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inside

EDITORIAL

Welcome to the September 2009 edition of *the quint*. I would like to extend a very warm welcome to the quint's new poetry and papers editors: Dr. Yvonne Trainer and Dr. John Butler. Dr. Trainer came to UCN from Mount Royal College in Calgary, Alberta. A member of the League of Canadian Poets, she specializes in the area of Medical Humanities. Having arrived from at the University of Manitoba, Dr. Butler is an interdisciplinary scholar who is teaching pre-twentieth century literature at UCN this year. His area of specialization lies in the seventeenth century.

Perhaps the best term for this issue would be *eclectic*. Its contents range from reviews of Persian literature to works of two of Canada's best Aboriginal poets to an interview with an urban geographer about the nature of poverty to a series of stunning maquettes fashioned by MAAC Northern Residency artists for Manitoba's installation at the Olympic games in Vancouver. We hope you enjoy our Fall offering, and we're looking forward to bringing you an equally interesting issue in December.
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Sue Matheson
Managing Editor

DAUCUS CAROTA EN PASSANT by Daniel David Moses

That Queen Anne who welcomed our Four
Indian Kings to England, what
Do we know of her –or them—now?
Wild carrot preserves only

Her name with a lacey-headed,
Ahistorical poetry.
None of the other weeds displayed
By the double-paned windows of

The train seems to be dropping names.
A few descendants of those Chiefs
Know and usually are pleased to
Tell the story, how the silver

Communion service Anne gave them
--Some portions of which still rest in
Her Majesty's Royal Chapel
Of the Mohawks, used mostly for

Irregular Sunday worship—
Was still intact at the end of
The Revolutionary War,
The pieces having been buried

To frustrate looting. Only then
Were they divided like the Six
Nations themselves between those who
Followed Brant into Canada

And those who remained behind in
The Haudenosaunee homeland
In the country this other side
Of Lake Ontario, riding

Among golden rod and tasseled
Grasses, crushes of rushes and
Bloodless blue chicory florets,
The Four Kings all but forgotten

--As is Brant's Anglican passion
What Anne's vegetal namesake seems
Able to offer commoners
Like us, though not quite deluxe not

The usual tarnished silver,
Is enough. This late in August
Her lace laid in polace, doilies the
Décor for a rail right of way,

Now will also do, as you see,
For an altar rail, will be the
Comme il faut cloths even those up
Front in VIA One First Class can't

Help but experience as meet
And right. A nod overnight from
The frost curled enough of Queen Anne's
Flowers up into chalices

Which even she'd have wished to use
It she's once come slumming this way.
Let's life up these burnished cups and
Salute with a toast all that is

Divided, every thing that's lost
The late summer air slakes our thirst,
Stops our aches. In our windy wake,
        The drying grass falls on its knees.

"Prairies pure and unspotted:"

Sir William Butler, the Great Lone Land and the Imperial Vision

by John Butler

The phrase "post-colonial" has long been a familiar buzzword in the parlance of literary critics and scholars. Everyone was celebrating, so it seemed, some kind of liberation from the dominance of Anglo-American culture as they galloped away in all directions on horses of indiscriminate colours. In his collection of lectures entitled *Beyond the Provinces*, David Staines stated in a chapter, significantly entitled "The Old Countries Recede," that the old question which Canadian writers and writers about Canada used to ask themselves, namely, "What is here?" can no longer be asked. "It has faded," Staines declared. "into memory, a question no longer necessary, valid, or appropriate" (27). And of course, Professor Staines is right; Canadian writing, in the latter part of the twentieth century, found its *locus amoenus*, for it finally broke free from British cultural and political domination and is now in the process of staving off that of its neighbour, the United States. Indeed, it is in the works of Canadian authors rather than in the acts or deeds of its politicians that a true "Canadian" identity emerged. Yet it seems, at the same time, somehow regrettable that the here and

now should *prevail*, because what is "here now" is irrevocably made up from what was "here then." And it is always salutory to remember what it was like when writers had to think about what was "here then."

Much of the literature produced in the colonial period, Canadian or otherwise, has been maligned for years by the great and good amongst the literary and scholarly community. Even if some of what they have said rang true, a warning note should be sounded to avoid miscarriage of justice; many readers interested in Commonwealth literature, for example, may recollect the eminent Nigerian writer Chinua Achebe's ill-conceived attack (1975) on Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, which ultimately degenerated into little more than an *ad hominem* attack on Conrad himself, whom Achebe called "a bloody racist" (782) rather than addressing the shortcomings of the novella itself. Wilson Harris, an equally distinguished Caribbean novelist, defended Conrad in a spirited article which is often overlooked as an antidote to Achebe's polemic, and demonstrated that Conrad was actually attacking the Belgian colonial administration of the Congo rather than perpetuating racial stereotyping. More recently, Salman Rushdie, in a miscellany entitled *Imaginary Homelands* (1994), launched an assault on the Booker Prize winner Paul Scott's *Raj Quartet* for what Rushdie saw as a faulty portrayal of Indian characters and accused Scott of numerous borrowings from E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India*. In Scott's defense one could argue that his books are not actually about Indians, but a study of the British in India, and that India is the backdrop to their stories. Furthermore, a reading of Scott's other "Indian" novel, *Staying On*, reveals that it is indeed his fellow-countrymen who are under scrutiny by Scott.

What is certain is that any writer creating a work from the point of view of Conrad, Scott, or anyone like them must be writing from a "Eurocentric" point of view, and from the "top" (the coloniser) rather than from the bottom (the colonised), but even from that particular vantage-point dissenting voices could be raised against those who touted colonial rule as the best thing that happened to the poor benighted natives. Conrad's book fits this description, as does a book like George Orwell's *Burmese Days*, which spares neither British nor Burmese, and hardly extols the virtues of colonial justice or seeks to make Florey, the rather ineffectual British dissenter, anything much of a hero. Even Lord Edward Cecil's autobiographical *Leisure of an Egyptian Official*, which has received its fair share of vituperation since its reprinting in the 1980's, is ironic and satirical, showing that the British administrators and their hangers-on who indirectly ruled Egypt during the latter years of the nineteenth century were just as ridiculous and incompetent in Cecil's eyes as were their Egyptian counterparts. Lord Edward may sometimes appear condescending to the politically-correct eyes of modern readers, but the man possessed a fine wit combined with considerable powers of observation, and kept his tongue firmly implanted in his cheek. How realistic or useful is it for critics to rail at his apparent insouciance or his thinly-veiled contempt for officialdom? Have modern readers forgotten that here they are listening to the voice of a late-Victorian aristocrat, the son of the Marquess of Salisbury (one of Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers), and that the manners and *mores* of such a person cannot be expected to correspond to those of our own times?

Many writers of the colonial period go far beyond Cecil and even, perhaps, beyond Conrad and Orwell in their criticism of colonialism. Some of them, such

as Conrad himself (a Pole and an aristocrat) were actually victims of imperialism. Conrad's father Apollo Korzeniowski was a Polish nationalist poet, translator of Shakespeare and political activist who was imprisoned by the Russians and then exiled for his politics with his whole family. Young Joseph Conrad grew up under the Russian yoke without a geographical location he could call his own; it would be absurd to suggest that such a man would align himself with the forces of oppression. Such voices as Conrad's and Orwell's were part of what Ashis Nandy calls "the marginalised reflective strain….that must be presumed to underlie every 'homogenous' culture that goes rabid" (49). This strain, Nandy maintains, played a significant part in the opposition to the excesses of imperialism from within, providing the impetus for native writers to begin the decolonisation of literature. In this sense, novelists and poets have always been ahead of the politicians, in some cases again becoming *vates* (prophets) of the resistance movements. They helped considerably, moreover, in the formation of what Edward Said calls "the cultural grounds on which both natives and Europeans lived and understood one another" (100). Along with ex-colonial officials such as Orwell and Leonard Woolf, whose novel about Ceylon, *The Village in the Jungle*, is severely underrated, we might list the poet Wilfed Scawen Blunt, who supported Egyptian nationalism, and the subject of this essay, Lieutenant-General Sir William Francis Butler, G. C. B., the author of *The Great Lone Land* (1872), *The Wild North Land* (1873), *Akim-Foo: The Story of a Failure* (1875) and *The Light of the West* (1909).

William Francis Butler (1838-1910) might at first sight seem a highly unlikely candidate for membership in Nandy's club of the "marginalised

reflective strain." An Irishman with strong nationalistic feelings, Butler nevertheless served his Queen with unflinching loyalty for many years as a soldier in Canada, the Sudan, West Africa and, finally in South Africa, where he briefly (1899) served as Commander-in-Chief of British forces against the Boers. He was one of a fabled group surrounding Sir Garnet Wolseley, he worked with Kitchener, and was the friend and erstwhile biographer of the ill-fated General Gordon. However, what concerns us here, besides his Canadian experiences, is Butler's last job. His biographer, Edward McCourt, commented that for Butler, this appointment was "the worst that could be made, particularly for Butler himself" (219). Sir Alfred Milner, Butler's superior at the War Office in London, found himself completely exasperated by this man who had been branded a "radical General" by the cartoonist 'Spy' in *Vanity Fair*, because, as Milner commented after Butler's resignation, "the general's sympathy is wholly with the other side" (McCourt 228). Butler had concluded that far from doing any good materially or spiritually, British imperialism was now merely an excuse for material gain and self-aggrandizement on the part of people like Cecil Rhodes, whom Butler despised. "He regarded Rhodes and confederate magnates," J. L. Gavin stated in his *Life of Joseph Chamberlain*, "as evil beings" (McCourt 219). In Butler's considered opinion, "the armies of the world were set in motion by human greed" (McCourt 216), particularly that of arms dealers, banks and large corporations, with individuals like Rhodes providing inspiration for the vulture-like hordes of fortune-seekers proliferating all over the Empire.

Butler's disgust with colonial abuses was not something he suddenly discovered after he had been hired to chastise the Boers. The reader of the

manuscript of Butler's second Canadian book *The Wild North Land* had complained, as Butler related with some relish in the 1910 edition, that whilst Butler wrote good "descriptions of real experiences" he was not happy with the author's "theories" which he insisted on inserting in the text from time to time. These were, moreover, frequently expressed in clear and forceful language, and were usually at odds with the prevailing view of officialdom and of pro-imperialist readers. McCourt cites as an example the appendix to *The Great Lone Land*, "Lieutenant Butler's Report to the Hon. Adams G. Archibald, Lieutenant-Governor [of] Manitoba," which although it looks as though it might be a dull official report, was in fact, as McCourt states, "one of the greatest documents in the history of Western Canada" (80). It was Butler's first sustained expression of his "theories" for official eyes, and it pulled no punches, as will be seen later in this essay.

We have commented briefly that Butler espoused Irish nationalist sentiments. "Irishness," Ashis Nandy states, "was a common characteristic of a number of British writers and thinkers in the middle part of the nineteenth century" (36). The Irish, of course (like the Poles) had experienced colonialism first-hand for centuries, although the degrees of oppression varied from time to time. There may not have been, at least recently, examples of torture and mutilation as were perpetrated on people in the Congo by Leopold II's officials, but there had been massacres in the seventeenth century and the iron hand of Oliver Cromwell had never been forgotten. Irish culture and religion had been suppressed, and the Irish language had practically gone underground. Anglo-Irish landowners were often cruel or, at best indifferent, which had been seen with

disastrous results in the Great Famine of 1854. Many Irish people had been forced off their land and only the lucky ones had emigrated to the United States.

One famous example of an English sympathiser with the oppressed was Annie Besant, who rejected her cultural inheritance to make common cause with Indian nationalism rather than with the Irish, but, as Nandy says, her purpose and that of people like Butler was "searching for a new Utopia" (36), which Besant found in India and Butler in Canada, particularly the Canadian prairies. As Nandy writes of Besant's adoption of India, Butler saw the Canadian prairies as a place too vast in size and scope for anyone to "master;" its very nature transcended the political, and its people knew how to live with the land rather than off it. They did not express a primary interest in conquest and exploitation; as India for Annie Besaant was "not just a model of dissent against [her] own society," so for William Butler the Canadian prairies provided "some protection for a search for new models of transcendance" (36).

If Butler's theories showed themselves from his first book with a Canadian subject, how then did his perceptions of the land differ from those of pro-imperialist writers? Mary Louise Pratt, writing about the way Victorian travellers and explorers described the places they visited through the language of their books, states that their views were characterised by "fantasies of dominance and possession" (214), which found their expression through a discourse designed to impose order on what they saw, often "aestheticising" it in terms of European conceptual modes. A typical comment might be that the land under scrutiny "had no history," or that it had little shape or form; the denial of history in particular is, for Pratt, a "dehumanizing western habit" (214), and as a

reprehensible example she singles out a passage from Sir Richard Burton's *The Lake Regions of Central Africa* (1860), where the author, as she tell it, consistently uses adjectives "which tie the landscape to….[his] own culture." Burton does this, Pratt states, through what she calls "material referents," phrases such as "emerald green," "snowy foam" or "pearly white" (204); these dastardly phrases, Pratt goes on to explain, are descriptions which would be familiar to English readers and must therefore be "referents" of imperialism through which Burton's audience could somehow "take control" of the African landscape! My simplistic response is that as Burton wished his readers to understand and picture what he saw metaphorically (*ut pictura poesis*), so therefore the chosen metaphors would have to have been familiar to his English audience. What language could Burton have used which Pratt would *not* have considered "material referents" to his "home culture?" How would a Nigerian, for example, write home to describe his first experience of snow or minus thirty-degree weather in a letter home other than by using familiar metaphorical language in Hausa, Yoruba, Igbo or whatever his own language was? Is there a "magic lexicon of otherness" that Burton could have accessed in order to maintain political correctness in his discourse?

None of the above is to deny that a "rhetoric of colonialism" could have and did, in fact, exist in some writers. In the seventeenth century, John Donne used such rhetoric in connection with sexual conquest, addressing a woman's body in "Elegy XIX: Going to Bed" as "O my America! My new-found land!/ My kingdom, safeliest when with one man mann'd." Pratt's assumption that rhetoric *may* be loaded is reasonable, but to claim that it is always so is way off-target. In Butler's *Great Lone Land*, for example, imagery and metaphors are

usually non-specific, such as "night-shadowed," "quiet pools" or "quick-running streams" (200). He characterizes the prairie as "the world as it had taken shape and form from the hands of the Creator" (200), which no doubt Pratt would ascribe to a direct reference to the Garden of Eden, but it need not be that at all, for "the Creator" is a non-denominational, indeed non religion-specific phrase, and is a concept shared, for example, by the aboriginal inhabitants of the prairies. Butler simply wishes to make his beloved Canadian prairie landscape "transcend" any human works.

Let us compare Butler's attitude with that of Pratt's "model" explorer, Mary Kingsley, whom she uses primarily to advance the requisite feminist spin on her argument, which makes the claim that a woman explorer is less likely to use referents of imperialism than a man. In spite of the fact that Kingsley "did locate herself within the project of empire," as Pratt reluctantly admits, she was a vehement opponent of colonial administration, missionaries (a group, incidentally, for which Queen Victoria had little use, either), and corporations, for which Butler also expressed contempt. Mary Kingsley, Pratt argues, believed in the possibility of "expansion without domination and exploitation" (215), which was exactly the point put forward by Butler in his report to Archibald. As a woman, we are informed, Kingsley was also "decisively and rather fiercely rejecting the textual mechanisms that created value in the discourse of her male predecessors" (214), by which Pratt means that the comic irony readers find so attractive in Kingsley's writings, and which would be evidently unacceptable in, say, Lord Edward Cecil's book, the letters of General Gordon or in the writings of William Butler, "mocks the self-importance and possessiveness of her male

counterparts" (215). Pratt then concludes that Kingsley's use of this irony is an implicit criticism of male explorers; this assumption is not borne out by anything that Kingsley says directly, but by Pratt's own wishful thinking. Wouldn't it be wonderful, she insinuates, if the ironic tone in Mary Kingsley's *Travels in West Africa* was a direct result of the author's desire to puncture the presumptuousness of male (and perhaps one or two female) explorers who think that alien lands can somehow be "possessed" and "conquered" by discourse?

"Expansion without domination and exploitation," however, is something which can be found outside Mary Kingsley, for it might be easily seen in the expressions of sympathy with North American native peoples which permeates the discourse of some of the very settlers of the land. Butler's report is full of sympathy, and even from the pen of the intrepid but somewhat strait-laced Susanna Moodie we can find strong passages of compassion. In her well-known work *Roughing It In the Bush* (1852), Mrs. Moodie did not mince words. "It is deeply to be lamented," she wrote, "that the vicinity of European settlers has always produced a very demoralising effect upon the Indians" (287). Butler himself in his report stated that "knowledge of the Indian character has too long been synonymous with knowledge of how to cheat the Indian" (*GLL* 381). Noting some pages earlier that "ownership in any particular portion of the soil is altogether foreign to the Indian" (*GLL* 361), he went on to express misgivings about "that immense sea of human life which rolls unceasingly from Europe to America," hoping against hope, as he says, that the settlers "will have no idle prejudices to perpetuate" when they arrive (*GLL* 383). Butler returned to this theme in *The Wild North Land*, where he wrote that "in nearly all the dealings of

the white man with the red, the mistake of judging Indians by European standards has been made" (73). Moodie, too, knows this; "the Indians are often made a prey of and cheated by the unscrupulous settlers, who think it no crime to overreach a red-skin" (298). Mrs. Moodie's pejorative use of "red-skin," not her usual phrase, here underlines the dehumanisation of the natives by the whites. Later on we find her writing of "the ignorance of governments" and"the abundance of selfish men," whom, she says, "greedily avail themselves of this ignorance in order to promote their private interests" (497).

Let us pass, for a moment, over to the other side. A slightly later vistor to Canada (1913), the young poet Rupert Brooke, perhaps typifies what we might call "unintentional Eurocentricity." Brooke himself was no imperialist; he had socialist leanings and was close friends with several members of the Fabian Society, many of whom later became leaders in the new Labour Party, and, like Butler and Moodie, demonstrates in his Canadian essays a marked sympathy with Canada's native people. At the same time, Brooke's poetic consciousness was deeply-rooted in his Victorian classical heritage, which emerges as a force imposing on his observations some of those qualities deplored by Pratt. Brooke deprives the land of its history, because in European terms it has none. It contains no associations with those things which were nearest and dearest to Brooke's poetic temper and cultural-social inheritance. "The maple and the birch conceal no dryads," Brooke laments, "and Pan has never been heard amongst these reed-beds." Greece and Rome having evidently no place in Canada, Brooke turns to his English spirits, with equal failure. He sees no "white arm in the foam of the river-cataracts," and regrets that "there walk, as yet, no ghosts of lovers in

Canadian lanes" (156). For Brooke, something is missing, but he is no jingoistic downgrader of the unfamiliar, for he puts his finger firmly on the fact that in these very absences lie "the secret of a European's discontent" (156) with the Canadian landscape. Brooke's voice is not really that of the imperialist trying to conquer by force of referents, but actually the opposite. There are no referents which can bring Canada "home," and it's Brooke himself who feels displaced, as he seems to realise; of course there are no dryads, Pan, or white arms emerging foam-flecked to offer him Excalibur, because this isn't Europe. It's Canada, and it cannot be Hellenised or connected with Arthurian myth, which is what, for Brooke, makes it alien and disquiets him so much. Rupert Brooke had a deep-seated need for that "corner of a foreign field/ That is forever England," as he wrote in 1915; he needed history, continuity, not "the grey freshness and brisk melancholy" that he found in Canadian scenes. Wistfully he decided that "it is possible, at a pinch, to do without gods, but one misses the dead" (155).

