

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA
THE ARTIST, HIS CHURCH, AND SOCIETY: THEMES
IN THE NOVELS OF MORLEY CALLAGHAN

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ABSTRACT

The similarities between Morley Callaghan's beliefs about art and literature and his personal philosophy have not been previously acknowledged. This study explores the nature and extent of that relationship particularly as it is reflected in the novels of social criticism, works such as More Joy in Heaven, The Loved and the Lost, and The Many Colored Coat, and in those which typify his treatment of the Church, Such is My Beloved and A Passion in Rome.

Caught as a writer between the exigencies of an authoritarian Church and what he regards as an environment hostile to artistic endeavour, Callaghan clearly feels compelled to defend the legitimacy of individual insight and the importance and integrity of art. Thus, he develops a concept of art as a moral activity and of the artist as the guardian of man's spiritual values in an increasingly materialistic age. Making a significant connection between the uniqueness of vision of the serious artist and the personal integrity of the moral man, Callaghan seems to suggest that it is imaginative approaches that are redeeming no matter what the special sphere of activity. Artistic talent or appreciation^{is} are made the measure of moral insight and awareness; philistinism is regularly eschewed; and looking at the world out of one's own eyes tends to become the

acme of moral achievement.

Thus, in the novels of social criticism, Callaghan attacks his society for its materialism, conformity, and cant. Puritanism, too, is regretted for the special reasons of the artist. Not only are drama, gaiety, and passion woefully missing from the lives of characters who are preeminently sober, respectable, and sedate, but the ethics of hard work and repressed sexuality are seen to militate against art. Strong feelings of artistic alienation creep inevitably into the work. Indeed, there are signs that Callaghan's analysis derives more at times from a sense of isolation than from purely intellectual differences with the national ethos.

The pattern is repeated in Callaghan's treatment of the Church. In works such as A Passion in Rome and Such is My Beloved, for example, the author's habit of associating artistic talent or appreciation with superior insight, as well as the host of ineffectual priest figures that haunt his pages, assumes major thematic importance. Not only is a preference for imaginative, as opposed to doctrinal, approaches reflected in the triumph of Artist over Priest, but efforts are made to combat Christian concepts of innocence and the fatal fall to knowledge with complementary myth, with a kind of redemptive quest for awareness and the approach of the Artist to God.

There are important differences with the Church. Callaghan quarrels with major tenets of the faith, with

hierarchical conceptions of human love, and the other-worldly emphasis of orthodox belief, and he tends, therefore, to put traditional symbol and religious architecture to literary as opposed to devotional use. His use, for example, of parallels with the life of Christ typically reflects ironic distance as much as their source; the Bible itself fades into literature and myth.

There are several contradictions in the work, all partially explicable in terms of style. Even the author's literary shortcomings can be interpreted as a response to fears of being misunderstood. Thus, while it is not claimed that Callaghan's position is unique, and it would be unwise to overestimate his distance from the Church, it would seem that aesthetic considerations play an important role in his thought. His social criticism has been strongly influenced, as has his treatment of the Church, by his aims and aspirations as a writer and by his faith in the spiritual significance of art.

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CHAPTER I
INTRODUCTION

In a passage of his memoirs written in 1963, Morley Callaghan recalls his contempt as a young man for "authority" and virtually all the existing orders of his day:

Why did I dislike so much contemporary writing? . . . I remember deciding that the root of the trouble . . . was that poets and storywriters used language to evade, to skip away from the object, because they could never bear to face the thing freshly and see it freshly for what it was in itself. A kind of doubletalk; one thing always seen in terms of another thing. Criticism? A dreary metaphor. The whole academic method! . . . I'd be damned if the glory of literature was in the metaphor. Besides, it was not a time for the decorative Renaissance flight into simile. Tell the truth cleanly. Weren't the consequences of fraudulent pretending plain to anyone who would look around? Hadn't the great slogans of the first World War become ridiculous to me before I had left high school? Wilsonian idealism! Always the flight of fancy. And Prohibition. Another fantasy. It was hilarious, a beautiful example of the all-prevailing fraudulent morality; and at college it had become a social obligation to go to the bootlegger's, and a man came to have a sneaking respect for those who openly broke the law—not for the policeman standing on the corner.

And the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas which I got in my college classroom? All the big words, the metaphysics, were to be treated with grudging suspicion. Nothing could be taken for granted. Nothing could be taken on authority. A craving for authority had led to Prohibition and stupid censorship in Boston.

Orthodoxy was for fat comfortable inert people who agreed to pretend, agreed to accept the general fraud, the escape into metaphor.¹

The passage is remarkable for several reasons, not least for its preoccupation with "words." Thoroughly typical of the moralist, it equates lifestyle and philosophical outlook with the manner of an age's literary expression and reflects not only the author's profound sense of disillusionment but also the great claims he consistently makes for art.

"Metaphor" is regarded as "a kind of doubletalk"; "the whole academic method" is dismissed; and both political "slogans" and "metaphysics" are regarded with "grudging suspicion." Honesty, on the other hand, is equated with simplicity of expression no matter what the special sphere of activity. Authentic insight and integrity become as much a matter of manner as of content, and art, seen always as a good indication, assumes a special responsibility to define and improve the spiritual state of the age, concerned as it is, professionally, with the quality of communication and with style.

As a statement of principle and belief the passage is a key one and reflects the bias of Callaghan's thought. The habit of viewing problems through the prism of aesthetic belief is a distinguishing feature of his work, as is his penchant for moving quickly, apparently without thought of distinctions, from questions of a more purely literary nature, such as style, to matters of a religious,

social, or political import. In truth, the source of Callaghan's views on most problems is his beliefs about literature and art, and his aims and aspirations as a writer continue strongly to influence his views.

The passage points as well to two important themes in Callaghan's novels, his criticism of Canadian society and his fascination with the Church. While the former is more apparent in his later novels and dates specifically from the Second World War, the latter is a feature of almost all the novels and seems to be the goal toward which the whole work has been moving. Apart from the fact that the Church is a ubiquitous image in the work, and the titles of two of the novels, They Shall Inherit the Earth and More Joy in Heaven, point specifically to Biblical inspiration, a variety of priests or priest figures haunt his pages, and one novel, in particular, Such is My Beloved, is devoted to a full-length study of the character of a priest. Certainly one is not surprised to find that the title of Callaghan's latest novel is A Passion in Rome, with all the various overtones of "passion."

