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THE SATIRIC TRADITION IN THE WORKS OF SEVEN ENGLISH-CANADIAN SATIRISTS

by

© VINCENT DOUGLAS SHARMAN

A THESIS

SUBMITTED TO THE FACULTY OF GRADUATE STUDIES

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The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies for acceptance, a thesis entitled "The Satiric Tradition in the Works of Seven English-Canadian Satirists" submitted by Vincent Douglas Sharman in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Supervisor

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ABSTRACT

The critical theories and terminology of Alvin Kernan (Cankered Muse; The Plot of Satire) and Philip Pinkus (Queen's Quarterly, 1963) provide excellent bases for a study of satire. Kernan's useful term "the satiric scene" refers to the specific images of the individual scenes or episodes of which satire is constructed. Pinkus's term "image of evil" refers to the over-all negations which concern the satirist. Determining the "image of evil" or the satiric scene requires an analysis of particular images used by the satirists. Pinkus has also established that in most important satires, evil dominates good, and that satire is the only genre to face this aspect of life. Both Pinkus and Kernan, who acknowledge their indebtedness to Northrop Frye's Anatomy of Criticism, see that the essential characteristic of satire is the grotesqueness of its imagery.

These critical theories provide the general framework for a close reading of the satiric plays and prose of Thomas McCulloch, T. C. Haliburton, Stephen Leacock, Robertson Davies, Earle Birney, Paul Hiebert, and Mordecai Richler, and show that the main images of evil in these satires are materialism, puritanism, and provincialism. The source of much of the imagery in these satires is Canadian towns and farms, which are metaphors for stagnation.

Puritanism and materialism as norms are basic to McCulloch's Stepsure letters (1820) and provide a model for puritanism and materialism as images of evil in Leacock, Davies, and Birney ("Damnation of Vancouver"), particularly. Materialism is also fundamental to Richler's Atuk and Cocksure. Provincialism dominates much of Haliburton's four Sam Slick books; its source is chiefly in liberalism in politics and religion, in careless British colonial administration, and in the laziness of Nova Scotians. The source of provincialism in Leacock is Mariposans' lack of imagination and their self-importance, and, in Arcadian Adventures, Plutorians' materialism. In Birney, Hiebert, and Richler, provincialism arises from insensitivity, ignorance, and self-importance. Davies' provincials are such because they are victims of puritanism and materialism.

In only Birney's "Damnation," Leacock's Sketches and Arcadian Adventures, Davies' "Overlaid" and "Hope Deferred," Richler's Atuk, and some of Haliburton, is a good level of satiric art achieved, chiefly because the satirists too frequently indulge in nonsense, repetition, pettiness, and stereotyped characterization.

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INTRODUCTION

This thesis attempts to discover the nature of the English-Canadian satiric tradition in the satiric plays and prose of some of our most significant writers:[1] Thomas McCulloch, T. C. Haliburton, Stephen Leacock, Robertson Davies, Paul Hiebert, Earle Birney, and Mordecai Richler. The general approach is a close textual analysis of the works under consideration.

This thesis is written in the belief that because Canadian literature is a fact of Canadian life, the more that Canadians know about it, the more they will know about themselves. Professor Eli Mandel, in an article in the Humanities Association Bulletin, refers specifically to poetry and the writing of it, but his comments often apply equally well to literary criticism:

> Earle Birney remarks in a recent poem[2] "It's only by our lack of ghosts, we're haunted." Anyone without ghosts, without memory, without tradition, is haunted indeed. He inhabits an empty house: ignorant of his past, he is ignorant of his present too. Nothing shapes his life. He is unformed, immature, disturbed, underdeveloped....[3]

He goes on, "...we are a people who have never discovered ourselves because we have refused to look into what we really are."[4] I hope that this thesis will be a step toward "discovering ourselves."

I have stated above that this study is a "close textual analysis": there has been, it seems to me, too much of a tendency in Canadian criticism to generalize on our literature without sufficiently close readings of the texts. Introductions to editions of works and anthologies, Desmond Pacey's

Creative Writing in Canada, and biographies, are often necessarily general, as is the Literary History of Canada; but these, nevertheless, form a large part of our available criticism. There has been a tendency, too, in articles, to deal with large amounts of primary material and to base conclusions on what amounts to unapparent evidence. I have tried to avoid the pitfalls of over-generalization by "close reading."

This study is focused on our three most important and prolific satirists, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, Stephen Leacock, and Robertson Davies. Discussion of satires by four other satirists forms the remainder of the thesis, Thomas McCulloch's The Letters of Mephibosheth Stepsure, Paul Hiebert's Sarah Binks, Earle Birney's "Damnation of Vancouver," and Turvey: a Military Picaresque, and Mordecai Richler's The Incomparable Atuk and Cocksure. This division is not to suggest that, for instance, Richler's Atuk is less significant satire than any one of Davies', but only that Davies has a considerable body of work to examine.

To deal adequately with such a large body of writing as Haliburton's and Leacock's has required some selection. Therefore, I have dealt with Haliburton's four main books by Sam Slick: the three series of The Clockmaker, The Attaché, Wise Saws and Modern Instances, and Nature and Human Nature, because they contain Haliburton's main themes and techniques and give a broad view of his, and Canada's, best satiric character, Sam Slick. In discussing Leacock, I have dealt with Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich, and with various pieces from other collections, in order to show, on the one hand, the general weakness in his work after Arcadian Adventures, and on the

other hand, to show that not all of his writing besides his two best works deserves to be thrown aside as merely being "churned out for the Christmas trade." I have included all of Davies' satires and satiric works up until 1963.

For critical method I am particularly indebted to Alvin Kernan and Philip Pinkus. It is the suggestion of both these critics that the study of satire is badly in need of new light; indeed, Kernan implies that there has been nothing substantial added to the critical theory of satire between Dryden's "Essay" and Northrop Frye's Anatomy of Criticism.[5] In order to study the specific nature of satire, Kernan has developed critical terms which focus attention on the structure of satire. The "satiric plot" is the characteristic movement, "physical or psychic," of dullness ("a generic name for the perennial subject of satire"[6]) in any individual satire. The movement of dullness "never offers that direct, linear progression which is ordinarily taken as plot."[7] In satire, there is an irony to the movement of dullness. Its apparent success is always unsuccess: its rises are really falls (as in Jonson's Volpone); its straight lines become circles (as in Waugh's Decline and Fall, and, incidentally, in Leacock's Sunshine Sketches); advances become meaningless wanderings (Gay's Trivia). The efforts of dullness are "titanic and wandering"; they are self-defeating because they "defy what is, and what is possible for man; this is the general 'action' which every satirist sees in the particular idiocies of his time, and it is this action which his plot imitates."[8] It is difficult to agree completely with Kernan's statement that every satire has a satiric plot. And it is difficult to agree that satire never has a conventional linear plot--but it is significant that

satire seldom has a narrative plot of much importance; the narrative plot is usually a progression of events on which are hung satiric scenes, or images, that effect the satire by their relation to an implied or stated norm. I have used Kernan's "satiric plot" only when it proves to be valuable in giving insight into the workings of the satire under discussion.

The other important concept of Kernan's, the one which provides the general, but not exclusive, critical basis for this study, is the "satiric scene," that is, the particular imagery which the satirist uses in the satire at a particular place, to create a particular effect. The word scene is used in the dramatic sense.[9] This term provides a framework that directs attention inward to the basis of the satire to determine the particulars of the individual satirist's vision.

Philip Pinkus's term "image of evil"[10] is similar to Kernan's satiric scene, but is less general, and presents the problem of describing the subject of every satire as evil. Citing Petronius, Juvenal, Swift, Voltaire, Fielding, Dryden, and Pope, Pinkus puts forth a quite convincing argument that in satire "evil" dominates over goodness. Satire is the only genre which faces squarely the truth of this aspect of the human condition:

> Satire does not exalt the human spirit despite life's evil, as does tragedy; it asserts the human spirit because of life's evil. That is, man is besieged. He must fight. He can never win, because the dragon is eternal. But he must continue to fight, because in the very struggle is the defiant cry of life.[11]

Critics of satire, he goes on, "refuse to recognize the dragon's victory and insist...that the dragon has been ridiculed into some romantic limbo, to return no more. But in fairness to the dragon, that is not what happens in

satire."[12] MacFlecknoe is crowned King, and men and pigs are indistinguishable at the end of Animal Farm. Although there can be little doubt that in satire the object of attack is not overcome, and that the "domination of evil" is a satiric convention of major importance, it is debatable that all objects of attack should be described as moral evils. The phrase "domination of evil" is an effective metaphor, however, for the negative forces that define the satiric scenes. Like Kernan's terms it focuses attention on the nature of satire. Because satire is art, its significance lies in what it says about man. Therefore the exact nature of the author's satiric vision is of primary concern. This vision can be delimited and described by examining the imagery that constitutes it, by examining the satiric scenes of the over-all images of evil.

Great satire, Kernan explains, is "always disorderly and crowded, packed to the very point of bursting."[13] It is a dense and grotesque world of decaying matter.[14] Northrop Frye identifies the imagery as often demonic: grotesque, violent, bestial, fragmented, and desolate. It is "the world that desire totally rejects."[15] For Philip Pinkus, the satiric world is the "world of twisted, perverted humanity, the world of nightmare, the terror, the abyss. It is the demonic powers that spread dark wings over the world and suck men dry."[16]

If these descriptions seem extreme, it is perhaps because criticism of satire in the past has tended to treat satire as biographical evidence or as social history,[17] rather than as a vision of mankind. We must see around "the blinkers of humor,"[18] around shock of the "low imagery," and around the energy of erudition and wit by which the author establishes the image of life, to the vision of evil, which is the center of satire.

This investigation into the nature of the Canadian satiric tradition in seven of Canada's best satirists is based, essentially, on an examination of the imagery and themes of the satires and of the links between them; it is an analysis and evaluation of Canadian satiric visions covering one hundred and forty-eight years, from McCulloch's letters by Mephibosheth Stepsure, in 1820, to Mordecai Richler's Cocksure, in 1968.

CHAPTER I

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON

The Sam Slick Books

T. C. Haliburton is the most daring and ambitious of Canadian satirists--in his use of a foreign rogue figure speaking his native dialect and in his attempt to sustain that character through four long satires; in his violent attacks on contemporary political figures, on his countrymen, and on visitors, whether they are Charles Dickens, missionaries, or military personnel; in his attack on the conceit of British military strength, on British ignorance of their colonies, and on liberalism in all forms.

If the extent of feeling in his writing is the measure of his own concern with the lack of human communication among men and nations and colonies, he was a very passionate man. Perhaps Haliburton felt too strongly, for he seems unable to give up for more than a short time his attacks on the British government for mismanaging the colonies, on the one hand, and on the other, his laudations of the Established Church and the monarchial system--issues of little literary significance today. His fondness for the idea of Nova Scotia as a vital, productive equal of Britain, with seats at Westminster, and of her people as affectionately harmonious with the Divine Plan through nature is never abandoned throughout the twenty years that he wrote (1835-1855). His satiric image of Nova Scotia and the United States is one of faction, mobocracy, lassitude, vanity, and violence. The worthy are alienated, die, return to small towns,

or retreat into the forests. Liberalism everywhere has created the chaos of madness and hypocrisy in politics and religion. In the Sam Slick books--The Clockmaker series, The Attaché, Nature and Human Nature, and Wise Saws and Modern Instances--the potential for communication lies in Sam Slick, Squire Poker, and the Reverend Hopewell, but they are finally alienated from the world because they desire simplicity, order, honesty, and productive vitality in men. There is no place for them. The promised land of British North America is the domain of factious men who are as content with their isolation from each other in their greed, vanity, and superficiality, as England is in isolating her colonies through the ignorance and self-satisfaction of the Colonial Ministers and their officers. These are the themes that evolve from a study of Haliburton and survive the local satiric issues: the promised land is unfulfilled because communication among men and nations has broken down; isolation and alienation have reduced men to demagogues, raving mobs, or to empty shells, and have reduced the fruitful land to waste.

Sam Slick talks with all his considerable energy to describe the evil world that has developed. He has no time for subtlety. He has no time to be other than the crass North American--and at times dull North American--he is. There is too much to be done; there is too much to learn.

The satiric scenes in the Sam Slick books are set, largely, by Sam Slick himself. With the exception of comments or anecdotes by the Squire, Reverend Hopewell, and Sam's father, it is Sam who is the satirist, and it is his satiric vision, with the usual approval of the dignified Squire Poker, that the reader experiences. The Squire, as editor, is a

sort of Boswell to Slick's Johnson; at times he baits Sam, or comments on Sam, or allows Sam to condemn himself. Consequently, the Squire's vision is more inclusive than Sam's, but so much of the satire is Sam's creation, that it is his imagery that constitutes the satiric scenes.

Haliburton's Genuine Yankee is a much more fully grown character than the conventional Yankee pedlar that found its most complete American development in Seba Smith's Major Jack Downing[1] and Charles Davis's J. Downing, Major.[2] Both Downings, through their positions as advisors to Andrew Jackson comment, satirically on the politics of their day. They speak in New England dialect, and both exhibit many qualities that are common to the Yankee-figure. They are inquisitive, shrewd, unpretentious, and forthright. They are rogues. Smith's Downing is less scrupulous than Davis's (he plans his own election to the Presidency, while serving Jackson). He is not concerned about matters of principle and has little of value to say. Smith satirizes both the rustic Yankee and the President. But Davis's Downing is a straightforward, shrewd rustic who comments on the corruption in Jackson's cabinet and on banking policies of the American government. Although he is a superior satirist, compared to Smith's Yankee, Jenette Tandy is rather overly enthusiastic when she says that he comments on complex matters in terms "which rival...Swift."[3] Neither Major Downing, nor J. Downing, Major achieves a significance beyond his immediate place and time: the issues of local American and New England politics are the beginning and end of these books.

Other Yankee pedlars appear in Davy Crockett,[4] Asa Greene,[5] and W. G. Simms[6] books of the same period (1830-1840). The pedlars speak and

dress outlandishly, and are skilled at any business venture which involves gulling the opponent (such as selling barrels of nutmegs, all wooden except the top few inches, or down-grading their excellent horses to raise huge bets on races). The pedlars travel throughout the West and Old Southwest and into Canada and the Maritimes. They are proverbial. The Sketches and Eccentricities of Col. David Crockett provides a description of contemporary (1833) Yankee pedlars. They are "as amusing as they are annoying to the inhabitants of Tennessee." The backwoodsmen, "even the half-horse, half-alligator breed, when boasting of their exploits always add, 'I can stand anything but a clock pedlar.'" "Mr. Slim" is a tall, lank, thin-faced man who has "the word trade written in his every... action. Give him a wagon filled with Yankee clocks, throw in a package or two of horn combs and give him a box of counterfeit jewelry [sic], he will be ready for a trip."[7]

But V. L. O. Chittick's minute research shows that Sam Slick is not only a development of a conventional Yankee, but that he is also partly a ring-tailed roarer of the Old South-West, one of the backwoodsmen, the river-men, the Mike Finks, the Daniel Boons, and the Davy Crocketts, whose characteristics are a terrific primal energy that finds a normal vocabulary too confining and creates its own fantastic language; that itches to fight and precedes the event with animal imitations--flapping arms, crowing, roaring--and with acclaiming their very unheroic geneology, alligators, horses, earthquakes. These men fight with incredible strength and viciousness, not only against each other, but against animals and the elements. They are the demi-gods of the wilderness.[8]

Haliburton combines the ring-tailed roarer's vocabulary and primal physical energy with the Yankee's native shrewdness, frankness, intelligence, and dishonesty to make a substantial part of Sam Slick. There are, however, aspects of Sam's character that are unaccounted for by Chittick and Rourke. The Yankee pedlars and the roarers are perfections of their types. Sam is more than a type; he has the weaknesses of vanity, chauvinism, prolixity, and cruelty that make him human. Beneath the rough exterior he is a man of sentiment. He is a man who loves nature, rather than one who, as the roarer, fights against it. The primal characteristics in Sam are, however, circumscribed by civilizing forces, notably the Reverend Hopewell, Sam's mentor, a gentle "primitive Christian," who taught Sam his knowledge of men,[9] his proverbs and maxims in English, French, Spanish, German and from the Bible,[10] and to fear, serve, and adore God (Nature, I, 335).

Although he is still a rough, uncouth pedlar, the largest part of his energy goes into understanding people--"'Human natur'"--and into ridiculing them. He is, as he often describes himself, "'a nateral man.'" He loves the concrete, and all those who are close to the earth, the simple, direct, honest, rough, unillusioned. He loves efficiency and practicality. He loves whatever is natural, and he despises whatever is removed from simplicity, from the concerns of the heart, from the essence. He likes common sense; he hates dullness. He has spent his life finding the weaknesses of men behind their disguises. His aim is to know the world (Clock., III, 418).

The suggestion in these aspects of Sam's character is that he is an image of natural life-force, a suggestion enhanced by his being at home

everywhere in the world and of having done "everything": he has bought art in Italy, and outwitted the law in France; he has visited England, has whaled in the Pacific, and has visited in Java; he has sold clocks in Huronia and all over the "thirteen united universal worlds." He has been a courier for the British in New Brunswick. In Persia he learned how to stupify fish; in Peru, how to poison arrows; in Germany, how to build houses. He has been to Calcutta, the North-West, and to Bermuda. He knows about architecture, horticulture, liquor, and horses; about phrenology and fishing; about music and dancing; about ventriloquism and the fur trade.[11]

He is above all, the North American life-force. Critics have complained, anticipating only a type, that Sam Slick's political views are not those of a New England democrat. The point is that although he does not talk like an American, Sam is one, one who is trapped by his patriotism. That is his failing. He has no hesitation in proclaiming his nationality and of living up to the image of the uncouth, bragging, American. Politically, he does not talk like an American because he has the intelligence and knowledge, in Haliburton's terms, to transcend his national weaknesses and espouse the British monarchial system. In him are combined the best, and some of the worst qualities of North America. His worst qualities are usually satirized. His good American qualities, his energy, efficiency, and his sound (Haliburton) political sense, symbolically join Nova Scotia and the United States, an interpretation that is supported by his desire to marry a Nova Scotian girl.

It is significant, too, that Sam finds dignity and intelligence in North American Indians, but neither in the negroes, who have been intruded

in the environment. They are profoundly foreign. Although they have his sympathy as a group in their plight as slaves or as unequal to whites in their freedom, they lack the North American energy of which Sam is the personification: they are, to Sam, cheerful and grateful; they have a sense of humor and are cunning; but they are of limited reasoning power and are indolent--"'they prefer enduring any suffering and privation to regular habits of industry'" (Nature, II, 319). However superficial and stock this description of negroes is, it nevertheless is consistent with Sam's love of activity and industry and of those things and people that are North American, while eschewing whatever is foreign to North America. He conceives of North America as a promised land, though not an unblemished Eden, for he is quite aware that there is no room for naïveté, though there is room for simplicity, honesty, knowledge, and hard work. Those whom Sam attacks are those whose artificiality, laziness, ignorance, hypocrisy, ineptness, superficiality, or impracticality ignore the demands of the environment, and are those whose democratic concessions to popular demands encourage baseness in man, destroy his freedom, and the promise of the land.

Man functions most freely within a framework of constitutional monarchy and established church. It is the framing of man by benevolent institutions that is reflected in the structure of the Sam Slick books and is Haliburton's main theme. Hopewell, the old Episcopalian Tory, schooled Sam's energy in the clockmaker's youth and continues to do so when Sam is an adult. The Squire, also Tory and Anglican, exerts by his editing, his interpretations, and explanations of Sam's bragging and vociferous denunciations of Britain, a censoring influence motivated by a deep love of the pedlar's energy, clear vision, common sense, and physical abilities.

The figure of Sam Slick, always moving, avoiding marriage as long as he can, and putting his great energies into cynically studying mankind, is an effective image of alienation. He is an American who is aware of inequalities, illusions, and irresponsibility in American democracy. Although he is genuinely proud of American material achievements in efficiently developing the country with railroads and settlements, he loves nature, rural simplicity, and roughness. He is a man who wants the promises of external nature made use of intelligently; but men, especially in Nova Scotia, have turned their paradise into a wasteland of talk. Although he "'holds the mirror up to nature'" not only to ridicule but to reflect the goodness in men, there is little goodness to be found. The new generation of Bluenoses (1855) are an improvement over the old, and the province has improved its economic position, but, strangely, they still lie on their backs and talk while the mackerel-run passes by. Americans as well as Nova Scotians are, in Wise Saws and Nature and Human Nature, filled with illusions--about love, about the past, about becoming rich in California, about politics. Evil still dominates.

It is quite clear that much of Sam's cynicism is motivated by a great disappointment in men and a great loneliness. He enjoys seeing his customers gull themselves, and he preys on their conceit (Clock., I, 105-106); bilking seems to be a sensual experience to him (Clock., III, 448). He seems to have an absence of sentiment (Clock., III, 479), but this is belied a few pages later by Hopewell's statement that in matters of feeling, Sam's sharp tongue does not speak for either his head or his heart (Clock., III, 511). In The Attaché[13] he explains that once he trusted people, but now he is

always suspicious. He frequently mentions the need for love, affection, and simple, direct communication in life. He is usually, in the presence of strangers, an actor, satirizing to protect himself. Although he is "'a citizen of the world'" (Nature, I, 296), a wit, a cynic, a believer in Colonel Crockett's motto "Go Ahead!"; he is a lonely hurt man who, in his alienation, lashes out at the hypocrisy, pride, vain hopes, and theorizing that have replaced affection, simplicity, love, and concrete experience in the world around him. He longs, now, for an affectionate home of his own:

> "Yes, home is a great word, but its full meaning ain't understood by everyone.... But I'll tell you who knows the meaning and feels it too; a fellow like me who had a cheerful home, a merry and a happy home, and who when he returns from foreign lands finds it deserted and still as the grave, and all that he loved scattered and gone, some to the tomb and others to distant parts of the earth. The solitude chills him, the silence appals him. At night shadows follow him like ghosts of the departed, and the walls echo back the sound of his footsteps, as if demons were laughing him to scorn.... Yes, yes, there are many folks in the world that talk of things they don't understand, and there are precious few who appreciate the meaning of that endearing term 'home'. He only knows it as I have said who has lived in one, amid a large family, of which he is the solitary surviving member. The change is like going from the house to the sepulchre, with this difference only, one holds a living, the other a dead body. Yes, if you have had a home you know what it is, but if you have lost it, then and not till then do you feel its value." (Nature, I, 299-300)

Like Sam Slick, the Reverend Hopewell is alienated from his society. His most complete communication is with England, but he is an American. The Established Church and the monarchy are denied him. No one will have him for a pastor in the United States because he will not turn his moral eye away from the wrongdoings in his congregations. Hopewell returns to

the United States, from his beloved England, and dies.[14] The American voluntary system that nearly destroyed him has remained unchanged. He, himself, is still loyal to the constitution that permits such a system: in accord with Philip Pinkus's theory of satire, evil dominates, overwhelming good.[15]

The Squire, too, is old; he complains of the passing of the old Tory party and the rise of the Conservatives in England, whom he calls the party of expedience. He complains of the Chartists and of all other liberal groups. As in Canada, in Nova Scotia Lord Durham's Report has turned government into appeasement of the mob, and the governor into a figurehead. The Squire sees political vanity all around him. The Colonial Office still ignores the colonies; the colonials are still, to that Office, unworthy and far from being the equals of the British. The Squire, after The Attaché, retires to his home at Truro. The cause of his alienation is the absence of communication with Britain. The Nova Scotians are treated as children, but the colony is no longer a child. The onus is on the Mother Country to listen to the colonials and to reply to their loyalty. To the Squire, a colonial should be able to say our English navy, our Parliament. The hoped-for railway lines to Canada and the steamship lines to Britain are symbolic as well as actual. But the Squire says that now he has no illusions. All the hope of his youth are gone (Attaché, 390).

The breakdown of communication is frequently responsible for alienation: of Britain from her colonies, and of individuals or groups from each other through ignorance, lack of trust, liberalism in politics and religion, and through empty, irresponsible speech--jargon, bunkum,

and cant. It has left Nova Scotia a stagnant wilderness. Sam's two symbols, his speedy horse and his clocks, are set against the lassitude of Nova Scotians. To Sam, time is everything; to the Bluenoses, time is nothing. Their indolence is described in a variety of images. In the Clockmaker, for instance, animal images are frequent and suitable to the primal nature of Sam Slick. The Bluenoses are bears in hibernation (I, 68), they are stumbling horses (I, 22), they are chattering monkeys (I, 12), they are partridges sunning themselves (I, 70), they are unimportantly busy, like squirrels (I, 110), they are owls, sleeping all day. The colony itself is a stagnant pond full of frogs, noisy but insignificant.

Images of sleep, death, of a becalmed ship, and of a ship drifting astern (I, 45) further characterize the colony. The farms are decrepit; pastures are full of holes; horses crowd out productive cows and sheep; broken windows in houses and buildings are stuffed with rags; houses stand empty (I, 75), yards are filled with junk (I, 133) and fields with weeds (I, 133). Towns and wharves are deserted. All is confusion, muddle, darkness. The Bluenoses have even built themselves an underworld of malevolent spirits on whom to blame their troubles--the lawyers and politicians are their evil spirits, their ghosts, and phantoms (I, 59, 82).

Some of the most repulsive aspects of the satiric scenes in The Clockmaker are in the anecdotes that Sam narrates. There are, for instance, the sale by auction of the poverty-stricken farmer (I, 130-131), and the indolence of Nick Bradshaw who spends his time snaring rabbits and waiting for government subsidies, while his son clubs to death a wounded hawk (II, 190).

This dark Nova Scotian countryside is filled with talk, usually of politics and the "need" for change. There is no action, and no creative spirit, but there is a great deal of puffed up pride. In answer to the Squire's contention that Nova Scotians are happy, contented people, Sam replies that of course they are, they won't work and they have no politics to deserve the name: they have nothing to fight about (I, ch. XVII). Nova Scotia is a colony of low education, ignorance, zealotry in religion, vulgarity, and political faction (Attaché, 246-251). By failing to develop the colony themselves by hard work, or to have railways and canals built, the Nova Scotians have placed themselves with the animals and wear "fetters and pokes" while the British and Americans exploit their resources (I, 24). Bluenoses are, often, as ignorant as negro slaves because their schools teach subjects such as Latin, Greek and reading, which do nothing to fit one for developing the resources of a colony. Their freedom, as ignorant and lazy colonists ignored by Britain, is the freedom of the slaves of the American South (Attaché, 369).

These image patterns of slavery, death, sleep, silence, emptiness, ruin, weeds, darkness, continuous empty talk, laziness, and men-as-animals appear repeatedly throughout all the Sam Slick books, but are particularly evident in The Clockmaker.

The Nova Scotians are "well-deceived" in their dependence on Britain and United States: they resent their influence, but fear to lose it; they are well-deceived in their false pride in supposed accomplishments, in their inappropriate classical educations and in their happiness which is the happiness of irresponsibility. It is the "'conceit'" of these

self-satisfied colonists that Sam loves to insult by selling them his clocks, first eradicating any recalcitrance by appealing to their vanity and greed with his "soft sawder," that is, with his skill, gained from careful study of experience, to communicate subtly beyond the disguise of words that the customers speak, to the selfishness and dishonesty in their hearts.

Bluenoses never look to themselves for solutions to their discontent; they look to the Assembly, or the Council, or the Governor, or the Colonial Office. Or they look to the United States where high wages and speculation beckon them, and they and their radical politicians associate republicanism with material prosperity and urge constitutional change, or they chafe to emigrate (Clock., III, 457). For those who have their eyes on California and the mining boom, Sam describes in detail the dangers, the lawlessness, and the hard work there, and compares it to "'Rockyfornia'" (Nova Scotia), which has thousands of fish, but no illusion of romance.

It is in Wise Saws that Haliburton deals specifically with illusion, but all of the books imply it. The Bluenoses in The Clockmaker, no less than the wealthy British, the American Abolitionists, or the Reformers of Canada, suffer from it. Theory and illusion: illusions of Bluenoses as to their importance; illusions of the simplicity and efficacy of reform and change of institutions; illusions of love. New theories of government, theories of religious salvation. Theories, but no reason, Sam says (Wise Saws, I, 213).

Although Sam does not exonerate the Bluenoses from blame for their destructive attitudes, he does formulate its basis in the lack of recognition

which Britain affords Nova Scotians. The chief cause of discontentment in the colonies is "'the impossibility...for talent to rise'" (Clock., III, 507). Colonials have no prestige in England; they are laughed at because the colony is misrepresented in missionary reports, by travel writers, and by the military who have to say they dislike the colony because "'it counts as foreign service'" (Nature, II, 172-173). The British symbols of success are not for colonists: the coronets, ribbons and stars of England. In the victory of the "Shannon" over the "Chesepeake" in the War of 1812, it was a "'despisable Blue-nose colonist boy of Halifax'" who took command of the "Shannon" when her captain was wounded and "'fit like a tiger and took our [American] "Chesepeake" and that was somethin' to brag on. And what did he get for it? Why colony sarce, half-pay, and leave, to make room for Englishers to go over his head....'" (Attaché, 59).

Chiefly, the blame for the isolation of the colony lies with the Colonial Office, which is an "'insane asylum'" whose inmates are monomaniacs who "'imagine themselves to be governing the world, and the only cure that has been discovered is to indulge them in their whim'" (Attaché, 312). Those farthest away from the colonies always know best, says Sam, ironically (Attaché, 124). The officials have no knowledge or interest in the colony. Colonial Ministers have been overworked; they are weak, indolent, or "'wild in their theories'" (Attaché, 314). They are ignorant of the kind of people who live in the colonies (Clock., II, 337-338). Capable Nova Scotians, in Nature and Human Nature and Wise Saws, because of the absence of constructive communication between them and the British government, are

unwilling any longer to tolerate British appointees in the colonies, who are inferior to themselves. The colony is tired of being a burden on its parents and wishes to be taken into partnership--but it does not know its parents (Nature, I, 208). There is the threat of independence from Britain if she does not soon recognize the intrinsic value of the colony.

But if ignorance, madness, and carelessness isolate Nova Scotia and help to cause the colonists to be indolent and discontented and to induce in them a disproportionate view of themselves, there is a worse result in the breakdown of potential communication implicit in Lord Durham's investigations in British North America and in the implementation of his recommendations: the political and religious chaos and consequent alienation of reasonable, moderate men, because of liberal tendencies in government. Radicals and liberals in Nova Scotia, the Canadas, and Britain, pander to the vanity of the mob. The basis of the satiric attack, which is particularly violent when liberalism is the subject, is the conservative viewpoint: conservatives maintain existing institutions, but strive to correct defects within them; liberals replace existing institutions with new ones, only to give power to the hoi-polloi, who, because they are always fickle, will soon demand another new institution to replace the latest. The greatest democrat, says Sam Slick, is the greatest tyrant (Clock., II, 204).

Loyalty in a democratic government lasts only so long as the patronage. The mob, throughout the Sam Slick books, is always violent, grasping, vulgar, noisy, and fickle. Liberalism means loud talk for a long time,

right or wrong, on any point. It causes fermentation which throws up the scum; it upsets the mind, as the mountebank's medicine upsets the stomach (Wise Saws, I, 204). The Upper Canada rebellion is scored in the melodramatic tale told by Major Furlough:

> "[I] purchased a large tract of land [near Prescott] erected a very pretty cottage, and all necessary farm buildings, and provided myself with as many cattle of the best description as the meadowland would warrant me keeping." (Attaché, 345)

On his new farm the Major objects to the "'unwise concessions...recently made by the Colonial Office to local demagogues...desperate men... destitute of property, of character, or of principle, and as such found warm sympathy in the scum of American population, the refuse of other colonies, and the agitators in England.'" He takes command of the local group of Tory vigilantes and becomes a marked man by the Reformers. During the Rebellion, his pastoral estate is burned in a night raid, his daughter shot, and the rest of the family driven into the snow. His wife later dies from exposure suffered during and after the raid. After the Rebellion, the Major is disgusted to find that he is refused patronage by the Tory government of Upper Canada (which he needs to re-establish himself), because the rebels need to be pacified. Concluding his narration, the Major collapses in a delirium, reliving the night his daughter was murdered:

> "...There! look at the corner of that barn--do you see that Reformer standing in the edge of the light?--look at him!--see him!--good Heavens! he is taking aim with his rifle!--she's lost, by God!... Run, Mary!--run to the shade.... He has fired--that's only the scream of fright--he missed her.... They have given him another rifle--he is aiming again--he has shot her!--by Heavens she's killed!" (Attaché, 348)

Melodrama is not rare in Haliburton, but scarcely ever is it so obvious.

