
Northrop Frye Newsletter

Volume 6, Number 1

Fall 1994

Contents

Frye in Australia	1
Frye in China	1
Three Special Issues of Journals Devoted to Frye	2
Frye-Kemp Letters: A Sampler	3
Frye Bibliography	23
Margaret Atwood: "Norrie Banquet Ode"	34

Frye in Australia

A Northrop Frye Research Seminar, organized by Professor Imre Salusinszky, was held at the University of Newcastle, July 4-8, 1994. The dozen participants spent three hours each morning discussing selected readings on five topics: Frye and Religion (led by Robert Denham), Frye and Culture (led by A. C. Hamilton), Frye and Renaissance Studies (led by Jonathan Hart), Frye and Romanticism (led by Imre Salusinszky), and Frye and the Modern Century (led by Eleanor Cook). Professor Salusinszky hopes that a volume, perhaps one that draws upon Frye's unpublished notebooks, will eventually issue from the week's reading and discussion.

Frye in China

On July 12-17, 1994, an international conference on "Northrop Frye and China" took place in Beijing. Jointly sponsored by Peking and Victoria Universities, the conference was organized by Professor Wang Ning of the English Department at Peking University. Participants heard the following papers by scholars from China, Canada, and the U.S.: A. C. Hamilton (Queen's Univ.) "Northrop Frye as a Cultural Critic"; Liu Kang (Penn State Univ.), "Northrop Frye, Marxism, and Aesthetics in China"; Liu Naiyin (Peking Univ.), "Frye's Anatomy Schema in a Chinese Perspective"; Gu Mindong (Univ. of Florida), "The Psychological Basis of Frye's Theory of Fictional Modes and Its Universality"; Ye Shuxian (Hainan Univ.), "Literary Anthropology from the Chinese Perspective"; Eva Kushner (Victoria Univ.), "Reconsiderations of the Mythical Function according to Frye"; Wang Ning (Peking Univ.), "Reconstructing Northrop Frye: A Postmodern Perspective"; Joe Adamson (McMaster Univ.), "Frye and the Question of Ideology"; Robert Denham (Roanoke College), "Frye and the East"; Wang Fengzhen (Chinese Academy of Social Sciences), "The Achievements and Limits of Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism*"; Wang Ning (Peking Univ.), "The Critical Reception of Northrop Frye in China"; Zhao

Baisheng (Peking Univ.), “Archetypal Variation: An Essay on the Heroines of Pain in Chinese Romance”; Zhang Zhaojin (Shandong Univ.), “Northrop Frye and Chinese Mythology”; Ian Balfour (York Univ.), “Paradox: The Rhetoric of Northrop Frye”; Su Yong (Peking Univ.), “On Frye’s *Words with Power*”; Wang Yiman (Peking Univ.), “Elective Affinities: On Frye’s System of Symbols and the Chinese Great Code.” On the afternoon of July 15, A. C. Hamilton led a discussion on “Northrop Frye and the Future of Literary Theory.”

So far as Professor Wang Ning has been able to determine, this was the first conference in China devoted solely to the achievement of a Western thinker. Participants at the seminar enjoyed five days of extraordinary Chinese cuisine, including a formal banquet at the Shaoyuan Restaurant, and trips to the Ruins of the Yuanmingyuan and the Great Wall. A selection of the conference papers will be published in Chinese.

Three Journals Devote Special Issues to Frye

I. *Christianity and Literature* devoted its Spring 1992 issue to Frye, who served on the editorial board of the journal for several years before his death. In his introduction to the special issue the editor, Robert Snyder, says: “From exploring the manifold implications of [Frye’s] grounding in the Bible and William Blake to juxtaposing him with such other prominent theorists as T. S. Eliot and Fredric Jameson, the articles here assembled reveal the profound coherence of a critical vision guided by Blake’s aphorism that ‘The Old & New Testaments are *The Great Code* of Art.” The articles in the issue are: A. C. Hamilton, “Northrop Frye on the Bible and Literature”; Jonathan Hart, “The Mystical-Visionary Criticism of Northrop Frye”; Imre Salusinszky, “Frye and Eliot”; Christopher Wise, “Jameson/Frye/Medieval Hermeneutics”; and Robert D. Denham, “The Religious Base of Northrop Frye’s Criticism.” Copies of the special issue are available for \$5 from Robert Snyder, Department of English, West Georgia College, Carrollton, GA 30118.

II. *Recherches sémiotiques/semiotic inquiry* has devoted a large portion of the third number of volume 13 (1993) to “Northrop Frye and Contemporary Literary Theory.” It includes essays by Eleanor Cook, “Anatomies and Confessions: Northrop Frye and Contemporary Theory”; Eva Kushner, “Northrop Frye et la possibilité du dialogue interculturel”; Alvin A. Lee, “Identity not Negation”; Patricia Parker, “Shakespeare and the Bible: *The Comedy of Errors*”; A. C. Hamilton, “Northrop Frye and the New Historicism”; Joseph Adamson, “Northrop Frye, Semiotics, and the Mythological Structure of Imagery”; and Robert D. Denham, “The Frye Papers at Victoria University.” The papers by Adamson, Lee, Hamilton, and Cook are revised versions of presentations made at the 1991 meeting of the Canadian Comparative Literature Association, held at Queen’s University.

III. Volume 10 (Summer 1993) of *English Studies in Canada*, dedicated to the memory of Northrop Frye, contains ten essays about Frye or related to his work: Clara Thomas, “Celebrations: Frye’s *The Double Vision* and Laurence’s *Dance on the Earth*”; Sandra Djwa, “Canadian Angles of Vision?: Northrop Frye and the *Literary History of Canada*”; Angela Esterhammer, “The Constitution of Blake’s Innocence and Experience”; L. M. Findlay, “The Divine Legation of Northrop Frye”; A. C. Hamilton, “Northrop Frye and the Literary Canon”; Frank Kermode, “The Children of Concern”; Alvin A. Lee, “Gold-Hall and Earth-Dragon: *Beowulf* and ‘First-Phase’ Language”; Magdalene Redekop, “Charms and Riddles in the Mennonite Barnyard”; Imre Salusinszky, “Towards the *Anatomy*”; and Judith Weil, “Critical Polyphony: The Second Essay in the *Anatomy of Criticism*.” Copies of the special issue may be ordered for \$5.00 (postage and handling included) from the Department of English, Carleton University, 1125 Colonel By Drive, Ottawa, ON K1S 5B6.

Frye-Kemp Correspondence: A Sampler from 1932

Among the Frye Papers at Victoria University is a collection of 265 letters, including several telegrams, between Northrop Frye and Helen Kemp from the 1930s. John Ayre had access to Frye's letters to Helen when he was writing his biography of Frye. But the letters of Helen Kemp to Frye came to light only in 1992, having been found in the attic of the Frye's Clifton Road home. Ian Brown, the son of Frye's second wife, Elizabeth, delivered these papers to me during the summer of 1992 at the Victoria College Library. Making my way through the various boxes and shopping bags, I eventually came upon Helen's letters at the bottom of the last dusty bag. She had very carefully preserved Frye's letters to her, and for John Ayre she had clipped the envelopes to the letters and attached brief notes, describing the contents, noting the date, and occasionally warning Ayre about sensitive material. Her own letters, however, were in something of a disarray. Fortunately, a number of them were dated, and I have been able to date practically all of the rest from postmarked envelopes and internal evidence. After they met during their third year at Victoria College, Norrie and Helen wrote to each other whenever they were apart for extended periods during the 1930s: (1) the summer of 1932, when Norrie was at his home in Moncton, NB, and Helen was vacationing with friends at Georgian Bay and holding down several summer jobs in Toronto; (2) the summer of 1933, when Helen was working in the Victoria College Library, vacationing at the Kemp's summer cottage on Gordon Bay, and serving as a counselor at Camp Onawaw, and Norrie was visiting his sister in Chicago and attending the World's Fair; (3) the summer of 1934 when Helen was working at the National Gallery in Ottawa and, again, at Camp Onawaw, and Norrie was serving three small churches on a circuit of the United Church in southwestern Saskatchewan; (4) the academic year 1934-35, when Norrie was a first-year student at Emmanuel College and Helen was studying art at the Courtauld Institute in London and traveling on the continent; (5) the academic year 1936-37, when Helen was employed by the Art Gallery of Toronto and serving as a don at Victoria College and Norrie was studying at Merton College, Oxford; and (6) following their marriage, when Norrie, after a year of teaching at Victoria College, was back at Oxford to complete his degree and Helen continued to work at the Art Gallery of Toronto.

Altogether the Frye-Kemp correspondence amounts to more than 340,000 words. The sampler reproduced here, written during the summer of 1932, represents only a small portion of the whole—about 4%. Plans are underway to publish the entire correspondence. My thanks to Jane Widdicombe, executrix of the Frye Estate, for permission to publish this selection. (Ed.)

Norrie to Helen, July 17, 1932

. . . Well, I've covered two days in the course of writing this letter, and it's Sunday now. Mother has just dragged me out to church. Our church has gone in with a Baptist one for the summer and it's their choir and organist. The anguish I suffered listening to the latter is not easy to imagine. Four trebles, three altos, three tenors and eight basses. None of them mattered except a very fat and red-faced soprano who was about half the choir. The organist was nothing. They plunged into a fairly difficult *durchkomponiert* setting of "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind" and when they finished—or at least when they stopped—I was leaving grooves in the pew. I think it a well-grounded belief that anyone who goes to heaven will have to become a musician but that if mob ever gets past the pearly gates they will have to join the awkward squad for sure. The minister was apparently not a Baptist, as he made a reference to his University career. He told us that the Bible was historically quite accurate. I forget his text—so did he, for that matter. Towards the end he wanted to know indignantly if the world were

played out. I anticipated a discussion of The Decline of the West thesis of Spengler—a book that I am hoping against hope that you will read this summer—and come to life. But he remained as innocent as H. G. K. of the said volumes. He decided, however, that the world was not played out, as there was to be an Imperial Conference at Ottawa soon. He finished by imploring us not to be weaklings, or, to put it up to us in plain English, not to be yellow.

Thank God for Bach and Mozart, anyway. They are a sort of common denominator in music,—the two you can't argue about. Beethoven, Chopin, Wagner—they give you an interpretation of music which you can accept or not as you like. But Bach and Mozart give you music, not an attitude toward it. If a man tells me that Beethoven or Brahms leaves him cold, I can still talk with him. But if he calls Bach dull and Mozart trivial I can't, not so much because I think he is a fool as because his idea of music is so remote from mine that we have nothing in common. This is the difference between—oh God, shut up. I guess I'm going to be a professor after all. Damn it, I *won't* be a professor. Wanna be a minister and join the Rotary Club. I wouldn't mind writing these exegeses if they (a) edified you (b) didn't sound so damned pontifical.

Helen to Norrie, July 26, 1932

My dear Norrie—

I have been trying to write to you for several days and something turned up every time to prevent it. Last night I was so mad at people in general that a letter would not have been a very sanctimonious occupation—I can't seem to get away from *people*—young people, stupid people, people who come in and sit and talk about nothing and whose conversations are just a series of trivial questions. Lord! I never can be alone it seems. After you last letter I bought a copy of Mozart (edited by Epstein also, Schirmer edition—is it the same?) and have been worshipping at the shrine of pure music—when I get the chance. Five years ago I would not have liked them for I remember I was an admirer of the Liszt sort of thing and used to impress people with that Rigoletto Concerto paraphrase which I thought quite fine, and a sure way of showing how I had mastered Hanon and parts of Czerny. Now I play it sometimes when I feel skittish—when I should be swimming, for exercise—and would not insult an intelligent person by offering it in lieu of music. So you may imagine my annoyance last night when I had played two movements of the C major no. 3 and in walked Mrs Smith in a kindly mood, to cheer me in my loneliness etc. The trouble is, my time at home is so infinitely precious just now, when I must be at the library presumably helping on the world's work, and then keep house besides, and in the odd moment attend to my own little soul.

I have not written to you these last few days for another reason. I will not send you another protracted groan and tooth-ache like my last missive. I *am* a varlet. I have discovered that my besetting sin is a morbid introspection and a periodic melancholy for which there is no particular excuse except that I have inherited it from my father. Diet and lack of exercise and so on are other factors, so I am waging war against melancholy. It is eleven-thirty now, and I have walked part of the way from Mr [Reg] Thornhill's. I should have come all the way except for the fact that it is about three miles and dark and raining and you must go through back streets, and besides I wanted to write to you to-night.

I am playing games these days—for when I am lonely I think of the things around me and how I shall tell you about them—but so often it is just a case of riding on a street-car and thinking about the woman across the aisle whose lower jaw is abnormally large. Which gives her a queer expression when she talks to her companion, and when she talks to her friend I can tell by her wrinkled brow that she is saying “It certainly is terrible these days, I've a friend who's been out of work for eight weeks, I don't know what we'll do.”— Or I walk along the street and see a man in a blue shirt whose stomach bulges over his trouser-belt like a blown-up candy-bag. And I wonder how a man of any discernment could

allow himself to be like that—but when I look at his face I see that it is all fat and moss-grown too, and he has never been wakened.

