni Cantabrigienses)*. Mrs. Prescott notes the error in Pollard and Redgrave in attributing to Joshua Sylvester the 1595 translation of *The First Day* of Du Bartas (p. 274), but not that this was amended in the second edition; nor that the Lassus holding of the Folger is in the second edition (p. 242); nor that the date of Henry Reynold's *Mythomystes* (1633?) is given there as 1632 (p. 98); nor that in the second edition the translator, F. Ke., of Adrien Le Roy's *A Brief and Plain Instruction* (1574) is identified as Francis Kinwelmarsh (p. 242), though one must suspect Mrs. Prescott's book too near publication by 1976 to have worked in this material.

It is a bit surprising to read in the notes that Puttenham in *The Art of English Poesy* (1589) arranged his epigrams in an order closer to Tabourot's *Bigarrures* than to Du Bellay (p. 254), having been presented with an argument relating them to Du Bellay in the text (p. 67); and equally disappointing to find that the standard edition of Puttenham, ed. G.L. Willcock and A. Walker (Cambridge, 1936) so long ago had already confirmed that 'Du Bellay, Puttenham, and Camden' in *Remains* 'appear to be drawing on a common source rather than on one another' (p. 319). That Abraham Fraunce also relied on Tabourot's *Bigarrures* is evident from the *Arcadian Rhetoric* in which he recommends the strangely authored *Accords Bigarrures* (E4v) for examples of 'conceited verses' (D7), lines depending upon rhetorical figures for their form. Mrs. Prescott notes that the *Arcadian Rhetoric* cites wrongly one poem from Marot (p. 6), as well as two from Du Bellay, there attributed to Remy Belleau (p. 61), and that Fraunce in this book introduced the poetry of Du Bartas to the English (p. 199). Whereas one example is presented here, much more could have been made of Fraunce who quotes more than three hundred lines from Du Bartas's *Judith* and *Semaines* to demonstrate rhetorical flourishes.

Without discrimination between the stars (Milton, Sidney, Spenser), the lesser luminaries (Churchyard, Daniel, Drayton, Drummond, Gorges, Hall, James I, and Lodge), and the black holes of English letters (Fraunce and Harvey), Mrs. Prescott delights throughout in her wit, wry observations, thoroughness of endeavour, organization, and clarity of expression. Her study of the English reputation of these five major French poets is a monument to scholarship. Too subtle for the general reader, too narrow for the student of English or of French literature, this testimonial to the love of learning cannot fail to be appreciated, if only by small numbers, for generations to come.

*University of Dundee* *Victor Skretkowicz*

---

*The Resurrection of Joseph Bourne.* By Jack Hodgins. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1979. Pp. 271. $12.95.

This book is set in Port Annie, a pulp-mill town on the northwest tip of Vancouver Island, "miles from anything else except mountains and bush . . . with nothing to look at but rain . . . . " Joseph Bourne, famous Canadian poet and healer, lives and temporarily dies in this dreary setting. He is resurrected through the efforts of a "Peruvian seabird" named Raimey, a magical female who helps him regain his healing powers and also works some magic among the other inhabitants of the town. Bourne leaves just before the landslide which concludes the book and starts a new era for the community. The voice of Port Annie questions the poet about his death:

> Death? he said, searching in this pocket and that pocket for something to eat. Was there even such a thing as death? As far as he was concerned there was only life. If he believed that death was anything more than a temptation and a mistaken belief he wouldn't be here this minute, walking these streets.

This upbeat view of the grim reaper informs the sub-plots as well. A forty-foot-high cactus, purchased by the mayor to create a desert blooming in a rain forest, becomes soggy and dies. The undaunted mayor conceives another scheme to attract tourists. Another plot involves Slim Potts and an exstripper, Jenny Chambers, whose eight children are known as the Chamber-Potts kids. When Slim dies in the landslide, Jenny comes into her own. She vows to bring up and love the "brats" even if it kills her, and then she gives her all to the town in a striptease.

In his attempt to offer a feast, Hodgins offers too many sweets. The innocence of the message lapses into sentimentality, and the reflections on life seem simplistic rather than wise. The abundance of the offering also becomes tedious, not pleasing. The many characters do not come to life so much as they re-appear mechanically, e.g., the squatters. A tall tale unintentionally becomes a shaggy dog story (even the ending falls flat).

The writing is rich in word play of the Chamber-Potts variety, hard to sustain in a full-length novel. For example, the genius of Port Annie is Fat Annie Fartenburg ("flesh and earth and good old solid matter") who is closeted in a hotel room above the Kick-and-Kill saloon. People named Rita Rentalla, the local siren, and Belchy McFadden, the local drunk, frequent the saloon. Jokes of this sort, which would work in a sketch or anecdote, seem heavy-handed here.