Earlier on Brooke had been rather more blatantly Eurocentric. Canadian lakes and hills, he complained, "have no tradition, no names even; they are pools of water and lumps of earth….dumbly awaiting their Wordsworth or their Acropolis to give them their individuality and a soul" (117-18). One wonders whether Brooke expressed these sentiments when he met and stayed with the Canadian poet Duncan Campbell Scott. Did he just not see the inherent contradiction here, labelling Canada with Greek and English cultural tags which would, if applied, actually deprive it of individuality? In Alberta we find Brooke writing that "A European can find nothing to satisfy the hunger of his heart" there, because "the immaterial soul of England is heavy and fertile with the

decaying stuff of past seasons and generations" (153-54). He does try and see it from the other side, imagining that Canadians "would suffer claustrophobia in an English countryside beneath the dreadful pressure of immortals" (154), but for Brooke Canada was, in spite of its great beauty, "an empty land. To love the country here….is like embracing a wraith" (153). We are reminded of David Staines's ironic observation that "nothing here" may have been "the possible origin of the very word *Canada*….from the Portuguese words meaning 'nobody here'" (7)!

Sir William Butler, on the other hand, did not try to fill the prairies up with anything, nor did he attempt to reinvent them as Platonic forms or something else comfortably English. Whilst Brooke complained about being "perpetually a first-comer" (151), Butler revelled in it, showing none of what Pratt terms "the discourse of negation, domination and fear" (219), Eurocentric aspects that she finds even in the most modern of travel-accounts by people like the eminent Italian novelist Alberto Moravia and, perhaps surprisingly, the very urbane and well-travelled Paul Theroux, and whose prevalence she blames on nineteenth-century travellers such as Burton. In Brooke's case she has a point; for him the "first-comer" feeling implies that there was no habitation of the land, no history of human endeavour. Native peoples are forgotten at this point. For Brooke, the "past" was the key to all, and it meant that romanticised kinship with the Greeks or the ancient mythical British past that the Victorians felt so strongly about, the land of Alma-Tadema paintings and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*. He could not reconcile himself to the possibility that these things could, somewhere in this very world, be irrelevant. As a contrast, consider this passage from Butler's *Great*

Lone Land:

> The great ocean itself does not possess more infinite variety than does the prairie-ocean of which we speak. In winter, a dazzling surface of purest snow; in early summer a vast expanse of grass and pale pink roses; in autumn too often a wild sea of raging fire. No ocean in the world can vie with its gorgeous sunsets; no solitude can equal the loneliness of a night-shadowed prairie. One feels the stillness and hears the silence, the wail of the prowling wolf makes the voice of solitude audible, the stars look down in infinite silence upon a silence almost as intense. This ocean has no past-time has been nought to it; and men have come and gone, leaving no vestige of their presence. Some French writer, speaking of these prairies, has said that the sense of utter negation of life, this complete absence of history, has struck him with a loneliness oppressive and sometimes terrible in its intensity. Perhaps so; but for my part, the prairies had nothing terrible in their aspect, nothing oppressive in their loneliness. One saw here the world as it had taken shape from the hands of the Creator. Nor did the scene look less beautiful because nature alone tilled the earth, and the unaided sun brought forth the flowers. (200)

There is no rhetoric of domination here, no fear of the unknown; Butler shows that such things have no place in his observations of the Canadian prairie. Nature, not man, created the beauty he saw, and indeed man, red or white, is an irrelevance here. The very negation of myth or history *as he knows it* is part of the attraction here, its "Edenic" quality the lack of human evil. Butler negates all human history; humanity does not matter here, people are incidental, they are not the conquering heroes of imperialism. Unlike the French writer, Butler sees no threat or melancholy in the solitude, desolation or quiet that he sees around him as he lies flat on his back gazing up at the stars in the night-sky. These were

the very characteristics Butler sought for his Utopia, before whose context the whole imperial ethos would become jejune, rather like Conrad's unforgettable image in *Heart of Darkness* of the latest-model French gunboat firing its silly little shells into the continent of Africa. Butler's imagery here carries no European referents; indeed, the "prowling wolf" and its wailing cry designate the scene as absolutely Canadian. Butler saw himself as part of the land, not its possessor; he has absolutely no fear of it at all and he is not the "monarch of all he surveys," having no intention of assuming that particular mantle because he knows how uneasy are heads which wear crowns. Nowhere in this passage does Butler engage in what Pratt calls "the triviality, dehumanization, and rejection" that she claims Western writers employ to keep the places they describe in rhetorical "subjugation" (219). Just as Mary Kingsley marvelled at "the band of stars and moonlit heavens that the walls of the mangrove allowed one to see" (Kingsley 338), so Butler looked up at the same stars in "their infinite silence," thus, like Kingsley, "keeping watch and savouring the solitude of [his] night-vigil" (Pratt 214).

Solitude, silence and loneliness, it seems, cannot be touched by the merely political. In the seventeenth century another eminent soldier, Sir Thomas Fairfax, retiring from the world's strife after the Parliamentary victory in the Civil War, observed in a poem "O how I love these solitudes/ And places silent as the night" and Butler himself wrote that "he who has once tasted the unworded freedom of the Western wilds must ever feel a sense of constraint within the boundaries of civilised life" (*GLL* 351). His use of "unworded" is masterful—no word in *our* language could ever describe what he saw and felt; as Wittgenstein

once famously observed, "what we cannot speak about we must pass over in silence." Rupert Brooke, too, acknowledged "that feeling of fresh loneliness that impresses itself before any detail *of* [Brooke's italics] the wild. The soul—or the personality—seems to have infinite room to expand" (117). Susanna Moodie, after roughing it in the bush for seven years, actually missed the loneliness. "I clung to my solitude," she wrote; "I did not like to be dragged from it to mingle in gay scenes" (501). What is more, Butler does not "estheticize" as Pratt claims Burton had done, which is to see the sight as if it were a painting, "with description ordered in terms of background, foreground, symmetries" (204), thus implying that the writer is the painter and therefore the "master" of what he (and it's always *he*) is depicting, the one most qualified to relate it, evaluate it and make it conform to the terms of his own (European) cultural discourse. Butler, in the above passage, is reacting with awed delight to what he is observing, inspired by the rality of its "otherness" and avoiding the temptation to assimilate it to his own cultural nexus. In any case, what other words could he have used to describe the solitude and openness he so much loved?

Even if analyses such as Pratt's suggest new ways of looking at texts, they often become bogged down in political agendas which allow little room for any exceptions to the rules they are so keen to promote. There are, certainly, writers who do use imagery which suggests conquest, mastery or dominance, and they are not all male. Their tendency to see history as "a linear process sometimes with an implied cycle underlining it" (Nandy 57) is more the culprit than their maleness; it is this which leads to the unfortunate tendency to negate history, and indeed their Western patterns of organised thought may lead them to make

assumptions or draw conclusions which suppose an order and purpose to the world which may or may not exist. Such an imposition leads to a degradation of the place for not being the way it "should" be; we in the West like order in our court, rigour in our scholarship, tidy rooms and a goal in our lives. As Butler remarked in his preface to *The Wild North Land*, "people are supposed to have an object in every journey they undertake in the world" (v). His own object, he tells us, is best expressed by Tennyson's familiar lines from "Ulysses," in which the ageing hero declares "I cannot rest from travel. I will drink life to the lees," simple enough, but effective nonetheless.

In conclusion I would like to allude very briefly to Deleuze and Guattari, whose book on Kafka posits the idea of a "minor literature," which I believe should include the writings of Sir William Butler, as well as those of Orwell, Blunt, and even Conrad. They list three conditions for this category. First, its language should be "affected with a high coefficient of deterritorialization," secondly, "everything….is political," and thirdly, "everything takes on a collective value" (16-17). If Butler does belong to Nandy's group of marginal dissenting voices and his language is free from imperialistic discourse, then he is deterritorialised. True, he employs English. the "major" language, as Kafka employed German. But since Deleuze and Guattari note of Joyce and Beckett, "as Irishmen, both of them live within the genial conditions of a minor literature" (19), also employed English, as do many African and Indian writers, why not Butler, who was also an Irishman? His language is not that of Henty, Rider Haggard John Buchan or even Rudyard Kipling. Butler's theories are certainly political, and his emphasis on trying to understand the native people as

well as what we would now term his "ecologically-friendly" attitude to the land may also be described as broadly political. As to the last criterion, which Deleuze and Guattari define as an ability to foresee "another possible community" and to "forge the means for another consciousness and another sensibility" (17), it can certainly be argued that Butler envisaged a community of co-operation and honesty rather than one of commercial exploitation and despoiling of land. He made some practical recommendations for the implementation of these ideals in his report, and he wanted to change the entrenched attitude of white people and their government towards the natives they now ruled over. Butler and others are authentic voices speaking out from the broader community to suggest alternatives, they are voices which make the generalised voice of British imperialism as expressed in literature much more complex and more interesting than the narrowness of so many post-colonial critical views would suggest. Those critics whose preset agenda is to attack any colonial-era writers as if they were by very definition supportive of the imperial system at its worst might take pains to read some of their writers more carefully.

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your wind a song & deep inside
by Sharron Proulx-Turner

your wind a song & deep inside
the hand hills
for margie faccini-lee

that sea of frozen grasses
caught in a wind
& bending
whose underwater waves
fill whole waves with spring

their scents your spirit
your walk
a magnifier of your natural
rare beauty

knowing you is like playing hopscotch on the surface of the water,
the chalk returning to its watery home, the rocks to throw from
number to number, too, gone back to the bottom of fish creek, &
me jumping anyway, the memory working its way from thigh to
knee to calf to heel, heel to toe, heel to toe, heel to toe.

to me
you're like summer sweetgrass
long & fragrant & generous
your wit your mind your humour

you're a brilliant storyteller
an artist where everything you touch
transforms to something delicate & fine
something alive

for you, Margie lee
words seem clumsy & uneven
& you
a soft red leaf
the same leaf you found under barbed wire
in mid-winter
perfect still
rich & supple & pressed now

inside the pages of a book
maria campbell or linda hogan
lee maracle or beth brant

you hold onto grace
like a child holds a dandelion
for her mother
with deep joy
at that time of day
when morning meets the sky
& yours are prairie skies
bursting brilliant red
bold & breathtaking
against a periwinkle blue

--Sharron Proulx-Turner
Published in *she is reading her blanket with her hands, Frontenac Press, 2008*
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Difference Does Not Translate to Lesser

by Denise K. Henning, Ph.D.
&
Loretta Dominquez

These stories are used in a workshop approach with higher educational faculty and staff members to raise the levels of their understanding and perceptions of the subtlety of bias and bigotry towards difference. It is important to paint the picture from the viewpoint of the student and how bias affects student's self-esteem and self-belief. The case is left unresolved as to encourage participants to create different scenarios and understand the discourse. These case studies provide teaching opportunities for academicians to truly internalize issues of race, gender, cultural, religious, class and other differences through detailed discussion of the case and specific guided questions that raise the critical thinking about White privilege, racism, exclusivity, etc. of faculty, student support staff, and administration of higher education.

ABSTRACT

Through the consistent interactions of the faculty from her major department and the student development staff who encouraged her to be involved in organizations and programs, Lorraine quickly found her niche at West Coast Community College. Driving home to her small student housing one bedroom apartment at Midwest University, she relived her meeting with Dr. Bain, her graduate advisor that had taken place that morning. As a Tohono O' Odham student, Lorraine had decided to write a thesis on Indigenous women's experiences in graduate school instead of the usual portfolio that many other students in her program had chosen to do. Karen immediately lit up when Lorraine talked about her thesis idea, and Dakota said he thought that her research would encourage other Indigenous women to consider

graduate school. Eager to share this with Dr. Baine, Lorraine arrived for her advisors appointment 10 minutes early and waited in the reception area of the departmental office. When Dr. Baine invited Lorraine into her office, after the initial niceties about how her classes were going and discussion of scheduling for the next semester, Lorraine enthusiastically told her advisor "I have decided to do a thesis research project and I want to write about Indigenous women who have successfully completed graduate programs. "Wouldn't it be easier if you examined women's experiences in graduate school and used the female students here at Midwest University and conducted a quantitative study using surveys?" Dr. Bain said. Lorraine's insides sunk as if the air had rushed out of a balloon, she thought she must have not heard her correctly.

Dr. Baine must have seen the shocked expression on her face and waited for Lorraine to say something.

Jeremy, an African American guy, had been at University of Midwest one semester longer than herself. Jeremy, having felt much of what Lorraine was sharing asked if she had ever considered having a mentor. Lorraine was not unfamiliar with what mentoring was all about, exclaimed "I don't know if having one of the faculty mentoring me would help. Jeremy said he had felt that way a lot himself and further expressed, "I graduated from Larson College, a small private college, before coming here and before my last semester they hired an Indigenous woman, Dr. Redwolf. Lorraine wrote down the phone number for Dr. Redwolf, shut off her computer and got ready for bed.

"Larson's College, Intercultural Program Office" answered the receptionist. Asking for Dr. Redwolf, Lorraine was put right through.

Lorraine took a deep breath and told Dr. Redwolf who she was, where she was from, what tribe she was from, and that Jeremy Wilson thought she should call. She said, "I am a graduate student at Midwest University and I wonder if you would mind if I could get your input on some of the difficulties I am having?" Lorraine stated, "It feels as if they want to keep me silenced, that I have no voice in this program. Diane Redwolf shared with Lorraine some of her experiences with her doctoral program, which had similarities to her experiences.

REALITY VERSUS LIP SERVICE:
Diversity in higher education
A Case Study

As her first year in graduate school was coming to a close, Lorraine reflected upon the mess she felt she had gotten herself into. The excitement of pursuing her Master's degree that she had felt the previous summer had now given way to feelings of depression and regret as she pondered the prospects of spending another two years until graduation from the Postsecondary, Student Affairs program. She had always held out hope of pursuing a doctoral degree, but now wondered if she had the strength to complete her Masters at University of Midwest, which would take at least another two years.

Three years before as an older woman with grown children, Lorraine always wanted to pursue a degree in social work and chose a community college close to where she lived on the West Coast. She remembered worrying about how she would get along with the younger college-aged students when she was registering for classes to begin her first year. She smiled as she recalled her fears giving way to enthusiasm and joy while in her first semester of coursework. Through the consistent interactions of the faculty from her major department and the student development staff who encouraged her to be involved in organizations and programs, Lorraine quickly found her niche at West Coast Community College. Their encouragement and persistence quickly connected her with other Aboriginal students and Native faculty/staff on campus. She learned how to navigate the system of college and to her surprise in her second year became President of the student body. Lorraine remembered how her feeling of belonging and the friends she had made created a new sense of success and she excelled in all of her classes.

Driving home to her small student housing one bedroom apartment at Midwest University, she relived her meeting with Dr. Bain, her graduate advisor that had taken place that morning. As a Tohono O' Odham student, Lorraine had decided to write a thesis on Indigenous women's experiences in graduate school instead of the usual portfolio, no comprehensives that many other students in her program had chosen to do. She had dealt with so many challenges from her department during this first year of her Masters'; she wanted to learn of other Native women's experiences in their graduate programs. She thought about this topic for a few weeks before she felt brave enough to bounce the idea off Karen and Dakota, the other two Aboriginal graduate

students at the university. Karen immediately lit up when Lorraine talked about her thesis idea, and Dakota said he thought that her research would encourage other Indigenous women to consider graduate school. She felt empowered by her friends support even though Dakota questioned how she would find participants since there were so few Native women that completed graduate programs and that Midwest University sat in a state that was the 3rd Whitest state in the country. Lorraine shrugged off Dakota's comment believing that her advisor would welcome an opportunity to broaden the department's knowledge of Aboriginal issues, which had been a comment many of her faculty had made after having her in class.

Eager to share this with Dr. Baine, Lorraine arrived for her appointment 10 minutes early and waited in the reception area of the departmental office. When Dr. Baine invited Lorraine into her office, after the initial niceties about how her classes were going and discussion of scheduling for the next semester, Lorraine enthusiastically told her advisor "I have decided to do a thesis research project and I want to write about Indigenous women who have successfully completed graduate programs. I want to find out about their experiences and whether they have similarities." Further, she discussed how through qualitative interviews she could really get at the context of Native women's experiences and that it could translate to a larger study for dissertation research when she later was in a doctoral program. She thought to herself that she was trying to get all her thoughts articulated so fast that she must appear to Dr. Baine like a can of Coke that had been shaken and immediately opened. When she finished stating her concept, Dr. Baine sat there quietly, leaning back, looking upward in thought. After a long pause, she leaned forward in her chair and said, "Lorraine, I think this idea

is very ambitious, however my concern is that the topic would be too broad to complete in an appropriate amount of time. Wouldn't it be easier if you examined women's experiences in graduate school and used the female students here at Midwest University and conducted a quantitative study using surveys?" Lorraine's insides sunk as if the air had rushed out of a balloon, she thought she must have not heard her correctly.

Dr. Baine must have seen the shocked expression on her face and waited for Lorraine to say something. After what seemed like hours of silence, Dr. Baine shared with Lorraine the difficulty she would have trying to chair a thesis committee for this topic, further she said that finding faculty familiar with this topic to serve on a thesis committee would be at best, difficult. Dr. Baine said, "With summer break just a couple of weeks away, why don't you rethink this over the summer and let's get back together next semester." Lorraine felt like she was totally shut off and closed down by the response from her advisor, further she felt she had been dismissed and disregarded, which was the feeling she had when she was in elementary school during her childhood. As gracefully as she could she got up from her chair and left the office.

As she left the departmental office, she ran into Karen, who could tell by her face that something was wrong. Lorraine shared the experience she just had during her meeting with Dr. Baine and said "I guess Native women do not matter, how I could have been so wrong coming here and thinking that my world view would be significant to these people? I'm going home." Larraine said goodbye to Karen and left.

After parking her car, she went up the stairs to her 2nd floor apartment, on the landing she saw Jeremy, her neighbor, who was also a graduate student in her department. Jeremy, an African American guy, had been at University of Midwest one semester longer than herself. He was helpful with her sofa when she was moving in the previous August, and they even had two classes together. Jeremy saw immediately that Lorraine was not her usual happy self and asked her what was going on in her life. Lorraine, with tears welling up shared the experience from her meeting with Dr. Baine and further stated, "I thought that I would find this a more welcoming place, I don't know if my being a 'Skin' is the problem or if I am just too dumb to figure out what they want!" Jeremy, having felt much of what Lorraine was sharing asked if she had ever considered having a mentor. Lorraine was not unfamiliar with what mentoring was all about, exclaimed "I don't know if having one of the faculty mentoring me would help. I already feel like I am translating Indian to White all the time and we are all speaking English. Do you know what I mean?" Jeremy said he had felt that way a lot himself and further expressed, "I graduated from Larson College, a small private college, before coming here and before my last semester they hired an Indigenous woman, Dr. Redwolf. She really is shaking things up there." He shared how Dr. Redwolf proposed a mentorship program for the students-of-color on that campus within her first two weeks there and how impressed he was with her perception and concern for the retention and well-being of underrepresented students. Jeremy said, "If you want to see this thing through and go onto get your doctorate, I strongly suggest you call her. I know she could at least make some suggestions about your thesis and the resistance you are experiencing with your advisor." After sharing information with Lorraine about getting the contact numbers off the web site from

Larson College, he made her promise she would call Dr. Redwolf, which she agreed to do before they departed to their homes.

Lorraine thought about her conversation with Jeremy all evening, she debated with herself whether this Dr. Redwolf would be interested in mentoring her or hearing about her problems, she doubted if this woman would even have the time to care about what she was dealing with. After watching some TV and trying to do some studying, her thoughts continued to drift back to her meeting with Dr. Baine. She sat down at her computer to search for the Larson College web site, after only a few minutes she was looking at the personal web page of Dr. Redwolf; she thought to herself wow this woman looks like me! She always felt like she stood out at Midwest University, which was true most of the time. With exception of the classes she had with Jeremy, she was the only brown-skinned person in her classrooms. The only time she felt at ease with her speech and talking about her family and her experiences growing up was when she was with Karen and Dakota, but that was not as often as she would like since they were all so busy with their coursework. Lorraine wrote down the phone number for Dr. Redwolf, shut off her computer and got ready for bed.