But I must tell you the high-light of the last few days. Aside from interruptions in the direction of midnight visits from Ernie Harrison (the Greek god I mentioned) and George Clarke, who ought to know better, and Dick Smith and Harry Walker and Hans Lincke (most of whom come to see Roy [Kemp], of course), there have been a few good turnips. For instance, Roy and I went to [Harold] Chapmans again, and listened to Joyce Hornyanski and Mrs Howard-Jones, Marcus Adeney, Miss Dennison, and Geoffrey Waddington (director of CKNC) play a Brahms Quintette and with the aid of Arthur Mulliner, play Schubert Sextette (op. 36). There were other people there too, but Joyce is beautiful—when she plays she seems like the prophetess in the grip of Apollo—She is so intense and so passionate. And then, between movements she turns to her husband and says, in a deep contralto with an accent English yet slightly blurred and French:—“Mickey, toss me a cigarette, will you?” It was a strenuous evening—the Brahms tired me out completely, so through the Schubert I gazed at the graceful line of throat and neck and ear of Joyce Hornyanski. I think, with you, that I have never seen such a beautiful woman. . . .

Have you thought that my two extra (possibly fruitless) years make much difference—my hastily assumed Victorian reticence steps in so that I do not here go into detail—you probably get the idea since you’ve been reading “special emphasis on sex questions.” And what if I don’t read Spengler? As I say, I shall have one precious month before the exhibition and the usual jamboree—shall I spend it reading Spengler? You know, I shall not be able to follow you in many places—but then I am wandering by myself in others. By the way, Epstein is probably the greatest sculptor in England to-day (the author of the book grows fairly rash and says Epstein has the greatest sense of beauty of any man living) and was the creator of the Hudson Memorial in London which pictures Rima the bird-girl from ‘Green Mansions.’ The public filled three trunks with their press comments and some drunken students clothed Rima one night with a coat of green paint. However Epstein goes his own way. He has recently completed colossal figures of Day and Night on the building of the Underground Railway Station.

I am improving my acquaintance with Mr [Reg] Thornhill and his wife, two of the most intelligent and delightful people I know. We went sketching one afternoon—I was busy in the thick of deciding whether or not to come back to college next year—the question has been vexing me of late—, but I suppose I shall return. I can’t change my course by one iota unless I take on some more sups or something and the damn thing isn’t worth all that—so I am developing an interest in eugenics and the economic system, and English poetry and the fall of Rome—I’m supposed to read Gibbon, too. However, Gibbon may not be too bad. I needn’t follow Charles Lamb’s distaste for him—I went through a good deal of Mommsen last year, which is about as stiff a historian as you would wish for. . .

It is one o’clock. I must stop.

Good-night. (Do you know yet that I think of you very much, and I am so glad to be alive that sometimes I could dance—or even sing if my opinion of singers in general were more favorable.) Norrie, you must not let the rain ‘get you’—can there be a great deal else? Probably by now you are feeling much better—I hope so. I have had so many low moments—as I told you—that I don’t want to see you catching the disease. And I am lonesome for you—but that must be fought off as best I can. As for your being a professor—do you think you need to be a stuffy pedant? My conception of that type of mind is of an antique soul who has lost contact with people and living beauty and with enthusiasm—distinctly not a social being. There is too much of the fighter or of the controversialist about you to remain passively letting the world go by—and I think you may develop a broad human sympathy—you have changed a good deal within the last year in that regard.

By the way, it is rather amusing to discover some of the remarks you have made in your time regarding the deadly sex in general, and the dire fate awaiting the man who so far forgets his manhood as to fall for the spell of Eve and all her daughters.

I am getting sleepy—I'll be making my towers all crooked to-morrow if I'm not careful. One word more. I would suggest that you do some walking—a lot of walking—if you will not swim. I will not enlarge upon the advantages but merely hope that you will not continue to regard me as a back-to-nature crank (as you have implied, before now). Fresh air being an excellent thing for cob-webs, and rainy atmosphere, and 'a mind with mould clinging to it.'

Norrie to Helen, Aug. 1, 1932

My dear Helen:

Well, it's still wet and my brains are still watersoaked. So should I do some walking, take some exercise, get some fresh air, hey? This, to one who has ground the length and breadth of Toronto under his heels! You *are* reasonable. How the hell can I walk when it's raining all the time? Fresh air! There ain't any fresh air. There isn't any oxygen even except what you can get by electrolysis. And if it does happen to be a "fine" day, it's so much hotter and stuffier than hell that that overworked simile can be left off duty for once. I can walk all over this infernal city in half an hour, and if I venture outside it, whiz comes a car that honks me into the ditch and disappears in a cloud of dust that is no sooner raised than it turns insidiously and maliciously toward me, fills up every available space in my teeth, spreads a film over my vocal cords that gives me a voice like the resurrected Lazarus, enters my throat, my hair, my eyes, my nose. And the natives stare at me, wherever I go, as though I really were the combination of owl and bird-of-paradise that I resemble. The only way you can get fresh air is to climb up on the roof and hang onto the chimney. At least I thought so, until I tried it. But I reckoned without the Canadian National Railways, to say nothing of the pigeons.

Norrie to Helen, Aug. 1, 1932

. . . Mme. Hornyansky *is* magnificent, isn't she? I shall never recover from the stupor into which she plunges me every time I see her, no matter how distantly. As you know, I have nothing of the painter or sculptor in me, and the sheer sensuous beauty of a purely physical structure leaves me cold. But there is something distilled and refulgent, almost mathematical, about her. She expresses what those grim celibates of the Middle Ages were trying to say when they painted their Madonnas. A woman to them was merely evil in herself and in her sexuality; she was of use only as a symbol of something higher. That is what is back of the "Virgin Birth" idea. It is also what is back of the remarks I have made about women that you find so amusing. I am not a misogynist, but I represent, in my twentieth-century, late-Victorian, decadent way, the same monastic-Puritan attitude. . . . I am not going to church any more. The Baptist preacher is at our church now. He is a returned soldier with a cork leg, which makes a more endurable noise than the rest of his anatomy. Nature endowed him with a very hard and thick skull, with Nature's usual idiocy. Men have more sense, and with them, the more the money, the thicker the safe. I put both feet down and told Mother I wouldn't go and hear that man if he had been commissioned to open the Seventh Seal, a remark that scandalized the parent at first, but as she can't hear a word anyway, she gave in.

. . . I am reading Don Quixote now. It's immensely long, brutal and at times nauseating, but, oh, boy, what a book! The translation I have is 18th-century by a man who knew what concrete nouns were. *He* didn't say "insides" when he meant "guts" or "perspiration" when he meant "sweat," or "side" when he meant "belly." That is the one thing that proves our alleged "reaction" from "Midvictorianism" a fraud and a lie,—the way we steer around realities with polysyllables and elliptical statements.

No, I don't want to be a professor. Theoretically. In practice I should like it well enough. But there is something about such an eminently cultured occupation that would make me feel as though I were shirking something. A professor is, as I think I have said before, an orchid,—highly cultivated, but no roots in the ground. He deals with a crowd of half-tamed little savages who get no good out of him except intellectual training and, in some cases, the radiation of his personality. He is not a vital and essential force in a community of live people. He is not a worker in the elemental sense of that word. Most professors, to gain a reputation, specialize so intensely in their work that they are cut off even from the undergraduate. These are the pedants. The rest are not so cut off from reality, but they are cut off from life. Oh, well, you get the idea. The ministry is my "vocation," etymologically. I have been "called" to it just as much as any blaspheming fool of an evangelist that ever bragged about what a sinner he was before he was converted. But that doesn't mean that I am fitted for it, necessarily. It doesn't mean that I am not deadly afraid of it and would rather do a hundred other things. Above all, it certainly doesn't mean that my friends ever imagine I'll be a minister. "Ministry?" says Ernie Gould. "Do you think your friends are going to stand by and see you waste your life and talents in that?" "Minister?" snorts the janitor at Gate House. "You'd make a damn good hypocrite, that's what you'd make!" "My dear boy, you can't be a minister," says Norm Knight, "you've got brains." And so they go. They're absolutely and devastatingly right, of course. I wonder what those writers who talk about relentless and inexorable Fate would say to a man who had two Fates, pulling in opposite directions. The trouble is that I can't quite figure out which one is God.

. . . I have judiciously weighed the question of whether or not I should "mind very much" you're saying that you love me and have decided that I do not. I find the statement even agreeable. But you frighten me a little, you sweet child. "Love" may mean anything from a quiet friendship to an overwhelming passion. It may be anything from a purely sexual impulse to a declaration of honorable intentions based on a close survey of the economic field. In the sense that I like you better than anyone else of your sex, I love you. I love you in the sense that I would do anything for you. In the sense that no revelation of weakness in your character would diminish my respect for you. In the sense that I think of you a great deal, and always affectionately. And so on. But if I were to go into poetic ramifications of the subject, and tell you that you filled my days with sunshine and my nights with longing, I should be merely a liar, and you would be well-advised to regard me as an insidious and designing villain. Don't you see, darling? I can't write you a sustained love letter, because when I try—and I have tried—the result sounds like a Chopin nocturne scored for brass. It acts like a tonic on me to hear you say that you love me, certainly. But it does make me rather nervous to be carrying such a warm and pulsating little heart around in my pockets. I'm afraid it might drop out and break. Your two years make no difference to me, whatever they make to you. I have always associated with women older than myself—and besides, if I patronize you, what would I do to a sixteen-year-old? Dose her with castor-oil, probably.

Well, having got this far, I find my mind an absolute blank at this point. Whenever I get jolted out of my customary shell of reserve and shyness, I feel very uncomfortable and naked, and so the sooner I shut up the better.

Helen to Norrie, Aug. 5, 1932

. . . Your letter came a couple of days ago. I have been thinking about you a great deal since then. I have told you before this that I could not see you performing with satisfaction to yourself the duties of a minister. The average church congregation seems to me to be a community of bustling Marthas held together by a weekly sewing meeting and another meeting devoted to purging one's soul by communion with the unknown, expressing one's soul by singing third-rate tunes, and edifying one's consciousness in general by listening to a few ethical principles half hidden by quotations from the Hebrews, followed by a plea for more substantial collections. The women gossip, the men quarrel, the

soprano soloist with an eye to matrimony ogles and attempts to seduce the young minister. The young minister himself is inevitably (if he is intelligent) assailed by grave doubts about the infallibility of his doctrine, and the right of the Christian church to attempt to evangelize the world. If he comes through all this struggle he will have attained a deeper spirituality and a broader sympathy with toiling sweating humanity. If he never arrives at a solution, and still remains in the ministry, he is forced to pour forth his weekly platitudes as usual, to live a life at which his inner being revolts. He is forced to live a lie, stunting his own growth, still blindly hoping that he *must* be doing some good. How can a man at war with himself be a leader of other men?

No work of art—and a spiritual life is a work of art—is attained without a certain amount of purification, and forgetfulness of individual pettiness. Possibly I am picturing an ideal unattainable to most, and reached by a few men of genius—a sort of nirvana. But what is a man of genius if not one who has struggled and tapped the hidden spring of beauty and truth and has imprisoned a little of it for thirsty men?

If you have anything of value to preach to humanity, it will come in spite of yourself—and at a much later date than now. This sounds hopelessly conservative I know, but it arises from my suspicion of the child prodigy. It is a good thing that croakers like myself did not dam up the enthusiasm of a Keats or a Mozart. To any great extent, that is.

You told me once that you thought some biting satire would be a good thing for the church, or for religion. I forget which. But, tell me, can you get a child to feel the awe of the idea of infinity by bullying him into learning every dot, comma and fly-speck on two dusty pages of an old algebra disclosing the binomial theorem? Can you make him enjoy the Aeneid by bewildering him with the ablative absolute and all the legions of participles which join together in one scraggy skeleton? Can you drive men to the love of God or the love of the good life by writing a Tale of a Tub or The Christian or Elmer Gantry? I mean, has satire ever any positive value other than laughing to shame certain follies? Iconoclasm seems to be one of the chief sports of this age—and the best paid, for that matter. I cannot say anything about the church in general—I have not thought much about religion. As I told you before, church services bore me (and I am accustomed to the Church of England service which is fairly active) and I never go to hear people who amount to a great deal—so far. So I can not say that I am a Christian particularly—or even an intelligent pagan. The first church I went to was Westminster, when John Neal, a kindly venerable old gentleman was alive. But we moved to this district shortly afterwards, and Roy and I were sent to an Anglican church where the minister was six feet tall, gave marks for bringing more collection than the other children, announced in Sunday School that the most prominent part about him was his teeth, when anyone with half an eye could see that it was his paunch! The same gentleman gave interminable sermons on the evils of putting big nickels on the collection plate and bawled most ferociously at people who stayed away from church to wash the family automobile. He took great pride in the number of children he had prepared semi-annually for confirmation by the bishop. Of the catechism I remember several useful things such as Q: “What is your name?” Ans. “M or N.” Q. “Who gave you this name?” Ans. “My godfathers and my godmothers at my baptism wherein I was made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.” And so on. He never asked the forty-odd children anything about all this. I was supposed to have learned all my theological doctrine from a typist Sunday School teacher named Miss Freak—a blond, simple, well-meaning soul. One day the Sunday School superintendent came in to address the class. (He was the foreman of a lumber-yard, and the rector said he was deriving much benefit from his Sunday activities.) Mr Findlay said “Now boys and girls, as you go through life you’ll find that it isn’t reputation you want, it’s character (karaktur). George Young [Canadian long-distance swimmer] had reputation, but he didn’t have character. That’s why he didn’t win the big swim. Now remember.” And so on for fifteen minutes, after which the meeting

adjourned. There was also a story going the rounds, helped on by the highly moral and indignant Ladies Aiders, about the rector's philanderings with a widow of the congregation—quite a nasty story.

