

Book Reviews

Language and Structure in Tennyson's Poetry. By F.E.L. Priestley. London: Andre Deutsch, 1973.

Part of *The Language Library*, edited by Eric Partridge and Simeon Potter. Pp.188. £2.75. (No Canadian price given.)

The antithesis between "creative" and "scholarly", the canard about the critic being like a eunuch in a harem in that he sees the trick done every night but can't do it himself, and all such jibes at the academic study of poetry are refuted by F.E.L. Priestley's performance in this book, a superb example of creative scholarship. With a lifetime of studying and teaching the work of Tennyson behind him, Priestley, now Professor Emeritus at the University of Toronto, has produced one of the most important studies of Tennyson ever to appear. He concentrates on Tennyson the professional craftsman, the virtuoso poet, a "lord of language" worthy of his own epithet for Virgil. Title precisely indicates contents: biography, history, influences, sources are all secondary in Priestley's exposition of his subject's "tonal perfection" and status as "one of the great masters of poetic structure, a daring and imaginative experimenter in the architecture of language."

There is much "corrective" criticism here but it is rarely polemical and never strident. Contemporary Tennysonians such as Buckley, Johnson and Ricks are mentioned only in reference to their virtues. However, anyone familiar with the work of these critics will recognize that often Priestley demolishes interpretations they have helped to make popular. Buckley's reading of *The Palace of Art* and Ricks' contemptuous dismissal of the *Idylls* are here exposed as blunders. The dead fare less well: Walter Bagehot's attack on *Enoch Arden*, virtually unchallenged since it appeared, is deftly countered as Priestley calls into question the validity of Bagehot's judgment on any literary matter.

The standard practices of reading Tennyson's poetry as a merely personal record or as the epitome of the Victorian age are ignored by Priestley, who sets him in the main stream of English poetry from Pope to the Symbolists. Tennyson's greatness is shown to be a result of hard work, of his growth as an artist, his constant experimentation with language and structure. Priestley follows a basically chronological pattern: his six chapters examine six phases of the poet's development.

Phase one is apprenticeship to the great Romantics. Phase two comes with the realization that "every poem should have a shape", a total pattern to which all aspects of poetic technique must be subordinated. In the next phase he concentrates on genre as structure rather than as decorum, and creates new genres:

Finally, particularly for the Romantic poet, a phase of a different order from these, growing out of less purely aesthetic concerns, modifies his whole attitude towards his medium. This phase overlaps chronologically those that are primarily aesthetic and artistic; it is governed by his maturing as a person. He enters upon a range of experience not readily translatable into words, even defying translation, and comes to realize the limitations of language. This realization has also its aesthetic and artistic implications, since it presents new problems in the use of the medium. What language cannot do directly it must be made to do indirectly. Tennyson's attempts to achieve this end are the subject of the last two chapters.

The first chapter is based on the assumption that even the *juvenilia* and bad poems of a major poet repay study. For me the most important argument in this section is that Tennyson was, like Pope and Keats, a precocious and committed master-poet who from his boyhood painstakingly mastered the entire poetic tradition available to him, discovering by trial and error what he could and could not do. Priestley insists that we regard this early work as experiment rather than statement, since as statement it is merely derivative and contradictory. His critiques of the poet's early successes such as *The Palace of Art* deny most of the standard interpretations which hold that Tennyson was agonizing over the choice between art for art's sake and art for the benefit of society. Priestley points out that Tennyson never confronted this dilemma of the '80s and '90s: the central concern of *The Palace* is whether art is human or inhuman.

The second chapter begins by overthrowing the ten-year-silence fallacy: during the period 1832-42 Tennyson was constantly improving old verses and making new ones. Priestley's brilliant studies of revision in *The Lady of Shalott* and *Mariana* are a profound revelation of the disciplined artist Tennyson had become by 1842. What overwhelms one about Priestley's criticism is the sense of textual fact that sustains it and the steady concentration on poetry as poetry, supported by extensive but skilful quotation.

Chapters Three and Four reveal why Priestley has been called a "genrist", but they indicate as well his capacity for writing historical, archetypal, biographical and rhetorical criticism. Indeed, his passages of "general" criticism could well be longer: he hints at patterns in the history of ideas and the evolution of poetic techniques from the seventeenth to twentieth centuries that many readers will wish to see fully expounded. For instance, he suggests that Wordsworth's famous *Preface to Lyrical Ballads* announced a shift in the relationship between decorum and genre, from the nearly static approach of the Neo-Classical writers to the subjectivism of the Romantics. Maintaining that Tennyson followed Wordsworth's lead, Priestley says that the poems on classical subjects "are all experiments in genre". *Oenone*, for instance, takes its material from epic but is cast in the form of a pastoral elegy which in turn contains an allegorical treatment of the beauty contest: each goddess

offers Paris a whole pattern of life, and his award of the apple to the serpentine Aphrodite in this pastoral context symbolizes the Fall of Man in *Genesis* as well as prefiguring the fall of Troy.

In Chapter III the reader is invited to consider two little-known poems, *The Princess* and *Aylmer's Field*. Both are examined in terms of the artistic choices Tennyson had to make in treating these subjects, and the consequences of these choices. Priestley constructs an hypothetical sequence of decisions concerning genre, decorum, style, diction, mood and prosody made by the poet which resulted in exactly the poem as it is. This strategy may be recognized as that of Edgar Allan Poe in *The Philosophy of Composition*, but Poe and Priestley have much in common as critics. Whatever one thinks of this method, its results are impressive for this reader: two long, ambitious poems, sunk into near-oblivion, are revealed by Priestley as rich and powerful works of art where "the mixture of styles becomes itself a major element in poetic structure."

Priestley's treatment of *In Memoriam*, *Maud* and the *Idylls* abounds with new insights. He interprets the term "monodrama" to mean something akin to "interior monologue", a form in which we are sure of the mental events but uncertain about the physical action, making it as a form exactly opposite to stage drama. His analysis of the disturbed narrator of *Maud* reveals "a self-contained psychological drama" much like the Quentin section considered in isolation from the rest of Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*.

Chapter V explains Tennyson's "oblique" symbolic method with abundant illustrations although the little poem *Break, Break, Break* is loaded down with almost more meaning than it can bear. Chapter VI is concerned with poetry as knowledge. Priestley slays the "dissociation of sensibility" dragon in the opening paragraphs, proceeding then against a host of other opponents. Although unmentioned in this book, Auden can represent all these opponents since he bluntly referred to Tennyson as "stupid". On the contrary, argues Priestley, Tennyson was ahead of his age in grasping the implications of the new sciences. Having demonstrated the poet's skill at expressing thought poetically, Priestley quite logically concludes his study by demonstrating the validity of the thought so expressed. This final section is exuberantly erudite and thoroughly enjoyable for both reader and, I suspect, writer, although I think Priestley awards Tennyson too many marks here, perhaps assuming that the poet's grasp of the history of scientific ideas was as comprehensive as his own. But then Tennyson once remarked that the power of explaining works of the imagination was entirely separate from the power of creating such works.

Acadia University

Roger C. Lewis

The Candy Factory. By Sylvia Fraser. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1975. Pp.294. Hardcover, \$8.95.

The Candy Factory is a second novel by Sylvia Fraser. The first, *Pandora* (McClelland and Stewart, 1972), was the story of a tempestuous little girl, her drab,

unhappy family, and the power of imperfect human love to redeem man's limitations. It was a daring novel, not completely successful, but gratifying in its originality.

The Candy Factory is clearly related to *Pandora* in its central vision – the power of compassionate love to work everyday or “human” miracles. The novel is set, as the title suggests, in a candy factory where concern with profits, packaging, advertising, and candy coatings represents the qualities Fraser is intent on exposing – materialism, superficiality, cynicism, and hypocrisy. The first chapter introduces Mary Moon, an antique and virginal employee of the factory who lives in its attic. So bland a nonentity is she that the other employees scarcely know when they have last seen her, though her presence is always marked by the strong scent of powdered roses. Mary Moon, on the other hand, on her nightly patrol of the candy factory, sees and notes everything, especially clues to the unhappy lives of her fellow employees. The second chapter introduces the depraved one-eyed tramp who inhabits the sewers of the factory. Mary Moon, apparently titillated by danger, invites him to her attic where he rapes, and is about to kill, her when she proposes a partnership in the manufacture of “human” miracles, the very commodity in which the tramp has lost all faith. The tramp, amused at the idea, pauses a second, and the chapter ends with the reader unsure of Mary Moon's fate. Each of the following chapters describes one or two of the candy factory employees in whom Mary Moon has taken an interest and tells of the everyday miracles that happen to transform their lives – always accompanied by the unexplained scent of powdered roses in the air. An ex-Jesuit doing research on industrial boredom, who has lost the ability to feel, regains it. His opposite, a bitterly raging, guilt-ridden black, is able to forgive himself. The two executive secretaries to the president have been at one another's jealous throats but become staunch friends after being locked together in the computer room for a night. The president, forced into his job by family expectations, finds the will to escape and leaves the presidency to his wife who has been trapped in the role of society matron. And so on, through seven chapters. At the end of the novel, the retiring president goes to the attic seeking Mary Moon, opens the door, and the novel is done, leaving Mary's fate forever a mystery, though the suggestion is that she and the tramp, the ying and the yang so to speak, motivated by compassion, have agreed to work hand in hand to achieve a measure of understanding and love in the candy factory.

To repeat, the connection of *The Candy Factory* with *Pandora* is plain. Both are conservatively optimistic about man and offer a vision of redemption, however limited, through love. But *The Candy Factory* fails to fulfil *Pandora*'s promise. There is a disappointing plastic quality about the second novel. Characters lack dimension, are stock figures – the society wife, the glamorous, but frustrated, rich man, the career woman, the flower child. Equally facile psychoanalyses of these characters are offered: the key to the rich man's real heart is a reminder of an aborted fetus that a past mistress had viciously presented him as his own; the tramp is the animal he is because he spent his boyhood in war-time France where he lived by selling the dismembered bodies of the dead to their relatives. This kind of subject has a certain shock value, but it is not sufficient to make the reader believe

in Fraser's characters. However, that Fraser is not afraid to attempt such effects is, perhaps, to her credit, and her daring is sometimes rewarded. There are several ugly, but intense and effective, sexual encounters; a more timid writer would have avoided them. Several comic scenes, which could well have turned out cliché or unbelievable, are the best element of the novel. In one, the Nellie McClung Cell of a feminist organization confronts the candy factory's contestants in the Miss Bon-Bon of the year contest. The meeting climaxes in a physical face-off between the feminist leader and the decidedly anti-feminist Miss Marshmallow Mounds (in regular life a platinum blond from soft centres named Irma). At its best, in several scenes such as this, the plasticity of the characters and their contrived situations is funny and works as a parody of candy factory society. Unfortunately, this same quality more often creates an impression of glibness and undermines the depth of the novel's vision of the power of love. A tendency to excess that started Gothic echoes in *Pandora* has become pop art in *The Candy Factory*, and the exchange, on the whole, is unprofitable. By the time the final mysteriously contrived coincidence has effected the final necessary transformation and the scent of powdered roses has been suggestively noted for the final time, the reader may be forgiven a sense of relief that he doesn't have to go through the process one more time; the rewards just do not justify the attention.

Pandora was not a flawless novel, but its compassionate representation of characters was sufficiently thoughtful to reproduce some of the writer's difficulties and ambivalences in the reader's response. *The Candy Factory* falls short of Pandora's promise and its own ideal; one is simply not moved to cry for candy men.

University of Saskatchewan

Rae McCarthy Macdonald

The Three Masks of American Tragedy. By Dan Vogel. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1974. \$6.95.