The next morning she did her normal morning routine and left her apartment to go to her graduate assistant job, which was more like being a secretary than anything else. As she went about her tasks of filing and data entry, she kept telling herself she would call Dr. Redwolf over her lunch hour. She walked to the student union and picked up a sandwich and a drink and went to one of the common rooms to sit in the comfortable sofas that had a phone. She pulled out the number to make her call, and

then she said, "It'll wait until I finish eating." She felt as if she had a debate going on in her head as she looked at the phone number on the scrap of paper, (call her, don't call her). On the last bite of her sandwich she said, "Oh hell, what have I got to lose." She picked up the phone and dialed the number. "Larson's College, Intercultural Program Office" answered the receptionist. Asking for Dr. Redwolf, Lorraine was put right through.

"This is Diane," said the voice on the other end. Lorraine took a deep breath and told Dr. Redwolf who she was, where she was from, what nation she was from, and that Jeremy Wilson thought she should call. She said, "I am a graduate student at Midwest University and I wonder if you would mind if I could get your input on some of the difficulties I am having?" Diane Redwolf said "Of course you can, I don't know if I can help, but I can sure try." Lorraine discussed some of the minor issues she had encountered during her first two semesters at Midwest, the culmination of which she discussed her meeting with Dr. Baine the day before. She conferred that her advisor didn't support her thesis concept and wanted her to do something she was not passionate about, further sharing that she was told and she would have difficulty getting a chair for a thesis committee. Lorraine stated, "It feels as if they want to keep me silenced, that I have no voice in this program. I want to do a thesis on Indigenous women because it is something that affects me and the women from my community." Diane Redwolf shared with Lorraine some of her experiences with her doctoral program, which had similarities to her experiences. As they conversed, Lorraine could feel as if she found an ally, someone who truly understood and had advice and strategies to offer that for the first time in weeks gave her hope that she could see her goals and dreams fulfilled.

muskiki-ah-won-ah-hey-ney by Sharron Proulx-Turner

For george blondeau (white buffalo) 1951-2003

muskiki-ah-won-ah-hey-ney
muskiki-ah-won-ah-hey-ney

muskiki-ah-won-ah-hey-ney
muskiki-ah-won-ah-hey-ney

wey-yo-won-ey-yo-won-ey-yo-won-ey-yo-won-ah-hey-ney

muskiki-ah-won-ah-hi-yo-na-hey-ney-oh-wey

wey-yo-won-ey-yo-won-ey-yo-won-ey-yo-won-ah-hey-ney
muskiki-ah-won-ah-hi-yo-na-hey-ney-oh-wey

leaving wasuksing first nation. driving through a tremendous
thunder storm after weeks with the water, the wind, the sun,
the moon, loon, raccoon who wouldn't leave. foxes. chipmunks,
hummingbirds, monarch butterflies, bats, paradise &how long will
it take to adjust to talking about george in the past tense?

george wasn't what I'd call a man full of surprises. but this? george's
death? this is a surprise. george's spirit name is white buffalo. white
buffalo is sacred, the bringer of miracles.

george died at full moon
& bats on the beach
their circles quick
to rebirth death
rebirth

the intimate sound of bats
circling a beach in that time between times
seers of both worlds
feasting on those insects
who arrive
when the day cools

george's death is hard for me to accept. I don't feel anger towards
george or the deer or the motorbike or the mountain or the rock.
I feel robbed of george's presence in my life. I know he's here in a
new & profound way, but my eyes witness the beauty of the trees,
my ears, my body, my heart want to revive his songs. george's
beautiful singing voice, the sacred songs he sang. The way he
listened to each person, offering prayers for everyone, going to
george's lodge was like going home to mom's.

raven at sweat lodge
her wind a song
a gathering of joy from deep within the air
a place where the old ones the ancient ones
look on & wait
prepare to come help

underfoot
there is stone
mountain
where knowledge so deep
a beautiful sadness
symmetrical & round
the backbone of our mother
who speaks all languages
a place to know
there is more to see than one lifetime
could endure
go home says stone
where your feet take you

31 years ago today I made this same journey. I'm now in a plane over saskatchewan, george's home. like going to mom's home, our true mother, mother earth. mother earth's presence at george's home fire was tangible

a room inside a loon call
ancient & inviting anyone awake
to take the chance
a lifetime of dreaming our selves

one small bird at a time
loon in the night
the sound of forever passed

guardians of time here

& there are autumn trees
their wisdom a forest
now with quiet red leaves
whose silence
or laughter
whose water meets with sun

I dream a beautiful butterfly, yellow, brownred & green. woman
colours. new beginnings. in flight. george in green fleece, with
all the burnt spots from the fire. his green rubber boots. his baseball
cap. his quiet laugh, taking his shoulders up & down, up & down,
a rhythm like a song.

a river of mountains
the ancestors
whose flow is life's shadow
& sun's presence is a promise
tonight the sky will speak
the northern lights
reflection
sun on water
love's losses
in the middle of the day
still young

ho-oh-ho-wi-no ho-oh-ho-wi-no
ya-a-na-ho-wey-hi-ya-na-hin-o-wey
ya-a-na-ho-wey-hi-ya-na-hin-o-wey
ya-a-na-ho-wey-hi-ya-na-hey-ney-oh-wey

ho-oh-ho-wi-no ho-oh-ho-wi-no
ya-a-na-ho-wey-hi-ya-na-hin-o-wey
ya-a-na-ho-wey-hi-ya-na-hin-o-wey
ya-a-na-ho-wey-hi-ya-na-hey-ney-oh-wey

"Dreams possess me / and the dance / of my thoughts": drama, philosophy, and carnival in William Carlos Williams's *Paterson*

by Sue Matheson

Critics often read William Carlos Williams' *Paterson* in terms of its *dis*unity.[1] Thomas Pison, in particular, argues in his excellent article, "*Paterson*: The Discontinuous Universe of the Present" that *dis*continuity is the structural norm in *Paterson*: its parts do not add up to a whole, because the poem is an illogical and unthinkable series of dissonant elements. Accordingly, *Paterson* should be read as a modern experiment that attacks the notion of organic unity, because "literary modernity may be defined as a protest against the dominance of the line."[2] Pison's compelling argument raises a number of interesting questions, for during his discussion one cannot help but hear the ghost of Ezra Pound whispering: "What could be deader than dada?"[3] Not the least of these questions is why would Williams, a poet

[1] Discussions of dessemination and indeterminacy in *Paterson* include Joseph N. Riddel's "Keep Your Pecker Up"—*Paterson Five* in *Glyph* 8 (1981): 203-231 and the Question of Metapoetry and Augustus M. Kolich's "W.C. Williams' *Paterson* and the Poetry of Uncertainty" in *Sagetrieb* 6. 1 (1987): 53-72 and T. Hugh Crawford's "*Paterson*, Memex, and Hypertext" in *American Literary History* 8.4 (Winter 1996): 665-82.

[2] Thomas Pison, "Paterson and the Discontinuous Universe of the Present," *The Centennial Review* 19 (1975): 326.

[3] See Pound's response to Williams's enthusiasm for Dadaist deconstructions of language in "Poem No. 2" of *The Poems of Abel Sanders*.

of the avant garde who played with Dadaist forms and linear discontinuity in the 1920's, be experimenting with them again after the Second World War?

As Peter Schmidt points out in "Dada, Paterson and Epic Tradition," *Paterson* is not itself Ready Made Art: parts of *Paterson* may have been inspired by Tristan Tzara's "Dada Manifesto 1918"—"spit[ting] out disagreeable or amorous ideas like a luminous waterfall,"[4]— but, unlike a truly Dadaist work, *Paterson,* a dream poem, does not attempt to present the actual. Like many dreams, *Paterson* is at once classical and carnivalesque / unifying and disunifying/ ordered and disordered. As such, *Paterson* calls for an approach which accommodates examination of both the individual "things" of the poem, as Pison's paper argues, and its fuller dimensions, what Schmidt terms the Dadaists' "impossible ideal of perpetual self-renewal." Modifying Albert Cook's useful definition of the French prose poem as a work of "total design and high formality," *Paterson* is, I would suggest, a prose poem of total design and high informality[5], resting on an absorbing problem: as in a dream, meaning in *Paterson* lies not in its particulars, but in the organizing consciousness producing those particulars. The organizing consciousness, however, may only be discovered by investigating its

[4] See Tristan Tzara, "Dadaist Manifesto of 1918," in *Dadas On Art,* trans. Lucy R. Lippard (Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, 1971) 20.
[5] Here I am modifying Cook's definition of the French prose poem offered in Joseph E. Slate's "William Carlos Williams' Special Number," *Journal of Modern Literature* 1 (1971): 476.

manifestations—particulars, which are, in themselves, meaningless.

Over the last thirty five years, only three critics—Stephen Tapscott, Sister Bernetta Quinn, and D. Hurry—have investigated Williams' use of dream and dream imagery in *Paterson* at any length. Arguing that Williams counters T.S. Eliot's dominant notions of "tradition" by inventing his own American tradition in "Whitman in *Paterson*," Tapscott points out how Williams uses Whitman, who also incarnates his own landscape, to inform the dreaming figure of the city.[6] Quinn and Hurry too investigate Williams's use of dream as the poem's informing structure: in "Paterson: Landscape and Dream," Quinn investigates Williams's use of Freudian and Jungian approaches to dream association and the idea of history as a corporate dream; Hurry's "The Use of Freudian Dream Symbolism in William Carlos Williams' Paterson" and "William Carlos Williams' *Paterson* and Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*" examine the influence of Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* in *Paterson*, in particular Williams's use of association, substitution, and displacement as major means of structuring and signification in large parts of the poem.[7] As these articles indicate, more work is needed that studies dream as an important aesthetic in *Paterson*.

[6] See Stephen Tapscott, "Whitman and *Paterson*," *American Literature* 53 (1980-81):291-92.

[7] See Sister Bernetta Quinn, "Paterson: Landscape and Dream," *Journal of Modern Literature*. 1 (1971): 523-48 and D. Hurry's "The Use of Freudian Dream Symbolism in William Carlos Williams' Paterson," *Literature and Psychology* 31 (198): 16-19 and "William Carlos Williams' *Paterson* and Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*," *Literature and Psychology* 28 (1978): 170-77.

When examining the nature of the dream and dreaming in *Paterson*, it is necessary to consider the philosophical and dramatic underpinnings of the primary trope that William chose to embody the processes of the psyche. Like other moderns, among them Sigmund Freud and James Joyce, Williams uses the image of the city to represent the workings of the mind. Williams goes to great lengths in *Paterson* to emphasize this design—even reminding the reader of his conscious and careful use of the city as a unifying metaphor at the beginning of "Book III." Using an epigram from Santyana's *The Last Puritan,* "Book III" reminds the reader that "cities are a second body for the human mind, a second organism, more rational, permanent and decorative than the animal organism of flesh and bone: a work of natural yet moral art, where the soul sets up her trophies of action and instruments of pleasure."[8] As "a second body for the human," the place in *Paterson*, not the poet, dreams itself into being.

Not surprisingly, Williams chose the place, not the person, to be the dreamer in his poem. As Quinn points out, place for Williams was the only universal: Williams himself says that "[y]ou will find *place* everywhere and it is all that you will ever find on this earth" (emphasis mine).[9] One could say of *Paterson*, *somnio ergo sum.* For Paterson, it seems, the act of dreaming is the act of being—"rolling / up the *sum*" (emphasis

[8] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson* (New York: New Directions, 1963): 94.
[9] Originally stated in "The Fatal Blunder" in *Quarterly Review of Literature*, II (1945): 125. See Quinn, "*Paterson*: Landscape and Dream": 531

mine).[10] Here the pun on "sum" allows the reader to understand the word, "sum," as "I am," reinforcing the concept that the act of dreaming is the act of self-creation. Appropriately, this relationship between dreaming and being introduced early in the poem stems from Williams' own understanding of the creative act. As Quinn notes, Williams belonged to the group of *transition* contributors who were magnetized by dream imagery: "he [Williams] never lost his attraction for the submerged two-thirds of human consciousness, the 'back country' of Paterson I (re-introduced in IV) … [he] saw this 'country' as the territorial imperative for the creative process."[11] Arguably, it was the enormous scope afforded the poet by this "back country" that attracted Williams to dreamscape as *Paterson's* medium. In his "Author's Note," Williams states that his duty as a poet when writing *Paterson* was "to *make* a poem fulfilling the requirements of the art, and yet new, in the sense that *Paterson* as Paterson would be discovered, perfect…as itself, locally."[12] In order to do this, Williams needed "an image which was large enough to embody the knowable world."[13] Victor Li suggests in "The Vanity of Length: The long poem as problem in Pound's *Cantos* and Williams' *Paterson*," Williams turned to the long poem to house the epic scope of the dream

[10] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson* (New York: New Directions, 1963) 3.
[11] Found in Quinn, "*Paterson*: Landscape and Dream," 524.
[12] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, iv.
[13] Ibid., iii.

material with which he was working. *Paterson's* deep structures, however, indicate that Williams also incorporated another form, a dramatic medium, in this poem to make this epic form "new"—the prototragedy.

Williams' use of a classical form to express an American locality is unusual but not atypical, since returning to the old to make things "new" was the iconoclastic method by which this poet worked. In an interview with John W. Gerber and Emily M. Wallace, Williams states that "the way to discover is to be an iconoclast, which means to break the icon … [because] … the spirit of it comes out and can take again a form which will be more contemporary."[14] Introducing the Dionysian elements of prototragedy into his verse disrupts *Paterson's* formal and rational aesthetic, the icon of the epic, while maintaining his commitment to what Nietzsche would deem the epic poet's "pure contemplation of images" as Williams still presents "a whole world of images … quite different in hue, causality, and pace from the images of the sculptor or narrative poet."[15]

Because the Dionysian substratum of tragedy simultaneously offers its audience what Nietzsche terms the epic nature of the Apollonian dream illusion and the

[14] See John W. Gerber and Emily M. Wallace's "An Interview with William Carlos Williams," *Interviews with William Carlos Williams: "Speaking Straight Ahead."* Ed. Linda Wagner (New York: New Directions, 1976) 26

[15] Frederich Nietzsche, "The Birth of Tragedy," *The Birth of Tragedy and The Genealogy of Morals*, trans. Francis Golffing (New York: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1956) 39.

objectification of a Dionysiac condition, "tending toward the shattering of the individual and his fusion with original Oneness,"[16] Williams' use of prototragedy allows the epic's spirit to remain even though the icon of the epic is fractured as so many commentators have noted.[17] Thus, Williams' "contemporary" epic has a hero who is not fated to be of epic or national importance, but whose gigantic form, a projected image, is superhuman like Nietzsche's Dionysos who appears "in a multiplicity."[18] *Paterson's* hero/place is paradoxically restricted by its locality, but takes on the enormous scale found in the epic. In addition, the scope of the poem is cosmic: limited only in terms of the dreamer's consciousness. Superhuman agents are non-extant, but common people, like Eisenstein's peasant and the beaten woman in "Book III," take on the supernatural qualities of Priapus and the Beautiful Thing.

In *I Wanted To Write A Poem*, Williams says that after much worry, he simply "let the form take care of itself."[19] A process of continual re-invention, re-discovery, and re-shaping of the place that he is, Paterson's "dreams walk about the city where he persists / incognito."[20] Involved in the process of artistic creation, Paterson is always

[16] Frederich Nietzsche, "Birth of Tragedy," 56.
[17] Margaret Glynne Lloyd's *William Carlos Williams's Paterson: A Critical Reappraisal* (Rutherford: Fairleigh Dickinson UP, 1980) and N. W Werner's "The Importance of Ritual in W.C. Williams' *Paterson*" in South Dakota Review 8.4 (1970): 48-65 discuss Williams's modifications of the epic form at length.
[18] Nietzsche, Frederich , "The Birth of Tragedy," 66.
[19] Williams, William Carlos, *I Wanted To Write A Poem,* ed. Edith Heal (Boston: Beacon Press, 1958) 172.
[20] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 6.

discernable in the text, because the city's inhabitants actualize the city itself. This process of actualization is essentially dramatization. Thus, in "Book I, Paterson's thoughts are seen "sitting and standing."[21] In Book II, his "thoughts," which are expressed as "things," "climb…laughing, calling to each other."[22] In "Book IV, their actions have become a dance: "(Look, Dad, I'm dancing!)."[23]

Prototragedy is, as Nietzsche points out, the concrete manifestation of "Dionysiac conditions, music made visible, an ecstatic dream world."[24] In *Ancient Art and Ritual*, Jane Ellen Harrison notes that the purpose of the ritual dance and the dithyramb, those frenzied choric hymns and dances in honor of Dionysos, was to summon the spirit of life.[25] Like the ancient Greek dithyramb, the dance of the "things" in *Paterson* expresses the living spirit or essence of the city of which they are part. Thus, when one reads *Paterson*, one does not encounter a static image but an on-going plastic process. Like the human psyche, *Paterson* is constantly involved in the process of self-generation, and therefore, by definition, is continually changing. The city is always making itself "new." This process of constant "renewal", however, should not be confused with the concept of "growth." Because a city can only recreate

[21] Ibid., 9.
[22] Ibid., 43.
[23] Ibid., 149.
[24] Frederich Nietzsche, "The Birth of Tragedy," 89.
[25] Jane Ellen Harrison, *Ancient Art and Ritual* (New York: Greenwood Press, 1969) 138.

itself out of things that constitute it, *Paterson* does not "grow" in the sense of becoming larger or different or better. Rather the poem renews itself by reinventing the relationship of the things that constitute it, its parts, within the sum of its whole. Thus, the poem's tropes, dogs, basements, streams and bodies of water, bellies, and fish, to name only a few things, repeat themselves—appearing and reappearing—their changing signatures and relationships with each other creating a kaleidescopic effect. Even excrement is recycled in *Paterson:* for example, immediately following the comment made by "Sir Thopas (The Canterbury Pilgrims)…(to Chaucer) / Namoor-- / Thy drasty rymyng is not / worth a toord," one finds "in prose" a "Report of Cases" of "diarrheal disturbances."[26]

Thus Paterson's presentation renews itself in much the same way that images move on film—just as the illusion of motion on film is created by one film frame or static image following another, in *Paterson*, images follow each other. The result is somewhat like surrealist Louis Bunuel's *Un Chien Andalou.* Seemingly unrelated images are presented in what appear to be the absurd and haphazard fashion of a dream. Unlike *Un Chien Andalou*, however, *Paterson* is engaged in the constructive process of self making and self-discovery. In "Book II," for example, the world that Paterson

[26] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 177.

"concretely" discovers is himself.[27] The sleepwalking inhabitants of the city, the sink filled with farina waste, the collie in the park are, as Tapscott would agree, incarnations of the gargantuan.[28]

Paterson therefore "lives" in the very syllables of the text,[29] because the organized whole of the poem, is more than the sum of its parts. Painstakingly delineated in the "Preface" of the poem, the process of this gestalt involves "a start, / out of particulars / and make them general, rolling / up the sum, by defective means."[30] At the "Preface's" conclusion, the poet even outlines a biological model which depicts the process that the discovery will take—up the evolutionary ladder: from "shells and animacules / generally and so to man, / to Paterson."[31] However, Williams immediately negates any lingering idea that there may be a conventional, empirical process at work in *Paterson* by which the poem may be understood as soon as "Book I" begins. Instead of "shells and animacules," Williams introduces Paterson "in the valley under the Passiac Falls,"[32] and the deliberate confusion, by waking standards, prepares the reader for the a-logic of the dreaming mind.