Later

Hans Lincke has been here again—he drops in almost every other evening it seems. I was going to tell you about our trip last week-end—Hans and I hitch-hiked one hundred and forty miles to Lake Joseph. Roy [Kemp] was to have come but at the last moment he had too much work to do, so we started adventuring on our own—leaving the north end of Yonge Street at 7.30. I enjoyed every minute of it—even the mile and a half through the black bush at ten at night, with snakes shivering in the grass and fireflies lighting the way. We rode with two truck drivers driving a government load of beer, who fed us chocolate bars and talked about the war and communism and the 36 hour shifts they worked on when the Gerrard Street bridge was under construction. They told me to stick to library work. There was another truck driver with a load of pop, who offered us some of his wares. There was a baker who drove three miles out of his way after a twelve-hour day of driving his little truck, in order to set us on the right path, and then presented us with a loaf of bread. There were two wealthy men from London who gave us advice as to the approved hiking methods. And so on—ten different lifts in all. We came home on Tuesday morning with Cronins (cousins)—starting at 4 in the morning. I had been thinking seriously of hitch-hiking to Quebec, and this was by way of preparation—the only trouble is that I am not sure of Ruth Pike's temperament in general—whether we would get along well together on such a long jaunt.

. . . I left off in the middle of weighing the pros and cons of a minister's career. For one thing I am too deeply impressed with Elmer Gantry to be unbiassed. I had gotten so far in my thinking when I came upon Frank Shallard's difficulties and find that Lewis anticipates H.G.K. I can't agree with you entirely about your orchid professor. How are you going to tame your little savages if you don't hold their interest in some line or other—I mean awaken an interest. And is not the enthusiastic teacher going to have a tremendous influence in that way? To be sure an unawakened dictaphone with the faculty of retaining facts and strutting them forth like your Miss Smith (poor woman) is not going to spell life to the little savages who have probably really felt and experienced more than she has. The function of a teacher seems to me essentially the same as that of a minister—to bring colour into a drab life. But have you noticed very many inspired teachers? Can you blame children altogether for being the savages which you so unsympathetically dub them? Most people don't know how to enjoy life—why blame their children for not being divinely inspired?

Helen to Norrie, Aug. 15, 1932

What *are* you doing? I have been watching the postman like a hawk, for days, and there is no word from you. Are you dead, or sick, or disgusted, or lazy, or worried or blue or frightened or bored stiff, or immersed in books? Are you coming back, or do you know yet?

As to that, I have been thinking that Victoria College will not likely allow one of its most brilliant students (and incidentally a show-piece in every publication like *The Victoria College Bulletin*—see how bright our students are, etc) to stay away for lack of money. You see, I heard [C. E.] Auger talking about “our showing in scholarship,” and at another time about “young Frye who seems to be cleaning up on everything.”

I still am on the fence about coming back myself—money, this time. But Daddy says “yes, why not?” In spite of the fact that he has been making a weekly amount of money equivalent to the earnings of a Toronto scavenger, all summer. I start in at the [Canadian National] Exhibition in a few

days now. Cooking beans this time, I gather. I am working like fury trying to finish the map [of the University of Toronto campus], which is a work of art, to my way of thinking. I can draw, boy.

Norrie to Helen, Aug. 20, 1932

My dear little girl (or does that sound sentimental?):

Respected Madame (a euphemism for Respectable Female):

I have just received your letter with its polemic re the priesthood. It is very clever, sincere and well expressed, but as I read Elmer Gantry about five years ago and went over the ground you survey quite thoroughly at that time it misses the difficulty I am in at present. As your criticism has obviously been strongly influenced by that book, I may as well tell you what I think of it. Sinclair Lewis, as I remarked before, was spoiled by success—if you ever attack “The Man Who Knew Coolidge” you will realize that—while in “Dodsworth” he drops all his claims to distinction and returns to the rank and file of scribblers. The era of post-war tolerance and disillusionment made the production inevitable of a kind of satire for which a trick of imitation and a technical gift—which Lewis certainly has—even Elmer Gantry is a technical triumph—would suffice. But Lewis obviously has a commonplace mind and one as thoroughly Philistine as Babbitt himself, and when he was hailed as a prophet and genius lost his head. Imagine what a farce Main Street would have been had Lewis taken sides with Carol!—yet he does that in Elmer Gantry. Again, America being ruled by professionalism, you must go to headquarters for your attack. The most conspicuous of such attacks—Molière on doctors—does just that. And if Molière had confined himself to satirizing the wretched quacks and fakers who sold patent medicines from town to town he would have been forgotten long ago—another thing done in Elmer Gantry. And think how Arrowsmith would have collapsed had Lewis known as little of science as he does theology! or misunderstood so many of the really subtle problems confronting a scientist. Lewis’ critical faculties seem to have been suspended when he wrote the book—partly because, no doubt, of the grim associations of religion with his childhood, but partly too because he has no adequate weapons except the bludgeons of an antiquated materialism with which to meet contemporary religion. So Elmer Gantry fails both as a satire and as a polemic. Again, while Main Street, etc., were inevitable to the 1920’s, Elmer Gantry is obviously an out-of-date product the proper place for which belongs midway between Uncle Tom’s Cabin and the beginning of pragmatism. As it is, I am faced with the United Church of Canada, anno domini 1936 or thereabouts—surely a very different matter. As you say, I think some biting satire is essential to the church, but the satire must bite, not bark. I do not quite understand your identification of satire with dusty pedantry. Surely the one is the best cure for the other. Lewis passed up an opportunity to write a great novel here. Think of what he overlooked!—Protestant individualism clashing with Protestant bigotry, Catholic anti-intellectualism cloaked by Catholic urbanity, mysticism in its last ditch, the clergy slowly retreating from their hell-fire vindictiveness to a vague and emasculated ethical sentiment, the slight but apparent rise of superstition and occultism, to mention the barest outlines of some of the themes. Narrowing the scope, if he had wanted degeneration, the Scarlet Letter would have indicated the proper line of attack.

My difficulty is not that of Frank Shallard, who was a weak-kneed prig, but that of an Ancient Mariner hounded on by a force at least as strange as himself to deliver his message to bored and uneasy Wedding Guests. For I have got a definite message to give, right now, which will develop but not essentially change as I grow older, and I am not an infant prodigy. Nor am I worried about the infallibility of my doctrines—there is no common-sense doctrine in existence that cannot be harmonized into a consistent interpretation of Christianity. What I am worried about is my own personal cowardice. I am easily disheartened by failure, badly upset by slights, retiring and sensitive—a sissy, in short. Sissies are very harmless and usually agreeable people, but they are not leaders or fighters. I would make a very graceful shadow boxer, but little more. I haven’t the grit to look the

Wedding Guest in the eye. “Put on the armour of God,” said a minister unctuously to me when I told him this. Good advice, but without wishing to seem flippant, I don’t want armour, divine or otherwise—snails and mud-turtles are encased in armour—what I want is a thick skin. You don’t need to worry over me. I am not a deep or interesting problem, except perhaps to an entomologist. At present I am merely a poltroon on the outskirts of a battle, armed with one or two powerful weapons I may or may not get a chance to use, and trying to make my teeth stop chattering long enough to decide whether to go forward or crawl back to where the generals are and accept a position with them of great dignity and opulence. If I do the latter, you can cut my acquaintance any time, if you like, though of course I hope you won’t. The only thing is, “None but the brave,” etc.

Your description of the local Anglican church is accurate enough, as a topographical survey. All churches are more or less like that. Yet everybody has a soul, however shabby, cheap and fly-specked a one it may be. Incidentally, I hate to seem intolerant, but I do not approve of Anglicanism. There are two possible approaches to Christianity, or any religion—the Protestant or individual approach, and the Catholic or collective one. Anglicanism never made up its mind which it was going to be, and did not much want to, as it was based on the useful but muddle-headed English idea of pleasing everybody. If you look at the first article of the Elizabethan Six, you will see that it supports transubstantiation—the second denies it. Not that that matters, but it shows the Anglican point of view—religion itself is in bad taste—it is only the observance of it that is in good taste. I think that in England now it is beginning to break up into its two constituents under pressure of the necessity of defining its religious attitude now that the support of The Crown, The Nobility, The Nation, The Army, The Fleet, and a lot more “The’s,” including the Oxford and Cambridge Accents and Poses, genuine or aped, which has bolstered it up heretofore, is beginning to weaken. Here, of course, it is a fish out of water—the Established—that is, the Representative Church is the United Church of Canada. This is an inevitable product of Canadianism—its counterpart would be inconceivable in the U. S. A.—and it is representative of all that Canada means in history—in its good-nature, in its tolerance, in its conscientiousness, in its vague and sentimental combination of Socialism, Imperialism and Nationalism all at once—a very appealing mixture, unpalatable though each individual constituent may be—above all in its determination to apply old traditions to new surroundings which makes Canada sturdier than England and more coherent in its perspective than the United States.

Whew! What a harangue to make to a harmless child, who hasn’t done anything even to deserve being spanked, or shut up in a closet with her conscience, let alone having to spend an hour or two trying to get interested in the workings of mine. Can’t you see me as a flabby and pompous old walrus of sixty-five, with my crock of gold transmuted to an awe-inspiring silver, rising to address a flock of kids at a Sunday School picnic: “My juvenile friends, I do not wish to cast a gloom over this auspicious occasion by too protracted an exegesis (laughter, perhaps) but it may be useful to indicate the salient features of the larger and deeper question of the general relationship of recreation to the—well, the what I might call higher things of life, in order that we may not, in the midst of our frolicsome gaiety, lose sight altogether of those more fundamental matters which influence all our lives. For purpose of convenience, I will deal first of all with the eighteen principal aspects of the value of recreation in general”?

I have been studying astrology recently and found that I was born under the sign of Cancer, the Crab. This interested me at once, of course, as I saw there must be *something* in the science after all, so I read on and learned quite a bit about it. It appears that a long time ago all persons born under Cancer had to walk backwards, being Crabs, you understand, and it caused them a good deal of inconvenience. And everyone born under Capricorn, being a Goat, had to walk (or run) forward with his head down so that he couldn’t see *his* way either. Now both Cancer and Capricorn, being very polite, used to apologize at great length to everybody they bumped—and always in the same terms, so that people got awfully tired of the “Topics of Cancer and Capricorn,” as they called them, only some

ass, for no particular reason, started saying “Tropics.” Whenever, therefore, anyone saw a Cancer or a Capricorn coming, he would get out of the way, and so they got to navigating pretty well, except, of course, for being tripped up by the odd curbstone or falling over the occasional tricycle. And as walking backward imparts to one a great deal of dignity and stateliness (try it yourself, sometime) the Cancers began to be much respected in the community. But one day a Cancer was just nicely getting around a corner when a Capricorn came running up, hit him a terrific whack, and both of them went down. “Why the hell don’t you look where you’re going?” snarled Cancer, rubbing the injured place. “But, I say—” began Capricorn. “You have already butted enough butts,” interrupted Cancer. “This is an outrage, and I shall complain to the Astrologer Royal.” Which he did. The Astrologer looked very grave, and said: “From now on all Cancers may walk forward, provided they wear their *collars* backside to show their descent.” “But where do I come in?” asked Capricorn. “You don’t come in at all,” said the Astrologer, “you’re the goat.” And that is the origin of the ministerial dog-collar—for all ministers, you must know, are born under Cancer. At least United Church ministers—all the rest are born under Taurus, the Bull, and so are not *really* ministers at all.

My sweet child, who ever told you you could hitch-hike? Don’t ever do it without a man along. (The man, incidentally, won’t be me, whoever else he may be, as a hitch-hiking trip is not my idea of a date.) I don’t know who Ruth Pike is, but if she is any smaller than Suzanne you are a couple of little fools who will thoroughly deserve whatever is coming to you. No decent man likes to pick two girls up on a highway—you may be all right, but you may be a couple of kids running away from home or school, and if he gave you a ride where would he be when inquiries were made? And if he isn’t decent—well, you will have a very unpleasant experience anyway, whether you can take care of yourself or not.

Well, I’m hideously sick at my stomach today. I’m not going to eat any more of whatever it was I ate. I was working in the library today from twelve to six and at about four I left ten taxpayers who wanted to find Ethel M. Dell and Edgar Wallace and went outside, and gave up the ghosts of the last ten meals I had eaten. When I got home I promptly took a chill and swallowed about three quarts of lemonade, hot. I’m still a sick gazelle, to express it poetically, but convalescent.

I dreamed about you last night, sweetheart. I dreamed I was back at Toronto seeing you again for the first time in four months. And I held you *very* close to me, to be exact, at a pressure of 20.3786 recurring pounds to the square inch. But you were afraid of being strangled, and bit a large piece out of my neck, so I let you go, and kissed the tip of your nose, the dimples on your knees, and a small pink toe projecting from your shoe (which was rude of you, my dear,—you should have been better dressed for the occasion)—and woke up quite happy.