Neither theme has been adequately explored. Content too often simply to assert that Callaghan is a Roman Catholic novelist, most criticism simply ignores the seriousness of his quarrel with the Church, and to date there has been no attempt to assess the nature of his views about society. In truth, both themes spring from a single source,

the author's profound sense of vocation, and resemble each other in several ways. It is important to note the similarities. In the first place they help us to judge more accurately his distance from the Church, and in the second they inform, and largely determine, the nature of his views about society. Caught between the exigencies of an authoritarian Church and what he regards as an environment hostile to artistic endeavour, Callaghan clearly feels compelled to defend the legitimacy of individual insight and to champion the importance and integrity of art. Thus, he self-consciously defines his vision in opposition to the orthodoxies of Mother Church and routinely castigates his society for its materialism, conformity and cant. In the event, the Church proves the more formidable opponent and occasions his most strenuous efforts. Artist and Priest engage in what proves to be an epic struggle on his pages, and moral authority is the prize. But his strictures against society are equally rooted in art. Philistinism is regularly eschewed, and the touchstones are virtually the same as those of his reactions to the Church: artistic talent or appreciation is invariably seen as the sign of the spirit; the aesthetic sensibility is esteemed; and the artist is the most aware of men.

Certainly Callaghan regards art as a moral activity, one that has largely been ignored, and he develops a concept of the artist as the guardian of man's spiritual values in

an increasingly materialistic age. He argues that

never in history has it been so important for the artist to say something about human life as it is right now with the great boom in technology we are about to have, and the emphasis on a scientific education.²

Further, he urges the writer to remember his "special function":

His job is to be concerned with the spirit and heart of man in these times when the general consensus of opinion seems to be that man has very little spirit at all.³

Elsewhere he defends the legitimacy of art:

as the philosophers themselves are aware, the artist [sic] kind of knowing, call it intuition if you will, could yield a different kind of knowledge beyond rational speculation.⁴

And he argues that art, ideally, teaches men how to live.

The hero of The Varsity Story claims, for example, that he "learned something about life from every line of poetry [he] committed to memory,"⁵ while Callaghan himself maintains that "the art of fiction is the greatest of all the arts, because the writer has for his material the ways of men and women in their relationship to each other."⁶

He insists everywhere upon the high seriousness of art. Convinced that "all great writers are really moralists" since "as soon as you begin to give a shape and form to human experience" you make a moral judgment,⁷ he defines serious writers as those who are trying "grimly to see the world with their own eyes"⁸ and even criticizes writers like Dickens for levity and looseness of structure.

Preferring himself works which "have an impact as a whole" and "offer some one vision of life, giving the whole thing its own reality," Callaghan dismisses Dickens' novels (along with those of Richardson, Smollett, and Scott) as "entertainment, a loosely-knit variety show."⁹

It is also relatively simple to establish Callaghan's sense of critical independence. He himself frequently announces it, and it manifests itself in a variety of ways. He explains, for example, his youthful determination to look at the world freshly for himself and makes perfectly clear, as was noted earlier, his contempt for authority and virtually all the existing orders of his day. Indeed, he maintains that a sense of alienation is absolutely crucial to a writer:

A real writer, that very rare thing—a man who looks at the world out of his own eyes and judges of it according to the best part of himself, whatever truth he has in him; his loyalty is all to this humanity in himself. This loyalty can't be a deliberate thing, a self-conscious thing. It is simply his way of seeing things. If such a man has any wisdom, any philosophy, it is imbued in him, it is never consulted, never dwelt on. There is a kind of miracle going on in him he knows nothing about; his heart and his mind are the one thing and his eye the window for this thing. So he always has his own authentic touch which can't possibly be like the touch of other men. If he tried [sic] to see things as others see them he becomes a liar and a hack, and above all he betrays himself. Thinking in this way, it seemed to me that all great writers by their₁₀ very nature must be heretical

It is clear that he prides himself on his own. Tom Lane, a character in The Varsity Story and a surrogate for Callaghan himself, admits proudly to "a flair for rebellion," and is said to have "pitted himself against all the prevailing opinions" (p. 94). Described as someone who is "really alien" in spirit, Tom turns down an opportunity to study in Britain (just as Callaghan had done),¹¹ explaining that

All a writer has, if he is any good . . .
 is his own eyes and his own ears
 Maybe I'm afraid of being seduced by the
 grandeurs and the beauties of Oxford. . . .
 I see things the way I do because I grew up
 around here. It's all I have, but it's
 mine. If I keep it I'll at least be try-
 ing to look at the world in my own way.
 (pp. 114-15)

Again, it is obvious that Callaghan feels unappreciated and that his work has been "stupidly read."¹² He accuses Canadian critics of not being "very bright,"¹³ complains loudly that no one has tried to "tackle [his] work and really say anything about it,"¹⁴ and clearly feels himself to be in the midst of a cultural environment that is indifferent if not hostile to art. Articles written by him as early as 1938 complain bitterly about "The Plight of Canadian Fiction,"¹⁵ and in a recent interview he suggests:

this country has some kind of ingrown
 hatred of excellence. The way to being
 ignored in this country is to seek and
 crave and love excellence. People in
 this country shy away from excellence.

They say, aw gee, no—and they go for the second rate thing, all the time.¹⁶

As Callaghan explains it:

I've always tried to fend for myself, you know, and it's had ups and downs, but I've always felt that if I didn't look after myself, no one else would. I never had scholarships. I never went to the Canada Council asking for a handout, never had one. Later on, the Canada Council gave me the Canada Council Medal and the Molson Prize, but these are awards, not grants. Being the kind of writer I was, in Canada, was a quixotic gesture, anyway, because the kind of stories that I wrote from the beginning were stories that couldn't possibly be printed in Canada. Where were they going to be printed? What magazine would print them? None. So they had to be printed outside the country. I saw that right from the beginning and that was fine; I just went on doing the kind of thing I did best. Then, in my off periods, when I got sort of weary of the whole thing, I just had to pick up a living as best I could.¹⁷

In a similar vein, he insists in a review of Solzhenitsyn that:

To the state and the politicians [in Canada] the writer is simply not important. This is a great thing for the writer who can do his work as he wishes to do it, but many a writer in Canada has wondered if it matters at all where he is.¹⁸

And he cannot resist comparing life under a capitalist system to that under a communist regime:

the human spirit suffers the same torments in both the capitalistic and communist worlds. [Solzhenitsyn] celebrates a man's right to his own inner life. He shows it is there for every man in every country, no matter how high the prison wall or the discipline of the iron conventions.¹⁹

More difficult to prove but worth recording is the influence of all of this upon his thought. There are signs that both his aims as an artist and his sense of isolation play an unusually large role in his work, and it is interesting to compare the similarities. He develops in the novels, for example, a concept of human character and personality that obviously owes much to art. Favouring intuitive approaches, he encourages imaginative understanding like his own.