[27] Ibid., 43.
[28] In "Whitman and Paterson," Tapscott reads the contents of the city as a collective abstraction. Paterson, he says, is a supine giant who incarnates its landscape and dreams its population into being (292).
[29] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, iv.
[30] Ibid., 3.
[31] Ibid., 5.
[32] Ibid., 6.

The poem's following examination of Paterson the city is a philosophical project concerned with the dream world or the world of appearance. In *Paterson*, one never loses sight of men and things as mere phantoms or dream images, what Schopenhauer terms the true mark of "philosophic talent."[33] Paterson's poet, who invents reality in the sense of coming upon or discovering the world and then transcribing it, is very like Nietzsche's "man who sensitive to art stands in the same relation to the reality of dreams as the philosopher to the reality of existence; he is a close and willing observer, for from these images he reads the meaning of life, and by these processes he trains himself for life."[34]

The parallels that can be drawn between Williams' questing poet in *Paterson* and Nietzsche's Zarathustra in *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* are instructive and intriguing: like Zarathustra, Williams' poet begins a quest at the beginning of "Book I," and like Zarathustra's, his quest is an exploration of the nature of self invention via his overcoming of the sleepwalking state of most of the city's inhabitants. The poet's "rolling/ up the sum, by defective means",[35] his promised ascent to Paterson, parallels the movement of the philosopher's paradoxical descent in *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*,

[33] Frederich Nietzsche, "The Birth of Tragedy," 20.
[34] Frederich Nietzsche, *Philosophy in the Tragic Age of the Greeks*. trans. Marianne Cowan. (Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1962) 114.
[35] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 3.

because both poet and philosopher find wisdom embodied and expressed in conditions other than those which men traditionally find knowledge to transcend one's condition: among the animals, in the crannies of the body, and within the irrational, the Dionysian aspect, of the mind.

True to the Dionysian principle, the dream gestalt that is Paterson's mind functions irrationally. The poet's directionless and seemingly endless quest reveals parts of the city in "Sunday in the Park" neither in terms of cause and effect nor chronological sequencing. Randomly mixing the past and the present, the poem demonstrates a "pluralism of experience," a de-centralizing condition which Williams claims is "obvious to the eye" and in which every individual, every place, every opportunity of thought is both favored and limited by its emplacement in time and place.[36] Thus, the mink and the Evangelist, like the grasshoppers and the dogs, are coequal elements, because within the field that the dreamer creates, the cosmos cannot be valued in terms of the hierarchies created by traditional systems of thought.

Even the principle of association, the structuring device of dreams, breaks down in *Paterson's* plurality: the found prose episode of "the little critter that caused so much fun," for example, and the passage of free verse that immediately follows which begins

[36] Ibid., 149.

"without invention nothing is wellspaced" have nothing in common in terms of style and diverge in terms of content, for the mink disrupts rather than invents.[37] In the dream, the mink and the Evangelist exist solely because the dreamer has dreamed them. Entirely of Paterson's making, their raison d'etre is that they are what Paterson is. As a result, they are related only to *Paterson* in the same way that the organs of one's body are. "Rolling up out of chaos," the sum of the mink and the preacher is part of that "nine months' wonder, the city."[38] What Strindberg says in the introductory note to "A Dream Play" also applies to the Evangelist, the mink, and all the "things" rolled up in *Paterson*: "a single consciousness holds sway over them all—that of the dreamer. For him, there are no secrets, incongruities, no law."[39]

In "I Wanted To Write A Poem," Williams remarks that while writing *Paterson*, he underwent "a sea change" and discovered that "the verse must be coldly, intellectually considered. Not the emotion, the heat of life dominating, but the intellectual concept of the thing itself."[40] *Paterson* reflects this discovery when the poet also experiences "a sea change." After emerging from "the blood dark sea," Paterson awakens from sleep in "Book IV" and returns in "Book V" to the "old scenes / to

[37] Ibid., 50.
[38] Ibid.,3.
[39] See Strindberg's insights in the introductory note to "A Dream Play," *Six Plays of Strindberg,* Trans. Sylvia Sprigge (New York: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1955) 193.
[40] William Carlos Williams, "I Wanted to Write a Poem," 83.

witness."[41] Williams' use of theatrical metaphor in "Book V" signals this transformation of Paterson's consciousness. The poet ceases to be merely an actor and also becomes his own audience.

In dreams, it is a common experience for the dreamer to become aware of him/herself and discover that he or she is simultaneously a participant and a spectator. Such an experience is similar to that of a member of a Greek chorus. In *The Birth of Tragedy*, Nietzsche points out that Schlegel's idea of the Greek chorus as the quintessence of the audience or 'ideal spectator' suggests that the perfect spectator views the world of the stage not at all as art but as reality.[42] In *Paterson*, the obverse of this notion seems to be at work. Throughout *Paterson*, Williams often directs the reader towards the classical foundations of the poem's inquiry into problems of perception and knowledge associated with his attempt to express every/thing in a language that is only Paterson's. Even the opening fragment of Book VI, reminds the reader "you knew the Falls and read Greek fluently."[43] In the "Preface," the poem's mandate to examine the "things" of the city mirrors Aristotle's discussion of the polis (the city state) at the beginning of Book IX of the *Nichomachean Ethics*: "[h]e who thus considers

[41] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 209.
[42] Frederich Nietzsche, "The Birth of Tragedy," 47.
[43] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 243.

things in their first growth and origin, whether a state or anything else, will obtain the clearest view of them."[44]

In "The Novel Poetry of *Paterson*," Jeff Poggi and Sergio Rizzo argue that Williams's use of Symonds' remarks on Greek meter at the conclusion of "Book I," reveals his attempt to push his poetry towards a redefinition of the confines of verse and what the artist could or should represent.[45] I believe that Williams's use of deformed meter not only signals his attempt to renew the poetic form and poetic language, but also reveals the poem's use of classical forms to drive the poetic act towards self realization throughout *Paterson*. Dramatically, *Paterson's* movement to self recognition parallels the development of theatre in ancient Greece, the transition from ritual to drama. As Harrison notes in *Ancient Art and Ritual*, the division of the ancient Greek theatre into actor and spectator occurred when the ritual of the *dromenon*, the thing done, became *drama,* the thing also done but abstracted from one's doing.[46] In *Paterson,* the movement from stage to audience also signals a shift in the nature of consciousness towards self examination and self reflexivity. In "Book I," life in the city is expressed as in the terms of the *dromenon*: "the subtleties" of Paterson's

[44] See the first lines of Book IX, *Nichomachean Ethics*, trans. W.D. Ross, accessed at .<http://www.knuten.liu.se/~bjoch509/works/aristotle/nico_ethics.txt.>.
[45] Jeff Poggi and Sergio Rizzo, "The Novel Poetry of *Paterson*," *Sagetrieb* 12, (1993): 33.
[46] Jane Ellen Harrison, *Ancient Art and Ritual*, 127.

"machinations" animates "a thousand automatons" who act out the personal dramas of their lives on the stage that the city provides.[47] In "Book II," "the scene's the Park," Paterson concretizes or actualizes his thoughts *within* the action of the poem. The poet, also "—discounting his failures / seeks to induce his bones to rise into a scene, / his dry bones, above the scene (they will note) / illuminating it within itself, out of itself / to form the colors, in terms of some / back street, so that history may escape / the panders."[48]

In "Book V," however, problems of perception and knowledge are Williams's primary concerns, for unlike the poet in "Book II," Paterson does rise above the action of his dream. At this point, the *dromenon* becomes *drama*—the thing done but abstracted from one's doing. As an audience member witnessing himself acting, the poet sits on the hill and transforms the nature of his vision. Coldly and intellectually considered, the dream becomes Art and poetic conventions appear. When Art becomes conventionalized in *Paterson*, it acquires a sinister, immutable "reality": the museum becomes real / *The Cloisters*—on its rock / casting its shadow-- / 'la realite! la realite! la realite! / la rea, la rea, la realite!'"[49]

In "Book V," Art in "the museum," like the earlier books in the Library is

[47] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 6.
[48] Ibid., 80.
[49] Ibid., 209.

dangerous, for one may mistake what are conventionalized ways of understanding reality for the rather unorganized and absurd business of life itself. Notably, it is after breaking the subjective mold of the dream state that Paterson makes this mistake when he concludes that "things" cannot be considered "real," because they are impermanent. Considering the one of the fundamental questions of the poem—"the virgin and the whore, which / most endures?"—he decides that "the world / of the imagination most endures."[50] Because the world of imagination endures enshrined in Art, it presents a reality that is immutable. Nothing else is real, Paterson says, considering "Pollock's blobs of paint squeezed out / with design!"[51] Ironically, Pollock's immutable design of paint blobs represent the Real for the poet, because the "unreality" of fiction is paradoxically more lasting than the "things" of the empirical world. Offering the possibility of immortality in paint blobs, Art becomes the solution to that most modern of anxieties, Death: "through this hole / at the bottom of the cavern / of death, the imagination / escapes intact."[52]

Because the poet confuses the Real and the Ideal, it is not surprising that allegorical figures, representations of the Ideal, appear in "Book V." The Unicorn and the Maiden accrete meaning as soon as they appear. The Maiden is not merely a

[50] Ibid., 213.
[51] Ibid., 213.
[52] Ibid., 212.

woman but "the whore and the virgin, an identity."[53] In this section, the ancient story, the old drama of love, is reenacted. Distanced from the action, Paterson ironically recognizes himself. He, too, is trapped in the design. He is also the Unicorn. Because love is "seen only in a mirror," as his own audience, he realizes that "every Married man carries in his head / the beloved and sacred image / of a virgin / whom he has whored"; thus, "I, Paterson, the King-self "is "a milk-white one-horned beast."[54]

According to Williams, the revelatory power of drama lies particularly in its portrayal of the creative process, because the dramatist, like Schlegel's spectator, "lives," himself in his world.[55] "Living" in the poem, Paterson is his own chorus. Witnessing "old scenes," Paterson the man actualizes himself in the landscape of the tapestry and thereby demonstrates the dramatic nature of his own existence: he is actor, dramatist, and audience—due to the dramatic irony inherent in the image of "the dead beast brought in at last",[56] it is necessary for him to shout encouragement at himself during his own performance: "Paterson, / keep your pecker up / whatever the detail!"[57]

A "salut a Antonin Artaud pour les / lignes, tres pures: / 'et d'evocations

[53] Ibid., 210.
[54] Ibid., 234.
[55] William Carlos Williams, *Imaginations,* Ed. Webster Schott (New York: New Directions, 1970) 261.
[56] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 234.
[57] Ibid., 235.

plastiques d'elements de,'" *Paterson* echoes Artaud's cure for modern man's alienated state: "Say it! Not in ideas but in things."[58] Williams places *Paterson* in "a certain position of the understanding anterior to all systems of thought, as well as fact and deed—that is common to all…in which the thinker places himself on the near side of reality—abjures the unknowable and begins within a certain tacitly limited field of human possibility."[59] Placed on "the near side of reality," Paterson's surreal a-logic is an effective "weapon," as Goll says, "against the clichés that dominate" our lives.[60] Thus the love vision that attends Paterson's dream vision is made "new" as Williams goes about separating the Real from the Ideal. Certainly not Ideal, Paterson's philandering, Corydon and Phyllis' affair, and the sodden lovers in the garden in the park do not attempt to transcend the purely physical nature of their relationships. In the park, "she" is not a cliché, a whore or a virgin but a "(drunk) … (a lump) desiring, / against him, bored."[61] Illustrations of profane love, the lovers retain a vital integrity, because they *are* frankly vulgar. Stripped of the Ideal, they are "things." In the "laughing, toothless" abandon of "the peon in the lost / Eisenstein film drunk," Paterson finds "the leer, the cave of it, / the female of it facing the male, the satyr--/

[58] Ibid., 137; 9.
[59] Williams Carlos Williams, "The Importance of Place," *The Embodiment of Knowledge,* Ed. Ron Loewinsohn (New York: New Directions, 1974) 132.
[60] Esslin, *Theatre of the Absurd*, (New York: Anchor Books, 1969), 325.
[61] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 59.

(Priapus!) / ….fertility / …cleansed."[62]

Moving away from the medieval cliché of Ideal love to the "thing" itself, "the movement" which "throbs openly", the poem's dramatic decorum allies vulgarity with deformity—as Symonds notes "deformed verse was suited to deformed morality."[63] In "William Carlos Williams: The Leech-Gatherer of *Paterson*," Thomas W. Lombardi points out, *Paterson* represents a gathering up grotesque images designed to cure.[64] This cure, however, is not only the matter of returning to the practices of the past to discover America. Williams also uses the grotesque to disrupt and frighten conventional sensibilities and return the reader to another position anterior to systems of thought—that of childhood. Here, Williams' use of a dwarf, like Nietzsche's in *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, is instructive. The nightmarish figure of the half-mole-half-dwarf, who sits on Zarathustra's shoulder "dripping lead into [his] ear [and] leaden thoughts into [his] brain," goads the sickened and oppressed philosopher into curing himself by recognizing what allows Man to overcome animals: courage.[65] Zarathustra summons his courage and dismisses the dwarf's "vision of the loneliest" with "the eternal return"— an ancient view rooted in the cyclical nature of the natural world that

[62] Ibid., 58.
[63] Ibid., 59;40.
[64] Thomas W. Lombardi, "William Carlos Williams: The Leech-Gatherer of *Paterson*," *Midwest Quarterly: A Quarterly of Contemporary Thought* 9 (1968): 333.
[65] Frederich Nietzsche, "Thus Spoke Zarathustra," *The Portable Nietzsche, ed. & trans. Walter Kaufmann* (New York: Viking, 1968) 268

maintains that what is about to happen has happened before.[66] Williams' introduction of horror, "a dwarf, hideously deformed," who "sees squirming roots," and whose "ears" are "toadstools" and "whose "fingers sprout leaves," pushes the ontological and epistemological envelopes even further by returning the reader to a condition that exists before that of systematized thought, the "near side of reality" where *anything* and *everything* is possible[67]—thereby deconstructing the notion of eternal recurrence by stepping outside of the construct of Time. By doing so, Williams presents the reader with the possibility of true freedom—by demolishing his or her chronological limitations. Appropriately, therefore, in "Book V," *Paterson* introduces Williams' grandmother with the phrases, "once on a time / on a time."[68] On meeting her grandson, the doctor, a product of what Spengler calls our "reason-doomed" century,[69] the old woman snaps, "You young people / think you know everything"[70] With experience one learns the importance of the living anterior to systems of thought—that life can be lived correctly by sleeping it "away."[71]

If a life is a dream dramatized, then the expression of such an essence must be

[66] Frederich Nietzsche, "Thus Spoke Zarathustra," 268.
[67] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 83.
[68] Ibid., 238.
[69] In James Baird, *Ishmael: A study of the symbolic mode in primitivism* (New York: The John Hopkins P, 1956) 23.
[70] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 238.
[71] Ibid., 239.

particular to that dreamer. In *Paterson,* "lumps of rancid meat milk-bottle-tops" create the city's aesthetic.[72] And in the a-logical fashion of the dream, the rotting flesh and sour bottle caps "have / here a tranquility and a loveliness."[73] It is left for man to discover in the dreamscape of the deformed post-lapsarian world the nature of his own essence in "the dance" of *Paterson's* syllables: the measured arrangement of waste farina, Sam Patch, and dogs and trees. Appropriately, the realization that *everything* in Paterson is the dance of the giant's thoughts does not occur to "the thousand automatons" whom Nietzsche would immediately recognize as the herd. The poet notes that these citizens "walk outside their bodies aimlessly / for the most part, / locked and forgot in their desires—unroused":[74] like the "community of unconscious actors" described in *The Birth of Tragedy* .[75]

Williams addresses this situation in "Book V." In "Book V," Paterson and the reader are roused from sleep and find themselves functioning like a Greek chorus, involved in the action and commenting on it: although "we know nothing" but "to dance a measure / contrapuntally, / Satyrically the tragic foot,"[76] it is possible to recognize, at the conclusion of the poem, that the city's vulgar citizens illustrate the

[72] Ibid., 39.
[73] Ibid., 39.
[74] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 6.
[75] Frederich Nietzsche, "The Birth of Tragedy," 56.
[76] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 239.

fundamental human tragicomedy and often grotesque absurdity of the universe. In "Dada, *Paterson*, and Epic Tradition, "Peter Schmidt also points out that Williams's reference to satyrs in "Book V" contain "in miniature the contrapuntal, tragicomic structure of Book V itself."[77]

References to satyrs appear not only in "Book V" but throughout all of *Paterson*. Indeed, throughout *Paterson*, the dance of Paterson's thoughts is "a / pre-tragic play, / a satyric play!"[78] Once alerted to the nature of the dramatic structure underpinning it, one finds "Ribald" satyrs everywhere.[79] In "Sunday In the Park," for example, the reference to picnickers celebrating their holiday like satyrs is explicit: even to the coarse contours of the leg, the / bovine touch…the satyr-- / (Priapus!) / with that lonely implication, goatherd / and goat, fertility, the attack, drunk, / cleansed."[80] In "Book III," the poet is invited to sit his "horny ass / down."[81] "Book IV" begins with the injunction, "(Look, Dad, I'm dancing!)" and Phyllis, part animal, part woman, is also identified as a satyr: "I think I'm more / horse than woman. Did you every see such skin as mine? / Speckled like a Guinea hen."[82] In "Book V," G.B.'s brother is "a

[77] Peter Schmidt, "Dada, *Paterson*, and Epic Tradition," *William Carlos Williams Review* 8, 2 (1982): 12.
[78] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 258.
[79] Ibid., 258.
[80] Ibid., 58.
[81] Ibid., 118.
[82] Ibid., 149;157.

satyr if there ever was one."[83]

Employing what Nietzsche would identify as the Dionysian principle of rapture, caused by "physical intoxication" or "the powerful approach to spring," Williams uses the figure of the satyr to further rupture the icon of the epic.[84] In "Book II," the quester encounters across a group of drunken revelers and recognizes "This is the old, the very old, old upon old, / the undying: even to the minute gestures, the hand holding the cup, the wine / spilling, the arm stained by it."[85] Enraptured, the picnickers are like "the peon in the lost/ Eisenstein film drinking / from a wine-skin with the abandon / of a horse drinking…laughing, toothless."[86] At this point, laughter or *homo ridens,* an important element of carnival festivities which breaks down social norms and barriers, introduces the concept of the Dionysian chorus--"male, the satyr" and female, "she—lean as a goat."[87] This chorus, "the amnesic crowd (the scattered)," like *Paterson* itself, is a group of "complex voices," a multiplicity embodying the creative principle.[88] Throughout the poem, sex or procreation is an act that fractures male and female gender roles—both men and women involved in the picnic are depicted as satyrs. By "Book V," because venereal disease is no longer a threat to the celebrant,

[83] Ibid., 216.
[84] Frederich Nietzsche, "The Birth of Tragedy," 22.
[85] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 57.
[86] Ibid., 58.
[87] Ibid., 58;59.
[88] Ibid., 60.

the reader is enjoined to "'Loose your love to flow' / while you are yet young / male and female."[89] On the following page, Sappho's lesbian desire, "At mere sight of you / my voice falters, my tongue / is broken," ignores socially constructed sex roles and the procreative becomes the creative act in her lyrics.[90]

In sum, the foundation of *Paterson* is not Apollonian verse, an intellectually detached and coolly considered examination of its subject. Rather, *Paterson* is a festive event, and like the Greek satyr play, was designed to liberate the modern American, whose "Puritan denial of the emotions, of feelings, of the more 'savage' part of human nature has [crippled]."[91] Thus in *Paterson*, "all deformities take wint" and "[a]ll plays / were satiric when they were most devout" (258).Williams' valorization of Eros and the life force is an important concept of Dionysian festivities; another is his carnivalesque celebration of the grotesque, excessive body and the "orifices" and ""protuberances," of the "lower bodily stratum."[92] Of the many grotesque excessive bodies in *Paterson*, perhaps the most memorable is that of the "old woman" who wore "a china door knob / in her vagina to hold her womb up."[93]

According to Mikhail Baktin, carnival, like the Dionysian fete, offers its

[89] Ibid., 216.
[90] Ibid., 217.
[91] N.W. Werner, "The Importance of Ritual in W.C. Williams; Paterson," *South Dakota Review* 8 (1970): 49.
[92] See Stam's discussion of the grotesque and its function in the carnivalesque in *Subversive Pleasures : Bahktin, Cultural Criticism and Film* (Baltimore: John Hopkins U P, 1992) 94.
[93] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 238.

celebrants an alternative cosmovision characterized by the ludic undermining of all norms. Within carnival, all hierarchical distinctions, all barriers, all norms, and prohibitions, are temporarily suspended while a qualitatively different kind of communication, based on "free and familiar contact," is established.[94] Overturning the conventions of classical aesthetics and social decorum, Williams ruptures social barriers by revealing that which polite society hides—the body and its principles of defecation and copulation. In *Paterson*, these principles are celebrated. The world itself is "a fetid womb a sump," and bellies are "Ponderous" or "great."[95] Naked bodies abound, animals' rumps frisk about, and "stool" samples are reported.[96] Considering the ribald material that proliferates in *Paterson*, Mary in "Sunday in the Park," looks at the picnickers and aptly shouts, "What a bunch of bums!"[97]

This free and familiar contact characteristic of the carnivalesque is established not only by the mixing of social castes, the most obvious being the mésalliances created by the highly educated doctor and his slum-dwelling patients, but also by the conflation of styles and texts in the poem. Throughout, *Paterson* is a prime example of heteroglossia—its voices are multilingual and polyphonic. They speak in English,

[94] Robert Stam, *Subversive Pleasures,* 85-86.
[95] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 171; 177; 28.
[96] Ibid., 177.
[97] Ibid., 57.