Which is the silliest trash, and quite unworthy of my dignity. That damned library of yours is making me send back Windelband’s History of Philosophy before I had finished it. I didn’t figure there was much point in reading it too long before the term opened. Maybe Ruth [Dingman] had something to do with its recall, or Art [Cragg]. They’re getting alarmed. Ernie says if I don’t get some competition next year I’ll *never* get out of bed. I don’t expect much. From a purely academic point of view, I shall have things pretty well my own way, I should imagine.

I rather like working in this library. It’s such an interesting psychological study. The number of ways a taxpayer can think up to bully me are practically infinite. There’s one charming old gentleman who comes in about three times a week, tosses disgustedly a couple of detective stories in front of me and says: “Trash, absolute trash! Got any more of that author?” Then he explains shamefacedly that he uses them as soporifics. Then there are French youngsters who suddenly become most hopelessly ignorant of English whenever they have a fine due on their books. Oh, for God’s sake, good-night. Continued tomorrow, perhaps.

Later

Tomorrow has come, and with it your last letter. I'm frightfully sorry, lotus-blossom—I didn't realize what an unconscionable time had elapsed between the first two sentences of this letter. I usually head my letters as a gentle reminder sometime before the actual writing of them, but for some reason the days have pulled a fast one on me. My hours in this infernal library are very irregular and I hardly notice how the time is passing. Not that I am offering an excuse, of course. I'm an ill-mannered cur and I shall not attempt to gloss the fact.

. . . . Your letter is comforting as regards my going back, but Victoria College does not seem to my mind so much interested in my welfare. I was of all the church students the most eligible for the Trick scholarships—I cannot forget that. I think I shall attempt the return. I should rather starve in Toronto than feed in luxury here. I think I shall go in for a less erratic source of income than scholarships, in any case. And the prospect of a winter in this town, ghastly as that in itself is, has been still further henna'd by having the ex-girl friend at my heels, she having tossed my answer overboard. Norm Knight has written. He's got in with the Trotskyite section of the Canadian Communist Party and is Secretary of it. His antics are beginning to worry me a little. I sometimes wonder if he is *ever* going to grow up. I am afraid his three S.P.S. years have retarded his development to a dangerous extent. His sense of humor may redeem him, or he may fall in love. Humor and virility are not allies of Communism.

I hope I shall be able to see your map sometime. I feel grateful to it if it has stopped your picaresque propensities, if for no other reason. Your statement that "you can draw" is an agreeable surprise to me, as, not having seen much of your work and not being able to judge of it if I had, I had accepted your former statements to the effect that you couldn't.

I trust this new nightmare about your not going back to college will prove to be as completely rooted in indigestion as the former ones. It *is* a nightmare, and a horrible one—though at least the financial reason is more acceptable than your asinine impulse to pack your brain and soul in ice and go to Art School, of all places. Not that Art School is a bad place for a college graduate or an ignoramus. You being neither, I object. But surely you should be able to manage college all right, living in town. And your father ought to know whether you can go or not, though of course fathers occasionally err on the side of optimism. I am certainly not relying on the confidence of my own Wilkins Micawber of a progenitor. If you cannot actually afford to go back next year, and I figure I can, I should not lose interest in you, however, as I might do if you had deliberately thrown up your college course. In the little reading I did for my Aesthetics last year I saw where Edmund Burke made a remark to the general effect that beauty in distress was more enticing than beauty in a smock. You see, to me you are essentially an amateur, a developing amateur, in the literal sense of a lover. You are just beginning to love music, you are just touching the outskirts of literature, you are beginning to love art, and you are beginning to love me. To take all this amateurishness,—that is, loveliness—away from you and immerse you in an atmosphere of professionalism would spoil you. In that guise you would go well with me as a disgruntled pensioner of the college. But we would at least be more attractive as a pair of busted Babes in the Woods.

Well, ducklet, I hate to stop talking to you, but this is the eleventh page, and there is a limit to everything, as economists have been vainly trying to prove for three years.

Star Cloud, Brown Mouse,
Wind Ripple, Little Grace-Note,
Wren Nest, and Sweetest of all Sweets,
Good Night.

Norrie.

Helen to Norrie, August 23, 1932

My dear Norrie,—

Another day has gone past—I was thinking of you to-night, and so I write to you for a little while, because I should like to be talking to you.

I have been working very hard all day long—practicing a little, but mostly accomplishing wonders on the masterpiece. I gave up at nine o'clock finally, almost in a state of exhaustion—and got out Bach again. And the F major Mozart sonata, and good Czerny who is such fun. Especially since I have him almost under control here and there. This morning I started off the day religiously by playing the record of Bach's D minor Toccata and Fugue played by the Philadelphia Symphony—and a later Brahms F minor sonata, played by Percy Grainger. Brahms, as yet, does not overwhelm me with awe, for I am growing accustomed to a nice neat well-rounded little tune, served up and embellished with artistry and in the conventional mode. Consequently when I strike a classical romanticist slightly under the influence of "the tender passion" (programme notes by Grainger) I seem fairly unconscious of any sublimity. But naturally I did not appreciate him, listening as I did with my eyes and my mind drawing the windows and doors of Burwash, with a passing thought about the inhabitants of Gate House. I feel somewhat serious to-night. I have been reading a book "War Letters of Fallen Englishmen"—actual letters of young men for the most part under the age of twenty-five. Well-educated Englishmen—some school-boys straight from the classroom, some school-masters, some doctors, some fellows of Cambridge, a passing student of economic questions. The prevailing note is one of reverence for a God, of loving and democratic fellowship, of hatred of the stupid bungles of politicians who were, they felt, the cause of the mess, and a constantly recurring belief that only by fighting it out to the finish will they be able to establish peace and the ideals of the pacifists. In the midst of it all they felt they must go on to the finish. One man hoped to be there on the last day, when men of either side would rush together in friendship, exchanging souvenirs, and now no longer feigning a hatred which neither actually felt.

I have lately been wondering what makes human beings cling together so—parents and children, husbands and wives, lovers, brothers and sisters, strangers—overlooking the sex attraction, is it merely a matter of habit,— a lack of initiative in seeking distant fields? And then, in the matter of religion, surely a God is not entirely a figment of the imagination—'man's hopes and desires projected on the world about him.' Throughout these letters, of the war generation there flowed a faith in God, and a sincere hope of ultimately achieving peace and friendship. I wonder whether this generation would write with the same faith and sincerity—when the youngsters with brains are busy debunking and writing flashy criticisms of the work of others. A generation is growing now which must feel that there is no place for it in the world. To the serious-minded this is ruinous. To the frivolous, equally so, but in a different way.

Oh well, one must not worry. I have looked up a very nice copy of Don Quixote—translated by Motteux (also 18th century, with delightful etchings by Lalanze). You are not reading Smollett's translation are you? I gather that it is slightly coarser than need be—I have just reached the middle of the second volume (there are four in this edition) and have not had my Puritan modesty startled terribly yet. It is a delightful book, isn't it?

Good-night, dear.

Helen.

Helen to Norrie, Aug. 28, 1932

Dear Man—

What do you mean by sending a poor little soup girl into such a whirl that she reads your letter, then flings out of the house and goes off like a very minor comet flying through a dark night? Would a house contain a comet? This one went up into Todmorden—past a new collegiate, built a few streets north of here, to educate the children of the clapboard-house dwellers, past dark streets and the Todmorden slums where boys were playing “Chessit” in front of a house whose door showed a great deal of dinginess in a somewhat theatrical glare. On and on—a dog barked, crickets made their usual cackle, while the katydids put up a competition like that between Campbells and Aylmers in foisting the inoffensive tomato on a docile Canadian public, at a great profit. At intervals, on the lamp-posts were tacked signs announcing the opening of the new school—I wondered what they would teach there, and whether good teachers would come—could any of them, educated as most are, bring colour into the Todmorden lives of those youngsters? At the turn in the road there is a narrow foot-path, half-arched by a monstrous hedge. It is dark and lonely, and beautiful. Cars came along, slowed up, and kept on, slowly. I stopped to look at the genial glow of an old colonial house, set back about three hundred yards from this road, and hidden behind the hedge. I should like to live there, perhaps, with a piano, and only occasionally descend upon the city, like a minor prophet, shake my head sadly and go back to my hollyhocks, who would be much more noble, dignified and friendly than the middle-class business men. But then, I know very well that I wouldn’t be a recluse, because I’m too much interested in the middle-class business men and their business-girl wives (metamorphosed) who buy a little house and buy someone else’s idea of furniture and listen to the raucous noise of the average radio, who go places in a car, and have charming little babies. Have you ever noticed the beauty of a small child? I suppose flower-buds and kittens, and puppies and piglets and little babies all come in for the same admiration.

Well, anyhow, I kept on going, very slowly this time,—still with your letter, my dear carrot, and crossed the tall grass to look over the edge of the valley (I fell into a hole, incidentally) where trains were shunting and clanging and filling the air with din. I heard someone following behind, so I made for the side-walk. Going up a blind street, I had to turn about, to meet a young man sauntering across the street. “Are you lost?” “No.” Going on, he followed. “Whoa there baby, what’s your hurry?” No answer and bright street lights were fairly discouraging. Farther on, three very young boys. “Where are you going sister? Here’s your chance to grow up.” Having discovered that ‘growing up’ comes in another way, I didn’t stop for his formula—but two girls walking a few yards behind with another girl and a baby carriage seemed interested and hailed them energetically.

. . . So I have been, and am now alone. I have no idea what I shall do to-day—I am quite content. If it had not been for your letter I should have had to do something about my loneliness—but not now. You are different—you stimulate me to more or less positive action along lines of which my little conscience approves. Other people wanted me to fit into their scheme of things, and be myself, yet at the same time dance around being the sort of girl they wanted. My self was incidental. And so, unsuccessful as a sport model and Typical Girl, after a somewhat lonely summer, I feel very peaceful.

Monday afternoon [Aug. 29].

On looking over this last idea in the cold light of reason, I see that there is a faint tinge of the “love me, I have never been understood” attitude which often degenerates into a puling sentiment. The

person who complains about being misunderstood is usually a twisted ingrown specimen lacking social development.

. . . I went to Jean's [Jean Elder's] yesterday. They had people—relations, for tea. One woman, the wife of Duckie who is a sort of foster-cousin of Jean's, has a voice like a hailstorm backstage—and when she entered upon a long discussion of scrubbing various sized verandah floors, Jean and I looked at each other and I found it necessary to carry a plate into the kitchen where I could explode more decorously in the company of pots and kettles. We got away later and had a great old talk—Jean is working at the booth too, you know. It is soup and hot beans, as I told you before. Soup is easier to serve and brings in greater dividends for the company—Tamah Soup. Ugh!

I was extremely edified by your lecture—no I'll not tease you, you're not boring me. And do you not think I am interested? You may talk down to me all you like—because I am extremely tolerant where you are concerned. But I *should* like you to overcome your habit of squelching people who haven't interested themselves in Scott at the tender age you did, or people who aren't interested in Bach. (I went up to Georgie Green's lately and played Bach to her until she begged me to stop—and I didn't mangle it either.) But mainly my reason is this. I am growing suspicious of people who try to hold the floor entirely (don't be annoyed, I am speaking generally. This only applies to you somewhat—for you do enjoy bringing up young ladies in the way they should go.) For while I like Marcus [Adeney] quite a good deal, I am far from accepting his opinion on many things. I find him still plunging radically into ideas and conclusions and spouting as dogmatically about subjects with which he is relatively unacquainted as would a college sophomore who has just discovered communism or women's suffrage or birth control or (a few years ago) evolution. Charles Comfort, who is a very clever and much talked of artist in town, does the same thing—although his life since thirteen has been spent for the most part in engraving houses. He is a clever artist. Hans Lemke, who is a fair musician, knows nothing else except making fiddles (he does that well) and something of mechanics. Of anything else he is extremely ignorant. Yet in a group of people he talks louder than anyone else, of his experiences with musicians, of music that he has heard, boasts of how *he* tells people exactly what he thinks (and he frequently goes out of his way to express disapproval) and in short, acts with extreme boorishness. But he has an extremely kind and generous heart. {I finally put a stop to his arguments about university—he insists that I am wasting my time. Now, I can't argue my particular fate with everyone who wants to tug me this way or that, for I've been told I should go to art school, and I should study music, and what good was this doing me anyhow, for so long that the subject grows tedious.}

But you need not—oh, stop lecturing! What I mean is—*people like you*. I don't think that should be detrimental, should it? That is, not in the way Arthur Lismar mockingly remarked about the Group of Seven— "They were beginning to outlive their usefulness, for people were beginning to like them!"

I'm afraid I can't think much about the university any more—I'm busy with dirty-faced kids. All I can say is, that if I ever come to see you grown such a bore as you portray—at sixty-five—I at sixty-seven will consider it my duty to seduce you right thoroughly and disgracefully—or better perhaps send a sweet youngster to beguile you for I admit, a woman of sixty-seven is not overly seductive—

I am so sorry to hear that you have been sick—you must be careful. I can sympathize a little more, since I had what seems to be the same thing last Wednesday and Thursday, myself. I thought I should pass out of the picture quite gracefully—nothing happened much except a graceful little exhibition such as Sancho Panza might have wondered at. So I stayed in bed and wept and groaned and wished I were—somewhere else. But you make me slightly curious. You say you dreamed about me "last night," and then you are "hideously sick today." You make me nervous, man. If I have such an effect, you'd better devote yourself to the ex-girl friend and continue to write brilliant essays on

Blake. Other slight errors:— I am not afraid of being strangled, and my knees resemble those of a knotty, tree-climbing little urchin, more than any pink-toed, soft-fleshed, soft-eyed damoiselle. Too bad, isn't it. Still, my general physique is quite serviceable though it would never inspire ten thousand ships.

