

# TO LIVE IN ABUNDANCE OF LIFE

## *Time in Canadian Literature*

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THE TITLE AND SUBSTANCE OF THIS STUDY will come as a surprise to those who consider twentieth-century Canadian literature gloomy, pessimistic and obsessed with the problem of survival in a wild country, among wild animals and at the mercy of a wild climate. While it is undoubtedly true that contemporary Canadian prose and poetry are deeply concerned with man's unremitting struggle against an inclement environment, it is also accurate to say that what is ultimately administered to the reader is not a debilitating, self-defeating drug, but a strong mental tonic, able to produce a stimulating effect. Indeed, Canadian authors consider that the individual has to reach that state of acquiescence in which he is able to accept himself as a finite creature surrounded by an indifferent universe, yet capable of scoring victories and making contributions in spite of his frailty. What is running through their work is a clear intellectual tune affirming the dignity and significance of human existence, with the weight of novels and poems as its appropriate orchestration.

One notices in twentieth-century Canadian literature the presence of a fundamental premise to the discussion of the human condition: the idea that, time being an ineradicable factor in the universal totality, a temporal index must necessarily enter into the study of man. Moreover, that time is man's most characteristic mode of experience, for it applies equally to his external reality and to the world of his emotions and ideas for which no spatial order can be given.<sup>1</sup> One manifest feature of a concern with time is that it is a consequence of consciousness. In truth, from Grove to Purdy and Richler, from Avison to Aquin, Canadian authors have found themselves in a world they understand and control only partially, yet have attempted to order their consciousness of reality, to put themselves in harmony with the patterns they discern, and, thus, find foundations for the forms of behaviour one prizes in a full man and a fulfilled society.

What is characteristic of the best works produced in Canada during this century is a mature assessment of the human condition, equally opposed to facile optimism or facile despair. The pessimism pervading the intellectual climate of our age has

taken its toll on Canadian authors, yet they are not exhausted by the knowledge of man's impermanence. Though fully aware that man's life is not only insignificant within the overall pattern of existence, but also subject to crucial limitations, they do not conclude that human existence is a great mockery and life the ultimate four-letter word. On the contrary, with the human being moved from the privileged position of culminating point of Creation to that of integral part of an ecological system, Canadian authors try to contend with the awareness that man's reason for existence is not supplied by an external agency, but is consubstantial with the individual who thinks. It is, therefore, to man himself that the task to create living value is set, to find the inner reason to sustain himself in an existence which may otherwise be considered a purely biological accident.

But, where to look for the redeeming feature of the life of man? In man's uniqueness, comes the unequivocal answer: in man's possibility to engage mentally in a vertical temporal movement, rather than follow a merely horizontal sequence of moments. Indeed, the concept of time as formulated by science is only partly the time of the human being. There are categories of time which, though not meaningful in the framework of objective reality, are highly significant in experience. Memory, imagination, dynamic interpenetration and subjective metric are only a few of the concepts that find expression in the context of experience, not in that of the phenomenal world.

The direct result of this "new departure"<sup>2</sup> in the treatment of time is the creation of a philosophy of life primarily based on subjectivity, and, with this, the reader of Canadian literature is taken from the periphery of the human experience engrossed in local and transitory preoccupations to the centre of the experience itself, where the spatial order is no longer important. And it is precisely this distinct quality that catapults Canada into a literary order where people do not face Canadian problems solely, but men face the problems of man, and reach towards a universal spiritual reality accessible to all mankind.

The present study will focus attention on five authors: Grove, Purdy, Avison, Aquin and Richler. In selecting them, I have considered not only their status in Canadian literature, but also the diversity of the stances they adopt towards the unique issue of how to use time itself in the service of a meaningful human existence. In addition, an examination of their works gives the reader the opportunity to follow the progress of this approach to time, and of the spiritual movement accompanying it, from early in the twentieth century to the present.

**G**ROVE'S WORLD is basically that of pioneers and immigrants: these two words conveying not only their primary sense, but also encompassing all those whose most immediate enemy is space. It is precisely this particu-

lar spatial index attached to his heroes that explains the rather uncommon outlook on time which Grove holds. In an epoch predominantly convinced that the experiential properties of time are more important for human lives than scientific concepts, he constructs a theory of time which satisfies objective conditions, even if by so doing he partly discourages the practice of certain subjective qualities of time which are charged with great significance in human experience. Yet, while advocating rigorous synchronization with present time and objective reality, he is not rejecting temporal perspective, but expressing concern over the harmful effect which an imaginative approach to life may have under conditions of extreme environmental pressure. Pioneering and immigration are such extreme situations, and Grove's constant preoccupation with the importance of the present is obvious throughout his work. In *Over Prairie Trails*, however, his concern is articulated with particular poignancy, for, here, the challenge issued to man by both space and time is at its utmost, and the author's response is adjusted proportionally.