French, Latin, Italian, and ancient Greek As well as free verse, lyrics and one of Williams's translations of Sappho's poems, *Paterson* is a compendium of high and low prose texts, containing an excerpt from John Addington Symonds' *Studies of the Greek Poets*, (Volume I, no less), clippings from nineteenth century and modern newspapers, letters, recorded conversations and interviews, and even a tabular account of the specimens found in the artesian well at the Passiac Rolling Mill. In *Paterson*, Williams privileges neither langue nor parole. The *lingua franca* of academic English and the vernacular cohabit the same page, while the dreamer's thoughts dance from poetic stanzas to a personal letter: "he bears a collar round his neck / hid in the bristling hair. / Dear Dr. Williams: / Thanks for your introduction."[98]

Williams' carnivalesque elements of obscenity, the nonsensical, and "marketplace speech" create what Bakhtin would recognize as "an anticlassical aesthetic,"[99] emphasizing the aesthetic of the mill town in its "deformity."[100] "Deformity" in Book II, evident in the "humped roots," the rocky out-croppings," and the "sweetbarked sassafras / leaning from the rancid grease," is something "to be deciphered (a horn, a trumpet!) / an elucidation by multiplicity."[101] In terms of content, form, and typeface,

[98] Ibid., 212.
[99] Robert Stam, *Subversive Pleasures,* 94.
[100] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 61.
[101] Ibid., 61.

Williams immediately signals that this multipli/city is asymmetrical. The list that follows elucidates the declaration of *Paterson's* aesthetic by undermining its own coherence. Williams frees the reader from the logic and classical balance that the parallel structure of a list provides by randomly grouping *Paterson's* thoughts to illustrate the deformity created by the city's multiplicity and emphasizing the unconventional via the startling use of uppercase letters in the last line of "Sunday in the Park": "a corrosion, a parasitic curd, a clarion/ for belief, to be good dogs : / NO DOGS ALLOWED AT LARGE IN THIS PARK."[102]

Non/sense also signals the inverted nature of the city's dreaming psyche. The quest begins in Book II with the statement, "There is no direction. Whither," the Passiac Falls are described as "the uproar of water falling," and in Book III, "Awake, he dozes in a fever heat."[103] At the most basic level of meaning, language itself is subject to the festival spirit of inversion and reminds the reader of the poem's proclivity to re-invent. Again, the poet's treatment of language is startlingly similar to Nietzsche's: in *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*, for example, Nietzsche's philosopher also uses the waterfall as a trope to express process of making language new: "Mouth have I become through and through and the roaring of a stream from towering cliffs: I want

[102] Ibid., 61.
[103] Ibid., 18; 97; 101.

to plunge my speech down into the valleys," he says, "New ways I go, a new speech comes to me; weary I grow, like all creators of the old tongues… Too slowly runs all speech for me."[104]

As in *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* where the meanings of some words, for example, *ascent* and *descent* are often ironically reversed, the meanings of words in *Paterson* are regenerated, overturned, and dispersed. Williams's treatment of language is, like his structural devices, deliberate and self conscious. Signaling its author's intent to make an "American" poetry via a language drawn from the present and the local, Section III of Book IV begins with the question: "Haven't you forgot your virgin purpose, / the language?"—the immediate reply is "What language? 'The past is for those who / lived in the past, ' is all she told me" / Shh! the old man's asleep."[105]

Because inverted topoi and tropes in *Paterson* undermine the reader's reliance on the "Queen's English," the marketplace prose in the poem valorizes the American language. Written largely in the vernacular, the unconventional English of "yuh" and "kid" in P's letter to Pappy are easily understandable.[106] Likewise, the American idiom rendered phonetically in "S. Liz 13 Oct," should cause the reader trained in the American vernacular while reading *Paterson* little trouble. By this time the poem has

[104] Frederich Nietzsche, "Thus Spoke Zarathustra," 196.
[105] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 187.
[106] Ibid., 163.

altered his or her expectations regarding the conventions of spelling and diction: "Fer gor Zake / don't so egggaggerate / / I never told you to *read* it. / le erlone Reread it."[107] As this speaker indicates, reading *Paterson* is not a matter of *reading.* Indeed the reader is cautioned against "rushin to *read* a book / just cause it is mentioned eng / passing."[108]

As the phonetic presentation above suggests, words do not signify meaning in as much as they embody meaning. That is even at the level of language, *Paterson's* thoughts are dramatized. As Thomas F. Bertonneau points out in "The Sign of Knowledge in our Time: Violence, Man, and Language in Paterson, Book I (An Anthropoetics)," by invoking Hipponax in "Book I," Williams prefigures the "tragic foot" on which *Paterson*, "Book V," will almost two decades later come to its ambiguous end.[109] At the end of Book I, Williams draws the reader's attention to how language in the poem functions via the excerpt from *Studies of the Greek Poets.* According to Symonds, Hipponax "ended his iambics with a spondee or a trochee instead of an iambus, doing the utmost violence to the rhythmical structure."[110] Like Hipponax, Williams "acute aesthetic sense of propriety" also demanded that his verse

[107] Ibid., 138
[108] Ibid., 138.
[109] Thomas F. Bertonneau, . "The Sign of Knowledge in our Time: Violence, Man, and Language in Paterson, Book I (An Anthropoetics)," *William Carlos Williams Review* 21, 1: 49.
[110] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 138.

dramatize the subject matter with which it dealt as well—clearly only "deformed verse" could be considered capable of conveying deformity.[111] As the vernacular impatiently instructs the reader: "I didn't say it wuz ! ! henjoyable reading / I sd/ the guy had done some honest / work devilupping his theatre technique."[112] This passage aptly illustrates how Williams' uses the vernacular to create the halting limp of the choliambi in *Paterson*. The grammatically meaningless letter units of "wuz," "henjoyable," "sd/," and "devilupping" act as stumbling blocks to the classically trained reader—causing him or her to halt and making sense only when read aloud.

Because the poem dramatizes itself on so many levels, reading *Paterson* is a matter of engaging in carnival, for the poem is what Bahktin would deem a participatory spectacle, a "pageant without footlights" which erases the boundaries between spectator and performer.[113] By overturning established norms and conventions, Williams dissolves the barriers between author/speaker/reader and the reader must become an active participant when reading—creating connections between speakers, supplying absences with presences, and recognizing the dramatic nature of the poetry. This convention of involving the spectator in the action, rooted in the ritual beginnings of Greek theatre, and the use of language in Greek poetry was adopted by

[111] Ibid., 140.
[112] Ibid., 138.
[113] Robert Stam, *Subversive Pleasures,* 94

the European avant garde in the twenties. Inviting active participation on the part of the reader, Williams weds form and content even in *Paterson's* very syllables, and re-introduces the notion of the satyr play throughout Book V to embody the human tragicomedy while redefining the nature and function of poetic language.

As the critical debate about *Paterson* demonstrates, the poem's readers are left without answers. Indeed, considering tenants of modernism and this poem's Dadaist influences, one wonders whether Williams ever meant to answer the questions he raises. At the conclusion of "Book V," the reader is told that "We know nothing and can know nothing."[114] It appears that, like Nietzsche, Williams comes to the conclusion that knowledge is not a matter of knowing the things that make up the world, but of understanding one's shifting and often indeterminate relationship to those things. Perhaps the most radical aspect of *Paterson* lies in Williams' dramatic reconciliation of the subject-object dichotomy concerning the poem's interactive relationship with its reader. As noted earlier, when reading *Paterson*, the reader is actively engaged in the action of the poem, for the a-logical polyphony and its often unconventional presentation requires the reader to synthesize and order information either by associating "things" with one another or by reading in terms of *differance*. However the

[114] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 239.

individual reads, beit in terms of unity or *dis*unity, he or she becomes a part of the participatory spectacle that is *Paterson.* In short, the boundaries between subject and object, stage and audience, disappear for the reader as well, and he or she becomes audience, playwright, and even actor—participating as a member of the choral band. As T. Hugh Crawford notes in "Paterson, Memex, and Hypertext," Paterson's reader, "just like Dr. Paterson, must explore the text, make connections, and produce local meaning."[115] Furthermore, during each reading, the poem is renewed, made "new," because the reader's experience has changed him or herself in the interim between readings. In spite of these changes, *Paterson* always remains Paterson—a *geist* perpetually engaged in its own evolution that is expressed in the terms created by the always changing relationships of its parts. Included in the chorus, all the reader can ever know about *Paterson* is act of reading itself. The property of the chorus, this knowledge is the dance itself—the matter of doing, perceiving, and interpreting. Williams states at the end of Book V: "We know nothing and can know nothing / but / the dance, to dance to a measure."[116] In the end, the dance is everything, much more than the Dadaist desire to know "rien rien rien"[117] or the state that e.e. cummings

[115] T. Hugh Crawford, "Paterson, Memex, and Hypertext," *American Literary History* 8 (1996): 697.
[116] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 239.

[117] From the Dadaist manifesto, "Dada Souleve Tout" signed by Tristan Tzara, Marcel Duchamp, Francis Picabia, Andre Breton and others published in *The Little Review* in 1921.

terms "lifted from the no / of all nothing—merely human being."[118]

In final analysis, *Paterson's* dramatic constructs, philosophical principles, and surreal landscape create an extended, plastic image of the tragicomic human condition that ironically reveals that transcriptions of reality created can be considered to be more "real" than the empirically verifiable world around us. Nevertheless, *Paterson's* dream vision does not signal a return to the dark irrational of the human mind—"the hungry sea," which "draws us in to drown of losses and regrets"[119] —for *Paterson* is not a mirror for the narcissistic Romantic self but an introduction to the Otherness of the modern world around us. Doubtless Nietzsche would have approved of Paterson, since Williams' long poem "opens the way to a truly rational attitude," and introduces readers to reinvent themselves and transcend their condition by facing their own states of flux in the world about them and accepting their own impermanence—without fear and illusion. In *Paterson*, Williams agrees with Nietzsche's sentiment that "for better or worse one thing should be quite obvious to all of us: the entire comedy of art is not played for our own sakes—for our betterment or education, say—nor can we consider ourselves the true originators of that art realm; on the other hand, we have every right

[118] See cummings' sonnet, "i thank You God for this most amazing" in *20th Century Poetry & Poetics*, Fourth Edition, ed. Gary Geddes (Don Mills, Ontario: Oxford University Press, 1996) 92.
[119] William Carlos Williams, *Paterson*, 201.

to view ourselves as aesthetic projections of the veritable creator and derive such dignity as we possess from our status as art works"; Williams, however, would not agree with Nietschze that "our whole knowledge of art is at bottom illusory, seeing that as mere *knowers* we can never be fused with that essential spirit, at the same time creator and spectator who has prepared the comedy of art for his edification."[120] At the conclusion of the poem, we, as readers, are no longer "mere knowers" but also accomplished artists—dancers and participants in the dream sphere. As choral members, we are and, at the same time, know. Dancing "the tragic foot," contrapuntally, satirically, while reading, we, ourselves, can become geniuses in the act of creation and truly experience the essence of our own aesthetics: and in doing so, finally—like Paterson—actualize our own modern epics of self-creation, achieve self-realization, and resemble "that uncanny fairytale image which is able to see itself by turning its eyes" and be "at once subject and object, poet, actor and audience."[121]

[120] Frederich Nietzsche, "The Birth of Tragedy," 41-42.
[121] Frederich Nietzsche, "The Birth of Tragedy," 42.

REVIEWS

John Butler

Taj al-Saltana, *Crowning Anguish: Memoirs of a Persian Princess from the Harem to Modernity.* Anna Vanzan and Amin Nehsati, Trs. Abbas Amanat, Ed. Washington, DC: Mage Publishers, 1993.

Taj al-Saltana (1884-1936) was the daughter of Shah Nasr ed-din, whose long reign (1848-96) saw the emergence of Iran, or Persia as it was generally known, from a mysterious and distant oriental power to a country in the midst of reform and modernisation, setting the stage for the revolution which eventually toppled the Qajar Dynasty to which the writer belonged and ushered in modern Iran under the Pahlavi shahs. This, of course, ceased to exist in 1979 when the last Shah left Iran in the clutches of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini and his Islamic Republic. This book covers the years 1884-1914, the last years of the reign of Nasr ed-din Shah, the reigns of Muzaffar ed-din (1896-1907) and Mohammed Ali (1907-09) to the beginning of the time of the last Qajar ruler, Ahmad Shah (1909-25). It has the advantage over the previously-reviewed book in that it has a long introduction by Abbas Amanat, Professor of Iranian History at Yale University and the author of *Pivot of the Universe*, a biography of Shah Nasr ed-din. This Introduction, entitled "The Changing World of Taj al-Saltana," gives a more than adequate background, copiously-illustrated, for readers who may not be familiar with Qajar Iran, fills us in on the many personalities who inhabit the book, and reconstructs the world in which the princess lived with admirable clarity. Fortunately for readers, Professor Amanat wears his scholarship fairly lightly, and his enthusiasm for and sympathy with the subject of the book makes Taj al-Saltana come alive in all her lively eccentricity as she copes with the world of royal wives and concubines (who sometimes demonstrate remarkable political

awareness), deals with the assassination of her father, deplores what she sees (rather unfairly, perhaps) as the incompetence of her brother Muzaffar ed-din, and attempts to come to terms with her own conflicting values (the title of her book suggests that she didn't succeed). Indeed, Taj al-Saltana emerges, at least for this reader, as a more engaging person than Princess Salamah of Zanzibar and a genuine voice for the social and political grievances of Iranian women at the time.

In sharp contrast to Princess Salamah of Zanzibar, Taj al-Saltana was thoroughly-educated in European philosophy, geography, history and literature, which was due to her father's genuine interest in such subjects and to his having ordered many works translated into Farsi. Taj's own particular preference seems to have been for the French Romantics, although she also read Voltaire's book on Louis XIV and was well-acquainted with French history before the revolution.

Nasr ed-din had, moreover, made several state visits to Europe, beginning in 1872, and he had published a diary of his travels and impressions which makes fascinating reading. This tradition was continued by Taj's brother Muzaffar ed-din, whose literary style she mocks by printing an excerpt in which His Imperial

Majesty recounts drinking water (twice) and rejoicing after reading "a telegram which told of Aqa Sadiq ad-Dawla's surgery for hemorrhoids" (266), which she says will "perpetuate the regrettable memory of those thirteen years that we were in this man's grip—a man whose proof of intelligence was nothing more than this document" (266). She does not mention that he was also the Shah who gave Iran a modern constitution, took a lenient and pragmatic attitude towards dissent and who introduced the cinema to his subjects as well as, according to historians, having a considerable knowledge of literature, particularly poetry. Taj's own sister, Eftikhar al-Saltana, visited Europe in 1911, one of the first Persian women to do so; she herself never made the journey, although, according to Amanat, she "cherished a desperate longing" (66) to go there.

Taj's book does not begin with her birth, but precisely on a Thursday evening on 27 February, 1914 on a "dark and overcast" afternoon which she says was as "gloomy as my reveries." She finds herself enveloped, as she is painting a portrait, in "a despondent silence and stagnation, heightened by the dim red glow emanating from the heater," being watched by a "melancholic youth who sat behind in an armchair" (107) whom she addresses as Soleyman, "my dear teacher and cousin" (108), who, it turns out, is five years her junior. He thinks she should stop what she's doing and go out for a stroll, listen to some music or read a biography, but she says that's she is too preoccupied with her own past and present life to be interested in anyone else's, so he asks her to tell him her story, which she then proceeds to do, addressing her book to "my teacher," whom she describes as a man who had fallen in love at a young age, found his lover false, and had now "adopted the mannerisms of the famous Don Quixote" (109).

Taj then goes on to describe her childhood. Her mother, Turan al-Saltana, was of the same family as her father, "very young, very beautiful and very virtuous" (109), as her daughter writes shortly before stating that "she lacked the qualities required of motherhood" (110). She then goes on to say that what she means is that her mother was a victim of a society "that barred the way toward happiness to all women and held them, wretched and unenlightened, in a world of utmost ignorance." Taj's purpose in writing the book is thus stated implicitly from the outset; "all moral defects or evils in this country," she declares roundly, "have originated and spread from the absence of education for women" (110). In many ways, perhaps, she would not have been surprised at the status of women in the

Islamic Republic of Iran today, and would no doubt have deplored the lack of real progress. Right from the first page of this book Taj advocates female liberation, arguing forcefully that it is necessary on the grounds that "every invention, every revolutionary discovery and every item of commercial, political and military knowledge has derived from mothers" (110), who have raised and taught their sons to be great men. Taj has little good to say about "the mothers of today," who have, in her view, "plagued us with a misery and ignorance that has shattered our independence and condemned us to the depths of perdition," and in fact she feels that her own "respected" (113) mother, without knowing it, was the source of "the great misfortunes of my subsequent life" (112). As far as love and affection were concerned, Taj preferred her "Matron Nanny," a Nubian woman who had brought up Taj's mother and whose "fearsome looks and dreadful physique" (114) belied her kindly nature. There is not room enough here to go into details, but Taj's beliefs about the place of women in society were firmly-based on the importance of motherhood and nurture, which she thought could be improved only by education and equal opportunities to operate outside the confines of the harem. In any case, in spite of her mother's evident shortcomings, Taj describes herself without any embarrassment as "a beautiful, adorable child," and states that "there was no face prettier or lovelier than mine" (119)!

