

THE MAINSTREAM

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ALONG WITH A NUMBER of other activities in Canada, literary criticism has picked up a great deal of momentum in the last decade. Like the St. Lawrence River it has deepened and broadened as it moved along, and to a large extent it also has divided in two at the Island of Montreal. In view of the mighty St. Lawrence's present state of pollution, however, it would perhaps be injudicious to pursue the analogy.

But it can be said with reasonable confidence that the steady increase in the volume of Canadian literary criticism is having and will continue to have a beneficial effect on creative writing in this country. I imagine that there is nothing more debilitating for a writer than to be ignored, to be working in a vacuum as it were. Frederick Philip Grove comes immediately to mind.

Despite the recent increase in the volume of literary criticism, however, several major problems remain to be resolved. They are basic problems which glare like a hole in a girl's stocking or a pair of mismatched shoes, but they can also be covered up and ignored. They would seem to invite attention, and then again they do not. For they are often charged with emotional overtones. For instance, there is the question of who precisely is a Canadian author. Anthologies and literary histories, to say the least, have tended to be gloriously free of discrimination, grabbing all that could possibly be grabbed. One wonders, indeed, how Jacques Maritain, Wyndham Lewis, Willa Cather and Ernest Hemingway, all of whom lived for a time in Canada, escaped the conscription, not to mention Alexis de Tocqueville, Charles Dickens and Henry David Thoreau. Perhaps they escaped because their remarks about the True North were often in a somewhat unappreciative vein.

But what about Frances Brooke, Louis Hémon, Brian Moore, Malcolm Lowry, Arthur Hailey, Georges Bugnet, Robert Goulet (the writer, not the

actor), Jack Ludwig, even Leonard Cohen, Mordecai Richler, François Hartel and Marie-Claire Blais? Does citizenship matter? Does it matter whether a writer came to this country after growing up elsewhere, or went elsewhere after growing up here? If one takes the view that where a person was born and grew up is the determining factor, then the first six of the above dozen authors must be disqualified as Canadian. If one takes the opposite view, then evidently the second six would have to go. Or can we have it both ways? Are the pickings so slim that we cannot afford to be fussy? Do we really have to stick national labels on creative writers at all?

On the one hand, I am not especially concerned about national labels. Or at least in the application of national labels. As I have suggested, it can be a tricky business, highly emotional as in the case of certain Quebec poets who have refused to be called *poètes canadiens* and insist on being *poètes québécois*. On the other hand, it seems to me that in a relatively young country like Canada, with its mass psychological complexes and crucial problems of national pride and identity, it is necessary to seek definitions. To imagine that Canadian criticism can become an organized scholarly discipline and attain a degree of sophistication without defining its basic subject matter is surely an example of disorganized and very unscholarly thinking. Some critics and budding authors have attempted to avoid the issue by proclaiming that a writer's universality is more important than his "Canadianness." Of course it is. In the long run. But one must keep in mind that an author does not become truly "international" by virtue of intent, but by virtue of merit — by creating a vision which transcends rather than disregards a particular national or regional consciousness. Consider for a moment some of the more famous of internationally recognized authors — Shakespeare, Molière, Burns, Flaubert, Tolstoy, Dostoievski, Joyce, Twain or Faulkner. It is not without significance that these men were all strongly associated with unmistakable national or even regional consciousness. It may not, therefore, be entirely idle to speculate that the Canadian writer most likely to achieve a lasting international reputation will be one who at the same time is most obviously and thoroughly Canadian.

At the risk of infuriating the faithful of various camps, then, I am going to explore the question of who is a Canadian writer, limiting myself, of course, to those cases where there may be some measure of doubt. Furthermore, I am going to present certain ideas on the closely related question of the "mainstream" of Canadian literature, a question I have already touched upon in previous studies.¹