The framework of the book is deceptively simple — an almost bare stage and three performers in dramatic confrontation: Man, Space and Time. The man is alone and stands against space in its most brutal form: hostile nature — cross-country driving on unmarked rut trails over the prairie, through impenetrable marsh fog, impassable snow and blizzard. Time itself allows the driver only a few hours to wrest distance and join his family, for the journey has to take place between 4 o'clock in the afternoon and the fall of darkness. Each moment constituting the trip is therefore central and determinant, the whole development of the story being in effect a function of correct timing. "I looked at my watch," and "I looked at my watch again," are phrases which punctuate the narration, for Grove plays upon this theme abundantly and repeatedly.

Permanently affixed to the present, man is able to achieve perfect timing and control over his actions, to do the right thing at the right time, and thus transform each instant from a situation of being acted upon, into an opportunity to act. And it is precisely through well-timed action that the driver in *Over Prairie Trails* makes it possible for himself to reach his destination, rather than become lost in the marsh, or freeze to death in the blizzard. Conversely, when man abuses the objective time and thus loses his unique point of authentic and vital contact with reality, the very opposite can happen. Significantly enough, on the particular trip when the driver releases his attention from the things around him and indulges in day-dreaming, he almost loses his life.

This is not to say that Grove advocates the restriction of an adult's temporal perspective to one single element. On the contrary, numerous pages in the book are written precisely with a view to encouraging the expansion of man's imaginative grasp of objective reality. The way in which he endows with physiognomy the houses he sees by the road, or the attention with which he pauses over moments when the spirit of man transcends objectivity, and through a gigantic

leap experiences a reality beyond rational expression, testify to his interest in modes of perception which do not suffer from shallowness and unilaterality. Lifted on top of a drift which buried the trees around, the driver feels seized with a

feeling of estrangement, as it were — as if I were not myself, but looking on from the outside at the adventure of somebody who yet was I — . . . a feeling of having been carried beyond my depth where I could not swim — . . .

Such moments do exist and are immensely precious. However, Grove was too astute an observer of the human condition not to point out that the intense instant experienced on the top of the drift was flanked on both sides by moments of cruel factuality: one of urgent necessity to ascend, and one of equally imperative need to descend. A peak squeezed between two points of low altitude, a situation whose symbolic value is obvious. Private time cannot and should not be annihilated, for this would mean a contraction of human experience, but man must also stay keyed to objective reality. The “cheerless night” when he nearly lost his life taught Grove a painful lesson: if an accident happened to him on his way home, it was nobody’s fault but his own, for he “should have watched the road more carefully instead of giving in to the trend of his thoughts.”

If Grove’s *Over Prairie Trails* urges the reader to stay keyed to the time of clocks and calendars, Aquin’s *Prochain épisode* seems to exhort him to avoid living in the present to the point of totally ignoring the objective dimension of time. It is true that Aquin’s heroes have always found it difficult to reconcile themselves to the reality around them, yet, the reason for the extreme point of view adopted in *Prochain épisode* springs not from a general dissatisfaction with the present, but from the nature of the particular situation described. Indeed, the narrator of *Prochain épisode* has been imprisoned and subsequently hospitalized for terrorist activity, and, at the moment delineated in the book, he is both deprived of his freedom and waiting for the date of his trial and sentence. Under the terrible stress of solitary confinement combined with prolonged suspense, the prisoner discovers his self disintegrating and considers committing suicide. Realizing, however, that lack of coincidence with the present would shield him from the lethal effects of detention, the prisoner decides to draw on his memories and write a story, thus interposing a subjective world between his psyche and his physical life in prison. Grove advocated synchronization with the present because the driver’s success in his book was predicated on his ability to stay constantly in direct contact with the space around. Conversely, for the prisoner in Aquin’s novel, it is imperative that he should separate himself from his immediate environment if he is to survive, and preserve his sanity till the day of his trial.

