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A PRIMER FOR CRITICS

CALLAGHAN'S A FINE AND PRIVATE PLACE

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ABSTRACT

After a half-century of writing, Morley Callaghan has earned a place in Canadian literature. The difficulty in this is that Callaghan wants no such place.

To locate Callaghan in our literary development, Canadian critics have attached labels, sought out resemblances and dependences, applied extrinsic analytical tools such as Jungian psychological theory, and finally, they have treated his work with special consideration because he is Canadian. In short, they have reduced his work to a sterile series of commonalities, and have ignored its individuality and mystery.

A Fine and Private Place is, in part, a reaction to such critics. It shows the shallowness of critic J.C. Hilton, and traces the right education as a critic of Al Delaney as he moves from his dependence on scholarship to a trust in his heart's reaction to Eugene Shore's writing. In particular, the novel shows that its realism can be verified by a Jungian framework, and yet that the framework does not encapsulate Callaghan's creativity. As a fine tale, it has a charm and intimacy which critical tools cannot dissect.

The novel alludes to three other Callaghan works: The Loved and the Lost, More Joy in Heaven, and Such Is My Beloved. In this context, A Fine and Private Place reveals its place in an evolving treatment of the rivalry between criminal-saints and their repressive societies, with the value of the individual as the prize.

Callaghan's works must not be trapped in a literary mosaic: they must be accepted by the reader in private on their own merits. A Fine and Private Place is both a request for such treatment and a critical tool to assist in the task.

In gratitude and love to my wife, Lucy,
and our three J's, my none-too-silent partners

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION		1
CHAPTER I	: Critics, a Minor League	6
CHAPTER II	: Interesting Ambiguities	29
CHAPTER III	: Saints, Witnessing Angels, and Monsters	99
CHAPTER IV	: "Who the hell does he think he is?"	131
CONCLUSION		148
BIBLIOGRAPHY		153

INTRODUCTION

A constant theme in Morley Callaghan's writing is the freedom of the individual, and hence the responsibility of the individual for his own life,[1] in the face of social forces that more often than not cause the death of the protagonists in his novels. Consistent to this principle in his own life, "Callaghan has always fought any commitment that might corrupt his talent or viewpoint.... He belongs to no clubs and espouses no political party."[2] Yet, the critics, a cultural force each writer must deal with, have variously proclaimed to have discovered that Callaghan is "a naturalist writer, a socialist writer, and a neo-Thomist writer"[3] who is "struggling to reconcile, or at least hold in meaningful balance ... the perspectives of Hemingway, Freud, Marx, Dostoevsky, and Maritain (among others)."[4]

Why do critics use these literary labels and correspondences with other writers? Callaghan claims that today's reading public suffers from a "spiritual tiredness and dryness of the imagination"[5] which drives them to seek quick but superficial knowledge which is presumably provided by the labels and associations that the critics use. He implies that many critics would not survive if they were not able to write with this "common touch" that lulls the reader into thinking that it's alright that the critic

does his thinking for him.[6]

Similarly, critics find labels and associations valuable either to demonstrate their academic prowess, or to conceal their own spiritual and imaginative deadness. The academically-minded critics follow the guidelines laid down by T. S. Eliot in his essay "The Function of Criticism." Vernon Hall summarizes this approach:

> Eliot declares that the problem of criticism, like that of art, is essentially one of order. The true critic must subordinate his personal prejudice to the common pursuit of true judgment. He must have objective standards of value. In other words, he must support classicism, for "men cannot get on without allegiance to something outside themselves." Romanticism is fragmentary, immature and chaotic. Classicism is complete, adult and orderly.
>
> The "inner voice" must be rejected.... The true critic must conform to orthodoxy, because there are common principles, laws if you will, which it is his true business to seek out. He must also have a highly developed sense of fact. Fact cannot corrupt taste. Opinion and fancy can.[7]

Such critics really only write for a small circle of other literati, and are separated from the average reader. They use labels and associations as counters in a fine and private game.[8]

"Hack" critics, whose "mild, chummy and folksy"[9] writing reflects their own inner void, at least are well suited to their audiences. Such critics use their "tools" of analysis, as Al Delaney of A Fine and Private Place calls them, to discover labels that pass for "insight" into the work being discussed. These reviewers are only as

good as their tools, and, as Al discovers, tools are incapable of doing more than a "carpenter job" toward discovering the "magic", the mystery that a creative writer can build into his novels.

Perhaps tiring after a half-century of critics groping about his works with their tools, Callaghan has written A Fine and Private Place in which the involvement of an author and his critics is a central issue. But the novel does more than merely examine this theme. The novel virtually explodes with a wide range of imagery, allowing for a multitude of critical "schools" to discover that their systems of analysis can be followed throughout the work, shedding light on the characters and their interaction. I feel that one such system, the Jungian mode of analysis, is particularly prominent in the book; thus, I will focus on Callaghan's treatment of it in A Fine and Private Place.

The result of this study will be the realization that Callaghan wants his readers (including his critics) to set aside the tools of tradition and analysis, and to approach his work on an individual-to-writer basis. This approach will complement Callaghan's intention as a writer:

> On the page I want to whisper to a man or a woman alone. I want to be intimate and personal and close and open and honest in a way no big public communicator could ever dare to be.... At best, if I get the thing down right, I can offer you that rare thing, the private personal experience as you sit reading alone.... I'd like to think I could be judged true or false on the basis of your own private experience.[10]

Throughout A Fine and Private Place references occur to three "Shore" novels that are sufficiently detailed to establish that they are Such Is My Beloved, The Loved and the Lost, and More Joy in Heaven, three of Callaghan's works. A study of these in conjunction with A Fine and Private Place reveals a gradually-evolving internal grammar of imagery and structure that is far more illuminating of Callaghan's intention than the external labels and literary associations employed by his critics. The inclusion of these references is an unmistakable suggestion of the approach Callaghan would have us take to his work.

By using A Fine and Private Place to address critics such as Eliot, who would have us distrust our emotional reaction to his writing, and the critics who rely on literary labels and associations, Callaghan hopes to free the critics, his readers, and himself to meet together in the intimacy of the "fine and private place" of his imagination.

FOOTNOTES

INTRODUCTION

[1]F. W. Watt, "Morley Callaghan as Thinker", in A. J. M. Smith, ed., Masks of Fiction (Toronto, McClelland and Stewart, 1969), 88.

[2]Barbara Moon, "The Second Coming of Morley Callaghan", Macleans Magazine, LXXIII (Dec. 3, 1960), 19.

[3]Madeleine Darte, "Moral Vision and Naturalistic Technique: The Conflict in the Novels of Morley Callaghan", (Ph. D. dissertation, University of Toronto, 1975), abstract.

[4]Tom Marshall, "Tragic Ambivalence: The Novels of Morley Callaghan", University of Windsor Review, XII, 1 (1976), 48.

[5]Morley Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping Me-Too Sickness", Saturday Night, LXXII (April 13, 1957), 19.

[6]Morley Callaghan, "Writers and Critics: A Minor League", Saturday Night, LXX (Nov. 6, 1954), 7.

[7]Vernon Hall, A Short History of Literary Criticism (London, 1969), 169.

[8]Morley Callaghan, "The Imaginative Writer", Tamarack Review, XLI (autumn, 1966), 6-7.

[9]Callaghan, "Writers and Critics", 8.

[10]Callaghan, "The Imaginative Writer", 8.

CHAPTER I : Critics, a Minor League

> The failure to make, in practice, the most elementary of all distinctions in literature, the distinction between fiction and fact, hypothesis and assertion, imaginative and discursive writing, produces what in criticism has been called the "intentional fallacy", the notion that the poet has the primary intention of conveying meaning to a reader, and that the first duty of a critic is to recapture that intention.

Northrop Frye, Anatomy of Criticism, 86.

The relationship between a writer and his critics enjoys a long tradition of resentment, and rarely has it been cordial. Plato dismisses the poet in the tenth book of the Republic because "he will imitate without knowing wherein each thing is bad or good; but he will probably imitate what appears to be beautiful to ordinary and ignorant people."[1] The ancient philosopher-critic admits to a long-standing conflict between philosophy and poetry, and acts out of the philosophical bias against the emotions, as he concludes that the poet is dangerous to the state:

> And so we may now with justice refuse to allow him [the poet] entrance to a city which is to be well governed, because he arouses and fosters this [peevish and diverse] part of the soul and destroys the reasoning part.[2]

We see this same fear for the social fabric in this century, when critics attack the obscenity they see in such works as Lady Chatterley's Lover and Ulysses, and in the suppression of the writings of Alexander Solzhenitzyn in Russia for their political criticism.

It should be expected that Morley Callaghan, described in one editorial introduction to an article as "one of Canada's most sharply critical essayists and commentators",[3] would have expressed his opinions about critics. In several of his articles and interviews, Callaghan singles out

three types of critics whose influence, he says, is counter to the good of Canadian writing: weekly reviewers in newspapers who try to think and feel for their readers, academics who must classify a novel to make it "acceptable" for study, and unthinking officials who deem themselves to be the guardians of the social moral good.

The most incisive of Callaghan's comments against critics were written in the mid 1950's, and an updating would seem in order. Most reviewers noted in examining A Fine and Private Place that it is a novel in which, as Barbara Amiel put it, "Callaghan Turns on His Tormentors."[4] Eugene Shore, a novelist, finds his work being publically discussed by columnists J. C. Hilton and Starkey Kunitz, scholars Morton Hyland and Al Delaney, and is himself physically attacked by Jason Dunsford. Naturally, reviewers have not taken kindly to this extended treatment of their function, and have complained that the novel is "written too much with the critics in mind",[5] or that its parallels with Callaghan's life reduce it to the level of complaint.[6]

But the novel is not a close parallel to Callaghan's life as a writer. As he puts it:

> As a writer I've had an amiable relationship with our reviewers. Not exactly a love affair, mind you. But no writer can expect all reviewers to like his work. It would be a sad reflection on him if they did.[7]

Rather, the novel rises to a more general level, using individual critics as examples of types, to demonstrate

the inadequacy of the various critical approaches which Callaghan rejects.

In "Writers and Critics: A Minor League", Callaghan pin-points one type of critic that annoys him:

> The real mistake the professional reviewers make, it seems to me, is in thinking of themselves as performing a public service: they come to see themselves as interpreters of what the public would like.... It is the "I am reading this book for you, my weekly readers" point of view. Well, they should cut it out. A man can react to a book only for himself... Most criticism is nonsense anyway when it tries to be impersonal.[8]

Callaghan suggests that reviewers may try to write with the "great common touch" because their editors require it. Such a tone, he says, may be permitted on the women's pages, but it is inappropriate to the book pages of newspapers. In "Canada's Creeping 'Me-Too' Sickness", Callaghan explains that such reviewers continue to be published because as a society we have become culture-crammers, willing to be spoon-fed condensed opinions on all subjects. We suffer, he says, from a "social sickness, a dreadful Me-Tooism of the spirit... which is historically inevitable in a middle class... a spiritual tiredness and dryness of the imagination."[9]

In A Fine and Private Place, J. C. Hilton is representative of this self-inflated type of critic. A hack writer in England, Hilton had "conned an editor into believing that in London he had been a figure among figures " (13). "Man About Town", the title of his daily social column,

reflects the swaggering stance Hilton takes, whether he is "kissing some rich woman's ass... or kicking some poor local writer's ass" (12). Mixing a review of one of Shore's books with social gossip, Hilton storms that the novel "so exasperated him" that he had thrown it across the room, breaking a flea-market lamp, which, "he assured his readers, was worth a lot more than Shore's perverse book " (10). Mrs. Watson, perhaps typical of Hilton's readers, accepts his appraisal of Shore's work, particularly because it matches her appreciation of the one Shore novel she had read. In this case, both the reviewer and the reader suffer from a "spiritual tiredness and dryness of the imagination", since they prefer to reject the way Shore sees things, rather than grapple with the challenge of his vision and question their own attitudes.

Even after Shore's death, Hilton remains primarily a social columnist, wanting "a word about Eugene Shore - now that he's dead" (249), as if to update and close his files before writing Shore's eulogy. He invites Kunitz, the only reviewer to praise Shore, to prepare an encapsulated digest of Shore's life's work in a "full-page exhaustive interview" (250). Kunitz declines the invitation. He refuses to resolve the mysteries in Shore's work, which he admits to Al that he cannot do, so that Shore would not be "killed off" at his hands, at least (249).

Starkey Kunitz, a highly-respected critic for the

New York Review of Books, acts as a foil for Hilton. Kunitz discovers worth in Shore's novels, claiming him to be "a master who ought to be read wherever the the English language was spoken " (44). But Kunitz does not resolve the mystery of the "strange, general effect" (77) of Shore's writing on him. He prefers, as did Wyndham Lewis, William Saroyan and Alfred Kazin (77) to make "admiring comments" about "Shore's sensibility and sharp intelligence" (45) and then "hurry away " (77). In answer to Al's questions, Kunitz admits, "On certain pages in those Shore books there are very definite effects. I'm an old hand at telling how these things are achieved. I went over and over those pages. Damned if I know how it's done. ... What looks ordinary on the surface is really extraordinary " (71). Unable to penetrate the secret of Shore's techniques, Kunitz praises the author, and berates Shore's city for not appreciating his work.

Because Kunitz is also a scholar with an earned doctorate, he stands in contrast as a critic to Dr. Morton Hyland, one of a group of professors marshalled by The Evening World to counter Kunitz's comments about Shore and their city. Hyland is brilliant and respected, but is a somewhat pompous example of Callaghan's second type of inadequate critic, the classifying academic. Our only encounter with the professor in the novel is during Al's oral defense, when a sour stomach prompts him to pose a

"niggardly question" (16), as Callaghan describes it, establishing Dr. Hyland's petty image.

In his article "We're on the Wrong Track in our Culture Quest", in which Callaghan attacks the overly-academic orientation of the recently-founded Canada Council, he explains the weakness of academic critics:

> ... the scholar is one who has mastered the mind of another; his distinction doesn't lie in his ability to create something new, but in his surefooted knowledge of what has been done in his field. The academic temperment tends even to resist anything fresh and strange, until it has been accepted and can be dealt with as part of a tradition.[10]

In A Fine and Private Place, Callaghan uses Jake Fulton, a former graduate student and now a teacher, to repeat the point:

> Look Lisa. Al is a scholar. Do you know what that means? ... A man trained to try to think and feel and live in the mind of his subject, who happens, in this case, to be Eugene Shore, and it ties a man in knots.... The awful thing is, it's the occupational hazard. A man can end up with no mind of his own at all. (167-168)

Callaghan claims that scholars find safety in studying the works of dead authors,[11] or, as Jake again makes the point:

> The trouble is that Eugene Shore is alive. He's here breathing down Al's neck. Al can't talk about Shore with any finality. But if Shore were dead ... They all look different the day after they die. A little time passes, then suddenly you see them in perspective. That's why I had no trouble with Fitzgerald. But with Shore right here in town....(150)

Responding to Al, Lisa accuses scholars of being "morticians"; Al, after Shore's funeral, picks up Lisa's earlier accusation that he is a "bone-picking scholar" (159), and admits

that he wanted to say to Kunitz, "We're vultures, you know" (251). Surely this repetition of the point is intended to strike the reader forcibly.

"Dr. Hyland, a man, they said, of unimpeachable balance and authority" (45) seems to have difficulty in labelling Shore's work, of classifying it into its place in literary tradition. Based on his "careful scrutiny" of two or three of Shore's twelve books, the professor appraises Shore as

> a minor talent with no real sense of mythopoeia and [who] was therefore quite outside the perennial stream in literature. An outsider almost dangerously wrongheaded. He could never make up his mind whether his women were whores or saints. (46)

Surely this scholar could do much better than this: he must see that Shore's figures are like the "criminal saints" of Gênet and Sartre, as Al does (65). But Callaghan draws him in such a bad light that Hyland can only descend to a personal attack on Kunitz, accusing him of trying to promote "underdogs" in his declining years. Hyland's estimation of Kunitz echoes Callaghan's remark that "the last reviewer in America to have any influence on the sale of books" was Alexander Woolcott, "an elegant old dear who had a genius for pushing third-rate writers and making them sound attractive."[12] In Hyland's attack is a recognition of Kunitz' stature.

Graduate students are an extension of the "classifying academic" group of critics, disciples of and products of the professors who teach them. Of this group, Callaghan has said:

> I used to think that the independent class of thinkers might come from the universities - the sons of men who have graduated and who themselves have done well. Now I have my doubts. There was a time when leisure and reflective idleness were considered to be necessary parts of a student's life. Not now though. Students are kept as busy as business men. And I'd have to admit that the university student body in Canada is the most conservatively respectable student body in the world. An intellectual bohemia, which should be a frontier of the mind, hardly exists.[13]

Al Delaney is just such a bright, busy graduate student, who "had shown that he could take on the torturing graduate school in his spare time and lick it" (13). To support himself through graduate school, Al must drive a taxi three nights each week, which exposes him to a side of life that he records in his journal for later "analysis."

Al is so steeped in the world of literature that he fails to distinguish between literature and life. Like Jake, he has a penchant for lecturing his friends. But Al lacks Jake's appreciation of reality. Warning us of this weakness in Al which his friends tolerate, Callaghan tells us that "often [Al] lectured [his friends] on Sartre, Marcuse, Borges, and Beckett. He knew all the trends in the world's capitals, although he was the only one who had never been abroad" (12). Just as readers deprive themselves of the real experience of literature by letting critics think for them, Al blindly trusts his reading to give him a working knowledge of literature and of life.

Al is convinced that, if he applies "the tool he trusted, analysis" (28) to the material of literature and to the experiences of life, that he can "make something bigger" (25) for himself. His experiences prior to our meeting him have remained but an unsynthesized, misunderstood series of random events. However, his history in the novel, thanks to the compassion of Shore and Lisa, is a journey of discovery of himself, of literature, and of life. As such, Al's total experience in A Fine and Private Place is his re-education as a critic.

At first, Al is an enthusiastic, confident scholar, convinced he is "not some nineteenth-century reactionary taking a wonderful detached view of culture" (25). But we soon see through his façade. Al resents being told by Lisa that he knows nothing about Shore. Callaghan tells us that "he was proud, stubborn. No one was going to tell him what he needed to read. He'd had enough of that stuff in graduate school" (49). But, out of a "deepening sense of professional embarrassment" (49) he reads the New York Review of Books article for some quick information. This briefing is inadequate, and Al is again embarrassed by his lack of knowledge of Shore in his encounters with Marcus Stevens and with Evans, the Welsh poet. He is further stung when Lisa confronts him with his shallowness, and urges him to "be a pro" (64) by reading one of Shore's novels.

As he reads his first Shore novel during the flight home from Paris, Al is captivated by the book's effect, in spite of its weak style. Fascinated, he decides to focus on Shore before completing his work on Mailer. "He had the tools. He sought out the themes, archetypal figures, traces of old myths, and interesting ambiguities" (75). Soon Al has extensive notes on Shore's work, but still "nothing in these pages said anything about the effect Shore's work had had on him" (76). This shock helps him to realize that his training has become a liability:

> Again he heard that old voice: "You're nothing, Al." Just another scholarly little hack. No, not just another one, he thought in a desperate gesture to himself. At least he could see that he was hacking it. At least he could see how he had been trapped by all his scholarly training and how, no matter where he roamed now, he would have his albatross - Dr. Morton Hyland - perched on his neck the rest of his life. The tool case. Goddamned tools that didn't work. (76)

His only comfort is that no other critic has penetrated Shore's secret.

During a late-night walk, Al begins to see Shore's world in new ways. Soon, he has a sheaf of "these 'insights,' as he called them" (81). Discovery of the key to Shore's work seems imminent, yet it eludes him. Sure that contact with Shore would give him that final "insight", Al tries the polite, conventional ways of contacting the author, but fails. By contrast, Lisa simply waits for Shore to walk home, forthrightly requests an interview for Al, and is successful.

Al's first interview with Shore is the beginning of a relationship through which Al becomes the disciple of a new master. Lisa, jealous, protests that Al has simply traded heroes, and is unable to see the "rotten human stuff" about Shore (168). Previously, Shore had refused to meet scholars because they were "just doing their jobs. It's an industry. It's like industrial work" (88). But Al seems to him to be bright, able to share Shore's perception of society. Shore is rocked when Al blurts out accidentally:

> It's a big subject, I know. It's quite fascinating, isn't it? A man's sense of freedom, his love, his full love, maybe his independence. Does it always have to be put down? (95)

Shore is surprised that Al fails to capitalize on his genuine "insight," but he gradually relaxes from the fear of "some unexpected invasion of himself" (95) that might strike into the heart of his privacy. As the two men continue to meet, Al has further insights, but these ideas lead him away from the sudden perception that had jarred Shore.

As his perception of Shore changes, Al begins to disagree with the author on a philosophical basis. The master-disciple infatuation begins to fade in Al, just as it had when he began to become independent of Dr. Hyland. After Shore's death, Al realizes he must stand on his own feet as a scholar and critic. His misinterpretation of the parable of the wedding feast as an example of exclusivity shocks Lisa, but it seems to be more the product of his exhilarating new sense of intellectual freedom than a lasting interpretation

of Shore. Later, Al discusses his view of Shore's work with Starkey Kunitz, who approves of Al's ideas and encourages him, saying, "Go to it. Now we can afford to be tender" (250).

At the beginning of the novel, Al is as wrong-headed about life as he is about literature. For example, prior to his affair with Lisa, Al had a reputation as a lover who "always had a new girl in his bed" (13), but who was unable to maintain a lasting relationship. Al is similarly shallow in misjudging his father's conservativism, and eventually loses his father's financial support. Just as Al's insights into literature come as a result of his friendship with Shore, his maturation as a sensitive person grows out of his love for Lisa.

Al's failures with people are a result of his bookish habit of applying his analytical techniques to them, as though they were fictional characters, until he drains them of mystery and interest, or until his friends tire of him. Practicing this technique, Al maintains a journal, in which he records the people and events of his life, seeking the pattern that will give it all meaning, as though life could be analyzed like a novel.