The Canadas, the Major has said previously, are too far from Britain for British honor to reach, and for the British army to protect. Defence of the legal government brings only disgrace; there is no protection from the destitute, characterless scum who are the agitators. The fear of chaos, isolation, and alienation in snow-filled Canada is mentioned by Northrop Frye as a significant theme in Canadian literature.[16] This, and the theme of the promised land unfulfilled (in the destruction of the Major's idyllic farm, and his later removal to England), as well as the breakdown of communication through expedience and hypocrisy, are basic to Haliburton.

The failure of the Major to present a convincing satiric scene of the irresponsibility of the Reformers illustrates a weakness of stereotyping in Haliburton's characterization. Sam's roots are in American types, but he has a complexity and variety that most other characters lack. Particularly in the books which appear after the Clockmaker series, Squire Poker and Rev. Hopewell become mere mouthpieces for the Tory viewpoint. Minor characters, particularly negroes who are stereotyped as good-humored but rather bovinely dull creatures, and inn-keepers, fishermen, and fashionable young ladies, seldom rise to any significant level of interest--Ahab Meldrum and Sam's father being exceptions. Indeed, Haliburton's weakness becomes most apparent in Wise Saws and Human Nature in which characterization becomes the writing of Characters--the Successful Settler, the Unsuccessful Settler, the Farmer Without Hope, The Wife Who Lives on Illusion. Generally, satiric scenes of liberalism, particularly political liberalism, achieve little beyond invective. The intended scenes form

around no particular characterization (Lords Durham and Russell are names, not images) and the violence of the diction suggests prejudice rather than argument, railing rather than satire. The violent diction misses the Juvenalian and Swiftian power of imagery because it lacks irony.

The origin of much liberalizing in Canada is the British Whig party of which Durham and Governor Poulet Thompson are frequent specific examples. The party is seen as the party of cant and "'popularity huntin.'" It is a feeble party, however, and gets its power from "'the Radicals, Romanists, Republicans, Dissenters, and lower orders.'" Whigs crave the glittering awards that their party principles will not let them accept. They talk reforms (and the emphasis is on talk), but their eyes are on the ribbons and stars of a lord who has joined their party. They are hypocrites who plan to use the lords to gain prestige, and then "'get them to help us to pull down their own house that's to crush them.'" To Sam, the Whigs and their friends are a "'heap,'" are as "'blind as Sampson,'" and are "'blackguards who abuse the Queen, Albert and the nobles'" (Attaché, 272-273). They are less capable than "'stump orators'" (Attaché, 277), and, in the usual animal imagery of Sam Slick, like bloodhounds they "'snuff gore and are on the trail'" (Attaché, 273). They attempt to destroy the harmonious relationship between masters and servants by appealing to the false pride of the servants, urging these "'happy critturs'" to lose their secure places to gain a vote (Attaché, 364). Whig factory owners (the "cotton lords," the "cottonocracy") have made their English workers into English "'nigger slaves'" (Attaché, 371). These rich Whigs are iron-hearted, radical, villainous, low-bred, tyrannical, factious, and vain (Attaché, 370-371).

The reformer is one who "'refuses to believe in mysteries and deals in rhetoric and sophistry, and flatters the vanity, by exalting human reason'" (Attaché, 204). The reform movement is the serpent in the Eden of England; it stings, coils, strangles; it attacks the peers and "'covers them with its froth and slaver;'" it shoots, it sets fire, it burns up corn and buildings, and it maddens (Attaché, 67).

Liberalism as satiric scene is more effective when the subject is religion. There is better characterization, imagery, and irony. Again it is the hordes of hoi-polloi who populate the satiric scene. The saintly Reverend Hopewell and George Washington oppose disreputable hypocrites and opportunists who have risen to prominence in American religious life. Hopewell, with his humility, knowledge, and love for mankind, has been badly treated by his parishioners since the Revolution, when Jefferson and Franklin forgot to make Christianity the cornerstone of the constitution (Clock., III, 501). Hopewell reports a conversation he had with George Washington concerning the religious voluntary system which took the place of the Established Church principle. Washington's vision of the growth of the new religious groups is one of their progressive madness, beginning with their pretensions to morals, growing to "'feverish excitement'" and then to "'helpless debility.'" The religious body will seem as if in a trance; then it will have "'fits of idiocy, stupid, vain, vacant and drivelling.'" This stage will be followed by excitement, zeal, genius, and eloquence, but this brilliance will be wild, eccentric, and incoherent; a "'horrible, frantic raving madness'" (Clock., III, 502).

Hypocrisy and naive ignorance characterize two independent ministers, Ahab Meldrum and Dr. Query (Clock., III, 379-384), examples of those who

have displaced such ministers as Hopewell. Ahab is a hypocrite who affects great humility to other members of his congregation. Brother applies only to them. He can hardly bring himself to speak to Dr. Query, a negro, to sing hymns with him, or to shake his hand. Query looks on Ahab as an equal in their profession; Ahab looks on Query only as a "'nigger.'" Query searches the Greek dictionary for words with which to impress his congregation: his present favorite, which he uses indiscriminately, is eureeka. In his description of Query, Sam colors the minister's ignorance and pretentiousness with his usual cruel, derogatory images of negroes. Dr. Query is, for instance, a "'scentiferous blackman'" whose "'wooly head is all done up in roll curls like cotton in the cardin' mills.'" After Query has gone, Sam, objectively enough, opens the windows to air the room of the "'nigger smell'" that the "'great piece of raw nigger meat'" has left behind. Query, however, gets the better of Ahab, whose hypocrisy and vanity are focused in his pride in his delicate white "aristocratic" hands. Ahab is, at last, afraid not to shake hands with his "Brother" in the ministry, in front of Sam Slick:

> "Query shook and wrung away at [Ahab's hand], as a washerwoman does at a wet towel, for ever so long; and at last Ahab drew out his hand all stained with yaller, as if it had been dipped into tobacco juice... and a bitin' in his breath, and curlin' up his nose as mad as a bear; and went into the bedroom, and washed it, scrubbed away at it like anythin.'" (Clock., III, 385)

These two men are the natural results of the voluntary system; if no Bishop is required to ordain ministers, "'if anybody can go and choose preachers... as they do hogreeves at a town meeting, why can't niggers elect whom they please, too?'" Sam, in this episode, emphasizes (however thoughtlessly)

the position of such whites as Ahab, as even lower than a "'scentiferous blackman.'"

Insanity characterizes the camp-meeting conducted by Ahab, who has changed from being a "'Christian Brother'" to a "Corcoranite" in his search for more "'religious liberty.'" His doctrine is that there is indeed eternal punishment, but not for those who do follow his creed. His sermon, carefully orated, rises in an unceasing flow from near-inaudibility to loud descriptions of the tortures of the damned (flaming brimstone, hovering angels with red-hot spears to push them back deeper into the burning lake). Then his words become seductive and mild as he describes the pleasures of heaven in sensual terms. All of this is accompanied by the groans, screams, and hysterical laughter of the crowd (Clock., III, 469).

But Ahab finds this preaching too hard (he tells Sam as they share a bottle of liquor in Sam's room after the camp-meeting). And he wants still more religious liberty. He thinks he will become a preacher of Socialism, which is now the rage in England and soon will also be in the United States, anyway.

The fragmentation and spiritual impoverishment of the United States isolate parents from their children. An innkeeper (Clock., III, 467), for instance, was an Anglican, but his children have become Hixites, Universalists, Unitarians, and Socialists. Like British liberals, they are "'rational thinkers,'" have no love of the mysterious, and are becoming atheists. Sam's father sees his nation divided into sects "'raillin,' quarellin,' separatin,' and agreein' in nothin' but hatin' each other'"

(Clock., I, 143); Sam describes all Puritans as hypocrites who create catalogues of sins for others, in order to hide their own sins (Nature, II, 53). He and his friends break down the resistance of the Come-Outer Quaker preacher who tries to stop their dancing, get him drunk and dancing, and when the preacher falls asleep, paint his face with moustaches and bruises to represent the disguise that his piety is for his real love of life--which the preacher calls sin (Nature, II, ch. VII).

The anti-life forces that are apparent in the satiric scenes in these Sam Slick books are so often related to communication by speech and writing that the use of language is one of the most significant themes to evolve from the Sam Slick books. True communication is a matter of experience and love; superficial and deceitful communication result from ignorance, ambition, vanity, laziness, and provincialism.

Stories (often stories within stories within stories), anecdotes, sermons, and speeches fill the Slick books. Dialects, particularly New England, negro, Scotch, and French, are frequent and are often the point of the narration. Talk, the quantity of it, the attitudes expressed by it, and the professional function of it, is a frequent subject. The Sam Slick books are themselves editings of speech. Travel books, poetry, and fiction are commented on by Sam for their ineffective diction and imagery:

> "The fact is, natur' is natur' all the world over, and the plainer the talk is, and the simpler written it is, the nearer life it is, and the longer it is remembered--or lives." (Wise Saws, II, 98)

Of the books attacked by Sam Slick, travel books most often are seen as failures to communicate truthfully because their authors, such as Dickens

and Mrs. Trollope, do not talk to the people they attempt to write about; they only view their subjects from afar and write their prejudices into what they see. There is no "natur'" in these writings; there is no honesty. The authors have had no experience from which to write.

The works of James Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving are failures,--in Cooper's case because his Indians are fantasies, portrayed in a style ludicrous to North America: "'talkin' like Ossian's heroes... half mist, moon, and stars, with a touch of insanity runnin' through all. It sounds beautiful [to school girls] who call 'em sublime'" (Attaché, 88). Irving writes inappropriately of North American subjects because his writing is like a smooth "'Dutch painting'":

> "...it is good because it is faithful; the mop has the right number of yarns, and each yarn has the right number of twists...He has done the most that could be done for them, but the painter dasarves more praise than the subject" (Attaché, 88)

Poets in general fail because they confuse language by giving meanings to words which they do not, in direct, simple communication possess, for example heart and nature (Nature, I, 197). Poets exaggerate in order to impress their subject matter upon the reader. To Sam, Scott's "'splendiferous 'Lady of the Lake'" is really "'a red-headed Scotch heifer, with her hair filled with heather, and feather, and lint, with no shoes and stockings to her feet'" (Attaché, 201).

The most serious failures of heart and simplicity in language, however, are in speech. At the London soirée everyone talks and no one says anything in the crowded rooms (Attaché, 175): "'so this is rational enjoyment!'" is Sam's comment on a soirée in the most civilized city in

the world. At the crowded ball in Connecticut, everyone has seen everything and tasted everything, and so there is nothing to say except to gossip and judge the wine (Nature, II, 258). At the fashionable picnic, empty talk takes the place of experiencing what nature has to offer the picnickers. Their concerns are business affairs, gossip, and the inane fashionable wit of young girls. The girls make up nicknames for the young officers: Pistol, Target, Trigger; they try to remember that Bulger is pronounced with a soft g, and the owner of the name soon acquires a new one, 'Soft-G'. They are all bored with trying to be amused. Soon the ladies are making biting remarks to one another. Soon it rains; soon one loses her shoes; tempers flare; one of the open carriages is overturned. In the pouring rain, there is silence, at last. Such is their experiment at "gypseying" (the fashionable English word).

One of Sam's most excruciating experiences is spending a weekend at an English country estate where there is nothing to say except to comment on the flowers outside (in the rain) and the dreary family portraits inside. The same setting is used for Sam's comment on fashionable British marriages: the couple retires to the country house to spend their honeymoon stagnating in the dismal country rain: they have literally nothing to say to each other.

Sam Slick feels very keenly the need for English-speaking Nova Scotians to speak with each other, to learn the languages of Acadians, Scots, Germans, and Indians. The way to do it is to be natural: he learned Gaelic by kissing with each word. Otherwise, however, one must talk simply and humorously to best touch the universal heart strings of mankind (Wise Saws, II, 99). Anything to please must be natural. Again he says,

talk to people as they like to be talked to, and they will soon talk to you (Nature, I, 87-89). Communication begins with feeling, from the heart:

> "The door of the heart must be opened softly,
> and to do that you must ile the hinge and lock."
> (Nature, I, 187)

However much Haliburton was in favor of steam travel across the Atlantic, the steamship represents for Sam a chaotic, isolated society:

> "...hairy Germans, Mullatto-looking Italians,
> squabbling children that run between your legs...
> priests that won't talk...silk men, cotton men,
> bonnet men, iron men, trinket men...who know nothing
> about the world...and can't talk of anything else
> [except their trades]." (Nature, I, 46)

The steamer is a "'calaboose, chock full of prisoners'" (Nature, I, 51). The image is apt. Within the framework of benevolent institutions, and by affectionate communication between individuals, men may find peace and love. In the "freedom" of their egocentricity, men are imprisoned.

The most serious failures of heart and simplicity in language are, as has been suggested, in politics and religion. Sam Slick calls those failures bunkum and cant, which are the basis of liberalism. The Abolition movement in the United States is one of the important facets of liberalism, in these books: slavery is one of the most trenchant accusations against democracy in that country, and it would seem that Abolition should be the answer to the charges.

Bunkum and cant are similar, but Sam explains the former to the Squire as speech for the purpose of personal election (Attaché, 154-156). It deals with emotional issues, and arouses popular feeling:

> "Now the State o' Maine is a great place for Bunkum--its members for years threatened to run foul of England, with all steam on, and sink her, about the boundary line [between Maine and British North America], voted a million of dollars...payable in pine logs and spruce boards, up to Bangor mills--and called out a hundred thousand militia (only they never come), to capture a saw mill to New Brunswick--that's Bunkum." (Attaché, 154)

Bunkum, of course, does not consider humanity; its usual aim is to garner votes. British anti-slavery laws, says Sam, were bunkum. Although it usually deceives intentionally, bunkum does not always do so. Lord John Russell, for instance, will say for his part in giving responsible government to British North America:

> "'I was sincere, I was disinterested; but I am disappointed. I have awakened a pack of hungry villains who have sharp teeth, long claws, and the appetite of the devil. They have swallered up all I gave 'em, and now they would eat me up without salt, if they could.'" (Attaché, 155)

But the damage is done, regardless of the speaker's intentions. In Sam Slick's terms it is against the best interests of nature to be so inexperienced as not to realize the final effect of words, to break down society through speech, rather than to help it progress.

Cant is usually the religious and social parallel of bunkum. Particularly prone to cant are the Abolitionists, the hysterical women of Boston who consider the Indians to be noble savages (Sam thinks that they are noble, but they are savages, not gentlemen). Harriet Beecher Stowe in particular, believes anything bad about white men in relation to negroes. The word cant comes, in Sam's opinion, from John Canter (Clock., II, 218-219), whose oversimplified theories ignore the practical

effects of abolition on American society. Time and time again, Sam tells of free negroes who are shunned by whites. Even in Halifax negroes are gulled: the young negro is off to an Abolition meeting, which to him means food and dancing. An old negro corrects him: Abolition means being unprepared for freedom, being uncared for; it means freezing and starving (Wise Saws, II, 214-217). It is being free, but only theoretically equal to whites. It is the negro cook on the sailing vessel being forced to drink liquor and then to give an entertaining lecture on Abolition; it is Dr. Query, despised because he takes advantage of a profession he has the right to enter, but has no qualifications for. Although Sam Slick does not like negroes as a group, he is always superficially polite to them. But he is "American" enough, crude enough, and unthinking enough, to include the most derogatory images of negroes in his speech, as a matter of course. Although the partial effect of this is to strengthen the backwoodsman-riverman aspect of Sam's character, and is also intended to effect the satire of hysteria and sentimentality of Abolitionists by shocking them with portraits of negroes, Sam's negro imagery is completely unacceptable. It panders to stereotyped conceptions and to myths about negroes and denies their dignity and individuality.

Related to his satire of Abolitionists are Sam's views that instead of hysterical cant, the negroes must be trained to be prepared for liberty--sufficiently educated in religion and useful arts to give them practical independence (Nature, II, 13):

> "Slavery in the abstract is a thing that nobody approves of, or attempts to justify. We all consider it an evil--but unhappily it was entailed upon us by our forefathers, and has now grown to be one of such

> magnitude that it is difficult to know how to deal with it." (Nature, II, 319)

The cant of Ahab Meldrum, which throws his congregation into a mad frenzy, and of Dr. Query, who nonsensically uses Greek to impress his congregation, is no different from that of the Abolitionists and the politicians who cry "Reform" and "Responsible Government":

> "Now that's the case with his Responsible Government...As soon as the state coach begins to run down hill the people call out to the Governor 'Tournez la Mécanique' and he gets puzzled and roars out to the Secretary, 'Tournez la Mecanique,' and he gets mad, and sais, 'D-n you, Tournez la Mecanique yourself.' None of 'em knows the word--the coach runs down the hill like lightnin', upsets and smashes everything. That comes a not speakin' plain English." (Attaché, 282)

The destructive force of bunkum, cant, jargon, preciosity, and romantic fantasy in speech and writing is always opposed by the energy and precision of Sam Slick's speech. Occasionally, he does fall disastrously into the standard idiom of the Squire, or into the bombastic style of American politicians, but the Squire explains that it would be infelicitous to omit the latter from his presentation of Sam's character (Nature, I, 328). Of the former, Sam reprimands the Squire in Nature and Human Nature for editing his speech so that there is less dialect. Doing so has made him into someone other than Sam Slick, the Clockmaker, from Slickville, Onion County, Connecticut. Neither is the Squire to insert Americanism to make his character more uniform. His bragging and dialect are Sam Slick. His speech and vocation are low, but by American standards this is nothing to be ashamed of--and it is by American standards that he insists on being judged--for Franklin was a printer and Washington

a surveyor (Nature, I, 10-23). This admonition against self-deception is an important point in the Sam Slick books. Sam's vigorous speech, itself, underlines a major theme--the validity of North American energy and its expression, with, of course, circumscription of that energy by the forces that have shaped Sam--nature, the Reverend Hopewell, and wide experience.

Sam Slick, as an alienated figure of the life-force in North America, succeeds often as an antithesis to the destructive forces in the satiric scenes. His energy and primitiveness are often the strengths of the books. However, on the broad and complex themes--of liberalism and reform in politics, for instance--he is not convincing. He seldom strikes a universal note; he does not engage the reader with irony and insight. There is, consequently, a breakdown in the fictional validity of the satire, and much of it is mired in oversimplification, prejudice, and sentimentality. Haliburton's forte is in what his characters know from experience--rural Nova Scotia, procrastinating fishermen, an English country weekend, an elegant gipseying, a camp meeting. It is "human natur'" that we are convinced that Sam Slick and the Squire know, not political, economic, or social theory.

CHAPTER II

THOMAS McCULLOCH

Although Thomas McCulloch's letters by Mephibosheth Stepsure appeared in the Acadian Recorder in 1821, fifteen years before Haliburton's Sam Slick letters appeared in the Nova Scotian, McCulloch's significance is more fully apparent when he is discussed against the background of Haliburton's writing. In the works of the two satirists, opposing movements in Canadian satire become apparent. The most obvious and perhaps the most important are the two points of view which appear again and again in our literature, the worldly and sophisticated, and the puritanical and homely. Rising from these points of view are images of the Canadian experience as domestic, rural, and provincial--and self-satisfied--and as restless, seeking, and international. Haliburton brings the broad scope to his writing in setting, in subject, in the experience of his characters, and in allusion to history, to contemporary literature, the classics, and the Bible. McCulloch's vision, in the Letters, is narrow. It is focused on one community in Nova Scotia, and there is no suggestion that one need concern himself with anything beyond the bare needs of Christian existence in a new land. McCulloch's viewpoint is centered on the individual in relation to God; Haliburton's is centered upon the individual in relation to his society and its relation to other places, other times. Money is central to Stepsure's life, the acquisition of which seems to be one of the promises of the promised land. Haliburton, however, while he is obviously aware of money, dwells not on it, but on an assumed

equation between the financial well-being of the society and hard work and intelligent politics.

As an artist, McCulloch does not always reach the level of Haliburton, but there are two letters in which he reveals talents superior to the writings that constitute the text of The Letters of Mephibosheth Stepsure. These two letters are a reply to "Censor," who had objected in the columns of the Acadian Recorder to McCulloch's use of low imagery in his satiric scenes. McCulloch's reply is that low imagery is appropriate, and that poetic diction and classical allusion are inappropriate, to North American wilderness writing. The controlling image of this reply--a mock dream vision of a journey up Parnassus to hear Apollo's wisdom--is a bouquet of Parnassan flowers stuck in a pad of cow dung. Thus McCulloch, as well as Haliburton, expressly states the inadequacy of imitated English literary expression in accommodating the North American experience.

Canadian satire would have been much richer had McCulloch taken the care with the letters he came to call The Letters of Mephibosheth Stepsure that he did with his reply to "Censor."

The letters "by Mephibosheth Stepsure" appeared in the Halifax newspaper The Acadian Recorder between December 22, 1821, and May 11, 1822. They were very successful, and in November of 1822, Thomas McCulloch, the author, entitled a manuscript of the sixteen letters The Chronicles of Our Town, or, a Peep at America, and sent it to Glasgow to be published. William Blackwood, of Edinburgh Magazine offered seventy-five pounds for it, but was refused by McCulloch. It was not published until 1862,

nineteen years after McCulloch's death, under the title of The Letters of Mephibosheth Stepsure. The text of the 1862 publication differs only slightly from the original letters.[1] Although McCulloch wrote six other Stepsure letters, only the two replies to his critic "Censor" have ever been published.[2]

The satiric scenes of the Letters are based on the decline of able colonists into various forms of degradation through laziness, vanity, gambling, drinking, gossip, and worldly ambition. The norms, Stepsure himself, Saunders Scantocreesh, Parson Drone, and Stepsure's cousin Harrow, are independent, self-righteous, prudent, materialistic, God-fearing, unadventurous, and unworldly men. Hard work, money, and well-cared for farmlands, buildings and houses are their symbols of their successful, religious lives as productive settlers.

Although McCulloch was vitally interested in education, it is not particularly relevant to the Letters. They are concerned with the unproductive individual. There is little concern, in contrast to Haliburton, with fulfilling the promise of the land for the sake of the colony as a whole. In the Letters, one works hard because "The Deity has endowed man with activity: He has placed him in circumstances, in which activity expended upon industrious pursuits acquires property; and property enables him to enjoy the comforts of life, and to be the friend of every good and benevolent design.... It is the industrious and benevolent Christian whom his Lord esteems: the man who combines religious principles and worship with activity, industry, and diffuse benevolence."[3] Further, man has been given the ability to work to remove the curse of the Fall, to

"'curb his vices,'" and to "'protect him from innumerable miseries'": "'A life without care would not satisfy man; and thorns and thistles, and barren land, were sent to give him something to think about'" (Letter 12, 103). By labor, man restores "'beauty and fruitfulness'" to nature; he "'gladdens the wilderness and solitary place.'" It is not Nova Scotia, or even Pictou that will, through labor, "blossom and rejoice," but each individual's farmland, each man's home, each man's relationship with God.

McCulloch's similarity with Haliburton and his influence on Haliburton are often made much of, but as Fred Cogswell points out, it "has been greatly exaggerated."[4] Sam Slick and the Squire strive for an economically, politically, and religiously stable society. Sam sees the beauty of external nature, without man's hand, as a manifestation of God's grandeur. To McCulloch, Nature requires the work of man, to be transformed into something pleasing to God. The similarities between the two writers are in their images of time-wasting farmers and townsmen and in their images of waste and degradation. Sam Slick and the Squire are isolated because their ideal societies are far away, in England, or in the past. Mephibosheth Stepsure can never be isolated or alienated because he has, or is capable of attaining the best Nova Scotian earthly condition without the help of others. So long as Stepsure works hard, has a wife, has only a few occasional friends, is not profligate of either time or money, and so long as he follows the dictates of his Presbyterian religion, he is secure.

The sermons of Parson Drone provide the most specific religious background in the Letters, but the whole of the book is strongly inclined

to religious allusion. Stepsure's name comes from Samuel II, and provides the proper implication of kingly and holy approval of his character. Stepsure's lameness--that is, his inability to perambulate the countryside, to tavern, or to neighbor, and his inferiority to those who can dance and are whole--is, symbolically, favored. His lameness makes his "step sure" because he realizes his limitations as a fallen man and realizes what is required to make him whole again: adherence to Presbyterian doctrine and biblical injunction to keep him from following the paths of frivolity, vanity, and worldly ambition which have attracted the satiric victims of the Letters. His motto, as satirist, is "I will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh" (Proverbs 1, 25). It is important to note, concerning the image of Stepsure, that in Proverbs, it is Wisdom who will laugh and mock.

Stepsure is relentless in advancing himself over his spendthrift neighbors. He and his wife are a "homespun couple" to whom "time is money," and they are fawned upon by the storekeeper, Mr. Ledger, because they pay cash for their goods; they sell their farm produce only to "those whose payment gave me no trouble," although they are willing to "help a poor settler beginning in the world." Stepsure sells at a reasonable rate and is concerned about the quality of his goods. He raises only what is saleable. He keeps all his farm tools in good order and never lends them and never borrows from others. He never over-works his "cattle" or his fields; he "labours for profit" (Letter 14, 118-121).

Stepsure's precision and rationality, his habit of over-simplification, his self-righteousness, his materialism and his individualism, are not,

however, softened by his sense of humor, by his free use of low imagery, or by his graceful style, and he emerges as an unsocial, self-centered and priggish materialist:

> "I have a pair of lame legs--I stay home--I mind my own affairs--I wear homespun, and I have become wealthy by farming." (Letter 4, 125)

There is much of Stepsure in the "level-headedness" of Leacock's Mariposans, and in the members of his Mausoleum Club, in Robertson Davies' gallery of pinch-faced Ontario-ans, in some of Richler's Protestants, and in Earle Birney's Mr. Legion, in "Damnation of Vancouver."

The structure of the letters is usually that of the rake's progress, or as Northrop Frye explains, of the lazy apprentice[5] who begins with advantages--in McCulloch's case, land, timber, some money, and energy--and dissipates them through vice, and ends in disgrace. These satiric letters (Letters 1-7 and 15) are balanced by largely non-satiric letters which narrate the history of Stepsure (Letters 8-14, nearly one-half). The latter recount Stepsure's birth, indenturing, acquisition of his own land, initial successes and the envy of neighbors, marriage, and becoming wealthy. His history is the rise of the industrious apprentice.[6]

The letters which tell of Stepsure's rise tend to lose their fictional integrity through their obvious didacticism, and through Stepsure's character, which is too perfect, too superior, to maintain itself for long. The virtues of the Letters lie, ironically, however, in that very perfection of Stepsure the perfect Presbyterian, and in the vital satiric scenes of individual letters.

There are two chief satiric images that dominate the satiric scene, the images of houses and images of movement. Both patterns of satiric

imagery are paralleled by images of the norms: Stepsure's simple, log home is cheerful, full of contentment, efficiently managed, unpretentious, neat, and snug. In satiric scenes, houses are decrepit. Stepsure's relative immobility forms a pattern to parallel the satiric images of movement.

The exteriors of pretentious houses conceal poor workmanship, shoddy furniture, and unhappiness. Jack Scorem (Letter 2, 14-20), begins as an excellent wood-chopper who has good wood-lot. To show the world that "he had begun in earnest" (Letter 2, 14), he buys the materials for a large house--on credit, one of McCulloch's most frequent satiric targets. The house with its "white cupboards and green corners and window facings" has "a very pretty appearance," but it is unfinished inside. Partitions and ceilings are only loose boards. Winter comes and there is no protection for the animals because proper shelters were never built: the lumber went into the house. Jack's crops have suffered because of the time Jack spent building the house. He receives more credit from Ledger, the storekeeper, and goes deeper into debt because the more he earns to pay off the debt, the richer he feels, and the more gowns, ribbons, laces, and rum he and his wife buy to keep up appearances. He does not work on his house or his crops but cuts wood to sell to Ledger, who exports it. Jack and his wife make more trips to buy from the store. The debt increases and Jack mortgages his farm to Ledger who is, in turn, indebted to Mr. Balance. The years pass and the house deteriorates--the paint disappears, windows are broken and filled with "a plentiful supply of old hats, trousers, and the like; at the same time keeping out the cold, and

proving that those within had once worn clothes" (Letter 2, 19). The interior of the house has deteriorated; the loose boards forming the ceilings and partitions have become looser. Discontentment within the house prevails as Jack is unable to provide for the many needs of his many children. The physical condition of the house parallels the decay of the marriage, of the welfare of the children, and of Jack's morality. He becomes a drunkard and goes to jail for his debts. "'Before I left home,'" Stepsure says, "'his little boys were at my house, asking a few potatoes to keep them from starving'" (Letter 2, 20).

Mr. Pumpkin has a similarly impressive exterior to his house, but again, there is nothing finished inside it: the family lives in one corner of it; "pigs, dogs, carts, and fowls, all make use of it too"; Pumpkin's daughters' finery hangs around the house on nails and pegs in the walls. Pumpkin has no foresight. His methods of farming waste his time. The family at last removes the clothes that stuff the broken windows, to wear them, and tears off the clapboards for other uses.

Loopy's house, on the other hand, is "a little log hut, covered with spruce bark" (Letter 9, 73). This scene is not so complete as the others because Loopy and his wife are merely lazy: they are doomed before they begin. They wear finery, but the house is dirty and uncomfortable. Pigs share the house; the furniture is broken; the dirty dishes remain on the table "amidst scraps of pork or fish and piles of potato skins" (Letter 9, 74). On the nails in the walls hang the family's fine "gowns, petticoats, and trousers," which none of these homes is without.

The particular vitality of these satiric scenes in which the house provides the central image is due to their vivid detail. The symbolic

function of the house is quite powerful throughout. It is a metaphor for the soul. Stepsure is the ideal Presbyterian settler; his house, his marriage, his land, his crops, orchard, and animals are as well-managed as possible by fallen man, but descriptions of them are as uninspiring as the descriptions of the others are lively. Stepsure will be able to answer with surety "'the injunction of his Master [and] say at His appearance, "I have been glorifying thee upon earth; I have been finishing the works which thou gavest me to do"'" (Letter 13, 114). Stepsure's house symbolizes the perfection of earthly endeavor; it parallels, with its limitations brought about by man's fallen state, the Heavenly House.

To Stepsure, every unnecessary step away from home is a step toward spiritual deterioration: visiting, frequent trips to Ledger's store, to the tavern, to Halifax, and to jobs off the farm, result in "going to Mr. Holdfast's house," the jail. The tavern is a house on which Stepsure expends considerable satiric energy. Mr. Soakem's success as an affable tavern keeper brings about his ruin: "From the hurry of travellers... family prayers and graces would be sometimes hurried over, and sometimes omitted"; his children are left to look after the tavern when their father, Soakem, goes abroad "to maintain his reputation," to show "how a gentleman ought to behave" (Letter 3, 27). The children neglect the inn; travellers stop coming and the inn becomes a "habitation of the wicked." Soon, Soakem's only comfort is liquor; he goes to jail; his children are "drunken vagabonds," his daughters, "pert, idle hussies without industry and economy." Soakem ends in jail "poring upon the cards, and the grog before him" (Letter 3, 28).

The solidity of the home and the contentment of the family are lost in Soakem's case because of his ambition to be rich. His deterioration is marked by the extent of his wanderings, first away from farming to innkeeping, away from innkeeping to gentlemanly visiting, and finally to jail. Images of movement away from home are metaphors for the dispersal of energies, which, properly unified, ultimately acquire the pleasure of the Lord: hard work for the body, religion for the soul, and education for the mind, produce the paradise on earth, the happy home, well-kept lands and orchards, and money. It follows that an honestly thriving economy in Nova Scotia will please God; Stepsure's readers are under religious injunction to succeed.

The vain ambition of Hector Shootem leads him to join the local militia as a captain in officer's finery, although when the pigs steal his trousers, his wife has to make him another pair from one of her petticoats. Their poverty does not deter Hector from spending his time away from his fields, attending to military affairs which are excellently ridiculed in the mock-heroic Battle of Scorem's corner in which the militia successfully routes a herd of pigs. They are the same pigs that later, in revenge, steal Hector's trousers from the clothes line. Because his duties are away from home, Shootem has no money to pay his debts, and Mr. Catchem, the sheriff, "begged him to accept a lodging in his house" (Letter 13, 113).