Through writing, however, Aquin’s narrator-prisoner achieves much more than refuge from an unsatisfying present and release from nervous tension. Through

writing, the man deprived of an authentic future in the absence of a court sentence creates a future, and thus gives his mental life the quality of duration which otherwise it misses. The spy-story the prisoner writes is highly autobiographical, but what seems, at first sight, to be a collection of fractured past moments, is in fact a deliberately created system. The story does not revive a past dictated by a mere concatenation of precedence, but only the narrator's immediate past involved with K and the F.L.Q. The events recorded are distanced in space and time, yet they are united through the unique feeling aroused in the man who writes about them. He re-invents them continuously according to the well-determined intention to set himself in resonance with them, to re-establish with them a relation of mental continuity, and thus become again an integral part of the great flood of the revolution. Indeed, by attaining concordance with the past containing the objects of his love and commitment, the narrator attains concordance with their future as well, even if following the trial and sentencing he will, or will not, join K and the F.L.Q. physically. "En moi, déprimé explosif, toute une nation s'aplatit historiquement . . ." admits the prisoner in a supreme statement of identity, and it is precisely through this rhapsodic identification with his own people that he gives himself a future. And, since this particular group with whose future he wants to coincide is part of the universal totality of men, the prisoner is ultimately setting himself in resonance with the whole of mankind, and moves in rhythm with it in spite of the immobility imposed by detention. "Pour t'écrire, je m'adresse à tout le monde," the prisoner writes to his beloved K, at once woman and Quebec. "L'amour est le cycle de la parole," he continues, fully aware that by imposing upon disordered temporal elements a system deliberately constructed, he obliges them to constitute themselves into coherent duration, and ultimately produces a work of art.

Writing, therefore, is revealed not only as prophylaxis against a highly insufficient present time and phenomenal world, but also as the dimension within which man can express his creativity, and human intelligence can score a victory over the irregularities of natural time. Of course, what Aquin proposes is, in the final analysis, a mode of perception which favours temporal categories not meaningful in the framework of objective reality, but in the microcosm of the situation in *Prochain épisode*; this artificial arrangement of human experience through an almost total negation of present time is in order, for only the denial of intimacy with the prison world can save the inmate's mental balance till the day of his trial.

WHEN, HOWEVER, THE OBJECTS OF LITERARY ANALYSIS are not conditions of extreme environmental pressure, Canadian authors have different views to communicate. Avison and Purdy, a woman and a man, a believer

and a non-believer, do not advocate the cultivation of modes of perception favouring one of the dimensions of time to the detriment of the other; they attempt to achieve an ideal balance between the two, to let the subjective consistently enrich and transfigure the objective. And, significantly enough, for both poets, the literary notation of this newly emerging sense of human time is the tree. This can hardly be a coincidence. On the contrary, the presence of a common central symbol seems to indicate the existence of a unifying intellectual concept, in terms of which, the recognition of the uniqueness of man becomes the basis for the acquisition of a newness in spirit, capable of redressing each instant of temporal existence in stability and consistency. Filtered through an "optic heart" or a "hearing blood" each objective "now" is endowed with that particular quality which distinguishes living from merely existing, and gives life new dimensions.

Margaret Avison looks at the "orphan urban tree" squeezed "among the knees of clanking panoplied buildings," yet desperately forking skywards for air, realizes that the direction of the spiritual movement aiming at re-organizing human experience is "up" and transforms this realization into the theme which recurs transfigured throughout her work. Man, Avison claims, should no longer try to enjoy time horizontally, as a massive and continuous development of duration, but should become engaged in a constant attempt to emerge from the superficiality of mundane affairs, and fly into the world of vision. Disengaged from pure duration and oriented vertically, time becomes spatialized as an inner event, and, though man does not escape the frame of reference of objective time, he ransoms it within the span of a "now" which seems to last beyond its clock limits. Such intense moments are felt as a unique state of stretching and swelling with strangeness and, juxtaposed to each other, are able to reveal to man similitudes which in turn unveil essences. The grasp of the universal totality becoming possible, a twofold harmony is achieved: a reconciliation of opposite drives in human nature and a tuning in with the whole universe. The "poles and latitudes" of human spiritual geography witness a "curious encounter" and the poet who complained: "I find myself / but lose myself again," feels her mind join her body and is finally able to say: "I am." Concomitantly, the sense of division between the self and the rest of the world is annihilated and, comprehending the deep relatedness between inside cadences and outside occurrences, the individual melts in general communion with "the remotest fishrib / the hairiest thing" which "as one fragment / make towards" fullness.