Initially, Al tries to apply his researching techniques to Lisa. He wonders:

> A girl who could give him this sudden sense of harmony - surely she had some view of her own life .... There had to be a structure behind it. How aware was she of herself? Could she explain her effect on him? Of course not. Could he explain it to himself? He knew he had always been

> good at measuring the achieved effect of painters and writers. Information. Get all the information. He had the tool he trusted: analysis. He had never had any patience with mysteries. Everything could be explained. (28)

His efforts to discover Lisa's "effect" on him are as fruitless as are his insights into Shore's techniques. Just as he questions Shore about his books, Al probes Lisa's past for clues about her nature. Lisa tires of this constant interrogation, and "[tells] him with her eyes that he should not be taking her to pieces, that his dreadful analytical habit should not be used on her" (40). When his questions strike too deeply into her privacy, Lisa retreats into herself, bewildering Al. Finally, Lisa's retreats and the familiarity born of shared living erodes Al's interest in Lisa. Even in Rome, Lisa realizes that "something was lost, something ended" between them, while Al suffers in "his emptiness... [and] painful loneliness" (61).

After their return from Europe, Al and Lisa avoid conflict, and intimacy, by resuming the routine of their work. The mysterious effect of Shore's novels baffles Al, and he half-jokingly suggests that it may be "magic" (77). As he transfers this same thinking to his attraction to Lisa, he admits, "I somehow seem to know in my gut now that there are beautiful things that can't be explained. I don't think they can be - ... No, maybe it's magic" (78). His journal page for Lisa remains blank. Shore tells Al, "If there's any magic it's the way the imagination holds a life together,"

(116), but Al is not ready to understand Shore, and he continues to flounder in his study of the mystery in literature and in Lisa.

As Lisa becomes more aggressive in interposing between Al and Shore, Al is forced to choose between leaving Lisa or dropping his study of Shore. During the argument that ends with Al leaving Lisa, Al outlines the pattern that he sees in her past:

> You always pay the shot. You can afford to give up people, things, if they don't measure up to your warmth. College. The arts school. Those guys you loved a little. What makes me look at you and think that we - " (159)

Al lacks the self-awareness to see that his own analyze-them-then-leave-them pattern is much like Lisa's romantic history, except that his approach is even less personal. He also stops short of realizing the fundamental difference between Lisa's deep love for him, which he cannot appreciate and which underpins this relationship for her, and the quality of her love in previous affairs. Rather than face these realizations, Al returns to his former rooming house. Several days later, Jake describes Al's problem exactly to Lisa: "Maybe having no sense of mystery means having no real sense of love, eh, Lisa?" (169)

Thus, a hierarchy of discovery awaits Al. To discover love, he must first learn to appreciate mystery in others, which in turn requires that he discover a secret core within himself, to which no tools of analysis may be applied. With

his second fight with Lisa, Al begins that process of discovery. After they grapple on the floor, Al recoils from Lisa with "an expression on his face that she had never seen before - hatred of the loss of all sense of himself." With this shock is the further blow of " a glimpse of her that shook his imagination" (188). Al begins a proud internal gathering together that makes him seem to enlarge before Lisa's eyes. The following day, at the inquest, Al shows a sharper, more mature understanding of Shore's work. For the first time, Al argues against Shore's work on an ethical basis that suggests that he has gone beyond the merely artistic appreciation possible with his "tools." Nor is Al fully competent on this new level of understanding: his argument misses the point in its extreme, because Shore has recently grown beyond the stance reflected in his novels. Shore cautions Al that he has him "just a little wrong" (197), which Al soon realizes as Shore's new assertiveness emerges.

In his next visit to Lisa's apartment, Al speaks of Shore's "love and respect for the mystery and dignity" of his characters, a new understanding of Shore's work that flows from his discovery of mystery and dignity in Shore, Lisa and himself. He jokes about the triviality of literary study, and again gets carried away. Following his remarks about the thesis on "the myth of the female foot" (243) he would like to submit to Dr. Morton Hyland, he philosophizes:

> It's true you can make anything you want to make out of a foot or a face or anything that gets

> into your imagination. If a thing is big enough and always changing, you look at it once, you make one thing out of it, another thing another time, eh? It's life, isn't it? Life is big enough and mysterious enough and bewildering enough and there are no final answers about it. None at all. Only questions. So you can make absolutely anything you want to make out of life.... It's the same with Shore. It's the same with Lisa. I make what I want to make out of them. (236)

In his discovery of mystery Al again confuses literature and life. No longer applying his literary tools to life, he is now applying his literary sense of mystery to life with the same result: fictional characters and real people are equally toys of his mind.

Lisa brilliantly undercuts his "insight," giving him a lesson equally applicable to novels and to human relations:

> Damn it all... I'm not a body of work you can put away for a while, and then come back to and look at. That's alright for Shore, and maybe it's the way you should have felt about his work all along, but I'm alive. You said to me, "What are you, anyway?' As if I could ever tell you! As if anyone could ever tell you! And if they could, I'd be dead. And you don't seem to understand that what you make of me may have nothing to do with what I am. I don't know whether you'd have the courage to take me just as I am. (236)

Surely, in this scene Callaghan is putting forward a powerful statement on the difference between art and reality, and on the difference of mystery in each of them. Literary mysteries are man-made: they may be the product of artistic weakness, critical dullness, or intentional evasion. Or, literary mysteries may be accurate reflections of the mysteries of life. Some of these literary mysteries may be

revealed by analysis. But the mysteries of life are dynamic, ever changing, making each individual and experience unique. Such mysteries are beyond the scope of man's tools of analysis.

When Lisa asks for the return of her key from Al, she removes the tool that gave him too much access to her privacy, the equivalent of Shore withholding the secret that prevents Al from writing his roman à clef on Shore's work. Lisa becomes a mystery for Al, just as Shore is in his grave. In his "wondering, reaching, approving smile" (252) and his tender interpretation of Shore's writing, Al offers hope that he has come to appreciate his own statement, that there are "beautiful things that can't be explained" (78) in love, in life, and in literature. Perhaps now, Al is prepared to become a true literary critic, ready to take a work of imagination "just as it [is]" (236).

Al throws away his "tools" and prepares to react to Shore's novels with a personal emotional enthusiasm (237). His re-education puts him within reach of Callaghan's criteria for a good Canadian critic:

> A reviewer should let himself go. Better be hanged as a toothless lion than as a toothless sheep. The one thing in the world that a reviewer doesn't have to worry about is his loss of influence.... If they [critics] go on being passionless, sedate and respectable, then their editors are right in believing that literature is small potatoes and that aldermanic culture will prevail.... If the book reviewers would let themselves go and lay about them openly with the bludgeons of

> their wild prejudices and fierce frustrations and foolish vanities, then they might make an author feel that he was alive.... [14]

Unfortunately, even good critics can have little impact on literary life in Canada when the third class of critics, the "mindless officials" as I call them, intervene. These guardians of the public taste and values appear in his articles as overly-cautious publishers,[15] traditionally-oriented award judges,[16] and scrupulous postal clerks, indignant old ladies, and overly-zealous police officers.[17] Thanks to the efforts of these people, an imaginative work may not get published, or may not be recognized for its quality, or may not be distributed, or may be confiscated before it sells. While this group does "lay about them openly with the bludgeons of their wild prejudices and fierce frustrations and foolish vanities,"[18] they do so in repressive direct reaction to a writer's work, with no interest in open-minded dialogue.

Officer Jason Dunsford clearly qualifies as a member of this type of critic. He is supercharged with frustrations from his duty-laden youth, which has made him turn against educated and artistic people who remind him of the education he did not receive. Jason's frustrations in law enforcement have made him bitter and his disappointing marriage has made him particularly critical of drunks and immoral women. Thus, when Jason reads Shore's novel about a priest who befriends two prostitutes, all of Jason's prejudices are engaged against

the author of such dangerous sentiments. He hopes that the traffic court decision will publically embarrass Shore, and discredit his novels, while at the same time he fears that Shore's status may bring him further trouble from his superiors.

Jason's vindication by the rigged inquest into the death of Juan Gonzalez assures Jason that the system will protect him, even from a murder charge. He loses his fear of Shore and decides to take steps to put an end to Shore's writing. Convinced that his moral objections to Shore's work are supported by the system and by the "good people" (224) of the city, Jason plots and achieves Shore's death.

Starkey Kunitz suggests after Shore's funeral that even though the local critics had been trying to kill Shore's work for years, and even though Shore himself was dead, that Shore's views would continue to be made known through his novels. But this is not entirely true: literary history has many examples of the success of cyclopean critics who were able to convince the literary world that their damning interpretation of an author's work was definitive, robbing it of true appreciation until it is later rediscovered.

If Al Delaney is to be the first to attempt an exposition of Shore's work, we must hope that his education has truly changed him from being "the academic coming after [Shore] to pin [him] down, put the handcuffs on [him]"(107)

to being a sensitive critic who will give a "tender" appraisal of his writing. To do so, Al must leave his tools behind, and react from his heart, something many critics of Callaghan's work have been reluctant to do.

FOOTNOTES

CHAPTER ONE: Critics, A Minor League

[1]Plato, The Republic, trans. A. L. Lindsay (London, J. M. Dent and Sons, 1969), 304.

[2]ibid., 308.

[3]editorial preface to Morley Callaghan, "We're on the wrong track in our culture quest", Macleans Magazine, LXX (May 25, 1957), 8.

[4]Barbara Amiel, Morley Callaghan Turns on His Tormentors", Macleans Magazine, LXXXVIII (July, 1975), 77.

[5]ibid., 77.

[6]Maurice Reardon, "A Fine and Private Place", Books in Canada 1975, (Ottawa, Canadian Library Association, 1976), 8.

[7]Morley Callaghan, "Writers and Critics: A Minor League", 7. See also "The Imaginative Writer", 9.

[8]Morley Callaghan, "Writers and Critics: A Minor League", 7.

[9]Morley Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me-Too' Sickness", 18-19.

[10]Morley Callaghan, "We're on the wrong track in our culture quest", 87.

[11]Morley Callaghan, "The imaginative Writer", 6.

[12]Morley Callaghan, "Writers and Critics: A Minor League", 7.

[13]Morley Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me-Too' Sickness", 38.

[14]Morley Callaghan, "Writers and Critics: A Minor League", 7.

[15]Morley Callaghan, "The Plight of Canadian Fiction", University of Toronto Quarterly, VII (Jan. 1938), 152.

[16]Morley Callaghan, "Writers and Critics: A Minor League", 8.

[17]Morley Callaghan, "Censorship: The Amateurs and the Law", Saturday Night, LXXI (Feb. 4, 1956), 9-10.

[18]Robert Collins, "The Unsinkable Morley Callaghan", Reader's Digest (Canadian), (Dec., 1977), 98.

CHAPTER II : Interesting Ambiguities

He sought out the themes, the archetypal figures, traces of old myths, and interesting ambiguities. (FPP, 75)

Morley Callaghan has always been proud of his independence as a writer. Even through the Depression, he supported himself with radio work, film research, and writing. On that period, he comments:

> The writer is usually weaker in the head than in the heart. It is usually his head that betrays his talent. Witness what happened to so many writers during the hungry thirties when they started thinking out loud just to be in fashion.[1]

Callaghan claims that he does not follow social or intellectual fashion, asserting that this is part of his social responsibility as an artist:

> It seems to me that the writer, since his material is human beings, and since his special equipment is for having his own vision, has an enormous responsibility. He is concerned with the heart of man. The writer, the artist, has his own knowledge of these matters, which he expresses when he gives form to his material; and he is a fool when he is seduced by the latest fashions in knowledge, the psychological jargon, the sociological jargon, the chatter about the meaning of meaning.[2]

Northrop Frye makes the point that to use these "latest fashions in knowledge" to impose a non-literary structure of interpretation onto literature is to be unjust to the art itself. To do so, he says:

> ... gives us, in criticism, the fallacy of what in history is called determinism, when a scholar with a special interest in geography or economics expresses that interest by the rhetorical device of putting his favorite study into a causal relationship with whatever interests him less.... It would be easy to

> compile a long list of such determinisms in criticism, all of them, whether Marxist, Thomist, liberal-humanist, neo-Classical, Freudian, Jungian, or existentialist, substituting a critical attitude for criticism, all proposing, not to find a conceptual framework for criticism within literature, but to attach criticism to one of a miscellany of frameworks outside it.[3]

As might be expected, Callaghan reacts through his fiction against such encroachments on the freedom of literature.

In commenting on No Man's Meat (1931), Victor Hoar implies that Callaghan was indulging in parody:

> There was a time, however, when the young Canadian experimented, if that word can be used, with blatant symbolism which was so obviously inspired by the great scientist himself Freud . This experiment was so outrageous that one might well wonder if Callaghan weren't having a bit of fun with the whole system of thought as well as with those artists who took it serious.[4]

When No Man's Meat was republished in 1978, together with The Enchanted Pimp, Howard Engel remarked:

> Less well handled is the Freudian imagery. One might accuse Callaghan of inventing the bathetic phallusy, so blatantly does he repeat the same male and female symbols. When the critic Victor Hoar saw the story some years ago, he wasn't sure whether the story might not be a send-up of D. H. Lawrence's much-publicized excesses. Certainly parody was in the wind: Hemingway's The Torrents of Spring a couple of years before No Man's Meat had effectively destroyed Sherwood Anderson's Dark Laughter. Freud was in the wind as well, but most writers in 1931 approached the Viennese doctor with more caution and more success. How like the Toronto writer to plunge headlong, and show no quarter.[5]

A recent trend in writing has been to experiment with the psychological insights of Carl Jung. Robertson Davies, whose Fifth Business reflects Davies' adoption of Jung's understanding of personality, explains the attraction to Jungian discoveries:

> After the Freudian treatment, most things look a little shabby - needlessly so. Jung's depth psychology, on the other hand, is much more aesthetic and humanistic in its effects on artistic experience. The light it throws on matters of literature and on the temperament of the writer is extremely useful and revealing. [6]

Callaghan may also find Jung's discussions "on matters of literature and the temperament of the writer" to be "useful and revealing", but, in addition, I think he would find those discussions to be offensive. In his essay "On the Relation of Analytical Psychology to Poetry", Jung identifies two ways through which a work of art is produced:

> [First], there are literary works, prose as well as poetry, that spring wholly from the author's intention to produce a particular result.... He wants to produce this and nothing else. He is wholly at one with the creative process, no matter whether he has deliberately made himself its spearhead, as it were, or whether it has made him its instrument so completely that he has lost all consciousness of this fact. In either case, the artist is so identified with the work that his intentions and his faculties are indistinguishable from the act of creation itself.
>
> [Second, there are] examples of the other class of works which flow more or less complete and perfect from the author's pen.... These works positively force themselves upon the author; his hand is seized, his pen writes things that his mind contemplates with amazement. The work brings with it its own form; anything he wants to add

> is rejected, and what he himself would like to reject is thrust back at him.... He can only obey the apparently alien impulse within him and follow where it leads, sensing that his work is greater than himself, and wields a power which is not his and which he cannot command.[7]

Being more precise about the creative impulse that drives a writer, Jung says:

> You will remember that I described the nascent work in the psyche of the artist as an autonomous complex. By this we mean a psychic formation that remains subliminal until its energy-charge is sufficient to carry it over the threshold into consciousness. Its association with consciousness does not mean that it is assimilated, only that it is perceived; but it is not subject to conscious control, and can be neither inhibited nor voluntarily reproduced.... The divine frenzy of the artist comes perilously close to a pathological state, though the two things are not identical.[8]

In reaction to Jung's denial of the freedom and craft of the artist when the creative impulse possesses him through the autonomous complex of the nascent work, I believe, Callaghan has written A Fine and Private Place as a parody of Jung's insights into the artistic process. An examination of the text reveals a Jungian matrix that is carefully, and at times slavishly, followed, as though Callaghan could not escape it. But, at the same time, we discover a riot of extraneous imagery which is too blatant not to be intentionally included by Callaghan to catch our notice. The combined effect of these two patterns of imagery is a contradiction: Callaghan is at once captivated by the Jungian matrix, yet free to scatter imagery as he wishes. As in No Man's Meat,

Callaghan seems to be toying with this recent fashion followed by some critics and writers. His method produces an illustration of Suzanne Langer's criticism of the Jungian position:

> To make all art a natural self-expressive function like dream and "make-believe" tends to put good art and bad art on a par. One does not say of a sleeper that he dreams clumsily, nor of a neurotic that his symbols are carelessly strung together; but a poem may certainly be charged with ineptitude or carelessness.[9]

A brief outline of Jung's discoveries is necessary for us if we are to detect the matrix Callaghan has chosen to employ in his treatment of Jung's comments on literature. As a result of his considerable research, Jung concluded that the individual's psyche was composed of three principal parts: the ego, the personal unconscious, and the collective unconscious. Just as the body has biological energy derived from digesting food, Jung felt that the psyche had energy, which he called "libido", which was derived from experiences.

Jung described the ego as a spark of consciousness floating in a sea of unconsciousness. This spark of consciousness is capable of volition and attention, and has perception of itself and of reality through the senses. The ego also receives guidance from fantasies, dreams, intuitions and instinctual drives which rise to conscious perception. As the ego develops during puberty, it generates a "persona" or mask of the characteristics it finds easiest to develop in

its environment; often, other people may confuse this mask with the individual's whole personality. But the ego has another side, called the shadow, comprised of undeveloped or deliberately repressed elements of personality. This shadow can only be known to the ego through the senses; hence it is perceived by means of projections of personality elements onto some other person of the same sex. The ego perceives these projected characteristics as belonging to the other person, and usually reacts to them with anger, envy or hostility in order to repress them again. Thus, a constant tension exists in the ego between the persona and shadow manifestations.

A further feature of the personal unconscious, in addition to the shadow, is a bipolar element which Jung called a "complex". Relative to the persona, a complex is "something incompatible, unassimilated and conflicting, existing perhaps as an obstacle, but also as a stimulus to greater effort."[10] Complexes may never have had a conscious origin, and hence are called "autonomous complexes" (such as the power of the nascent literary work, mentioned above), or they may arise from deliberately-repressed personal experience. In either case, the root element becomes a nucleus around which similar experiences become grouped. Such "constellated" complexes develop additional emotional charge each time their experience bases are added to, until they have the libidinous power to surface in the consciousness of the ego. When such

a surfacing occurs, either the ego struggles and achieves repression, or the complex gains control of behaviour while the stimulating situation lasts, producing very uncharacteristic behaviour. However, if the complex can be dealt with and resolved, release and healing is often the result, and a more integrated personality is achieved.

Underlying the personal unconscious is the greater and more powerful "collective unconscious", a personal share of the total collective experience-base of mankind from primordial times, which is still being added to and which is still influential in the behaviour of the individual. "Constellated" groups of such experiences are known as "archetypes", which, because of their extensive experience base developed over the ages, have immense libidinous power to surge into the ego when the parallel "archetypal situation" stimulates them. Archetypes are not inherited images: Jung refers to them as "the instincts' perceptions of themselves."[11] Archetypes make themselves known to the ego only through symbolic projections of themselves in dreams, myths,legends, fairy tales, works of art, and religious symbols.[12] Archetypes, like complexes, are bipolar; their projections may be received as helpful or harmful.

The study of the "instinctual residua" in these projections helped Jung to discover a number of specific archetypes, of which one is the "anima" in men and the "animus" in women, a psychic yearning for wholeness, so named

because its fulfillment is dependent on help from members of the opposite sex. Individuals who resist their anima or animus projections because they seem negative, or who are frustrated in their search for wholeness, become terribly warped, with a tremedous boil of libidinous power ready to explode within them if an inescapable conflict situation presents itself.

One further archetype deserves our consideration: the "self." This is the central, organizing archetype of the collective unconscious,[13] which satisfies its libidinous drive by "transcendence", by a uniting of the opposites described above. Since man is so complex, and since life is constantly bringing new experiences, total integration of the self is rarely achieved. But each person must strive for self-awareness and a balancing of libidinous tension, or one works against the self, promoting its "dark" disintegrative aspect.

"The slow, imperceptible process of psychic growth which leads to a wider and more mature personality"[14] is known as the "process of individuation" in Jungian terms. This process toward transcendence forms the matrix of character interaction and development in A Fine and Private Place. To be sure that the reader does not miss this pattern, at crucial points in the novel Callaghan has Lisa ask pointed questions which virtually predict the course of events. For example, while Al is still working on his Mailer thesis,

Lisa asks him, "Why not look into Shore?" (34) Soon, Al drops the Mailer thesis, and becomes increasingly involved with Shore. When Al is confused by his research on Shore, Lisa tries to guide him by asking, "Where is the cop?" As if by coincidence, Al and Shore soon meet Jason Dunsford, a police officer. Lisa asks Jake Fulton why it's easier to write a thesis about a dead author, and soon finds herself in a position to assist Jason's vicious plans. Her question to Shore, "Who can I go to if I can't go to you?", recognizes his role as teacher and saviour which will deepen with each of her visits to his home. This series of questions is summarized when, after Shore's death when things seem to be returning to normal between Al and Lisa, it occurs to her that:

> Some people not of her frame of mind would wonder if there could be a natural pattern to the events shaping around her. She dwelt on this with some fascination. There could be a perfection in the form of these happenings, they would say, a form being shaped without any visible mark of the director's hand, a kind of terrible beauty in a pattern around Shore's death, and she had just the right place in it; a pattern so inevitable that it would have the approval of nature itself. (245)

Surely there is a "visible mark of the director's hand" in such appropriate musing, pointing out the pattern that brings together Al, Lisa, Jason and Shore in a process that leads to self-discovery, maturity, self-disintegration, and death. I believe that these questions and their summary are intended by Callaghan to make clear that he is following intentionally

a borrowed matrix.

To follow the matrix that will allow characters to move toward individuation, or to reject it, Callaghan uses four figures who are carefully designed to interact forcefully. As a group, they are a microcosm of society, and of Callaghan's characters, giving a universality to the use of the pattern of the process of individuation in this novel. Shore is an intellectual and a representative of the wealthy; he is also the first full-fledged novelist to appear in any of Callaghan's works. As one gifted with a special insight and talented in the use of words, he is an ideal father and teacher figure for the group. Al Delaney is a boyish lover whose extended adolescence, produced by his protracted stay in school, makes him the typical Callaghan naive academic. Since he is so impressionable, Al easily becomes a keen disciple of Shore. Al needs both intellectual and social maturation, which are partly achieved through a love relationship with Lisa Tolen, who is typical of Callaghan's bright, beautiful, socially-adventurous young ladies. Since, according to Jung, each man must find wholeness through his contacts with women, Lisa's influence on the men in the novel is crucial to their development, and thus is crucial to the movement of the novel itself. She, in turn, needs their presence to discover her animus, to promote her maturation. Jason Dunsford epitomizes Callaghan's insensitive authority figures. His attitudes and marriage offer a contrast to the other

characters' values and lives: Jason is the perfect subject through which the others may see their shadows. He is the focus of both the tensions that bring about Shore's death, and the self-discoveries that could lead to individuation.