Other acquaintances of Stepsure's travel to the mill, the store, the blacksmith's, to the woods to cut timber (instead of to their own woodlot), and to various houses to preach fundamentalist sermons and to proselytize. Mr. Gypsum, who owns a good farm to begin with, puts his extra money into

ships exporting gypsum and importing gin, tea, and other luxuries into the community. Soon he becomes involved in smuggling and when storms wreck his ship, which in turn wrecks his own unmended dyke, his land is flooded, and Gypsum lands in jail. Had he stayed home and mended his dyke and grown crops on the reclaimed land, he would not have lost all his assets. Importing luxuries into the pioneer community breaks down the society because such luxuries create a shortage of money for essentials and create a need to visit in order to show off fine new clothes, ornamented watches, ready-made boots, whips, and spurs; gin and brandy and tobacco also demand social occasions. Although the shipments of these goods improve the appearance of the town in general, and of the church congregation in particular, they increase the debts owed by those who succumb to vanity. Only Parson Drone and few others refrain from indulgence in "superfine": "Homespun and homely fare were to be found only with a few hard-fisted old folks, whose ideas could never rise above labour and saving" (Letter 1, 7).

As does Haliburton, McCulloch satirizes those who are never content to stay in Nova Scotia and work, and who put the blame for their lack of success on the land. They feel the same about Nova Scotia as did some of the early United Empire Loyalists who called the colony "Nova Scarcity." McCulloch's characters prefer Ohio to Nova Scotia, or the Cape of Good Hope, or Botany Bay where their hopes lie in cheap labor, the "white niggers" that they feel the British government sends for the benefit of the vanity of "genteel families like the Goslings" (Letter 1, 11). Other colonists prefer Upper Canada, or "some other country better worth living in" (Letter 14, 124).

Against these images of debilitating movement and deteriorating houses are the security of Stepsure's house, Parson Drone's church, and Stepsure's lameness. The satiric picture is not complete with decay and movement, however. Poor religious education and observance, the misuse of credit, evangelism, uncleanliness, discontentment in marriage, and the usual puritan sins of drinking, gambling, fighting, lying, and dancing, are satirized with vivid, often effectively low imagery, and, frequently, a superciliousness that functions as biting irony. For instance, Stepsure's townspeople resemble pigs in that they quarrel like pigs, get themselves "beat and abused like pigs [and] return to the same place and company with as much eagerness as if nothing had happened" (Letter 14, 116). Concerning education, Stepsure explains: "Our people, indeed, do a great deal for the instruction of youth...they are initiated into the mysteries by having tea-parties and frolics for their little companions. When our youth get a little further on, the boys are taught to get upon the mare and go errands, and also to read and write a little..." (Letter 15, 127). The need for domestic abilities in a pioneer society is ignored by families who send their girls to Mrs. McCackle: for their husbands, these girls will be able to "paint flowers and make filigree work...sing and dance delightfully...and play upon the pianoforte so well, that in frollicking times old Driddle is now often out of employment" (Letter 15, 127). To these girls and their instructress, it is a perversion of common sense to imagine anyone except the vulgar washing clothes, scrubbing floors, or preparing a meal.

Stepsure is harsh with his neighbors, but he does not agree with trying to reform by corporal punishment. The local school teacher, Pat O'rafferty,

teaches by flogging and giving a pupil a black eye, and Stepsure disapproves. Parents who are poor examples for their children also come under his wrath. Besides gallivanting, parents teach their children through slack Presbyterianism to follow the wrong preachers. Parson Drone teaches, but few come to him; instead they chase after Mrs. Sham, Mrs. Clippit, Parson Howl, and Yelpit, all of whom are independent preachers. Their converts, according to Scantocreesh, Stepsure's friend, are "fit for nothing else but singing hymns and cheating" (Letter 15, 128). They are of no use in the world. The functional nature of Stepsure's Presbyterianism is seen not only in his house and lands, but in his cousin's and Scantocreesh's acquisition of mortgaged land.

The place of education in the life of the contented religious person is important; for it is, to Parson Drone, basic to the human constitution to be curious and to desire knowledge: "'When the mind is not adding to its stock of information, it becomes dissatisfied'" (Letter 14, 117), he says, and agrees with Haliburton's Squire in his opinion that Nova Scotians are, because of their low level of education, unable to use their minds to any worthwhile advantage; their curiosity drives them only to "'travel about the town to learn what their neighbours are doing'" and to talk about Snout's pigs (Letter 14, 117). While education is, thus, an important aspect of the whole religious person, Stepsure does not, however, make as important an issue of it as he does of religious observance and domestic and economic stability.

Stepsure's virtues of self-reliance, the acquisition of property, and immobility, seem, in the abstract, admirably suited to a pioneer

society, but the hard-faced, self-made men have been satirized since, even by Sam Slick and the Squire, who while they despised slovenliness, they admired dancing, a bottle, a pipe, in short, whatever is "nateral" to man. The hard-faced independence of Stepsure has done its share to produce much of the provincialism which has plagued Canada since; and Stepsure's life is the same life that drives Robertson Davies' character Ethel, in "Overlaid," to near madness and the sterile desire to have a suitably respectable, but expensive, gravestone.

But Mephibosheth Stepsure claims to be happy and witty and contented. He may seem to be opportunistic and to gloat over his neighbors' misfortunes, over even their sufferings, but he feels that he will be ready, when the Lord comes, to inhabit that better Mansion.

It is the discrepancy between the image of the very religious narrow man and his use of low imagery that constitutes one of the main interests in The Letters of Mephibosheth Stepsure. The low images, such as Hodge's flatulence at the tea dance (Letter 16, 137) and the urine stains from the upper storey windows ("occasioned by certain nocturnal distillations which, on a cold winter's night, it is not always convenient to carry to the door" Letter 2, 19) carry considerable satiric force, as do the repulsive images of the interiors of houses, the jail, a stomach bloated with cabbage, of ragged, starving children, and of dirty dishes amid the remains of meals.

When Stepsure parades his own virtues, or when Parson Drone is sermonizing, the irony is absent, and the narrative plot becomes tedious. The metaphor falters, and instead of Mephibosheth as the favored servant

of David, or as the voice of Wisdom, or even as fallen man making the most of his limitations, we get in the non-satiric letters a self-righteous, miserly materialist. In one sense, the sure step of this satirist is his undoing; his unadventuresomeness may produce a good crop of grain, but it also produces repetitive letters. As in so many Canadian satires, the potential is there, but it is not developed. There is a tendency to melodrama in the satires; there is a general lack of variety in imagery and plot. However, the Letters deserve a prominent place in Canadian satire because of the image of the hard-faced puritan that is so important to Canadian literature.

CHAPTER III

STEPHEN LEACOCK

J. D. Logan, writing in Canadian Magazine in 1921, undertakes to explain why there has been no writer of humor to succeed T. C. Haliburton. Among his answers are the curious ones that in Upper Canada democracy was too entrenched to permit "artistic satire," and that Canadians have no genius for "comic conception" because "their cultural education is not fitted to cause them to perceive the spiritual significance of the comic or to change their Puritan or Calvinistic moral conspectus of existence into a universal conspectus of life and the universe"--which is to give a sense of the incongruity of man's ordered world in the "defiantly incongruous Whole." The cosmic outlook, which is the comic, sees this relationship.[1] While it is strange to consider that Haliburton possessed such a cosmic view, it is even stranger that Professor Logan did not recognize that Stephen Leacock, who by 1921 had been writing for eleven years, based his satire and humor on the cosmic view that Logan explains. Leacock refers to it in an essay "American Humour"[2] published in 1916.

However, Leacock does not follow in the tradition of Haliburton, although they do share many similar ideas--a fondness for the idea of the British Empire and the Crown; a distaste for American commercialism and ostentation; a desire for a conservative, stable society, and a general distrust of elections and of the intelligence of the electorate.

In many ways, however, these two satirists are far apart. Leacock distrusts the English aristocracy and any hereditary power; he is fervent in his concern for the social welfare of the poor, the aged, and the workers; he is luke-warm toward organized religion. He frequently, though superficially, deals with the effects on his society of changes in education, with radio and telephone, and with the movies, particularly their violence. He writes about literature, in both fiction and non-fiction, and complains about the dullness of contemporary drama.

Both men, in their writings, are alienated from their societies. Haliburton never did resolve his dilemma, writing about it until almost the end of his life; but Leacock found a solution early in life for his feelings, the literary approaches of nonsense and generality. In these he hides his disappointment, perhaps with himself, but certainly with the rest of mankind whose failure to adopt the cosmic view of their existence makes them take themselves too seriously: Leacock cannot, then, be serious, himself, and this takes its toll in his writing. His work often says almost nothing, and his satiric scenes seem at times to be deliberately ruined by nonsense and vagueness. Despite his attempts to prevent his writing from being satiric--that is, serious--on examination, its basis can be seen to be in a critical, though often petty, vision of mankind's stupidity, lack of humility, and self-deception.

Stephen Leacock was such a foe of scholarly seriousness that he often refused to discuss details of his theories. In his book, <u>My Discovery of</u>

the West, he includes a plan to populate Vancouver Island by bringing, at government expense, British gentry and their tenants to the Island. He would give them free, sizable estates and leave them to construct a manorial system. They are to build their own roads, establish bridge tolls, schools, a local telephone system of some sort, and get their fuel out of the bush. Leacock is not interested in the details of the plan. He is interested only in the idea of populating Canada with British subjects and of stressing gentleman farming, "the most natural of all human activities," which is a way of life antithetical to the materialism of Canadian society: "All we need is to bring back again the lost art of losing money like a gentleman."[3] But, he says, "the details are nothing...I always refuse to discuss details."[4] The idea is the important thing. To have indulged in fine detail would have been pedantic. It would have made the travel commentator into a social planner.

This approach is occasional in Leacock's non-fiction, but in many of his fictional pieces it is frequent. Often, however, presenting only the idea leads to ruinous vagueness and oversimplification which may be compounded by the slightness of the subject: the result is that besides the Sunshine Sketches and the Arcadian Adventures there is only a handful of significant pieces amid the hundreds that he wrote.

Leacock's determination to avoid serious matter seriously presented is founded in his view that the affairs of man are ludicrous when seen from the cosmic, ultimate view. The incongruity of man's self-importance and the reality of his insignificance are the source of his humor. To be deadly serious, then, only heightens the incongruity. The best that man

can do is to avoid misery by common sense economics, turn reality into invigorating illusion and man's stupidity into a joke.[5] Hence it is that common sense, the value of illusion, and the joke are the staples of Leacock's fiction. But the joke is dependent on the presentation of the subject as vain, self-interested, or hypocritical, which is the process of satire. Further, satire, for Leacock, gives meaning to humor, and satire without a good proportion of humor is unacceptable.[6] But satire is not usually the end in the Leacock sketch because satire is serious. The end is in turning the victim of the satire, and even the satire itself, into nonsense, to make it one of the jokes of the universe.

Leacock's nonsense generally occupies one of two positions in relation to the satiric scene. Nonsense can constitute the scene, or it can be separate from the scene and function to throw the validity of the sketch into doubt because the imagery and tone of the nonsense bear too little relationship to the humor of the scene. This kind of nonsense is a form of violent author intervention into a scene. It may take many forms, but it is always incongruous--a pun, an ambiguous statement, a character who is disproportionately ludicrous, or a statement perhaps, that is completely irrelevant, such as the little girl's comment in "We are Seven." She says suddenly to Wordsworth as he questions her about her family, "'please move your overshoe off my neck.'"[7]

An example of the breakdown of fiction because of nonsense is "Oroastus: A Greek Tragedy," a satire on Greek tragedy. The King in this "drama" is bombarded by misfortune. Not only (among other things) is his

wife killed, but his dog is also. The idea of the satire is that the unrelenting sorrow of Greek tragedy is ridiculous because art is supposed to transform reality into an illusion that removes us from the actuality, not to intensify the actuality. Therefore in order to show the degree of the absolute ridiculousness of tragedy, the satirist introduces the nonsense of the dog. The image of the dog is not part of the satiric scene: there is no analogy with Greek tragedy because dogs are not a convention of Greek tragedy. The fiction breaks down. The dog is an incongruous element that introduces the cosmic viewpoint of the ridiculous and diminishes not only tragedy still further than the satire does, but also the "legitimate" satire itself, because the objectivity and integrity of the satirist are thrown into doubt. Nonsense prevents the Leacock satirist from making a serious statement.

When nonsense constitutes the satiric scene, there is in effect no breakdown of fiction because there is no fiction established. Analogy outside of the sketch is attempted, but it is not credible. "The Outline of Shakespeare" is really a satire on literary scholarship, there being nothing in it that is particularly relevant to writers of outlines. The writer is, however, so hopelessly stupid that there is no credible analogy with any critic. An example from "The Outline of Shakespeare" will illuminate the weakness of nonsense as satiric scene:

> But we ourselves are under no misapprehension as to what is Shakespeare's and what is not. There is a touch which we recognize every time. When we see the real Shakespeare, we know it. Thus, whenever it says "A Tucket Sounds. Enter Gloucester with Hobboes, we know that Shakespeare, and only Shakespeare, could have thought of that. In fact Shakespeare could bring in things that were all his own, such as:--"Enter Cambridge followed by an Axe." Enter Oxford followed by a Link."[8]

The techniques of nonsense suggest a kind of self-destruction in Leacock; the subject and the integrity of scene are wilfully destroyed when the cosmic eye is turned on them. Further, the author's integrity is often impugned for superficiality, over-simplification, and distortion, in his attempt to show that man's ways are often ridiculous and, at the same time, to rob that very statement of seriousness.

In Leacock's worst writing, the proportion of satire to nonsense weighs heavily with nonsense, which means that the satiric scene is not well developed. In such writing there is a lack of effective imagery, and of any display of intelligence in humor, wit, or energy of diction. These pieces contrast easily to the better ones which are based on a vivid, concrete satiric scene.

Many of his parodies of plays, novels, and stories have the weaknesses of dead imagery and mere statement. Silly plays are merely made sillier, their dull characters and improbable situations are usually only slightly less dull and are so improbable, and the "humor" so remote from the object parodied, that parody becomes mere invention. This exaggeration may be consistent with Leacock's vision of the incongruity of men's pretensions and their ultimate insignificance, but it is a failure of satire.

"The Soul Call," from Over the Footlights, is an apt example of this failure. The parody is of a contemporary play "In Which a Man and Woman, Both Trying to Find Themselves, Find One Another." It is an "Up-to-Date Piffle Play." In such plays, the satirist tells us, "marriage, which used to be a sacrament, [and] became a contract...is now a problem."[9]

Part of the satiric scene of the whole is an expensive theatre, with soft seats, red lights turned down low, and patrons in furs, evening gowns, and tuxedos. The set is realistic--there is a real fire in the fireplace. But the satirist does nothing with the realistic set, and there is no reason established why such a play should attract only the wealthy.

We are told that the Piffle play has been written to be analysed; that is its purpose. The characters in the play are two couples, a butler and a maid. One young man, who has soul, is in love with his friend's wife, who also has soul. Their lines express the emptiness of their lives: "'What is there in life? One simply lives.'"[10] The other pair of spouses are the opposite. They attend dog shows and look at the dogs, rather than at each other over the cages. They are interested in money. While the other couple are carefully planning to poison them and the maid and the butler, they pack their bags and slip away together to Cuba.

The audience is enthralled with the trivia on the stage, such as lighting cigarettes and yawning. Ironies are obvious and entrance the audience. It has felt itself flattered by a problem play, and when the play is over, it "wraps its furs round its neck and goes home with a problem theme to ponder over and with an impression of profound thought."[11]

The inane and dull characters and plot, the pretentious "problem," and the vain audience are ludicrous in the extreme, but nothing happens within the satiric scene; there is nothing that makes "The Soul Call" anything more than one supposes the original play to have been, nothing in

the characterizations, the logic, or the imagery, although the potential is there as it so often is in Leacock's satiric scenes. In these lines of the introspective Helga, for instance, the illogic, the imagery of smallness, and the self-pity are promising, but are undeveloped in the play:

> "Sometimes I sit by myself and think, and try to analyse myself and everything seems so small and myself so small too, as if nothing really mattered, just like an infinitely small bit of something bigger, something lost in itself and looking for itself...."[12]

The potential dissipates partly in the attempt to make the character of Helga more obviously ludicrous: "'I must think it out. I must analyze myself and Havana. Listen, Lionel, let me think a month. Perhaps it will be clearer then.'"[13] Nothing emanates from the play, as metaphor, and the problem play is surely a promising subject. There are only the statements that silly plays are silly and that pretentious audiences are easily flattered.

The satiric scenes of two other parodies in Over the Footlights are interesting because of their subjects, and because they are good examples of the dubious validity of many Leacock scenes. "Oroastus: A Greek Tragedy," and "The Sub-Contractor: An Ibsen Play. Done out of the Original Norwegian with an axe," parody only the superficial aspects of the respective dramatic types. The tragedy, "Oroastus," parodies Greek tragedies, but does it badly because the constituents of the scene are not really applicable to the tragedies. To the satirist in "Oroastus," Greek is impossible to translate satisfactorily, and Greek tragedies are repetitive, slow of action, tediously stylized and of unremitting seriousness.

Leacock has stated his views on Greek language and literature in two of his essays, "Homer and Humbug" and "What Good is Latin?" In the former essay he concludes with a mocking note to Classics professors:

> "The classics are only primitive literature. They belong to the same class as primitive machinery and primitive music and primitive medicine...."[14]

After stating in the latter essay that Greek is only for the philologist (and the Apostles), seemingly because it is so complex and difficult a language that the student never sees the end of the textbook, he goes on to Greek literature:

> To my mind the wit of Aristophanes is about as funny as the jokes of a village cut-up. To name him in the class with people like Charles Dickens and Mark Twain and A. P. Herbert and Bob Benchley and myself is just nonsense. This statement is absolute and without appeal.
>
> But for the rest of Greek literature, let it pass. The world has no time for it....[15]

"Oroastus" (cf. Orestes) has within its satiric scenes all of the objections in those essays. The King, Oroastus, spends much of his time on stage moaning "Aie! Aie! Aie!" Everything bad happens to him. He has no chance against the Fates, the Chorus, or the Herald. The Herald is maddeningly slow and constantly bringing bad tidings:

> Herald: Terrible are the tidings.
> King: What are they?
> Herald: Something awful.
> King: Tell me what they are.
> Herald: How can I?
> King: Go at it (or perhaps go to it).[16]
>
> Herald: Dark indeed is the news and terrible is the certainty.[17]

Because there are no scene breaks in the play, Greek tragedies go on "like sawing wood...This is called the unity of drama."[18] The chorus troops on and

off the stage relentlessly pointing out the King's sorrow and calling on the audience to see the King suffer. Both the King's wife and his dog have been killed and are in Hades. The chorus lines up:

> "Look then at this standing before us King.
> What a load he has. But worse yet is coming.
> Keep your seats and watch him."[19]

The King, the Herald informs him, cannot even die, because his mausoleum has been broken into and is unfit for use:

> "But such is life, Oroastus, and it is a necessity
> of the Gods that even Death is witheld from the
> sorrowful. Aie, Aie, Aie."[20]

The play is given in Greek by the senior class; the stage curtain is a white sheet, and the entrance of the Herald, one of the favorite boys in Fi Fi Omega Society, is greeted by cries from the gallery, "'Attaboy! Good work, Teddy!'"[21]

The audience cannot watch the play because they are too busy watching their translations of the play, the footnotes of which explain when jokes occur and why they are funny. They also contain scholarly material:

> We gather from the little book...that [the]
> sentiment 'either they have a good time or they
> don't'...shows us the profundity of Diplodus. Some
> think that this places him above...Iambilichus or
> Euarbilius. Others claim that 'either they have a
> good time or they don't' shows (internally of course)
> that the life of Diplodorus was not all sorrow.[22]

The scholarly translation of the play itself is unsure and full of alternate translations. "'What awful fate hangs over (or perhaps overhangs) me... What sorrow now does the swift-moving hand (or perhaps revolving finger) of doom make for me.... What would I not give...to be let loose from this overwhelming anxiety (or perhaps this rather unusual situation).'"[23]

The satiric scene is weakest in the concept of the "play" itself. For the satirist does not present us with a Greek tragedy, or anything like one; there is only a weak burlesque, with superficial analogies to some conventions of Greek tragedy. Again, the idea is there, but the execution is not successful enough to be convincing.

The parody of Ibsen, "The Sub-Contractor" (cf. The Master-Builder) has many of the same weaknesses of "Oroastus"; it attempts a reductio ad absurdum of Ibsen's plays by burlesque. The dialogue in the "Ibsen play" is flat and "realistic": "there is no need to indicate [who] is speaking. It doesn't matter."[24] Actions, speeches and attitudes are symbolic, representing the "drang" of life, for instance, which is "like pep, except that pep is intellectual and drang is physical," or the "everlasting mother-soul" of Norwegian heroines in their loves for "bilious, disagreeable men" with only a short while to live, or the "upsurge of the elemental forces" in the sub-contractor, who is dying. Again, as in "The Soul Call" the seriousness of the speeches is suitably pretentious, and the "playwright's" purpose in the play seems to be to manufacture a problem, not to entertain. In allusion to Ghosts, the maidservant, Simp, has a hereditary taint. The sub-contractor kisses her:

> Simp: You shouldn't kiss me.
> Why not?
> I have a hereditary taint.
> Slump: (aghast) What?
> I have a hereditary taint. My grandmother died of appendicitis.[25]

The usual elements of the satiric scene of Leacock parodies are present--the dull, absurd dialogue, meaningless action, mock serious theme, and melodramatic sorrow. The satirist concludes:

> The curtain falls, leaving as usual after an Ibsen play, a profound problem stated but not solved.[26]

The problem is, apparently, the morality of deserting the sub-contractor who, because he has kissed a Norwegian maid-servant with hereditary appendicitis, has gone mad, eaten dynamite and is about to explode.

At the conclusion of "Oroastus" he rushes off from the college auditorium to catch the last show of a Saxophone Sextette, downtown, which he now infinitely prefers to Greek tragedy. He is, in a sense, trying to prevent, by his satire, certain literary types from dominating literature, as Northrop Frye describes the satirist of the "Second Phase";[27] this satirist also qualifies in the "Second Phase" on the grounds that he is quite often merely anti-intellectual.[28]

Leacock comes nearer a just balance of satire and the ludicrous that is to be found in Sunshine Sketches and the Arcadian Adventures, in some of his narratives, such as "With the Bosheviks in Berlin." The scene of "The Bosheviks" is concrete and vivid. It is set in Berlin immediately after World War I; the streets are filled with people; all the poor are starving; there is distrust and disguise everywhere. Clothes identify not individuality, but political expedience: one wears the uniform of the group that has gained power most recently. The Bolsheviks, whose motto is Universal Love, hanged the leaders of the Old Revolution yesterday; their leader wears a sheepskin coat, a shaggy beard, and carries a large knife. So do his secretary and other followers. The leader weeps publicly over the war to convince foreigners that he is sorry for the German part in the war, and at the same time worries that he is looking more humane than tough. He turns out to be the Count Boob von Boobenstein, a

Prussian, and a friend of the narrator, who had known him as a waiter in Toronto. The Count is an example of German "adaptability," a theme that is extended in the means by which the Germans plan to adapt to peace: to win it, even if they could not win the war, by forgiving the Allies by naming restaurants, bars, and hotels "The Hotel President Wilson," the "Cabaret Queen Mary," "The Grand Square of the British Navy," the "Beer Garden George V," and the "Roosevelt Saloon." Salesmen dressed in Highland Scottish costumes are about to go to Scotland to forgive Allied wrongs by offering the Scots "a line of manufactured goods as per catalogue sample." The superficiality, the hypocrisy, and the opportunism of the middle-class Germans are frequently contrasted in images of the poor in the crowded streets. The climax of the satiric scene combines the imagery of disguise, shouting crowds, and the ruthless leader-figure, not the recent Bolshevik leader, but of the new leader: The streets are suddenly filled with shouting, surging crowds; a man appears on a balcony. He is dressed in the blue overalls of a mechanic. He shouts, "'Down with Bolshevism!'" and proclaims the new revolution. Men in the crowd take off their sheepskins to reveal their readiness for the next government--they all have on blue overalls, "and in a few moments the crowd seemed transformed into a vast mass of mechanics."[29] The new government is stronger than the last; that is, it is more cruel, demanding, dictatorial. It is to be the Pan-German Government of Love. Its proclamation is to be posted:

> "If anybody dares to touch it, or to discuss it, or to look at or to be seen reading it, he will be hanged to a lamp post."[30]

The new leader is identified by the Count: he is Field Marshall Hindenburg. "The old crowd are back again."[31] The circle of German politics is complete. But the satirist does not stop here; the satiric scene of the crowd-filled streets, the weird disguises, the starvation and killings, the deceit, and the circular movement of the rise and fall of leaders of a people looking for a strong, ruthless leader, is suddenly thrown into perspective.[32] The Count and the narrator intend to flee to Toronto where the Count will resume his job as waiter. When he learns that there is now prohibition in Ontario, he refuses to go, preferring death in Germany. This twist breaks down the fiction, prevents the satire of the German people and their political instability from becoming a "serious" statement, and it diminishes Germany still further.

There is no breakdown in the fiction of the satiric scene in "The Next War" and "The New Education." Both are conventional satires in which there is little sacrifice of unity to the ludicrous. The four "Documents" of "The Next War" are interviews that the narrator presents as evidence that the next war is "already looming in sight."[33] Each specialist, Colonel Bangspark (British), General de Rochambeau-Lafayette (French), Admiral Breezy (British), and Professor Gottlos Schwefeldam (German, from Stincken, Bavaria), is completely and coolly objective, academic, and obsessed by his military interest. The British Colonel, who arrives in New York on board the Megalomania, is not concerned with which side in the coming war, whenever it comes, nations will align themselves so long as they are to be seen in the front trenches on the first day. He hopes to see a war of a magnitude that will involve most of Europe, then China

and Japan, the nations of Africa (but he is doubtful whether they can train armies in time "to get in"), and the south sea islands. The Colonel calmly evaluates the value of various peoples as cannon fodder, combining with his judgements an insufferable condescension: "'The black is a good fellow and I like him.... But I am not as yet prepared to say that we can make profitable use of him in the Next War.'" The Chinese is pacifistic "'and it will be hard to get him away from the idea of peace!" The Marquesas Islander is superior to the European in that "'his work with the blow-pipe and poison dart antedates the use of poison in European warfare.'" It was the Colonel himself who first introduced gun-powder to the Paradise Islands.[34] The Colonel fully expects that his own wife and daughter will be blown up when the war begins--whenever it does begin.

The image of people as objects for use by military experts, and of whole nations as the third person singular makes a chilling satiric scene. General Lafayette, in "Document No. 2," finds that New York hotels, large stores, railway stations, and particularly the Metropolitan Museum, are excellent targets because of their beauty and size. It is only reasonable that if bombs are for destruction, the largest, richest, and most beautiful buildings are the best targets. The English Admiral, in "Document No. 3," sees a naval war between the Americans and English as a means of communication to promote good understanding. "Document No. 4," however, is vividly concrete. Understatement dominates effectively as in "Document No. 1"; populations are to be obliterated by gas, and crops are to be destroyed by another poison. The piece is climaxed with the image of the professor himself collapsing, coughing, a martyr to his profession, the ultimate act of obsession.

It is one of Leacock's fears that modern communications--radio, movies, television--will supplant the imagination and that the violence of contemporary entertainment will become a "part of home life."[35] The speed and immediacy of modern communications cut out the mystery and fantasy that the distant world of slow communications provided in the author's childhood. Replacing it is a two dimensional world--of the movies for instance: racketeers, gangsters, murders, trials, jails, "all our bright new world spinning at its best."[36] The world of 1938, contrasted with the late Victorian world when wars in China and earthquakes in Japan were merely the distanced stuff of imagination, is a "little world...shrunken, crowded--noisy and quarrelsome; it is like a street alley where there was once a silent wood."[37]

The loss of imagination in contemporary society, which distresses Leacock and frequently constitutes his satiric imagery, is often attributable to change that has taken place in education. He resents changes in curricula to accommodate subjects (such as Sociology) that he considers insufficiently difficult to be taught; he charges that courses have been simplified to accommodate girls in Physics and the rich in Classics. He resents students being trained in applied sciences in a university, rather than in a technical college, and he resents the professor's apparent relegation to the position of dispenser of examinable material and controller of examinations, in contradiction of the origins of the old European universities. The university, he feels, is the place for the search for truth:

> For real wisdom,--obtainable only by a few--is substituted a nickel-plated make-believe obtainable by any person of

> ordinary intellect who has the money, and who has also, in the good old Latin sense, the needful assiduity.[38]

The nickel-plated make-believe education is the subject of "The New Education." The satiric scene revolves around the Bright Young Thing's eagerness to return to university for the next term because "'One can't loaf all the time'" and the philosophy student's indignation at the satirist's suggestion that the student must enjoy, after a semester's hard work, just loafing: "'Loafing!...I'm not loafing. I'm putting in a half summer course in Introspection.... I get credit for two majors for my time here!"[39] The courses that the Bright Young Thing can hardly wait to get back to are vague in their aims and pretentious in their content. Social Endeavour is the study of conditions: "'We take up society...we are supposed to break society up into its elements.'"[40] Such images of the reduction of humanity to objects, of meaning to jargon, and of the search for truth to the study of the banal, suggest that the satirist looks on the new education as a kind of mechanical operation of the spirit. The class in Social Endeavour "studies" department stores, as a Social Germ. The class "observes" in the department stores and then reduces their observations to a Curve, to arrive at the Norm of the Employee whom they have observed. The Norm "'stands for the Root Form of the employee as a social factor.'" The images of banality and emptiness characterize the student's study of an ice cream parlor (a section of the "social protoplasm") where the students eat ice cream in order "to experience." A climax of emptiness is reached in their study of Nature. They look at Nature, as a Nature Unit, four times a week, and once on Saturday during

an Excursion, in order to break Nature into its elements and to "'view it as the external structure of Society and make deductions from it.'" Each student is required to make at least one deduction in the course.[41]

Another well-developed satiric scene is apparent in one of Leacock's most perfect pieces, "A Visit to Versailles." The palace at Versailles is presented in great detail by the narrator, who has gone from Paris to see it. The various rooms, their dimensions, the number and placement of mirrors in the Hall, the gilt trimming, the curvature of the arches, the tables, chairs, and silver, are all mentioned. The scene is vivid, concrete and crowded in the satiric convention. When the narrator moves to the picture gallery where the military history of France is depicted from "King Clovis up to the French Revolution," the imagery becomes more intense: "the blue Mediterranean, the yellow sand of the desert, prancing steeds in nickel-plated armour and knights plumed and caparisoned...."[42] In the pictures, however, "Nobody seems to be getting hurt"; the battles, for the royal eye, are "wonderfully full of colour and picturesque." As the narrator moves along through the history of France, the picturesque quality becomes more and more apparent, and finally the battles of the seventeenth century are pastoral scenes of rolling landscape in which "little clusters of soldiers...add a touch of colour to the foliage." There are dreamy, "wooly, little puffs of smoke from the artillery"; "sheep and cattle graze in all the unused parts of the battle. The whole thing has a touch of the quiet, rural feeling that goes right to the heart."[43]

The pastoral style is then contrasted to the realism of a contemporary painting depicting "lions turned loose in the arena to eat up Christians"; they gnaw limbs; faces are torn "still quivering, from the writhing body."[44] The contrast is emphasized further with an imaginary painting of the same scene by an imaginary artist of Louis XIV:

> an arena, prettily sanded, with here and there gooseberry bushes and wild gilly flowers...lions with flowing manes; tigers finely developed, about to spring; Christians just going to pray....[45]

Nothing must offend the royal senses.

The description of Versailles suddenly stops, and the reader finds that the narrator has never visited the palace. He took the train from Paris to Versailles but stopped in at a "little open-air café, with tables under a trellis of green vines," drank wine, smoked excellent cigars and read about the palace in a guidebook. The description of the palace functions as the satiric scene because it <u>is</u> what was seen by the American tourist who convinces the narrator to visit it in the first place: "'What!...do you mean to say that you have never seen the Palace of Versailles?'" It is the very detail of the huge building which satirizes the tourist's pretensions to have learned much of anything in his three hours, even visiting only the things which "no tourist passes by." The palace is a satire of itself as a tourist attraction, and the tourist, the Man from Kansas, has indeed only <u>seen</u> it.

