

Stewart Donovan

North End Irish



When Terry Whalen died on May 22, 2007, Nova Scotia, Atlantic Canada and the country as a whole lost a scholar, teacher and pioneering cultural servant who will not— and should not—be forgotten. Critic, editor, scholar and tireless promoter of Maritime writers and writing, Terry also wrote one of the first introductory studies of Britain's most significant poet after W.H. Auden: *Philip Larkin and English Poetry* was jointly published by Macmillan of London and the University of British Columbia Press in 1986. It is a small classic of practical criticism and has been reprinted and referenced by many Larkin scholars and fans alike¹. A prolific essayist and reviewer of Modern Literature, Terry also published works on two Canadian literary icons, Bliss Carmen and Charles G.D. Roberts². Finally, he edited *The Atlantic Provinces Book Review* for ten years and brought its circulation into the tens of thousands when he made agreements with local Maritime newspapers about distribution. Among other things, Terry was also a fine sailor, a skill he acquired during his tenure as an officer in the Navy's ROTP where he served while completing his BA at St. Mary's University in Halifax. At the end of his service, Terry had the opportunity to become a captain,

but he declined in favour of a career in the equally rigorous but possibly calmer waters of the academy. There were times, he later confessed, that he regretted not taking the captaincy, as several of his friends and fellow officers had done, and become a commander of his own merchant or warship. I'm not sure how genuine this confession was, but I do recall how much the sea was always in him as my grandparents were wont to say. In later years I forgot about Terry's other career, that other possible life with the sea. But I was reminded how much it still occupied and claimed part of his thought (and I suspect his dreams too) when the destroyer USS *Cole* was attacked by a suicide bomber while it was anchored in the Yemeni port of Aden in October of 2000. Terry was indignant and astonished: "How did the captain ever let them get that close to his ship!" Now, there is something I would never have thought of asking, let alone become indignant about.

I first met Terry Whalen in the fall of 1976 at the University of Ottawa where we were sharing a class together on the Modern Tradition. Terry was there to do course work and residency for his Ph.D. and was on a leave of absence from St. Mary's University in Halifax where he had been hired six years earlier and promised—like most of his generation—that the Ph.D. would not be necessary for promotion and tenure. He was 32 years old at the time, married with four children and getting his doctorate because promotion was no longer possible without it. I soon came to learn that SMU had recently been unionized—one of the first universities in the country to do so—and that Terry had been one of the inspirational union leaders at the heart of what was a very acrimonious and bitter struggle. I later came to realize that his time at Ottawa U was, among other things, a welcomed release from the daily grind and hard fought battles of labour wars at his alma mater. Though he spoke about these labour relations and reflected on the psychic and moral currency they had demanded and exacted, he never had any doubt about their outcome or the intrinsic worth and justice of the cause. He always insisted that it created, above all else, the true freedom academics craved when they first set their undergraduate hearts

and minds on acquiring that elusive talisman—a lifelong career of scholarship and teaching.

That Terry was a scholar of enormous erudition, sagacity and level-headedness—especially for his relatively young age—was made evident to us all very quickly. Besides the fledgling MAs like myself, there were several older and seasoned doctoral students who turned to the prof/student from Halifax for advice, criticism and comfort. R. J. MacSween, whose biography I have just recently published³, had been my mentor at St. Francis Xavier and so I was, at the time, fully prepared not to be impressed by other academics and scholars—especially ones who were studying with me. What a surprise I got then, like the shock of cold water in high summer, when after introductions we adjourned to a local restaurant (for the perennial chicken in basket) and listened to this thin six foot rail of a man talk in his easy, self-deprecating and comic way about the writers he read, loved and admired. It was magical. Like MacSween he was an intellectual of enormous range and depth—brilliant and gifted from a young age—and I soon learned that a Commonwealth Scholarship had taken him to Australia and the University of Melbourne where he studied under Sam Goldberg the author of *The Classical Temper*, one of the seminal critical studies on James Joyce and a classic of practical criticism as well as Joycean scholarship. It was during his time at Melbourne, too, that Terry fully absorbed the critical world-view of F.R. Leavis. In many respects, Terry was the ideal Leavisite, and though he would later recognize and acknowledge some of Leavis' faults and prejudices, for Terry there was no other critic of comparable stature. Leavis was a moralist at his core and it was his emphasis on the moral integrity of a work of art, the predominance of its ethical stance that so appealed to him.