Yet, not protracting into each other, vertical moments pattern life on an alternating rhythm of withdrawal and return. Successively, man feels he is given and relieved of everything, realizes the absurdity of his condition and sees the whole of existence deflated to a "luxuriant deep-breathed zero." At this point, however, Margaret Avison has a profound religious revelation and understands that love, with its power to overwhelm the moment, is the only conciliatory means of asso-

ciating temporal and spatial aspects of objective reality. Transfigured by love, the discontinuous becomes continuous, and the direction of time is no longer from past to future, but from isolated moments to authentic duration. It is important, of course, that Margaret Avison comes to this understanding through a religious experience. More important is that, having undergone it, she goes beyond it, and proposes a way of life whose terms are equally addressed to the believer and the non-believer. Indeed, the system once found, the task is with each individual to impose it and attain that synchronization which allows intense moments to remain autonomous, yet become part of a huge co-ordinate. The universe has to be re-invented, "the optic heart must venture" both "a jail-break" and "a re-creation," if man is to achieve plenitude of life. Hence, Avison's constant plea: "Come out. Crawl out" from a too serious immersion in the affairs of a present which has turned into a mere function of material productivity, feel "the power of the blue and gold breadth / of day," and realize that we, human beings, have moved "too far from ways of weightlessness." Above all, she invites her reader to share her hunger for the "real nourishment" of love, to sit and eat and feel alive.

Purdy, too, considers love as the only true solution to the human condition and he, too, tries to organize human experience meaningfully around this spiritual centre. He reaches this conclusion also by contemplating a tree, but his eyes rest not so much on its branches forking upwards, as on its roots plunging downwards. Indeed, he looks at the dwarf arctic trees of the Baffin Islands and, suddenly aware that their roots "touch permafrost / ice that remains ice for ever," that they "use death to remain alive," he, who previously thought life reduced to a "protein formula," is able to affirm "the dignity of any living thing," no matter how humble a form of life it represents. Like Avison, Al Purdy conceives human time not as a smooth, horizontal continuum flowing from the past into the future, but, symbolically, as a vertical axis representing the subjective dynamic relation between events which have happened, are happening and will happen. The existence of this axis explains the transcendental unifications of experience which make past and future appear intensely real and quivering with potency. And if his particular interest lies with the past spiritual roots of man, it is because he believes that at the level of roots the integration between the individual and the general is achieved, and death is conquered by life in vital and mental form. Therefore, he wants to descend to the level of mythical roots, equip himself with a new spirit, and emerge capable of transcending the limitations which the human condition imposes on him as an individual.

Indeed, Purdy does not conceive of his ancestors as part of a historical existence already accomplished and, hence, deprived of significance. On the contrary, he believes that ancestors long gone to earth come to life again through the present day people, that, like trees, they sprout through their descendants, not in flesh, but in spirit. The dead are not buried but "planted," and the people alive "stem" in

the graveyard, Purdy says in *In Search of Owen Roblin*, in an attempt to affirm that death is a contributor to life that has to spring from earth. He himself feels “all dead men/ chanting hymns” tunnelling towards him underground and addressing themselves to his “hearing blood.” To ease their way into his own being, to tap a spiritual heritage that will enable him to actually encounter the whole race of man, he goes to Roblin’s Mill in search of Owen, the founder of the village. There, diving through time, going back “down the long stairway/ we all came up when we were born,” Purdy acquires a sense of human unity underlying individual multiplicity.

Whatever is underneath a village  
and a one-time pioneer settlement goes deeper  
rooted inside the human character  
contemporary as well as ancient,

the poet says, discovering himself part of a universe to which no temporal order is given, and which opens to receive him as an integral part. With men having in common both an identity of person and of nature, humanity becomes a huge joint account, and Purdy, who felt his ancestors speaking in his blood, hears himself “already whispering in the minds of his descendants.”

