

## Book Reviews

*Role-playing in Shakespeare.* By Thomas F. Van Laan. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1978. Pp. xii, 268. \$17.50.

This book is attractively printed and clearly organized; as such it is a credit to its author and publisher. By and large, however, it is as grey and academic a study of Shakespeare as has appeared recently. It is often just a ponderous statement of the safe and obvious. It takes an important aspect of Shakespeare's dramaturgy, on which a number of scholars and critics have commented succinctly and perceptively, and labors it into tedium. Mr. Van Laan writes carefully and with thoughtfulness, but does not, finally, achieve a great deal of illumination; as such, unfortunately, his book does neither him nor his publisher much credit.

Having so peremptorily expressed my disappointment, I should try in fairness to let the book speak for itself and indicate, as well, that other readers may see care, and experience reassurance, where I experience frustration and see commonplaces. The author starts with the familiar assumption that "the *theatrum mundi* concept—the idea that 'the world's a stage'—was one of the most popular tropes bequeathed by the Middle Ages to the Renaissance" (ix), and he examines (either carefully and patiently or in labored detail, according to your taste) "the histrionic metaphors, both verbal and other, in Shakespeare's plays" (i). He states, for instance, that "role-playing constitutes the primary material of Shakespeare's comedies" (102), a view which one might want to concede in order to move on to discussing the significance of the observation. Instead, we are given lengthy summaries of plays, in order to prove what would have been better taken as a reasonably interesting starting-point rather than a profound conclusion. And so it goes, through the canon, until Mr. Van Laan reaches Shakespeare's treatment of the "internal dramatist" in *The Winter's Tale* (Time) and *The Tempest* (Prospero). On the way, there are certainly many incidental readings which are perceptive; few, however, draw more than acquiescence to the familiar. Thought-provoking observations include that on "Antipholus of Ephesus" (Mr. Van Laan's pointing) who becomes "by the end of the play a label designating the point of intersection where a number of

separate identities converge, though not without possibility of collision" (25), a remark that needs much greater analysis, not least for the source of the critic's own metaphor. On the histories, too, he interestingly points out that "kingship is a role demanding that its performer define himself by adapting to a role" (145), a remark that then cries out to be extended by the keen moral sensibility of a Harold Goddard or an L.C. Knights. Indeed Knight's work on the history plays is an uneasy reminder of the kind of fully engaged criticism that Mr. Van Laan seems unwilling to contemplate. For the most part his best insights are occasional currants of taste in a pudding of blandness. The book's argument might have made a nutritious article or two, but as a complete meal it is very stolid fare alongside Ann Righter's or Jan Kott's spicier dishes which use similar raw ingredients.

Mr. Van Laan organizes his analysis around the observation that "Shakespearian man, whatever else he may be, is a role-playing animal" (ix). He isolates four kinds of role in the plays—"a role in the literal sense, a part in a play, pageant or other entertainment . . . a role temporarily assumed . . . the dramatic role" (Falstaff as Vice, for instance), and the type of role "a character possesses by virtue of his position in a mimetic social structure" (9-11). The first three are reasonably easy to isolate, but it is this fourth kind, which obviously overlaps the worlds of the theatre and the world outside, which gives Mr. Van Laan most unease. "Role" is, of course, a word currently in vogue among psychologist, sociologists, and political observers—as is evidenced by such perceptive treatments as Erving Goffman's (it is indicative of this book's introverted critical quietism that Goffman isn't mentioned). Many recent productions of Shakespeare—the RSC's treatment of the histories, for instance—have brought out superbly Shakespeare's fascination with the concept. So one would have thought that a perceptive study might well have been written on the subject, concentrating precisely on Van Laan's fourth type of "role".

For instance, the theatrical dynamics of the characters' shifting roles might have been stressed—and hence the ways in which Shakespeare manipulates his spectators' responses. There are incidental observations here which point in that direction, although they tend to be commonplace: for instance, that "as spectator one admires and enjoys" Richard III, "rather than loathes him" (141); on the other hand the dramatic problems at the end of *Measure for Measure* where the juxtaposition or transformation of "roles" is surely a major theatrical problem, are superficially glossed over. Another interesting approach would have been to have brought out the psychological subtlety of Shakespeare's interest in role-playing; again, there are just occasional hints in the discussion. Yet another possibility would have been to give some serious examination of the philosophical implications of the *theatrum mundi* commonplace. What kind of world-view does it disclose in Shakespeare's work? What, for instance, are the differences between Shakespeare's exploration of it in *The Tempest* and Jonson's in the court masques of the period? Rather than tackle such speculative but decidedly more interesting matter, Mr. Van Laan

relies on a careful thematic exposition. He is, usually, clear enough, but there are the occasional indigestible mouthfuls like "Shylock's resistance to the human action diagrammed by the theme of the willing surrender of identity helps measure the rigidity with which he adheres to his role" (70) or "the role of king becomes available with Duncan's death, and Macbeth soon acquires the title" (193). Shakespeare, however, was interested in the theatrical, psychological and philosophical implications of roles, acting, and identity, and it is surely the responsibility of the critic (and even more, of the teacher) to follow him into a dialogue of such mediated realities that his plays open to us. Mr. Van Laan, it seems to me, has assembled some of the material for such a study, but not written it.

One of my colleagues with whom I anguished a little over my response to this book suggested that for some academic readers criticism was most appreciated when it was cautious, reassuring, and bland. I am not so sure. Perhaps like Shakespeare's characters, all critics and teachers of Shakespeare play roles. But I think it part of our responsibility to play more varied, ambitious and (finally) more serious roles than that Mr. Van Laan has chosen here.

*Wilfred Laurier University*

*Gary F. Waller*

*A Casual Affair: A Modern Fairytale.* By Sylvia Fraser. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1978. Pp. 287. \$12.95.

The subtitle of *A Casual Affair* is "a modern fairytale", and predictably, the book is a fairytale in reverse. The prince does rescue the princess, but only by accident; they do not live happily ever after. The prince does not slay the dragon, but tries to slay the princess, etc. The reader may derive some light entertainment from playing this game, or he may be bored with the ease with which he learns the rules. The book stays lightweight with or without this baggage. Its main title describes it well enough.

Scattered throughout the main narrative are eight parables which supply authorial commentary on it. "The Unhappy Prince", for example, elucidates the male protagonist's oedipal relationship with his mother. The parables are heavily ironic and seem like more baggage, as the narrative is clear enough without them. However, hunting down the parallels between main plot and interspersed tales provides more light entertainment for the reader.