I don't want to give the impression here that Terry was humourless (a charge often levied against Leavis) far from it. His lapsed Irish Catholicism (tempered later with agnostic wonder, a term he coined for Philip Larkin) always reminded me of a combination of the Irish-American comedian George Carlin and Irish-English critic Terry Eagleton—the true successor of F.R. Leavis. Yes, he was that funny and that sophisticated at the same

time. Terry, of course, never wore his Irishness on his sleeve; in fact he was wary of it, not self-hating like Jamie in *Long Days Journey Into Night*, but cautious, always on guard against the tribal and the pipe dreaming Jimmy Tomorrows of the sentimental. In his last years, he was more relaxed about his heritage; in a late essay, 'Strangeness made sense' *Philip Larkin in Ireland*⁴ he singles out his favourite English poet in order to stake some Irish claims, hang some green, if secular, scapulars upon him.

Although Terry eventually met and became friends with Irish-Australian writers such as the poet Vincent Buckley, a professor at the University of Melbourne, it wasn't his Irish Catholic heritage that brought him to the land of Ned Kelly. Henry James and Joseph Conrad—the complete works of each—were at the core of his M.A.; in the end he chose Conrad; no choice at all, really, given the sea, the navy career of his father and the Newfoundland out port heritage of his mother. There were, of course, as always, other factors: Joseph Conrad the moral philosopher, singled out by Bertrand Russell, was one of the great thinkers of his age. Those who knew Terry intimately understood his commitment and passion for literature and culture, but most, if pressed, would admit that it was largely because of a roll of the dice that this man did not end up in a philosophy department. The Jesuit strain ran deep in him, even though, like Stephen Dedalus, it was, in the words of Buck Mulligan, in upside down. The fact that Terry spent his final years deeply immersed in the works of Schopenhauer (he was using the existentialist pioneer and commentator on the animal world for his introduction to Roberts' *Selected Animal Stories*) should come as a surprise to no one who knew him.

Terry completed his M.A., predictably enough, in record time and, literally, before it had been accepted, was offered a full time teaching position at the University of Melbourne by Goldberg himself. How many of us have had that offer at 24! Terry refused, so he told me, because the department was getting rid of a man for what he saw as unjust reasons. In later years, Terry confided that the professor he was to replace might have deserved the fate that eventually befell him, but at the time the boy from the North End was having none of it.

It is difficult to overstate the magnitude of telling a scholar of the reputation of Sam Goldberg (who is also your thesis supervisor) to take his job and shove it. It would have been the equivalent of telling Leavis that you think Cambridge sucks and you're off to the colonies you came from whether he likes it or not. Goldberg didn't want to lose his star student so he got indignant and threatened the boy scholar:

—I'll withhold the approval of your thesis!

—Fine, said Terry, it'll be on your desk on Monday and I'll be on a plane back home!

A few weeks later Terry received a contrite and congratulatory letter from professor Goldberg telling him it was one of the finest theses he'd ever received or supervised. He ended the letter with best wishes, Sam. Despite his refusal of this Australian sinecure, there can be little doubt that Terry felt the pull of home: his alma mater, St. Mary's, no doubt delighted with the progress of a prize graduate, was keen to get him back. There were times, in later years, that Terry regretted not having taken the Melbourne position, he had the love hate relationship we all have with our schools, but the siren call of home is never to be discounted, and despite his righteous and savage indignation against all that was, and is, parochial and provincial, he knew in his heart of hearts that home was where he wanted to be.

The quality of Terry's M.A. was soon confirmed by a different audience when he published an article from it in the recently established international journal *Conradiana* out of Texas. The quality of the critical prose, especially for such a young writer, is precocious in the extreme both in its insights and in its style. Here are a few excerpts:

Seeing the Merchant Service as a limited paradigm of life (its sanctions are the dictates of sheer practicality), and society as a bad, if not mad, dog, he is left with an anchorless self. In one order, this is also true of Heyst. He is anti-social and profoundly perplexed. Conrad is no longer exploring society; it can be too easily stenciled. *Victory* is a novel pre-eminently concerned with alien morality.