Callaghan's use of four principal characters in A Fine and Private Place is a part of the "perfection in the form of these happenings" that is consistent with Jungian imagery. Groupings of four are very common in Jungian patterns: for example, there are four aspects of the anima and four of the animus, four choices of action when unconscious material becomes conscious, four-sided figures used in mythology represent the self. Four is a number signifying wholeness, order and harmony in mythology, religion and alchemy.[15] Jolande Jacobi quotes Jung as saying, "The quaternity is a more or less direct representation of God who is manifest in his creation." She goes on to say that "as a dream symbol it [the quaternity] points to the 'God within', and the archetypal images with which the psyche lends expression to this inner God bear witness to its divine nature."[16] Yet Callaghan seems to be mocking this imagery, since hatred, jealousy and violence are present in the novel only when Jason is present in the action of the work, thereby completing the quaternity.

Soon after we meet Al, Lisa and Jason, the characters engage in a discussion on the significance of their names. The technique of using character-indicative names is hardly new in literature in general, nor in Callaghan's writing.

But the recurrence and detail of these discussions makes the technique "blatant" and reduces the need for "analysis, the tool [Al] trusted" (28). We are told that Al should be identified with Alexander the Great, a youthful conqueror by land. Ironically, Lisa comments that "Al's a loser's name, (21) which she inadvertently, then deliberately proceeds to establish in fact. Helen Dunsford tells Jason that his name harkens back to the figure who, after an ocean voyage, had to slay a dragon to recover the Golden Fleece (126). But Jason is blindly insensitive to the spiritual bond that his "golden haired" wife (130) offers him. Instead, he egoistically applies the implication of the fleece to his own "all wool and a yard wide" integrity. As his egocentricity grows, he gives away his treasure by institutionalizing Helen. When Jason perceives Shore as a social monster, he murders him, with only his self-esteem as the prize. Lisa is uncertain of her name's implications. Her surname, Tolen (Latin, "taken"), links with her caesarian birth, which can be a sign of prophetic ability. Lisa reveals this prophetic ability in the predictive questions mentioned above, or in the more dangerous type of the self-fulfilling prophesies, such as her comment that Al's name suits a loser. Shore recognizes Lisa's dangerous nature, and describes her as a "flame." Eugene Shore's name is not discussed, but it could be interpreted as the meeting point of two elements, land and water. Such meeting points, particularly those in the form of vapours (meeting point of air and water), can be images of the psyche, a spiritual entity. Thus, the four

central characters are linked by their names to land (Al), water (Jason), fire (Lisa) and spirit (Shore), the quaternity of basic elements. That this imagery occurs is also appropriate to the theme of individuation:

> According to the Gnostic view, the quaternity was the soul itself; it was the anthropos, the first mortal Adam, who consisted of the four elements. But it was also the matrix for the birth of the second, the purified and immortal Adam. The philosophers of the Middle Ages believed that the prima materia would have to be divided into four parts and that man's original nature, his blind instinctuality, would have to be sacrificed, in order that it might be reborn on a higher level.[17]

Thus, by focusing the novel on characters with these four names, Callaghan produces the quaternity which has "played an important role in the intellectual development of mankind."[18] The forthright discussions by the characters about their names draws the reader's attention to this device; one could hardly say that this effect is built up "without any visible mark of the director's hand."

Accompanying the name discussions of the three younger characters is a résumé of their parental and social relations prior to our meeting them. Jung tells us the importance of this data:

> Neuroses and psychoses are likewise reducible to infantile relations with the parents, and so are a man's good and bad habits, his beliefs, peculiarities, passions, interests, and so forth.[19]

These "infantile relations with the parents" may produce an overly strong attachment of a son to his mother or of a daughter to her father. If so, a complex forms in the

child's personal unconscious. This complex may have as its nucleus "a content of the collective unconscious"[20] which would be the maternal archetype in men or the paternal archetype in women. Such complexes can frustrate the child's later attempts to relate well to the opposite sex. Since maturation, or individuation, can be achieved only by discovering and establishing libidinous balance with the various aspects of one's animus or anima through its projections into members of the opposite sex, any blockage in normal relationships would prevent maturation.

No childhood details are given for Shore. Instead, he tells Al of his special vision which occurred when he was "about 25 and living alone" (194), during which his study of a tree suddenly struck him with "astonishing reality." His vision is the product of extensive effort at self-expression through writing, which Joseph L. Henderson claims can be a route to discovery of the contents of one's unconscious layers. Henderson goes on to say that "an ancient tree or plant represents symbolically the growth and development of psychic life... a symbol of a link with the deepest layers of the collective unconscious."[21] Henderson does not say that full personal integration, full maturation, is signified by the vision, even though Shore claims that "not thinking about myself, I seemed to come all together." (195)

Shore's "vision" discussion is so intense in its

context as a lunch-hour conversation in a restaurant, that one feels it is over-written. The account of the surfacing of an emotionally-charged archetype in Shore's consciousness is certainly close to Ezra Pound's explanation of the power of an "image":

> An "Image" is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time. I use the term "complex" rather in the technical sense employed by the newer psychologists, such as Hart, though we might not agree absolutely in our application.
>
> It is the presentation of such a "complex" instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of great works of art.[22]

The experience gives Shore the sense of a creative vitality which is working through him; the expression of this power surging in him becomes his goal, as he makes himself passively receptive to reality.

Al's criticism of Shore's writing, in response to the author's report of his psychic experience, parallels Suzanne Langer's criticism of those who apply Jungian psychological insights to literary works, mentioned above. If one writes only for personal benefit, all images may be treated equally, as in "make-believe." But if a work is to be publically received, an author must express his view of life, Al insists. To have "each person made as clearly special as his tree" (195) in Shore's novels, Al tells him, is "not real life. It's not a view of life. It's just your own temperament. And it's just sentimental ..." (196). Al also

realizes that Shore makes the ultimate transfer of his private vision to daily life, investing even Jason Dunsford with the esteem that he is "clearly special". Knowing that Jason is "capable of anything" if he comes to see himself as Shore does, Al can only marvel that Shore is calmly preoccupied in wondering "what's gone on in [Jason's] life" (197), as Jung might do.

Shore's "heightened sense of life" does not lead him toward maturity; rather, it isolates him from himself and from his society. He admits to Al, "I don't see myself at all.... I don't want to have a view of myself" (194) since self-consciousness could inhibit either the flow of creative power within him or his ability to be receptive to the impressions produced by reality. But because Shore applies this same technique in his daily life, he must remain detached from his society to record it: were he to participate in his social environment, he would lose his non-evaluative vantage point. While he remains an observer of society, he cannot form the relationships that will promote his maturity. Thus, Shore illustrates that his private vision leads him away from life and from socially-engaged literature, such as Al would have him write.

Jung tells us that each age has its proper purposes: in childhood, the ego emerges; during youth, self-discovery and individuation should be achieved, and the youthful drives for success fulfilled; middle age is to be a period of

mellowing, prior to the dependence of old age. Should youthful ambition flow over to middle age, physical ailments, such as ulcers or J. J. Coulson's hemmorhoids, can be the result. Similarly, if a person reaches middle age without developing sufficient linkage with his anima that he relates well with the opposite sex, he may have developed defensive habits that are very set. Jung observes:

> The nearer we approach to the middle of life, and the better we have succeeded in entrenching ourselves in our personal attitudes and social positions, the more it appears as if we had discovered the right course and the right ideals and principles of behaviour. For this reason we suppose them to be eternally valid, and make a virtue of unchangeably clinging to them. We overlook the essential fact that the social goal is attained only at the cost of a diminution of personality. Many - far too many - aspects of life which should also have been experienced lie in the lumber-room among dusty memories; but sometimes, too, they are glowing coals under grey ashes.[23]

Shore's middle age seems to be just such an entrenched position. His seclusion from neighbours, critics and academics protects him from a view of himself as author and man, and from forming the social ties that would put him into those "aspects of life that should have been experienced" earlier in his life. As Al tries to explore Shore's personality, he feels "pushed away" repeatedly (83). The author becomes defensive when questioned on his values:

> "What does a man live by?" Shore said, almost ill at ease. "No one asks that question nowadays, do they?" He was ready to draw back from some unexpected invasion of himself. (95)

Evidence suggests that Shore has not outgrown a maternal complex that makes him withdrawn from strangers and testy with his neighbours. Like many men who have been close to their mothers, Shore seems to have lived alone for some time before marrying. He was living alone at age twenty-five as he was beginning his career, and he still refers to his residence as "my wife's home", as though his wife had lived there for some time prior to their marriage. The aggressive decor of the living room, such as the Spanish design in the Indian rug, and the presence of paintings with female subjects, suggest that his wife is a strong individual. Perhaps Shore, again like mother-dominated men, has married a lady who replaces his mother's role in his life. Since we do not know Shore's "infantile relations" with his parents, we can only speculate that Shore's maternal complex springs from his anima, and is accumulating libidinous energy as maternal and marital experiences are constellated to the primal nucleus. Naturally, Lisa's sexuality and aggressiveness make her liable to be the subject of projections of this complex in Shore.

Shore's reactions to Lisa reveal a growing confrontation between the "burning generosity of love" in Lisa and the possessiveness of Shore's maternal complex. When Lisa visits Shore for autographs, "his eyes grew wary as if he were hearing a voice saying, 'Don't let these strangers in.'" (33). Such inner voices often come from the anima,

when a man feels that his mother has been a negative influence on him.[24] As he steps onto the porch, we are told that "Shore glanced at her. Then he gave her another quick surprised look. Al wondered whether Shore had recognized her", (33) as men often do recognize the women who can lead them to maturity. This is apparently the case, since Shore advises Lisa, "You don't need to bother reading [my books]. You're in them."

Even though Shore may realize that Lisa is the woman he has been seaching for through his novels, his "entrenched personal attitudes" make him reluctant to relate to her. When Lisa approaches him with the request that he meet with Al, he again relates "uneasily ... as if he had some twinge of apprehension" (89), but he does accede to her request. After sharing dinner at the King Edward Hotel with Al and Lisa, Shore reacts to her kiss "with that same twinge of apprehension he had had the night she had stopped him on the street" (117) in spite of their gentle flirting throughout the evening. When Lisa visits him alone at his home, the sexual potential of the situation is very clear to both of them. When Lisa asks, "Am I that unattractive, Mr. Shore?" while knowing what his answer would be, she forces the issue. Shore tries to discuss his wife to defend himself from Lisa, as though hoping that interposing this anima content would stave off Lisa's attractiveness. He tells Lisa, "From her I learned gentleness of touch and the sweet smell of a

woman's flesh. I learned so many things about people being together" (179). But Shore's efforts fail him and add to the emotional charge of the moment as his anima and the maternal complex struggle for control of him. His confusion is evident:

> Then, as if wondering why he was offering these words to the wild, distraught girl looking up at him, he said with sudden emotion: "You don't seem to belong around here, Lisa. Oh, maybe you do now, I don't know. But whatever you are, wherever it is, you'll be forgiven, because ... well, it's a kind of burning generosity of love in you, Lisa. Maybe too much for a man to handle." (179)

Shore seems to come to the realization that he must embrace growth to the next stage in anima development, which is possible through openness with Lisa.

Jung describes four stages of anima development. "The first stage is best symbolized by the figure of Eve, which represents purely instinctual and biological relations".[25] Shore's wife had brought Shore's anima to this level, but Lisa, who identifies herself to Al in Rome as "Helen of Troy" (again Callaghan gives us the clue), is the embodiment of the anima content of the second stage of development:

> The second [stage] can be seen in Faust's Helen: she personifies a romantic and aesthetic level that is, however, still characterized by sexual elements.[26]

When Shore embraces Lisa, he symbolically represents his acceptance of growth to this new level. But if he is to

confirm his development, Shore must express it through some appropriate action. He agrees to do as Lisa has requested, to write the article for the World.

But if Shore were to write the article by his usual method of observation and interview, he could still produce a very detached appraisal of the city. However, Al's comments against objectivity, over lunch during the inquest, leave Shore "pondering something." He assures Al, "You've got me a little wrong" (197), probably after having decided to write a more engaged article. But the scene of Mrs. Gonzalez' courage after the inquest moves him deeply:

> On her face, lifted in the sunlight, was an expression of resignation born of such an ancient wisdom that Al, startled, looked at Shore and nudged him. But Shore couldn't turn; in his face was a quickening, wondering recognition of something that moved and fascinated him. It was as if he saw that this woman in her hard poverty-stricken life, often fleeing from the law, had kept in her heart an ancient natural concept of justice that allowed her to have some secret respect for herself.
>
> "Good God," Shore said softly, and the change in him, the open involvement now, began to worry Al. (209)

Shore's awe and respect for Mrs. Gonzalez opens him to her plight; the experience transports his anima to its third stage of development. "The third stage is represented for instance, by the Virgin Mary - a figure who raises love (eros) to the heights of spiritual devotion."[27] Callaghan again signals Shore's change of level blatantly, with Shore's otherwise pointless divine ejaculation. Again, action is

required to cement this development in maturation, in love. Shore comments to Al, before becoming involved with Mrs. Gonzalez' lawyer, "It's okay, Al.... I know I've held myself apart around here, but I'll love doing this" (210). Shore's death prevents his development to a higher stage, to the ultimate fourth stage rarely reached by modern man. But the comments of those attending the funeral suggest that they perceive Shore not as dead, but as having transcended earthly life to that level "symbolized by Sapientia, wisdom transcending even the most holy and the most pure."[28]

Kunitz's appreciation of Shore is shared by Al to a lesser degree, but it requires a special insight or faith in Shore's work that only they share. The parallel of this group with the apostles after Christ's death is unmistakable, and caps an ironic strain of imagery that runs through the novel. Shore first comes to serious attention in the city through a review by Starkey Kunitz, "the voice from Mount Sinai" (45), parallelling the theophany following Christ's baptism. Kunitz' mocking questions resemble those asked by the crowd at various times during Christ's ministry (44; compare, for example with Mt 23:10). The critics' questions, "What was Shore? A Christian? A pagan? An atheist?", produce the same effect as Jesus' question to Peter, "Who do men say that I am?" (Mt 16:13). Al notes that Shore's perception is unusually ahead of his time (65), and this perception makes him an "outsider, almost dangerously wrongheaded" since he

offends the moral perception of the city by not deciding "whether his women were whores or saints" (46). In its defense, the city seems to express a preference for a "religion" of education and culture (46) of which Al claims he is a new priest (23). Al himself comes well-recommended: his father is J.C. Delaney, and Al, after living on hamburger and cornflakes, "looked like a Jesus just out of the desert" (15). Al comes to know Shore's work and, realizing that Shore is reluctant to seek publicity, appoints himself as Shore's "witness" (213), "disciple" and "apostle" (251). Al travels with Shore, learning from him and debating the author's point-of-view.

After Shore's death, Al feels "cut off, lousy" (229). Alone in his upper room at Mrs. Burnside's, he is "imagining he is talking to the guy" when he hears the news of Shore's death. He becomes full of enthusiasm with his special interpretation of Shore's novels, but Kunitz' influence seems to sober him. As he reflects on his role as Shore's follower, Al comments to Lisa, "What disciple, what apostle, what critic, ever felt like a vulture? Dear God, there must be much more to it than picking Shore's bones, then putting him in the crypt of literature" (251). His new eagerness to work, inspired by Kunitz's confidence in him, parallels the apostles' zeal after Pentecost.

Shore himself seems to share this perception of himself as Christ-like. He refers to his novels as his "parables", and his point-of-view as his "temple", his "own church". He

marvels that Wilfred Greenburg, who resembles the wandering Jew, Ahasuerus, does not recognize him" (117). Nor does Shore appear startled when Lisa petitions him for help, asking, "Who can I go to if I can't go to you? You know this" (89), echoing Peter's words to Jesus in John 6:68, "Lord, who shall we go to? You have the message of eternal life."

Yet, through most of the novel, Shore is not a mediating hero. In response to Lisa's petition to help her get Al back to her apartment, Shore replies, "I can't be a go-between.... It's something between you and Al" (176). Likewise, he advises Al against using a specific Shore novel as a peace-offering to his father (112). Shore is the reverse of Christ: Shore does not practice what he writes; Christ wrote nothing, but was love in action. To avoid sensational headlines, Shore lives in such seclusion that he also avoids being a criminal-saint. Shore's late development makes the hopes of Al and Lisa misplaced; yet, ironically, as Shore changes, Al and Lisa merely come to see him as he was, and lose a confidence in him that he is growing toward deserving. With his involvement in the Gonzalez appeal, Shore begins to assume the courage of his fictional heroes. However, as Margaret Atwood remarks in Survival, "Prophets here don't get very far against the Civil Service,"[29] which in this case would include the police force. Shore's efforts to cry out against injustice as a prophet might, are cut short by his murder.

Officer Jason Dunsford creates pharisaic opposition to Shore. When Shore criticizes Jason for the "ritual things" (104) that the law allows him to do to citizens, the officer reacts by putting Shore through the "render to Caesar" test of verifying that Shore paid for a newspaper. Following this treatment, in which his attack was frustrated by Shore's generosity, Dunsford checks Shore on "dietary laws" with a drunkenness test. Inronically, when the officer perceives Shore as a "redeemer of little thugs like the Gonzalez boy" (216), he has more belief in Shore's potential influence than anyone, and kills him to preserve his own position.

Jason's legalism and sense of duty stems from his childhood. From an early age, after the death of his father, Jason was responsible for the support of his mother and sisters. He "respected and admired" (140) his mother, developing a maternal complex that finds continued expression in his marriage to his childhood sweetheart, Helen. In high school, Helen had been an avid reader and "always had the lead in the high school plays" (127), but Jason never joined in these activities. Their marriage reflects that Jason's attachment to his mother has blocked real intimacy with Helen, whose contact could assist him to raise his anima to its second stage of "romantic and aesthetic" development.[30] Jason's anima remains on the most basic "instinctual and biological" level. Callaghan shows us Jason's bio -

logical orientation through Jason's constant awareness of his size and strength (124), by Jason's disgust for "sentimental" writing such as Shore's, and his wish that Helen would be attracted to May Mustard. May is a "loud, happy, vulgar woman who never read a book" (135), who would be a very different influence from Helen's friend, Mollie, the drunken librarian.

Jason's love and respect for his mother make him particularly intolerant of women who violate that image. He takes special pride in arresting prostitutes, and has for some time taken an almost masochistic satisfaction in rescuing Helen from her binges with Mollie, as though they were the product of excessive reading. Jason's concern for Helen is not love; it is really an extension of his care for his mother. He later describes his marriage as a "sentimental, useless feeling" (224) which he sets aside.

While Jason does blame himself for Helen's alcoholism, he passes on the blame to the nature of his work, that "a cop has to work crazy hours " (123). Jason likewise blames his failure to become an engineer on his father's death, and senses the unlikeliness of his ever becoming a "master criminologist" in such a corrupt police department. If Jason could use these experiences to evaluate "his real zeal and unyielding sense of rectitude" (123), they could lead to his personal growth. M.-L. von Franz describes such opportunities for awakening:

> The actual process of individuation ... generally begins with a wounding of the personality and the suffering that accompanies it. This initial shock amounts to a sort of "call", although it is often not recognized as such. On the contrary, the ego feels hampered in its will or its desire and usually projects the obstruction onto something external. That is, the ego accuses God or the economic situation or the boss or the marriage partner for being responsible for whatever is obstructing it. [31]

Jason does not grow, but chooses the lesser alternative, which Jung refers to as the "regressive restoration of the persona":

> The regressive restoration of the persona is a possible course only for the man who owes the critical failure of his life to his own inflatedness. With diminished personality, he turns back to the measure he can fill. [32]

Jason turns from his experiences with bitterness. He puts Helen into an institution "for some real care and a real cure" (133) which he could provide but will not. He withdraws from contact with the other officers he despises, yet cultivates no friends outside the police force because "a policeman and his friends were an isolated group. A policeman couldn't freely make friends" (124). He develops a new persona, "an effective, aloof, magisterial manner and a blunt, direct manner of speech" that reflects that he has become "a routine cop, a grimly quiet, disappointed cop who secretly nursed the dangerous feeling that he was being overlooked" (124). Inspector Higgins and the other officers

become negative influences on Jason, reinforcing the negative paternal complex[33] that stems from his father's death and its frustrating legacy of duty. Jason can teach his dog to accept him, but he lacks the social development to be as successful with people.

When Jason meets Shore, all of these tensions are focussed. Al and Shore "could see by the half-contemptuous expression on the big cop's face that he was in a bad mood" (100). His "routine politeness" and "wooden manner" are maintained while he tries to determine Shore's social position. "This cop had learned that a poor man need not be treated with the respect you offered an affluent man." (100). But as the incident continues, Shore's "lordly disdain" and "utterly savage contempt" make him a "commanding figure because he [is] so sure of himself" (104). Under Shore's scorn, Jason's head keeps "jerking back involuntarily", an action which Shore later describes as being like a camel's when heavily laden or when resisting abuse (202). Shore represents the product of Jason's ambitions, had he succeeded in college: the class of men who can get their tickets fixed, and the repressive men who can legitimately point out his excessive conduct. Jason can only retaliate by referring to Shore's class as "you guys", by calling Shore "a big man" for leaving a tip, and by continuing to harrass Shore until he finds a basis for laying a charge. His attack is fired with libidinous energy from his negative father complex, assisted by his

shadow's efforts to surface through projections on Shore.

Only after the event, when Jason learns from Al that Shore is influential, does Jason feel "suddenly apprehensive" about the "threat [he] had felt in Shore's contempt" (106). This same feeling recurs when he reads the novel Al gives him (127), but he blocks self-scrutiny with mockery of Shore.

These continuing repressions supercharge the shadow with libidinous energy, preparing it to surface in the ego and explode, given the right opportunity. Juan Gonzalez's laughter rings against Jason's failure with Helen, and reminds him of the failure of his youthful dreams. As he begins pursuit of the car, "Jason imagined that he heard wild laughter; he could almost see the big contemptuous grins on the faces of the two men" (137). His recognition of the men as "That's them" is a projection from his shadow, an identification made by his hated, faded youth. Callaghan's imagery and authorial comments make the Jungian content and importance of the event clear. Callaghan tells us that "Jason ... trembling with excitement ... felt he was close to some deep satisfaction he needed" (138). As he leaps from the car, Jason shouts, "This is it, Ira." Ira Mustard's name here suggests the "bitter anger" which he is about to satisfy.

