“The Legacy of Northrop Frye: An International Conference”

“The Legacy of Northrop Frye: An International Conference” was held in Toronto, October 29-31, 1992. The 300 or so people who registered for the conference heard fifty papers related to the legacy of Frye’s religious, social, cultural, and theoretical ideas and were treated to a piano recital by James Carscallen; a composition by James Reaney and John Beckwith (“In the Middle of Ordinary Noise”), commissioned for the occasion; a Frye exhibition at the E.J. Pratt Library; and a film by Harry Rasky, The Great Teacher: Northrop Frye.

A.C. Hamilton, Hayden White, Linda Hutcheon, James Reaney, Helen Vendler, Angus Fletcher, and Robert Denham gave plenary addresses. Julia Kristeva, Margaret Atwood, and the Honorable Robert Rae, Premier of Ontario, made presentations at the banquet on October 30. Plans are underway to publish a selection of the conference papers, to be edited by Alvin Lee, the program chair, and Robert Denham.

Frye Conference in Korea

The Third International Conference of Canadian Studies, devoted to “The Legacy of Northrop Frye in the East and West,” was held at the Sookmyung Women’s University, Seoul, Korea, on May 22, 1992. The conference was sponsored by the Canadian Studies Center and the Department of English of the university, in cooperation with the Canadian Embassy in Seoul.

A.C. Hamilton of Queen’s University delivered the keynote speech, “Northrop Frye as a Canadian Critic.” Participants at the conference also heard the following papers: “Northrop Frye and Korean Literature” by Han Yong Woo (Chonbuk National University), “Northrop Frye and Endo Shusaku: Myth, Creative Imagination, and Salvation” by Shunichi Takayanagi (Sophia University, Tokyo), “Northrop Frye and Shakespeare” by Brother Anthony (Sogang University), “Northrop Frye
and the Development of English Verse” by Russell M. Goldfarb (Western Michigan University), “An Archetypal Reading of Henry James’ *The Golden Bowl*” by Clare Goldfarb (Western Michigan University), and “The Teachings of Children’s Literature in Canada” by Mary Hamilton (Sookmyung Women’s University).

My thanks to A.C. Hamilton for supplying me with a copy of the program and other information about the conference. —Ed.

Norrie Stories

Jane Widdicombe, Frye’s secretary for almost 25 years, has begun a collection of personal anecdotes and stories told by and about Frye. Over the years she has heard a number of stories, amusing and otherwise, about Frye, some of them originating at the High Table in Burwash, others from his classes and lectures tours. Realizing that the oral tradition about Frye will pass away before too many years, she would like to preserve as much of it as possible, and so would appreciate hearing from anyone who has an interesting story about Frye—humorous, sober, or otherwise worth preserving. Her goal is to bring out a collection of these anecdotes in due course. Send materials to her at: P. O. Box 545, Nobleton, Ontario L0G 1N0

Frye’s Books

For the past ten years or so, I have been trying to assemble the various editions and translations of Frye’s books. Like keeping up with the bibliography, this seems to be a pastime without end and, what with pirated editions appearing from time to time and translations going out of print before they make their way into the indexes, a task difficult to complete. In the process of compiling the following list, for example, I learned that four of Frye’s books have been translated into Korean; and I’ve not yet been able to get copies of these. The list below, while incomplete, contains all of Frye’s books, including edited volumes and separately published monographs, that I have been able to identify. Except for the entries with asterisks, the copies are in my own collection. I have not listed a number of the books that have been reprinted with covers different from their originals or other slight variations. Page sizes are to the nearest centimeter. “Signed” indicates that the copy is autographed by Frye. If readers of the Newsletter are aware of other editions or translations, I would be pleased to learn about them. (Ed.)

Books

1. Fearful Symmetry


### 2. Anatomy of Criticism


2n *Anatomy of Criticism: Four Essays*. Taipei: Bookman Books, Ltd n. d. x + 383 pp. 20.7 x 14.7 cm. “This is an authorized Taiwan edition published under special arrangement with the proprietor for sale in Taiwan only.” Paperback.