The emphasis in the work upon complexity is itself an argument for awareness, a point Callaghan's characters make several times. Heroes like Peggy Sanderson and Michael Aikenhead admit, for example, to the superiority of instinct to reason. Peggy trusts only her "whirling-away feeling,"²⁰ and Michael bows his head to his heart.²¹ Others like Harry Lane relinquish their search for justice in favour of an ideal of sensitivity and "awareness" instead.²²

Elsewhere there are attempts in the novels to equate human experiences with art. Michael Aikenhead's affair with Anna Prychoda is said to participate in the pure realm of poetry, and human relationships are seen in terms of art. Peggy Sanderson's encounter with alien otherness in the naked body of the Negro boy, Jock, clearly has literary antecedents. With its attendant sensations of "beauty," pain, wonder, and strangeness (The Loved and the Lost, pp. 40-41), it participates in the Wordsworthian tradition of Romantic experience. Even Italian women are praised in

passing for turning lovemaking into an art in A Passion in Rome.²³

Callaghan also defends the mystery and integrity of the human personality against attempts to define it too narrowly. He lovingly explores, for example, the relationship between sinner and saint and in novels such as Such is My Beloved and More Joy in Heaven rejects religious concepts of innocence and guilt. Elsewhere he insists upon the ambiguity of human motivation and resists behaviourist explanations of human activity. Many constructions are put upon Harry Lane's conduct in The Many Colored Coat, and Callaghan insists that all of them are true. Indeed, the emphasis in all of the novels is upon increased understanding and imaginative approaches like his own.

Perhaps the clearest example of this kind of emphasis is to be found in Luke Baldwin's Vow. On one level at least, the novel is about the opposition between "a good practical view of things" and "the splendor and insight of the imagination,"²⁴ and it is clear that Callaghan favours the latter. Uncle Henry's point of view and its shortcomings are epitomized by his reading tastes. He prefers biographies and heaps scorn upon the fairytales favoured by Luke, what he refers to as "silly sentimental legends and myths" (p. 28). It is Mr. Kemp who gives the boy good advice. Advising Luke "to think [his] own thoughts" and "rely on [his] own experience" (p. 75), Mr. Kemp points out:

Some people never look to the right or the left and only see what's under their noses. Life has no mysteries for them. They're sure of everything. Maybe it's wise not to be too sure about a dog or a man and the spirit that gets into them. . . . You'll have to use your own eyes and your own imagination. (p. 76)

Not surprisingly, a great many correspondences exist between Callaghan's view of life as an artist and those of his ideal characters. His youthful determination, for example, to look at the world freshly for himself is a refrain running throughout his work and is everywhere a measure of integrity. In an article on the art of fiction he distinguishes between "two kinds of writers: the one who tries to see the world out of his own eyes and the other one, the commercial writer, who tries to see the world out of the eyes of others";²⁵ he equates "the very identity of the writer" with "his kind of eye";²⁶ and he laments with Tom Lane the fact that for the most part "scholars" have "been trained to see the world through somebody else's eyes" (The Varsity Story, p. 93). Thus, he applauds characters like Peggy Sanderson who adopt moral postures similar to his own:

She relied only on her own insights. She would take nothing for granted. It was wonderful and exasperating. . . . One was compelled to look at everything freshly.
(The Loved and the Lost, p. 174)

Callaghan himself appears to have noticed the similarity and wishes that others would as well. He confesses that keeping his independence is "terribly important

to [him] as a writer" and goes on to explain:

I suppose I do have this really peculiar moral view of the world, absolutely my own. In some ways it's quite an anarchistic view of the world. . . . anarchistic in the sense that it is fiercely dependent upon the individual view never yielding to another man's sense of rectitude. No character in my books, if you've ever noticed, ever rushes and throws himself at the feet of another man and says, Mea culpa, admit me back into the ranks. No! He may duck his chin a little, as has been said, and turn his coat collar up and his head down and go out walking alone against the wind. But he never comes back, and says, look, I did wrong, forgive me and let me back into the warmth of your house. Never. Nobody does that, ever, not one of them. No one has ever noticed this. If the guy is an outlaw, if this is the way he sees it, he goes on. He may have transformations within himself, discoveries about himself, he may get beaten or be in despair, with himself, but he doesn't go back and say I had it all wrong, you know, forgive me. Nothing like that. It's just unyielding; all those guys are unyielding.²⁷

Interestingly enough, the portrait he paints of the artist corresponds closely to his favourite kind of hero. Explaining with his hero, Arthur Tyndall, that a "man with the artistic temperament" is "always self-consciously observing and wondering, always separated" from the world (The Varsity Story, p. 117), Callaghan develops in the novels characters that are similarly alert, open-minded, and aware. Indeed, all his heroes are introspective souls, much given to meditation, and his novels are noticeably deficient in narrative adventure. Just as Callaghan himself "keeps looking at the appearance of things, call it concrete reality, the stuff of experience, or simply 'what

is out there',²⁸ his heroes are described as either "on the watch" like Sam Raymond "for anything that would give [them] back their bearings" (A Passion in Rome, p. 7), or sensitive souls like Michael Aikenhead who describe a return to the enviable state of nature chiefly in terms of heightened perceptions:

My mind would grow quick from watching,
my eyes would be like hawk's eyes.
(They shall Inherit the Earth, p. 188)

Even his advice to his wife, Loretto, has close parallels in the novels. As a young man in Paris just embarking upon his literary career, he is convinced that

Our job . . . was to be concerned with living and it seemed to me it would be most agreeable to God if we tried to realize all our possibilities here on earth, and hope we would always be so interested, so willing to lose ourselves in the fullness of living, and so hopeful that we would never ask why we were on this earth.²⁹

He later develops in Anna Prychoda, the fictional embodiment of his ideal:

She went on from day to day, living and loving and exposing the fulness and wholeness of herself to the life around her. . . . she gave herself to everything that touched her, she let herself be, she lost herself in the fulness of the world, and in losing herself she found the world, and she possessed her own soul. People like her could have everything. They could inherit the earth.

(They Shall Inherit the Earth, p. 242)

Of course such a philosophy of "personalism" itself owes much to art.³⁰ For the most part devoting itself to a careful prescription for the best way to be "alive as a man

in the world,"³¹ Callaghan's personalism involves at once a rejection of ideology and the advancement of individualized ethical systems that are usually close to the author's own. Moral principle is construed out of a personal antipathy to authority, and the only way to arrive at reality is independently and intuitively.

Michael Aikenhead's case is instructive here. The hero of They Shall Inherit the Earth, Michael makes a similar survey of intellectual fashions as did Callaghan as a young man and arrives at virtually the same conclusions:

He began to think of all those he knew in the city who were in some way like him, because their souls were restless and there was a break within them. He could see Nathaniel Benjamin, the Christian convert . . . Huck Farr . . . [who] had found the brotherhood of man in the desire for women. . . . Bill Johnson, the revolutionary. . . . young Dave Choate . . . they were all like himself, only some of them became Catholics and some became communists, and then it was too bad for Catholicism and too bad for communism, for such people as these in this generation only heaped the chaos in their own souls on whatever they touched. Such people were all like him in this, that they couldn't know peace or dignity or unity with anything till they were single and whole within themselves.

