

Book Reviews

Goethe's Faust. Translated by Barker Fairley. Illustrated by Randy Jones. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1970. Pp. 203. \$12.50.

In 1926 Robert A. Falconer, President of the University of Toronto, wrote in the Introduction to a new *Faust* translation, "None but first-class German scholars should undertake the task of translating Goethe's *Faust* or commenting upon it". He had no doubt that the translator, Professor Emeritus W. H. van der Smisssen of University College, met that standard.

Forty-five years later we have another *Faust* translation, again from a Professor Emeritus at Toronto's University College. And again, he is eminently qualified for the task. Barker Fairley, originally called to Toronto by President Falconer, is the author of numerous critical studies in both English and German literature, including two books and several articles dealing with Goethe, plus editions of Goethe's letters and poetry. He also helped to found and edit *The Rebel* and *The Canadian Forum*; he lectured and wrote in support of the "Group of Seven"; and he is himself a portrait painter of note.

Professor Fairley offers us both parts of *Faust*, unabridged, in a prose translation. And here the age-old fight begins. Goethe wrote *Faust* in a variety of metres, including blank verse, doggerel, madrigal verse, alexandrines, classical trimetre, and others. Only one brief scene (number 23 in Fairley's edition) is in prose. Why then a prose translation?

Many translators, from Bayard Taylor in 1870 to Louis MacNeice in 1949, have felt that a translation of *Faust* should faithfully reproduce the metres and rhyme schemes of the original. Such a translation would preserve for the English-speaking reader the full scope of Goethe's metrical genius. The reader could appreciate the way in which Goethe changed the metre to fit the situation or the speaker. Mephistopheles speaks differently from the Archangels; and the light, airy verses ending the Walpurgis-Night's Dream (scene 22) contrast starkly with the bitter, despairing prose of scene 23, when Faust learns of Gretchen's imprisonment and impending execution.

But is such an ideal translation possible? Can the metre and rhyme of the original be preserved without doing violence to the meaning? Fairley writes, "I hold by two principles and submit them here, not as alternatives to any others, but as basic, indispensable, and sufficient. One is that a translation must come as close as it can to the meaning of the original. The other that it must pass wholly into the idiom and the feeling of the new language" (dustjacket; originally from *German Life and Letters*, XXIII, October 1969). If a translator can do this and preserve the form as well, so much the better. But Fairley is sceptical, and even a

cursory check of metrical Faust translations, old and new, justifies his scepticism. Lines are cut or padded to make them conform to the original metre; metaphors are transformed, connotations lost and new ones created; archaic forms are pressed into service for the sake of a rhyme. Clearly there is room for a translation that stresses fidelity to the meaning of the original, even at the sacrifice of some of the poetic qualities of that original.

How accurate then is Fairley's translation? Inevitably there are lines with which other Goethe experts might quarrel, and there are a few printing errors. But on the basis of spot comparisons with other *Faust* translations currently available, I would say Barker Fairley's is one of the very best.

The result of Fairley's adherence to his second principle is more controversial. The English of most *Faust* translations seems old-fashioned and Victorian, in a way that Goethe's German does not. Fairley's translation, however, is written in lively, contemporary English, free of archaic forms, except where Goethe used them. Admittedly, some who know the original will feel the style is too contemporary, too idiomatic. It is startling to see "Ragout" translated as "mixed grill", "enge Zelle" as "den", "Maskchen" as "phiz", and "Hans Liederlich" as "John Thomas". And yet all of these fit, both in relation to the original and to our age. How well they will last only time can tell.

Although prose, the translation is not prosaic. Much of Goethe's lyricism does come through, for instance, in the lines expressing Faust's desire to fly (p. 17), in the Forest Cavern scene, and in the final scene (Faust's ascent to Heaven). Wagner's pedantic, fussy personality is preserved quite nicely, and the lively, varied dialogue beginning the scene Outside the Town-Gate is also notably successful.

Most of all it seems to me that Fairley's translation, by its accuracy and its contemporary language, brings out more forcefully than ever before the surrealistic, dream-like character—which we are prone to call modern—of Goethe's work. This is then heightened by Randy Jones' illustrations, which use a Durer-like attention to detail to evoke a vision of the fantastic worlds through which Faust passes.

The edition is beautiful and worth the price; but as a teacher, I cannot help expressing the hope that we shall have a paperback edition as well, suitably annotated, for students. This translation deserves the widest circulation possible.

Trinity College, University of Toronto

ALAN D. LATTA

Politics in English Romantic Poetry. By Carl Woodring. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1970. Pp. xviii, 385. \$10.00.

Professor Woodring's latest book fulfils the promise made in his *Politics in the Poetry of Coleridge* to proceed with a study of politics in the poetry of Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley. Here he examines the ways these poets respond to the dilemma

arising from conflicts between romantic poetical theory and the liberal theory of radical politics.

From the beginning, politics constituted an essential and enduring aspect of the Romantic Movement. Manifesting as it does a desire to refocus man's view of himself and of his external world, romanticism is inescapably political. Its emphasis on individual experience, its apocalyptic vision of a new heaven and a new earth, its stress on a golden age to come as opposed to one irrevocably lost in the past, seemed at first to reinforce and complement the burgeoning liberalism of radical politics. But the well-known acclaim with which the early romantics celebrated the French Revolution swiftly changed to disillusionment when the Revolution issued in tyranny and mental darkness. This disillusionment, however, derived from forces more profound than horror over revolutionary excesses. It came from conflicting elements within Romanticism itself, though the conflict undoubtedly became more sharply palpable as a result of events after 1789.

While romanticism extolled individual freedom and spontaneity, it also contained a determinedly anti-mechanistic belief in organicism and found in the imagination a higher kind of perception than that afforded by rationalism as understood by empiricist philosophy. The countervailing belief in a continuum of growth and development fostered by the creative imagination was clearly at odds with revolutionary practice of severing present from past. The "truth of the imagination" and "the holiness of the heart's affections" became impossible to reconcile with the empiricists' associationist epistemology and belief in self-interest at the motivating force in society. As a result "none of the philosophical bases and justifications of liberalism available to the English poets of 1789-1832 could be harmonized with the convictions that motivated their poetic practice". The poets were, then, confronted with a dilemma: "Creating for all the poets an intellectual crux, the disharmony between liberal tenets and belief in imaginative perception of organic interchange drove each toward a crisis in either political allegiance or poetic method, sometimes both".

Wordsworth, like Coleridge, shifted political allegiance—philosophical radicalism gave way to philosophical conservatism. But in Wordsworth's case the shift, as evidenced in *The Prelude*, transpires mainly through emotional response or feeling urged on by intercourse with nature, rather than the result of philosophical speculation. Although Wordsworth felt that he emerged victorious with his imagination restored and strengthened, his great poetic project remained incomplete and the quality of his poetry is generally thought to have declined.

Byron, irrepressibly radical, nonetheless maintained aristocratic reservations. As Woodring aptly points out, "he would give his life for them [i.e., the powerless] but would not endure a life under them". Inextricably related to the active

life into which he flung himself, his poetry was saved by an incomparable sense of irony and thus retained its vigour.

Shelley's response to the dilemma is, in some respects, the most complicated of all. Boisterous iconoclasm combined with a sensitive gentleness to produce a desire for a doctrine of universal love that would put mankind in touch with, or at least nearer to, an ideal world of truth and justice and brotherhood. Parallel to Byron's saving sense of irony, Shelley had a saving sense of love out of which grew the hope that life could somehow be redeemed, and if not, the belief that mankind is at least moving in the right direction when motivated by hope.

In examining the poets' response to the conflicts that emerged between liberalism and romanticism, Professor Woodring has shown that the romantics brought about a deepening of the liberal ideal. They did so by virtue of that which each of them shared—an enduring belief in the imagination. It may be said, I think, that liberalism survived mainly because it transcended the narrow base of its origins. That it did so is not a little owing to the climate of thought and opinion fostered by the romantics. It should not be forgotten that John Stuart Mill acknowledged his reading of the romantic poets during his mental crisis as crucial to his recovery, which enabled him subsequently to transform the utilitarian philosophy upon which modern liberalism is grounded.

Dalhousie University

C. J. MYERS

Character and Circumstance: Essays in Honour of Donald Grant Creighton.