3. **The Educated Imagination**


4. **Fables of Identity**


5.  **T. S. Eliot**


6.  **The Well-Tempered Critic**


7. A Natural Perspective


8. The Return of Eden


9. Fools of Time


10. The Modern Century


11. **A Study of English Romanticism**


12. **The Stubborn Structure**


13. **The Bush Garden**


14. **The Critical Path**


15. **The Secular Scripture**


16. Spiritus Mundi


17. Northrop Frye on Culture and Literature


18. Creation and Recreation


19. The Great Code


19e The Great Code: The Bible and Literature. San Diego: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1983. xxiii + 261 pp. 20.3 x 13.3 cm. Type has been slightly reduced for this edition, the book is printed on lighter stock, and the frontispiece has been reproduced on the inside front cover. Paperback.


20. **Divisions on a Ground**


21. **The Myth of Deliverance**


22. Harper Handbook to Literature


23. Northrop Frye on Shakespeare


24. Northrop Frye on Education


24b Northrop Frye on Education. Markham, Ontario: Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 1990. 211 pp. 22.7 x 15 cm. Paperback.

25. Mito metafora simbolo


26. Myth and Metaphor


27. Words with Power


28. Reading the World


29. The Double Vision


30. A World in a Grain of Sand


31. Reflections on the Canadian Literary Imagination


32. Northrop Frye in Conversation

33. **The Eternal Act of Creation**


**Books Edited**


[46 and 46a were part of the College Classics in English series, also published in Toronto by Macmillan. Frye was general editor for twelve other volumes in the series, although his “General Editor’s Introduction” appears only in the two volumes of the *Shakespeare Series.*]


**Separately Published Monographs**

49  *Culture and the National Will.* Ottawa: Carleton University for the Institute for Canadian Studies, 1957. 15 pp. 20.2 x 16.1 cm. Paper wrappers.

50  *By Liberal Things.* [Toronto]: Clarke Irwin, 1959. 23 pp. 20.3 x 13.1 cm. Casebound.

50a  *By Liberal Things.* [Toronto]: Clarke Irwin, 1959. 23 pp. 20.3 x 13.1 cm. Paper wrappers.


52  *Convocation Address by Dr. H. Northrop Frye.* [Downsview, Ontario: York University, 1969. 8 pp. 22.7 x 12.5 cm. Paper wrappers. *Signed.*
In the previous two newsletters I reprinted what I thought were all of the pieces of short fiction written by Frye—the six “fables” that were published in Acta Victoriana and Canadian Forum in the late 1930s and early 1940s. But in the Frye papers at Victoria University I have discovered two additional works of short fiction. The first, “Interpreter’s Parlour,” is preceded by a cover sheet entitled “Four
Dialogues,” and it is numbered “II.” Numbers I and III are typescripts of the published stories “The Ghost” and “Face to Face.” The second story, “Incident from the Golden Bough,” is apparently the fourth in this series of “dialogues,” although it is not so numbered. In any case, “Interpreter’s Parlour” and “Incident from the Golden Bough” are published here with the kind permission of Jane Widdicombe, executrix of the Frye Estate.

Interpreter’s Parlour

“It is a little too easy,” said the poet, “to criticize modern poetry for being deliberately obscure and unintelligible. Anyone who can see anything intelligible in the contemporary scene is to be congratulated, and poets have to record that contemporary scene. More than that, poets struggle to achieve synthesis, order, creative form. And a synthesis of contemporary life, to be authentic, has to reflect the difficulty of making one at all at such a time. So any poetry really attuned to the beat of the world today must be difficult. In my own poetry, I admit I have never shirked the necessity of being difficult, and I dare say that the terrific concentration has been a bit too much for you. Isn’t that so?”

“I’m afraid so. Take this one here, for instance—I can’t fit it together at all, somehow—""

ARX

A
gold
Ra-
diance, di
Vine, -in (e)

Prunes and prisms.