Jason meets Juan in "an open space, a wide, rutted cinder space, the ruts now full of water" (138). There are no "glowing coals under the grey ashes", the image Jung uses

to describe those "aspects of life which should also have been experienced"[34] but which have been denied or repressed. When Jason shoots Juan Gonzalez, he is attacking the symbol of carefree youth, of a young man who can support his mother and still is able to enjoy life. Instead of realizing that Juan can still be his pattern for personal growth, Jason makes the boy a symbol of irreversible defeat.

As Juan dies, Callaghan takes us inside Jason's head:

> A blinding flash in his own head made Jason shiver.... An extraordinary quiver within him stunned him. In his head at first and then through his whole body had been that blinding flash that seemed to push him in an anguished tension to the edge of an abyss, then hurl him over, but in the falling in the darkness the abyss opened up like a brilliant flower, and he had a blinding ecstatic awareness of the reality of himself, his life and all things that were exalting in this new awareness. It was the biggest thing he had ever had in his life: it was the biggest thing of all. (140)

Rather than come to terms with his failings and resolve his repressions, he destroys this projection from his shadow, and, along with it, Juan Gonzalez. Inflated by the "undoubted grandeur of his vision"[35] Jason begins to develop into a psychopath, a menace to any male who opposes him.

Even at this stage, Jason's anima could have been redirected by his mother's influence. But the cleaning woman, who, Callaghan tells us, "might have reminded him of his mother," does not cast the "one steady, wandering glance [that] ... might have demoralized him" (144). Because Jason had focussed so much psychic value on this woman's acknowledgement of his presence, her disregard of him becomes as

powerful as the shooting of Juan Gonzalez. He is freed of his maternal control, leaving him "alone", which Callaghan repeats twice for our notice (140). Free of the images of his youth and his mother, Jason "could let himself be, feel his whole being filling again with that exalted, stunning sense of his own enlargement, that exhilarating sense of himself being hurled into the centre of things which he had felt standing in the rain after the gun went off" (144-145). In the rain, mud, wind, and gun-flash, Jason is born again, not on a higher level, but as a satanic figure, a "death demon"[36] plunging over the abyss into hell, the disintegrative hell of "the dark side of the Self."

M.-L. von Franz's description of such a person suits Jason well:

> The dark side of the Self is the most dangerous thing of all, precisely because the Self is the greatest power in the psyche. It can cause people to "spin" megalomaniac or the other delusory fantasies that catch them up and possess them. A person in this state thinks that he has grasped the great cosmic riddles; he therefore loses all touch with human reality. A reliable symptom of this condition is the loss of one's sense of humour and of human contacts.[37]

Jason's "blinding" new sense of justice grows out of his vindication by the inquest. He discovers that the system is prepared to cheat the law when the good of society is threatened. Just as an artist may consider himself to be the "spearhead" of the creative process, Jason re-evaluates himself as one who is gifted with a special insight into the preservation of justice. As a result, his persona is boosted by his sense of compatibility with the collective persona of

his society, a means of "renewal of life for the individual that ... positively invites one to wed oneself with the abyss and blot out all memory of its embrace." [3]

Jason's values become inverted, and he begins to see Shore "as a monstrous source of corruption ... the man on the side of all that was loose, unprincipled and lawless ... an evil man." (216). He fears that Shore will make Helen's drunkenness forgiveable, and would degrade him for shooting the Gonzalez boy. Jason thinks of "that sense of exultation he had felt standing in the rain, having just fired the gun" and realizes that "the vindication now seemed to belong with the big bang of the gun" (216). He becomes a special enforcer of moral standards that are outside the letter of the law.

In the crowd on Lisa's street, Jason draws libidinous energy for his destructive drive by feeling the mutual respect and shared excitement of the crowd in "being close to some terrible violence" (220). Ironically, they are physically closer to violent power than they realize.

Jason's interview with Lisa demonstrates his humourless social manner, that flows from his super-charged new persona. He must ignore the constant "condescension", "contempt" and sarcasm which she pours upon him. Jason tries to impress Lisa with his size, and twice claims that Shore "sized [him] up" inadequately. Lisa responds twice with the phrase to reduce Jason's importance. She comments to him, "You don't sound like that big man in the picture", ironically re-applying his sarcastic remark to Shore (102) to Jason himself (224).

Jason ignores the pun in her comment, "I'm sure Shore is not the rage of the cop world" (223); rather,"seeking a moment of dignity" he corrects Lisa for calling him a cop, whereas previously he "did not lose his temper when he was called a 'pig' at student demonstrations" (124). Typically psychopathic, he notes the untidiness of her apartment with disapproval, but appreciates "her own clean line and simple clothes" and the "severe part ... in her black hair"(222).[39] He feels drawn to her beauty, and Lisa's warm, encouraging smile builds his confidence; he feels united to her as he did to the crowd in the street. Jason feels "that exalted sense of himself as a man who knew that when things got out of order good people wanted them put right" (225). Lisa's approval of his mission is particularly exciting to Jason because he seems to perceive her as the negative manifestation of the anima on the biological level, the image of the witch or sorceress, his suitable mate. As he leaves, Jason tries to " slip his arm around her", but she dismisses him curtly.

Taking encouragement from the meeting in spite of Lisa's rebuffs, Jason becomes animal-like, monstrous, full of "ruthless decisiveness" and "cunning" as he begins to stalk Shore. Shore's death seems to flow automatically from the charge Jason develops during this evening in the crowd and with Lisa. The author's death is a further conquest of Jason's father imago, and an elimination of a "monstrous source of corruption."

Jason's relationship to Shore bears some resemblance to the myth of Theseus and the Minotaur. Actually, Jason's pursuit of this monster through the dark, rain-drenched or snow-clogged labyrinth of city streets is a hunt for the beast within him,[40] his negative father complex. Because Jason identifies the projection of this complex with Eugene Shore, the author becomes a victim of Jason's inner war. But, as we have seen, Jason is now a monster himself, who feeds on violence: the hunter has come to resemble his perception of the hunted one. Like the Minotaur, Jason will continue to find victims until he himself becomes a victim.

By contrast, Al Delaney reacts to Shore positively, sensing in him his positive paternal imago. When we first meet Al, he is a swaggering savant and lover, who, with his friends at the Park Plaza Hotel, has created an intellectual clique such that of Ford Maddox Ford, Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald and Morley Callaghan in Paris, described in That Summer in Paris. Known as "the Champ", Al is famous for his sexual successes, academic brilliance and skill in "quick bar fights". Preferring graduate school and "the tool he trusted, analysis" (28) to selling tools in his father's hardware business, Al had temporarily lost his father's financial support. But his father is a tolerant man who renews his support until he learns of the lifestyle he is making possible for Al. Puzzled, Al remarks to Jake Fulton, "I thought I know what went on in my father" (15).

Al's mother, and his feelings for her, are never mentioned. But M.-L. von Franz claims:

> The character of a man's anima is as a rule shaped by his mother. If he feels that his mother had a negative influence on him, his anima will express itself in irritable, depressed moods, uncertainty, insecurity, and touchiness.[41]

This theory may be some explanation for Al's fighting in bars, his bickering with his father and with Lisa, and his private observations about others. During his oral examination, for example, "staring at the four graying professional heads, then at their old tweed jackets and scruffy shoes, he found himself wondering why both professors and jazz musicians always wore scuffed-up shoes" (16). M.-L. von Franz goes on to say that "within the soul of such a man the negative mother-anima figure [that forms the nucleus of a negative mother complex] will endlessly repeat this theme: 'I am nothing. Nothing makes any sense' .... The French call such a figure a femme fatale."[42] Several examples of this inner voice occur at key times in Al's intellectual life. During his oral examination, his mind momentarily goes blank over a "niggardly question". Al feels the chill of this negative presence, "and [hears] a voice, hardly his own [saying], 'You're nothing, Al. Nothing'" (16). When a similar chill occurs outside in the sunlight, after the defense, Al attributes it to exhaustion, and reminds himself that he has had "another big day." This "old voice" recurs again to remind him, "You're nothing, Al" (76), when he realizes that he can't explain the strange effect of Shore's novels. Again he evades self-criticism by reminding himself that "he was hacking it",

laying the blame again for his temporary failure on Doctor Morton Hyland's "goddamned tools that didn't work" (76). These inner accusations occur at key points of the challenge to Al's intellectual vanity. As such, they offer opportunities for growth, to begin the process of individuation. But Al chooses to avoid self-evaluation, and hence retards his maturation.

Al's educational career and his own predilection for analysis have retarded his development beyond the "instinctual and biological" stage of his anima. In addition, his numerous affairs have reinforced the desirability of his retaining this stage of immaturity. Temporarily without money and without a girlfriend, Al fortuitously encounters Lisa as she cares for a childthat has been neglected by its mother. The parallel proves significant. Lisa quickly realizes Al's predicament and claims him, assuring, "You need someone to look after you." Al and Lisa begin sharing her apartment, with their interaction fostering their maturation. Thus, their developments are fused, requiring that my analysis be a mixture of the study of them as individuals and as a couple.

Callaghan gives us a detailed outline of Lisa's past:

> She had been a Caesarian baby; she had never known her mother. She had gone to a convent school. Her father, who had married again, speculated in real estate in Nassau. For months at a time he would be out of the country, and when he returned she would fling herself at him, mad for his affection, for he could have such warmth, such a flow of gentle words. Finally he settled in Nassau and had taken a third wife. Evidently each wife had to be younger. While he remained far away and hidden, her affection for him had deepened, which was something she didn't understand. He grew rich, and sent her money faithfully. (41)

Lisa's romances duplicate her father's marital pattern. We watch Al get drawn into Lisa's pattern, despite her disclaiming, "Why do these things matter now? They explain nothing about me", (41). Callaghan tells us that Lisa has had three previous affairs, all with older men, one of whom had left his wife. Like her father, who had expressed his love and support mostly through gifts of money, "she had a weakness for loaning money because she liked creating the surprise and sudden warmth in people" (41). The point-for-point parallels in the patterns of father and daughter, concluded by Lisa's disclaimer, can only be evidence of Callaghan's blatantly toying with the patterns of behaviour that can spring from an early, but strong, emotional incestual bond between father and daughter.

Each of Lisa's three affairs is a romance of some length, and each relates her to an artist or a writer, developing her aesthetic dimension. Thus, each mate assists in raising her animus to its second stage of growth, equipping Lisa with the traits of "initiative and planned action."[43] We see these gifts in her job as researcher, her rescue of the child, and the control she can exert on the material for Al's thesis.

Lisa's background has bred into her two other characteristics. Her competition with her step-mothers has made her intensely jealous of other women. Fortunately, no other women rival her for Al. Our best example of this trait is when, in a pool hall with Jake Fulton, who is only a friend, "Lisa looked around, as she always did, to make sure she was more elegant than any other woman there" (166). The second

trait is that she has learned to "fling herself at" any man she desires, and to try to hold him with expensive gifts, putting him in place of her father. Any man who would attempt to leave her would only arouse her love and possessiveness, as her father did when he returned to Nassau. Thus, Lisa has a strong negative maternal complex, as well as an animus that is heavily laden with images of her father.

Al's attraction to Lisa is not merely biological. He senses a special psychic quality in her "stillness", which is usually an indication that Lisa "has the same traits as his anima-image of woman."[44] Callaghan tells us that as he rides with her toward Britnell's bookstore:

> He turned away, then, mystified, turned back to her quickly, the expression on her face taking him by surprise. He had had a glimpse of her in a strange stillness. His surprise didn't come from a sexual feeling; no, in this stillness she was far removed from him. But he had the feeling that somehow the bits of his life had suddenly come together for a moment but only for a moment. Catching himself, he drew back, thinking: there I go again. The brightness of the world, like it hit me on the path, got me again. Everything bright and close. He wondered if it was the same excitement he had gotten watching her confront the cop. (22)

Certainly, Callaghan goes beyond simple authorial comment here, in giving us the pattern he is creating in Al's calls to "awakening". We should reasonably expect that Lisa's influence will help Al toward his next stage of maturation.

Essentially, then, Al moves in with his negative-mother and mistress, and Lisa finds another father-lover and

writer. Initially, they relate on Al's lower biological level, and they are compatible. But as Al begins to turn his analysis onto Lisa, she tries to hide from him. The information Lisa offers him fails to reveal the "something moving, something significant [that] must have happened to her" (28) that makes her so mysterious. Even after Shore's death, his searching of her continues, when she most accurately gives her reason for resenting such treatment: "Damn it all... I'm not a body of work you can put away for a while then come back to and look at ... I'm alive" (236). Lovemaking, Lisa's device to move Al back to the biological level, becomes increasingly ineffective. As Al's study of Shore increasingly dominates their lives, it threatens Lisa's hold on Al, as though the thesis were another woman. In an effort to retain control of Al, Lisa tries to control the thesis: she offers to type and edit his work, "but he came to believe that he had made a mistake in letting her do this" (40). When Al leaves Lisa to concentrate on the thesis, she expresses her resentment to Jake, saying, "To lose out to another woman ... that's one thing. But to the work of a kindly, middle-aged man. My God" (167).

Jung, studying marital relationships, describes the "almost regular occurrence ... for a husband to be wholly contained, emotionally, in his wife. One could describe this as the problem of the 'contained' and the 'container.'" [45] Lisa's efforts to control Al as her father-lover during their

relationship is a step-by-step perfect example of Jung's model, which I can only outline here.[46] Individuals who are at differing levels of psychic development will adjust to marriage at different times. These differences, and the resulting individual adjustments to marriage, will be most apparent at crucial points in a relationship. If one person has a deep-seated attachment to a parent, such adjustment to marriage may take longer, but the eventual affinity for marriage may be more durable. Complex persons may pass themselves off as more simple to be more compatible with their mates, or they may choose to use their diversity to intrigue their mates, in which case, the more simple partners are often confused or swamped. The "contained" person lives entirely within the marriage, drawing strength from this simplicity of arrangement. The more complex "container" will soon give up any efforts to elevate the partner, and will in turn be driven inward by the partner's persistent simple explorations of her nature. Eventually, the more complex comes to contain the simpler, withdrawing from his study, but also ceasing to develop spiritually herself. When the situation becomes intolerable for the "container", when a need for development is felt, the "contained" is necessarily left behind and alone, at least spiritually. The "contained" may either try to stop the more complex mate's effort to develop, and may extort a confession that such a breaking away was a pointless fantasy, or may allow the mate to go her own way,

and may likewise seek development within himself, hoping for some future reconciliation.

Clearly, Lisa is the more complex person psychically, and Al the less complex mate. As Al becomes annoyed with his inability to fathom Lisa and with her "smiling with what seemed to him a superior, indulgent knowledge of his nature" (49), and as Lisa complains that "there [are] other things" (50) to a relationship than how one dresses, the excitement of their affair wears off. Lisa, fearing that Al may leave her as other men have done, suggests the trip to Rome and Paris to strengthen her containment of him. Lisa and Al hope that they will escape "from the nameless things that were between them, and from a frame of mind that hit him every time he sat down at the desk" (54). However, the trip is a failure: Al becomes more ego-centric, less willing to follow "the map in her head which only she knew and he couldn't know" (57). Even in Rome, they realize that "they were just another man and woman in a hotel room, who after a day of bickering made love and felt a little better" (59). Again Callaghan points out the pattern he is following. After Al and Lisa agree to stop upsetting each other, Callaghan tells us:

> [Lisa's] head was at that proud, superior angle, but her lips quivered. Her eyes shifted as if she didn't care where she was. It was as if she had known his thoughts in the hotel room, and her insight frightened him. Something was lost, something ended, and she knew.
>
> "It's alright," he said, taking her

> arm almost shyly. "It's Paris tomorrow, isn't it?" But he couldn't bear his emptiness, so much like the painful loneliness he had felt during his oral defense, when he had heard the voice whispering, "You're nothing, Al." (61)

Callaghan links Lisa to Al's negative maternal complex, and makes it clear that both of them realize that Lisa is Al's spiritual superior. On the other hand, Lisa is also aware that her pool-playing date with Al in Paris matches her similar outing with her father, and that Al is also about to leave her. Such animus-anima conflict among spouses, Jung says, "always tends to drag down conversation to a very low level, and to produce a disagreeable, irascible, emotional atmosphere."[47]

The bickering and the struggle for control of Al are resumed. Lisa succeeds where Al failed, in making contact with Shore. She becomes increasingly involved in editing his material and in urging him to finish his work. Complaining of her smothering interference, Al protests, "You just can't hold anything back.... It all has to come out. It seems like a warm and lovely thing. It makes people go your way, go where they don't want to go.... What are you, anyway?" (159) Lisa could feel "his eyes emptying of her. It was a strange feeling." Callaghan tells us "her own humiliation became unbearable" as she screams, "How can you see anything, you bone-picking scholar? How can you know about anything that's alive?"(159-160) Al cowers before Lisa's rage, then escapes. Their relationship is an inhibiting stalemate, in which neither person is developing spiritually.

A familiar pattern of abandonment repeats itself for Lisa when Al moves out of the apartment, causing Lisa to retreat further within herself. To make clear to us that Lisa chooses to defend herself by a "regressive restoration of the persona", Callaghan gives us a detailed explanation of her first night's reaction to Al's departure:

> A feeling she dreaded, having experienced it before, began to depress her; a sudden disbelief in everything. By morning, if the feeling grew, she would again be nursing her old boredom. This boredom had been complete misery, a real suffering. Her knowledge of her own nature frightened her. Unless she could love someone with all the fullness of her being, she became ruthless and destructive. (161)

Callaghan tells us that Lisa wishes she could find comfort in some external belief system. But she cannot be a "Marxist or a Calvinist or a Catholic" or even a superstitious person like her father. Instead, "she had only this hunger [to love Al] gnawing within her", around which to focus her hope.

When Al fails to return to Lisa after a few days, her depression continues to grow. One night, sitting at her kitchen table, naked and drunk on beer, Lisa senses within herself "a wonderful bright stillness.... She began to have the most satisfactory glowing perceptions about this place, her home" (172). Lisa's "glowing perceptions" parallel the "blinding flash" (140) that Jason felt after he shot Juan Gonzalez: in both cases this brightness suggests the threshold of a new, lower level of self-awareness that has been discovered by regression. Callaghan tells us that Lisa

moves "majestically" to her bedroom, suggesting that her animus is beginning to manifest itself as "the demon, the king of death,"[48], which is the "ruthless and destructive" side of her nature.

Since it is Shore who has divided Al from Lisa, this growing destructive power in Lisa will be aimed at him, using her attractiveness to lure Shore to her. Acting on a "hunch about Mr. Shore [that] he liked her very much"(172), Lisa goes to see him. Initially she is struck that he wears a jacket she had wanted for Al, and for a few minutes she is almost deflected from her destructive mission by a possible transference of love for Al to Shore. "She couldn't take her eyes off him. He had good strong shoulders. The curling iron-gray hair was a little long on his neck. His unlined face, with not a wrinkle in it, had a high color and in him was a kind of relaxed power" (177). But these details stress the contrast between the two men. This contrast, plus her own anger and loneliness, brings her back to her purpose, which was innocently offered as she entered Shore's home: "I know I am doing a terrible thing that could only end in a dreadful humiliation" (175).

Lisa guides the conversation in two complementary directions. First, she complains that she's "the only thing [Al is] sure of", but that "his terrible absorption" makes him ignore her, even in bed. Her "burning generosity of love" is not returned. "No one burns for me," she laments. In describing a woman who is outwardly very feminine, but who

can have "an obstinate, cold and completely inaccessible" core, Jung tells us:

> One of the favorite themes that the animus repeats endlessly in the ruminations of this kind of woman goes like this: "The only thing in the world that I want is love - and he doesn't love me." [49]

A natural resolution of this problem would be to induce Shore to replace Al's love by responding to Lisa's plight himself, which is the second theme in her conversation. The above complaints are addressed to Shore as though Lisa hopes that Al could hear them, but they are accompanied by Lisa's ever-increasing physical proximity to Shore, and by a sexually-suggestive line of remarks which increase in intensity. Lisa remarks, "Ah, Mr. Shore, you shouldn't be there in bed with us, should you?" Later, Lisa asks, "Am I that unattractive, Mr. Shore? Am I?" When Shore comments on her "burning generosity of love that is maybe too much for a man to handle", Lisa suggestively replies, "If that's the way I am, it's the way I am." She sighs, "Well, no one burns for me," inviting his affirmative confession. Finally, picking up on Shore's "interest" and "curiosity" behind which he usually hides, she confronts him by asking, "You're curious about me now, too, aren't you? ... How far does it go with me?"

To this point, Lisa's interview with Shore is very much like Jung's conversations with a young female philosophy student, which is a running example of doctor-patient

relations in his essay on "Relations Between the Ego and the Unconscious".[50] This bright, attractive young lady had been deeply attached to her father, and because she saw a loving side of him unknown to her mother, the girl became her mother's rival for her father-lover. She developed a "father complex" that persisted after his death, preventing formations of a good relationship with another man, and blocking her psychic development. Jung tells us:

> In the course of the treatment the patient transfers the father-imago to the doctor, thus making him, in a sense, the father, and in the sense that he is not the father, also making him a substitute for the man she cannot reach. The doctor, therefore becomes both a father and a kind of lover - in other words, an object of conflict. In him the opposites are united, and for this reason he stands for a quasi-ideal solution of the conflict. Without in the least wishing it, he draws upon himself an over-valuation that is almost incredible to the outsider.[51]

Fortunately, through dream analysis, Jung was able to bring the patient to see her problem, and he escaped a potentially awkward position.

However, in the novel, Callaghan has Lisa exploit her sexual skills successfully, to manoeuvre Shore into the father-lover position. Then, shivering in the power of the negative side of her animus, she embraces Shore to disgrace him. Even though this trick on Shore is consistent with her greater role as Al's "container", Lisa is deeply disturbed by her apparent infidelity to Al. "Everything was breaking up for her. As she held him, she thought she would cry."

In her "humiliation deep and terrible", she claims, "I'm not myself", but Shore realizes he has met with the other side of Lisa's flaming love.