Edited by John S. Moir. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1970. Pp. xxii, 241. \$8.95.

This volume of essays has been written to honour the man many consider to be Canada's leading historian—Donald Creighton. Professor Creighton began his teaching career at the University of Toronto in 1927. His seminal and provocative *The Commercial Empire of the St. Lawrence, 1760-1850* was published in 1937 and was followed two years later by another groundbreaking study—*British North America at Confederation*. During the Second World War, Creighton completed his superb general overview of Canadian history—*Dominion of the North*. In the 1950's with the publication of his two-volume study of John A. Macdonald, Creighton clearly demonstrated to scholars everywhere that he was without question one of the finest historians anywhere writing in the English language. He brought the wily Tory politician and statesman to magnificent life, pumping into the biography perceptive insights and brilliant analysis. In 1964, Creighton somewhat shifted his emphasis from "character" to "circumstance" in *The Road to Confederation: The Emergence of Canada, 1837-1867*. Then in 1970 came the gloomy,

often bitter anti-Continentalist historical lament for a nation—*Canada's First Century*. The beginning of the 1970's saw Creighton's mighty, "Empire of the St. Lawrence"—the east-west geo-commercial thrust that had for centuries provided the essential basis for a separate Canada—significantly undermined by the twin evils of Americanization and Canadian Liberalism. *Canada's First Century* is a historical Jeremiad and an excellent example of how relevant the historian can, in fact, be in periods of acute anxiety and disorientation.

There are fourteen essays in *Character and Circumstances*. J. S. Moir, the editor of this beautifully produced volume, has written a brief, cogent biographical note concerning Creighton. J. M. S. Careless has written "Donald Creighton and Canadian History: Some Reflections", Roger Graham, "Charisma and Canadian Politics", W. L. Morton "Lord Monck, his Friends, and the Nationalizing of the British Empire", P. C. T. White, "The Oregon Dispute and the Defence of Canada", Kenneth McNaught "Violence in Canadian History", C. P. Stacey "Laurier, King, and External Affairs", Alan Wilson "Fleming and Tupper: The Fall of the Siamese Twins, 1880", G. P. de T. Glazebrook "Canadian Opinion and Foreign Policy", L. C. Clark "Macdonald's Conservative Successors, 1891-1896", Ramsay Cook "Stephen Leacock and the Age of Plutocracy, 1903-1921", S. F. Wise "The American Revolution and Indian History", and Peter Waite concludes with "A Point of View".

The fourteen essays, as would be expected, vary considerably in scope and in quality. However, it should be pointed out that there is not one disaster in the collection. It is virtually impossible to discuss adequately in the restricted space of a review the merits of each author's work. Consequently, I have decided merely to refer to a sample of four. In Roger Graham's examination of "Charisma and Canadian Politics", is to be found, in the sensitive analysis, frequent flashes of humour and wit. After discussing social psychological theory and the concept of charisma, Graham looks at Canadian politicians during the past century to see which one might have possessed genuine charisma. For Graham, William Aberhart, the first Social Credit Premier of Alberta, is the "most certifiable Canadian exemplar of charisma in the past century".

Professor Ken McNaught's "Violence in Canadian History" is, without question, the most controversial essay in the collection. One of his tentative conclusions is that, in comparison with the United States, "the official uses of violence in Canada have been more consistent and effective while the 'private' uses of violence have been less anarchic and individualistic than in the United States". What is most disconcerting is the emphasis that McNaught places on what he calls "verbal violence" and on the underlying "threat of violence"—to be found throughout Canadian history. John A. Macdonald's rebuke to Oliver Mowat in 1861 as

quoted by McNaught—"You damned pup, I'll slap your chops!" is really not strong evidence to support the view that Canadians have always been a violent people!

S. F. Wise, "The American Revolution and Indian History", is a brilliant, groundbreaking treatment of a subject that for too long has been assiduously avoided by most North American historians. Wise makes a significant contribution to eighteenth-century historical scholarship and, in the process, provides a stylistic model for younger scholars to follow. The final essay in the volume is one by Professor Peter Waite of Dalhousie University. Waite raises some fundamental questions concerning the nature of history and the essence of historical writing. In his approach, Waite has apparently been profoundly influenced by a former colleague—Professor George Wilson—the distinguished Dalhousie University historian and teacher.

Character and Circumstance should be required reading for all serious students of Canadian history. It is, moreover, a book that does honour Donald Creighton.

Queen's University

GEORGE A. RAWLYK

D. H. Lawrence's American Journey. A Study in Literature and Myth. By James C. Cowan. Cleveland/London: The Press of Case Western Reserve University, 1970. Pp. iv + 161. \$6.95.

There are good things to be found throughout this book. In the opening chapters, for example, Professor Cowan extracts with dexterity the central core of essentially romantic ideas that gave shape to Lawrence's theories of history, the human unconscious, American literature, and the spiritual sphere of existence. Whatever Lawrence's area of intellectual activity might have been, Professor Cowan shows that he was always generally engaged in seeking the dynamic polarity between masculine and feminine, flesh and spirit, darkness and light, and power and love that could revive the wasteland of a modern world become static and mechanical. Using as his starting point Lawrence's eventual belief that all hope for this new organic society was to be found in America, where he sensed the possibility of a renewal of the essential blood-knowledge that had been lost in Europe, Professor Cowan then proceeds upon an equally illuminating exegesis of the basic symbolic structure of the fiction written between 1923 and 1925, the period during which Lawrence lived in his promised land.

As a whole, however, *D. H. Lawrence's American Journey* is not successful since it fails to prove the broader thesis towards which the individual chapters are directed. Furthermore, the requirements of this thesis restrict the scope of what could have been an extremely valuable study of the relationship between Lawrence's

ideas and his fiction to an examination of what are, with the possible exception of *The Plumed Serpent*, relatively minor works. The author's attempts at supporting his contention that "Lawrence's task in the American period was to find symbols adequate to express the wasteland of contemporary life and a myth potent enough to transform it" are not at all convincing. It is true that works such as "The Woman Who Rode Away", *St. Mawr*, and *The Plumed Serpent* are structured around a new stream of images which contrast the quality of American or Mexican life with European life. However, the polarities embodied in these geographic symbols are precisely those from which all of Lawrence's earlier works derived their essential dramatic tension. To give them one example—the light and dark imagery towards which Professor Cowan frequently points also plays a central role in *Sons and Lovers* (1913). Paul Morel is torn throughout his adolescence and early manhood between the attractions of the dark and essentially mystical woods which retain for him, as they do for Lewis in *St. Mawr*, the spirit of the ancient tribes of Britain, and those of the spacious and light world that surrounds them.

Professor Cowan's further thesis, that only as a result of his American experience did Lawrence come to realize that "the redeeming qualities of the dark consciousness . . . are not to be projected outward in the form of grandiose schemes for world regeneration but integrated in the individuation of consciousness within the self" may certainly be true so far as his theories are concerned. However, to claim, as Professor Cowan also does, that these ideas of world regeneration played any part in Lawrence's fiction either before or, with the exception of *The Plumed Serpent*, during his American sojourn is obviously incorrect. His argument—and this example, taken from *Women in Love* (1920), is the only one that he cites from the fiction written before 1923 in support of his case—that Birkin's need, even after his marriage to Ursula, "to look at the world beyond this bit", demonstrates Lawrence's belief that a new society must be found before the individual can be regenerated is, to say the least, tenuous. Professor Cowan seems in this instance to have been incapable of distinguishing between Lawrence the near-crank who viewed himself as a myth hero assigned the task of travelling to America to bring new spiritual life into the world, and Lawrence the artist who realized that salvation in our modern world is possible only at a personal level.