On another level, the description functions as the satiric scene in the opulence of Louis XIV and his removal from life around him. No building mars the vistas from the palace; no thoughts of carnage or suffering enter in. Louis lives in a pretend world of gardens, mirrors, wig rooms,

dressing rooms, and bed rooms. He is the god who causes the battles and magically has them transformed into unreal pleasantries. It is after the invention of gunpowder that the battle pictures become pastoral, as if the reality is too much to view, and has to be completely hidden.

On the third level, in the contrast between the battle pictures and contemporary realism, the narrator remarks that "perhaps after all there is something to be said for the way the Grand Monarch arranged his gallery."[46] The way of arrangement is chronological, with the most recent pictures being the least realistic. The "something to be said" is that Louis XIV's artists, in contrast to the contemporary artist, did not, at least, affront the senses with blood, gnawed limbs, and writhing bodies.

The narrator stands in relation to Versailles palace as Louis XIV did to the France that he kept out of his sight; as his artists did to the wars; and as the contemporary artist does to the arena scene. They are all aloof from their subjects. But what Louis and his artists created was an unreal fairy-land. What the contemporary artist creates is only reality made more so. None of them has, in Marianne Moore's words, presented "imaginary gardens with real toads in them." They may have either the gardens or the toads, but not both. Only the narrator's experience achieves that. His intimate descriptions of decorations, rooms, paintings, and historical events are the material of the guidebook transformed into imaginary experience. The narrator's illusion is truer than the subject itself: it says much more about several things than three hours "'trapesing all over a hot stuffy palace" could say about only the palace. Although the narrator feels that it is a personal failing that he has not

actually seen the inside of the building he describes, Leacock assures us of the validity of the narrator's experience in "mingled sun and shadow" by its contrast with the tourist's, Louis', and the artists' responses to actuality.

Leacock sees the most successful recreation of reality in illusion in the writings of Charles Dickens, Mark Twain, and O. Henry, because in all of them the delicate balance of humor and pathos is maintained, and tragedy avoided. Leacock says that he did not aspire to their heights, contenting himself with, he thought, writing well on a small scale. To their humor and pathos, Leacock must add the elements of nonsense and satire because of his philosophical position from which he sees man's pettiness and stupidity as incongruous with his insignificance. The most successful combining of all of these elements is in Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, the basis of which is a satiric view of Mariposa in which a shifting point of view and mock heroic imagery distance the Mariposans' ignorance, gullibility, incompetence, and self-interest, so that they become venial Lilliputians whom the satirist views with amused tolerance from the edges of the universe and denies them even the dignity of being roundly damned.

The satirist and narrator of Sunshine Sketches is worldly and educated, and also a Mariposan of the past who has intimate knowledge of the town.[47] His point-of-view varies and creates the impression of the vagaries of memory: The Sketches are a first person narration; yet the point of view is omniscient; it is intimate, but it is aloof; it is in

the past, but it is of the present. The irony varies from that of little "time lag"[48] that suggests the rogue, to that which suggests the eiron. Above all, the narrator is cognizant of two points of view concerning Mariposa, that of the careless eye, and that of the discerning eye. The former has not adjusted itself to Mariposa:

> Of course if you come to the place fresh from New York, you are deceived. Your standard of vision is all astray. You do think the place is quiet. You do imagine that Mr. Smith is asleep merely because he closes his eyes as he stands.[49]

The discerning eye sees things in the Mariposa manner:

> But live in Mariposa for six months or a year and then you will begin to understand it better; the buildings get higher and higher; the Mariposa House grows more and more luxurious; McCarthy's block towers to the sky.... (6)

The discerning eye is provincial and is satirized by the cosmopolitan, careless eye. But there is another eye--that of the narrator who satirizes not just the town and its people, but also the vision of the men in the Mausoleum Club (in "L'Envoi") who sit wrapped in too fond memories of Mariposa, dreaming, "talking of the little Town...we once knew" when all was sunshine, a time "half-forgotten" when they shot partridges and ducks in the woods and on the marshes, and when they caught chub "below the mill dam" and bass that "used to lie in the water-shadows of the rocks beside Indian's Island." All tasted better than what is now, thirty years later, served in the Mausoleum Club. When the satirist satirizes the town, he also satirizes these fond, fallacious memories of the past. As an artist, then, the narrator has taken memory and all its faulty illusions of sunshine (effected so well in the narration by the

shifting point-of-view), satirized the town as it was, distanced it from the reader, and arrived at the greater, truthful illusion of art, the truer sunshine. The resulting sketches are the sunshine of the third eye. The illusion of art causes the sun to shine on the dull town; the illusion of memory is that the town was sunny.

There is much to support Robertson Davies' contention that there is something dark in the Sketches.[50] It can be seen in the relentless satire, in the distancing that gives Mariposans Lilliputian stature, and in the image of the town, particularly in "L'Envoi." Mariposa is far from civilization; beyond it are vague forests and rock; as one approaches it from the city, farms thin out and "great stretches of bush" take over--not verdant forests, but tall tamarack, red scrub willow and "tangled undergrowth of brush" that have been impossible for two generations of farmers to clear. The train whistle through the bush echoes a "melancholy wail." The images support the mythical journey through the wasteland. But the traveller does not come in contact with the wasteland. He travels with characters from the past inside the train, in memory, "the fastest train in the whole world...the most comfortable, the most reliable...the most genial, the most sociable." And one might add the most falsely illusory. For the wasteland is still there, much of it unseen, even, by the train traveller, because he travels at night. Mariposa is to him, at night, a glittering destination. The narrator knows both journeys, however. Without the happy illusions of memory, in the light of reason, the trip back is a wasteland journey back to one's origins, to the hypocrisy, absurdity, and self-interest of human nature.

No one in Mariposa would now recognize the dream-traveller from the Mausoleum Club. He is changed because he has cut himself off from the knowledge of, or real awareness of, the weakness of his own nature. Money-getting has taken the place of understanding his humanity; he now lives in a big house in the city, and in the death-house, his Club. The narrator has made the trip back and has no qualms (152) because "He knows Mariposa." It is important to note that from his armchairs in the Mausoleum Club, the friend never gets off the train. It is probably just as well, for if he has not been back for thirty years, it will be quite a shock, because he does not know Mariposa, does not know himself. The view of memory is the safe view.

The mock-heroic technique is so effective in Sunshine Sketches because of the unusually concrete and detailed satiric scene and because the heroic image is the image Mariposans have of themselves. They, with their discerning eye, see their dull town as busy, their postmaster as a senior civil servant, "practically a member of the cabinet," see their buildings as huge, their Knights of Pythias as colorful, and their ignorance as wisdom. Their unending attempts to ape the city lead them into the disastrous Whirlwind Campaign to pay off the debt on the Anglican church, which is not merely a church to Dean Drone, but a Beacon, a Greater Testimony, an Ark of Refuge. The election to be held in Missinaba County is a personal arrangement between themselves and the King. From this self-inflation, the satirist extends the imagery appropriately to reduce Mariposans to less than normal size. Main and Missinaba Streets are greater than Wall Street or Piccadilly, than Threadneedle Street or

Lower Broadway. Hotels are luxurious and McCarthy's block is a tower. "The place is a mere mad round of gaiety," a "perfect hive of activity." Telephone poles of "colossal thickness" carry more wires "than are commonly seen at a transatlantic cable station." Eliot's Drugstore is more joyful and brilliant than the foyer of the Paris Opera. The election saved the British Empire. The Dominion of Canada pays for the shaving of and the boot-polishing of local M.P. John Henry Bagshaw. The Mariposa Belle with her "great sweep of black sides" is held at the dock by two ropes of "about the same size and thickness as they use on the Lusitania"; later, there is no difference between the two ships: "Each one is a big steamer and that's all you can say." On the Excursion Day (July 1), the festivity in the town diminishes the "Carnival of Venice" and the "Delhi Durbar." The Lake is more beautiful than the Italian lakes; the uniforms of the Mariposa Band and of the Knights of Pythias are more brilliant than those of the Papal Zouaves or the Buckingham Palace Guard.

The diminishing effect is achieved not only by magnification, but also by banal imagery, so that although Main and Missinaba Streets are greater than London and New York thoroughfares, Jeff Thorpe's barber shop "rolled on its face wouldn't reach halfway across." The telegraph poles clutter the streets, leaning at "a variety of angles." The gigantic, Lusitanian Mariposa Belle draws eighteen inches, and with a good crowd aboard "she draws a good two inches more." Her sinking is a settling down on a reed mud bank. The Knights of Pythias in their brilliant uniforms carry lunch baskets, bottles of liquor, and smoke five cent cigars. Dean Drone, whose greatest love is Greek, invariably falls asleep reading

Theocritus. Dr. Gallagher, the great archaeologist of Mariposa, has a collection of arrowheads and a tomahawk that has been "dug out of the railway embankment."

The interplay of heroic and banal imagery diminishes not only Mariposans, but Canadians ("For if you know Canada at all, you are probably acquainted with a dozen towns just like it," 3), and is a comment on human nature. The fact that there is pathos in Mariposa, in Jeff Thorpe's loss of his money through gullibility, and in Dean Drone's loss of his mental faculties, does not relieve the satiric image of the town. Their pathos stems from the qualities for which they are satirized, their gullibility, incompetence, and vanity, and makes Mariposa a very human place. It is, after all, our common source.

Thorpe's intentions to build a home for "the incurables" with the money he receives in his speculations is based on his desire to imitate Carnegie and Rockefeller; but, whereas they give their money to "professors and to this research and that," Thorpe will give his to the poor, if he makes a million dollars. But not only is his generosity a way of acting as millionaires do (and he has always been anxious to "clean up" some money, to "make a haul"), it is superficial, naive, and hypocritical. It is The Woman, Jeff's wife, who sits at home, darkly in the background, working, raising chickens and selling eggs; Jeff has once already taken the hens and sold them to "crack the money into Chicago wheat" (45) and lost it all. It is The Woman and her hens who come once again to the rescue at the end of the sketch. Thorpe's projected home for incurables is an externalizing of his vanity, of his desire for public recognition,

of the "yearning tone of his voice" when he speaks of "Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller" (45). The vague incurables are symbols to the naive Thorpe; the more of them he can put into a Home, the more successful he is:

> He [Thorpe] asked me...one day how many blind people it would take to fill one of these blind homes and how a feller could get a hold of them. And at another time he asked whether if a feller advertised for some of these incurables a feller could get enough of them to make a showing. (60)

Thorpe's ignorance of the stock market and of charity is prepared for by earlier images of his conversation with his barber shop customers. His is a newspaper education of isolated facts intended to pass as understanding: "To a humble intellect like mine he would explain in full the relations of the Keesar to the German Rich Dog" (44), for instance. The satirist is playing a rather sardonic game with Thorpe. Thorpe's hopes, yearnings, and speculations are doomed from the start by ignorance, naïveté, and superficiality. As his stock plummets on the market, in usual Mariposan fashion his involvement becomes physical, a struggle between himself and "a bunch of these fellers in the city" whom he images as actively shoving and pushing the stock down while he literally holds on to it:

> "I held on to her and they shoved her down to twenty-one. This morning they got her down to sixteen.... I've got her. They can't squeeze me...I'm with her. Yes, sir, they think they can shove her clean off the market, but...I'll stay with her till she breaks." (50-51)

When the Cuban Land Development Co. approaches Thorpe, inviting him to invest, he is flattered, for to invest in a large company puts him in "the same crowd" as Rockefeller and Carnegie, and brings public recognition, and "public recognition counted a lot for Jeff," a point mentioned at

least three times in the sketch (52, 54). The news of the Cuban swindle fills only an inch or two in the city papers. And in Mariposa, everything always levels out, anyway, and returns quickly to dull normality. Thorpe is a superb Mariposan. He is, above all, level-headed. "The highest form of endowment" in Mariposa is to have a head "set on horizontally as with a theodolite" (40). When he loses the $40,000, Jeff merely goes back to cutting hair, except that he now stays open until 11:00 p.m. The daughter, Myra, forgets about her drama studies and goes back to work at the telephone exchange, and The Woman starts selling eggs again. Mariposans see no pathos in Thorpe (62).

In all the satires, the townspeople of Mariposa hover in the background, moving in whatever direction their vanity, opportunism, pretensions, need for entertainment, or hypocrisy lead them. In "The Speculations of Jefferson Thorpe," young Fizzlechip, whom, previous to his making money in the mining boom, everyone had thought a "worthless Jackass," becomes a drunk lounging around the hotels, but is lionized as an example of what it is possible to accomplish "if you tried." He is drunk all the time, and finally shoots himself. Mariposans, with fodder for their starved imaginations, feel "that there was a Monte Carlo touch about the whole thing" (47). But the suicide occurred in the same week as Thorpe's financial success, and so great is the public jubilation over Thorpe's $40,000 that the Dean's Sunday sermon, which was to have dealt with Fizzlechip, had to be changed "for fear of offending public sentiment" (52).

It is the townspeople, as a mass, who make possible Smith's reinstatement with the Liquor Commission. He flatters them with his German "Rat's Cooler,"

his Caff with a French Chef, and his promise of the "girl room" that never did materialize. Smith woos the antagonistic townspeople with "stuffed duck à la Ossiwippi," "Potage à la Mariposa," "Filet Mignon à la Smith" (29). The temperance editor and Judge Pepperleigh, the school board, and the town council, all enemies of Smith, are won over with various free meals. Dean Drone capitulates with a "fried flounder that even the apostles would have appreciated" (33). The movement in favor of restoring Smith's licence grows; there are three thousand names on the petition; some sign it "twenty or thirty times" and when the licence is renewed, the Caff and the Rat's Cooler are packed with jubilant townspeople acclaiming Smith a hero until long after midnight, laughing, chattering, shaking hands. It does not matter that as soon as the licence is renewed Smith dismisses the French chef, and that the food becomes the same as food in any other Mariposa restaurant, and that the Rat's Cooler closes up--for repairs that will take at least three years.

In "The Whirlwind Campaign" Banker Mullins tries to ease the debt on Drone's church by a series of subscription lunches which become a chance for increasingly large mobs of people to eat free meals. The more lunches, the more the debt. Aboard the Mariposa Belle, on the day of the excursion, the passengers seek the part of the ship that most suits their usual pattern of life and reduce even their great yearly national celebration to level-headedness. On deck they find chairs but move restlessly on to find better ones; they look for places in the sun, or out of it, or away from the shaking propeller, or away from the threat of cinders--and all of this because it is their right; they have paid the

fifty cent fare. Finally, "the people seemed to get sorted out into the places where they belonged":

> The women, the older ones, all gravitated into
> the cabin on the lower deck and by getting around
> the table with needlework, and with all the windows
> shut, they soon had it, as they said themselves,
> just like being at home. (76)

The young boys, "the toughs and the men in the band," go down among the dirt "where the anchor was and the coils of rope." The young respectable men gather on the after deck with the pretty young ladies, two of whom on this day of celebration are reading Goethe, or Gothy, as it is in Mariposa. The older men are together, and the two ministers are together. Gingham, the undertaker, tells professional stories just as he would in the back room of Smith's hotel, and Drone still talks of the ancient Greeks, and Gallagher of Canadian history and arrowheads.

The townspeople in "The Candidacy of Mr. Smith" approach Edward Drone, who is momentarily winning the election, to seek patronage; later, when Smith has had messages sent from the city with news that he is winning the election, the hordes of electors rush to the polls to vote for Smith so that they will not "waste" their votes:

> They had waited, most of them, all through the day,
> not wanting to make any error in their vote...
> they went solid in one great stampede.... (262)

Smith is elected and once again the town settles down, into a parliamentary vacuum, into four years of Jos. Smith, M. P., <u>saying nothing</u> (264).

An outsider to Mariposa, Smith is the only Mariposan who has had any active experience in the world. He comes like some mythological stranger from the "far countree," from the lumber area of the Spanish River.

To the careless eye he merely looks like an "over-dressed pirate," and he has cooked in lumber camps, run a boarding house for rivermen, and supplied food for railroad workers, by contract. He can handle an axe, has run a York boat on the Moose Rapids, and has had "steamers sink on him in half the lakes from Temiscaming to the Bay" (18-19, 93).

He mesmerizes the town. He bribes the people, he builds exotic restaurants and beer parlors, and he wins their votes in the election. Even though he knows nothing and does not care about Conservative policies, he does know that the Union Jack, pictures of royalty, and a sign "British Beer at all Hours" (instead of the usual "American Drinks") will do a great deal for him in the eyes of Mariposans, who like things to be concrete. The pictures and the flags are ordered from the city in bulk: fifty pictures of King George, fifty pictures of "his father old King Albert," and "some of the old queen, Victorina.... Get 'em in mourning, with a harp and one them lions and a three-pointed prong," says Smith (243-244).

But Smith is a hero only in Mariposa. To the satirist, with his careless, worldly eye, Smith is an unscrupulous provincial (although he does buy inordinately large numbers of eggs from Thorpe's wife when they need the money after their financial collapse). Even Smith's heroism in the battle to save the driving shed behind the burning church is mock-heroic, and he is compared for his efforts at leading the Mariposa fire brigade to other great leaders, Bismarck, Taft, and Gladstone, the similarity being that they are all men of "size and weight," Smith weighing 280 pounds (146).

There are no heroes in Mariposa, except to the discerning, Mariposan eye. Even those who set out to rescue passengers on the sunken Mariposa Belle are themselves rescued by the passengers. Dean Drone can best manage the Infants' Class; parish affairs and church finance are beyond him, and his greatest shame is not that he loses control of his parish, but that he cannot write a letter of resignation in suitable style (141-142). Judge Pepperleigh's legal decisions are a matter of expedience, not of law.

The three chapters devoted to the love affair of Zena Pepperleigh and Mr. Pupkin are the most structurally complex but the most unsuccessful because of the flimsy narrative plot. Although these chapters satirize popular Romances, such as The Errant Quest of the Palladin Pilgrim and The Life of Sir Galahad, which fill the head of Zena Pepperleigh with visions of Lords Ronald de Chevereux kneeling at her feet, they also satirize alternative Mariposan reading matter, The Pioneers of Tecumseh Township and The Life of Sir John A. Macdonald, and the overly ambitious attempts of young Mallory to master all of humanity's achievements in forty volumes. Although the narrator satirizes Pupkin as ridiculous in his puppy-love and in his self-pitying jealousy, he satirizes Pupkin's father, though not a Mariposan, as a pretentious, hypocritical puritan who thinks that his son needs no luxury, and takes steps to ensure that his son does hard work for little money, while he himself constructs a fantasy world to rationalize his own expensive tastes. He longs, for instance, for the "simple, simple life," something to remind himself of the busy

days he spent as a boy on the farm:

> He often bought up little old farms just to try them, but they always turned out to be so near a city that he cut them into real estate lots.... (191-192)

Although Pupkin is ridiculous in his attempt to save the bank from robbery by thieves in the night (who turn out to be the janitor), he is not so ridiculous as the townspeople who exaggerate the supposed robbery and weave what few facts there are into various fantasies to bring excitement to their lives.

Zena casts Pupkin into the role of a Romance lover; she is the heroine who will marry only a man "who was poor and had his way to make and would hew down difficulties for her sake" (190). The satirist's comment on Zena's fantasies is the story of the love of Pupkin and Zena itself, which is a flesh and blood fairy-tale Romance: the young man falls in love with a beautiful young lady who is dominated by an overbearing father. The young suitor, who does not reveal his parentage, proves himself worthy by preventing a bank robbery, whereupon he not only receives a reward (a salary increase that is high enough to allow him to marry), but the lady's hand, whereupon it is revealed that he is the son of very wealthy parents who had sent him alone into a foreign country (to Ontario, from the Maritimes) to be made a man. The wealthy prince marries the beautiful princess and they go to live "in an enchanted house" with an enchanted lawn, and with, now, "an enchanted baby...whose sleep must not lightly be disturbed"; furthermore, the enchanted couple and their baby live there happily "to this day"; that is, forever after.

The real-life fairy-tale Romance joins with Zena's fairy-tale Romance at the point at which Pupkin receives the raise in salary: money makes it possible for illusion and reality to become one, and from the melding of the two arises the greater reality that real-life can have all the beauty of illusion, that it can transcend the banality of Mariposa, if there is sufficient money to permit one to be free of vicissitudes that sap the imagination and sensitivity. Two significant references in Leacock's other works make the same point. In a didactic narrative "Boom Times, The Mirage of a Better World," Leacock fictionalizes the Winnipeg adventures of his Remarkable Uncle, Edward. When money is plentiful in Winnipeg, Edward (and everyone else in the city) lives in a state of grandeur. Whether he has the money or not does not matter, there is ample credit. Social life and love flourish; there is gaiety, imagination, adventure. But when the Manitoba boom breaks:

> It was like the loss of a sudden glory, all this new wealth of character and personality, that had bloomed like a rose, this easy intercourse, this universal generosity, this marvellous mirage more true than reality.[51]

Sudden glory...wealth of character and personality...universal generosity--Thorpe approaches these but is cut down by his gullibility, by his ignorance, and by the loss of his money. There is good fellowship in Smith's Rat's Cooler under the illusion of Smith's munificence, but Smith allows the restaurants to deteriorate to their former level when his licence is re-instated. On a minor level, the setting for the voyage of the Mariposa Belle and the fifty cent fare suggest that great fellowship and generosity should develop, but the same old combinations of people,

doing the same thing, result. With the exception of Pupkin's infatuation for Zena, there is no productive, inspirational illusion in Mariposa. Those like Smith who have the money have no imagination; those like Thorpe who have the illusion finally have no money. There is no capability for illusion in the rich man in the Mausoleum Club ("L'Envoi"); money-getting reduces life, rather than liberates it. The rich man has not even a meaningful, inspiring illusion in his memory of Mariposa. He has never, symbolically, built a house in Mariposa:

> The real image over the desert is true; it is not a mere confusion of light and shadow that misery converts into a picture of hope. It is the reflection of an actuality of green trees and pleasant waters, miles and miles away--if you will--and even inverted in the sky--but none the less attainable for those who will walk bravely forward, animated by illusion itself.[52]

The image of Mariposa and its people, which constitutes the satiric scene of Sunshine Sketches, reveals Leacock to have considerable skill in the techniques of satire. The characterizations, which are distinctive and human; the masses of detail, which give the scene vitality; the uses of heroic, exotic, and banal imagery, and the satiric plot movement are all effective. The usual plot movements, as Kernan uses the words, in the Sunshine Sketches rise to climaxes of dullness, mediocrity, and vacuity, as in "The Hostelry of Mr. Smith," and in the chapters of "The Great Election." Life turns back into itself. The straight line becomes a circle. In the case of the chapters on Dean Drone and his church, the plot develops, in one instance, from the almost child-like attempt to raise money by chain letters, through dull lectures, to the chaotic, all-consuming, and hopelessly unsuccessful Whirlwind Campaign, and,

finally, to the monumental loss (each endeavor has been a minor loss) of the church itself, in which, ironically, through the Dean's mathematical incompetence, the greatest success is achieved, for the church building has been grossly over-insured. But this greatest success is also achieved by an illegal act by only two people--as opposed to the many who took part in various money-raising activities--Smith and an accomplice.

So complete is the satirist's cat-with-a-mouse amusement with the Mariposans that even the good Edward Drone becomes tainted with worldly success; in the brief moment in which he is reported to be winning the election and the townspeople come to him to receive favors, "there was creeping into his manner the quiet self-importance which is the first sign of conscious power" (259). The satiric scene, Mariposa, is a far, far, away place; it is a little land where the whole of the romance and child-bearing of the Pupkin couple are encompassed in a fairy-tale; where the pompous Knights of Pythias wear gaudy costumes and the band plays and the Mariposa Belle sails up the lake and, after races on Indian's Island, she sails back, and it is a great day full of great events; where the sinking of a ship is a settling on a mud reed bank; where a tomahawk, and Indian skull, and some arrowheads are an Archaeological Collection. There is pathos in Dean Drone, but he is also satirized; there is inspirational illusion in the Pupkins, but they are satirized. All are diminished, and it is their loss of dignity that is the most devastating aspect of the satiric scene of the Sunshine Sketches.

Jos. Smith, M. P., the proprietor of the Continental Hotel in Mariposa, could easily be a member of the Mausoleum Club. His energies are largely devoted to making money, in the process of which he usually reduces everything to the material. He is a possible Lucullus Fyshe or a Mr. Boulder of the Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich. Smith's hotel with its German Beer Cellar, its Caff that once boasted a French Chef and rented palms, is a Mariposan version of the Mausoleum Club's "Chinese philosophers dressed to look like waiters," the palm trees and "as many kinds of mineral waters...as ever sparkled from the rocks of Homeric Greece." In Mariposa, Dean Drone sits in his garden reading Theocritus; in Plutoria, the members of the Mausoleum Club celebrate the bliss of wealth by formal parties at the Club, which the satirist describes as grotesque pastorals, symbolic of the gross materialism and pretended innocence of the wealthy in Plutoria:

> Then, indeed, it [the Club] is turned into a veritable Arcadia; and for a beautiful pastoral scene, such as would have gladdened the heart of a poet who understood the cost of things, commend me to the Mausoleum Club on just such an evening. Its broad corridors and deep recesses are filled with shepherdesses such as you never saw, dressed in beautiful shimmering gowns, and wearing feathers in their hair that droop off sideways at every angle known to trigonometry. And there are shepherds, too, with broad white waistcoats and little patent leather shoes and heavy faces and congested cheeks. And there is dancing and conversation among the shepherds and shepherdesses, with such brilliant flashes of wit and repartee about the rise in Wabash and the fall in Cement that the soul of Louis Quatorze would leap to hear it.[53]

Religion in Mariposa is reduced to a muddled column of figures and to the church building itself, by Dean Drone; but he is not hypocritical; in Plutoria, the Episcopalian and Presbyterian go one step further; their

churches are business corporations: Plutorians reduce their religious experience to stocks and bonds which depend for their value on the success of the business venture--on the saleability of the church property and on the effectiveness of the minister in keeping up church membership.

There are further similarities in the two satires. Jeff Thorpe, of Sunshine Sketches is paralleled with the farmer Tomlinson of the Arcadian Adventures, but it is Tomlinson himself who is threatened, and not just his money, with the possibility of destruction at the hands of financiers. Pupkin and Zena Pepperleigh are grotesquely paralleled with the inane, wealthy Peter Spillikins and the parasite Mrs. Everleigh.

Where Mariposans are distanced by Leacock to Lilliputian stature, Plutorians are greater than life-size. They are often huge, grotesque, vulgar; they are pretentious, deceitful, and completely without imagination. They have the money to achieve the grandeur of illusion, but their interest is in money itself, steel, and concrete. Whether they encounter external nature, forest wilderness, art, education or religion, Plutorians experience it only physically. To the rich of Plutoria, glory and grandeur are assumed in the marble of the Club, in their country estates, in their dividends, and in their silent motor cars. There is no "wealth of character," no "good fellowship," and certainly there is no "universal generosity." Whereas Mariposans may have looked outward, seeking illusion, only to be defeated by their own, or others' gullibility, dishonesty, or superficiality, Plutorians never seek inspirational illusion. They live in a gold, concrete, and asphalt world.

The satiric scenes in the Arcadian Adventures are full of detail and the satire is unrelenting; the chief element in the scenes is the reduction of the immaterial to the material. The search for money has left these rich without the capability for inspiring illusion; their society is gross, factious, hypocritical, superficial, and cruel.

In the Arcadian Adventures satiric scenes, the Grand Palaver Hotel, Newberry's country estate, and President Boomer of Plutoria University are gross touchstones of Plutorian evil. The Hotel is "the most homelike in America"; it has 3000 windows, 1200 guests; it is fifteen storeys high; the rotunda is a babel that is never hushed; it is filled with soft lounges, armchairs, palm trees, rubber trees, and huge ash-trays. The Hotel is so vast that the bellboy's call "echoes down corridors," floats through the ladies' lounge, is heard in the "distant grill" and down into "the depths of the barber shop," below the street level and is heard there "as a miner might in the sunken galleries of a coastal mine...hear the distant murmur of the sea" (49-50). The almost universal infestation, through the image of the mine and the sea, of the reduction of "home" to an ostentatious pile, also characterizes the country house of the Newberrys in whose terms their Castel Casteggio is simple and at the heart of nature. Along with several other similar attempts of the wealthy to "rough it," the Newberrys gave their place a foreign name. They have raised the level of the lake, banked it, cleared the bush, and put a paved road around it. All along the paved road from the railway station fifteen miles away is private property, "as all nature ought to be." The grounds of Castel Casteggio are to the Newberrys "absolutely primeval,"

kept that way by landscapers and gardeners. The huge house itself is of white brick (white satirically suggests purity in the Adventures), has conservatories, piazzas, rolling lawns, flower beds, and artful "nodding trees." The reduction of nature to concrete and steel is gloated over by Mr. Newberry. He blasts out one hundred yards of rock to make a roadway. He digs forty feet to set the foundations of his house. Fifty-foot steel upright beams, steel cross-girders, and sixty-foot steel rafters are the frame of Newberry's rustic hideaway (177). The east conservatory has one thousand panes of glass. The gravel of the walks must not be disturbed by walking. The Newberrys live in fear of their British servants and gardeners who have great prestige value over their American counterparts.

Italian workers, however, are "hardy," and expendable. Newberry and Spillikins are discussing the road-building:

> "By Jove!" said Spillikins; "it must be dangerous work, eh? I wonder you weren't afraid of it."
>
> "One simply gets used to it, that's all," said Newberry..."but of course it is dangerous. I blew up two Italians on the last job." He paused a minute and added musingly, "Hardy fellows, the Italians. I prefer them to any other people for blasting."
>
> "Did you blow them up yourself?"
>
> "I wasn't there.... In fact, I never care to be here when I'm blasting. We go to town. But I had to foot the bill for them all the same.... They cost me two thousand each." (183)

The satirist explains that Newberrys are "not to blame" for their crassness. Their fondness for tearing nature apart is an expression of their new power, their money. They are nouveau riche who once lived on twenty dollars a week (189).

Plutorians hold in great respect those who can inflict fear upon them. The prestigious servants and gardeners on Newberry's estate do so and are adored. The Reverend Dumbfarthing of the Presbyterian church develops a huge congregation with his hell-fire sermons which spellbind Plutorians. Dr. Boomer, President of Plutoria University, brings in endowments with not only his bait of honorary doctorates, but with his mere physical, threatening presence. He is a huge, vulgar, unscrupulous man and is relentless in his dunning. He intimidates his prospects with blasts of Latin and showers of off-prints of his publications, such as "Boomer on the Foundation and Maintenance of Chairs," and "The Excavation of Mitylene: An Estimate of Cost." He is a Captain Morgan, an Arab Sultan (75). His companion, the professor of Greek, is almost as large as Boomer. They both wear huge galoshes; their pockets, in which they carry their "bundles of pamphlets," are capacious. These two men <u>are</u> the University. Their talk is as loud as the roaring sea. They shoulder people aside as they walk on the streets. They are Castor and Pollux (75).

Dr. Boomer's aim is to build a bigger university, and a different university. Formerly named Concordia College, Plutoria University strives to look like the buildings from which it gets its money, the factories and department stores (180). Boomer sends out bulletins from his office like a machine, "like snow from a rotary plow" (82). The campus is constantly in a state of change. The twenty-year-old library is obsolete; so is the twenty-five-year-old museum. No one on the faculty is acceptable, except Boomer and the professor of Greek. Others must be dismissed and new ones sought. Science buildings must be constructed to hold equipment, and

equipment must be bought to fill up existing buildings. Change is for its own sake. The old Arts building, in classical Greek style, is Boomer's shame. His aim is to knock it down and build "a real facultas ten storeys high, with some elevators in it" (86).

The buildings rise up. The money comes in from benefactors. More and more students flock to the University and learn less and less, especially the rich, who are not required to learn anything, just to be stamped; and the students flood out into the town to practical classes, to the slums to study Life, to the morgue to study Death.