Professor Vogel's subject is an intriguing one. There seems some inevitable and fascinating connection between tragic experience and America. The very founding and evolution of the American consciousness has acquired a mythic structure; from the beginnings American writers have acted out archetypal tragic patterns in their works. Vogel's intention is to "view American tragic writing as a cohesive genre, to discover overall concepts of tragedy in our democratic literature" (x). With Faulkner, Hawthorne, Melville, Penn Warren, Miller, Dreiser, Hemingway, and O'Neill as examples the fieldwork should have been richly suggestive. I say "should have" because the result is curiously frustrating. He sees the primary question in a study of American tragedy as "can there be a tragedy of the common man?", a question that is certainly not uniquely American. Moreover, it distracts him from the more central consideration of the tragedy inherent in the American experience which has overflowed into and enriched American literature from the Puritans onwards. He argues that "the burden of achieving catharsis in tragedy in democratic literature has shifted to the hero, who carries the mystique of the Individual" (7)

and builds his analysis of this theme on a trio of "masks" which he finds manifest in American tragedies – Oedipus, Christ and Satan. The American tyrannos grows out of American democratic roots and finds theoretical expression in Emerson, and exemplification in O'Neill, Faulkner, Warren and Miller. There is some interesting commentary, especially on *Death of a Salesman*, but generally Vogel's treatment is curiously dissociated from the mythic roots of the literature and too closely tied to an Aristotelian model for tragedy. With the masks of Christ and Satan which Vogel claims provide the protagonists of the greatest American tragedies, more valuable insights are provided. "Tragedy in America" he argues "is inspirited [*sic*] not only by the muses of Olympus, but by the memory of Calvary" (103), and unquestionably the Christian experience of tragedy (as opposed to the Christian eschatological scheme which transcends tragic experience) is intimately and frequently grimly bound up with American writing. Vogel's treatment of the New England Puritans is awkward and superficial, but he is on firm ground in stressing that Hawthorne, Melville and Emerson synthesize tragedy and morality and thus create "the tonal background for all American tragedy" (108). He gives some suggestive readings of *Billy Budd*, *Moby Dick* and *Light in August*, but a somewhat perverse reading of the best-known tragedy of the American spirit, *The Scarlet Letter*, doggedly attempting to fit the felt experience of the work into an Aristotelian framework. He rightly sees Hawthorne's characters gaining "nobility not by reason of status, but in proportion to the growing recognition of themselves" (121), but here as elsewhere he does not extend his argument back to its roots in the American experience. America undoubtedly "was born with a sense of tragedy" (13), and there is certainly a distinctively American sense of tragedy, but it is far more profound than the adaption to democratic society of Aristotelian modes or indeed any aesthetic categories.

Professor Vogel's book is full of hints that he is aware of the richness of his subject, but that he is, by temperament or academic inclination, unwilling to reach into the dangerous realm of creative speculation so necessary to his subject. His book has a revealing epilogue castigating the nadir of the modern spirit, attacking *A Clockwork Orange*, *Portnoy's Complaint* and bewailing the disintegration of Aristotelian form. His subject cries out for the verve and prophetic insight of a Leslie Fiedler, for a fusion of history, criticism, psychoanalysis and philosophical speculation. It is a pity that despite some cautious and intelligent insights, his book pales so much alongside the prospect the subject opens up.

Halifax

Jennifer Waller

Canada's War: The Politics of the Mackenzie King Government, 1939-1945. J.L. Granatstein. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1975. Pp. xi, 436. \$18.95.

One of the marks of a successful study of Mackenzie King is its avoidance of trivia. An exhaustively detailed account of social activities, dreams, and spiritual

encounters, such as King kept for over half a century, could entrap even the most skilled historian. Not so J.L. Granatstein. He has culled the essentials from King's daily record of the Second World War, combed a variety of other private and government papers for that period, and produced a masterly account of the wartime King Government. The book's theme is straightforward and well-argued: Canadian nationalism received a healthy boost from the combination of a massive war effort and the gradual, and oftentimes hard-won, Allied recognition of autonomous Canadian interests.

The treatment Granatstein accords Canada's international dealings during the war is to some extent uneven, for although the book outlines the negotiations leading up to the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and the Ogdensburg and Hyde Park agreements it curiously omits any detailed reference to or assessment of Canada's role in the establishment of the United Nations Organization and in the San Francisco Conference itself. Nonetheless, the analysis of Canadian-British and, more particularly, Canadian-American wartime relations is skilfully handled.

By far the best parts of *Canada's War* are those devoted to internal politics, specifically the two elections of 1940 and 1945 and the two conscription crises of 1942 and 1944. Granatstein's work concentrates on Mackenzie King and how he managed the affairs of state (read "national unity") as the leader of the wartime Government. It is an admirable study of King, properly conceived and well-executed, but it is clearly more an examination of the man's ideological and stylistic manoeuvrings, with their implications for policy, than of his political character. The reader, having been told, for example, that "King's fate seemed always to be misunderstood" (p. 114) is left wondering why that should have been so. The book is obviously not designed as a character analysis.

The author is in basic sympathy with King's pragmatic style of leadership. King's "greatest talent . . . for sniffing the wind" (p. 422) clearly appeals to Granatstein. The concluding remarks will undoubtedly strike horror into the hearts of seasoned King-haters. The reader is informed that King "had a clear idea of the direction he wanted Canada to follow", that in general he "deserves praise" and "credit" for a variety of social measures and for his handling of the conscription issue, and that "there is nothing wrong with decision-making of King's sort, especially when the resulting judgement is so self-evidently the right one" (pp. 422-423). The overall picture is more than a little at odds with the ones painted by Eugene Forsey, Frank Scott, and Roger Graham.

A bothersome aspect of King studies has once again come to light in this book. Fortunately the number of instances of the problem in Granatstein's work is small, for he has wisely consulted a large number of primary sources in an attempt to minimize the likelihood of error of fact and interpretation. Indeed the author has, as with his treatment of King's 1944 speech to the Quebec City Reform Club and in his account of Colonel Ralston's resignation from the cabinet later that year, presented interpretations contradictory to King's along with the prime minister's.

Nonetheless, it must be remembered that King's daily record, no matter what its author intended, is not an addition to the Gospels. It is impressionistic and personal, with all the biases inherent therein. When opinions expressed by cabinet

ministers, or presidents, or ambassadors, or others in contact with King, made their way into his diary, the obvious danger exists of having King's version of those opinions (i.e., what he *wanted* to hear and *chose* to remember) transmitted for public consumption as a true record. Two or three examples from Granatstein's work ought to suffice to underline the problem. When (pp. 212-13) each minister was asked "to give his views on conscription" during a key Cabinet meeting after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour, and when a long paragraph in the book summarizing those views is in turn taken from King's account *alone*, what mistaken conclusions have been reached? When (pp. 100-101) King expressed alarm at J.G. Gardiner's initial plans for the Department of National War Services claiming, in the secrecy of his diary, that those plans would "make him almost as powerful as Hitler", is there no danger of creating yet another myth about Gardiner? When (p. 105) King's diary version of the breakdown of negotiations to bring J.S. Duncan into his cabinet is given in the text, is it enough to instruct the reader, by way of a footnote reference, to "cf. the contradictory account" in Duncan's autobiography? Surely the greatest need now for scholars on Mackenzie King is to begin the monumental task of establishing the *authenticity* of King's recorded version of events and discussions of which he was a part. Then, perhaps, some of the work of unravelling the man, his perceptions of reality, and his blocking actions (of both the conscious and subconscious varieties) might commence.

University of Saskatchewan

John C. Courtney

The Implied Reader: Patterns of Communication in Prose Fiction from Bunyan to Beckett. By Wolfgang Iser. Baltimore and London: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1974. Pp. xiv, 303. \$13.25.

A sequel to another book subtitled 'From Austen to Anouilh'? The second in a series to be concluded by 'From Zagreus to Zukowski'? One might fear so, and yet Iser's book, translated from the original German edition of 1972, does offer us some sound common sense about novels and the process involved when one reads novels. Iser sees himself as making a few tentative moves in what he calls the "broad stretch of no-man's-land" between "texts" and literary theories. He believes it is now "the task of literary hermeneutics to map the topography of this region". A safe enough project one might think, and who wouldn't volunteer to map such a no-man's-land, provided a suitable vantage on some hill safely out of the line of fire? The first combat soldier to step out of the trench in order to go into that no-man's-land is likely to get his head shot off, however. Suppose oneself a soldier in a rat-infested trench on the literary theories side. Is one supposed to map the intervening area and then attack the practical critics, or the "texts", in the trench over the way? Or, to put it another way, if all we do is map the area between combatants are we really doing anything to end a war or are we merely making internecine conflict more likely and more bloody?

We are beset in this time with a belief that it is possible to act without thinking (and our difficulties would be much lesser if more critics would read Stuart Hampshire's *Thought and Action*). In criticism this belief takes the form of a hypothetical dichotomy between theory and practise. Is such a division even conceivable? Is it possible to act significantly without an idea which guides the completion of the act? Kenneth Burke suggests the answer in his essay "Terministic Screens" in *Language As Symbolic Action*. Burke's point is that man is a symbol user, so that whenever he talks of anything he must use a selection of symbols, or terms. And the set of terms, whatever set of terms, already contains an implicit 'theory' which dictates what kind and what range of 'perceptions' can be experienced and articulated by that set of terms. Which is to say that whenever one begins to discuss a text, one has already committed oneself to the 'theory' implicit in one's choice of terminology:

We *must* use terministic screens, since we can't say anything without the use of terms; whatever terms we use, they necessarily constitute a corresponding kind of screen; and any such screen necessarily directs the attention to one field rather than another. Within that field there can be different screens, each with its ways of directing the attention and shaping the range of observations implicit in the given terminology. All terminologies must implicitly or explicitly embody choices between the principle of continuity and the principle of discontinuity. (Burke, p.50, Calif. ed.)

So the more explicitly theoretical a book of criticism, the more redundant and tautological it is likely to be. And there is no war between theory and practise after all — except when one artificially conceives of them as separate.

But I said that Iser offers some common sense. He develops, or simply adopts, Wayne Booth's reminder that literature is after all rhetorical and is designed to have an effect on a reader. The existence of a book, that is, implies the existence of a reader; hence the title phrase 'implied reader'. There are of course more complex ways of putting this piece of common sense, and Iser comes fully equipped with a whole set of phenomenological tools (from the firms of Husserl, Merleau-Ponty, Ingarden). Ingarden is perhaps the preferred source and offers us the following:

Sentences link up in different ways to form more complex units of meaning that reveal a very varied structure giving rise to such entities as a short story, a novel, a dialogue, a drama, a scientific theory. . . . In the final analysis, there arises a particular world, with component parts determined in this way or that, and with all the variations that may occur within these parts — all this as a purely intentional correlative of a complex of sentences. If this complex finally forms a literary work, I call the whole sum of sequent intentional sentence correlatives the 'world presented' in the work.

After such common sense one might be tempted to institute a new "Project . . . to shorten Discourse by cutting Polysyllables into one, and leaving out Verbs and Participles" but at the very least one ought to vow to pay tribute to the inventor of such an ingenious machine for thinking.

The central claim of the phenomenologists of the reading process is that "one must take into account not only the actual text but also, and in equal measure, the actions involved in responding to that text." The reading process is never ended and therefore there can be no definitive interpretation of the 'text', there can only be a series of readings, each one different from the last. This is a problem that Iser does not go into fully; in particular he does not discuss the so-called "affective fallacy" nor does he fully explain why it is that there is fairly general agreement about what literary texts do in fact mean. The text itself, though, is a structured rhetorical unit, and dictates a certain range of responses in the reader. The text creates its readers — even though it is possible, somehow, for each reading to be unique and separate. The text works to involve the reader in a process of expectation and "disconfirmation" to use Kermode's word since Iser simply borrows Kermode's ideas about the way in which we make, use and test and remake fictions. The text involves the reader by means of the gaps between what is phenomenally there in the presentation. The common sense of which is that it is necessary to read between the lines. So the reader actively imagines what is not presented:

The impressions that arise as a result of this process will vary from individual to individual, but only within the limits imposed by the written as opposed to the unwritten text. (p.282).

The unwritten text is also sometimes called the 'virtual meaning' as opposed to the actualized or realized meaning. In fact it is his use of this very differentiation, as unpromising as it might sound in the abstract, that gives Iser's discussion of style in *Ulysses* so much effect. He analyses the stylistic shifts in Joyce as a playing with the limitations of all possible actualized meanings, which testifies to the inexhaustibility of the virtual meaning of human character. It might have been as easy to say that Joyce makes us aware both of the necessity for and the inevitable limitations of 'terministic screens'. We have to see through and beyond the screens in order to apprehend the whole message: what Iser likes on occasion to call the 'gestalt' and it sounds, interestingly enough as if on occasion he means intention.

The question of gaps in the text, which the reader's imagination fills, is not always adequately handled, however. In the cinema, we are told, we are left no gaps and therefore the actual image coincides completely with the virtual, or possible, image and the 'hero' is completely actualized in what we see:

The point here is that the reader of *Tom Jones* is able to visualize the hero virtually for himself, and so his imagination senses the vast number of possibilities; the moment these possibilities are narrowed down to one complete and immutable picture, the imagination is put out of action, and we feel we have somehow been cheated. (p.283)

It should begin to be obvious that the whole mystification with phenomenology and gaps and so on is at root nothing but a bit of McLuhan disadvantageously dressed. The novel is one of the cool media while the film is one of the hot ones. But one wonders if the imagination is really *hors de combat* in a film. Cannot one fantasize yet more adventures for a screen Tom Jones, or James Bond or any of the

recent serialized screen heroes? The point might be, since we don't have access to the screen hero's psyche, that we cannot imagine any more psychological resources for the hero, but that we can continue to imagine new physical scenes in which he can exercise his prowess. We can imagine and desire more of the same, and so perhaps one ought to conclude that while the film does not necessarily deaden the imagination, it is likely to be most successful in presenting picaresque material, a story that is to say which is merely a string of events and adventures.

