

HUNTER, ADULT ADOLESCENT, AND WOUNDED WARLOCK:  
IMAGES OF MEN IN ENGLISH-CANADIAN WOMEN'S FICTION (1960-93)

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**Abstract**

Although the fiction written by women in English-Canada since the 1960's has experimented widely with literary form, a remarkably consistent set of literary archetypes of masculinity emerges from their work. I have named the three particularly vivid and pervasive images of men on which I focus, the Hunter, the Adult Adolescent, and the Wounded Warlock. My project is essentially a sketching out of these beings, a contouring of their recurring literary reality.

Toril Moi rightly criticizes the project of evaluating literary images of *women* in terms of their true or false relation to 'real life' as one that "resolutely refuses to consider textual production as a highly complex, 'over-determined' process with many different and conflicting literary and non-literary determinants" (Moi 45). In looking at the images of *men* that dominate Canadian women's writing, I do not wish to claim that these images are 'true' or 'false', but simply that they exist in the literature.

My critical approach here is essentially one of description. My descriptions are original in that they are not applications of previously-defined archetypes of personality as in, for example, the work of Carl Jung. No description is, however, free of context, and in describing the images of men that emerge from this fiction, I draw repeatedly upon several feminist and philosophical texts for inspiration and clarification. Susan Griffin's exploration of the

'pornographic mind', Martin Buber's religious ontology of the "I-Thou", Jean-Paul Sartre's articulation of the meaning of the Look, and Christopher Lasch's discussion of narcissism, have been particularly useful.

Although my dissertation does not attempt to engage directly the large question of the relation of the artistic image to life, I do suggest indirectly, by drawing upon thinkers whose subject is not primarily literature, but indeed 'the real world', that the images of men I define have some connection with that real world. My conclusion briefly raises, therefore, some ethical as well as aesthetic questions about the implications of their existence.

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## INTRODUCTION: WHO IS HERE?

The fiction written by English-Canadian women since the mid-1960's is eclectic in terms of its literary features: individual writers and individual works differently exploit possibilities of narrative structure, linguistic self-consciousness, and of that project Linda Hutcheon describes as "enter[ing] into a dialogue with history" (Hutcheon 23). However, emerging from this diversity is a remarkably consistent set of literary archetypes of masculinity. I have named the three particularly vivid and pervasive images of men upon which I focus here, the Hunter, the Adult Adolescent, and the Wounded Warlock. My dissertation is essentially a sketching out of these beings, a contouring of their recurring literary reality.

The figures I have chosen to discuss and elevate, by naming them using capital letters, to the status of archetypes, do not encompass all male characters in all English-Canadian fiction written by women in the period with which I am concerned. Some male figures in this fiction, for example Alice Munro's Ross ("Monsieur Les Deux Chapeaux"), a Bartleby-esque character who wears two gratuitous hats, are delightfully recalcitrant to categorization. However, the figures I have identified as the Hunter, Adult Adolescent, and Wounded Warlock loom very large in these writers' imaginings of men. I think



that this pervasive presence of male "types" is connected to the fact that much of the fiction written by English-Canadian women since the mid-1960's is writing that explores closely not only the famous issue of Canadian identity, but the issue of women's identity. Canadian women writers in the period with which I am concerned are in the process of mapping out a new geography of women's experience, of creating new, female answers to Northrop Frye's famous Canadian question, "Where is here?" (Frye 220). These writers are actively defining their subjectivity, or at least, in good postmodern form, troubling the waters of traditional reflections of them. Such troubling has not necessarily, as Hutcheon has remarked, "led to the discovery of Woman" (Hutcheon 108), but to complex and differing literary evocations of female experience. However, despite, or perhaps very congruent with these truths, is the fact that in evoking a sense of where it is to be here--female, English-speaking, Canadian--these writers, in their portrayal of men, have collectively imagined some startlingly similar landmarks. While female protagonists journey in and out of selves they might wear--trying on, putting off--, the Hunter, Adult Adolescent, and Wounded Warlock stand relatively still on the road. It is as if the chaotic speed of these protagonists' own journeys requires that something be fixed--large, identifiable, thickly-outlined.

My focus on women's images of men will inevitably give rise, in readers' minds, to the related issue of images of men in Canadian men's fiction. A

comparison of men and women's depictions of masculinity in Canadian literature would be a fascinating study, but beyond the scope of my present project. My general sense of the answer to the question, "are there Hunters, Adult Adolescents and Wounded Warlocks in Canadian men's fiction?" is: not as women describe and evoke them, and therefore not at all. This is not to say that there are not characters in men's fiction who bear superficial resemblances to the archetypes I describe. Duddy Kravitz, for example, the opportunistic protagonist of Mordechai Richler's The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz, may be momentarily compared to the grasping Adult Adolescent whom I describe in terms of his basic stance of consumerism, his "gobbling [the world's] goodies--people, sensations, experience". But Richler's depiction, at once affectionate and ruthless, of Duddy, grants him precisely the kind of highly individuated, substantial interiority that is not just missing from women's depiction of the Adult Adolescent, but denied. As I argue in my second chapter, the Adult Adolescent is depicted as not real, as having no significant interiority, as a passive existential blank, an ontological vacuum filled up only with what it has consumed and leaving a bloody trail of those it has disemboweled and "sucked dry". ( By connecting women's images of the Adolescent with Buber's philosophical and Raymond Williams' Marxist meditations on the phenomenology of, and social matrix for, substantial human being, I have suggested that this vision of ontological unreality does not--or not always and

entirely-- arise from a literary failure to imagine the "insides" of an unpleasant, hurtful character.) More detailed specific comparison between individual men in men's fiction and the archetypes of men I have identified in women's fiction, is not appropriate here, as the reader has not yet been properly introduced to those archetypes. Such comparisons are, of course, not without interest, and are connected to the larger question of whether there are dominating archetypes of men in Canadian men's fiction. My descriptions of male types in Canadian women's fiction may provide a starting point for such a discussion.

It is in keeping with my sense that images of men in the fiction with which I am concerned tend to be broad sketches rather than subtly-drawn evocations of complex human being, that I use "the sketch" as my own method of describing, in the long first sections of each chapter, these male figures. Since my argument is that these figures are recognizable types, I do not begin with detailed analyses of individual male characters, but by creating a kind of composite portrait. I move from text to text, systematically pointing out recurring imagery, narrative tones, and situations in order to build my case that the Hunter, Adult Adolescent, and Wounded Warlock exist.

In criticizing the endeavour often termed "Images of Women Criticism", Toril Moi remarks, in Sexual/Textual Politics, that "one quickly becomes aware that to study 'images of women' in fiction is equivalent to studying false images of women in fiction written by both sexes" (Moi 44). Moi, I think very rightly,

criticizes the project of evaluating literary images of women in terms of their true or false relation to 'real life' as one that "resolutely refuses to consider textual production as a highly complex, 'over-determined' process with many different and conflicting literary and non-literary determinants (historical, political, social, ideological, institutional, generic, psychological, and so on)" (Moi 45). In looking at the images of men that dominate Canadian women's literary portrayal of masculinity, I do not wish to assert that these images are 'true' or 'false', but simply that they exist, and that each of them looks like something. I do not attempt, in this project, to tackle the extremely complex issue of the relation of art to 'real' life, of images of men to 'real' men, and, a corollary of this, neither do I intend to evaluate these images as 'fair' or 'unfair'. I am not making social commentary about the way men are, or should be, or shouldn't be. My dissertation is concerned with the authenticity of these images of men only in the sense that I am arguing that they really appear, that they really are recognizable in the literature. My conclusion briefly raises some ethical and aesthetic questions, for further consideration, about the implications of their existence.

The sheer (and continuing) proliferation of women's fiction in this country in the last thirty years makes it impossible to be comprehensive in my consideration of it. In keeping with the above remarks about the relation of the issue of female identity to the portrayal of male types, I have selected for

attention mainly works in which experience is filtered through a central female consciousness, either in a first or third-person narrative. Although this selection has narrowed somewhat the literary "field" on which male figures may be found playing, it does not greatly do so. The large majority of English-Canadian fiction written by women since the mid-1960's features the central female consciousness. A quick mental scan of the works of established writers like Margaret Atwood, Margaret Laurence, Audrey Thomas, Jane Rule, Alice Munro, and Marian Engel confirms this contention. Examination of new fiction by women appearing in the country's literary journals does little to disrupt it. My selection of texts does not extend to these journals, simply because there are just too many new stories appearing in them, but I do include many books by emerging or lesser-known writers like Ally McKay, Bonnie Burnard, and Cynthia Flood.

My critical approach here is essentially one of description. My descriptions are original in the sense that they are not applications of previously-defined archetypes of 'personality' as in, for example, Carl Jung <sup>1</sup>. No description is, however, free of context, and in describing the images of men that emerge from this fiction, I draw repeatedly upon several feminist and philosophical texts for inspiration and clarification. It is probably less appropriate here to identify a critical "methodology" than to suggest a prevailing sensibility. Since, as will become clear, I am interested not in images of men-in-themselves (if there is

such a thing) but in images of men-in-relationship, the voices I invoke to aid description are those primarily interested in the phenomenon of human relation. These writers include existential philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, theologian Martin Buber, and cultural analyst Christopher Lasch. For these writers the emphasis is on the "whatness" of relation per se and not on relation as an incidental quality, or simply the aggregate, of ontically self-enclosed or essentially-defined beings-in-themselves. I have also been greatly influenced by Susan Griffin's feminist analysis of pornography which, for her, not only includes the kinds of images and text normally associated with that word, but also describes a fundamental stance toward, or relationship with, the world. The fact that in describing these images of men, I call upon thinkers whose subject is not, directly, literature but the "real world", suggests, of course, that I think the images of men in women's writing have some connection with that real world; but again, I want to make clear that I am aware of the "over-determined" nature of that connectedness. These figures dominate Canadian women's literature.

It is not only the dominating presence of the Hunter, Adult Adolescent and Wounded Warlock that justifies my attention to them, but also the fact that they are importantly linked to one another. All three figures, as will become increasingly clear in my descriptions of them, are characterized, overtly or covertly, in terms of their relationship with their own suffering. In brief, the

Hunter transmutes his pain and rage into control of the otherness that perpetually threatens to overwhelm him. The Adult Adolescent retreats from suffering into an ontically-flimsy narcissism, characterized by emotional anesthesia. The Wounded Warlock is "wounded" in the sense that he lives in, and therefore does not sublimate, his suffering; his suffering does not close, as with his literary brothers, but opens him to the reality of the other as "one with whom [he has] to do" (Friedman 7). These literary men's relationships with their own suffering are, in these fictions, inextricably and most often predictably, linked with their relationships with sexuality, women, children, nature, art, and politics in a broad sense. My thesis explores these connections, focussing on the "predictable" norms, and occasionally remarking on intriguing or otherwise noteworthy exceptions.

By making claims about these men's predictability and "fixedness", I do not mean to imply that male figures in these fictions are remote secondary characters, or that they do not do important things with, or to, or alongside of female protagonists and characters; in fact, I have defined them by the character of these very relationships. There is some irony in my insistence on invoking philosophers of dynamic intersubjective relation to describe the figures that I am ultimately claiming, at some level, to be types: but I am arguing that these figures are more predictably configured than are their female counterparts. By paying close attention to repeated imagery, plot elements, and

ideas in the landscape of English-Canadian women's fiction, I attempt to draw recognizable composit portraits of its native men.

My feminist-existentialist influences, my interest in the connection between suffering and otherness, and my selection of texts in terms of the centrality of female consciousness, have all shaped what I see when I look at men in women's fiction. There are, of course, other paths through this fiction, and other readers may see different literary archetypes of men or even no archetypes at all. But I invite the reader to engage these descriptions of images of men in fiction as themselves useful fictions in the continuing dialogue about where--and who--is here.



## Notes

<sup>1</sup> Although, as Jung himself says, his psychology of types is "an effort to deal with the relationship of the individual to the world, to people and to things" (Jung v.), the emphasis in Jung is on the individual as individual, that is, as essentially definable prior--ontologically, if not temporally--to his concrete relations with others. The writers I have chosen to invoke in my descriptions do not deny the importance of individual inclinations, etc., but are more interested in the phenomenon of relation as a philosophical category. Despite the fact that I am defining "types" and that this project would seem to be akin to Jung's, my definition of types is made in the context of the assumption that subjectivity is realized only within the dynamic of intersubjectivity. At times Jung's descriptions of psychological types have applicability to the literary "archetypes" of masculinity in which I am interested; in my section on the Adult Adolescent figure, for example, I have briefly employed Jung's description of the "extraverted sensation type". But in general, Jung's emphasis on the individual subjectivity, for whom the world is essentially object--whether that object is given primacy (in the extravert) or retreated from (as in the introvert)--clashes with my existentialist/theological sense of the ontic primacy of the Other as subject.

## CHAPTER ONE: THE HUNTER

Once he pulled the trigger she  
would be stopped, fixed  
indissolubly in that gesture,  
that single stance, unable to  
move or change.

Margaret Atwood, The Edible Woman 256

### The Hunter: Who is he?

The man behind the metaphorical trigger appears in recent Canadian women's fiction with a persistence that overrides a variety of differences in the occupation, ages, social classes, and even "personalities" of individual male figures. In order to orient the reader to my sense of the nature of Hunterliness--of this fundamental relationship with the world--I here simply proceed with a composite portrait of the Hunter figure. For the moment, I artificially take the Hunter out of important contexts--the particular functions he serves in the writings of very different authors --to which I will later in this chapter attempt to return him.

The Hunter figure bears, perhaps, some relation to the check-jacketed, peak-capped "outdoorsy" man of the beer commercial, roasting his day's kill over an open fire and chuckling heartily with his male cohorts. Only a few Hunters, however, are hunters in this ordinary (or perhaps merely stereotypical) sense.

What characterizes the Hunter is his stance towards the world: he peers down, or perhaps even lives inside of, some sort of barrel that both gives him control over, and distances him from, what is outside of himself. This world includes women, other men (although he has important allegiances with other Hunters), the natural realm, and even parts of himself. He is often associated imagistically with interiors, and with a technology that is in some way hostile to nature. Almost always depicted as fundamentally conservative, he is, along with his actual or implicit "buddies", an upholder and not a challenger of some readily discernible status quo.

The Hunter tries to fix the chaotic world of life and movement into shapes that sometimes become curiously double under his aggressive gaze: the things he preys upon may in some sense die or wither, but in their very passivity remind him of their otherness, and thus of his failure to appropriate them completely. He thus lives in a perpetual state of rage, though it is often suppressed beneath gentlemanly decency. Because of his fundamental vulnerability, the Hunter, although approaching the world with his hostile eye, cannot himself bear to be regarded, judged, evaluated. The trapper, he is often portrayed as in some way trapped, pacing the narrow cage of his own world view.

It is obvious from the preceding that my references to sight and seeing are borrowed from an existential, or more specifically, Sartrean context, rather than

from a philosophical-theological tradition in which "seeing" is associated with self-forgetfulness, freedom, and liberating knowledge<sup>1</sup>. I would argue that my choice of contexts is appropriate for dealing with a body of literature which is so very much concerned with power struggles and identity searching, as is the writing of Canadian women of the last thirty years. We have only to examine the abundant eye imagery of that literature to see that the territory into which we are entering is one in which both seeing and being seen are primal expressions of threatening or threatened selfhood. A discussion of the Hunter as Eye is an appropriate beginning in my attempt to flesh him out through some of his literary incarnations.

The character of Peter in Margaret Atwood's The Edible Woman, from which the epigraph to this chapter comes, is associated with the literal hunting of wild animals, but the hunting of animals in itself is not what makes Peter the sinister figure that he is. What is disturbing is the nature of his gaze through the barrel of his shotgun and through the eye of his camera: his "sighting" of the novel's main character, Marian McAlpin, is experienced by her as a bullying will to change her and then to freeze her into this changed shape, and thus, in some essential way, kill her. References to Peter's sinister gaze and to his camera's gun-like extension of that gaze abound. In one such instance, a seemingly innocuous set of circumstances becomes a life-and-death threat for Marian; Peter wants to take a photograph of her in the hair-do and dress she has

acquired, at his request, for his party:

He raised the camera and squinted through the tiny glass window at the top; he was adjusting the lens, getting her in focus. "Now," he said. "Could you stand a little less stiffly? Relax. And don't hunch your shoulders together like that, come on, stick out your chest, and don't look so worried darling, look natural, come on, smile..."

Her body had frozen, gone rigid. She couldn't move, she couldn't even move the muscles of her face as she stood and stared into the round glass lens pointing towards her, she wanted to tell him not to touch the shutter-release but she couldn't move.... (Atwood Edible 242)

Peter has transformed Marian into the coiffured, red-dressed woman of his fantasy and wants to fix her in this attitude with his camera-eye.

Peter is only one of the many Hunters peopling Atwood's novelistic (and poetic) universe, a universe very often characterized by a brutal existential warfare in which subjects struggling to maintain an ambiguous identity play the game of gaze-and-objectify or be-gazed-at-and-objectified. Eye and sight imagery pervades Atwood's work, becoming perhaps most vivid in A Handmaid's Tale, in which patriarchal tyranny is embodied in its ever-present Eye logo. As I have elsewhere<sup>2</sup> discussed at length Atwood's fiction in a related context, it is not my purpose to focus too particularly on her work here. However, I think it is important to raise the point that even though Atwood often associates the prey (very often female characters) of her Hunter figures with imagery of frightened and sometimes dessicated animals, the hunting of animals itself is not in itself unqualifiedly negative in the Atwood oeuvre or, in

fact, in Canadian women's writing in general. It is, ironically, through the figure of a literal hunter that Atwood explores a possible relationship of human to animal in which man does not objectify the other or distance himself from it, but finds himself inextricably bound with it. In general I have stayed away from a consideration of poetry in this dissertation, but Atwood's "Brian the Still-Hunter" is remarkable in its portrayal of a fusion between man and beast at the very moment of the latter's killing. This hunter who is not a Hunter thus involves himself in its death not from the sidelines of voyeurism, but in the very arena of its pain. He says:

I kill because I have to  
 but every time I aim, I feel  
 my skin grow fur  
 my head heavy with antlers  
 and during the stretched instant  
 the bullet glides on its thread of speed  
 my soul runs innocent as hooves. (Atwood Selected 99)

Hunters range from the obviously brutal to the deceptively kind, but are very often betrayed by their eyes or by the imagery of seeing associated with them. Again and again, their desire to control a world that always threatens to escape from their domination, is conveyed by ocular images in which the gaze is not open and receptive, but confined and confining. The abusive father in Sylvia Fraser's Pandora "squint[s] at the world through the narrow window of his rage"(Fraser 9), and has "glistening steel-rimmed eyes"(11). The incident in

which he strips Pandora and makes her look in the mirror at the wretched creature she is without the "everything decent"(134) his money buys, may be read as his attempt to bully her into becoming not only the object of his withering look, but also a participant in her own objectification: to make even her gaze an extension of his<sup>3</sup>. In Gladys Hindmarch's The Peter Stories, Peter Pumpkineater, who decides of his roaming wife that he can no longer "just leave her and let her be as she was"(Hindmarch Peter 9), confines his spouse to a pumpkin. His final act of capping the pumpkin and trapping his wife inside is associated with his gaze, and the pumpkin's eyes, which are an extension of that gaze, become the focus of the wife's struggle:

He ...dropped her into the empty pumpkin belly. He cut out an eye and made her eat it. Cut out another and made her eat that. Put on the lid and sat and stared. Listened to her scream and holler and pound. Looked at her wiggling and bouncing and pushing, trying to roll it to bust it open, trying to bite the eyes out with her mouth. But she couldn't, couldn't move freely, couldn't get the noise out through the eyes...(12-13)

In Susan Musgrave's violent and gruesome fantasy The Charcoal Burners, the frighteningly passive Mattie is warned of the character Rasputin that "his pupils were like a hypnotized rabbit's. If he forced you to look at them you would disappear into the dark. Down into a rabbit hole where there was no backing out"(Musgrave 202). But it is not only in such tales of cannibalism and overt violence that the confining, ultimately dangerous Hunter's eye appears. Laurence's gentlemanly academic Brooke Skelton looks at The Diviners' Morag

"as though from a great distance, behind his glasses" (Laurence Diviners 193) when the two first talk in Skelton's office. Even though Morag sees then that "what she has taken for disapproval is in fact a kind of admiration" (193), it soon becomes clear that Brooke's admiration is not for the wild "Black Celt" (227) that she recognizes in herself, but for the sexually innocent, history-less, perpetually cheerful young woman he insists she be. It is his attempt to make over Morag into his "little one" (217), that is sinister; though he is in no way overtly violent, Skelton's name, with its associations with death ("skeleton"), is appropriate.

Like Skelton, the male protagonist of Cynthia Flood's "My Father Took a Cake to France" is an academic specializing in English Literature. Closer to the surface than Skelton's, the young father's rage at what he perceives to be the world's unruly unfairness is revealed in his gaze, with which he deliberately intimidates an English shop-girl. The story's brilliant climax is, in fact, the scene of this Sartrean ocular intimidation:

Why is he poor and why are so many unworthy people rich?...

My father glares down at the young woman in the English bakery. He stands tall, rigid, barely containing explosive movement. His face lengthens. The prominent cheek and jaw bones elongate.

In the young woman's body, the smallest possible movement occurs: a shrinking.

My father senses it, tells the direction of her feelings, presses in immediately, concentrates his gaze so that it is chilled metal, cold and killing, and sends its force out to nip her warm flesh. He will not let her go. Concentration, intensity, strength. He makes the glare persist. Do that long enough, and the other person will collapse, he knows. I know



that. My father grips the counter.

She moves, she takes two little steps back. The fatal shining appears in her eyes.

My father is glad. (Flood 51)

Atwood's Peter (The Edible Woman), mentioned above, is one of many seemingly non-violent male characters whose role as Hunters is revealed through their connections with photography or other occupations involving the depiction of images. Again and again, the eye that fixes life into material images is the eye that threatens the integrity of real life, particularly real female life that would, like Peter Pumpkineater's wife, roam, move, will, "be as she was". In these women's writing lurks something like the "primitive's" fear that the camera-painting-sculpture will capture and destroy the soul; the Hunter's art is portrayed as a material extension of his eye's threat and power, of his desire to reduce, objectify, even kill the women who are most often his subjects.

It is important to note, before proceeding to particulars, that it is not photography or art per se that these writers depict as threatening or essentially oppressive. In The Other Side of Dailiness Lorraine York explores the connection between photography and Canadian literary texts, identifying many facets of photography's ethical and aesthetic possibility. At one point York trumpets the photograph in Canadian literature as "an image of cultural continuity and belief in the fragile but enduring human chain" (York 165), but she also explores photography's potential for brutality. The exploitative nature of

photographic projects that aestheticize horror is, for York, "summed up in two Vietnam war photographers' experiments with a camera which could be fastened to a gun, enabling the photographer-killer to capture on film the instant of death" (York 16). Even when the subject of photography is not literal death, the camera's construction of its subjects may be such that it does not, as York claims Diane Arbus' photographs do, "dignif[y]" them, but rather imprisons them in its "attempt to control recalcitrant reality" (York 45).

The Hunter's basic existential project is precisely to "control recalcitrant reality", and his artistic depiction of women is merely an expression of that basic stance to the otherness of the world. His desired relationship to his "subject" is not that described by Susan Sontag in her assertion that "[t]o take a photograph is to participate in another person (or thing's) mortality, vulnerability, mutability" (York 40); the Hunter does not wish to "participate in" but to ensure vulnerability, and wishes to deny any mutability that is not under his supervision. In her brief section on the issue of "control and helplessness, fixity and flux" (York 44) in Alice Munro's fiction, York does not overtly connect the aspect of photography which "attempt[s] to fix external reality" (44) with gender, but it is noteworthy that the two examples she gives in which characters use photographs in an attempt to control recalcitrant reality are of male "fixers" and female subjects. In the first example, Arthur ("Something I've Been Meaning to Tell You") keeps an old photograph of his now-dead wife on his dresser; York

argues that "[i]nstead of recognizing the chaos which existed within Et and which finally culminated in her suicide, Arthur prefers to see her as she appears in the photograph: 'in her costume for that play, where she played the statue-girl'--an example of fixity indeed" (York 45). York also points to the figure of Patrick in "Who Do You Think You Are?", who "betrays this same pathetic desire to 'fix' his wife; when it becomes apparent that Rose wants a divorce, she discovers Patrick one day 'putting fresh Scotch tape on the snapshots in the album'" (York 45). While York is right to describe these male figures' desire to fix reality in static images as "pathetic"--because ultimately impossible--much of Canadian women's fiction has focussed on the more sinister aspects of such desire.

In Atwood's Surfacing David takes moving pictures of his companions in the wilderness with his camera. Always a metaphor for his brutal, distanced and controlling attitude to the world, David's picture-taking is at one point explicitly linked with his humiliation and objectification of his wife, Anna. Forcing her to remove her clothes for an audience of himself and two others, he has his friend train the camera, described as "a strange instrument of torture", making a "sinister whirr"(Atwood Surfacing 146), on Anna, the frightened and angry animal: "brown-red with yellow fur and white markings like underwear"(146). This woman-as-animal-victim motif appears again in Alice Munro's "Lichen", in which a man shows his ex-wife a photograph of his new girlfriend. The

photograph features the woman's nude torso, the pubic area of which the ex-wife thinks is "like the dark pelt of an animal, with the head and tail and feet chopped off. Dark silky pelt of some unlucky rodent"(Munro Progress 55). The imagistically explicit linking of male image-making to death also appears in Betty Lambert's Crossings. Ben, the much less obvious of the novel's two Hunter figures, sculpts a head of Vicki, the novel's narrator. Ben himself, who always claims to love Vicki, is surprised to find that he has not only captured Vicki's likeness, but frozen her into a posture of death: "He says, in a wondering voice...It looks like you're dead" (Lambert 194). In Jane Urquhart's Changing Heaven, again the Hunter's art implies death for its female subject: the ethereal ballonist Arianna Ether remembers that her lover Jeremy "started to draw me with white chalk on black paper" (Urquhart 75). This suggestion of the death-signifying "chalk circle" is intensified in Arianna's further remembrance that "he covered me, buried me, in white feathers, and then he dug me up again" (Urquhart 75).

Another of Atwood's artist-Hunters is Bodily Harm's Jake, "a designer of labels, not just labels but the total package...he decided how things would look and what contexts they would be placed in" (Atwood Bodily 103)). An image maker himself, Jake admires a poster in which a woman is not only photographically, but literally captured: "a brown-skinned woman wound up in a piece of material that held her arms to her sides but left her breasts and thighs

and buttocks exposed. She had no expression on her face"(105). Though he is at first apparently harmless, it soon becomes clear to the novel's narrator, Rennie Wilford, that she is " one of the things Jake was packaging" (104). Ultimately, Atwood asks us to see Jake in the context of a more generalized male "art", that of the anonymous pornographers who make the film that begins to shake Rennie out of her own detachment, in which a rat appears out of a woman's vagina. The woman's pelvis and the top of her thighs are all that appear in the film; interestingly, these body parts are described as immobile: "nothing was moving"(210). Just as the woman in the poster Jake admires has "no expression" on her face, the woman's body in the film is not allowed to express itself in movement. The only movement in the scene is the invasive rat's wriggling and the camera's aggressive eye. This pornographic image is an extreme but logical extension of the images produced in the world of beauty culture with which Jake has associations; in that world, as Naomi Wolf notes in The Beauty Myth, "[r]ather than seeing images of female desire or that cater to female desire, we see mock-ups of living mannequins, made to contort and grimace, immobilized..."(Wolf 136).

It is very often the case, in fact, that the Hunter's look is not merely an individual act of aggression; his gaze is portrayed as an instantiation of a more general phenomenon. It is not only the eye of particular male characters that has the effect of "freezing" or halting female characters' verbal, physical, and

emotional or spiritual movement; men in packs form a kind of generalized masculine gaze that haunts Canadian women's writing. In Gladys Hindmarch's The Watery Part of the World, we are continually made aware of not only individual male watchers, but of male watching in general, and of its effect of slowing Jan, the female narrator, into uncomfortable self-consciousness. In a particularly evocative passage, Hindmarch captures the peculiar combination of anxiety and lassitude that the male stare induces:

I walk towards the ramp feeling their eyes...I try to ignore it, notice my work shoes, feel the boards of the dock almost slap my feet 'cause they don't move like the Nootka does. Only a few yards more, but getting there, like walking through a corridor in highschool, takes so long. (Hindmarch Watery 53)

In other of the women's fictions with which I am concerned, the collective male gaze becomes much more sinister, the freezing of female movement more clearly associated with death. In Betty Lambert's Crossings, the female protagonist's lover Mik declares to her "I'm gonna fuck you to death" (Lambert 10), but Lambert makes clear that the sphere of Mik's threat and power does not end with his individual self. The following exchange, after Vicki has suffered an attack of asthma during sex with Mik, reveals the existence of an invisible but sinister male audience:

That first morning, up in the forest, Mik endured much levity on the subject of my ill health. 'They gave me a hard time,' said Mik, but he was pleased, he was grinning. 'Bastards,' he said, but he was proud of himself. He'd screwed me so hard he'd had to call the doctor.

'Oh bunk,' I said. 'It was the damp and the mothballs.'

So we moved the bed into the big room, and we made love before dinner that night. Was that the night we ate in the cook house? Just Mik and I and the cook. Probably. When we came back down the path he says, 'Did ya see them give you the eye?'

'Who?'

'The guys.'

'But there wasn't anyone there. I didn't see anybody.'

'They saw you,' he says and laughs. (17)

Lambert underscores the significance of this last comment by leaving several blank lines before beginning the next section of the novel; she thus "punches" the reader with its significance: Mik and his fellow loggers are in league in a way that is ultimately more fundamental than is the sexual union between Mik and Vicki.

In Bodily Harm, Atwood also evokes a threatening, and even more generalized sense of male watching. After her apartment is broken into, the intruder having left a coil of rope on her bed, Rennie Wilford meditates on her sense of all-pervasive, yet elusive, masculine threat. Once again, ocular images prevail:

When she was outside, walking along the street, she looked at the men who passed her in a new way: it could be any one of them, it could be anyone. Also, she felt implicated, even though she had done nothing and nothing had been done to her. She had been seen, too intimately, her face blurred and distorted, damaged, owned in some way she couldn't define...She began to see herself from the outside, as if she was a moving target in someone else's binoculars. (Atwood Bodily 40)

This generalized male gaze must be seen as situated in the context of an even more general male-defined world view. This world view involves a whole set of attitudes that may be very loosely defined as exploitative-hierarchical-reactionary. The linking of maleness with this nasty triumvirate has become a kind of liberal feminist cliché, but cliché or not, the fact remains that the Hunter figure in Canadian women's fiction is nearly always one or all of the following: sexually and/or politically conservative; racist and/or sexist; exploitative of, or alienated from, the natural world. The figure of Hal, in Jane Rule's The Young in One Another's Arms is an almost parodic incarnation of the masculine stance I am trying to evoke. A developer linked with the capitalist "gouging" of land for profits, Hal reveals his racism and sexism unabashedly, declaring that "a woman's mind is a cunt"(Rule Young 51), and decrying "[h]ippies and niggers"(146). Most Hunters are at least somewhat more subtly depicted, but the important point here is that these figures exist and act in a context of explicit or implicit ideological support from a male-defined status quo (even if, as is often the case, they are personally lonely). When, in the eye of the author, the individual Hunter is exposed, questioned, or ridiculed, it is often the whole world view which produces him that is itself exposed, questioned, or ridiculed. Rule asks us to see Hal's destruction of nature for the purpose of building highrises, in the context of a whole complex of social norms that is ultimately oppressive of women, racial minorities, the poor, the old and the helpless. That



this complex is essentially male-defined and enforced is broadly hinted at throughout the novel as, for example, in Gladys' comment that, "If women could vote where it counted, if women ran the city, somebody might fucking well pay some attention to the housing shortage" (48). The Hunter is the most "mythical" of the pseudo-archetypes with which I am concerned in the sense that his being is so inextricably bound with dominant paradigms of thought, feeling, and power relations. I will argue the above contentions much more closely in my examination of Margaret Laurence's The Diviners in the second section of this chapter.

The Hunter looks at, controls, and confers meaning and identity upon the world, but does not himself wish to be looked at, known, identified, in the sense of having his identity fixed in, or judged by, the eye of the other. Of the gentlemanly Hunter figure in Helen Weinzwieg's Basic Black with Pearls, we are told by his wife, "Zbigniew has never been seen naked"(Weinzwieg 132). This primal fear of disclosure is the weak spot in the Hunter's armour. One of Canadian fiction's most subtly drawn Hunters, the character of George in Alice Munro's "Labour Day Dinner", is gradually exposed to the reader through a series of seemingly minor details which "add up" in light of the comment of a woman at a dinner party that "George is a closet conservative...[w]hich is confusing to everyone, because he comes on like a raving radical"(Munro Moons 152). George observes and harshly judges the women around him, but

is depicted three times during the story as uncomfortable with female observation of him. At one point we read:

George is enjoying the scything. For one thing, he likes working without spectators. Whenever he works at home these days, he is aware of a crowd of female spectators. Even if they're nowhere in sight, he feels as if they're watching--taking their ease, regarding his labours with mystification and amusement. (144)

Later, when George has finished his scything, Munro reiterates his sense of discomfort under scrutiny: "He feels much better now, either because of the simple exercise or from the relief of feeling unobserved"(149). A more indirect but fascinating indication of the same discomfort is George's gesture of shielding the room where he makes his wooden sculptures (George is yet another artist-Hunter), which are already covered with sheets, from the view of his lover's daughters; presumably extensions of himself, his works require double covering:

Eva and Angela used to go around and, standing on tiptoe in the rubble and weeds, peer in the front window at the shrouded shapes...Next time they went to look they found a sheet tacked up over the window. This was a greyish-colored sheet, torn at the top. To anybody driving by, it made the house look even more bleak and neglected.(143)

This image of veiled art occurs also in Laurence's The Diviners. The semi-Hunter Dan McRaith, who "does not, at the deepest level, want a woman who will stand up to him" (Laurence Diviners 390), does not either want to be seen. In the room in which he paints, "the easel is faced away from incoming eyes" (388).

In a Sartrean universe, to be seen is to be known, and to be known--evaluated, defined, understood--is dangerous. In another Munro story, "Lichen", a man finds his ex-wife's intimate knowledge of him not comforting but confining:

All his ordinary and extraordinary life--even some things it was unlikely she knew about--seemed stored up in her. He could never feel any lightness, any victorious expansion, with a woman who knew so much. She was bloated with all she knew. (Munro Progress 72)

This man, one of the image-making Hunters mentioned earlier, is far more comfortable in the position of seer, knower, definer, as labeller of his new girlfriend, "trollop", even though he knows that she is "not really so wild, or so avid, or doomed, as he pretends she is"(65). In his camera-eye, this girlfriend becomes the torso in the photograph in which his ex-wife sees "the dark, silky pelt of some unlucky rodent"(55). The Hunter wants to make over, but fears being made over; Changing Heaven's Jeremy relishes the task of changing the factory girl Polly into the balloonist Arianne Ether, but is "afraid of the second invention" (Urquhart 83)--her definition, "invention", of him.

In both his individual and collective forms, the Hunter protects himself against the life outside of himself by stopping it in its tracks, remodelling it or disempowering it. His gaze is the signature of this deathly project, but the project manifests itself in Canadian women's fiction in other distinct motifs besides that of the ocular freeze. I want to consider very briefly three of these

patterns in which, in different ways, the Hunter attempts to exert control over the unruly and potentially threatening world outside of himself. In all three cases this world presents itself in the body and person of woman. In one pattern, the Hunter halts life before it begins, refusing his female partner's wish for a child. In another related pattern, the Hunter in some way restrains a woman's physical/sexual movement or, more generally, quenches her joie de vivre. A third pattern revolves around the Hunter as dresser; his attempt to control a woman is given a kind of objective correlative in his attempt to have her wear the clothes or hairstyles that reflect a particular conception of femininity.

As if sensing that a baby or child is the living locus of all that the Hunter most fears--raw emotion, demands, will, rampant physicality, the disruption of order--he often shuns fatherhood. The Diviners' Brooke Skelton continually puts off the subject of having a baby, until Morag realizes that, "[h]e cannot ever say to her, finally, once and for all, that he cannot bear for her to bear a child...[b]ut he cannot agree to a child, either"(Laurence Diviners 246). Brooke does not articulate his real motivation for not wanting a child. Laurence, however, suggests that Brooke himself is avoiding looking into the truth of his feelings, portraying him as glossing them over with a variety of excuses: he tells Morag that she will be "tied down" to a "limited life"(222), then that "a flat is hardly the place for a child" (222); when the couple finally has the money to provide the kind of environment Brooke had claimed a child needed, he alters his ground,

asking Morag the rhetorical question, " Does it seem like the kind of world, to you...to bring children into?"(246). Ben, the more gentlemanly of the two Hunters in Betty Lambert's Crossings, is infuriated when his wife Vicki wants to break their contract not to have children. When she becomes pregnant by another man, he coerces her into having an abortion, promising Vicki that he will give her another child if she wants it. In a passage depicting the results of Vicki's attempt to have him fulfill his promise, Ben is scathingly depicted as a coward, unable, finally, to accept the possibility of a child's conception:

So. Benjamin Ferris poked it in one last time. Without a safe. Without consulting the little calendar. Without a norform. He did it. Yes he did. Back and forth he went like a little man. Brave as brave. And ooops, here he comes, and he's out and running all over the sheet.

'I can't, I can't,' he says. (Lambert 111)

In Basic Black with Pearls, the narrator's elusive lover Coenraad , she tells us, "made me swear by the lives of the children I already have, that I was not, nor would I permit myself to become pregnant. By him."(Weinzweig 17). In a satiric tone similar to that in which Vicki describes Ben, Basic Black with Pearls' narrator tells us that "Coenraad subsequently wore a condom, especially designed, he said, to heighten my pleasure. The exact description on the box was 148 raised pleasure dots and eleven rings"(18).

Surfacing's narrator overtly articulates the Hunter's fear when she says, after narrating an incident in which she turned away Joe's sexual advances by

saying it was the right time for her to get pregnant: "It was the truth, it stopped him: flesh making more flesh, miracle, that frightens all of them"(Atwood Surfacing 157)). In another passage the narrator says of David, one of the artist-Hunters mentioned above, that he too does not want children; she describes David's wife Anna as "captive princess in someone's head... she isn't allowed to eat or shit or cry or give birth"(177). Ben and the ex-husband of Surfacing's narrator use the long arm of technology to distance themselves from the abortions they encourage, but in all these cases the Hunter turns his fear into control, and the result is female rage and grief.

The fiction with which I am concerned makes it clear that the Hunter's world is in general no place for robust female life, or perhaps any life, to flourish; this sense of threatened jouissance is focussed repeatedly in the very specific motif of the bodily restraint of women's movement. Sometimes the restraint takes the form of the Hunter's own aggressive sexuality; rape scenes or "off stage" acts of sexual aggression occur in, for example, Lambert's Crossings, Musgrave's The Charcoal Burners, Rule's The Young in One Another's Arms, and Constance Beresford-Howe's The Book of Eve. Another, more complex, form of the motif is the Hunter's attempt to dominate not a woman struggling to escape sexual contact with him, but the lover whose body would freely move in desire, delight. In Helen Weinzwieg's Basic Black with Pearls, the narrator describes her husband Zbigniew's lovemaking with Francesca, her surreal

double: "Now he will roll over on his right side, remaining inside her, pinning down her left leg with his iron thigh, so that she cannot move, even if aroused"(Weinzweig 133). In Bodily Harm, we are told of Jake, the narrator's boyfriend, that he "Liked to pin her hands down, he liked to hold her so she couldn't move. He liked that, he liked thinking of sex as something he could win at"(Atwood Bodily 207). Anna describes to Surfacing's narrator the power games David plays with her, striking at her through her sexuality: "He watches me all the time, he waits for excuses. Then either he won't screw or he slams it so hard it hurts"(Atwood Surfacing 131). Hindmarch's Peter Pumpkineater has enjoyed his wife's "licking and touching and sliding and holding"(Hindmarch Peter 7) until he decides that her roaming must be curtailed; after he has exerted his power by binding her up with sheets and belts, he finds that he is sexually excited by the trappings of his control: "He sat by her back and started to untie her, dropped a finger between two belts and touched"(11). The Hunter, it would appear, has less interest in sexual play than in turning woman's sexuality into an arena for power play.