(They Shall Inherit the Earth, pp. 241-42)

The emphasis in the work upon personal priorities also derives from personal experience. Moreover, it can be seen as an attempt to elevate what Callaghan regards as the novelist's natural preoccupation with "the ways of men and women in their relationship to each other" into a philosophy of life.³² Callaghan admits, for example, that:

Just as it was part of my writing creed to distrust calculated charm in prose, so as a person, I suppose I felt it was beneath me to try to ingratiate myself with anyone who aroused my curiosity.³³

And it is not far from there to the assertion that it is "little things" and not "great principles" that actually govern people's lives:

Whenever I would think of these two men who had been my friends [Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald], I would find myself growing fascinated at the way little details, little vanities, little slights, shape all our relationships. It is these little things, not clashes over great principles, that turn people against each other.³⁴

Finally, the impulse in the work towards reconciliation can be related to his writing creed. In a passage in his memoirs explaining his preference for the paintings of Matisse, Callaghan admires, in particular, the artist's attempt to present "the thing seen freshly in a pattern that was a gay celebration of things as they were."³⁵ He wonders:

Why couldn't all people have the eyes and the heart that would give them this happy acceptance of reality? The word made flesh. The terrible vanity of the artist who wanted the word without the flesh. I can see now that I was busily rejecting even then that arrogance of the spirit, that fantasy running through modern letters and thought that man was alien in this universe. From Pascal to Henry Miller they are the children of St. Paul.³⁶

Clearly related to his attempts as an artist to find "the right relationship between the words and the thing or person being described,"³⁷ the remarks have relevance for his characters' lives as well. The attempt as a writer to

strip the language, and make the style, the method, all the psychological ramifications, the ambience of the relationships, all the one thing, so the reader couldn't make separations³⁸

is equated with the adoption of a more appropriate attitude towards life, and certainly the kinds of accommodation he forces upon them are exactly those he favours himself. Annie Laurie's "fatalistic acceptance," for example, gives her "an unspoiled glow" and she is made to express the belief that:

All the trouble comes from people who are bent on using their heads. They look for angels in people, they always expect people to be better than they are Not me. . . . So I don't get outraged, see?
(The Many Colored Coat, p. 244)

Again, the kind of acceptance managed by Anna Prychoda makes her "innocently joyful," "proud and free" (They Shall Inherit the Earth, p. 152), and Michael is made to acknowledge as much as he can of life and death:

He was simply trying to get used to the notion of Anny dying, of Anna dead. . . . and he longed to be able to pray. . . . he spoke each word with a dreadful slow hesitancy, as if he must test every word to see if he honestly believed it and appreciated its full meaning. "Our Father, Who art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come, yes, yes, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done," and he nodded his head slowly to that too. . . . When it was done, he felt he had accepted whatever there had been of life, and what there was to be of death.
(They Shall Inherit the Earth, p. 236)

The point that must be stressed above all others, then, is that Callaghan's aspirations as an artist are more than merely tangential to his thought. It is not surprising, therefore, that the special interests defined above

continue to colour his views. His thoughts about society are strongly influenced by these special interests as is his attitude toward the Church. What is surprising, and unacknowledged, is the extent to which this is so. The chapters which follow explore in detail the relation between Callaghan's ethics or beliefs and his aesthetic theories, and attempt to establish not only the substance but also the aesthetic character of his views.

Chapter Two examines Callaghan's treatment of the Church. The author's habit of associating artistic talent or appreciation with superior insight and the host of ineffectual priest figures that haunt his pages assume major thematic importance here. A comparison of the personal fortunes and careers of two of his characters, the artist, Sam Raymond, in A Passion in Rome, and the priest, Fr. Dowling, in Such is My Beloved, points to the superiority of imaginative approaches to truth. There are serious differences with the Church. Tending to replace obedience, orthodoxy, and faith with the simple virtue of looking at the world through one's own eyes, Callaghan quarrels with, among other things, hierarchical conceptions of human love, the other-worldly emphasis of traditional belief, and the puritan tradition of Mother Church.

Chapter Three explores his views about society. Making a significant connection in his work between "spiritual dryness" and "tiredness of the imagination,"³⁹ Callaghan seems to suggest in novels such as More Joy in

Heaven, The Loved and the Lost, and The Many Colored Coat, that it is businessmen who do not read who are bound to be morally unaware. He attacks his society for its materialism, conformity, and dullness, and there are signs that his analysis derives more at times from strong feelings of artistic isolation than from purely intellectual differences with the national ethos.

There are several contradictions in the work. Disputing doctrinal approaches, Callaghan attempts complementary myth himself, and Christian concepts of innocence and the fatal fall to knowledge are replaced with a kind of redemptive quest for awareness and the approach of the Artist to God. Callaghan's use of religious metaphor is also contradictory. Resisting the flight into metaphor on the one hand, he approaches the Bible as literature on the other, and is not above putting both traditional symbol and church architecture to ironic, if not devotional, use. Chapter Four addresses itself, in particular, to the gap between theory and practice in the novels and attempts by way of conclusion to assess the nature of Callaghan's achievement.

CHAPTER II

CALLAGHAN AND THE CHURCH: THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE AND A THEOLOGY OF IMAGINATION

A constant element in Callaghan's work, and one which illustrates in a particularly striking fashion the aesthetic basis of his moral philosophy, is the author's quarrel with the Church. I refer here, of course, to the Roman Catholic Church in particular—Callaghan was raised in that tradition—but his criticism applies as well to the whole of Western Christianity, what he refers to in A Passion in Rome as "the world that shaped [our] lives" (p. 170). His debt to Christianity has been generally overestimated, and his distance from that tradition never fully explored.¹ For the most part Callaghan's confidence in art replaces his faith in orthodox dogma or creed, and wherever traditional belief survives it has undergone significant change. The Artist usurps the Priest as the natural guardian of man's morals and his spiritual health; he approaches God as Divine Seer into truth; and as the Bible fades more and more into myth and literature, an artist ultimately becomes the hero of one of the novels.

The chapter is divided into three sections. Part one establishes the triumph of Artist over Priest and suggests some of the reasons for the apparent superiority of

intuitive approaches to truth; part two examines in specific detail the nature of Callaghan's quarrel with the Church; while part three analyzes what amounts to a kind of theology of the imagination with particular reference to Callaghan's use of religious metaphor and his reinterpretation of Holy Writ.

I The Triumph of Artist over Priest

Whether or not Callaghan's quarrel with Christianity arises out of his youthful determination as an artist to look at the world freshly for himself, it is clear that he plumps for individual insight and imagination in preference to doctrinal approaches to truth. He tends, therefore, to equate superior insight with artistic appreciation or talent and to delegate to the Artist the moral grandeur and the sympathy more commonly reserved for the Priest.