The reduction of humanity to material objects and business procedures forms a large part of the satiric scene and includes babies and children, who are an ivory rattle, expensive prams, or are a "hooded head that controls...a New Jersy corporation," a "child of four...who represents a merger," a "million dollars of preferred stocks," which laughs merrily at a "majority control going past in a go-cart" (9-10). The Episcopalians of Furlong's parish are identified by parasols, tea dances, and silent motor cars, a symbol throughout of affluent good taste. (One never makes noise on Plutoria Avenue). The poor are a certain section of the city, well-hidden from view of Plutoria Avenue where the important churches and the Club and University stand. The satirist sees rich Plutorians at the grotesque Club "pastorals" consuming not food and drink, but "preferred stocks and gold-interest bonds in the shape of chilled champagne and iced asparagus and great platefuls of dividends and quarterly bonuses" (12).

The grossness and vulgarity of the Newberrys at Castel Casteggio is seen in their frequent and huge meals eaten in the names of simplicity and rusticity: breakfast at nine, a drink and biscuit later; lunch until 1:30 p.m., with four kinds of cold meat and salad, a prepared dish or two, steak or chops, "or both"; coffee until tea time, and then dinner (184-185). Funerals, too, are vulgar, requiring Furlong's greatest diplomacy. The interment (only the poor have funerals, "women crying in their aprons") requires the knowledge to distinguish beneficiaries from mere mourners, and both of these from business representatives. Following the hearse is a group of reporters from the newspapers, the financial newspapers (215). The vulgarity of the hypocritical use of religion is satirized in "The Hymnal Supply Corporation, The Hosanna Pipe and Steam Organ Incorporated, and the Bible Society of the Good Shepherd Limited" which is owned by the father of the Episcopalian minister, Furlong. It pretends to an air of religious delicacy for the ordinary business of supplying Bibles and organs to churches. The door of the business is a vestry door. The typists are "sacred" with golden hair; the clerk is white-haired and "venerable," and the office boy being "sanctified" has no stronger oath than "'How dreadful!'" (217; 228).

The Rev. Furlong's father, Edward, besides being owner of the Hymnal Supply Corporation, is accountant for the Episcopalian church. He reduces good works to a column of figures, on the debit side: Distribution of Coals to the Poor, Prizes for Sunday School, Pauper's Burial Fund--these are "something for which you get no return" and are to be entered as loss. Widow's Mite, Sunday School fines, and church collection are "pure profit" (223-225).

In Plutoria, abstractions must be made concrete. The religious spirit of the Episcopalians is indicated by golden hair, white dresses, and tea dances. The abstraction sin and its absence are also made material. Sin is removed from the daily life of rich Plutorians by having it "shoved sideways into the roaring streets of commerce" and into the slums. The ladies of Plutoria Avenue sometimes go slumming to look at sin, and their societies "try to stamp it out" or to "drive it under," or to put it in jail "until it surrenders" (214). Absence of sin on the Avenue is attested to in the smooth faces of chauffeurs, in silent motor cars, in imported nursemaids, and in stock exchange men in their silk hats walking to lunch in the Mausoleum Club with such piety as "must have walked the very Fathers of the Church themselves" (214).

The insensibility, superficiality, and materialism of these rich people without imagination overwhelm innocence. The children have no chance; and Dr. McTeague, the humanitarian Presbyterian minister and professor of philosophy, has a dwindling congregation because his sermons are too old-fashioned; that is, they say something of a philosophical nature derived from McTeague's lifelong attempt to "reconcile Hegel with St. Paul." He suffers a heart attack when a student in his university class asks a question, a practice forbidden by Boomer; he is immediately relieved from his position as minister and as professor, something both church board and Boomer have been trying to accomplish for a long time. When he recovers, everyone refuses to believe that he is well, considers him mad, and rushes on in "progress," leaving McTeague behind with no one to explain to that he now knows that St. Paul and Hegel say the same thing.

Mr. Tomlinson, the farmer on whose land gold is discovered cannot express his ignorance of mining or financial markets without being understood to be saying very wise things, to be a financial wizard. He is lionized throughout Plutoria, but when the gold is discovered to be fool's gold the city turns against him, threatens to arrest him, sneers at him, and he flees the city for the sanctuary of his farm.[54] The young innocent fool Spillikins, trying to find a wife, is trapped by the widow Mrs. Everleigh into marrying her so that he can pay her debts. She continues her love affair with Captain Cormorant, who says:

> "Did he kick up any rough at all when you told him about the money?"
>
> "...Not he! I think he is actually pleased to know that I haven't any. Do you know, Arthur, he's really an awfully good fellow."
>
> "I say," said the Captain, "don't get sentimental over him." (199)

The spiritual stagnation brought about by money does not remain locked in one specific individual or group or place in the Arcadian Adventures. It flows out from Plutoria Avenue to infest the wilderness with rustic mansions, miles of paved roads, and blasted gaps in rocks; it flows outward to the woods of Wisconsin where Mr. Boulder has his hunting lodge and phony timber wolves. It spreads to the farm of Mr. Tomlinson; it rises into the air in the forms of higher and higher University buildings and the Grand Palaver Hotel; it sinks underground, and out to the coasts where the wealthy find nature in boardwalks and resort hotels.

Education, religion, art, and civic politics also are infected with the reduction of the immaterial to the material. Love is money, charity a financial loss; hospitality is vulgar display; celebration is gowns,

feathers, and patent leather shoes. All follows the pattern of the Mausoleum Club parties: life is empty pretence, and the negation of imagination and inspiring illusion. Nature is a mansion; purity is dresses and hats; Satan is Sûpr Swâ, and Beelzebub is Behel-Zawbab; religion is vivid and obsessive Presbyterian eternal punishment; speech is not saying what is meant. The Mausoleum Club is the death house in Pluto's city of the dead.

Leacock's handling of the satiric plot in the Arcadian Adventures is of particular thematic value in the St. Asaph and St. Osoph chapters (VI and VII) and in "The Great Fight for Clean Government" (VIII). The rise of the two churches, St. Asaph's and St. Osoph's, Episcopalian and Presbyterian respectively, is the gradual domination of the religious life of Plutoria Avenue by money. The churches literally move through a series of business transactions from the slums to Plutoria Avenue. The farther the churches move away from the slums, the farther they get away from spiritual concerns. The more innocuous the Episcopalian minister's sermons, the better attended are his services and the higher the value of the church's stock. The more intense and bitter the rivalry between the congregations, the more assiduously do the members attend their own churches. Any failure in the minister's ability to maintain his congregation results in a drop in dividends. Reverend Dumbfarthing, who takes over the Presbyterian church from McTeague, increases the size of the congregation through his hell-fire sermons; Furlong loses much of his Episcopalian congregation to Dumbfarthing. The Episcopalians, therefore, put forth the idea of a merger with the Presbyterians. Religious values

disappear. The doctrines of the new church become a matter of majority vote of the stockholders, although "they are not matters of first importance" compared with the intricate financial questions that have to be solved. The Creation is to be such as is acceptable to a simple majority. Eternal punishment "shall be declared invalid if displeasing to a three-fifths majority of the holders of bonds." Any remaining "points of doctrine, belief, or religious principle may be freely altered, amended, reversed or entirely abolished at any general annual meetings" (265-267). With the creation of the United Churches Limited, peace comes to Plutoria Avenue. With the complete domination of finance and the negation of religious values, and with a solid annual dividend, bliss arrives. In Kernan's terms, the rise becomes a fall.[55]

In "The Great Fight" the satiric plot is the movement (a swelling and spreading) from images of just two people--Overend and Newberry--discussing corruption in civic politics, to images of the hordes of gullible, violent townspeople in the streets on election day and at night celebrating the victory of the Clean Government slate of civic candidates. Analogy to general North American politics is made in the satirist's statement that the rise of public indignation against the incumbent mayor and aldermen is a part of a national movement for morality in politics.

The demand for morality rises "like a wave" as people "realize the needs of the city as never before" (288). The wave becomes a tide and all the leading citizens of the city, exclusive of the present city mayor and aldermen, form the Clean Government Association. They all claim disinterest, and although the Association is to be a free, voluntary

movement, completely democratic, and without a specific platform, it is a vehicle for the self-interest of the executive. The opportunism of Fyshe, who has a majority stock in Citizens Light whose franchise is due for renewal; of Furlong, who owns a plot of land the city could use for a gravel yard; and Rasselyer-Brown, who owns coal the city needs, becomes apparent as the Association grows larger and more vocal. It buys up the press to get unbiased coverage. Newspaper editors and thousands of citizens are "ready to fight the cohorts of darkness"--but they do not really know who they are, if there really are any (150). The distance from morality increases as more citizens become involved. Various fraternal organizations join; local ethnic groups give the Association their support. Working with Fyshe and Boulder, the State government becomes involved with promises to allow Fyshe's new civic government to rule by Board, instead of Council, although no one knows of any difference between the two except that Board members get paid more than Council members. The official mayoralty candidate of the Clean Government Association is chosen: he is the present Mayor! His council, except two aldermen, will run with him. The wave continues to swell with the opposition now absorbed.

The women of Plutoria support the Association. Tea rooms of hotels are filled with women. They organize all working women by a bribe of five dollars a head, except "For foreigners of the lower classes whose sense of political morality is as yet imperfectly developed...one dollar" (304). The University students join the movement with their Fair Play League and roam the streets molesting innocent citizens. President Boomer

calls them "splendid fellows." On election day the movement reaches a climax--no one except the Association members can get to the polls. Bands of students with baseball bats roam the streets keeping unclean citizens away. Professional men prowl the streets in cars; the working classes "keep order with pickaxes." At dusk the streets are filled with "roaring and surging crowds celebrating the great victory for clean government" (308). The glittering Mausoleum Club is a New Jerusalem (with even the trees hearing of the "good tidings" and "new salvation") that renders the dawning sun itself a "cheap prosaic glare."

But nothing has changed; corruption is still in power. The line of apparent progress has become a circle. The wealthy go home to bed; the poor rise and go about their toil. In the image of the domination of the sun by the light of the Mausoleum Club is the greatest victory of money-getting (not commercialism, but tasteful high finance) over spirit, of the Mausoleum over the sun, of death over life.

The dominant themes of Sunshine Sketches and Arcadian Adventures are played over and over again in different characters and situations of various other sketches--boorish travellers and self-made men, scholars, churchmen, business men, prohibitionists and fashionable women on refugee-aid committees, all are effete and incompetent, stupid, or lacking in imagination. They are provincial and ossified in spirit, but they are often in positions which enable them to inflict their negation on others: it may be the barber with his captive customer, the financier, the scholar, critic, politician, playwright, or the Madame Chairman.

Leacock finds the only escape from their spreading dullness and mechanization of the spirit is in satire, nonsense and the privately constructed illusion-world. The way that Leacock's satiric world goes is the way of Mariposa and Plutoria.

The mask in the Leacock satires is often a rogue-figure who may try to pass as something close to an ingenu. He may be erudite and worldly, anti-intellectual, old-fashioned and of simple taste--but his favorite past time, whether trapped in a commuter train with a boor, or visiting Versailles, or describing Mariposa, is making jokes on his subject and reader. Too frequently in the minor pieces, however, he is not provided with the rhetorical means to convince the reader that his ideas are much more than transpositions of the author's prejudices. The mask is at his best when he deals with conventional satiric subjects, immoral politicians, worldly clergymen, pedants, the ostentatious rich, and all money-grubbers.

Many of Leacock's sales were in the United States, and most of his satiric scenes are set there. There is nothing American about his writing, however, and the American setting, except for the few satires directly relevant to that country, usually weakens the scene because the American setting is merely a label, not an image. The contrast to this, of course, is Mariposa, with all its Ontario-ness. One of the most successful satiric characters in all the Leacock scenes is Joseph Smith, the over-dressed pirate of Mariposa, whose background is firmly imaged in the vast Canadian foreverland beyond Mariposa, among the lakes and rivers of the lumbering and mining country in the Canadian Shield. And although Plutoria is set in United States, and could be any larger city, it is very Canadian;

perhaps Montreal, as Ralph Curry says,[56] but certainly Toronto, the same Toronto as Scott Symons' Toronto of 1967:

> ...out the back corner of my eye that becalmed
> Beaux-Arts bulk, rising like a series of improved
> Buckingham Palaces piled atop each other--the
> Royal York...
> the long slit unended of Yonge Street--like
> all our streets--dissolved only by infinity
> with that wedding-cake turn-of-the-century
> prestige bank at the corner...a kind of gaudy
> bodyguard for the longeststreetintheworldthatis-
> Yongestreet ending only in our Ontario Lake
> District. Bank of Montreal, at that!
> with its back square upon me, the squat cube
> of our beer baron's art centre: O'Keefe
> overtopping all these, the soft-nosed phallicity
> of Bank of Commerce--circumspect, uncircumcised--
> 32 stories of Canadian self-satisfaction
> the new National Trust tower, well below
> & below again, prickly up these closed commercial
> shops, the spired incisions of the old City of
> Churches--Saints James & Michael & Metropole
> ...
> Gooderham 'n Worts stone distillery--1832: THERE
> is the REAL HOY culture--Honest Ontario Yeoman--
> Hoyman--none of this nostalgic log cabin cult....[57]
>
> They are Anglicans--not English Anglican or American
> Episcopalians. Not Anglican Sausages nor Square
> Anglicans...but Cubic Anglicans...Anglicanadians!
> Not necessarily "practising Anglicans," preoccupied with
> Nicean niceties--but cultural Anglicans of a
> specific kind--Canadian, Cubic...Anglicanadians...
> or at least High Church Methodists.[58]

Donald Cameron says that the Arcadian Adventures is a book which believes in nothing[59]--but surely it believes in nonsense and satire as escapes from the petrifaction of Plutoria. Beyond these Cameron is right. On the other hand, Sunshine Sketches believes in the possibility of kindness and inspiring illusion (but only in the possibility) and in the need to know one's nature, to accept it with all its limitations, or at least to tolerate it with amusement.

It is said that Leacock loves Mariposans.[60] However, Leacock satirizes all of the inhabitants and pities a few of them. He does not seem to love; at best he tolerates his characters from a great distance. He makes their failings an amusement--of necessity, for to do otherwise would be to condemn human nature outright, or at least Canadian human nature. This Leacock could not do.

It is a frequent ploy of Leacock's to try to escape the responsibility of his satire. His best writings are those in which he tries the least obviously. As for the rest, the nonsense humor, the weak narration, flimsy characterization and narrative plots, do not wear well, and what is left, in varying degrees of fulfillment, is the critical, satiric vision that motivates the writing.

CHAPTER IV

ROBERTSON DAVIES

Robertson Davies' social and cultural satire presents a wide picture that includes city, town, and country; the poor, the educated, the uneducated, the experts, and the idle rich. His main theme is cultural stagnation; his general setting, Ontario. The number and range of satiric victims suggest that Canada is a vast sink-hole of stupidity and dullness, and, usually, in the satiric convention, these apostles of uncreativity dominate those inspired with sensitivity, vitality, and imagination.

Often in particular satiric scenes, however, Davies' targets are petty or inappropriate to satire--the mental and cultural limitations of the uneducated and poor, for example--an aspect of his writing that is particularly distasteful in its lack of discrimination: he cuts down everything from the Santa Claus parade in Toronto and Ma Gall's farewell dinner for her daughter, to the worthwhile subject of Bishop Laval's complicity in keeping Canada artistically ignorant (as Davies sees it). His attitudes are frequently trite and old-fashioned, particularly in the image of Canada as a cultural waste land which must look abroad for its models and teachers. His symbols of cultural mediocrity are likely to be stale: ladies' magazines, interior decoration, the Reader's Digest, Hollywood movies, television, and popular magazines. Davies' chief contributions to Canadian literature are his metaphor of the Eros people

and the Thanatossers (the lovers of life and the lovers of death), and his plays "Overlaid," and "Hope Deferred."

Samuel Marchbanks does not rank with these. He is a failure as a satirist because he is merely a superficial, rather silly snob. His most appropriate symbol is his own house which keeps out the external, vulgar world so that he can read obscure literature in peace, minister to his frequent colds, and amuse himself with his furnace: his own pettiness frequently makes him as much a provincial as those he satirizes. His satiric scenes in The Diary of Samuel Marchbanks and in The Table Talk of Samuel Marchbanks are brief, precise, and aim at a single dominant image. The brief scenes, with Marchbanks often at home, or at a concert or movie, in a train, at the Royal York Hotel, at a drama festival, or walking down Yonge Street, coalesce into a large scene of Canada's vulgarians, puritans, and fashionable professionals. The standard against which these are measured is Marchbanks himself. He is incisive, rude, lacking in compassion, condescending, learned, and impatient with apathy, deceit, and cant.

Marchbanks' view of Ontario is of a dull, provincial, over-restrained people. "Those stony, disapproving, thin-lipped faces, eloquent of our bitter winters, our bitter politics, and our bitter religion"[1] can, however, find relief from their condition in, for instance, a Gielgud performance in The Importance of Being Earnest. But it is only a temporary relief, as if "the straps and laces of a tight corset had been momentarily loosened" (Table Talk, 242). The sourness of these restrained Canadians extends to a distrust of cheerfulness: to sing in the streets would

probably send one to jail.[2] Young men are really old men--"young fogies"--who, while they proclaim their youth, are as cautious as grandfathers: "We have a good many young fogies in Canada--fellows who, at thirty, are well-content with beaten paths and reach-me-down opinions. Their very conservatism is second hand, and they don't know what they are conserving" (Table Talk, 118).

A considerable portion of the Marchbanks satiric scene is occupied by images of the hoi polloi, the Yahoos who are, among many things, not interested in education (a dictatorship of the proletariat would be a "bookless world") (Diary, 51); as a political group they do not think; they "throb" (Diary, 27): their image of a democratic leader is a "barbershop loafer," an illiterate, one who is as "undistinguished as possible" (Diary, 85). The Marchbanks symbol for the low level of intelligence of the Common Man is The Reader's Digest. But the Common Man does little reading, anyway. He is usually at the movies where he is flattered by American films in which heroes are crude dolts, and great lives are reduced to biological urges so that the "paltry people" can see that there is no difference between themselves and the "great people" (Table Talk, 31). These movies also reduce genius to idiocy "to comfort the mediocrities" who have paid the price of admission to sit and think, "'O how lucky we are not to be geniuses: how fortunate we are to be happily dumb and imperturbably numb!'" (Diary, 94).

The cheerless and the common populate many scenes of Table Talk and The Diary. They influence directly Canadian cultural institutions. The C. B. C. can not present controversial plays because of the complaining

provincials in the Holy Name Society of St. Jean de Crabtree Mills (P. Q.) and the Ladies' Art, Culture, Poker-Work and China Painting Club of Pelvis (Sask.) (Diary, 98). The Censor, a favorite target of Marchbanks', is one of the bitter Canadians. He is a little man with "thin lips and rimless spectacles" who acts on the suggestion of "professional sin-sniffers" because he does not read, himself (Diary, 55-56). Nearly illiterate (according to Marchbanks) aldermen in Toronto remove The Decameron from the shelves of the Toronto Public Library. Marchbanks is surprised that they have ever read it--or anything for that matter--that is more taxing than "the portions of The Reader's Digest which are printed in large type" (Table Talk, 208).

Religious enthusiasts twist the truth to flatter themselves, over-simplify complex issues, and inundate Marchbanks with tracts and books whose testimonials and arguments are an affront to his peace of mind. Puritans are obsessed with sin; they thrill to it (Table Talk, 138-139). Marchbanks distrusts the "protestant ethic" and wonders if it is the final victory of Protestantism that the religious significance of Christmas has been lost to the triumph of materialism, as he watches mechanical Santa Clauses, "Disneyized angels," gnomes, elves, and giants that symbolize for him the secularization of Christmas.

Just as Davies' standards are explicit in the Marchbanks books, so are they in his other works. There are always characters outside of the satiric scene who express the norms. These characters may be satirists, and they are often clowns full of life and love, Eros men in the raw.[3]

Such Eros men are Humphrey Cobbler, the untidy, irreverent rogue who appears in all books of the trilogy;[4] Giles Revelstoke, the Orpheus-like

figure of A Mixture of Frailties; Sam North of "The Voice of the People," and Pop, of "Overlaid." In the trilogy, particularly, these men are balanced by refined Eros people, as if Davies were emphasizing that Eros is a quality of spirit, not of external appearance. Valentine Rich and Domdaniel himself are two examples in the trilogy of complete Eros people. Solly Bridgewater's Eros accomplishment is frustrated by his mother; Monica Gall is won over to Eros in the progress of her musical training with Domdaniel, Giles Revelstoke, and the Irish Eros man, Murtagh Malloy. In the plays and novels, the Eros men often function as satirists of those in the Thanatos party.

In Tempest-Tost, the most successfully satiric of the novels, the forces of Thanatos are concentrated, ironically, in the Salterton Little Theatre group of Mrs. Roscoe Forrester, Professor Vambrace, and Hector Macilwraith. Solly Bridgetower, Valentine Rich (the successful stage director who lives, now, in the United States), and Humphrey Cobbler (the English immigrant Fellow of the Royal College of Organists) constitute the most effective members of the Eros party. All are involved directly in the Little Theatre's production of The Tempest. In a wider circle, encompassing them, are the other inhabitants of the town of Salterton, two of whom are of particular importance for their Thanatos or Eros qualities. Mrs. Bridgetower is on the side of Thanatos. She is Solly's mother and keeps him chained emotionally to her by her illness (he is twenty-five years old). Although she is not an unintelligent woman she devotes what energies she has to ensuring herself of her son's love and to reading about various "Menaces" that rise in the political world. As a college

girl she was obsessed with the Yellow Peril; later, with the Prussian, Latin American, South African, and Russian "Menaces."[5] Her house, a part of the Thanatos satiric scene, is ugly, but grand in an old-fashioned, stuffy manner. It is one of the monuments of Salterton with its dark, false oak beams and heavy oak furniture that "owed so much, but not perhaps enough, to William Morris." Its mirrors are cloudy; its cabinets have leaded windows which "imprison" cups and saucers. Mrs. Bridgetower is the last person in Salterton to have "at homes." Meals are served and eaten with rigid formality. Solly is required to wear "at least a dark coat, and preferably a dark suit, to dinner" (54-56). The ultimate act in Tempest-Tost of Mrs. Bridgetower, as a Thanatos character, is her demanding that Solly give up his studies at Cambridge to come home to look after her during one of her relapses. Solly, then, is cut off from anything cultural and intellectual except what Salterton can offer him. She is wealthy and uses her money as well as her illness to keep Solly near her. She is loud and firm in her opinions of young women in Salterton and frustrates Solly's love-life by her disapproval of the girls he takes out. It is from this darkness that Solly must escape if he is to become a whole Eros man. He is to bridge the gap between the Thanatos life of his mother and the life of his new-born son, who does not appear until the last novel of the trilogy, A Mixture of Frailties. In the second of the novels, Solly marries Pearl Vambrace, the daughter of the Thanatosser Professor Vambrace, but they will not inherit Mrs. Bridgetower's considerable fortune until they produce a son; in the meantime the interest on her money is to pay for the artistic education of Monica Gall, who was

suggested to the Trust by Eros man Humphrey Cobbler. The irony is that Mrs. Bridgetower's malicious will (although it keeps Solly and Pearl poor and mentally and sexually distraught), does enable Monica to become an excellent singer, good friend of Pearl and Solly, and wife of her teacher, the great conductor Sir Benedict Domdaniel.

Contrasting with Mrs. Bridgetower is the wealthy Mr. Webster, an Eros man whose house is also one of the wonders of Salterton. His daughters, Freddy and Griselda, are free of spirit and mind. Freddy, who is fourteen, precociously reads whatever she wishes from her father's library; she makes alcoholic cider in the greenhouse with Tom the gardener. Griselda is beautiful, eighteen and the desire of Solly, Lieutenant Tasset, and Hector Macilwraith. Although Webster's house is old and dark in some rooms, it is so because Mr. Webster likes the warmth of leather, dark wood, thick carpets and patterned wallpaper. The girls' rooms are decorated to suit themselves. In contrast with theirs, Solly Bridgetower's bedroom is in the attic, where he drinks rye and tapwater and bewails his predicaments.

The forces of Eros are not influential in Salterton. Mr. Webster is retiring, something of a recluse; Freddy is only fourteen years old and Griselda only eighteen. Solly is suffocated by his mother. Valentine Rich has returned to Salterton to settle her grandfather's estate and directs The Tempest only as a favor. Humphrey Cobbler is shunned by "respectable" Salterton. The theatrical development of Salterton is effectively in the hands of the vulgar and pretentious Mrs. Roscoe Forrester, Professor Vambrace, and Hector Macilwraith. Most other members of the Little Theatre have no serious interest in it.

Important satiric scenes of Tempest-Tost center on Hector Macilwraith, the local mathematics teacher. He is the epitome of Samuel Marchbanks' narrow, unimaginative, joyless, self-satisfied Ontarioans. Hector is the son of a Presbyterian minister. But Presbyterianism itself is not a factor in Hector's warped adulthood, for the Macilwraiths were not particularly good Presbyterians: there was no deep devotion, "not even a rigid puritanism in that household" (97). There was only the sense of his father's failure as an effective minister, and an awareness of the "accompaniments of his father's profession"--the tiring procession of weddings, funerals, pastoral calls, and exhausting Sundays. Hector was expected to be an example to all other boys. He does not even have the consolation of an intellectually interesting family for his father is dispirited and seems to have forgotten most of his academic training; his mother is retiring and "it is doubtful if her mental processes could be called thought" (95-99).

Davies gives Hector's background in considerable detail. He is a child victimized by his incompetent mother, particularly; the sympathy thus aroused for him is, in effect, turned against him when, as an adult, he is satirized for his vanity and emotional constipation, motives for which are provided in the background. Such a satiric approach--satirizing those whose adult lives are unworthy, regardless of the reasons why they are unworthy--is a common technique in Davies. He satirizes Hector's parents for their irresponsibility towards their child, and he satirizes the adult child for not being able to shake off his parents' influence.

As a youth, Hector shows considerable resourcefulness and strength in overcoming the poverty and lack of direction that result from his father's failures, but he never overcomes his mother's worries that his digestive tract is abnormal. His mother is emotionally starved and clings to the boy through her concern for his bowels. She feeds him worm powder to rid him of imaginary worms. She plies him with "syrups, pellets, suppositories and nastiness of every kind." Davies characterizes the adult Hector by bowel imagery to suggest not only his mother's continuing, unsavory influence over his adult-life, but also to reveal his inability to express himself outwardly; he is emotionally constipated; only his bowels are capable of spontaneous expression. Hector is not satirized as a child; the point at which he begins to be satirized is when he consciously accepts "planning and common sense" as "his gods in this world" in reaction against his father's insufficiency (114), and when, in normal school, his god "in some other world" becomes mathematics. He is solemn, dedicated, and obsessed with calculation, planning, and common sense. He is, like Thorpe the barber in Leacock's Sunshine Sketches, level-headed. And with these qualities, he is an excellent teacher: he has enthusiasm and is ingenious; he has excellent discipline; he is "tireless in explanation"; and he never doubts his ability. The petty vanities from which he is to suffer later begin to form in his first year of teaching. He likes to show off his mathematical ability to the children by having them call out numbers which he adds in his head. He keeps the class hard at work doing mathematical puzzles in spare moments, instead of reading them stories, as the previous teacher did: mathematical

puzzles are more "improving" than stories or his showing off. His self-confidence leads him into the use of cruel irony with which he becomes a classroom tyrant. He marks students' exercises with meticulous red marks and writes TOSASM beside incorrect answers--The Old Stupid and Silly Mistake.

Hector takes great pride in his memory for names. He lists arguments Pro and Con in a little notebook he carries, weighs them against each other and arrives mechanically at a conclusion. He eats his meals like an automaton, although he relishes rich desserts. He is getting fat. He is forty years old. He is incapable of expressing feeling except through ridicule in his classroom. He has never had the slightest intimacy with women. He lives at the YMCA and joins the Little Theatre deliberately and only to improve his social life, but will never behave with any "unseemly gaiety" at parties. He is convinced that he knows himself. His joy in life is to supervise examinations; his ecstasy is the offer of a job in the Department of Education. Hector Macilwraith is completely empty and completely vain.

He has never read Shakespeare except in school, but during rehearsals of The Tempest, he comes under the influence of Shakespeare's poetry and falls in love with Griselda Webster--and the Hector that has been forming for forty years is destroyed in a few weeks. The satiric scene of Hector as a lover is somewhat farcical as this pompous automaton of a man is emotionally exploded to be reassembled at the end of the novel into something more like a human being than he has ever been. Hector's experience as a lover is a purgation of forty years of costive emotions. The cathartic is The Tempest.

Hector's love for Griselda causes him to act like an adolescent at times, as if he has regressed. At other times he is a courtly lover. He loses his appetite and grows pale; he is unable to sleep and tosses fitfully in his bed; he longs for Griselda and loses interest in everyday things, even in supervising examinations; he blushes and breathes heavily. His bowels "retch" when he thinks of his love in the company of another man. He creeps around the grounds of Griselda's home to get a glimpse of her bedroom window. He is like some Malvolio cross-gartered, as he struts at rehearsal in brightly coloured sportshirts, tries to tell jokes and to be witty.

Shakespeare and love work on Hector's mind as well as emotions. He comes to realize his limitations. He does not know himself. He learns that his intellect is not so great as he imagined and that he has no sense of humor. He burns his Pro and Con "Plan of Conduct book" realizing that "his whole concept of life as something which could be governed by schemes in pocketbooks is trivial and contemptible" (196; 202-204).

The final satiric images of Hector put him in complete degradation as he lies in the symbolic greenhouse amid broken bottles of Freddy's cider, his face and hair grotesquely smeared with grease paint, after his unsuccessful suicide by hanging, during the first-night performance of The Tempest. The scene is one of death and re-birth: the hanging, the smeared grease paint which obliterates the old Hector, and the baptism in Freddy's cider. The symbolism is completed in Griselda's bedroom, to which Hector has been taken to recover and rest. He lies in bed wearing the pyjamas of Mr. Webster, one of the Eros men; he sees Griselda, now, as

a child. He will leave Salterton to take up his job with the Department of Education. The new Hector has been born.

Solly Bridgetower and Humphrey Cobbler sum up Hector's reasons for his romance and attempted suicide. Each is partly right from a particular point of view. Humphrey's explanation is suitably sexual: Hector was merely suffering from the male menopause; "This is his last fling at romance before he goes out of business as a male creature.... The last gutterings of the candle...the gurgle of the last pint of suds in the drain" (370). Solly's interpretation is cultural; Hector's attempted suicide is the result of the vulgarity of "a crass soul":

> "He thinks that when his belly is full and his job safe, he's got the world by the tail. He has never found out anything about himself, so how can he know anything about other people? A condition of the vulgarian is that he never expects anything good or bad that happens to him to be the result of his own personality.... The only people who make any sense in the world are those who know that whatever happens to them has its roots in what they are." (370)

Both Humphrey and Solly are partly wrong. Hector did come to know something about himself, and his love for Griselda was not sexual at all. Only Valentine Rich knows, but will not analyze or explain. What she knows is that Hector needed to be loved, needed at this point in his life "the warm, cherishing, unquestioning, feminine sympathy which he had not known (and then, how meagerly) since his childhood" (362). Valentine gives Hector her warmth and kindness and sympathy and retrieves him from Death, as she holds his head on her lap and wipes his brow. Her "rich love," her Eros quality, saves him from Thanatos.

Although Hector Macilwraith has done nothing to raise the cultural standard in Salterton, he has, at least, been influenced by The Tempest. Mrs. Roscoe Forrester and Professor Vambrace remain pompous and ignorant throughout their experience with the play. Mrs. Forrester is president of the Little Theatre and dominates it by her rudeness, her laughing irony ("one can say anything so long as it is with a smile"), and her belief that she never loses her temper. She is in the Thanatos party, one of the emotionally constipated. Her attitudes towards the theatre are stock and pompous: good dress rehearsals mean bad first-nights; she worries about getting a "bad press" from the local university periodical, The Waverley Review, which, however, will not be published for some months, and from the critics in the local paper; she expects quarrels among actors. She excuses shoddy make-up and lax attendance at rehearsals as the limitations of amateurs.