Sometimes the Hunter is depicted as attempting to strangle or control not (or not only), a woman's sexuality per se , but her more general expressions of libido: talk, laughter, playfulness, anger. Peter Pumpkineater himself understands quite clearly what it is he has quenched in his wife: "She is never as she was before--never sloppy or silly or lazy or cuddly, never jumpy or fighty

or lovey or free floating"(Hindmarch Peter 16). (I will return to Peter, a Hunter who "reforms", later in this chapter.) George, the "closet conservative" of Munro's "Labour Day Dinner", is gradually revealed as controlling and emotionally stingy; the teenage daughter of his lover Roberta writes an overly dramatic and simplistic, but none-the-less revealing, account of her mother's loss of spirit:

I have seen her change...from a person I deeply respected into a person on the verge of being a nervous wreck. If this is love I want no part of it. He wants to enslave her and us all and she walks a tightrope trying to keep him from getting mad. She doesn't enjoy anything and if you gave her the choice she would like best to lie down in a dark room with a cloth over her eyes and not see anybody or do anything. This is an intelligent woman who used to believe in freedom. (Munro Moons 147)

Depicted less subtly, but much like Munro's George in temperament, the husband in Jane Rule's short story, "His Nor Hers" longs for a wife who is "a quiet presence", and finds himself irritated by his actual wife's unruly energy:

Gillian's husband did not like her to be out as many evenings as she was, raising money and/or enthusiasm for one good cause or another. She irritated him also when she was at home, either being far too noisy and playful with their two daughters, already inclined to giggle, or busy at her typewriter clacking out rightminded letters...(Rule Inland 33)

Later in the story Rule describes this husband as "the master of gloom"(40).

Another "master of gloom" is the figure of the father in Sandra Birdsell's short story, "Night Travellers". Coming home at night from visiting the lover who provides an erotic escape from her oppressive marriage, Mika meets her father, who literally stops her in her tracks. Against her infidelity, he cites "Bible verses,



given in love but becoming brick walls, erected swiftly in her path"(Birdsell 83). Mika finally gives in to his sorrowful bullying, agreeing to give up her lover, and feeling "at peace", but the story ends with a clear image of the loss of freedom and desire, of that which would make her peace more than "barren":

She turned her face against his chest and stared into the night beyond him. She felt empty, barren, but at peace. In the garden, a bright glow flared suddenly and she thought, it's a cigarette. But the glow rose and fell among the vegetation and then became bead-shaped, blue, brighter, her desire riding the night up and up in a wide arc, soaring across the garden into the branches of thick trees. A firefly, Mika thought. And she watched it until it vanished.  
(89)

Just as Mika's father has a prescriptive conception of woman in mind (as a kind of "angel in the house") when he stands in the path of her desire and persuades her to give up her lover, so do many Hunters have conceptions of femininity in mind when they "dress" their women. These conceptions have very little to do with the ways in which the women perceive themselves, but vulnerable and still struggling with problems of identity, female protagonists find themselves donning clothing that is uncomfortable in various senses. The Edible Woman's Peter wants Marian to buy something for his party that is "not quite so mousy"(Atwood Edible 216) as things she already owns. Marian ends up with the short red sequined dress "she didn't think... was really her"(216), which Peter likes and in which he wants to "shoot" her with his camera. Another Atwood protagonist, Bodily Harm's Rennie Wilford, is "packaged" by her

boyfriend Jake in clothing that he finds sexually appealing: "He decided that she should wear nothing but white linen jumpsuits, with shoulder pads. The Rosie the Riveter look, he said"(Atwood Bodily 105). Rennie herself does not like the way she looks in these jumpsuits, but indulges Jake by buying one, "though she refused to wear it on the street"(105). In The Diviners, Morag also indulges Brooke's taste in femininity, her vague discomfort suggesting that she has not yet the courage of her own brand of womanliness:

Her long straight black hair has been cut much shorter and permed in the prevailing manner of the day, described by Helen of Miss Helene as just a few soft curls, Mrs. Skelton, and a little swirl over your brow. She feels slightly peculiar each time she gets her hair done, but Brooke likes her this way, and she has to admit it does look more feminine. (Laurence Diviners 220)

The above passage goes on to describe other specifications of Morag's wardrobe; the implication is that all these items, including the dress for "meeting academic friends"(221) (who are, of course, Brooke's friends), are "Brooke-tailored". Hair and dress are also a focus of Hunterly control in an earlier of Laurence's novels, The Fire Dwellers. Mac MacAindra, a lower-middle class version of Brooke Skelton, is anxious about the appearance of his wife at an upcoming party given by his boss. His anger and anxiety closer to the surface than Brooke's, Mac does not do his tailoring with the smooth assurance of the latter, but couches it as a rhetorical question: "You going to get your hair done, Stacey?" (Laurence Fire 80).

In Betty Lambert's Crossings, the dresser motif takes on a chilling simplicity. After a sexual marathon in which narrator Vicki's pleasure and pain are disturbingly mixed, and which is structured in terms of the rounds of a fight to the death, Mik's orders are met with simple, uncommented-on obedience: "Wear that blue suit," he said. I wore the blue suit...(Lambert 127). She is then taken off, as she herself later comments, "like a slave in chains"(130), to meet Mik's friends. In tone and content, the Hunter figure Jeremy's (Changing Heaven) injunction to his female companion is identical to Mik's: "Dress!" commanded Jeremy. "Prepare yourself. Something white...a white skirt" (Urquhart 16).

Often, the Hunter wishes to deck out his woman, show her off, in what he thinks is pretty, sexy. But the issue is not prettiness or sexiness. The issue is control, the tailoring of the world, of woman, to the Hunter's specifications. The Hunter may, in fact, feel irritated or threatened by sexual showiness; he then drapes or shrouds his woman in clothes that conceal what is problematic to him. In The Handmaid's Tale, patriarchal rule declares that the society's reproducers should be covered thoroughly in cloaks and hoods, so as to keep their sexuality confined to the role allotted to it. This confinement is simply another form of sexual aggression, a reality to which Aunt Lydia, one of the patriarchy's puppets, is blind. In her justification of the handmaids' dress, she unknowingly reveals the patriarchy's exploitation of women's fears of more overt

sexual aggression, in the service of what is in fact another, more insidious, form of that aggression: "Modesty is invisibility...To be seen--to be seen--is to be--her voice trembled--penetrated. What you must be, girls, is impenetrable"(Atwood Handmaid's 28). In The Beauty Myth, Naomi Wolf describes beauty as a male fetish that "treats a part of [a woman] as if it were the whole", and notes Freud's suggestion that any fetish is "a talisman against the failure to perform" (Wolf 175). In The Handmaid's Tale, modesty replaces beauty as the fetish of the insecure patriarchy.

This sense of female invisibility is also at the heart of Helen Weinzweig's Basic Black with Pearls. By the end of the novel, the protagonist's basic black dress has come to symbolize her expected non-personhood within the context of her marriage to the "decent"(Weinzweig 134) Zbegniew. When the narrator leaves behind this dress in the house where she has lived with Zbegniew for years, she also leaves behind her surreal double Francesca, whose attractiveness to Zbegniew lies, she (the narrator) speculates, "in a kind of simple willingness, a compliance uncluttered by second thought"(132). In her lover's apartment, the protagonist knows that "were I to come here again I would not wear black"(108).

Moving away from the surrealism of Weinzweig's novel and back to the realism of Munro's story, "Labour Day Dinner", we find a controlling male figure who is suspicious of showiness in women's clothing: "[Roberta] has given up

wearing long skirts and caftans because of what he has said about disliking the sight of women trailing around in such garments, which announce to him, he says, not only a woman's intention of doing no serious work but her persistent wish to be admired and courted"(Munro Moons 136). At one point George's dislike for what the narrator identifies as "self-dramatization, self-display"(136) reveals itself in cruelty aimed at her aging body; criticizing a halter top that Roberta plans to wear to a party, he says, "Your armpits are flabby"(137). Roberta's poignantly submissive reply--"Are they? I'll put on something with sleeves"(137)--embodies the same sense of insecurity and self-immolating willingness to please as in the cases in which Hunters dress their women in "sexy" clothing. Taking off, putting on, shortening, lengthening--in the context of the Hunter's coercion, these gestures are all the same. All "styles" refer to the Hunter's desiring gaze; all states of dress and undress, like the male-viewed female nudity John Berger describes, in Ways of Seeing, "must appear to be the result of his being there" (Berger 54).

It is appropriate to the Hunter's narrow and controlling gaze, his general tendency to define the world by confining it, that he is so often associated with interiors, closed-in spaces. Very often, he is depicted as putting or coercing others into enclosed areas, either literally or metaphorically. In the case of the most obvious Hunter figures, literal enclosures prevail. In Pandora, Pandora's father locks her into the basement; in The Peter Stories, Peter Pumpkineater

traps his wife inside a shelled pumpkin; The Charcoal Burners' gruesome villains punish Mattie's attempted escape by locking her into an old building; the foreign authorities in Bodily Harm confine Rennie and her companion Lora to a jail cell; in Basic Black with Pearls, one of the narrator's many alter egos, a woman in a painting, complains that her father "won't let me out of this room"(Weinzweig 57); and so on and on. Less obvious Hunters, like Surfacing's David, are described in terms of metaphorical confinement: David's wife Anna is a "captive princess in someone's head. Locked in..."(Atwood Surfacing 177).

More complex imagery, however, reveals the more complex truth that the encloser is himself enclosed, sometimes in the very spaces, literal or metaphorical, he intends as cages for others. Peter Pumpkineater's release of his wife from his pumpkinshell, is not a release at all but only a transfer into the house where he had wanted her to be all along. He finds, however, that his castle is not a realm of domestic bliss, now that his wife "did nothing that was her own"(Hindmarch Peter 17), but a place of stifling monotony where "day bumped into day and week fell into week"(16). Finally Peter has to escape the prison he has created: ""he got up and left"(17). The "sheik" in Katherine Govier's "The Garden" creates an artificial world in his restaurant, complete with beautiful women as waitresses, "whose role he had created"(Govier Brunswick 96). His created world gradually becomes his hell, however, as he is enmeshed in a complex psychological web where both the women's passivity, and hints

that they might be more than passive images of his desire, enrage him. By the end of the story, he desires to break out of the space he has created, to "run like a wild boy among the tables, breaking tree trunks and smashing chairs" (98). The Diviners' Brooke Skelton, confining Morag to the metaphorical prison of his desired image of her, is himself portrayed as metaphorically imprisoned: enraged and saddened by her decision to leave him, he "looks at her from his solitary confinement" (Laurence Diviners 279).

There are a number of possible contexts in which to articulate the imagistic truth which portrays the trapper as himself trapped, whether conscious of his confinement or not. We could point, for example, to Sartre's explication of the sadist's futile struggle to turn subject into object, in the course of which he finds himself turned to object in the eye of his victim, and thus confined to the hell of himself. (Sartre 399-406). Susan Griffin's lucid and rigorous exploration of the pornographic mind in Pornography and Silence, however, seems to me particularly relevant here, as it addresses itself largely (though not exclusively) to a sadistic dynamic as it is present in male-female relations. Griffin sees women's entrapment in men's image-making as inextricably bound with their (men's) own fear of desire, of "nature" in themselves, and with their attempts to control, even kill that part of themselves which they project onto women. A key passage of Laurence's The Diviners, in which Brooke Skelton finally explains to Morag the origin of a recurring nightmare, is illuminated by Griffin's explication

of the pornographer's psychological economy. I would like to look at the passage in some detail, as it depicts a scene which makes a remarkably complete analysis of the Hunter's relationship with the world.

With the Hunter's typical lack of self-knowledge, Brooke tells Morag that the history of the nightmares in which he calls out "Minoo" is "not...all that important"(Laurence Diviners 228), but finally agrees to relate the name's significance. Recalling his past as an English child in India, Brooke explains that Minoo was his "ayah", a kind of nanny, "very tender and affectionate"(228) who, when he couldn't fall asleep, would "hold [him] in her arms and stroke [him]...all over"(228). He would, as a result, "have an orgasm, or whatever is the equivalent in a child...and then...go to sleep"(228). One evening, he continues, his father appeared in the bedroom and witnessed this childish sexuality; the next day his father beat him, tied him to a steamer trunk outside, and forced him to wear a sign reading "I Am Bad". Brooke clearly articulates to Morag the "lesson" he learned from this episode:

"...it certainly strengthened my resolve. I hated him forever after, and I suppose as a child I must've wondered if he was right about it, but at least it taught me at an early age that life is tough and one has to be pretty tough, as well, to stand up to it. I learned to run my life my way, to keep a firm control over things so that the external forces would batter at the gates as little as possible."(228-29)

Morag then suggests of Brooke's making himself "less vulnerable to the external blows" (229) that he may be "too much so, perhaps"(229). She wants



to exchange with Brooke their histories, but he declines, pleading that he must be up early for class the next morning. Morag agrees that declining to "lie awake all night yakking about your childhood and so on"(229) "cannot be said to be an unreasonable viewpoint in any sense"(229). In the context of the novel as a whole, however, in which Laurence continually suggests that one must come to terms with one's past in order to live authentically in the present, and in which Brooke's "reasonableness" always involves the curtailment of Morag's emotion, speech, or desire, Morag's own comment must be read as Laurence's irony. (Morag, still cut off from her own memories and selfhood, is not conscious of such irony in her own words.)

The pornographer, Griffin tells us, "must reverse his own humiliation, his own enslavement, his own terror" (Griffin 35). His terror is of woman's body because that body, "by inspiring desire in a man, must recall him to his own body" (28). His body, alive with desire, and thus out of control, "must recall to him all that is in nature and in his own nature that he has chosen to forget...For nature can make him want. Nature can cause him to cry in loneliness, to feel a terrible hunger, or a thirst. Nature can even cause him to die"(28). The pornographer thus imagines (and then images) himself in control.

In the scene from The Diviners above, Brooke's recollection, considered by himself "not...important", is in fact a revelation of a foundational experience, upon which his relationship to the world has been built. Humiliated by his father

for his natural sexual response, Brooke imagines, in his state of childish vulnerability, that his body itself, his desire itself, has humiliated him: "as a child I must've wondered if he was right about it". He thus sets out to "reverse" his vulnerability, by taking "firm control of things". The things he takes control of include, of course, Morag herself: he encourages her to erase her past ("Manawaka and that--it's over..[i]t doesn't exist"(Laurence Diviners 198)); he dictates the style of her clothing and hair; and he unhesitatingly assumes the role of critic with respect to her writing.

It may be argued that I have gone too far in associating Brooke with the pornographic mind Griffin examines, that Brooke may exert control over, but does not humiliate, Morag. I would argue first, in a general way, that although Brooke is not a pornographer in the popular sense, his attempt to make over Morag, and in particular, to erase her history, is, in essence, a pornographer's attempt to, in Griffin's words, "mak[e] a whole being into a thing"(49). And secondly, I would refer to another passage of the novel, in which we come very close to an explicit reversal of Brooke's childhood trauma. Morag relates the habitual scene, in which she has become the desiring child, and Brooke is in complete control of "all of himself":

"Have you been a good girl, love?" Brooke asks. It has become his game, his jest, before going into her and indeed before permitting his arousal or hers. If she protests the sentence he will withdraw all of himself except this unspoken anger. She has to play, or be prepared to face that coldness. Either way she feels afraid. Yet he cannot help it and

she knows this. There can be no talk of it, for it is, after all, only a joke. She smiles, hoping this will be sufficient, without having to use words in this service. And it provides enough. Brooke, poised above her, lowers his long body upon hers. Then she is angry and wants to shove him away, wants no part of him. But her flesh responds to him, and she rises to him, rises to his bait, and then everything is all right. (Laurence Diviners 245)

In light of the above, Griffin's comment about pornography as ritual is most interesting:

..above all, pornography is ritual. It is an enacted drama laden with meaning, which imparts a vision of the world. The altar for the ritual is a woman's body. And the ritual which is carried out on this altar is the desecration of the flesh. Here, what is sacred in the body is degraded. (Griffin 79)

Brooke's bedtime ritual is indeed "laden with meaning" and imparts a "vision of the world"; this vision is that of his self-articulated project to "keep a firm control over things" so as not to repeat the humiliation suffered by his childish self. This "firm control" is exercised in the very arena of his humiliation, that of his sexuality. Morag's sexual self, upon whom Brooke has projected his childish self, is, in this ritual, degraded, her desire manipulated. The language Laurence chooses for this passage tells us the real story behind the "civilized" sexual exchange: the words and phrases "permit", "protests the sentence", "play", "coldness", and "bait" are the language of pornography; such language appears again and again in the actual pornographic literature Griffin cites. At some level Morag herself is aware of her degradation. Significantly, in describing her feelings, Morag articulates herself in terms of the very mind-body dualism upon

which the pornographer's project depends; she tells us that she cannot sleep after the ritual's enactment, "the body's spasm no longer being enough to shut off the alarm-clock head more than momentarily"(Laurence Diviners 245). Her language thus attests to the nature, as well as the fact, of her humiliation.

Brooke's sexual ritual forces her desiring body and angry spirit apart, in a way which is related to the way in which actual pornography "humiliates woman's body by reducing her soul"(Griffin 49). Morag's soul is reduced by the fear that controls her "either way" (Laurence Diviners 245) --whether she resists or submits to the ritualistic "sentence" (245). As Griffin argues,

...when a living soul allows herself to act from fear, to be dominated by fear, another sort of suffering takes place, which is deeper than fear itself. For a woman who does not act by her own will has by that failure again become an object, a thing. She again loses part of the sufferings of this self, her soul.(Griffin 49)

That Morag experiences the wound to her self at the fundamental level suggested by Griffin above, is suggested in her comments to her daughter, Pique, about Pique's own relationship with a man. Morag affirms Pique's decision to leave Gord, asking "What's the alternative? To go on with him and feel diminished or destroyed yourself?"(Laurence Diviners 238); she then realizes that she "had perhaps been talking not about Pique but about herself"(238).

In the ultimate analysis, Griffin sees the pornographer--the confiner, the trapper--as himself confined, trapped, in an impossible project:

...the pornographer finds himself in a terrible dilemma. He finds himself in a cul-de-sac of his own creation. For by the very images he has created to humiliate nature, he recalls nature to his consciousness ...[the]image he has wrought to humiliate nature now works a power over him. He is overcome once more. Vanquished once more. Nature is like a many headed dragon. For every head he cuts off, more heads grow...never does he succeed in murdering the real object of his rage. (Griffin 67)

While referring to a more overtly pornographic sensibility, Griffin's comments above help to illuminate, I think, the nature of the Hunter's "solitary confinement". Again and again, he tries to appropriate the world, bring it under his control; again and again he is enraged by that world's unruliness. And because his anger is a destructive anger that crowds out relation rather than a communicative anger that invites relation, he is trapped in the narrow, uncomfortable cell of himself. This sense of miserable confinement for both Hunter and his female partner is poignantly evident in Laurence's earlier and rawer version, in The Fire Dwellers, of Morag and Brooke's sexual ritual:

When he is inside her, he puts his hands on her neck, as he sometimes does unpredictably. He presses down deeply on her collarbone.

Mac please

That can't hurt you not that much that's not much. Say it doesn't hurt.

It hurts.

It can't. Not even this much. Say it doesn't hurt.

He comes then, and goes to sleep. The edges of the day are blurring in Stacey's head now.

--God, Sir, do I know why? Okay, I've aged this man. I've foisted my kids upon him. I yak away at him and he gets fed up, and he finds his exit where I can't follow and don't understand. (Laurence Fire 24)

Even as Mac seeks "his exit", it is to a place of angry solitude further inside of

himself; like his son Ian who resembles him, he lives in "locked rooms" (193).

Pandora's father, "squinting at the world through the narrow window of his rage"; is one of Canadian fiction's more overtly angry Hunters, but almost all Hunters are depicted as angry at some level. Often such anger is disguised beneath a surface of control. Brooke Skelton's anger is "unspoken", as in the passage quoted above. Mac MacAindra wears a "grim" (Laurence Fire 99) expression that holds in the anger of which his wife Stacey is aware: "I'm lucky he's not more externally violent, that's all" (108). The narrator of Basic Black with Pearls tells us of Zbegniew that she has "never known him to lose his temper"(Weinzweig 130), but in a series of images of whips and whipping (not clearly real or surreal), his rage is evoked. Surfacing's David, priding himself on his glib detachment, gives away his anger in the scene in which he attempts to seduce the narrator: "He was turning mottled pink, turkey neck, but his voice was still rational"(Atwood Surfacing 162). In light of Griffin's comments about men's revenge against nature in the body and soul of woman, it is noteworthy that in the fiction under consideration, it is almost always in his dealings with women that the Hunter's rage inflames. In the passage from Pandora just above, the father's anger is depicted in connection with childbirth, the "nitty gritty" intersection of woman and nature: he "squint[s] through the narrow window of his rage" while his wife, in labour, "convulses between layers of ether and eiderdown in the ebbtide of her breedstew"(Fraser 9).

As the Hunter's rage, his fundamental distrust of the world, crowds out genuine relationship, so it also crowds out pleasure. Often he is depicted as morose, moody, touchy; his laughter, when it comes, is harsh or parodic. Surfacing's David, for example, uses his comedic laugh--"Yuk, yuk' like Goofy"(161)--not to share joy but to distance himself from real, and possibly dangerous, communication with others. And into the arena of the most vulnerable communication of all--sexual communication--the Hunter steps with fear. This fear is usually masked by coldness or violence, but, as Griffin repeatedly suggests in Pornography and Silence , the body may ultimately insist on revealing the truth: a person may choke the feeling of which he is afraid so successfully, that he leaves himself impotent. There are, in fact, several scenes of Hunters afflicted with impotency in the literature with which I am concerned; the most dramatic of these, perhaps, occurs in the last section of Susan Musgrave's The Charcoal Burners, in which one of Mattie's sadistic torturers harshly and crudely demands oral sex from her, but cannot become aroused: "There was no penis inside his pants, no laughter. The General was limp; there was no battle. There was no laughter anywhere. Only defeat"(Musgrave 232). But, as should be obvious from my argument thus far, all Hunters are impotent, to varying degrees, in the sense that their power is strictly limited. They position themselves over-and-against the world, but they do not have, to invoke the male writer, D.H. Lawrence, who has perhaps

struggled hardest with the kinds of issues I have raised, "the strength of tenderness". That power, and the sexual blossoming it permits, is left to the Wounded Warlock, to whom I will turn in a later chapter.

### Managing the Menace: Some Examples of Specific Hunters

As is evident from the preceding section, women's portrayals of the Hunter share many common images, ideas and patterns. There is, however, a wide variety of functions that Hunters serve within particular literary texts, by writers with different purposes, world views and imaginative directions. In this section I look closely at three specific Hunter figures, each of whom is a central figure in the work in which he appears, but whose literary functions are quite different: one is at the locus of a web of anti-value; one is a nursery-rhyme villain who becomes a self-transformative hero; and one is a lecherous businessman squeezed under a ruthless narrative microscope. There is ultimately, however, an important similarity among the works in which these figures appear. These three works represent a class of fictions in which the Hunter's threat is in some way managed or neutralized. In each case, through some form of analysis or fantasy, writer offers reader a Hunter who, though he may repulse, does not radically disturb. In these works, the bad dream of the Hunter is mastered.



i. The Diviners

The Diviners is representative of a class of women's fictions in which the Hunter figure is not only a character to be confronted by a central female consciousness, but a kind of nexus of anti-value. In him meet all, or many, of the viewpoints and emotional tendencies against which the authorial voice explicitly or implicitly opposes itself. Thus, in fictions like Atwood's Bodily Harm and Surfacing, Weinzweig's Basic Black with Pearls, and Laurence's The Diviners, to which I will confine my analysis here, the Hunter figures achieve an almost mythic stature, as embodiments of world views. Because these world views are on the authors' chopping blocks, the Hunters are consistently permitted far less ambiguity or possibility of transformation than their female counterparts: they must remain still if the axe is to strike cleanly. These Hunters are disturbing, but in the limited sense that the structures of power, thought, and feeling that they embody are presented as oppressive. They are unpleasant in the way that a disease is unpleasant. The ultimate question becomes one of how to cope, and the answer is already partially given in the analysis itself: through a process of enlightenment a female consciousness recognizes the problem and takes a stand of opposition. These fictions may be complex in that the negative paradigms they explore are interweavings of social, emotional, psychological and political strands; however, in terms of the reader's sense of how she is to regard--to judge, to feel about--the Hunter,

narratives like The Diviners are relatively uncomplicated. (I will turn later to fictions in which Hunters are more radically unsettling; in which disease is less easily diagnosed and cures less easily prescribed.)

As this brief analysis of The Diviners is meant primarily to exemplify how the Hunter figure functions as a locus of anti-value in the class of fictions I have identified, I will be somewhat mechanical in my approach to the novel here. Simply, I will identify several of the values I see emerging from the novel, and situate Brooke Skelton within the framework of these.

In spite of Laurence's repeated and overt attempts to be fair (by considering familial and historical contexts) to even the overtly cruel characters, Skelton is judged harshly. And he is judged, not just as an oppressive character, a hurdle in Morag's path to solvent selfhood, but as an embodiment of all that threatens what the novel suggests is good, or harbours the possibility of good: child-likeness, faithfulness to history, "mess" of various types, and social marginality.

It may initially appear odd to assert that child-likeness is one of the values that Skelton threatens, in light of the fact that he is many times depicted as cherishing his "child", Morag. However, the quality of child-likeness that emerges as valuable in the novel, is in fact quite different from the sense of naivete and unsullied cheerfulness that Brooke attributes to, and finds appealing in, Morag. The following exchange takes place just after Brooke has told Morag that she knows about the dark side of life only "in theory" (Laurence

Diviners 198), and insisted that she is "very young" (198):

"I don't think I ever felt all that really young, " Morag says apologetically. "Nonsense," Brooke says, holding her more tightly. "You were and are. That's one thing I love about you. You're serious, but you're happy too. You've got a talent of laughter that's lovely and heartwarming. It restores me and I love it...Don't talk about it [Morag's Manawaka past]--it only upsets you. I only want to know you as you are now, my tall and lovely dark-haired Morag, my love, with your touching seriousness and your light heart. Never be any different, will you?" (198)

Brooke's insistence here on calm cheerfulness and perpetual stasis ("Never be any different, will you?") is greatly at odds with Laurence's depiction, and celebration, of childhood in the novel. The child Morag (as reconstructed by her older self) is charismatic, not angelic, with her fierce imaginative, emotional, and sexual energy. Our sense of her is of one in perpetual motion: thoughts, counter-thoughts; feelings, counter-feelings; these tumble one after the other, as in the following passage:

Christie's face looks funny, sort of squashed-in. His skin is all sunburnt, and now it's covered with dusty sweat, all that red skin face. Christie is a redskin. Ha ha. But he isn't laughing. She hates the kids for talking like they did, to her but also to Christie. Now she hates Christie for talking the way he is, crazy. (39)

In another memory of childhood, Morag recalls her imaginary alter ego Rosa Picardy, who "slew dragons and/or polar bears", "could never have expired gently while sighing" for an absent mate, and who was always, "right in there, pitching" (13). Morag takes Rosa as evidence that she was "born bloody-minded" (13). In the context of the novel as a whole, it appears that the

"bloody-mindedness" that characterizes Morag as a child and asserts itself throughout her life, may be defined as an intensity of living. This basic intensity takes several forms-- Morag's appetite for sexual experience, her fascination with words, and her strong instinct for truth-- all of which are aspects of even the very young girl.

Of her "bloody-mindedness", the older Morag reflects that, "It's cost me. I've paid through the nose. As they say. Also, one might add, through the head, heart and cunt"(13). And it is precisely at these three aspects of Morag's child-like self--her imaginative power, her emotional sensitivity, and her robust sexuality--that Brooke Skelton strikes with his need for her to be childish. The imaginative energy and emotional investment that she puts into her writing as an adult are met with only indulgent dismissal in the context of her relationship with Brooke. The following passage, in which Brooke comes home to find no dinner ready and Morag visibly shaken by her own writing, ends with one of several of Brooke's variations on his infantilizing "run along" theme:

"For God's sake, Morag, are you ill? What's the matter, love? You're shaking."

A moment ago she felt aggressively defensive. Now she is ashamed to say.

"It's--no, I'm all right. It's just that I've reached kind of a crucial point. I mean, with the novel."

Brooke laughs, relieved. "Is that it? Heavens, I thought you'd been suddenly stricken with something serious."

I have. I have. But she does not say this. Odd--if you had a friend who had just aborted herself, causing chaos all around and not only to herself, no one would be surprised if you felt upset,

anxious, shaken. It is no different with fiction--more so, maybe, because Morag has felt Lilac's feelings. The blood is no less real for being invisible to the external eye. She wants to explain, but feels too tired.

"Well, never mind," Brooke is saying. "It doesn't happen often. We'll go out to eat. You run along now and make yourself look presentable."  
(230)

In terms of the interconnections between Morag's writing and sexuality ("head" and "cunt"), it is noteworthy that Brooke takes a patronizing tone similar to the one in the quotation cited above when Morag presses him with her desire to conceive a child : first, he "laughs, but very gently" and then gives the injunction to "Get yourself fixed up, won't you?"(203). We mentally supply the silent "run along" that begins this order.

I have spoken earlier of the way in which Brooke humiliates Morag sexually by turning her into a child with his ritualistic game of "Have you been a good girl?". I would bring those earlier remarks into line with the present context by asserting again that it is a childish, not child-like Morag that Brooke summons in this game, one who is in the grip, however "playful", of his authority, not her own freely-responding desire. An important contrast must be drawn between Morag's sexual relationship with Brooke and her sexual relationship with Jules. I would like to leave most of my discussion of Jules to a later chapter of this dissertation, but in terms of the issue of child-likeness I have raised here, I think it is significant that after the teenage Morag and Jules have their first sexual encounter, they are depicted as walking together around the city "with their

arms around one another, like children away from home with the night coming on" (142-43). The attraction that has existed between them since they were, in fact, children, finds a sexual expression that is, throughout their lives, mutually direct. Brooke plays sexual games with Morag in a bid for control while Jules, "who was never much of a games-player"(321) simply accepts and delights in Morag's sexual intensity.

When Morag brings home Jules, whom she has met on the streets of Toronto, to the "tower"(258) in which she lives with Brooke, we are told that "she wants only to touch him, someone from a long, long way back, someone related to her in a way she could not define"(267). This visit marks the point at which Morag begins in earnest to wrestle with the issue of her Manawaka past. Having always wanted to exile herself from it, she now begins to realize that her rejection has in fact threatened her integrity; her sexual joining with Jules after she impulsively leaves Brooke is "some debt or answer to the past, some severing of inner chains which have kept her bound and separated from part of herself"(271). This joining is not the beginning of any easy acceptance of her Manawaka years or the people who have shared that past, but is the real beginning of Morag's attempt to confront those years honestly.

Laurence allows Morag to feel ambivalent about her past throughout the novel--to experience pain and revulsion as well as renewed integrity--, while never swerving from her authorial message that spiritual authenticity is not

possible without fidelity to the past. "Fidelity" here denotes not sentimentality, but a kind of deliberate attention to a reality that, while having "no one version", contains, perhaps paradoxically, emotional, psychological and social truths that are inextricably linked with the present and future. In a passage near the end of the novel, the older Morag passes on to Dan, Pique's boyfriend, her acquired wisdom: "You can change a whole lot. But you can't throw him [Dan's father] away entirely. He and a lot of others are there. Here.'...Morag reached out and touched the vein on Dan's wrist" (354). By the end of the novel, Morag has come to see the past and the future as almost mystically bound: The river...seemed to be flowing both ways...Look ahead into the past and back into the future, until the silence"(453). That Morag's almost religious homage to the past here is also Laurence's is suggested not only by the whole structure of the novel, with its "Memorybank Movies", but by Laurence's own remark that The Diviners was her "spiritual autobiography"( Laurence Dance 208).

As with the novel's celebration of a "bloodyminded" child-likeness, The Diviners' insistence on the value of fidelity to the past finds its foil in Brooke Skelton. While Morag is allowed ambivalence and growth in her relationship with her past, Skelton is depicted as unequivocally rejecting the past, not only his but Morag's as well. "When you first came to me", he says, "you said you had no past. I liked that. It was as though everything was starting, right then, that moment"(Laurence Diviners 257). It is in the context of their marriage that

Morag's ambivalence about her past leans to rejection. Just as she participates, at least consciously, in the erasure of part of herself-- "I'll never let him see the Black Celt in me" (228)--, so she participates in the erasure of her past:

"Brooke, I am happy with you. And anything else--Manawaka and that--its over. It doesn't exist. It's unimportant"(198). Within the context of the novel's insistence on the importance of the past, Morag's comment reads like a litany of bad faith. But while she eventually confronts and struggles with what she has suppressed, Brooke's own bad faith about his past is subverted only in the nightmares he describes as "not...all that important"(228).

I have earlier discussed the significance of these nightmares in a closely related context, so will make my points briefly here. Before the meaning of the "Minoo" nightmare is revealed, Brooke appears to see his father's treatment of him as a child, and the school in which the boys were given ranks so that he "was a Sergeant at the age of eight"(218), as harsh but strengthening experiences that prepared him for the world, making him "tough-fibred"(218). He admits that he "railed inwardly"(219) at his punitive father, but "can't remember"(218) the Minoo incident that resulted in his being forced to wear an "I am Bad" sign in public, until Morag wakes him from the nightmare that brings the explanation. Although it may appear from Brooke's calm waking evaluations of his past that he has come to terms with it, he has, in fact, rejected it in that he has not come to terms with its visceral childhood pain, his punished desire.



He refuses to journey into that past even with Morag: when Morag wants the two of them to delve more fully into their histories, Brooke pleads that he needs to be up early the next day.

It is worth a brief digression here to note that The Fire Dwellers' Mac MacAindra, whom I have described as an earlier version of Brooke, also represses his past--in this case, past memories involving his war-comrade Buckle and the discovery of a gun his wife had once hidden. Like Brooke, Mac "moans in his sleep" but "can never remember his dreams" (Laurence Fire 109); Mac teaches his son Duncan essentially the same "lesson" Brooke learned as a child: "You'll never get to first base if you can't learn to control yourself. Okay--you're going to get hurt; you're going to get bashed around; that's life. But for heaven's sake, try to show a little guts" (104). Near the end of The Fire Dwellers, there is a small reprieve in the alienation between Mac and Stacey when they "make love...gently, as though consoling one another for everything that neither of them can help or alter" (276). Interestingly, this connection occurs just after they each speak about past fears and events that have been unacknowledged. It is as if this small reconnection--the novel implies no abiding one-- is in proportion to the small willingness of Mac to discuss the past: "His voice is in low gear, with brakes on" (275).

In a sense, Brooke's rejection of Morag's past is, in addition to being a way of controlling Morag, an extension of his own rejection of past pain. Such an

idea is congruent with Susan Griffin's claim, mentioned earlier, that when men punish women, they punish aspects of themselves, but it is also supported by the novel's own imagistic structure. Laurence has Brooke refer to the "I am Bad" memory as a mere "nuisance"(Laurence Diviners 228). The word resonates with accumulated meaning: Morag's past is closely associated with the "Nuisance Grounds" where her step-father Christie "tell[s]" (75) the garbage, finding truth in the muck. Morag begins to "tell" her own garbage when she starts to sift through her past and all its nuisances, finding value in things which had once only appalled her. As she and Christie sit drinking after Prin's funeral, for example, Morag mourns his frailty, and finds herself wishing "for the lost wildness, which would not, she sees now, embarrass her any longer"(251). While Morag thus re-invests the past with value, Brooke chooses to avoid its pain. Even when he makes his rather "mysterious" (336) visit to Morag in Vancouver, he cushions this confrontation with his recent past with politeness, distance, and an "extremely well turned out" (335) new wife.

Brooke's rejection of the nuisance of his past is only one of the aspects of his rejection of "mess" in general, of that which escapes control. I have already theorized, in the first section of this chapter, that Brooke's refusal to grant Morag a child should be seen in the context of the Hunter's basic fear of chaos, or, as Brooke politely phrases that refusal, of "accidents"(203). I would further suggest that the novel links two important images in a way that subtly but

forcefully underlines Brooke's denial of life itself. Having him turn his back on the suffering child he once was by dismissing his "Minoo" dream as a "nuisance" (228), Laurence links his rejection with the rejection of another child - the dead baby Christie finds in the dump and knows has been a "nuisance" (76) to one of the town's families.

Another aspect of Brooke's rejection of "mess" is less striking in itself than his repression of his boyhood pain and his refusal to father a child, but important in terms of Brooke's function as a locus of anti-value in the novel. Simply put, Brooke likes things to be tidy and in "good taste". These things include Morag's hair which, when she decides to stop going to the hairdresser, Brooke annoyedly remarks, "looks a mess"(256). The pristine apartment that he and Morag move into after his professional promotion is, clearly, not only "in keeping with Brooke's appointment as head of Department"(245) but in keeping with his antiseptic taste:

Dr. and Mrs. B. Skelton now have a new and somewhat jazzy apartment, in keeping with Brooke's appointment as Head of Department. It is large, on the top floor of a downtown block, and is furnished with Danish Modern, long teak coffee tables, svelte things to sit on (you could not call them sofas or chesterfields, both words having unseemly old-fashioned connotations). On the cream-coloured walls hang several fairly expensive contemporary paintings, which Brooke says are good, even excellent. (245)

This is a brief description of a dwelling place, but enormously significant in the context of the novel's meditation on mess. Brooke's unequivocal association

with material order and tastefulness stands in contrast to Morag's ambivalent relationship to the spectacular disorder of the Logan household where she grew up. This ambivalence about the junk that litters the house and about the Nuisance Grounds from where the junk comes is, of course, a kind of objective correlative for her ambivalence about Manawaka and its people (and her memories of them). Her thoughts as a child watching flies crawl around the kitchen table are emblematic of her relationship with mess--physical and emotional-- throughout her life: "When she peers close, she can see that their wings are shining, both blue and green. Can they be beautiful and filthy? Should she shoo them away? More would only come"(40).

The relationships between physical disorder and spiritual fecundity in the novel are complex and cannot be fully discussed here, but a reasonable generalization may be made: the novel suggests that while all mess may not be good, good things are often hidden in mess. Riches dwell in settings of physical decay: Christie's linguistic plenitude flourishes amidst the junk at work and at home; the run-down Tonnerre shack's house not only hardship but also Lazarus' fidelity to his family; and Prin's monstrous person harbors kindness. Morag's messy hair proclaims her freedom from "the mauve-smocked little perfumed dollies" in the hairdressing shop, who make her "feel fantastically inadequate"(256). It is significant, I think, that in one of the novel's last images of Manawaka, Laurence redeems physical wretchedness by associating it with

spiritual persistence: reporting on her visit to Manawaka, Pique says that Eva Winkler, tending the cemetery, had "kind of stringy hair" and looked "sort of exhausted", but that she "sounded quite cheerful"(438).

By allowing Morag to remain ambivalent about physical disorder to the end-- she is both delighted and squeamish upon moving into the run-down McConnell's Landing--Laurence allows her to be associated with the imaginative and emotional potential that the novel has claimed for junk, without making her naively sentimental about poverty. By depicting Brooke as firmly on the side of order and taste to the end-- his new wife is "subdued but very smart[ly dressed]" and tames her hair into "a smooth bouffant"(335)--Laurence suggests that his spiritual potential is limited.