The modern fairytale is about a "tall, elegant" man with "pewter hair" (the prince) who drives a white Lincoln, and who has a casual affair with a "slender woman with pale blonde hair" (the princess) who lives in a Glass Tower and drives a Rolls Royce Silver Shadow. They are never named. The princess is bored with her husband and believes they are both "imprisoned" by their mar-

riage. She wants the prince to supply a "miracle" for her, that is, make the break-up of her marriage "count for something". The prince, when confronted with this request, laughs "without mirth". Who wouldn't? She plans to supply a miracle too: she is going to believe in him enough so that he will learn to believe in himself. "For you, that would be the miracle", she remarks. The prince is attracted to her, and though he does not believe in her "life-saving course", he signs up. Any relationship based on these tired old premises is doomed from the beginning, and theirs culminates in attempted murder and suicide. However, while the princess is recovering in the hospital, she learns "to listen to her body from the inside", and envisages yet another miracle, this one based on the integration of eastern and western traditions of thought, that is, according to Fraser, the intuitive and the rational: "She believed that the integration of East and West would bring about an evolution of homo sapiens to a new plateau: Part of the continuing evolution from animal consciousness to human consciousness to cosmic consciousness". In a concession to her view of reality, the prince presents her with a pair of white jade earrings he had purchased for her at the beginning of the affair, but had never been able to bring himself to give her. We have already been supplied with the information that green jade is for wisdom and white jade for truth. The casual affair has proven to the princess that the old codes are emotionally and spiritually bankrupt, and on the strength of her belief in the new miracle, she rows off on a lake alone at night. A secure belief in solitary risk-taking is the current cliché.

That our basic sympathy should be with the princess is undeniable, but Fraser fails to make us believe that a woman given to lengthy and self-righteous psychological dissections of other people (even if they are emotionally hollow men) can ever merit it:

You live by rule. I take soundings. I count on giving honest answers to people, and getting honest answers in return. That's my morality—what orients me . . . . Our relationship hurts because it's flesh and blood. Why don't you admit it? You're afraid if you get involved with me you'll have to deal with real emotions, real freedom . . . . You need your cage to rattle. That's what your life is all about—rattling your cage.

Author and heroine share the same shortcoming: they perceive without understanding. A commitment to both character and writer would be easier to drum up if they were the sort that merited green jade earrings.

The author preaches as well as the princess. Fraser sacrifices consistency of tone and atmosphere to insert a feminist statement in the text: "The seventies were a good period in which to be single. The two-by-two society was breaking down . . . . She especially treasured her female friends . . . ." One must reassure oneself that this is indeed the same book that begins, "He parked his white Lincoln in the No Parking zone in front of The Glass Tower . . . ."

Dialogue is wooden and embarrassing. When the prince remarks that he won't be able to see the princess more often than he does, she replies, "That's

okay. When two people touch as completely as we have, there's a long, slow afterglow". These barely credible conversational exchanges are enlivened by one-liners like "You're not a bastard. You're a moralist in bastard's drag". But the throwaway line is designed for effect and works best when it is an independent entity. Placed next to the heavy weight of "Until you square your actions with your inner code, you'll always be like Kafka's K . . .", the wit loses its force. Occasionally it works, when the tone is light, for example, in the car coming back from London when the princess remarks that there's nothing worse than a moralist who doesn't smoke your brand. But most of the time dialogue that should be fluid is laboured and lacks authenticity.

Fraser's descriptions of sex are a mixture of up-dated Hemingway and Mickey Spillane:

The rest was quick, almost efficient, so that the power of the physical explosion, when it happened, caught him off guard, tearing through his guts like a steel fist and ripping from his throat a sound so primitive he couldn't believe he'd made it.

He lay upon her, shock wave after shock wave peaking then receding, gulping greedily for air . . . feeling her body pitch under his, feeling her cheek wet under his . . . tasting blood . . . hers? . . . his?

Hit by a hand grenade in the middle of an earthquake? No, just making love. The book is like that.

*Dalhousie University*

*E.L. Bobak*

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*Thomas Hardy After Fifty Years.* Edited by Lance St. John Butler. London: Macmillan, 1978. Pp. xiv, 153. \$19.90.

As everyone will by now know, 1978 is the 50th anniversary of Thomas Hardy's death. This collection of essays, in taking advantage of this occasion, attempts through "hindsight" to come to an "assessment of Hardy's importance today, largely by indirect means." The timing of the book and the statement of its editor's intent promise a cohesiveness which is not fulfilled. The list of contributors is impressive, but for the most part their offerings are not. In fact, one of the reactions of the reader working his way through this book must surely be "How slight some of these pieces are!" Take a reasonably intelligent academic, give him a topic and a length limitation and he will produce just such essays as are found in this collection.

A case in point is David Lodge's essay, "Thomas Hardy as a Cinematic Novelist." Lodge is normally an adroit critic but here after a ponderous opening ("One way of explaining this affinity between film and classic realistic fiction is to say that both are 'metonymic' forms in Roman Jakobson's sense of the term.

According to Jakobson, a discourse connects one topic with another either because they are *similar* to each other or because they are in some sense *contiguous* with each other in space-time"), his essay renders down into the most simple kind of evidence for a simple—and widely acknowledged—proposition: that Hardy is a cinematic novelist.

Maybe the problem lies not so much with the individual contributor as with the relationship between the length of the book and the number of contributors. There are twelve essays in less than 150 pages of text, each essay dealing with rather large topics and each, inevitably, falling short of being suggestive and thorough. Thus we have F.B. Pinion on "The Ranging Vision"—a vague stab at supporting the notion that Hardy's "literary longevity" is the result of his "achievement of universality." And F.E. Halliday, in "Thomas Hardy: The Man in His Work," gives a clear but obvious account of how autobiographical some of Hardy's novels are; while Mark Kincaid-Weekes in "Lawrence on Hardy" shows that although there are real similarities between the two writers "they are in fact so different." In the essays of which these are typical there is little to argue with but accordingly little to applaud or recommend. There are exceptions, and it is on these I will now concentrate.

In attempting to account for "The Form of Hardy's Novels," R.M. Rehder seems to broach a promising issue. He tells us that for Hardy the "form of his understanding is the form of his novels." Unfortunately, though, he does not sufficiently explain or support this crucial contention. There seems to be a confusion in this essay between the form of a novel and the form of actions, ideas, emotions and incidents inside of that novel. The two are very definitely not the same, despite what Rehder implies when he says that Hardy's "thinking about feeling not only shapes characters and produces a style of description, but results in the creation of larger forms, including whole novels." Rehder's basic hypothesis seems to be that emotion needs to be controlled by something and that emotion and controlling force work together to result in a form. Thus as a child Hardy danced to control his tears in the same way that he uses tragedy to control his feelings in his novels: "Hardy needs the tragic because of the overwhelming power of his feelings"—a notion which if not half-baked needs considerably more room to be worked out than it is allowed here.

One of the most troublesome essays is provided by John Fowles, the English novelist. Fowles opens his whimsically titled "Hardy and the Hag" with the statement that "Most English novelists are fanatically shy of talking of the realities of their private imaginative lives" and then goes on to say that he wishes to reconstruct Hardy's private imaginative life when he was writing *The Well-Beloved* by comparing his own experience with what he thinks is similar in Hardy's. The problem is that Fowles bares his own psyche in such a devious manner that he gives very little away. The language of the essay is often dense and so, one gathers, is the thought. Fowles talks, rather obscurely, about the artist's attempt to recapture the perfect world the infant child shares with its mother by creating an ultimately unattainable fictional world. He becomes

more comprehensible when he moves on to discuss the practical problem of the marital guilt which results from the artist's "obsessive need to . . . transcend present reality." Fowles maintains that the novelist is "constantly if only imaginatively betraying his wife in other ports" and that the other woman is "a surrogate for the vanished mother, who is quite as elusive as the *Well-Beloved*—indeed, she *is* the *Well-Beloved*." An associated problem is that of resolution or consummation. Should the novelist allow himself the happy ending, with its implication of a "symbolic marriage between hero-author and heroine-mother," or should he deny himself this consummation in the interests of both realism and of a continuation of the irrecoverable experience? For Fowles the answer to this question lies in the "deeper continuum of an artist's life, where the doomed and illicit hunt is still far more attractive than no hunt at all."