Taj gives a very detailed picture of a woman's life at the Qajar court as well as of the customs and rituals of that institution in general. Women were not confined to the harem; they sometimes went with the Shah when he paid calls, hunted or made domestic excursions in the city and surrounding countryside. Nasr ed-din had eleven palaces (including the Golestan, his main residence) which contained, so Amanat estimates, about seven hundred women in the various harems (16); he had eighty wives over a period of nearly fifty years, and he spent his leisure time going from palace to palace, taking his pleasure in all the gardens, villas, resorts and hunting-grounds which dotted Tehran. One ceremony Taj describes illustrates how different life for a Qajar monarch was than that of a European ruler. It was called the *ashpazan*, and consisted of the Shah and his courtiers preparing and cooking a large quantity of soup, which was served outside in a garden for everyone, including the women of the harem. Amanat explains that this ritual "was meant to remind the guests of their collective duty towards the monarchy," and that sharing the soup reminded them of the "benefits of the

state for the elite" (17) which originated with the Shah. Another "benefit" which Taj enjoyed was the ability to have love-affairs, something which she started to do at quite an early age, beginning with the Shah's married favourite Gholam Aziz al-Soltan, who was a few years her senior and married. Whether the liaison went much beyond passionate letters Taj does not say, but her relationship with this man was not unusual; Amanat writes of "lesbian affairs among the royal women, lovers escaping through the roofs of the harem, and royal concubines surprised in the basement with adolescent page-boys or half-castrated but still sexually-active eunuchs" (41).

In spite of the relative freedom accorded her within the walls of the harem, where she was brought up, Taj eventually had to succumb to an arranged marriage. In spite of the fact that her father, whom she admired and loved dearly for his advanced ideas and reformist tendencies, seemed to be in favour of her marrying her future lover, the Shah had run up against opposition from his principal wife, Anis al-Dawla, and eventually had to settle for Mohammed Baqer Khan, who commanded the Royal Guard; Nasr ed-din did, however, manage to delay his daughter's marriage until the age of twenty, an unusually liberal move at the time. In any case, Taj did not get married until 1897, and she did not have a great deal of regard for her husband, whom she describes as "a headstrong, tiresome child" (242). However, distraction soon presented itself in the form of a handsome and well-educated young man of nineteen, whilst her husband, following conventional pattern, also amused himself elsewhere. "I considered his absence a blessing," Taj tells us, "and showed no sign of unhappiness or regret" (249). A number of overblown passages describing Taj's relationship with the young man have her swooning, palpitating and generally carrying on with outbursts such as "Death! O Death! Come. Come and free me from this turmoil!" (254). In any case, Taj eventually told the young man that she loved him, and it became so all-consuming that she found "I no longer complained about my husband, nor was I at all unhappy to see him gone. Quite the contrary; if he did happen to come home for an hour I was very desirous of his leaving as soon as possible" (258). In the end, double standards prevailed; the husband got jealous and Taj was forbidden to see her lover. Finally, the marriage broke down completely, as Taj began seriously studying Western philosophy and ideas. "I was inundated with new ideas," she writes, "casting out all the old" (310). From being a woman who believed that disobeying her husband would lead

to her burning in hell Taj became an advocate for women's liberation and made her "long for Europe." It was this longing, she claimed, "which…became the cause of separation from my husband" (310). A photograph of Taj in Western clothes emphasizes the strength of her beliefs, and if the reader contrasts it with other photographs in the book, it symbolizes just how far she had come.

Taj's style is quite simple and direct, marred only by a propensity to indulge in purple prose (and that is a result of the reviewer's tastes) perhaps as a result of reading her father's travelogues, if not Rousseau and Voltaire, but these characteristics do not make the book simplistic at all. On the contrary, she presents frank discussions of politics at Nasr ed-din's court and, as we have seen, she doesn't hesitate to attack her brother for what she sees as his neglectful, undignified and slapdash rule, although she tends to blame powerful ministers rather than the Shah himself. Her emphasis on women's education and participation in life outside the harem or family was radical for its time, and Amanat emphasizes this by reproducing a rather amusing picture on the back cover of Taj, complete with red gloves and a feather in her hat, riding a bicycle. This may be compared with the photograph of Shah Mozaffar ed-din, identified by his enormous moustache sticking out past his cheeks in a back view, driving his car, one of the first in Tehran; apparently he was such a bad driver that people used to run in front warning pedestrians to get out of the way! In the end she gets divorced and marries a commoner, but unfortunately ended her life in chronic illness and poverty. Princess Taj was a courageous and remarkable person, a genuine advocate for women's freedom in Persia whose book should be read by anyone interested in the status of women in Iran today. Like Princess Salamah, Taj likes to quote poetry, and towards the end of her book she quotes Sa'adi as saying "The world has turned much, and more it will turn--/ The wise man sets not his heart upon it" (298).

Anne Jevne

Lynne Olson. *TROUBLESOME YOUNG MEN : The Rebels Who Brought Churchill to Power and Helped Save England.*
Illustrated. 436 pp. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2007

Troublesome Young Men by Lynne Olson has proven to be simply irresistible to anyone (and any reviewer) interested in the history of the Second World War or those whose parents lived through it. A well-researched and engaging exposé of the backroom politics and private school backgrounds of the men (and women) who loosened Neville Chamberlain's stranglehold on the House of Commons during the 1930s, Olson's narrative is now a national bestseller and, according to *The Globe and Mail*, "a cracking tale." Olson's ability to move a narrative along smartly should certainly be recognized as a major factor underpinning the popularity of this book. As well, her skill in rendering personable and unforgettable characters is also responsible for her success.

Those brought up on Churchill's *A History of the English Speaking People* would undoubtedly enjoy Olson's depictions of the crusty, portly, cigar-smoking Englishman who saved the world from Nazi Germany. Winston Churchill's depiction as a "troublesome boy" whose penchant for practical jokes got him into trouble with another, more senior, but equally freckled, redhead is particularly entertaining and enlightening. As Olson points out, Churchill's pushing Leo Amery into the deep end of the swimming pool at Harrow "set the tone for the competitive, often testy relationship that existed them for the rest of their lives." She also engagingly introduces readers to the Tory "rebels" whose names are no longer the property of the public: Harold Macmillan, Bob Boothby, Ronald Cartland, and Robert Cranborne. Recounted one after the other, their stories, often melodramatic and sometimes tragic, are interesting, compelling, and inspiring: after all, these men put their personal and political reputations at enormous risk when their country's future hung in the balance. In the end, the individuals who did what we now consider to be The Right Thing were rewarded:

Churchill and Macmillan, for example, became successful prime ministers. Those who did not were punished: Chamberlain was pushed out of the political arena and Eden paid for his "lack of spunk" by never fulfilling his early promise when it was his turn to be prime minister.

However, in spite of the Romance of doing The Right Thing and the importance of not doing The Wrong Thing, after 300 pages of wrangling and debating, this reader (somewhat shamefacedly) must admit that she finally tired of the two-year struggle for political and social justice in the House. There are just too many house parties of which to keep track and too much brandy and grouse shooting to engage any real sympathy from this reader for the beleaguered (and generally bloody-minded) parliamentarians of the British upper class while the highly confused, frightened, and resentful representatives of the middle and working classes go hungry and cold, first, in the factories and then, on the front lines. Finally, and unfortunately, after Olson's rousing, final, and recognizably Churchillean line, "They spoke for England," her myriad of golden summer afternoons, chilly blackouts, and dimly lit chambers of the parliamentary members' smoking room in which deals were forged and then re-forged become a rather unpleasant blur of personal vendettas and political backbiting. If saving the world from the clutches of totalitarianism had really been a matter of whom one had roomed with or whom one had fagged for at one's boarding school from grades seven to twelve, then it seems that one may only conclude that the situations in which England deserted the Czechs and then the Poles to the Nazi juggernaut were much, much, much sorrier than anyone could have previously imagined.

Oddly enough, after all is said about the Tory "rebels" and their political careers, what remains memorable and merits further investigation are the lives and insights of their spouses, lovers, and confidantes. It is the women of *Troublesome Young Men*—not their male counterparts—who commanded (and still command) this reader's attention. Of these women, Violet Bonham Carter, Dorothy Macmillan, and Kitty Atholl are depicted as particularly compelling characters, whose presence backstage influence and determine the dramatic careers of those caught in the glare of the public limelight. Little is seen of Clementine Churchill, whose misogynistic husband was thought to have married her because she seemed at first to be as "stupid as an *owl*" or Vita Sackville-West,

Harold Nicholson's notoriously unfaithful wife. A good deal of space, however, is devoted to examining the life and backroom career of Violet Bonham Carter, the daughter of Lord Asquith. Lady Violet who met Winston Churchill in 1906 when she was an "elegant blonde teenager" helped manage his career—even pressuring her father, then the prime minister, to name Churchill into the position of first lord of the admiralty. Acting as a self-appointed conscience for the Tory "rebels," she prompted Churchill to become involved in a number of anti-appeasement organizations and took young "rebels" to task for waivering when voting in the House: as one hapless victim noted in his diary after an interview, Lady Violet forced him to ignore the threats of the chief whip and examine "[w]here are my moral principles, etc., etc. It is all very difficult."

If one considers the role of Lady Violet in the drama that unfolded in the House of Commons throughout the Thirties to be that of a backstage Lady McBeth, then Dorothy Cavendish's life and marriage to Harold Macmillan could be read as a modern rendering of Guinevere's story. An encounter while grouse shooting with Bob Boothby, Macmillan's best friend and closest political confidante, led Dorothy into a heartbreakingly indiscreet affair which ended only when she died of a massive heart attack at the age of sixty five. Divorce would have been socially disastrous for the Macmillans' and could have irrevocably damaged her husband's political future, so Dorothy, desperately in love with Boothby, flouted social convention and insisted on openly leading another life with her lover—writing or phoning him every day, vacationing with him in Paris and Portugal, and occasionally staying with him in London hotels. Throughout, both men remained fascinated by her: the result, political, social, and personal misery.

Much more troubling than the influence of Dorothy Cavendish on the careers of Harold Macmillan and Robert Boothby (and thence the workings of Parliament) is the shocking treatment of anti-appeasement MP Kitty Atholl. The third woman MP to be elected to the House of Commons and first to be given a junior minister's post, Atholl, after reading *Mein Kampf*, sent Churchill both the German edition and the English translation, noting that "the warlike character of the original is concealed by mistranslating." Joining forces with Churchill, she strongly opposed Chamberlain's stand on the Spanish Civil War (and all forms of fascism as well as Nazism). When

Chamberlain retaliated by expelling Atholl from the party and smearing her political and personal reputation during her attempt to regain her seat as an Independent in the next election, not a single Tory "rebel" her appeals to them for help: Atholl may have been on "the side of the angels", but under intense pressure from the Tory whips not to support her, Macmillan was "too busy," Boothby retracted his earlier offer to speak on her behalf, and Churchill did not appear in person but sent a letter of endorsement. In spite of a respectable showing at the polls, Atholl, smeared as the Red Duchess, was defeated and retired from politics—to spend the last year of peacetime and the six years of the work helping refugees throughout Europe.

This ungentlemanly (and pointedly sexist) behavior on the part of the Tory "rebels" during their attempts to dislodge Neville Chamberlain from office was not uncommon. One may argue that such cynicism and/or spinelessness may be regarded as political wisdom. Politics, after all, can be cut throat, and the House of Commons the stage on which political throats are often cut. As Lloyd George said, "If it's piracy you want, with broadsides, boarding parties, walking the plank, and blood on the deck, this is the place." Nevertheless, when one considers Atholl's conscientious refusal to conform to Chamberlain's policies, it is impossible not to respect her determination and steadfastness—much the same grit is also evidenced by Violet Bonham Carter and Dorothy Cavendish, however selfless or selfish their interests. More work on the lives of women during this period in Britain could and should be done.

At the end of Olson's narrative, it is evident that we owe our present way of life to these men and women, but the dreadful personal and public disasters that the "rebels'" political lives engendered also pose the question of whether the means does indeed justify the end. No doubt, Atholl's answer to such a question would have been direct and immediate. As for Churchill, Chamberlain, Macmillan, Boothby, and the rest, perhaps the best comment that could be made of their contribution to history after 364 pages of skulking in the shadows and skilful skullduggery would be the very one which Leo Amery made to Chamberlain—cribbing from Cromwell, Amery declared, "You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing! Depart, I say, and let us have done with you! In the name of God, go!"

John Butler

William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. *A General System of Horsemanship*. Facsimile reproduction of the edition of 1743. Introduction by William C. Steinkraus, with a technical commentary by E. Schmit-Jensen. North Pomfret: Trafalgar Square Publishing, 2000.

William Cavendish, 1st Duke of Newcastle (1591-1676) was a general, poet, dramatist, courtier, horse trainer, politician, translator of Moliere and patron of the arts, as well as the long-suffering husband (he would not have put it quite that way) of Margaret Cavendish, otherwise known as "Mad Madge," whose recent reputation amongst those promoting the cause of early modern women's writing has largely overshadowed his own. As she herself acknowledged, however, William encouraged her to write whatever she wished, promoted it and published it, often at his own expense. She repaid him for his support and generosity by writing a splendid biography of him whilst he was still alive and loyally standing by him in their almost penniless exile; when she died in 1669, the aging duke, who was twenty years older than her, never fully recovered from his loss. Newcastle fought for the King in the Civil War, raising and paying for troops at his own expense, and after the royalist defeat at Marston Moor (1644) he went to the Continent, first to Hamburg, then Paris (where he met Margaret, as well as Hobbes, Descartes, Gassendi and others) and finally Antwerp. Cavendish's own works include a number of witty and actable plays, such as *The Country Captain* (1649) and *The Humorous Lovers* (1667), but in his own time he was perhaps best-known for a work in French, the *Methode et invention nouvelle pour dresser les cheveaux* (1658; English translation 1743), which he wrote during his exile in Antwerp, where he had been running a riding school for ten years in order to support his family. It is the English translation which is reproduced here, together with the complete illustrations from the French edition, forty-two superb engravings of horses and horsemen.

The writer of this review does not pretend to know much about horses and horsemanship apart from having fallen off a horse during an ill thought-out attempt on the part of adults to turn a fourteen year-old into an English gentleman, but what was interesting about this book was the radically new attitude towards animals, horses in particular, which Newcastle advocates. Right from the opening sentence the reader

knows exactly whose side the Duke is on, as he firmly asserts that "The understanding of a Horse is infinitely degraded below that of a Man by several," but that such people "by their actions, shew, that they believe the Horse to be the more intelligent of the two" (10). He then goes on to demonstrate that people who think they can get horses to learn by "beating and spurring" are like "stupid people" who think they can teach a boy to read by beating him. "Sure," he says, "they would beat the boy to death before they would make him read." As the former tutor to the future Charles II, Newcastle was probably speaking from experience. "Don't then," he continues, "expect more understanding from a horse than a man, since the horse is dress'd in the same manner that children are taught to read" (11). It takes time and patience, Cavendish believes, to train a horse, and a lot of repetition, but "it is in like manner in what men learn," and that is the foundation of his method. For him, the foundation for training begins with the horse's back; as E. Schmit-Jensen tells us, "once the…back functions properly,. everything else in training becomes comparatively easy."

Newcastle then offers some rather remarkable observations, the most remarkable being that he believes that a horse "may know, and even think upon what he ought to do" (12). He chides his old friend Descartes for asserting that animals cannot think, retorting that if this were the case, one couldn't teach horses to do anything. Rewards and punishments are anticipated by the horse, Newcastle believes, which allow the animal to obey not only because it thinks it might get punished, but because it lives also "in hope of being cherish'd." Horses, he goes on, might not understand the alphabet, which, says Newcastle, citing another old friend, Hobbes this time, is "no language, but the marks and representation of things," must "draw their reasoning from things themselves," giving as an example a thunderstorm, which causes both people and horses to take shelter. As to language, Newcastle wittily suggests that animals do not speak because "they have not so much vain-glory as men, which produces language in them." They do not have heads crammed with nonsense, but "follow nature simply." If people get the better of horses, he continues, we feel superior, but do we admit that the horse is superior if it gets the better of us, "which frequently happens"? Threats work on every living thing, however; "if the wisest man in the world were taken by a savage people and put to draw in a cart…and if he were beaten when he refused to do his duty, would not he draw just as a horse does when he is threaten'd?"

(12). People "degrade" horses, Newcastle says, "from a persuasion that they themselves know everything," but a horseman knows better. "If a man has lost his way on a dark winter's night," the Duke counsels, "let him leave his horse to himself, and the horse will find his way to the place whither he should go" (13). Scholars, he says, should stop proclaiming their knowledge about horsemanship; as another friend of Newcastle's, "the great and excellent Doctor Earle" wrote in his *Characters*, "a scholar and a horse are very troublesome to one another" (13).

Essentially, Newcastle argues that horses should be treated well and that they should be considered almost on a par with rational human beings, and that above all they should never be forced into doing anything that they cannot reasonably do. "A horse's reason," the Duke says plainly enough, "is to be wrought upon," and because a horse "knows as much" about our "passions" as we do, it knows that "the weakest understanding is the most passionate," the Duke states that "I have seen very few passionate horsemen get the better of a hose by their anger; on the contrary, I have seen the horse always get the better of them" (13). Newcastle stressed a method built on systematic and humane training, although nineteenth-century critics accused him of being cruel in some instances; however, as W. C. Steinkraus points out, "the context of Newcastle's own life and times" needs to be taken into consideration, and in the seventeenth-century context Newcastle stands out head and shoulders over other writers for his advocacy of more humane methods of equestrian training or "dressage," as he calls it. In his age the horse was a necessary adjunct for any gentleman or aristocrat; it raised one, literally, above the rest of the crowd, and the way it behaved reflected the status of the owner as much as his clothes or his mansion. "Thus after more than three hundred years," E. Schmit-Jensen tells us, "Newcastle's influence still exists…in the pedigree of modern competitive dressage."

The book is beautifully-produced and fairly reasonably-priced at $34.95 U.S. It could have benefitted from a much longer introduction, because although the publisher is concerned with equestrian writings, a book of this kind with its witty philosophical digressions needs to be contextualized better than it was if Trafalgar Square Classics wants to reach out to a wider audience than those who know what a cavesson is or how one achieves an *epaule de dedans* whilst dressing one's mount. People studying seventeenth-century culture, for example, would find this book fascinating, as it gives a rare glimpse into the mind of someone to

whom this material was terribly important, indeed a way of life. Newcastle clearly loved horses, saw them as a valuable, even central part of his life, and his passion for them always shines through in this book. His writing-style is relatively uncomplicated, and his wit, sometimes gentle, sometimes caustic, often breaks through the methodology; wearing one's learning lightly was not exactly common amongst seventeenth-century writers of serious treatises. The illustrations are wonderful; the one I liked best was of Welbeck, the Duke's estate. Forming the background to "Mackomilia un Turke" leading a large black horse. The "Turke," however, looks more like an African, and one wonders how he came into the Duke's household. As the inside cover blurb states, "there is nothing like this book in print in English today," and Trafalgar Square is to be commended for making it available.

The Fictional North: Call for Papers

The University College of the North invites submissions for an upcoming conference, *The Fictional North,* to be held at The Pas Campus in The Pas, Manitoba, **March 30-April 1, 2010**

Iconic images of the North, the relationship of North to South, and ethnographic models of "Northernness" often promote political and cultural paradigms from elsewhere. At best they reveal little about the North or Northerners; at worst they may be downright misleading.

This year, the Fifth Annual UCN Conference invites presentations from disciplines that investigate the fictional North. Together, let us explore North in terms of the marvellous, the mysterious, the mythological, and the merely untrue.

Abstracts, papers or stories are invited on any aspect of the following topics: Tall Tales and the North; The Lure of Gold in the North; Northern Storytelling; Fictions about the Aboriginal North; Ice and Snow; Animals and the North; The Ethnographic North; Northern Histories; Northern Stereotypes / Northern Icons; (Hi)stories and Travelogues of Northern Exploration; Northern Myths and Legends; Hollywood's North; Mysticism and the North; Northern Tragedies; The North and Comedy; The Supernatural North; Northern Documentaries.