Brooke's limited imaginative and emotional potential is portrayed not merely as a lack, but as positively harmful, within the context of the novel as a whole. The atmosphere of good taste conveyed by the passage quoted earlier describing Dr. and Mrs. B. Skelton's apartment, must send us back to one of Morag's earlier encounters with pseudo-sophistication. Working in Simlow's Ladies Wear as a teenager, Morag is fascinated by Millie Christopherson, and is a pupil of Millie's lessons on "Good Taste"(111). Morag longs for the sophistication that she believes Millie has and soaks up the lesson that "Pink and purple, now, they clash. Also blue and green. Clash. Clash. Ugh."(111-112) Laurence brilliantly both conveys Morag's suppressed ambivalence to even her

own longings for good taste, and makes a succinct comment about the joyless artificiality of such taste: "What about sky and grass, Morag wants to know, but doesn't ask"(112). Brooke's association with "cream-coloured walls"(245) carries the weight of this earlier association of right-minded colour sense with drab and suffocating convention. And Brooke's intellectual conventionality is suffocating; in one case, he refers to Morag's emotional but intelligent comments on the poet Hopkins as "exaggerated statements" (224). In the Simlow's Ladies Wear scenes, Good Taste is not only an imaginative straightjacket, but also becomes associated with social cruelty. Wanting to become part of what she imagines is the genteel class of Manawaka society, Morag shuns her friend, the bedraggled Eva, "wanting Eva to go. Right this minute. Not to be seen talking to her"(113). It will take Morag several years to learn the lesson that The Diviners as a whole appears to teach: social marginality, like (or perhaps a species of) "mess", harbours hidden treasure. Once again, Brooke Skelton becomes an unambiguous foil for a proclaimed value: associated always with a dominant class, he is blind to the virtues existing on the margins, and himself perpetuates social marginalization.

I need not dwell on the point that the characters that the novel presents as having some positive spiritual energy are all, in some way, living on the margins of mainstream culture. Jules the "shaman"(273), Christie the garbage collector, Ella the poet, Pique the wanderer, Morag the writer; all are in some sense

diviners, deriving their power from sources invisible to those inside the garrison. Neither do I need to discuss at length Brooke's very obvious social situation at the top (or centre, depending upon one's metaphors) of various power structures: he is a university professor, becoming, in fact, Head of the Department; he is British, which, in the context of a Canadian novel, must raise suspicions of power; and he is, in fact, explicitly associated with arrogant colonialism, referring to the Indian situation under the British Raj as "the best that could be done under the circumstances"(217). I would simply direct attention to the scene in which Brooke comes home to find Jules and Morag drinking in the kitchen, in order to underline the earlier point that the Hunter in this class of fictions is very much a representative of a whole set of anti-values. In the scene to which I refer, Brooke is not just a male character coming home to a specific disgruntling situation; he is an unambiguously repulsive spokesman for racist and sexist values and assumptions.

Asserting ownership of the material space he shares with Morag, Brooke rages over the disappearance of "my scotch"(269), and makes the almost comically racist remark, "I thought it was supposed to be illegal to give liquor to Indians"(269). Steamrolling over Morag's already-proffered invitation to Jules for dinner, he tells her simply "tonight won't be possible"(269). As if Brooke's actions and comments do not speak loudly enough, Laurence attaches his anxiety over the unwanted dinner guest to the carefully chosen names of the

guests Brooke himself has invited: "Charles and Donna Pettigrew"(269). Brooke allies himself with pedigree, and shuns what is other. He is blind to the values that make Jules a "shaman" (273) of sorts for Morag, seeing in Jules only an "unlovely...freeloader" (269). Protecting himself from the possible "mess" of difficult social mingling, Brooke spouts clichés about Indians and liquor, just as he earlier spouted the clichés of the British Raj.

Brooke then, is a disturbing figure in terms of what he represents, but not in terms of how, as readers, we are asked to regard him. He is unambiguously allied with a set of values that is exposed in the course of the novel; if we assent to the validity of Laurence's criticism of those values, our stance towards him will be one of simple resistance. In this function as a locus of anti-value, Brooke Skelton, as I have already asserted, is one of a class of Canadian women's Hunters. Space does not permit further detailed analyses of these figures, but it is worth emphasizing once again that although the nature of what I have termed "anti-values" varies somewhat from fiction to fiction, these Hunters are similar in their stasis: they are portrayed as givens up against which a changing, developing female consciousness must assert itself. It is, in fact, the case that Hunters generally, whether situated within an elaborate nexus of anti-value or not, are portrayed not as developing or ambivalent consciousnesses, but as fixed and formed. A notable exception is Gladys Hindmarch's Peter, whose transformation is chronicled in The Peter Stories.



ii. The Peter Stories

In "Gladys Hindmarch: Pointillist Prose" Pauline Butling, one of the few critics to write on Hindmarch, tries to put Hindmarch's work in the context of a postmodern sensibility which is, according to Butling, interested in " conditions or states of consciousness" rather than in "the imposed (invented) synthesis of a plot"(Butling 70). While Butling's observations are illuminating in regards to other of Hindmarch's works, notably the frenetic "Boat Stories" (now collected as The Watery Part of the World), her inclusion of The Peter Stories under the same "postmodern" rubric, is mistaken. While it is true that Hindmarch's lush imagery "highlights the emotional line" (73) of the story, it is not true that "the plot is not 'developed'" (73) or that, as Butling argues of the last story in particular, "the images don't noticeably condense or carry in them a whole load of ideas"(73). I would argue that The Peter Stories is, in fact, a highly developed narrative in which images, particularly ocular images and images of confinement, carry precisely "a whole load of ideas". The story is nothing less than a feminist fairytale about one Hunter's reformation. In this unusual tale, the Hunter figure himself learns the lesson implicit in many of the works to which I have referred so far, that in confining and diminishing woman, he diminishes himself and destroys his happiness. Butling could not be more wrong, in fact, in classifying The Peter Stories with postmodern fiction which "no longer has that [modern] drive toward resolution and insight" (74). Insight into, and resolution

of, the "Hunter problematic" I have defined, is exactly what The Peter Stories is about.

I have already made several references to Peter's hunterly characteristics, and so will not reiterate in detail earlier points. It will suffice to say that through the depiction of Peter's act of confining his roaming wife, and through the vivid imagery surrounding Peter's aggressive gaze, the first of the Stories establishes Peter's hunterly stance. The second story records the fallout of the first's drama. The controlling, aggressive gaze that had Peter's wife, in the first chapter, trying to get her protesting scream "out through the eyes [of the pumpkin]"(Hindmarch Peter13), soon turns to a bored observation of his "too passive wife"(16): "after he...watched her scurry about the kitchen cleaning, plunge her hands into great gobs of dough kneading, pull feather after feather off a chicken plucking, he left the house and went outside"(15). The story ends on a general note of ennui and irritation, with Peter's wife simply gone from the house (not even having left in a burst of self-assertion), and Peter snapping at the grape vines outside for banging his window and the snow for making his room bright. By the end of Chapter Two, Peter does not yet fully understand the implications of what he has done to his wife (and what she has allowed him to do), but in his restless boredom he is beginning to feel the unsettlement that will ultimately force him to change his relationship with the world.

Chapter Three, or the third Peter Story, is particularly sophisticated in that

Hindmarch seduces us into believing that Peter has, in fact, undergone a radical transformation, by portraying his relationship with Mary Contrary as one in which Peter allows her to define and control him: "He did everything that Mary told him how she told him when she told him: this to wear that to eat, this fence to patch that wood to chop fill this hole kill this rooster kiss me let's go to town"(30). The items on this list are, of course, meant to recall Peter's own treatment of his former wife; "this to wear" and "let's go to town", for example, recall Peter's order to his wife to "[g]et into something, we're going to the Travellers"(17). Roles have clearly reversed, with Mary herself a Hunter of sorts and Peter her prey. The earlier imagery of confinement is repeated to emphasize the reversal: "Suddenly he was in a pumpkin belly trying to dig his way out"(32). But Hindmarch does not ultimately allow us to mistake simple role reversal for a fundamental reorganization of male-female relationship. The problem with role reversal, it would seem, is that it is always reversible. By the end of the third story, the exasperated Peter has reasserted himself in a dominant role. In depicting this resurrection of Peter the Hunter, Hindmarch picks up an earlier imagistic strand: Peter's gaze is once again associated with his domination, his will to shape woman into pleasing and manageable forms:

"Who do you think you are?" she said when she came back into the room.

"I'm me," he said, "Peter."

He said, "Who are you...you're not Mary...you're a cat." And her body scrunched down and lept up to the bed to between his legs. He looked

directly into her eyes, "You're a pumpkin seed." And her body curled up. "You're a seagull." And her shoulders lifted and her head rose and her breasts rubbed through covers along his chest. Peter touched his finger on a bone of her neck and said, "No you're not, you're just my wife." (33-34)

By the fourth chapter, in which we are given a picture of Peter and Mary's "unsettled" (35) married life, Peter is still repeating his controlling pattern. Of Mary's bouts of contrariness, we are told:

But each time Peter let her go until it passed a certain point where he stepped in and simply did. Did what? Took over. "You're not that way really...dont be silly, come here..." And then slowly would follow her whole person self. His Mary but not his, he Peter but not him. He never could and never tried to figure the whole thing out. Only knew that he must act, must bring her to be with her-himself...(37).

The visit of Peter's ex-wife --"large, in a green woollen scarf and a big many patterned coat" (37-8)-- at this juncture in Peter's development (or non-development) I read as the resurfacing of the past with the "largeness" of its unresolved problems. Her comment before leaving Peter and Mary's cottage that she will "someday come back. I must. I will" (41) is the affirmation that the spectre of Peter's failure to transform himself will be with him in some way, will be reckoned with. And what makes The Peter Stories a feminist fairytale is that in the fifth and last story Peter does rise to the challenge of his past and the challenge of self-transformation. Hindmarch's somewhat off-beat imagery and narrative in this last section have left Pauline Butling asserting that "the dreamlike narrative line (the sequence of events) doesn't make 'sense'"(Butling

73). All Butling will commit to say is that this narrative line "tells the story of the body/mind/emotional conditions in a changing relationship"(74); there is no attempt to define the nature of that change. However, looked at carefully in the context of the language and imagery of the earlier Peter stories, and with my composite portrait of the Hunter figure as a backdrop, the events of the chapter make much "sense", and the nature of the "changing relationship" between Peter and Mary becomes quite clear.

The first suggestion that Peter is about to undergo a fundamental transformation is the fact that when his car skids in the snow, "[h]e let[s] go"(Hindmarch Peter 44). In light of Peter's history of control, in which he "did [not]...let...[his first wife] be as she was"(9) and could only "let...[Mary] go" for a time before he "took over"(36), his letting go of the car asks to be read as a metaphorical prefigurement of a change in his controlling attitude in relationships. After Peter lets go of his car and crashes into the snow, a series of images suggests that he has indeed "let go" of his Hunterly sensibility.

At the end of the second story Hindmarch suggested Peter's alienation from the natural world in the somewhat humourous depiction of his irritation with the grape vines for banging on his window--"Stop your bloody noise" (22), and with the snow for making his room brighter-- "Who the hell's been here?" (22). This alienation had already been suggested, of course, in his smashing of his pumpkins. In the last chapter, after he has "let go" and crashed his car, Peter

steps out into the white world, sheds his Hunterly suspicion of nature and experiences an almost mystical communion with the snow and fir trees: "He felt a lightness and clarity come up from the soles of his feet--as if all that was out there was coming in and up and through"(44). I have already referred to Susan Griffin's speculation that the pornographer fears nature not only because it makes him feel, but also because "it can even cause him to die"(Griffin 28). Peter thus may be seen as taking yet another spiral in his transformation when he lets go of his fear of death: "He knew he would no longer be afraid of dying, he felt so beautiful and loose and weightless"(Hindmarch 45).

When Peter finally sees his wife frozen at the wheel of the car, he remembers making love with her and how "[a]t the edge of coming each eye fell into and opened up to each"(46). This memory recalls an earlier mode of relationship before Peter turned his aggressive, controlling eye on his wife; the same memory also anticipates the story's happy ending, in which the relationship is represented by an image of reciprocal gaze: "Eye into eye. Open"(55). The power of these last lines derives from the imagistic contrast to the earlier story in which Peter's wife struggled hopelessly against Peter's domination, as focussed in the confining pumpkin's eyes, which are an extension of his own stare. At that point he had "[l]ooked at her wiggling and bouncing and pushing, trying to roll it to bust it open, trying to bite the eyes out with her mouth"(13).

Between Peter's letting go of his car wheel at the beginning of the fifth story, and the reciprocal seeing at its end, the image of the wife slowly released from her prison of ice through the mutual effort of Peter and herself provides the structural balance to the earlier image of confinement in the pumpkin of one by the other. As Peter realizes how important it is that his wife "say yes to herself"(54), understanding finally that only in affirmation of her selfhood by both might relation between be possible, the ice prison begins to melt. Peter can commit the act of confining as a solitary self over-and-against the world; the earlier image of decisive pumpkin-capping is appropriate. But as a reformed Hunter, he cannot simply uncap a pumpkin or otherwise perform a solitary act of release ; the image of a gradually melting ice-tunnel in which man and woman struggle towards each other is thus an appropriate counter-image.

It is indeed the case then, as Butling argues, that images "highlight... the emotional 'line' of the narrative"(Butling 73). But what Butling seems almost willfully to ignore is that they do so only in relation to one another in the context of a highly-structured story of transformation, a story driving precisely towards the "resolution and insight"(74). Butling claims Hindmarch's stories, as postmodern, do happily without. In The Peter Stories, aggressive eye becomes open eye; bothersome snow outside the window becomes transforming snow in which to dissolve rigid ego; and wife confined to pumpkin becomes wife released from ice block. Formalist analysis in this case reveals feminist fantasy:

the Hunter dismantles himself.

iii. "The Garden"

In novels like The Diviners, the Hunter's threat is counteracted by a developing female consciousness that situates him quite clearly at the center of a web of anti-value. In Hindmarch's Peter Stories, the Hunter's threat is dissolved by his own efforts at self-transformation. Katherine Govier's fascinating short story, "The Garden", employs yet another strategy for mastering the Hunterly phenomenon: "The Garden"'s narrator hunts the Hunter. The story is a chase-within-a-chase, with the nameless businessman-Hunter's frustrated pursuit of the waitresses in his restaurant framed by the narrator's aggressive chronicling of his every psychological move, and its detached and belittling evaluation of him as "without memory or imagination to track his path or project it"(Govier Brunswick 97). This narrative voice, which so assuredly formulates the "sheik"(87), sprawling him upon a pin, speaks from a position of absolute invulnerability; such invulnerability is signalled in the first line of the story by the absence of an ego that could be fixed by the word "I": "Knew a man who wanted to be a sheik"(87). There is here no central female consciousness for whom the Hunter is a threat. The limited-omniscient narrative is focalized within the mind of the businessman but is not confined there, as it transcends this mind through analysis and judgement of it.



The story contains many images and ideas that I have already associated with Hunter figures in general. The businessman's stalking of his waitresses is repeatedly associated with images of watching, while he is uncomfortable with others' regard of him; he is intensely aware of the head waiter "watching him with reproofing coolness"(91). The businessman is also, like many other Hunter figures, associated with images of enclosure. The word "narrow" is used twice (84,91) to describe the restaurant he has built and which becomes a metaphor for himself; we are also told that he is "imprisoned"(91) by his unfulfilled desire and that he dreams in "locked rooms"(97). Although the businessman leaves the decision about what the waitresses will wear to Jane, he is yet another "dresser", appropriating the women's clothing on a basis of ownership, thinking of one of their outfits as "the costume he had bought for her"(91). Like all Hunters, he wishes to mould the world and the women in it into pleasing, controllable configurations. He lives in "the rarified tropic of his restaurant"(94) in which the women "whose role he had created"(96) move silently about with trays. At one point, the businessman is associated with an image of alienation from nature; because he designs his restaurant so that part of it is "in almost total darkness", the live plants must be "replaced with dried branches and feathers"(87).

That the businessman is a Hunter is made very explicit; Govier shows him "exploiting dim corners and the angles of mirrors to discover his prey, ...[who]

like a timid forest animal...[is] aware of him"(91). His Hunter'iness, however, requires no close attention to subtle details for its detection, as is the case, at first, with a figure like Brooke Skelton. The focus of "The Garden" is not the identification of the Hunter or of his effects upon a female consciousness. The story's interest lies in the narrator's very sophisticated tracking of the businessman's experience of desire--of its cyclical inflammation and waning. A reiteration of some of Susan Griffin's comments on the pornographic mind provides an illuminating gloss here, as does Jean-Paul Sartre's analysis of the existential drama of sadism in Being and Nothingness.

When the businessman's desire is first inflamed by Jane, the waitress who is "the mould from which the others had been cast"(90), his attraction is depicted as inextricably linked with his sense of ownership. He notices "her spine rising alongside the slim curving stem of his [emphasis mine] tropical birch tree"(91), and he imagines her flesh "under the costume he had bought for her"(91). He enjoys his stalking of her, "a timid forest animal"(91), until the tension of the game changes from stimulating to painful. Govier's narrator describes the businessman's psychological state:

He was imprisoned. His unrelieved excitement confined him to that establishment; it made his limits that woman. This made him angry. She had all this power; her shyness seemed to him its most cruel exercise.  
(92)

This passage, together with two incidents in which the businessman rejects

women with loud voices (one a potential waitress, one a date), reveals his existential muddle. He dislikes overt displays of female selfhood, preferring quiet, accommodating women, but is confronted with the power that inheres even in what he supposes is passivity or "shyness". This feminine power, which provokes painful, unsatisfied desire, gives rise to the response of Griffin's pornographer: anger. Although the businessman's anger finds no physical outlet in his interaction with Jane, or her clone Shelagh, he fantasizes about raping each of them. In the depiction of his fantasy about Jane, violence is only suggested, but in his fantasy about Shelagh the brutality is overt: he can sexually rouse himself only by picturing Shelagh "in the flickering shade of his glossy restaurant" where he imagines "pressing her to one of the stuffed couches, his hands tearing the grey silk from her breast"(96). Though on both occasions the businessman refrains from actual rape, his fantasies reveal the configuration of the pornographic mind: terrified of his own desire and of the power of woman to provoke it, the pornographer must punish woman, or rather, the image of woman, in the theatre of imagination where he is director.

However, as Griffin argues, the pornographer's project is doomed to cyclical failure:

But in this war of images, the pornographer finds himself in a terrible dilemma. He finds himself in a cul-de-sac of his own creation. For by the very images he has created to humiliate nature, he recalls nature to his consciousness. All images, all metaphors, are imitations, at their origins, of nature. The image of a woman's body which he uses to contain and

punish his rage against nature has a certain power, therefore, in his mind. The image he has wrought to humiliate nature now works a power over him. He is overcome once more. Vanquished once more. Nature is like a many-headed dragon. For every head he cuts off, more heads grow. (Griffin 67)

Griffin's explanation here of the pornographer's endless cycle of rage and desire goes a long way to illuminating the "sheik's" repetition of his behaviour with each of his waitresses. "Is it necessary," the narrator wryly asks the reader, "to describe how it was that each woman in turn after Jane and Shelagh roused him?" (97). However, the psychological dimensions of "The Garden" are extremely complex and there are elements of the businessman's relationship with his women that may be further illuminated by looking briefly at Jean-Paul Sartre's explication of sadism in Being and Nothingness.

My own explication here must remain somewhat superficial, but Sartre's discussion of sadism seems to me to shed some light on what at first appear to be two contradictory statements made by "The Garden"'s narrator. At one point the narrator tells us that in each waitress the businessman sees "a beauty and docility that fired him, and...[a] servitude that turned his lust to arrogance"(97). The narrator suggests here that it is the very "servitude" or passivity itself that ultimately quells the businessman's desire. This interpretation would seem accurate in light of a brief suggestion that the businessman does, in fact, crave more than mere passivity: he is originally drawn to Shelagh by "an occasional darting power in her that hinted to him of passion"(94). Throughout

Pornography and Silence, Griffin returns often to the pornographer's dilemma of wanting real feeling, though fearing it. Thus, we could read the situation in "The Garden" this way: the businessman's desire is ultimately quenched by the very passivity that first excites him. The narrator, however, subtle tracker of complexities, also tells us of the businessman that "[o]ne, then another, of his waitresses inflamed him; each one was first wary then unyielding; each dismissed him. He did not know he was dismissed. He only knew that at some juncture he did not persist"(97). Here, the narrator suggests not passivity on the part of the waitresses, but a tangible though subtle power of selfhood that resists the businessman. This selfhood is not attached to anything like "personality", for the waitresses are not portrayed as individuals to any significant degree, but is simply a power of recalcitrant otherness. It is this power that has the businessman, at the end of the story, regarding Cliff, the head waiter, and his waitresses as "discreet and indiscernible as waterfowl going about their mysterious business"(98). The rage this vision causes--the businessman wants to "run like a wild boy among the tables, breaking tree-trunks and smashing chairs" (98)-- is not merely sexual, but a wide-sweeping existential fury at an otherness that excludes him. If we see the waitresses' otherness as the ultimate fact for the businessman, then, a seeming contradiction between their "servitude" and their "dismissal" begins to dissolve. It is this unquenchable otherness in which Sartre is interested in his discussion

of sadism.

While an oversimplification, it is fair to say that for Sartre the sadist is one who wishes to appropriate the subjectivity of the Other through the Other's flesh. He wishes to make the Other a thing; in doing so he attempts to affirm his own freedom from contingency. Sadism (as with, for Sartre, all subject positions) carries within it the seed of its own failure; the sadist is ultimately confronted, through the look of his victim, by the reality of that victim's experience, in which he, the sadist, is simply a condition among other conditions, a contingency among contingencies. No matter how much pain the sadist inflicts, he is still only part of a-world-in-which-there-is-sadism for his experiencing victim. The sadist himself, then, is reduced to an object. He fails to capture, and is excluded from, the subjectivity of the Other<sup>4</sup>.

There are two points to be made in light of this simplified version of Sartre's sadism. One is that in his fantasies, of course, the businessman is a sadist, trying to appropriate the infuriating otherness of the women through control of their bodies. The fact that he refuses actually to use force, however, is also noteworthy in terms of the Sartrean model. Govier suggests twice that it is a form of pride that keeps the businessman from physically humiliating his waitresses: we are told that he is "turned...[from] lust to arrogance"(Govier Brunswick 97) and that "he wouldn't take it by force; it should have been his"(97). He is not merely interested in domination per se because, perhaps, he

understands at some level that such domination will only humiliate him, putting him categorically, to use the Sartrean insight, into the realm of mere object, as thing-among-things for a persistent subjectivity. Already the businessman has intuited that "his women belonged to other men-- worse, to themselves-- behind his back" (93). And it this aloof and inaccessible subjectivity, as suggested in the image of mysterious waterfowl at the end of the story, that eventually does drive him away from the restaurant he has created.

There are yet other psychological dynamics of the businessman's hunt that could be elucidated, but the most fascinating aspect of the story is the hunt that frames the businessman's hunt-- that of the narrative voice itself. I would re-emphasize the earlier point that this detached narrative voice has the Hunter cornered and contained by both its close analysis, and its claim to see clearly the psychological course through which the businessman only paces without self-understanding. There is yet another way the narrative voice masters the Hunter, and that is through its subtly humourous embodiment of its own ruthless eye in the eye of Cliff, the gay head waiter the businessman both admires and hates. The businessman feels about Cliff what he might well feel about the narrator were he able to look out from his literary prison: "[h]e had a warmish feeling of discomfort as if something about himself were too obvious, and he had been understood...in a way he did not understand himself" (90). I may be stretching a point, but with regard to this almost metafictional

connection between Cliff and the narrator it is interesting that in the businessman's last view of Cliff, the waiter is "looking over the reserve book [emphasis mine] in the hallway"(98). But in any case, the final vision of the serene restaurant crew who "were excellent and wanted to stay"(98) even after the businessman has sold the restaurant, enforces the sense of detachment and dismissal of the narrative voice itself. "The Garden", perhaps, plays out the ultimate revenge upon the Hunter, chasing him out of his own hunting grounds.

#### Haunting Hunters: The Charcoal Burners and Crossings

The majority of Canadian women's Hunters are managed or mastered in ways described in the previous section of this chapter. I have said that these Hunters are disturbing in so far as what they represent is negative, a problem to be identified, confronted, and overcome. There is also present in our women's fiction, however, a more radically disturbing Hunter. This figure's unsettling effect on the reader may still be related to his detrimental effect on a central female character, but the problem is more than a matter of a Hunter's unpleasant emotional or physical violence towards a fictional person with whom we identify. The difficulty is that the Hunter himself is not as easily, to repeat an earlier allusion, formulated, sprawled on a pin. There are disruptive elements in this Hunter that disallow the simple stance of recognition and rejection that characterizes the reader's usual relationship with him; such identification and



rejection are complicated by fissures in the Hunterly configuration I have described as typical. I wish to discuss in some detail the "East Oyster" section of Susan Musgrave's The Charcoal Burners, and Betty Lambert's Crossings but first, as a kind of bridge between the previous and present sections, I will look briefly at the figure of Hal in Jane Rule's The Young in One Another's Arms.

Ultimately, Hal is mastered quite thoroughly in the context of The Young in One Another's Arms, as I will explicate momentarily. But there is something in Ruth's portrayal of him that disrupts our readerly expectations in our initial encounter with it; this is Ruth's comment that "In bed he doesn't screw. It's the one place he knows how to make love" (148). The reader is disoriented by this suggestion of sexual generosity, because for the stereotypical Hunter, as I have earlier argued, sexuality is fundamentally an arena of power, not pleasure. And Hal is, in all other respects, a typical Hunter: blatantly racist and sexist, he is "a cartoon of aggressive belligerence" (148), unable to "give space to anyone easily and to women, never" (46). The reader is asked to accept that the same man who relishes the jokes that are "old in their intentions to set men up and put women down" (49-50), is able to do more than "screw" in actual sexual relationship. Rule does some of the bridging between Hal's seemingly incommensurable attributes in Ruth's thought that "His sexual vanity was something he could share with her, make her feel for herself" (51); with a mental struggle we may, perhaps, make some sense of the oxymoronic idea of

"shared vanity". The fact remains, however, that it is a struggle to bind together such disparate elements, and Hal is thus less easily disposed of by the reader than are some of his literary brothers. The mental gestures of identification-- "we know all about that kind of figure", and dismissal-- "reject him!", are at least partially forestalled by the disruptive element in Hal's portrayal. Like Ruth, who "keep[s] on going to bed with a man she... [can't] talk to" (148), we must simply accept contradiction.

I have highlighted and perhaps exaggerated Hal's complexity in order to illustrate what I mean by "fissures in the Hunterly configuration". In the context of the novel as a whole, however, Hal is mastered in several ways; the minor disruption of our expectations I have noted does not saturate the novel. Basically, The Young in One Another's Arms quite clearly asserts a set of values which, as in The Diviners, is associated with social marginality. In this context, with his condemnation of "[h]ippies and niggers" (148), Hal is an unambiguous locus of anti-value. Unlike Brooke Skelton in The Diviners, Hal is not even a major focus of the central female character's struggle. Ruth has long ago "fought free" (147) of Hal's domination and in her middle years is focussed upon, in Hal's words, her "houseful of half-wits and deserters and tarts" (146). Ruth's basic detachment from Hal allows her to simply comment upon, rather than rage at, Hal's shortcomings. In the course of her stream of thoughts to Clara, Ruth notes, as if in passing, "how...rigid and silly it is, this being a man"

(72). The reader, attracted by Ruth's strength and emotional maturity throughout the novel, easily participates in Ruth's non-inflammatory attitude towards Hal. By the end, Hal has been mastered not only by Ruth's relative detachment but also by the plot of the novel itself, which conveniently kills him off and puts his money to good social use. The reader leaves the novel feeling emotionally consolidated: Ruth's values triumph and true, loving community is affirmed in the face of a society that threatens it. Such emotional consolidation is precisely what eludes the reader of The Charcoal Burners and Crossings, in which the complexity of the Hunter figures is not merely an interesting curiosity, but disturbingly pervades the reader's response.

i. The Charcoal Burners

The portrayal of Dan, upon whom the "East Oyster" section of the novel focusses, includes several images and ideas that link him firmly with the Hunter stereotype. In our first encounter with him, he is the driver of a speeding car which, when it swerves to avoid an obstacle, forces "dirt and gravel...out from under the car's tires like guts from a crushed animal" (Musgrave 11). His physical domination of Matty is explicit and violent: to prevent her from leaving him, "he'd shot all four tires off the car and broken her arm" (18). Like other Hunters' women, Matty is repeatedly linked with images of violated and desiccated animals; while watching Dan rape a deer's carcass, she feels "his

breath pass...over her lips and down into the pit of her stomach...[and] her tongue forced out at the corner of her mouth" (38).

In terms of only these blatant images of domination, it would appear that readerly assessment of Dan should be simple. However, in this short section of the novel (originally published as a short story) Musgrave manages to complicate or undercut every Hunterly convention that is called up: technological domination, sexual domination, and the fraternity of men. There is also the complicating fact of Dan's social marginality, his un-Hunterly status as part of a race that has itself been dominated.

Our first image of Dan as the driver of a car that churns up the earth beneath it, sending a spinning rock towards Matty's head, links him with the Hunterly idea of a technology that is hostile to women and nature. There is a scene in the story, however, that disrupts any firm association we may be tempted to make between Dan and such technology. This is the darkly humorous scene in which Dan and Matty encounter a salesman near the Kwikatsquee reserve trying to sell power saws to the Indians for carving. Dan's cynical laughter as the salesman saws a "one-of-a-kind original" (18) buffalo out of the wood, is a prelude to his crude but accurate analysis of the destructive relationship between Natives and white technology:

Why don't you get your facts straight, mister. They don't have electricity on that reserve. They don't have buffalos, either. They don't have money to buy your fuckin' shit...It's assholes like you

who make trouble for Indian people. (19)

While other Indians are "impressed" (18) by the white salesman's saw and carving, Dan's extreme anger suggests a vivid awareness of white technology's function in the enfeeblement of Native culture. His habitual speeding in cars may, in fact, be read as an emblem of his relationship with white culture: encased, of necessity, in white domination, he, paradoxically, asserts himself through self-destruction.

Like his association with a dominating technology, Dan's sexual domination of Matty is also complex. As with all Hunters, his violence at her arises out of deficiencies in himself, but unlike that of most of his literary brothers, Dan's sexual self-hatred is very close to the surface. Such self-hatred is revealed in a short but fascinating passage, in which Dan's actions link him with desiccated animals:

Whenever she got angry or criticized Dan for drinking, he drove straight out to the Old Farm--the company rented it to them so Matty could keep animals--and vented his frustration. So far he'd always butchered the males [emphasis mine] of the species. (31)

There is another unusual element in the portrayal of Dan's sexuality, and that is Musgrave's suggestion of a kind of elemental passion. Dan's words after a night of lovemaking with Matty-- "Porcupine...You keep me on the move all night like a porcupine" (14)-- suggest not domination but mutual pleasure. The natural image of the spiky porcupine does not summon watercolour pictures of

pastel lovers, but its visceral energy stands in marked contrast to the civilized violence of Brooke Skelton's "Have you been a good girl?". Dan's perpetual use of natural metaphors arises out of an intimate knowledge of the habits of animals; this close connection between him and nature is appealing and sets him apart from many other Hunters. The reader is thus disturbed by images such as the following, that link Dan's sexual relish with his libidinous excitement about his kill:

Dan was bending over the calf, his thick braids nearly brushing the ground. His body was glowing and he was breathing heavily, the way he breathed after making love. (26)

The sentence that follows the last is even more unsettling, however, in that sexuality and killing are related, but not in any simple way that allows definitive emotional rejection by the reader. "He always", we are told of Dan, "wanted her before they went hunting, wanted to roll her on the ground and make love like the animals" (26). Although a hasty reading here would suggest that Dan wants to dominate Matty, to "hunt" her sexually, the sentence does not, in fact, offer an explicit link between killing and sex. The sentence does not say that Dan wants to make love to/kill Matty, herself an animal victim; Dan himself is linked with the animals, wishing to participate in their vitality, to make love "like" them. The reader is made perpetually uncomfortable by Dan's disturbing mixture of vitality and violence. It is not, for the reader, a matter of rejecting the violent aspects of Dan and praising or enjoying the vital elements. In Musgrave's

portrayal of his violence and vitality are neither separable nor identical, but disturbingly intertwined.

Like the portrayal of his sexual and personal relationship with Matty, the portrayal of Dan's "buddy" relationship with Bud is problematic in its complication of Hunterly convention. Musgrave certainly suggests some of the elements of typical Hunterly fraternity in Dan and Bud's association. The following passage, for example, evokes the sense of a male discourse in which women are, if not actively excluded, then irrelevant:

Bud and Dan were talking hunting and fishing. Dan had finished off the beer and was starting on a bottle of Red Devil. Angie disappeared into the camper looking for her diet pills, and Matty went with a bucket to fetch water.(35)

More dramatic is the scene of Dan and Bud's rape of the doe they have just killed. This shared violation has all the usual elements of a gang rape. The violence, indirect homoeroticism, and underlying self-loathing of that particular species of misogyny are all suggested in the line, "Dan was laughing at the awkwardness of Bud's position" (37).

The seeming Hunterly fraternity of Dan and Bud is, however, by the end of the story, undercut. Bud's follow-up to their shared rape of the doe is his attempt to engage Dan in his crude joking about the movie Deep Throat. Dan, however, resists Bud's conversational attempt at fraternity by claiming to want to sleep, by stubbornly refusing to feed Bud the appropriate "straight" lines, by

refusing to laugh at the joke's conclusion, and finally, by his comment "Crazy fuckin' whiteman" (39). This comment connects Bud and the white salesman to whom Dan had earlier applied the epithet; Dan's inclusion of Bud in the category of men he disdains reveals the extreme tenuousness of the Hunterly fraternity that has been suggested. When Dan, after telling Bud to go to sleep, "put[s] his arms around Matty as if...afraid she would steal away in the night" (39), the sense of Hunterly possession is poignantly and disturbingly mixed with a sense of Dan's need for protection and desire to distance himself from Bud and his world. The situation is further complicated by the fact that Matty herself is, like Bud, white.

The issue of race is itself, of course, an important aspect in Musgrave's complication of the Hunter stereotype. As a native Indian, Dan is automatically marginal to the white male center of power in Canadian society. He is thus in a broad social sense, hunted rather than hunter. But Musgrave allows no easy emotional resting place even on this matter of race. In a discussion between Matty and Dan after he has had a "good time" (32) the previous weekend, and been charged with "unspeakable atrocities" (34) involving a Boy Scout leader, Dan tells Matty "Don't bug me...I told you--I didn't do it. Blame it on the Indian. You're just as bad as the rest" (34). The reader is here launched into a dilemma; while we must acknowledge, with Matty, the truth that minorities tend to be scapegoats for crime, we also take into account the previous evidence of



Dan's volatility and tendency to gratuitous violence. Thus, we are forced simply to accept ambiguity. And in general, faced with this figure who is clearly related to, but resists, the Hunter stereotype, we are torn by conflicting feelings of fascination, disgust, and sympathy. The reader cannot neatly dispose of Dan, but like Matty in her dreams, remains haunted by him.

## ii. Crossings

The figure of Mik O'Brien is perhaps the most complex and disturbing Hunter figure in Canadian women's fiction. As with Musgrave's Dan, Mik's unsettling effect has not so much to do with his extreme violence, as with the disturbing mixture of brute aggression and animal vitality with which he is portrayed. I agree with critic Aritha Van Herk that "the text is terrorized by violence" (Van Herk 276) and that some male critics thus "flee in front of the text" (282). Van Herk's article "Double Crossings: booking the lover", however, itself many times flees the problem, taking refuge in a current critical trend which conflates textuality and ontology: "[Mik's] appearance is a signal for violence; he is its signifier" (281). Van Herk herself is unable to sustain her argument in the quasi-poststructuralist framework she invokes, many times asserting untextualized "truths": "The truth is that woman have always been destroyed/raped/beaten by men" (285). The article careens back and forth between sometimes contradictory and often baffling claims about language and textuality, to

assertions about the reality of men's violence. I do not intend to attempt a thorough critique of Van Herk's article here, as such an endeavour would in the present context be tangential. But it seems to me highly noteworthy that Crossings has caused even a critic supposedly at home (via poststructuralist affinities) with the truth that truth is unstable, to want to leave the novel on a note of emotional consolidation:

The destruction of what we expect from fiction is implicit in this text: the broken sentences, the deliberate attempt to shape truth, the terrifying honesty, are all aspects of writing's revenge, booking the lover finally and forever [emphasis mine]. (Van Herk 286)

In fact, Mik, like Dan, is never "finally and forever" laid to rest for the reader.

It is in the portrayal of Mik's sexual and personal relations with the novel's narrator, Vicki Ferris, that he becomes a complex and troubling figure, and it is this area on which I will focus. It should be noted, however, that in terms of certain other social relations Mik is, in fact, a rather stereotypical Hunter figure. Like Rule's Hal, Mik is portrayed as blatantly, almost absurdly, sexist and racist. He summarizes Vicki's life problems by saying, "You needed a man, that was your problem. That's sweet fuck all, baby...You were just all screwed up and that's all you needed" (Lambert 154). Mik's fraternal association with his "buddies" pervades the book and is not in any way, as with Dan, undercut. He is never seen as alienated from them, as in any way standing apart from their collective male aggression and misogyny. Untroubled by the incident he

parades for Vicki, completely at one with the fraternal "we", Mik announces, "My buddies and me, we had this hooker in the room. There was five of us rammed it to her" (115). He goes on to describe another incident in which he and his male friend Gil shared an act of sexual degradation:

Once Gil and me, we had this Italian hustler. We made her do it in the mouth. It's safer that way. Anyway, Gil did it first, and then me. When I was finished, Gil slapped her on the back and made her swallow it. God. She was mad! He chuckles, remembering.  
(115-16)

This incident of jocular sexual sharing among two men is reminiscent of the scene in "East Oyster" in which Dan and Bud rape the doe. In Crossings, however, there is never a sense that Mik, like Dan, tires of the perpetual joke. Though it is often suggested that Mik resents his inferior social position, and that he is himself a victim of war, he is, like most Hunters, "backed" by a fraternity of men (in this case white, working class) that provides justification for, and affirmation of, his attitudes and values. He is thus less solitary than Dan, who is alienated from both white and Native cultures.

And yet, in spite of these typical Hunterly attributes, Mik is not easily packaged and dismissed by the reader. Like Vicki, who is constantly compelled to disrupt her own one-sided versions of people she describes, Lambert never allows us to rest, emotionally consolidated, in our assessment of Mik. There are two ways, I suggest, in which our relation to this Hunter is complicated. First, Mik is portrayed as having a quality--his earthy comfortableness with "mess"--

that is distinctly and appealingly un-Hunterly; second, and more disturbing, through the portrayal of Mik's laughter and lovemaking, he is depicted as an ambiguous god, invoking sometimes terror, sometimes ecstasy.

I have earlier, particularly in my examination of Brooke Skelton, noted the Hunter's discomfort with "mess" of various types. Ben, Crossings' less overtly violent Hunter figure is repeatedly portrayed as uncomfortable with physical untidiness; it is his own fear he projects when he tells Vicki that he didn't want to "hurt" (190) her by giving her a baby: "I couldn't bear to think of all that suffering. All that blood and pain. It was terrible to think of you like that" (190). Mik is a foil for Ben in this respect. When Vicki gives an entire set-off line to the fact that "I remember too Mik making love to me when I had my period" (113), it is a tribute to his rare, earthy vitality. Vicki also makes much of the incident in which she vomits after being drunk, and Mik eats the sandwich he has made for her because she cannot eat it herself: "I think of Mik eating that fried egg sandwich. A foot away from the ghastly mess of my stomach. That has to be love" (113). Critic Mark Abley, reviewing the book for Maclean's, completely misses the significance of this incident, noting sarcastically that "[Vicki] knows he loves her when she throws up on the floor" (Abley 42). Abley would have done well to consider more carefully the line that Vicki writes just before the above: "Edna says to me of a lover, 'He held my head when I was sick, and I thought I'd love him forever'" (Lambert 113). Edna and Vicki are not wallowing

gratuitously in memories of illness. Their comments reveal something real about women's experience of men; they pay homage to the rare men who are comfortable with women's pain and blood and mess. Abley's tone, in fact, is one of Hunterly disgust as he evaluates the book:

Crossings is a tedious, offensive novel, all the worse because its narrator keeps trumpeting her honesty. It seethes with squalor; devotees of rape, abortion, asthma, nausea, assault and drunken stupor will adore it. Written in a leering, self-conscious tone, Crossings guzzles sensation. (Abley 42)

Overwhelmed by the portrayal of violent and gruesome realities, and, I suspect, by the sheer physicality of the novel, Abley takes a simple stance of readerly rejection. For a more subtle reader, however, that gesture of rejection is only part of a complex web of reactions. With regard to the figure of Mik particularly, simple rejection is again and again complicated by evidence of Mik's vitality. As with Dan, violence and vitality are so intertwined that the reader is allowed only the shortest emotional rest stops, at which she can say, with Vicki, "ah Mik you were lovely" (Lambert 227), or, at the other extreme, "I hate him" (180). In developing the motifs of Mik's laughter and his lovemaking, Lambert is particularly merciless. She seduces the reader with Mik's "huge wondrous laugh" (117), and his "wild surging" that takes Vicki "beyond words" (124), only to deeply disturb the reader's enjoyment of him by depicting his violence in terms of the very motifs--laughter and sex--that have revealed his vitality. It is not the case that Mik is first depicted as definitively vital, and then

as having become definitively violent; such a linear psychological narrative would be less trying for the reader. The timbre of Mik's laughter and sexuality continually see-saws between extremes, exhausting the reader more thoroughly than would a depiction of uncomplicated violence.