Conrad of course is no D.H. Lawrence, but why is he as vague as this? It seems to me that much of the ostensible sloppiness of *Victory* occurs because the novel is at once asking and yet protecting its audience from a delicate, but extremely crucial, moral question. One of the widest points of difference between Conrad and Lawrence lies in Conrad's more nervous, more hesitant attitude towards the meaning of sex.

In a sense, he lives on as our civilization does, in a moral vacuum. Conrad is, at this stage, a moral shipwreck. He can find no adequate outside sanctions from any source of experience. Left entirely to his own cornered mind and sensibility, he can only create, through his art, a psychic and humane stability—something there as proof of sanity—but impertinent to the world of moral action. The attitude that enables Conrad to exist and write in a moral vacuum (as Heyst could not) is obvious in the actual tone of the writing; it being a delicate balance between humor and sympathy. . . It is a far distance in maturity from the nauseous comedy of *The Secret Agent*, or the Dickensian mirth of *Typhoon*. A central fact of Conrad's development is that his humor and sympathy become stronger as his moral exploration becomes more disillusioned. It is unlikely that *Victory* will ever be ranked with *The Heart of Darkness*. The cloudiness of the novel's moral issues assuredly limits its achievement. Neither does *Victory* have the ambitiousness of *Nostramo*, nor the sharp definitiveness of the best sea tales.⁵

It is, again, astonishingly confident and assertive prose for a man in his mid twenties. Terry, of course, as these extracts suggest, was not only the resident expert on Conrad at Ottawa U, like all Leavisites he had mastered *The Great Tradition* and could speak with ease and insight about *Middlemarch*, *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina* and all those weighty and meaty tomes of Dostoyevsky from *The Brothers Karamazov* through *Crime*

and Punishment and *The Idiot* to mention the best known of them. He also admired Dickens (even though Leavis would only grudgingly accept *Hard Times*). When we first met Terry however it wasn't the Russians, but his beloved D.H. Lawrence who still spoke to him from earlier grad school days: this again was not much of a surprise given DHL's working class roots and his Freudian and spiritual concerns and predilections. It was especially fascinating to watch Terry draw on these deep but distinct wells of influence when he came to publish his seminal study of Philip Larkin. Lawrence in particular would provide a wealth of affinities and sources for readers and scholars alike to enter the often-prickly world of the librarian of Hull.

But if Terry admired great storytellers it may also have to do with the fact that he could tell a very good story himself. The ones I remember from Ottawa were always connected with the sea, his time in the navy. Once such tale he enjoyed relating had to do with a young Newfoundlander from St. John's who seemed to have ended up in the navy by accident, some one who was "recommended" there by his folks or some equally high authority. According to Terry, the fellow should never have been put aboard a ship, but now that they were at sea it was too late and it soon became obvious that this St. John's son was not about to accept the discipline offered by the navy. His anarchy was comic however and not a source of harm for anyone except, maybe, himself. Once, while on watch with the young man, a lobster crate struck the side of the ship and either the first mate or the captain noticed, the conversation that followed went something like this:

—Don't you realize sailor that they're could have been a periscope behind that crate? What's wrong with your eyes?

—Nothing sir, sorry sir.

A day or so later general alarm is sounded on the St. John's sailor's watch and the captain is brought to the bridge:

—What is it?

—There sir, says the smiling would-be-Codco- recruit.

—Where? Asks the captain searching the clear-blue sky.

—That seagull, sir.

—Seagull?

—Yes, if it's possible for a submarine to hide behind a lobster crate what's to stop a soviet bomber from being behind that gull, sir?

Of course he was thrown in the brig, or its equivalent, which in this case was worse, the most forward quarters on the ship where the deep swells would make a West Edmonton Mall roller coaster feel like a train ride across Saskatchewan. Another story he loved to relate concerned the parade ground where each young officer in the ROTP would have to participate in drills and lead dozens of sailors in full dress and white gloves marching to the marshal tunes. This of course is all done in front of the brass from rear Admirals, if they are around, to seasoned captains and the visiting fleets of Nato, always in port. The threat of enormous embarrassment or humiliation always hung in the air on these occasions: if the sailors in the front line directly behind the leading officer did not like the young recruit they would make a left turn while he marched off to the right or vice versa, at any rate the lonely young officer would no longer be leading his men, instead he would be wandering alone like Chaplin's tramp looking confident but sadly comic. Although this did not happen to Terry, the sailor's marching behind him kept teasing him (in most serious tones) that they were about to break off in the opposite direction of his command.