The book is narrated by an omniscient voice which has the double task of setting the limits of the individual's vision and of taking as broad a perspective as possible. The voice is not handled as well as it might be, and characterization sometimes is blurred. In the following passage, for example, the reader is faced with the problem of deciding how much awareness is the narrator's and how much is Larry's:

> Larry looked . . . around the room . . . to see what sense there might be in the survival of this untidy crew. Love and perfect vision were the same, old Bourne had said. He remembered now. But was he capable of seeing clearly what anyone else in this room might be. Except human, like himself. Neighbours somehow linked. People who acknowledged, as he did, a hunger in themselves for things they didn't understand, or couldn't put their finger on—like forgotten dreams of childhood or some flash of insight into broader life. In

> Jenny's dance they all saw something different, something the same. Together they laboured hard towards the pleasure and relief of seeing this woman shed that final piece of lace.

Hodgins has a gift for the creation of fantasy. What wearies the reader in this book easily could have enchanted him. The richness of imagination that constructed the following magic world out of realistic detail is not in control throughout the book:

> Just when Angela Turner had decided to give up and leave Port Annie . . . the giant wave had washed up into town and left a Peruvian sailor on the flowered sheets of her unmade bed . . . . Limpets glued themselves to his shoulders; periwinkles nested in the curly hairs of his belly. "Oh, Lord," she said, "I hope this isn't a mirage."

Unfortunately, this passage is not as representative of the book as one wishes it were, but it is compelling enough to make one look forward to the writer's next work.

*Dalhousie University* *E.L. Bobak*

---

*The Arnoldian Principle of Flexibility*. By William Robbins. University of Victoria, English Literary Studies, No. 15. Pp. 85.

William Robbins' *The Ethical Idealism of Matthew Arnold* (1959) remains the central study of Arnold's thought and is one of the most impressive works of literary scholarship ever written in this country. Now, twenty years later, Professor Robbins, in a monograph of 85 pages, explores an Arnoldian "principle" to which he had given insufficient weight in the 1959 book. This "principle" is "flexibility."

As Professor Robbins reminds us, Arnold, in his essay "Democracy," while "speaking of the need to prepare for the great social and political changes he foresaw," insisted that 'openness and flexibility of mind are at such a time the first of virtues.' Even 'disinterestedness,' indeed the very capacity to 'see the object as in itself it really is' would be impossible of attainment without the practice of that intellectual flexibility which allows the critic to 'approach truth on one side after another.'

A man of "radical ideas but conservative temper," Arnold is a "self-professed liberal who attacks both the party and its politics; a rationalistic critic of religion who found Jesus the supreme being and the Church a useful organ of the State." In Professor Robbins' view it is flexibility of mind which allows Arnold to see every side of a question without taking sides, without identifying himself with partisan or dogmatic positions in literature, politics and religion.

Professor Robbins takes us through the major essays and everywhere finds the dogmatic principle opposed by the Arnoldian principle of flexibility. But it is to be noted that Professor Robbins concedes that this saving principle of flexibility does not save Arnold the poet, the agonized poet of the divided self, the poet of that awful dialogue of the mind with itself. Is it, perhaps, that flexibility is a skill of the surfaces, not of the depths? One wonders if it dare intrude upon that silence where the spirit walks. It is in the essays on religion that "flexibility" seems an inappropriate term for the strange compromise Arnold tries to effect between belief and non-belief, between Catholicism and an infinitely Broad-Church Anglicanism. The church, shorn of all supernatural reference is to be retained as 'a great national society for the promotion of goodness' (or, in Professor Robbins words, as "a useful organ of the state".) Incarnation, Resurrection, eternal life become poetic symbols with only moral, psychological and social resonance. Worship is to have a Catholic "look"—a Catholic ritual 'freed from the pseudo-scientific apparatus of superannuated dogma.' This, surely, is not "flexibility" but rather reductionism—pure and simple (Arnold's theology reminds me, in my irreverent moments, of a sketch by Stephen Leacock—"Indoor Football or Football Without a Ball").

Unquestionably, however, Matthew Arnold anticipates the whole drift of "modernism" in theology, that desperate effort—still with us—to accommodate the faith to the spirit of the age. Long before Paul van Buren, Arnold proclaims "the secular meaning of the Gospels." He was a hundred years ahead of our latest apostles of "commitment without belief" and even of our "futurists" and our "liberation theologians." What, asks Arnold, is the Kingdom of God? And Arnold replies with the quaint and credulous voice of the 1960's: The Kingdom of God is 'the ideal society of the future'. In its dogmatic antidogmatism Arnold's religious thought is certainly less "flexible" than is his literary and political criticism.