For more information contact the conference program co-chairs:
Sandra Barber (email sbarber@ucn.ca)
John Butler (email jbutler@ucn.ca)
Sue Matheson (email smatheson@ucn.ca)

Dale Lakevold

B.S. Johnson. *The Unfortunates*. London: Picador, 1999.
176 pp $24.95

The Subversion of Plot in *The Unfortunates:* B.S. Johnson's Novel in a Box

I first heard about the English writer B.S. Johnson in an article by Frank Kermode that I read this year in a January 2005 issue of the *London Review of Books*. I was intrigued by the commentary on Johnson and promptly put in a request to the Brandon University library for a copy of Johnson's 1969 novel *The Unfortunates*. In a few months' time, I had the book in my hands. It was like no book that I'd ever encountered before.

The novel is contained inside a sturdy box about the size of a small but thick hardcover book. The box opens to reveal a novel of sorts. It's comprised of 27 separate booklets or parts, most of them bound by staples or adhesive. The longest part is 12 pages, while several parts are made up of just a single page. The book opens with an informative introduction by Jonathan Coe, written for Picador's revised 1999 edition.

In the introduction, we learn that Johnson had once been a prominent writer on the British literary scene. He made frequent appearances on television, and he became well known for his antics in literary circles. His output was not large – he had seven books to his name – but he was an original writer, praised by the likes of Samuel Beckett and Anthony Burgess. When Johnson died by suicide at the age of 40 in 1973, he fell into "near-oblivion," says Coe. Of late, however, Johnson's work has been re-surfacing and making its way back into print. The original editions of his work remain much sought-after and have become quite expensive to buy on the market, some editions selling for upward of $500 and more.

As for *The Unfortunates*, Johnson's fourth novel, I was treated to a fine reading experience, although I almost let the book go before truly plunging in. I happened to be reading several other books and thought that I might return to Johnson's novel when I had more time to devote to it. It was a pleasantly hot and sunny August afternoon that changed my mind. I took a lawn chair and a glass of lemonade into the backyard, and on the way out I picked up *The*

Unfortunates and started over with it. By the time I made it back inside the house, I'd nearly finished the book.

This is a novel that comes with a set of instructions, which are printed on the inside cover of the box. The instructions inform readers that except for "the first and last sections (which are marked as such) the other twenty-five sections are intended to be read in random order." In other words, the novel can be shuffled like a deck of cards and read in any old order, except for the two sections called "First" and "Last," which are frame chapters that set up and conclude the narrative respectively.

The novel's premise is a simple one. An itinerant sports reporter arrives in the city of Nottingham one Saturday afternoon to cover a soccer game for his newspaper. His arrival unexpectedly brings back memories of a long friendship that he'd had with Tony, a fellow who had lived and worked as a student and academic in Nottingham. Some years before the time of the novel's present, Tony had succumbed to cancer. The first-person narrator, who is identified as the reporter Johnson, recalls in a flood of detail the time that he had spent with Tony from their first meeting to the day of Tony's funeral.

According to the introduction, the novel is drawn from Johnson's own life and his friendship with a man named Tony Tillinghast. If not for the introduction, we would have no way of knowing that the novel is not actually fictional. Not surprisingly, the novel, like almost all novels, withholds any overt information about possible autobiographical traces that it might carry. Johnson apparently did not believe in fiction. He did not believe the commonly accepted notion that truth can be conveyed in fiction. Thus he wrote strictly from his own experiences, despite defining his non-fictional works as novels. To him the novel is a form that can be applied to fiction and non-fiction alike.

We have to rely on the introduction again to inform us that the novel spans a period from the late 1950s through the 1960s. The first chapter establishes the narrative's context and some of the threads that will be picked up in the chapters to follow. The narrator re-visits familiar places such as pubs, restaurants, and apartments, and recalls the experiences associated with those places. The emphasis is on the everyday and the mundane, the almost meaningless exchanges that make up a good part of the day for most of us. For some readers, there may be a tedious quality to the narrative with its painstaking attention to the ordinary and its accumulation of unremarkable detail. We learn, for example, that one of Tony's old flats was at "the end of

a bus route." Thus the two friends "could always be sure of a bus waiting, or could watch for one to come in" before rushing out from inside to catch it. We learn that the flat was mere yards away from a fish and chip shop so that their meals were always "conveniently available." Each chapter is dense with such insignificant detail. Yet the narrative is fascinating for the way that it explores memory and meaning.

Johnson as the narrator is in continual dialogue with himself, challenging the accuracy of his memories while bringing new knowledge to bear as he seeks to reconcile past and present. Beneath this surface tension, the narrative explores the question of meaning or its lack thereof in the narrator's present. With so much life and experience behind him, Johnson looks back with an existential weariness. Perhaps life doesn't amount to all that much anyway, he seems to conclude. We sense an anxiety that worms its way into his account as he returns again and again in sometimes macabre detail to his friend's illness and declining health:

Tony. His cheeks sallowed and collapsed round the insinuated bones, the gums

shrivelled, was it, or shrunken, his teeth now standing free of each other in the

unnatural half-yawn of his mouth, yes, the mouth that had been so full-fleshed, the whole face, too, now collapsed, derelict, the thick-framed glasses the only

constant, the mouth held open as in a controlled scream, but no sound.

Johnson's memories of Nottingham are stained with the fact and reality of his friend's death. But in memorializing his friend, Johnson becomes vulnerable to doubt and uncertainty regarding the significance of life itself. He reflects on the future event of his own death and makes reference to suicide, although he is quick to discount it as the way that he will meet his end. He asks: "Can any death be meaningful? Or meaningless? Are these terms one can use about death? I don't know, I just feel the pain, the pain."

The novel deals with a bleak subject, but it has a fierce vitality and spirit to its narration. It is written in a style that approaches the form of oral narrative. It is fragmented and colloquial, intimate and repetitious. A single sentence wanders from point to point and expands until it's the length of a paragraph or more. The narrator is restless and unsentimental. He speaks in a voice that is full of emotion: bitter, regretful, sad, and playful. The form of the novel is itself engaging in that it's impossible to predict what might come next. In one

pair of chapters, I read about Tony's funeral and in the next about the first meeting between the two friends. The story escapes the tyranny of plot that takes hold in some novels, a chronological telling that is structured carefully to produce certain effects at this moment or that. Johnson's *The Unfortunates* liberates story events from a strictly ordered plot and places its characters within a temporal flux as though they were swimming in time, sometimes here and sometimes there. It might be possible to put each of the novel's 25 parts into rough chronological order and thereby subvert the author's intentions to create a reading experience based on randomness. I suspect, however, that the experience of reading it again in a linear version would still be most satisfying.

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John Butler

Emily Ruete, *Memoirs of an Arabian Princess from Zanzibar.* Minneola: Dover Books, 2009

This Dover reprint presents what purports to be the earliest (1886) autobiography of an Arab woman, and introduces readers to a unique perspective on and description of a world now lost, as well as detailing the struggles of someone who was obviously torn between the traditional family she loved and a desire to get away from the stifling cultural restrictions which faced women, even princesses, in her society.

The author, Emily Ruete, was born Princess Salamah (or Salme) bint Said of Zanzibar in 1844 and died, an exile, in 1924. Her father was Sultan Seyyid Said of Oman and Zanzibar and her mother, Jilfidan, was one of the Sultan's numerous concubines; although Seyyid Said had seventy-five wives, the concubines, who were often purchased as slaves, were extras, and the result was that by 1856 the princess had thirty-six brother and sisters still living. The princess wrote and published her book in 1886, after leaving her home for good, having eloped with a German trader, Rudolf Heinrich Ruete, by whom she had become pregnant.

She had also converted to Christianity and changed her name to Emily. Because of her unconventionality and the perceived immorality of what she had done, the princess ended up spending the most of the rest of her life in Germany (she also lived for short spells in Lebanon and Jaffa and returned only once to Zanzibar), where she raised three children on her own after her husband had been killed in a tram accident just five years into their marriage. As Shelley Kronzek writes in her far too short introductory note, "as a woman separated from her beloved family for breaking unyielding traditions, her life was largely a financial, emotional and social struggle" (v). This book was written not only to raise some money to support her family, as she hoped to take advantage of the current rage in Europe for the exotic and the oriental, but also because she wanted to provide her family with a record of who they were and where they came from.

In the 1840's Zanzibar, now a part of Tanzania, was a thriving island trading city whose economy was solidly based on ivory, spices and slaves. Her father, Seyyid Said, was the ruler of Oman, now known as one of the wealthiest of the Gulf States, and he ruled with absolute power over all his territories, although he seems to have been in person a benign and kindly man. "His face," his daughter recalls, "expressed remarkable kindness and amiability, though at the same time his appearance could not but command immediate respect…arrogant pride was foreign to his nature" (9). Seyyid Said, who came to the Omani throne in 1806, had moved the capital to Zanzibar, then not much more than a fishing-village, because his attempts to expand his dominions in Arabia were being constantly thwarted by opposition from various tribes there. He had created the Sultanate of Zanzibar, and boosted its economy by inviting Indian traders to invest there, a successful policy which allowed him to build up a rich and prosperous kingdom which continued to flourish after he died in 1856 until its incorporation into modern Tanzania. Salamah's mother, who had been living at the Sultan's court from a very young age, was distinguished from most other women there by being literate; according to her daughter she had "a sweet, gentle disposition," and was greatly beloved by the Sultan, who was many years older than her (10). However, what looked like family bliss was often spoiled by the antics of the Sultan's principal wife, the Sultana Azze bint Sef, who behaved, Salamah tells us, "with domineering haughtiness and censoriousness" (11) towards all the other wives and children, although she had no children of her own. In addition to this

formidable lady, the members of her family that Salamah knew best to seem to have been her brother Majid, "a thoroughly noble-minded man" (197), who succeeded their father as Sultan and rather unconventionally taught his sister how to fence, Barghash, another brother, who thought that he should have succeeded, but had to wait, constantly intriguing and plotting, until Majid's death in 1870, and two of her sisters, the "imperious and fault-finding" (33) Chaduji, with whom she had to live in the Bet il Watoro palace, and Chole, "the bright star of our family" (106), who was her companion in the Bet il Sahel palace after Seyyid Said's death, but with whom Salamah later fell out because of their divided loyalties. It was the political ambitions of Barghash which would drive wedges between the various siblings in the end, although whilst he was on the throne Sultan Majid himself seems to have exercised a great deal of patience and tolerance towards his irritating brother.

It was inevitable that Salamah become eventually embroiled in the family feuding, which seems to have been at least part of the motivation for her desire to break out of the traditions and customs which overwhelmed her and go out into the world. Chapter XI, which is entitled "The Position of Woman in the East," reflects the ambiguity of Salamah's feelings about her lot in life. She begins with a very perceptive comment about how when she first came to Europe she "made the mistake of judging by outward appearances" (125) and how, on the subject of marriage, what she thought might represent freedom from what she had experienced in Zanzibar soon proved to be an illusion, and after a time in Europe she concluded that "neither a religion, nor the acceptance of traditional values can guarantee wedded bliss" (126). She enjoins her readers not to stereotype Muslim women. "It is wrong," she writes, "to suppose that the Eastern woman enjoys less social respect than her husband" (126). In view of today's debates on the oppression of women in Islamic states such as Iran and Afghanistan, Princess Salamah's comparison of what she had expected to find in Europe and what she actually found is instructive, especially when it came to marriage. "I have seen enough wretched marriages," she declares bluntly, "to prevent my believing that the Christian institution stands much higher than the Mahometan, or ensures much greater felicity" (126). On the subject of a woman's head-covering, for example, she notes that "the loftier her station the stricter the rule. Her face may be seen by no men excepting her father, husband, sons, uncles, nephews and her own

slaves," but that for lower-class women the rules do not apply, as "those laws were not made for poor people" (127). Princess Salamah also affirms "that the Arab treats his partner contemptuously is a myth," because "our creed alone would prevent it, and if by its terms woman is in some respects rated man's inferior, she is at the same time recommended to his protection because of her weakness" (130) and she argues that a genuine Muslim gentleman would not mistreat his wife because he fears divine retribution, "nor is a woman subject to all her consort's whims" (131). She is critical of the Western habit of employing nannies; "a fashionable Englishwoman," she writes, "is expected to look into the nursery once every twenty-four hours," and in France women send children "to the country, where they are taken care of by strangers," practices which would never occur in Zanzibar (133). She concludes this chapter by citing examples of powerful women from her own culture, in particular her great aunt, who had served as Regent of Oman and "to this day…is thought of as a model of shrewdness, courage and efficiency" (136), even leading her own army in defence of the city of Muscat.

Salamah is further critical of "German over-education," as she calls it, although she does not have much use for "Arabian ignorance," either. German children, she says, have their minds "stuffed with a great deal more than they can possibly absorb" (88-9) and that "the poor things are confined every day for five or more hours in a prison-like space called a "schoolroom," hot and stuffy beyond description" (89). At the same time, however, she sent her children to one of these prisons, all the while longing for "that open, airy verandah of ours" which had been her schoolroom in Zanzibar. "What profits the highest education," she laments, "so the body be ruined in the struggle to possess it?" (89). Her conclusion is that German education does nothing for the

soul and that it fails to foster the child's heart by its over-emphasis on book-learning. Insofar as European culture in general was concerned, Salamah thought that it "offends the Mahometan's religious views in countless ways," and she admonishes Europeans that "you cannot produce civilization by force, and you should allow other nations to follow their own ideas and traditions--which must have developed as the result of mature experience and practical wisdom—in seeking enlightenment after their own fashion" (91), wise words that have too often gone unheeded in the succeeding century or so.

Thus in spite of her "escape" to the West, we find Princess Salamah constantly defending her traditions and upbringing. There is not space to detail all of the evidence here, but the impression is that despite her marriage to Ruete, which seems to have been happy nonetheless (although she says little about it here), she never quite adjusted to living in Germany and always wished to go back home, although again it is difficult to discern how much of this yearning was motivated by her desire to reaffirm her royal status, which meant very little in Germany beyond its exoticism and a possibility of access to respectable drawing-rooms. Salamah used her title in attempts to get her the ear of both Prince Bismarck and Emperor William I, whose portraits she includes in her book, along with those of Sir Bartle Frere, then a powerful British Foreign Office official whom she claimed wished to help her and then let her down, and the German Foreign Minister Count Bulow. Indeed, there was a hint that Bismarck actually wanted one of her sons to succeed to the throne of Zanzibar in order to promote German interests in the region. Salamah's assertion of what she considered her "right" brought her back into contact with her brother Sultan Barghash, on whose misrule she blames most of her troubles, above all her disastrous attempt to return home and claim her former glory. "It cuts me deeply to expose one of my own blood," she says of him, "…but Seyyid Barghash is a man without a grain of compassion either for his subjects or for his closest of kin" (250), and she illustrates her claim with anecdotal evidence. Barghash's crime was his refusal to recognize his sister's claims to the title of princess, which she seems to have forfeited by marrying an infidel and leaving Zanzibar.

Another interesting and revealing chapter is the one on slavery. When slavery was abolished for British subjects, we are told that "it was a hard time for the owners, who complained bitterly and sent their wives and daughters to enlist our sympathy, although we could do nothing whatever for them" (184). This sets

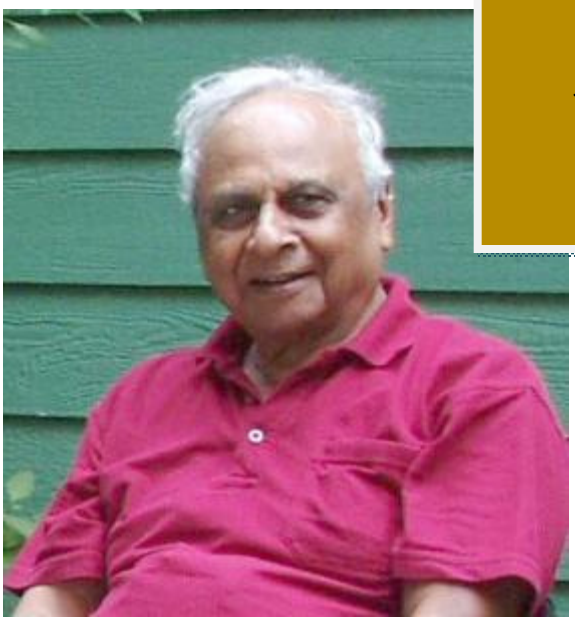
the tone for what follows. Salamah criticises "the humane anti-slavery apostles," whom, she says, "held aloof" from what happened to the slaves after liberation, many of whom she claims simply became "lazy vagabonds," which does not surprise her because "everybody who has visited Africa, Brazil, North America or any other countries where Negroes live, must be aware of their antipathy towards work, whatever their virtues" (185). She then goes on to explain that slaves owned by Muslims were "infinitely better-off" (185) than those owned by Europeans, and that "the slave trader…can with no show of reason be branded a monster" (185) because he, too, has to endure long marches from the interior of Africa to the trading-ports along with all the slaves! Her views on "Negroes" are consistently harsh; "they are very lazy," she notes, "and will not work voluntarily, so they must be strictly watched." They "laugh at" imprisonment when they commit crimes (she labels them "thieves, drunkards, runaways and incendiaries") because it just gives them the opportunity to rest before being released to commit more crimes, and that therefore "nothing remains but the lash." In the same paragraph she admits, however, that "flogging is inhuman," but "let somebody provide a substitute" (187), and then provides an astonishing argument that "you cannot ask the same standard of right and wrong for every place" (187-88), that the practical considerations of people on the spot are often not considered by do-gooders indulging in "abstract theory," and that "attempts to destroy venerable custom at a single dash are foolish" (188). In the end, however, she admits that abolition is probably a good thing if it is taken slowly, if slaves are trained "to think and to work," and their masters persuaded that technology can do the job better than any slaves" (190). She concludes the chapter on a religious note; the slaves "are usually indifferent to any creed," she states, and that "before the Negro can be embarked on a higher spiritual plane, he must have the religious instinct awakened in him" (191).

This book provides a fascinating insight into Salamah's world, and readers, whilst deploring some of her views, will learn a great deal about life in mid-

nineteenth century Zanzibar. There are chapters on marriage, social customs, food and medicine in the Arab world which will interest many readers, and Salamah's bifurcated vision, which informs on every chapter, takes us into a world where there is already contact with the European world and a recognition by the rulers of Zanzibar that adjustments must inevitably be made. Salamah's book paints a picture of a woman completely torn apart, emotionally, spiritually and practically; she is obviously an intelligent and observant person, but like so many others, she learns that the grass is not necessarily greener on the other side, and that, to pile one cliché upon another, one can't go home again. As a woman, she finds that Europe does not represent the liberation she believed it might, and she sorely misses her family. At the end of the book she reproduces a poetical letter she says she received from friends after she had left Zanzibar for the last time which concludes with the lines "Oh, that I were a bird…/ But how can a bird fly whose wings are clipped?" (257). One is left wondering whether Salamah felt that it had all been worth it.

Interview with Ram Tiwari

Urban Geography and Winnipeg's Poverty Reduction Council



Born before Independence in Gwalior and raised in Independent India, Dr. Ram Tiwari earned his Masters degree (Geography) at Agra University. He received his Ph.D. in Urban Geography at Reading University in England after teaching in India and Kenya. He worked in England and then came to Canada to teach at the University of Manitoba until his retirement in 1998. After his retirement, he was appointed Senior Scholar in the Department of Geography at the University of Manitoba. Currently, he and his wife, Anne, live in Winnipeg. Dr. Tiwari spoke with *Quint* interviewer, Anne Jevne, about the issue of poverty and his involvement with the Poverty Reduction Council.