On the question of gaps and imagination Iser says the following, borrowing an analogy from Ryle:

If one sees the mountain, then of course one can no longer imagine it, and so the act of picturing the mountain presupposes its absence. Similarly, with a literary text we can only picture things which are not there; the written part of the text gives us the knowledge, but it is the unwritten part that gives us the opportunity to picture things; indeed without the elements of indeterminacy, the gaps in the text, we should not be able to use our imagination. (p.283)

This argument turns on the rather questionable assumption that imagination is merely the ability to picture things in the mind. If it makes any sense at all, and I think it does, to say that I imagine the mountain I see, then Ryle and Iser are both wrong. The limitations of Iser's point, though, are best seen with reference to a comment he makes about Beckett's *Imagination Dead Imagine*. He urges us to recognize Beckett's point that the attempt to imagine the death of imagination not only ironically and paradoxically orders us unto a corner, it also serves to stimulate a more than usual quantum of imagination: "It is only the imagined death of imagination that brings out its inextinguishability. But whenever the power of imagination is fixed to a worldly context in which it is used to fill in the gaps there arises fiction." (p.269). It may be that the problem here is simply that the point is not clear. At any rate, if the problem is with the text and not with this reader's completion of it, it is a problem not of theory and practise but one of simple logical consistency in the text itself.

The point, in sum, is that Iser, despite his disclaimers, does come equipped with imported theories from philosophy and elsewhere, and thus inhibits his ability to be a really theoretical practical critic by letting his ideas arise from the novels he discusses. When he does focus his attention, as he does for instance in the chapters on Smollett and Joyce and Ivy Compton-Burnett — and his analysis of this last author is a most welcome affirmation of her importance — Iser is quietly, sensibly, and usefully persuasive.

Dalhousie University

Alan Kennedy

Roads to Consciousness. By Sydney Mendel. London: George Allen and Unwin, 1974. Pp.276. £4.75. [No Canadian price given]

Here is a book which falls between scholarly and popularizing intentions, being therefore vulnerable to attack from both quarters. However, I found it a

commendable effort to render "serious" literature and humanistic studies attractive to the young and untutored, be they within or beyond the great wall of Academe. Perhaps Mendel will gain converts from Carlos Castaneda or even Abby Hoffman, although *Roads to Consciousness* is less trendy in both title and contents than *A Separate Reality* or *Steal This Book*.

The *genre* of this book is difficult to identify or describe. It would be simple to dismiss it for this reason, but, to be positive, Mendel's design seems to aim at originality of structure rather than of idea. Comprehensiveness is set above precision. Consequently the book reads like, but is not, a preamble to a course curriculum, the "course" being a kind of Introduction to Comparative Literature and the Humanities with texts ranging from The Bible and Plato to Sartre, Daniel Boorstin and Arthur Miller, all organized around two contrasting Shakespearean heroes, Hamlet, who represents "Self-conscious man" and Antony, who represents man in the higher state of "Consciousness".

Besides this dominant motif — the quest of the hero — there is a main thread of critical argument. The book is divided into three parts of four chapters each: "The Fall of Man", "The Adolescent Hero" and "The Hero of Consciousness". Mendel outlines his "modern version of the myth of the Fall of Man" as follows:

Man begins his life in the paradisaical innocence of the Garden of Eden of Unconsciousness. Then, with the emergence of Self-consciousness, he falls from grace into alienation from the real being and dependence on others. Finally, if he is fortunate, he escapes from the dark wood in which fallen man stumbles, and enters a third state, which is Paradise Regained or Consciousness.

Mendel manages to develop, simultaneously, a traditional "progress of the soul" in religious terms, a search for "true being" or identity beneath the superficial "self" in psychological terms, an heroic quest-romance in literary terms and a cautiously progressivist view of human history, all held within the major quest-myths of the Bible:

The terms Unconsciousness, Self-Consciousness and Consciousness correspond to Paradise, Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained; the expulsion from the terrestrial paradise (Part One) leads inevitably to the condition of bondage in Egypt (Part Two), and the flight from Egypt precedes the sojourn in the wilderness which paves the way for the return to the Promised Land (Part Three).

While not exactly a theodicy, the book is concerned with the origins and significance of evil and does offer a secularized *apologia* for the orthodox Christian doctrines of Original Sin and *felix culpa*, "the fortunate fall". Adding to the already long list of binary formulae operating on the model 'every person is either an *a* or a *b*', Mendel asserts that we are all either Rousseauists or Augustinians: that is, we all believe man to be innately good or bad. Recognizing that neither position leads to a good-natured or optimistic view of man, Mendel introduces another dualism, the concept of "real being" set over against "self". The Rousseauist, he argues, points to the primacy of the former whereas the Augustinian laments the depravity of the latter. Consciousness, the goal of the Mendelian hero, consists in a compromise

between these two views which resembles C.G. Jung's integrated personality. By recognizing personality or self as the dominion of the world, the flesh and the devil, "Hamletian man" discovers that he can transcend the hell of Self-consciousness, that he can be "saved" by dying unto self and experiencing rebirth into Consciousness. The "fortunate fall" is thus an upward spiral from the primitivist delight in Nature (to which Mendel reduces the teaching of Rousseau), through the revolt against evil symbolized by the adolescent hero's rebellion against patriarchal authority, to the descent into the underworld where the hero encounters pure solitude, slays the dragon of death and is guided by a sensuous reunion with "the order of Nature" to the sophisticated state of Consciousness, Milton's "Paradise within thee, happier far".

Roads to Consciousness is a "general" book, owing something to the methods of Morse Peckham, Marshall McLuhan, Norman O. Brown and Wilson Knight. While it compares favourably with other erudite extravaganzas, there are defects in Mendel's scheme. He makes his main points early and clearly, but illustrating them from a diverse multitude of texts forces him into frequent repetition, a vexatious practice akin to nagging. He discriminates little among literary forms, major and minor authors or first and fourth rate books. Sartre jostles Goethe on the page, *Hamlet* and *Genesis* are analyzed in a comparative critique, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is soberly paralled at length with *Antony and Cleopatra* — one thinks of the bizarre combats in Swift's *The Battle of the Books*. In fact this book often displays the ponderous, humourless solemnity that Swift loved to excoriate in "the moderns".

An irritating side-effect of this grand encyclopaedic manner is the distortion and half-truth inevitable in brief critiques designed to advance a general argument rather than to illuminate a specific text. For instance, Mendel lumps Tennyson and Browning together like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to exemplify the "Victorian" vice of dissociation between thought and feeling. Yet the two poets have very little in common. Mendel's rebellious but shallow adolescent hero is superbly exemplified in Tennyson's *Locksley Hall* and *Maud*, and Browning's Bishop Sylvester Blougram is an unforgettable incarnation of Mendel's domineering, complacent, sensual, worldly-wise father-figure who exposes what Mendel calls the "idealistic rectitudinitis" of the "Hamletian hero".

At times the book appears to stress the philosophical, psychological or theological implications of a text at the expense of the literary ones. St. Augustine and Rousseau suggest to me the opposed images of the city and the garden, the utopian and pastoral sanctions. The enlightened pastoral fulfillment of both individual and society envisaged by Thoreau and William Morris is implicit, though never mentioned, in much of Mendel's argument. The happy garden or pastoral paradise has been central to literature in all ages because it focusses attention upon what is socially essential — love.

Mendel's critiques of D.H. Lawrence are shrewd and illuminating, both of his texts and of the general pastoral motif. For Lawrence the Fall into self-consciousness meant repression and perversion of the sexual instincts. The physical "knowing" of sex becomes metaphysical lusting after abstract thought. In Lawrentian terms, the male organ becomes a probing, cutting knife and the female

organ, in accord with the Freudian notion of sublimation-displacement from below upwards, becomes an exposed heart, the warm, throbbing quick of life that the "knower" wants to pierce, as Ahab wished to plunge his harpoon into the heart of the inscrutable Moby-Dick. But the result of this encounter is always death, not rebirth into Consciousness. Mendel's final chapter expresses a vision of integrated man with Lawrentian overtones that many readers will find elevating.

Acadia University

Roger C. Lewis

Thomas Hardy: The Forms of Tragedy. By Dale Kramer. Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1975. Pp. 190. \$12.95.

To have strength to roll a stone weighing a hundredweight to the top of a mount is a success, and to have the strength to roll a stone of ten hundredweight only half-way up that mount is a failure. But the latter is two or three times as strong a deed.

These words, with which Hardy in *The Later Years* berates short-sighted critics, are quoted by Dale Kramer in the introduction to his study of the development of Hardy's tragic art. And the quotation is worth bearing in mind by the reader of Kramer's book. As Kramer notes "nearly every book length examination of Hardy's has commented on tragedy" (19), and some of these comments are invaluable but much of obvious difficulty has been left unattempted. In this fairly short study Kramer attempts something which even though only a qualified success is two or three times as strong a deed as other recent, more apparently accomplished, treatments of Hardy. (To name names would, I think, be unfair.)

In his introduction Kramer acknowledges that considering Hardy a tragedian has always caused critical problems, so he limits himself to examining the "effects of Hardy's management of form upon his tragedies" (20). And he tiptoes rather adroitly between the twin perils of laying a too formidable general groundwork of tragic theory and a too facile presumption that all agree on Hardy's place as a tragic novelist. He briefly and quite successfully accounts for Joseph Wood Krutch's pronouncements on tragedy and throughout his book shows that he is aware of current views on tragedy in general and Hardy's use of tragedy in particular. (One noticeable miss is T.R. Henn's *The Harvest of Tragedy*, to which he makes no reference at all.)

The major argument of Kramer's book is that Hardy is a tragic novelist who recognized his *metier* at an early stage in his novelistic career and proceeded to experiment in later novels with the forms and effects of tragedy. Kramer deals only with novels that fit into his schema and he devotes a complete chapter to every novel discussed. He sees *Far from the Madding Crowd* as a tragedy *manqué*, since it is structured on dichotomous themes and characterization (he points out that most modern theories of tragedy are based on the idea of dichotomy). This near-tragedy leads to *The Return of the Native*, Hardy's first sustained attempt at tragedy and

one in which he is at his most imitative and artificial, although he is original in the way he relates tragic character and tragic setting. With *The Mayor of Casterbridge* comes a much more masterful handling of tragedy, but the chapter dealing with this novel is problematical. It contains a great deal of perceptive analysis of character and technique, but after reading it one feels disappointed. *The Mayor of Casterbridge* is the most obvious formal tragedy that Hardy wrote, yet it is altogether too easy to forget on reading this chapter that the novel is a tragedy and that Kramer is ostensibly concerned with Hardy's handling of tragedy. For instance, well over half of the chapter is given to a dissection of Farfrae's character — which Kramer defends by saying that "in terms of functional structure, Farfrae is not much inferior to Henchard" (80).

The final three chapters of the book, which discuss *The Woodlanders*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, and *Jude the Obscure*, present us with work of real merit. Their chief value is that in them Kramer deals coherently with previous critical estimates of these novels, shows how they may be misdirected and suggests other quite plausible ways of viewing them as complex and successful tragedies. There is a progression here that other critics have overlooked, not suspected or misunderstood, and this is in Hardy's use of point of view. In *The Woodlanders* Hardy is an omniscient author who employs "both his oracular stance and a multiplicity of limited perspectives" (102); in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* he "maneuvers his point of view in order to communicate not the absolute truth of a situation but the innumerable ways of looking at it" (131); and in *Jude the Obscure* he attains a "pervasive relativism" from the "complexity of perspectives" he employs (155). Largely through his experimentation with point of view in these three novels, Hardy achieves what Kramer calls the "democratization" of tragedy. No longer is it Aristotle's great man, but the common man (or woman) who is the fitting subject for tragedy.

It will be clear that Kramer does not belong in the crowded ranks of those who regard Hardy as an inept country craftsman. In his analysis of point of view, particularly in the chapter on *Jude the Obscure*, he energetically denies that Hardy did not have control of his technique and even goes so far as to compare the Hardy who wrote *Jude the Obscure* with the Henry James of *The Turn of the Screw* and *The Liar*. Kramer insists that in *Jude the Obscure* the narrator is separate from the tale he tells, and he argues quite convincingly that this novel is not the rancorous personal outburst many readers take it to be. His argument should, I think, lead to a thorough reassessment of a novel whose power most will admit but whose craft they will not.