In her interview with Shore, Lisa engages in considerable lying. She claims, "I don't drink much, you know", as if to imply that she could easily be made drunk, especially since she is, she claims, "really half out of [her] mind." Other lies attempt to discredit Al, to boost Shore into the lover role. She advises Shore that "Al's a distraught man", and "I'm not sure of anything now. Neither is Al." In her encounter with Al when she arrives back at her apartment from her visit to Shore, the lying continues. Lisa tries to whitewash her conduct with Shore, to deny to herself as well as to Al that she could play such a game. Callaghan leaves no doubts about her motivation, telling us, "She was trying to get Shore out of the way, get him out of her mind so Al could throw his arms around her" (185). Other lies attempt to interpose a rivalry for Lisa created by Shore. Again Callaghan gives us Lisa's motive: "She didn't feel she was lying. She thought she was sparing him something he wouldn't understand" (184). Her protective love turns destructive in an effort to contain Al, first through lies, then through trying to destroy his thesis material.

Their embrace in the ensuing fight closely parallels the wording of Lisa's loveless clasp of Shore. She begins "gasping and choking yet wanting to sob from feeling him on

her, over all of her, while the breath dies in her." Callaghan stresses the parallel as Al pulls back from Lisa: "he drew away and made her think of Shore, too, drawing back, and made Shore seem to be all around her, smothering her" (188). For Lisa, this is the second retreat of her father-imago in one evening.

For Al only, the fight is a growth experience. As he realizes that Shore was right, that Lisa is "too much for a man to handle", he also discovers that, with her, he has not been "the champ", but has been dominated by her. This recognition cuts through the defensive pose of swaggering masculinity in Al's persona, and allows him to come to terms with some of his Shadow content. Between Al's new "hatred of the loss of all sense of himself" and the "glimpse of [Lisa] that shook his imagination", Al discovers new strength in himself. Callaghan tells us that Al experiences a "proud gathering together" as his anima moves to the next level of development. Al appears to Lisa to be "much bigger ... more dominant" as she witnesses the change in him.

Freed of Lisa's spiritually and intellectually smothering influence and raised to a new level of "romantic and aesthetic" awareness, Al is in a good position to finish his thesis. Incisive perceptions into Shore's work appear immediately (195-196). But Al's disciple-and-master relationship with Shore is again an archetypal pattern[52] which he must escape if he is to continue to mature. Jung describes the

pattern followed by a disciple, which Callaghan has Al duplicate exactly during the novel. First, the disciple experiences inflation, feeling he understands the master completely, as did Al when he rushed to the publisher, claiming that "the 12 Shore books were at his fingertips" (68), although, as far as we are told, Al has read only one novel. In the second phase of the pattern, the disciple experiences defeat, which for Al was his inability to correlate his material. As Al's association with Shore continues, "new vistas" continue to open up, increasing his confusion, the third phase of the pattern. Forth, Al opts for a regressive restoration of his student persona by abandoning his effort to encapsulate the master's thought, and by accepting the rationalization that a thesis need not ever be finished. His new insights into Shore become an end in themselves, further reason to be a professional follower. But to be a disciple of a living person such as Al is with Shore requires that Shore accept the role of master; thus, this pattern interrelates with that of Shore as Christ-figure, outlined previously.

Shore's death upsets both Al and Lisa, but for different reasons. For Al, Shore's death forces him to be independent of the master, free to be Shore's successor in a new kind of inflation. In spite of feeling "such a hurt, such a strange wrench" inside himself, Al arrives at Lisa's apartment "all wound up" (234). He confuses the discovery of the mystery of life with a definitive understanding of life. Al claims, "Life

is big enough and mysterious enough and bewildering enough and there are no final answers about it. None at all. Only questions. So you can make absolutely anything you want to make out of life.... It's the same with Shore. It's the same with Lisa. I make what I want to make out of them....You don't exactly look as if you understood the lift this gave me" (236). He goes on to explain his new view of Shore's thought, stating, "Well, in my banquet hall, Lisa, no one gets in who has been brought to heel" (238). His new "school" of thought is more exclusive than any he has previously rejected!

Immediately following his treatment of the disciple-and-prophet relationship, Jung discusses the difference between "individualism" and "individuation":

> Individualism means deliberately stressing and giving prominence to some supposed peculiarity rather than to collective considerations and obligations. But individuation means precisely the better and more complete fulfilment of the collective qualities of the human being, since adequate consideration of the peculiarity of the individual is more conducive to a better social performance than when the peculiarity is neglected or suppressed.[53]

Clearly, Al's latest vista has him off on another tangent, as he elevates individualism in place of the true goal of man, individuation. Al retains this euphoric sense of his own intellectual freedom and importance even after the funeral. He takes on the new persona of the master, whose vision outstrips his predecessor's insights.

For Lisa, Shore's death induces a trauma of shock, guilt, and concern for Al. The vision of Jason and the coroner

wells up to accuse her of her help in Shore's death, and a "terrible cry for absolution came from the depths of her natural human warmth" (228). Callaghan's use of the religiously-charged word "absolution" in connection with Lisa, after previously telling us that she could only wish "she could be a Marxist or a Calvinist or a Catholic" (161), is a strong suggestion that Lisa is so moved by the confrontation of her guilt, by her vision of her Shadow, that her animus may be opening to its next, more religious stage of development. But he leaves nothing to our wondering, telling us:

> ... something struggling within her took control of her mind and her heart and filled her with remorse. Yet she didn't know what this something was or why it scared her and made her desolate. It was like something she had been told about a long time ago and hadn't believed in because she couldn't feel it; she had never really believed there was anything outside herself to quarrel with, fear, or seek answers from, or console her in lonely nights, or whisper to her when she took a wrong step in the day. Now something there to be dreaded was slowly bringing her closer to collapse .... (228)

Von Franz tells us that "in the third phase, the animus becomes the 'word', often appearing as a professor or clergyman." [54] Callaghan sinks to bathos as Al, a would-be professor (23), telephones Lisa just as her guilt climaxes. "'On, Al,' she said in relief. 'Thank God you called,' as if she knew now that her real absolution could come only from Al" (228). But in the ensuing conversation she talks of his concern for Shore, and dismisses her anguish as loneliness! When Al is confused and dissatisfied with her explanation (as is the

reader), he insists on seeing Lisa. Again Callaghan gives a detailed explanation of her fear of Al's discovery of her guilt, as reason for her hanging up on Al:

> She wanted to tell him about the cop, how afraid she was of the cop. And yet immediately, even in her anguish, it occurred to her that the last man on earth she had to be afraid of was that cop. She would be the last woman in the world he would want to hear from; it was just common sense. Al was the one she was afraid of. His voice, breaking her up, reminded her that she had never been able to hide anything from him. He had always been able to walk in on her and take her over, and he was doing it again. If he were there now, she would throw herself at his feet and say: "I was only thinking of you." Shuddering, she hung up on him quickly. (229-230)

The confusion induced in Al by Lisa's telephone manner makes him wonder about her. Lisa realizes that she holds new interest for Al, and muses that "maybe it would be better if he could go on wondering, maybe he should have to keep turning her over in his mind again and again" (230). "A new and attractive reticence of manner grew on her the next day" (231), Callaghan tells us, a coy new privacy of manner build on her newfound base of secrecy. When Al visits, he is not neat and clean, as in his previous visit (184), but is "untrimmed, rumpled and tired" (232), needing her, as she had previously hoped (163). Lisa is in control of Al once again; she humours his wild insights, and carefully avoids devulging information about Jason.

But Al's confession, that his "nightmare" association with Shore has made him feel he was a "monster" to make her endure it, precipitates a confession from Lisa. Again,

Callaghan's imagery suits the situation. "Her negligee slipped from her shoulder, baring one breast, but her black hair swung over one nipple" (239), he tells us, as Lisa only partially "makes a bare breast" of her guilt in Shore's death. She confesses only her meddling in Al's life, concealing the purpose of her meddling, and avoiding her involvement with Jason. Her retreat into mystery in this case is self-destructive, a repression of her new conscience, and a return to a lower level of her animus. Callaghan stresses the effect:

> Raging at herself and him, too, she did what she had done in Rome, confronting him outside St. Peter's: pulling fiercely away, she withdrew into a darkness so deep in her that he couldn't follow.... Shadows fell across the room. Then in her deepening withdrawl, she felt a chill in her whole being, as if this darkness she sought and found now was a kind of death touching her; she shivered; then in a panic, despairing, she was sure that when she had been sitting with the cop in her apartment, so cool and apart from him, she had been drawing on this same chilling darkness. "It's in everybody," she whispered. "It must be." (239-240)

Again, Callaghan shows us the pattern of manifestations of the "dark side of the Self" in Lisa.

Through her acceptance of Al just as he is (240), expressed in her taking the initiative in their lovemaking, Lisa beats down the tide of libidinous energy welling up from her "dark side" to withdraw from Al. In this instance, intercourse becomes an ironic gesture of "containment", expressing surrender and acceptance, rather than possession.

M.-L. von Franz describes the new development Lisa has achieved:

> If an individual has wrestled seriously enough and long enough with the anima (or animus) so that he, or she, is no longer partially identified with it, the unconscious again changes its dominant character and appears in a new symbolic form, representing the Self, the innermost nucleus of the psyche. In the dreams of a woman, this center is usually personified as a superior female figure - a priestess,sorceress, earth mother, or goddess of nature or love. In the case of a man, it manifests itself as a masculine initiator or guardian ... a wise old man, a spirit of nature, and so forth.[55]

After Shore's funeral, Callaghan tells us of Lisa's epiphany:

> While she walked down the path in the shadow from the church, she knew he was following her with his eyes. Then suddenly she was all in sunlight. The intensely blue sky overhead, the brilliant sunshine, the lush green of the full blooming trees, the extravagantly gay yellow daffodils, and the bed of red tulips blooming like mad all opened up to her so warmly that she shivered as if in an embrace, as if she were being offered the approval of all ruthless, ripening nature for letting her love have its own law. (251-252)

I wonder if Callaghan could keep a straight face as he so "extravagantly" makes Lisa a "goddess of nature [and] love". Lisa is closest to Shore in maturity and awareness, and she too senses the importance of a cool distance, even from Al. No doubt Al's regression from maturity is temporary, since his openness to Lisa with his "wondering, reaching, approving smile" can help him to continue to develop his anima through contact with her. Al no longer needs Shore to grow in maturity, for "once the individual has passed his initial test and can pass into the mature phase of life, the hero myth loses

its significance. The hero's symbolic death becomes, as it were, the achievement of that maturity."[56]

The ending of the novel coincides with the completion of the Jungian patterns which Callaghan has followed. Shore is dead; Jason is insane; Lisa and Al are ready for a mature, free love.

In addition to following these extensive Jungian patterns, Callaghan also conforms to several systems of imagery. The nature imagery at the end of the novel, surrounding Lisa as "goddess of nature [and] love", climaxes such imagery throughout the book. Northrop Frye describes such a system:

> To the extent that the encyclopedic form [of myth] concerns itself with human life, an ambivalent female archetype appears in it, sometimes benevolent, sometimes sinister, but usually presiding over and confirming the cyclical movement.[57]

This system has four female images to correspond to the lunar phases and the four poles of the wheel of fortune: Diana, Venus, Circe, and Isis. Diana is an elusive young maiden, Venus a sensual love goddess, Circe a hag who makes men lazy and stupid, and Isis a weeping princess who attempts to re-unite the parts of her dismembered husband. Robert Graves, in The White Goddess, describes a similar "Triple Goddess" in which his "Crone" figure can also be a "Wise Old Woman", approximating the four figures names by Frye.[58] These four figures also roughly parallel the Eve-Helen-Virgin Mary-Sapientia set of woman figures used by Jung.

Lisa's coy Diana stage is brief with Jason, and slightly longer with Shore: she enjoys attention without

conferring her favours. Lisa's power as a seductive Venus is particularly strong at night, with both Al and Shore. Surrounded by Lisa's expressions of love, Al becomes unable to concentrate, experiencing a "block" (94) in his writing, as the Circe-Helen of Lisa envelopes him. Similarly, Lisa identifies herself in Rome as "Helen of Troy" during her effort to regain control of Al. As Isis, Lisa mourns first her loss of Al (175), then the death of Shore (240), but Al does return to allow the cycle to begin again. The only part of her husband that Isis lacked was his genitals; Lisa makes Al whole, when "for the first time in their lovemaking, she put him in her" (241). That Shore can resist Lisa's strongest assault from the Venus phase, and that he can lure Al from her through his novels, calls up the destructive Circe-Hag to assist Jason to kill Shore. Later, after her sense of guilt and contrition are developed, Lisa recognizes the "monster" or hag that has controlled her. In this new self-awareness Lisa seems close to the Wise Old Woman or Sapientia stage of development. Thus, this system of imagery is particularly useful in demonstrating Lisa's various animus stages, and in showing us that they do reflect an evolution toward wholeness.

Another symbolic system, which is much more precise in indicating Lisa's ambivalence than preceding systems, is suggested by the short-story prototype of this novel, "In the Dark and Light of Lisa". Frye succinctly describes the

principles of light-dark imagery:

> The human world is midway between the spiritual and the animal, and reflects that duality in its cyclical rhythms. Closely parallel to the solar cycle of light and darkness is the imaginative cycle of waking and dreaming life. This cycle underlies the antithesis of the imagination of experience and of innocence.... For the human rhythm is the opposite of the solar one: a titanic libido wakes when the sun sleeps, and the light of day is often the darkness of desire. Then again, in common with animals, man exhibits the ordinary cycle of life and death, in which there is generic but not individual rebirth.[59]

The influence of the "titanic libido" which is loosed at night is evident with Jason and Lisa. Night is the more active time for the series of events leading to Shore's death: all of the visits of Al and Lisa to Shore's home are at night, the newspaper indident and Shore's death occur late at night. Jason is strongest at night: both incidents with Shore, the prostitute arrest, his meeting with Lisa, and the Gonzalez shooting occur after dark. Lisa is rarely seem in daylight in the novel, and when she is, she is usually wearing black. Lisa is most domineering at night: in the initial lovemaking with Al; in twice revising Al's thesis material; in visiting Shore, once in an attempt to seduce him; once in looking for Al with Jake; in plotting with Jason, in trying to destroy the thesis, and finally when she asks Al to return the apartment key.

Total darkness is a time of suspicion and evasion. Shore's "scruffy-looking visitors" come at night, and dark-

ness accompanies investigations of Shore by Lisa, and later by Jason. Initially, Lisa insists on lovemaking in the dark, and tells Al her story in the darkness, knowing "he wasn't satisfied" (41) but hoping he would stop his questionning. Darkness is also associated with death: Lisa senses the violence in Jason (240), and later spends a night of guilt in considering her involvement in Shore's death.

By contrast, full light, either natural or artificial, is a signal of the mind's search for information (23, 41, 236), usually associated with Al. Imagination is denied, mysteries are yielded, and a painful sense of invaded privacy is evoked (58, 245). Visual metaphors, such as "I don't know how you see things" (33), "Why not look into Shore?" (34), and "I don't want to have a view of myself" (194), are used to signify the application of analysis. In its extreme, dazzling, brilliant light blinds people, so that even analysis fails, leaving only confusion, such as the "golden screen" of light from the apartment building, or the glorious self-deceiving illusions of Al (17, 195), Jason (139, 220), and J. Robertson Dunton (210).

Partial light awakens a sense of mystery. Shore is first seen under vestibule light by Al and Lisa (33), but Shore moves out onto the porch so that Lisa's face comes under the partial lighting of the porch light, leaving him in darkness. Al is moved by Lisa's partially-lit face (40, 72), and Jason first notes her beauty as she is standing under a

streetlight (220). The viewer in each case tries to get the subject into better lighting to replace wonder with knowledge, rather than accept the mysterious half-light as sufficiently revealing.

Shadows, dark presences cast over light areas, can be either dangerous or intriguing, and are usually associated with half-truths. Lisa feels that her relationship with Al is going stale because he is learning too much about her. Callaghan tells us that "[Al's] too-searching glance had put a shadow between them, and now the shadow was deepening" (53-54). Shore is annoyed by the deceptions and half-truths of "the inquest, a place in the shadows". (207). For Lisa, shadows can also be her secrets partly revealed, so as to attract Al (60). That Al sees new shadows, new attractive mysteries in Lisa after Shore's death, augers well for a healthy, more mature resumption of their romance.

True insight into oneself and life can occur in daylight or in darkness, provided that a sense of wonderment is present. Al is repeatedly brought to insights by Lisa (22) and by Shore (66, 238), but these last "for a moment, but only for a moment" (22) as he inevitably begins to analyze the experience. When insight is retained as a constant approach to reality, it is confirmed by nature in a private "shaft of sunlight" for Al (240) and for Lisa (251). Insight which goes beyond discovery into creativity, into an attempt to share this vision with others, is received only by Shore as he

wonder at a moonlit tree and fountain "one night after midnight" (194) when his imagination was at its freest. He notes that "not thinking about myself, I seemed to come all together" (195), the converse of Al's early analytic desire to "take it all into [himself], make something out of it, something bigger for [himself]" (25). From this point onward, Shore realizes that he must resist the temptation to be too much a part of his world, lest he be pulled apart by it, fracturing his wholeness, blurring his special vision with the glitter of being a "big public personality" (115).

Thus, light and dark imagery is not a judgmental light=goodness and darkness=evil Manichaean allegorical system, but rather a symbolic reflection of the progress of characters from an intellectual approach to reality, through a process of learning to appreciate shadow and mystery, to a private level of personal insight (a fine and private place). Jason is a figure of darkness, a denizen blinded by the light, who returns to darkness. Lisa is ambivalent, switching from sunny openness to sinister darkness, as though she were a vortex, luring men from the light to a dark entrapment, but who herself becomes a focus of light by the novel's end. Al's growth in maturity takes him from a dazzling self-esteem, through painful discoveries of his ignorance and blindness, to a realization of wonder and mystery.

Callaghan is more devious in his use of psychologically-related images, particularly in handling what Jung called a "meaningful coincidence ... of events, where something other than

the probability of chance is involved"[60] and yet where no causal connection between the events could be determined. He termed this relationship "synchronicity". Jung identified three types of these phenomena:

> 1. The coincidence of a psychic state in the observer with a simultaneous, objective external event that corresponds to the psychic state or content ... where there is no evidence of a causal connection between the psychic state and the external event, and where, considering the psychic relativity of space and time, such a connection is not even conceivable.
> 2. The coincidence of a psychic state with a corresponding (more or less simultaneous) external event taking place outside the observer's field of perception, i.e., at a distance and only verifiable afterward.
> 3. The coincidence of a psychic state with a corresponding, not yet existent future event that is distant in time and can likewise only be verified afterward.[61]

Jung goes on to say that such conjunctions could be seen as psychic prediction and physical fulfilment, such that if one could be sure that a certain psychic event were a prediction, one would be in a prescient position. In literature, such dreams would constitute a special sort of foreshadowing.

I have already mentioned above that Lisa makes comments that turn out to be predictive, but these would not qualify as being synchronous, because there is not enough data on each side to confirm a clear parallel. Dreams, because of their detail, are more suitable for study.

Only Lisa comes close to predictive dreaming, in three instances of conscious reverie. Twice, her fantasies

involve Shore. In the first instance, Shore is banished by the mayor because his "work is subversive in the worst way" (155). The physical setting of the scene, on the court house steps, makes her fantasy a clear foreshadowing of the scene of Jason's later threat against Shore after the inquest, which Lisa helps Jason to actualize. For Lisa this would be an example of synchronicity if she were to become aware of the coincidence in the future, but we have no evidence of her realization of this connection. The actual ritual of banishment that Lisa visualizes would be the product of Plato's advice, that poets be outlawed because their work seduces the youth of the city[62]. If Lisa's image is based on a reading of such a scene, it would also be an example of "cryptonesia", a dream-recollection of something once read, without an awareness of the similarity.

The second fantasy shows a similar use of prior material in fabricating a vague image of the future. Drunk, but awake, Lisa imagines a scene in her living room of "Al pretending he was a horse and the old boy [Shore] on his back was Marcus Aurelius" (172) like the statue Al had admired in Rome. The vision reflects the present situation, in that Shore is in control of Al; but the scene also resembles the seduction of Shore, during which he topples onto Lisa in his living room. Thus, since Lisa did not intentionally produce these visions, her "conscious representations are sometimes ordered before they have become conscious to her."[63]

Thus, these two reveries help Lisa to regain control of Al from Shore, the problem that preceded her fantasies in each case, but through such extreme means that the link between dream and fulfilment must surely be stronger in our minds than in Lisa's awareness.

Lisa's third fantasy is even more tenuously related to its fulfilment. After Al leaves Lisa, she imagines him lonely, underfed, and disheveled (163), and maternally hopes for his return to her care. On his first return, he is well-groomed; but when he does return and offer a hope of resuming their relationship, he is "looking untrimmed, rumpled and tired" (232). Surely, none of these pairs of events is sufficiently strong to qualify as the third type of synchronicity which Jung describes. Further, because the relationship of the events is in the minds of the readers only, I suggest that Callaghan is simply toying with our penchant for analysis.

Examples of Jung's first type of synchronicity surround Jason and Lisa between the time of the inquest and Shore's burial, such as Jason's sense of public support and his being a part of the unusually friendly crowd outside Lisa's apartment, and Lisa's noticing that Mrs. Atlee is as "sparkling" as she, Lisa, feels. But, while these parallels have meaning for Jason and Lisa, their occurrence in no way influences the course of the novel. Again, Callaghan seems to be playing with the Jungian pattern.

Further evidence of Callaghan's playful overloading

of the novel with parallel images which offer some insights into the novel, is found in these sets of situations: Lisa with the fallen child (20) contrasts with Ira Mustard beside Juan Gonzalez (140); Al speaks of Shore's artists and saints as "holed up in some fine and private place" (107), just as Lisa thinks of him as "holed up somewhere" in an apartment, likely with another girl (173); Jake comments that it would be easier for Al to work if Shore were dead (150), just as Lisa tells Al that no one could explain her completely, or "if they could I'd be dead" (236); Jason refuses interviews with Shore, just as Shore refused Al, and Kunitz later refuses Hilton.