“Now that is an excellent example of what I’ve just been saying,” said the poet. “Nothing there but a few crabbed words, seemingly, yet it’s an entire essay on comparative religion.”

“Is it?”

“You certainly wouldn’t think so, would you? But it is. You see, every great religion thinks in terms of two leading ideas, heaven and earth: heaven because it’s the source of light, earth because it’s the source of life. So every god worshipped as a supreme being is connected both with the sun and with the coming of rain to a waste land.”

“Yes, but—”

“The first three lines work out the solar part of the symbolism. Ra, you remember was the Egyptian sun god. The connection of ‘gold’ with the sun is pretty easy, except that you have to realize that it represents the diffusion of the light among men. Gold is the basis of all commerce and trade, and of course I’m taking it for granted that gold became the standard of coinage because it originally represented the sun.”

“Oh.”

“But of course trade only accounts for part of the communications among men: the rest comes mainly from writing, which is based on the alphabet. The ‘A’ symbolizes the alphabet, only to link it with the solar symbolism you have to assume that the alphabet (which began in Egypt, of course, connecting up with Ra) was derived from some sort of lunar calendar, there being twenty-eight days in a lunar month and almost that many letters in the alphabet. That represents the reflection of the sun’s light, and marks the extreme limit of its diffusion.”
“I see.”

“And that’s why the formal characteristics of those three lines are so sharp and clear. ‘A’ is a direct rhyme to ‘Ra’, and as Ra is a god, that’s a pretty easy assonance with ‘gold’. The next two lines, dealing with the fertility side of the symbolism, are harder. They have to be. Life, in contrast to light, is tangled, tortured and mysterious. That’s why the important words are broken up and concealed. The god is divided among men, you see, which is why the word ‘divine’ is broken. That gives you the word ‘vine’, which is an obvious fertility symbol, and the connection of ‘vine’ with the ‘gold’ above suggest the Golden Bough which Aeneas took when he, like the Ra of this poem, descended to a lower state of existence.”

“Well —”

“And just as the first three lines suggest the fixity of heaven by the oracular echolalia of assonance and rhyme, so the rest of the poem is based on alliteration, reminiscent of the powerful repeated rhythms of the fertility dance. That accounts for the repetition of ‘di’ and ‘ine’, and, of course, the two ‘pr’ sounds below. But the ‘e’ of the second ‘ine’ is in parenthesis, which means that you are free to take just the ‘in’ part of it and connect it with the Ra who brings rain.”

“I couldn’t have figured all that out in a million years. What are the prunes and prisms for?”

“They represent the fact that all religions degenerate into automatic routine morality. The phrase is used by Dickens to symbolize the most rigid kind of conventional propriety. In fact, the words depend for their effect, even in Dickens, on the sound-associations of ‘prude’ and ‘precision.’ The unimaginative and needless repetition of the ‘ine’ sound above warns you what’s coming. And then, of course, a prune is a dried-up and sterile fruit, which shows the exhaustion of the fertility impulse, and the prism is the distortion and fragmentary breaking-up of the clear radiance of the light-god Ra. The words also suggest that the reasons for the exhaustion of a religious impulse are its tendency to become a formal and unintelligible ritual on the one hand and to break up into sects and heresies on the other—in other words, runes and isms.”

“That’s got it all, I guess. Oh—the title.”

“Well, although a prism bends or bows a clear light, the connection with the rain above irresistibly suggests ‘rainbow’. And a rainbow is the symbol of hope and promise, as you remember from the story of the Flood. ‘Arx’ means both the ark of Noah and the arc of the rainbow. So, although you seem to have a straight linear descent from the sunlight of summer, down through the dying earth of the autumn into the prunes and prisms of the apparently sterile winter, still the breaking up of the snows into the floods of spring revives the spirit of hope, so that we come back in a circle after all. That’s why the poem has twelve syllables, representing the sun’s passage through the Zodiac and the cycle of seasons.”

“Thank you very much. It must be very interesting.”