Kramer is right in arguing that Hardy's use of point of view is most successful in his last great novel, but he has not considered that there may be reasons for Hardy's success other than technical accomplishment. One possible reason that the use of point of view is extremely effective in *Jude the Obscure* is that in this novel Hardy presents characters whose minds, and syntax, are more nearly on a par with his own than the characters of his other novels. It is fitting for a character like Jude to reflect that it is "a fundamental error to base a permanent contract like marriage on a temporary feeling which had no necessary connection with affinities that alone render a life-long comradeship tolerable" (*Jude the Obscure*, 80). But for

characters like Tess, Giles, Henchard, or Oak, all of whom in their respective novels are given such ponderously wrought ideas to think, this sort of reflection is not appropriate. Jude, Sue, and Phillotson legitimately share something of Hardy's own characteristics in the same way that Henry James's protagonists tend to have a certain mincing quality in common with their creator.

It becomes apparent on working through this study of Hardy that the last two chapters contain the germ of Kramer's message. This is not to say that the early chapters are lightweight, indeed they are not, but that they are deployed so as to best lead to a compelling statement of his major point: that *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure* are the culmination of themes and techniques from earlier books. This study, by examining the genealogy of the last two tragedies, subjecting their structure and language to close scrutiny, and explaining them not as imperfect and almost accidental successes but as controlled and experimental masterpieces, accounts more persuasively than other studies for the novels' powerful tragic effect. There is much to question and probe in Kramer's book but there is also much to acknowledge.

Acadia University

David Baron

Government and Politics of Ontario. Edited by Donald C. MacDonald, Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, 1975. Pp. x, 370. Paper, \$7.95.

Government and Politics of Ontario contains a collection of articles edited by Donald C. MacDonald, former leader of the Ontario New Democratic Party. For the past four years, the editor has offered a course on Ontario politics at Atkinson College, York University, and it is this experience which convinced him of the need for the book. In his "Preface", MacDonald sets out the book's purpose. It is intended as a text, a "basic study", an "overview of the field of government and politics" in Ontario. The book is not intended to supplant other texts in the area. Indeed, according to MacDonald, it is precisely the absence of such texts which provoked the present undertaking. Fred Schindeler's *Responsible Government in Ontario*, the first systematic analysis of Ontario government, is apparently out of date. *Government and Politics of Ontario*, then, carries a heavy responsibility as far as students of Ontario politics are concerned. It represents the only up-to-date account of the subject. More importantly, when presented as a text, it must represent the only fundamental account. But what is the purpose of a text?

We know that MacDonald intends his text to be a basic study, an overview of the field. We also know what it is not meant to be. It is not the "standard civic text" which covers, "seriatim", the institutions and procedures of government. This type of text the editor and contributors took great care to avoid. The notion of a basic study does imply something corresponding to our conception of the conventional purposes of a text. A text may be expected to fulfil at least one of two purposes in the study of particular governments. It may provide an historical account of a

government's institutions and practices, in which case it offers some perspective of that government's development during a certain period. Or it may provide a formal description of a government's institutions and practices, in which case it acts as a standard reference. Often, both purposes are combined. Regarding the standard reference function in particular, the point of the exercise, however dull, is just that — a standard reference to which all can turn for an impartial and detailed account of precisely how the given institutions formally operate. At times they may not operate that way at all. But the variations which do occur will exist in a meaningless vacuum unless the reader is familiar with conventional practice.

MacDonald dismisses the standard civic text model which takes as its primary purpose the reference function. It is not surprising, then, that the alternative model he has chosen for his basic study has precisely the opposite purpose. The five case studies at the heart of the model are intended to show "how things work", not how the constitution says they should work. They are said to cover the spectrum "from politics to government". These case studies constitute Part One of the book. The second and third parts are classified, respectively, under the headings of government and politics. The articles contained in these two parts are meant to relate to the preceding case studies as a way of ordering the text as a whole.

The stated purpose of the new approach, that is, the revelation of real practice as opposed to formal structure, poses certain questions. As has been indicated, there remains the problem of ensuring that the formal structure, the constitutional structure of Ontario government, is set out and made known. That MacDonald does not provide this in his text would be of no concern if an authoritative account already existed. But according to MacDonald, there is no such account, excepting one which is out of date. There is also the problem of objectivity. A case in point is the first of the five studies, "The Limits to Diversity: The Separate School Issue in the Politics of Ontario", by Walter Pitman. Pitman's focus is the recent effort of those associated with the Roman Catholic separate school system to persuade the government to extend public financing of that system from grade 10, where it now ends, to grades 11, 12 and 13. Constraints of length presumably prevented the author from providing either an account of the history of the separate school issue (apart from saying that it has had a long and significant one), or a description of the statutory or legal position of the separate school system. The result is an interesting editorial, implicitly but distinctly conveying the opinion that the supporters of extension had the strongest case on the merits of the issue while the government, unconcerned about the merits or simply wrong in its opposition to extension, rather callously put the issue before the general public in the October election, 1971. Pitman may or may not be correct in his opinion. But since he implies rather than explicitly states it, he does not defend it. Further, he initially observes that the failure of the separate school campaign raises the general problem of how minority groups effectively approach the government. The assumption here is that minority groups ought to be able to do this effectively. The Davis government chose an alternative route in democratic politics, the plebiscitary route, and thereby obliged a minority group to approach the general public. The fundamental question, then, concerns which structural alternative is more desirable or, differently stated, which

alternative is more appropriate for what sort of issue. Since Pitman has already assumed an answer, however, he cannot and does not discuss the question. Nor do the articles contained in the second and third parts of the text. In fact, nothing particularly pertinent to the separate school issue appears again.

The difficulty in writing an objective account is certainly present in the standard civic text's attempt to describe how the constitution says things should work. It is compounded by the necessarily interpretative accounts demanded by a text attempting to reveal how things really work. A critical reading of the five case studies will require of a student both circumspection and prior research if he or she is able to understand the significance and evaluate the accuracy of any suggested variation between the way things are interpreted as working and the way they are supposed, or, indeed, ought to work. Nor are the subsequent articles very helpful in this regard, for their purposes are often closer to those of an editorial than to those of detailed, formal characterization. The preparation of a text *qua* text represents a particular kind of undertaking. It is not clear that MacDonald has given adequate consideration to the nature of that undertaking. *Government and Politics of Ontario* is better considered a provocative supplement to a standard text.

Dalhousie University

Jennifer Smith

Sawbones Memorial. By Sinclair Ross. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1974. Pp. 140. \$7.95.

Ever since Sinclair Ross's now classic *As For Me and My House* was published in 1941, people have been watching his activity and intoning mournfully, "Another one novel author!" Critics have not been kind to Sinclair Ross. Even *As For Me and My House* was long out of print until it was re-published in McClelland and Stewart's New Canadian Library series, but now it is solidly a "Canadian classic". Ross has had the problem of rising above his first success. His second novel, *The Well*, published in 1957, is a melodramatic story of passion and hardship on the depression prairies and has been largely ignored. In 1968 when his short stories were published as a collection, *The Lamp at Noon*, critics re-wrote their scenarios and hailed him as a short story writer, not a novelist at all. The publication of his third novel, *Whir of Gold*, in 1970 unfortunately only served to emphasize this evaluation. It's no easy task this, being the author of a Canadian classic. With *Sawbones Memorial*, however, I believe that Ross has more than equalled his previous success.

Sawbones Memorial observes the three classical unities: unity of time, place, and action. It tells the story of one evening in the life of the town of Upward. Other than through memory trips the reader never leaves the patients' lounge of the soon-to-be-opened hospital. The action of the entire novel is woven around the great event, the dedication of the new hospital to Old Doc Hunter. The party is being given for him on his birthday, the 75th, which also marks his retirement. It

was also on his birthday many years previous that he began his career in Upward. Doc has been doctoring in these parts for 45 years; he's brought most of the people in the room into the world and seen them through many crises. And there's the rub. Ross's small town is slow to forget the past, and mainly they do not forget the indiscretions of the past. Conversations at the party reveal enough skeletons rattling to keep many a gossip happy for hours. But despite this the novel never once sinks to the melodramatic or the unbelievable. Quite the contrary, the characters are more real than fiction usually allows. In the pettiness of their complaints and worries and prejudices they are all too human.

Technically *Sawbones Memorial* is a masterpiece. It is divided into forty un-numbered chapter sections with absolutely no description other than the perceptions of the actors, for living theatre it is. There are six searching interior monologues by four of the characters and 26 sections of party conversation, covering everything from jealous gossip to religious questioning to relived pasts. The other sections include an announcement about the serving of refreshments:

All the coffee and sandwiches you want, don't be shy about coming back for more. . . . Just don't forget about putting your dishes on the floor and then putting your feet on the dishes.

There is a dedication and presentation speech by the Chairman of the Hospital Board, and Doc's acceptance speech. One section proposes the singing of an old song, which everyone interestingly remembers just slightly differently from everyone else; another section reviews this performance which involves two of the town's worst enemies, singing in harmony for once. The local newspaper editors converse with all and sundry in search of the important "human drama" story that will ensure the readership of their local rag. This involves reminiscences by the local poker-playing down-and-outer, who likes to remind everyone that he "still has all his own teeth". It also includes fond memories of Doc by the now town matrons, and memories, if not equally fond at least as human, from Doc himself.

Sawbones Memorial is tightly written, and yet it is still folksy. None of the insights we are allowed into the town is without purpose. We are being exposed to the psychology of a small prairie town, not through the eyes of one resident, but through the collective sight and memory of the whole town. And this is where Ross surpasses his previous novel. *As For Me and My House* views the world from diary level, the diary of a small town minister's wife. Just one of the interior monologues in *Sawbones Memorial* presents this view, as do a couple of the conversations between Upward's minister's wife and the Ladies Auxiliary brigade. We also have the many other sides, however, represented by the view of the pioneer, Ida Robinson, who thankfully "didn't just survive, she came through with her head up, telling a joke on herself, ready for more". There is the town's scarlet woman who has also run the town's approximation of a hospital up to this point — five beds in her front room, the only one with the compassion to take in some of the derelict sick and who is now either castigated or sainted.

The novel's most important character, other than Doc Hunter himself, does not even make an appearance at the party. He is the local boy, the local ethnic boy. He

is returning in triumph, if somewhat restrained triumph because of his ethnic background and the town's prejudices, as the new doctor who will take over the town's new hospital. Nick, as he is known, is remembered, speculated about, and even feared a little by those at the party. The end of the novel produces a surprise genealogy for Nick, and emphasizes the significance of the novel's title. The hospital is not the only memorial to Sawbones, the affectionate nickname for Doc Hunter.

In *Sawbones Memorial* Ross again returns to the prairies for the location of his story. It is no longer the fictional town of Horizon of his earlier novel, however, but the more hopeful town of Upward. The power of the land and the horrible impact of the dry, dusty Depression days is still in Ross's words, the more clever here because never actually addressed in descriptive terms. One comment perhaps directed at too-clever critics from his past is made by one of Ross's characters in connection with a vaguely remembered line of song:

Perhaps it's intended as a comment on the indifference of nature to the human predicament. Very Canadian.

Few readers, however, will be able to remain indifferent to this latest novel by Sinclair Ross.

Dalhousie University

Ann Munton

Dialectical Criticism and Renaissance Literature. By Michael McCandles. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1975. Pp. xviii, 298. \$15.00.

Michael McCandles' study takes its place alongside recent phenomenological criticism, such as Alan D. Isler's on the novel and Stanley E. Fish's on Milton, which although essentially formalist, attempts to incorporate, at least in its theoretical stance, a limited historicism. Where Fish speaks of the work as a "self-consuming artifact" and focuses on the reader's mind in the very act of making sense of a work, and not on what Fish sees, rather ambiguously, as the final reductive sense, McCandles offers what he terms "a dialectical method" (xiii) of criticism, and applies his technique to a selection of works by Bacon, the Metaphysicals, Milton, and Shakespeare. "Dialectic" occurs, he argues, "when men attempt to put an either-or question to a both-and reality" (214), and dialectical criticism attempts to explain "not only the uniqueness of these works (the formalist's enterprise), and not only what they share (the domain of the historicist); rather, dialectic moves beyond this split to explain how likeness and difference, harmony and conflict create each other" (12).

Beyond such hortatory remarks, the essential characteristics of dialectical criticism are never made totally clear. As well, McCandles blurs his case in two ways. First, he unnecessarily divides his methodological discussion into a sometimes

overtentative, sometimes unexceptional (because over-generalizing) introductory account of the formalist-historicist confrontation, and a more convincing – and in places, excitingly suggestive – final essay, “Dialectical Criticism and Beyond”. Less extreme than Fish, he argues convincingly for an awareness that the reader is in both past and present simultaneously as he reads a work, a “doubling” of perspective which in practice, as he points out, following E.D. Hirsch, we “do all the time in literary studies” (251). His cogently-argued common sense on this aspect of methodology is a useful corrective to the more extreme phenomenologists.