I have the making of a bright idea curling around in my brain. I don't know whether to tell you now or not. Oh well—if it doesn't turn out you can forget it. I want to have a houseparty at Lake Joseph, early in October, some week-end,—about the first after we go back. And have you and Bill [Conklin] and Art [Cragg] and Ida [Clare] and Jean [Elder] and Florence [Clare] and Dot [Darling] and Jack [Cumberland] (why didn't I use commas!). And if the girls bring food and the men supply gas—for somebody's car (I've got to figure that out yet)—and Mother and Daddy will still be up there I think. The leaves will be faded, and the weather will be hazy. We have an old rowboat and a little put-put (acquired this year when Daddy made a huge table for Cronins who gave us the boat in return) and four bed-rooms with another bed on the verandah. We could swim and hike and cook meals—we'd have to do that in shifts! And I'd borrow some really good records so you would not be bored with 'The Whistler and His Dog'—and you would be sweet and amicable. We could have a bonfire and wiener roast at night. What do you think about that? Good Lord! I've got to get some sleep.

11.10 P. M.

My Dearest Uncle!

I have seen the map of Quebec that was exhibited last year at the gallery, and is now at the Ex—for five minutes before the building closed. Beautiful, beautiful things there—I shall spend much time looking—I am fairly breathless, I am so excited. I am *sure* I can do something good—I am going to work, dear man, and show you!

Am I writing too much, am I bothering you? Darling I'm head over heels to-night—so happy that I should be capering over the moon—you know? Percy Grainger plays the A minor fugue—Garbo says "As You Desire Me," Hornyanski plays Haydn, the D minor Toccata and Fugue, a bit of glorious paint, and you are there, near or far, it doesn't matter. A thousand delights rolled into one. I kiss you good-night.

Helen.

Norrie to Helen, Sept. 2, 1932

. . . I have been sick again—had a relapse or something. Went to bed Sunday night feeling rotten—curl went out of my hair and into my guts. Choked a headache with aspirin—backache and a sore throat still left. Got to sleep at six. Out of bed Monday morning—pitched over the first piece of furniture I came to and then stayed in bed. Also Tuesday. Went to work Wednesday. Awfully sorry to hear of your seizure. I hope it happened before you started your work of the diffusion of predigested soup among the masses, though it is easier to imagine it coming afterward. No, there is nothing terribly shocking about Don Quixote. Why I said "brutal and disgusting" was because of the relish Cervantes seems to take in physical violence. It is so funny when, about every third page, somebody breaks the Don's head, knocks out his teeth, whales Sancho half to death and tramples on his guts. And as for disgusting, I still do not think the spectacle of the Don and Sancho puking into each others faces after the sheep encounter a particularly edifying one. I have Motteux'

translation. Smollett's is not really a translation at all, as Smollett did not know any Spanish, but simply a plagiarism.

I assure you that I am not trying to direct your career. I merely have a certain kind of interest in you—quite apart from friendship in general—and I consider that your one duty to God and man is to grow up. People like myself were determined and determined ourselves to be adults, and not all the clangor of brazen-throated folly can stop me from civilising myself. Others prefer to remain infants. Still others have the right idea, but need help from friends—and I think you belong here. Our fine arts training in Canada is so childish, and the general background of culture provided by our schooling so negligible, that it is rare to find a professional in one of them of broad outlook and culture. And when I see the beautiful and good things of life entrusted to a crowd of chattering jackals I see red. I don't care whether they have good hearts or not—a great artist is necessarily *sans peur et sans reproche*. As a custodian of beauty he has a great tradition to sustain—if he ignores that tradition he is a nuisance. Of course, a city with cheap and smug culture will harbor cheap and smug purveyors of it. Now don't impute my motives in saying this. I have no desire to hold the centre of any stage except on my own merits. But I am determined to do all I can to “squelch” ignorance and blatherskiting no matter where I find it. My love for Bach is not a personal idiosyncrasy, for God's sake. There is only one refuge in Toronto for an ambitious adolescent, and that is the University. This applies equally to both of us.

I am sorry about the unfortunate association of ideas concerning the dream and the resulting sickness. I noticed the break, but decided to let it go. The dream did not actually take place, of course,—it was merely a passing fantasy, what I wrote. I am sorry too that you should have taken my innocent nonsense about your knees in the spirit of Shakespeare's 128th sonnet. I am quite familiar with your personal appearance. But may I not pay you the compliment of blinding my eyes to your ugliness occasionally?

No, little Chinese Lady, you are not writing too much nor are you bothering me. Your script is a joy to read and you don't gush. I have still to understand what it could have been about my letter that drove you forth into the night like the hero of a Strindberg play, unless it was a purely physical reaction from a long and exasperating period of concentration.

. . . Your last letter sounded tired—I hope you are not letting yourself in for anything unpleasant, what with pouring a villainous hellbrew down the gullets of the great unwashed, going into ecstasies over great music, alternately burning and freezing with regard to me, and doing a lot more contradictory things.

I am sure that you can “do something good” too, dear. I shall, for your own good, continue to sneer for a while, however. As for the “love me, I have never been understood” business, I am quite willing to love you and to believe that you have never been understood until I came along with my tender and sympathetic razor strap, with its two thongs of Bach and Mozart. If you can get a bastinado for those awkward and shambling feet of mine next year I shall be grateful. Only remember that I am quite sincere when I say I want to help you—I don't want to pose, show off, lay down the law or make fun of you, though I shall probably do all four unconsciously. We have a tough hill to climb, and the worst of it is that we don't know its name—it's probably not Olympus, and it doesn't seem to be Parnassus or even the Mount of Olives. But it's there, and we've got to climb it. There are so surprisingly few things that really matter. Music matters, and babies matter—so do poetry, sunsets over marshes, plain food, and people's flea-bitten souls. But that's about all. So why bother about anything else? People who laugh at dreamers and star-gazers merely can't distinguish what's necessary from what's important. A wash-basin is necessary, but it isn't important and should be minimized. These practical-minded people are also necessary but not important, which is why they hate to feel slighted.

Well, two weeks more and I'll be out of this infernal place and back to civilization.

Norrie.

Helen to Norrie, Sept. 7, 1932

My dear Norrie

Do try to be more careful—I shall be alarmed about you soon. Your letter came yesterday. I don't want to see you having a nervous breakdown or anything of the sort, and while you may assure me that you are a tough mortal, you will leave me still unconvinced—for you are no rugby moron (I have been observing the man in the booth next to ours who was a rugby star in collegiate, and nonchalantly lifts five-gallon water jars over the counter, and sings modern American love songs, until they told him to stop, this morning.) Still, I suppose, as you once remarked to Florence Clare—"Speaking of pots and kettles—" For I am so very tired. My eyes burn, and I don't see things as I walk past—but then I am entertained by my own thoughts, and I am so fed up with smells and cackling fat women—God in heaven, how I'll be glad to finish this place!

Cheer up, child, all you need is sleep. For the jaundiced, all the world's yellow.

But I have just come from the art gallery—I shall go again I think, just for the purpose of hearing people's reaction to John Russell's beautiful nude—a girl of fifteen, surrounded by small puppets and Dresden dolls, little women silk-clad, and an Indian prince sitting cross-legged. Such a lovely chaste and graceful thing. But the cacklers come and drive me away. There was another nude woman—a warm-blooded, yellow-skinned passionate woman from the south, with the face of a sophisticated, but not a great, soul. And a painting of an old man with the eyes of a mystic—blue-shadowed, white-beard with amber light bringing out the silkiness of it. Violet, jade and indigo colours for his robe, and the background. His hands were long and nervous, and his eyes gazed beyond the world, yet followed after one.

I am a little disappointed in Will Ogilvie's work, showing there. He's one of the men I mentioned before—comes from South Africa, paints negroes, and plays Bach on the Orthophonic Victrola. Charlie Comfort I suspect of playing to the gallery.

I came home with Will Auger the other night, and went in for doughnuts and coffee with his father and mother who were making the grand tour that evening. I had quite a chat—about music, about Suzanne [Currelly], and Professor [Charles T.] Currelly's disgust with the university life—thinks students never talk about their work, are crammers for the most part—especially Vic women—students in general are not intellectual ("High-brow" being Auger's word for it) and so on. I had to agree for the most part, in fact I did quite a bit of talking on the subject. I needn't go into that here, for it doesn't matter much yet what I think—to anyone but myself.

But Norrie dear, you mustn't be vexed if I am prickly and prudish sometimes—for I loved your 'innocent nonsense'—and if I withdraw into my shell as I usually do it is from pure shyness, or wonder that anything so lovely could be happening to me. For the shell, which is not a real shell, is rapidly dissolving in the sun. And then what else shall I do? But please remember to wield the razor strap, right lustily—for Miss Ray told me I needed discipline, therefore I applied myself to that dull library with such a zest for routine and with so little imagination that I thought I was dead. If *your* discipline is Bach and Mozart—Why, Lazarus revives! . . .

Norrie to Helen, Sept. 12, 1932

My dear Helen:

This is the last letter that I shall write to you, and you need not answer this one, as I shall be leaving sometime next week. Freshman Day should be around the 23rd, I think, and I want to get there for that.

. . . No, I don't anticipate a break-down. My health is all right,—there is a sort of distemper going around here. My family makes me eat too much. I want to get back to my normal routine of a chocolate bar at 10:30 a.m., a plate of soup at 12:30, whatever the desert is at 6, and two cups of coffee at 11 p.m. Only I get so disgracefully fat on that diet. And, of course, I am not taking any exercise, but then, why should one's body have to be jerked and mauled and thrashed around to keep it in running order? However, I'm lonesome for Toronto.

I have hardly touched a piano this last month. I read music quite a bit, but I am afraid my touch and technique are beyond hope—at least for what I want to play—and when I get an irresistible urge to regular practice I think of the common room at Gate House, Burwash Hall. Our piano is in a ghastly shape, anyway, and delicacy of touch is wasted on it. Henceforth I shall listen only to you. Your apology was very pretty and of course acceptable. You may have noticed that I belong to the mollusca myself.

I am through working at the library. I hope you will soon be through with that ghastly devil's kitchen-work. To think of you at a job like that makes me shudder. Not that there is anything repulsive about serving soup, but it must be frightfully hard on you. You weren't born feet first, if you get what I mean.

I want Romanticism as my topic for Philosophy thesis and Browning for Edgar, and I want to get to headquarters and make sure of getting them. I have already done quite a bit of work on Browning—I suppose, take him all in all, he's my favorite poet. I have very definite heroisms in literature—Donne, Milton, Bunyan, Swift, Blake, Dickens, Browning, and Shaw—and I like writing about them.

So you see that the war-horse already sniffs battle. It will give me a sort of grim satisfaction to work on Cragg's neck this year, not because of Cragg, but because the powers that are had the bad taste to prefer him to me. I sincerely hoped that Cragg would lead the course last year—I sincerely hope I shall next year.

Have you done anything about taking Honour English yet? I shall be glad if you will—though Pass English will give you most of it.

There is very little to write this time. But then, I usually say that, and turn out a screed a couple of quires long. But I'm worn out and tired of summer. I get more and more tired all the time I stay here. The change back to Toronto will get me up again. I came here to rest, of course, only to find that four months of it was a little too much of a good thing. I am fairly itching to get back to work, and back to a city where nobody cares what color your hair is. I don't know of another city that deserves being cursed and kicked more than Toronto, nor of any city that is so well worth it. And I'm in a hurry to grow up. My mind develops in jumps, corresponding to the college terms.

Helen to Norrie, Oct. 10, 1932

. . . I've got to cut down on something, I can see that. Shall it be you, or the library or Acta or Sigma Phi, or college or music or drawing pictures? In this state I am certainly not much use to Acta, and you won't find me very interesting either pretty soon. College, music, you, and the library are necessary—I need not pick out which ones are *most* necessary to me. But I'll have to have you in smaller doses. . . .

Norrie to Helen, Oct. 11, 1932

Brown Mouse:

Even if I *was* born an old hen, why did I have to have such a brood of temperamental young ducks? Barely have I got Jean quieted down and Romans more or less reconciled to existence when another pitiful little wail strikes up in Fulton Ave. Never you mind, honey, mamma's coming! And don't snuffle, darling; here's a handkerchief. I wonder if the direct methods employed by the old woman in who lived in a shoe really were effective. But in any case, I can understand her feelings. I think I should join the pan-Hellenists.

Little Chin-Rest:

But what an exquisite little letter! It is one of my permanent possessions. I never saw anything quite like it. What an attractive child you are, Pierrette! Sentiments resembling the above was what I was trying to get through over the phone. Now it is true that you on a phone are literally a *dea ex machina*. But a phone is so damnably diluted a way of communicating. Oh well—

"I'll have to have you in smaller doses." "You are something far too precious ever to lose—" Saturday. "See if you can restore my morale by going home and letting me sleep—" Sunday. These last two are easy to harmonize. But now you want me in small doses. Oh, very well, Miss Kemp.

Go soak your head.

Go suck a turnip.