The novel ends on a rich and haunting note: Vicki and her daughter dance, "[j]ust a brief and dancing minute for the sake of the dark and laughing god" (284). In her eagerness to see the novel's ending and the women's dancing as "woman's version of carnival" (Van Herk 286), Aritha Van Herk sidesteps the problematic final image, making the vague claim that in subverting male literary tradition, the novel "celebrates a different dark laughter" (286). The ending, Van Herk implies, is a kind of women's haven, in which women's values and truths have triumphed. But the image of "the dark and laughing god", if not exactly a synonym for Mik himself, certainly recalls him in all his ambiguity. If the ending is a celebration, and I think that it is, it is a complex celebration of both Vicki's freedom from Mik and from what Van Herk terms "phallogocentric eyes" (286), and of Mik himself. Earlier in the novel, Vicki had celebrated Mik's laughter and explicitly linked this laughter with divinity: "And, like glory, the laugh comes, pure gold, a god's laugh" (Lambert 136). This vital laughter, the expression of an appealing and un-Hunterly capacity for deep enjoyment, for release, is remembered repeatedly in Vicki's literary meditations. She speaks, at different points, of his "great thundering laugh" (5), his "huge wondrous laugh...[a] long

deep roar from the gut" (117), and his "great Mik laugh...[t]hrowing back his head and letting it all come out" (201). Against the backdrop of Hunterly quasi-laughter-- the gently patronizing chuckle of Brooke Skelton or the harsh, parodic laugh of Surfacing's David, for example-- Mik's Pan-like mirth is worthy of celebration.

That celebration, however, must only last "a brief and dancing minute" at a time, for the shadow-side of Mik's laughter is as gruesome as the other side is glorious. While the good laughter is a pouring out of Mik's self, the bad laughter is a Hunterly bark of hatred, separation, control and degradation. After a game of strip poker in which Mik demands curls of Vicki's pubic hair once her clothes are gone, and in which he pretends to let her win them back while really secreting them away, Mik laughs "[m]ean laughter" (181). He then, Vicki tells us, as if to convey the precise tone of the laughter, "throws my clothes at me, like a guard at Auschwitz" (181). I have already noted, in the first section of this chapter, another important instance of Mik's cruel laughter, in which that laugh allies him with the fellow loggers who "give [Vicki] the eye" after she has had an asthma attack supposedly induced through sex with him.

At one point in the novel Vicki pays Mik the supreme sexual compliment when she says that "he laughed and took me beyond words" (124). As with his laughter, Mik's love-making is sometimes presented as rare, exquisite, and god-like. Mik, with his sexual vitality, is again a foil for Ben. Throughout the novel,

Ben is portrayed as brutally civilized in sexual, as in all, matters; besides the rhythm method, he "practises three other methods of birth control: French safes, norforms, and coitus interruptus. Simultaneously" (8). While Ben is a fussy lover, following "steps one, two and three of Married Love by the Anglican minister from Toronto" (9), Mik's lovemaking is vital and satisfying:

And then he is in me, lifting me up with his wild surging, and I am moving too, moving to him, with him. I have never known this before. The mindless rhythm of my body, up and up, meeting him perfectly, wanting him in me forever...he laughed and took me beyond words. (124)

In several recollections of their lovemaking, Vicki makes associations between Mik and natural images. She recalls, for example, "[h]is great thick body like a whale" and how "[i]n the deep salt sea he rose and spouted and I rode him like a dolphin" (161). Such associations of Mik with nature are not part of a typical Hunter's portrait; most often, as I have earlier suggested, the Hunter is identified with a technology or attitudes that are hostile to nature and to the female characters portrayed as animal victims. But in this area too Lambert complicates Mik's portrayal by offering a vivid, and in terms of the Hunter stereotype, more typical, association between Mik and the machines that gouge the earth:

Now, in the little room, Mik thumping me down, his great body tearing at me, gouging the roots of my forest, the great yellow machines, ripping and tearing in the sacred world of men. (10)

This image, given near the novel's opening, foreshadows the shadow-side of



Mik's sexuality, the sexual equivalent of his cruel laughter. And, as with the depiction of Mik's laughter, the novel's depiction of his sexuality moves back and forth between images of shared and intense delight, and images of cruelty, separation, and domination. (The third quotation below should remind the reader of Brooke Skelton's sexual "word-game" with Morag.) A brief sampling conveys a sense of the reader's emotional see-saw:

For him, the second time, there is victory in my coming. I don't come the first time. That is just the punishment. When I come he licks his finger and chalks up an imaginary mark on an imaginary wall. That's one. That's two. That's three. He is pleased, yes, but disappointed too, as if somehow this only proves me to be a slut after all. Not a lady. (9)

And then he is in me, lifting me up with his wild surging, and I am moving too, moving to him, with him. I have never known this before. This mindless rhythm of my body, up and up, meeting him perfectly, wanting him in me forever...he laughed and took me beyond words. (124)

And later: 'Say it.' His hands around my throat. 'Say it, or I'll just keep humping you.'  
 'It hurts.'  
 'What? Louder. I can't hear you.'  
 'It hurts!'  
 And he laughed. (126)

When he came into me, he said 'No, lie still. I'll show you something.'

His breath was warm and slightly tobacco-y. We lay together very still, his love swelling in me, his arms around me, his hands cupping my buttocks. Mik never made love like a gentleman, on his elbows. We lay so still the bed went away, and the cabin, and we were in the great deep, suspended...I was under the sea at last, slippery and silk, silver and single, whole, not moving, as salmon do, resting in their element, gills moving imperceptibly, breathing...When we came, we came together, still silent, still immobile, the great long crest taking us together into the

molten dark. We did not speak of it. We passed into sleep. (174)

He ran his hand up and down his penis until it was hard again, and then, gripping me like death, pushed it in. I stopped making noises. I just went rigid and held my face in. It went on and on, like a bad movie. And when he came in me...[i]t felt so hot and molten, like sulphuric acid. And he pulled out and just went to the bathroom. (208)

Near the beginning of Crossings, Vicki makes explicit the association between Mik and God that becomes a dominant motif throughout: "Sometimes at night I cry God God and before my mind can stop it, He comes and holds me. Over each nipple is a tattoo: one says Cream and the other says Coffee" (3). In exploring the two faces of this tattooed God, the novel rails, jeers, celebrates, cries, and analyses, but it never comes to a final resting place. It never, "finally and forever", disposes of this rare and disturbing Hunter whose violence and vitality are recalled in its final image of the "dark and laughing god".

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> The former tradition finds expression in, for example, the New Testament's reassurance that although we in this life see "through a glass darkly", we will later see God "face to face", and that this seeing implies a glorious and comforting reciprocal knowing . (see I Corinthians 13:12)

<sup>2</sup> In my Master's thesis, "Autonomy, Identity, Narcissism and Relationship in the novels of Margaret Atwood" (McMaster University, 1987), I connected, at length, Atwood's use of eye imagery with the issue of threatened identity.

<sup>3</sup>The naked Pandora's forced look into the mirror recalls John Berger's comments, in Ways of Seeing, about the function of the mirror in paintings of female nudes. Like Pandora who, as I have argued, is a "participant in her own observation", the female nude gazing into a mirror "joins the spectators of herself" (Berger 50). In light of Pandora's father's (and mother's) perpetual reference to Pandora's vanity, Berger's further comments on the mirror in paintings of female nudes, are most illuminating:

You painted a naked woman because you enjoyed looking at her, you put a mirror in her hand and you called the painting Vanity , thus morally condemning the woman whose nakedness you had depicted for your own pleasure.

The real function of the mirror was otherwise. It was to make the woman connive in treating herself as, first and foremost, a sight. (Berger 51)

Pandora can be read as a "nude's" struggle to reject her nudity and reclaim her nakedness; to be naked is, for Berger, "to be oneself...to be without disguise" (Berger 54). Emblematic of this desire to be herself is Pandora's smashing of the mirror, which she does "with a hammer, over and over, until there is no sliver as large as a tealeaf" (Fraser 141).

<sup>4</sup> This is a simplified summary of Sartre's explication, in Being and Nothingness, pp.399-406, of the sadistic dynamic in interpersonal relations.

## CHAPTER TWO: THE ADULT ADOLESCENT

"Well," the psychiatrist said,  
"I'd say that he had a  
neurosis--except that he isn't  
suffering."

Audrey Thomas, Intertidal Life  
247

### The Adult Adolescent: Who is he?

If the Hunter stalks the world, then the Adult Adolescent dallies with it. While the Hunter gazes aggressively down the barrel of his existential gun, there is about the Adult Adolescent a decided passivity. He watches the spectacles of the world go by like bright baubles, and reaches out to grasp the pleasures that are easiest to reach; his signal "activity" is the passive one of consumption. This figure thrives on variety and novelty, skimming over the surface of experience. He fears boredom, and is easily bored. Running from situations that require emotional stamina and the forfeit of immediate gratification, the Adult Adolescent has, like the soft-spoken hippies in Audrey Thomas' Intertidal Life, "a flabbiness of spirit" (Thomas Intertidal 202). Interestingly, the Adult

Adolescent's moral immaturity, narcissism, and carelessness provoke an even more intense response from the female writers, narrators, and characters who deal with him, than does the Hunter's threat to identity. It is an Adult Adolescent figure who drives Alice, the narrator of Intertidal Life, to such rage and grief that she needs "to sprawl, to scrawl, to pull out from myself the great glistening sentences full of hate and fury and fling them, still wet and steaming onto these white pages" (Thomas Intertidal 30).

It is as a faithless lover or husband, the role played by most of the Adult Adolescents in Canadian women's fiction, that the figure draws forth such intense expressions of rage and pain. In the depiction of women's experience of Hunter figures, as I have earlier argued, images of being fixed or "frozen", trapped, and killed abound; in the portrayal of women's interaction with the Adult Adolescent, these are replaced by graphic images of being tortured and deprived: cut and bleeding, whipped, burned, emptied, and starved. In Katherine Govier's short story, "A New Start", the woman who discovers her husband's affair feels "pain... burning in her lower abdomen" (Govier Brunswick 61), and later tells him, "[y]ou were my feast, my nourishment...[y]ou've pinched me off, pinched off the cord" and "[y]ou've polluted me. I'll be twisted and scarred" (62). Bonnie Burnard's female narrator in "Moon Watcher" also uses an image of pollution to describe her husband's faithlessness: "The hard thing was the plain hurt. It was as if he had fouled the air that enclosed them"

(Burnard 70). In another Govier story, "The Thief", a woman whose husband has been having an affair and then leaves her, herself has an affair with a married man; ultimately she has a night vision of his suffering wife and realizes their mutual plight, feeling "the pain lash at the red-headed wife and at her own heart" (Govier Brunswick 39). Audrey Thomas' Intertidal Life is saturated with Alice's suffering after her husband Peter leaves her to have "intense relationships" (Thomas Intertidal 36) with other women; when she senses that Peter is having an affair, she experiences a "sick, empty feeling" (106), and when he is gone, she feels "the sharp broken edges of her heart grating against one another so that it hurt[s] to breathe" (115). Later she associates herself with the Little Mermaid who "leave[s] a trail of blood" (156) and with a female character in a play who runs, wounded, on to the stage and says, "Give me a bandage or I'll bleed to death" (156). In "Lichen", a story by Alice Munro, a woman meditates upon the photograph her ex-husband has given her of the nude torso of his new girlfriend, and, though usually master of her feelings, experiences "the old cavity opening up in her" (Munro Progress 73). Becka, in Margaret Atwood's "Uglypuss", also tries to master her feelings, but is overtaken by pain: " My heart does not bleed", she tells herself. But it does" (Atwood Bluebeard's 93). Becka's lover Joel, following the wanderings of his "detachable prick" (81), drives her "mad with grief" (91).

The shift in imagery between the depiction of women's experience of the

Hunter and of the Adolescent figures, signals a shift in experiential focus from fear for one's identity--for the outline of one's being or "whatness"--, to the sense of being wounded in one's very heart, the center of feeling. I have earlier spoken of the Hunter figure in connection with the pornographer who strikes at feeling, but there is a distinct difference between the two figures' approaches to the world. The wounding perpetuated by the Adult Adolescent is not aggressive, in the sense of being willfully directed at the female figures who experience it; he harms not by his intention, but by his negligence or indifference. His victims are those who have attached themselves firmly to a surface that is not firm: the flimsy, capricious self of the Adolescent, not sadistic but narcissistic. Even the portrayal of him tends to be shadowy, the sparse narrative itself suggesting that there is not much to him. Most of the fictions in which he appears focus on his effect on the female figures who are, or have been, his wives or lovers. What direct details we do receive, are in fact connected again and again with the Adolescent's superficiality in a variety of senses--emotional, sexual, and moral. He is depicted not as simply undeveloped, but as inappropriately undeveloped; his evil is the Aquinian one of lacking what should be present<sup>1</sup>. He is a boy who should be a man; he is failed teleology. It is conjecturable that it is this very insubstantiality that provokes such intense rage and grief: there is no solid wall upon which to wail.

In common parlance, someone may be described as "lacking substance". I

would suggest that ultimately such a comment is driving at not, or not only, an intellectual deficiency, but a fundamental narcissism. Philosopher Martin Buber has suggested that a person becomes more or less real, more or less substantial, according to the degree of that person's genuine interaction with the world; such interaction necessitates a recognition of what is Other--both people and things--as more than merely instrumental (Buber 113-114). For the narcissist the world is entirely instrumental, a playground where people and things momentarily amuse, fascinate, or become useful, and are then cast off in boredom or indifference. The Adult Adolescent is precisely such a narcissist.

Both the Hunter and the Adult Adolescent objectify the world, but the nature of their objectification is different. The Hunter, in his aggressive attempt to fix the world into manageable shapes may, strangely, have more genuine contact with that world as it struggles in his grasp than the Adult Adolescent who avoids struggle altogether. The Adolescent plays with the toys that come easily to hand, but is not interested in overcoming real resistance. Joel, the Adult Adolescent figure in Atwood's "Uglypuss", "doesn't want to be with anyone who doesn't want to be with him. He's never seen the point of rape" (Atwood Bluebeard's 80). In the context of the story, in which Joel's carelessness, narcissistic passivity, and evasion become progressively clearer, his comment cannot be read as a respectful recognition of the integrity of others; it must be seen as merely an expression of his desire to avoid trouble. As Joel grows



older his patience with the recalcitrant world wears increasingly thin: "[i]n recent years", we are told, he comes to realize that what he really wants is "[s]omeone who won't argue" (79). If narcissism is in fact a kind of ontological vacuum depleting the very substance of human being, then the comments Becka imagines her mother making about Joel are particularly significant: "What did she expect anyway from a man like that. Not a real job. Not a real Jew. Not real" (91). In Intertidal Life, narrator Alice, alluding to the Peter Pan story, describes her own estranged husband in the same terms of ontic depletion: "He didn't want be be a Real Boy anymore" (Thomas Intertidal 134). Perhaps the most evocative image of narcissism in the fiction with which I am concerned, is Thomas' depiction in Intertidal Life of Peter's post-separation lovemaking with Alice:

They walked around to the back road and over to the next property. Full of tall grasses and not yet built on. Peter did not look at her but watched himself going in and out, in and out, gave a sleepy smile from time to time. "The sun feels so good on my ass," he said ("my awhs"). (Thomas Intertidal 41)

In this scene Alice's body becomes even less than a lusted-for object; she is merely instrumental to Peter's masturbatory pleasure. In the short story "Déjeuner sur l'herbe", Robert, another of Thomas' Adult Adolescent figures, takes such sexual narcissism to its logical conclusion, remarking that "no woman could really give you the orgasm you got from jacking off" (Thomas Real 144). In Atwood's "Uglypuss", Joel's sexual encounters, like Peter's with

Alice, occur on a plane of egocentrism at which the other is not only objectified, but absorbed entirely into the self's solipsistic agenda. Copying down the phone number of a woman he has just slept with, Joel reflects that he "never knows when a thing like that will come in handy. Any port in a storm, and when he's at a low point, a trough in the graph, he needs to be with someone and it doesn't much matter who, within limits" (Atwood Bluebeard's 84). In Katherine Govier's "An Independent Woman", Peter's thoughts echo the same self-absorbed opportunism: "Peter hugged...[Valerie] and felt momentarily fresh and undamaged. That was the point of these girls, the lovely young ones. There were so many and he could have his pick" (Govier Brunswick 73). In this passage, Govier suggests the narcissism of this "boyish" (74) man, by having him think in the glaringly ugly language of instrumentality: "the point of", "ones", "so many"; Peter's thoughts are so crass as to be almost funny. Govier's narrative strategy here--having the Adolescent "reveal" himself--is characteristic of depictions of the Adolescent figure in Canadian women's fiction.

Though narcissism is a moral vacuum, it does not happen in a vacuum; while focussed only on himself, the Adult Adolescent leaves a trail of those scarred and wounded by his insensitivity. I have suggested earlier that the Adolescent is not only undeveloped, but inappropriately undeveloped. Among the writers with whom I am concerned, there is a remarkable similarity in the narrative tone through which this inappropriateness is often evoked: a wry,

almost detached humour suggests the utter outrageousness of the moral lack. While there are emotional depictions of female rage and grief as responses to the infidelities and other insensitivities of the Adult Adolescent, in the depiction of the figure himself the narrative wears the cool, distanced smile of black humour. In Govier's "A New Start", for example, a woman is told by her husband, after she has graphically poured out her grief at his infidelity, "Go paint a picture. There's a lot of powerful imagery moving in you" (Govier Brunswick 62). This brief passage is doubly suggestive: the syntax of the first sentence suggests the brushing off of a pesky child--"go play elsewhere"--, and the husband's whole remark shows him obscenely reifying and thus distancing his wife's grief: her anguished claim that "[y]ou were my feast, my nourishment...[and now] [y]ou've pinched me off, pinched off the cord" (62), has become "imagery". The narrative voice does not declaim emotionally on the nature of the husband's insensitivity per se; it portrays him in a few deft strokes and allows him, with regard to the reader's sympathy, to hang himself. In Intertidal Life, several such portraits appear; after many pages in which Alice explores her feelings of rage, pain and loneliness at Peter's leaving her, she sets off a single line: "On the way to the ferry he said, "If I've hurt you, I'm sorry" (Thomas Intertidal 31). Later, another set-off portrait suggests an even more gruesome insensitivity: "You understand that I can't make love to you anymore," Peter said, "but would you hold me tonight?" (38). Peter's remark is

a grim joke in the context of the novel, which aches with Alice's still-present love and physical desire for her husband.

Other such deft and darkly humorous portraits include that of the unnamed Adolescent figure in Bonnie Burnard's "Grizzly Mountain". This man has become bored with his lover, the story's narrator, and decides that she should move away from the mountain town in which she has been living with him. His detachment, however, permits him to blithely carry on with plans that have been made at an earlier time. Burnard's narrator paints his portrait in the first two paragraphs of the story in the tone of cool objectivity, permitting herself only in the last line a touch of name-calling:

She was to leave on Monday. He would help her pack and carry her bag down to the hotel. He would load her into the beat-up station wagon that took people into the city and close the door on her, likely carefully and without much force. He said it was right that she should go through the physical act of removing herself from him. He said it would help if she could put a distance between them, said it was healthy. He had already put his distance there. But he said they might as well go on Saturday's climb as planned, as promised. The exertion would be cleansing. She allowed him these pronouncements because she knew she would think of him for a long time and it would be useful to think of him sometimes as a pompous ass. (Burnard 25)

Later, as the estranged couple settle into their sleeping bags, the man indulges himself in an emotion he can afford to feel because it does not overwhelm him, and at the same time reiterates the rhetoric that absolves him of guilt: "He said she'd be happier. He made no effort to keep the love out of his eyes and so,

enraged, she turned to face the sky" (29). This juxtaposition of his self-justifying claim and self-indulgent enjoyment of a manageable feeling, brings an amused sneer to the lips of the reader.

In Alice Munro's "Prue", Gordon, an older Adult Adolescent figure, declares to the woman he opportunistically dates while other relationships are not going well, "The problem is that I think I would like to marry you" (Munro Moons 131). In this one line, and in the short conversation that follows between Prue and Gordon about his current young girlfriend, Gordon's grotesquely funny self-absorption and insensitivity are evoked without authorial intrusion:

"I think I'm in love with this person," he said.  
 "Who is she?"  
 "You don't know her. She's quite young."  
 "Oh."  
 "But I do think I want to marry you, in a few years' time."  
 "After you get over being in love?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well. I guess nobody knows what can happen in a few years' time." (132)

The narrative thus extracts its revenge on Gordon in the same deft, understated way that Prue steals small objects from Gordon's lavish house: "She doesn't do it in a daze and she doesn't seem to be under a compulsion. She just takes something, every now and then, and puts it away in the dark of the old tobacco tin..." (133). The story takes its brief, unflattering and darkly humorous portraits of the Adult Adolescent, dropping them without authorial fuss or commentary into the reader's consciousness.

Just as there is a tone and narrative strategy common to many women's portrayals of the Adult Adolescent, so there is a common pool of imagery upon which they draw. There is no single major objective correlate for the Adult Adolescent's stance in the world, as in the case of the Hunter and his aggressive eye. But there are central ideas around which the imagery associated with the Adult Adolescent clusters: inappropriate youth, passivity, and consumption.

The Adult Adolescent is almost always, at some point in the fiction in which he appears, depicted as boyish, babyish, or notably youthful. Of Ace, the Adolescent figure in Govier's Between Men, we are told that, "[h]e had a baby face, a smooth pink visage, after making love" (Govier Between 2) and that "[l]ines fine as baby hair showed beside his eyes only when he looked into the sun. He was thirty-five but he looked like twenty" (3). In Govier's short story "The Thief", another Adolescent figure is depicted by his lover in the posture of a child as he sleeps; he holds her as if "holding a stuffed animal" (Govier Brunswick 38). In yet another Govier story, "An Independent Woman", an Adolescent is described simply and overtly as "boyish" (Govier Brunswick 74). The female narrator of Byrna Barclay's "Kicking the Door Down Blues", whose role appears to be that of mother-landlady-lover to the selfish, fickle, and aging Long Tall Tim, vows one night that she will not wait "for Timothy to stagger down the hall and crash wetly into my room and throw himself sobbing into my

arms"; nor will she "hold him and soothe his fevered brow and kiss his eyelids" (Barclay 130). In "Elevation", Audrey Thomas even more bluntly depicts the Adult Adolescent as a boy: "Robert interested her, not romantically, but as an example of something--the American Boy-Man perhaps--the Eternal Boy. It was something to do with his smile and a certain innocence" (Thomas Goodbye 6).

That the "certain innocence" to which Thomas refers is a childish, ultimately dangerous lack of sensitivity, rather than a child-like plenitude of receptivity, begins to be hinted at in the line following the above: "There had been several of these boy-men at the ice-cream social: charming, interesting to sit next to. But perhaps scary to spend your life with" (6). What exactly is "scary" about the Adult Adolescent emerges over the course of the story, in which the woman in whom the narration is focalized becomes involved with Clayton, a researcher of the habits of hummingbirds. Clayton at first appears merely enthusiastic about his project, and about life; like a child, he is restless--"never staying in one place very long" (4)-- and leaps from subject to subject as he chatters. Gradually and subtly, however, Thomas suggests Clayton's egocentrism and opportunism. He is interested in the female protagonist only insofar as she is interested in his project, his concerns; Thomas has him unwittingly describe himself as he expounds on his hummingbirds: "But what I'm seeing about the humming-birds is that they pack themselves into the available resource space and take whatever advantage they can" (12). A remark in Clayton's observation

notebook, "[t]here is a whole world let loose in my head right now" (9), appears at first to suggest, again, simple enthusiasm and we, like the protagonist, "smile...at his excitement" (9). Later, after we begin to realize that Clayton is primarily interested in the world outside himself as raw material for, and audience to, his projects, the notebook remark suggests a childish and sinister narcissism. The world may be "let loose" in his head, but it is also firmly lodged there.

Not only in the Thomas story, but in all of the works mentioned so far in this Chapter, images of youth are connected with a critique of that youth. Always, the youthfulness of these men comes to suggest not plenitude but some species of lack. In Between Men, Suzanne's remarks about Ace's young appearance are set into the context of her thoughts about the city of Calgary: "Everything's always going up in this city, nothing's ever finished. Nothing ever gets old...Am I the only person in Calgary who likes things old?" (Govier Between 2). Suzanne acknowledges that there is a certain vitality about her ex-husband-- "[b]oth Ace and the city were tuned, engineered, bright with progress"(3)--, but in the context of the novel as a whole, which concerns itself with the importance of Calgary's lost history, Ace's youthfulness is a correlate of his essential shallowness. While Suzanne, a historian, is depicted hard at work unearthing the disturbing story of an Indian woman murdered during Calgary's early days, Ace is glibly trying to re-awaken Suzanne's romantic interest in him,



simply ignoring rather than dealing with the rocky past of their marriage.

In Govier's "An Independent Woman", the youthfulness of the "boyish" Peter is associated with a subtle but ugly opportunism:

He rolled up the sleeves of his worn Levis shirt. He looked boyish. It was his stock-in-trade, this boyishness, his thick dark hair that could have been shaped by a bowl, his gangly legs. With the bag thrown over his shoulder, he had a hand free for touching Valerie. (Govier Brunswick 74)

This passage hints at Peter's narcissism in two ways: "stock-in-trade" suggests both a self-conscious use of one's assets and a view of the world as raw material, and the syntax of the last sentence suggests that it is the "free hand" and not the touching that is primary. Later in the story, images of Peter's youthfulness are more overtly linked with a specific cataloguing of his deficiencies:

[Lasha] gave into a wave of affection as he peered from under his forelock and told her all about Valerie. She was always forgiving Peter. And for what? One felt that the real Peter was sensitive and good and discriminating, despite the scant evidence given by his actions. (75)

This coy child, peering charmingly from under his hair to talk about his new toy with the mother-figure who forgives him for making her into an old toy, is lacking precisely in goodness, sensitivity, and discrimination. Evidence of these lacks is far from scant, but they are perhaps best exemplified in Peter's command to his ex-girlfriend and current girlfriend to enact, for his entertainment, a simultaneous strip-tease:

"Take your skirt off," Peter said. "You two, both of you." He steered the two women side by side toward the boat. "Take off your clothes and run over there to give the tourists a nice surprise." Valerie and Lasha did not look at each other. (81)

The adulterous man in Govier's "The Thief", who hugs the protagonist as if "holding his stuffed animal", is also, like Peter, a child motivated by self-centred desire. A school inspector, he comes into the protagonist's classroom, and like a naughty schoolboy begins "smoking where smoking was not allowed" (Govier Brunswick 37); later, he grabs her hand to look at a ring, and "[h]is eyes seem...to say, 'I can do this if I want'" (37). As he and the protagonist lie in bed together, he is described as "puff[ing] on his cigarette and [saying] he would be leaving [his wife] soon" (38); it is on a subsequent night, after he has decided not to go home to his wife, that he is depicted sleeping soundly as a child. This man's detachment and sound sleep stand in marked contrast to the tense wakefulness of the protagonist, who begins to see graphic images of herself, the man's wife, and the woman for whom her own husband left her, as sisters in pain and vulnerability. It is this contrast, as well as the sparseness of detail provided by the narrative about the man, that leaves the reader with the sense of his utter vacuity.

Byrna Barclay's "Kicking-the-Door-Down-Blues" provides many details about the aging but childish actor Long Tall Tim, the Adolescent against whom the narrator rails; the details, however, add up to the same absence of restraint and

sensitivity that characterizes Tim's literary brothers. The mother-lover-landlady in this off-beat story chronicles the numerous sexual adventures of her wayward son-lover-tenant, and decides that she will no longer "forgive him for being captured by a new song, a fresh face, another with talent on the boards, still another for being funny" (Barclay 130); she knows that this eternal boy "isn't going to work it out of his blood, grow up, or wear out" (130).

Particularly noteworthy about Barclay's treatment of this Adolescent are her numerous suggestions that he is, despite all of his sexual activities, essentially passive. That Long Tall Tim is an undignified slave to his ever-changing desires is suggested in the passage, "A mermaid! Tim cries, slobbering. 'Look at that tail splash!' He drools. He's in love" (129). Other images of Tim's passivity include a depiction of him stumbling drunkenly home: "He... [may] fall out of Barbara's white limo, his mouth full of fur...[or] totter home with Ella" (128). That Tim's passivity is a moral lack, something for which he is responsible, is implied in the narrator's comment that "I used to think, he can't help it. It isn't his fault that both Barbaras and all the Maggies fling themselves at him with bared breasts, with moist lips and eyes. I no longer believe him when he says he feels guilty, it never happened to him before..."(130).

Images of the Adult Adolescent's passivity are, in fact, numerous in Canadian women's fiction. In Atwood's "Uglypuss", Joel's large stuffed easy chair becomes a correlate for his self-admitted "wish for comfort" (Atwood

Bluebeard's 70), and for his lazy and self-centred approach to sexuality and morality in general. Several details reinforce the sense of Joel as one who "lets things go". He forgets, for example, to buy cat food for his hungry cat. And twice, he is depicted as approaching serious thought and then abandoning it, reclining back into his complacency. At one point, he wonders whether he should warn the young stranger he has just slept with about going home with men she barely knows; he slides away, however, from even this paternalistic form of concern into narrow self-interest : "It's [her] own lookout; anyway, why should he complain?" (83). At another point, we are told that Joel sometimes worries about the efficacy of his socially-conscious street theatre group, "[b]ut these moods of his seldom last long" (78). For Joel, as for the Adolescent in general, it is ever-changing "moods", and not principles or deep attachments, that determine action (or non-action).

In Ally McKay's "Human Bones", the protagonist's husband Pete is depicted as reclining in a hammock, wishing to spend his Florida vacation reading tabloids and listening to tapes. Pete, who is forty-four years old, but habitually called "kid" (McKay Human 6) by waitresses, is a sketchy figure; the story focusses mainly on the protagonist's fears about aging. But Pete's passive posture in the hammock as his friend's young wife brushes his foot with her fingers, suggests that the protagonist's growing inchoate fear, and obsession with her fading youth, are not unconnected with her sense of his potential for

sexual wandering. In Bonnie Burnard's "Moon Watcher", another sketchy Adolescent figure speaks of his infidelity to his wife; the image that the husband uses to describe the beginning of his affair is an image of passivity:

...the woman had come to him, at him, from nowhere. He hadn't been looking for anything particularly, had been happy sometimes, a lot of times. But everything had changed once she was there in front of him...(Burnard 65)

In Intertidal Life, Audrey Thomas repeatedly suggests links between the figure of the "new", post-separation Peter and the hippies who inhabit the island where narrator Alice lives. Despite Alice's opinion that "Peter would always be more than an aging hippie; he was too intelligent for that" (Thomas Intertidal 225), her depictions of him, for example, stoned on pot and speaking in a "thick enchanted voice" (234), firmly connect him with the hippies in whom Alice fears a "flabbiness of spirit". Alice uses the same image of playing children in her diatribe on the moral passivity of the hippies that she also uses to describe Peter's new approach to the world:

I'm not saying one has to actually sail the seas or climb mountains to make discoveries, but there's something so passive about what's going on now...There's no real spirit of adventure; there's no reflection either... Look. If everything is 'far out' or 'oh wow' then somehow its all trivialized. When you are stoned most of the time it's as though you lie in this warm bath of benevolence, or maybe even in the warm bath of the womb. You lose all your energy...You sit around and sit around and nothing, really, in spite of the oh wows and far outs really moves you to the core. You're too 'mellow' for that. Raven and Selene...talk a lot about 'nonattachment' but they are in fact very attached to a lot of things, including one another. But they've been sucked in--they want to be children again, free, playing in meadows. (201)

But something in the dope had changed Peter, releasing him from the rock and not the other way around. Peter said when she picked up a pen she was 'naturally stoned' and she found the remark insulting. Perhaps it was just the language, the jargon, that bothered her. He said that Anne-Marie had remarked that children are 'naturally stoned'. So what they were all after then was a sense of wonder, of innocence? They wanted to be carefree, to leave the boring adult world for someone else to run. "We all live in a yellow submarine." They wanted to dress up; they wanted to play. There was nothing wrong with all this and yet it made her uneasy and afraid. Afraid for the real children, afraid for the world. It would be hard to take a stand on anything if you were always sitting with your back against a log, your eyes closed, just 'being'. (135)

Intertidal Life ends, in fact, with a subtle but significant image of Peter's passivity. Peter is out in a boat with his daughter Flora at the time when Alice is undergoing major surgery; Flora begins to cry and Peter, "because he wasn't quite sure how to comfort her" (282), asks if she would like to row the boat. "She nodded silently", we are told, "and, bracing their fishpoles beneath the seats, they carefully changed places" (282). In another context, perhaps, Peter's suggestion to Flora could be read merely as a wise attempt to encourage her to work out some of her anxiety through physical exertion. But in the context of the novel, in which it is perpetually suggested that Peter is, emotionally, regressing to boyhood, the ending is a concretization of the role reversal that is taking place. Flora must "row", must take up the emotional responsibilities of the adult, must exert herself while Peter floats.

That the Adult Adolescent is connected with images of passivity is only logical when we return to the basic stance of narcissism from which I have

argued that he views the world. In so far as narcissism is a failure to meet the world, to step forward to its vivid otherness and say, in Buber's terminology, "Thou", it is a passive mode of being. The narcissist does not meet or greet, but consumes the world, gobbling its goodies--people, sensations, experience. And in women's portrayals of the Adult Adolescent, images of consumption abound. Before turning to specific examples, I want to place the idea of consumption into two very briefly-sketched philosophical contexts in order to make clearer my sense of its meaning and importance.

In Keywords, Raymond Williams traces the history of "consume" to its Latin root consumere, meaning "to take up completely, devour, waste, spend" (Williams 68); he also notes that in nearly all early English uses, "consume had an unfavourable sense; it meant to destroy, to use up, to waste, to exhaust" (68-69). Williams' examination of this word is made within a distinctly Marxist framework, but I do not think that I wrench his discussion of "consumer" too far out of context in claiming that the Adult Adolescent takes a consumer's stance to his world. The Adolescent shops the world for tantalizing produce, often attracted to young women who are "new and improved" versions of the lovers or wives he leaves behind--hollowed out, exhausted, or destroyed. For the Adolescent, women and experiences become--like human beings and material objects in a capitalist economy--interchangeable and disposable. Williams strongly implies the essential passivity of the consumer in the capitalist society,

in his description of the term "consumer choice" as a "curious phrase" (69). The passivity of Williams' consumer has to do with his place in a social structure where his very needs and wants are determined by capitalist interests and values. In the women's fiction with which I am concerned, there is little overt social contextualization of the Adult Adolescent's voracious passivity; rather, the effects of his consumer's stance on the human victims of it are portrayed. But it is noteworthy that Adolescents, like Hunters, are almost never portrayed as politically or philosophically radical, or even astute. They are, however, and I will return to this point, very often depicted as delivering some form of "theory".

"The relative decline of 'customer'", Williams observes, "used from C15 to describe a buyer or purchaser, is significant here, in that customer had always implied some degree of regular and continuing relationship to a supplier, whereas consumer indicates the more abstract figure in a more abstract market" (69). Because the Adult Adolescent is incapable of "regular and continuing relationship", he becomes precisely an "abstract figure" in the wide philosophical sense of lacking substance. As I have already suggested, his narcissism saps his very reality, and this ethical-ontological flimsiness shows up in women's fiction in ways on which I have already touched. But the fact remains, that the Adolescent does do a lot of things, most notably, marrying, divorcing, and having sexual encounters with a lot of women. How then is it that the Adolescent, who consumes so much experience, comes across as so



insubstantial? I would suggest that Buber's distinction between experience of, and relationship with, the world is useful here. There is certainly not space in this context to discuss Buber's use of these terms in any detail but an oversimplification will suffice: the individual who sets himself as subject over-and-against a world of possessible objects merely experiences that world and himself remains insubstantial, while the person who greets the world as co-subject, and thus himself swells with a new shared plenitude, relates to the world. If reality itself depends upon co-subjectivity, then the Adolescent consumer, like Buber's "ego", must remain a shade, or "a point":

The ego does not participate in any actuality nor does he gain any. He sets himself apart from everything else and tries to possess as much as possible by means of experience and use. That is his dynamics: setting himself apart and taking possession--and the object is always It, that which is not actual. He knows himself as a subject, but this subject can appropriate as much as it wants to, it will never gain any substance: it remains a point, functional, that which experiences, that which uses, nothing more. All of its extensive and multifarious being-that-way, all of its eager "individuality" cannot help it to gain any substance. (Buber 114)

Joel, the Adolescent figure in Atwood's "Uglypuss" described as "[n]ot real", exemplifies many of the preceding generalizations about Adolescent consumerism. Twice described as "hungry" for food (Atwood Bluebeard's 74;84), Joel is also hungry for generic female company. That the women he seeks out are interchangeable commodities is indicated by his thoughts about his search and about the women themselves. Both his "technique" and the raw female material upon which he exercises it, are expressed in terms of

generality. Asking women what they are reading, Joel thinks, is "always [emphasis mine] a good way in" (80); cataloguing the attributes of women, Joel notes "the tight mini-smile they [emphasis mine] give you" (80), that "the thin ones [emphasis mine] have more nerve endings per square inch" (83), and that "he can't always depend on them [emphasis mine] to be friendly after...[sex]" (83). At one point Atwood has Joel think in terms that are so blatantly the language of instrumentality and consumption, that his outrageous moral inadequacy is humorous: "The ones he likes talking with, having a laugh with, these are the ones that become what he privately refers to as 'repeaters'" (81).

Even "repeaters" are, of course, entirely replaceable; their novelty may be consumed and the refuse discarded. For the Adult Adolescent, who lives on the surface of experience, repetition has no reference to meaningful historical or personal continuities but only arouses terrifying boredom. Joel himself remarks that "[p]eople came to the end of what they had to say to one another...[a]fter that point...it was only repetition" (91). When he imagines that his ex-lover has wanted "permanence, commitment, monogamy, the works", he shudders at the thought: "Forty years of the same thing night after night was a long time to contemplate" (79). Like the consumer in the capitalist economy, the Adult Adolescent continually seeks novelty, unaware that his pattern of perpetual consumption is itself an existential repetition of the bleakest sort, having no reference to a meaningful past, future, or the building of a substantial self.

Like Jung's "extraverted sensation type", the Adolescent is at once dependent on --"any port in a storm"-- and destructive of that which he consumes; he is "an unscrupulous, effete aesthete. Although the object has become quite indispensable to him, yet, as something existing in its own right, it is none-the-less devalued. It is ruthlessly exploited and squeezed dry, since now its sole use is to stimulate sensation" (Jung 365). Becka, the lover Joel has finished with, describes herself from the point of view of that which has been consumed; her descriptions have very close connections with the early definitions of "consume" Williams notes--"to destroy, to use up, to waste, to exhaust". After taking her revenge on Joel by hiding his cat in a garbage can, Becka contemplates her state of loneliness: "Beginning again is fine as an idea, but what with? She's used it all up; she's used up" (Atwood Bluebeard's 90). The anger that has fuelled her has "only made her emptier, flowing out of her" (90), and her adrenalin high is soon "replaced by a flat grey fatigue" (92). Joel has exhausted Becka as a resource, and Becka is exhausted. But for all his voracious consumption, it is Joel, as I have earlier noted, who is described as "[n]ot real" (91).