Second, however, the book is marred (despite the theory) by the central chapters being predominantly formalist and, moreover, disappointingly dull. There are some initial provocative readings of the “visionary and mythical” (15) origins and goals in Bacon’s materialism, but apart from a neat analysis of Marvell’s sophisticated, self-critical lyrics, the very title of the second chapter – “The Dialectical Structure of The Metaphysical Lyric” – points to the obviousness of his readings of Donne and Herbert. The chapter on Milton, “*Paradise Lost* and the Dialectic of Providence” mixes some provocative suggestions on “the ambiguities and pitfalls of fallen language” (125) in *Paradise Lost*, but as with so much recent Milton criticism the poem ends, like Satan, in being self-confusing gibberish. “*Paradise Lost*”, says McCanles, “is a poem about itself...a poem about why such a poem had to be written in the way it was written...” (141). That Milton was profoundly concerned with the irony of the poet’s justifying God’s ways to his fellow fallen men is of course true, and while McCanles does not indulge in the embarrassing historical gaffes of some recent Milton critics (as an example, see *Milton: A Structuralist Reading*, recently reviewed in these pages), his analysis cries out to be complemented by some sound *Old* Literary History, where Milton at least meant *something*, outside the poem, by his theological convolutions. The reviewer gloomily wonders how many more fried fish we will be force-fed in the next few years.

McCanles’ fourth chapter, “The Dialectic of Right and Power in Eight Plays of Shakespeare, 1595-1604”, is a similar mixture of interest and conventionality. There are some pertinent observations on “the dialectic between idealization of ignoble realities, and the debunking such idealization invites” (194) in *Troilus and Cressida*, a play which admirably fits McCanles’ categories. Elsewhere, however, he seems more attuned to structure than tone. In *1 Henry IV*, for instance, Shakespeare subtly sets up a predictable, almost inevitable, structure of events which culminates in Hal’s rejection of Falstaff, but at the same time he makes us respond positively to Falstaff’s largesse of spirit. In a real sense, Falstaff’s ignoble cowardice and lies are more true than Hal’s pragmatic, one-dimensional truths. The truest poetry is the most feigning.

My disappointment about McCanles’ organisation and some of his particular analyses is not meant to question the interest inherent in his approach or its possible applications. Particularly in his final chapter, he raises some provocative questions especially for a critic who – like the reviewer – is perhaps complacently content with a distinct (if hopefully, flexible, even idiosyncratic) historicist

approach to Renaissance literature and who believes still, with L.C. Knights, that there is important work to be done on the frontiers where literature overlaps with history, theology, politics, sociology and so on. Perhaps McCandles' arguments here are undermined by the superficiality with which he argues the historicist side of his dialectic. While it is refreshing to read such a rigorous critic admitting that the truth of a poem "is ultimately tested not on its internal consistency of fable...but upon the evoked and poetically formalized human experience of the reader himself" (153), there are few specific examples of the Renaissance roots or evolution of just those ideas and habits of paradox and dialectic with which his analysis is concerned. While there is a most valuable theoretical posing of the question, adapted from Karl Mannheim, "how is it possible to move from a document's overtly intended meaning considered in itself, to its relation to cultural context?" (229), what McCandles terms "a common set of anti-nomical structures that Renaissance culture at large took for granted" (240-241), is never given more specific foundation in Renaissance history than weak generalizations like "the wars and struggles during the Reformation resulted because all sides were agreed that the Christian religion should conform totally to one set of doctrines and disciplines" (266). Elizabeth I? Erasmus? the Erastians? Bruno? The gap between McCandles' suggestive and densely argued theory and his critical practice cries out for the kind of brilliant critical history offered by the late Rosalie Colie in her last books on *King Lear* and Donne's *Anniversaries*, where, as in McCandles' book, a rigorous and stimulating theory is put forward, but where the methodology is triumphantly exhibited as an exciting and workable critical stance.

Dalhousie University

G.F. Waller

Reading Henry James. By Louis Auchincloss. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1975. Pp.181. \$8.95.

Louis Auchincloss's book on Henry James attempts to make James's works accessible (presumably to the unenlightened reader) and James himself sympathetic; he succeeds in over-simplifying the works and in rendering the man humorless and pompous. In fact it is this impression of James that is re-inforced by the Max Beerbohm cartoons that illustrate Auchincloss's text, all of which mock James for pomposity. Auchincloss's analysis is not scholarly, but its effect, rather than refreshingly informal, is, instead, irritating. For what is so damaging, to James, is that Auchincloss, in trying to make James more readable, drains his works of the ambiguity, the subtleties and complexities that are their dominant characteristic. The desire to express these complexities led James to write with layers of addenda and qualifications that reflect the nuances and contradictions typical of human relationships and of individuals' perception. Although Auchincloss repeatedly proclaims his admiration for James, his statements of esteem are constantly countered by Beerbohm's cartoons which satirize James's style for being con-

volved and diffusive. And although Auchincloss notes that "In his last works James abandoned, almost totally, exact description and substituted a long series of dazzling metaphors" (13), he does not analyze even one of these metaphors. Perhaps because of his failure to examine either the ambiguities or the images that form the core of James's vision, Auchincloss's readings seem to peter out, not to build to solid conclusions.

His book is concerned with the favourite questions of most critics on James — the reasons for his celibacy, the nature of his loyalties and values as an American living in Europe, the concept of evil expressed by his writings. These problems may be validly enough restated, but Auchincloss omits to give the sources necessary to substantiate his information. He summarizes comments of James without mentioning where or when they were made and neglects to footnote conversations he claims to be seminal to James's ideas for plots. But his most serious omission is probably his failure to perceive the self-contradiction inherent in his own arguments. Premises basic to his reading are shattered by the very examples he uses to develop them; his astute definition of the "evil" in characters such as Kate Croy and Charlotte Stant (that in them is an absence of "a magnanimous, bottomless love and sincerity" (12)), reveals the glibness and the reduction of individuals inherent in the framework that controls this definition — the premise that James's "international theme" is the conflict between villainous Europeans and innocent Americans. Contradiction afflicts his analysis of "James the man" as well. His picture of the mature James who affects his friends with his "majesty, beauty and greatness" jars with the shallow egoist presented in just the previous sentence, the James who supposedly would have "bristled with pride at every mention of his name in every college catalogue" (14). And surely the man whose intelligence and sensitivity Auchincloss so admires would not have chosen chastity primarily to assuage his feelings of manly inadequacy at not having participated in the Civil War.

Auchincloss's analyses, particularly in his studies of James's short stories, often consist largely of plot summaries; he describes the facts of the plot without recognizing the force projecting that plot — the narrator's perception. This failure to consider the creative power of points of view, the narrators and the central characters, consistently mars Auchincloss's criticism. For example, he comments that the "involved narrators" of James's early short stories "add little enough to the plots in which they are involved" (39), yet surely all narrators, in their role as perceivers, create the events they record, merely by shaping and ordering them, and create characters merely by presenting them to the reader. Auchincloss's criticism is particularly inadequate, and at times even distorting, in that he makes no distinction between James's own point of view and those of his characters. His commentary on *Washington Square* takes for granted that Catherine reflects James's own values, that her state at the novel's close of "a cheerful, benevolent, charitable old maid" indicates "the unexpressed opinion of her creator that in that simpler time and place there were no great passions" (51). Auchincloss's opinion of Catherine's "drama" as "pale" and "little" may stem not from the novel's failure to "grope too deeply" but from Auchincloss's own (51). The cheerful benevolence of Catherine is the courtesy she pays outwardly to society; that she had been

incapable of "violent emotions" is disproven by the violation her feelings perpetuate upon herself: she is frozen, not shallow; betrayed by both her father and her lover, she is emptied of hope and trust, and exists in as static a form as the needlepoint she stitches.

Auchincloss's presumption that certain characters are James's spokesmen is typical of, and detrimental to, his readings. For example, he maintains that James in the early 1890's was "obsessed" with sex as an "evil thing" (108) and that this revulsion is manifested in *What Maisie Knew* by Mrs. Wix's horror of illicit sexual relationships and in *The Sacred Fount* by the narrator's theory that in intense relationships one character feeds off another's physical or mental energies. He asserts that *The Awkward Age* reflects the fears of its inhibited, virginal creator, and that when Van rejects Nanda for being tainted by her mother's sophisticated conversations, he is not only expressing James's own alarm at the "bold, demanding females" of London society but he is also stating James's "neurotic credo" that sex debauches even those who merely talk about it (109-110). Because Auchincloss assumes that these particular characters alone reflect their creator's views, his analyses are incomplete; he disregards the self-destructive consequences of these characters' values: Mrs. Wix's moral sense brings Maisie to demand that Sir Claude choose between herself or his mistress, a demand that is as manipulative as the actions of Maisie's intertwined sets of immoral parents. The narrator's refusal in *The Sacred Fount* to allow that people and events may differ from his perception of them causes him to project upon others the emotional and intellectual vampirism he is himself guilty of. And Van, in damning Nanda, cuts himself off from the one possessor of the moral ideals he is seeking.

Believing that James wrote in order to instruct his readers (Auchincloss thereby terms his novels "fables"), Auchincloss classifies characters as either good or evil, and thus ignores the complexities in James's moral perception. For example, he accepts the governess's view in *The Turn of the Screw* that Jessel and Quint are her evil and supernatural adversaries, but he does not recognize the horror, the extra screw turn, that even the governess, if only momentarily, grasps ("...if [Miles] were innocent, what then on earth was I?") — that her manipulation of the children is a violation as deadly as the presences she believes to be stalking them, her greed for possession of the children as brutal. Similarly, "The Jolly Corner" is not so simple a cautionary tale against mammonism as Auchincloss's reading would indicate, for the ghost Brydon tracks throughout his family home finally emerges, not as the wealthy businessman Brydon would have been had he stayed in America, but as the external embodiment of the man Brydon truly is.

The complex patterns of manipulation in *The Golden Bowl* and *The Wings of the Dove* are also left unexplored because of Auchincloss's concern with dividing characters into rigid moral categories. He formulates a Jamesian law — to be born rich is to be good, to seek riches, evil, and asserts, "Certainly [James] connected virtue with wealth" (125). In accordance with this law he concludes that Maggie Vewer and Milly Theale, both born to wealth, are necessarily exquisite, fine and charming. That Milly Theale has "beauty of soul" (126) is undeniable; however, her beauty is not money's issue but love's. Out of love for Merton Densher and

compassion for Kate Croy she surrenders her wealth and her life to her deceivers. Maggie's inner beauty is not so certain. Auchincloss idealizes her as "a woman of exquisite feeling", yet he proves her excellence not by instancing it but by condemning Charlotte ("a woman of clay") (129). And if Maggie does hold any "moral superiority" over Charlotte, it stems solely from the fact that she is the Prince's wife, and not from her "fortune" as Auchincloss claims (125). He does not see that Maggie's virtue is as flawed as the golden bowl itself; perhaps that is why he ignores the bowl and its significance as the novel's title. Maggie and her father use silence as a weapon; they control, and surrender nothing. What Auchincloss terms "goodness" is power, his "evil" is helplessness; significantly enough he makes no mention of the invisible silver lead Adam Verver places around Charlotte's neck, James's image for their marriage.

Despite his repeated use of the labels "villain" and "innocent", Auchincloss misses what must surely be the most moral of patterns in James's works — that the manipulators defeat their own ends or become themselves manipulated. In his discussions of *The Bostonians*, *The Princess Casamassima*, *Roderick Hudson* and *The American*, he outlines the obvious use one character makes of another, unwary one, but fails to mark the manipulator who may be more sinister in being more subtle. In *The Bostonians*, for example, Basil Ransom certainly rescues Verena from Olive Chancellor's control, but the narrator's prophecy concerning their marriage cannot be as lightly dismissed as Auchincloss does, for its ominous tone shatters the seemingly happy ending and brings to a climax the indications that Basil is transferring Verena to but another tyrannical possessor, himself. Auchincloss concentrates on the plot discrepancies of *The American* and *Roderick Hudson*, denouncing the villains (the Bellegardes; Christina Light) without recognizing the equally destructive actions of the virtuous (Christopher Newman; Rowland Mallet). His reading of *The Princess Casamassima* suffers from similar over-simplification: he regards the novel to be indicative of an assinine (73) propensity in James to glorify the aesthetics, social rituals and house decors of the upper-class English and considers such glorification to be inherent in Hyacinth's suicide which he calls a "parable" whose "social message" declares the superiority of the aristocracy over the socialists (72). His argument is blind to the despair that directs Hyacinth, whose suicide does not act out his choice of ideologies, but on the contrary is his one alternative to choosing either. Hyacinth's death states his judgement not only of himself but also of the three people he loves — with the recognition that they have used him, he asserts his own authority over himself; in destroying that self, he is one with his betrayers.