The most impressive thing about this book is the light that the author casts, albeit usually indirectly, on the complete canon of his subject's works by clarifying Lawrence's ideas and main recurring symbols. On the few occasions that he does move beyond the immediate scope of his study—for example, when he discusses the significance that the horse symbol has for Lawrence—he is particularly illuminating. Had he been content to expand his book into an examination of the relationship between Lawrence's ideas and his whole fictional production, instead of trying to prove a thesis that serves only to distort his author's achievement, Professor Cowan could have made a very real contribution to Lawrence scholarship. Moreover, in

dealing with the stories and novels of the American period in relation to such undoubted masterpieces as *Sons and Lovers*, *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, he might have arrived at a rather more objective evaluation of their worth than he in fact does. As it is, while always admitting that he is in the minority in claiming even *St. Mawr* and *The Plumed Serpent* as major achievements and while trying from time to time, particularly in his chapter on *St. Mawr*, to justify the unrealistic techniques that have aroused the ire of critics like Graham Hough and Eliseo Vivas, Professor Cowan is nevertheless too closely bound by his thesis that the years 1923 to 1925 mark a crucial period in Lawrence's artistic as well as his personal development to be anything but rather uncritical about them.

By expanding the scope of his book into the realistic novels Professor Cowan might also have been able to say something worthwhile about Lawrence's use of myth and ritual. To prove that a story like "The Woman Who Rode Away", which is literally about the enactment of a primitive ritual, reiterates accurately the separation-initiation-return pattern of ritual does not add anything very meaningful to the reader's understanding of Lawrence. It might, however, have been of value to have examined, for example, how, by using the basic ritualistic situation of the young man's entry into the adult world in *Sons and Lovers*, Lawrence is able at once to sharpen the novel's social themes by presenting his main character at that point in his life when he is most acutely concerned with his society's values and to introduce an archetypal element into what seems at first sight to be an extremely localized and specific piece of fiction.

D. H. Lawrence's American Journey is, then, on the whole, a frustrating book. It adds greatly to our understanding of an interesting part of Lawrence's career and it suggests much about the nature of his total achievement. Yet, it finally fails to realize its potential because it is bound by the demands of an untenable thesis.

Mount St. Vincent University

DAVID M. MONAGHAN

Nail Polish. By Irving Layton. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart, 1971. Pp. 87. \$2.95.

George Woodcock, who with all respect, might be described as the sometime keeper of what he himself has called 'the little zoo of Canadian letters', has classified Irving Layton as the zoo's (bush garden's) "ring tailed roarer". Irving is the roarer who has scared off critics by the ferocity of his grimaces and his raucous noise. On the back cover of *Nail Polish* Woodcock writes of Layton as a poet "of the old romantic sense, a Dichter, flamboyant, rowdy . . . keeping his hand in constantly . . .". Whatever his guise, the fantastic ape still crouches and scratches in the same corners, still swings from the same branches, still roars, growls and gurgles at the

passersby—the clerics, the bourgeois, the busts, the buttocks, and all this without a net to break his fall.

The clerics, the buttocks, etc., still bother Layton, still poke the poet in his dreamy excursions along St. Catherine Street; all of these elements are to be found for example in the revealing basket-poem “The Haunting: for George Woodcock”, the first of sixty-two, in *Nail Polish*. But why the title *Nail Polish*?

The cover illustration is from a bust of the poet in which forelock, eyes, nose and lips are shown. Red nail polish drips from the forehead as from a great wound. What is revealed in the introspective title poem? It is that the murderous self is in all of us; that towards good, towards evil, obsessed man selects his way and runs off in all directions, only to find, or more likely to be told by the poet that: “what men call good and evil/is but nail polish on their claws”.

Irving Layton speaks a lot, rants, rattles (one can almost hear Ezra Pound cracking his jaws on one of his Cantos), and the “now” poems, the occasional poems about Onassis, student militants, as well as the shock-joke poems (“To the Priest who kept his wife awake all night by farting”), are good for one time round and they do bulk a book. One poem, the longest and strangest in the collection is “Shakespeare”, prompted by a question put to Layton by his son. “Who’s the greatest poet?”, asks Layton jr., and “without any fuss I say Shakespeare”, Layton sr. admits. Without any fuss! The poem is an excuse to set Shakespeare up as some almost insurmountable road-block in the path of any poet who wishes to write great poems. Everyone can only be a loser in this kind of poetry game. No poet has a chance with “that bastard’s unsurpassable/greatness; one accepts it like cancer/ or old age, as something that one/must live with . . .”. But still the poem holds out hope, and despite the fact that untreatable Shakespeare spreads his germs in every singing poet’s tonsils, and Layton jr. and the young (where hope is) are caught in life’s old clichés “damned eternal pictures/of the human imagination/like ‘God’ or ‘Death’ or ‘the start/of the world’ . . .”, there is just a chance, the poem tells us, that the Old Bard will no longer be “king-of-the-castle”, and his successor may be a Canadian; “anyway we’ve got our bid in, Old Bard”, says Layton sr. And I don’t think he is fooling. A strange poem.

What seems to emerge in *Nail Polish*, even in larger measure than in his recent books is a heightened self-consciousness, a self-inspection conducted with admirable toughness (sensitivity), skill and above all beauty. “Beauty, thou wild fantastick Ape”, said Abraham Cowley. I see all this as more maturity in a still blossoming poet, a strength become stronger which is largely without posturing, self-pity, and doubt. In such poems as “Nail Polish”, “The Straight Man”, “Memo to my Sons”, Layton displays his almost awesome insight, his private and public concern, for Layton and man—the poked and those who poke in this twentieth-

century place. It is in these reactions to violence, large lust, the fate of girl militants and poets, that Layton speaks for himself and others and is poet, is Dichter, rather than the genial yet unpredictable ape dancing and clowning in college corridors, zoos and bush gardens, the old terror of the garrison.

Nail Polish does what his other books do. It delights, provokes, insults, cajoles and much more. There are more poems in his latest collection which show us Layton the person (there seems always the man to be dealt with no matter how hard one tries to keep him out), and there is one accomplished poet taking swipe after swipe with claws with only a trace of nail polish.

"Advice for David" is a short poem which says a good deal about Layton in his latest book:

Do not speak, my son,
unless you can improve on silence.

Many poems in *Nail Polish* improve on silence.

Massey College, University of Toronto

DOUGLAS LOCHHEAD

The Blacks in Canada: A History. By Robin W. Winks. New Haven: Yale University Press, with McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 1971. Pp. ix, 546. \$15.00.

Robin Winks has made an honest woman of Afro-Canadian history. When an American scholar of international reputation devotes five hundred pages of perceptive description and analysis to a Canadian ethnic minority, surely the study of that minority is legitimized in Canadian terms. Of course the analogy is not complete for, as Professor Winks has said, the subject is not closed with the publication of this impressive work; rather, it invites many more suitors into the field. Despite its length and scholarship, *The Blacks in Canada* remains an introduction to Afro-Canadian studies and a guide to further research projects and new interpretations.

"To reveal something of the nature of prejudice in Canada" is one of the objectives Professor Winks set for his book, and he has achieved this objective in a manner that will be devastating to Canadian complacency. Our presumed lack of racial bias, when contrasted to the obvious sins of the Americans, has long stood as evidence of Canada's moral superiority over the neighbouring republic. Though almost universally neglected, the Black fact has had a subtle importance for the definition of a Canadian identity: we are different from, and better than, the Americans in our treatment of our little brown brothers. Professor Winks' analysis does endorse the differences that exist in Canadian and American racial attitudes, but at the same time it attacks and explodes the self-righteous myths that have been built upon them.

Few Canadians are even aware that our ancestors once held Blacks and Indians as slaves here on "free" Canadian soil, and their ignorance is understandable considering the absence of such truths from most history books. Winks traces the incidence of slavery in Canada showing that, although Indian slaves outnumbered Black during the French regime, still Black slaves were here almost from the beginning of European settlement. By 1759 there were over one thousand Black bondsmen in Canada, owned by numerous dignitaries including the Jesuit Order, and the French capitulation of 1760 included a clause affirming the Canadiens' continued ownership of their human property. Black slavery really became established in British North America with the arrival of the Loyalists in 1783, for among the belongings those refugees from American tyranny managed to salvage were over fifteen hundred dark-hued "servants for life".

