subsequently abandoned. Or Eleonora, whose cry "vorrei morire" is identified with the change of scenery from the Roman fantasies to the more concrete environment of her familiar "deep south."

The world of language as a means of communication, or non-communication, in this universe of duality where the image of "another life" is always present or possible depicts the alienated, futile, aimless lives of Moravia's characters. And if the atmosphere which pervades their existence is one of boredom and indifference, of "noia" in a word, then their language remains a faithful mirror of their world.

While these short stories are rather unspectacular nonevents, they unfold in a measured prose characterized by an indulgence in descriptive details and bring us the clear, rapid, lucid somewhat amusing pictures of women of our time, with their conquests and deceptions. It is not necessary to be a Roman like Moravia in order to have empathy with his portraits of women, of passion, jealousy, love, boredom, despair, and cruelty. These unfor-giving portraits are images that will not easily cease to trouble the reader.

Anna M. Kinsella


Giose Rimanelli's anthology differs, it seems to me, in two important respects from the anthologies of Canadian short-stories in English that preceded it, namely those of Raymond Knister, Desmond Pacey, and Robert Weaver. It is both more pretentious in its editorial apparatus and in its claims for itself, and at the same time the superficiality of its pretensions is displayed both by the bias of its omissions and by the errors of fact or logic contained in its introductory apparatus.

For example, in dealing with Alfred de Vigny's judgment of "the French of Quebec in colonial times," Rimanelli writes as though Acadia and Quebec were one and as though those French and de Vigny were contemporaries: "... if Alfred de Vigny judged while being outside the tragic reality of Acadia at that time devastated by internal struggles, religious pressures and a lack of cultural contact with France." In point of fact nearly a century in time separated de Vigny from the Acadia under discussion, and that Acadia was certainly not Quebec!

The degree of Rimanelli's superficiality, however, is best exposed by his treatment of Haliburton and Sir Charles G. D. Roberts as against Stephen Leacock and Duncan Campbell Scott. Rimanelli has the annoying habit in his preface of disposing of writers with a few damning phrases like the following: "Haliburton was a journalist who wrote satirical sketches in Howe's newspaper, The Novascotian. They meanwhile have lost a great deal of their humorous fragrance because they were limited to restricted milieu, namely Nova Scotia, and they lack those human and universal qualities that allow a work of art to survive and to project itself beyond its time and the setting that inspired it." Only the most abysmal ignorance of Halibur-ton's work, literary background, and career could have produced such remarks. And how, after having so dismissed Haliburton, Rimanelli could, patronizing—he is always patronizing when speaking of Canadian literature—praise Leacock and use three of his "sketches" in his anthology as short stories is difficult indeed to comprehend. It is very odd, incidentally, that he should have remarked of Lea-cock "... he is much closer to Mark Twain then [sic] he is to any other [sic] British writer."

Rimanelli disposes of Roberts on the ground that "he was to emerge in the end as a poet rather than a story teller"; at the same time, he uses Duncan Campbell Scott's poetry to enhance his claims as a writer of short stories. Roberts' invention of the animal story is one of the few original achievements in our formal literature, but Rimanelli writes: "In these stories animals move about and think like human beings but without that sacred irony that we find in say, Aesop or La Fontaine, nor do they have that tension of high adventure that we find in Kipling. Hence they founder in the grotesque and the childish and it is
at once very risky and difficult to take
them seriously." It is mind-boggling to
consider how Rimanelli could conceivably
have written the above had he actually
read such a Roberts' short story as "The
Young Ravens that Call Upon Him."
One can only conclude that his familiarity
with Roberts' work in prose is about on a
par with his knowledge of Haliburton, of
the chronology and geography of New
France, and other matters of a similar
nature. Had, for instance, he really been
looking for "that tension of high adventure
that we find in Kipling," surely he would
have given us one of Ernest Thompson
Seton's stories from Wild Animals I Have
Known.

To give Rimanelli his due, where he
has read and liked authors, his judgment
and literary taste are excellent, and the
body of Modern Canadian Stories is com­
posed of very fine stories.

I feel, however, that the predominance
of recent twentieth century stories in the
anthology, the predominance of Western
writers represented, and a congruity of atti­
dude and phrase between the editor's intro­
duction and the foreword from Earle
Birney indicate that, as an Italian ventur­ing
upon new literary territory, Giose
Rimanelli looked for advice from his aca­
demic colleagues in British Columbia as to
what to read and what not to read and
that he followed it. I am one reader who
wishes that he had set out on a more
eclectic journey of discovery entirely on
his own.

Fred Cogswell

JACKSON R. BRYER, ED.
Sixteen Modern American Authors
$5.95.

Norton Press has done it again: issued
a literary volume which will be massively
sold among (primarily) non-specialist uni­
versity professors and general Arts stu­
dents. In this case the work, a review of
research and criticism updated in 1973
and originally published by Duke Uni­
versity Press in 1969, is, for the most
part, an extremely useful reference tool
defly guiding the reader through the
tangled forests of criticism and bibliographi­
cal data which have grown up around the
major American writers of the twentieth
century. The best of the essays in the
volume by "leading scholarly authorities on
the figures they are discussing" point out
and annotate the better published bibli­
ographies and biographies (omitting the
standard yearly, quarterly, or monthly
listings in the basic periodicals), relate the
condition of manuscript research, evaluate
the existing editions of the author's work,
and cull out the best of the criticism in
both English and foreign languages—in the
most significant instances annotating it
carefully. The "figures" covered are
Cather, Crane, Dreiser, Eliot (reclaimed)
from his British classification in PMLA),
Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Frost, Hemingway,
O'Neill, Pound, Robinson, Steinbeck,
Stevens, Williams, and Wolfe. Sixteen
Authors, greatly expanding the scope of its
archetypal predecessor, Eight American
Authors (1956), is thus itself a timely work
of bibliography and criticism collating and
synopsizing most of the published materials
on modern American literature when the
careers of its chief architects are all now
complete. Updated surveys of criticism on
each of the authors are provided in supple­
ments to the main essays; and the com­
pleteness of coverage is indubitably demon­
strated in the four page listing of abbrevi­
ated periodicals drawn upon in the text.

The essays themselves vary in usefull­
ness and quality. Walter B. Rideout's
tracing of the various currents of Sherwood
Anderson criticism over a half century is
valuable, sensitive, and superb as is Richard
Ludwig's annotation of the significant Eliot
commentary. The discussion by James B.
Merrweather of complex editorial problems
throughout the entire Faulkner canon is a
masterful, lucid, and very informative piece
of writing. Joseph N. Riddle's survey of
Wallace Stevens criticism and of the state
of biographical research on this writer not
only provides a sure guide to the best
books and articles representing all the
multifarious approaches taken by critics
on Stevens, but is also itself a rich, many-
faceted study of Stevens' poems. Unfortu­
ately, the same excellence does not mark
the essays on Hemingway and William
Carlos Williams. Frederick J. Hoffman is
too emotional and laudatory of Hemingway
to obtain the detached and synoptic over­