One cannot help but feel that the issues which Fowles focusses on in this essay, fascinating though they may be, are those which he himself finds most pressing. It is as if the creative process which he sees working behind *The Well-Beloved* is very nearly the same process which functions in his own case. So what we have here is an essay which offers some insight into *The Well-Beloved*, into Hardy as a man and writer, and the novelist in general, but most particularly into the imaginative processes of John Fowles himself. I think it is here that the essay is likely to be most used—that is, by the student of Fowles rather than the student of Hardy.

As I have mentioned above, Rehder's and Fowles' pieces are exceptions in this largely unsatisfactory collection. But even here I suspect that the general problem which prevails throughout is responsible for the real difficulties found in these two essays. One cannot be sure that the opaqueness of expression and density of argument is not more the result of lack of space than of lack of care.

Acadia University

David Baron

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*Enemy Salvoes*. Selected Literary Criticism by Wyndham Lewis. Edited by C.J. Fox, with a General Introduction by C.H. Sisson. London: Vision Press, 1975. P. 272. £4.95.

Anyone who agrees to grapple with the mind of Wyndham Lewis, but particularly an editor who chooses by employing the evidential method to let him do most of the talking, must be prepared for a long loud engagement. It is our good luck that C.J. Fox (having previously co-edited a collection of Lewis's stories, and a compilation of his art criticism) is no stranger to this sort of combat. His editorial commentary, characterized by an astute, unassuming, almost laconic sympathy, eases us into the fray. Indeed, one of the remarkable features of his observations is this dexterous mixture of a little praise with a little

elucidation. It is a sign of intellectual manoeuvrability—to be caught with one's preferences, but not one's prejudices, showing. C.H. Sisson is equally capable. Despite having to deal, in a limited space, with the often unaccommodating instability of Lewis's critical faculty, Sisson manages to expose its controlling principles. He displays, in his General Introduction to this volume, an admirably sane combination of range and precision. The challenge to both of them, of course, is to come to grips with the literary criticism of a man who, according to T.S. Eliot, combined "the thought of the modern and the energy of the cave man". And certainly, the intellectual-barbarian synthesis is a fitfully formidable one.

It is unfair to Lewis to accuse him of being without sound critical intentions. It was obvious, even in those early, feverish years of *Blast* (1914) and bombast, that what he wanted to be when he grew up was a sanitary engineer. As Sisson observes, Lewis had always been preoccupied with what he perceived to be the rubbish—in the form of soft confections, cheap tricks, and anecdotal prurience—of the English art world. Over the years, his cleaning up was hindered, not by the absence of trash, but by the insufficiency of his methods and his logic. Until he abandoned that unrelenting fascination with impediments, and that blinkered abhorrence of the "accepted actual", his criticism remained limited and naïve. And until he made a little less noise, and a little more sense, he could not hope to grapple successfully with the pressing differences between his visual and literary principles.

One feature of Lewis's criticism, and perhaps a source of its occasional impurity, is his extreme partiality to himself. Unlike Oscar Wilde, who is so like a magpie—so eclectic—that he appears to deal only in stolen merchandise, Lewis depends upon his own hard thinking and noisy impertinence when formulating doctrines of art and literature. Still, not much of the literary criticism in this volume depends upon the sort of antagonism and self-affirmation which characterized Lewis's early work. He is no longer, what Ford Madox Ford called, the "explosive-mouthed" filibuster who battered his readers, more into senselessness than sensibility, with an inclement stream of cheap shots and rhetorical exaggeration. Fox and Sisson suggest, plausibly, that Lewis learned the hazards of parading his temperamental features. Perhaps he realized that the demarcations between intellect and emotion, and between hysteria and creation, were unreasonably (and inartistically) smudged by undisciplined posturing and spiteful condemnation. Sisson goes just a little awry, however, when he classifies some of the criticism in this volume as "benign". Lewis remained the master, especially evident in *Men Without Art* (1934), of a gloomy, destructive, yet sanitative, prose—the master, in other words, of the shove and the embrace.

At times, however, he remained beguilingly indecisive about what to embrace and how to shove. It cannot be denied that behind the noisy impertinence was an energetic, individual, and violently dogmatic mind which aspired to provide fresh eyes and fresh souls for the multitudes. But the allegiances and an-



tipathies of this mind were not always as distinctive or coherent as an aesthetic philosophy requires. Sometimes, although the individual conceptions were as brilliant as the invective with which they were expressed, they remained merely seductive and opaque. At other times, however, when the paradoxes and the formulations coalesced, he did manage to transcend his milieu and his time. Sisson makes this latter point with a great deal of confidence. He insists that Lewis's critical investigations, rather than intellectual novelties or period pieces, present challenging modes and principles of criticism, kept too long out of view by the pushy predominance of Eliot's theories.

Early in his career, Lewis faltered badly when he attempted to apply vorticist principles to prose-writing. He had argued for a visual art which was beyond the demands of time. His paintings had reduced the welter of life to a precisely directed, coldly classical stability, and his prose, especially in "Enemy of the Stars" (1914), had attempted to keep up with his visual revolution by combining sculptured restraint and geometric frenzy. Happily, Lewis came to realize that the radicalism of writing is different from that of painting, and that an innovator is not necessarily a novelist. Happily, he came to agree that prose can never be as dogmatically anti-real as the visual art he admired and practised. There is bound to be some compromising impurity to words and syntax not found in wedges and ovoids. The writer cannot act as if the world of death and accident does not exist, and the behaviour of man, grounded as it is in formlessness and stupidity, cannot be reduced to a controlled pattern of intersecting lines. Still, as Fox's selections demonstrate, Lewis made this truce with life on his own terms. He never really shut that inquisitive and prefigurative painter's eye which guided him to his early, aggressively classical theories about the visual arts. He remained a fanatic for the externality of things, and the maker of an outside art. Even after shifting preoccupations (from the visual to the literary), and after recognizing the necessity for a fine conjunction of every sense, he continued to favour in his own writing a movement outward to general truth rather than inward to psychological revelation. And not surprisingly, since he continued to insist, too, on continuity and exactitude rather than spasm and the blurred image when reconstituting phenomena, he condemned D.H. Lawrence's work as hysterical, and Gertrude Stein's work as stammering. James Joyce was criticized for the mere multiplication of incompatible details, and for telling quantitatively and intemperately from the inside.