The first problem, that of identifying the Canadian writer, may not be as mystifying as it seems. All writers produce their works from within a certain sphere of consciousness. Unless one subscribes to the notion of spirits from the great beyond descending to guide the pens of the entranced, then one must presume that a writer can express only what is within his awareness, however clear or vague this awareness might be and whatever unforeseen or unrealized implications the writing might turn out to have. Consequently, the work of every writer must perforce be informed by the sphere or range of his consciousness. This sphere of consciousness is in turn the product of what might be called cultural conditioning. People think, feel, act, react and express themselves in certain ways because of cultural conditioning and how this conditioning has shaped their hereditary potentials. Outside of complete brainwashing, this conditioning, the united effects of acquired knowledge and the experience of living in particular places, with particular people, and speaking a particular language at a particular time in history, is impossible to escape. When the biblical Joseph, after so many years in Egypt, overheard his unwitting brothers speak to each other in Hebrew, it is said that he turned and wept. James Sutherland, in his *Oxford Book of English Talk*, begins with a passage which seems to be in a strange and obscure tongue; he then goes on to explain that the passage is in the Aberdonian Scottish dialect which he spoke as a child, and that unintelligible as it may be to other people, it is music to his ears. Cultural conditioning makes the man. It is possible, however, for this conditioning to be multilateral, for a person to be conditioned by more than one culture; although it would appear that there is usually a dominant influence, or at least one influence which eventually gains dominance.

Now in pinning a national label on a writer, I would suggest that the determining factor is not primarily where he was born, where he was brought up or where he has chosen to live, but rather the sphere of consciousness in which he has created his works, the result of his total cultural conditioning and especially of the dominant influence. Who would question that Ernest Hemingway is an American writer, despite the years he spent outside the United States? Or the Verdun-born Saul Bellow? Or James Baldwin? Or Richard Wright? In the great majority of cases, the dominant influence is evident, and there is no problem of identification. In other cases, rare but often important, two or more influences appear to be of equal strength, and the critic is obliged to create special categories. I am thinking of T. S. Eliot, Henry James, Samuel Beckett and Karl Marx.

It is, of course, easier to determine the dominant cultural feature of a writer's sphere of consciousness after he is dead than to attempt to do so while he is still writing. Alive, he may yet shift one way or another. But I see no harm in making an informed inference, subject to adjustment in the light of possible further development. With regard to the dozen authors mentioned at the beginning of this study, application of the dominant-influence sphere-of-consciousness criterion produces interesting conclusions. Of the six writers raised outside Canada — Brooke, Lowry, Hémon, Hailey, Moore and Bugnet — only Hémon and Bugnet qualify to be considered authentic Canadian writers.

Brief as his stay in Canada was, brought to a tragic end by an accident in 1913, Louis Hémon, judging from his *Maria Chapdelaine*, became immersed in a distinctly Canadian sphere of consciousness. There are a number of reasons why this immersion should have taken place. Although he was born and raised in France, Hémon was hardly a typical Frenchman. He was from Brittany, an area which has resisted to some extent the formidable assimilative power of French culture and from which, incidentally, came many of the ancestors of French Canadians. Moreover, Hémon was apparently repelled by the French civilization which surrounded him. He went to England, stayed eight years and wrote a sports story called *Battling Malone*, but then decided that English civilization was just as decadent as that on the continent. Seeking the primitive and natural in human beings, he evidently found what he was looking for in rural Quebec. The cultural atmosphere was compatible, and he was able to lose himself in it, to become attuned to its nuances and subtleties. Louis Hémon did not write more novels. Had he done so, perhaps he might have revealed that his cultural immersion in Quebec was only temporary. But on the basis of the sphere of consciousness which produced *Maria Chapdelaine*, a book so well known that it requires no commentary here, it is appropriate to consider Louis Hémon as a Canadian writer.

Georges Bugnet ought to be likewise considered. From a town in east central France, at the age of about 26 he settled in a wilderness area of Alberta shortly after the turn of the century. In his forties, during the periods of winter isolation, he began to write books. His novels *Nipsya*, the story of an Irish-Cree halfbreed, and *La Forêt*, an impressive study of the effects upon the human soul of a constant struggle against the vast Canadian bushland, reveal that Bugnet's sphere of consciousness became dominantly conditioned by his life here. One may not agree with the theme of *Nipsya*, that Christian resignation is the only hope for the Cree Indians, but there can be no doubt about Bugnet's

acquired sensitivity to the peculiarities of the people, including Indian, métis and white, and to the particularities of the physical geography and climate of Canada.