The Loyalist influx also brought a body of more than three thousand free Black Loyalists who had obtained their freedom by fighting with the British forces during the Revolution. Settling in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the Black Loyalists helped to end slavery by undermining the presumption that a Black skin must be a badge of bondage, and they provided the foundation for a free Black community in Canada that has existed to the present day. Offering their services in a free labour market, the Black Loyalists quickly drew the resentment of white labourers unwilling to accept comparably meagre wages. One result was Canada's first race riot, in Shelburne, Nova Scotia, in 1784, when unemployed whites attacked the Black district and drove the people out of town. Professor Winks shows a similar development occurring in Ontario after about 1840 and in British Columbia during the 1860s: as the number of Blacks rose and they began competing for employment, they inspired hostility from local whites and a racial prejudice to justify it. The development has of course been a classic one, from Bloemfontein to Birmingham, from Selma to Detroit. Canada was not unusual in sharing it, but that we shared it at all should be disturbing to our myths of racial toleration.

Among the most significant myths exposed, or at least diluted, in this book is the notion that Canada offered a haven to hundreds of thousands of fugitive slaves who reached our free land via the Underground Railway. Winks is indeed correct when he notes the self-congratulation with which we reflect upon Uncle Tom and his fellow-sufferers who turned their backs on the wicked United States and sought freedom and equality in this continent's truly democratic society: ours. With painstaking detective work Winks is able to suggest fairly convincingly that no more than thirty thousand fugitive slaves reached Canada under the Underground Railway decade, and that most of them returned to the United States when the Civil War ended slavery there. Furthermore, the conditions they met during their sojourn here were a far cry from the Promised Land they expected and we have latterly believed they enjoyed: by 1850, when the Fugitive Slave Act made it im-

possible for escaping Southern slaves to rest secure in the Northern States, racial prejudice was already commonplace in those parts of Ontario where they made their homes.

Professor Winks does not content himself, in his revelation of Canadian racial hypocrisy, with disinterring the sins of our grandfathers; his book contains a record of racist assumptions and injustices continuing into the 1960s. We shared, and perhaps continue to share, the "minstrel show" image of the Black man as lazy, wide-eyed, superstitious and eternally happy. More serious, and surely far more disturbing to the Canadian conscience, is Winks' description of the Ku Klux Klan in Canada, complete with burning crosses and with over twenty thousand Canadian members during the late 1920s and early '30s. Moose Jaw had a ward in the local hospital donated by the Klan and affixed with a plaque dedicating it to white supremacy. Oakville, Ontario, watched a Klan parade in 1930 that burned a cross publicly to protest an inter-racial marriage. Canadians will be reminded, on reading *The Blacks in Canada*, of these and other examples of racial intolerance in our recent past.

The record presented by Winks shows prejudice in all its typical manifestations. Dresden, Ontario, the home of Uncle Tom's cabin, had racially restricted restaurants into the 1950s; nearby Windsor permitted segregated boy scouts, YMCA and certain sports in the thirties. In the Maritimes Blacks were forbidden burial in some cemeteries as recently as 1968. Across the country there were segregated parks and swimming pools, theatres, churches and hospitals, labour unions and Legion halls. During the 1929 World Baptist Convention in Toronto, Black delegates were denied hotel rooms. Places as far apart as Calgary and Trenton, Nova Scotia, witnessed white mob-attacks on Blacks in the 1930s and '40s. A group of Federal civil servants in 1932 refused to work with a Black university graduate. Canada sent immigration agents to the American South deliberately to discourage Blacks from responding to the advertising campaign for immigrants before World War I; in 1911 a diplomatic incident with the United States was barely avoided when, in an ironic twist of the conventional image, the Americans protested that our immigration officials refused to admit Blacks who arrived at the border. Blacks were not welcomed into Canada's armed services at the beginning of World War I, and when they were it was into a segregated construction battalion. Even in World War II Black volunteers were initially rejected, though as the war progressed the restrictions were dropped. Ontario and Nova Scotia had segregated schools, some surviving into the 1960s, where Black children received an inevitably inferior education.

The common myths concerning our treatment of Blacks have protected many Canadians in their complacency; believing the situation acceptable, even praiseworthy, we have not been moved to change it. By exposing the myths and re-

vealing the nature of our prejudice, Winks has done us a great service, for he has given us an indication of how much work is yet to be done in the field of race relations. Though the Canadian treatment of Blacks has generally been milder, and the legal rights of free Blacks have never been withheld here, Winks' account shows but too clearly that our racial attitudes differ little from those of the Northern United States. Canadian prejudice has been nebulous and scattered, difficult to define, difficult to recognize and difficult to attack. But it is real nonetheless. In a perceptive final chapter, entitled "The Black Tile in the Mosaic", Winks offers his interpretation of the reason for Canada's lack of concern for Black inequality: our plural society accepts the concept of an ethnic community remaining separate and distinct from others; we are quite used to hyphenated Canadians, whether Anglo-, Italo- or Afro-. When applied to Blacks, and in conjunction with ignorant notions of a pseudo-scientific racism, this has meant our acceptance of a Black separation that dictated unequal opportunities for Afro-Canadians in education, employment, housing and recreation.

Unfortunately, Professor Winks fulfils another objective, an examination of "the history of Negro life in Canada from 1628 to the 1960s", far less adequately. He anticipates that his book will be judged "less about what the Negro did than what the Negro had visited upon him", but his anticipation does not allow him to escape the charge that it is indeed so. Those people who have waited anxiously for the publication of a Black Canadian history will be disappointed, for Winks has given us a history of the Black man as an issue in white Canadian life. White people enjoy centre stage throughout much of the book, discussing slavery or abolition, reacting against Black attempts at self-assertion, or simply practising discrimination.

The book begins from the perspective that racial barriers are wrong, and this has led the author to an over-emphasis on the erection and destruction of barriers between Black and other Canadians. What the Blacks did in isolation, the development of a unique Black culture and an independent Black community, is often either ignored or mis-interpreted. Religion has undoubtedly been the most important influence on Black culture, and the Black churches have been the most significant expressions of an independent Afro-Canadian society, at least until quite recently. Yet the perspective from which Professor Winks works tends to show the Black church in its negative aspect, as a reinforcement of racial separation, rather than as a positive institution that both preserved the Black heritage and incorporated much of Black social history over almost two hundred years. The Black schools, particularly in early Nova Scotia, played a similar role at times, but they too are treated more in the context of segregation than of their significance in Black life. If, as Professor Winks concludes, "This has been, perhaps, a depressing story", it is so only because of its emphasis on conflict between the races, because, in effect, it leaves out the history of the Black community. Racial barriers have obviously

had great prominence in Black Canadian life, but they have, equally obviously, been only a part of that life.

The same perspective leads Professor Winks to assume that any dynamic in Black history must have been directed against racial discrimination. When Blacks turned their energies into other channels or when, as was often the case, they failed to present a united front against white racism, their story becomes in these terms "depressing". Disagreements within the Black community are condemned as "internecine strife" and are blamed for many of the problems met by Black people. The phrase, surely, is inaccurate, considering the diverse origins and interests of Canada's scattered Black population, and it dangerously suggests that Blacks themselves, and not white racism, were responsible for their unequal position in society. Not only is Winks' emphasis on this point misplaced, many of the examples he uses to illustrate the point are inaccurate. Black factionalism is held partially responsible for the decline of Birchtown, Nova Scotia, once the largest free Black settlement outside of Africa. Two of the "faction" leaders mentioned by Winks in fact worked together to ensure the success of the exodus to Sierra Leone in 1792; another alleged leader was not even in Birchtown at the time described in the book. The frequently-stressed division between Black Loyalists and other Blacks in Nova Scotia is romantic but hardly true. Interestingly, in a book where every piece of evidence is carefully footnoted there are no references to substantiate the contention that Nova Scotia Blacks are divided according to the origin of their ancestors.

Sources will ever be a problem for the student of Black history, since most of the documentary evidence comes from the pens of white administrators and observers. This problem puts the onus on the student to read between the lines and to subject all white-written evidence to the strictest scrutiny. There are several examples in *The Blacks in Canada* of mistaken interpretations based on a too-trusting use of official documents. The most blatant is perhaps Winks' acceptance of the conclusions of a government "Enquiry into the complaint of Thomas Peters a Black Man". Peters complained that he had not received lands and provisions promised to him as a Black Loyalist, and the official enquiry concluded that this was so only because Peters left Nova Scotia "too hastily", that if he had stayed he should have had all the promises fulfilled. Other evidence, however, indicates that Peters had a valid complaint, that he and other Blacks did not often receive the land and provisions due them. This evidence is found in petitions from Black people, and also in surveyors' reports, maps and account books now in the Land Papers of the Public Archives of Nova Scotia. Readers of Winks will unfortunately be led to believe that most Black Loyalists were placed on farms and that those who were not were themselves to blame (the figures Winks gives of land grants to Blacks are, besides, inflated). In fact the opposite was the case, and many of the economic problems met by the Black people derived directly from their landless state.