Other sets of parallels offer no insight at all, and are seemingly only in the novel as latent content which Callaghan has given us to discover and analyze: Al (25) and Jason (136) would both like to be middle linebackers, because, as Jason says, "You see everything going on" in what is hardly a place for spectators; Al feels outclassed in the small dining room (97), just as Jason is briefly embarrassed in Lisa's apartment (223); the line of beer cans bothers Al as though they were symbolic of his frustrations, and he must leave the apartment for a walk (76), yet Lisa finds comfort as she lines up beer cans on the table during her lonely nights.(172); Lisa asks Al, "Where is our cop?" (109), just as Shore makes a similar remark to Al in the courtroom (191); while out with Jake at the Park Plaza Hotel, Lisa

observes a prostitute in a yellow sweater (170), much like the sweater that Lisa wears to Shore's home the following night (173); Shore sits under a painting of a long-necked girl, minutes before he tumbles into a similar position on Lisa (177).

I suggest that Callaghan is flogging us with imagery in the hope that we will realize that no "laws of the psyche" could be so perverse. By being rigorously close to Jung's patterns of human behaviour while concurrently scattering sets of parallel events with very little purpose, he demonstrates that he is not writing out of an autonomous complex "...[that] is not subject to conscious control". Ironically, he demonstrates through parody a new meaning to Jung's statement that "the divine frenzy of the artist comes perilously close to a pathological state".

As Callaghan puts it, through Shore:

> I do my parables ... I try and get them down. Maybe then some nut comes along and talks about symbols. Symbols? The whole thing is the symbol. The whole thing. (115)

FOOTNOTES

CHAPTER TWO: Interesting Ambiguities

[1]Darte, 49.

[2]Morley Callaghan, "Novelist", in George Whalley, ed., Writing in Canada (Toronto: Macmillan, 1956), 30.

[3]Northrop Frye, Anatomy of Criticism (New York: Atheneum, 1967), 6.

[4]Victor Hoar, Morley Callaghan (Toronto: Copp Clark, 1969), 47-48.

[5]Howard Engel, "The Pimp with the Heart of Gold", Saturday Night, (October, 1978), 76.

[6]Robertson Davies, quoted in Gordon Roper, "Robertson Davies' Fifth Business and 'That Old Fantastical Duke of Dark Corners', C. G. Jung", Journal of Canadian Fiction, I, 1, (Winter, 1972), 34.

[7]Carl Gustav Jung, The Spirit in Man, Art and Literature, trans. R. C. F. Hull (New York: Pantheon Books, 1966), 72-73.

[8]ibid., 78.

[9]Quoted in William K. Wimsatt, Jr. and Cleanth Brooks, eds., Literary Criticism: A Short History (New York: Random House, 1957), 632.

[10]Jolande Jacobi, Complex, Archetype, Symbol, (New York: Princeton University Press, 1959), 21.

[11]Joseph Campbell, ed. The Portable Jung, (New York: Viking Press, 1971), 56.

[12]Jung, 81.

[13]Calvin S. Hall and Vernon J. Nordby, A Primer of Jungian Psychology, (New York: Taplinger, 1973), 51.

[14]M.-L. von Franz, "The Process of Individuation", in Man and His Symbols, C. G. Jung, ed., (New York: Dell, 1977), 161.

[15]For considerable detail on "four" clusters in Jungian psychology, see Jacobi, 165-175.

[16]ibid., 170.

[17]ibid., 167.

[18]ibid., 167.

[19]Jung, The Spirit in Man, Art and Literature, 67.

[20]Jacobi, 26.

[21]Joseph L. Henderson, "Ancient Myths and Modern Man", in Man and His Symbols, C. G. Jung, ed., (New York: Dell, 1977), 152.

[22]Ezra Pound, "A Retrospect", in Twentieth Century Poetry and Poetics, ed. Gary Geddes (2nd ed.; Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1973), 550.

[23]Campbell, 12.

[24]von Franz, 186-187.

[25]ibid., 195.

[26]ibid., 195.

[27]ibid., 195.

[28]ibid., 195.

[29]Margaret Atwood, Survival: A Thematic Guide to Canadian Literature, (Toronto: Anansi, 1972), 172.

[30]Jacobi, 186.

[31]von Franz, 169.

[32]Campbell, 117.

[33]The paternal complex is a father-related archetype which resides in the collective unconscious. Through contact with one's father and father-figures, one comes to expect the archetype to be expressed either through its pupportive positive pole or its repressive negative pole. The libidinous energy derived from the constellation of these contacts builds in the personal unconscious either an inordinately strong attachment to, or rejection of, the father and father-figures.

[34]Campbell, 12.

[35]Campbell, 90.

[36]von Franz, 187.

[37]von Franz, 234.

[38]Campbell, 118-119.

[39]Coincidentally, the description of Lisa in this scene strongly resembles that of the actress performing "Euridice" in the dramatization of Orphee, pictured in Jung, Man and His Symbols, p. 188. In the photograph, the actress, who also has long black hair drawn back in a severe part,is standing at the head of the stairs watching Orphee being carried down to the underworld doom to which she has led him. Von Franz refers to such a figure as a "death demon", p. 187.

[40]Jacobi, 148.

[41]von Franz, 186.

[42]von Franz, 186-187.

[43]von Franz, 206.

[44]Hall and Nordsby, 47.

[45]Campbell, 170.

[46]Campbell, 169-172.

[47]von Franz, 207.

[48]von Franz, 187.

[49]von Franz, 198.

[50]Campbell, 72-98.

[51]Campbell, 73.

[52]Campbell, 120.

[53]Campbell, 122.

[54]von Franz, 206.

[55]von Franz, 207-208.

[56]Henderson, 105.

[57]Frye, Anatomy of Criticism, 332.

[58]Atwood, 199.

[59]Campbell, 505.

[60]Francis MacDonald Cornford, trans., The Republic of Plato (New York: Oxford University Press, 1958), 69-72.

[61]Jung, The Spirit in Man, Art and Literature, 78.

[62]Campbell, 512.

[63]von Franz, 221.

CHAPTER III: Saints, Witnessing Angels, and Monsters

> There is not a significant literary text - it may be quite short - which does not generate its own "language-sphere", whose bare existence will not, if we choose to experience it fully, somewhat alter the matrix of recognitions, the associative fabric of the rest of the language. The apprehension of literature does not bear on universals but on "ontological particulars", (the term derives from Heidegger and Heidegger's commentary on Holderin). The readiest example is that of the total work of a given writer. The performative acts by which a writer creates his recognizable "world" are linguistic. The concept of "style" is notoriously elusive, but when looked at seriously, comprises far more than an external treatment of some aspects of language. A coherent style is a counter-statement to the collective, unexaminedly normative conventions of vision operative, or, more precisely, residual or largely inert in the surrounding vulgate. It "speaks its vision of things", and where that locution has scope and a logic of unfolding, we enter the writer's construct as a climate and a landscape in its singular light. But at all points, that new and "signed" reality is generated by language, but the writer's use of vocabulary and syntax grounded in the vulgate but refined, complicated, made new by intensity of personal statement.
>
> Thus, there is, in the strict sense, a lexicon and grammar for every serious work of literature.

George Steiner, "Whorf, Chomsky and the Student of Literature", in W. K. Wimsatt, ed., Literary Criticism: Idea and Act (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974), 256.

A Fine and Private Place, which Callaghan considers his "most serious novel",[1] is a curious work in several respects. In this chapter, I will examine the internal "lexicon and grammar" in the body of Callaghan's work, which he points out by making references to three of his novels in A Fine and Private Place, as though they were Shore's works.

Callaghan's novels themselves are expressions of his artistic freedom. Each is self-contained, yet each deals with a common concern for the freedom of the individual to grow and express love for others in a restricting society. Further, it cannot be said that Callaghan is limited by consistent use of classical, Christian or Canadian imagery as a tool of communication. Even within his own work, Callaghan would have us be careful not to look too closely at details for essentials of meaning. When critical attention began to focus on the significance of gifts of clothing in his novels (for example, Stephen Dowling's outfits for Midge and Ronnie, Kip Caley's gift of shoes for Julie Evans, Jim McAlpine's purchase of new snow boots for Peggy Sanderson, and more recently in A Fine and Private Place, Lisa's gift of a sweater for Al), Callaghan felt prompted to reply that he is "not in the millinery business."[2] While this comment may be applied specifically to the clothing imagery, its context also indicates, as we have seen in the preceding chapter, that he does not feel compelled to adopt the latest literary fashion, to follow other writers,

or to conform to the latest critical approaches.

In A Fine and Private Place, we find numerous references to various "Shore" novels that sound strikingly like three of Callaghan's novels: "Shore's big poetic bank robber . . . the town's clown for a day" (More Joy in Heaven), "a stubborn young priest who had to be confined" (Such Is My Beloved), and "a wilful young girl on her own white horse" (The Loved and the Lost) (79). The accumulation of detail that we are given concerning each of these novels makes this identification clear and forceful.

Considered chronologically, the four works reveal a striking pattern: two have biblical titles relating to eternal divine and human love from Callaghan's post-Maritain period; The Loved and the Lost follows an eleven-year fallow period, and takes its title from Tennyson's In Memoriam, a meditation on the permanence of human friendship; then A Fine and Private Place, written twenty-three years later, derives its title from Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress", which expresses the author's sensual attraction to his lady. This progression from holiness toward a secular perspective is also reflected in the events of the novels themselves.

In Such Is My Beloved, divine and human love intermingle. Stephen Dowling reflects that "he was so moved that when he got into bed he felt that his feeling for the girls was so intense that it must surely partake of the nature of divine love" (SIMB, 16). His continued pursuit of the reclam-

ation of Midge and Ronnie parallels the bridegroom's search for his beloved in Song of Songs. As he continues to think of them, he glorifies them and reinterprets reality to support his respect for them. Reflecting on Midge's cheery disposition while hustling, he thinks, "that attitude in her is really Christian in the best sense of the word. That desire to make each moment precious, to make the immediate eternal, or rather see the eternal in the immediate." (SIMB, 46). Yet he can ignore Midge's method and purpose in achieving this goal, to see her in this light.

When a young penitent confesses that he visited a nearby prostitute, Father Dowling decides that the girl must have been Midge. The priest realizes "how united was the life of his congregation, students, the mothers and fathers of students, prostitutes, priests, the rich and poor who passed the girls on the street and desired them." (SIMB, 76). As he sits there in the confessional, "smelling the odors of stale face powder, cheap perfumes, the mixed breath of many strangers, the smell of bodies confined in that small space" (SIMB, 77) he realizes that a parallel exists between his role and that of prostitutes. Much later, he tells his friend Charlie Stewart that the girls' lives have "in a way . . . a spiritual value": "these girls were taking on themselves all those mean secret passions, and in the daytime those people who had gone to them at night seemed to be leading respectable and good lives. Those girls never suspect the sacrifice

of their souls that they offer every day." (SIMB, 127)

Initially, Father Dowling is furtive in his relationship with the girls, never discussing his plans for them with the older priests in the rectory. But he cannot afford to provide for them indefinitely, and he is forced to turn to Mr. Robison for help. To this point in the story, Callaghan has only given us Father Dowling's perceptions of Midge and Ronnie, but Robison's involvement in the young priest's project soon gives us his hypocritical but pragmatic views as well. The wealthy lawyer sees the dangers in Father Dowling's naive hopes for the two prostitutes, and he reports the priest to his bishop. Soon, the two girls are chased out of town, putting an end to Father Dowling's efforts.

Just as the bridegroom in Song of Songs is often used as an image of God seeking the errant people of Israel, so too does Stephen Dowling begin to identify his help to the two girls with the working of divine love in their lives. He is disappointed when he fails to find them in their rooms on the day following their meeting with Robison. But no economic miracle has been worked for them, and he accepts the reality of their situation. He forgives them, thinking, "Wherever they are, whatever they're doing, God would forgive them now" (SIMB, 103), although he should not presume the mercy of God on their behalf. The shock of the girls' departure brings him to his senses somewhat. He comments, "God's justice was mysterious . . . . I shouldn't say that. That's

blasphemy. They're abandoned from my help. Surely not from the mercy of God." (SIMB, 121) He begins to see the girls as missionaries, a special presence of God's love sent forth into the world. "Father Dowling suddenly wondered if it were that the bodies of Midge and Ronnie were being destroyed, so that God could enter in in the mystery of transsubstantiation. 'The death of Christ, the life of souls,' he thought." (SIMB, 136) Just as the Eucharist is the source of the life of the church, so too are Midge and Ronnie a new kind of salvific immolation. Father Dowling's continuing meditations on the Song of Songs form a resolve to "write a commentary on it verse by verse and show how human love may transcend all earthly things" (SIMB, 139). But Dowling's abstractions move him further from reality, into insanity. He slips into an inner peace, "the peace of God that surpasses all understanding" (Philippeans 4:7), and must be institutionalized.

Surely Midge and Ronnie discovered in Father Dowling the true unselfishness of human love, which may bear its intended fruit at a later time. Robison and the bishop are left to re-examine their spirit of charity, even though their philanthropy likely achieves wider social results than the project they terminated. Father Dowling's chaste, high-principled mission, like Christ's mission, remains ambiguous to earthly eyes.

In More Joy in Heaven, Kip Caley lowers the nature and broadens the focus of his society-reforming love. Caley, a reformed bank robber with a "change of heart" (MJH, 50), receives an early parole and is welcomed back as the prodigal son, to be feasted and celebrated as a model ex-convict. Mayor Wills proclaims, "What happened to you is the thing our system stands for." (MJH, 60) Kip dreams of being a mediator, of using his prison record to vault ironically into a seat on the parole board. This ambition deceives him, allows him to believe that his society does place mercy above strict justice for himself and for other deserving convicts.

But Caley's "beautiful conversion" (MJH, 25) is tested as a social, not a spiritual conversion; no miracle has changed his nature, and no miracle is effected to transform the suspicions of his society, as Judge Ford wisely expects. Kip's "death" of going to prison, and his "rebirth" effected by his "creator" Senator Maclean (MJH, 15) are never allowed to transcend the social plane.

Child imagery abounds in the novel, stressing that Caley really is naive to the spectacle that he is. In contrast, even Stephen Dowling conceals his clerical collar with a scarf, out of an awareness of the accusations of the neighbourhood. In prison, Kip grows in the respect of insiders and visitors; by being a mediator "he seemed to join himself to life." (MJH, 18) This unusual respect is the beginning of

his unrealistic inflation, which grows with each experience of his having done an act of kindness to others. Julie's bitter loneliness moves him to help her, and again he is transported, as he ponders, "Maybe we're all prodigal sons, everybody on earth, see, going away places and feeling homesick and wanting to come back" (MJH, 57).

Kip's position as doorman at the hotel, where he seems as unnatural as a dancing bear as he moves among the patrons in his tuxedo, gives Kip the opportunity "to be among people and feel he touched them magically" (MJH, 115). By contrast, Stephen Dowling errs in the other extreme, in limiting his mission to Midge and Ronnie. Stephen also inflates himself as a mediator, feeling "he was the only one who could have prevented the girls from losing their souls forever" (SIMB, 124). For Father Dowling, the frustration of not seeing the redemption of Midge and Ronnie is largely displaced by his insanity and by his transcending belief in the efficacy of offering his illness in expiation of their sins. Lacking similar buffers, Kip Caley's discovery of the truth, that he is "the greatest freak in the history of show business" (MJH, 121), cleaves his conversion. Feeling spurned and full of self-pity, Kip rushes out of the hotel. In his haste, Kip shoves away a drunk who asks for his help, unwittingly, but exactly parallelling his own rejection by society.

Soon Kip returns to his old ways, again fulfilling the expectations of his city. He falls in with Kerrmann and Foley, sighing, "I haven't much choice" (MJH, 130). These

habitual thugs become "two of his own people" (MJH, 148) in place of his family. Kip's spiritual desolation and his separation from his family is made poignantly clear when his Hail Mary turns to a nursery rhyme at his mother's deathbed. When Kerrmann and Foley are caught in an ambush, Kip rushes to defend them, feeling that he is "at last truly the mediator between the law and those who break the law" (MJH, 149-150). Using Foley's gun, Kip shoots down a police officer because "he hated the irresponsible cop's excited face, which as it came close, blurred into a million such faces. He wanted to make one final anarchistic rejection of the force he felt to be the only thing that held people together" (MJH, 151). The police officer becomes Kip's scapegoat for the hatred he feels for the whole of society.

Kip, now a "cop-killer", becomes the focus of a wave of hatred in the city; he is perceived as the ungrateful prodigal son who abuses his loving welcome, and becomes himself a scapegoat of a conservative backlash against the very kind of penal reform he had hoped to promote. Kip is hunted down and shot in Julie's arms. He dies in hospital, cheating the system of being "cleansed of their humiliation" (MJH, 158), but he can smile that "it wasn't like [Judge Ford] said it would be" (MJH, 153) and that "he had made his peace with Julie and the things he knew were right" (MJH, 159). Kip Caley's experience shows again that society's attitudes make a one-man renovation of social perceptions to be impos-

sible. Kip is strengthened by religious belief initially and finally, but when his society turns on him, even he must mock the "prodigal son" image (MJH, 131), and any Christian or humanitarian hope it may offer, as inapplicable in his world. As he dies, Kip realizes that his inner peace comes from being true to his personal beliefs, and, since his values set him apart from his society, his reaffirmed integrity must be a secret he takes to the grave.

The Loved and The Lost has no Christian overtones, save the sense of sanctuary and individuality offered by an elusive, architecturally-eccentric little church which attracts Peggy Sanderson. The little church seems to vanish after Peggy's death as though, like the chapel of the Holy Grail, there were no one worthy to enter it. In contrast to Stephen Dowling's "very ardent nature" (SIMB, 3) and Kip Caley's "magnanimous good will" (MJH, 21) that aggressively seek their objects, Peggy Sanderson merely offers "pleasant intimacy" (LL, 38) to each person she meets. The imagery of the novel is blatant, ruined by Callaghan's explanations, as would be the punch line of a joke. For example, he tells us:

> But the mountain is on the island in the river. . . . Those who wanted things to remain as they were liked the mountain. Those who wanted a change preferred the broad flowing river. But no one could forget either of them. (LL, 1)

In this brief comment, he gives us the primary tensions of Montreal, and of Peggy, that bring on her death. Peggy's admiration for "Negroes" (LL, 36) is not normal Montreal

social behaviour. Jim McAlpine (as his name makes painfully obvious), Catherine Carver, Wolgast and Elton Wagstaffe are all interested in upward mobility, which requires maintenance of the status quo, an important feature in Such Is My Beloved and More Joy in Heaven also. Peggy goes against the status quo by frequenting the black bars, a form of downward mobility. Her social eccentricity and her apparent availability make Peggy seem like one of the "few loose-witted, cheap white girls . . . who was a soft touch, hopped up by the music" (LL, 52). Like the river, Peggy seems fluid, yielding, placid. Men mistake her natural candour for sexual readiness, but when they walk her home they are always coolly resisted (LL, 38, 133, 139, 120). Wagstaffe pinpoints the social tensions Peggy creates among the blacks:

> You think she offers it just for you, and then you see that it's no more for you than the next guy. . . . So she sets you against the little guys and maybe the little guys against you. . . . So you start watching, suspicious and watching, all the boys suspicious of each other and ready to pop, because if it's going around each guy wants it for himself.
>
> And maybe it's the women around that know this best. . . . You know what women are like. Six out of ten get tired and sour . . . . Then they see their husbands talking or sitting or chewing the fat or getting a skinful of Peggy. . . and so a wife hates Peggy's guts . . . and that's why I say it's no good having her around here, being against something so much, and with the boys suspicious of each other, and some of those wives knowing how to use a beer bottle. (LL, 93-95)

Conversation among the members of the "earbender's club" indicates that Peggy is despised as a "nigger lover", a "showboating" girl who "likes dark meat" (LL, 132-133). Jim McAlpine makes a rather exaggerated speech in Peggy's defence, which is heavily based on her own comments to him (LL, 121-123). He tries to explain that Peggy is "only interested in [blacks] as human beings" whose stories of discrimination make her "apologetic . . . guilty and perhaps overly sympathetic", while simultaneously feeling "contempt for [her] own race" for the unjust treatment given to her friends (LL, 134). McAlpine's remarks are received with a "burst of derisive laughter" (LL, 135), which makes Jim ponder his loyalties anew.

Peggy's motivation is equally bothersome. She doesn't seem to have any cause to champion: she refuses to discuss racial issues with both Wagstaffe, a black (LL, 93) and Gagnon, a white (LL, 132). Wagstaffe marvels that Peggy is not like the "showboating", "loose-witted, cheap white girls"; rather, "she don't get drunk, she don't even dance, she don't even clap her hands loud" (LL, 90). McAlpine wonders whether "her gentle innocence was attracted perversely to violence, like a temperament seeking its opposite" (LL, 101). Wondering if Peggy's presence, a kind of passive anarchism, in fact provokes the violence she seems to seek, McAlpine comments to Wolgast, "She has no tact. If only she had a little prudence. . . . What bothers me is that this lack of prudence of hers always brings out the worst instincts in us,

the stuff we try to hide, the stuff that's inhuman." (LL, 155-156).

Peggy's generous openness extends to all socially disadvantaged people: to blacks (LL, 122), to the lame Henry Jackson, and even to unjustly treated thugs (LL, 123). These people are all victims of the "supercilious people who have charge of this world" (LL, 123), who, like Peggy's spiritually-dead minister father, make "the little compromises that had to be made to keep peace in the flock" (LL, 84).

But there is an essential weakness in Peggy's method: she is in love with living out a principle of racial brotherhood, but wrongly believes that an intimate relationship with one man would sap the love she would give to this principle. Thus, she denies herself any personal love (LL, 139), weakening her capacity to express love on both planes. Hence, when "she's giving them the treatment" (LL, 93), some men think Peggy is "bringing the races together" in the same way that Jill, a prostitute, does. When such men are rebuffed in Peggy's doorway, they feel that they have been deceived by a high-principled "big church glow" (LL, 93). In either case, Peggy's "treatment" is ambiguous, partially because of her altruism. She baffles and frustrates men and women who are in "sour" relationships (LL, 95), and the "defeated [men who] . . . can no longer bear any kind of rejection" (LL, 120), giving them cause to destroy her. With her death, the problem of her ambiguity is removed, and the comfortable, understood status quo is rebalanced.