Professor Robbins thinks better of Arnold's theology than I do. Nevertheless, despite my disclaimer, I find this monograph a marvellously lucid, urbane and provocative index to the main line of Arnold's thought.

*Dalhousie University* *Malcolm Ross*

---

*The Genesis Factor.* by Robert A. Wallace. New York: William Morrow & Co. Inc., 1979. Pp. xii, 224. n.p.

Ever since Darwin there has been a slowly increasing political flavour to biological studies of human nature, corresponding roughly to Right and Left. At the start the Right controlled the field with convenient acceptance of "social Darwinism", which rationalized the neglect of those in less favoured socioeconomic levels. Increasing humanism has gradually changed the outlook to a widespread belief that enlightened education can permanently alter mental attitudes as reformers teach us to become socially acceptable (read non-aggressive, pro sex equality, anti-racist, etc.).

Meanwhile experimental biologists have been coming to the conclusion that in birds and mammals instinct dominates aggressive and other behaviour more than anyone had previously imagined. Scholarly discussion turned into bitter public debate after 1975 when Edward O. Wilson published a monumental book which coalesced the new subject of sociobiology. He suggested that our social attitudes, reflecting our animal origin, are in part hereditary and come under Darwin's "descent with change" with its geological time scale which is unaffected by modern trends, beliefs and values.

Wallace's book is one of the fruits of the nature-versus-nurture debate. It might be entitled: human behaviour considered as a derivative of the reproductive imperative. It is a popular account of our conduct as interpreted by evolution, population genetics and analogy with animals. Its central assumption is that mankind, as its primary function, shares with the rest of the living world the necessity to ensure the survival of the species. The thesis begins with evidence about the value of parental care among higher animals; this is what humans call love of their children or altruism and self-sacrifice towards their kin. The norms of social practice which the small bands of early men discovered to be advantageous for propogation became the beginnings of a moral code. Currently censured sexual transgressions are essentially the same as those that would have been enforced by early man.

Some parts of Wallace's argument are rather strained, as where he undertakes to relate the courting and aging behaviour of modern Americans to sexual selection among higher primates, and by analogy, to evolutionary advantages of early humans. We can, perhaps, surmise that women may, as carriers of children, have been restricted to the gathering of carbohydrate while the men were roving, aggressive hunters of protein. Some anthropologists have suggested that all-male hunting parties were the elemental groups from which politics (the art of influence) sprang. The author cites a good deal of plausible evidence showing that there are considerable behavioural and neurological differences between the sexes.

In the the final episode of our story, death provides a mechanism by which individuals can scatter their genes among their variable offspring and so let selection take its course. The point of view is shocking because so few people can bear to discuss, much less accept, that as individuals we have no hereditary test of success other than as brief custodians of the gene pool of our species, which uses our bodies as temporary accommodation until we can provide a younger generation for them.

The book at its best has a lively, interesting style. Some sections however, marred by over-informality, read as though they were transcripts of lectures, complete with anecdotes and sexy jokes, intended to titillate a pass class. Readers to whom the occasional flamboyance is enjoyable or irrelevant will find a sound statement of the case for heredity, and will learn why it has been so difficult to devise experiments which settle the environmental enigma in man and to adapt our ancestral kit of behavioural contradictions to present day needs.

*Dalhousie University* *F. Ronald Hayes*

---

*The Health Care Business: International Evidence on Private versus Public Health Care Systems.* By Ake Blomqvist. Vancouver: The Fraser Institute, 1979. Pp. xxii, 185. $5.95.

This book is a must for insomniacs. The author sets out to review the health care business, determine whether we are getting value for money and explore new methods of paying for this service. He proposes radical changes in the methods of financing our health system to make consumers and providers cost-conscious. By encouraging market forces to operate and determine the type and amount of health care the public is prepared to purchase, the providers of these services should, in theory, become more efficient and costs might fall.

The book is marred by the author's literary style, some questionable interpretations and arguments, a paucity of data and unnecessary conjecture to support his new ideas. Certain tables in the text are difficult to interpret or lack sufficient data and the text occasionally dwells on data that is not available to the reader. Coupled with the author's propensity for hammering home every little point many times over, reading this small book becomes an endurance test. The text is set out in three sections: the problem, the evidence and the solution. The theme throughout is efficiency, a point which escapes the author when trying to put his ideas into print. Sections one and two should have been combined to avoid unnecessary repetition.