In his reading of *The Ambassadors*, Auchincloss at first describes with perception how "Strether and Chad change places in the course of their tale" (31), but his later elaboration on the novel fails to develop this perception into a fuller understanding of Strether's character and motives, so that this analysis as well is reductive of the complexities intrinsic to James's works. Auchincloss declares that James "sacrifices" Strether to maintain the symmetry of his "most perfect plot" (138), but he does not realize that Strether's final action in parting from Maria Gostrey is the culmination, not the denial, of his changed vision. He declines to marry her not

because, as Auchincloss asserts, Maria Gostrey "does not really exist" except as a convenient *ficelle* (138), but because he has gained from and given to his relationship with her, all that he can. His action indicates neither his sterility nor James's, but rather the contrary: in perception and knowledge, Strether and Gostrey have become one.

Auchincloss excuses his bewilderment over Strether's decision by blaming it on James: "Why must he go back? James himself seems to waver for a moment on this" (138). In the same manner, he justifies his incomprehension of Isabel Archer in *The Portrait of a Lady* at James's expense. He condemns the novel for having a "shallow" subject, the "melodramatic" conflict between "the brave new World" and "the wicked Old" (60-61), yet he contradicts his description of Americans as virtuous almost immediately, by pointing out that all the characters (with but one exception), are, regardless of their virtue, Americans living in Europe. When Auchincloss lessens his concern with delineating moral characteristics by nationality, his criticism of *The Portrait* has acuity. His description of Isabel's development into a "lady" and his analysis of the specific qualities and values that are implied by that label are helpful and to the point. But unfortunately less perceptive are his discussions of Lord Warburton and Ralph Touchett. His assertion that Warburton's British nationality is artistically inconsistent overlooks Warburton's most basic characteristic; the very quality that led Isabel to reject his marriage proposal — the generations of tradition he embodies gives him a solidity Isabel finds oppressive. Auchincloss's description of Ralph as "a beneficent but too curious invalid" similarly misses a basic point. Ralph convinces his father to will a substantial part of his own inheritance to Isabel not to provide himself with a "pastime" that is "perverse" (63), but because he knows that to fulfill her desire for independence by making her financially so is the only gift his love can give her.

Auchincloss's attempt to transform his own reading's weaknesses into a triumph over James, the man and the writer, is one instance of the trickery he performs throughout his book; a trickery that ultimately rebounds upon himself for its effect is to make the reader mistrust his views. For example, his explanation that James paid back the English nobility who had snubbed him "by having his Yankee heroines turn down their sons and heirs" (55-6), diminishes not James, but Auchincloss, by its fatuousness; as does his theory as to "why [James] always refused to illuminate readers who asked him to interpret *The Turn of the Screw*. He couldn't!" (99) Just as unbecoming is his smug summing-up of Mrs. Wix's distorted view in *What Maisie Knew*: "It is easy to see James had never been a parent" (115). His laughter at the name Fanny Assingham (82) assumes a pun much too crude in wit for James to have considered; his emphasis that Christopher Newman is "a real man" (76, 78) reveals his own bigotry.

Auchincloss's book, though easily readable, will not satisfy the reader looking for a careful, detailed explication of James's fiction. The pity is, it might have done so. He begins his reading with the interesting theory that James "was trying to create the drama of the perfect intelligence, the finest sensibility when confronted ... with lesser intelligences and cruder sensibilities" (11), but drops this theory to give instead moral labels to characters, thus stricturing them; to associate James with his characters without substantiation, thus diminishing both; and to play games of one-upmanship, thus demeaning himself.

From There to Here. By Frank Davey. Erin, Ontario: Press Porcepic, 1974. \$4.95 pb

Literature . . . requires subjective and emotionally-engaged criticism rather than systematic analysis and explication. . . . The new forms of literature require open "irrational" response, a response "which does not attempt to impose on individual works or on art itself a structure of reason or indeed a pattern of any kind except that of perception". ("Introduction", pp.18-19)

So quoting Eli Mandel, Frank Davey prepares to discover English Canadian writing since 1960. The result is *From There to Here*, an introduction plus sixty brief essays on as many authors, which serves as a sequel to *Our Nature - Our Voices*, a survey of English Canadian writing to 1960 by Clara Thomas.

As the above quotation suggests, dispassionate analysis is not, for Frank Davey, the proper concern for the critic of contemporary literature. Like the "post-modernist" writers, who present "the unprocessed, pre-reflective phenomena of perception rather than 'rational' reflections" ("Introduction", p.21), Frank Davey reports on Canadian writing as an involved participant rather than a detached spectator. This view of criticism has evolved from Charles Olson's study of Herman Melville, *Call Me Ishmael*, and the critical writings of Olson, Creeley, Corman and other writers since this time who have been associated with the "Black Mountain" group.

As an engaged participant Davey's sympathies are naturally most engaged with those who, like himself, are associated with "post-modernist" approaches, particularly the younger writers of the West Coast. He is slightly less sympathetic towards those writers such as Margaret Atwood and Dennis Lee, whom he regards as the "conservative" element (stylistically anyway) in contemporary Canadian writing. At the farthest extreme from his view are writers such as Ralph Gustafson, whom he regards with nothing but disdain for what he considers a misguided attempt to deny the "physical universe" in "preference for a complex and intellectual poetic language". Frank Davey makes clear his adherence to the William Carlos Williams tradition of emphasis on the particular object as the basis for the poem, although he is even more distrustful of intellect than most of the writers in the Williams tradition.

Criticism as emotional engagement with an author's work is a welcome relief from the cerebral exercises of many of the New Critics (to whom it is a conscious reaction). But what happens when the critic encounters work with which he is not sympathetic? Unfortunately, not much. Davey's insights on those with whom he feels affinities are impressive. But with others, such as Milton Acorn and Ralph Gustafson, his obvious dislike of their work makes his comments of little value. Milton Acorn has never been reticent in his dislike of West Coast poetry. In an article in *Moment* reprinted in Gnarowski and Dudek's *The Making of Modern Poetry in Canada*, Acorn accuses the *Tish* poets of reducing poetry to "a contraceptive plaything". But no matter how unjust Acorn's comments, it does no credit to Frank Davey or his book to let his literary quarrels colour his criticism.

In a fascinating introduction Davey distinguishes between the pre-1960 "modernist" writers, who seek to create an ordered, rational art, and the post-1960 "post-modernists", who immerse themselves in the flux of the changing world. The former writers are represented in English Canada by Smith, Finch, Reaney, Gustafson, and others, while the latter writers are typified by Victor Coleman, Matt Cohen, Bill Bissett, and the writers who were associated with *Tish*. Davey conveniently forgets about such older poets as Klein, Layton, and Souster, who don't quite fit his profile of the modernist as detached Olympian. But he still manages to say much that is worth thinking about. His approach, as he emphasizes in his "Preface", is geared toward language and structure rather than the thematic approach which has characterized much recent Canadian criticism. This attention to form is one which Canadian criticism needs.

Frank Davey's book is in part an attempt to redress what he apparently feels is the dominance of literature and publishing by central Canada and the subsequent neglect of new West Coast writing. The writers of the West Coast are represented not only by better-known Bill Bissett, George Bowering, Lionel Kearns (and an essay on Frank Davey by George Bowering), but also Gerry Gilbert, Daphne Marlatt, and Fred Wah, hardly familiar names even to devotees of Canadian literature. Davey does make a good case for their place on the avant garde front lines of our writing, and in any case they make interesting reading. The only author whose inclusion seems indefensible is Gwethalyn Graham — not on account of the merit of her work, but she did publish her last novel in 1944.

Omissions in a book of this nature are inevitable, but it does seem strange that Jay MacPherson, Elizabeth Brewster, and Gary Geddes don't rate even a dishonourable mention. Even Margaret Laurence, who published her first book in 1960, is omitted. True, she is discussed in Clara Thomas' book on Canlit to 1960. But surely it would have made more sense for Clara Thomas to write an essay on Laurence for Davey's book. A book on contemporary Canadian literature without Margaret Laurence — come on, now.

So the book has its weaknesses. What book on a rapidly developing literature could be definitive? The extensive bibliographies on each author help make it an invaluable aid for both teachers and students. The individual essays may be eccentric, but they are always stimulating. Whatever Davey's shortcomings as a critic, he is never dull. This book opens up new perspectives on Canadian literature; it has certainly drastically altered and expanded my own views on our modern authors. Buy it. Read it. Think about it. Frank Davey deserves to be heard.

Regina

Francis Mansbridge

Sailing Ships of the Maritimes: An Illustrated History of Shipping and Shipbuilding in the Maritime Provinces of Canada, 1750-1925. By Charles A. Armour and Thomas Lackey. Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1975. Pp. 224. \$19.95.

The richness of Canada's maritime heritage is known, but not well known. We are all aware that ships and the life of the sea have played a major role in the history of

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, but most of us do not have much beyond an acquaintance with perhaps, Joshua Slocum, Samuel Cunard and the *Bluenose*. While we may realize that shipbuilding a hundred and twenty-five years ago was an important Maritime industry, it is difficult to conceive the extent to which it was carried on not in just the well-known centres like Yarmouth, Parrsboro, Saint John and Charlottetown but in virtually every coastal town and village as well: St. Martins, Hopewell, Rockland and Sackville in New Brunswick, Canning, Beaver River and Belleveau Cove in Nova Scotia, Dundas in P.E.I., to name but a few — all were important shipbuilding centres.

A book that brings a new awareness of the magnitude of this all-but-vanished heritage is Charles Armour's and Thomas Lackey's *Sailing Ships of the Maritimes*, a serious attempt to sketch the outlines of the whole shipowning and shipbuilding industries in the Maritimes. As such, of course, a book of this size can only give us isolated high points, but this it does well in a series of one-page essays on various aspects of the Maritime maritime economy. These essays, by chemist-turned-historian Charles Armour, are accompanied by excellent reproductions (photographed by Thomas Lackey) of some of the many marine portraits of ships of the three provinces. This is basically a small coffee-table book, presenting more than a hundred and twenty-five black-and-white and colour plates — mostly ship paintings, but also photographs, facsimiles of logs and newspapers, and tracings of sail and spar plans. The essays grow naturally out of the plates they accompany and are detailed (at times almost too much so) and well researched: a painting of the barque *Talisman*, for example, prompts a disquisition on the double topsail and double topgallant rigs; a similar painting of the *Royal Harrie* leads to a detailed discourse on the history of shipbuilding at Hopewell, N.B. (where she was built) and at nearby Hillsborough.

The format is an excellent one for fireside browsing, one that turns up isolated, but fascinating facts: that the *W.D. Lawrence*, for example, was not only not the largest sailing ship ever built in North America, but not even the second largest in Canada; that the ill-fated *Mary Celeste* was built at Spencer's Island, N.S.; that in the 1860s the Maritimes not only made Canada a major trading nation on the oceans of the world but supplied nearly a third of all British shipping as well; that sailing ships had to pay for themselves quickly, the average life being only a few years before they were wrecked or lost (the schooner *Orion* of Miramichi was launched in the summer of 1869 and wrecked in the fall, but the hull of the full-rigged ship *Habitant*, launched at Scotts Bay, N.S., in 1885, was broken up for firewood at Melbourne only in 1958).

Charles Armour's research is meticulous and wide-ranging. Apart from the laborious task of searching shipping registers and the papers in the public archives in Ottawa and in the archives of the three Maritime provinces and Newfoundland, in the Customs Houses in Liverpool and in London and in the Public Records Office in London, he has also read widely in logbooks and diaries and in the commercial records of shipbuilding and shipping companies themselves. These latter groups yield such a moving document as the diary of Alice Coalfleet, who gives an account of her travels with her husband in his barque, the *Plymouth*, from 1886 to 1892.

During a period of three years she records the birth of a son at sea, the death of a brother at sea (on another vessel), the death of a sister in childbirth in London, of another sister in a shipwreck and finally of her husband at sea. Company accounts yield such interesting statistics as shipbuilders' and crewmembers' wages, the cost of everything from the ship's knees to a chronometer, a bowsprit and 15,356 treenails, and the changes in ownership of the different shares in a vessel over the years of its life.

The book is handsome and well designed (although one might have wished for something other than the rather artificially archaic copperplate script used for captions to the plates). It is well printed and the quality of both the black-and-white and colour plates is excellent. It is above all authoritative, and should be a delight for the eye and mind of both the serious historian and the marine enthusiast.

Dalhousie University

R.L. Raymond

Six Dramatists In Search of a Language. By Andrew K. Kennedy. London: Cambridge University Press, 1975. Pp. xiv, 271. \$6.50.

This is a very welcome book which should interest anyone concerned with modern movements in the arts and ideas generally as much as those who care particularly for the present state of the theatre in England. Dr. Kennedy sees his work, which has plainly matured over several years, as leading to a reformation of the critical strategies best able to deal with dramatic language. Unfashionably, he insists on the centrality of words in play as the inescapable essence of the drama. It ought not to be as striking as it is that such an approach yields some satisfying critical judgements.