The potential drawing-power of this impertinence was obvious, but one could never accuse Lewis of playing to the crowd. He had, in fact, more than the usual amount of disdain for mass thought and movement. Thus, when Fox and Sisson allude to that separation of the artist and society which Lewis advocates in *Men Without Art*, they are alluding to a lifelong tendency, not a whim, in Lewis. He truly believed that the foolish, unresisting majority extinguished excellence, and militated against personality. "We are all sicknesses for each other", he writes in his novel, *Tarr* (the 1928 version). Unfortunately, only by the the exertion of

personality, perhaps through the wearing of a mask, could one free oneself from the stereotypes of the composite disposition. Indeed, Fox and Sisson respond with a certain flair and insight to the suggestion that Lewis freed himself, at times, by becoming a comedian. Certainly, he was a man of many disguises who discovered that primitive, unchanging laughter was a valuable weapon against the conspiracies of the masses. With this mask, he could drown the noise of other men, prevent the intrusion of false or mediocre principles, and, perhaps, make a therapeutic mockery of his own approaches to truth. Indeed, to Lewis, laughter was the basis for satire—a truth of the intellect rather than of an average romantic sensualism.

Lewis eventually relinquished his claim for a strict division between the intellectual and the physical, and reluctantly agreed that a writer must draw from his milieu as well as his mind, but he never did make a permanent peace with the hordes of complacent people and principles. Not the least of this volume's virtues, then, is its title: *Enemy Salvoes*. It is a fine choice for a selection of works by a man who, ever the combative outsider, delighted in taking deadly aim at the conspiracies against intelligence. It emphasizes Lewis's belief, expressed in *Tarr*, that "All effectual men are always the enemies of every time. With that fundamental divergence, they give a weight of impartiality to the supreme thesis and need of their age." He did not, it is important to note, wear the mask of the Enemy in a merely naive and ill-tempered manner. His arrogance was less predatory, and his masquerading less self-congratulatory, than that of another master of the jab-and-run; J.A.M. Whistler. This latter's *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* (1890) was, essentially, the autobiography of a hater and a nag, and it left a legacy of brutality which Lewis, having learned that mere opposition does not constitute authenticity, did not choose to accept. He did remain, however, the unflinching, acutely observant Enemy of those forces which conspire to prevent perception and personality.

What Sisson calls the "evidential" method in Lewis's literary criticism—the art, in other words, of explanation by exhibition—is similar to that employed by Fox as editor. He assumes that the case, with just a little help from that intellectual manoeuvrability mentioned previously, states itself. Still, one suspects that his editorial commentary, although it contains a satisfactory amount of historical, intellectual, and sociological detail, is never as boldly critical as the material warrants. Ultimately, Fox displays more of his organizational ability than his analytical faculty. He has done, to be sure, a splendid job of scavenging and compilation. Perhaps the inclusion of some of Lewis's early vorticism blasts would have permitted a fairer estimation of his development, in both content and control, as a literary critic. In any case, Fox intended to promote the republication of Lewis' works, and to encourage the reconsideration of Lewis's stature as a critic. With this volume, he has done that.

*The Sources of Shakespeare's Plays.* By Kenneth Muir. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1978. Pp. viii, 320. \$15.

When Kenneth Muir's *Shakespeare's Sources I: Comedies and Tragedies* appeared in 1957, it provided a needed study of the ways in which knowledge of Shakespeare's sources contributes to our understanding of his creative methods. Muir's book, which dealt with twenty of Shakespeare's plays, provided concise discussions of the manner in which the dramatist's creative genius was revealed by his manipulation of what were often multiple sources for each work. Muir promised a further volume to complete his survey, but in many respects the very necessary and important task he had begun was eclipsed by the appearance in eight successive volumes (the first in 1957) of Geoffrey Bullough's monumental study of the *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare*. Bullough's work, with its detailed discussion of every play, its inclusion of most of the actual source texts, and its useful bibliographies is now a familiar reference tool for all students of Shakespeare, and any new study of Shakespeare's sources cannot be considered in isolation from it. Thus, when one opens Muir's expanded and revised edition of his earlier volume, *The Sources of Shakespeare's Plays*, one inevitably asks what fresh contribution to source studies is about to be made. The answer is regrettably disappointing.

Both Bullough's study and the first version of Muir's book largely confined themselves to narrative and dramatic sources and analogues of Shakespeare's plays and poems, and they attempted to assess what Bullough called "the transcendent scope of [Shakespeare's] creative energy" (I, xii), taking into account at the same time Shakespeare's handling of concurrent multiple sources. By limiting themselves to consideration of Shakespeare's reading, Bullough and Muir left aside areas of source study that in the past decade or so have increasingly occupied the attention of Shakespeare scholars. This was acknowledged in an essay at the conclusion of Bullough's long-awaited final volume in 1975. Here Bullough referred to possible future areas of exploration, chief among which were oral sources, "patterns of imagination that haunt, create wonder in, human minds, for generation after generation" (VIII, 368) about which mythopoetic critics like Northrop Frye have spoken so eloquently, further complexities concerning the origins and usage of Shakespeare's imagery, and visual sources and analogues in Renaissance pictorial art and emblem literature.

Such areas of study pose their own very special problems for the source critic, but the pursuit of each leads further into the cultural context out of which Shakespeare's drama emerged. A number of recent studies, for example, have sought to demonstrate that Shakespeare and his fellow Elizabethans were acquainted with a language of visual symbolism—an iconography—familiar from painting, stained-glass windows, tapestries and wall-hangings, needlework, woodcuts, engravings, and books. As sources and analogues, the visual tropes of Shakespeare's age are immensely significant, but where the full relevance of Renaissance iconography to non-dramatic writers such as Spenser has long

been recognized, the appreciation of the relationship between iconography and the drama is, with some exceptions, a relatively recent critical phenomenon. Nonetheless books such as Russell Fraser's *Shakespeare's Poetics* (1962), Samuel Chew's *Pilgrimage of Life* (1962), Soji Iwasaki's *The Sword and the Word* (1973), Hester Fleischer's *The Iconography of the English History Play* (1974), John Doebler's *Shakespeare's Speaking Pictures* (1974), and a stream of articles have so enlarged our understanding, I would suggest, that no study of Shakespeare's sources can ignore the field without presenting what must now seem an unbalanced view of the cultural resources upon which Shakespeare drew. Had Muir's new study redressed the balance (and here I say nothing about the other areas mentioned above) his book would have fulfilled a valuable service and provided a significant supplement to Bullough's work. However, such is not the case, and Muir opts to follow in his own footsteps by largely restricting himself to comment on written sources for Shakespeare's plots with some intermingled remarks on Shakespeare's general reading.

The result is a handy one-volume guide with necessarily very brief discussions of a number of the plays (only a page, for *Love's Labour's Lost*, since there is no apparent plot-source, three for *All's Well*, five for *Henry VIII*, and eight for the entire *Henry VI* trilogy). The usefulness of such a guide is somewhat decreased, however, by the fact that since 1957 a number of now standard editions of Shakespeare have appeared, each with discussions of the sources for individual plays. Indeed, several of the Signet (1963-68) and the New Arden series (1951-) even include relevant source texts. Should one need more information about sources than is provided in the New Penguin Shakespeare (1967-), or the Riverside Shakespeare (1974) (to name two further recent editions), one is more likely to turn to the extensive study provided by Bullough than to Muir's concise survey, though in mitigation it should be said that Muir's annotations do of course keep one more or less up-to-date with the most recent criticism that has appeared since he and Bullough first published side by side in 1957.