BY CONTRAST, the works of Frances Brooke, Brian Moore, Malcolm Lowry and Arthur Hailey do not reflect any significant or extended immersion in a Canadian sphere of consciousness. Mrs. Brooke, who spent five years in this country when her husband was chaplain to the Quebec garrison, was by no stretch of the imagination culturally influenced in any way except that her conviction of the superiority of the English race was confirmed. Of course, at the time when she was here, 1763-1768, there was hardly anything to be culturally influenced by, any way. Why, then, should she be referred to as the first Canadian novelist, or her *History of Emily Montague* be called the first Canadian novel? She would undoubtedly have been shocked to the tips of her manicured fingernails if anyone had suggested to her that she was anything other than a purebred English writer.

Brian Moore, on the other hand, seems to have had no particular objections to being called Canadian. In an interview with Hallvard Dahlie he states:

Then when it might have seemed that someone in Ireland might have started writing about me, it was announced that I was living in Canada and was really a Canadian who was pretending to write Irish novels. I embraced the Canadians with both arms and became a Canadian citizen and announced to everyone that I was a Canadian writer, whereupon I spent my life being told by Canadians that I'm not really Canadian.²

One can sympathize with Moore; although with his proven and acknowledged talent as a writer, he is hardly in need of anyone's sympathy. I can distinctly recall, however, another of his published remarks, in *Le Devoir* some years ago, where he states that he could never think as a Canadian nor fit into the pattern of Canadian literature. Actually, George Woodcock's categorization of Moore as one of those "splendid birds of passage" appears to sum up the situation precisely. Moore did live in Montreal for a time, and he chose that city for the setting of his entertaining and charming novel *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*. But a setting does not mean a sphere of consciousness, an inside awareness of subtle peculiarities. *Ginger Coffey* no more makes Brian Moore a Canadian writer than *For Whom the Bell Tolls* makes Hemingway Spanish. In evaluating the sphere of consciousness in which a book was created, characterization is obvi-

ously of far greater significance than setting or atmosphere. The question to be posed is: To what extent does the author develop characters who are recognizably Canadian in more than name? There are no such characters in Moore's *Ginger Coffey*. The protagonist is a whimsical, impractical Irish immigrant. The one "Canadian" who is developed to any extent is Grosvenor, who however remains a vague shell to the end and whose major attribute is that he has an eye for Ginger's pretty wife. Another of Moore's novels, *I Am Mary Dunne*, has a protagonist who is nominally a Nova Scotian. But the novel, set in New York, is concerned with the problems of being a woman rather than a Nova Scotian. Brian Moore is an excellent writer, and no doubt history will decide whether he ends up with any kind of national label. On the basis of his six novels to date, however, there can be no real justification for calling him a Canadian writer.

Arthur Hailey's situation is much like that of Moore. He was born and educated in Britain, came to Canada for a time, then went to the United States, and he is now living, I believe, in the West Indies. He too used a Canadian setting, for his political novel *In High Places*, but he has since moved on to other things.

Malcolm Lowry? What can one say about Malcolm Lowry? I would dearly love to be able to consider Lowry a Canadian writer. But on what grounds? He lived a few years on the West Coast, then returned to England. He used a Canadian setting for the novella "The Forest Path to the Spring." With regard to the posthumously published *October Ferry to Gabriola*, George Woodcock feels that "it does become evident that he reacted with deep emotion and commitment to his Canadian environment." Yet in his masterpiece *Under the Volcano*, Lowry reacts with at least equal emotion to the Mexican environment. So far as sphere of consciousness is concerned, Lowry seems to be in a kind of no-man's land, or perhaps everyman's land would be more exact. Further research and deeper understanding of Malcolm Lowry's art may modify this view, but for the moment I see nothing significantly Canadian about his sphere of consciousness. And just in case there is doubt in anyone's mind, I should make clear at this point that whether or not an author can be considered Canadian has no connection with the literary merit of his work.

There is, then, no reasonable justification for Canadian literature to claim Brooke, Hailey, Moore or Lowry, all of whom were culturally conditioned elsewhere and whose spheres of consciousness were not noticeably affected by their sojourns in Canada. Swinging over to those writers who were born and raised

here, then moved away, the same argument which excludes four of the six foreign-born authors can be used to preserve Canadian claim to five of the second half-dozen: Leonard Cohen, François Hertel, Mordecai Richler, Marie-Claire Blais and Robert Goulet. There seems no need to provide detailed analyses. Each of these writers may in the course of time become assimilated into another sphere of consciousness, but so far, judging from their major works, the Canadian cultural factor is still manifestly dominant. Goulet has not provided much to go on of late, but *The Violent Season* is as Canadian as a book can be. The same can be said of Hertel's and Richler's principal writings, if not for every work of each man's total production to date. Despite their physical absence from the country, these five writers have without doubt remained essentially Canadian.