Two relatively minor leitmotifs in his early work, the host of ineffectual priest figures haunting the novels and his habit of associating artistic talent with insight and imagination, ultimately achieve major thematic importance. The portrait of Father Dowling in Such is My Beloved represents the culmination of his interest in the Priest; the study of painter cum photographer, Sam Raymond, in A Passion in Rome constitutes an apotheosis of the Artist as hero; and a comparison of the two novels is very

revealing indeed. Analysis of the lives and objective circumstances of the heroes demonstrates the superiority of intuitive approaches to Truth; comparison of their responses to particular masterpieces (of art and of literature) clarifies the aesthetic nature of the quarrel with the Church; while strong biographical parallels between the Artist as hero and Callaghan himself, lend weight to the argument that the author's sympathy is reserved for the Artist as opposed to the Priest.

The use of artistic talent or appreciation as the sign of superior insight and imagination occurs so frequently in Callaghan's novels that it amounts to a kind of literary shorthand. From Jim Hughes' singing in It's Never Over, to Arthur Tyndall's fluteplaying in The Varsity Story, and Jim McAlpine's penchant in The Loved and the Lost for pencil portraiture of his friends, short stories and novels alike routinely associate aesthetic ability with the quality of the heroes' moral concerns. Callaghan himself explains the symbol. Speaking of his short story entitled "Timothy Harshaw's Flute," he remarks:

The flute seems to me a symbol. The guy who plays the flute strikes a blow against the world. It has something to do with the lightness and airiness of the human spirit.²

In addition to the plastic arts and music, the reading tastes of the characters are often an indication, frequently ironic, of the state of their spiritual health.

In Strange Fugitive, Trotter Sr.'s sacrifice of his Sunday painting to the ethics of hard work and material success symbolizes the atrophy inherent in the Puritan imagination. His family life inevitably suffers and he dies an untimely death from gangrene of the leg. The reading matter enjoyed by Harry Trotter himself, and by Scotty Bowman in The Many Colored Coat, detective stories on the one hand, and business magazines on the other, reflects the dullness of their souls and their obsession with violence, sex, crime, and money, while Mrs. Gibbons' passion, in A Broken Journey, for books about the lives and self-mortification of the saints reveals at once the morbid perversity of her sexual preoccupations and her penchant for martyrdom and melodrama. Peter Gould's familiarity, in the same work, with the novels of D.H. Lawrence and his recommendation of them to his girlfriend, Marion, are ironic. He has not absorbed their message about the deleterious effects of over-rationalization upon the human passional life. And Wolgast's father's renunciation of reading after the white horse incident in The Loved and the Lost represents his spiritual capitulation to materialism, to the economics of power and pride of possession.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the ultimate hero of the novels is an artist like Callaghan himself. The hero of Callaghan's latest work, A Passion in Rome, is the painter cum photographer, Sam Raymond, and there are

remarkable similarities between Sam's life and Callaghan's own. Apart from the fact both men are artists, they struggle with a sense of failure and enjoy journalistic assignments in Rome.³ Moreover Sam's opinions are frequently identical to those expressed by Callaghan elsewhere.

Sam Raymond's eventual reconciliation to the failure of his personal and professional life—he has to admit he is a "no-love, no-talent guy" (A Passion in Rome, p. 345)—is virtually the same as Callaghan's own accommodation as he explains it in an article entitled "The Pleasures of Failure."⁴ Sam's decision to put personal priorities before career, what he refers to as "success of the heart" (p. 162), as well as his querulousness at his father's commercial appeal, echoes Callaghan's criticism of material success and his description of his wartime struggles with "spiritual dryness" and with "panic" after the failure of two of his plays.⁵ Claiming to have gradually gained strength from his struggle, Callaghan explains how he began "a new productive period in my career" circa 1946-47, feeling "strangely in full possession of myself, more than ever my own man."⁶ The parallel with Sam Raymond's conviction is very close:

If you're no good, and don't ever see it, well it means you haven't much awareness of anything. . . . It seems to me if you have this awareness, even if it takes a little anguish, you've lifted yourself . . . You don't quit. You try something else.

(A Passion in Rome, p. 172)

There are also strong similarities between Callaghan's opinions in That Summer in Paris and those expressed in the novel. Indeed, the young manhood of the author appears to be the model for the experience of the other. Thus Sam describes the confusion caused in his youth by "all the doctrinal ideologies . . . fading into myth," as well as his contempt for speculation about "things that could not be known" (A Passion in Rome, p. 334), in words which echo Callaghan's rejection in his autobiography of political "slogans" and "metaphysics."⁷ Moreover, the hero of the novel admires the relaxed acceptance by Mediterranean Catholics of the facts of death and genital love. Sam and Wally Koster "[talk] about religion and [agree] that if it had been possible for either one of them to have a formal faith in these times, they would choose to be Mediterranean Catholics" (A Passion in Rome, p. 336), remarks which echo the author's observations about Ernest Hemingway in That Summer in Paris:

I heard someone at a party say mockingly, 'Hemingway became a Catholic because all the Spanish bullfighters were Catholic.' No. There was much more to it than that. . . . it struck me that by some twist of temperament, in spite of his puritan family, he was in fact intended to be a Mediterranean Catholic.⁸

Sam's decision to return to America, to father, family, career, and responsibility, also parallels Callaghan's life. Callaghan renounced the expatriate life of the artist-exile after one short summer in Paris in

order "to forge [his] own vision in secret spiritual isolation in [his] native city," Toronto.⁹

Although writing out of personal experience is not unusual, the implications are significant here. In view of Sam's denial of the Christian vision, it is difficult to escape the conclusion that his opinions are close to Callaghan's own. He dismisses Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" as an "old, old lie" (A Passion in Rome, p. 46) and insists that his opinions are as valid as anyone else's:

Those distorted figures in "The Last Judgment." No, it was only Michelangelo's best judgment of the matter. Never the last one.
(p. 352)

Such explicitness is useful, moreover, in clarifying the bias of Callaghan's thought. It illuminates the ironies of works such as Such is My Beloved and confirms the triumph of Artist over Priest.

The priestly tradition in Callaghan's novels is almost wholly one of impotence and ineffectuality. His short stories and novels are veritably priest-ridden, and from the anonymous cleric admired by Vera Trotter in Strange Fugitive, through the besotted Father Mason in It's Never Over, to the painfully inexperienced Father Vincent Sullivan in A Broken Journey,¹⁰ the prototype for Father Dowling himself, priests and the exigencies of their profession hold a special fascination for the author. Doubtless some of the characters are drawn from life. The

priest, for example, with whom he enjoys long conversations in his autobiography, appears to be the model for at least three of them, Father Mason, Father Dowling, and Father Butler.¹¹ He explains his interest with irony: it seems to one of his elderly priests in Such is My Beloved, for example, that "the young priest was just as pleasing to God as the Blessed Virgin."¹²

Even after the apotheosis of the character in Such is My Beloved, they continue to haunt the novels. It is Fr. Butler in More Joy in Heaven who effects Kip Caley's change of heart, just as Peggy Sanderson's father's betrayal of his convictions clearly influences her life. A Methodist minister in The Loved and the Lost, Peggy's father surrenders ignominiously to the racial prejudice of his flock. Again, it is a priest who hears Harry Lane's confessions in The Many Colored Coat, while a lapsed seminarian, Tomaso Ferraro, appears as a journalist in A Passion in Rome.