A number of further comments require to be made concerning Muir's new book. In a 1961 reprint of his earlier study Muir included three appendices and a tabular summary of the sources. These are now cut, some of the material having been reworked into the body of his new text. However, one does regret the loss of the useful table, although something akin to it is available in the single-volume edition of the Signet texts. The new book alters the sequence in which the plays were originally discussed, and they now appear in approximate chronological order, but the promise of the book jacket "blurb" that the new order will permit one to appreciate "Shakespeare's developing skill in the transmutation of his material" is never completely fulfilled. Furthermore, although sections that had appeared before are revised, the changes are not as extensive as the "blurb" and Muir's preface imply. One is of course grateful for Muir's customary blend—now familiar from a series of his books on Shakespeare—of level-headed, judicious critical argument, a wealth of scholarship, and a succinct prose style that matches the directness with which he ap-

proaches his subject. Nonetheless one's response to *The Sources of Shakespeare* is ultimately muted, however much one may appreciate Muir's desire to complete the task he first began in 1957. The future of source studies lies ahead meanwhile in the directions signposted by Bullough.

Acadia University

Alan R. Young

*William Caxton: A Quincentenary Biography of England's First Printer.* By George D. Painter. London: Chatto & Windus, 1976. Pp. xii, 227. UK £7.95.

The intimate way in which social, political and technological history are incorporated into this fascinating biography makes this a most valuable work for any reader interested in fifteenth-century Anglo-Burgundian culture. Mr. Painter corrects numerous prior bibliographical errors and persuasively bridges several lacunae in Caxton's personal story, and—more importantly—he uses an intimate knowledge of detail gained over thirty-six years as an Assistant Keeper in the British Museum to evoke vividly the background to the events of Caxton's twenty years in his latter-day career of printer. The story of his highly successful mercantile and diplomatic career, involving complex relationships with both the Yorkist Woodvilles and the Burgundian courts of Philip the Good and Charles the Bold, as well as his contacts with Hanseatic Cologne, portrays the great energies and capacities of Caxton, the milieu for which he was to produce literary texts, and the specific background of his patronage. It also illuminates "the fundamental antithesis between two cultural ideals" which is explored in considering Caxton's relationships to Johann Veldener, the printer of scholastic Cologne who probably taught Caxton his new profession, and to Colard Mansion, the calligrapher of courtly Burges and printer of French books, on whom "Caxton must surely have modelled himself . . . as early as 1469-71" (pp. 74-5). Caxton's later sensibility and diplomacy in satisfying aristocratic taste and political demand in a volatile time, his pragmatic ability to prosper in England as a printer and his widespread professional links with the continent's Veldener, Mansion, Gerard Leeu (Antwerp) and Guillaume Maynyal (Paris) are all thereby explained and related in a complex but clear picture. The specific history of Caxton's translations and printings is also closely explored, with the social and political implications of several of Caxton's prologues, epilogues and editorial emendations being reviewed or newly argued.

A biography reminiscent of Ward's *Dryden*, this volume should indeed "long remain the standard authority for general reader, student and specialist scholar alike." Given this, the combination of remarkable compression of detail with an attractive style is a blessing indeed.

Dalhousie University

H.E. Morgan

*In Our Own House: Social Perspectives on Canadian Literature.* Edited with introduction by Paul Cappon. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1978. Pp. 208. \$5.95, paper.

This book, described on its back cover as a "landmark publication", does a disservice to McClelland and Stewart and to its writers, but mostly to Canadian literature and Marxist criticism. *In Our Own House* is a collection of essays which attempts to develop a radical sociology of Canadian literature, but the volume appears to have been rushed into print, is badly edited, full of errors, and crudely thought out. The application of dialectical thinking to Canadian literature is indeed recent, and generally has been met with hostility, but that is all the more reason to produce a book of respectable quality. The work is a "landmark production" only in the sense that it is so poor.

Paul Cappon, a social scientist, has edited and introduced the book and is its most prominent voice. His lengthy introductions comprise nearly half the text. Apart from Cappon's contributions, there are only five essays: these are by James Steele, who teaches Canadian literature at Carleton University; Robin Endres, a student of Canadian literature; poet Robin Mathews; John Fraser, a political scientist at Waterloo, and Patricia Marchak, a sociologist.

Not only is Cappon wordy, but he consistently misuses language and succeeds in obfuscating rather than clarifying the issue. Here is Cappon introducing Mathews: "The structure and historical context constitute for Mathews the unique identity (termed in the General Introduction above the concrete material roots) from which the author must write" (p. 133). "Knowledge for its own size" (p. 8) is another inadvertently humorous error which undercuts Cappon's argument. How much responsibility Cappon has for the numerous proofreading and spelling errors in the book is not clear. One must assume that both he and the McClelland and Stewart editors went over the manuscripts and missed mistakes like the following: *exmination* (p. 11); *legitimate* (p. 13); *juggernaut* (p. 16); *hear* for *here* (p. 25); *insitutions* (p. 29), *it it* for *it* (p. 45), etc. Cappon must certainly bear the responsibility for the inconsistency of the footnote references in his introductions. For example, he quotes Francis Bacon in his General Introduction: Part A, using S. Warhaft's edition of Bacon's work. The first reference reads "(Warhaft [ed.] p. 10)". The second reference to the same work, found on the same page, reads, "(Bacon in Warhaft's selection of Bacon's works, p. 10)". After some difficulty, one finds this book in a bibliography located at the end of the General Introduction: Part B. There is a second set of numbered notes, many of which are superfluous, e.g., "We need not expound here at length on Atwood's work, since it is central to other essays in this volume" (note 4, p. 63).

Endres's essay "Marxist Literary Criticism and English Canadian Literature", contains several misquotations from Isabella Valancy Crawford, e.g., "But rather the want age of poverty . . .", rather than *wan* age. Endres also has read *Surfacing* carelessly. She remarks that the "queen bee narrator

seems to have conceived this child also through parthenogenesis". Chapter twenty of *Surfacing* hardly describes parthenogenesis. However, Endres's discussion of *As For Me and My House*, based on Frederic Jameson's distinctions between manifest and latent content in literature, opens up new ways of looking at the book. She sees Mr. and Mrs. Bentley's despair as partly connected with their "inability to use their respective work skills". I think this is a legitimate reading, despite the levelling nature of the phrase "work skills", chosen deliberately to avoid the hierarchic and cultural implications of the terms "painter" and "musician".

Robin Mathews, on the other hand, seems to derive from a cruder Marxist position than Jameson's. Mathews describes Laura Goodman Salverson's autobiography *Confessions of an Immigrant's Daughter* as a novel (note 2, p. 147), and uses the book to support his view that a "class analysis of past literature" would result in an "ideologically literate corps of writers". However, given that Salverson's book is not fiction, one cannot see it as material which could be re-organized to "reveal the forces of exploitation". Mathew's approach ("Writers must risk ruling-class disapproval by making their works comprehensible analyses of the structures of ruling-class power and exploitation") fails to take into account that plot is not subject to independent analysis, as it is only the foundation of a literary work. As Jameson points out in *Marxism and Form*, inner structure rather than plot best lends itself to social analysis.