Jack Ludwig, on the other hand, makes an interesting contrast with the other two Jewish-Canadian-born authors, Leonard Cohen and Mordecai Richler. All three are naturally more or less concerned with the Jew in North America, but Cohen's *Favourite Game* and *Beautiful Losers* and Richler's *Son of a Smaller Hero* and *Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, all four novels set mainly in Montreal, are distinctly Canadian. They are, in fact, when compared with Jack Ludwig's *Confusions* or the works of Jewish-American writers such as Philip Roth and J. D. Salinger, much more Canadian than they are Jewish. As critics have often pointed out, the novels of Cohen and Richler listed above embody many of the characteristic themes of Canadian literature — the land, the old order versus materialism, the profound nothingness that results from a break with the established system, the frantic search for replacement values. Ludwig's *Confusions*, in striking contrast, is American through and through, from the comic quasi-dedication to Richard Nixon, Tennessee Williams, Liberace, J. Edgar Hoover, Mitch Miller and other institutions of the United States, to the settings of Ivy League New England and a small college in California. The book is funny, and stylistically clever à la *New Yorker*. It is part of a strong trend in contemporary American literature — the new novel of manners, distinguished from the former variety by its complete sexual frankness and its poking beneath the surface to expose the hidden quirks of the social animal. The theme of *Confusions*, the individualist resisting pressures to conform, is of course as archetypically American as coca-cola and manifest destiny. The only recognizable feature of the one nominally "Canadian" character in the book, a Cree Indian who spouts Thoreau, sexually services a good proportion of Ameri-

can womanhood, and talks in the idiom of the mod graduate student, is that he dislikes American beer. There can be no question, accordingly, that Jack Ludwig's *Confusions* was created from a sphere of consciousness in any respect Canadian.

Like Louis Hémon, Ludwig appears to have been able to become effectively immersed in a new sphere of consciousness. He has taught for years in the United States, and his novel is distilled exclusively from that experience, it would seem. It is of interest perhaps to note here that Ludwig is one of a large number of Canadians who have been attracted to teaching positions in the United States. Some of these expatriates, A. J. M. Smith and Robert Kroetsch for example, appear to defy cultural assimilation, while others are drawn rapidly into the American sphere.

To return to our original list of twelve writers, we must conclude that when the works of each are examined in the light of the sphere-of-consciousness criterion, only seven remain as authentically Canadian.

I have not, of course, exhausted the list of immigrant or expatriate writers whose inclusion in anthologies and histories of Canadian literature leaves room for doubt. Patrick Anderson, Arthur Stringer, Marie Le Franc, Maurice Constantin-Weyer, David Walker, Robert Fontaine, Norman Levine, Thomas Costain, Lionel Shapiro, Mavis Gallant, Michael Sheldon, Gerald Taaffe are a few other names which come to mind. But an exhaustive investigation is not my intention here; rather I want to suggest and to illustrate a criterion which is possibly more sound and sensitive than whatever has operated in the past. This criterion, based upon analysis of an author's sphere of consciousness as revealed in his published works, is certainly more reliable than the circumstantial evidence of birthplace, citizenship, settings of books or sojourns in Canada.

I might add, incidentally, that the phenomenon of certain Quebec writers not wishing to be called *canadien* is more political than literary. The very statement presupposes a sphere of consciousness which is acutely Canadian, at least so long as Quebec remains a part of Canada. Paradoxically, there is also something peculiarly Canadian about the wish not to be considered simply Canadian in the political sense; it has to do with what has been called Canada's "vertical mosaic." I should point out, moreover, that so far as the terms *Canadien français* and *québécois* are concerned, the latter has now taken on a special significance. It symbolizes the new, dynamic, progressive Quebecker, as opposed to the backward, inferiority-complex-ridden *Canadien français*.