In Alice Munro's "Bardon Bus", there are similar images of an Adolescent's consumption, and a female protagonist's being consumed. In this story a woman has an affair with the charming "X", who is married; through much of the story, it appears that X and the protagonist are equally happy and self-

indulgent, carrying on this affair "in constant but not wearying celebration" (Munro Moons 113). Important details, however, suggest that despite their mutually voracious sexuality-- "we almost finished each other off" (124), X says-- the "finishing off" is one-sided with regard to the relationship in general. A powerful image of X's sexual consumerism occurs during a discussion of an excavated group of terra cotta soldiers in China, when X's cynical and malicious, but perceptive, friend Dennis remarks that "it reminded him of X's women. Row on row and always a new one appearing at the end of the line" (119). When the protagonist asks "[a]re they intact?" , Dennis answers "[a]re which intact?...The soldiers or the women? The women aren't intact. Or not for long" (120).

After X and the narrator have parted, ostensibly both "glad it's over and nothing spoiled it" (123), the narrator becomes obsessed with clothes, and thinks in regard to her relationship with X that "more dramatic clothes might have made me less discardable" (125). This sense of herself as consumable object does not, ultimately, consume the narrator totally--and I will return to her strategy for staying "intact" in the second section of this chapter--but it presents a distinct possibility.

The idea of consumption is, of course, strongly linked with the idea of orality; one of the early meanings of "consume", as Williams notes, was "to devour". Since the narcissist's basic stance involves an absorption of the world into his

solipsistic agenda--an existential devouring-- it is not surprising that the depiction of the Adult Adolescent often involves images of orality: eating, drinking, smoking.

In Atwood's "Uglypuss", we are given a description of Joel's fantasy of oral gratification within a passage in which his general stance of consumption is apparent:

He likes this one [woman] well enough to suggest that maybe they could watch the late show...He wonders if she's got any food in the house, some cake maybe, which they could eat right off the plate while watching, licking the icing from each other's fingers. He's hungry again, but more than that, he wants the feeling of comfort this would bring. (Atwood Bluebeard's 84)

An image of oral consumption even more closely linked with commodification occurs in Audrey Thomas' short story, "Déjeuner sur l'herbe". Walking with the narrator Marguerite through the streets of Paris, Robert sees a woman of whom he says, "Oh God I'd like to fuck that one!" (Thomas Real 148). The narrator, irritated by the generic "that one", implies his consumer's stance in her question "You'd like to go home and say you fucked a French girl?" ; Robert's reply, with its image of oral consumption, confirms that very stance: "Well, why not? What's wrong with that? It would be like drinking at their well" (148).

In Katherine Govier's novel, Between Men, images of meals, food, and eating serve to reinforce Ace's characterization as a shallow and narcissistic consumer of experience. The linkage between oral gratification and Ace's sexuality is first

suggested by the incident in which he invites his ex-wife Suzanne for a Friday lunch which turns into a sexual encounter. Later, when Suzanne appears to have committed herself to someone else, we are told that "[w]hen he thought of love, he thought of Friday lunches, and missed them" (Govier Between 289). Interestingly, after Ace is bequeathed a conscience by his dying mother, what appears to be a new capacity for suffering and depth seems suggested in terms of the metaphor of hunger:

He couldn't remember feeling hungry before, now that he thought of it, not the kind of hungry you couldn't solve in fifteen minutes. As he became conscious of it his hunger grew; it was like the need on a hot day to dive into a pool, like the need in a blizzard to come up closer to a fire. (290)

A generous reading of this passage is that Ace has learned, through being deprived, the value of the love of his ex-wife. But the links throughout the novel between Ace's relationship with food and his relationship with women is too firmly established to permit such a reading. An early scene from the novel, in which Suzanne remembers Ace's revelation of his infidelity during their marriage, will become important to the reader's evaluation of later food and meal imagery:

"So who is it?" she said, finally.  
It was a girl called Titian, the...blonde who'd been a redhead....Suzanne recalled that Titian was dumb and skinny and suggested that Ace could have done better. Ace was hurt.  
"You should appreciate," he said stiffly..."how difficult it is for me to bring these things up."  
"Why do it then?"

He said they hadn't been communicating and that this was a peace gesture. He hoped that it would spur her on to improve the marriage.

..."there are certain things you could do for our marriage on your own," he said...."Like learn French cooking."

"I know what I can do," said Suzanne, now ready to stun the mountain tops with a full-blown scream. "I can call your goose-necked redhead and have lunch with her."

..."What ever for?" he said.

"Because I'm curious. I want to know how it is possible for anyone to have a relationship with you."

"Well, don't ask for Friday," he said, "because that's the day I see her."  
(60)

In this passage "Friday lunches" are linked to Ace's sexual faithlessness and not, as in the opening scenes of the novel, to intimacy with Suzanne. When late in the novel Ace thinks of "Friday lunches and misses them", he no doubt has his recent lunches with his ex-wife in mind, but Govier asks the reader to question Ace's credibility as a deeply sorrowing lover through the resonances of the "Friday lunch" scene above. In this scene, the association of orality with Ace's narcissistic approach to sexual relationship is clearly made in his humourously self-centred comment about French cooking--if Suzanne could only better cater to his oral pleasure, he implies, she might be able to hold his wavering sexual attentions. Suzanne must exert herself to provide new and improved taste sensations for Ace, while he need only passively consume them.

It is important that in one of Ace's final bids for his ex-wife's attention, he takes her to a lavish dinner, in which he orchestrates the mood through the pre-

arranged playing of certain music. Ostensibly, he exerts himself for her pleasure in this setting of blatant orality, but that pleasure itself is instrumental to his own plan to reunite with Suzanne despite her reticence. He is still firmly entrenched in the world-view of the narcissist, and in his belief that he is, in Suzanne's words, "enfranchised for extraordinary pleasures" (108). Offering Suzanne his vision of narcissism *à deux*--"let's not be a couple, let's be a constellation" (209)--Ace, with the groundless sentimentality of the shallow, "even move[s] himself, his eyes...full" (209). There is no doubt that Ace wants Suzanne back, but Suzanne's linking of present with past suggests that this desire is nothing more substantial than a very strong whim:

"I look after myself. At least by looking after myself I provide the world with a good example."

She laughed out loud. "You said that before. You don't even remember. You said the very same thing the day you told me about Titian. (208)

In light of the novel's continual suggestion of Ace's moral, emotional and even intellectual flimsiness, the hearty appetite he displays during this dinner scene becomes a metaphor not for vitality or passion or strength, but for, in Christopher Lasch's phrase, the narcissist's "intens[e] oral hunger" (Lasch 342). In The Culture of Narcissism, Lasch uses "oral" in its broad psychological sense of having to do with forms of ingestion related to but going beyond the literal, and in speaking of oral hunger makes reference to a type of emotional need that "consume[s] whatever...[it] seize[s] on" (343). In light of Lasch's comment,



Suzanne's thoughts about hearty male appetites are particularly resonant:

The ice-bucket went away and her salad plate arrived. Ace had ordered steak. She began to think about the fact that all her life she'd been sitting in restaurants watching men eat steak while she took the baked potato with sour cream. She bit into a piece of egg and considered the possibility that men and women were actually two different species. "The amount of dead flesh men consume is staggering. Greenpeace ought to get into it," she said. (Govier Between 207)

I do not mean to suggest that images of eating or drinking per se must suggest the narcissistic stance that I am exploring. In some women's writing, in fact, the preparing, offering, and sharing of food or drink is an expression of love and compassion, often among women. In Thomas' Intertidal Life, for example, Alice associates her feeling of closeness to her women friends with the drinking of hot beverages: "[she] [c]ould move from her cabin, to Trudl's, to Stella's, even over to Selene's, in the most awful storm of blind despair or self-hatred and know that so long as she held on tightly to their friendship she would be all right. That there would be warmth and light and a change of clothes and something hot to drink" (Thomas Intertidal 164). It is the relationship of the Adult Adolescent to his food, drink, or cigarettes that is of significance; there is often about his ingestive activities a solipsistic drive that distinguishes them from simple sensual relish. In Bonnie Burnard's "Grizzly Mountain", the Adolescent figure habitually brings on hiking trips a type of wine to which his lover appears to be allergic. His drinking of it thus becomes a correlate of his self-centredness; there is not, as in the passage from Thomas

above, a sense of the giving and receiving of comfort. Burnard, in fact, links the man's drinking of the wine with an image of the physical space that is, throughout the story, associated with his refusal of intimacy: "They often took some [wine] with them on small hikes out to one of the lakes where they could be alone, where they could claim all the space around them, miles of it. He needed that much space and he loved the wine then" (Burnard 26).

In the fiction with which I am concerned there are several images of Adult Adolescent figures smoking, but the depiction of Peter's smoking marijuana ("smoking up") in Intertidal Life is especially noteworthy in light of the relation between orality and narcissism. Alice depicts Peter's smoking up as a kind of correlate for his new stance of self-involvement, through repeated references to the sound of the in-breath with which Peter draws marijuana smoke into his body: "hnh, hnh, hnh" (Thomas Intertidal 47). The in-breath sound often becomes, in particular, a signal of Peter's narcissistic detachment from Alice's suffering. That detachment expresses itself in Peter's "very soft...[n]ew hippie voice" (48). Peter, smoking up and talking softly, "forgive[s]" Alice her bitter comments about her friend Anne-Marie, who is now his lover, and brushes aside her hurt and jealousy in an assertion of Anne-Marie's feelings for Alice: "Hnh. Hnh. Hnh. (Quietly) 'She cares about you, you know'" (47). Alice again links the flimsiness of Peter's sense of care with the act of smoking up, in her caustic remark that "she [her daughter Hannah] and Peter smoked up together,

had little grown-up talks about 'love' and 'caring'" (202).

In her thoughts about the world-view of the hippies, Alice implies their detachment from genuine feeling in her comment that behind the soft voices of the hippies "there is enormous anger" (67). That Peter is, in fact, not only detached from Alice's suffering but from his own feelings is suggested in the one incident in which Peter loses his calm and hits Alice during one of her explosions of hurt and anger. In a chapter of The Culture of Narcissism entitled "The Flight from Feeling", Lasch makes some comments that are useful, I think, in understanding the link between the Adolescent's consumptive approach to experience and his essential detachment from feeling, especially anger and suffering. Lasch's remarks are particularly illuminating with regard to the seeming contradiction between Peter's desire for "intense relationships" (Thomas Intertidal 36) with women and his avoidance of Alice's love and pain, outbursts of which are for him unpleasant "trips" (82):

...one of the many strategies for controlling or escaping from strong feeling...[is] the escape of drugs, which dissolve anger and desire in a glow of good feeling and create the illusion of intense experience without emotion... The narcissist feels consumed by his own appetites. The intensity of his oral hunger leads him to make inordinate demands on his friends and sexual partners; yet in the same breath he repudiates those demands and asks only a casual connection without promise of permanence on either side. He longs to free himself from his own hunger and rage, to achieve a calm detachment beyond emotion, and to outgrow his dependence on others. He longs for the indifference to human relationships and to life itself that would enable him to acknowledge its passing in Kurt Vonnegut's laconic phrase, "So it goes,"...

...the needs of others appall him no less than his own. One

reason the demands he inadvertently imposes on others make him uneasy is that they may justify others in making demands on himself. Men especially fear the demands of women...because men find it so difficult to imagine an emotional need that does not wish to consume whatever it seizes on. (Lasch 338-343)

Apart from the hitting incident in Intertidal Life, it appears that Peter has indeed succeeded in adopting a "so it goes" philosophy; his approach to unpleasant emotion is summarized in his advice to Alice to "switch channels" (Thomas Intertidal 86) when she has a bad experience after smoking marijuana. "I'd say he had a neurosis", Alice's psychiatrist remarks of Peter, "--except that he isn't suffering" (248). That we should be suspicious of the psychiatrist's analysis is implied in the metaphor Alice uses to describe his voice: "like the straight line a dead heart makes on a machine" (235). Thomas, I would suggest, asks us to reformulate the psychiatrist's analysis of neurosis and suffering from "he would be suffering if he really had a neurosis" to "he is neurotic precisely because he isn't suffering". Because suffering is an inevitable element of genuine engagement with others--guilt, grief, and anger are contingent upon the self's vulnerability to what is outside itself--those who do not so engage need not suffer. But, to return to Buber, neither do they exist fully: "Peter didn't want to be a Real Boy anymore" (134). With Lasch's comments about rage and the flight from it in mind, it could be argued that the often visibly angry Hunter is, being in closer contact with his state of rage, existing more fully, more authentically, than is the Adolescent. Buber, in fact,

argues that "whoever hates directly is closer to a relation than those who are without love and hate" (Buber 68).

The Adult Adolescent is depicted as without suffering in many of the fictions with which I am concerned, and this lack is noted by female authors, narrators, and characters with scorn and dismay. It is not, however, out of some aescetic sense of the value of suffering in itself that these female voices speak. The Adolescent's failure to suffer signals his incapacity for (or refusal of) appropriate feeling. Suzanne (Between Men), remembering her own hurt at Ace's infidelity, expects that Ace, who is pressing their reunion, will be pained by her revelation of her new lover. When he winks, grins, and asks whether he would like this lover, Suzanne exclaims, "I don't believe you ever really suffer about anything!" (Govier Between 61) ; for reply Ace simply grins more broadly and suggests "lunch"--a sexual encounter--for the next week. In "Uglypuss", Becka also expects of Joel an emotional response that assumes the vulnerability of intimacy, when she imagines that Joel will be "mad with grief" (Atwood Bluebeard's 93) over the disappearance of the cat she has put in an anonymous garbage can. The omniscient narrator, however, has already depicted Joel's search for the cat, and twisted the knife of his detachment by having him justify it:

"Uglypuss!" he calls. He tells himself he's in a state of shock, it will hit him tomorrow, when the full implication of a future without Uglypuss will sink in. At the moment though he's thinking: Why did

I have to give it that dumb name? (86)

In Audrey Thomas' "Déjeuner sur l'herbe", an Adult Adolescent figure's lack of appropriate anguish is again portrayed in connection with a suffering animal. Robert and Marguerite, walking in a cemetery, see an empty-handed woman come back along a path she had previously traversed with a kitten. The woman says something unintelligible, holds out her hands to Robert, and goes on; Marguerite asks Robert where the kitten is, to which he immediately replies, "[t]here's nothing that we can do" (Thomas Real 154). Marguerite, suspecting that the woman has buried the kitten alive, is made frantic by Robert's repeated insistence that they can do nothing, and hurls at him a phrase with which she characterized the tenor of London society: "Don't Touch. Don't Get Involved" (144).

In a scene in Between Men, in which Ace's dying mother bequeaths him a conscience, Govier humourously evokes the Adult Adolescent's desire to avoid anything that he senses may place upon him the painful emotional demands that Intertidal Life's Peter terms "trips":

..."I want to give you something, something of mine, something to make you different from other men."

"Oh no," he said, suspecting a trick.

"I want you to have a conscience."

"You want me to feel guilty," he said bitterly. "That's not so different. Isn't that what all mothers want for their sons?"

"No, no, no!" She grew animated. It made him nervous. "Aren't you just like a man? You see everything remotely restricting your powers as subversive. No, a conscience is something very modern. It is a sense of

right and wrong. It operates on its own, without external control. If you listen to it, normally you avoid guilt." (Govier Between 198)

It is not only guilt that the Adult Adolescent shuns as he skims across the surface of experience, but anything that disrupts, in Lasch's words, the "glow of good feeling" in which he tries to bask. Such things include ugliness, pain, disease, aging and death, and in his fear of these things he has a relationship with the Hunter figure; in some of the fictions with which I have been concerned, in fact, characteristics of Hunter and Adolescent figures are blended in particular male figures. The Adult Adolescent Ace (Between Men), for example, is at one point depicted as having a Hunter's gaze: Ace's "crystal eyes were outlets for the power of the mechanism. He tried to melt her in place with them, to weld her attention exclusively to him" (Govier Between 117). But in general, the central issue for the Hunter is the control of chaos (even beautiful chaos), while the problem for the Adolescent is the evasion of unpleasantness and discomfort. The Hunter fights, while the Adolescent takes flight; the Hunter exerts himself through the domination of recalcitrant female being, while the Adolescent moves from woman to woman in search of, as Dennis in "Bardon Bus" says, "a nice young mirror to look in" (Munro Moons 121). He perpetually flees from, as "Uglypuss"'s Joel puts it, the "squeezers...[and] pliers" (Atwood Bluebeard's 82) of female demands for "permanence, commitment, monogamy, the works" (78-79). The Adolescent's

stance of evasion is evoked perhaps most subtly and brilliantly in Edna Alford's "The Hoyer", in which the narrator and her fiancée argue about her intense involvement with the old women in the nursing home where she works. Arla, struggling with her own mixed emotions about the women, can feel David "marking distance in his mind as if just by working with these old women, she carried some kind of curse, some contagion, some odour" (Alford Sleep 19). During one of their arguments, Arla and David walk by a concrete dinosaur at the Zoo; David doesn't look up to see the whole figure, but stares "just at the thick concrete legs...just the legs, just the parts that might have moved away, might have emigrated to a warmer place" (21). The Adult Adolescent perpetually wishes to move to the warmer, more comfortable place.

The Adolescent often evades even the fact of his evasiveness through rhetoric which justifies and abstracts his fears of monotony, involvement, and bodily decay. Like "Uglypuss"'s Joel, he "use[s] ideology to cover for addiction" (Atwood Bluebeard's 72). In Thomas' "Déjeuner sur l'herbe", for example, Marguerite makes cynical comments about Robert's numerous and short-lived relationships with women much younger than himself, to which he replies, "quite seriously, that she did not understand 'the aesthetics of the flesh'" (Thomas Real 142). Marguerite implies the immaturity of Robert's philosophy in her remark that though she may not in fact understand Robert's aesthetics, she does understand "that line in Beautiful Losers: 'When I was sixteen I stopped



fucking faces" (142). Later in the story, Robert again spouts high-sounding words, which attempt to turn his superficiality into an asset: "I'm an impressionist myself...I deal with the moment and don't always look at the eternal aspect of things" (145). By the end of the story Robert's evasiveness of all that disrupts his "glow of good feeling" is harshly indicted, as earlier noted, when he fails to interest himself in the drama of the possibly-suffering kitten. The flimsiness of Robert's rhetoric is apparent in the irony that in the kitten episode he doesn't "deal with the moment" at all; he ignores the outstretched hands of the kitten's owner, and tries to convince Marguerite not to act, to continue to enjoy their picnic. He does not deal with the demands of the moment, but with the pleasure of his moment.

In Bonnie Burnard's "Grizzly Mountain", the Adult Adolescent explains his need for freedom to his lover in language that is reminiscent of the pastel expressions of New Age greeting cards: "He said she was the space he needed, she was distance, said he could be in her without being aware of her breath on his neck" (Burnard 26). Speaking in these vast impersonal metaphors, he dresses his fear of intimacy almost appealingly, casting himself, it would seem, as a large unfettered bird, the capture of which would be an unfortunate natural loss. But, as is the case again and again in the fiction with which I am concerned, the narrative voice undermines the rhetoric, reveals its flimsiness or gross self-interestedness. In "Grizzly Mountain", which explores

physical and emotional distances, the most subtle and damning condemnation of the Adolescent figure's rhetoric of personal space occurs in a passage in which the narrator describes the boy who accompanies her and her lover on their mountain hike:

The boy worshipped the man. It was good clean worship, full of imitation and quick grins. The boy's father had been one of the men who had left town when the mine closed. He had neither returned or sent for his family. The boy didn't speak of his absent father and she suspected it was because he had learned, quite bravely, to live with the unspeakable. She often thought when she looked at him that she could kill a man who left a child. A man who could turn his back on that kind of love had nothing to do with life. A man like that was an aberration. (26)

The narrator herself has worshipped the man in a less "good clean" way, forfeiting her self-determination to remain in his favour: "She...only hoped she could always be distance, if that was what he loved" (26). This linking of the woman and the boy in worship invites us to make a connection between the boy's briefly-mentioned father and "the man" who is the woman's lover. The boy's father is "absent", distant from his family, and the boy learns to live with "the unspeakable"; the man has "put his distance" (25) between himself and the narrator, and she "grieves without a sound" (29). The implicit outcome of this emotional syllogism is that the man himself, who, like the boy's father, "could turn his back on...love", also has "nothing to do with life" (26). The rhetoric of the freedom-loving eagle masks a life-denying refusal of sustained intimacy.

In Atwood's "Ugly puss", Joel's rhetoric concerning the consumable quality of

relationships, their "usable-upness", is undermined by the ironic tone of Becka's thought: "People came to the end of what they had to say to one another, Joel told her once, the time he was trying for wisdom" (Atwood Bluebeard's 91). Joel "tries" for wisdom, but is only capable of constructing a flimsy cover for his fear of a commitment which he is capable of imagining only as "[f]orty years of the same thing, night after night" (79).

Govier's Ace (Between Men) espouses the rhetoric of self-love, asserting that self-love is in fact the foundation of morality itself: "The only way the world will work...is when people put their own needs first; if everyone did it we'd all be less screwed up. If you save yourself you save others" (Govier Between 58). That Ace's "philosophy" is not grounded in a true concern for healthy relationships between autonomous selves but in brute self-interest, is suggested by Govier in several ways. Ace's view on "the only way the world will work" is relayed to Suzanne just before, as a prelude to, his revelation to her of his affair; his abstract formulation thus looks suspiciously like self-justification. Ace's self-centeredness even as he causes Suzanne the pain of his revelation is made grotesquely funny in his expressed hopes that this revelation will "spur her on to improve the marriage" (60). It is as a response to Ace's naive and narcissistic implication that Suzanne by herself can and should repair their marriage that she wonders aloud to Ace, "how it is possible for anyone to have a relationship with you" (60). Govier deepens the sense of Ace's fundamental

unrelatedness to anything outside himself by having Suzanne, as she realizes where Ace's rhetoric is leading, chant "We are the hollow men, we are the stuffed men" (59). This allusion to Eliot's spiritless shades, who are ungrounded in any meaningful relation with history, community, or god, suggests Ace's own spurious selfhood. Ace's perpetual activity--his eating, tennis matches, and parties--is akin to the Hollow Men's "gesture without motion" (Eliot Complete Poems 56); such a connection is in fact suggested in the image of the "Ace R", the mechanical shuttlecock-tester modelled on Ace himself. The essential passivity of Ace's stance of self-interest is suggested in his desire to stop on a certain rocky ledge as he and Suzanne climb the Hoodoos. Suzanne, looking around at the rocky landscape (reminiscent, perhaps, of Eliot's Wasteland-  
scape of spiritual drama) and agitated by the revelation of his affair she knows is coming, replies to Ace's wish to stop, "No...that would be too easy" (Govier Between 59). Ace's rhetoric of self-love as the foundation of the salvation of all is, in fact, grounded in a desire for ease.

It appears that ease, in Bonnie Burnard's "Moon Watcher", is also the true basis for one of the narrator's husband's "philosophies" (Burnard 69). We glimpse this shadowy Adolescent figure only in the narrator's memories of him as she meditates on their estrangement. Musing upon his various theories, she recalls that, "Alec liked to avoid divorced people, said divorced people tended to forget how to be private, assumed empathy when it wasn't necessarily there"

(69). Alec's formulation, though not perhaps as obviously connected to self-interest as the other instances of Adolescent rhetoric I have remarked upon, seems grounded in a desire to avoid the unpleasant "mess" of others' lives; the word "avoid" is the key word in the cited passage, as it is a key word in any description of the Adolescent's stance to the world in general. Alec's philosophy is not only evasive, but flimsy, having nothing, as the story's narrator implies, to do with an empathic discerning of truth: "Marg knew how wrong he was. Even just here, on the edge of divorce, she knew more about privacy than she ever wanted to know, and nothing was assumed" (69).

The rhetoric of the Adolescent, then, is like the Adolescent himself--spurious, flimsy, self-interested. Skimming across the surface of experience, the Adult Adolescent sends down no roots into the depth of human experience, avoiding the pain and demands of others and even his own rage. He embodies the extreme case of the human tendency to evasion, which theologian Paul Tillich describes thus: "like hit-and-run drivers we injure our souls with the speed with which we move on the surface; and then we rush away leaving our bleeding souls alone" (Tillich 56). For all this speed, he is eminently conservative, in the particular sense that he wishes to preserve the status quo of his comfort. This preservation may involve him in a great deal of activity, in a feverish consumption of sensation, but still he is decidedly passive; like Peter in Katherine Govier's "An Independent Woman", he embraces the world with

"more show than force" (Govier Brunswick 78). He does not wish to undergo the existential growing pain that would threaten his emotional, sexual, and even intellectual comfort, and therefore never reaches adulthood. In "A New Start", Govier, who has been particularly penetrating in her explorations of the Adolescent figure, offers an image that captures the maddening passivity and failed teleology--man here has devolved even to stone--of the Adolescent:

She painted her husband as a stone, a petrified stump near her front door. She was there beside the stone. She had squeezed the stone and banged on it and held it to her breast and cuddled it; it had sighed and turned over, but it was still a stone. (Govier Brunswick 62)

Govier's image not only suggests important aspects of the Adolescent's nature, but also graphically communicates the frustration and rage that are typical of the feminine response to this figure. Throughout this section, I have made some generalizations about the way in which Canadian women's fiction deals with the violent female emotions evoked by the Adolescent; I have noted, for example, that the dark humour with which the Adolescent's grotesque deficiencies in sensitivity are depicted, both serves a distancing function and is a vehicle for narrative revenge. In spite of the similarity in tone, however, and in spite of the similarities in imagery I have discussed, there is a wide variety of ways in which the problem of the Adolescent is "solved" (or not solved) in Canadian women's fiction. The ultimate emotional resting places of the female narrative voices or characters in these fictions are so varied that it is difficult to

make broad generalizations about the "managing" of the Adult Adolescent as I have done with the Hunter figure. I suspect that this difference has something to do with a generalization I made at the beginning of this section--that the Hunter's threat is to female identity, while the Adolescent strikes at the heart, the center of feeling. (Identity and feeling are, obviously, closely related, but the generalization is useful and thus justified.) Both the Hunter and the Adolescent are exposed in these fictions, their cruelties and weaknesses identified, examined, and criticized. But with the Hunter the exposure itself is often the resolution, the way in which the figure is disposed of and the problem solved. It is as if his attempt to formulate, sprawl female narrators or characters on a pin, is neutralized by the narration's own formulation of him--by its very recognition of the nature of the beast. (And in Hindmarch's The Peter Stories, the Hunter is actually re-formulated, transformed into a new beast.) With the Adolescent, however, the seeing, the recognition, is not synonymous with resolution. The problem is not the same one, as with the disturbing Hunter figures I discussed in the third section of Chapter One, in which I argued that the complexity of these figures did not permit a final "pinning". The Adolescent is, in fact, rarely particularly complex. The problem is that the narrative's recognition of the Adult Adolescent's nature cannot in itself quell the emotional pain he inflicts. Because the Adolescent is himself so flimsy, so insubstantial, the focus of the narration is ultimately not so much upon the struggle with him, as it is upon the internal

struggle with a wounded heart--with the heart whose "sharp broken edges", as Intertidal Life's Alice puts it, "grat[e]... against one another so that it hurt[s] to breathe" (Thomas Intertidal 115). The wounded narrators and characters are thus thrown back upon themselves, and the strategies of their survival are as individual as they are. In the concluding section of this chapter, therefore, I will focus on three pieces of fiction in order to give a sampling of such strategies. Katherine Govier's "A New Start", Alice Munro's "Bardon Bus" and Marian Engel's "The Tattooed Woman" seem to me particularly worthy of study for the subtlety of their emotional logic.

Strategies for Survival: "A New Start", "Bardon Bus" and "The Tattooed Woman"

i. Katherine Govier: "A New Start"

The plot of "A New Start" is simple: a man leaves his wife of three years for a woman with whom he has been having an affair, and later returns to his wife, who forgives him and accepts him back. The real interest of the story, however, lies in the woman's meditations on her absent husband, an Adult Adolescent figure, and in the nature of the psychological and emotional compromises she makes in order to live with herself and then with him when he returns. The woman's strategy for survival is ultimately one of evasion, an evasion that is depressingly related to the Adolescent's own brand of emotional flight. The



story is arguably one of the bleakest in Canadian women's fiction.

Malcolm is a typical Adolescent in terms of both his own characteristics and the effects he has on the female protagonist. I have already referred to his darkly humorous insensitivity in telling the protagonist to "go paint a picture" based on the images of her anguish at his infidelity; I have also made reference to those images of torture and deprivation: the woman's claim, for example, that her husband has "pinched...[her] off, pinched off the cord" (Govier Brunswick 62). The story contains numerous other images and incidents that also suggest the Adolescent's insensitivity, narcissistic passivity, and evasiveness.

I have mentioned the protagonist's painting of her husband as a stone; this image of maddening passivity is reinforced by the simple detail that after the revelation of his affair, "[h]e had plans to move out, but he had not actually done it" (62). Malcolm's stone-like inertia here--his failure to take immediate action, and thus at least save his wife from the lingering pain of his absent presence--gives credence to his wife's suspicion that in returning to her, he has simply taken the easiest course available: "Perhaps Becky White turned him out; perhaps that was all there was to it" (67). Like the "pronouncements" of many Adolescents, Malcolm's rhetoric of sensitivity is a flimsy cover for self-interest and opportunism. In offering his opinion to his wife that, "he'd always been bad for her anyway...[and] [s]he'd be glad enough of..[their] separation soon" (61), Malcolm appears to be confronting difficult truths. But that these

"truths" are merely convenient tools he uses to lever himself out of the relationship is made clear by the fact that he never attempts to explain or explore his affair, with his wife; when he returns to her without explanations, he appears to have forgotten, or to be unconcerned about what is, ironically, the truth: that he is "bad for her". Neither is he interested in the truth of past events, as becomes evident in his re-invention of the dog-rescuing incident that had occurred on a holiday about which he and his wife reminisce. While the narrator silently remembers rescuing the dog from a thinly-frozen pond, Malcolm, in the Adolescent's drive for pleasure over truth, claims, with "light in his eyes as he recall[s] his adventure", "I remember dragging that dog out of the water" (67). Malcolm's dishonest reinvention of the past is not only a typical specimen of Adolescent evasiveness, but also an important motif in the story as a whole. "A New Start", in fact, is not so much the story of Malcolm, as it is the story of the protagonist's progressive descent into a deathly emotional state in which her survival becomes more and more dependent on her own dishonest relationship with the past of her marriage.

After Malcolm finally leaves, the protagonist sits back to wait for her memories, "expecting...[them] to be better company than Malcolm" (63). This fetishization of memory, as well as the protagonist's disturbing knowledge that "[t]he marriage may have been no good, but she never would have left" (62), contribute to the reader's growing alarm that the protagonist has all along

settled for a less-than-vital union. In the war that follows between the protagonist's unpleasant memories of, for example, Malcolm's "rotten temperament" and "morning...scowl" (66), and the "alarmed chorus of little voices" in her head that proclaim, "But no, he was sweet!" (66), the pleasure principle wins out: the protagonist knows she "ha[s]n't the strength to cancel the lovely past, the only one she ha[s]" (66). At this point in the narrative, there is at least the consciousness on the part of the protagonist that there is a struggle with inauthenticity to be had, even if she cannot rise to it. As the story progresses, the protagonist becomes increasingly settled into a comfortable evasiveness, so that she is even able to participate in her husband's blatant falsification of their history. When he "remembers" rescuing the dog, she says "Yes...I remember too" (67). The final scene in the story, which occurs after Malcolm has come home, is almost horrifying in its depiction of the protagonist's grotesque sentimentality:

...The backward knitting-up had begun, and Peggy could reminisce on those hours she'd spent looking out the window.  
 "Remember," she would say to herself, sitting with her tea, fingering the past as if it were a rosary, "remember when I thought he didn't love me anymore and I cried all afternoon? Remember when he left me for Becky White?" (68)

What is particularly interesting about this passage, besides its brilliant evocation of a kind of willed emotional senility, is that Peggy in fact repeats one of Malcolm's gestures of insensitivity--and this time the victim is her former

suffering self. I have argued earlier that Malcolm, wishing to avoid his wife's suffering, reduces her anguished expressions of pain at his infidelity to the "imagery" which he recommends she paint. In the final passage of the story, Peggy reduces her months of suffering to an afternoon of crying, which she can "finger": she, like Malcolm earlier, has reified her pain. In Govier's most disturbing short story, the problem of the Adult Adolescent is "solved" only by the mutual evasion of a woman's hurt and rage by the Adolescent figure and that woman herself.

ii. Alice Munro: "Bardon Bus"

"Bardon Bus", unlike most fictions in which the Adolescent appears, is told from the point of view of the "other" woman in an adulterous relationship. One of the story's many complexities is that on one level the narrator appears to participate fully with X, her married lover, in typical Adolescent attitudes towards experience. At the beginning of the affair on an excursion boat in Australia, the narrator and X both appear to indulge themselves in a sense of limitless pleasure. The children's natural reaction to this adult play suggests that there is something inappropriate and outrageous in it:

..."Please come and see my house. I've got a borrowed house. Please, I can't wait to ask you, please come and live with me in my house."

"Should I?"

"I'll get down on my knees," he said, and did.

"Get up, behave!" I said. "We're in a foreign country."

"That means we can do anything we like."

Some of the children had stopped their game to stare at us. They looked shocked and solemn. (Munro Moons 112)

The couple buy sweets, see sights, make passionate love and have interesting conversations about anthropological curiosities, on this "holiday of lightness of spirit" (113). However, Munro soon begins to drop hints that the narrator and X are not, in fact, equally free of care in the relationship. The narrator, looking back on the spring of her affair with X, recalls that a line from a poem by Sir Walter Raleigh, written on the eve of his execution, had been going through her head: "Even such is time that takes in trust" (122). She is now aware that the poem was related to the events of her life at the time, and remembers that "there was something further along about 'in the dark and silent grave, shuts up the story of our days'" (122). The sinister imagery of inevitable decline and death in the poem suggests the narrator's underlying uneasiness with the very transitoriness that, on another level, makes the relationship attractive: "We lived without responsibility, without a future, in freedom, with generosity, in constant but not wearying celebration. We had no doubt that our happiness would last the little time required" (113). The presence of the poem in her head at a time of such seeming happiness also suggests that the narrator's cheerful handling of X's friend Dennis' comments about X's "row on row" of women is a defense against her own fears. When Dennis suggests that,

like the terra cotta soldiers he has seen in China, X's women "aren't intact", the narrator answers boldly in terms of a feminine freedom that is parallel to the Adolescent's own:

"...I think the comparison's a bit off. Nobody has to dig the women out and stand them on their feet. Nobody put them there. They came along and joined up of their own free will and someday they'll leave. They're not a standing army. Most of them are probably on their way to somewhere else anyway." (120)

It is noteworthy that the imagery of free movement in the narrator's reply--of women "coming along" and then "on their way"--is later, after the narrator and X have parted, replaced by imagery of paralysis: "I can't continue to move my body along the streets unless I exist in his mind and in his eyes" (126). The narrator's too-cheerful reply to Dennis' comments represses precisely the fear it overtly denies.

Significant in terms of its connection with the Govier story discussed above, is a passage in which "Bardon Bus"'s narrator recalls a conversation with X in which she falsified her real memory of the relationship:

"In a way I'm glad it's over and nothing spoiled it.  
 Things are so often spoiled."  
 "I know."  
 "As it is, it's been perfect."  
 I said that. And that was a lie. I had cried once, thought I was ugly,  
 thought he was bored.  
 But he said, "Perfect." (123)

Like the protagonist of "A New Start", the narrator of "Bardon Bus" not only

falsifies but also fetishizes her memories, "fill[ing] the space [of his absence] quickly with memories of his voice, looks, warmth" (123). But while the problem for the former becomes living with the Adolescent who has returned to her, the problem for the latter becomes living without X and with her feeling of having been "discardable" (125).

There are several aspects to the narrator's transcendence of her pain and despair, but these aspects are all in some way related to the narrator's ability to contextualize her situation and to conceive of herself in a detached way. I use "detached" here not in the sense of cutting off or falsifying feeling, but of transcending a morbid and uncritical self-preoccupation. The narrator, as seems to me typical in Munro's work, does not achieve such transcendence by throwing herself into some turgid emotional involvement with a "cause" or even another's suffering, but by cocking her observant, curious and amused eye at the world around her.

In the first of the thirteen sections of the story, the narrator of "Bardon Bus" does not allude to her impossible affair with X at all; she launches into a detailed imagination of "of being an old maid in another generation" (110) who secretly desires an impossible lover and who focusses her libidinal energy onto the scant objects or memories that feed it. It is the tone of this section--the sheer delight in detail and the humorous placement of the narrator's own predilection into an imagined context--that immediately suggests to the reader a

clarity and sanity in the narrative voice:

Perhaps nothing...but the memory of an ambiguous word, an intimate, casual tone of voice, a hard helpless look. That could do. With no more than that I could manage, year after year as I scoured the milk pails, spit on the iron, followed the cows along the rough path among the aster and the black-eyed Susans, spread the clean wet overalls to dry on the fence, and the tea towels on the bushes....

Dipping the dipper in the pail, lapped in my harmless craziness, I'd sing hymns, and nobody would wonder.

"He's the Lily of the Valley,

The Bright and Morning Star,

He's the Fairest of Ten Thousand to my Soul." (110-111)

It is this same sane voice that presides over the telling of even the narrator's enslavement to the memories of X that "stir up desire, longing and helplessness, a trio of miserable caged wildcats" (123). The narrator admits her extreme vulnerability to these memories, declaring that she has "tried vigilance and reading serious books but...can still slide into some scene before I know where I am" (123). Alongside the admission of vulnerability, however, is an analysis that places the narrator's private torment into a theoretical context of sorts: "The images, the language of pornography and romance are alike; monotonous and mechanically seductive, quickly leading to despair" (123). Whether or not the narrator's analysis of romance is accurate, the mental gesture of analysis takes her at least momentarily out of herself. Further on, the narrator admits, "I'm half convinced that a more artful getup would have made a more powerful impression, more dramatic clothes might have made me less discardable" (124-5). Once again, even in this seeming admission of having



accepted her role as consumable object, the narrator reveals an understanding of the mechanism of romance with an Adult Adolescent: his short emotional attention span requires dramatic flourishes to keep him from moving on to the next toy. And there is, of course, the sceptical "half" of "half-convinced"; the implication is that the narrator is both sceptical that the Adolescent's attention can be held long by any means, and irritated at herself for even provisionally regarding herself as a consumable object.

By the twelfth section of the story, the narrator has decided to let go of her fixation on X. The setting in which Munro has her do this is most significant, especially when we contrast it with the final setting of Govier's "A New Start". The latter scene, with its depiction of the protagonist sitting in her house, drinking tea and "fingering the past" that she has falsified, exudes a claustrophobic sense of solipsistic decay. In "Bardon Bus", by contrast, the narrator decides to re-enter the flow of life in a bustling and intensely social place--Roneem's bakery. The new "philosophy" that she formulates has to do with a sense of pleasure in the whole fabric of life of which she is a part:

When you start really letting go this is what its like. A lick of pain, furtive, darting up where you don't expect it. Then a lightness. The lightness is something to think about. It isn't just relief. There's a queer kind of pleasure in it, not a self-wounding or malicious pleasure, nothing personal at all. It's an uncalled-for pleasure in seeing how the design wouldn't fit and the structure wouldn't stand, a pleasure in taking into account, all over again, everything that is contradictory and persistent and unaccommodating about life. I think so. I think there's something in us wanting to be reassured about all that, right alongside--and at war

with--whatever there is that wants permanent vistas and a lot of fine talk....

What I need is a rest. A deliberate sort of rest, with new definitions of luck. Not the sort of luck Dennis was talking about. You're lucky to be sitting in Roneem's drinking coffee, with people coming and going, eating and drinking, buying cakes, speaking Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese and other languages that you can try to identify. (127-8)

The "luck" that Dennis had talked about during a dinner he had with the narrator after the end of her affair with X, was the "luck" of men. Men, Dennis had said, "start all over...fail in love with younger women...and hav[e] that nice young mirror to look in" (121); while men get a "refill of vitality", women "are...removed from life" (122). Even when Dennis decides that women are the fortunate ones, to be forced to accept the reality of deprivation and death, he still assumes an Adolescent model of what vitality is--the consumption of novelty: "the new marriage, the new wife, the new babies" (121). In her meditations on luck, "Bardon Bus"'s narrator implies, in the image of drinking coffee in a busy bakery, that happiness may not depend on either the consumption of novelty or being a novelty, but on one's simple interest in the complex flow of human life. Interestingly, both the protagonist of "A New Start" and the narrator of "Bardon Bus" are depicted drinking hot beverages as they take their final mental stances toward the phenomenon of the Adult Adolescent; the former's solipsistic sipping, however, is a correlate of her self-preoccupation, while the latter's coffee-drinking is part of her renewed contract with life.