A similar situation confronted the Black Refugees who entered Nova Scotia from the United States during and after the War of 1812. Though they were placed on lands, their farms averaged only ten acres of some of Nova Scotia's worst soil. According to Winks the Black Refugees "failed utterly", becoming beggars or welfare recipients, because they lacked skills and initiative and were unable to adapt to the northern climate. That, of course, was the view of contemporary white observers, who could not admit that the Refugees' farms were insufficient to provide support. A Black rejection of an offer of larger farms, scattered throughout the province, was taken as proof of laziness rather than of the Refugees' dedication to their Black community and their refusal to destroy it in exchange for doubtful individual advantage some thirty years too late. An old Nova Scotian school history, quoted by Winks, described the Black Refugees as "perpetually begging and receiving charity", and as "neither prosperous nor useful". A reader of *The Blacks in Canada* could be forgiven for reaching a similar conclusion.

Unlike most surveys on this scale, Professor Winks' book is not a synthesis of earlier monographs or theses. It is in fact a pioneering piece based in large part on original research, and is probably to be numbered among the most ambitious works of its kind in Canadian historiography. This gives it its great importance, both for students of Black history and for Canadian historians generally, but it has also made inevitable the problems mentioned here. The point to be made is not that Winks falls short in certain directions, but that much work remains to be done. His book and his notes will serve as a valuable mine for succeeding scholars wishing to pursue further various aspects of Afro-Canadian history. On this account it is unfortunate and disappointing that Professor Winks has left his research notes, only half of which, he estimates, were incorporated into the book, with the Schomburg Collection of the New York Public Library. Surely some Canadian depository could have been found, and one thinks immediately of Dalhousie University, where they would have been more accessible to interested Black Canadians and to other students of Black Canadian history.

Canadian racial prejudice is, and has always been, a result of neglect and indifference. *The Blacks in Canada* has removed any excuse for future neglect, and its revelations will render impossible the continued indifference of honest Canadians. Historians, concerned citizens, even, one hopes, government agencies, will be forced to take note of the realities of the Black experience in Canada. No greater tribute could be paid to any book, and Robin Winks could have had no greater ambition than this.

Dalhousie University

JAMES W. ST. G. WALKER

The Maple Leaf Forever: Essays on Nationalism and Politics in Canada. By Ramsay Cook. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1971. Pp. 253. \$7.95.

So similar are Ramsay Cook's views on nationalism and Canadian politics to those of the Prime Minister that the reader of these essays may think he is getting the gospel directly from Pierre Elliott Trudeau himself. Today the two are even alike in sublimating the social conscience that once was an essential trade mark of both. But perhaps it is not all that remarkable that two intellectuals pursuing a coolly rational approach should reach almost identical conclusions. In any case Professor Cook's singleness of mind with Mr. Trudeau enables him to provide one of the most penetrating accounts to date of the Prime Minister's background. However, this essay is now some years old, and it would be interesting to know if Professor Cook shares any of the growing opinion that Mr. Trudeau, like John Diefenbaker—albeit in a different way—seems to equate style with performance, and that, while keenly interested in perfecting the technical machinery of government, he shows far less concern for putting anything through the machine.

On constitutional change, Professor Cook may be slightly less rigid than the Prime Minister, although no less than Mr. Trudeau he seeks through sheer logic to demolish the case for special status for Quebec. But on equally logical grounds it could be shown that, since English-speaking Canadians turn naturally to Ottawa to realize important ends, while the French Canadians of Quebec turn to Quebec City, some kind of special arrangement for Quebec is needed to prevent both groups from becoming frustrated. Mr. Trudeau's catering to Anglo-Saxon backlash in 1968 and his stereotyping of "special status" as a cardinal sin have had the unfortunate effect of limiting the area of discussion within which English-speaking politicians have had to operate ever since. Yet the exceedingly modest proposals of Mr. Trudeau and Professor Cook appear to offer little prospect of keeping Quebec contented within the Canadian federation.

Primarily, however, these essays are about nationalism. The men whom Professor Cook describes as "the two most important intellectuals in the Canada of the past twenty years"—Pierre Elliott Trudeau and George Grant—have both "brought ideas and experience from outside our nationalist traditions to bear upon Canadian issues". For the Prime Minister, the antidote to traditional nationalism is federalism through and through; for Professor Grant, who perceives the enemy to be technological determination and is much more pessimistic than Mr. Trudeau, a possible mode of escape is to "move outside the society by memory or by thought" and study, systematically, ideas and values other than our own. Professor Cook is at his best, however, when he dissects Canadian historical writing having to do with Canadian nationalism. The essay "*La Survivance* French-Canadian style" is particularly valuable for its interpretation of French-Canadian historical sentiment.

But Professor Cook's own views on nationalism, the fruit of years of study, are stimulating in their own right. As he sees it, governmental intervention in

Canada has grown up more from nationalist demands than from socialist and humanitarian motives. Since he regards nationalism as the attempt by specific groups to force their own ideological demands on all other groups within the state, its outcome may be more profitable for some classes and sections than for others. Thus the economic nationalism of the protective tariff led to an uneven spread of costs and benefits across Canada, and stimulated sectional sentiment on the prairies and in the Maritimes. Ironically, it also produced the American branch plant, the control of much of the Canadian economy by foreigners, and eventually another nationalist agitation. More generally, Professor Cook points out that nationalism tends towards centralism and uniformity, both of which are divisive in a country that is by nature federal, sectional, and pluralist. As a result, French Canadians have often wondered if, in their fight for survival, they are pitted—not against the United States—but against English Canada and Ottawa.

In Professor Cook's opinion, it would be well if Canadians would understand that their country is "more seriously threatened by appeals to nationalism than by the lack of nationalism". Then they might join him in rejecting the nationalist state based on emotion rather than reason, and in supporting the nation-state, non-nationalist and pluralist, "which seeks to protect the collective rights of its inhabitants without reference to cultural or national ideological goals".

Most of this makes very good sense, but there are difficulties. Professor Cook nowhere defines nationalism with precision, and at times includes too much under its umbrella. It seems dubious to label as nationalist one who on strong factual grounds argues that his party is the best agent for promoting national unity. Yet Professor Cook regards it as an irony of the election of 1968 that "a professed anti-nationalist [like Trudeau] should have mastered [this] nationalist strategy to perfection". The more practical critic might wonder if the cool, hard reasoning of Professor Cook's nation-state is sufficient cement to keep the Canadian federation together. Canada, after all, is not nearly the natural political entity that historians of the Laurentian school say it is. In any case, until most Canadians are philosopher-kings they will continue to be subjected to such nationalist appeals as seem likely to bring electoral rewards to the politician.

Dalhousie University

J. M. BECK

Rag & Bone Shop. By Earle Birney. McClelland & Stewart Ltd., 1971. np. \$2.95.

Love In A Burning Building. By Al Purdy. McClelland & Stewart Ltd., 1970. Pp. 88. \$4.95.

Al Purdy's *Love In A Burning Building*, although a new book, contains many poems which are reprinted from his earlier ones. As an introduction to Purdy it

is a gem. And, since there are a good number of worthwhile new poems, it is a book which even the owner of other Purdy volumes would enjoy. Some of Purdy's best poems are in this book just because he has always been fascinated by the man-woman thing in all its complex and often strange incarnations. Purdy's poems remain interesting because he has an interesting and wide-ranging mind, one that will go anywhere in search of a poem. He says in the Preface:

It isn't just the euphoric dreams of lovers I want to evoke, it's the ridiculousness inherent in the whole comic disease. And the mordant happiness of despair as well. Pain and its red blot in the brain, sorrow that things end, fade into little rags of memory that haunt us in their absence.