Terry had dozens of these stories and those of us who came from the Maritimes loved to hear them in that land locked frozen capital so far from the sea. When I left Ottawa in the fall of 77 Terry was finishing his residency and within a year or so he had completed his Ph.D. His subject was Philip Larkin. There were of course other writers that he discovered or re-discovered during his time in Ottawa, not least among them were Bliss Carmen and Charles G.D. Roberts. Terry felt that it was time to release these two Maritime icons of Canadian Literature from the institutional prisons of acceptance the school boards, colonialism, and academics had so long ago created for them. He would find support among his profs and colleagues at Ottawa U for this project and it would remain one of his passions for the rest of his life— his last published work, in fact, would be a book on Roberts.

In 1980 Terry began a ten year run as editor and publisher of the *Atlantic Provinces Book Review* (APBR). Within a couple of years he had transformed the review into one of the best newspaper format book reviews in the country. He did this through critical editing, Canada Council fund raising and his use of the vast writing contacts he had established over the years with both academics and the writing community in general. I remember meeting with him on one of the numerous Maritime road trips he made to P.E.I., New Brunswick or Cape Breton when he was promoting the review to large and small papers throughout town and country. He enjoyed meeting the editors and publishers and telling them that they were getting a great product for almost no cost. At the very least APBR deserves a graduate thesis or possibly a retrospective as an essential chapter in Maritime and Canadian culture—it was unique. It is sufficient to say here that Terry raised the critical and cultural standard of book reviewing to a new height and not only in Atlantic Canada; that it was one that could not be sustained is more a comment on our demographics, on regional disparity, on the plight of high literacy and the book and, finally, on the predominance of business culture in the world of publishing, than on the work of those who tried to sustain and continue its legacy.

Of post war English poets, only Ted Hughes has received more attention and notoriety than Philip Larkin. After the publication of his letters and a major biography, Larkin the man was seen and reviled as a reactionary Thatcherite at best and as a racist bigot with fascist tendencies at worst. His life became a caricature worthy of Dickens, or possibly Ezra Pound. Long before the letters and the life arrived on the scene, Terry had seen through to the deeper self, *le moi profond* of Marcel Proust, that Philip Larkin so clearly possessed. Larkin's profound, deeply meditative, experiential and revolutionary verse appealed deeply to Terry's philosopher-poet sensibility and, in many respects, the librarian poet from Hull could not have found or wished for a more sympathetic or enlightened interpreter and apologist. From his 1986 book to his last essays on the poet, Terry wrote with a style, grace—and even a beauty—that few academics, scholars

or critics rarely if ever achieve. In terms of explanation it is not arcane exactly, but it certainly has subtexts that are not easily explained or pigeonholed; perhaps, in the end, it has to do with affinities, a favourite term of Terry's and one that was so easily applicable to Larkin, especially when it came to D. H. Lawrence, another cherished writer. Towards the end of his book Terry is explicit and insistent about this connection and what he saw as its neglect:

The kind of art that he has mastered, an art of immediacy and openness to meaning, constitutes one of the most satisfying signs of the survival of the human spirit past the fatigue and boredom of modern subjectivism. . . It has long been my conviction that the Imagist and the Lawrentian legacy to twentieth-century literature has been underestimated and the rich influence on Larkin in this regard is one of the most vital points of reference we have for evidence of this oversight.⁶

That is by way of explanation. Here is Terry as expository critic writing prose to the level of the poetry. He is writing about Larkin's 'Old Fools' the opening stanza of which begins:

What do they think has happened, the old fools,
To make them like this? Do they somehow suppose
It's more grown-up when your mouth hangs open and drools,
And you keep pissing yourself, and can't remember
Who called this morning? Or that, if they only chose,
They could alter things back to when they danced all night,
Or went to their wedding, or sloped arms some September?
Or do they fancy there's really been no change,
And they've always behaved as if they were crippled or tight,
Or sat through days of thin continuous dreaming
Watching light move? If they don't (and they can't) it's strange:

Why aren't they screaming?