Incident from the Golden Bough

“Good morning, my friend,” said the Phrygian, a middle-aged man of very respectable appearance. “You must be the Athenian stranger, to judge from your costume. I am very glad to see you this morning; I consider it a favourable omen. Perhaps I had better say why without wasting our time. My daughter is to be married today, and according to the ancient usage of this country she must spend her first night in the temple and be offered to a passing stranger before she goes to her husband. That passing stranger, we are told, was originally Attis, our god of the dying and reborn year. But Attis’ own appearances have become rather irregular in this degenerate age. He was accustomed to appear in the form of well-known but not highly esteemed human proxies, and it is necessary for us to
improve on this a little by making sure that the passing stranger is a genuine stranger and neither too fascinating nor too repulsive to a timid virgin. You are a man of the world or you would not be a traveller, and whatever your own religious beliefs may be, I am sure you would be anxious to respect so wholly delightful a custom. My daughter, I may say, has often been called the most beautiful girl in Phrygia.”

“I congratulate you on a good voice and a pleasant manner,” said the Greek. “Otherwise, the speech does not greatly differ from the last eight speeches I have heard in the last eight days from fathers with marrying daughters. I have no doubt that your daughter will be a vast improvement on the eight giggling and scratching little wretches I have so far encountered, but I suspect that all the demons or this damp cold weather are waiting for me in your temple as well as in the others. Wherefore, may I consign to the Phrygian gods of blight and pestilence, whatever their names may be, all Phrygians who do not understand that travellers are frequently weary.”

“Too bad,” said the other, “but you seem to have come in an off-season, and strangers are scarce. That makes the demand a bit insistent, and then there’s a silly superstition that it’s bad luck to have a refusal. I don’t believe it, of course, but my neighbors do. They feel that a stranger should represent Attis in some way, even as a sacrifice, perhaps.”

“I know, I know,” said the Greek. “I wasn’t refusing, and I’ve heard that identical threat eight times before. I’ll be there: I’ve learned that I’ve got to be there. By the way, I don’t have to attend this wedding. I haven’t so far.”

“Well, no,” said the Phrygian. “You have to be a stranger. But my future son-in-law’s house will be deserted this afternoon, and if you go along there now and speak to him you can have a bed if you feel you need sleep for your ninth ordeal.”

“You have a heart after all,” said the Athenian.

The house was pointed out and the Greek proceeded toward it. It was some distance out of the city, and his way led through a wood. He had not gone far into this when he became aware of a young man, with a kind of soft and radiant beauty, standing in front of him, holding a small branch of pine. He jerked the branch and the Greek stopped.

“Are you a man or a god?” asked the Greek, staring.

“God,” said the other. “Attis. They make a big fuss over me in this country. Didn’t you see me appear from no-where?”

“I’m nearsighted,” said the Greek, “and I’m not used to having people appear from nowhere. So I thought you might have dodged out from behind a tree.”

“I did,” said Attis. “I am a tree. All the trees.”

“I’m not good at theology,” said the Greek. “But please tell me what you want with me. I’ll worship you if you say so, but you see I’m Athenian.”

“I understand you’re getting tired,” said Attis. “Not at all an adequate word,” said the Greek.

“Zeus will be ashamed of you,” grinned the other. “But don’t you think that this wholesale and systematic cheating of a god who does his best to be a fertility spirit is a bit unfair? Take this girl you’re going to tonight. She’s a perfect stunner: the sort of girl gods go wild about. Now no one can blame me for passing up those impossible creatures you’ve been struggling with, but it does seem that when so special an offering comes along I might at least be consulted about it. But I shouldn’t ask you if this has occurred to you: I know it’s occurred to you at least eight times, and I’m sorry. However, you can certainly take tonight off. I’ll fix it up with old what’s-his-name—the girl’s father.”

“I most devoutly and piously thank the gods,” said the Athenian.

“O.K.,” said Attis.

“I beg your pardon?” inquired the Greek.
“O.K.,” repeated Attis. “Divine language. Gods’ thoughts are so highly organized they don’t need words. We just talk in letters of the alphabet. If you tried to write out in your own lingo all the things I meant when I said ‘O.K.’, it would take a big tablet and an hour’s scratching on it. The general idea is that interview is over.”