Marchak's essay on sociological problems of regional literature lists the publication date of *Swamp Angel* as 1962 on page 193 and 1954 on page 194. She gives the date of publication of *Cabbagetown* as 1968 (p. 193). Her discussion of fiction up to and including the twenties is confused, superficial and inaccurate. She confesses to not knowing when the "modern" period begins (perhaps this is why she excludes Knister; on the other hand she includes the early Grove), and appears to believe that the regional idyll and the ethnic novel are the same thing. In her summary, Marchak complains about literature:

In terms of my own . . . aesthetic tastes, not much Canadian literature is universalistic. I find some of it moralistic to the point of boredom; I find some of the dilemmas portrayed imitative and lacking in depth. However, this is equally true of American, British, other European and translated Third-World literature. There are, after all, very few giants anywhere at any time.

After this dismissal, Marchak tells us that between "the two extremes there is a substantial literature which is interesting and informative about this society . . . ." Marchak's "aesthetic tastes" appear so limited that one wonders whether she could find any literature at all which would lend itself to analysis, not only from her point of view, but from any point of view.

Steele's essay on Atwood's *Survival* beats a dead horse with a new club. Her book was unpretentious, but continues to be treated as if it were.

Fraser's essay, "The Production of Canadian Literature", argues that "modern capitalism commodifies the new Canadian literature, and is hence the

determining factor which institutes the relation of writer to audience". That McClelland and Stewart is prepared to bestow the stamp of imprimatur on this book is due to its linking of dialectic materialist models for the study of literature with an already acceptable nationalism. McClelland and Stewart probably is prepared to countenance the former for the sake of the latter, but the shoddiness of the book unintentionally argues against both, and thus is the "determining factor which institutes the relation of writer to audience". As Marchak said, there are "few giants anywhere at any time".

Dalhousie University

E.L. Bobak

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*The Last Word. The Complete Prose Works of Matthew Arnold*, vol. XI. Edited by R.H. Super. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1977. Pp. xii, 598. \$18.50.

Characterized by the same high standards of editorial scholarship that marked the ten earlier volumes, this volume concludes R.H. Super's great edition of Matthew Arnold's prose works. The essays included here are those written in the years 1886-1888 and cover all of Arnold's chief interests: literature, politics, education, and religion. The line-numbered texts facilitate reference to the detailed critical and explanatory notes and to variant readings. A list of additions and corrections to the earlier volumes, along with an index to all of the prose works enhances the value of this final volume of what is indisputably the definitive edition. Students of the Victorian Age must henceforth stand in grateful indebtedness to Professor Super.

Of the literary essays that on Saint Beuve written for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* endures as a model of English critical and expository writing. One cannot but think of his description there of the French critic as a man possessed of "the moderate, gracious, amiably *human* instincts of the true poetic nature" as equally befitting Arnold himself. The review of Dowden's *Life of Shelley* manifests all of these qualities and shows besides Arnold's scorn and revulsion for *exposé* in biography. "What has been gained," he demands, "by forcing upon us much in him [Shelley] which is ridiculous and odious, by compelling any fair mind, if it is to retain with a good conscience its ideal Shelley, to do that which I propose to do now? I propose to mark firmly what is ridiculous and odious in the Shelley brought to our knowledge by the new materials, and then to show that our former beautiful and lovable Shelley nevertheless survives." While some modern critics may dismiss Arnold's attitude as indicative of Victorian prudery, the fact is that he fastens upon what has become too common practice in modern biography: namely, to titillate by *exposé* only to be forced to admit that prurient revelations are mostly irrelevant to the merits of an author's works.



The political essays, of which there is a preponderance in this volume, constitute a continuation of *Culture and Anarchy* written twenty years earlier. He takes his characteristic stance as a liberal of the future, a stance never adequately defined, from which he attacks the Government's proposal for Irish home rule and its refusal to endow Catholicism in Ireland. Addressing himself to a trans-Atlantic audience in two essays—"General Grant" and "Civilization in the United States"—Arnold points kindly, delicately, but unambiguously to the shortcomings of materialistic American society. In the first he pays tribute to Grant as a man and as a national leader; in the second he admonishes Americans to elevate and ennoble their society in accordance with spiritual values. Here he reiterates his humanistic prescription for "Culture". Defining civilization as the humanization of man in society he avers that human nature requires the cultivation of four distinctly human powers: the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life and manners. "We are," he insists, "perfectly civilized only when all these instincts in our nature, all these elements in our civilization, have been adequately recognized and satisfied." Those familiar with Arnold's thought will recognize here the expression of its essence. It was his life-long conviction, stated early in his poetry, that "man hath all which nature hath, but more, / And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good."

Nowhere is Arnold's humanism more evident in the practical sphere of life than in his writings on education, of which two appear in this collection. There is the well-known report on "Elementary Education in Germany, Switzerland, and France" commissioned by the Education Department. There is besides the informative and valuable article entitled "Schools in the Reign of Queen Victoria" written for a two-volume survey of the first fifty years of the Queen's reign. This article has not been re-published before and should be of great interest to historians of the period, for Arnold wrote of a field in which he had been preeminent during his lifetime. Much of what he says in this article finds expression in a fine address to the University of Pennsylvania titled "Common Schools Abroad". By Common Schools he means, of course, public elementary schools which he argues should be closely connected with higher schools and universities. "I can," he concludes, "conceive of no worthier ambition than that of training all who are born in a country like yours to all which is human. But it will not be done unless we can impart to popular instruction the contempt for charlatanism and vulgarity, the sound standard of excellence, by which all serious higher instruction is characterized."

Arnold's abiding interest in religious thought is represented in a review of a translation of *The Following of Christ* attributed to John Tauler, the fourteenth-century German mystic. He finds the mystic's belief that Christian virtue is the truly natural thing as opposed to what he calls the mythologies of Luther and Calvin to be particularly relevant to his own day, now that "whole libraries of theology have lost their interest when it is perceived that they make mythology the basis of religion, and that to take seriously this mythology is impossible."

For Arnold the doctrine of justification and the doctrine of election have come to be regarded as being on the same level as the myth of Pallas springing from the head of Zeus. The mystics are, he feels, closer to the mind of Jesus and thus to the eternal worth of Christianity. While Arnold himself cannot be described as a mystic, it is well to remember that he had a deep distrust of what he called "machinery" and "the worship of machinery" by which he means regarding the mechanical and external aspects of life as valuable ends in themselves, aspects such as the worship of wealth, of freedom, or of any doctrine or system. Again and again he insists that man should seek perfection as an inward condition of mind and spirit. His humanism is securely fixed to the idea of spiritual perfection rather than material progress or any ideological system of thought. For him man is fundamentally a spiritual being with a natural thirst for things of the spirit or with what Tauler calls "soul-hunger", a hunger not satisfied by bread alone.