It is not difficult to recognize the speaker's apparent disrespect at the beginning as so much posturing fakery. The tossed-off smugness of the lingo is there as both a resistance and a springboard to the reality, and to the very different feelings with which the poem moves. The clever surface effects not only keep the ugliness somewhat at bay, they also draw the mind gradually toward the reality of the old people's lives. Characteristically, the movement of sensibility progresses past the apparent brutal wryness to a more capacious tone of tough compassion and bewildered reverence, an agnostic allowance and hope, above all, that these lives have accomplished a perfection which transcends their physical debasement by time:

Perhaps being old is having lighted rooms
Inside your head, and people in them, acting.
People you know, yet can't quite name; each looms
Like a deep loss restored, from known doors turning,
Setting down a lamp, smiling from a stair, extracting
A known book from the shelves; or sometimes only
The rooms themselves, chairs and a fire burning,
The blown bush at the window, or the sun's
Faint friendliness on the wall some lonely
Rain-ceased midsummer evening. That is where they live:
Not here and now, but where all happened once.
That is why they give

An air of baffled absence, trying to be there
Yet being here.

As in 'Lines on a Young Lady's Photograph Album', the poem finds a hope that time does not simply debase, but also distills. This is the only stabilizing thought in the situation, and it is given life in the dance of images which make up the memories above. . . There is a final tenderness felt next to the aged which is entirely missed if we are waylaid by the irony of the title; were it more

blandly titled ‘The Young Fools’ it would miss the ironic contrast between potential, aged wisdom and youthful naiveté, old poise and young panic. . . . The above stanza, taken on its own, is the embodiment of a potentially sentimental portrayal of life; but it is also a gathering-in of moments of felt meaning which are given validity by virtue of the more inclusive tonal ranging of the poem as a whole. Larkin does not finally resolve his qualms about mortality in this poem. He explores both the ground for terror and the reasons for hope in the situation, and leaves the reader in a state of contemplation.⁷

It is criticism and exposition of a very high order. The book has many such sustained passages and more than one scholar or student has remarked on its astonishing and moving quality.

Terry’s final work published two years before his death was an annotated critical edition of Charles G.D. Robert’s *Selected Animal Stories*⁸. The book contains a selection of Robert’s stories, critical essays by various contributors, a biography by Terry (culled from his earlier work) and an annotated bibliography. There is a quote early on in the text which, so it seems to me at least, helps to define, if not explain, Terry’s life long-interest in Roberts and not just as a fellow Maritimer or Canadian:

My own piece in the Criticism section of this edition goes into Roberts’ American connections in some detail, and I suggest that his literary legacy included a contribution to American literature as much as one to the literature of his own nation; he was a cosmopolitan writer whose writings show that he was in sync with much that was going on in the literary world beyond Canada.⁹

The most compelling part of the book, then, for our purposes, is its introduction. It is the last sustained piece of prose that Terry wrote and it has— with everything else he put to paper or screen— the predictable moral sweep and sharp critical insight.

Because he is now battling cancer however, there is urgency and intensity, a need, as it were, to state some things for the record.

By seeing the creature more in itself, we respect its otherness, and we also respect the animal as a stimulus to our own spiritual awareness. Any exploitation of the creature in this connection is a relatively benign one; we approach it for the wisdom it suggests to our imagination, for an appreciation of its mysterious *being*.

He writes with a post-Darwinian sobriety about nature, so he sees the edifying mystery but also the pain in life and it is a pain that humans and animals both suffer in a kind of existential mutuality.

Ortega sees the re-initiation as available in the act of intelligent hunting, while Roberts sees it as differently available in the magic of imaginative witness. We live both without and within nature, and the realistic animal story holds the promise that we might recover the latter half of this truth by reading. Thus, the animal story promises to enact a process of rehabilitation, of “re-initiation” (to recall Roberts’ word) which is potentially rewarding to our spiritual needs.

I remember visiting Terry when he was researching this work and I remember too, how astonished I was to see the stack of books he was reading and grinding down to prepare for it. Besides the standard criticism on Roberts and literature, there were texts by Kant, Descartes, Ortega Y Gasset and, especially, Schopenhauer—in particular his *On the Basis of Morality*; there were also dense and theoretical works on biology, animal rights, medicine, and science in general. Some of these included: Marc Hauser’s *Wild Minds: What Animals Really Think* (2000), John Berger’s *About Looking* (1980), Bernd Heinrich’s *Winter World: The Ingenuity of Animal Survival* (2003), and the wildly read *When Elephants Weep: The Emotional Life of Animals* (1995) by

Jeffrey Moussaieff Mason and Susan McCarthy. Finally, Terry was particularly impressed by Donna Haraway's *Modest Witness @ Second Millenium. FemaleMan Meets OncoMouse: Feminism and Technoscience* (1997).