Eugene Shore is most unlike Steven, Kip and Peggy in his initial lack of warmth, a love for the disadvantaged, and in his desire for isolation rather than a personal availability. He lacks that charm that opens others to "smile at each other. . . make [them] feel young again" (LL, 18). Never is Shore described as a spiritual visionary with a "dreamy smile" (MJH, 75), an "irritating serenity" (LL, 33) or "an expression of surprised innocence" (SIMB, 10). He is clearly a man aware of the world, but like some of Montreal's blacks, he at first seems somewhat soured by his experiences (Initially, like Robison of Such Is My Beloved, a fellow lawyer, Shore seems to have "an iron fence around [his] heart" (FPP, 120). In their ardour, Kip Caley, Peggy Sanderson and Lisa Tolen go hatless or ill-shod throughout the Canadian winter. Shore's aloofness is reflected in how richly and well he dresses in public - as though his clothing, like his very private house and exclusive neighbourhood, is an intentional barrier to the human contact that Kip, Peggy and Lisa enjoy.

As with Stephen, Kip and Peggy, Eugene Shore is frustrated by the keepers of the status quo, in his case, by critics, academics, neighbours, and Jason. Stephen Dowling and Kip Caley see their good intentions thwarted by highly-placed social authorities who usually agree in principle with their goals, but who need the social hierarchy maintained to achieve personally-important goals, such as a successful

fund drive, or re-election to office. But Shore lives comfortably, critics do not limit his freedom to publish, his neighbours are harmless, Lisa's attempt to degrade him to win Al back is ineffectual. Shore is not brought into danger through these causes; rather, Shore is set on a path toward his death because he, like Stephen Dowling and Kip Caley, becomes aroused by a specific instance of social injustice. Once Shore is animated, he becomes increasingly preoccupied with the Gonzalez case, aggravating the situation until he, like his criminal-saints, becomes a victim of it.

In each novel, a "witness" (FPP, 213) establishes a relationship with the central figure, giving us another view of the main character. This witness technique must have proved useful to Callaghan, since its use dramatically increases in the course of these novels, helping Callaghan to clarify meaning without further encroachment by either direct authorial comment or by symbolism.

Charlie Stewart helps us to discover Stephen Dowling's shallow awareness of social issues, while revealing that both men, typical university types, are theorists. It is on a theoretical basis only that Charlie's "intuitions are Catholic" (SIMB, 42). Charlie contrasts with the two older priests in his ability to stimulate Father Dowling mentally, often providing from their discussions the basis of Dowling's sermons. As he considers marrying Charlie and Pauline, Father Dowling assures himself that "Charlie's in the Church in heart" (SIMB, 56), giving Charlie a baptism by desire (that such is unsolic-

ited is immaterial to the young priest). This extension of the sacrament to a professed atheist paves the way for extending the Mystical Body to include Midge and Ronnie. It is through Charlie that Stephen Dowling sees prostitution as a social, rather than primarily a moral problem, and receives his first loan to assist the girls. Charlie's fiancé, Pauline, buys the girls the gift of new clothes, which are symbolic of the new lifestyle the priest expects to accompany spiritual hopes that he has for them. Thus, economic and spiritual worlds are linked through Charlie's unwitting help. With Charlie, Father Dowling discovers the girls' absence (SIMB, 126), and Charlie is the first to realize that Father Dowling's "detached, depressed, heavy stillness" (SIMB, 141) is a mark of his ultimate isolation.

Thus, Charlie is, in the theatrical sense of the word, Father Dowling's "angel", providing discussion, companionship and funds to a project that is, when he learns of it, little more than a case study for him.

In More Joy in Heaven, Kip Caley has two "witnessing angels" to guide him to maturity after his "rebirth" into society. Father Butler, the prison chaplain instrumental in Kip's release, knows him very well. He realizes that, since Kip has changed from an individualist who "had always been different and made his own rules" to a humanist who derives his vitality from "getting close to other men and getting out of himself" (MJH, 13), he is vulnerable to the opinions of

of others. Thus, Father Butler wonders aloud, "He's got a lot of pride and I hope people respect it, that's all" (MJH, 13).

It is because Father Butler is too afraid of bruising Kip's sensitive pride - perhaps fearing Kip would reject his guidance completely - that Father Butler is ineffective in helping Kip. On New Year's Eve, Kip asks the priest why he looks unhappy. Rather than face the issue head on, Father Butler evades, saying, "Maybe it is a look I get on my face when I come into the city" (MJH, 68). He makes three similar evasions that same evening in private. While Kip feels that the priest is "disappointed" (MJH, 69), the point has not been made stronly enough to override Kip's pride and the joy of the night. Kip feels, after four times challenging the priest's mood that "any kind of disappointment felt unreal on such a night. It didn't touch him at all" (MJH, 69). Even when Kip questions his responsibility as a "prodigal son" to accept society's welcome, Father Butler fails to capitalize on the chance to expose the hypocrisy he fears, and weakly agrees with Kip. This pattern is repeated again when Kip breaks the law and harbours a thief, yet Father Butler admits, "I wouldn't say I wouldn't do it" (MJH, 103). From this:

> Kip understood that a man could violate the law in such a way his goodness would not be broken, but would be strengthened; charity came before law and order. It seemed to give him even more freedom. (MJH, 103)

Surely, Father Butler in his position of trusted friend and spiritual advisor to Kip must bear a large part of the blame for such a faulty moral understanding. He has allowed Kip to return to his earlier individualism which has no social dimension, in the name of "charity". As Jacques Maritain, a writer whose work has strongly influenced Callaghan, warns:

> It is easy to mistake impure inspiration for unsullied inspiration; nay more, it is easier to slip from a genuine inspiration to a corrupt one. And we know that optimi corruptio pessima, corruption of what is best is what is worst.[3]

Unfortunately lacking the spiritual aggressiveness of Stephen Dowling, Father Butler lacks the conviction to suit his role as advisor, even when he suspects Kip of falling under the rival guidance of Foley and Kerrmann. Punning with Foley's name, the priest remarks, "Foley hates everything. If he could get Kip back with him he'd feel like a shepherd who had found a lost sheep" (MJH, 142). Yet, Butler, Kip's pastor and parole supervisor, feels he would betray his trust to have Kip apprehended prior to committing robbery, returning to his old way of life!

When he is finally driven to an effective compromise - removing the temptation, but still not correcting Kip - Father Butler is saddened by his loss of trust in Kip. After Kip's death, the priest berates the crowd for their exploitation of Kip. At least some of his criticism should be self-directed.

Julie Evans is "a swell believing kid" (MJH, 56), who doesn't even recognize Kip at first, allowing him a chance

to be "anonymous", to prove himself as a man without any of the pretentions of his former role as daring robber, or of his new role as celebrity prodigal. She offers him a mirror of the innocence he has found, a homey apartment to visit and later to share, but more than these, "she was offering him a kind of respect that was new to him" (MJH, 78), to which he feels a strong responsibility. "He knew she had built a new life on everyting he had meant to her" (MJH, 125). With her he shares his dreams and joy, but he keeps his disappointments secret, unconsciously trying to build for her the same bubble that his society was creating around him. When Kip's bubble bursts, Julie tries to hold his faith together for the sake of their relationship (MJH, 125). Symbolically, he picks up the "pretty little flowers" he had dropped earlier, but his depression cannot be concealed. Julie tries to buoy Kip up with an offer to marry him, but, in his "quickening resentment" (MJH, 126), he brushes her distractions aside.

Fortunately, Kip's resentment rekindles his pride, his desire not to be beaten, which Julie forgets until after she has taken steps to protect him from a return to crime (MJH, 145). Julie underestimates what she has taught him. From hitting him with her purse when he forcibly took his first kiss (MJH, 54), to refusing to let him bully her into intercourse (MJH, 98-99), she has taught him not to rely solely on his brutish strength to get the delicate things he

wants. In losing confidence in him by assuming that he has not learned this lesson, Julie violates her earlier respect and elevating love for Kip. But in spite of this, Julie remains his touchstone. When Kip makes peace with Julie, he reaffirms his image in her eyes, and reassembles with her their dream of pure love.

Thus, Kip's "angels" function as sounding board and touchstone respectively. At first they mislead him by failing to appreciate the reality of his transformation and the quality of his new principles. But they admit their error and step apart from society with Kip, as he transcends his society by dying at peace with his values, and with Julie, who alone could confirm his vision. That both Kip and Julie die at the novel's end, again means that the secret of love that they share is lost to the grave.

Jim McAlpine, in The Loved and The Lost, gradually becomes more closely identified with Peggy Sanderson as he struggles to share her vision and to participate in her life. For the first time, this "witness" becomes Callaghan's principle vantage point to report the story, with few excursions into Peggy's mind.

Like Julie Evans, Jim is a more appropriate choice for his "witness" role than other characters in the novel, since he already has some openness to others and a noticeable independence of opinion. Jim's column title, "One Man's Opinion" - the perspective allowed to Eugene Shore also -

is almost a disclaimer for Carver's newspaper, where he is noted for "his unshakable faith in what he thinks he sees" (LL, 10). As with Shore, Jim McAlpine is interpreted as a "tiger" (LL, 11), a man whose philosophy is "to make adventurous choices in his own life, particularly in his difficult relationships" (LL, 28).

Jim's most "difficult relationship" is with the attractive daughter of his prospective employer, who is virtually forced onto him as symbol of and device for climbing Montreal's social mountain. Catherine, Carver's daughter, is like Lisa Tolen, in that she must completely possess the man she loves, or destroy him. Jim himself is possessive, and he must measure Catherine and Peggy by how well they can fit into his world. One feels that if Jim were sure of Peggy's virginity, which would allow him to own her more completely than he could the divorced Catherine, he would opt for her readily (LL, 140).

But the mystery of Peggy's "charming innocence" (LL, 16) and "irritating serenity" (LL, 30) engrosses him until he realizes he must be with her, without resolving the matter of her virginity. He tries to force his "love" onto her, is rebuffed, then tries to surround her by buying her new snow boots and by moving his work into her tiny room. His repeated attempts at lovemaking are rebuffed, as his possessive love clashes with Peggy's refusal to love on a personal basis.

As Jim probes Peggy's life, we learn the gossip of

the St. Antoine region and the "earbender's club", as he becomes as socially ambient as Peggy. After Wagstaffe misinterprets Jim's interest in the mulatto singer as a desire to sleep with her, he realizes that his experiment "to create for himself the feeling Peggy might have had for a Negro" has backfired. Jim also becomes a victim of "the normal supposition . . . just as everyone assumed that Peggy wanted to sleep with her Negro friends" (LL, 89). Struck by this insight, Jim becomes her disciple. He pries further into her innocence and continues to invade her privacy, while defending her against others.

Unlike Julie Evans and Father Butler, Jim is strongly critical of Peggy's "lack of prudence" (LL, 157), and he cautions her repeatedly on the possibility of violence. His genuine concern for her, and for her perceived role, teaches him the true meaning of love. Simultaneously, Peggy slowly realizes her need of love, and her need of Jim. She moves from telling him to stop "pulling at [her] coattails, yanking at [her] " (LL, 57), to reluctantly allowing him to work at her room, to admitting she preferred his company. She comes to rely on Jim, admitting after the bar fight, "I had known all along that at some terrible moment when I was alone I would hear you cry out to me" (LL, 197). Because of Jim, Peggy learns to share her life, to need love.

But Jim, like Julie Evans and Father Butler, lacks full trust at the most crucial moment. Still needing to

sense ownership as part of love, he cannot stay the night with her when she most needs him. Jim "feeds his doubt by deliberately misunderstanding her" (LL, 200). He withdraws his support and leaves Peggy, who is aware that "he had betrayed himself and her, and that at last she was left alone" (LL, 202).

Peggy's death becomes a bitter lesson to Jim, that she, like the little church, is a permanently lost opportunity. Like the church, Peggy may only be appreciated, not owned selfishly. Jim's role as witness closely parallels that of the reader, as he leads one through curiosity, through vicarious experience to understanding, then to a perception of risk in sharing the full burden of Peggy's humanity, and finally to a sense of personal doubt and loss. Jim, perhaps more so than Peggy, invites the reader to undo "the long series of crushing losses" (LL, 113) that limits mankind's love, to eradicate the "human condition" (LL, 230) that Bouchard suggests is the cause of Peggy's death.

Relative to Callaghan's other "saints", Eugene Shore has a strong social position and virtually no real humanitarian concerns. His "witness", Al Delaney, is little more than a boyish intellectual who merely wants to analyze Shore and his writing. For these reasons, the effect of Al as witness is minimal on the writer. Al may claim that he is "just a footnote" (FPP, 213) in Shore's entanglement with Jason, but, as usual, he is wrong: in that he is a most meddlesome

influence. Al's beard, then his attempt to impress Jason with Shore's reputation, both offend Jason's prejudices. Al's insensitivity shows when he gives Jason a book much like Such Is My Beloved during a prostitute arrest, and he is equally provocative in advising Jason of Shore's effort to publicize the Gonzalez inquest. Al becomes Jason's link to Lisa, and through her, to Shore's death. Thus, Al reverses the trend of the witness who becomes increasingly defined and involved in supporting the protangonist.

Ironically, like Julie Evans and Father Butler of More Joy in Heaven and Jim McAlpine of The Loved and The Lost, Al is indispensible to the eventual end of the story, since he indirectly sets the stage for Shore's death. Since Al is not deeply emotionally involved with Shore, or committed to his philosophy, his superficial reaction to Shore's death contrasts with the parallel reactions of Julie Evans, Father Butler, and Jim McAlpine. His reaction is ours, though, just as we shared the grief of the "witnesses" in the other novels. We react weakly to Shore's death because he is not lovable; rather, he is a part of the stereotypic world of A Fine and Private Place, which we see largely through Al's shallow perception. Like Al, we are left to wonder about Shore, as someone we cannot fully appreciate.

In each of the novels, the protagonist is removed from the position in which he or she is a social threat.

Stephen Dowling becomes insane and is institutionalized; Kip, Peggy and Shore are killed. There are no inquests or arrests; rather, there is "an almost audible sigh of relief" (LL, 220) in each case, as society relaxes back into a status quo position. Dowling's insanity is a gentle blessing for both himself and the system which is spared having to discipline him, allowing the bishop his charity drive and Robison his good name. Kip's death effects his society's retribution on a cop-killer, assuring that "the pattern of law and order [is] finally imposed on him" (MJH, 158). His death in a hospital bed, rather than on the gallows, may seem too gentle for his society, but it is tender and almost heroic to the reader. The rape-murder of Peggy Sanderson, given some investigation by the Montreal police, is taken half-heartedly since she "led a loose life . . . had peculiar tastes . . . hung out in strange places" (LL, 225). Malone seems most likely to be the agent of Peggy's death, but he is but one of the many who fit an important profile of the killer: a powerful, heavy-set Causasian (LL, 213), sexually frustrated by her enough to strip and rape her to defile her primary appeal of innocence and virginity, determined enough to be the only one to possess her and to end her troublesome presence by killing her. McAlpine's experience of being eluded by a shadowy figure (LL, 181) similar to that described by Mrs. Agnew (LL, 213), suggests that he stalked Peggy for some time, and likely knew her well enough

not to have to force entry to her room. Peggy's killer could have been any of the men she knew; thus, his deed vicariously represents the grim wish of a large segment of Montreal society.

This figure of social vengeance emerges more clearly in A Fine and Private Place, as Mason stalks Shore to upset his status and reputation, and to terminate his threat to Jason's privacy and sense of right order. Just as Kip Caley took strength from Father Butler's tacit acceptance of harbouring a thief, so also Jason becomes particularly sinister after he feels the confirmation of the legal system and of Lisa, as though he had a tacit mandate to exceed the law in defence of society.

The four novels show us a gradual deterioration of society from which the "monster", the rectifier, gradually emerges. Maritain describes such a social condition:

> A final remark must be made, which deals with a particularly sad aspect of human collective life. When the social group is in a process of regression or perversion, and its moral level is sinking, then the precepts of morality do not change in themselves, of course, but the manner in which they must apply sinks also to a lower level . . . . Suppose we live in a completely barbarous social group, a tribe of bandits, in which no law, no tribunals, no public order exists. Then we should have to take the law into our own hands; which means we might be placed in the position of justly killing some offender, and that in such a case the physical act of putting such a man to death would not morally constitute murder. For the moral essence of murder is to kill a man on one's own merely human authority, whereas in such a case we should not act on our

> own authority, but in the performance of a judicial function to which mankind in general is virtually yet really entitled, and which derives in mankind from the Creator of being. And though in civilized life this judicial authority must be held and exercised only by those who have been invested with judicial powers in the state, nevertheless, even in civilized life, a quite exceptional case of emergency, like the case of self-defense to which I just eluded, can call any man whatever to participate in it, by defending his own right to live against an unjust aggressor.[4]

But under such extremely degenerate circumstances, the purging of someone whose vision could redeem society is a restoration of society's downward plunge. This is the inversion of values toward which these four novels proceed.

Al's intellectual discussions with Shore bring into focus the dialogue that progresses through these four novels between the protagonists, the "witnesses", and their societies. Like the dialogues between Plato and Socrates, the novels trace the various sides in the discussion on the possibility of a revolution of humanistic love in the face of a very resilient status quo mentality.

In the first stage of this dialogue, Stephen Dowling and Charlie Stewart present their views on the nature of the human condition, one from an inspired perspective and one from a materialistic viewpoint. Charlie is no more than a theorist, but Father Dowling supports his ideas with personal action. Unfortunately, the priest's

naiveté makes him imprudent, and he chooses to begin his project before consulting the practical wisdom of Robison of the bishop. Thus, Such Is My Beloved shows the need to wed idealistic vision and practical sense, if social change is to be effected.

Kip Caley, Peggy Sanderson and Eugene Shore attempt to reform progressively less of society, but each fuses the zeal to establish a principle with an increasingly realistic campaign. Again, each of these people is a social outsider. Caley's Father Butler is on the edge of society because of his prison experiences and his moral insight, but he fails to keep Kip in touch with reality. Jim McAlpine is a part of his society, but he has some awareness of Peggy's vision that makes him question his world. His efforts to warn Peggy have some effect, but he fails her through lack of trust. Al Delaney is a completely blind member of his world, who can discuss Shore's vision with him without understanding or contributing practical balance.

Opposing Kip, Peggy and Shore are Judge Ford, Peggy's killer, and Jason Dunsford, who seek to restore the status quo and to put the reformers in their places. Judge Ford offers the least resistence, and remains consistent with his appointed legal role. The latter two are "monsters" who attack their victims to redress personal injuries, but they mask their vengeance behind the claim that they are acting on behalf of their society in restoring social order.

I believe that Jason and Peggy's killer each realizes that he has murdered, that he has unjustly assumed the "judicial function" of which Maritain writes. What is shocking is that the Toronto and Montreal of the novels seem prepared to tolerate such action, thereby giving their tacit approval.

Thus, the novels give us an ongoing dialogue of men and women convinced that their vision for society must succeed. Each hoped that once he initiates action in society, that the conditions will fall into line to make his vision inevitably transform society. Callaghan gives us Marxists, Christians, humanists, and status quo defenders, all intent on finding the key to social betterment. None of these positions is outrightly repudiated by Callaghan, but all, save the status quo position, have failed because their proponents assumed that society could be made predictable.[5] Their failure allows the former social order to return. It is Al Delaney who best makes the point that analysis can only discover measurable realities, which may be predictable. Love, faith, trust and truth, on which society must be based, cannot be measured or controlled by ideology.

Those characters who understand life because they understand love include Father Butler and Julie Evans, Peggy Sanderson just before her death, and Lisa Tolen to some extent, in addition to Father Dowling, Kip Caley and Eugene Shore. Their inability to articulate their sensitivity, their fear of giving trust when it was needed, is truly where love

failed to find its voice in action. Since these people are pitted against men who find safety in a stable society, men who also control the power in society, it seems inevitable that the emissaries of love should fail.

This, I believe, is Callaghan's ultimate message in these novels: that love should be the cornerstone of life in society, but that its exponents are necessarily humanly faulty and vulnerable. Truly selfless people do not make sense in a self-seeking world in which bishops, judges, lawyers, policemen and the wealthy are concerned with reputation and career, or where others are concerned with retaining their jobs, wives or lovers. Worse, society is dragged down by a crushing mentality bred in compromise and failure, a sad perception of "the tragic . . . inevitability of things" (FPP, 247), that "life is a long series of crushing losses, the impermanence of everything beautiful and dear to us . . . the compact we enter into to protect our way of living . . . the economic and aesthetic barbarians always at the gates trying to hasten the end of things" (LL, 113-114).

These visionaries, with their efforts toward making their perceptions into social realities, are like Callaghan, who tries to express his view of life through his novels. Just as his heroes must do battle with judges and bishops, Callaghan contends with critics and academics for the freedom to write according to his own vision.

Through his writing, Callaghan asserts that in life

and in art, personal victories can be had, that "love can have its own law" (FPP, 252). Brandon Conron remarks:

> Callaghan suggests that the aware individual who examines himself with honesty, and his fellow humans with unlimited tolerance, can find a satisfactory solution to the clash between spiritual and empirical values . . . . Callaghan is a natural iconoclast of prejudice, injustice, and lingering taboos. 6

In this personal renovation and peace is some optimism.

FOOTNOTES

CHAPTER III: Saints, Witnessing Angels, and Monsters

[1]Maurice Reardon, "A Fine and Private Place", Books in Canada Review 1975 (Ottawa: Canadian Library Association, 1976), 72.

[2]Morley Callaghan, "The Imaginative Writer", 9.

[3]Jacques Maritain, Man and the State (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1951), 141.

[4]ibid., 163-164.

[5]Clyde Kluckhohn, "Myth and Rituals: A General Theory", in John B. Vickery, ed., Myth and Literature (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1971), 41.

[6]Brandon Conron, Morley Callaghan (New York: Twayne Publishing, 1966), preface.

CHAPTER IV : "Who the hell does he think he is?"

> On the contrary, says Young, genius resides in one's ultimate idiosyncrasy, that ineffable something that makes every man different from his fellows. If one wishes to be a creator and not a mechanical imitator, one should simply be one's temperamental self, and above all, submit to no constraint upon one's imagination.
>
> Irving Babbitt, "Genius and Taste" in Wilbur Scott, Five Approaches of Literary Criticism, p. 30.