Go to hell.

Sweet, sweet, Little pomegranate.

But just where do I stand anyway.

Am I an angel of light or do I belong to the rapture and roses of vice?

You see, I'm a bit fozzled. I haven't yet made out my chart tabulating the periodicity of your risings and fallings, ups and downs. If I thought the roller coaster effect you present was entirely physiological I might get myself a marked calendar, like Lorne Campbell used to have. But I don't know. . . . According to the Dow-Jones theory in economics, when certain business factors correlate, business is on the upgrade; when they disintegrate, depression sets in. So I suppose that when you find octaves and so on slipping —Oh, you're only a cracked little hazelnut. Why should I bother about you?

But where do I come in? You say I am necessary to your existence. Does that mean:

(a.) That I am 135 pounds of mashed turnip; something necessary in the way of companionship—somebody to tell one's troubles to—somebody who will pet you and spoil you and cuddle up when things go wrong?

(b.) That I am a condiment, bringing a sharp tang and new zest to existence—reminding you of the world, the flesh and the devil and so humanizing you?

(c.) That I am a stimulant, helping to correlate your activities, encouraging your talents and spanking you for your weaknesses?

(d.) Or, that I am a narcotic, a drug, very powerful, to be taken, as you say, in small doses, temporarily relieving you, like a headache powder, from your ethereal worries by plunging you into an orgy of physical excitements which leaves you exhausted and silenced?

(e.) Or that I am an insufferable bore who stays too late?

(f.) Or a combination of the above?

You see, being a man, I'm so densely stupid. I haven't any sort of intuitive tact. I am your typical male—whenever you get depressed I don't know anything except what I personally want to do—that is, take you in my arms and strike solicitous and protective attitudes. If there's any crying to

be done, I want it done on my shoulder. I want to be present and look helpful whenever you are in difficulties.

Little white-throated sparrow:

But, of course, that won't do (always, at any rate). There will be times when to the callous and cataracted eye of Madame Kemp Norrie would look very attractive decorating a South Sea Island or the Great Desert of Arabia.

Still, this will have to be explained. I won't get it otherwise. You're such a volatile youngster, you know. In other words, if all is not going well in the soul supposed to be captained by you I want to have a fairly good idea of what it's all about, and what I'm supposed to do. And in telling me don't spare either my feelings or your blushes.

Silly as it sounds, it is quite simply and literally true that I would rather die than deliberately hurt you. So while you may find me insensitive and stupid, you will not find me brutal. Having got that off my chest, I feel so exalted and noble that I really think I'd better close on that note.

Good night, little hedgehog,

Paris.

Helen to Norrie, Autumn 1932

My dear Norrie

I am so sorry to think of you sick to-night. I don't know whether to lecture you or merely pat you on the head. Norm Knight told me that you spent the day in bed. And *you* told me that *I* was not an iron-jawed female!

And I am the guy what fed you yesterday! Do you suppose I should study dietetics? I know every woman should—that's what I meant when I said I was struggling between Martha and Mary. I have felt rather awful when I considered that Roy's [Roy Kemp's] sickness was due in part to his improper meals during the summer—at least they were irregular and not well planned, and according to custom I am to blame. To be sure, reason steps in and tells me that his ailment is chronic, and may have been merely helped on by the meals. He'd have had much worse meals if left to himself. But if you keep on with fits of nervous indigestion, and overtax your nervous system in general, you are heading for a lot of trouble. You know you are not a husky tackler—you are one of the most finely adjusted mechanisms I could imagine.

I spent the evening reading poetry again—primitivism, no less. And I was fortunate enough to continue the subject a little further and apply it to modern mechanics—as I watched Hank Rowland crank that machine of his.

But I am a little afraid when I see you getting cracked up like this Norrie, my dear, for you seem to live always at such a high tension. I might be less concerned if I were not too much that way myself—when I think of you I think that I should know something about looking after people, and I don't. I don't know very much I'm afraid.

But then, you may be all better to-morrow, then you will bring forward, with tongue in cheek and well-known bristle bristling, that horrible argument against “these women with mother complexes.” Ah well, the maiden sighed, and wept softly into her cambric handkerchief. (Handkerchief of fine imported cambric loaned through courtesy of T. Eaton Company, in cooperation with Tambllyn's, manufacturer's agents for high-grade smelling salts guaranteed to cure

coughs, colds, inferiority complex, jitters, periodical 'unwellnesses' and (if coyly applied) coldness on the part of the sterner sex).

Mr Herman Northrup [sic] Frye,—behave yourself!

Helen.

The Legacy of Northrop Frye, proceedings from the 1992 conference in Toronto, is scheduled to be published by the University of Toronto Press in December 1994.

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: Tibor Fabiny, Warren Stevenson, A. C. Hamilton, Eric Ziolkowski, Linda Jones, Margaret Burgess, John Ayre, David Cook, Thomas Willard, Joe Adamson, Jonathan Hart, Minna Castrén, and Douglas Wurtle.

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

Primary Sources

A. Books

A3h *The Educated Imagination*. Toronto: House of Anansi, 1993. 68 pp. 24 x 12.7 cm. Paperback.

A21d *The Myth of Deliverance: Reflections on Shakespeare's Problem Comedies*. Intro. A. C. Hamilton. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1993. xx + 90 pp. Paperback. A reissue of A21, but now including Hamilton's introduction.

A27d *La Parole souveraine: La Bible et la littérature II*. Trans. Catherine Malamoud. Paris: Éditions du Seuil, 1994. 357 pp. 20.4 x 14 cm. Paperback.

A31 *Reflections on the Canadian Literary Imagination: A Selection of Essays by Northrop Frye*. Ed. Branko Gorjup. Afterword by Agostino Lombardo. Rome: Bulzoni Editore, 1991. This anthology, listed in the last issue of the newsletter, contains the following essays:

Canada and Its Poetry (D18)

The Narrative Tradition in English-Canadian Poetry (D24)

Preface to an Uncollected Anthology (D94)

Conclusion to a Literary History of Canada (D154)

Conclusion to a Literary History of Canada (2nd ed.) (D233)

Haunted by Lack of Ghosts (D244)

Culture as Interpenetration (D240)

Across the River and out of the Trees (D256)

National Consciousness in Canadian Culture (D235)
Levels of Cultural Identity (D306)

C. Separately Published Monographs

C13 The Cultural Development of Canada rpt. in *Australian-Canadian Studies* 10, no. 1 (1991): 9-16.

D. Essays and Parts of Book

D312 "Henry James and the Comedy of the Occult." *Genre/Trope/Gender: Critical Essays by Northrop Frye, Linda Hutcheon, and Shirley Neuman*. Ed. Barry Rutland. Ottawa: Carleton UP, 1992. See I223. This essay also appears in *The Eternal Act of Creation* (A31).

D313 "The Freshman and His Religion." *The Canadian Student* 16 (Oct. 1933): 6-9. Margaret Burgess discovered this new primary source, an essay F wrote when he was twenty-one for the journal of the Student Christian Movement. His argument is summed up in the last paragraph, which follows: "Religion is the interpretation of the personality, and with a student it should represent the concretion of academic study; that is, bringing scholastic pursuits from isolated and cloudy abstractions into the living pulse of the learner. It would appear, then, that the natural unit of activity of students' religion is the course. Modern History and Political Science students should be led to look toward Christianity for the immutable principles underlying the establishment of social institutions. Science students should understand that all our science is a rationalized commentary on the great concepts of the Christian mystics and poets. Modern Language students should comprehend something of the force of Christian passion that moulded our literatures. All study is wasted time unless a point of view is attained. That can only be completely achieved by absorbing it, not into the brain but into the blood where religion centres. Canada will never produce a great mathematician—using the word great advisedly—until she produces one with a soul that can feel enough affinity with Descartes, Newton, Leibnitz, Pascal, to understand in some measure what Christianity meant to these men. We will never have a really great musician until someone catches a glimpse of the power that lay behind Bach and Haydn. The principle holds good in small as well as large fields. The religion of the Freshman is his work. Religion is always that when it is alive. No matter what course of study he pursues, he should be forced to realize constantly, until he graduates at least, that all cultural activity is the expression of a religious impulse, which is in our case Christianity. This alone will give him an intellectual bond of sympathy with other students to round out his social friendships, for that religion is the sole source of enthusiasm is confirmed even by etymology. And this alone will give him a coherent starting-point from which to get something out of his course, and to be able in consequence to present his Master with twice the number of talents he was given. If the problem of accepting Our Lord Jesus Christ were presented, not vaguely or sentimentally, not with a shamefaced attempt at geniality or good fellowship, not as a delectable and soothing anodyne, but in all the terrible strength of its iron logic, it would command more of the respect and prestige it deserves."

E. Reviews

E71 Another review by Frye (apparently one that didn't get recorded in the indexes) has been tracked down from a reference in one of Frye's diaries—a review of Bernard Blackstone's *English Blake* in *Modern Language Notes* 64 (Jan. 1951): 55-57.

F. Miscellaneous

F “When One Tries To Define an Ideal University Community, a Lot of Nineteenth-Century Myth Gets into It.” *Varsity* [University of Toronto], March 1969. Replies to a request from the student newspaper to define the ideal university.

G. Interviews

G Yan, Peter. “Northrop Frye: The Final Interview.” *Indirections* 18 (September 1993): 32–7. Frye replies to Yan’s questions about Aristotle’s four causes, the reader, and education. Interviewed by Peter Yan.

I. Manuscripts

I187. “Crime and Sin in the Bible” published in *Rough Justice: Essays on Crime in Literature*. Ed. M. L. Friedland. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1991. 1-18. This essay was also published in *Myth and Metaphor* (A26).

Secondary Sources

K. Books

K Addition to reviews of John Ayre, *Northrop Frye: A Biography*
Findlay, L. M. “The Divine Legation of Northrop Frye.” *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 161–6.

K Additions to reviews of A. C. Hamilton, *Northrop Frye: Anatomy of His Criticism*
Alsop, Derek K. *Modern Language Review* 87 (Oct. 1992): 921–2.
Findlay, L. M. “The Divine Legation of Northrop Frye.” *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 174–6.

K Addition to reviews of Ian Balfour, *Northrop Frye*
Findlay, L. M. “The Divine Legation of Northrop Frye.” *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 177.

K13 Additions to reviews of *Visionary Poetics: Essays on Northrop Frye’s Criticism*.
Vandervlist, Harry. *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 205–15.
Van Der Weele, Steven J. *Christianity and Literature* 41 (Spring 1992): 336–9.

K16 *The Importance of Northrop Frye*. Ed. S. Krishnamoorthy. Kanpur, India: Humanities Research Centre, 1993. A collection of nine previously unpublished essays:
Robert D. Denham, “Northrop Frye’s Shakespearean Criticism”
Nishi Bir Chawla, “Northrop Frye and the Mythos of Comedy”
P. Marudanayagam, “The Quest for Myth: Frye and Fiedler as Literary Critics”
Thomas Willard, “*Analogia Visionis*: The Importance of Analogy”
Ian Balfour, “Reviewing Canada”
K. V. Tirumalesh, “Northrop Frye and the Theory Impasse”

S. Krishnamoorthy Aithal, "Getting Past the Antithetical Way of Stating the Problem: Northrop Frye's Critical Path"

Joanne Harris Burgess, "'The Search for Acceptable Words': The Concept of *Kerygma* in *The Great Code* and *Words with Power*"

Eva Kushner, "Northrop Frye and the Possibility of Intercultural Dialogue"

K17 Adamson, Joseph. *Northrop Frye: A Visionary Life*. Toronto: ECW Press, 1993. 93 pp. A brief critical biography, which draws upon John Ayre's *Northrop Frye: A Biography* but which also covers the last five years of Frye's life and work. The book is divided into nine sections: Beginnings, Rage for Order, Fearful Symmetry, Cosmology and Vision, Anatomy of Criticism, Influence and Reaction, Canadian Literature, Concern and the Bible, and Last Words. Includes fourteen photos and one illustration.

K18 Hart, Jonathan. *Northrop Frye: The Theoretical Imagination*. London: Routledge, 1994. 336 pp. An examination of "the sweep of Frye's career, incorporating archival material as well as his published work."

L. Essays and Parts of Books

L887 Adamson, Joseph. "Northrop Frye and Contemporary Literary Theory." *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 7-9. An introduction to the seven essays constituting the special section of *RSSI* devoted to Frye and Contemporary Literary Theory.

L888 _____. "Northrop Frye, Semiotics, and the Mythological Structure of Imagery." *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 85-100. On the shared assumptions of F and semioticians and the similar insights of Bakhtin and F.

L889 Aithal, S. Krishnamoorthy. "Getting Past the Antithetical Way of Stating the Problem: Northrop Frye's Critical Path." *The Importance of Northrop Frye*. Ed. S. Krishnamoorthy. Kanpur, India: Humanities Research Centre, 1993. 107-135. Shows how F picks his way carefully through the field of theory.

L890 Balfour, Ian. "Reviewing Canada." *The Importance of Northrop Frye*. Ed. S. Krishnamoorthy. Kanpur, India: Humanities Research Centre, 1993. 73-91. An examination of F's writings on Canadian culture.