As we have seen, the general tone of Terry's introduction is one of deep sympathy with the animal world; it was something he shared with his beloved subject:

This feeling for the moral wisdom of the animal world is one Roberts understood and emphasized in his fiction. In his understanding of animals as marginalized, unacknowledged creatures with potentially enabling connections to the human, Roberts has forward-looking affinities with a series of contemporary animal writers, fiction writers and non-fiction writers alike. He shares with many of the animal commentators I have quoted throughout this Introduction a desire to bring his audience close-up to the mystery, beauty, innocence, wisdom and courage of the animal kindred. Other animals are an important part of our existence. Ignorance of them, in Robert's view, is a very expensive proposition.¹⁰

On my second last visit to Terry he took me on a tour of the new home he had adopted, the small fishing village of Port Medway. Typically, he became involved with the local community by becoming a member of the volunteer fire department. His great moment came, he explained, when his grandson saw him holding the fire house for a small house fire—the granddad as fireman was awe inspiring, the professor folklore. He related one other comic incident of identity change: the community of Port Medway, like many south shore communities (and some in Cape Breton) are also bedroom retirement communities for the well off, rich and sometimes famous (no less a figure than Atwood herself makes visits to friends there). Invited out to a social gathering, Terry was engaged in conversation by a woman whose son taught philosophy at a university in Ontario. Terry had just completed his book on Roberts and so his mind was rife with the texts of

Schopenhauer and, once questioned, he began to communicate his passion for the writings of the great German defender of animal rights. Never one to put himself forward Terry did not explain that he was, or had very recently been, a professor. It did not come up. A few months later during a summer visit the woman and her son are walking through the village and they see Terry on the roof of his shed tarring and shingling in his denim overalls. He is introduced by the mother as the man interested in Schopenhauer. “The philosopher son,” says Terry, fatally asks me, ‘so what is your interest in Schopenhauer’. And I knew I had him.” At the end of the lecture, mother and astonished son walk away from the savant sailor? Fisherman? Fireman? Roofer? A moment worthy of Marx—Groucho not Karl. I still see him standing in his overalls, the August sun setting in the tips of spruce and pine, his tar blackened hand waving goodbye. But this is not the image or memory I wish to end on. Not long before he was diagnosed with cancer, Terry came across a boat, a dinghy from the 1930’s that he found somewhere between Truro and Debert, I don’t remember exactly where, but the boat was in immaculate condition. “It even had the original canvas sail”. And he bought it for a song. I don’t know if he ever got it in the water, but I see him in my mind’s eye towing it along the Veteran’s Highway to Halifax looking behind now and then with a wide grin to make sure his prize is staying secure on the trailer. Then staring ahead with that I-can’t-believe- my-luck-look we all get when the bargain and the dream are one—and won. At the end of the 1937 film of Kipling’s novel, *Captains Courageous*, Freddy Bartholomew as the boy, Harvey, now reunited with his father, drives off towing a dinghy behind their car in the hope that they will soon fish in calmer, but still bountiful waters.

1 See *Philip Larkin: Subversive Writer* by Stephen Cooper, Sussex Academic Press, 2004.

2 *Bliss Carmen and His Works* (Toronto: ECW Press, 1985); *Charles G.D Roberts and His Works* (Toronto: ECW Press, 1989)

3 *The Forgotten World of R.J. MacSween* Cape Breton University Press, 2007.

4 'Strangeness made sense' Philip Larkin in Ireland, *The Antigonish Review* Vol. 27, No 107 (Autumn, 1996)

5 Terry Whalen, "Heyst's Moral Oddity: A Reading of *Victory*", *Conradiana*, Vol.3, No 1, (1970-71), pp. 39-48.

6 *Philip Larkin and English Poetry* (London: Macmillan, 1986), p. 113.

7 *Ibid.*, p. 22-24.

8 Charles G.D. Roberts *Selected Animal Stories*, Edited by Terry Whalen (Ottawa: The Tecumseh Press, 2005)

9 *Ibid.*, p. 8.

10 *Ibid.*, p. 23-24.