The sense of the continuity of human nature and of the likeness of the human plight makes possible a deeper sense of the brotherhood of man, and this, Purdy recognizes with Avison, gains man two things: a better understanding of his own psyche and the capacity to reach out to his fellows and participate emotionally in the world. “After being them I become myself again/ rooted in Year One of all the directions I am travelling”; Purdy admits seeing equivalence in the gestures of his predecessors and feeling able to explore his own self “unafraid of darkness and failure.” At the same time, freed from the prison of the self, the individual overcomes self-centredness and, with the soul rendered supple and flexible, merges in love with other beings and gives life the profundity which it otherwise lacks. “Love is an absolute as death is,” Purdy unequivocally proclaims, at once locating and assessing the spark of life, and his idiot boy sings:

Stay with me in the same world  
or I am lost and desolate  
.....  
that you are here at all  
delays my own death  
an instant longer.

This does not mean that the poet conditions man’s capacity to extend love to others on having first communed with past generations. To find an opening in the past by using the subjective dimension of time is only one of the human privileges to which he calls attention. There are other ways of reaching the same



goal. Avison's way is one of them. What is highly significant, however, is the fact that both poets glorify moments of great and sudden experience, at once of self-recognition and self-comprehension, within the breadth of which both a self and a reality beyond the instantaneous is discovered. It is also extremely important that to the inadequacy of objective time, both poets oppose a kind of time which one may call "emotional," and which consists of setting up love as the unique point of perspective from which life should be considered. The point of perspective itself being outside time, never ceases to exist and to dictate individual moments to align not in their rigorous chronological succession, but in their relation to the pivot itself.

Of course, apart from love, there are many other subjective pivots around which human life can be organized. Metaphors, for instance, may function as rallying points in man's struggle against spiritual regimentation. To show the way in which such a pivot bears upon human life and gives it consistency and constancy while preserving the integrity of its individual moments, is the task that Mordecai Richler sets himself in *St. Urbain's Horseman*. In truth, Richler has timidly attempted to do the same thing in other novels; *St. Urbain's Horseman*, however, represents the achievement.

THE MAJOR PREMISE OF RICHLER'S NOVEL is that the concept of the self is inseparable from the concept of time, that both man's organic and his psychological development are predicated on time. The author's approach to his subject is also based on the observation that the time of human experience is different from the concept of time in nature; one major distinction being the fact that events of real importance for the psyche do not flow in a systematic chronological order, but enjoy an unequal distribution within a span of time objectively measured. However, what might be called the discontinuous in terms of clocks and calendars is the psychologically continuous, for apparently disparate events converge towards the unique point of momentary experience, and what happens to a man at one particular moment in his life is in resonance with what has already happened to him at other different times. This is why a memory which is not formed by habit but consists of significant events, as well as the fantasies and metaphors which constitute the structural landmarks of a person's imagination, provide outstandingly relevant psychological data. Referring to a pre-eminently value-charged aspect of experience, at times defying logical interpretation, they disclose a coherent structure of the self which cannot be recovered if only present experience is considered. Therefore, the author in quest of Jake Hersh's self is in quest at once of his memory and of his leading statement of identity: the metaphor of "the Horseman."

But how can this constant resonance between memory, imagination and momentary experience be conveyed? Richler's solution to the problem is simple but brilliant: he uses temporal cubism. The author places himself in one particular moment in the life of his protagonist, that of his trial, and, by means of his protagonist's recollections, allows the reader to view the central event from a large number of points of temporal perspective. Richler, however, is not imitating Proust. Jake's trial is not Marcel's biscuit and cup of tea; having triggered it does not disappear, and the book does not move backwards. On the contrary, the trial is the extensive present of the novel, and into this present the past is summoned to render it intelligible. In other words, what a cubist painter does with space, Mordecai Richler does with time. Indeed he spatializes the present by making it the point of confluence not of events governed by a uniform and consecutive order, but of incidents which exhibit dynamic association and interpenetration, precisely the qualities which are significant between time and the self. Accordingly, his hero is not a fixed structure, nor is he a passive recorder, but a constant interpreter, organizer and synthesizer. He is a distinct pattern of responses and associations called Jake Hersh, whose resistance to a meaningless existence and desperate attempt to establish consistency and significance in life is made explicit by the metaphor of "the Horseman."