Despite professions of faith, solemn vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, and his mission to carry Christ's message to the world, the priest's tradition in Callaghan's novels is not a happy one, and his vanities and foibles are constantly exposed. While always a presence to be reckoned with (Strange Fugitive), and giving genuine comfort at times (Fr. Butler), they are generally portrayed as ineffectual (Fr. Vincent Sullivan) and deeply troubled themselves (Fr. Mason), whose irrelevant advice to the

heroes, such characters mostly manage very well without. It is their preoccupation with sex as the root of all evil that invalidates their moral advice for John Hughes, Michael Aikenhead, and Harry Lane in turn, while Sam Raymond simply falls asleep in the confessional box, unable even to pay attention to what the priests with their strange rituals were saying.

The unfortunate plight of Fr. Dowling in Such is My Beloved represents Callaghan's definitive study of the cleric,¹³ and it is revealing to compare the priest's failure with the success of Sam Raymond in A Passion in Rome. While what is implicit in one is explicit in the other, both novels constitute harsh criticism of Christianity, and a comparison of the two clarifies the aesthetic nature of Callaghan's quarrel with the Church. Callaghan admittedly deals here in generalizations, particularly in A Passion in Rome where he is perfectly content to equate Michelangelo's vision with the whole of Western Christianity. He assembles an international cast, and characters as various as the Roman Catholic, Francesca, who is the estranged wife of an Englishman, Reggie Winters, an Italian film maker, Alberto, who is described as a Christian humanist, and an American Catholic, Anna Connel, all experience spiritual confusion, the legacy of, what is for Callaghan at least, the Christian vision in a non-specific sense.

In Such is My Beloved and A Passion in Rome

artistic and priestly traditions cohere. Aesthetic talent and appreciation are signs of superior insight even in Such is My Beloved. One has only to compare, for example, Fr. Anglin's self-righteous pomposity with the attractive moral earnestness of Fr. Dowling, a point made manifest in the novel by the contrast between the former's fears of contemporary literature and the latter's extensive personal library. But the wholesale failure of the holy father's spiritual commission continues as an ironic pattern as well. By all objective standards, Fr. Dowling's attempt to construct a new society based on Christian principles must be judged an unmitigated disaster: whereas Fr. Dowling's sacred mission to the world only removes him from life and reality to the insane asylum of theological disputation about the meaning and nature of love, Sam's busman's tour of Roman art treasures restores him safely to the real world of love and possibility he left behind him in North America. He returns home to father, responsibility, and the hope of a new career.

The key to the discrepancy, of course, is Fr. Dowling's submission to religious orthodoxy versus Sam's uncompromising critical independence. The courage of Sam's convictions, not suprisingly, is ascribed to his profession. As painter cum photographer, his temperament is seen to be quintessentially aesthetic. But the measure of the differences between the two is their reactions to specific works of art: to Solomon's "Song of Songs" in Fr. Dowling's case, and to

Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" in Sam's.

Both works are religious masterpieces whose beauty and genius are admired, but their respective visions, which are antithetical, are rejected for very different reasons. Whereas Fr. Dowling originally responded to "the bold sensual phrases" in praise of love (Such is My Beloved, p. 78), he grows increasingly disturbed by the sexuality he discerns at the heart of the poetry and eventually abandons his insight in favour of correct theological interpretation. Sam Raymond, on the other hand, relying solely upon his personal experience of life, confidently dismisses Michelangelo's "sorrowful" vision as a "lie" and an unfortunate distortion (A Passion in Rome, p. 46). Having seen for himself the innocent pleasure afforded by human love, he resists Christian fears of sensuality and trusts his intuition instead.

It is the question of freedom and of faithfulness to one's personal view of life that is ultimately at issue here. As the essence of moral seriousness and authenticity, Fr. Dowling's betrayal of his convictions is the worst of his several sins. Whereas it is suggested that Fr. Dowling is the prisoner of his faith and doctrinal beliefs, Sam's search for meaning is referred to by the hero as "an enlargement of his freedom" (A Passion in Rome, p. 127). References to tied hands and to the sacrifice of his manhood through his vows of celibacy (Such is My Beloved,

pp. 20, 50, 107, 112 and 129) reinforce this idea in Fr. Dowling's case—his hands are "big, soft [and] strong" (p. 112) but powerless—while Sam's flight from the perilous chapel is regarded by him as an escape from "a place where he had been imprisoned and tormented for years" (A Passion in Rome, p. 39).

The tendency to defer to authority is seen to have tremendous consequences upon Fr. Dowling's life. Confronted with experiences which do not square with orthodox dogma, he tends to accept official explanations of the truth. The differences between the religious temperament and the approach of the artist are particularly apparent at the beginnings of both novels. Whereas Fr. Dowling is completely convinced and as eager to minister as he is naive, Sam Raymond is possessed simply of a "fierce, fugitive longing" to see some "sublime rightness" to it all (A Passion in Rome, p. 334). He is world-weary and anxious only to see everything for himself. Ironically, it is Sam who saves Anna Connel and himself, while Fr. Dowling not only fails the prostitutes but also comes to grief on his own.

It is in their ability to come to terms with reality that the cause of Fr. Dowling's failure and Sam's success can be seen. Whereas Fr. Dowling belongs to an essentially closed and overtly idealistic system of belief, Sam Raymond, espousing no particular ideology or creed, maintains a moral posture identical to Callaghan's own. Thus, while the

priest's confrontation of sex, sin, and suffering embodied in the prostitutes, Midge and Ronnie, progressively disillusion him, Sam's response to the complexity of human life, admirably open to reality as he is, gradually restores his self-confidence.

Sam's confrontations are associated with visual spectacle, with his visits to the Sistine Chapel, the Coliseum, and the Papal funeral in Rome, and in each case he faces an unpleasant reality. There is no attempt to soften the truth; he faces, for example, at the Papal funeral the horror of the "conqueror worm" (A Passion in Rome, p. 271). But he emerges with his convictions intact. Thus, although he is visibly shaken by his visit to the Coliseum where Anna Connel's ministrations to the starving cats causes him imaginatively to reconstruct the sufferings of the first Christian martyrs, he eventually arrives at the conclusion that "it's not guilt, it's the fear of life that has troubled the human race" (p. 194). Dramatic recreation, in effect, of the historical roots of Christianity, savage spectacles such as this only confirm him in his original suspicion: it is Christian pessimism that militates against life. Facing at the moment of their death not only the fact of human mortality, but also the beast within (the fact of man's inhumanity to man), early Christians, as conceived by Sam Raymond, were literally "frightened to death":

Tossed out, now just the cat's meat, the world's fear in the scream of agony of the first one; then another and another, torn and swallowed in fierce gulps. But now no more frantic lonely wails; those who were left—just scared to death; just hunks of meat.