NOW THE CONCEPT of a writer's sphere of consciousness not only serves for general identification purposes; it also has bearing on what I believe to be the emerging mainstream of Canadian literature. Within Canada itself, because of the diversification of cultural influences, there are numerous possible spheres of consciousness. Actually, each individual's sphere will be at least slightly different from another's, but general transcendent patterns can be discerned. In Canadian literature, these general patterns are often associated with geographical area — Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Quebec City, rural Quebec, rural Ontario, the Atlantic seaboard, the small town, the prairies, the foothills of the Rockies, English Montreal, French Montreal, Jewish Montreal. Some of the general spheres in Canada are very similar to those in the United States, the small town and the prairies for instance. In addition, more often than not American writers have created influential works from within these spheres, making it difficult for Canadians to produce something strikingly original or distinctive. Morley Callaghan, Sinclair Ross, Sheila Watson, Stephen Leacock, Ethel Wilson, and several poets among others have all been impeded to some extent by this phenomenon.

On the other hand, a sphere of consciousness which is peculiarly and distinctively Canadian does exist in this country, and from within this sphere the mainstream of Canadian literature is rapidly emerging.

The distinguishing feature of the sphere of consciousness which governs the mainstream of Canadian literature is, understandably enough, the same feature which principally distinguishes the Canadian nation — the co-existence in this country of two major ethnic or language groups. There are several other side streams, some conditioned by attitudes which derive from the Calvinist and Jansenist traditions, such as the phenomenon of the *prêtre manqué* which has recurred so often in works of both language groups;³ a good amount of Quebec literature is floating along in these Canadian side streams. On the other hand, a lot of Canadian writing in both English and French is in various tributaries of British, French and American literature. Lately, however, the mainstream has been gathering force.

May I repeat once again that the mainstream of Canadian literature has nothing to do with literary merit; it is a matter of sphere of consciousness, an author's awareness of and sensitivity to fundamental aspects of both major language groups in Canada, and of the interrelationships between these two groups. At one time, Hugh MacLennan appeared almost the only modern

creative writer in Canada who was moving with the current. Political writers, commentators, journalists — many of them had been swept up, but creative writers no. A few writers in each language group, of course, had indicated a superficial awareness of the other, resulting in the stereotyped anglophones in such books as Jean Simard's *Les Sentiers de la nuit* or Lionel Groulx's *L'Appel de la race*, and stereotyped French Canadians in the works of Ralph Connor, Hugh Garner, Morley Callaghan or Ellis Portal, to name just a few. But in recent years, several Canadian authors have been drawn into the mainstream, have developed much more than a superficial awareness. Hugh Hood, in both his novels and stories, is one example. James Bacque, in the novel *The Lonely Ones*, Leonard Cohen in *Beautiful Losers*, Ralph Gustafson in his recent poetry, Dave Godfrey both explicitly and symbolically, D. G. Jones in *Butterfly on Rock* and his latest poems, Louis Dudek, Frank Scott and John Glassco, the last three heightening an awareness they have always had, George Woodcock, Philip Stratford, Fred Cogswell, even Al Purdy and George Ryga, are some of the others. The recent wave of translations, and the magazine *Ellipse* out of the University of Sherbrooke, presenting contemporary anglophone and franco-phone Canadian writers in translation, are still other examples of literary activity governed by the sphere of consciousness which characterizes the mainstream of Canadian literature.

Among French-language Quebec writers, ironically enough, those who are the most nationalistic, who do not want to be called *canadiens*, are generally the very ones who are right in the middle of the Canadian mainstream as I have defined it. For clearly they have the most acute awareness of the anglophone presence in Canada, of *la mentalité anglo-saxonne* as it is often put. In contrast to so many Quebec writers of the past, who were in tributaries of French literature or in little Quebec puddles and side streams of their own, contemporary authors such as Jacques Godbout, Hubert Aquin, Roch Carrier, Gaston Miron, Michele Lalonde, André Major, Paul Chamberland, Pierre Gravel, Yves Préfontaine, Claude Jasmin, Gérard Bessette, to mention just a few, have waded to varying depths in the mainstream, exhibiting in their works an indisputable, if sometimes subjectively painful, consciousness of the co-existence of two major ethnic groups in Canada. Compare, for instance, the spheres of consciousness of the above with those of St.-Denys Garneau, Albert Lozeau, Emile Nelligan, Anne Hébert, Roger Lemelin or André Langevin. Among the *chansonniers*, compare Gilles Vigneault with the more recent arrival Robert Charlebois.