That he does evoke all this and more is a tribute to his art. *Love In A Burning Building* is not just another selection of poems; it is a marvelously wide-ranging view of *homo-sapiens* engaged in his most profound and silly activity, and Al Purdy manages to encompass all the profundity and all the silliness and all the glory somewhere in this very fine book.

The tone of Earle Birney's new book is firmly set on the title page: "Earle Birney, Prop." it says, right above the sign *Rag & Bone Shop*. Like any good shopkeeper, Birney has many different wares, and he has them all on display in this delightful volume. Unlike Layton, who seems to be stuck in a poetic rut, Birney is forever discovering new ways of "doing pomes". Under the influence of bp Nichol, he has entered fully into the fun and games of concrete poetry, on his many travels he has listened with a keen ear for accent to the voices of his hosts, and back home he has continued to think about the absurdity of being a Canadian. The results of all these activities are displayed throughout the book. Gay and comic picture poems (including the beautiful and quiet "Like an eddy") abound, full of visual and aural puns. The magnificent "The Mammoth Corridors" is here, along with "In Purdy's Ameliasburg" and "Window Seat", poems which continue to investigate themes Birney has long been fascinated with. There are some fine love poems, too, and a delightful nocturne, "song for sunsets". *Rag & Bone Shop* is the first new Birney book since *Selected Poems* in 1966. It's been a long wait, but this book makes it all worthwhile. Earle Birney's enthusiasm for life and for his chosen vocation is undiminished, and it's a joy to join him on his imaginative jaunts in every which direction he might go. *Rag & Bone Shop* is a thorough delight from beginning to end.

University of Alberta

DOUGLAS BARBOUR

Masks of Love and Death: Yeats as Dramatist. By John Rees Moore. Ithaca and London: Cornell University Press, 1971. Pp. xiv, 361. 93s.

Professor Moore's long and distinguished interest in Yeats's plays has now resulted in an excellent study of the whole dramatic *oeuvre*. But though Professor Moore

admires it, his advocacy is temperate. Vivian Mercier has remarked that in Beckett's plays nothing happens—twice. One can hardly apply this to Yeats's. As Professor Moore says, "in proportion to their length a great deal happens". One is not always kept very keenly aware of it. Their subtlety, as Professor Moore adds, "lies all in the allusive and evocative language, not in the complexity of character or situation". It is this sort of tension in Yeats's purposes, variously manifested, that the present book notably illuminates.

Its first three chapters discuss Yeats's understanding of the Mask, the defining characteristics of Yeatsian drama, and the type of Yeats's heroes, especially in relation to what he made of Cuchulain. The second part consists of detailed commentaries on all the plays.

In his general analysis, Professor Moore identifies with precision a number of the dualities Yeats worked among: between the primitive society of the legends and the "sophisticated richness" of his symbolism; between the claims of society and the arrogance of the hero, "who disrupts established order for the sake of a greater order to which he instinctively belongs"; between the virtue and the destructiveness of heroism; between "tragic gaiety and comic enlightenment . . . Don Quixote and Sancho Panza". There is an original and sensitive appreciation of the role of the heroine in the plays. Professor Moore's generalizations are perceptive and argued from, not imposed upon, the plays.

The structure of the book inevitably admits some repetition, as the criticism of each play elaborates upon what the introductory chapters have broadly established. In their particular context, however, the different points enter new perspectives. Professor Moore has also managed to present the plays as a coherent succession of experiments in the problems of poetic drama; and here he also takes into account the significance of Yeats's continuing revisions. Properly, the book gives most space to the 'best' plays—*Deirdre*, *Purgatory*, *The Death of Cuchulain*, among others. Professor Moore finds over the canon the same kind of continuity that exists in Yeats's poetry; he discovers interesting associations with, for example, Shaw and Beckett; and he concludes that the plays are "almost as impressive an achievement as the poems".

Even with the qualifying "almost", the question remains just how impressive Yeats's drama is. Inevitably one thinks of T. S. Eliot's increasingly disastrous—in the present writer's present view—flirtation with the stage. Yeats made fewer concessions to the forms desired by the West End and Broadway. It is difficult to believe that his plays were dramatically any more successful. In his quarrel with himself, Yeats always won. The poems marvellously render his soliloquy. The plays do not. Still, the critical debate continues. In it, Professor Moore's is an informed and authoritative voice.

The English version of *White Niggers of America (Nègres Blancs d'Amérique)* Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1971. Pp. 278. \$7.95.

The English version of *White Niggers of America (Nègres Blancs d'Amérique)* by Pierre Vallières, the leader of the Front de Libération du Québec, will do nothing to support the existing preconceptions of Canadians about the role of the FLQ in the country's internal difficulties. The book is basically a work far removed from the active political arena in which such preconceptions are formed. Its tone is too politically otiose, too personal, and too little propagandist, to strengthen biases for or against its author.

Thus, *White Niggers of America* is a disconcerting book. One wonders why its original French version was proscribed in Quebec. While a reader approaches it as a political tract, he is not only surprised but shocked that the book is an attempt to develop a political theory from the point of view of a nascent philosophical position. This theory is unformed until the philosophy is itself complete at the end of the book. The book describes the growth of the political consciousness of a man in terms of this philosophy, rather than sets forth the platform of a group.

First, then, the book does not do a number of things. It does not say that Communism is better than capitalism. It dismisses both equally. Vallières' experience of capitalism was only a little more painful to him than Communism, because it was longer. Nor does the book say that all French Canadians are white niggers of America, and that all English Canadians are capitalist slave-drivers. Vallières is quite clear. The suppressors are equally French and English, in a primarily English-speaking socio-economic structure. Nor does Vallières claim that the separation of Quebec is a valuable thing. It is desirable (useful may be the better word) in a socio-economic revolution. The negative light which Vallières' book throws on the FLQ is therefore captivating. It brings to the fore his positive arguments about the philosophical basis of his political theory. In the twentieth century one is not used to pure philosophy applied to politics.

Vallières' philosophical position is roughly this. The supreme reality is the realization that human choice supersedes questions of being, essence and nature. The most important philosophical tenet for Vallières is, to parody a phrase, "I choose, therefore I am".

The nature of choice in Vallières' philosophy depends on his concept of the human will. Choice is the exercise in the abstract of the faculty of the will. The will is the most important of all the faculties because the choice it inspires inevitably ends in social action. Choice is the immediate source of social action emanating indirectly from the secondary but necessary power of the will. It is the sort of inner thing that is made in a full state of consciousness when, by consciousness, Vallières means the recognition of the existence of the will. A man recognizes the necessity of choice spontaneously with his consciousness of the existence of his will

in the here and now. Choice is the most important of the internal acts open to man, beyond imagination, speculative thought, and intuition.

Vallières sweeps existentialism, phenomenology, Communism, and, of course, Christian philosophy out the door one by one. These philosophies throttle the act of choice with abstraction, illusion, and so on, at the level of experience where philosophical reality exists. Vallières finds existentialism guilty of rendering metaphysical its supposed prime philosophical reality of work by which it thought it destroyed metaphysics. He rejects phenomenology for much the same reason. The phenomenologist becomes obsessed with the possibility of a purpose to life, and metaphysicizes that, too. In Communism, Vallières finds the emphasis all wrong. The dialectic of Communism preaches the supremacy of history as the substance of revolution. It ignores the existence of the individual in the stream of history. Finally, Vallières associates scholastic philosophy exclusively with Roman Catholicism. For him, this philosophy ends in the contemplation of another world antithetical to the necessity for action in this one. It teaches suffering rather than action, pain rather than consciousness. God does not, but may, perhaps, exist, Catholicism aside.

Vallières' political theory descends out of his philosophy by way of the individual man. He writes that a political system is valid inasmuch as it is based on the nature of the active individual man as a "producer". A man creates a political system simultaneously with the exercise of his power to produce the means of his livelihood, by the practice of his free choice. A political system is the organization of a number of men producing these means together for their self-rule.

The political system of which Vallières speaks is just when the economic instruments for the production of the means of livelihood are in the hands of the producers. It is unjust when these instruments lie in the hands of a privileged few, as is the case (says Vallières) in the capitalist system. In the unjust system, those lacking the instruments for their economic self-determination are the white niggers of the title of Vallières' book. They are the victims of racism (most—but not all—French Canadians). This racism is based on class rather than on blood genocide. Among the victims of such racism a revolution is accomplished by the organization of a large number of individuals in a stage of personal revolt, by a group like the FLQ. The individual consciousnesses of the victims of racism are organized into a collective consciousness. The violence flowing from such revolutionary collectivity is the reaction of the individual striking out against the violence of the unjust system. Violence is not an act of the collectivity, but of the individual organized loosely into a whole.