Since the book has been a while in the making, Kennedy notes in his conclusion others who seem to have been guided by similar objectives. The pickings remain slim: John Russell Brown's *Theatre Language*, Ruby Cohn's *Dialogue in American Drama* and Pierre Larthomas' *Le langage dramatique*, all published in 1972. (Pace Dr. Kennedy, my information is that Larthomas' book, though announced some time ago, has not yet been published.) As Kennedy points out, even so central a work as Francis Fergusson's *The Idea of a Theatre* (1949) has little to say about dramatic language, and the familiar writings of Eric Bentley, for all his undoubtedly keen ear, rarely focus on language. Again, from the point of view of literary scholarship as distinct from criticism, Kennedy remarks that a recent anthology of twentieth-century literary criticism includes much less on drama than any other "literary form".

As Kennedy sees it dramatic language has become an increasingly taxing problem for the twentieth-century playwright. Passing references to Wittgenstein and Barthes indicate his sense of the wider framework of discussion, but on the whole Kennedy keeps our attention on his six chosen writers: Shaw, Eliot, Beckett, Pinter, Osborne and John Arden. Rather more than half the book is devoted to Shaw and Eliot.

He sees Shaw eventually descending into rhetorical barrages which are anti-theatrical to drama, while Eliot, on whom Kennedy writes especially well, is seen as fatigued by the conservative impulse in language "inseparable from his increasingly conservative conception of the viable theatre and, beyond it, of the Christian-classical culture under extreme attack". Beckett's peculiarity stems from the fact that language is for him irredeemably private, while Pinter's name has become a by-word for dialogue that is a minimalist parody of the illogicalities of daily conversation. It is notable that the neologisms, Pinterish and Pinteresque, are applied to dialogue and not to plot, situation or character. Osborne's verbal energy, described here as "the new wine of a highly theatrical and ego-charged rhetoric", has always been attractive; Kennedy points out how self-conscious it is, in Osborne's case as much as his other subjects. Arden's self-consciousness lies partly submerged in a deliberate attempt to restructure the popular dramatic tradition; he is "a critically conscious post-Brechtian dramatist, a student of drama who has rediscovered for himself an 'imaginary museum' of popular drama stretching from Aristophanes through the Mummers' plays, the medieval Moralities, and Elizabethan/Jacobean drama, to the Victorian penny-gaff melodrama".

Although Kennedy is aware that a mere linguistic study is not adequate as dramatic criticism, and is honest enough to admit refutations of specific parts of his argument provided by productions of plays, there is nevertheless sometimes the sense of a narrowed focus. Its boundaries are drawn rather tightly around English drama, deliberately consigning Irish, American and other English-language dramas to oblivion. One also misses an awareness of parallel developments in drama in other languages.

But it is a virtue of Dr. Kennedy's study that he makes one want to explore these similarities, comparisons and extended references.

Dalhousie University

Alan Andrews

Mennonites in Canada, 1786-1920: The History of a Separate People. By Frank H. Epp. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1974. Pp. 480, \$9.95.

St. Paul exhorts the early Christians to think of themselves as "a peculiar people, zealous of good works". For generations of Mennonites this phrase (usually quoted in Luther's German version) has gained the special resonance of a cultural motto. It remains the unspoken epigraph to Frank H. Epp's new history of the Mennonite people in Canada.

In a sense the book is a definition of the Mennonite tradition with special attention to the way the tradition interacts with the Canadian environment. The defining properties of the movement are partly theological, partly ethnic. Ever since their sixteenth-century origins in the Netherlands and Switzerland, Mennonites have held firm to the principle of voluntary adult baptism for believers only. They share this first principle, of course, with many other Anabaptist sects of similar origin. Through the dynamic leadership of their founding father, Menno Simons (c.

1496-1561), the original Mennonite groups also adopted a doctrine of nonresistance, and throughout their troubled history Mennonites have refused to bear arms on the grounds that all wars are fundamentally evil. Of less importance is the traditional refusal to swear oaths, based on the belief that absolute loyalty belongs to God alone. In ethnic terms, Mennonites place particular emphasis on the virtues of diligence and thrift; they practise modesty in such outward matters as dress and personal adornments; they mistrust the lure of worldly entertainments. Some branches of the Mennonite faith maintain strict rules of abstinence from tobacco, alcohol, and theatrical entertainments, and even the more liberal branches strongly advocate modest and circumspect behaviour. The Mennonites are traditionally an agricultural people; their simple way of life has prospered with the support of an agrarian background and a rural culture.

A "separate people", as Dr. Epp calls the Mennonites, is bound to face the external pressures of persecution and assimilation. From the beginning the Mennonite answer to these challenges has been migration. During the sixteenth century Mennonites of Dutch origin fled from their native provinces of East Friesland and Flanders in order to settle in the less politically volatile regions of Prussia. Here they remained until 1788, after which the growing threat of Prussian militarism and the personal invitation of Catherine the Great induced them to migrate *en masse* to the steppes of the Ukraine. The Chortitza Colony and the Molotschna Colony, both in the Dnieper River valley, soon became showcases of agricultural prosperity and ethical sobriety. By the 1870s, however, the German-speaking Mennonites had ample reason to be alarmed by the new program of Russification, and ample reason to be attracted by the prospect of homesteads on the North American prairies. In 1873 began another major migration which led from the Ukraine to the Red River valley, to the Great Plains states of the U.S., and later to Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The series of wanderings just described is the collective heritage of a majority of the 175,000 Mennonites now living in Canada. The earliest Canadian Mennonites, however, arrived by quite another route. Mennonites of Swiss origin, though doctrinally compatible with their Dutch brethren, chose to settle at first in Alsace and the regions of the Lower Rhine. They began migrating to Pennsylvania as early as 1683 to join in William Penn's "holy experiment". When the events of 1776 had considerably tarnished the armour of holiness, many of the Swiss Mennonites moved to Upper Canada, settling principally in the districts of Wellington and Niagara. The beginning of this migration, 1786, gives Dr. Epp his *terminus ad quem*. The decision of the House of Commons to forbid further Mennonite immigration (strictly 1919) gives him a temporary *terminus a quo*.

More insidious than any external threats brought to bear on the Mennonite cause have been the pressures from within. Fragmentation has established itself as *die Täuferkrankheit* (the Anabaptist disease). During the Russian period, for example, the inspired leadership of Pfarrer Wüst convinced many Mennonites that their brotherhood had become lax in its discipline and wayward in its worldliness. The result was the formation in 1860 of a sect within the sect, known as the Mennonite Brethren. The new group insisted on baptism by immersion rather than sprinkling, and adopted a stricter interpretation of the ethical code.

Fragmentation has been equally characteristic of the Mennonites in Canada, where many of the old differences have survived and some new sources of irritation have been cultivated. The ideological spectrum begins at the progressive end of the scale with the General Conference Mennonites. Though quite theologically orthodox, the General Conference tends to encourage a degree of compromise with the outside world that less liberal groups find scandalous. Slightly more conservative ethically are the Mennonite Brethren, the descendants of the Russian renewal phase. Much more conservative indeed are the Old Order Mennonites of Ontario and the Old Colony Mennonites of Manitoba. These groups have chosen to retain the way of life they enjoyed in the late nineteenth century, when their leaders became annoyed with progressive elements within the Mennonite churches. "The old order," Dr. Epp writes, "championed the rural way of life, without the new machinery and technology. Farming was done with horses and road transportation limited to buggies. Homes remained simple without curtains, pictures or wallpaper. Clothes stayed plain, homemade, and usually dark, and were not adorned with jewellery" (p. 272). Internal jealousies and doctrinal disputes have usually prevented positive communication between the various Mennonite groups, except when such major issues as military conscription arise.

On the whole Dr. Epp tells the story of the Mennonite people with insight and sympathy. He hopes to include in his audience both confirmed Mennonites and the notoriously fickle general reader. Appealing to both classes is no easy task. The Mennonite reader may find himself intensely engaged by the detailed accounts of each separate denomination and its leading factions. The student of Canadian history is more likely to focus on the place of the Mennonite settlers in opening up the West, or on their struggle to retain exemption under the Military Service Act.

It would be difficult to fault Dr. Epp's painstaking and thorough research; the rich bibliographical matter indicates that he has consulted not only the standard articles in *The Mennonite Quarterly* and *The Mennonite Historical Bulletin*, but has gone to the trouble of mining less immediately promising quarries as well. His more esoteric sources range from a file of 105 items collected under the heading "Mennonites" in the Robert L. Borden Papers, to an anonymous German article describing the early arrival of Mennonite settlers in Winnipeg, published in the *Steinbach Post* (8 June 1949).

If the book has one central weakness it is Dr. Epp's overly defensive attitude toward the people he embraces. He takes rather too much delight in quoting panegyrics on the Mennonite way of life, particularly when such praise can be gleaned from non-Mennonite sources. At times the same attitude leads to doubtful and inflated claims. "By naming every believer a priest", we are told on one occasion, the followers of Menno Simons "started European humanity on the road to democracy" (p. 35). Furthermore, a book that sets out to defend an ethnic minority should avoid such expressions as "untamed Indians" (p. 188) and "drunken Metis" (p. 191). No matter how much they may try to parade as objective historical fact, these phrases retain an ethnocentric ugliness that I find objectionable. Readers of Rudy Wiebe's *Peace Shall Destroy Many* will understand why.

Halifax

R.M. Waldheim

From Adam Smith to Maynard Keynes: The Heritage of Political Economy. By V.W. Bladen. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1974. Pp. xxvii, 520. \$9.50.

The reader should accept this book as the author intended. The author states: "This is not a history of political economy, but rather an introduction to a few of the great books in the English literature of political economy. Its purpose is to stimulate its readers to read the classics" (xi). The justification for doing so is expressed in a belief that "contemplation of the work of the great economists of the past will increase the reader's understanding of current economic writing and of the contemporary world". The author's concern "goes beyond the positive science of economics to the art of political economy, to problems of economic policy". He admits: "Of the economists that I have discussed in this book, Adam Smith, Alfred Marshall, and John Maynard Keynes stand out as the three who have influenced me most, and they may be singled out as perhaps, [sic] the three greatest in the English tradition of political economy" (406).

This admission implies a certain emphasis, but these giants are not alone on stage and the spotlight does not shine on them exclusively. Of the three it seems that Adam Smith is assigned a special place since Book One is devoted to a rather comprehensive treatment of *The Wealth of Nations*, whereas in Book Three, entitled "After Mill", Marshall and Keynes share a portion of the space with William Stanley Jevons. Book Two is like the filling in a sandwich and is identified as "The Classical Era". Here the focus is on the writings of T.R. Malthus, David Ricardo, John Stuart Mill, and Karl Marx, with Henry Thornton also featured rather prominently owing to his contribution to discussions of monetary (banking) issues during the Napoleonic period.

The method of the author is to let the various writers "speak for themselves" by resorting to extensive quotations and to provide the interpretive links and supplementary analysis by means of commentary. On the whole, the commentary and quotations are kept in balance, and the reader can learn a great deal from both. It is through the commentary that the author draws upon an even wider circle of writers, who in their own way have also enriched the heritage, in order to arrive at his own evaluation of it. For some of the main actors, the commentary is mainly analytical, and for others, such as Keynes, it is both biographical and analytical with touches of autobiography here and there. Thus the author's own experiences are occasionally revealed as he provides the reader with insights into events concerning the development of economic thought at his own university during Keynes's active years.

The book can serve very well for a class in the history of economic thought that focuses on the English background, or as a reference for a class that treats the subject even more broadly. However, since the aim of the author is to stimulate a reading of the classics rather than to provide an autonomous work on the subject, one measure of the success of the book presumably is the extent to which it fulfills this aim. Herein may be a difficulty. Any given treatment may not stimulate a reader to pursue the subject further. It is not altogether clear, except on grounds of personal judgement which merit considerable respect, why the author has pursued

some aspects in such great detail and treated others so summarily. The challenge is repeatedly thrown to the reader to taste further, but he may not be inclined to do so. While the text contains gems of insight and analysis, overall conclusions are not drawn. The pattern of the book is an extension of that of Book One on *The Wealth of Nations*. Here, comprehensive treatment runs the risk of being interpreted in a fragmented fashion. There is a level of analysis pertaining to political economy in the large with which the reader is left to cope. In part, he has to decide for himself what the track record has been, and he may wonder about the current achievements of the discipline and even what they may be in future. But if the reader accepts the challenge which the author has presented, he will find the search both fascinating and demanding.

Dalhousie University

Norman Morse

A Fine and Private Place. By Morley Callaghan. Toronto: Macmillan, 1975. Pp. 213. \$9.95.