L891 Burgess, Joanne Harris. "'The Search for Acceptable Words': The Concept of *Kerygma* in *The Great Code* and *Words with Power*." *The Importance of Northrop Frye*. Ed. S. Krishnamoorthy. Kanpur, India: Humanities Research Centre, 1993. 136-55. Shows how F's use of *kerygma* brings out the power of Biblical language.

L892 Castrén, Minna. "Northrop Frye'n *Anatomy of Criticism* anatomiana" ["Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism* as an Anatomy"]. *Heteroglossia—Kirjallisuustiete-ellisi tutkielmia. Helsingin yliopiston yleisen kirjallisuustieteen, teatteritieteen ja estetiikan laitoksen monistesarja*. Ed. Pekka Tammi. No. 22 (1993): 16-31.

L893 Chawla, Nishi Bir. "Northrop Frye and the Mythos of Comedy." *The Importance of Northrop Frye*. Ed. S. Krishnamoorthy. Kanpur, India: Humanities Research Centre, 1993. 19-39. On F's understanding of the structure of comedy.

L894 Cook, David. "Double Vision?: The Political Philosophy of Northrop Frye." *Ultimate Reality and Meaning* 15 (September 1992): 185-94. Argues that F's social and religious concerns, and his belief in the "transcendental tradition of inspiration or spirit" set him against the central trends of post-Nietzschean philosophy.

L895 Cook, Eleanor. "Anatomies and Confessions: Northrop Frye and Contemporary Theory." *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 13-22. Sees F's *Anatomy of Criticism* as both an anatomy and a confession: the two genres inform each other.

L896 Denham, Robert D. "The Frye Papers at Victoria University." *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 101-16. An overview of the most important categories of F's unpublished papers.

L897 _____. "Northrop Frye's Shakespearean Criticism." *The Importance of Northrop Frye*. Ed. S. Krishnamoorthy. Kanpur, India: Humanities Research Centre, 1993. 1-18. Notes the ways F's criticism of Shakespeare's comedies and romances fits into his general poetics and looks at the influence that his criticism of these plays has had in Shakespeare studies.

L898 _____. "The Religious Base of Northrop Frye's Criticism." *Christianity and Literature* 42 (Spring 1992): 241-54. Examines the movement in F's criticism toward a theology of immanence, on the one hand, and a theology of transcendence on the other. These two movements come together in F's understanding of identity, the theological analogy of which is the Incarnation.

L899 Dillon, George L. "Rhetoric." *The Johns Hopkins Guide to Literary Theory & Criticism*. Ed. Michael Groden and Martin Kreiswirth. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1994, 616-17. Summarizes F's theory of rhetoric, along with the theories of Richards and de Man.

L900 Djwa, Sandra. "'Canadian Angles of Vision': Northrop Frye and the Literary History of Canada." *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 135-49. On the role played by F in supporting and helping to shape the *Literary History of Canada*, a project initiated by Carl Klinck. Draws upon Klinck's memoir, edited by Djwa, and on the correspondence between Klinck and F.

L901 Esterhammer, Angela. "The Constitution of Blake's Innocence and Experience." *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 151-60. Sees F's essay "Blake's Introduction to Experience" as pointing "the way on toward a new understanding of Romantic poetry in terms of *performative utterance*."

L902 Findlay, L. M. "The Divine Legation of Northrop Frye." *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 161-78. An extended review-essay of F's biography (Ayre), interviews (*A World in a Grain of Sand*), his reprinted essays (*Myth and Metaphor* and *The Eternal Act of Creation*), reviews and occasional pieces (*Reading the World*), two books on his work (Hamilton, Balfour), and *Words with Power*. "The Canadian Moses offers a version of the Canadian mosaic which may be naive, outdated, and ominously Euro-centric, but at least Frye faces up to the challenge of finding a language and story that will work for consensus and effective collectivity and against the self-regarding argot of the bourgeoisie academic vanguard. . . . The human race can dominate, violate, disfigure, destroy. The fact that that is not all it can do was the heart of Frye's divine legation."

L903 Godard, Barbara. "Feminism and/as Myth: Feminist Literary Theory between Frye and Barthes." *Atlantis* 16 (April 1991): 3-21.

L904 Gorjup, Branko. "Introduction." *Reflections on the Canadian Literary Imagination: A Selection of Essays by Northrop Frye*. Ed. Branko Gorjup. Rome: Bulzoni Editore, 1991. 9-24. Looks at each of the essays in this collection from the point of view of F's understanding of the Canadian context.

L905 Hamilton, A. C. "Introduction." *The Myth of Deliverance: Reflections on Shakespeare's Problem Comedies*. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1993. ix-xx. Reviews the contexts of these lectures—F's project on the Bible and literature, F's other writings on Shakespeare (especially the theory of comedy developed in the *Anatomy* and *A Natural Perspective*), and Shakespeare's other plays.

L906 _____. "Northrop Frye and the Literary Canon." *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 179-93. F is concerned with canons in the expansive sense, "first with the canon of all literary works as an order of words, then with the canon of all uses of words as a verbal universe, and finally with the canon formed by the concordance of the Bible and literature." But F has his own more restrictive canon: the works of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Blake, Stevens, et al. The works of these writers are central to their own age, communicate universally, and "sum up our entire literary experience." Hamilton concludes by showing how F's ideas on the canon can be applied to the current critique of canonical works.

L907 _____. "Northrop Frye and the New Historicism." *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 73-83. On F's response to cultural criticism: F's notion of the identity of mythology and literature means that literature transcends culture, while for the new historicists literature is always culturally specific.

L908 _____. "Northrop Frye as a Canadian Critic." *University of Toronto Quarterly* 62 (Spring 1993): 309-22. F's distinctiveness as a Canadian critic is defined by his Methodist background, his affiliation with the United Church of Canada, and his response to Canada's geography and history. An earlier version of this essay appeared in *The Legacy of Northrop Frye in the East and West: Proceedings of the Third Annual International Conference of Canadian Studies*, 1992: 3-15. Still another version was published in *Canadian Literature: Introductory and Critical Essays*, ed. Sang Ran Lee et al. Seoul: Center for Canadian Studies, Institute of East and West Studies, Yonsei University, 1994: 1-19.

L909 _____. "Northrop Frye on the Bible and Literature." *Christianity and Literature* 42 (Spring 1992): 255-76. On the central place the Bible held for F through his entire career—from his early years through *Fearful Symmetry* and *Anatomy of Criticism* and finally to his last three books. Considers the reaction of the reviewers to *The Great Code*, especially Robert Alter's historically oriented critique, which Hamilton contrasts with F's typological method. For Frye, "the Bible provides the archetypal vision or mythological universe from which literature directly derives or descends; it gives literature its ultimate context and its imaginative, metaphorical, or mythical framework."

L910 Hart, Jonathan. "The Mystical-Visionary Criticism of Northrop Frye." *Christianity and Literature* 42 (Spring 1992): 277-98. Traces the idea of vision in F's work from *Fearful Symmetry* to *The Double Vision*.

L911 Hoepfner, Kenneth. "Frye's Theory of Romance, Popular Romance and Atwood's *Lady Oracle*." *ACLALS Bulletin* 8 (1989): 74-87.

L912 Kermode, Frank. "The Children of Concern." *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 195-99. A review of Myth and Metaphor and *Words with Power*. Remarks on F's sublime prophetic seriousness, his understanding of ideology and concern, his view of language, and the "systematic virtuosity" of the last half of *Words with Power*.

L913 Kushner, Eva. "Northrop Frye and the Possibility of Intercultural Dialogue." *The Importance of Northrop Frye*. Ed. S. Krishnamoorthy. Kanpur, India: Humanities Research Centre, 1993. 156-68. Argues that F's criticism aspires to establish communication within and outside the Judaeo-Christian world; even though F's work is rooted in British literature, Protestantism, and the Bible, it nonetheless invites intercultural dialogue. A French version of this essay appears in *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 23-31.

L914 Lecker, Robert. "'A Quest for the Peaceable Kingdom' The Narrative in Northrop Frye's Conclusion to the *Literary History of Canada*." *PMLA* 108 (March 1993): 283-93. "The conclusion F contributed to the *Literary History of Canada* (1965) depicts in narrative form his evolving sense of how critics necessarily become involved in their critical creations and, further, of how the degree of this involvement provides a measure of their own imaginative development. F reads the Canadian literary tradition as a romance that implicates him in its structures. Because the conclusion glosses the fall-and-redemption myth that inspires much of his work, it illustrates his conception of literary history making as simultaneously an act of self-making. Viewed from the perspective of F's own transforming voyage through it, the conclusion appears in a new light as a romance about the creation of the idea of Canada, a metaphoric conception that is transhistorical, autonomous, and distinctly literary" [Lecker's abstract].

L915 Lee, Alvin A. "Northrop Frye: Identity not Negation." *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 33-46. Contrasts F's understanding of the possibilities of language with de Man's view of language as self-referential and as negation.

L916 _____. "Frye, Northrop." *Encyclopedia of Contemporary Literary Theory: Approaches, Scholars, Terms*. Ed. Irena R. Makaryk. Toronto: U of Toronto P, 1993. 324-25. On overview of F's career, with special attention to *Anatomy of Criticism*, *The Great Code*, and *Words with Power*. See also Lee's entries on "Archetypal Criticism" (pp. 3-6), "Archetype" (p. 508), and "Myth" (pp. 596-97).

L917 _____. "Gold-Hall and Earth Dragon: *Beowulf* and 'First-Phase' Language." *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 201-8. Uses the idea of "first-phase" language, developed by F in his two books on the Bible, to explore the language of *Beowulf*. Argues that the poem relies on a language of myth and metaphor and not, as most criticism of the poem assumes, a language of metonymy and analogy.

L918 Lombardo, Agostino. "Afterword". *Reflections on the Canadian Literary Imagination: A Selection of Essays by Northrop Frye*. Ed. Branko Gorjup. Rome: Bulzoni Editore, 1991. 195-6.

L919 Marudanayagam, P. "The Quest for Myth: Frye and Fiedler as Literary Critics." *The Importance of Northrop Frye*. Ed. S. Krishnamoorthy. Kanpur, India: Humanities Research Centre, 1993. 40-50. Notes the distinctive quality of F's myth criticism.

L920 Parker, Patricia. "Shakespeare and the Bible: *The Comedy of Errors*." *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 47-72. Looks at the way that the Bible is a "great code" for understanding *The*

Comedy of Errors, but then examines the ways that Shakespeare's play undercuts the authority of the Bible.

L921 Redekop, Magdalene. "Charms and Riddles in the Mennonite Barnyard." *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 209-27. "I got from Frye the sense of having been given permission to pay attention to the particulars of my own childhood place. It is partly because of Frye that I have felt free to choose the barnyard as my *topos* and it is Frye who makes it possible to explore the barnyard without turning a blind eye to the church." Using this push from Frye, Redekop explores the "charm" of the lullabies and barnyard tongue-twisters remembered from her Mennonite childhood, relating their humor and seriousness to her own experience.

L922 Rutland, Barry. "Foreword." *Genre/Trope/Gender: Critical Essays by Northrop Frye, Linda Hutcheon, and Shirley Neuman*. Ed. Barry Rutland. Ottawa: Carleton UP, 1992. 1-10 [2-5]. Places F's essay on Henry James (D312) in the context of both F's own work and current literary studies.

L923 Salusinszky, Imre. "Frye and Eliot." *Christianity and Literature* 42 (Spring 1992): 299-311. Sees Eliot as belonging to one of the "smaller set of antagonisms which have their rightful place in the story of Frye's intellectual formation"; traces F's implicit and explicit opposition to Eliot's social, political, and religious views.

L924 _____. "Towards the *Anatomy*." *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 229-40. Argues that *Anatomy of Criticism* is "less a response to a specific critical movement, the New Criticism, than a response to a specific critical *debate*: the debate between the New Critics and their neo-Aristotelian adversaries at the University of Chicago." F sought to transcend the either/or debate about induction and deduction in favor of a comprehensive view that includes both, and this is why "the *Anatomy* continues more powerfully to address the critical debates of our time."

L925 Simpson, Jeffrey. "McLuhan, Frye and the Future of Canada." *Queen's Quarterly* 99 (Spring 1992): 7-19.

L926 Snyder, Robert. "From the Editor." *Christianity and Literature* 41 (Spring 1992): 239-40. An introduction to the special issue devoted to Frye, who "work is everywhere imprinted with an unmatched amplitude of spirit and reach."

L927 Stingle, Richard. "Frye, Northrop." *The Johns Hopkins Guide to Literary Theory & Criticism*. Ed. Michael Groden and Martin Kreiswirth. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins UP, 1994, 317-21. See also entries under "Anthropological Theory and Criticism," "Archetypal Theory and Criticism," "Arnold, Matthew," "Canadian Theory and Criticism: I," "Myth Theory and Criticism," "New Criticism," and "Rhetoric."

L928 Sullivan, James. "Northrop Frye." *Critical Survey of Literary Theory*. Ed. Frank N. Magill. Pasadena: Salem P, 1987, 508-13. A brief survey of F's influence and an overview of the *Anatomy*.

L929 Takayanagi, Shunichi. "Northrop Frye and Endo Shusaku: Myth, Creative Imagination, and Salvation." *Canadian Literature: Introductory and Critical Essays*, ed. Sang Ran Lee et al. Seoul: Center for Canadian Studies, Institute of East and West Studies, Yonsei University, 1994: 79-94. About F's influence on the fiction and criticism of Endo Shusaku.