Clearly, then, the riches of this last volume of Arnold's prose are manifold and valuable. And all who, like Arnold, concern themselves with the quality of human life and society must be grateful for these splendidly produced and carefully edited eleven volumes. One final word of praise is due Professor Super for waiving all royalties and payments from the publisher in order to keep the price of these works as low as possible.

*Dalhousie University*

*C.J. Myers*

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*The Elizabethan Theatre VI: Papers given at the International Conference on Elizabethan Theatre held at the University of Waterloo, Ontario, in July 1975.* Edited and with an Introduction by George Hibbard. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1978. Pp. xiii, 161. \$11.95.

The University of Waterloo's international conferences on Elizabethan theatre and drama have been particularly valuable in adding to our knowledge of how and under what conditions mediaeval, Elizabethan and Jacobean plays were performed. Attempting to continue this tradition, but not succeeding often enough, is the present volume made up of papers delivered at the summer of 1975 conference. The volume is edited by George Hibbard (the chief instigator and organizer of the conferences) who provides a succinct introduction and contributes the concluding essay, called "Love, Marriage, and Money in Shakespeare's Theatre and Shakespeare's England." Summarising the ups-and-downs of several famous Elizabethan marriages, Hibbard compares them with the way marriage is portrayed in the plays of Shakespeare and Middleton. Hibbard's style is delightfully easy to read, but his essay is in no way an original contribution to scholarship. The historical information he takes from studies readily available in any good library; and when referring to Shakespeare and

Middleton he tends to restrict himself to lengthy plot summaries and character analyses. This approach is rather elementary. In fact, of the eight papers in this volume, only two meet the expectations of sound scholarship, namely that it go to hitherto neglected sources of information and make intelligent sense of them. These two are W. Reavley Gairs "The Presentation of Plays at Second Paul's: The Early Phase (1599-1602)" and Stanley Wells's "*The Revenger's Tragedy* Revived." The other contributions are content simply to go over old ground, while perhaps adding a novel idea or two (Richard Hosley, "A Reconstruction of the Fortune Playhouse: Part I," R.A. Foakes, "On Marston, *The Malcontent*, and *The Revenger's Tragedy*," and M.C. Bradbrook, "Shakespeare and the Multiple Theatres of Jacobean London"); while other contributions are, to be blunt, uninspired and show extraordinary naivety about what sorts of aesthetic effects are possible in the theatre (William Babula, "The Avenger and the Satirist: John Marston's *Malevole*," and Neil Carson, "John Webster: The Apprentice Years").

W. Reavley Gair in his discussion of the Second Paul's is aided by knowing the names of the fourteen plays that were presented there over a two and a half year period. Four of these plays were Marston's. Early on Gair pays special attention to Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* to illustrate how Marston consciously used the boy actors as a device by which to shock the audience. By 1600 seventeen boys could be called on. Their skills were wide-ranging, as they made much use of mime, dancing, music and songs in their performances. In addition to considering the boy's acting style, Gair points to the ways in which Marston, when writing his plays, kept in mind the architectural features of the enclosed theatre. The main stage, though small, could hold all seventeen actors at once, as long as they were not wearing wide costumes, and with ten actors it was possible to dance a galliard. On either side of the main stage were access doors, and in the middle another door that could be curtained and used as a discovery place. Above this main stage was another about the same width, and it was placed back, so that it was above the discovery space on the main stage, and like it, it could be curtained. The two stages were connected by a staircase not visible to the audience. It seems that fairly complicated lighting effects could be managed. There was not an extensive stock of properties, but what they had seems to have been adequate, and when pressed they could hire special properties from the Globe. Of their own stock, the most interesting items were the severed human limbs! Gair's essay is especially lively because he does not merely describe the theatre: he imagines how it was used. I found particularly revealing his description of the two concluding scenes of *Antonio's Revenge*, when Marston imaginatively brought together all of the theatre's available "devices into one vocal and spectacular effect."

Gair also attempts to answer the difficult question: what was the exact location of the theatre? Taking a fresh look at already known source materials, and combining them with articles of inquiry on deposit in the Guildhall Library and a surveyor's description from the Public Record Office, he comes to the conclusion that the playhouse was located in the northwest quadrant of the Chapter House precinct.

The second excellent paper is Stanley Wells on the Royal Shakespeare Company's 1966, 1967 and 1969 production of *The Revenger's Tragedy*, as directed by Trevor Nunn. Wells first gives a summary of the stage history of the play, a stage history that has not been extensive. He then explains that what attracted Nunn to the play was its modernity and the character of Vindice, of whom Nunn wrote: " 'He was somebody utterly dedicated to the destruction of the world, and he was—at the same time—totally fascinated by it.' " The theatrical and intellectual interests of the 1960s, especially the interest in Artaud's theories about the aesthetics of cruelty, made a revival only natural. Before he re-creates in detail some of the key scenes of Nunn's production, Wells takes us carefully through the promptbooks, showing what changes were effected. In general, Wells states, the changes and additions clarified and speeded up the dramatic action; and more emphasis was placed on sexuality, violence and cruelty, while the plays' ethical and religious pre-occupations were downplayed. For a design, Christopher Morley placed a huge silver circle that imposed a hierarchical order on the black floor of the stage. At the centre of the circle was the Duke in bright silver, and as one moved away from him, " 'the costumes and stage became less silver and more black.' " All, then, was dark and menacing, with the silver representative of the hard, glittering power for which each character hungered. Indeed, there was nothing subtle about Nunn's attempts to show the characters' fundamental greed and ruthlessness. The production began with a masque, with its highly ritualised movements revealing the existing dynamics of power; then after a dance interlude, the rape of Antonio's wife was mimed. The promptbook's direction for this rape makes it seem horrific, as it no doubt was: " 'Men rhythmically rise and flap their cloaks as vultures' wings.' " In fact, the production seems to have gone a little out of control in its inexorable emphasis on lechery, cruelty, evil, eroticism and blood-letting. As a conclusion, Wells quotes extensively from newspaper reviews, most of which reveal a complete lack of understanding of the play and the production. Many reviewers expected a "pure" tragedy, by which they meant, I gather, that the production should have put one in a serious, horrified mood, with laughter out-of-place. But Nunn quite rightly allowed moments of burlesque and parody, and Ian Richardson's Vindice often provoked laughter, but of the sinister kind that ends in a shudder. These "non-tragic" elements are of course in Tourneur, and Nunn was simply being faithful to the text in accenting them; and in so doing made critics and the public worried about the mixture of genres. As an appendix Wells prints John Barton's additions, lines that anyone contemplating a revival would be wise to study. This is a superb essay in that, like Gair's, it draws from rich source material, and intelligently describes how a play goes from being words on a page to a stage production of remarkable vitality and complexity.

*Augustus Caesar in "Augustan" England: The Decline of a Classical Norm.* By Howard D. Weinbrot. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1978. Pp. xi, 270. \$15.00.