Another irony is that the one phenomenon which has done more than anything else to get the mainstream of Canadian literature flowing, the stroke that finally burst the dam of isolation as it were, is the upsurge in Quebec Separatism. I have said before that Separatism, whatever implications it has for the Canadian nation, has been an extraordinary stimulus for Canadian literature.¹ It has had the effect of tremendously increasing mutual awareness in the two language groups of Canada; it has created the tensions, turmoil, anxieties, soul searching and commitment which, unfortunate as the fact may be in terms of tranquil existence, are the stuff of great literature.

Quebec Separatism, then, has turned out to be a powerful motivating force in the emergence of the mainstream of Canadian literature. In a way, also, it has become a guarantee of the legitimacy and truth of the whole concept of a mainstream. For clearly if enough English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians do not become engulfed in a sphere of consciousness embracing a mutual awareness and comprehension, then Canada as a nation is not likely to survive. At least it is not likely to survive as anything worthy of being called a nation. Which means, of course, that the question of a mainstream of Canadian literature would become an intellectual exercise in redundancy. Conversely, if Canada does survive as a nation, it means that the mainstream sphere of consciousness has in fact predominated, that enough representatives of the two major ethnic groups have actually developed a sufficiently effective awareness and comprehension of each other. And one should not underestimate the force and importance of this awareness. Modern sociologists and ethnologists have of late been swinging around to the view that pluralist societies *can* survive and are preferable to homogeneous national communities, the kinds of nations where one man can persuade 98 per cent of the citizens to stand up and shout "Heil — my country right or wrong." Speaking about the Caribbean nations, Sidney W. Mintz makes a general observation which is highly relevant to the Canadian situation:

The supposition that national identity is interdicted by the presence of large and seemingly unassimilable ethnic groups rests upon yet another supposition — that national identity hinges upon some sort of total social homogeneity or homogeneity of values, Furnivall's concept of "social will." Thus argued, those societies with the greatest sense of national identity will also be those whose populations are most homogeneous in their values. While this view has certain common-sense appeal, it is not supported by fact. . . . An unqualified emphasis upon the notion of homogeneity — either of population or of values — implies that national inte-

gration increases as the number of distinguishably different social groups within a society declines. Yet both history and sociological theory qualify this view; not the number of groups, but the extent to which they interpenetrate in the maintenance of communication and in the solution of national issues, may be the critical factor. National identity can be built in part on the recognition of conflict as integrating, and does not require cultural (or, for that matter, economic) homogeneity. At the same time, cultural and economic heterogeneity can serve to inhibit the growth of national identity if communication between social segments, and their interpenetration, are hampered.⁴

Communication between the segments of Canada, interpenetration if you will, is, as this essay has illustrated, steadily increasing. And the supreme irony of all, to carry the argument to its logical conclusion, is that Quebec Separatism, as the motivating force in the increase of communication and the emergence of a mainstream sphere of consciousness, may one day have to be regarded as the phenomenon which did most to promote a genuine Canadian sense of identity and the very survival of Canada as a nation.

We may conclude, then, that many weird and wonderful things are now happening in this country and being reflected in the Canadian literary scene. We are at the moment of serious re-evaluation, definition, purification and consolidation, finding ourselves as it were. Perhaps we are at last experiencing our great awakening. As I mentioned at the beginning of this essay, there has been a notable increase in all areas of literary activity. And this increase, happily, is coupled with a heightened awareness. Perhaps, like the great *Fleuve St.-Laurent*, despite obstacles, rapids, shores in the United States, divisions and pollution, we may yet find our way to the open sea.

FOOTNOTES

- ¹ See "The Fourth Separatism," *Canadian Literature*, No. 45 (Summer 1970), p. 15ff.
- ² Quoted in *Brian Moore* (Toronto: Copp Clark, 1969), p. 2.
- ³ See my essays "The Calvinist-Jansenist Pantomime," *Journal of Canadian Studies*, V, 2 (May 1970) and "Children of the Changing Wind," *Op. cit.*, V, 4 (November 1970).
- ⁴ "Caribbean Nationhood in Anthropological Perspective," *Caribbean Integration*, 1967, p. 153. Available in Bobbs-Merrill Reprint Series in Black Studies, BC-206.