The sub-plot of "Bardor Bus", the story of the narrator's friend Kay, has important connections with the narrator's dealings with X. Kay is, in some regards, a female Adult Adolescent, moving from intense affair to affair, though her analysis of narcissistic love reveals more self-knowledge than is usual in her male counterpart: "It's nothing but the desire to see yourself reflected...You don't want them, you want what you can get from them. [Love is] [o]bsession and self-delusion" (117). Munro, however, implies an important difference between male and female Adolescents. Though Kay may "survive...without visible damage" (117) and though "her powers of recovery, her faith, are never exhausted" (116), these very terms--"survive", "recover"--suggest that it is still the woman who is liable to damage, for whom the issue is survival. As is typical of depictions of the male Adolescent, in "Bardon Bus" Munro nowhere suggests that X's affairs cause him suffering or put him at emotional risk. Thus when, as is implied at the end of the story, Kay becomes involved with X, the reader's reaction is more complicated than one of a partisan empathy for the narrator's jealous feelings alone. In Kay's description of her new lover and in the narrator's undocumented reaction, what we are left with is a sense of women's perpetual sexual vulnerability. The closing image of the charming boy-man's posture is seductive while also being suggestive of the passivity and inappropriate youthfulness I have earlier discussed:

"...Roy's friend is Alex Walther, the anthropologist. I felt I should

have known about him but I didn't. He didn't mind. He's a nice man. Do you know what he did? After dark when we were sitting around the fire he came over to me and just sighed, and laid his head in my lap. I thought it was such a nice simple thing to do. Like a St. Bernard. I've never had anybody do that before." (128)

The sense of women's vulnerability in the last section of the story, however, does not make "Bardon Bus", ultimately, a tale of woe. Throughout, the narrator's sane humour and interest in the world outside herself suggest that the problem of the Adult Adolescent is, if not "solvable", then only part of the "unaccommodating" life in which it is possible to find even pleasure.

### iii. Marian Engel: "The Tattooed Woman"

It is true, as Christl Verduyn notes, that Engel's work in general and the short story "The Tattooed Woman" in particular are characterized by "the swell of the irrational, inexplicable, and the imagination" (Verduyn 17). In terms of the story's unnamed Adult Adolescent figure, however, Engel gives us a "straight", unremarkable--except in so far as it is so typical--portrait. Again, as in most stories featuring the Adolescent, the plot revolves around a man's infidelity to his wife as he courts a younger woman, and the wife's reaction. The sense Engel gives us of the man is mainly encapsulated in the following exchange between man and wife:

They were sitting in their usual chairs. It was evening. She had wondered why he had come home that evening. Usually he was out working late.

"Well," he said, "she's--uh, young."  
 "How young?"  
 "Twenty-one." He was very shy about the whole thing.  
 "What's her name?"  
 "Uh...Linda."  
 "She works in the store, does she?"  
 "No." But she knew he was lying.  
 "Dark? Fair?"  
 "In between. A bit like you...a long time ago."  
 "What are your plans?"  
 "I don't know." He seemed miserable now, as if he would like to get up and run away. "I'd like to stay here until we decide."  
 "Of course, dear."  
 "I think I'll go out now and count the cash." He fled. (Engel 3-4)

In this exchange, all the typical "markers" of the Adult Adolescent are present: he is inappropriately boyish, "very shy" and stumbling with inarticulate "uhs"; he avoids discomfort, wishing to "run away" and "fle[e]", and like Govier's Malcolm ("A New Start"), he is grotesquely passive, wanting to live with his wife while he "decides" what to do about his lover. Characteristically, the Adolescent figure in this story puts a narcissistic distance between himself and others supposedly close to him; even before he begins his affair with Linda, he, as his wife casually notes, does not like the latter "interfering in his life" (Engel 6). There is too the usual shallow moral rhetoric: when he finds his wife watching his lover as she works in his pharmacy, he admonishes her, "It's contemptible to spy on people" (Engel 8).

Not only is the Adolescent's portrait typical, but so too is the rejected wife's sense of herself as "used up" merchandise. She sees herself as having

"nothing to offer. She had kept her figure, but her body, transformed by hysterectomy and appendectomy, was not new or neat or pretty" (Engel 4). She dwells on the "humiliation" (Engel 5) of her body by birth, miscarriages, and tumors, and imagines that the woman with whom her husband is having an affair is "young, firm, and unscarred...tight and white and neat" (Engel 5).

Like the female protagonist of "A New Start", the protagonist of "The Tattooed Woman" turns her anger inward, but here the signature of that anger is grotesquely literal--the woman makes her body into a canvass of razor-drawn images. Initially, the woman experiences the carving of shapes into her skin as a successful strategy for surviving the pain of her husband's affair, as is indicated by the fact that after she first cuts herself, she goes to bed and sleeps "very, very well" (Engel 6). This gruesome physical relief is accompanied by the development of a private mythology in which she is "an artist...a true artist", whose body is "carved like an old shaman...an artifact of an old culture" (Engel 8). In this self-created drama, what the woman has perceived as the "humiliations" of female aging now become the marks of inviolable substance: "my body is a pictograph from prehistory, it has been used and bent and violated and broken, but I have resisted. I am Somebody" (Engel 8). Later the protagonist expands her mythology and attempts to make meaning for the younger woman with whom her husband is having an affair. She explains to the doctor to whom her husband sends her when he discovers her scars, that "I

think , she is clean, she is clear, I broke my body for him, now I break it for her. She is my daughter, she is my other self. In this way, I make her old and wise" (Engel 9). Masochism becomes myth. At one level, this is the story's disturbing emotional resting place, its gruesome comment on the "problem" of the Adult Adolescent. I would argue, however, that it is in the final, almost surreal conversation between the protagonist and her male doctor that Engel most fully explores the problem by refusing to suggest any emotional closure on it.

Christl Verduyn misses the complexity and importance of the protagonist's final conversation with the doctor, claiming simply that "he fails to understand her explanation for the marks on her body" (Verduyn 18), because, oddly, she both too eagerly accepts and does not take seriously enough that explanation. Claiming of some of the women in Engel's later work, including "The Tattooed Woman", that "Engel presents these women as wise women and artists" (Verduyn 17), Verduyn essentially argues that "behind a front of passive resignation" (Verduyn 17) , the story's protagonist takes an active stance of self-assertion by herself dramatizing on her own body her society's sense of older women as "used goods" (Verduyn 17). But there is a contradiction that Verduyn glosses over in her comment that "She undertakes to illustrate what she understands herself to be in the eyes of a society that reserves little place and value for women, particularly those of her age" (Verduyn 18); Verduyn here styles the protagonist a conscious social critic. But the tattooed woman's marks

are made in a poignant attempt to be Somebody, to make artistic meaning from her body, not to inscribe on herself the nothingness, the "used-upness" that she "understands herself to be in the eyes of society". To inscribe the meaning of used-up female bodies in that society would be not to mark, but to erase oneself. Verduyn's depiction of the protagonist's artistry is of a self-conscious social commentary, which the protagonist at the end of the story "can now reject" (Verduyn 18) to "take up a life of new possibilities, travelling as she always wanted but was never able to" (Verduyn 18). Such a view ignores the perpetually ambivalent meaning of the protagonist's masochistic art; Engel toys with this meaning mercilessly. The brilliance of the story lies in no neat feminist positivism in which one first boldly identifies one's culture's view of oneself and then moves on to autonomous freedom. What the end of the story leaves us with is no "answer" to the problem of the Adolescent, no strategy for survival or transcendence for the protagonist, but a painful collage of insights, sometimes contradictory, into the meaning of the protagonist's tattoos. The story's painful lack of closure on the subject of pain is perhaps, itself, a kind of "final word" on that subject.

Verduyn's comment that the doctor "doesn't understand" the woman's explanation for her marks implies that the "explanation" itself is coherent and unquestionable. Engel in fact presents the doctor not as a stereotypical condescending patriarch, but as a gentle questioner who has insight into but no



fixed ideas about the meaning of the woman's marks. Engel presents the dialogue between the doctor and the protagonist as one of mutually toyed-with possibilities, insights, and suggestions.

The doctor initially takes what might be perceived as a too-authoritative tone in response to the protagonist's presentation of her scars: " 'I don't want you to do that anymore,' he said" (Engel 8). But he follows this not with a prescription for specific "feminine" behaviour, but an injunction to her to take existential responsibility: "I want you to decide where you want to go and what you want to be" (Engel 8). When the protagonist replies, "I am myself" (Engel 8), the uncritical reader is tempted to applaud this bold assertion of identity and see it as both true and somehow inherently meaningful. But the doctor's reply-- "Clearly, that has not been enough to sustain you" (Engel 8)--cannot be dismissed as a patriarchal negation of declared female subjectivity, because it is true: the protagonist is, even in her artistry, oriented entirely to her failed relationship with her husband.

The doctor's suggestion that the protagonist use ointments to heal the scars may be perceived as his failure to see the artistic significance of her shamanic wisdom, but is also readable as his desire for her to signify to herself a rejection of masochism. He recommends, as the avenue to wisdom, the travel she herself has always desired: "Perhaps that will make you the old, wise woman you want to be" (Engel 9). The ambiguous meaning of the doctor's

recommendation that the protagonist use ointments is further complicated when at the end of the last, most peculiar and evocative passage in the story, the doctor's rational voice turns fanciful:

Then, suddenly, she knew what she had done and why she had done it . She had done it to get his pity, and pity was not a thing he had to give. He and his girl would not come and rub the healing ointments on her body. They would vacate themselves, they would run away to their private pleasures.

"Look," she said, "send me to some kind of clinic where I can get rid of the worst of the scars."

The doctor seemed surprised.

"He can pay," she said.

"You want money now."

"Yes, first pity, then money. Do you think I'm any different from any other woman?"

"Yes," he said, "in all the years..." then stopped. "You should go somewhere hot. It will make a very striking tan." (Engel 9)

In this remarkable ending, Engel both presents a switch of orientations and insights between the participants in the dialogue, and suggests ambiguities even within these stances themselves. The female protagonist has the rational and true insight that her private mythology is not participated in by her husband and his lover. In her request to be sent to the clinic, she appears to reject her artistic project in favour of a conventional "feminine" desire for bodily clarity. But there is also suggested an ironic distance from conventional feminine desires in her remark about wanting pity and money like "other wom[e]n"; here she seems to show that she knows how women's desires are perceived, while also admitting her participation in them. As the female protagonist abandons her

attachment to her scars, the doctor changes attitudes, stops speaking of healing the scars, and makes the final, loaded, comment about the "striking tan". This comment is highly ambiguous: it may be read as either a kind of collapse of his insistence on the protagonist's self-determination into a conventional sense that she could be externally attractive, or as an affirmation of her initial artistic project of becoming "Somebody" in an unconventional way.

In this piece of fiction then, it is finally the "stance" of the narrative itself to the problem of the Adult Adolescent, and not of a particular female protagonist, as in "A New Start" and "Bardon Bus", that interests us. It is the strange oscillation of possibilities explored in the final conversation that offers, perhaps paradoxically, both a playful literary withdrawal from the "real" problem of the Adult Adolescent, and sense of the intensity of the phenomenon of pain that sends the narrative into such a spin.

"The Tattooed Woman", like "A New Start", like "Bardon Bus", and like all of the other fictions I have looked at in this chapter, is an exploration of women's woundedness in relationship with a man who is depicted as emotionally and ontically depleted. In the previous chapter the male paradigm was one of emotional and ontic aggression. And in the landscape of Canadian women's fiction, these masculine Scylla and Charibdis--the Hunter and Adult Adolescent--loom very large. But there is a third recognizable male figure, glimpsed occasionally, in this bleak terrain. In the next chapter I will sketch, on the basis

of his few appearances, the Wounded Warlock, Canadian women's literary good guy.

Notes

<sup>1</sup> St. Thomas Aquinas, in the tradition of St. Augustine, rejects a Gnostic notion of good and evil as substantial forces or qualities in themselves, in favour of a view of evil as the absence of goodness. For Aquinas, goodness has two components; things are good in so far as they have being (God exists most fully and therefore is most good), and things are good in so far as they fulfill their potential. In this teleological world view, something is evil--not good--because it does not become what it should have according to its nature: "Something that does not possess the ultimate perfection that it ought to have, even though it possess some perfection by virtue of the fact that it actually exists, is never-the-less not called perfect without qualification, or good in an unqualified sense" (Aquinas 162).

### CHAPTER THREE: THE WOUNDED WARLOCK

There are no mirrors  
where I live. With me you  
can be whoever you are.

Helen Weinweig Basic Black with  
Pearls 98

Rose and Ralph looked at  
each other. There was the  
same silent joke, the  
same conspiracy, the same  
comfort; the same, the  
same.

Alice Munro Who Do You Think  
You Are? 208-9

He's been battered but he  
hasn't lost his  
compassion. Not rough and  
crude; just natural...how  
rare that is.

Constance Beresford-Howe The  
Book of Eve 118

#### The Wounded Warlock: Who is He?

The Wounded Warlock is indeed rare, making few appearances in Canadian

women's fiction. In terms of my discussion so far, however, he is a most important figure as he is the Hunter's mythical opposite. Emerging from the fiction in which the Warlock appears is the sense that he, unlike the Hunter or Adolescent, is in an honest and even life-affirming relationship with his own suffering. He has sustained social, emotional, and even physical wounds, but instead of sublimating his suffering into control, like the Hunter, or emotional anesthesia, like the Adolescent, the Warlock allows it to make him receptive to the world. He respects those outside himself as integral others; because he does not objectify them, as do the Hunter and Adolescent in different ways, he is able to honour and participate in their expressions of grief, physicality and joy. The Warlock is faintly supernatural--Laurence's Jules and Royland (The Diviners) are "shamans"(Laurence Diviners 273;286); Constance Beresford-Howe's John (The Book of Eve) is a "bohunk,wizard"(Beresford-Howe 136), and Anne Cameron's Blackie ("The Common Name for Digitalis is Foxglove") is an infallible water diviner whose "whole body glowed and tingled when it rained"(Cameron 180). Jane Urquhart's John (Changing Heaven) is "as generous with his distribution of sun and moon and stars as the upstairs room"(Urquhart 154). The Warlock's magic, however, does not consist in a lofty transcendence of human experience, but in a heightened capacity for immanence. He is "supernatural" not in the sense of being above, or over-and-against, nature, but of being intensely involved with it.

In Changing Heaven, the female protagonist Ann has a vision of the Warlock figure John touched by a sword of sunlight--"the sword of light is, in this picture, celebratory, ceremonial; nature making John one of her knights" (Urquhart 153). In Canadian women's fiction, in which there is a strong tendency to link the positive values of compassion, vitality and non-conformity with nature and natural images, it is not surprising that the Warlock is usually portrayed as connected with nature and in terms of natural imagery. As an animal, comfortable in his body, the Warlock is often uncomfortable in a Hunterly society that hates and fears the physical and its expressions, suspicious of the chaos lurking in nature.

As a character, the Warlock bears a variety of social relationships--friend, mentor, usually lover--to central female figures in the fiction with which I am concerned. But in terms of his nature and relationship to the world, there is a kind of "twinning" that underlies these social connections, making the Warlock if not a male mirror image of a female character, then a close spiritual brother. His wound is similar to a wound sustained by the female figure with whom he is associated. His healing influence, thus, is not that of the aloof doctor, but comes most often from a living confirmation of experience outside of, or in opposition to, the dominant or oppressive (most often Hunterly) mode.

The issue of identity so central to my discussion of the Hunter is again central here. But while the ontically anxious Hunter tries to "fix the chaotic world of life



and movement"(Chapter One 12) into shapes he can control, the Warlock is, in Maurice Friedman's sense of the word, in dialogue with that world: he has "that courage to address and that courage to respond which rests on, embodies, and makes manifest existential trust" (Friedman 40).

### Warlocks and Hunters

It is as a foil for the Hunter figure that the significance of the Wounded Warlock is best initially understood, as the majority of Warlocks appear in fictions in which Hunter figures have major roles. In these works, the Warlock is depicted in terms of imagery and language, action, and stance to relationship that directly oppose the imagery and language, action, and stance to relationship through which the Hunter is evoked. I will therefore make systematic reference to generalizations about the Hunter made in Chapter One of this dissertation, in order to impress upon the reader the thoroughness of the Warlock's "answering" of the Hunterly problem.

While the Hunter is "associated imagistically with interiors and with a technology that is in some way hostile to nature"(Chapter One 12), the Wounded Warlock is depicted as living in accord with nature and in terms of natural imagery. In the critical context of Northrop Frye's The Bush Garden, we could initially characterize the Hunter as existing inside, and the Warlock as existing outside, the dominant cultural garrison. In the fiction with which I am

concerned, the Hunter is very much part of the culture that, in Frye's terms, achieves "the conquest of nature by an intelligence that does not love it"(Frye 224). In this fiction Warlocks, on the other hand, both love nature and embody the creativity and sexuality that the writers clearly associate with nature. They are, in fact, so consistently depicted as being in right relation with nature, that they run the literary risk of inhabiting what Frye terms a "revolutionary garrison"(Frye 231): that literary space in which moral subtlety and conflict give way to what might be known in current terminology as "political correctness". I will later, in the section on "Wounds, Twinning and Otherness", argue that the Warlock's importance and power for central female figures depends on more than such political correctness; that it has its roots in a deep fantasy of merging sameness and otherness. First, however, I will take an extended look at the remarkably consistent depiction of the Warlock as the Hunter's opposite, in terms of the issues of nature, children and childhood, sexuality, control, and identity that I discussed in Chapter One.

In Anne Cameron's "The Common Name for Digitalis is Foxglove", the figure of Blackie is a water diviner whose involvement with the forces of nature is so harmonious and complete that "his whole body glowed and tingled when it rained"(Cameron 180). Not the subtlest of writers in terms of her character development, Cameron has Blackie's relationship to nature spelled out by him quite overtly: "I...I guess I...I guess I respect water"(180). Blackie's respect for

natural forces is connected with his regard and love for children. While Blackie's brother Milt takes Hunterly anger so far as to hit his pregnant wife and cause her to miscarry twice, Blackie is depicted as a kind of maternal Adam. Child-like in his wonder, nurturing, and "natural"--his hand is a "large paw"--Blackie is the least complex, but perhaps most "archetypal" anti-Hunter:

"Sure is pink," he observed. The child lay contentedly and Blackie felt his stomach warm, his dark tanned arms and hands become suddenly confident. Shirt sleeves rolled just past his elbows, his large tanned paw cradling the child's head, he stared down as the baby stared up, and Blackie wondered at the undeniable truth he, himself, had once been that small. (183)

In case we have missed the point that Blackie is not, as is the Hunter figure, threatened by the otherness, chaos and sheer physicality of children, Cameron tells us that "Blackie loved kids. He loved most kids, and his own kids more than most; he adored Esther, and Jessie [Milt's child] had grown in Esther's body, so how could Blackie not love Jessie"(190).

Johnny, the Warlock figure in Constance Beresford-Howe's Book of Eve, is, like Blackie, a "natural"(Beresford-Howe 118) man, but his connections with nature are less direct, perhaps more "citified" (as befits the novel's Montreal setting). A Hungarian immigrant who has had to leave behind his family in the 1956 revolt, Johnny does not retreat from life but plunges into it: he cooks, gossips, and involves himself in the lives and problems of his rooming-house neighbours, including Eva, the novel's central figure. Johnny first appears in the

novel as the "Adam" (75) who falls down the stairs to Eva's floor of the rooming house. The physicality of his entrance into her life is emphasized by the bodily mess that accompanies it--his head bleeds and he vomits--and by repeated reference to his warmth: Eva finds "a strong warm pulse beating" (76) in his wrist, and he later takes her hand in "a large, warm grasp" (77). Such carnality stands in glaring contrast to Eva's remembered first impression of her husband, the Hunter figure Burt: "I thought he looked like a man cut out of paper"(41).

Johnny, who is a "vivid and vital" combination of "animal and thinker"(128), is, like Cameron's Blackie, strongly associated with children and animals. He washes and brushes a dirty stray cat back into health, and when the cat makes a noise of pleasure looks at Eva "as though our child had said something clever"(155); he insists upon leaving food saucers on the floor of the apartment for other stray cats who come in. He also welcomes in the retarded child Jean-Paul, and hopes that his mother's neglect of him as the time for the birth of her next child draws near, will mean he will more frequently stay with himself and Eva: "...it will be good then. She won't care, even more. Jean-Paul be more with us"(171). Jean-Paul with his "exotic ...eyes, with their look of primitive perception" has an "otherness...[that is] magic" (158). Johnny's un-Hunterly capacity to sustain and accept the otherness of others is suggested in the image of the wide-open door of the apartment, through which come "all sorts of intruders"(159): animals, smells, and the people with whom Johnny enjoys

"avalanches of chat"(159).

The final paragraph of the book connects him with the regeneration of life even amidst pain and disorder. Johnny's neighbour Jeanne LeBlanc struggles in poverty with several boys, one the retarded Jean-Paul, but wants desperately to have a girl child. Eva comes into Johnny's room to find him in private celebration for the desired child:

Into the house I went through the front door, and straight up the stairs to Johnny's room. He was lying on the unmade bed with a drink in his hand--from the blurred look of him, the last in a long series. But the first thing he said to me was, "Jeanne LeBlanc had a girl last night," with a great smile. (191)

The Warlock Johnny's positive association with birth, with the retarded child, and with dirty cats--with nature in three of its more "messy" forms--is highlighted by Beresford-Howe's depiction of the Hunter figure Burt's rejection of, or cruelty towards, precisely those same forms. Johnny celebrates new life amidst difficulty; Burt, the narrator remembers, "urged [her] to take the doctor's advice"(139) about aborting a fetus during a difficult pregnancy. Johnny accepts the retarded and "primitive" Jean-Paul as his own; in Eva's dream, Burt, "his pale flesh seem[ing] to swell with murderous anger", names Jean-Paul a "mongoloid bastard" and slashes him with a cane until the child makes a "blubbing wail of pain"(162). In the same dream, the stray cat that Johnny cleans and lavishes attention upon, is "poked"(161) by Burt until it hisses and

jumps away. Again and again, the Warlock's relationship with nature is depicted as opposite to that of the Hunter who, like Susan Griffin's pornographer, "has pushed away from his own mind the natural part of himself"(Griffin 66) and must perpetually attack reminders of it.

In Helen Weinzweig's Basic Black with Pearls, again the Warlock figure is positively associated with nature and with children. A "Senior Environmentalist" (Weinzweig 96), Andy O'Hara is "pain[ed]" by the sight of "men in overalls com[ing] to cut the elm down and feed it into a whining insatiable machine, branch by branch"(98). Andy's apartment is filled with colourful orchids with "erotic shapes"(108), and he is himself depicted as being at one with his surroundings: "In this room, Andy's red hair and bright blue eyes did not appear so intense; he was part of the colour"(108). In Andy's exotic apartment, the narrator feels that "scales are well-tempered and nature is teeming"(110). Andy's harmonious relationship with nature stands in contrast to the Hunter Zbigniew's stance of domination: the latter repeatedly and proudly tells the story of his taming of a wild mare into a creature "as submissive as a donkey"(126).

Andy's positive connection with children is less literal than that of some of the other Warlocks with whom I am dealing, but a scene which reveals Andy's relationship to his younger self stands in important contrast to a scene in The Diviners I discussed at length in Chapter One. In the latter scene, Brooke Skelton first denies and then denigrates the child-self who innocently enjoyed

the sexual warmth of his ayah and was punished for it. While Brooke pushes his childhood memory from him, so that it is forced to return in the form of a dream, Andy's relationship to his own childhood pain is portrayed as being delightfully, almost comically, open. Andy's story of adopted parents who had no regard for him and of the mysterious elusive woman he believed to be his mother, is triggered by the narrator's comment that, because Andy has mistaken her for a conferencing botanist, "I am not who you think I am"(96). Andy immediately and almost cheerfully replies, "I'm not who I think I am. Let me explain"(96), and launches into his story of childhood grief. Both Warlock and Hunter suffer, but what they do with that emotional laceration, that wound, is different. The contrast between Andy's open acknowledgement of his pain and Brooke's initial refusal to discuss his telling dream is not a matter of self-centered wallowing versus other-respecting restraint; Andy's open wound opens him to the integrity of others, while Brooke's smothered, raging child-self must smother the integrity of others as an existential threat.

I have already discussed the way in which Brooke's refusal to acknowledge his wounded child-self has strong negative implications for the way in which he deals with others. More specifically, I have argued that Brooke's self-proclaimed project of invulnerability to the world--the ayah incident teaches him "to run my life my way, to keep a firm control over things so that the external forces would batter at the gates as little as possible"(Laurence Diviners 229)--results in his

quasi-pornographic attack on Morag's wholeness, with his objectifying game of "Have you been a good girl?". I claimed that through his sexual domination of Morag, Brooke attempts a "reversal of [his] childhood trauma" (Chapter One 41) in which Morag is the desiring child and he is in control. The "good girl" ritual is civilized ontic cruelty, forcing apart Morag's desiring body and angry spirit, splitting herself from herself. Warlock Andy's open relationship with his suffering, on the other hand results in a precisely opposite relationship with a female protagonist. As suggested in the following conversation, which takes place just after he has told his story, Andy's distress over his own painful childhood and uncertain identity has made him receptive to the narrator's crisis of identity, and insistent on her right to be "whoever [she] [is]":

- People can be so cruel, I said.
- Please don't cry, he said.
- And your name, whose is it?
- I have always had it; it is mine now. Your name...?
- I use the name Lola Montez. She was a beautiful, clever and brave woman.
- Why not your own name, the one your parents gave you?
- When I look in the mirror, I see my mother's tragic face.
- There are no mirrors where I live. With me you can be whoever you are. (Weinzweig 98).

Like Andy, Changing Heaven's Warlock figure John shares with the female protagonist a story of childhood pain. As he details a childhood incident in which his precious books were burned, Ann notices that "his neck is flaring, red with emotion" (Urquhart 178). After this sharing, the two make love: "when they



make love, she is a river of pleasure, a garden of fire...The landscape belongs to John, and through his attentions to Ann, to her as well; the tributaries of his stories travelling over the moors and into the valleys. They are in place" (Urqhart 178). The placing of this passage directly below the scene of painful sharing, and the depiction of John's sexual generosity, suggest that John's openness with regard to his painful memory is connected with his openness with Ann. His telling and sharing allow the perimeters of Ann's identity to enlarge, for John's natural landscape now "belongs to...her as well".

The Diviners' Jules Tonnerre is strongly and positively linked both with actual children and with childhood. Most obviously, he fathers the child that Brooke Skelton, in his Hunterly desire to avoid "nuisance", refuses Morag. But there is, from before the conception of Pique, always a linking between Jules and the positive values of child-likeness that, in Chapter One, I argued the novel champions: imaginative power, and sexual and emotional honesty and intensity. The adult Jules, "never much of a games player"(Laurence Diviners 321), is as direct as a child with Morag about his desires, pain, and even anger. There is a primal honesty in his outburst of hatred for Morag and her race, after he learns of the way in which his sister died, that is implicitly contrasted with the "something melodramatic"(277) in Brooke's voice as he rails at Morag for "destroy[ing] [him]"(277). When Jules claims that he "hate[s]" Morag and "[e]very goddamm one"(275) of her race, his voice rumbles "like distant

thunder"(275). This natural metaphor suggests a child-like absence of manipulation or selfconsciousness; Jules' anger is as "natural" as weather. In Jules' singing, the same authenticity is apparent: his voice is "roughtrue"(280).

In a scene occurring after the teenage Morag and Jules have had their first sexual encounter, Laurence makes overt the positive association between Jules and childhood. This almost edenic passage is an oasis in Morag's difficult sexual life; here, she and Jules share physical warmth, and stories to feed the imagination:

"Tell me them," Morag says.

"You wanna hear? Why?"

"I don't know. I guess I like stories, is all."

"You're a funny girl, Morag." But he puts an arm around her, and they walk the chill mudcarpeted streets beside the empty trees and the quiet half-dark houses, and he tells her. Stories for children. As they walk together with their arms around one another, like children away from home with the night coming on. (142-3)

In this scene, Jules and Morag are both children, providing each other with enjoyment and comfort; such equality stands in contrast to the paternalism inherent in Morag's relationship to Brooke, in which she is his "littie one"(256) and "idiot child"(260).

The above scene is one of many in which Jules is depicted as being outdoors, and like most Warlocks he is strongly associated with the natural world. Again and again, the images through which Laurence presents him to us are natural ones: he has a "brown hawkish face"(126); he "mov[es] through the

world like a dandelion seed carried by the wind"(272); his hair is "combed back, like a mane"(337); and his penis is the "stallion" that Morag "[r]ide[s]"(342). It is a generalization, but not a gross one, to say that in the women's fiction with which I am concerned, Warlock is animal, and animal is good. There is, in fact, an interesting exception to this rule in The Diviners; Chas, the virtual stranger with whom Morag has "animal"(326) sex, and who assaults her, is described as having "cat-eyes" (328). Interestingly, though, Laurence partially strips Chas of these natural associations by describing his gaze, which is "alight with a hatred as pure as undiluted hydrochloric acid"(327). By describing this figure in terms of a highly technologized distillation of nature that can in fact maim and kill living beings, Laurence puts him back in the camp of the Hunter who, as I argued in Chapter One, is "associated with a technology that is in some way hostile to nature"(Chapter One 12).

There are other male figures in The Diviners who are associated strongly and positively with nature, and these figures--Royland, A-Okay, and Christie are, in fact, minor Warlock figures. Royland is "[l]arge and bulky as a polar bear"(25), and A-Okay has "a heart of sterling or oak, stalwart"(55). The most developed minor Warlock is Christie Logan, who is both described in terms of nature--"his hand is like when you feel the bark of a tree, rough rough"(30)--and depicted as being in an non-oppressive relationship with it. Unlike the Hunter Zbigniew in Weinzwieg's Basic Black with Pearls, who dominates his wild mare until it is as

"submissive as a donkey"(Weinzweig 126), Christie "never uses [his whip] on [his horse] Ginger"(Laurence Diviners 38). Christie, like other Warlocks I have discussed, is also associated positively with children; like Cameron's Blackie and Beresford-Howe's Johnny, Christie accepts with tenderness a child who is not biologically his. Late in her life Morag is able to acknowledge to him that he has been "my father to me"(396).

I have argued that the Hunter is "confining and confined" and suggested, borrowing from Susan Griffin, that his attempts to control all expressions of female movement and libidinous energy are related to his extreme discomfort with his own desire and with the "nature" within himself. The Warlock, by contrast, is depicted as both himself libidinally fluid-moving, laughing, warmly sexual--and encouraging of such jouissance in his female counterpart.

In "The Common Name for Digitalis is Foxglove", Blackie is repeatedly depicted as laughing, and stands in marked contrast to his brother Milt who, "hadn't so much as cracked a spontaneous smile since his twelfth birthday"(Cameron 182). Milt, a brutally violent Hunter figure fuelled by rage and a desire to control, marries Esther, who is Blackie's true spiritual twin: "God, how she laughed. Laughed so much and so easily..."(182). Milt, who "punches her out for laughing"(xx), nearly destroys Esther, but after Milt's death she begins, with the help of the Warlock Blackie, to heal. Esther and Blackie laugh together, and then this form of expressed and confirmed jouissance leads to

another when, with Blackie, Esther "for the first time in her life...experience[s] the power and wonder of orgasm"(189).

An almost identical pattern appears in Constance Beresford-Howe's The Book of Eve. Eva's hunterly husband Burt is "cold...and tight...with his bloodless lips and pale-blue eyes"(Beresford-Howe 75). Burt's "murderous rage"(74), usually sublimated into rigid middle-class respectability, once expresses itself in the ultimate attack on Eva's movement, freedom, and sexuality: rape. Leaving the ill and irritable Burt, and her "solitary confinement"(16) in a "marriage that had become a cage"(100), Eva lives independently and then becomes involved with a Hungarian immigrant, Johnny. Johnny welcomes and encourages Eva's spontaneous physical and emotional expressions. Unlike Cameron's Milt, who is enraged by his belief that Esther is making fun of him, Johnny responds to Eva's admission that she is laughing at his absurd views on Canadian politics, with generosity and delight:

"You laugh at me!" he said, flushing.

"Of course I do. You're so ridiculous, Johnny"." At once his face broke into a radiant smile. "Ah you look different woman laughing, pretty as a rose...You like a bird with bright eyes full of laughing."  
(114)

Johnny's own laughter and his delight in Eva's--"That's right, laugh. Let me hear you laugh"(126)--pervade the novel. And, as with Esther and Blackie, one form of libidinous release flows into another:

His mouth covering mine was warm, gentle and warm, sweet and

warm...He was drowning me then in a sweet, familiar pleasure I thought I'd forgotten all about, that hadn't existed for me since Burt turned it all into ugliness and hate those many years ago. (116)

Although The Diviner's Jules is more perpetually and deeply shadowed by his pain than are some other Warlock figures (I will focus later on the important subject of Warlocks' wounds), he too is described several times as laughing heartily. I have already discussed the scene from the novel in which Brooke Skelton responds to Morag's desire for a child with gentlemanly condescension: he "laughs, but very gently", and then recommends birth control: "Get yourself fixed up, won't you?" (Laurence Diviners 203). While Brooke's laugh here is associated with his paternalism and control, an instance of Jules' laughter confirms his respect for Morag's unconventionality. During a phonecall to Morag, Jules inquires about their daughter, Pique:

"What's with this guy she had a fight with?"  
 "Gord? He wanted to get married. She doesn't believe in it."  
 "God, what an example you've been to her," he said, but laughing, really in approval. (59)

As in "The Common Name For Digitalis is Foxglove" and The Book of Eve, The Diviners includes a scene in which the cold, angry and controlling sexuality of the Hunter is "undone" by a sexual encounter with a Warlock. I have earlier explored at length Brooke Skelton's ritualized sexual anger; his game of "have you been a good girl, love?". When Morag impulsively leaves Brooke and the

"lonely tower"(255) of her marriage, she has a sexual ritual with Jules, but in this ritual, as Jules rightly observes, she is "doing magic, to get away"(223). After her lovemaking with Jules, Morag feels "spent and renewed" by this "severing of inner chains which have kept her bound and separated from part of herself"(271). This sense of Morag's wholeness stands in direct contrast to the way in which Brooke's ritual, as I have earlier noted, forces apart her desiring body and angry spirit: "she is angry and wants to shove him away, wants no part of him. But her flesh responds to him, and she rises to him, rises to his bait..."(245).

I certainly agree with critic Leslie Monkman's assertion that Jules "does indeed function as the shaman of freedom and release in a novel much concerned with the 'magic' of sex, of water divination, and of the creative process", but I question Monkman's claim for "repeated evidence of Jules' sexual power over Morag" (Monkman 149). The word "over" would be more appropriately applied to Brooke Skelton's sexual relationship with Morag; his basic Hunterly stance over-and-against the world is incarnated in his being "poised above"(Laurence Diviners 245) the body of Morag--the desiring body that betrays Morag's angry spirit. Brooke's sexual power over Morag separates her from herself, while her sexual union with Jules helps her to come back to herself. Jules does not, like Brooke, hover above her until she utters the humbling password to physical pleasure, but rather, in "his gentleness", "pace[s]

himself according to her"(271).

I have already described The Fire Dwellers' Mac MacAindra as an earlier version of Brooke, and mentioned the sexual ritual between Mac and Stacey in which Mac presses on her neck and demands that she say it doesn't hurt. In this novel there is also a quasi-Warlock figure who, in a sexual ritual with Stacey, gives her (as Jules does Morag) something beyond physical pleasure-- a sense of herself apart from her relationship to her children and taciturn husband. There are hints, in Luke Ventura's portrayal, of excessive self-involvement and a limited attention span that suggest connections with the Adult Adolescent, but there are striking images and phrasings in which he strongly anticipates the character of Jules. When Stacey first sees him, Luke is outside, and wearing a "brown and off-white Indian sweater in thick wool with Haida or something motifs of outspread eagle wings and bear masks" (157). Though not Native himself, Luke has sympathy for the "kind of violent mourning" (203) of the Natives near the Skeena river for their lost heritage and present misery. Like Jules, he defies the need to be defined in terms of work; his scornful comment when asked by Stacey about his work, "Yeh, that's what you have to find out first thing, eh?" (160), anticipates Jules' remark to Morag in The Diviners that he is not "like" Morag in that he doesn't "have to do anything" (165). (Here, Luke even uses Jules' verbal signature, "eh?".) Unlike Brooke and Mac, and again like Jules, Luke is depicted as openly and heartily laughing,



and his sexuality is, though tinged with the young male pride of believing himself to be "rain in a dry year"(182), expressed in physical gestures of tenderness. While Mac holds her neck down during sex, Luke "outlines her face with his hands and kisses her eyelids" (201).

In Helen Weinzwieg's Basic Black with Pearls, there is again a contrast between the Hunter's tightly reined and reining libido, and the Warlock's sexual generosity and liberating influence. The face of the narrator's husband Zbigniew manifests his Hunterly rigidity, with its dominating gaze and clamped lips: "Behind Zbigniew's large lids are blue eyes, imperious in their gaze, which...never change their colour or expression. Relaxed, his mouth is full and curved; yet I remember it as a mouth with lips that barely open to speak"(Weinzwieg 119). The Warlock figure Andy, by contrast, has a "Dionysian"(109) appearance, with "a mouth turned up at the corners"(109). Even Andy's handwriting suggests the openness of his nature: "the spaces between the words were generous"(104). This generous space is, to recall Buber, the space of "the between", not the narcissistic distance at which the Adult Adolescent keeps himself from others. Andy, repeatedly depicted as smiling, helps the narrator relax in his company so that she "smile[s] with him"(109). And again, sexual rigidity and control is replaced by fluidity and shared pleasure. While Zbigniew has "pinn[ed] down" the narrator's leg during sex, "so that she cannot move, even if aroused"(133), Andy and the narrator

make love to Liszt's music, during which they "get to know each other, sense one another's intentions"(110). The description of their lovemaking is of participation in a ritual of mutuality:

Can you see the stars above? Andy asks; They're yours. He holds on to me, the music continues a little faster now as we roll over and he lies beneath me, he now looking up at the stars. The dancers tire, the music slows; we wait for it all to begin again, slowly the music is sad, life is sad, the plight of all lovers is sad, but here we are, in the dance, the music urges us on, faster, faster, yet there is no hurry, we can dance our lives away...now there are variations on themes, the dancers speed up and slow down, halt momentarily, the rhythms alternate, slow, fast, slow, fast, stop;and getting ready for the finale, the music races, chords,trills, arpeggios, the dancers whirl, faster and faster, until, in a joyous crescendo, in time with the crashing chords, they stamp their right heels and shout, Ha! (110)

When Weinzwieg playfully begins the above scene with the old cliché in which a man "promises the stars" to a woman, the reader is nervous about the Hunterly tendencies implied in the cliché: man's assumption that he owns nature and thus can "give" it; his manipulation of woman to get what he wants, etc. But immediately Weinzwieg disrupts the cliché, having the couple roll over so that Andy is beneath the narrator, himself looking at the stars. Unlike Zbigniew, who must "pin" the narrator down, Andy is not fearful of the vulnerability associated with the physical position of lying beneath his lover. Nor is he fearful of the "joyous crescendo" of lovemaking which, it is suggested in the imaginary dancers' shout of "Ha!", finds verbal expression. Andy's physical position and his implied open cry of pleasure recall the lovemaking scene in

The Diviners in which Jules Tonnerre lies beneath Morag, who "ride[s] [his] stallion" until he "cries out"(Laurence Diviners 342).

Again and again, sexuality reveals the fundamental differences in the relations of Hunters and Warlocks to the world: the Hunters Zbigniew, Brooke Skelton and Burt must "pin down"(Weinzweig 133), or be "poised above"(Laurence Diviners 245) or "force...open"(Beresford-Howe 74) their lovers, while their counterparts, the Warlocks Andy, Jules and Johnny, share with their lovers "a joyous crescendo"(Weinzweig 110), or "an urgent meeting" in which they are "equal to each other's body"(Laurence Diviners 342), or lovemaking that is "slow and friendly, natural as breathing" (Beresford-Howe 123).