Quint: How did you get interested in the area of urban geography?

Ram: I was teaching in Nairobi. That's in Kenya. And one thing led to another. I wrote my PhD thesis on Nairobi in Urban Geography, because it was one of the most interesting places in the world. There was no single Nairobi. It was colonial times: Africans were in one area, Europeans lived in another area, and Indians, known as Asians after the partition of India, lived in another. There were actually three Nairobis. I found it very fascinating how this came to be.

Quint: Since you have retired as a professor at the University of Manitoba, I understand that you've become active in core area issues in Winnipeg. Would you like to talk about what

you're doing now?

Ram: Poverty is a good thing to talk about.

Quint: We could talk about poverty.

Ram: Well, one of the problems about poverty is the perception, especially around here, that people are poor either because they don't work hard or, you know, that they're avoiding everything. It's also a question of people looking at poverty as if the people who are in poverty because it is their fault.

The best way to judge a civilized country is how it looks after its poor people. Canadian poverty is about fifteen or sixteen percent but that is an underestimate. Winnipeg has a very high percentage of people who live in poverty.
And welfare income is not enough.

There are a lot of people in Canada, and also the world over, who think there should be no welfare. But in giving the money you are converting these people from virtually not having anything to having a consumer basis. They consume, and they consume what? They consume food and all that housing and so on. Again, the money circulates. So…welfare should never be seen as a charity. It should be seen as a small investment in the people who go and then spend the money on the basics.

In a number of places the small shops benefit by it. Because in places like Winnipeg, they cannot go to the big places and buy cheaply. They buy at small stores which exist because of these people buying one can of beans, one loaf of bread. That is possible only because the poor people live there.

Quint: Up North, we're hearing there are a lot of problems in Winnipeg's core.

Ram: Winnipeg, especially the inner city, is really losing people. And it is quite interesting to see that in Winnipeg, although the growth rate of the population was about 2.7 percent, I think between 20001 and 2006, and the dwelling growth was about 9 percent. Where are these people building new buildings? The new building, the new housing is all in the suburbs. The building is nearly 3 or 4 times the percentage of the population depletion. The new building is all in the suburbs, and since 1956 the inner city has been losing its population .

Where are these people going? As soon as you can afford it you go to the suburbs. This reflects very badly on our planning department, for

permitting so much of our building in the suburbs area. With all the sort of lip service paid to the inner city development—inner city this and inner city that—there is not much going on in the inner city.

When the Core Area Initiative Program came in in the Eighties, they did a lot for the inner city. The Core Area was an agreement between the three governments: the federal, the provincial, and the city. The main mover and shaker at that time was Lloyd Axworthy who is now the president of the University of Winnipeg. There was a benefit from that, but since then there has been a decline.

Quint: I don't understand that. It seems like it would be counterproductive to allow the Core to rot like that.

Ram: Yes, it is. If you turn it into dollars, there is a lot of money in terms of buildings, and that money should be saved. Not wasted. Or pulled down.

Quint: I was in Winnipeg last year and downtown for the first time in about fifteen years,and I was horrified by what had happened to the Core…

Ram: It was a vibrant community.

Quint: …And there were buildings that had been shut down and their windows boarded over. It was starting to look like a slum downtown in the American sense of the word. And I couldn't believe it. I thought what is happening to Winnipeg?

Ram: Again, my personal feeling is that the leadership from the City is missing. Secondly I think two governments are living next to each other, the provincial versus the city, The city itself has sixty seven or sixty eight percent of the people with the money in Manitoba living in one place. The interesting question is who should be looking after this percentage….the province or the city?

Quint: You'd think it should be the city.

Ram: Yes…but what also has happened a few years ago were the "politics cuts," and the city counselors were reduced to fifteen. What is interesting about it is that you require less people for electing an MLA than you require for electing a city counselor. Actually double the number. It should be the other way around. So… a city counselor has a voting number of 15 thousand, while half of it is required for an MLA .

The changes in the boundaries were, I think, counterproductive.

Quint: To return to question of poverty itself, does anyone know what would it cost a family of four to live on subsistence in Manitoba?

Ram: The bottom of the base is decided by a group called the National Council of Welfare, which reports practically every year what is going on in the sense what it costs to live and what people are thinking. It is quite low actually. It is surprising—something like twenty odd percent of the base is the welfare income that people get. As one person told me, oh we exist—which unfortunately is very true. Places like Winnipeg Harvest supply meals and so on for people, but it is not enough. In the inner city, especially around Broadway, there are a lot of people who are barely existing. There is a very, very small group which will not accept welfare: no more than two or three percent. And that unfortunately provides an example for those who say look at these people look at what they are doing: they are living under this bridge and that bridge. For a family of one, the low income cut off, and everybody denies the poverty line because it doesn't suit people, the percentage of income for welfare for a family of one is about 22%. When you increase it, people's income, welfare and everything else, then they can only have sixty or sixty five percent—of what they need . And that's where the problem comes in. How do they exist? This is one of the root causes of a lot of violence downtown. One of the interpretations of sniffing is that people sniff because they haven't enough to eat.

Quint: You can't argue with hunger.

Ram: In India or in Hindi, there is the saying that hungry stomachs never make good nationalists. In Winnipeg, there is the Poverty Reduction Council which has been taken on by the United Way. They're trying. I have the feeling that they have a long way to go. The Social Planning Council has been producing the child poverty report card and the poverty report card. Some changes are coming. Personally, I feel the biggest and most important variable for the reduction of poverty is education. People think that education will give you a job. Education is much broader than just a job. People with education can plan much better than those without education.

A story for you is my daughter used to do the "Beat The Street." She used to teach there, volunteer her services. I told her that the concept of zero is very difficult. And she just laughed at that at that time. And then what happened was that she had a whole morning with a lady whom she described at middle aged trying to describe how to budget. That's when talk about the use of zero came in.

My daughter had to say that she spent at least an hour trying for it and failed. But te people are very willing, and that's where education came in. It is not necessary that you would write an essay on Socrates or something like that. It is a case of understanding how to budget. How do you think about the second week or the third week?

Quint: Poverty is receiving a lot of attention.

Ram: There are regular meetings in the city led by the Poverty Reduction Committee, but there is also the Make Poverty History group, and there are other groups which have joined in. It is the first time everybody has joined in, and they have come under the umbrella of the Poverty Reduction Council, and the Chamber of Commerce has joined in too. So that's an encouraging sign.

Personally, I think it depends on the mindset : the mindset of the people who are the so-called movers and shakers in the poverty area. I think this government which is a present NDP has done quite well in spite of their criticism by the authorities. Everybody hoped that the New Democratic government could do something very, very quickly to reduce poverty. They haven't done that, because, after all, they can't do that, because they have to look after the budget too.

Quint: I'm wondering about the historical and philosophical attitudes we have about poverty? Where did they come from?

Ram: Well, poverty itself, if I recollect, there are eleven or twelve meanings of poverty, not one but that many. Actually one of the finest books written about poverty was written by Gertrude Himmelfarb. The title is *The Idea of Poverty*, and she blamed Malthus. He was the first to bring it out in the open, what it was, and how poor the people were. The continuation of it in Canada…this historical process was carried on while England was here—that poverty has been the duty of the churches and individual

groups, and government did not interfere in it. Now, in different parts of the world, like in India, it is just that the rich must donate certain things for the beggars and that's why poverty's a cultural institution. When there are beggars, you give to them because it is a culturally accepted norm. There are so many people who believe in it, they give and take care of the poor.

The government there does not take care of poverty. The government here is attempting to but they have to deal with the masses, the voting public many of whom do not approve of the fact that welfare goes on. And it should go on, not as the case of charity, but as a case of investment in the nation.

Quint: Yes, you would think then that welfare would be indexed like everything else.

Ram: Yes. There was, in Trudeau's time, a movement for guaranteed income for individuals. It never got very far, but the studies were done. It was based on the premise that it didn't matter who you are, you would draw a certain amount of income. And of course, if you draw a $100,000, part of it would be taxed back. The movement didn't go very far, but the question remains, what is required and what you give. Also there is the fact that whatever is required is an investment.

A lot of people who are well off now say, "I did it, why can't they do it?"

The fact is you didn't do it on your own. There was a lot of backing. It doesn't matter if it was your father. If you went to school, the school was not totally free but more or less free. Sometimes you went to university and you borrowed, but you were in the position to borrow. And that sort of information is not even available for some poor people.

Quint: I think a lot of people forget that the money comes from somewhere. Most people go through with their parents' support or with the government's support or an agency's support. Very few people have to pay for their education themselves out of their own pockets. You may have to give back what you were loaned, but…

Ram: …but at least you have the chance.

Quint: Yes.

Ram: I was at an educational meeting, and there were a lot of aboriginal people there. It took place in the Aboriginal Centre at the old CPR Railway

Station. I found myself with the single parents, ladies with their children. Their determination was very commendable. They were insisting they would improve their situation with education.

And it emerged there was a single parent who had to play a dollar for her child's lunch. I said, "Lunch is not bad for a dollar." I misunderstood the situation. She gives the children she still has to pay a dollar so her child will be supervised by somebody. That was news to me. And the school counselor didn't know anything about it. For her to pay twenty dollars a month for lunch supervision was a lot of money.

A lot of new immigrants, especially from Africa, have problems. For example, a boy is thirteen years old, and he goes into grade eight. Now you have a child solider who knows nothing about AB and C, but he can shoot—a person who is absolutely open for gang involvement. We got approval from the Minister of Education, the money was granted to help these people. Once you brought it to the proper authority things do happen, but to bring out the problem is also a big problem.

The Social Planning Council has been running special summer schools for the kids of the inner city, for they gathered by the time the school ends and the new school year starts these people lose what they learn so they have to restart. They've been doing summer school quite successfully for three years now, including lunches— so if you're not that interested in learning, maybe you'll come for the food. Things are happening but the speed is quite slow. There are more people coming in who are not accounted for like from the North. I think Winnipeg Harvest type of group is doing a very good job. How they do it is beyond me. David Northcott and his group work extremely hard. They are always frustrated that there are more people than the food they can supply.

Quint: How did you get involved with the Anti-Poverty Commission?

Ram: When I was teaching Urban Geography, I always had outside people come and lecture, like Jean Friesen who was the Minister of Urban Affairs and prior to her Eugene Kostrya. And I was involved in the Social Planning Council, and so I was just asked, do you want to join in? They thought I was alright because I was teaching urban geography. I've been there now for about 15 years.

The important part of this group is that fifty

percent of the committee are people who are on welfare or are people who are directly involved in it—and the other fifty percent are people like myself, lawyers, professors and so on.

It is a very good group and learning experience. You really come in contact with reality. They have one director and three or four support staff. The rest of the people are volunteers, and it works. After all, the Social Planning Council came into existence in 1919 after The Strike, and they are still serving the people of Winnipeg.

I am a biased observer of it—and I've been amazed. It cannot be political. You cannot take sides with one party. You just have to look at the problem first and work with that. We've had extremely conservative people on it and people on welfare and have quite interesting debates. When it comes down to a bread-and-butter case, there is not much difference of opinion on that.

It's also interesting because of my being a geographer. I've been raising the fact that Winnipeg really isn't one city, it's two cities. One is a winter Winnipeg, and one is a summer Winnipeg: and they're on the same site, but the expenses in summer versus winter are quite different. I've been using the example that in the summer you can walk twenty blocks, but in the winter two blocks are more than enough. And it has got us some concessions.

Winnipeg compares itself to various other centres. Now, Calgary and Edmonton are better than serving people than other centres. We won't talk about Quebec, of course, because they are way ahead of everybody else.

Quint: Why is that?

Ram: I think Quebec takes its cue from France. While the rest take from England, I shouldn't say England, I should say from the US.

Quint: What is the difference between the French and the American systems?

Ram: Well, the American system, you know, support is like a charity. You have to tolerate the poor. In the French system, it is your right. And you have to go to France to really realize that they don't care, that is their right and they are going to get it. When people strike in France a lot of other groups just join in because of the right. But they have a very, very good system. Under the current president, hopefully things in the US will change. It will

be an uphill battle.

Quint: What do you think we should be doing here?

Ram: In Winnipeg? It's very difficult for people to change their mindset. All three parties have to come down and agree on the reduction of poverty— that the misery at the bottom level is counterproductive to the welfare of the whole province, because this generation or the next generation will be productive people in various ways. This is mindset which is required. It will be a very very difficult to change our mindset, because we all believe that what is mine is mine, and I'm not going to give up part of it.

Also the taxation system has to take a beating, because it doesn't matter if you pay a higher tax if your return is good. What are you worried about? The Scandinavian countries have reduced their taxation but it's still about fifty percent.

Quint: I was told that a Canadian working at the University of Sweden has discovered that in spite of being heavily taxed over there he has more disposable income…because the country pays for things that he would be responsible for over here. The higher taxes are actually translating into a higher quality of life for him.

Ram: Sweden was one of the first to grant both parents maternity leave. And there were a number of geographers involved in studies in Sweden, and they found that there was no loss. The leaves worked in the society very, very well.

My wife and I visited Norway, and it was lovely to see. Yes, the coffee cost you two dollars, but there were no slums. I went to a section in Oslo looking for slums: there were slightly relatively poorer housing, but the people were provided for. And it didn't matter if they were new immigrants or older immigrants: they were all treated very well.

One example I have was a youth group… you know, with Mohican hair-does and chains and so on. One of them while walking took a sweet and undid the wrapper, and I thought now he should throw this wrapper on the road because that was the impression that the group gave, No, he looked for a dustbin, went back about ten yards, and put the wrapper in the dustbin. The mindset was different.

In trains, they had a special compartment for the kids, for all the toys and things. The parents were having their coffee and so on.

The different attitude. That is what is required and that's where education comes in. Education doesn't just have to be youth—it can be all-round education.

Quint: So education isn't about people acquiring grade twelve, it's also about educating people who have grade twelve to think differently about poverty.

Ram: And the diffusion of that kind of education is very important, and when that becomes possible you'll find that the living standard will automatically go up because the thinking is different.

I don't know how it will be done, but in Urban Geography I used to take students on field trips. They had to collect the data themselves, and I'd send them to the North End because most of the students were from the South End. They'd never been to the North End, and I'd take them to various factories and have them take a look at them. I remember one time we took a group to Western Glove Factory. One of the girls who was very fashionable said, "I didn't realize that all the things that I was wearing were manufactured under my nose. Right here." Western Glove Factory contracts all the big names in jeans: they manufacture to the specifications of these companies.

Then we would end up at Winnipeg Harvest where David Northcott did a very, very good job. A few people started volunteering at Winnipeg Harvest because they had seen. And they were really touched by the fact that they didn't know how bad things were in the North End because they had never been to the North End.

Quint: It sounds like Urban Geography is an area everyone should study. Especially people living in cities.

Ram: The foundation of any study in urban areas is the question of economic multiplier. The ratio usually is 1 : 1 or 1; 1.5. You create one job and up North where you are you automatically create another 1.5 jobs. You know from baker, barber, and so on and so forth. So what is interesting is that when people close a particular place, they never mention that by closing one job they are really closing 2.5 jobs.

That's a fundamental calculation which people in cities should do, and sometimes it is easier not to close the job, because you are going to close a lot of other jobs. And the most important thing is that the money must

circulate. It doesn't matter which system you follow, the money has to circulate and redistribute. You also have to plan for not one dwelling but three dwellings which means that the building industry gets the boost, so the money starts saturating. Creating one or two jobs is very interesting because there are other things attached to it.

Quint: You would think that immigration would then be welcomed. The more people coming, the more jobs will be created.

Ram: There are areas where they welcome new immigrants, but the problems of new immigrants are many because they come from wide and varying cultural differences. If you come to Winnipeg, and you go to Central Park in the summer on each bench you will find Africans sitting. But they come from the East, the West, the South. They are all different speaking different languages, and they have nothing in common. You need a lot of support for these people. There is the support but how to give it is the question.

For single parents, the support system has to be very different. Eighty four to eighty five percent of the single parents in these areas are women. They still require a lot of help. How can they take the children to Daycare if they don't have money? And the Daycare support is very small in relation to the demand. In 2006, in lone parent families, out of 36,000, 29,000 were female single parents. They need support.

And the support system should not be seen as charity. It's a nation building exercise. This mindset is very difficult for people.

Quint: It's like the mindset for education. It's a nation building exercise, and so the support for single parents is crucial. You can allow people to have their children and work because both activities are necessary for the nation to develop. It's not a loss, it's actually a gain.

Ram: Yes, it is. And this is the question: how do you measure this gain? A lot of people want to see a return in a dollar figure. But you can't really put a dollar figure on certain things…like a family—if they are living together and are happy. I think only one country has a happiness index. That is Bhutan.

A happy family would also be a well adjusted family. In geography, the first principle is that everything is connected to everything else. There is no such thing as

pure independence. So a happy family would mean less crime, less going to the hospital. You would still balance the budget, but it may not be visible, so an invisible index has to be put on to express why you should be raising welfare: because you want a healthy and a happy community. And the definition of community should not be drawn on the ground. Manitoba is a community or should be.

Quint: It's interesting to think what the happiness index of Canada would be right now.

Ram: I don't know that. But I think that just because your income is high you may not score high on happiness—but it helps.

gallery *quint*

Northern Residency Maquettes

In February 2009, 12 First Nations and Metis artists set up stations at Irvin Head's Northern Buffalo Sculpture Gallery in Cranberry Portage and developed maquettes, small scale models of sculptures to be Manitoba's contribution to the Vancouver 2010 Venues' Aboriginal Art Program. These sculptures were group efforts: the artists worked at each station, adding to and morphing the maquettes.

When the group finished the clay modelling, the maquettes were sent to the Olympic Committee. In the end, the Olympic Committee chose the raven models, which will become six-foot tall bronze castings outside the Olympic Curling Venue, but those not chosen are equally powerful, haunting, and evocative.

Gallery Quint is proud to present images of these maquettes produced by the MAAC Northern Residency Artists: Carmen Hathaway, Abenaki; Colleen Cutschall, Lakota; G Jazz deMontigny, Anishinabe; Gayle Sinclair, Cree; Ian August, Métis; Irvin Head, Cree/Belgium; Jackie Traverse, Anishinabe; Jasyn Lucas, Cree; Jeff Monias, Ojibway/Cree; KC Adams, Métis;Liz Baron, Métis; and Roger Crait, Métis.

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call for papers

the quint's fifth issue is issuing an open call for papers (Dec. 1st) on any topic that interests writers. We are seeking theoretically informed and historically grounded submissions of scholarly interest which are also accessible to non-academics. As well as papers, *the quint* accepts for consideration creative writing, original art, interviews, and reviews of books to be published throughout the academic year. The deadline for this call is November 30, 2009—but please note that we accept manu/digi-scripts at any time.

quint guidelines

All contributions to *the quint* will be forwarded to a member of the editorial board. Manuscripts must not be previously published, nor should they be submitted for publication elsewhere while being reviewed by *the quint's* editors or outside readers.

Hard copies of manuscripts should be sent to *the quint*, University College of the North, 504 Princeton Drive, Thompson, Manitoba, Canada, R8N 0A5. We are happy to receive your artwork in digital format, PDF preferred. Email copies of manuscripts, Word or RTF preferred, should be sent to the appropriate editor: poetry/fiction ytrainer@ucn.ca; interviews/reviews sbarber@ucn.ca; articles jbutler@ucn.ca; art smatheson@ucn.ca ; creative nonfiction dwilliamson@ucn.ca.

Essays should range between 15 and 25 pages of double-spaced text, including all images and source citations. Longer and shorter submissions also will be considered. Bibliographic citation should be the standard disciplinary format.

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