In a seminal article written twenty years ago, James W. Johnson likened the word "Augustan" (as used to describe English literature of the Restoration and eighteenth century) to an antique mustache cup: "it seems to have very little real purpose nowadays, but it's so familiar and handsome that no one wants to throw it away" ("The Meaning of 'Augustan,'" *Journal of the History of Ideas*, XIX [1958], 507). Johnson asserted, however, that "if time has withered and custom made it stale, its earliest applications to English literature and politics still make it an appropriate way to designate an era" (*ibid.*). This conclusion is denied by Weinbrot's book, which argues vigorously that the reputation of Augustus Caesar during the period was such that the term is a highly inappropriate epithet for the age. Weinbrot claims that, though "admired for certain traits and actions," Augustus was generally disliked by the Restoration and eighteenth century, for a number of cogent reasons: "his [distasteful] personal behavior as ruler and private citizen, his destruction of the balanced constitution, solidification of slavery, establishment of absolutist precedent that drained Rome's energy and talent, [and his] management or destruction of art, artists, and letters for personal aggrandizement at the cost of truth and liberty . . ."

One can, I think, get an inkling of Weinbrot's tone from the above quotation. This book is *meant* to be controversial: it is not in the least timid and safe—as are far too many works of modern criticism—but rather aggressive, confident, and far-reaching. Although I cannot share the author's point of view, I find the depth and breadth of his usually meticulous scholarship highly impressive. Weinbrot develops his theme relentlessly, and in the process piles up what seem to be mountains of supporting evidence, from Latin, Italian, and French, as well as English sources. Certainly he is right to stress the fact that Augustus was not universally admired in the Restoration and eighteenth century: as the English moved away from absolutism and towards limited monarchy and constitutional government the reputation of Augustus diminished accordingly. Furthermore, during the reign of George II the opposition delighted in using the word "Augustan" as a term of opprobrium which provided the necessary satiric indirection and identification (the king's name was, of course, George Augustus). But what Weinbrot does not admit is that throughout the period Augustus was usually admired as a patron of the arts in whose time—regardless of his selfish intentions or personal failings—literature flourished. The age of Augustus was often seen as a literary, if not a political model. For example, Goldsmith stated in *The Bee* (1759) that during the reign of Augustus "language and learning arriv'd at its highest perfection"; he felt that the description "Augustan" could be properly applied to the time of Queen Anne, "or some years before that period," since "it was then that taste was united to genius." Weinbrot notes and dismisses this remark by observing that

Goldsmith "does not approve of Augustus or his values, and means only that art flourished during a certain number of years." Yet precisely the reason for Goldsmith's application of the term "Augustan" to an English period of fine writing is that he strongly approved of the *literary* values of the age of Augustus, regardless of what reservations he had about the character of the ruler himself.

Weinbrot states, in my view correctly, that "the current Augustanism [i.e., the propensity to use unthinkingly the word 'Augustan' to describe the Restoration and eighteenth century] not only allows us to read history through purple-tinted glasses, but also induces sloppy scholarship by encouraging us to ignore massive contrary evidence . . . ." However, while it would be quite wrong to criticize Weinbrot's own painstaking research as "sloppy," there is no doubt that he has played down or ignored certain important and representative writers and works from the period which tend to contradict his thesis. For example, one finds no mention of the following works praising the Augustan age as an era of peace and creativity in which the patronage of Augustus and Maecenas helped to encourage poetry and the other arts: Francis Atterbury, Preface to *The Second Part of Mr. Waller's Poems* (1690); Sir William Temple, *An Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning* (1690); Thomas Rymer, Preface to *A Short View of Tragedy* (1693); John Dennis, *The Advancement and Reformation of Modern Poetry* (1701); Nicholas Rowe, Dedication to his tragedy *Ulysses* (1706); John Oldmixon, *Reflections on Dr. Swift's Letter* (1712); François de Selignac Fénelon, *Reflections upon Learning* (1718); John Gay, *Fourth Epistle, to the Right Honourable Paul Methuen, Esq* (1720); Thomas Tickell, Preface to the 1721 edition of Addison's poems; William Stukely, Preface to *Paleographia Sacra* (1736); and David Hume, *The History of Great Britain* (1757). The above works have been previously recorded by such astute critics as Ian Watt, George Sherburn, J.J. Johnson, and Howard Erskine-Hill, all of whom recognize that the word "Augustan" is a useful one, though they realize its complex ambiguities and differ in their specific application of the term.

Of course, one should not expect Weinbrot to make the case for an opposing point of view, and he definitely does not try to hedge his bets. The chapters on Virgil and Horace (whose reputations, the author claims, greatly declined during the Restoration and eighteenth century because of their alleged political sycophancy and association with absolutism) and Juvenal (the literary hero, we are told, of the same period because of his independent and strongly satiric stance against "imperial despotism and decadence") are stimulating and informative, if not in the end fully convincing. The penultimate chapter, on Pope's *Epistle to Augustus*, a poem which provides a difficult test for Weinbrot's anti-Augustan, anti-Horatian thesis, is ingeniously argued. "There are," the author declares, "clear signposts that indicate Pope's assault upon Caesar Augustus, his poet Horace, and the world they have made and inhabit." Instead of reading the work in the traditional way—as a brilliantly ironic hymn of false praise to a monarch who was quite unlike his great Roman namesake—Weinbrot believes that Pope wished his audience to see George II and Augustus

as similarly flawed, and to view the putative author of the eulogy as a modern counterpart of the "sycophantic courtier" Horace. Recent critics such as Jay Arnold Levine have clearly shown that "for satiric effect, Pope can play his Augustus either *with* or *against* Horace's; he may elect to diminish George by contrasting him with Caesar, or he may damn both as usurpers in politics, religion, and art" (Pope's *Epistle to Augustus*, Lines 1-30," *Studies in English Literature*. VII [1967], 434): yet it seems to me that Weinbrot goes too far in asserting that Pope would expect his audience to regard Augustus as a totally negative exemplar. After all, if we accept such reasoning we would doubtless interpret as a nasty sneer Dr. Johnson's famous compliment to Dryden's memory: "What was said of Rome, adorned by Augustus, may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry embellished by Dryden, 'lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit,' he found it brick, and he left it marble."

Finally, a caveat should be lodged about the book's format. In his Preface the author explains that in many cases he has "combined related sources into one omnibus footnote, so that there might be less disruption of the reading process." In fact, this method leads to both confusion and frustration: one must continually read through long paragraphs of notes in order to find the only source desired at the moment; after one has located a likely candidate, one must then attempt to return to one's place in the text (which might be well before the number in the body of the work of the footnote paragraph one has been wading through), and then strive to remember (often in vain) the context of the matter footnoted. To add to the confusion, no less than forty times the reader is directed by the author to passages already dealt with, or about to be discussed, or to matter in footnotes above or below. After the first score or so of these indicators one begins to feel rather like Congreve's "Dog in a Dancing School." Furthermore, the index is not perfectly reliable: for example, some of the references cited for Joseph Warton (pp. 94-96) and the single one for John Ozell (p. 288n) are incorrect. Still, one must stress that these are relatively minor weaknesses in an important work of criticism which will undoubtedly lead to much spirited debate in the years to come.

University of Ottawa

R.L. Hayley