A small but important detail of the scene from The Diviners mentioned above is the fact that when making love with Morag, Jules "holds her long hair"(Laurence Diviners 342). I have discussed in Chapter One the propensity of Hunters to "dress" their women in clothes or hairstyles that reflect their conception of appropriate or desirable femininity, and have noted Brooke Skelton's dislike of Morag's "messy" long hair, grown out of the coif he has encouraged. Brooke is distressed by Morag's rebellion on this point and, of course, by the more general spiritual rebellion that underlies it. Jules' profound acceptance of Morag's unconventionality and self-determination is strongly suggested in his gesture of reaching, in his most intimate moment, for the

"messy" long hair that has come to symbolize Morag's selfhood.

In Basic Black with Pearls, Hunterly dressing is again countered by the Warlock's acceptance of a woman's emerging sense of her own style. For the narrator of Weinzweig's novel, her basic black dress has come to represent her passivity and nonpersonhood in her marriage to the Hunter Zbigniew (and also in her affair with the Hunter/Adolescent Coenraad); when she leaves her basic black dress behind in her husband's house, she leaves behind the condition of being "a stranger from whom nothing is wanted and from whom nothing is expected"(Weinzweig 135). She chooses to take with her a dress designed "in slashes of red and blue and yellow on a green background"(133). She has already anticipated in her first encounter with the Warlock Andy, that "were I to come here [his apartment] again, I would not wear black"(108). Andy has told her that "[w]ith me you can be whoever you are"(98); his own colourful appearance and orchid-filled apartment suggest that he indeed welcomes the flamboyance and assertion associated with the kinds of bright colours the narrator chooses for herself at the end of the novel.

As I have earlier noted, the important point about Hunterly dressing is not so much the specific nature of the clothing or hairstyles that are imposed (although the specifics are, obviously, important to the understanding and appreciation of specific works), but the underlying issue of control, of the imposition of identity. Warlocks do not "dress" the women with whom they are involved because they

have no need to impose identity upon them. That the Warlock is content to do what the Hunter cannot--let a woman "be as she [is]" (Hindmarch Peter 9)--does not arise out of an Adolescent indifference to the personhood of others, but is, to borrow from Maurice Friedman's title, a true "confirmation of otherness".

It is such confirmation that The Stone Angel's Hagar acknowledges in her husband Bram when she says that "he was the only person close to me who even thought of me by my name, not daughter, nor sister, nor mother, nor even wife, but Hagar, always" (Laurence Stone 80). Bram Shipley is indeed a kind of Warlock figure, full of earthy vitality. Depicted as "always laughing" (46), he is, like Jules Tonnerre, a social outcast--"common as dirt" (47), and associated with mess. But in The Stone Angel, Bram does not serve the function of Jules in The Diviners, that is, as a shaman of release for a woman trapped in the gaze of a Hunter. In The Stone Angel, it is the central female character Hagar who is herself the Hunter figure, the one who wishes to "make over" the whole world. It is Hagar, her own controlling and deathly gaze imaged in the "doubly blind" (3) stone stare of the cemetery's angel, who does not accept Bram as he is, certain that under her control he will "prosper...[become] gentle...[and] learn...cravats and grammar" (50). Neither can Hagar accept her son John as he is, refusing to acknowledge his version of happiness--loving his girlfriend Arlene despite poverty. Her refusal to confirm John's and Arlene's ability to "open...to each other...in this mean and crabbed world" (208) is directly linked

to the accident that causes their deaths. Perhaps even more overtly because more literally than that of The Diviners' Brooke Skelton, Hagar's failure to let others "be as they are" is linked to death.

Confirmation often involves more than the acknowledgement or acceptance of the real subjectivity of others; there is also the distinct element of welcome, or, in the language of Friedman's mentor Buber, of greeting. A passage from The Book of Eve in which Eva describes her lovemaking with the Warlock Johnny evokes both elements of acceptance and welcome. Here the harsh Sartrean gaze of definition and imprisonment is replaced by the gentle, delighted, and confirming "seeing" of love:

His eyes looked down into mine, in amusement and tenderness. He seemed to see me there, me myself, and greet me with delight, and I had the absurd illusion that no man had ever before looked at and really seen me, in friendship as well as desire. (Beresford-Howe 116)

In Basic Black with Pearls, the narrator suggests a similar sense of acceptance and welcome on the part of her lover Andy. The narrator notes Andy's "excitement at [her] arrival" in his flower-filled apartment, and "how definite his welcome had been"(Weinzweig 108). Andy's affirmation of the narrator's presence stands in contrast to both her husband's and lover Coenraad's perpetual negation of her self, which exists for them, as I have mentioned, as an existential blank "from whom nothing is wanted and from

whom nothing is expected"(135). Weinzweig's brilliant phrasing here evokes a sense of both indifference and aggression--the narrator's nothingness is both assumed and enforced--against which the welcoming image of Warlock Andy's attic, "lit up, the glass eaves glowing yellow against the night"(135), stands in dramatic emotional opposition.

In The Diviners, Morag and Jules' division by race and class differences is not unimportant; Jules' periodic bursts of anger at Morag as part of the race that has oppressed his is an aspect of the book's fidelity to the recalcitrant reality of social and existential separateness. There can be no smoothing over of Jules' assertion at one point that "By Jesus, I hate you...I hate all of you. Every goddamn one"(Laurence Diviners 275). And yet between Morag and Jules there is deep confirmation in Friedman's sense, in which each separateness is present to the other. Such presence does not involve a liberal wash of sentimentality that erases difference, but rather "imagin[ing] the real"(Friedman 8), entering the territory of the other's pain and experience. When Morag leaves Brooke and goes with Jules to perform the sexual ritual that begins to heal her separateness from herself, Jules' comments reveal that he is imaginatively attuned to Morag's state. He understands, of their lovemaking, that Morag "had to do this first" (Laurence Diviners 272) as a prelude to her permanent severance from Brooke. He also understands her fierce independence, commenting as he helps the semi-drunk Morag to his

apartment that "You hate to ask anyone to prop you up sometimes, eh?"(270). Jules' and Morag's understanding is a deepening of the kind of immediate intuitive connection with emotional pain that The Fire Dwellers' Luke Ventura expresses when he asks the distraught stranger Stacey, "It hurts?" (159), and grasps the fact of her oppression: "Who held you down? Was it for too long?" (161).

It is not that Jules and Morag agree about issues, or even share the same values. About Luke Ventura, in many ways an early version of Jules, we are told explicitly that he appears "as though he were looking at things from some very different point of view" (159). Morag and Jules (like Luke and Stacey) do not have affinity, which, in Friedman's sense of the word, is "based on what people feel they have in common--race, sex, religion, nationality, politics, a common formula, a common creed"(Friedman 135). But Morag and Jules, who would be dating service mis-matches, each recognize and respect the reality, the recalcitrant "there-ness" of the other."True confirmation", Friedman argues, "means that I confirm my partner as this existing being even while I oppose him. I legitimize him...as the one with whom I have to do in real dialogue"(7). The following passage of dialogue between Morag and Jules reveals their attunement to one another's approaches to the world--Jules even finishes Morag's sentence--even as those approaches conflict:

"I should've phoned him, Jules. I should've--"



Jules rolls over in bed and stretches.

"Well, you didn't. So what now?"

"I have to go back and--"

"Stay?"

"No, But--"

"Tidy things up neat, eh?"

"Of course," she says angrily, and he laughs.

"It won't work, Morag. If you're going, go. Don't talk. It won't do a thing."

"Maybe not. But it's--"

"Your way."

"Yes. My way." (Laurence Diviners 276)

Later in this dialogue, their mutual understanding is again revealed when Jules offers Morag a place to stay while she collects herself. Morag tells Jules that she "won't stay long" in order "[t]o let him know she understands the terms on which his offer is being made"(276). Jules' simple reply, "Yeh, that's okay...I know"(276), completes the circuit of communication. At the heart of this simple exchange is the crux of the relationship--an engaged separateness. In the context of Morag's relationship with Brooke, in which she has been "[his] woman"(200), his "idiot child"(260), and "Mrs. B. Skelton"(245), such a notion of engaged separateness has no place. After Morag sleeps with Jules, Brooke assumes that it is Jules' responsibility to "provide a living"(278), and refers to him as Morag's "boyfriend"(278). Morag bristles at the label--"He is not my--as you repulsively put it --boyfriend"(278)--and the novel itself never defines the relationship in terms of any socially recognizable one. Jules helps Morag to become a self, but not as a father, husband, or boyfriend. Morag and Jules are

not often together during their lives, but during their periodic reunions, they are for one another touchstones of their own realities. Jules is, as Morag struggles to explain to Pique, "related to me in some way"(235). This sense of relatedness stands in contrast to Morag's vision of her paternal husband Brooke, who, appalled at her rejection of his offer to edit her novel, stands silent like "the unknown soldier"(261). The socially legitimate relative becomes the stranger, while the socially unrelated Warlock becomes kin.

The Warlock never "rescues" a female protagonist from her existential distress, her crisis of identity; such rescuing would simply be another form of Hunterly control. Confirmation, the acceptance and welcome of self by self, is not the conferring of identity one upon the other, in the way that Brooke Skelton makes Morag "Mrs. B. Skelton"(245). Friedman's discussion of the relationship of confirmation and identity is useful in understanding the function of Jules in The Diviners, and of Warlocks in general:

Mutual confirmation is essential to becoming a self--a person who realizes his uniqueness precisely through his relation to other selves whose distance from him is completed by his distance from them. (Friedman 7).

In this context, "distance" is not the narcissistic bubble of apartness in which the Adolescent protects himself from feeling and responsibility, but the necessary separateness of selves who would be whole. Laurence makes clear that Jules' need to be mostly apart from Morag (as Morag's need to be mostly apart from

Jules) is not part of the Adolescent's basic stance of avoidance and denial of the needs and reality of others. There is an existential grace in Jules' respect for Pique's otherness: "He is not ignoring Pique, but neither is he forcing her to recognize him, or to talk" (Laurence Diviners 339). In the following passage Laurence establishes Jules' unconventional but real fidelity to Pique, for whom he plays the songs that he instinctively understands she needs to shape her own identity:

There is no way he is ever going to apologize to Pique for his absence, and to defend himself would be to knock Morag, as it was her wish originally to have Pique. Still, Pique is his, and he will never in his life deny her....

"You don't remember, I guess," Jules says, "when you were a little kid, there, in Vancouver, and I sang the song to you about my grandfather Jules Tonnerre, your great grandfather? He fought with Riel, there, at Batoche, the last fight, in 1885. You remember the song?"

Pique frowns. It was a long time ago. There is no resemblance between five and fifteen.

"I kind of remember," she says, "but not that much."

"Well, here it is," Jules says.

He tunes his guitar, and sings....

He goes through the fifteen verses...Jules finishes and reaches for another beer which Morag has placed beside him. Then he and Pique look at one another. Pique again nods silently.

Apparently nothing needs to be spoken....It is all right, then. (425-426).

Christie Logan also serves the Warlock's function of enabling without imposing identity. In giving Morag the Piper Gunn stories he does not give her a real history or familial identity, but ignites in her the love of narrative that will help her tell her own life to herself. He also playfully, but importantly, gives her

a positive image of herself in the vision of Piper Gunn's female counterpart Morag: "a strapping strong woman she was, with the courage of a falcon and the beauty of a deer and the warmth of a home and the faith of saints"(51).

Like The Diviners, The Book of Eve and Basic Black with Pearls reinforce the point that the Warlock does not give a woman the identity she seeks, or provide her with the happily-ever-after that the Hunter could not. All three novels make clear that a female protagonist's relationship to a Warlock figure must not be a compulsive one or a comfortably self-immolating one: in other words, must exist outside the boundaries of traditional male-female union.

In Basic Black with Pearls the narrator meets the Warlock Andy at what appears to be an environmentalists' convention, and receives from him at her hotel a note and key so that she can "Let [her]self in" (Weinzweig 102) to his apartment. The narrator admits that "the temptation was strong to take a cab to Andy's"(104): the word "temptation" here implies her propensity for compulsion, but also her awareness that she must see compulsion as something to be resisted. She decides that she is "not in any hurry"(105), and wanders the streets in order to mull over and gain some critical distance from her self-destructive relationship with the elusive Coenraad. This sense of not being in any hurry, not in a desperate rush to put her self into new male hands, characterizes her relationship with Andy. When she finally does go to Andy's apartment, he asks her, after their lovemaking, to "stay"(111). That his "stay" has

the rather more serious sense of "engage in a relationship" than of "spend a few more hours here", is implied in his subsequent weighty question, "-Are you worried about making a mistake?"(III). The protagonist decides to leave, not because she feels in any way coerced, but because she needs to learn more about herself, and who she, in her basic black dress, has been. In the following passage, the possibility of her independence and self-discovery co-existing with Andy's existential greeting becomes apparent:

If I had not left when I did, much of what I subsequently learned would have remained hidden from me. I continued to take walks and go in and out of public buildings , but, Janus-like, began to look in two directions-where I'd been and where I was going. The important thing was that behind me now was a door I knew I could open with my own key any time I wanted to and be welcomed.  
(111)

Following this passage is another important one, in which the narrator recalls a conversation with Andy in which he assures her that her presence will not intrude upon his work and in which each agrees to engage in an activity the other enjoys; the narrator will go on country walks with Andy, and he will go on city walks with her. As walking is, in the novel, a metaphor for the style in which one makes one's way through life, the conversation essentially promises a sharing of "paths".

This sharing, it is important to note, will not mean the absorption of one identity into the other, but the mutual acceptance and welcome of otherness that Friedman terms "confirmation". Both "walks" will be shared. When the

narrator remembers her conversation with Andy, she can "not help but compare this exchange with an incident in Stolkholm" in which she and the Hunter/Adolescent Coenraad have just made love, and almost made Coenraad late for an appointment at the American Embassy:

I held out the cuff-links, I placed his overcoat, gloves and hat near the door (it was winter), and as he hurried to dress, Coenraad said, Lucky for me I didn't know you years ago. And I weak-kneed and sated, replied, Oh, but I wish we had! My life would have been fulfilled! Exactly, he replied, you would have been fulfilled, but I would never have amounted to anything. (112)

The Hunter and the Adolescent who, in different ways, conceive of otherness as an encroachment upon the self must, like Coenraad here, perceive the kind of intense involvement desired by the narrator, as an existential threat. But the narrator's desire to be "fulfilled" by Coenraad is in a sense part of precisely the same world view, in which selves can give to or take identity from one another. The Warlock Andy, on the other hand, neither offers the narrator an identity--"With me you can be whoever you are"--nor is concerned about his being robbed. The Warlock does not provide a female protagonist with an identity, but through his existential assent to, and welcome of, her reality, helps her become "whoever [she] [is]".

This "existential assent", as I have termed it, does not mean that the Warlock will conform seamlessly to all of the needs and desires of a female protagonist; again, he will not provide the happily-ever-after of the Harlequin romance. At a

plot level, Constance Beresford-Howe's The Book of Eve very much exemplifies Friedman's contention that confirmation does not always come in the form in which it is expected. Eva's rage at Johnny's sexual infidelity is rage at the fact that, as Friedman puts it, "life does not comport itself as we think it should" (Friedman 46). When she decides that she wants to carry on the relationship with the man who has in fact given her deep confirmation--who has seen and welcomed "me, myself"(Beresford Howe 116)-- it is not because she knows that he will play any stable social role for her, but because she decides to give up what she sees as a self-enclosed moral purity and become "involved"(189) with the messiness of life and relationship. And it does appear that Johnny is capable of relationship, despite indications that he may be a very distant cousin of the Adult Adolescent.(At one point Eva depicts him in terms of imagery of consumption, as "[l]oafing around here, swilling drink and pigging down food" (135).)

Eva does not expect that Johnny will "give" her happiness; she tells her son, in fact, that "happiness is not the point" (190). Beresford-Howe's inclusion of Johnny's infidelity as a plot element is, I suspect, the author's way of disrupting the "rescue plot" of mainstream romance, in which a woman's relationship with a violent or uncaring brute is replaced by an idyllic unproblematic union in which, as Morag caustically writes of herself with Brooke, "her...guts dissolve with gratitude"(Laurence Diviners 200). The infidelity reminds Eva of her

separateness, and it is as a separate self that she decides to re-enter the relationship.

In the context of the novel's feminist sensibility, some of Johnny's verbal assertions are "politically incorrect". He overtly proclaims, for example, "the superiority of the male" (Beresford-Howe 135). But, as I hope I have shown, such rhetoric is at odds with the many significations of Warlock-hood I have noted. As a "natural" man, connected with children and animals, sexually generous, and accepting and nurturing of Eva's emerging selfhood, he is "politically correct". I have made reference earlier to Frye's garrison theory, and suggested that Warlocks run the risk of being stifled in the "revolutionary garrison". His "right relation" with the world cannot account fully for the Warlock's strong appeal for female protagonists and for readers; in fact, the Warlock I have termed an "archetypal anti-Hunter"(Chapter Three 172), Anne Cameron's Blackie, is the least compelling among his Warlock brothers. In the next section on wounds and twinning I will add depth to his portrait by exploring the Warlock's magic from an angle other than anti-Hunterism.

#### Wounds, Twinning and Otherness

I have developed in Chapter One the idea that often a Hunter figure is situated in a novel as a locus of anti-value; he becomes not just a character, but "an embodiment of all that threatens what the novel suggests is good, or



harbours the possibility of good" (Chapter One 49). In a similar way, the Warlocks I have been discussing are quasi-mythical loci of value. In chapter One I exemplified my generalization with a section on The Diviners, in which I argued that Brooke Skelton opposes or threatens that which the novel suggests is life-affirming: child-likeness, faithfulness to history, "mess" of various kinds, and social marginality. The Warlock Jules is Brooke's mythical opposite: he is child-like; he is faithful to memory and to Pique, the living embodiment of his history with Morag; he is associated with creative chaos; and he is the obvious representative of social marginality.

Similar comparisons may be made between the Hunter and Warlock figures in The Book of Eve and Basic Black with Pearls, though specific values vary slightly. However, I do not wish here to draw out the specific cases of this generalization that the Warlock is a locus of value. I would instead direct attention to the context of my discussion of Brooke Skelton as locus of anti-value. I there present Skelton as one of a class of Hunters who are "managed"--mastered, disposed of, overcome--by their very status as nexus of negative values. Some reiteration will be useful here:

...the[se] Hunter figures achieve an almost mythic stature as embodiments of world views. Because these world views are on the authors' chopping blocks, the Hunters are consistently permitted far less ambiguity or possibility of transformation than their female counterparts: they must remain still if the axe is to strike cleanly. These Hunters are disturbing, but in the limited sense that the structures of power, thought , and feeling that they

embody are presented as oppressive. They are unpleasant in the way that a disease is unpleasant. The ultimate question becomes one of how to cope, and the answer is already partially given in the analysis itself: through a process of enlightenment a female consciousness recognizes the problem and takes a stand of opposition. These fictions may be complex in that the negative paradigms they explore are interweavings of social, emotional, psychological and political strands; however, in terms of the reader's sense of how she is to regard--to judge, to feel about--the Hunter, narratives like The Diviners are relatively uncomplicated. (Chapter One 50)

An important subtext of that argument for the present context is that figures who are politically incorrect are not particularly compelling as literary creations. It follows, I would argue, that figures who are consistently politically correct are even less so. The Warlock, only as a nexus of positive values, would not be emotionally compelling for either reader or female protagonist, could not convincingly be a "bohunk, wizard" or a "shaman". I contend that where the Warlock is compelling beyond his status as locus of all-things-good, his interest is connected to the nature of his wound, and to his uncanny "twinning" with his female counterpart.

There is a fascinating passage in Margaret Atwood's short story "Uglypuss" which, I would argue, provides an important insight into the importance of the Warlock figure. There is, in fact, no Warlock figure present in the story; its major male character is Joel, whom I have discussed extensively as an Adult Adolescent. What is of interest about the story in this context is the fantasy the female protagonist, Becka, creates for herself in imagining a better alternative

to the suffering inflicted by the careless Joel, with his "detachable prick". She imagines putting an advertisement in the paper:

This time she wouldn't be so picky, she'd settle for a man maybe a little worn around the edges, a second, with a few hairline cracks, a few pulled threads, something from a fire sale, someone a little damaged. Like those ads for adoptable children in The Star: "Today's Child". Today's lover: A man in a state of shock, a battered male. She'd take a divorced one, an older one, someone who could only get it up for kinky sex, anything, as long as he'd be grateful. That's what she wants, when it comes right down to it: a gratitude equal to her own. (Atwood Bluebeard's 90)

It is significant that Becka's desire here is not to reverse her suffering and find a male she can dominate or wound, but to find a male who is suffering or has suffered. There are two important elements to this fantasy. One is that it reveals a desire for commonality, for understanding: a suffering man will presumably be sympathetic to her own suffering in a way that Joel, depicted as detached from feeling, cannot. The second element is the implicit sense that suffering reveals a capacity for intimacy. What Becka seeks is a man who is emotionally tender, in both senses of the word--"sore or bruised" and "capable of emotional warmth". That Becka eventually thinks in terms of mutual gratitude is not as dismal or pathetic as even she herself seems to think. There is a suggestion in the concept of "gratitude" (much more apparent in English novels of the nineteenth century--for example, those of Jane Austen-- than it is currently) of appreciation and feeling.

On further consideration Becka decides that her fantasy man may "be...[no]

different from the rest", in that all men are "a little damaged"(90), but her initial desire for the wounded male as an alternative remains significant for us. The women writers with whom I have been concerned have revealed ways in which Hunters and Adolescents have indeed been "a little damaged". I have spent some time discussing, for example, the emotional wound suffered by Brooke Skelton's child-self. The important part of Becka's fantasy, however, is not the fact of a male wound, but the fact of woundedness, or of felt, not sublimated, suffering. And the Warlock figure, as he appears in Canadian women's fiction, is the man who reveals his capacity for feeling and for accepting the chaos of otherness, through his capacity for unsublimated suffering. He does not, as I mentioned in the introduction to this chapter, transmute his pain into control (as does the Hunter) or emotional anesthesia (as does the Adolescent), but allows it to make him receptive to the world.

The Warlock's unusual relationship with his own wound is only part, however, of what makes him compelling for female protagonist and reader. After all, the capacity to suffer well and be receptive to the suffering of others may simply be another "good" that a novel or story champions and needs embodied in a character. What is significant about the Warlock's wound is that it mirrors a wound suffered by a female protagonist. The Warlock thus functions in a curiously paradoxical way: he is at once the real, receptive "other" to the female protagonist, and also a kind of masculine projection of her own woundedness

and often creativity, a male twin. It is this paradox, I would argue, that underlies the Warlock's magic: the literary fantasy of the Warlock is the fantasy in which the uneasily-reconciled desires for sameness and for difference are reconciled. The Warlock is both the female protagonist's suffering, creative self and the mysterious sexual other.

I will now amplify and complicate these generalizations by focussing mainly on three specific Warlock figures, with attention to the issues of wounds, twinning, and the same-other dialectic I have raised. One is the figure of Jules Tonnerre, whom I have already considered as The Diviners' embodiment of anti-Hunterism; another is Ralph Gillespie, the "hidden" Warlock in Alice Munro's most overt exploration of female identity, "Who Do You Think You Are?". The the third is not a human male, but the "indubitably male" bear of Marian Engel's Bear (Engel 35).

I will begin with The Diviners, as it is in this novel that the Warlock is most fully and obviously realized, in the figure of Jules Tonnerre. Jules' wound is social, one of "class"--he is a Metis, a member of a family who is, in the social mythology of Manawaka, "dirty and unmentionable" (Laurence Diviners 69). He is a third-class citizen, confined to the margins of a white culture which, like the boys in the young Morag's class is "scared of him" and also considers itself "better than he is"(69). As a child he is already hardened and street-wise, not showing his vulnerability and pain; to remarks passed among his peers, "he just

doesn't let on"(69). The young Jules sublimates his rage and pain into a socially acceptable form of misogyny--sexual objectification and humiliation of women. Even the young Morag recognizes that "Skinner [Jules] is just the same as all the boys in that way. He is mean. He knows a lot of swear words and isn't afraid to use them to make girls feel silly or cheap" (68). At one point in the novel Jules sits with the adolescent Morag on a river bank discussing his turbulent family situation, but then abruptly backs away from feeling, reciting to Morag what he sarcastically refers to as a "real poem":

"When apples are ripe they should be plucked,  
When a girl is sixteen she should be fucked." (128)

As Morag retreats, aroused and afraid, Jules laughs; the mirth is coarse and Hunterly as are the decorations in his room where Morag, a few years later, goes for her first sexual experience: "pin-ups of movie stars, women with big breasts and carmine mouths. Also the pelt of a skunk, black and white"(137).

For the first third of the novel then, Jules, with his sublimated rage, his objectification, his skunk pelts, would seem to be a Hunter-in-training rather than the receptive, confirming Warlock I have described in the previous section. It would be overly simple to merely assert that between his earlier and later interactions with Morag, Jules somehow matures into a good-guy Warlock we can like. Jules is an attractive character from the beginning, and I would argue that he is so compelling precisely because he is not only a character, but also a

male projection of Morag's wounded and creative self. Again and again, through repeated images and phrases, Laurence invites us to see Morag and Jules as spiritual twins.

The adopted child of Christie, the "scavenger"(36) who works in the dump, Morag is, though to a lesser extent than Jules, socially outcast. She is pitied for her poverty by the (aspiring) middle class women of the town, and overhears her teachers debating about whether she is "maybe not quite all there"(62), or simply sullenly bright. Laurence links Morag and Jules through the motif of overheard criticism to which they appear invulnerable: like Jules, overhearing the remarks of his classmates, Morag "doesn't let on"(65) that she has heard or is disturbed by the comments of her teachers.

Another motif that links the young Morag and Jules in both their woundedness and strength, is that of singing--or not singing--in a context in which they are outsiders, Jules with respect to culture and Morag with respect to norms of femininity. As the English, Irish, and Scottish roots of Manawaka are affirmed in the song Morag's grade four class sings, "The Maple Leaf Forever", Morag notices that Jules, who "has the best voice in the class", is "not singing now"(70). Here he is literally silent in the celebrated presence of the dominant culture. In a later scene, Morag, who also "has a good voice"(80), tries out for the solo to be sung at a Christmas Eve service. When she is rejected in favour of the more stereotypically feminine Vanessa McLeod, she immediately

suspects that she has been rejected on the basis of her appearance: "Would Mrs. McKee think Morag would look okay, standing up there alone in the choir loft? Would Mrs. McKee be that way? Sure. You bet. Any of them would. Wouldn't they?" (82). Morag, who "isn't a little flower"(62), has "straight black hair"(9) and is statuesque and athletic: "She is tall and doesn't care who knows it...she's a tomboy too...Hardly any boys ever tease her these days" (66). The spiritual twinning of Morag and Jules is reinforced by the fact of their physical similarity as adolescents; Jules is "taller than any of the other boys and has better muscles"(69) and has "straight black hair"(127). Both Morag and Jules have "long legs" (72; 138).

After the teenage Morag and Jules first make love, they look at each other "like conspirators"(138). What is the conspiracy? I would argue that in the context of the book as a whole, the secret project is to tell the truth and to forge suffering and insight into, in the title of Laurence's own autobiography, a "dance on the earth"--into form that expresses experience. Jules is Morag's spiritual twin not only in his suffering, but also in his role as artist/story-teller.

I have argued that the Wounded Warlock lives in his suffering, that he does not sublimate it, and I must therefore briefly make clear my perhaps idiosyncratic sense of the nature of sublimation. I accept a quasi-Freudian notion of sublimation as the disguising, masking, or re-routing of primal impulses, but do not consider art (as does Freud) as necessarily involving



sublimation<sup>1</sup>. For Freud, sublimation carries the sense of the denial to consciousness of original conditions or wounds; I would argue that art may or may not involve such denial, that, to switch to existentialist terms, it may be in good or bad faith. I have argued that each of the Hunter and Adolescent denies his wounds, the first by retreating into a confined and confining role as existential tyrant; the second, to recall Christopher Lasch, in his "flight from feeling". Jules Tonnerre does not deny his wounds, and the wounds of his people, but comes to explore them, give them shape, in his songs.

Like the novel Morag is writing--The Diviners itself--, Jules' songs are full of anger, celebration, and pain, but never corrosive cynicism, detachment, or sentimental and false resolution. In his song about his father Lazarus, for example, Jules laments that "Nothing was always his Everything", and rages at "the damn town" that both ignored and disdained his father, but celebrates Lazarus' tenacious hold on life:

Lazarus, he never slit his throat, there.  
Lazarus, he never met his knife.  
If you think that isn't news, just try walking in his shoes.  
Oh, Lazarus, he kept his life, for life. (Laurence Diviners 463)

In their tenderness--both "bruisedness" and deep feeling--Jules' songs are, like his voice, "rough, true"(280). Jules sees himself as quite different from Morag in terms of his relation to what might be termed "endeavour": he tells Morag, "I don't have to do anything all that much. I'm not like you"(165). But as a song-

writer, a forger of experience into words, Jules is Morag's artistic, as well as wounded, twin.

The spiritual twinning I have described, however, the imagistic suggestion of the sameness of Morag and Jules, never in The Diviners dissolves into what critic Beverly Rasporich, writing on Alice Munro's Who Do You Think You Are?, describes (very mistakenly) as Munro's "platonic ideal of universal brotherhood"(Rasporich 26). The insistent references throughout to Jules' "cock" (Laurence Diviners 138) , and "his sex" (338) that disturbed the novel's detractors, remind us that Morag's spiritual brother is also very much her sexual other. But the eroticism in the novel is, I would argue, not in the fact of sex per se or in the sexual scenes between Morag and Jules, but in the perpetual tension between sameness and difference, between the image of Jules as "related to" (235) Morag, and the image of Jules as sexually, racially and existentially other. The young Morag's wondering, "[w]hat is he really thinking, in there?...You can't ever be sure"(139) is not a perplexity that Morag ever "solves", but neither does it negate her relatedness to Jules. The Wounded Warlock, at his most intriguing, is precisely this Same-Other.

I have already described Anne Cameron's Blackie ("The Common Name for Digitalis is Foxglove") as an "archetypal anti-Hunter" and have detailed his Warlockian characteristics. I have also asserted that he is the least compelling of his Warlock brothers. I would argue that the reason for this is that while

Cameron gestures at the kind of same-other tension I have described, she does not insist on it in the subtle, imagistic ways of other writers.

I have earlier suggested Blackie and Esther's sameness in my comment that he is her "spiritual twin". The Warlock Blackie shares with his female partner Esther a woundedness--both suffer, in differing degrees and circumstances, from the Hunterly rage of Blackie's brother Milt. Both are depicted as open characters who love to laugh. Their otherness consists in their gender difference, and in the quirky individuality of Blackie as a man obsessed by water. So, technically, the sameness and otherness that I have suggested as elements of erotic tension are present. But interestingly, there is neither a subtle interconnectedness nor a real sense of distinct ontological boundaries in Cameron's description of Blackie and Esther's togetherness. Somehow, both a too-fatuous sameness (Blackie and Esther are both good and sweet), and merely quirky or external difference (they are differently gendered and Blackie has a bizarre "thing" for water) undercut potential erotic tension, as in the following passage:

They'd been married a week when, for the first time in her life, Esther experienced the power and wonder of orgasm. She clung to Blackie fiercely and knew nobody and nothing was getting in the way of this, not ever. "I love you, Blackie," she said for the first time. "I love you, Esther," he cuddled her gently, his eyes streaming tears. "I have loved you since before I met you. You are...you're like water to me," and Esther knew she would never get a higher compliment if she lived to be a zillion years old, which she did not expect to do anyway. (Cameron 189-190)

While Cameron gestures at but fails to evoke eroticism, Jane Urquhart in Changing Heaven, an immensely sophisticated exploration of female desire and of the kinds of same-other dynamics I have been describing, depicts an erotic connection that fails from lack of otherness. John is "technically" a Wounded Warlock figure; I have earlier in this chapter mentioned his connection with childhood. A moor-edger, John is completely integrated with nature: he tells Ann that on the moors, "you learn either to fight or to play with the wind. Over the years I've chosen to play" (Urquhart 185). John has "smiling" (134) eyes, and a gentle humour. He is a "healer of the sick" (149), and is perpetually depicted as spiritually generous, as open: "John opens his large hands towards her, as if by investigating his palms Ann should be able to read his honesty" (170). Like Ann, John is a storyteller. Like her, he has suffered in love (though he loses his partner through death, while Ann's Adolescent, "the forever absent Arthur" (190) has always been lost to her). With John, Ann feels thorough existential comfort: when they make love, [t]hey are in place" (178).

However, though a wounded healer who soothes the wounds she has incurred in her self-destructive relationship with Arthur, John is for Ann "the light that warms, not the flame that burns" (153). Why does this Warlock not compel? Why is his sexuality not, like Jules Tonnerre's, "magic"? It is possible to psychologize the character of Ann, to analyse her masochistic version of same-other eroticism, in which Arthur's otherness involves not only a

recalcitrant presence outside her own, but a denial of very being, a "rejection" (106); there would be some truth in such an analysis, despite the dangers and limitations of the project of psychologizing literary figures. However, what I am interested in here is Urquhart's sophisticated depiction of a Warlock who wanes from full presence for the female protagonist precisely because he is so present, so "clear". In the following remarkable passages from the novel, Urquhart evokes the paradox that the man of whom Ann has "total revelation", is also the man she can "barely perceive":

Ann loves the word "lad," the way it sounds near the fire. There can be nothing wicked about a man who uses the word "lad," nothing unnatural. The clarity of such a man is astonishing; as if these simple words he uses are a microscope directed at his heart and placed there for the purpose of total revelation. (53)

He has walked into her life and has brought with him no tension, no discomfort. Her muscles relax in his presence, her mind untwists, pretence evaporates. Sometimes he is just a voice and Ann can barely perceive him where he sits in the opposite armchair near the fire: his white hair tinged with orange, the wonderful rhythms of his speech washing over the furniture of the house. (53)

John is so there, so accessible, so known, that he fades as a full presence and becomes a voice. Through passages like these the novel subtly suggests that Ann and John's relationship bears a similarity to that of the Wuthering Heights characters with whom Ann is so obsessed: "Catherine and Linton inside, locked in the unmoving trance of compatability" (101). John and Ann's lovemaking, in

which they are "in place", is a lovemaking that expresses existential comfort, but also suggests erotic stasis.

I have returned repeatedly, in my discussion of Warlocks, to lovemaking scenes, and have contended that "again and again sexuality reveals the...relation...of Warlocks to the world" (Chapter Three 188). Interestingly, however, one of Canadian fiction's most compelling Warlock figures is never depicted in a sexual encounter with his female counterpart. And yet I would argue that Alice Munro's Ralph Gillespie ("Who Do You Think You Are?") functions precisely as the female protagonist's Same-Other, her Wounded Warlock.

"Who Do You Think You Are?" is, as the title suggests, very much a story about identity. On the level of plot or "happenings" Ralph Gillespie has no overt connection with the markers of that developing identity, with Rose's sexual life, or her decision to move away from a small town to become an actress. He has no important social connection with her; he simply "was a boy in school, Ralph"(Munro 195). And yet the story insists on Ralph's importance through subtle and repeated suggestions of their sameness, of the fundamental likeness of their stances toward the small-town world of Hanratty which both wounds them and spurs their creativity. Ralph, as character, does not significantly shape Rose's identity so much as reflect it.

I have noted that after The Diviners's Morag and Jules make love for the

first time, they look at each other "like conspirators"(Laurence Diviners 138). Rose and Ralph Gillespie's wordless moment of mutual recognition and critique of small-town conversation in the Legion, is described in precisely similar language: "Rose and Ralph Gillespie looked at each other. There was the same silent joke, the same conspiracy, comfort; the same, the same"(Munro Who 209). The mutual affirmation between the adult Rose and Ralph here is "the same" as that which existed between them as children in school who had "developed the comradeship of captives, of soldiers who have no heart for the campaign"(203).

Less overtly than Morag and Jules, Rose and Ralph Gillespie are never-the-less similarly socially wounded. Both have too much energy and imagination to exist contentedly within the social norms of Hanratty, and both are implicitly criticised for their related "arts". Rose leaves town to become an actress, while Ralph is, like the Milton Homer he imitates, "a mimic of ferocious gifts and terrible energy"(196). Ralph, who as an adult "carries on"(206) with his imitations at the local Legion, is seen by the townspeople as one who, in Rose's Aunt Flo's words, "don't know when to stop"(206). Rose, having returned from Toronto for a visit, is, as she sits in the Legion, "aware of having done things that must have seemed a bit high-handed"(207), and knows that her getting up to look at pictures on the Legion's walls, "could have looked as if she was parading around the room, asking for attention"(207). Both Rose and

Ralph, in their different contexts, are theatrical; both suffer in a context where "one of the most derogatory things that could be said about anyone...was that he or she was fond of parading around"(195).

Ralph is literally wounded, in the peacetime Navy, and then later, Rose discovers by reading a local paper she has sent to her, suffers "fatal head injuries"(210) after he falls down the stairs at the Legion. He is, quite literally, killed by the Legion, the embodiment of small-town life. Rose's "wound" is not physical, but an uneasiness that takes the form of a "peculiar shame which she carried around with her"(209). Munro is too subtle a writer to blame Rose's sense of shame, her wound, entirely on her social context--part of it derives from a kind of artistic pride, a concern that in her acting "she may have been paying attention to the wrong things, reporting antics, when there was always something further, a tone, a depth, a light, that she couldn't and wouldn't get"(209). There is an indication that Ralph's wound too is more subtle, complex, than simply the suffering of small-town snubbing, that it too may involve pride: Rose's "first impression of him , as boyishly shy and ingratiating, had to change. That was his surface. Underneath he was self-sufficient, resigned to living in bafflement, perhaps proud."(209). Again and again, Rose and Ralph are subtly twinned, and by the final line of the story very overtly so: "What could she say about herself and Ralph Gillespie, except that she felt his life, close, closer than the lives of men she'd loved, one slot over from her



own?"(210).

It is perhaps the sameness of Rose and Ralph that I have described that has led Beverly Rasporich, in Dance of the Sexes: Art and Gender in the Fiction of Alice Munro, to assert in an interview with Munro that by the end of Who Do You Think You Are? (which is also the story "Who Do You Think You Are?"), Rose "is almost dispassionate in the end where you seem to indicate a kind of platonic ideal of universal brotherhood"(Rasporich 26). Rasporich has clearly missed the erotic--same/other--tension that is a pervasive feature of "Who Do You Think You Are?". It is only half the story to say that Rose and Ralph are "brothers", that it is their similarity that accounts for Rose's impression that Ralph, though quiet, seems "attentive, even welcoming"(209) while she talks with him at the Legion. I would draw the reader's attention to the fact that in describing Warlock figures in an earlier section of this chapter I noted the "existential assent" of Warlocks Johnny (The Book of Eve) and Andy (Basic Black with Pearls), who "greet"(Beresford-Howe 116) and "welcome" (Weinzweig 108) their female counterparts. The context of that description involved Friedman's sense of mutual confirmation, which is precisely not a platonic merging of selves into a unified brotherhood, but, as suggested in his title, a confirmation of otherness. Through structural features of, and images in, her story, Munro insists that Ralph, while Rose's spiritual twin, is also an other whose being remains as mysterious as that elusive "depth, tone, light" she

strives for in her art.

In the middle of the story, there is a long passage in which Rose and Ralph's similarity and intimacy is described overtly, and in a sustained, almost cloying, manner. Munro speaks of the two children's "helpful conspiracy", their "family similarity, not in looks but in habits or tendencies"(Munro Who 203). She evokes the "mutual kindness" between them as their "shoes and boots became well acquainted, scuffling and pushing in friendly and private encounter"(203). There is the "physical frankness" of a joke shared about dandruff, and finally Rose's concern for Ralph's success as he embarks on his career of imitations in front of his classmates. Rose is not only concerned for, but wants to be like, Ralph; she experiences a "shaky sort of longing" to "transform herself" in a similar "magical, releasing way"(203). Much of this sense of comfort and sameness is summed up in Munro's description of Rose and Ralph's "spurious domesticity"(203).