“I say—” began the Greek diffidently. “I hope you won’t think I’m rude, but I’ve never seen a god before, and I’m rather curious to know how a god’s mind works. In Athens there are a good many people who feel that gods—real gods—must be at least as intelligent as human beings. If not, where did we get our intelligence and you your power? Some of us are a little fed up with stories about gods who go around sleeping with beautiful women: they’re too much like the erotic dreams of men themselves, which is not exactly the sort of thing we’re most proud of having. See what I mean? If you want to take my place tonight, it seems to me you must have a god’s reason for wanting to, and the reasons you’ve given me are those of a brownie or an imp.”

“Shrewd lad,” said Attis. “I had no idea your town was so dangerous. Athene must really do something about it. Look here, you’ve asked the right question, and I’d sooner you figured out the answer yourself. That’s something I never thought I’d say to a human being. Just stand by and watch. By the way, don’t say anything to young what’s-his-name—the bridegroom.”

II

“Very well,” said the Athenian.

“Good morning, Greek,” said the bridegroom. “Well, what do you think of Phrygia and its idiotic superstitions?”

“Much what the Phrygians think of them, I suppose,” answered the Greek. “But the survival of this particular one puzzles me. I can understand why most customs go out or without change. Even where there is no belief, a customary act helps to strengthen society, and nobody but a prig would make a fuss because he can’t believe in what everybody does as a matter of course. Still, it does seem that something which violates one of the deepest instincts in man shows either an extraordinary devotion or an extraordinary lack of courage. Or and I wrong about its being so deep an instinct?”

“Not as far as I am concerned,” said the other, speaking with great energy and with a kind of exasperated bitterness. “To me, my wife is defiled and prostituted by her contact with you. It’s no fault of yours, of course, nor any sin of yours: you’re not only a stranger but a man, and a man discharges the uncleanliness from himself. But that girl will be poisoned in both body and mind for the rest of her life.”

“We-ell,” began the Greek.

“I suppose you think I don’t like to take the chance of not being the father of my eldest child,” said the other. “That isn’t it at all. What I’m being robbed of is the complete union of her soul and body with mine, which no man can effect without a normal marriage.”

The Greek opened his mouth again, but the other swept on without attending to him. “And the Phrygians aren’t such sheep as you imagine. In strict confidence, you may be the last stranger to have this hideous obscenity foisted on you. So many prominent people would like to see it abolished, because of the way it makes us the laughing stock of the world and hurts our prestige, that it’s now just a matter of getting an organized body to march into this town and demand that it be put a stop to. And we’re just about to do that: we were only waiting until we had a woman beautiful enough to get the mob’s sympathy. You’d better get away early tomorrow in case there’s any trouble.”

“Thank you,” said the Greek. “Perhaps carrying through something like that needs your type of mind, though I must say it seems a bit narrow to me. But it isn’t quite so simple a matter as you imagine. I’ve seen revolts before, and the priests can always stampede the women. And they probably
know more about your plan than you think and have their bag of tricks all ready for you. That
wouldn’t bother you, but you can never tell about a mob.”

“Actually, most of the priests are on our side this time,” said the other. “They can be pretty
enlightened where their own interests are concerned, and they realize that this silly business is a
complete waste economically, whereas professional temple prostitutes would bring in money and a
great deal more patronage.”

“Then I don’t see who’s to stop you,” said the stranger, “unless—unless Attis himself takes a
hand.”

“If Attis cared anything about the matter he’d never have allowed his cult to become debased,”
said the other. “I revere Attis as much as anyone, but I feel that worship which comes directly from
the heart, purified of superstition, will be more welcome to so great a god.”

“Perhaps so,” said the Greek. “But I still don’t know how a god’s mind works.”