To her The Tempest is a pastoral, and should, therefore, be played outdoors where Nature can be used. The local river is to be used for the storm scene, after which the audience will move their chairs back to the Webster lawn for the rest of the performance. She is superficial, naive, pretentious, and aggressively ignorant. She is also a snob. She desires to make the local pinnacle of wealthy society, Mrs. Caesar Augustus Conquergood, the honorary patron of the Theatre, in order to "attract the right people" to the arts. She distrusts Humphrey Cobbler because he laughs out loud, drinks, and has long hair. She deplores Solly's going to Cambridge for an education:

> "Education in England spoils so many Canadians--
> except Rhodes scholars, who come back and get
> Government jobs right away. There's a nice

> simplicity about a Canadian that education abroad seems to destroy. Lots of boys go through our universities and come out with the bloom still on them, but when they go abroad, they always come home spoiled." (40)

Her distinction seems to be based on the myth of the innocence of the new world and the depravity of the old world.

As with Mrs. Bridgetower and Mr. Webster, Mrs. Forrester is characterized by her dwelling. Her apartment is done in the acceptable manner of the culture of the ladies' magazines. It has "Taste," although to the narrator, it is tasteless and sterile, having nothing of the warmth of Mr. Webster's house or even the oppressive, stale grandeur of Mrs. Bridgetower's. Mrs. Forrester's apartment is devoid of color, except for two "Notes of Colour," a picture of red horses, and, on a table, a green bowl. Chairs and chesterfield and rug are mushroom color; "the walls were distempered in a colour which recalled, if anything, vomit." The dining room is fashionably re-done old-pine, uncomfortable furniture "rubbed down with pumice and rubbed up with oil and shellacked until it had a permanently wet look." There is "wit" in the bathroom: the guest towels are marked "Yours." Matches in the guestroom are imprinted "Swiped from the Forresters." The greatest detail in the description of the apartment is lavished on the skimpy library. There are books on contemplation, relaxation, and dieting; there are some novels, and a copy of the Rubaiyat; there is the drama section of the library: "three anthologies of plays, a curiously unhelpful manual called Play Direction For Theatres Great and Small, and a handful of dog-eared acting copies of plays in which Mrs. Forrester had herself appeared" (34-37).

This superficial, joyless woman is the President of the Little Theatre. She is impervious to any civilizing influence in Shakespeare. Her total provinciality is her armor. The last image of her, in the novel, sums her up. She is fretting because her idol, Mrs. Caesar Augustus Conquergood, has left the play before it is finished. Mrs. Forrester is very upset. But it is the kind of play that is at fault, not the performance, not Mrs. Conquergood, and certainly not Shakespeare, whom she honored on the program by having his name printed in the same size type as Mrs. Conquergood: "'I'll never have anything to do with a pastoral again.'" She is near to tears (365).

There is no hope for drama in Salterton so long as Mrs. Forrester is active, and there is no suggestion that she will not continue to be. Nor is there any hope so long as Professor Vambrace is influential in the Little Theatre. He is Mrs. Forrester's lieutenant. A Professor of Classics, he is hopelessly pedantic and utterly without imagination. He is a stoic. The interior of his house is threadbare "not from lack of money but from lack of desire for anything better" (163). He believes in the virtues of large draughts of fresh air and plenty of fruit "to keep the bowels open" (158). He pushes himself with false modesty into the part of Prospero. He declaims his lines. His concept of good casting is to give the part of Juno to Miss Wildfang, rather than to the bosomy Miss Tompkins, nick-named The Torso, because "'Eva Wildfang is a woman of cultivation. She knows who Juno was. I don't suppose this Tompkins creature ever heard of Juno before tonight'" (158). He frequently tries to use stage jargon: "'Where's your balance going to be with that hoyden lolloping about the stage?...

And Macilwraith! Stiff as a stick. What will become of your plasticity, your fluidity of movement with him on the stage?'" (158). The culminating satiric image of Vambrace is his trying to eat seven grapes during his speech "The Cloud-capp'd towers--the gorgeous palaces" and to throw away the stem on "We are such stuff/ As dreams are made on," in symbolic representation of Jacques' Seven Ages speech in As You Like It. Although Valentine Rich, the director, has expressly forbidden Vambrace to do such a thing as eat grapes during a speech, he ignores her: "Three grapes had undone him, and five made him sound like a man talking under water; he had desperately gulped his mouthful, and pushed in the last two grapes...and as he tossed away the empty stem...a loud and prolonged belch had burst from the depths of his beard" (360).

The Professor is unrepentant, however; he will rehearse the business "all day tomorrow." He and Mrs. Forrester remain dominant in their self-deception, vanity, ignorance, and snobbery, towering over the art of Shakespeare and the kindness and talent of Valentine Rich; Vambrace and Mrs. Forrester are two of those Benedict Domdaniel warns about, Thanatossers pretending to be Eros people.

The theme of sterility is prominent in satiric scenes in Tempest-Tost. The Forresters have no children and live in their "mushroom" apartment. Hector Macilwraith is unmarried, loves Griselda "intellectually," lives at the Y. M. C. A., has never touched a woman, and "gelds" his students of marks for making The Old Same and Silly Mistakes. Professor Vambrace has one daughter, Pearl, whom he is determined to make into the kind of woman he wishes he had married. He and his wife have no communication.

She seeks the mysteries of Roman Catholicism, and he spends his time with the Ancients, the Little Theatre, and Pearl, turning her into a dowdy introvert under the illusion that she is becoming a woman of "general culture, nice manners and a store of agreeable conversation" (160). Solly Bridgetower's mother says to him: "'Yes, I'm sure all these girls you meet are very nice but there's always one at home, lovely, isn't there--waiting till whatever time it may be'" (92).

Contrasted with these characters are those symbolic of fertility, imagination, and love: Tom, the gardener; Mr. Webster's daughter, Freddy; Humphrey Cobbler, a kind of Pan, and his warm and intelligent wife and their eleven children. Valentine Rich does her best for Shakespeare against the force of Mrs. Forrester and Professor Vambrace, and she is the mother-figure who brings Hector back from Death.

The narration of Tempest-Tost is by a Marchbanksian, disembodied narrator who gives the work considerable satiric force and tone by his general commentary on the action and on human nature, a technique that relates the action satirically to the world outside of Salterton.[6] The narrator is one of the standards in Tempest-Tost. He not only allows characters to ridicule themselves, but often he intrudes to comment on them, or on some other subject, such as the fascistic tendencies of children, the mercenary attitudes of Little Theatres, or the clichés of local historical writings. Whether he is making direct comments or whether he is arranging a farcical attempted suicide, or Mrs. Forrester's apartment, his hand is constantly seen constructing a satiric fiction, rather than a realistic portrayal.

A comparison with Leacock's Mariposa is relevant to discussion of Davies' Salterton. Leacock makes a general statement on the nature of man in his depiction of the inhabitants of Mariposa. Davies does not achieve this. There is too much of Samuel Marchbanks in the narrator of Tempest-Tost. He assumes that the reader will agree with his judgements; and while the reader would probably agree with him that Mrs. Forrester, Vambrace, and Macilwraith are undesirable as leaders of the Little Theatre, there is not sufficient indication that anyone else could do better, or that anything is lost to culture under their leadership that otherwise would not have been: Valentine Rich, after all, directs the play. Somewhat more successful is the satire on the hypocrisy of those who use the Theatre as a vehicle for their Thanatosser snobbishness, or, for that matter, those who use it to increase their social contacts. Again, because there are no alternatives to Vambrace, Forrester, and Macilwraith, (not even the narrator whose wit, intelligence, and compassion are not remarkable), the assumption is, apparently, that it is better to have no play than a play put on by hypocrites.

In the remaining Davies' satiric scenes, dullness and stupidity are usually relevant to a particular institution or discipline--religion, education, or the social sciences. Davies' depiction of Canada as culturally stagnant includes satiric scenes of both Catholic and Protestant influences. In the play "Hope Deferred," set in Quebec City in 1693, Count Frontenac is opposed in his desire to present Molière to Quebec audiences by Monseigneur Saint-Vallier and Bishop Laval. Frontenac and

the beautiful Indian girl Chimene oppose the two priests. She has just returned from Paris where for five years she has received training in acting from the best French teacher, at Frontenac's expense. Both Frontenac and Chimène are Eros people. Both are beautifully and richly dressed. Chimène is dancing when the play begins. Saint-Vallier and Laval are dressed in black. Saint-Vallier is young, proud, devout, a scholar, not, as he informs Frontenac, "some barefoot friar." To him Tartuffe is an evil play because "It presents piety in an unfavourable light." Those in the colony who cannot understand Molière's irony must be protected, particularly the Indians. Saint-Vallier has once already been questioned by the Chief, who after a performance of Mithridate inquired, "was such conduct common among the palefaces, and why did the blackrobes not forbid it?" Saint-Vallier had no answer for the Indian. Further to his argument, the priest is afraid of gossip in the city if the "ungodly" play is put on for only those who can understand its irony--whatever goes on in the Chateau is talked of in the city. Saint-Vallier's viewpoint does not allow for any deviation from his own concept of what is "good for the people." He is ruled by fear, by fear of the British, by fear of gossip, by fear of the loss of his concept of the New World as a place of innocence, and of the loss of his own powerful position. "Hope Deferred" is not an indictment of the Roman Catholic Church in general, for by 1693 Molière was being played in France. The point is the misuse of the position and power of the Church by the self-righteous Thanatossers.

Both Frontenac and Chimène are aware of the direction in which Saint-Vallier's proscription will lead. In answer to Frontenac's question,

"Are you asking me to reduce the intellectual tone of this country to what is fit for Indians and shopkeepers?" the priest replies, "I beg your influence to help make this a pious country before anything else." He also sees liberalization in the colony as a danger which will make the colonists and Indians receptive to English attitudes. The only way to thwart the English is not by giving the Indians "free brandy, plenty of presents, and plenty of lacross" as Frontenac happily suggests, but by "more missionaries, more strictness, and a shining example of piety...in Quebec." In other words, to replace an Eros-life of brandy, games, and plays, with a Thanatos-life of enforced self-restraint, sacrifice, and joylessness. Canada is to become both good and great, but "goodness" must come first. To Saint-Vallier, European art is nonsense; the native arts are sufficient--weaving altar frontals from dyed porcupine quills--because "even the most abandoned spirit is incapable of expressing contumacity or salaciousness in beads and quills." The country must remain innocent and ignorant. The crux of Canadian provincialism in Davies' work follows:

> Saint-Vallier: I tell you frankly, I am glad that much of that nonsense called art is far away in the old world, and that the people who have come here to make a new country do not long for it, and often do not know it exists. A new land has no time for amusements which may be destructive.[7]

To the mild Laval, who wants only that man should be "simple and good," Chimene replies that such simplicity "borders on the idiotic"; "A simple man without the arts is a clod, or a saint, or a bigot: saints are very rare: clods and bigots are many. Are you trying to put the country into

their hands?"[8] Saint-Vallier is worldly enough, however, to leave Frontenac a bag of one hundred louis.

Plays will not be given in Quebec. Frontenac feels the weight of his seventy-three years. He has no longer the strength to oppose enthusiastic young men of the Church: "they are so sure that they are right that they bend us to their will.... There is no tyranny like organized virtue." Chimène, the talented actress, plans to return to France to act. The country is bereft of perhaps its first of many talented people who are to leave in the following two hundred fifty years.

"Hope Deferred" is Davies' most successful satiric play. Characterization, for instance, is much more original and credible than in "Overlaid," in which Pop is somewhat incredibly exuberant, and the insurance salesman a cliché. "Hope Deferred" establishes Davies' favorite theme of the evil of fanatical puritan goodness more impressively than any other of his writings. Saint-Vallier's satanic force dominates the dancing, bright dress, and wit of Frontenac and Chimène and the "well-deceived" piety of Laval, with great power. The black of Saint-Vallier's religious garments suggests both his piety and his evil. His pride and his ambition are his obvious evils; it is these which give power to his religious fervor. The Eden myth is effectively used: satanic religiosity in the (New World) garden of creative innocence and beauty. By setting the play in New France and by suggesting historical validity through credible and lively historical characters, Davies also gains an advantage few Canadian satirists have chosen to accept. He begins with recognizable, evocative images: Frontenac, Laval, and New France. Through witty and capable

dialogue, simplicity of plot, and through discussion of worthwhile themes by significant, developing characters, and through the unequivocal use of religion as an effective force of Thanatos, Davies achieves an effective metaphor of puritanism in Canada. It is no small part of the success of the play that its puritanism is Roman Catholic, and that it intriguingly places the beginnings of Canadian puritanism in our very origins.

Narrow religious "goodness" and simplicity as ultimate virtues are part of the satire of the Thirteeners, in A Mixture of Frailties. This fundamentalist group, whose American founder believes he is the thirteenth apostle of Christ, is under the pastorship of Mr. Beamis, whose cultural level does not rise beyond his own Heart and Hope Gospel Quartette of which Monica Gall, who receives the Bridgetower Trust bequest to study music, is a member. So long as she sings with this group, her voice remains undeveloped. In a letter to Humphrey Cobbler, Benedict Domdaniel, the English conductor who is to train Monica, states her cultural condition: The "pseudo-religious twaddle" in her life symbolizes the cultural stagnation of such groups as the Thirteeners to whom classical church music "spells Popery and Pride." Thirteeners' music is "music at the service of cant." Whereas the Beamis's church might have been aggressive in providing for Monica's talents, art in her church (and at home) is not only discouraged, but "not even guessed at." "A real, natural talent," Domdaniel writes, "has been overlaid by a stultifying home atmosphere and cultural malnutrition."[9]

The most detailed satiric scene involving the Thirteeners as vulgarians is the farewell party given for Monica by her mother, Ma Gall. Beamis is described as a "shaman"; he has a "rubber face"; his wife is "carved out of teak"; their son is "small, thin, pimply and has bad breath." The young Thirteeners, adolescents mostly, are furtive, laconic, and dull; when they are amused, they "snicker and neigh." They are entertained at the party with tongue-twisters, vocal contests (boys against girls), riddles, and puns. At lunch two boys cause great hilarity when they compete to see who can eat more. Ma Gall has prepared an enormous amount of food and sweet punch. The Thirteeners "chew their way through" the ham, turkey, pickles, and salad. Dessert, which is to be "topped off" with shortbread, is mince tarts with maraschino cherry juice poured over them, as a substitute for brandy. When they have eaten a sufficient amount, the Thirteeners moan and rub their stomachs, or protest that "their back teeth were submerged in food." The party has its two unfunny clowns Alex and Kevin, who keep the party laughing with their imitations of foreign accents and of Moslems, bumping their heads on the floor in honor of Monica. Kevin and Alex are homosexuals, but no one recognizes them as such.[10] The whole chaotic, repulsive scene is redolent with perversity, vulgarity, and sterility: the huge quantities of food, the over-sweet drinks and dessert, the acceptable excretory jokes, the homosexuals, Gus Hoole (the hypocritical radio announcer at his most piously funny in the Thirteener style). The satiric scene devastates the Thirteeners, but most significantly establishes Monica's background, and Monica's mother whose natural vitality has soured into grotesqueness.

She hoots and screams in what passes for a joyous hostess and serves her cookies, punch, tarts, shortbread, pickles, ham, turkey, and salad. She has done little enough for Monica (an aunt taught Monica the little music she knows). Ma Gall's rôle is that of "The Earth-Goddess, the Many-Breasted Mother," but it is a rôle deprived of meaning by religious repression of her Eros qualities, and by ignorance. Later in the novel, when she is dying in her bed at home because she refuses to go to the hospital, she has hideous nightmares of sexual sinfulness:

> "...during her lifetime the only morality of which she had ever given a moment of serious thought, or to which she had ever paid solemn tribute was the morality of sexual prohibition; she felt now that she could not confess her transgressions or give clear expression to her remorse. Instead, she accused herself vaguely, and suffered in the tormented images of her morphic dreams."[11]

It is not Pastor Beamis who is particularly evil in his "virtue"--he actually encourages Monica to accept the Bridgetower bequest and to go to England, and he encourages Ma Gall to go to the hospital. What Davies is satirizing is the attitude of prohibition in fundamentalist religions that drains vitality and substitutes perverse, uncreating "virtue"; it is, moreover, the same prohibition that is present in Monseigneur Saint-Vallier in Quebec in 1693, and in Ethel Cochran in "Overlaid," set in modern Ontario.

Ethel Cochran is very "religious": "Mission, Temperance, the W. A." Like Ma Gall's, her life is an empty husk. She is, as her father, Pop Cochran, irreverently explains, "emotionally undernourished," as was her mother who is now mad: "When she wasn't working, she was up to some

religious didoes at the church.... More and more religion: more and more hell-raisin' at home.... Emotional undernourishment is what done it, and it'll do the same for you."[12]

Ethel's life is devoted to creating a good impression on her neighbors so that her neighbors will say, "she stands on her own feet, and never asks anything from anybody...." It is, however, more than unrelenting work that has driven Ma to the insane asylum and Ethel to develop her petty vanity. It is the ethic of independence, work, duty, self-denial and the good name, that she has accepted so wholeheartedly. Ethel is so completely one of the Thanatos people that the height of her earthly ambition is to have her good name immortalized on a suitably plain and respectable gravestone in the family plot. The gravestone is a powerful symbol of the death-in-life existence of Ethel and Ma with their distrust of fun, of art, and of vitality.

It is Pop's insurance endowment money that is to pay for the stone. As Frontenac gave in to Saint-Vallier's powerful self-righteousness, Pop gives in to Ethel. Pop, more a concept than a character, sits in his top hat and white gloves listening to the Saturday afternoon broadcast of the Metropolitan Opera. He is a less sophisticated Eros man than Humphrey Cobbler or any of the other Eros men. His speech is colloquial and filled with vivid imagery that shocks Ethel and the insurance man, but the very exuberance of his speech underlines his Eros qualities and contrasts with the repressed, ex-school teacher diction of his daughter. He refers to the institution in which his wife is a patient as a "bughouse," to Ethel's cooking as "burnt truck," to church activities as "religious

didoes." With his $1200 endowment, Pop plans to go to New York where he will "holler and hoot and raise hell" at the Opera and wink at the girls in the chorus. At a nightclub he will drink whiskey, watch the girls strip ("every last dud, kinda slow an' devilish till they're bare naked") and pay fifty dollars for a dancer's "brazeer."[13]

The Davies' theme of the sapping harshness of Canadian life, as well as its religious "goodness," is an important part of Pop's satire. There is no time for beauty in people's lives because virtue is equated with work and self-denial, because this virtue and the geography and the climate make utilitarianism seem indispensable. Elms are cut down to widen a road, but the road is never widened. Money goes only to pay off the church debt; and when Pop donates fifty dollars for a church bell, they buy a new stove with it. Canada is a country of necessities that "get in the way whenever you want somethin' purty":

> There's always somebody starvin', or a sewer needs diggin', or some damn necessary nuisance to hog all your time and energy an' money <u>if you go lookin' for it</u>.[14]

Pop has had enough of duty and self-denial, but it is the power of Ethel's belief in her so-called virtue that causes him to surrender his money for her family gravestone: "There's a special kind o' power that comes from the belief that you're right. Whether you really are right or not doesn't matter: it's the belief that counts."[15] Ethel has "overlaid" Pop with her belief in her goodness. Pop's claim that he "ain't overlaid for good" is an echo of Count Frontenac's hope deferred.

Nicholas Hayward, a professor in Fortune, My Foe, feels the same about Canadian isolation and provincialism as does Pop, although there is no religious implication in his sardonic comments. In the twentieth century, Nicholas feels, Canadians are playing at being nineteenth-century pioneers, pretending that scholarship and the arts are irrelevant because they cannot see them as necessities. Canada, he finds, is impossible to love: "The mainspring of a Canadian's patriotism is not love but duty."[16] Nicholas's subject is English literature, and as a professor he feels that he is despised because he does not teach anything "useful." He finds no possibility in Canada for intellectual stimulation or realization of his aesthetic aims, although he does in the United States, beneath its "commercialism and vulgarity" (21). Professor Idris Rowlands is also bitter about lack of Canadian response to his cultured offerings. He is a Welshman who has attended Oxford and is utterly defeated by Canada: "I have given all I have to Canada--my love, then my hate, and now my bitter indifference. This raw, frost-bitten country has worn me out, and its raw, frost-bitten people have numbed my heart" (47-48). Canadians, says the Professor, are "blockheads"; the only worthwhile students go to the United States. He is bitter, but he is also interested enough in Canada to stay. While his prediction of the Czech puppeteer's failure in Canada, outside of nightclubs, is convincing enough, his violent claims that all Canadian artistic taste is mediocre is not.

Nicholas plans to publish a book of seventeenth century jokes, with commentary, and on the prestige obtained find work in an American university.

Rowlands accuses him of going there only for money, while at the same time encouraging Szabo to produce his puppet show in Canada, to give Canada "something it needs." Nicholas defends himself by saying that he would like to work in England even more than in the United States. Such sentimentality, as Rowlands calls it, is the subject of a bristling attack:

> "Your childhood was spent in Canada, and your notion of England is still that of a child in love with romantic reading. Your England is all lions rampant, stage coaches, Ann Hathaway's cottage, Kenilworth Castle, and Christmas cards by Raphael Tuck.... Oh, I know you educated Canadians! I know your hunger for a land better than your own! And I know how green it makes the dales of England seem! And it's the same with the United States; when you want money you can always find a reason for going there--a fancy reason, that's to say." (51)

The attacks in Fortune, My Foe on the mercenary aspect of the Canadian "brain-drain," the attacks on the sentimentality in the British Connection, and on academic scholarship, are characterized by violent and impatient direct statements, rather than verbal irony. It is the shock of the unequivocal direct statements that gives the satiric force to these scenes. Irony is used, of course, as in Nicholas Hayward's mocking description of his projected joke book, which is part of Davies' attack on contemporary expertise. Modern professionalism in these scenes covers ignorance, pettiness, and dullness. Nicholas's joke book is nonsense because the jokes in it are not funny, and are recognized by him as "rubbish." The original book, "'Nugae Venales, or a Complaisant Companion Being New Jests, Domestic and Foreign, Bulls, Rhodomontadoes, Pleasant Novels, Lyes and Improbabilities collected by John Head:

London 1686'" will be used to prove that at least "two-thirds of the jokes in the book, re-written, given modern flavour, will make people laugh now." This pointless thesis, the reduction of jokes to academic explanation, and the inflation of rubbish into scholarly study will bring Nicholas fame in universities. He is fully aware of the irony of the situation: he will become an authority on humor. The Reader's Digest will ask him to run old jokes, with explanations, monthly. He will make money from the book, the preface of which will be dignified, but not over the heads of ordinary men (presumably so that it will have better chances of selling). Most important to Nicholas is that "great American universities will fight for me" (5-8).

Professor Rowland's condemnation of Nicholas's plan is overstated, in the Leacock manner:

> ...your really up-to-date professor sticks his nose into the silliest manifestations of everyday life and tells the public that they are more important than they really are. In the States they have professors who specialize in the psychology of jazz, the social significance of comic strips, or the effect of advertising on modern prose style. (8)

Rowlands is bitter and disillusioned, but what he says is a part of the satiric point of view of Fortune, My Foe.

Solly Bridgetower, in A Leaven of Malice, is persuaded by his department head to enter Amcan--the field of Canadian and American literatures--which is to Solly "the scholarly disembowelling of whatever seemed durable in American-Canadian literature."[17] The department head encourages Solly because he feels that teaching and preparation of lectures will not get Solly known in academic circles; therefore, according to

Dr. Sangreen, "You've got to publish. Unless you publish, you'll never be heard of."[18] Both Solly and the narrator become satiric at the use of scholarship to such ends, and at the consideration of second-rate, obscure material to be worthy of research. Solly's first step, however, is to warn, by letters of enquiry to the learned journals, "Other eager delvers into the dustheaps of Amcan that he had put his brand on Heavysege" (196). Solly cannot become a "scholarly werewolf" and is nauseated by the thought of such crass work to get academic prestige. He discusses Heavysege with Humphrey Cobbler and his wife, ironically draws parallels between Saul and Paradise Lost, and considers the characteristics of Saul as a Canadian work: Jobediah's restraint, Saul's suppression of emotion, David's self-control, all of which are familiar as elements in Davies' satiric Canadian scene. Saul is a scholar's delight, Solly tells Humphrey and his wife. It is full of misprints for instance; does runnign mean running? Does clods mean clouds? Further scholarly fare may be found in the biographical parallels between Heavysege and the characters in the drama.[19]

To Solly, Heavysege is an "ash-heap," as to Nicholas Hayward, the seventeenth-century joke book is "rubbish." Solly's thoughts on scholarship reach out to the Canadian search for identity and he realizes that Canada is determined to have a literary culture, to "rapidly acquire the trappings of older countries."[20] One character in this novel is already writing the great Canadian prose epic, The Plain That Broke the Plow. Although Mullins does not know what an epic is, Solly decides that, at least, Mullins is trying to create, not "hoping to make a few meals

on the putrifying corpse of the poet" Charles Heavysege.

However much he satirizes Canadian attempts to establish a cultural tradition, Solly finds that he is a part of it as a lecturer at a university, although he finally decides to write rather than analyze Heavysege. Nicholas Hayward also realizes that to be involved in Canadian culture is more rewarding than fleeing to the United States on wings of dubious scholarship. He gives up, at least temporarily, his plan to become a scholar of humor.

The flattery of the Common Man, and the pretentious inflation of dullness and mediocrity into matters of importance are characteristic of the professionalism of the cliché characters Orville Tapscott and Mattie Philpott, the recreation specialists of Fortune, My Foe, who would reduce the 300-year-old art and tradition of puppetry to a six week summer course for teachers. Art, from their point of view, is the handmaiden of education: puppet shows are to be health lessons for children on "tot lots," a tot being a child from three years to eight or a moron from three to sixteen. The simple world of these recreationists is didactic, psychological, physiological, and biological. It is a world bereft of imaginative experience. Tots need puppets to make health lessons fun; teen agers do not need puppets because they are busy learning about sex. Everything must be simplified. Children will not be interested in anything that is difficult. Thus, they make puppets with no legs and with dime-store dolls' heads because legs and heads are difficult to make. Puppet plays must be harmonious with tot-lot sociological and moral principles: Don Quixote is forbidden because of mistress Dulcinea,

because the poverty in the play might cause "class feeling," because "satire is no good for children," and because "you teach kids to make fun of a lunatic and first thing you know they'll be delinquents."[21]

Similar to this satiric scene of what Davies considers the modern acceptance of ignorance and mediocrity are the less trite scenes involving Norm and Dutchy, in A Leaven of Malice. Norm is a stock university guidance counsellor whose knowledge of psychology is superficial. His wife, Dutchy, did a Master's degree on "Parenthood" when she was nineteen years old. They are naively ignorant and convinced of their goodness and virtue.

One of the most effective satiric scenes in Davies' work is Professor Vambrace's deflation of Norm. Norm has come to help Vambrace realize that Vambrace has an Oedipal relationship with his daughter, Pearl. Norm knows nothing about either Oedipus complexes or about Oedipus, except as "a convenient and limitless bin into which he dumped any problem involving possessive parents and dependent children."[22] The Professor, who is Head of the Classics Department at Waverley, reduces, by his knowledge of the Oedipus myths, Norm's pretentious elementary psychology to the admission that "'All that Freudian stuff is pretty complicated,'"[23] and that after all he is not referring to actual incest between Vambrace and his daughter, only to "'a kind of mental incest. Really nothing serious.'" The suggestion that the sins of the mind are less important than the sins of flesh throws Vambrace into a rage and he drives Norm from his office. The satiric scene evolves skilfully from Norm's original wish to help the Professor, through the destruction of

his claim to knowledge and his admission that the problem, after all, is not serious, and moves to the suggestion that Norm, a university counsellor, is incapable of dealing with such concepts as "sins of the mind" and concludes with a tirade against expertise which takes the whole episode out of the specific scene and makes analogy with the world outside of the novel: "'But you [Norm] are, like many another Sphinx of our modern world, an undereducated, bassy pup, who thinks that gall can take the place of the authority of wisdom, and that a professional lingo can disguise his lack of thought. You aspire to be a Sphinx, without first putting yourself to the labour of acquiring a secret."[24] Norm, in the satiric tradition of the domination of evil, remains unchanged after the Professor's attack. He considers that the Professor's talk about Sphinxes is a sign of mental weakness, and that he will bear watching.

Absent from these satiric targets whose evil is virtue, religious or professional, is any sense of the demonic, a sense which is, ironically, fully developed in roguish Eros men, especially Mr. Punch, the puppet. In the Introduction to A Masque of Mr. Punch, an uninspired satire, Davies states that "As a literary influence Mr. Punch is neither classic nor dramatic, but demonic, without parallel in life or art,"[25] and Mephisbopheles, at the end of the play, tells Mr. Punch that humanity cannot spare him:

> "If we let you go, it will be no time at all before the whole human race is living on government pensions and Canada Council grants...You are the Spirit of Unregenerate Man...You are the Old Adam; and without you, the human race would cease to be human." (55)

The spirit of Mr. Punch contrasts in the play with all the satirized characters, the Chorus of stereotyped TV and newspaper reporters and critics, the playwrights, Samuel Bucket, a professor, and an American writer, Sewanee River. There is none of the Old Adam in them; there is no love, no daring, no vitality, no intensity of awareness. The Chorus, for instance, begins the play:

> ...we await what the present occasion may bring us;
> Our minds not wholly idle--thinking and partly thinking--
> Assured that Time will explain and Life illustrate in full colour,
> All that man knows about earth, or needs to know of the heavens. (2)

As they wait for the unknown Punch to appear, the reporters and critics hope for someone of exaggerated modern significance, a great lover, an unusual lover, a "terrific Italian film actress," a famous man of great personality. When they are told that two names of the entertainer are Monsieur Polichinelle and Signor Punchinello, no one recognizes them.

The anti-masque, the performance of the Punch and Judy show with Punch, Judy, Toby, Harlequin, Polly, the Devil, the Doctor, and the Policeman, is an exhibition of the Old Adam spirit and contrasts to the enervated realistic characters. The play includes beating Punch, teasing Toby, killing the baby and the Doctor, hanging the Hangman, and beating the Devil. The response of the audience is good, but it does not trust itself to express its feelings; the Adjudicator must judge for them. He gives a pedantic criticism of the free-wheeling play, and objects that in the twentieth century the Devil should be killed. The Devil must be the hero, and the play to be any good, must end happily.

It must be as dull as the examples of contemporary plays that follow: Sewanee River's drama of Southern American Decadence (Tenessee Williams), Samuel Bucket's avant-garde drama about garbage cans, and the pedantic professor's effort to re-write Punch's play as a Shakespearian tragedy. These parodies, while they present satiric views of three contemporary attitudes toward drama, are weak in the same way that Leacock's satires of drama are weak: they ignore the thematic content of the playwrights, who do give significance to a back-alley garbage can setting or to decadent Southern Belles "down on their luck." A Masque of Mr. Punch (1963) is one of Davies' least successful satires. It is, however, a suitable culmination to his work in that its references to various playwrights and styles of drama suggest that by 1963 the isolation of Pop Cochran is past. The question here is not whether a play should be produced at all, but what play? What style? The statement that contemporary plays are dull and that theatres that are dominated by Shakespeare need re-vitalization assumes (however much it begs the question), a background of knowledge and experience on the part of the audience that is not made in any other of Davies' satires. There would seem to be hope for the Canadian cultural level, after all.

There is a very strong didactic element in Davies that is consistent with a dominant satiric image in his work, the image of teaching, of education. Of the numerous characters who are involved in teaching, one of the best teachers is, ironically, Hector Macilwraith. Academics buy their promotions with dull obscure research. Priests set moral examples by strangling art. Recreationists and counsellors propogate

ignorance and over-simplification of complex matters. Monica Gall, the singer, has been taught only enthusiastic hymns by her pastor, and Edwardian and Victorian songs, whose meanings she has not considered, by a well-meaning aunt.

The only culturally valuable teaching in Davies is done by Eros people who are well-trained: Benedict Domdaniel, Humphrey Cobbler, Valentine Rich, Murtagh Malloy, and Giles Revelstoke. Solly Bridgetower is dissatisfied with his teaching and wants and needs more time to prepare his lectures and to teach English to students other than engineers.