Critical attention to A Fine and Private Place ran from lukewarm to coldly negative, with much of the criticism directed against the apparently autobiographical aspect of the novel. Maurice Reardon, accustomed to Callaghan's deceptions, pointed out that the many similarities of Shore and Callaghan should not be trusted, should be treated merely as coincidence, yet he complains that "the novel's parallels to Callaghan's life degrade it to the level of complaint."[1] George Woodcock refers to the novel as "that sad and unnecessary self-justification"[2] of an author who is praised abroad, reviled at home, until after his death. Barbara Amiel, never one to mince words, identifies those who attack Shore as "Northrop Frye [Dr. Morton Hyland], social columnist McKenzie Porter [J. C. Hilton]" and the friendly reviewer from New York, Starkey Kunitz, as "the literary critic Edmund Wilson".[3]

Callaghan certainly does seem to have his fun with Hyland and Hilton. Hilton is described as "that beery old columnist . . . with the long red drooping moustache, who was even portlier than Kunitz" (FPP, 249). Hilton lacks the taste to appreciate Shore's novels as worth more than a flea market lamp. Doctor Morton Hyland is sympathetically described physically, but this "biggest scholar and cultural figure in town" is scathingly attacked as an intellectual with "false humility" whose souring stomach overcomes his mind,

to ask a "niggardly question" at Al's oral examination (FPP, 16). Doctor Hyland has "his theories of literature and . . . his system" (FPP, 16) into which all works must be fitted. Since Shore "could never make up his mind whether his women were whores or saints", Hyland labels him as "essentially a minor talent with no real sense of mythopoeia . . . therefore quite outside the perennial stream in literature. An outsider almost dangerously wrongheaded!" (FPP, 46).

By contrast, Starkey Kunitz is described as "a man of . . . stature" (FPP, 45), who does not use the "Doctor" appellation he had earned (FPP, 249). "Portly, red-faced, nearly bald, with compelling, light-blue eyes, he had an air of splendid indifference" (FPP, 249) that is useful in keeping reporters at bay from Mrs. Shore after the funeral. Faithful to Shore in life and in death, he lampoons the post facto, and no doubt temporary, interest in Shore by Hilton and Hyland.

But we should not judge too quickly. Hyland, and Hilton particularly, do seem interested in doing more than exploiting the presence of television cameras at the funeral. Hilton researches Kunitz' background to an unusual degree, and he does approach Kunitz with a "distinguished air" (FPP, 249). By contrast, Kunitz' superior bearing "suggested very intimidatingly that he knew everything that could be known or was worth knowing, and now he was in town he didn't have

to look at the natives with any new curiosity: he had already looked at them and judged them." (FPP, 249). Callaghan comments even more explicitly that "this was probably Starkey Kunitz' weakness" (FPP, 249), a weakness that draws more attention than the foibles of Hyland and Hilton. Ironically, Kunitz' attitude directly opposed the tolerance and openness of Shore's fictional heroes.

This ironic treatment of apparently real people is most striking for Shore himself. If Shore is Callaghan's "fictitious persona",[4] then the parallels are almost exclusively superficial. The three Shore books referred to in the novel seem to be Callaghan's Such Is My Beloved, More Joy in Heaven and The Loved and the Lost, examined above. But the Christian tone and the social attitudes expressed in these books are markedly at odds with the conduct of Shore, their "author." Shore, like Callaghan, is known in Rome, Paris and New York, and has been negatively reviewed at home in Toronto. But Callaghan is widely read in Canada, is frequently anthologized (James Stevens considers this a mark of a "bad poet"![5]), is the subject of an average of two theses annually, and has received substantial financial recognition several times.

Callaghan is hardly unknown in Toronto, as Shore seems to be. In the 1920's Callaghan wrote for the Toronto Star, and later was a sports columnist for the short-lived New World Magazine. In 1943 he worked with an N.F.B. film

crew on a corvette in the North Atlantic (background unused until his latest work, Close to the Sun Again). From 1943 to 1947 he hosted C.B.C.'s "Things to Come", later known as "Citizen's Forum", and continues to be heard on "Anthology." Unlike Shore, Callaghan enjoys being interviewed, his "portrait" appears several times annually in periodicals, and he answers his own door and telephone to discuss his work, even for such as Al Delaney!

On a personal basis, the Shore - Callaghan contrast is more striking and revealing. The two figures are look-alikes, save that Shore lacks Callaghan's "generous paunch and . . . merry, inquisitive eyes."[6] Callaghan has no housekeeper, just a poodle, and he survives his wife Loretto's death, not vice versa. His Rosedale home is covered with wisteria; the interior decorating is much less striking, with Wismer sketches of Callaghan and his wife replacing the Chagalls of Shore's home. Barbara Amiel remarks on the "spacious front room with its white walls and high ceilings, a man in a Kurelek painting sits up in bed looking with haunted eyes out at a field of cabbages, Eskimo sculptures, old furniture with rich veneers and newish furniture specializing in vague, non-descript modernity."[7] Two years later, she comments on the "old faded photos of Callaghan's wife, Lorette [sic] "[8] on the study walls. If nothing else, Amiel's interviews clearly establish that Callaghan's home is personal and ordinary. Thus, it escapes me why George Woodcock would

consider such a persona to be a "flattering self-analysis."[9]

Few authors today are as private as Shore, largely because of the terms of Canada Council grants, because of publishers' demands, or because of the more gregarious society we are becoming. Shore is more a stereotype of that kind of author which takes its origins in the priests and shamen of ancient times, whose incantations and magical markings were portents to be feared and respected.[10] Such men claimed to be gifted with a private, essence-perceiving vision of reality (FPP, 194-195). For such a person, speech becomes oracular, ambiguous, setting him apart from other mortals, yet frustrating both parties with the essential incommunicability of that vision. One option for such an inspired seer is to become socially active, to lead men from the present order toward a larger reality perceived only by the seer. Hence, Jim McAlpine is nicknamed "Orpheus" (LL, 135) as he descends into the underworld of St. Antoine to rescue Peggy and share in her mission. Peggy Sanderson's social attitude to blacks is quietly expressed by her presence in "forbidden" areas. Jim McAlpine follows the Orphic tradition as a writer as well, expressing his "unshakable belief in what he thinks he sees" (LL, 10) in "The Independent Man" (LL, 2) and "One Man's Opinion" (LL, 183), later orally to the "earbenders club", and finally in direct action in the pub brawl. Stephen Dowling and Kip Caley both express their social perceptions orally, and Eugene Shore makes his views publically manifest

through his novels.

Writers, whose must is Orpheus, have traditionally been feared by those who would preserve the status quo. Wallace Stevens comments on the social influence of the poet:

> What makes the poet the potent figure that he is or was, or ought to be, is that he creates the world to which we turn incessantly and without knowing it, and that he gives to life the supreme fictions without which we are unable to conceive of it.[11]

For this reason, Plato, in The Republic, urges that "we must . . . compel our poets, on pain of expulsion, to make their poetry the express image of noble character."[12] Plato's fear, that the young men of the state may be morally corrupted by what Maritain calls a "false prophet",[13] someone whose genuine inspiration has become corrupt by the desire to draw a crowd, is a fear that concerns most social leaders.

The fear has some foundation. As Leon Bloy puts it, "The artist's master faculty - the imagination - is naturally and passionately anarchic."[14] Ironically, Shore appears anarchic to Jason, yet he is conservative in using legal ways to assure ethical law enforcement; Jason is the real anarchist in going outside the law to sustain his corrupt system (FPP, 225).

A typical reaction to writers by any society that fears their influece, such as we have recently seen in Russia, Iran and Uganda, is to silence or limit the writers' freedom of creative expression. Speaking against this "art

for the social group", Maritain summarizes much of what we have discovered about Callaghan's artistic freedom:

> But the theory of Art for the social group is not concerned with such problems [loss of poetic passion and artistic autonomy] or with the notion of the autonomy of art. It simply ignores this autonomy; it makes the social value, or the social significance or the social impact of the work into an aesthetic or artistic value. . . . Art for the social group becomes, thus, inevitably propaganda art. What the existentialist fashion calls today engaged art, "l'art engagé" - we might well say as well enlisted art or drafted art - is inevitably propaganda art. . . . [Artists are not] waiters who provide [their audiences] with the bread of existentialist nausea, Marxist dialectics or traditional morality, the beef of political realism or idealism and the ice cream of philanthropy. They provide mankind with a spiritual food, which is intuitive experience, revelation and beauty: for man, as I said in my youth, is an animal who lives on transcendentals.[15]

It is this sort of orthodoxy to prevailing social attitudes that is expected by the bishop in Such Is My Beloved, by Judge Ford in resisting Kip Caley's nomination to the parole board, by Carver in his concern for the content of Jim McAlpine's column, by Peggy's society in opposing her ambience, and by Jason in stopping Shore from carrying justice to the poor immigrant family. Callaghan, like his characters, is involved in a struggle for freedom in the aspect of society that is most important to him.

However, a writer may also become a "national writer"[16] in Maritain's terms by writing to the national pattern, as Northrop Frye encourages:

> Certainly if a Canadian poet consciously tries to avoid being Canadian, he will sound like nothing on earth. For whatever may be true of painting or music, poetry is not a citizen of the world: it is conditioned by language, and flourishes best within a national unit.[17]

Callaghan protests against such exclusive criteria for writing in Canada:

> One qualification that a critic is required to have - they got this unfortunately from Northrop Frye - is that he has to have a different scheme of evaluation of Canadian poets than you would have of any other poetry on earth. Forget that Canadian poetry is in the English language. Pretend that it's of a special order, and bring a special scale of evaluation to it. The person who takes this attitude to Canadian poetry - and the Canadian poets expect it - is no friend of the poet, and if I were a poet, I'd be insulted. . . . The real friend of the artist in this country is the guy who believes in excellence, seeks for it, fights for it, defends it, and tries to produce it.[18]

Naturally, Callaghan goes on to imply that he is such a "guy."

Any attempt to control literature rarely restrains radicals, and unjustly restricts writers disciplined adequately by their craft. Maritain points out:

> Be it added, parenthetically, that creative intuition does not make superfluous the rules of working Reason. On the contrary it demands to use them as a necessary instrument. When the resourcefulness of discursive Reason, and the rules involved - the secondary rules - are used as instruments of creative intuition, they compose the indispensible arsenal of prudence, shrewdness and cleverness of the life of Art. It is at this flair and patient guile that Degas pointed, when he said:"A painting is a thing which requires as much cunning, rascality and viciousness as the perpetration of a crime."[19]

The Degas comment is particularly appropriate to our study of Callaghan, in the suggestion that creativity expresses itself as a flirtation with, or a skillful violation of the laws of art, just as criminality, as an art form equally requires daring and skill to achieve crime while escaping detection or apprehension. But this is a comparison, not an identification: creativity is not a crime, but merely gives the appearance of crime within its art form. Just as Callaghan's criminal-saints, his clown criminals, walk a tightrope above society's circus of conflicting values, so does Callaghan's style pick up resonances from various literary and non-literary themes in developing its own score.

This independence from artistic patterns of expression was strongly championed by Rimbaud, whose image of the poet as "seer" included the use of drugs, alcohol, and loose living. Such a writer became intuitive "by a long, vast reasoned derangement of the senses."[20] Shore, who can resist Lisa's sexual aggressions, and certainly Callaghan, are not of this school. Rather, Callaghan seems more in the tradition of Bergson's creativity animated by the "élan vital, the vital impulse that creates, that makes for continuous evolution. Matter is that which it stuggles against. The élan vital strives toward individuality and against matter, which would drag it down to inertness, to death. It is the artist who by his intuition is able to penetrate through matter to reality."[21] This conflict of "spiritual inertia" (SIMB, 134),

"moral bankruptcy" (MJH, 72), the "human condition" (LL, 230) or class distinction (LL, 21; FPP, 9) which requires the maintenance of "the beautiful pattern" (LL, 163; MJH, 35), is respectively juxtaposed with the ardour of Stephen Dowling (SIMB, 134), the "magnanimous good will" of Kip Caley (MJH, 21) whose vitality is "like a spark" (MJH, 75), "the warmth of [Peggy's] generous interest" (LL, 5), and Shore's lack of class distinction (FPP, 5-6, 221). The buoyant sense of freedom in each of these "outlaws" must compete constantly with the mire of Zolaesque "mud", or Bergson's "matter": the grimy white door behind which Ronnie and Midge sell themselves, symbolic of their sullied, degraded purity (SIMB, 8); the coal bin, a symbolic underworld of depression and crime to which Kip returns (MJH, 153-155); the entrapping "mud" of the low life in the St. Antoine district (LL, 130); the slushy gutters of Toronto where Shore stumbles (FPP, 103) and later dies (FPP, 226).

Patricia Morley picks up on this resonance of Bergson in Callaghan's work as she comments:

> Close to the Sun Again and A Fine and Private Place express a philosophy of vitalism that includes, but is not limited to sex. Callaghan's passion means warmth, openness, involvement, and the closeness expressed in the title metaphor. Isolation is the real death. [22]

The sexual involvement in each of these four novels is always a means to discover personal love, human warmth and a sense of sharing that makes social involvement richer. Inevitably,

the tolerance of another's sensitivities, learned through the pain of a sexual rejection then the joy of later closeness, becomes an important element in the full maturation of the central figure of the novels. Through this evolution, a sense of self and a sense of otherness, a sense of privacy and a sense of mystery develops.

"Sartre himself," Victor Borbert tells us, "in his essay on the function of literature, asseverates that it is the writer's duty to unveil to man, in each concrete situation, his potential for action; that he must measure man's servitude only to help him transcend it."[23] In the half-century that Callaghan has been writing, he has attempted to show us that our philosophies are capable of remaking society, that we can wrestle against forces that wish to control us, if we have the faith in ourselves and in our visions that his heroes exhibit.

Likewise, Jules Castognary insists that art is a mirror with a message:

> The painter of our own time will live our own life, with our own habits and our own ideas. He will take the feelings he gets from the look of things in our society, and give them back to us in pictures where we recognize ourselves and our surroundings. It will not do to lose sight of that fact that we ourselves are both the subject and object of art: art is the expression of ourselves for our own sake. [24]

Each of these four novels, Callaghan's messages, reflects a spiritually weaker world, in which progressively less ambitious moral visions are extinguished, until, in A Fine and Private Place, the death of the author deprives us lastly of artistic

vision. But Callaghan is no pessimist announcing the end of civilization. Victor Hoar, commenting on A Passion in Rome, remarks that "the urge to create can be satisfied by the successful rejuvenation of a desperate, ruined person. This is to be Sam Raymond's destiny. His 'canvas' is Carla."[25] Similarly, we are the "desperate, ruined" subjects of Callaghan's art, and his novels are the messages he sends to us to stir and revitalize our hearts.

Callaghan comments on the artist's social responsibility:

> Since all art has to do with the relationship of things, the great writer deals with man's relation to his lonely inner world. Unlike the psychoanalyst, he gives it form and meaning; he places it against eternity; he takes you with him into this world that is really your own, though you hide from it. He lifts you out of it in contemplation.[26]

Arguing for the necessary freedom of the artist's imagination to express his special perception of truth, Callaghan says:

> I believe most emphatically that the writer has some role to play and some social obligation. I believe that he has always had his greatest value to society . . . and I don't care what kind of society it is . . . when he is accepted in his natural function, plying his free imagination on human experience, as a wild goose going his own way, trying to express an experience that hasn't been expressed before . . . . It seems to me that the writer, since his material is human beings, and since his special equipment is for having his own vision, has an enormous responsibility. He is concerned with the heart of man. The writer, the artist, has his own knowledge of these matters, which he expresses when he gives form to his material; and he is a fool when he is seduced by the latest fashions in knowledge,

> the psychological jargon, the sociological jargon, the chatter about the meaning of meaning. The writer, the artist with words, must always be looking outward, but at the same time he saves himself and makes himself universal by going deeper and deeper inward.[27]

After a lifetime of "going his own way", Callaghan could hardly put anyone other than himself into a novel that dealt directly with the relationship of a writer with his critics and with his society. As he put it to Robert Fulford in an interview in 1974, which dealt in part with "In the Dark and Light of Lisa":

> I have a particular thing I want to say about life by way of novels and I couldn't think of anybody who said it better than I've said it, and so then the most natural and honest thing in the world seemed to me [to put myself into my story]. So I may wind up ultimately with that there as one of the great curiosities of literature. And I'm not kidding here because, you know, that has never been done. Nobody ever had the gall.[28]

Further evidence of "The Unsinkable Morley Callaghan"![29]

CHAPTER IV: "Who the hell does he think he is?"

[1]Reardon, 72.

[2]George Woodcock, "This Fall in Toronto", Books in Canada, (October, 1977), 10.

[3]Barbara Amiel, "Callaghan Turns on His Tormentors", Maclean's, LXXXVIII (July, 1975), 77.

[4]Woodcock, 11.

[5]James Stevens, quoted in Ruth Pitter, A Trophy of Arms: Poems 1926-1935 (London: Cresset Press, [1936]), preface.

[6]Robert Collins, "The Unsinkable Morley Callaghan", Readers Digest (December, 1977), 98.

[7]Amiel, 77.

[8]Barbara Amiel, "Morley Callaghan . . . now in age he buds again", Maclean's (October 3, 1977), 72.

[9]Woodcock, 11.

[10]Berjouhi Bowler, The Word as Image (London: Studio Vista, 1970), preface.

[11]Wallace Stevens, "The Noble Rider and the Sound of Words", The Necessary Angel (New York: Random House, 1951), 214.

[12]Plato, The Republic, trans. Francis Cornford (New York: Oxford University Press, 1958), 90.

[13]Maritain, Man and the State, 141.

[14]Léon Bloy quoted in Jacques Maritain, The Responsibility of the Artist (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1960), 104.

[15]Maritain, The Responsibility of the Artist, 72-73.

[16]ibid., 71.

[17]Northrop Frye, The Bush Garden (Toronto: Anansi, 1971), 132.

[18]Morley Callaghan, quoted in Donald Cameron, Conversations with Canadian Novelists (Toronto: Macmillan, 1973), 30-31.

[19]Maritain, The Responsibility of the Artist, 25.

[20]William Wimsatt and Cleanth Brooks, Literary Criticism : A Short History, 594.

[21]Vernon Hall, A Short History of Literary Criticism, 147.

[22]Patricia Morley, "Romantic melodrama leavened by irony", Quill and Quire (September 16, 1977), 6.

[23]Victor Bombert, "Sartre and the Drama of Ensnarement", in W. K. Wimsatt, ed., Literary Criticism: Idea and Act (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974), 614.

[24]Wimsatt and Brooks, 457.

[25]Victor Hoar, Morley Callaghan, 62.

[26]Morley Callaghan, "The Pilgrim Soul of the Prodigal Son", Toronto Telegram (June 20, 1970), section 3, p. 2.

[27]Morley Callaghan, "Novelist", 30-31.

[28]Morley Callaghan, quoted in Robert Fulford, Speaking of Books, a televised interview , produced by the Ontario Education Authority, November , 1974.

[29]Robert Collins, 98.

CONCLUSION

The reading of literature should, like prayer in the Gospels, step out of the talking world of criticism into the private and secret presence of literature. Otherwise the reading will not be a genuine literary experience, but a mere reflection of critical conventions, memories, and prejudices.

Northrop Frye, Anatomy of Criticism, 27.

Unlike Eugene Shore, whose lifestyle is at odds with the zeal of his characters, Morley Callaghan's career as a writer is infused with a drive for individuation, a sense of the social responsibility of an artist, and a deep love for the real people of his society.

Callaghan is often linked with the naturalists, because of his emphasis on the social cohesion of the "pattern" which eventually overwhelms his protagonists, or with the self-fulfilling freedom advocated by Maritain. While these influences, and many others, are present in his work, Callaghan does not subscribe clearly to any "system" of thought by which he would be limited. Rather, Callaghan seems to write in reaction to the intellectual trends of his day, stressing the importance of personal values and the need of "inscape" to the privacy of one's own heart. He is not guilty of catering to popular or critical taste, as Plato warned.[1] Even Shore fears playing "the town whore" by pandering to the public taste. (FPP, 115)

Like Solzhenitsyn, whom he admires, Callaghan fulfills the author's Orphic function by playing Don Quixote, someone who "frees the imagination"[2] of people whose external conformity may be required by social or private pressures. He writes for "the pitiful people . . . who let their whole lives and all their thinking be controlled by the thinking of others."[3]

Through his novels, Callaghan attempts to show that "spiritual tiredness and dryness of the imagination"[4] must be overcome. Personal freedom is an internal experience, begun by opening oneself to another in love. Through sharing life with another, taking responsibility for another's life as well as one's own, an individual is opened to love for all of mankind. Unlike the saintly hermit, whom Callaghan detests,[5] such a person will reveal his love and freedom through social action, reacting, as Callaghan does, to the soul-cramping aspects of his society. In this love and freedom, the individual finds a "happy acceptance of reality"[6] that is not defeated by rejection, seeming failure or violent death.

Throughout his career, Callaghan has continued to strip away elaborations of style and content, to focus the reader's attention on the actions of the novels. Authorial comment, and later, the use of the "witness", direct our attention to the motivations of the characters. Even when the plot seems contrived or shallow, the examination of a genuine personal dilemma remains sharp and relevant. This attention to the inner life of his characters is not for the purpose of developing a series of "specimen problems", but rather it is intended to draw the reader into the discussion that the characters present.

Shore's novels challenge the biases and expose the hypocrisy of Mrs. Watson, J. C. Hilton and Jason Dunsford. Callaghan's novels are written with the same intention. By

soliciting our personal reactions to social problems from our own world, Callaghan hopes to have the reader catch a spark of his concern, to dare to express that love through social action, as his characters do. To achieve this effect, Callaghan tries to be "intimate and personal and close and open and honest . . . [to offer the reader] that rare thing, the private personal experience as [the reader sits] there alone."[7]

If Callaghan's novels grate on our sensibilities, perhaps we should look inside ourselves. If the moral value of the deaths of his characters seems "ambivalent"[8], perhaps it is because martyrdom for a principle is, like the beauty of Marvell's coy mistress, visible only to the eye of the beholder.

FOOTNOTES

Conclusion

[1]Lindsay, Plato's Republic, 304.

[2]Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me-Too' Sickness", 18.

[3]Fulford, "Speaking of Books", interview.

[4]Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me-Too' Sickness", 38.

[5]Cameron, "Defending the Inner Light", 20.

[6]Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, 108.

[7]Callaghan, "The Imaginative Writer", 8.

[8]Marshall, "Tragic Ambivalence", 33.

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