III

In spite of the bridegroom’s warning, the Athenian found it impossible not to satisfy his
curiosity by remaining in the capital city the following morning. He found, as he had expected, a huge
crowd assembled in the chief square, in front of the temple, and his acquaintance the bridegroom was
haranguing it. He was speaking of the humiliation of the cuckold, and of how every married man
present had endured that humiliation at the hands of a foreigner. He spoke of the purity and nobility
of Attis and of the way in which his cult had been degraded by an obscene custom which Attis himself
would be the first to condemn. He pointed out that he himself had deliberately allowed his wife to be
polluted by a foreigner in order that he might experience the evil of the infamy he was attacking. He
said that he had nothing against the priests, and wished only to rid the country of a practice they had
never much to do with. There were murmurs in the crowd, but on the whole it was obviously with
him, and when at the climax of his speech his wife appeared naked beside him with her head bowed, it
greeted her with a roar which said plainly that she was to be the last offering to Attis.

The Athenian had been prepared for some such scene, but the wonderful beauty of the
woman, with her long fair hair and swelling breasts, took his breath away, as the beauty of Attis had
done the day before. And then he was aware that the crowd had become completely silent and that the
woman, now wrapped in a gown, had stepped in front of her husband and was speaking. Her rich,
throaty voice was a striking contrast to the harsh barking of the man.

“Like my husband, and like all of you, I expected a passing stranger last night,” she said. “But
it was Attis who came. Not until I saw the temple filled with a soft glowing light could I really believe
it was he, but it was Attis who came. And Attis, our god, has a message for his people of Phrygia.
Listen to what Attis says. ‘This woman shall bear a son, and the son shall be your king. Your armies
small be invincible wheresoever he leads them: his thoughts and dreams shall be your commands: he
shall be the soul of Phrygia. Because the Phrygians are my people I will beget with my own body
demigods and heroes to rule them. Such heroes shall be no one’s sons but mine, and you may know
them only as those who save you in times of disaster and peril. Nor shall your offerings and sacrifices
go unregarded, for I am the god of Phrygia, nor shall seed-time or harvest fail, for I am the god of the
year.’”

She stopped speaking and raised her hand. The crowd knelt as one man, and an old priest,
whom the Athenian suspected of not having been in sympathy with the frustrated reform, came out of
the temple and led the hymn to Attis. There seemed nothing else to wait for, and the Greek turned
away, but, to his chagrin, he encountered the bride-groom on the outskirts of the city.

“You made this arrangement behind our backs,” said the other, with a quiet intensity of hatred.
“Would you mind telling me what your motive was?”
“I had no obligations toward anyone,” said the Greek, “so I kept all the secrets entrusted to me, without caring whether it was a god or a man who asked for my confidence.”

“The gods can always find a traitor,” said the bridegroom.

“That is unfair,” protected the Greek. “You had very different ideas about Attis yesterday, and so, perhaps, had I. Now we know, and now we can be on our guard.”

“We never know, as you call it, until the time for action has passed by,” said the bridegroom.

“There is nothing to be on our guard about: neither of us need fear the jealousy of the gods.”

Frye Bibliography

The list that follows continues the supplements to the Frye bibliography that have appeared in previous issues of the Newsletter. Entry numbers, as well as cross-references (A5, M10, etc.), either follow or extend the system of classification in Northrop Frye: An Annotated Bibliography of Primary and Secondary Sources (Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1987), or else they refer to previous entries in the Newsletter. My thanks, as always, to Jane Widdicombe, and to others who have sent me materials: Douglas Mantz, Tibor Fabiny, Howard Weinbrot, Warren Stevenson, A. C. Hamilton, John Ayre, Alvin Lee, D. W. Dörrbecker, Bruce Bashford, Klay Dyer, Michal Schonberg, Douglas Jay, Francesca Valente, Jan Ulrik Dyrkjoeb, Nicholas Graham, David Staines, Deanne Bogdan, and Shunichi Takayanagi.

I invite readers to send me copies of essays, reviews, and other materials for inclusion in the next supplement. (Ed.)