What has all this to do with Vallières, with Quebec, with Canada? Do the members of the FLQ think of everything in Vallières' philosophy every time they plant a bomb?

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The biographical sections of *White Niggers of America* provide us with answers that we will either accept or reject. In either case they will at least help us to understand. In effect, Vallières says that his philosophical principles and his political ideas reflect directly, as a mirror, the facts of his life. As went Vallières' life, so developed his philosophy, so is reality. In the narrative of his book, his life emerges as typical of the lot of French Canadians. They are the white niggers of America, implanted on the soil of Canada by greedy French imperialists in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to give them the profit of the fur trade. The English conqueror, he says, refined this slavery with the development of modern economic techniques, with the cooperation of most of the Catholic hierarchy. Urbanized by this development, the French Canadians clustered in the tenements of the Rue Frontenac area in Montreal, under the shadow of Jacques Cartier bridge (where Vallières spent his first years), and in the shanty towns of Ville Jacques Cartier on the Rive Sud (where he spent his boyhood), infested by rats swarming out of the sewage collected on the shores of the polluted St. Lawrence River.

Elsewhere, Vallières writes of the St. Lawrence: "on weekends I would often 'go into exile'. . . . I would sit down at the foot of the Quai Saint-Alexandre and plunge my dreams into the depths of the river. I would stay there hours at a time, alone, lost in silent meditation". And later: "I went for walks beside the river. I liked to interrogate existence through that mass of water which for thousands of years had been ceaselessly flowing down to the ocean, with a regularity, a calm, that only men could disturb with their inventions. . . . I would have liked to slip into that water, to belong to the vegetable kingdom, to become a peaceful seaweed in the depths of the water, a thing that did not ask itself questions, a being that did not need Being in order to be". It is a pity that Vallières makes no comment on the nature of nature. His sensitivity to the material world suggests resolution to the profound antitheses of his experience, which he never explores.

The translator of *Nègres Blancs d'Amérique*, Joan Pinkham, is faithful to the aphorisms of Vallières' style. On the whole, her translation is best in the earlier boyhood parts where, undoubtedly, the prose being more poetic, its phrasing was looser and easier to render into English. Later, in the shrill sections describing Vallières' public life in journalism, where good translation was most necessary, the text is less satisfactory. Its flow does nothing to relieve the profusion of sometimes incoherent facts about Trudeau, *Cité Libre*, the Murdochville strike, *La Presse*, and Lesage. The cadences are still French, as though a publisher's deadline was pressing, and complete revision was impossible. It is nevertheless difficult to quibble over the style of an English-Canadian translator of the work of a Montrealer proscribed in French in Quebec, but not in English.

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Crying As She Ran. By Charlotte Fielden. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1970. Pp. 164. \$2.95 paperback.

This is a novel with numerous faults: It has a soap-opera title, melodramatic ingredients, sexual sensationalism, minimal characterization and an unsatisfactory dramatization of the basic conflict. But it is worth reading. Much of what deserves praise has to do with the style. True, one has only to compare the opening pages of *Crying As She Ran* with say the first page of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* to know the source of Mrs. Fielden's prose style and technique, and there are echoes of other modern writers as well. Yet we cannot deny her achievement. Take the following passage:

Spring-time. Wet-time. Green-time. Life-time. Bursting and budding. Flowing and growing. The gang gushing in with the start of the sap and the rush of the stream. Hatchets unburied. Wars renewed. Tannery ghosts stirring out of a winter's sleep shaking cobwebs out of invisible dreams. Birds and bugs back busy in the ravine.

A stirring. A great stirring. Spring.

Perhaps we are reminded of the prose rhythms of Dylan Thomas; even so, Mrs. Fielden stands up well to the comparison. There is a tremendous vitality in this passage, a vibrant sense of spring communicated by the rushing cadence, the head-long plunge into activity, the insistent alliteration and assonance, and the talent for turning dead metaphors into phrases that are fresh and visual. Mrs. Fielden's use of language is witty as well as poetic. She reveals a keen ear for the speech of children and adolescents. The best part of the novel is, in fact, her brilliant evocation of childhood.

The Jewish theme, though it has interesting implications, calls for a more critical response. Sarah Weil, the central figure in the family saga, is portrayed in growing rebellion to her Jewishness in the last half of the novel. The dilemma of the adolescent forced to choose between his Jewishness and the more attractive alternative of modern secular culture is a subject that has not as yet been fully exploited by contemporary Canadian Jewish writers. It is not unrelated to the wider problem of Canadian cultural identity. To be Canadian should all the ethnic groups of this country merge into one vague amorphous mass, or does Canada offer the opportunity for peoples other than the French to retain their own cultural identity and yet be Canadian?

The Jewish immigrants to Canada were, for the most part, deeply rooted in the Jewish tradition, be it secular or religious. Yet in the Canadian environment it was not possible to maintain that culture. The choice that faced their children was either assimilation or acceptance of Judaism as a religion. The preservation of Jewish identity through religious identification has not been altogether successful from the Jewish point of view, despite its acceptance by a majority of North American Jews. Still, the works of A. M. Klein, Irving Layton and Adele Wiseman reveal that it is possible to be Jewish as well as Canadian. Other Jewish

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Canadian writers find no difficulty in acknowledging and cherishing their origins whatever their life choices may be.

What then do we find in *Crying As She Ran*? The reasons for Sarah's growing alienation from her Jewishness are clear enough. Her father's total absorption in his construction business results in a loss of communication with his children. Though his business dealings are corrupt, and eventually lead to disaster, he never regards himself as anything but Jewish. Yet to his daughters and to Sarah in particular, the family's Jewishness is empty and meaningless. Sarah discovers a sense of warmth, security and reverence in the home of her Gentile boy friend during their pre-Christmas preparations. Later, the celebration of Easter in the Janus family is contrasted with the stormy clashes that underlie the Weil's mechanical observance of Passover. The Jewish child in North America is inevitably attracted by the religious observances of the majority culture, and at one time or another, perhaps continuously, he is in rebellion, secret or open, against his Jewishness, and the often claustrophobic atmosphere produced by the Jewish community's attempt to preserve its identity. In the pages of her novel Charlotte Fielden has realized the dilemma that many of us have experienced.

Crying As She Ran is the first novel in a forthcoming trilogy. It may therefore be premature to comment on the outcome of Sarah's conflict. But Sarah does appear to have made up her mind at this very early stage in her development with almost no soul searching. The central episode is not the overt quarrel with her parents over their refusal to accept Ron Janus in the house; it is rather the symbolic incident with the middle-aged *melamud*, Joseph Wise. He is the archetypal Hebrew teacher, the *schlemiel* who, unable to find his way in life, teaches Hebrew to the young. In his first encounter with the Weil girls he is routed, not by their resistance or cheek, but by their rampant sexuality. He abandons the tutoring job; then, some time later, he makes a bungling attempt to rape Sarah. Joseph Wise (the name is ironically significant) presumably stands for the tradition of Jewish learning and history. In defeating him, Sarah is rejecting the Jewishness which her parents are attempting to thrust upon her. But clearly a choice between the aging, lecherous, half-crazed Joseph Wise and the clean-cut, blue-eyed Ron Janus is no choice at all. Is Mrs. Fielden not loading the dice against the claims of Sarah's Jewish heritage? Since Sarah's exposure to Jewish history is limited to the sole lesson taken with Joseph Wise, she remains virtually ignorant of Judaism. How then can Sarah make any meaningful choice? And more importantly, isn't Mrs. Fielden losing the opportunity for a genuinely dramatic conflict within the soul of her heroine?