The fate in Canada of Szabo the Czech puppeteer depends, he says himself, on the educated people and on the uneducated. It is the half-educated who will ignore him, and are, one suspects, the products of teachers such as Hector, Ethel, the Monseigneurs Saint-Vallier, and the recreationists. Davies' plays, novels and sketches are, themselves, as art, intended to be good teaching, to be manifestations of the Eros spirit in the Canadian waste land. That they do not always succeed in this mission is unfortunate, but due, in no small part, to the frequent refusal of the Davies' satirists to concern themselves with more important issues, and to draw more significant scenes, than they do.

CHAPTER V

THREE SATIRISTS

Paul Hiebert
Earle Birney
Mordecai Richler

The satirists whose works are discussed in this chapter do not have a large body of satire in prose or dramatic form, but their work is, with Davies', the best that has been written since 1945. The chapter does not include, for instance, John Cornish's The Provincials, or Ralph Allen's The Chartered Libertine because they are contrived and superficial, and in the case of The Provincials, of insignificant theme. Reuben Ship's The Investigator, although successful in 1956, has a confused narrative framework and is now dated. It filled a need in its time, drawing a grotesque image of Joseph McCarthy and the cult of mediocrity, but it does not transcend that need.

With Hiebert, Birney, and Richler, there are failings: an easy cynicism in Richler, a tediousness in Birney's Turvey, a weakness for Leacockian nonsense in Hiebert; but these three writers contribute, despite their weakness, vital expressions of Canadian experience to the tradition of our satire. With these three satirists, Canadian satire moves across the country to span it completely. It moves with Birney's "Damnation of Vancouver"[1] (1957) away from the small town and rural metaphor of Hiebert and the other satirists previously discussed, and of his own Turvey, to the city. But the break is not complete even by 1968, for even Mordecai Richler includes the characters Seymor Bone and

Mortimer Griffin, who come originally from the Mariposas of Canada. Birney, a transitional figure between the more regional satirists (represented here by Hiebert) and Richler, makes free use of nature imagery as well as imagery of the modern city, but Richler leaves nature almost out of The Incomparable Atuk, and Cocksure is a world of movies, television, plastic, and transplanted organs. This is not to suggest necessarily that nature will disappear from Canadian satire, but only to point out the direction in which satire has moved, as in many ways Canadian society has moved, away from the countryside and towns with tree-shaded lawns to the cities.

The image of the big, modern city in Richler and Birney contrasts vividly with Hiebert's image of the emptiness of Sarah Binks' Saskatchewan, where achieving an identity in the vastness is a problem that is partially solved by frequent references to distances from farm to farm, or from town to farm, and to survey lines. Regina's fame is its box cars and farm machinery that are destined to travel to distant Saskatchewan towns.

The greatest success of Sarah Binks is in its preservation of elements that are perishing from the culture of the prairies. Hiebert's satiric scenes of jam pails of saskatoons, hired men, and one-roomed schools, do not, at their best, work through character-symbols. The important things about Sarah and a jam pail, for instance, is not only that she is more ridiculous because of the pail, but that the pail has a force that is greater than the characterization of the poetess because it is so concretely observed in contrast to the fantasy character. These

images, the "things" of prairie life, are the real things in Sarah Binks, and they come to achieve, as a whole, a metaphorical value that is greater than Sarah and her poetry. Through the images of the "thing itself"--the gopher, the dust, the tree--Saskatchewan itself stands as a metaphor for provincialism, of which Sarah is only a part: in effect, Sarah's biographer and critic makes everything he touches provincial, and Sarah and her poetry, which are already so, are thrust down into the Magma, the "Soul of Saskatchewan," which is too far down.

PAUL HIEBERT

Sarah Binks

The fictional critic of Sarah Binks is "Paul Hiebert," a name that suggests that the author Paul Hiebert does not take his satire seriously, or that he is not completely in control of his material; that is, that he does not realize the importance of a satiric mask, and that he is actually satirizing his own literary taste and critical abilities. But even more likely than either of these suggestions is that he intends the "Paul Hiebert" critic to be a satire on the reader who may be inclined to search for significant relationships between implied author, mask, and text.

"Paul Hiebert," critic and biographer of Sarah Binks, is a non-critic who has all of the critical machinery at his disposal. His footnotes are exact and to the point; he lists his sources; he has done minute research

on his subject, in the field, so to speak, and among collections and files; his tone is serious, his style is elevated, and he indulges, as some critics do, in petty squabbles with other critics over academic minutiae.

He is, however, less satiric than he is comic, because he is unbelievable as a critic. Sarah Binks is almost a tribute to Stephen Leacock in its use of Leacockian nonsense. Hiebert actually names one of his references as Ram Spudd and interjects "(apologies to Leacock)." The satirized "Hiebert" critic, as are so many of Leacock's characters, is simply too unintelligent to be taken seriously, despite his facility with critical methods. It is one thing for an intelligent critic to praise Sarah Binks; it is entirely another for an unintelligent critic to do so. The former could be satiric; the latter is not likely to be. What such writing amounts to is a parody of poor criticism, an exercise of questionable value. The Leacock nonsense-technique reduces the satiric force of Sarah Binks through the weakness in irony that comes with incredibility and loss of fictional integrity.

There are, however, some redeeming features in the image of the critic. His trite and flowery language leads him to the use of academic jargon and to confusion in logic. The first sentence of the "Author's Introduction" sets the pattern for the mock-heroic which is the satiric basis of the book:

> "Sarah Binks, the Sweet Songstress of Saskatchewan,
> as she is so often called, no longer needs any
> introduction to her ever growing list of admirers."[2]

When the critic attempts aesthetic profundities, he becomes entangled in

academic expertise:

> "Sarah was not unsocial. But the poet cannot both observe the stream of life and swim in it. This is at once his tragedy and his reward. He is conscious of an inner integrity, but aware too that this integrity must, in its very nature, be an integrity of isolation. Having its roots in the social body, the poetic spirit must nevertheless stand apart from it, longing to enter but unable to do so. And the poet thus torn but seeking always a universality, turns as often as not to nature for his solace. What he finds there depends upon the intensity of an inner conflict whose issues may not even be explicitly stated in awareness." (137)

The validity of the critic, as a satiric target, depends on the analogy made with the literary world outside of Sarah Binks, and there is much more of an analogy in the parody of academic style and argument than there is in the nonsense names, effusive evaluations, and incredible biographical and literary evidence. The most enduring satiric element in Sarah Binks, however, lies not in the image of the critic, nor even in Sarah's poetry, but in the image of life in Western Canada. There are, specifically, in this metaphor, the images of Regina, of farm culture, focused chiefly in entertainment, farm periodicals, nature, farm workers and neighbors, politicians. Sarah's poetry is most effectively a part of the larger image of the West, from which it draws its imagery. The satire reaches its highest level as satire of provincialism of Saskatchewan, in particular, and from the author's references to Western Canada. The satiric scene stresses the contrast between the elevation of Sarah to the level of literary heroine and the banality of her education, her cultural development, and her experiences.

Regina, "the Athens of Saskatchewan" (7), to which Henry Welkin, the farm machinery salesman, takes Sarah, has much for the country girl to see, but chiefly she is overwhelmed by quantity, a street car, a library, an aquarium, Wascana Lake, the Parliament Buildings. She comes in contact with "the real Regina behind its polish, its sophistication and its long rows of boxcars" (86)--a warehouse full of farm machinery, for instance. Sarah's trip to Regina, and particularly the quantity of farm machinery, depresses her, and she enters her period of depression known as her "Darkest Africa." Regina is the furthest extent of her travels; she goes back to the security of Willows to brood about the profundities of life that her journey has revealed to her.

The narrowness of Sarah's experience is underlined more pointedly in the nature imagery that constantly recurs in the book. Her world is a world of gophers, wild roses, coulees, meadowlarks, coyotes, antelope, sandhills, caterpillars, wind, berries, dust storms, and a single tree, the only one "between Willows and South Vigil" (54). These images are as much in evidence in the book as they are in actuality, and form an important part of the metaphor of provincialism in Sarah Binks. Their bathetic function is effective: "Hers was the pastoral simplicity of the plains, hers the gentle dust storm, the dying calf, the long, somnolent afternoons of the drought summer. Give her a field mouse, a grasshopper, or a jam pail of potato bugs and her poetry gushed forth unbidden, uncalled for, unrestrained" (45). There are also the schoolhouse dance, the Binks' house in which, in the living room, "the gaze of all four [walls] was concentrated upon the Quebec heater" (28), the calendars on

the walls with their eternal pictures of a ship in full sail, and on another calendar, a pretty girl offering a cherry. There are the images of the farmers' Saturday shopping in town and of "the endless horizon broken only by the four elevators of Willows (96). And there is the parody of the fantastic names of Saskatchewan towns, Quagmire, Pelvis, Detour, Hitching, Quorum, Baal, Vigil, Eraser, Bentrib, Scandal, and Album-Junction.

Unfortunately, the Indian Reservation near Willows, with its promiscuous women and with "Squawking-Hawk who goes to town with his treaty money for 'a bottle of lemon and three of vanilla'" (127) is the source of facile "humor." Attacks on minorities are common, too common, in Canadian satire--Sam Slick's images of negroes and Jews, Leacock's attitude toward negroes and Germans, and Samuel Marchbanks' "blackamoor" porter with "chocolate eyes," for instance.

Notwithstanding the Indian Reservation, it is the imagery of the provincialism of Prairie life that is the foundation of Sarah Binks, and is its greatest strength.

The "Hiebert" critic and Sarah Binks are obsessed with the banal and the mundane. It is the basis of their writing. It has so affected them that they cannot "deviate into sense." The picture of Saskatchewan that evolves from Sarah Binks is so potent that the horse thermometer and The Wheat Pool Medal (prizes for poetry), the place names, the hired man, the farm machinery, the wind, the elevators, the treelessness, the gophers, and the crops are a convincing metaphor of the "soul of Saskatchewan" in 1947 when Sarah Binks was published, however much it has changed since then.

EARLE BIRNEY

Turvey and "Damnation of Vancouver"

Although Earle Birney is referring to his satiric novel Turvey: A Military Picaresque when he says that it celebrates the "naturally loving and obstinately life-preserving" forces over the "mechanical and life-destroying,"[3] the same description applies to his play "Damnation of Vancouver." Mrs. Anyone, of the play, like Turvey, is threatened by powerful institutions; but whereas Turvey is only frustrated by military incompetence and red tape in his desire to rejoin his friends and get into battle, Mrs. Anyone is faced with extinction: the question is, "What reasons are there that Vancouver should not be destroyed?"

The satiric scenes in Turvey lack the depth and vitality of those in "Damnation of Vancouver." The explanation is partly thematic: Turvey's attempts to live bring him repeatedly up against military obstacles--rules, regulations, and frightened, neurotic officers. But the officers only look or speak differently; they are really the same Officer; and it is not so much various rules and regulations that frustrate Turvey, as it is Senseless Regulation. The Army denies Turvey the opportunity to express his warmth and energy through its superficiality and tedious procedures, but the satiric scenes lose their effectiveness by repetitious situations of institutional atrophy. Scenes of confusion in hospitals and of black marketing of coal achieve some measure of force because of the suggestion of institutional carelessness with human lives,

but the numerous scenes of court-martials, the haughty officers, the secret weapons that everyone knows about, and the red tape are impeded in their satiric force by turgid dialogue and weak characterization. The satire in Turvey functions more effectively to elevate the image of Turvey as a life-force figure than it does to make significant analogy to institutional incompetence. By contrasting Turvey's uncomplicated personality and vitality to the army's red tape and the pettiness, ineptitude, and neuroses of many of the officers, military police, and sergeants, Turvey emerges as a character of some stature, but little is added to the stock, negative picture of military life because the satiric scenes are trite. Turvey also loses an effective metaphor with the substitution, at the publisher's insistence,[4] of buck for the soldiers' fuck throughout the novel.

Lieutenant Smith to whom Turvey is referred, for example, tries to make the soldier a worthwhile case-study in his psychological report, the essence of which is in his comment on Turvey's criminal record: "None admitted, but see under SCHOOL HISTORY" (truancy).[5] The Lieutenant chews aspirins and bites his nails during the interview, but sees Turvey's nervous grin as evidence of "'a possible neurosis.'" Captain Youngjoy tries to read sinister unconscious motives into Turvey's history of accidents, "breaking an ankle and getting the wrong prophylaxis at Niagara, and bashing a toe in Aldershot" (143). The Captain goes on suggestively: "hadn't he Turvey really, deep down within him, wanted to break his legs just a little--it was only ankle chip wasn't it?--so that he would be discharged into civilian life again?'" (143). The truth is

that Turvey wants most of all to be transferred into the Kootenay Highlanders, his home unit, and there to meet again his good friend Mac.

The word-association test that Turvey is subjected to by Captain Airdale is a disaster because Turvey's answers are straightforward and uncomplicated: "The Captain scratched his head. 'Armour. Crabs. That's an unusual one. I rather like that. Streak of poetry in you, eh? Lived sometime on the Pacific, haven't you? Thinking of crabs as armoured, eh?'

'Well it's kind of hard saying, too, you know, sir..... 'And,' he added, warming up--he was enjoying this very much, 'I've heard em called ballplayers.' But again the Captain seemed left in a daze" (210). The naïveté of the Captain, and thus the humor is contrived.

During a Discussion Test, Turvey is required to give a talk to an imaginary platoon on the subject of venereal diseases. His speech is vivid, but is cut off by the moralizing "fatherly Major" who is embarrassed by Turvey's frankness. Again, there is far too much of a tendency toward cliché in characterization for the scene to have much satiric force. Turvey's is the stock position of the innocent soldier frustrated by the power of the impersonal, tedious army that shelters incompetents and confounds progress by rules and regulations. By the time Turvey is about to be demobilized, he has taken eleven O-tests (intelligence) and reaps a score of 202 out of 218 on his last one; his first score had been 89 out of 214 [sic]. The army has made Turvey into a genius.

Against the power of the institution stands Turvey's friend Mac, who is clever and happy-go-lucky, and manages to use the army to his own ends by his quick thinking and bravado. Another norm, who is also an active soldier, is Captain Bob James who talks humanely to Turvey, addresses him by his nick-name Tops, and is neither neurotic, naive, nor dictatorial. He is described by a sergeant as not having "'the psychological background that some of us have...but he gets things done'" (235). It is he who gets Turvey to the Front to rejoin Mac.

The slow, smiling Turvey is concerned with freedom from the drudgery and restruction of military life; he has a strong home instinct, and wants to find comfort in helping his friends. Turvey makes love; he wants to marry. He is an unpretentious, warm and uncomplicated life-force figure, similar to, but less powerful than Mrs. Anyone in "Damnation of Vancouver."

While there are thematic connections between Turvey and "Damnation of Vancouver," the latter is a much more complex work of art. The satiric scenes, for instance, work on four levels: those of Mr. Powers, Counsel for the Office of the Future, those of the witnesses who appear before the Hearing, and those of Mrs. Anyone and the self-condemning Mr. Legion, Counsel for the Metropolis of Vancouver. Mr. Powers satirizes Legion and present-day Vancouver; the witnesses satirize white men of the past as well as present-day Vancouver; Mrs. Anyone satirizes Powers and Legion, and Legion satirizes himself. The theme is the disintegration of modern society through the isolation of man from the life-force, from harmony of man with his fellows, with nature, and with

time past, present, and future; so great is the isolation, that unless the life-force is re-discovered men will destroy themselves.

The characters of "Damnation of Vancouver" are varied and credible. Mr. Legion is a type: the vulgar Chamber of Commerce booster. His speeches usually revolve around sterile images of money and industry. He is ready to attack any comment that is not narrowly pro-Christian as anti-Christian and therefore reprehensible. His diction contrasts to that of Mr. Powers, his opposite Counsel, and the witnesses, in its lack of metaphor. His speeches are written as poetry, but are unpoetic, filled with juvenile jargon, colloquialism, bathos, and obvious rhymes. For example, after the Salish Chief's moving description of his last potlach, Legion comments:

> Well...that was quite a party...But then came the
> dawn
> And your old man with a hangover, and not a shirt
> to pawn.[6]

In response to Captain Vancouver's description of the Indians' "proud decorum" when he first met them ("Their chief sat like Apollo bronzed"), Legion has only this to say about modern Indians, who are to him a "side issue," anyway:

> ...They're gutting
> Fish for our tremendous canning trade--
> Or living off the State. They're Christians, too
> They even vote. Don't fret they've made the grade. (172)

Generally, Legion avoids being trite by the shock of his diction, his complete lack of humility before the moving accusations of witnesses, and by the appalling insensitivity of his devotion to "folks who really rate," to the symbols of their success, houses, cars, gardens with roses,

and above all, to money, which defines past, present, and future.

The dead witnesses, Captain Vancouver, the Salish Chief, and William Langland, all speak in highly figured poetry, and their satiric imagery is often demonic, emphasizing the mechanical, dirty, lonely money-seeking people of the crowded city. Captain Vancouver's imagery tends to be somewhat restrained. He speaks of Burrard Inlet "toothed with docks" and of "these gross mechanic jaws/ That clamp and champ around the sea" (172) and of the city as dull and planless like ancient London, as wood and grime pieced together. There is no feeling in the Vancouver he sees; there is not so much fun as there was in his old London. William Langland's alliterative verse covers a vast range. The crowded houses march "like lemmings" to the sea; he refers to the "pile-impaled" and "fouled Fraser" (197), to empty churches and expensive houses, to the ulcered, lonely rich in their automobiles (199). With the exception that a few of his images tend to cliché, there is often a great exuberance in Langland's satiric scenes, partly created by the rhythmns and alliteration:

> Beyond the tamed shores that no tide cleansed
> Rose the raped mountains, scarred with fire and
> furnace,
> And raddled with the lonely roofs of the rich,
> Of barristers and bookies and brokers aplenty
> Of agents for septic tanks, for aspirins, or souls. (200)

The images of sterility culminate in his concluding speech in the absence of love from life: love of God, of man, of truth, and of "joy and giving." Present-day Vancouver is, in Langland's final images, a futureless, insane world:

> Yea, your folk that walk fat are fallen sick with fear,
> Taking but the time's toys and trashing all the future,
> Lunatic in laughter, lost in mere getting,
> And haunted by a skydoom their own hates have sealed.
> (202)

Langland's vision of our world as dislocated, sterile, and horror-filled is founded on our deviations from his abstract values. The Salish Chief, however, has suffered directly at the hands of the white men, and much of his speech is a defense of the original Salish Indians and their culture; his denunciations stem from physical as well as spiritual loss. His simple verse is unsentimental, but invested with a dignity and calm that contrasts with Legion's interjections such as "How can he understand?/ He's just a--a primitive, a redskin, a pagan stone-age man?" (176). The Chief's awareness of the values of his people's history before the white man, of their art, of their individuality, of their tribal unity, and of their harmony with nature, create a glowing metaphor of what was lost in the destruction of the Salish culture. The white man has brought about a fragmentation of a society's spiritual, as well as physical, harmony:

> It is true we saw threats and marvels in all that moved,
> But we had no god whose blood must be drunk,
> Nor a hell for our enemies.
> These the white man brought us. (179)

The Chief's speeches are very moving, and if it were not for Legion's contrasting inanities--reinforcing the functional nature of the Chief's testimony--the scene would be pathos. The effectiveness of these satiric scenes is in both the ever-growing distance between the values of the Chief and those of Mr. Legion, who has no sense of wholeness, and in the gradually developing tension that underlies all of the Chief's calm words

from his first few allusions to white men's guns and their ennui, through the horrors of the destruction of his family from liquor and disease, to his own "walking into the salt water/...to the home of the Seal Brother" (182). The restrained pace of the poetry always remains, but the images become more horrible: his son, drunk on whisky, murders his cousin with a gun, and "The strangers choked my son with a rope/ From that day on there was no growing in my nation." "I had a daughter. She died young, and barren/ From the secret rot of a sailor's thighs" (182).

"There was no growing": and neither is there in Mr. Legion's city. There are more and more people, but there is no growing with time, other men, or nature; it is for this reason that Mr. Powers hopes to deny existence to Vancouverites, because as far as he can see, there is only copulation. "What would you do," he asks Legion, "with time but teem?" With time the grotesquery of Vancouver could only become more so; therefore:

> Treason or true, the Off-face of the Future
> finds this city-pretty now a misfate in its planes.
> Like every thing of booty, sir,
> it's copulated to destriction;
> its lifeliness decreases and must ever
> pass into nothingmist. (165)

Like Langland and Powers, Captain Vancouver sees the sterility of city. He contrasts Legion to the dignified original Indians, and the grimy city to the "sweep of fir and cedar." He concludes, "Sir, I can't think why we need her" (173).

Gassy Jack Deighton, owner of The Deighton Arms, 1882-1886, in old Vancouver ("Gastown"), sees in the present city the large cocktail lounges that are "cold to t'spirit," and songless "all like a bloody Methody wake" (191). The city is full of hypocrites, "cardsharpers and shipchandlers, and landsharks...and psalmsingin sods, preachers like..." (195). Vancouver is merely another large dirty port for sailors to get drunk in, make love in, and pass on from. Again the imagery is of disintegration and sterility. Gassy Jack's ideal contrasts with the satiric scene in its warm humanity and fertile nature imagery: "a place wi' clean water around it yet, and gert thoompin trees, and deer wanderin in at night" (194). Although, significantly, he cannot destroy things, Jack advises Powers and Legion and a few friends to sail away to a new place, a little place, "And let rest of t'gormless buggers go down to Davy Jones" (194). In their new settlement, Powers and Legion should have with them men who can work, create, "help a chap. Aye t'sonsy lasses and folk that really laugh and have foon" (195).

The evidence in the satiric scenes weighs heavily in favor of the uselessness of Vancouver until the appearance, in the last Episode, of Mrs. Anyone, an ordinary housewife who comes uninvited to the Hearing. It soon becomes clear that the dead have nothing to lose by the damnation of Vancouver. The shock of Mrs. Anyone's testimony is that she does not merely bring out the goodness that does exist in Vancouver, but that she goes far beyond such an easy defense to the life-force itself, which must not be lost for everyone by the ignorance of Legion, the slanted testimony of the dead, and the logic of Powers.

She dominates the Hearing immediately. She "dematerializes" Legion, dismisses the President of the Hearing, and argues her superiority over Powers ("The only future's what I make each hour," 221). The words of the witnesses are true, she explains, but they have left out of their testimonies the eternal hope for the future. As Langland did, they all "heard the bomb but not the children whistling." They "did not stay to see the selfless deeds that multiply/ And hum like bees across my city's gardens/ Storing for winter all that summer's pardons" (212). In Mrs. Anyone, the themes of fertility, dignity, and the harmony of men with history, and nature are conjoined:

> I am the cool Vancouver's kin,...
> And foster daughter to the Headman mild;
> In the professor's logic I am woven,
> By the rank sailor's flesh my mind is cloven,
> And I am yet that priestly plowman's child.
> For all mankind is matted so within me
> Despair can find no earth-room tall to grow;
> My veins run warm, however veers time's weather;
> I breathe Perhaps--and May--but never No. (206)

Mrs. Anyone is Life. She encompasses all of the witnesses, and is greater than they. With Mrs. Anyone, "Damnation of Vancouver" takes on the tone of a morality play.

Logic is on Mrs. Anyone's side: without her, Powers is futureless; without Powers, "How could I know, without the threat of death, I lived?" (212). The witnesses are right; but they are only partly right: "There's not a day that kindness does not rise/ Like grass through every pavement's crack" (212). She has more than logic to convince us. The imagery of her speeches ties together the structure of the play, and makes it into what might be called an anti-satire.

"Damnation of Vancouver" has considerable relevance to Northrop Frye's comments on the use of pastoral myth in Canadian literature.[7] Birney uses versions of that myth quite consciously in juxtaposition with the satiric scenes. The explicit point of view of the satiric scenes is that life in contemporary Vancouver is just not as good as it used to be in earlier times. The past is idealized and contrasted to contemporary degeneration: Captain Vancouver's memories of the beauties of the Indians; the life of the Salish Indians; the exuberance of Gassy Jack's times and his own ideal of the "little place" with clear water, all suggest if not always purity, at least the innocence and security that should be. Langland's speeches remind us of another period in history that he thought was immoral, and foreshadows Mrs. Anyone's contrasting theme of the continuing presence of evil amid the goodness of life. But Langland is also inseparable from the image of his Piers, the epitome of rustic simplicity and purity against which Langland's criticisms of Vancouver are played. The two elements, the satiric scene and the pastoral myth, are structured to work together to prove explicitly the argument that Vancouver is unworthy. Images of the satiric scene appear to be so bad because of the direct contrast with images of "the way the world ought to be." Or, to use Northrop Frye's terms, the world that desire rejects is made more grotesque by being juxtaposed against images of the world of desire.[8] Mrs. Anyone's garden and child images, however, are both <u>now</u> and of the past and include those of the witnesses' myths that are of but one time and one place. Mrs. Anyone's Life imagery will be of the future only if the reader understands that Life may include evil, but that evil

is not Life. But the garden is Life, the child is, love is.

"Damnation of Vancouver" is an anti-satire in the sense that the satirist, like a serpent, has tempted us to believe that Vancouver deserves to be destroyed; but the poet convinces us that the satirist must be wrong.

Although in concept, "Damnation of Vancouver" is deliberately an anti-satire, its particular satiric scenes remain valid. Mr. Legion is no less obnoxious and superficial, and Vancouver is no less grotesque and demonic because of Mrs. Anyone's life force. Mr. Legion is the chief symbol of the domination of money over life, and basic to this theme is the subjection of forests and seas to the financial benefit of the individual. In this and in his religiosity, Legion is in the tradition of Leacock's Plutorians and of even Mephibosheth Stepsure who makes the desert of the promised land bloom with his industriousness. The handsome houses, the gardens, the successful business enterprises, and even Stepsure's solitude are brought to a weird logical conclusion in Legion.

Also in the tradition of Canadian literature is Mrs. Anyone's character. As R. E. Watters suggests, the Canadian hero knows who he is and finds his solutions in his self-sufficiency.[9] In the face of the evidence against Vancouver, Mrs. Anyone quietly, but with determination, comes to the Hearing, proves her point, and leaves with her "defiant fear" still intact, to continue her life (212). There is no paralyzing fear; there is no catastrophic end for her in the face of the great evidence against Vancouver.

In theme, structure, language, and satiric scene, "Damnation of Vancouver" is a very effective work. Its complexity points the way from the restrained manner of other satirists to the free-wheeling exuberance of Mordecai Richler's imagery and structure.

MORDECAI RICHLER

The Incomparable Atuk and Cocksure

The relationship of Earle Birney to Mordecai Richler is apparent in their radical approaches to satire, in the violence of their satiric scenes, in the significance of the problems they deal with, and in their sense of form. Both Birney and Richler satirize the exploiters of the land and people, not as Leacock does, for whom the hypocrisy and stagnation of the rich remain largely within their own group, but as actively dangerous to the whole nation or even to the life-force itself. In "Damnation of Vancouver," Mr. Legion adulates and argues for the timber, fishing, and shipping magnates who dwell in West Vancouver. In Richler's The Incomparable Atuk, Buck Twentyman, financial giant, rules Canada.

Although it would be a mistake to put undue emphasis on these images as depictions of Canadian social structure, it is nevertheless apparent that both Birney and Richler play down the actual portraits of the "power elite" by rather shadowy delineation, as if in ironic agreement with John Porter that Canadians see their country as classless.[10]

However, Birney and Richler structure their satires, "Damnation of Vancouver" and Atuk, on the differences between the Mrs. Anyones and the swarming crowds that conclude Atuk, and the rich and powerful. It is as if the myth of classlessness is the possession of the Anyones and the crowds, but the fact is the possession of the satirists. The eleven years between "Damnation of Vancouver" and The Incomparable Atuk suggest that a national awareness, growing with time, may be relevant in making Richler's more recent vision of the relations between the "common man" and the industrialists and corporation-rich more explicit than Birney's.

Generally, Birney's poetry in "Damnation of Vancouver" and his use of historical figures, and Richler's use of fantasy, low imagery (frequently bawdy diction), and imagery drawn from contemporary life, have given our satire a new life. Both writers possess a sense of irony that is absent in other Canadian satirists (except perhaps Leacock in Sunshine Sketches)--Birney's juxtaposition of demonic imagery and imagery of gardens and children, and Richler's disguise imagery in Atuk and the Jewishness of Mortimer Griffin in Cocksure, for instance.

The central metaphor that informs the satiric scenes of The Incomparable Atuk is that of the disguise that covers--deliberately or otherwise--the corrupt or deluded great ones of modern Toronto. There is almost no one that is what he seems to the public eye, or even to himself. Bette Dolan, the champion swimmer, is idolized as the All-Canadian girl, the professional virgin who is obsessed with "helping people," which means having sexual intercourse with men who want her. She is

nymphomaniacal, but pure in the eyes of the nation and of herself; so imbued with the concept of purity being sexless are Canadians that it follows that if she is a champion swimmer, she is pure. Rory Peel, who has changed his name from Panofsky, is disguised as a Jewish non-Jew whose great pride is that in one generation he has risen "from cringing greenhorns in the slums to a relaxed secure life in the suburbs."[11] He is neither relaxed, nor secure. He is important in the Zionist movement, but he continually apologizes for being Jewish. He has built a bomb-shelter in his back-yard and holds regular evacuation practices with his family, using his maid Brunhilde (German, to prove that Rory holds no grudges) as the enemy whom the children are allowed to abuse. Rory hires gentile girls in his office to prove that he is not prejudiced. But when Atuk suggests that to some Eskimos "'the land is ours and we'd like it back'" Rory objects that non-Eskimo Canadians are not to be kicked out--"like Arabs" (128). "'You don't understand,'" Atuk explains to Rory, "'Jewish, Protestant, you're all white to me': Rory gasped. Tears came to his eyes. White. He, Rory Peel, was being called white. This was the compliment, the state of grace he had striven for all his life. But today, coming from Atuk's mouth, it was delivered as an insult" (128). Rory wants things both ways, and the effect on him is to make him a detestably weak person whose sterility as a human being is suggested in the satiric scene by his practice of daily masturbation.

Jock Wilson, the R. C. M. Policeman, and Jean-Paul McEwan, the female columnist, are sexually confused. Each is unknown to the other to be wearing a literal disguise of the opposite sex, and as willing to

consummate a homosexual relationship. The episode of Jean-Paul's and Jock's wearing disguises is central to the disguise metaphor in that their non-literally disguised lives are themselves perversions: Jean-Paul has assumed the masculine name; Jock suggests the latent homosexuality of the sweaty locker room mystique of masculinity of which, in the satire, the R. C. M. P. is the image. Jean-Paul wears men's clothes in the hope of being invited to a brothel for teen-agers, so that, ostensibly, she will be able to write a column about it. Jock wears women's clothes to make contact with University of Toronto male students so that he can investigate Communist teachings on the campus. Jane and Jim (Jock and Jean-Paul), not only fall in love with each other, but with their reverse, or real, sexual roles. The episode does not end with their mutual confessions of love and physical sex. Jock is sent by the R. C. M. P. to contest, as Jane, the Miss Universe contest: "Who did he dress for, if not Jean-Paul. And yet, and yet, if he did win the Miss Universe contest, wouldn't she be proud? Col. Smith-Williams too. Why, it would be another first for the force" (190).

To sexual confusion, racial schizophrenia, and unconscious nymphomania, are added the fanatic hate of Panofsky and his son who masquerade as doctors in a hospital to prove by switching babies that one Protestant is indistinguishable from another. According to Panofsky's thesis, much of which cuts two ways, as satire on his fanaticism and as satire on Protestants, Protestants have pasty complexions from eating the wrong foods--too much pork, tinned pilchards, "the bread you people eat," and "too much boozing." Intellectually, the goy cannot "support the weight"

of having learned to read. "'What does he worship? The cowboy. Out there on a horse, unwashed and crawling with fleas, eating pork-beans out of a tin, and sitting tall in the saddle is the blockhead, healthy goy in his natural state'" (142). The hatred is particularly effective in the image of the doctor's disguise, as he treads the hospital corridors, a variation of the mad scientist, looking for babies to switch. He is absurd, dangerous, and depraved.