(A Passion in Rome, p. 155)

Anna's problems are thus symptomatic of what he refers to elsewhere as "the world's sea of fear" (p. 143), and the "really scared people he had known were the ones without any good opinion of themselves" (p. 114).

In marked contrast, Fr. Dowling's reactions to anomaly are typically equivocal, and he frequently resorts to rationalization. Struck, for example, by the fact of his affection for Charlie Stewart who is patently a good man even though an atheist, he is fond of seeing him as a Catholic manqué: "Charlie's in the Church in heart and he doesn't really know it" (Such is My Beloved, p. 56); he wishes that Marx had been a Christian (p. 75); and he even entertains the absurd notion that Nietzsche's "lack of Catholicity is a disguise" (p. 75). The point seems to be that Fr. Dowling is incapable of facing the implications of his most daring speculations, and that, in fact, he is never very far from the institutionalized Church in this respect.

The results are equally revealing. Incapable of facing or accepting either his own or his Church's failure, Fr. Dowling ends in complete capitulation to authority,

monstrous egotism, and despair. His interview with Bishop Foley is his finest hour as far as critical independence is concerned. He regards him "as he would . . . an ordinary man, instead of simply seeing him as his superior, and accepting his words . . . as he would the word of God" (Such is My Beloved, p. 129). But it ends with his recollection that "Obedience is necessary. Obedience is to be preferred even to sacrifice" (p. 133). His madness appears to be the consequence of such obedience, as well as the result of self-sacrificial love, so that doctrinal approaches to truth are implicitly dismissed by Callaghan as pernicious and life-denying. On the other hand, Sam Raymond's recognition of the paradox inherent in defeat, that the human spirit is virtually unconquerable and that life goes inexorably on, leaves him spiritually renewed and "fiercely exultant," with a fresh set of priorities and hope (A Passion in Rome, p. 352). It is imaginative approaches that are redemptive, and which Callaghan evidently prefers.

Much art and some twenty-odd years separate the subtle ironies of Such is My Beloved (1934) from the more strident assertions of A Passion in Rome (1961). Although the priest's story is the more compelling of the two, conclusions favourable to the Artist are unavoidable in a philosophical sense. As biographical parallels are examined between the hero's life in A Passion in Rome and Callaghan's own, and as the author demonstrates that ideological

independence and simple faithfulness to one's personal experience ensure growth, triumph over adversity, and hope, the Artist is revealed as the most moral and aware of men. As such he usurps the Priest in his spiritual functions and role: Sam restores to life and to reality not only himself, but Anna Connel as well. Like so many of Callaghan's characters, Fr. Dowling is doomed to failure as a man simply because he is a priest, while Sam's success is virtually guaranteed because he is an artist like Callaghan himself.

II The Nature of the Quarrel

Despite the triumph of Artist over Priest, Callaghan's moral philosophy owes much to the Christian tradition, though the debt is not as great as has been claimed.¹⁴ While his belief in the transcendent power of love and concern for the spiritual life of the individual are derived from the Christian tradition, Callaghan means something very different from caritas by love and is, for the most part, resolutely critical of orthodox, doctrinal, and institutional forms of Christianity. Not enough attention has been paid to the author's own disclaimer: "The last thing that's in my mind is to write religious books."¹⁵

Many other of his comments put his position forthrightly enough. In spite of his Catholic childhood, Callaghan is suspicious of metaphysical speculation,¹⁶ as

impatient as his hero, Sam Raymond, with pretense about "things that could never be known" (A Passion in Rome, p. 334), and contemptuous of Catholic conversions.¹⁷ It is his rejection of "orthodoxy" and "authority" which is chiefly important here,¹⁸ for this, coupled with his inherent distrust of purely rational approaches to life, makes the claim of his supposed indebtedness to the French Roman Catholic philosopher, Jacques Maritain, very unlikely indeed.¹⁹ He knew and admired the man, but not his moral philosophy.

External evidence in support of the influence is scant and the novels themselves do not support it. Callaghan alludes briefly to the "personalist" approach of Maritain in a review of Aldous Huxley²⁰ and witnesses to the personal appeal of the man in an article called "It was news in Paris—not in Toronto."²¹ But the article is more a piece of Canadian flagwaving than serious philosophical appreciation and finds him, at its end, wryly suspicious of intellectual conversion by sheer force of personality. In view of their friendship in the early 1930's, it has been assumed that the dedication of Such is My Beloved, "To those times with M. in the winter of 1933," refers to Jacques Maritain. But the fact goes unverified by Callaghan, and its confirmation would serve only to strengthen the irony of the novel's depiction of the decline and fall of a priest. Moreover, Callaghan explicitly denies such a debt, and in

a letter written in March, 1967 compares the idea of tracing such an influence to "barking up the wrong tree."²² It is just possible that Maritain's analysis of the inadequacies of "bourgeois individualism"²³ defined the author's arguments in They Shall Inherit the Earth, but the insights were his own prior to 1933 (as evidenced by works such as Strange Fugitive, It's Never Over, and A Broken Journey), and the novel contains, in addition, a damning caricature of a Catholic convert, in the person of Nathaniel Benjamin. While Callaghan would agree with the philosopher that changes in the social structure must be accompanied by profound changes within the individual heart, his own approach to that conversion is by way of neither blind faith nor doctrinal disputation. He admits only to an interest in the "neo-Thomism of Jacques Maritain"²⁴ and maintains that even the philosophers themselves would agree that "the artist [sic] kind of knowing" could yield "a different kind of knowledge beyond rational speculation."²⁵

There is evidence, moreover, to suggest that Callaghan has always been mildly skeptical about the relevance of formal philosophy to ordinary life. A short story written early in his career, for example, entitled "In His Own Country," details the progressive deterioration of the mind of a small town citizen, Bill Lawson, who gradually becomes obsessed with the idea of emulating St. Thomas Aquinas and producing "a great work like a summary of all

known fields of science, to demonstrate the relation between science and, offhand, religion."²⁶ While the attempt is ludicrous in itself, some, at least, of the irony rubs off on the studies. Again, in The Varsity Story (1948), one of Callaghan's characters, Tom Lane, a would-be novelist very much, one would suppose, like the young Callaghan, mocks the efforts of a philosophy student "at St. Mike's":

Maybe you'll end up knowing exactly what St. Thomas or St. Augustine thought about the world, and I won't know it as well. Maybe you'll master their thought. But if any simple-minded student ever asks you a question about history or literature you'll look surprised and say, 'It wasn't my subject.' You're a pair of specialists. I have nothing to use but my own head.
(p. 92)

The same novel gives us a portrait of an American graduate student "writing a thesis on Aesthetics, St. Augustine's idea of beauty," who is described as "tired, troubled and unhappy" (p. 156), and both the Medieval Institute and Maritain are also mentioned. Maritain's reputation is questioned: "Well, is he a philosopher or an apologist?" (p. 154). And, finally, in A Passion in Rome (1961), the lapsed seminarian, Tomaso Ferraro, exists as a kind of caution:

I spent years with [St.] Augustine's thought. Can you believe this? I had such a passion for understanding Augustine that . . . I wanted to think and feel as he did, see the world out of his eyes. . . . Then it struck me one day. What is this? I am not St. Augustine. I am Tomaso. What a discovery! What a

revolt! The whole world out there to
look at out of my own eyes. So it was
done.