In order to reveal the gradual construction of the metaphor, Richler relies heavily on temporal cubism, in terms of which echoes of past moments are discovered not in a process of merely re-living experience, but of self-identification in a present act. Three events seem to be particularly revealing in this respect, for they all contain both the given object — Joey, Jake's cousin — and a spiritual movement on Jake's part to adhere to it. The initial impression goes back to the year 1943, when, due to a number of circumstances, Jake singles out his cousin as exactly the opposite of what he considers hateful in the rest of the Hershes: success, adventure and action, as opposed to petty humbleness, clannish immobility and passive acceptance. Years later, Jake hears reports that his cousin fought in the Spanish war and, subsequently, in the battle for Jerusalem. At that moment, a profound relationship establishes itself between Joey as object and Jake's consciousness. The latter recognizes equivalence in the gestures of the former, and, through a mentally mimetic operation, creates "the Horseman," Joey's spiritualized equivalent. "The Horseman" is, indeed, everything that Jake would like himself to be: active, brave, of undisputable social and political integrity, and, of course, always on the back of a superb Plevan stallion, for, "when a Jew gets on a horse, he stops being a Jew."

The metaphor grasps Jake fully. Not only does it become his moral editor, but also, potentially, his supreme advisor and revelator. "Oh, Horseman, Horseman, where are you?" Jake, craving answers and certitudes, will often inquire. That eventually, in a gesture of characteristic inconsistency, Jake identifies the object

which originated the metaphor with the metaphor itself and transforms his cousin from Joey Hersh into "St. Urbain's Horseman," is less important for our argument. What is important is that the essence of the cinema-fantasies which, with the metaphor, play such an important role in Jake's life is also revealed by Richler through the use of his temporal cubism. Outstanding among these fantasies is the one in which Jake casts his own funeral. Here, Jake's painfully ambivalent attitude on social matters is made explicit by means of three complementary temporal angles, obviously supplementing another angle, far distanced in time, yet succinctly advancing Richler's own indirect statement on the issue. Jake and his friend Harry are drinking. Jake hopefully suspects himself of social integrity, but Harry amicably reassures him: "Don't worry, you're rotten."

After the various dislocations of the time sequence throughout the novel, one observes the final actions of the story unrolling in their chronological order, yet, Richler's temporal cubism suggests that what one commonly calls the self can be experienced solely against the background of a biography defined not only as an objective structure of temporal movements, but also as a subjective associative network, a plurality of aspects whose significance consists in its totality. The possibility to experience time subjectively is the central gift of the human brain, and man's capacity to transcend the limitations imposed by his condition rests precisely on his biological uniqueness.

A great humanist of this century observed that "the richness of human life is that we have many lives; we live events that do not happen (and some that cannot) as vividly as those that do; and if thereby we die a thousand deaths, that is the price we pay for living a thousand lives."<sup>3</sup> Indeed, understanding that human time does not precede man, but is the manner in which he himself chooses to live, Grove and Purdy, Avison, Aquin and Richler, in their own ways urge their readers to stop indulging in thoughtless living and conformism which erases the difference between man and other species, and, through a spiritual and imaginative resurrection, achieve the essential step of disengaging themselves from the restrictive matrix of horizontal duration. The key part of man's equipment is no longer his technology, but the spirit in which he answers to the challenge of the sum total of nature, and man's main goal in life is no longer to wrest from space a habitable interior, but to give his existence an experiential depth denied to merely sensory perception. The individual, therefore, has the task to ride on the pulse of time and, by constant effort, re-organize its units and impose on them his personal volition. And, if in order to transcend objective reality, man has to question, to challenge and conceive of alternatives to the very life he is leading at that moment, he should have the courage and strength to embark upon this course. And, even though success is never completed and the struggle should be unremitting, the individual must strive to establish a really authentic contact with

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existence and with time; one which would permit him to transcend his earthly life while still embracing it.

Able to do so, man becomes the creator of his own rhythms and durations, scores a victory in knowledge and will at the same time, and, as Toynbee phrased it, renders himself capable "to hear the accents of Jacob's voice, while feeling the hands of Esau."<sup>4</sup> A rich and significant existence is, therefore, the supreme affirmation of the human spirit, which in defiance of time and death, lives in abundance of life.

## NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> For a succinct but expert presentation of the reasons why time is considered the most directly and immediately given of the general human concepts, see Hans Meyerhoff, *Time in Literature* (Berkeley, 1955), pp. 1-11.
- <sup>2</sup> The phrase has been borrowed from Georges Poulet, *Le point de départ* (Paris, 1964), where the same new approach to time is noticed and studied in the works of a few French and American writers.
- <sup>3</sup> Jacob Bronowski, "The Reach of Imagination" in *The Norton Reader* (New York, 1973), p. 74.
- <sup>4</sup> Arnold Toynbee, *A Study of History* (Norwich, 1972), p. 469.

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