Mrs. Fielden carefully traces Sam Weil's gradual, stunning realization that his sister has perished at Auschwitz. Yet his daughter Sarah seems to be totally oblivious to the death of her aunt in Hitler's final solution. How can we believe in the attractiveness of a heroine who appears so unconcerned by the human

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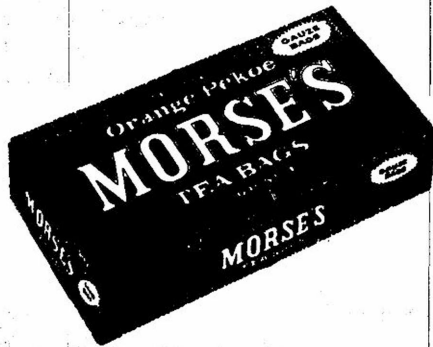
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tragedy around her? Possibly Mrs. Fielden intends to show Sarah attempting to break out of the prison of her ego in the next volume. If not, Sarah's decision will remain superficial and egoistic.

Though not without its faults *Crying As She Ran* is an impressive first novel. Mrs. Fielden has an undoubted flair for language, and if she can learn to find her own form of expression, to probe more deeply into the psychology of her characters and to dramatize more effectively the basic conflicts of the novel, she may become a significant presence on the Canadian literary scene.

McMaster University

MICHAEL BENAZON

Sketches of Contemporary Authors, 1828. By Frederick Denison Maurice. Edited by A. J. Hartley. Archon Books, 1970. Pp. xxi, 160.

Leslie Stephen thought that Maurice was a muddle-headed mystic who lived in a semi-mythical region where dogmas may be transfigured into the most meaningful spiritual truths; and John Stuart Mill, while conceding that in "merely intellectual power, apart from poetical genius" he was "decidedly superior" even to Coleridge, "always" thought that "there was more intellectual power wasted in Maurice than in any other of [his] contemporaries". The main cause of this tragic waste, according to Mill, was the same "timidity of conscience, combined with original sensitiveness of temperament, which has so often driven highly gifted men into Romanism from the need of a firmer support than they can find in the independent conclusions of their own judgment".

The appraisals by Stephen and Mill were not universally accepted in their own time. The admirers of Maurice were too numerous to allow even a brief mention here, and by 1907 C. F. G. Masterman was already calling him the greatest thinker of the English Church in the 19th century, a judgment which has since been endorsed by other competent critics. Still, the common impression of Maurice is that of a man of extraordinary nobility and integrity of character, broad in outlook and sympathy, but a little too good, too delicate, perhaps too weak, and not quite clear-headed. It is in this context that A. J. Hartley's edition of Maurice's essays in *The Athenaeum*, published with the launching of the paper in 1828, is most timely and welcome for the student of nineteenth-century life and thought. It brings out facets of Maurice's personality hitherto not often noticed. And the Maurice who emerges from these essays is a man of strong and definite opinions, bold and self-confident, the young 'Apostle' from Cambridge, not without a touch of donnish absoluteness, writing in a style which, though at times flowery and fanciful, can be vigorous and forceful, with uncommon resources of sarcasm and banter ("Cobbett"). One is startled to see a young man of 23 standing up to the giants of the literary Establishment—taking to task Jeffrey, the influential editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, for his shallowness and flippancy, his utter lack of principle and social responsibility; or magisterially admonishing Scott never again to

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write history because he "not merely knows nothing of the theory of historical composition, but he feels none of the majestic and far-seeing spirit to which alone is committed the power of unrolling the records of past centuries". For the same reason James Mill is a poor historian: he is content to skim on the surface and never tries to unravel the basic ideas and beliefs which govern a people's behaviour, the organic principles which constitute the foundation of their institutions. His *Essay on Government* posits a false theory of human nature inasmuch as it shows his enslavement to the geometric spirit, which argues in terms of mere abstract theory and has no concept of the inner ethos of a society.

Maurice's criticism, as Hartley points out, is largely the application of ideas of which Coleridge had been the chief exponent. His debt to Wordsworth is, however, equally deep: it was mainly from him that Maurice learnt of the sanctity of natural feeling, of the worth and dignity of the ordinary man, and imbibed that "propensity to look at man as an object of affectionate interest independently of any lowliness of station". Wordsworth's pictures of nobility and moral excellence in the ordinary man strengthened Maurice's instinctive passion for social justice, and led him to abhor all systems—political, social or religious—which degraded man and stood in the way of full realization of the mighty potentialities of his nature.

Literary criticism for Maurice is part of a wider criticism of morals and society, which is in turn derived from certain basic convictions about man and his nature. The *Sketches* are of immense interest as constituting one of the earliest attempts by a man of learning, sensibility and lively critical intelligence to evaluate the work of the romantics in terms of the critical and philosophical tenets which they had themselves laid down and which represent the revolt of the human mind against the philosophy of the eighteenth century. They illustrate the cleavage in philosophical and social thought which runs through the 19th century and which was pinpointed by Mill in his description of Bentham and Coleridge as its two great seminal minds. Maurice's dissatisfaction with, in fact hostility to, the 18th century is obvious in his essays on Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review*, Mackintosh, James Mill and even Maria Edgeworth. It is an indication of his moralistic bias that he is indulgent to Brougham because of his philanthropic activities, but grossly underrates Jeffrey whom no less a person than Macaulay pronounced "more nearly an universal genius than any man of our time". Maurice's objection is that the whole structure of Jeffrey's mind was eminently French and reflected "the solemn flippancy and sparkling commonplaces which abound in the works of Voltaire, Diderot, and Helvétius".

Hartley has edited the *Sketches* with an appropriate introduction. Maurice's aim, as he correctly says, was to bring to English literature a deeper knowledge of its Christian heritage. Hartley is original and stimulating in emphasizing the part that language plays in Maurice's theology. It becomes difficult, however, to go along with him in his exposition of Maurice's historiography, which he seems

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to accept. Maurice, according to Hartley, believed that "literature is greatest when political unity in the nation is most fully realized" (xv), and that the great romantics "were poets fit to image the nation at the height of her glory" (vii). Even if we grant the glory, where was the "unity"? The same fondness for dubious theorizing is evident in Maurice's contrast between the poet and the critic—"the responsible writer" who works for "universal harmony" and the irresponsible writer, "the sophist", who aggravates division and dissent. Hartley cautions us that "Maurice was not suggesting that all poets are good, all reviewers bad". But was he not mistaken in even assuming this highly questionable polarity between "the poet-prophet" and "the literary theorist and demagogue". Is it fair to put all critics and reviewers in the same category? Were not Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats critics themselves; and could they have been the fine poets they were had they not possessed such penetrating insight and critical acumen? Is the latter not an integral part of their moral and social vision? And in what category shall we place Maurice himself, forgetting for a moment the wretched tribe of reviewers like ourselves? If an editor's job is not merely to explicate but also to criticize and evaluate, one would expect Hartley to bring out these weaknesses in Maurice's thought.

Hartley's notes to the Sketches are full and detailed; they are highly informative but not always correct. The *Encyclopaedia* was not edited by Diderot and Helvétius, but by Diderot and D'Alembert. Mackintosh did not wait till 1815 to renounce his defence of the French Revolution; his revolutionary ardour was already cooled by 1796 and, having made his bow to Burke at Beaconsfield in 1797, he had publicly announced his abhorrence of the Revolution by 1800. The note on p. 131 suggests that Priestley was the main source of Bentham, whereas it is possible that the latter derived his theory from Helvétius and Beccaria. In a discussion of orators (p. 55), it is odd to see Burke described only as the author of the treatise on the Sublime the Beautiful. And it is bewildering to find Locke, Leibniz, and Shaftesbury all lumped together with Hobbes (p. 93 note), when Leibniz and Shaftesbury were strongly anti-materialistic and rejected empiricism; even Locke's empiricism is miles away from the materialism of Hobbes, more specially so if we take into account the former's belief in natural rights. Some of the notes are not very happily phrased—Lord Eldon is "famous for the delay of his court", and Maurice's "reference to the complacency of the nineteenth century" is "telling". Like this legendary complacency, Hartley uncritically accepts the common cant that "For twenty-five years, Jeffrey consistently ridiculed 'the Lakers'." (Jeffrey's article on "Lalla Rookh" was published in volume XXIX, not in XXIV, as note 5 explains). Hartley deserves to be complimented for bringing out an edition of the *Sketches*, which are not easily available; the editing, however, apart from the printing errors for which he could not be held wholly responsible, leaves something to be desired.

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