Such "domesticity" is disrupted, however, by the next passage, in which the reader is told that when Rose and Ralph meet outside class, they do not stop to talk; though they "kn[o]w each other's neck and shoulders, heads and feet", they are "not able to confront each other as full-length presences"(204). The sense of strangeness, otherness, being suggested here is given a gendered character in the next passage, in which Rose discovers that Ralph has joined the peacetime Navy, a world of men. At this point, she is "just beginning to

understand that the boys she knew, however incompetent they might seem, were going to turn into men and be allowed to do things that you would think required a lot more talent and authority than they could have"(204). Rose and Ralph are not the same.

For the next section of the story, until the adult Rose and Ralph meet in the Legion on Rose's visit to Hanratty, the sense of Ralph as other, apart from Rose, is maintained by the fact that Rose (like the reader) only hears about him from her Aunt Flo-- about his injury, about the pension that is resented by some of the Legion-goers, about the imitations Flo describes as "carr[ying] on"(206). He thus remains present, through Rose's curiosity, but also distant, as a curiosity being discussed.

The final conversation in the Legion between Rose and Ralph acts, in "Who Do You Think You Are?", in much the same way as more overtly erotic scenes in other fictions I have dealt with; here the subtle interweaving of similarity and difference occurs not in the twining of bodies but in conversation. In the context of the small-town Legion atmosphere, with its self-protective hypocrisy, Rose and Ralph experience "the same silent joke, the same conspiracy"(209), but their closeness is interlaced with a sense of their mysterious otherness to each other. Rose senses an other self below Ralph's "surface" of "boyish...shy[ness]", wishes "that he would speak to her from that level", and thinks "he wish[es] it too"; she proclaims, however, that "they were

prevented"(209). Rose (like Munro) seems to recognize that this "prevention" is not merely social prohibition or inhibition, but inheres in the ontological mystery of the other, when she decides that "[t]here seem...to be feelings that c[an] only be spoken of in translation"(210).

Though critic Susan Warwick, in "Growing Up: The Novels of Alice Munro", makes some excellent observations regarding Rose's slowly maturing sense, throughout Who Do You Think You Are? of the reality and importance of others, Warwick, like Rasporich, oversimplifies the connection between Rose and Ralph Gillespie. Of the scene of conversation in the Legion, Warwick says,

Rose, the actress, and Ralph, the mimic, may be prevented from speaking, but they are brought together in the recognition of the difficulty of communication, sharing the understanding, unconscious though it may be, that this difficulty must be overcome. (Warwick 224)

I would argue that the kind of interlacing of sameness and otherness I have described is precisely a form of communication, and that the ontological boundaries that "prevent" Rose and Ralph from complete mutual knowing are not a difficulty to be "overcome", but what makes Ralph so vivid, so there, for Rose, and for the reader. Unlike the Warlock John (Changing Heaven) I earlier described as having disappeared from too much transparency, Ralph, who has an "underneath" (Munro Who 209) below his surface, resists existential erasure. Mysterious to Rose, and yet "the same, the same", Ralph embodies the fantasy of the Wounded Warlock at its most intense.

Like Ralph, who cannot be fully known or existentially "fixed" by Rose, so the bear-lover of Marian Engel's Bear maintains, for female protagonist Lou, his recalcitrant otherness: " There was a depth in him she could not reach, could not probe and with her intellectual fingers destroy" (119). Bear is not human, of course, and is therefore more fundamentally and obviously "other" for Lou than a man could ever be. Certainly, the novel's exploration of human relationship to nature is a highly complex one, and a thorough consideration of it would be a tangent to the present project. Because, however, Engel depicts the bear not just as representative of nature but, repeatedly, in terms of specifically male sexuality--he is "like a man:big" (91)--, we are invited to consider his relationship with Lou as a male-female one.

Bear is, despite his being a bear, a very recognizable Warlock figure; he shares with his human brothers a number of the characteristics I have noted in the first section of this chapter. Initially, he is depicted as "wounded" in the sense that he has been both chained--forced into man's world--and neglected--not allowed to fully enter that world. (One thinks here of Jules Tonnerre, who is both required to enter white culture and invisible within it.) He is associated with nature (he is nature!) and with childlikeness: when he sits in the river he is a "baby...enjoying the return to liquid existence"(54). He is also twice depicted as mirthful: "[h]e turned around and quite definitely grinned" (72); "[h]e grunted, sat across from her and grinned" (120). Like other Warlock figures, he is

sexually generous and tender: "like no human being she had ever known it perservered in her pleasure. When she came, she whimpered, and the bear licked away her tears" (93). Most interesting is Bear's function in the novel as he who helps Lou to love and know--to confirm--herself. A direct sense of what I have elsewhere termed "existential welcome" is conveyed in Lou's comment that Bear is "wise and accepting" (118). A more complex articulation of Bear's contribution to Lou's well-being involves an heightened sense of self and a freedom from the guilt that has plagued her:

What had passed to her from him she did not know. Certainly it was not the seed of heroes, or magic, or any astounding virtue, for she continued to be herself. But for one strange, sharp moment she could feel in her pores and the taste of her own mouth that she knew what the world was for. She felt not that she was at last human, but that she was at last clean. Clean and simple and proud. (136-37)

Like Jules and Christie (The Diviners), Andy (Basic Black with Pearls), and Johnny (The Book of Eve), Bear does not give a woman identity--"she continued to be herself"--but enables self-value and freedom.

One could argue that Lou's self-acceptance, coming as it does after the incident in which the bear rips her back instead of penetrating her sexually, is in fact based on a dramatic and visceral understanding of the bear's otherness, delivered to her in his swipe. In this quasi-Hegelian interpretation, her understanding of herself as not-Bear, not-nature, shapes her sense of herself, if only in negation. A related interpretation might suggest that she becomes, with

his swipe, "clean" of her corrupt desire to anthropomorphize Bear, to make him love her as a human would. These analyses may have some truth, but are limited by their assumption that the swipe represents some kind of final, definitive concretization of Lou's relationship to the bear, as one of apartness. In fact, the scene of the swipe is followed by others in which the tenor is one of domestic companionship, of easy togetherness. In one such scene, Lou, after having nestled with Bear throughout the night, feels a sense of oneness with not only the animal, but all of nature: "The loons' cries outside were sharp and for her" (136).

I am suggesting then that in Bear, once again, it is the combination of unity and separateness, of sameness and otherness, that intrigues us about a female protagonist's relationship with a Warlock figure. Imagistic suggestions that the bear is like Lou are fewer than suggestions in the other works I have discussed that female protagonists are like their Warlock counterparts; however, given that the bear is a bear and not human, these suggestions of likeness are particularly noteworthy. We are first introduced to Lou as one who "lived like a mole, buried deep in her office, digging among maps and manuscripts" (11); after a winter holed up in her office, we are told, "she found that her eyes would no longer focus in the light" (12). We later learn that the bear has "weak eyes", in a scene in which the bear's myopic intensity recalls Lou's own academic "digging":

...in the moral patch...he grubbed in a kind of ecstasy, digging and

snuffing and once in a while raising his weak eyes to her, going back to work as if there might be no more time. (69)

This sameness of temperament is more overtly suggested when Lou, feeling depressed and irrelevant on a particular day, finds that Bear "too, seemed subdued and full of grief" (84). Finally, there are the fascinating descriptions of the bear, for all his emphasized maleness, as "a large-hipped woman" (69), a "middle-aged woman defeated to the point of being daft...[for whom] there was only waiting" (36), and "a fat dignified old woman" (138). This odd gender reversal startles the reader into realizing that these descriptions of the bear are in fact applicable to Lou at various stages in her life. That she has been a large-hipped woman is implied in her remark that a lover once left her when she developed a "crease in her belly" (118), and her comment at the end of the novel that after her time in Northern Ontario, [t]he sedentary fat had gone" (134). In her job as an academic at the Institute, burrowing in old manuscripts and allowing out of "habit and convenience" the Director to "fuck...her weekly on her desk" (92), she has indeed become "daft", living her life in a kind of suspended animation in her "plodding private world" (12). Perhaps by the end of the novel she has become, though not fat, a "dignified" woman, who sees herself as "clean and simple and proud" (137).

Imagistic suggestions of Lou and the bear's spiritual twinning, however, are interlaced with images that underscore their otherness to each other. Lou



understands that although she can "paint any face on him that she want[s]...his actual range of expression [is] a mystery" (72). This sense of the bear's mystery to Lou is reinforced in her feeling that he knows "generations of secrets" which he has "no need to reveal" (70). As she eats from a bowl with the bear, she once again intensely experiences his otherness: "Their strange tongues met and she shuddered" (121). Sometimes Lou's experience of Bear's otherness is not one of his intense thereness , but of an unwelcome boredom that frustrates her sexual desire: "He did not reciprocate her embrace. He stood very still as she moved her body as close as possible to him. Then he yawned...She put honey on herself and whispered to him, but once the honey was gone he wandered off, farting and too soon satisfied" (115).

The bear's scratching of Lou is perhaps the most dramatic reminder that he is other, that he is, as Homer repeatedly tells Lou, "a wild critter" (74). The incident snaps the reader out of any Romantic reverie into which she or he may have been tempted. Human beings cannot unproblematically merge with nature. But I have argued that it is precisely the problematic nature of eroticism--its dance of sameness-otherness--that appeals to us in the relationships I have been describing between female protagonists and Warlock figures.

That the kind of eroticism I have described as same-other tension is connected with sexuality but more comprehensive than it, is suggested in Rose's comment in "Who Do You Think You Are?" that "she was a child

enough of her time to wonder if what she felt about [Ralph] was simply warmth, sexual curiosity; she did not think it was" (Munro Who 210). The "simply" here suggests that sexuality is perhaps an element of the connection, but does not wholly explain it, "dispose" of it. And the most compelling Warlocks in Canadian women's fiction cannot be explained, disposed of, as I have implied, by either their sexual magnetism for, or their spiritual twinning with, their female counterparts. Their appeal for protagonist and reader inheres neither in a sense of "platonic brotherhood" nor in the kind of electrical sexual otherness generated by The Diviners' brutal Chas, but in the subtle interplay of profound likeness and persistent difference.

#### Wounds, Twinning and Otherness II: The True Story of Ida Johnson

It seems odd, perhaps, to conclude this chapter on the Warlock figure, in a study of images of men, with remarks about a character who only poses as a man. But the very gender confusion embodied in Luke/Lucy George, the Nietzschean purist in Sharon Riis' fascinating The True Story of Ida Johnson, illuminates my description of Warlock-hood, and particularly my comments on same-other eroticism. Although critic Jeanne Perrault is right to assess True Story using the language of existentialism--of Self and Other--, her assumption

that Other is necessarily synonymous with "object" leads her to oversimplify Riis' project as one of "break[ing] dichotom[ies] of subject/object, Self/Other,...true/false, beginning/ending, fact/fiction, male/female, teller/tale"(Perrault 274). I would argue instead that what Riis does, precisely through her insistence on both the existential separateness of one self from another and the possibility for selves to "let...go the illusion of the space between"(Riis 106), is to set up an echo-chamber of sameness-otherness which does not break down, but energizes dichotomies.

Perrault has already commented at length on the novel's disruption of traditional narrative, and the difficult "omissions, revisions, repetitions, fragments, returns" (Perrault 270) of Ida's "true story". Like Basic Black with Pearls, it is a disorienting, almost surreal collage of philosophical meditations, merging and fragmented identities, and powerful, repetitive, yet elusive imagery. Never-the-less, with respect to the relationship between Ida and Luke/Lucy, there is much, I would argue, that can be understood in terms of the ideas, developed above, of woundedness, twinning, and the erotic intertwining of mutual recognition and ontic apartness. The fantasy of Luke/Lucy is the fantasy of the Warlock.

Like other Warlocks, Luke/Lucy is a healer whose healing takes the form of a profound acceptance and welcoming of the real self of his/her female counterpart. In her disguise as Luke, Lucy proffers this acceptance and

welcome in the form of the request to Ida to tell him her life story. His acceptance of her reality, her "true story", is highlighted by its contrast with the desire of "the Professor" to superimpose onto Ida the identity of a former girlfriend, and by the ironic desire of the "limp-pricked ranch guests"(Riis 77) Ida exploits, who know nothing at all of Ida, to see her as "a real person"(77). Underneath the surface "plot" of True Story, in which Ida is telling her life story to the "stranger" Luke, is the low, authentic rumble of their mutual recognition and intimacy. Luke thinks, "I've been with you from the beginning Ida...A less astute onlooker might feel sorry for you...[b]ut I knew you'd made it in your own particular way"(16). Ida thinks back, "Fucking right I recognized you"(17).

Ida has been "waiting"(105) for Luke/Lucy her whole life, but not in the sense of needing ontological rescue or a prescribed identity. By the end of the novel we find that the brash waitress Ida, who has been exploited by and has herself exploited every socially-defined image of femaleness, has herself created a "surreal" (107) room-identity characterized by "terrible strength"(107). This description is reminiscent of that of The Diviners' Morag, whose eyes are, in the painting Dan McRaith does of her, "frighteningly strong"(Laurence Diviners 379). Luke/Lucy, uncovered now as her female self, is invited into this room--"the first person [Ida] ever ha[s] in here"(106) where she, Lucy, will be healed and comforted. "I'll carry you now"(111), says Ida. Their healing, comfort, like that of the other Warlock-female protagonist pairs I have discussed, is mutual. And like

those other pairs, Ida and Lucy are twinned in their experience of pain.

Throughout the novel, which consists of Ida's story, third-person narrative passages, and occasionally Ida and Luke's thoughts, there emerges a picture of Ida and Lucy's mutual woundedness, of their mutual positions of oppression in a patriarchal culture. But the novel gives only brief, impatient nods to the social realities of women's oppression. "Lucy was female, poor, and Indian in a male, material, white world" (Riis 43) while Ida, in her marriage to the Hunter figure Derek, "got used to being a quiet sort of person until [she] couldn't remember not being so"(54); the latter the novel tosses off casually as one of "the particulars of LOVE circa Longview 1960"(53). Riis herself, in an interview with Jack Robinson, insists that "I very deliberately did not want to make Derek 'a bad person', and I didn't want people to see Ida as a victim"(Robinson 130). The novel's perpetual reference, through the language of will, responsibility, and choice, to the Nietzschean framework of existential freedom, suggests that to a large extent the stories Ida and Lucy tell about themselves are the stories they have created and for which they are responsible. The narrator's awareness of Lucy's social context gestures at a world-weary social-work sensibility but then quickly moves towards a ruthless existentialist insistence on the primacy of the will:

Her life seemed a predetermined one that left little room for manoeuvre. If she could adopt enough dull reason, if she could stand that white stain, she might scrape through tenth grade. Then

the government would condescend to send her off for a two year course from which she might emerge a full-fledged bonafide nurses' aide. If she refused the offer but was able to arouse a sense of enterprise and initiative in herself she might sell cunt in Calgary; more than likely she would stay on the reserve and the cunt would be free for the taking. According to precedent she'd grow fat and tired and take to whiskey in an imitative attempt to deaden the nerves, to protect herself from the weight of responsibility. The course of her likely dissipation might seem typically Indian but the real longed-for effect: surrender of the will: is a universal compulsion.

She never did sort out the logistics of avoiding the inevitable; for one thing she knew that the fantasy that is planning is worse than sitting thick and dull where you are; but avoid she did. (Riis 43)

In this existentialist context, in which the important wounds are not social, the novel suggests that Ida and Luke/Lucy are significantly, and similarly, wounded in another sense. This sense is the existentialist one of being profoundly and excruciatingly alone. In the interview with Jack Robinson, Riis reveals her interest in the condition of existential solitude, of the despair of experiencing oneself as all-there-is; she includes in her list of "commonplace things"(Robinson 136) a character in a recent Riis novel has to deal with, a sense of "her self filling up the room"(136). Ida and Luke/Lucy, as different as they are in their positions with regard to the existentialist debate on the nature and allowability of fantasy, of "lies", both experience existential solitude as a wound, an illness. Alone in a Munich beerhall Lucy, dressed up in another male disguise as Gregor the Gregorian juggler, thinks to Ida the message:

"I am frozen in loneliness

Only fools and goats climb so high" (Riis 88)

Ida, who "finds it easier to fuck and fool around than be a friend"(95), also eventually realizes "the extent of her isolation"(94). Disturbed by the death of the Professor and his isolation, she declares the uncomfortable arousal of her "old instinct for wholeness"(94).

Each of Ida and Lucy, at one level, perceives the other as the completion of her separate self, the healer of her woundedness. It is true that Riis allows Lucy and Ida to walk out of the novel arm-in-arm. It is also true that she both proclaims intimacy as a value and suggests that the two women are "made for each other" when the narrator declares that after the revelation of Lucy's identity "neither [Lucy nor Ida] did that yo-yo act of running off somewhere only to remain a miscast shadow"(106). The implication is that both have found their proper roles, that they need no longer be mis-cast as street-smart waitresses, whores, quiet wives, manipulating ranch hands, male jugglers, etc. etc.

However, Riis does not allow us to settle into a version of this "true story" that says existential separateness is a wound that can be healed by ecstatic union in which one self "comes home"(106) to another. The True Story of Ida Johnson, like The Diviners, like "Who Do You Think You Are?", is erotic in its sustained portrayal of mingled closeness and distance, sameness and difference, in the relationship between Luke/Lucy and Ida. In my exploration of the sustained dance of sameness and difference that characterizes their

relationship, I will eventually address more directly the question of the significance of Lucy's disguise, throughout the telling of Ida's story, as the male Luke, and thus more fully connect this section with my earlier description of the Warlock figure.

I have noted the ways in which Laurence, Munro, and Engel suggest, through images and repeated ideas and phrasings, the sameness of Warlock figures Jules Tonnerre, Ralph Gillespie, and Bear to their female counterparts. Riis uses similar strategies to suggest the sameness of Luke/Lucy and Ida. Rarely does she overtly claim this similarity, as in the following: "Different though Lucy and Ida seemed there had been a meeting of mind and spirit there: long ago in the gully, two young girls playing into twilight, loving one another without knowing"(44). But Riis sets up several imagistic echoes that suggest rather than declare the "meeting of mind and spirit" of Ida and Luke/Lucy. An example of such twinning involves two images of being surprised by one's own scream; these images connect Ida and Lucy in terms of issues of expression and hidden possibilities of the self. Ida describes her first memory to Luke, recalling her four-year-old self falling into a pit where she screamed "a full minute" but only "later understood it was actually me screaming"(25). Later in the novel, the third-person narrator tells us that during her period of roaming Lucy gets a small role in an obscure American film, for which she is required to bite into the neck of a chicken and to scream. On command from a director she starts to



scream, but soon loses conscious control of the "high-pitched wail [that is] bugging her"(66). She is surprised to think "It's me...It's me"(66).

Also connecting Ida and Lucy are images and repeated phrasings that suggest a similar respect for a kind of Nietzschean humour that transcends conventional moral boundaries, but engages in serious moral play. Lucy is a moral purist in her Nietzschean distrust of all "truths", but she is not dour. As a child she laughs wildly as she puts a feminist twist on Nietzsche's dictum that "God is dead":

Lucy told me "I killed God" she said and laughed...so I asked her how she'd done it and she said she sat on his face and suffocated him with her twat and laughed and laughed and giggled and was silly like I'd never seen her.(34)

Though Ida describes herself as a child as having been an obedient Sunday-school goer, and winner of prizes "for attendance and knowing my verses and being fairly polite"(27), Riis subtly connects Ida's sense of humour with Lucy's through the pervasive framework of Nietzschean sensibility. Lucy's mirth at "killing God" is the ubermensch's ("over-man"'s) hearty discarding of the fear that, for Nietzsche, is the basis for the false construct that is God. Riis suggests a similar dark but transcendent mirth in the adult Ida, who is telling her story to Luke, by connecting an early memory of Ida's with a present thought about Luke. Ida remembers coming to school as a child and finding that one of her classmate's fathers, Old Farley "who drank like a fish and beat upon his

family"(35), is dead; when she gets home she finds the adults gathered there soberly, and notes that "the room stank with their fear"(35). Because the young Ida knows that "Nobody liked him"(35), she understands that it is the spectre of death in their midst, and not grief, that motivates the adults. Later in the novel, Ida's disdain for weakness, fear, is reiterated in her adult thoughts about the disguised Luke, through a similar image of parental death. The humour is a dark, perhaps cruel, rejection of existential feebleness:

Ida thought maybe he was bent or something. It seemed a queer request that she just keep talking all the time: she'd been at it for two hours now and felt a little silly. He even looked a bit fruity with that clear smooth skin and those skinny little wrists. Probably just spaced out on too much dope or something. Nearly everybody was these days. Even the farm boys were popping the odd pill. Licker's still quicker, she mused and felt like giggling but his poker face stopped her. Maybe his mother died, she thought. (39)

Lucy and Ida's similar dislike for "softness" is also suggested by passages in which each rejects a specific instance of human weakness, and recognizes the danger of that weakness to her developing self. Lucy decides that "the ease of her own people was itself a pose. They lacked hardness. They were as frightened of the light as the rest and again, she couldn't stay"(45). Ida too decides that she can't remain in a milieu, in this case that of Vancouver drug dealers, where she deems the people she meets existentially flabby: "The people she'd met through Billy were soft. They had no colour. She distrusted them now"(84). In these two passages not only the ideas, but also the

dichotomies in which the ideas are expressed--that of hardness/softness and colour or light/colourlessness or darkness--subtly link the two characters.

Like repeated images and ideas, repeated phrasing also suggests the twinning of Luke/Lucy and Ida. After Ida kills her family, she experiences great clarity and freedom working in Calgary and having intentionally casual sexual affairs; soon, however, she finds that she is "coming down"(64). Later in the novel the narrator tells us that Lucy, whose "outrageous energy"(46) and "resolute... alone[ness]"(88) fuel her "incessant wandering", is now "running down"(88). Both experience non-attachment as an exhilarating freedom from which one inevitably comes "down" into aloneness.

There are two points in the novel at which the sameness of Ida and Luke/Lucy is not depicted in terms of similar traits or sensibilities, but in terms of a kind of merging of identities. The most dramatic instance, perhaps, occurs in the context of Ida's (true?) story to Luke about her murder of husband and children; Ida claims that during the planning and execution of that murder she heard Lucy whispering in the windy night, and her "fear lifted like a fog"(60). The suggestion is that Lucy is the part of Ida that allows her to escape her "subjugation"(53) to her husband and, in general, to "the particulars of LOVE circa Longview 1960"(53).

The second instance of the merging of Ida and Lucy's identities is less dramatic in terms of "plot", but more remarkable in that Riis gives us a sense of

the blurring of ontological boundaries at the very moment at which the ideological differences between the two women are most overtly made for the reader. Though both remain firmly rooted in a Nietzschean framework in which, as Riis herself puts it, "there is no final truth" (Robinson 132), each character has a different view of the value of fantasy. Lucy's holding to an existential purity that denigrates as "lies" all fantasy is opposite to Ida's sense that lies/fantasy are necessary and helpful. As a child Lucy pronounces that "[c]oyotes lie...[i]f you believe in lies you're dead", while Ida insists that "[j]eez...you got to lie to stay out of trouble sometimes"(Riis 44). In the following scene Lucy's crisis of faith, her dialectical battle with herself, is depicted in terms of a merging of herself and Ida, in which the vaguely surreal result is a note that proclaims Ida's philosophy in Lucy's handwriting:

On a dry afternoon in August '71 Lucy boarded a Greyhound in Cadillac Sask. knowing neither where she'd been nor where she was heading. Movement itself sufficed for Lucy. But the hot dry day burned through the tinted glass and scorched her skin. The clear pleasure of journey was lost... 'Better die than lie' she recited but the words rang hollow. She stretched out one thin hand to pull the shade and saw no hand at all but an odd transparent likeness, all form and no substance... Her panic was immense but when the bus moved on again that too subsided. Someone was sitting next to her. Ida, she thought. The glare dimmed to a white line and Lucy slept... When she awoke it was dark. She was wet with sweat, cool and rested. On the seat next to her lay an empty book of matches where neatly inscribed in her own handwriting she read:

Ha! Better lie than die ( 98-99)

I have argued that Riis' suggestion of Ida and Lucy's sameness is achieved in a variety of ways, and sustained throughout the novel. But I must now return to my assertion that the novel's eroticism lies not in its depiction of merging and sameness, but in its perpetual attention to the dance of sameness-otherness between the two main characters. I would argue that Riis uses Lucy's disguise of masculinity to, in a peculiar but effective way, insist on, highlight, Ida and Lucy's difference.

Before turning to the issue of masculinity, I should make clear that there are other ways, besides the use of the gendered mask, in which the novel insists upon that fact of the separateness of selves who, despite an occasional "let[ting] go of the space between"(106) remain importantly distinct. At one point in Ida's telling of her story to Luke, she claims that she has "never met one person I could just sit with and be like I am myself" (76); when Luke asks her about Lucy she replies, "Well, no. In spite of her being my best friend she made me feel sort of dumb all the time"(76). This very real spectre of diffidence is a counterpoint, in the same-other dialectic, to the scenes of merging identities I have noted above. And though at the end of the novel Lucy and Ida walk arm-in-arm down the highway, their last exchange is a playful, but important reminder that the two are not inhabiting the same mental "space" with regard to the reality status of Ida's narrative. Ironically, the Nietzschean Lucy wants to know the "true" story of Ida Johnson, while Ida reveals her sense of the

fictionality, the provisionality, of all story:

"Was all that stuff back there true?" asks Lucy.

Ida laughs. "What's the matter sweetheart? You miss the point or something? (111)

The reader who would see the collapse of gender difference that occurs in the revelation of Lucy's identity at the end of the novel, as the collapse of difference per se, is reminded by this final scene of the recalcitrant otherness of the two main characters to each other. For most of the novel to this point, however, it is Luke's masculinity that dramatically highlights that otherness.

One might argue that a novel so heavily influenced by existentialism, a philosophy that typically makes much of the firm ontological boundaries between all selves, need not make the point about the otherness of the Other through such a crude ploy as the creation of false gender opposition. Perhaps this is the case, but there is a sense in the novel of Riis's delight in theatricality, in symbolic props such as Ida's yellow door, which is an attempt to "put some colour in her life"(106). It is in keeping with Riis' theatricality to "ham up" Luke's maleness, the joke of his sexual otherness, by having the women in the coffee shop where Ida works, and even the third-person narrator, comment on him in explicitly sexual ways. This narrator deems him "a pretty boy"(23); Shirl, Ida's friend also calls him "pretty boy"(14), and remarks "boy oh boy I wouldn't mind a little of that"(14). Although my frame of reference in regard to the issue of

"otherness" is radically different from that implicit in Judith Butler's Gender Trouble. Riis' campy playfulness in the depiction of Luke at least supports Butler's contention that cross-dressing is not just the imitation of gender, but "dramatize[s] the signifying gestures through which gender itself is established" (Butler x).

Like Jeanne Perreault, Butler tends, throughout Gender Trouble, to associate "otherness" with ideas of objectification, and with the patriarchal and heterosexual drive to reject that which threatens the power structures patriarchy and heterosexuality try to pass off as natural or ontologically prior to culture. As should already be evident, my thesis (and in particular the present chapter) draws upon a different context for the discussion of otherness. The philosophical issues involved here are extremely complex, but as Butler's philosophical assumptions are prevailing ones in current feminist theory, I need to voice very briefly some objections to such assumptions in order to distinguish my use of the term "otherness" from hers. Although Butler's contention (one shared by most feminists) that oppression of women and homosexuals has been justified by various ideologies of "naturalness" or "givenness", is sound, her poststructuralist deconstruction of the "metaphysics of presence", like much work of its kind, is, ironically, rooted in what I will call "the metaphysics of the thing". Such work is concerned to identify, with scrupulous care, the semiotic and ideological structures that define the identities, the "whatness" of, in this

case, genders. Because all such structures are arbitrary and arise from the interests of particular groups, the poststructuralist feels that to be honest she/he must "locate" her/himself within the "discourses" that define her/him (at least within as many as she/he can identify) ; hence Butler's gruesomely turgid apologetics:

It seems that every text has more sources than it can reconstruct in its own terms. These are sources that define and inform the very language of the text in ways that would require a thorough unraveling of the text itself to be understood, and of course there would be no guarantee that the unravelling would ever stop...Philosophy is the predominant disciplinary mechanism that currently mobilizes this author subject... (Butler xiii.)

A fundamental aspect of Butler's poststructuralist project is revealed in her comment that, "I asked what configuration of power constructs the subject and the Other, that binary relation between "men" and "women", and the internal stability of those terms" (Butler x). Inherent in this comment are two assumptions: 1) that the "Other" is necessarily a "constructed" thing, and 2) that the subject is a thing (a "mobilized author-subject" perhaps??)

In the matrix of her own assumptions, in which the basic ontological category is the "discourse" (in the context of which "things" are made) , it is no wonder that Butler's suggestion for subverting oppression is "to articulate the convergence of multiple sexual discourses at the "site" of identity in order to render that category, in whatever form, permanently problematic" (Butler 128). If one only has "discourses", then the only place for subjectivity is in the troubling



of them. I fully agree with Carol Bigwood's critique of Butler's poststructuralism, as that which reduces human experience to "discourses and inscriptions...disemboweled of...full existential content" (Bigwood 44).

It is ironic that Butler unproblematically notes "the Cartesian dualism presupposed in phenomenology" (Butler 128) , when it is the phenomenologist Maurice Merleau-Ponty who claimed that "A weiderholung is necessary: destruction of the objectivistic ontology of the Cartesians" (Madison 212). It is in the "discourse" of the existentialist/phenomenological frame of reference that I want to locate my sense of "otherness". Such otherness involves difference, but it is not simply the difference of the other thing. My use of "otherness" relates to Merleau-Ponty's sense of the "unmotivated upsurge of the world" (Merleau-Ponty xiv.), and to Buber's irreducible "Thou"-ness. Such a sense of otherness is of presence--the fact of the thereness of the not-me-- but it is not identifiable either with the bloated, self-identical Being that postructuralists associate with "the metaphysics of presence", or with that which is rejected, as identities define their boundaries "through exclusion and domination" (Butler 133).

In terms of the issue of gender in Riis' novel, the relevance of the preceding comments is simply this: I am not arguing that there is necessarily anything fundamental about gender as a category that defines "same" and "other"; the way in which I describe same-other erotic tension does not necessitate

categories of identity that are ontologically carved in stone. It may be true, as Butler says, that "men" and "women" are categories constructed within a particular discourse. What is important to eroticism as I have defined it in this chapter, is the fact of otherness per se, of "the...upsurge of the world" as experienced even as "identities" grow, change, are masked, etc. I have argued that existentialism "typically makes much of the firm ontological boundaries between...selves", but these "selves" are not defined in terms of their facticity--of their being "men" or "women" or "waitressess" or "singers", for example--but as upsurges of being (or "nothingness", as Sartre would have it). Riis plays with gender, in good existentialist form, to highlight and insist upon the fact of otherness, not to define otherness and thus reduce it to a static lump of "givenness" or in existentialist terms, facticity.

Besides dressing Lucy up, the narrative also plays with Luke's maleness in other less obvious and theatrical, more disorienting ways, especially for the second-time reader who knows the "truth" about him. The third-person narrator who, conventionally, knows the true story where other characters don't, here uses the masculine "he" in tagging Luke/Lucy's thoughts, as in "There's a chance, he thought. I've a chance to be young"(14). Riis maintains the illusion of Luke's masculinity even while she has Ida "recognize" him; there is nothing in Ida's "Fucking right I recognized you...Luke, eh? Never really knew how to fake it, did you?"(17) that suggests that what is being "faked" is gender. Further

on is Ida's internal comment, after Luke asks Ida to sit down and talk, that "[s]he was no hooker or anything but if a guy wanted to give her ten bucks she wouldn't say no"(21). Ida's internal identification of Luke as a "guy" would seem to conflict with her earlier recognition of his true identity. Any "realistic" interpretation of this disparity--for example, one which argues that it is Ida's unconscious mind that knows Luke is Lucy, while her conscious minds retains the fiction of masculinity--plays down the deliberate theatricality of this novel, with its putting on and off of masks and "truths". I would reiterate instead that the novel uses Luke's masculinity to highlight, reinforce, insist upon, the fact of otherness.

I would also reiterate my sense--and I think Riis'--of this otherness as an upsurge and not a thing, and would thus distinguish my sense of the meaning of Luke's cross-dressing from the transvestitism defined by Marjorie Garber in Vested Interests. "Transvestitism is a space of possibility," says Garber, "structuring and confounding culture: the disruptive element that intervenes, not just a category crisis of male and female, but the crisis of category itself" (Garber 17). Although Garber speaks of the disruption of "category" itself, this disruption does not involve any radical departure from what I have described as the metaphysics of the thing. Like Butler, Garber allows subjectivity no upsurge, but only the "space" between the disrupted discourses of "stable binary symmetry" (12), in which subjects are "particularized" (10) as self and other.

Ironically Garber, again like Butler, is, while concerned about the calcifying definitions of self and other that serve vested interests, unable to conceive of subjectivity in any other terms but that of ontological calcification, or facticity. In the Garber/Butler context, one fights such calcification by stirring up a profusion of traditionally contradictory significations of identity, and calling oneself the "site" upon which this occurs; thus one avoids becoming anything in particular-- male, female, black, white, this, that. Such fleeing from facticity is not the point of Lucy's disguise as Luke; again, the novel uses the mask of maleness to highlight and insist upon the existential reality of otherness per se , not merely to make the poststructuralist point that we are en-gendered, defined, within a culture of vested interests.

And so, in an unconventional way, Luke joins the ranks of compelling Warlock figures who, with their female counterparts dance the erotic dance of twinning/otherness, mutual knowing/mystery, of engaged separateness. I have referred earlier to the image of the Wounded Warlock as a fantasy, not in a spirit of denigration, but in an effort to describe what, in Canadian women's fiction, is desired. He is the twin sufferer, the wounded healer, the vulnerable enabler, the deeply erotic same-other. In this connection a comment from Sharon Riis, in describing to interviewer John Robinson a male character from her Midnight Twilight Tourist Zone, is a most relevant close to this chapter:

In terms of the story, [Rosalie] goes in and sits on the bed. She is a

nurse and he is weeping and looks ill. She makes him some tea and something to eat, and then she looks at him and laughs at what an inordinately sexy man he is. But it's in his glance. For women, someone paying attention to who you are is what pulls you in. Really, it's meta-sexual! Surely, in the end, what everybody wants is to be with somebody who knows them so deeply that there is nothing to hide. Nobody ever gets there, and Rosalie doesn't. Now, I admit that Josef is a fantasy of mine. I could have called it Nurse Rosalie Goes to the Bush, you know, kind of a metaphysical harlequin romance. (Robinson 136)

Notes

<sup>1</sup> "...like any other unsatisfied man, [the artist] turns away from reality and transfers all his interest, and his libido too, to the wishful construction of his life of phantasy." (Freud 467)

## CONCLUSION: TOO BIG? TOO SMALL? OR JUST RIGHT?

The Hunter, Adult Adolescent, and Wounded Warlock are the literary representations of masculinity that dominate the landscape of English-Canadian women's fiction. In introducing their portraits I made clear that I did not intend to evaluate these figures in terms of their relation to real men, to make judgements regarding their 'fairness' or 'unfairness'. I have deemed my work here primarily descriptive and not evaluative. Yet it is perhaps appropriate in closing to raise briefly the spectre of evaluation, not in terms of the 'realness' of the male archetypes I have defined, but in terms of the implications of their dominating presence.

The problematic may be put simply: from English-Canadian women's literature emerges, again and again, recognizable male types. Writing of Canadian literature in 1965, Northrop Frye commented that "[t]here is no Canadian writer of whom we can say as of the world's major writers, that their readers can grow up inside their work without ever being aware of a circumference" (Frye 214). Frye, of course, makes this assessment before major women writers like Laurence, Atwood, and Munro appear, full-blown, on the Canadian literary scene. Still, we must ask: is this dominance of types in the fiction with which I have been concerned a signal of an impoverished

literary imagination that can only see in the broad, clumsy outlines of "circumference"? Or is the pervasive presence of these figures evidence that English-Canadian women writers have developed precisely what Frye lamented the lack of in Canadian writing in general--"a vision" (Frye 213)?

I have already noted that the Hunter figure, especially in his predominant status as nexus-of-anti-value, and the Warlock figure, the Hunter's mythical opposite, perpetually run the risk of literary flatness, one-dimensionality. I have also said of the Adult Adolescent that "there is not much to him", and that what distinguishes the fictions in which he appears is the ways in which female protagonists cope with the monotonous, predictable pain he inflicts. When I once mentioned to a well-read Belgian woman the title of this dissertation--*Images of Men in English-Canadian Women's Fiction*--, she furrowed her brow and said politely, "But they aren't really very interesting, are they?". In terms of these figures as characters, this woman's rhetorical question is very often apt. I have, throughout my dissertation, made note of particular male protagonists in whom we are interested as individual characters. I have explored, for example, in my section on "Haunting Hunters", those disturbing literary creations like Susan Musgrave's Dan (The Charcoal Burners) and Betty Lambert's Mik (Crossings), who both seduce us and disturb us, who allow us no easy emotional resting place, no final stance with respect to them. I have also talked about the erotic lure, the "metaphysical romance" of several Warlock figures.



But these fascinating depictions of character are in the minority and would not make the best defence against charges of a general literary clumsiness. The exceptions only highlight the rule.

But there is another possible way in which to evaluate the importance of these literary archetypes of masculinity. They are not, with some exceptions, representations of dynamic subjectivity, subverting expectations and paradigms, groping towards discovery, or new definitions, of themselves. But often the female protagonists with whom they are involved are represented precisely as such subjectivities. I have, in my introduction, described the Hunter, Adult Adolescent and Wounded Warlock as "standing still" in the landscape of English-Canadian woman's fiction; it would perhaps be appropriate to momentarily de-personalize the metaphor further and describe these figures as inanimate features of the terrain. They are the landmarks over, around, and through which the dynamic female subjectivity travels as it defines and redefines itself.

This project of self-definition is one that English-Canadian woman writers are still very much engaged in. In locating English-Canadian women's writing within the general phenomenon of postmodernism, Linda Hutcheon explains its apparently conservative concern with the defining (rather than typical postmodern undermining) of coherent subjectivity: "Women must define their subjectivity before they can question it; they must first assert the selfhood they

have been denied by the dominant culture" (Hutcheon 6). Perhaps it is the case--is it?-- that emerging female subjectivity must represent that "dominant culture"--masculine culture--to itself with the large, clear brushstrokes of myth, so that it can define itself with respect to that myth, by creating or discovering new myths.

Lorna Irvine's study of English-Canadian women's fiction, Sub/Version, despite its title's suggestion of the postmodern project of undermining--subverting--"versions", is, in fact, very much concerned with the uncovering of women's true stories. For Irvine, sub/version is not an endless deferral of truth, but a discovery of the secret truths about women's experience that lie below the false versions of it that appear in "male stories" (Irvine 3); Irvine quotes approvingly Annis Pratt's evaluation of recent women's writing as "a pathway to the authentic self, to the roots of ourselves...to our innermost being" (Irvine 19). The Hunter, the Adult Adolescent, and the Wounded Warlock are, perhaps, the mythic figures who people this pathway. Perhaps, as such, these images of men constitute a useful vision--perhaps an elevated term for "version"--of masculinity. Perhaps these men do not themselves need to be "authentic selves" in order for female protagonists to discover their own reality?

It will be obvious that I have here, in my brief foray into evaluation, implied and skirted many difficult and serious questions involving the relation of art to reality. In what way can literary figures be said to be 'real', given that literature

is a complex, overdetermined process, etc. But it is still possible to ask, in the midst of this philosophical muddle, whether one can realize one's own reality-- inside or outside fiction-- without realizing the reality of the Other in his/her complexity, irreducible "thereness". In what way can my self be "authentic" when the Other has become landscape? Simply put--are English-Canadian women's portrayals of men imprisoning stereotypes similar to stereotypes of women that Images of Women criticism sought to identify and reject? What are the literary and moral implications of this possibility? Or--the unruly question sneaks itself in--do the images of men I have described point by their very caricatured flatness to something that is real enough in the experience of women?

I will leave it to the reader to settle upon a final evaluation: are the Hunter, the Adult Adolescent, and the Wounded Warlock, our native literary men, too big--clumsy, dominating stereotypes of masculinity--, too small--literarily puny and predictable--, or just right for women's task of, as articulated on the back cover of Lorna Irvine's Sub/Version, "reshaping...our collective literary imagination"?

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