Primary Sources

A. Books


  Auguries of Experience
  Literary and Mechanical Models
  Literature as Therapy
  Repetitions of Jacob’s Dream
  The Bride from the Strange Land
  Blake’s Biblical Illustrations
  Shakespeare’s The Tempest
  Varieties of Eighteenth-Century Sensibility
  Henry James and the Comedy of the Occult
  Approaching the Lyric
  Criticism and Environment
  Harold Innis: The Strategy of Culture
  Levels of Cultural Identity


C. Separately Published Monographs


D. Essays and Parts of Book


G. Interviews. See A32 above.

Secondary Sources

K. Books

K1 Addition to reviews of John Ayre, Northrop Frye: A Biography

K9 Additions to reviews of A. C. Hamilton, Northrop Frye: Anatomy of His Criticism

K14 Graham, Nicholas W. Northrop Frye and Visionary Realism. 1991. Photoduplicated typescript. Privately published. 272 pp. An ambitious reconstruction of F’s central notions, especially his understanding of Blake’s biblically based vision and the principles of archetypal criticism. The third part of the manuscript—“Practical Criticism”—contains readings of Spenser, Milton, Blake, and Joyce.


L. Essays and Parts of Books

L876 Bogdan, Deanne. Re-Educating the Imagination: Toward a Poetics, Politics, and Pedagogy of Literary Engagement. Portsmouth, NH: Boynton/Cook; Heinemann; Toronto: Irwin, 1992. A critique, largely from a feminist perspective, of F’s theory of the educated imagination. Although F’s presence if felt on practically every page of this book, chapters 3-5 examine specifically F’s answers to what Bogdan calls the “meta-problem: what literature should be taught, why we should teach it, and how it should be taught.


L883 Manganaro, Marc. “Northrop Frye: Ritual, Science, and ‘Literary Anthropology.” Myth, Rhetoric, and the Voice of Authority: A Critique of Frazer, Eliot, Frye, & Campbell. New Haven: Yale UP. 1992, pp. 111-50. On the relations between F’s criticism and the comparative method of anthropology. Argues that F’s view of the way science uses facts and theory is similar to Frazer’s. F’s authority derives from his “invoking what cannot be imagined: the perfect, ultimate originary unity of things.” The rhetoric F uses to map out his views of literature is found also in his social and educational theories: it reveals F’s commitment to structure, continuity, and essentialism, as well as his mystification of the “historically contingent” and ideology.


M. Reviews

M26. WORDS WITH POWER

M27 MYTH AND METAPHOR


M29. THE DOUBLE VISION

M29.9 Wilson, David. United Church Observer 54 (May 1991): 44.

M30. READING THE WORLD


P. Miscellaneous


**Obituaries, Tributes, Memorials**

In the last two issues of the *Newsletter* we listed various memorial articles and tributes that appeared shortly after Frye’s death. The following can now be added to the list.


**The Chancellor Northrop Frye Gold Medal**

The Chancellor’s Gold Medal was established by the Senate of Victoria University in 1990 as an award to be presented annually to the student of Victoria College who has the highest standing among candidates for the four-year Bachelor’s degree.  After the death of Northrop Frye in January 1991, the name was changed to The Chancellor Northrop Frye Gold Medal.
The Medal was designed by Professor David A. Blostein, a member of the English Department at Victoria College, and struck by the Royal Canadian Mint in solid silver, double coated in 24-carat gold. The obverse shows the likeness of Northrop Frye; the reverse combines two images by William Blake, over the legend THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE (John 8:32), the motto that appears over the south door of the Victoria College building.

In Fearful Symmetry, the book that established his international reputation as scholar, thinker, and teacher, Frye identifies Blake’s figure of the rising Albion (or humanity, long imprisoned by analytical reason) with Orc, the poet’s embodiment of rebellious, imaginative energy. Behind him with a rival energy, Urizen created with his compass the material universe, vast but dehumanized by the limitations of rationality. In combining these two images, the design interprets the College motto and affirms, with Blake and Frye, the liberating truth of the human imagination.

The medal was on display in Northrop Frye Hall during “The Legacy of Northrop Frye” conference.