At a first reading Morley Callaghan's new novel creates a strong impression of *deja vu*. Eugene Shore, the central figure, is a novelist without honour in his own country, living in seclusion in a unnamed but identifiable Toronto, who has written a number of novels which from what we are told of them sound strangely familiar (particularly the novels about a "stubborn young priest" and a "wilful young girl"). But this apparent autobiographical element is merely bait, misdirection to lead the superficial reader away from the main concern of the book. Nor is the elaborate critical theory (of the "endearing clown-criminal" and the novelist as "his own church") which is formulated by Al, the graduate student who becomes involved with Shore, the main concern, either, although it is connected with it. The central issue of "A Fine and Private Place" is privacy, as the ironic title proclaims, and what Callaghan is saying is that the individual is most private when most present (or visible). Shore is, for example, most private when living in his home-town where he ought to be most well-known. Teasingly, Callaghan emphasizes this theme by incorporating it in an autogographical novel which isn't; where one would expect to find out most about the writer he is most thoroughly hidden. But there is a second irony implicit in the title: the "fine and private place" is the grave — and the private life Shore has been living, a type of burial alive, turns into a literal death when it is interrupted by external events. An article about Shore by a famous New York critic raises public interest in and controversy about the novelist, and also awakes Al's obsession with writing a book about him. It is Shore's response to Al and to Al's girl-friend, Lisa, which precipitates the events of a neatly-tailored plot which eventually leads to his death. For privacy does not permit involvement with others ("But none I think do there embrace"). Death returns Shore to his privacy, for now only the novels exist to reveal him — but as Shore has forced Al to understand, the novels are where the novelist is least revealed; his self-awareness reduced until he is not more than a "haven" or a "temple" where his characters may reveal themselves.

Perhaps Callaghan overreaches himself in the book's multiple ironies, for the novel has a curiously distant air, an almost mechanical precision of movement, and a rather gritty style — all of which tend to leave the reader unable to immerse himself in the novel (like someone trying to swim in the Dead Sea and unable to get enough of himself under water to do it). *A Fine and Private Place* is an interesting book, and not merely so because of the long silence which separates it from its predecessors. But it is also a difficult book, slippery and opaque, which does not make for involved (in the sense of engaged) reading.

Dalhousie University

Patrick Monk

The Manawaka World of Margaret Laurence. By Clara Thomas. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1975. Pp.212. \$10.00

It took me many years to see that in point of fact what we were doing — not just myself, but almost all Canadian writers — was to try in some way to come to terms with our ancestral past, to deal with these themes of survival, of freedom and growth, and to record our mythology. And I think this is really what we have done....People like my grandfather...these are our myths, this is our history.

(Margaret Laurence, quoted by Clara Thomas)

Margaret Laurence expresses her vision of ancestry and history, of personality and mythology, through a semi-real, fictional world which she calls Manawaka. The meaning of Manawaka deepens as we read the five novels set in that Manitoba town. From the background — a source of local colour, childhood memories, Canadian scenery — it moves forward, involves itself in the lives of its citizens, pursues them, haunts them, and finally demands their allegiance. Margaret Laurence's talent for portraying vivid personality is matched by a talent for creating a complex world in which her characters are rooted and where, they find, they must make their stand. In *The Diviners*, especially, this world takes on historical and legendary dimensions as tales of Scots and Metis settlers stand behind and illuminate the personal dramas of their modern-day descendants. This depth offers unity to the novels (Margaret Laurence suggests they be read as essentially one work) by establishing Manawaka as a rich, imaginative landscape from which many characters and many stories can be drawn. The five novels contribute to a single, complex vision — historical, psychological, religious — which is summed up in the world of Manawaka.

The Manawaka World of Margaret Laurence, by Clara Thomas, does not live up to the promise of its title. It is basically a series of essays supplemented by biographical information, pictures and quotations from an unpublished lecture by Margaret Laurence, "Gadgetry or Growing?...Form and Voice in the Novel". The chapters on the African writings, *The Stone Angel* and *A Jest of God* are expanded and reworked versions of essays found in Clara Thomas' earlier study in the Canadian Writers Series (1969). The unity of the book is one of cross-reference.

Points are recalled and contrasted; themes are repeated; but there is no developed, controlling argument. There is no sustained examination of the significance of Manawaka, though there is much discussion of it. One chapter, "The Town — Our Tribe", gives a guided tour of the town and its inhabitants, explains the importance of the small town in Canadian literature, and refers us to A.F. McKenzie's, *Neepawa, Land of Plenty* (Neepawa is the model for Manawaka). What we do not find is a treatment of Manawaka comparable, for example, to Irving Howe's treatment of Yoknapatapha County in his study of Faulkner: a detailed study of the social, psychological and metaphorical meanings which the setting supports; a study of how that setting transcends the particular novels drawn from it and embodies a larger literary vision. When Clara Thomas approaches such topics, I feel she is content with generalities, and ends her discussion where it should begin:

The Diviners culminates and closes the circle of the Manawaka works. It is a complex and a profound novel, an exploration of the meaning of a life, a quest, and finally the affirmation of a life's meaning....*The Diviners* makes a cumulative statement about the mysterious presence, not only of grace, but also of design within and through all the universe and its creatures....The novel ends, and the Manawaka cycle ends, with a resolution of the ME and the NOT-ME into the humility of an acceptance of a place within the ALL.

What we do find, however, are more specific, perceptive and often eloquent studies of the individual novels. Clara Thomas seems close to Margaret Laurence in spirit and, she suggests, in background, which makes for a sympathetic reading of the novels. This is especially evident in the discussion of personality, of the narrative tone and rhythm which give "voice" to the personalities of Hagar, Rachel, Vanessa, Stacey and Morag, characters who address us so differently, yet always in the language of Manawaka. Generally, the approach of these chapters is to examine the narrative voices — often, by analysing the opening paragraphs — to see how they are formed and what they reveal about each character and her circumstances. Examining these circumstances takes us into the world of Manawaka. In this way we discover the common but differing concerns of Margaret Laurence's heroines: their concern with Manawaka, how to escape it and how to accept it; with ancestry, how to draw strength from the past yet not be trapped by it; with religion, a habit and a temptation which characters can neither accept nor ignore; with freedom and survival; dependence and independence; pride and humility. Occasionally the discussion lapses into adulation, as we are told how Margaret Laurence "miraculously" or "unforgettably" accomplishes "prodigious" literary feats. And Clara Thomas tends to assume that the reader is not acquainted with the novels in question, and therefore summarizes their stories at some length. This becomes rather cumbersome, especially in the chapter on *The Diviners*. But on the whole, these essays present sensitive and thorough readings of remarkable novels.

University of Toronto

J.M. Kertzer

Divided Loyalties: Canadian Concepts of Federalism. By Edwin R. Black. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1975. Pp xiii, 234.

It is not an easy task to get a firm grasp of Professor Black's excellent and, indeed, necessary book on Canadian concepts of federalism with one reading, even a painstakingly careful reading. This is more likely to be the case for undergraduate students of Canadian government than for the professional political scientist. Therefore, one can and should ask what aspects of the work stand between the reader and a ready comprehension of the author's overall intention and detailed message. Almost certainly, the book is fated to become a "classic" in the field, and a number of structural alterations would likely make it the happy gift to teachers of Canadian politics and government which it eminently deserves to be.

Professor Black says that the major approach of his study "has been to seek out and identify the basic images Canadians hold of their federal system, then to elucidate and analyse them" (p.2). These concepts, or sets of ideas, he distinguishes as centralist, administrative, coordinate, compact and dualist. While the names themselves will perhaps adequately suggest their meaning to the expert, the general reader may wish some enlargement. For this, one can achieve nothing briefer than the description on the back of the paper edition:

Divided Loyalties explores and analyses the five major concepts of federalism that compete for adoption in Canada. Adherents of the first, the centralist concept, argue that having two levels of semi-sovereign government is undesirable, that the constant goal should be ever-increasing centralization and homogenization of regional political cultures. In opposition to this view is a second, administrative federalism, whose advocates tend to slide over the implications of intergovernmental rivalries and emphasize, instead, the necessities of cooperation between administrations and joint problem-solving approaches. The third concept, the coordinate, enjoys near-constitutional status and represents Canada much as a classical federation in which the central and provincial governments are co-equal in the exercise of different powers. A fourth notion, the compact theory, sees the country best organized as a relatively loose association of fairly independent provinces. Finally, there is the concept of Canada as a dual alliance, one in which the present political tensions could be greatly lessened and joint problem-solving greatly improved by a constitutional restructuring explicitly based on the 'two founding nations'.

To each of these concepts, or sets of ideas, Professor Black devotes a full chapter. And to this decision I address my suggestions. It seems, first, as it seemed to the author throughout and most pointedly in his table in Chapter 8 in which he visually presents the correlation of his differentiating criteria over the five concepts, that some of the concepts share many facets and are illustrated by many of the same historical events. The result for the reader is an often punishing trek through alternative descriptions of the kind of material which has always served to break the hearts of anyone bold enough to think they will find Canadian government exciting. Those were dark days for me, working my way through "The Centralist Concept", "Administrative Federalism", "The Coordinate Concept" and "The

Compact Theory”, and had anyone come up to me at a bus stop and uttered a harmless phrase like, say, “Manitoba Schools” or “Fulton-Favreau” I would almost certainly have burst into tears. It is difficult to decide exactly how these chapters should have been collapsed, but I am convinced that the decision not to collapse them respected organization at the expense of the reader’s comfort and even comprehension.

As an aside, I am not convinced that Professor Black would approve the jacket description of the concepts as “competing” for adoption in Canada. Certainly not in the popular sense. He explicitly recognizes that the kind of debate indulged in is not salient to most “ordinary” Canadians, certainly English-speaking Canadians, and in fact deplors the Canadian tendency toward federalist jargon which “not only reduces markedly the possibility of public interest, it considerably isolates important areas and debates from public scrutiny or influence. The latter is a most persuasive argument against any attempt to expand administrative federalism or to reinstate it as the major means of intergovernmental problem-solving” (p.227). Earlier, he notes that “Judicial argument serves English Canadians as political thought, for precious little philosophy either preceded or attended the birth of confederation, and the evolution of the union inspired very little more speculation about the theories of government” (p.113). And, indeed, the book is as much a profoundly intelligent and disheartening description of the lack of political thought in English-speaking Canada as it is of the major trends of the scant political thought which does exist. Will we ever be done with the Law Lords of the Privy Council, whose wretched decisions on this and that are inflicted on us time and again, in illustration of one thing or another, with the amount of detail depending on how bloody-minded the writer feels that day? Like the surfeited Mark Twain, who, having toured all the museums, galleries and cathedrals of Europe, allowed that he was glad all the Old Masters were dead, and only wished they had died sooner, I am glad all the Law Lords are dead, and cross my fingers against their resurrection. Because just as Professor Black is dead right that federalist jargon deadens interest and obfuscates issues which ought to be terribly important to all Canadians, so do descriptions of the shaping of this country’s political ethos which depend heavily on the detailed Law Lords and the detailed wealth of aborted paper impedimenta of conference federalism deaden interest and obfuscate issues.

At the beginning of the sixth chapter, “The Dual Alliance”, light began to dawn; and after Chapter Seven, “The Deux Nations Controversy”, and the concluding chapter which asks “Two Nations or More?”. I was able to give Professor Black a full and free pardon for the Law Lords, The Victoria Charter and the lists of enumerated powers and pigeon-holes he had inflicted. The final chapter is one of the pithiest, clearest and most exciting pieces I have yet read on Canadian Government. It could be read with great profit immediately after the introduction, and would serve to elucidate the interim chapters. It fairly bursts with important and realizable projects for empirical research – most particularly it could be useful and exciting to empirically investigate structures of various elite notions of the Canadian federal arrangement. Professor Black seems to feel that the concepts would be held in an almost exclusive, discrete sense. Yet it seems plausible to

question that assumption: the same people might well buttress specific policy preferences with any or all of the underlying concepts of federalism. Professor Black also seems to expect that alternative concepts of federalism will not have filtered down to the mass level. Perhaps not, couched in the academic language of these particular concepts: yet there is no reason to assume that mass attitudes toward the structures of our federal state could not be investigated, described, and their particular incidences studied. Professor Black concludes by advocating a modified coordinate approach to Canadian federalism: a kind of freely and flexibly negotiated special status for all. Every province has, in fact, been enjoying special status, he says, as each has a unique set of relationships to the federal government. Complexity remains the "best one-word description" of Canadian politics.

Overall, the book seems to be an illustration of competence and fair-mindedness, and will be a most valuable source book for a great many budding scholars of Canadian government. Those who read English only will regret Professor Black's decision not to translate into English his French illustrative material.

Dalhousie University

Sharon Sutherland