Ake Blomqvist is a newcomer to the health field and enters the scene wielding his machete with a certain ferocity. Medical doctors, hospital administrators and occasionally the politicians receive his attention. He puts the major blame for the escalating costs of Canada's health services squarely on the medical profession. Costs are purported to be driven up by the physician deciding what medical services the patient requires. Each physician can generate on behalf of patients an average of $250,000 treatment costs per year. Since the patient pays little or nothing for treatment he is happy to leave these decisions to the physician as long as he gets well. With physicians on a fee-for-service basis, Blomqvist believes there is every incentive for them to see the patient as often as possible and to see as many patients as possible.

Organized medicine is blamed for pushing up doctor's fees even though Canada has one of the highest doctor-patient ratios in the world. Accreditation procedures, that determine the standards of medical education, are inculpated for increasing the cost of training doctors and this along with the ability of medical schools to restrict student entry are yet further components that help sustain the high cost of medical treatment. However, it is difficult to imagine the Canadian public settling for third-rate doctors and with the cost of medical education being what it is, one can hardly see the Provinces expanding the size of medical schools without some concern over the number of physicians required.

I am afraid that there is too much speculation and not enough hard fact when Blomqvist tries to analyze the value received for money expended on Canada's health system. Unbelievably, he attempts this by trying to estimate the amount of pain patients suffer under the different systems of health care used in Canada, the U.S., and Britain. His conclusions, not unnaturally, are based on speculation. This is hardly surprising, when a complex multi-billion dollar industry is reviewed using only 46 references out of the considerable literature now available. The sub-title of the book promises international evidence on private vs. public health care systems. The evidence is scant, and although four countries—Canada, the United States, Britain and Sweden—are to be compared, Sweden is mentioned only a couple of times throughout the book. The author's lengthy and often misleading preamble is an unnecessary introduction to his novel ideas that would fundamentally change the whole concept of health care funding in Canada and affect every citizen in the land.

In brief, Blomqvist proposes a gradual transfer of the cost of health care in Canada to a more recognizable form of insurance, with the members of the public paying the premium. It would be a requirement for all citizens to be insured for a specified minimum of health care coverage. The system would operate without subsidy from the governments and the saving in revenue would be returned to the tax payer in the form of tax deductions or credits. It would also allow increased welfare payments to cover the cost of purchasing the premiums. This insurance could be held by the Provinces or by private insurance companies or both. Deductibles would be allowed for certain elective procedures. Additional coverage could also be purchased. The idea behind these changes is that members of the public should themselves determine how much they wish to spend upon their health—just as they do for any other commodity available for purchase. However, life-saving treatment would be covered by all insurance policies and have no upper limit on costs.

Hospitals would revert to a fee structure for all services. They would not receive subsidies from governments. In addition to insurance policies, prepaid plans would operate in which members of the public would pay a group of medical practitioners a certain annual sum of money in return for a definite level of health care. Such groups of physicians would have access to hospital beds, the costs of which would be covered by the plan, or such physicians might even own their own hospitals.

Medical doctors could work on a fee-for-service or on a salary basis or a combination of each. A further requirement would be the need to legislate a limitation on the patient's right to choose his or her own doctor, so as to enable prepayment plans to compete with the private and public health insurance plans.

The author believes that if all these propositions cannot be implemented, then those requiring hospitals to revert to a fee-for-service method of financing and the development of prepayment medical plans would have an immediate effect on curbing health care costs, making these institutions more competitive. An alternative would be to introduce the proposed universal insurance system into one or two Provinces and assess the effect this would have on the provision and quality of health care and its costs.

The reason given for requiring such a dramatic change in the method of financing the health care system is its escalating cost. The health systems that were taken over by the governments of the United Kingdom and Canada in 1948 were relatively unsophisticated and inexpensive. They bear no resemblance to the high technology of medicine and surgery or the sophisticated drugs available today. Certainly costs have increased substantially since 1948 and are continuing to increase, yet Canada has managed to contain costs to approximately 7.1% of the G.N.P. for the last few years. This is in contrast to other countries where costs are increasing annually in a linear fashion. The medical and other health professions have, of their own volition, been engaged in debate for the last four years or so, on ways and means of improving their efficiency and have put some of these ideas into practice. This is not to say that we should not explore new methods of providing high quality health care for less money.

Blomqvist's ideas on financing health care should be examined carefully. For those who feel they must read his work, this certainly is a book that should be started near the end.

*Dalhousie University* *Robert S. Tonks*