L930 Teague, Anthony. "Northrop Frye and Shakespeare." *Canadian Literature: Introductory and Critical Essays*, ed. Sang Ran Lee et al. Seoul: Center for Canadian Studies, Institute of East and West Studies, Yonsei University, 1994: 95-110. Following Lentricchia's critique of F, Teague worries that F's view of Shakespeare is too often determined by his fear of human limitation (thus F's emphasis on comedy), that F puts too much emphasis on the end of Shakespeare's plays, and that his views of Shakespeare are unstable. The most valuable things F has to say about Shakespeare, for Teague, come in his undergraduate lectures, published as *Northrop Frye on Shakespeare* (1986).

L931 Tirumalesh, K. V. "Northrop Frye and the Theory Impasse." *The Importance of Northrop Frye*. Ed. S. Krishnamoorthy. Kanpur, India: Humanities Research Centre, 1993. 92-106. Argues that although F is attracted to developing a grand theory he is aware that theory eventually reaches an impasse. Moreover, F always seeks to bridge the gap that separates theory from action.

L932 Thomas, Clara. "Celebrations: Frye's *The Double Vision* and Laurence's *Dance on the Earth*." *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 125-31. Points to the similar social and spiritual foundations in the final books of Laurence and Frye, two writers who are "a dynamically powerful part of our Canadian heritage."

L933 Vulpe, Nicola. "Dudek on Frye or Not a Poet's Poetics." *Revista Española de Estudios Canadienses* 1 (Oct. 1992): 380-91. On Louis Dudek's critique of F's critical system.

L934 Weil, Judith. "Critical Polyphony: The Second Essay in the *Anatomy of Criticism*." *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 241-54. Argues against F's readers (States and Kroetsch) who affiliate his work with an ironic vision. F is not a philosophic ironist like Rorty: he often adopts the voice of irony in the second essay of the *Anatomy*, but his voice is never simply that: it is polyphonic, and F often assumes the voice of those critics he disagrees with. He "demonstrates how a contemporary critic may use irony without becoming an ironist."

L935 Willard, Thomas. "In Marvell's Alchemical Garden with Northrop Frye." *Cauda Pavonis: Studies in Hermeticism* New Series 12 (Spring & Fall 1993): 6-8. Recounts "how Frye introduced the alchemical dimension [of Marvell's "The Garden"] to graduate students at the University of Toronto."

L936 _____. "Analogia Visionis: The Importance of Analogy." *The Importance of Northrop Frye*. Ed. S. Krishnamoorthy. Kanpur, India: Humanities Research Centre, 1993. 51-72. A study of F's understanding of analogy: analogy is central to F's practical criticism and it undergirds his own critical theory.

L937 Wise, Christopher. "Jameson / Frye / Medieval Hermeneutics." *Christianity and Literature* 42 (Spring 1992): 313-33. Argues that Fredric Jameson's "polemical rejection of religious 'continuity' in Frye is neither central to any adequately conceptualized appropriation of Jameson's work nor finally mandatory in any categorical sense, even within Marxian theory itself." Sees the "theological" Marxism of Bloch and Benjamin as providing connections between Jameson and Frye

L938 Ziolkowski, Eric J. "Between Religion and Literature: Mircea Eliade and Northrop Frye." *Journal of Religion* 71 (October 1991): 498-522.

M. Reviews

M14. NORTHROP FRYE ON SHAKESPEARE

M14.50 Ansari, A. A. *The Aligarh Critical Miscellany* 5 (1992): 12–27.

M14.51 Billington, Michael. *Encounter*. 68 (Jan. 1987): 54.

M14.52 Garebian, Keith. *Quill & Quire* 53 (Jan. 1987): 30.

M26. WORDS WITH POWER

M26.26 Adamson, Joseph. “The Last Words of Northrop Frye.” *Essays on Canadian Writing* 47 (Fall 1992): 139–48.

M26.27 Findlay, L. M. “The Divine Legation of Northrop Frye.” *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 177–8.

M26.28 Forst, Graham. “Angel-Minister.” *Canadian Literature* 134 (Autumn 1992): 149–51.

M26.29 Kermode, Frank. “The Children of Concern.” *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 195–9.

M26.30 Ziolkowski, Eric J. *Journal of Religion* 72 (July 1992): 478–79.

M27. MYTH AND METAPHOR

M27.18 Ashley, L. R. N. *Bibliothèque d'Humanisme et Renaissance* 55, no. 2 (1993): 353. Brief notice about the paperback ed.

M27.19 Farrell, John. *Harvard Review* 2 (Nov. 1992): 229–31.

M27.20 Findlay, L. M. “The Divine Legation of Northrop Frye.” *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 171–73.

M27.21 Kermode, Frank. “The Children of Concern.” *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 195–99.

M27.22 Vandervlist, Harry. *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 205–15.

M29. THE DOUBLE VISION

M29.10 Morley, Patricia. *Quill & Quire* 57 (June 1991): 37.

M29.11 Wink, Walter. *Theology Today* 49 (Apr. 1992): 140.

M30. READING THE WORLD

M30.2 Findlay, L. M. “The Divine Legation of Northrop Frye.” *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 170–71.

M30.3 Forst, Graham. “Angel-Minister.” *Canadian Literature* 134 (Autumn 1992): 149–51.

M30.4 Vandervlist, Harry. *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 205–15.

M30.5 Van Der Weele, Steven J. *Christianity and Literature* 41 (Spring 1992): 335–36.

M30.6 Walker, Craig Stewart. “Unpopular Anachronism of a Critic with Vision.” *Compass* Sept./Oct. 1993: 37–39.

M31. THE WORLD IN A GRAIN OF SAND

M31.1 Findlay, L. M. “The Divine Legation of Northrop Frye.” *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 167–70.

M31.2 Forst, Graham. “Angel-Minister.” *Canadian Literature* 134 (Autumn 1992): 149–51.

M31.3 Vandervlist, Harry. *Recherches sémiotiques/Semiotic Inquiry* 13, no. 3 (1993): 205-15.

M31.4 Walker, Craig Stewart. "Unpopular Anachronism of a Critic with Vision." *Compass* Sept./Oct. 1993: 37-39.

M32. THE ETERNAL ACT OF CREATION

M32.1 Findlay, L. M. "The Divine Legation of Northrop Frye." *English Studies in Canada* 19 (June 1993): 173-74.

M32.2 Walker, Craig Stewart. "Unpopular Anachronism of a Critic with Vision." *Compass* Sept./Oct. 1993: 37-39.

M33. NORTHROP FRYE IN CONVERSATION

M33.1 Walker, Craig Stewart. "Unpopular Anachronism of a Critic with Vision." *Compass* September–October 1993: 37–9.

N. Dissertations

Jones, Gerald L. *Jameson and Frye: The Continued Discussion of the Romance Genre in Theory and Practice*. Ph.D. dissertation, Bowling Green State Univ., 1992.

P. Miscellaneous

P257 Mason, Roger Burford. "The Impassioned Exile of Barry Callaghan." *Books in Canada* (Spring 1993): 9. Callaghan records the following anecdote: "Some years ago we gave a large supper party at a restaurant when Morley's book *A Wild Old Man on the Road* came out. Northrop Frye was one of the guests, and I sat him next to the beautiful actress Gale Garnett. He was pleased with that arrangement. Well, people kept coming up to him: 'Doctor Frye this . . . , Dr. Frye that . . . ,' tugging their forelocks. Gale heard all this deference and turned to him and asked, 'Doesn't anyone ever treat you as an ordinary human being?' 'Not very often,' Norrie replied, a little ruefully. 'I have the cure,' she said, and reached into her purse, from which she took one of those red foam clown's noses. Norrie put it on as the first course was being served. I put one on, Gale put one on, and in no time flat folks were hanging out with Norrie and he was behaving like the generous-hearted, shy, but beamish man he was.

My point here is that Frye had an enormously playful streak. I knew it; Gale found it. A streak that usually went unnoticed, but it was there because he was utterly secure and completely confident in himself. He even played around with his own prose, making some serious reverse moves on his theories—as he confessed to me once—out of sheer whimsy. I put a picture of Norrie in his red nose on the back cover of *15 Years in Exile, Volume One*. Some were scandalized by the apparent irreverence; a couple of people even asked me if I'd painted the nose onto the photo. The Presbyterian streak runs so deep in this culture, but no matter, Norrie knew how to play the clown. I never saw Norrie as a stern, august figure. He took his work seriously, but not himself. I think a good deal of his theory needs a clown's nose, too, but when I say so, I'm jaundiced."

Obituaries, Tributes, Memorials

Garrido-Gallardo, Miguel Angel. "Northrop Frye (1912-1991)." *Revista de Literatura* 53 (January–June 1991): 175–7.

The *Northrop Frye Newsletter* publishes material by and about Frye and his criticism, as well as supplements to his bibliography. The editor welcomes material related to this aim. The Newsletter is ordinarily published twice annually and is distributed without charge to those who request it. Publication is supported by the English Department of Roanoke College. Address all correspondence to the editor, Robert Denham, English Department, Roanoke College, Salem, VA 24153. Copyright © 1993 by Robert D. Denham. ISSN: 1058-062X

Margaret Atwood: “Norrie Banquet Ode”

At the banquet held on the final day of the “Legacy of Northrop Frye” conference in Oct. 1992, Margaret Atwood read her “Norrie Banquet Ode,” composed for the occasion. Introducing the poem, Atwood said: “This is the day before Hallowe’en, an important date in my yearly calendar, as those who depict me complete with blackcat and broomstick already realize. On this date the souls of the dead return to earth, and the prudent offer them gifts; so I thought I would do something Norrie himself might enjoy, were he here. He was a great fan of verbal horsing around—as in the Bob Review—so it is in this spirit that I present the following ode. It was originally going to be a poem in which all the last lines rhymed with ‘Northrop,’ until I discovered that the only words in the English’ language that actually do rhyme with ‘Northrop’ are ‘doorstop’ and ‘floormop,’ so I cheated. Now all the last lines rhyme with the first syllable of ‘Northrop,’ or else with the less daunting ‘Norrie.’ Sort of.* (* There are two sets of off rhymes.)”

My thanks to Margaret Atwood, for permission to publish the ode, which will also appear in the volume of conference proceedings, *The Legacy of Northrop Frye* (forthcoming from the University of Toronto Press, Dec. 1994).

Norrie Banquet Ode

We live in interesting times; here come deplor-
 able fire and flood, hurricane, plague and war.
 We and our books feel trivial, amid the uproar
 and general chaos. Believe me, colleagues, there are mor-
 nings when I think—hell, what’s this *for*?
 Maybe this writing stuff is just verbal mor-
 phine. Confess—who hasn’t felt wor-
 n down in the textual salt-mines, or
 to use the sort of terse bad joke that Norrie
 used to slip in, up shit creek without an oar?

Dear Norrie, if you were here with us, at the cor-
 ner, more or less, of Queen’s Park and Bloor,
 pacing the overheated halls and creaking floor-
 boards of rambling, many-turreted Victor-
 ia, as for how many years before,

following your inner track, hunting the word quarry through the jungles of the text, the distant roar of incandescent tigers hinting at glory; and in your labours, loading every rift with lore; meanwhile, in your disguise of elderly professor, peering at us benignly, looking somewhat like a tortoise with an overcoat and briefcase, what would your opinion be, of us? You didn't suffer fools gladly. Would you find us very boring? Too ingenious by half? Preposterous?

Well, what is done is in your honour, so I'm sure you'd be polite. Ignore the worst, accept the best, give us an encore—as on so many occasions, say a few cheering words: such as: the creativity's not in the form, but in the writer. Anyway, you'd think of something to restore our sense that what we do is worth it after all—the articulation of the central core of our real being, and the opening of the most important door.

To write, to read and think, are to be mortal, but also to build a truly human structure, —no tyranny or bloody chamber of horrors, poisoned wasteland or fortress, but a city-garden, through which Nature too could flourish.

Is it we who write the story or perhaps, is it the other way around? We know one thing, dear Norrie, thanks to you: What keeps us going is the story.

—Margaret Atwood

*Critics of the Twentieth Century***NORTHROP FRYE****THE THEORETICAL IMAGINATION***Jonathan Hart*

Northrop Frye is one of the great critics of the twentieth century. *The Anatomy of Criticism* (1957) transformed literary theory, and Frye's contributions to Blake studies, theories of aesthetics; theology and social criticism, have ensured his place at the centre of cultural studies. His belief that ideology is pervasive, and that mythology is related to ideology and can also oppose it, has placed Frye's work at the centre of what is one of the most important contemporary theoretical debates: the relation between myth and ideology, between narrative and imagination.

This book looks at the sweep of Frye's career, incorporating archival material as well as his published work. It is invaluable both as an introduction to Frye as well as for more advanced students of his work.

Jonathan Hart is Associate Professor of English and Adjunct Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Alberta. He is a contributing editor to the *Canadian Review of Comparative Literature* and is author of *Theatre and the World: the Problematics of Shakespeare's History*

March 1994: 216x138: 336pp
Hb: (M15-07536-X: £40.00 Pb: 0-415-07537-8: £14.99



Please address your order to your usual supplier. In case of difficulty please order direct from; Amelia La Fuente Sanchez, Promotions Department, Routledge, 11 New Fetter Lane, London EC4P 4EE. Or telephone 0264332424