Seymor Bone is a drama critic who knows nothing about drama. He got his start in drama by being satirized in Time and The Spectator. Canadian readers did not understand the satires, took them seriously, and Bone became famous. Typically, there is little about Western Canada in this satire, but what there is, unfortunately, is not convincing. Bone is a stereotyped backwoods son of a Presbyterian from "out of the West"; he shocked the people of his community by reading authors who were controversial two generations ago in other places: Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw. Bone advocated drinking on Sunday, and pre-marital relations in a United Nations debate sponsored by the local Rotary Club. His special, and popular, approach to dramatic criticism is to be rude enough to leave the play before the end, if it displeases him. He is the rudest critic in Canada, and leaves plays merely to keep up his reputation, "often returning in disguise the next night to surreptitiously enjoy the rest of the play" (75). The theme of race is relevant to Seymor Bone in his marriage to Ruby Panofsky: she will free him from his "provincial anti-Semitic background"; she will, "being a Jewess," be forever in his debt; she will cook him Jewish food, which he likes (71). Ruby marries

him to prove to her friends "that she wasn't ghetto-bound," and to control him, for "being a goy, he couldn't be as smart as she" (73).

The inclusiveness of Richler's satire in Atuk suggests the main theme of the satire, that the disguise is a characteristic common to all people, Jew or Gentile, Eskimo or white, and that minorities are no more virtuous, nor less weak, vicious, or depraved than others. The significant thing about Richler's satiric vision is not merely that people wear disguises, but that beneath the disguise there is such ignorance, depravity and ruthlessness. Nearly everyone in the satire is as bad in his own way as everyone else. Ruby and Seymor, Rory Peel and his wife Michel, Panofsky and his insane son, Jock Wilson and Jean-Paul McEwan, Bette Dolan, Atuk, Snipes, The Old One, and Norman Gore, the professor who is literary mentor to Atuk. His disguise is adoration of negroes and Jews so long as they remain stereotyped and rather sub-human, and do not embarrass him, a liberal, with their individuality.

The disguise of the learned man is worn by Rabbi Seigal and Harry Snipes, who, for instance, along with Atuk and Rory Peel, cannot identify on Bone's quiz show, the quotation "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." They, along with others of Toronto's intellectual elite, have become so imbued with making money by their intellectual talents on television, that even "small social graces were transformed into earning potential" (131). They will no longer reveal their sparkling wit, read books, be rudely offensive, funny, or brilliant conversationalists unless they are paid. Norman Gore's annual dinner party, with its traditionally "intellectually impressive" guest list has

become a dull affair. Gore resolves the problem by having the party televised. It is a brilliant success, and all the guests collect a fee.

One of Richler's most effective techniques is his use of a shifting perspective. Atuk, for example, is satirized for his commercial opportunism and his cruelty, but he also satirizes, particularly, the attitudes of the Jews in the book. When Atuk wishes to marry a Jewess, The Old One is aghast that Atuk would create half-breed children who would be unable to speak Eskimo, that he would give up the many gods for one God, and his membership among the "chosen pagans," and that he would eat "artificially frozen foods." Atuk's comments are perhaps the crux of the racial theme in Atuk: "'There are other problems besides the Eskimo problem, Old One. I am a young man who just happens to be an Eskimo'" (96). To The Old One's cry, "'I'm proud of my heritage,'" Atuk replies, "'So am I. Only I refuse to be imprisoned by it'" (95-96). The perspective shifts almost immediately to satirize Atuk's prejudice and acquisitiveness. He refuses to go back to Baffin Bay, to his ghetto, with his father: "'No. Never. What is there for me at the Bay? Disney shoots about one picture every two years and the Film Board pays nigger wages'" (99).

The Eskimos function metaphorically in Atuk, as a more minor culturally potent group than the Jewish, in order to reveal to the Jews and others that Eskimo defences are Jewish defences, and that they are all defences of any group. If The Old One's and Ignak's protests against assimilation ("'...one day you take a bath and the next you have turned

your back on your own people,'" 96) are ridiculous, similar ones are no less so when they come from a Jew. Conversely, Bernstein adopts the same attitude toward Atuk that others may have to Jews or negroes: "'Then one night your daughter comes home and she wants to marry one'" (162).

Atuk's attempt to make money by mass-producing Eskimo sculpture leads him to bring his whole family from Baffin Bay to Toronto to work in his basement factory. It is a satiric scene to debunk the notion of native innocence, for Atuk imprisons them there. He brings in a whore to keep the boys happy; he acts as a priest who can bring by his supplications to the television god, the magic that Atuk, as a capitalist, uses to reward his workers. He preys on their primitiveness, that is, on their own particular ghetto-limitations. It is to his advantage to have a ghetto to draw on.

Above all the characters in Atuk stands Buck Twentyman, the capitalist who controls, in effect, all of Canada. In the Arctic, where Rory Peel, an advertising executive for Twentyman, discovered Atuk, the poet, there is the Twentyman Fur Company. Twentyman makes razor blades and ale, and is in steel, pulp and paper, television, and department stores; Atuk's sculpture business is a part of Twentyman's empire. Just as Atuk speaks his Eskimo-English lingo as the disguise of the innocent native lost in the complex civilization of Toronto, so does Buck Twentyman wear the disguise of his ghetto, his Canadian nationalism, when it is expedient. His nationalism is a means to make more money.

Twentyman is seen by the nation as a financial hero, and the immediate satiric scene involves his getting a licence for a television network because he can provide more Canadian content than his competitors. One important Canadian program is called "Stick Out Your Neck," a quiz program in which the contestant either wins one million dollars or has his head cut off. Twentyman gets a chance to sell a huge order of tractors to Communist China. This requires developing enough nationalistic feeling among Canadians to overcome American restrictions against Canada's selling to China. Twentyman needs a Canadian martyr to arouse the required feeling in the public. At this time, Atuk is accused of having eaten, when he was still in the Arctic, an American colonel. Atuk, beloved Canadian poet, is chosen by Twentyman to be the first contestant--and martyr. Twentyman then secretly sells his program to an American sponsor. When Atuk is arrested for eating the Colonel, public anti-American feeling begins to grow. Trivial and imaginary complaints against Americans brings mobs into the streets. Editorial writers and C. B. C. commentators speak out violently against the United States. The image of crowds and confusion dominates the conclusion of the satire: "During the night American cars were wrecked by wandering hordes, Coca-Cola signs were ripped down, and copies of American books were burned on street corners" (182). When Atuk is decapitated for failing to answer his final question in the contest (because Twentyman did not flash Atuk the answer), Twentyman joins Harry Snipes in the streets, urging the crowds against the United States. Confusion reigns; the contract for the tractors will be honored.

The shallowness of Canadian nationalism and the domination of the country by financial interests, when added to the many themes concerning race and prejudice, provincialism, puritanism, intellectual sterility, and ignorance, make Atuk one of the most complex of Canadian satires. The most convincingly written satiric scenes are those having to do with race, a favorite Richler theme, but his greatest triumph is in technique. The satiric conventions of low imagery, of confusion, of depravity, of madness, and of deception are very effective in the satire, and the quick flash of scenes, the emphasis on satiric characterization at the expense of setting and plot effectively suit the empty lives of characters, with whom nothing matters except a grotesque fantasy-world of pretence and perversion.

There is, however, a certain facility of satiric attack that does not entirely convince--Seymor Bone's background, the superficiality and ignorance in Canadian national feeling, and the totality of weakness and disguise in Canadian society: there is nothing to alleviate the sad masquerade. There is no hope either inside, or outside, of the ghetto.

Richler's satire Cocksure has many similarities with Atuk, which might suggest that Cocksure might be a more highly developed work of art. Unfortunately, this is not so, although Star Maker is a successful development of Atuk's Buck Twentyman. Hy Rosen, however, has only Panofsky's mad hatred of gentiles; Hy's father is much the same character as The Old One, Atuk's father; and there is much of Atuk himself in Cocksure's rogue, Ziggy Spicehandler, a lesser character than his

predecessor. In both satires, the satiric scenes tend to be brief, highly magnified "specimens," rather than episodes, and give the works a disjointed effect that reflects the life of the society of the characters. One of the great successes of Atuk is that the grotesquery of the cartoon-like characters is sustained. One of the failures of Cocksure is that the characters, except for the three principal ones (Star Maker, Mortimer Griffin, and Shalinsky) are neither cartoons, nor three dimensional figures. The promise of Cocksure being a broader, more polished work stemming from Atuk is not realized: Miss Ryerson (despite her excellent name) is nonsensical in the Leacock manner; Joyce, the liberal, emancipated, jealous wife is a cliché; Miss Tanner is not really a teacher and her class is not really a class; Ziggy Spicehandler and Hy Rosen are dull, after Atuk, Rory Peel and Panofsky.

Dullness and instability in characterization are not the only weaknesses in Cocksure. The subjects of the satiric scenes are frequently superficial, old-fashioned, and at odds with the universality of Star Maker and Polly Morgan as mechanical people, and with Mortimer Griffin as "Jew." Satire of avant-garde films as absurd and stereotyped is as old-hat as, at least, Duddy Kravitz (1959). The uses of the jargon of psychology and of progressive education, of the fears of being a homosexual, and of the meticulously clean wife being swept off her feet by the sexy, dirty artist are hackneyed. Nothing in the satiric scenes infuses these subjects with the vitality to raise them above the level of cliché.

Finally, Cocksure indulges in considerable nonsense, with the same deleterious effect that it has in Leacock. In Leacock such nonsense often suggests merely prejudice; it does the same in Richler. In the socialistic Beatrice Webb school, the satiric scenes of sexual activities and Brave New World-sounding responses from the pupils lose their satiric validity because they are not convincing. It is impossible suddenly to accept the realistically drawn parents, teachers and children as fantasy-characters. Miss Ryerson's fellating the best boys in her classes, and the teachers' reactions, says nothing about Ontario puritanism, socialism, or progressive education. As satire, the school scenes fail, although their intentions (through references to education, democracy, and socialism, and through implications of puritan ignorance) are satiric.

The strengths of Cocksure lie in the satiric images of Star Maker and Polly Morgan, and in the revelation of Mortimer Griffin's "Jewishness." The grotesque Star Maker is a hideous image of the domination of the human being by self-love, money, and the misapplication of scientific and medical knowledge. There is a successful Brave New World-1984 tone to the satiric scenes of Star Maker's mobile operating theatre, his store of organs, his crowd of specialists who accompany him, his experts who create the Goy-Boy prototypes, and in his constant guards, watchmen, and murderers. The sum of men's abilities has been to create the toy which is Star Maker, who can through self-impregnation preproduce his own children; he is "the first self-contained creator" since God.[12]

Satiric scenes relating to Star Maker are saved from nonsense because his world is fantastic and because it is independent from the everyday world. The demonic imagery of his scenes is drawn from the contemporary world of facts of medical sex changes and organ transplants; its tone from the authority of Orwell and Huxley. There is a wholeness to the image of Star Maker that gives him considerable satiric force as the dominating power in the Mortimer-Joyce-Hy Rosen-Ziggy world, which, however unsuccessfully portrayed, mocks heroism, religion, love, and innocence, and is over-ridden by sex as word, slogan, and self-satisfaction, and by cliché and myth. It is a world of movie heroes which has so claimed Peggy Morgan that she no longer functions as a human, but as a Goy-Girl "prototype"; every move she makes, every cliché she utters, is as if she were watching herself in a movie, "on the wide screen that was her mind's eye" (250). She has much in common with two characters in a Leacock satire in which an actor and his friend are so imbued with the artificiality of movies that they can no longer tell a real war from a scenario, or the real Mexico from a movie set.[13]

Mortimer Griffin comes close to losing his identity also, not because of the influence of movies, however, but because he insists on remaining aware of himself. He tries to find the significance of his sexual dreams, his racial feelings, and he tries to query the myth of the large penises of minority group males. His impotence is the symbol of his introversion which develops because he takes himself seriously and unsurely, rather than glibly and confidently. He accepts the accusations made against him by contemporary writers, sexologists, psychoanalysts,

and racial liberals. He comes to see his racial face as ugly, his values as "White Anglo Saxon filth" (162), his very penis as inferior. He becomes a scapegoat. He is always conscious of himself, driven further and further into the ghetto of himself. He is, Shalinsky tells him, a Jew; he is the idea of a Jew (245).

The bawdy diction of the Star Maker satiric scenes highlights the grossness of his self-love and reduces the misuses of medical and scientific knowledge to grotesquery:

> "To return to the great Borou. He, needless to say, doesn't mess about with plastic pricks at all.... He has in fact again and again made the most marvy cunts, working with nothing more than a drippy, wizened old prick. He inverts the skin, don't you see? There's nothing quite like it for a new vaginal canal, because the penis, any old penis, is so rich in nerve ends...." (234)

Mortimer seldom uses bawdy diction, except in interior monologue. Those around him do, and the distinction sets him apart, elevates him above their fashionableness.

It is interesting, and perhaps significant that Cocksure, the latest of our satires, is in part at any rate, the most forward looking, not only in its imagery drawn from television, movies, science, medicine, and contemporary writing, but in the futuristic tone it achieves in some scenes. Cocksure, not so wholly competent a satire as The Incomparable Atuk, nevertheless takes Canadians out of Canada and into an international setting where they function successfully as metaphors for puritanism, as in Miss Ryerson's case (before she becomes ridiculous), and as equals to Americans and Englishmen. The diction of

the Star Maker fantasy brings to Canadian satire elements of low and demonic imagery that it has never had before. Cocksure may, hopefully, lead to a further development of artistically exciting and daring satire that began with Birney's "Damnation of Vancouver."

CONCLUSION

The satiric scenes of Canadian satire form three specific major "images of evil," provincialism, puritanism, and materialism, and draw heavily from the imagery of rural areas or small cities. The three major image patterns are not necessarily independent of each other, and there are scenes which, however important, are not themselves a part of the tradition.

There is, as well as the tradition that consists of what is expressed, a negative tradition consisting of what is not expressed. By their omissions, our satires in English suggest that Canada is a land with almost no history, politics, French-Canadians, immigrants, or poor. We have no Roman Catholic Church, and almost no fundamentalist religions. We have almost no literature except the poetry of Sarah Binks. There are exceptions to this negative tradition--Haliburton is the obvious one--but they are few: McCulloch's Stepsure is concerned with the voluntary missionaries attracting Presbyterians; Earle Birney uses historical figures in "Damnation of Vancouver"; Richler refers to the ghetto slums, and his Star Maker is an emigrant, albeit to the United States. Leacock deals with socialism, and his few immigrants and poor are, ostensibly, Americans. The immediate explanation of such a phenomenon as the absence of important aspects of our culture seems to lie in a statement on Canadian writing given by R. E. Watters, who sees that our literature is restrained because of the tightrope we walk between

the power of the United States and Britain: Canada is "no place for flailing arms":[1]

> We have never known the easy national security and laurelled self-confidence out of which may issue the "amiable nonsense" of a Wodehouse, nor have we ever had the wealth and strength which can provoke and withstand the iconoclastic satire of a Sinclair Lewis. While one's home is being shaken by violent winds, one neither blows bubbles nor batters another member of the household.[2]

The absence in these satires of pressing or dramatically fundamental aspects of our culture does not mean that what does exist is irrelevant, for the Anglican and Presbyterian church-going, the schools, universities, houses, farms, gardens, businesses, and entertainment are drawn, largely, from our rural and small town roots, and are important even in Birney's Vancouver, Leacock's Plutoria, and Richler's Toronto. These cities have their provincial qualities, too. Despite Plutoria's Mausoleum Club, University, and great churches, for instance, Plutoria is very satisfied with itself. There is no attempt by anyone to go beyond the mental limits imposed by the Club, church attendance, the financial institution, or the fashionable parties and country estates.

Mariposa is one of our best images of provincialism, but it omits the cultural backwardness which Davies, Hiebert, and Richler bring out in varying degrees. The combined images of puritanism and provincialism are first seen in Thomas McCulloch's Mephibosheth Stepsure's self-satisfied pride in his material and religious accomplishments, in his rejection of the world outside of his rural community, in the surety of his personal favor in Heaven, and in his aversion to entertainment as

wasteful of time, energy, and money. In other guises, he appears in Davies' pitiful Ethel Cochran and Ma Gall, in Richler's Bette Dolan, and in Birney's Mr. Legion.

Provincialism is often suggested by images drawn from education. The school teacher, the professor, or the student, in Davies, Hiebert, Leacock, Haliburton, McCulloch, and Richler, are an important part of our backwardness and naïveté or pretentiousness. The school teacher is a symbol of provincialism in much Canadian literature.

Canadian provincialism is related to our isolation, particularly from England, in Davies and Haliburton. Otherwise, isolation in Canada is inherent in the vastness of the land--in the Canadian Shield beyond Mariposa and the miles of bush before it; in the emptiness of the Saskatchewan that surrounds Sarah Binks; in forest that encroaches on settlers in Haliburton; in the mountains around Vancouver, which are being logged, and in the seas before it, which are being fished; these are the sources of the money to which Mr. Legion is dedicated and which have cut him off in spirit from time and nature itself. Robertson Davies' view of the nation is taken from its vastness, isolation, and winter climate: it is empty, harsh, cold, and far away from cultured Europe.

Materialism is frequent in all satire, and in Canadian satire there is often an icy piety associated with the getting of money. Mephibosheth Stepsure is again the basic image: he is pious and uses his talents to become wealthy. In Davies' "Hope Deferred," Saint-Vallier gives Frontenac money to keep the country pure--to keep out the plays of Molière, and in "Overlaid" Ethel wants Pop's money to buy a decent,

plain gravestone. Earle Birney's Mr. Legion sees nothing wrong with white men's past treatment of the Indians so long as now they are making "good" money. Leacock's Plutorians are loyal churchgoers, and so long as the minister continues to draw good crowds to hear his sermons, he is kept on. When a company is formed, with the merger of the two churches, deciding articles of faith piously becomes a matter of vote by board members. The highest form of piety is probably Richler's Star Maker who considers himself to be the second God. His fabulous wealth allows him to achieve the position: his existence is a grotesque hymn of self-love.

Sam Slick's interest in money and material development of the country is a significant part of his Americanism, but he is much more than a two dimensional materialist. His experience, knowledge, ability, sensitivity, and energy give him a complexity greater than any other in our satire, but others share his separate qualities. Sam's roguishness, his commercial spirit, and energy appear in the characteristics of our con men of the mountebank tradition; but theirs is only a little wit, and usually less sensitivity than Sam's: the financiers of Plutoria, Jos. Smith of Mariposa, the travelling salesman of Sarah Binks, Atuk, Buck Twentyman, and, finally, Star Maker.

Some of the nonsense of Stephen Leacock has been absorbed into the Canadian tradition. It is present, and not very beneficial, in Davies' limestone Mariposa, Salterton, and in Hiebert's nonsense critic in Sarah Binks. There are traces of Leacock

in Richler's exaggerations and, more specifically, in the non-realism of Cocksure.

Sam Slick has not been relevant to our satire since Haliburton. The Genuine Yankee is a curiosity from the past. It is to the credit of our satirists that they have not merely accepted successful images of their predecessors, such as Haliburton's Sam Slick or Leacock's Mariposa, and petrified their writing by mere imitation. There is great variety in their attempts to create their images of evil. The very differences between works--Davies' and Hiebert's, for instance--suggest that the nature of Canada, its size, sparse population, and environments, is one of the most pressing forces against a narrowly cohesive tradition: it is remarkable that there is the tradition, considering the forces against it.

Nevertheless, one wonders whether it is an accurate reading of our society to suggest, as our satirists mostly do, that we have almost no creative, energetic character-norms. There are Stepsure, with his limitations, and Turvey and Mrs. Anyone, of course, and Pop, and Solly in Tempest-Tost. But Pop is defeated, and Solly takes three long novels to become much more than an effete provincial wit. Davies does see potential creativity in Monica Gall, in A Mixture of Frailties. Valentine Rich (Tempest-Tost) is an expatriate, living and working in New York. Otherwise, his creative people are English or Czech. Samuel Marchbanks is apparently Canadian, but is hardly an image of energy and creativity. Leacock's sympathetic characters live in illusion; his

Dean Drone of Sunshine Sketches achieves a state of grace in the weakening of his mental faculties; McTeague, of Arcadian Adventures, quiet, profound, and alone is the only sane man in Plutoria, and probably the closest character to a norm, that Leacock has.

For the greatest source of energy in our satires, we should be able to look to the authors themselves, at what they embody in their style and form that counters the life-negating force of their created evils. Turgidity, stereotyped characters, nonsense, easy cynicism, dullness, cliché, and superficiality are not answers to evil. The satirist must be more powerful in the execution of his total work of art than the images of evil he creates within it: there are, so to speak, these two aspects to satire, the image of evil, and the image of life; the destructive and the creative. Although, as Philip Pinkus says, evil dominates,[3] the image of the author's creativity must convince the reader that the forces of Life are worth fighting for. Our satirists do not always succeed in this. Is Turvey an answer to the stultification of the life-force? Is Leacock's nonsense an answer to an essentially joyless, too real, and too stupid world?

However, there are manifestations of the life-force in the intelligence, wit, sensitivity, and energy, for instance, in "Damnation of Vancouver," "Overlaid," "Hope Deferred," Atuk, Sunshine Sketches, and the Arcadian Adventures, to a considerable extent, and in the other works, to a lesser extent: a sense of the dramatic in many of Davies' scenes; energy and contemporary relevance in Cocksure; daring and wit in

the Sam Slick books. But it is impossible to say that, with the possible exceptions of "Damnation of Vancouver," and Davies' simple, unpretentious one-act play "Hope Deferred," that any satire discussed in this thesis is complete and whole in the relationship between author, theme, subject, style, and form. Northrop Frye's rather harsh statement on all Canadian literature does hold true, however, for these satires: "Canada has produced no author who is a classic in the sense of possessing a vision greater in kind than that of his best readers.... There is no Canadian writer of whom we can say what we can say of the world's major writers, that their readers can grow up inside their work without ever being aware of a circumference."[4]

FOOTNOTES

INTRODUCTION

[1]For convenience, English-Canadian satires in prose and drama will be, henceforth, referred to as satire or Canadian satire.

[2]"Can. Lit.", Ice Cod Bell or Stone, 18.

[3]XVI (1965), 65.

[4]Ibid., 66.

[5]Kernan, Plot of Satire, 6.

[6]Ibid., 4.

[7]Ibid., 100-102.

[8]Ibid., 102.

[9]Kernan, Cankered Muse, 7.

[10]"Satire and St. George", Queen's Quarterly, LXX (1963), 30-49.

[11]Ibid., 41.

[12]Ibid., 31.

[13]Cankered Muse, 4.

[14]Ibid., 7.

[15]Anatomy of Criticism, 147.

[16]"Satire and St. George", 39.

[17]Kernan, Plot of Satire, 5.

[18]Pinkus, "Satire and St. George", 33.

CHAPTER I

Haliburton

[1]Chittick, Haliburton, 369.

[2]Ibid., 370.

[3]Tandy, Crackerbarrel Philosophers, 31.

[4]Crockett, Sketches and Eccentricities, 1833.

[5]Greene, Yankee Among the Nullifiers, 1833.

[6]Simms, Guy Rivers, 1834.

[7]99.

[8]Rourke, American Humor, 50.

[9]Haliburton, Clockmaker, III, 363-364. Hereafter, references to this work will be given by series number and page in parentheses in the text.

[10]Haliburton, Nature and Human Nature, I, 119-120. Hereafter, references to this work will be given by volume number and page in the text.

[11]Chittick, Haliburton, 339-342.

[12]Ibid., 81.

[13]Haliburton, The Attaché, 230. Hereafter, references to this work will be given in parentheses in the text.

[14]Haliburton, Wise Saws, I, 65. Hereafter, references to this work will be given by volume number and page in the text.

[15]"Satire and St. George", Queen's Quarterly, 31.

[16]Frye, Literary History of Canada, 830.

CHAPTER II

McCulloch

[1]Lockhead, Stepsure Letters, New Canadian Library, 158.

[2]Ibid., 157.

[3]McCulloch, Letters (1862), Letter 13, 114. Hereafter, references to this work will be given in parentheses in the text.

[4]Cogswell, Literary History of Canada, 94.

[5]Frye, Stepsure Letters, New Canadian Library, iii.

[6]Ibid., iii.

CHAPTER III

Leacock

[1]J. D. Logan, "Why Haliburton Has No Successor", Canadian Magazine, LVII (September, 1921), 336-368.

[2]Essays and Literary Studies, 106.

[3]Leacock, Discovery of the West, 191.

[4]Ibid., 206.

[5]Leacock's common sense often seems to be oversimplification. He does not believe, for instance, that in 1920 there is any danger of a lack of food in the world from over-population, so long as there are unexploited plains, forests, or jungles which can in any way be used for growing food. Also, he states simply that the primary aim in production of goods and in services should be first to supply everyone with the essentials of life. With this aim and the proper use of machinery, work can be cut down to a minimum to allow "the proper development of the human capacity and for the rational enjoyment of life." Work is "a waste of time, except in a minimal sense, compatible with development of character." The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice, London: John Lane, 1920, 136-137.

[6]Leacock, How to Write, 190-195.

[7]Leacock, Literary Lapses, 224.

[8]Leacock, Winnowed Wisdom, 9-10.

[9]Leacock, Over the Footlights, 48.

[10]Ibid., 53.

[11]Ibid., 71.

[12]Ibid., 58.

[13]Ibid., 69.

[14]Behind the Beyond, 197.

[15]Too Much College, 53.

[16]Parenthetical elements are alternative translations in the satirist's text of the play.

[17]Leacock, Over the Footlights, 107-108.

[18]Ibid., 106.

[19]Ibid., 113.

[20]Ibid., 115.

[21]Ibid., 104.

[22]Ibid., 109.

[23]Ibid., 103.

[24]Over the Footlights, 118.

[25]Ibid., 125.

[26]Ibid., 127.

[27]Anatomy of Criticism, 230.

[28]Ibid., 229.

[29]The Hohenzollerns in America, 95.

[30]Ibid., 96.

[31]Ibid., 98.

[32]The same view of politicians being only self-interested is present in the Sunshine Sketches and the Arcadian Adventures, in which successive political incumbents are no better than their predecessors. The same appears in the Sam Slick books in reference to Liberal cliques replacing the Family Compact.

[33]Leacock, Winnowed Wisdom, 31.

[34]Ibid., 33-34.

[35]Leacock, Model Memoirs, 228.

[36]Ibid., 243.

[37]Ibid., 234.

[38]Leacock, Essays and Literature Studies, 22.

[39]Leacock, Frenzied Fiction, 181.

[40]Ibid., 171-172.

[41]Ibid., 178.

[42]Leacock, Behind the Beyond, 140.

[43]Ibid., 141-142.

[44]Ibid., 143.

[45]Ibid., 142.

[46]Ibid., 143. Italics added.

[47]Cf. Donald Cameron, The Faces of Leacock, 132: "The narrator is naive, unsophisticated, baffled by such abstractions as election issues; a Mariposan to the core, even something of a Booster, he usually seems quite unaware of moral issues. Like Gulliver at the court of Brobdingnag, he often tells a true story which he expects will display the glories of his home, but which instead exposes its hypocrisy, immorality and pettiness." Later (134), he adds:

> "I have said that throughout the book he [the narrator] has appeared to be a naive, rather unintelligent Mariposan. Yet in "Envoi" he is evidently a city dweller of considerable penetration and insight. Does this indicate a flaw in Leacock's conception of him? No: Leacock evidently conceived of the narrator as an intelligent man feigning simplicity...."

[48]David Worcester's term, The Art of Satire, 29-30. Time lag is a rhetorical device, he explains, emanating from irony. It is the time between reading or hearing the comment and the recognition of its implications. As examples he cites the difference in time required to comprehend the epithet, "God damn you!" and the time required to comprehend the meaning of "I am his Highness' dog at Kew,/ Please tell me, sir, whose dog are you?"

[49]Leacock, Sunshine Sketches, 6. Hereafter, references to this work will be given in parentheses in the text.

[50]Davies, Our Living Tradition, 147.

[51]Leacock, Happy Stories, 178.

[52]Ibid., 155.

[53]Leacock, Arcadian Adventures, 12.

[54]Both Thorpe and Tomlinson exhibit R. E. Watters' theory that Canadian heroes do not seek to escape life when fortune turns, as do American heroes. Watters uses Leacock's little man in "My Financial Career" (Literary Lapses) as a prototype. The little man there, he says, wins out over the bank by keeping his money in a sock at home, instead of disintegrating in his intention to save his money. "A Special Tang", Canadian Literature, VII (Winter 1961), 21-32.

[55]Kernan, Plot of Satire, 121-142.

[56]Curry, Arcadian Adventures, x.

[57]Scott Symons, Place D'Armes, 8.

[58]Ibid., 65-66.

[60]Ibid., 121.

CHAPTER IV

Robertson Davies

[1]Davies, Table Talk, 242. Hereafter, references to this work will be given in parentheses in the text.

[2]Davies, Diary of Samuel Marchbanks, 6. Hereafter, references to this work will be given in parentheses in the text.

[3]The term Eros man is Benedict Domdaniel's A Mixture of Frailties, 108. The Eros man is one who "is for life...most people who are any good for anything, in the arts or wherever, belong to the Eros party." Permanently opposing Eros men are the Thanatossers, those who "are against life," the worst of whom pretend to be Eros men: "they blather about the purpose of art being to uplift people out of the mire, and refine them and make them use lace hankies--to castrate them, in fact."

[4]Tempest-Tost (1951), A Leaven of Malice (1954), and A Mixture of Frailties (1958).

[5]Tempest-Tost, 55-56. Hereafter, references to this work will be given in parentheses in the text.

[6]Cf. Hugo McPherson, "The Mask of Satire", Canadian Literature, IV (Spring, 1960), 21. McPherson feels that the narration of Tempest-Tost is a failure because it is disembodied and intrusive. He sees only two possible positions for the narrator when characters are "observed from the outside": "we must have a narrator like the author-impressario in Tom Jones whose judgement we know and trust; or alternatively, as in Hemingway, we must be left entirely free to judge the facts on their own merits." Cf., however, Wayne C. Booth's The Rhetoric of Fiction, particularly his discussion of the excellent use of the disembodied, intruding narrator in Jane Austen's Emma and Evelyn Waugh's Decline and Fall.

[7]Davies, Eros at Breakfast, 73.

[8]Ibid., 74.

[9]Davies, Mixture of Frailties, 53-55.

[10]Ibid., 75-84.

[11]Ibid., 281.

[12]Davies, Eros at Breakfast, 84.

[13]Ibid., 90.

[14]Ibid., 95. Italics added.

[15]Ibid., 100.

[16]Davies, Fortune, My Foe, 82. Hereafter, references to this work will be given in parentheses in the text.

[17]Davies, Leaven of Malice, 196.

[18]Ibid., 195.

[19]Ibid., 213-215.

[20]Ibid., 197.

[21]Davies, Fortune, My Foe, 88-92.

[22]Davies, Leaven [illegible]ice, 238.

[23]Ibid., 237.

[24]Ibid., 238.

[25]xi. Hereafter, references to this work will be given in parentheses in the text.

CHAPTER V

Three Satirists

[1]Birney explains the relationship of this play to Trial of a City: "An earlier radio version, of one and a half hours, as performed on the Transcanada network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, 8 October 1952, appears in the author's Trial of a City, Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1952.... The present text, which constitutes a complete revision and adaptation for the stage, was first presented by a group of University of British Columbia players at the University of Washington, Seattle, 10 February 1957, and later at the Universidad Nacional de México, Mexico City, September, 1962 (Selected Poems, 213).

[2]Sarah Binks, xv. Hereafter, references to this work will be given in parentheses in the text.

[3]"Turvey and the Critics", Canadian Literature, XXX (1966), 25.

[4]Ibid., 23.

[5]Birney, Turvey, 10. Hereafter, references to this work will be given in parentheses in the text.

[6]Selected Poems, 181. Hereafter, references to "Damnation of Vancouver" will be given in parentheses in the text.

[7]Literary History of Canada, 840.

[8]*Anatomy of Criticism*, 147, 141.

[9]*International Comparative Lit. Assoc.*, 237.

[10]*Vertical Mosaic*, 3.

[11]Richler, *Incomparable Atuk*, 19. Hereafter, references to this work will be given in the text.

[12]Richler, *Cocksure*, 236-237. Hereafter, references to this text will be given in parentheses in the text.

[13]Leacock, *Further Foolishness*, 162-173.

CONCLUSION

[1]"A Special Tang", *Canadian Literature*, V (1960), 26.

[2]Ibid., 25.

[3]"Satire and St. George", *Queen's Quarterly*, LXX (1963), 31.

[4]*Literary History of Canada*, 821.

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