(p. 188)

The hard fact is, of course, that Callaghan often finds himself in violent disagreement with major tenets of the Christian faith. He is particularly distressed by Christian pessimism about human nature and theological conceptions about the nature of love and inveighs loudly against their survival in the works of Roman Catholic and secular writers alike.

He disagrees, for example, with the dualism he discerns at the heart of Western Christianity. Indeed, he identifies it, as we have seen, with "that fantasy running through modern letters and thought that man [is] alien in this universe" and regards writers as various as Pascal and Henry Miller to be equally heir to that tradition, all "the children of St. Paul."²⁷

He is particularly distressed by Christian fears of human sexuality and attacks an otherwise "beautiful writer like Mauriac['s]" evident "disgust with the flesh."²⁸ He feels positively "pagan" in comparison and even views the "correct copulations" of D.H. Lawrence as an Anglo-Saxon over-reaction.²⁹

Hierarchical conceptions of love are mocked in Such is My Beloved, and the entire Christian vision of life as sorrowful rejected in A Passion in Rome. Orthodox theological opinion which considers man's spiritual love for

his fellow man to be but a pale imitation of Divine caritas, and where sexual passion does not rate at all,³⁰ accords ill with Fr. Dowling's own experience in the first novel as evidenced by his reading of "The Song of Songs," while Sam Raymond contends in the second that "any fool could see" for himself that, far from being a miserable existence compounded of sex, sin and suffering wherein the only escape from "desire" was death, the human condition is frequently enjoyed by men and women, whose only sin, if any, is their obvious delight in sensual pleasure (A Passion in Rome, p. 46). Indeed, the only love possible in Callaghan's novels is the human sexual variety, what Sam Raymond describes as "a mixture of compassion and lust" nonetheless wonderful for that (A Passion in Rome, p. 63), which is demonstrably capable of at once redeeming and putting "the glow" (p. 84) back on human lives without the necessity of Divine intervention.

Callaghan is also critical of Christian conceptions of human nature as fallen and of Redemption only through Grace, regarding them as destructive of human dignity, responsibility, and free will. The idea of "original sin" does not appeal to him, nor to Strange Fugitive's hero, Harry Trotter;³¹ speculation about innate depravity "bores" and irritates Callaghan at once; and he regards Christianity's "awareness of evil" as "a hopeless spiritual trap."³² Even Fr. Dowling rejects "original sin" as explanation of the

prostitutes' "condition" (Such is My Beloved, p. 124).

Thus, while Callaghan admits that Graham Greene's acceptance of "man and his relationship with God as something revealed with finality within the Catholic Church" gave him "a whole dramatic apparatus" as a writer, he bemoans the "dank and dismal Catholicism that came out of it."³³ He confesses himself "completely bemused" by the reappearance of this "ancient view" of man in contemporary literature, in the works say of William Golding and Harold Pinter, since he regards conceptions of man as "naturally good, or naturally evil" as "old nonsense" himself and is genuinely puzzled at its appeal for the young.³⁴ Convinced himself that "A man's nature is a very tangled web, shot through with gleams of heavenly light, no doubt, and the darkness of what we call evil forces,"³⁵ Callaghan admires, instead, the work of Albert Camus, who arrived at the "conviction that man, just being what he was, had the possibilities for dignity and responsibility."³⁶

In truth, ^{the} whole burden of Callaghan's moral philosophy, with its emphasis upon the fullest self-realization possible and upon life as it is lived upon this earth, is often inimical to the otherworldly and self-sacrificial Christian tradition of Redemption through Grace and out of Time. Regarding mortality as "a gloomy inevitable experience,"³⁷ Callaghan explains how he himself avoids morbid preoccupation with death (as well as futile speculation about the

meaning of life) by immersing himself as fully as possible in the day to day business of living in order to realize all his "potentialities" and "possibilities" as a man.³⁸ Both Ross Hillquist, interested only in "life on the earth" (p. 70), and Anna Prychoda, who "inherits the earth" (p. 242), as ideal characters in They Shall Inherit the Earth, achieve Callaghan's moral goal as it is indicated in the novel's title, while Fr. Dowling's sacrifice of his manhood, through his original vows of celibacy and his capitulation to religious authority, is clearly regarded as madness. Not only is chastity regarded as an impossible ideal of self-denial, but the concept of self-sacrificial spiritual love is considered a delusion and a monstrous form of egotism.

The Christian hope of salvation is also criticized in the novels. On the one hand regarded by characters like Michael Aikenhead as a temptation to futile "pity" (They Shall Inherit the Earth, pp. 88-89), and on the other considered unprofitable, attempts like Fr. Dowling's to preach "Christian resignation to a life of misery," Callaghan implies, are pernicious and life-denying (Such is My Beloved, p. 103). Far from relying upon the hope of Heaven, characters in the novels who achieve eternity do so in this life by surrendering to it utterly. Even Fr. Dowling acknowledges Midge's innocent abandonment of herself to the pleasure of the moment as a kind of intuitive understanding of Eternity, while Michael Aikenhead regards Anna's

selflessness before all the implications of life in the same light (They Shall Inherit the Earth, p. 242). As Fr. Dowling explains it, "That desire to make each moment precious, to make the immediate eternal, or rather to see the eternal in the immediate," is "really Christian in the best sense of the word" (Such is My Beloved, p. 46).

Doctrinal differences such as these make attempts to interpret Callaghan as a specifically Roman Catholic novelist open to question at least, and, indeed, such efforts eventually run into anomalies themselves. Malcolm Ross's introduction to Such is My Beloved, for example, while recognizing the irony of the work, argues that "Callaghan's assumptions are thoroughly Catholic," insists that "He never doubts the divine nature and mission of the Church," and then experiences difficulty before the fact of Fr. Dowling's madness:

Now this sacrifice of the mind, this offering up of the priest's sickness, is not a pleasant symbol. Does Callaghan mean by it a rejection of the intellectual life as irrelevant (or even dangerous) to salvation?³⁹

Ross thinks not and is forced to argue that the priest's sacrifice of "prideful self-sufficient intelligence at work in the vacuum of the abstract" restores love.⁴⁰ The truth of the novel is exactly the reverse. Fr. Dowling's self-sacrifice in the name of love is a capitulation to pride and to obedience and restores not love in the human sense,

which is all that Callaghan sees as either possible or necessary for man, but as presented in the novel, futile, and essentially mindless, theological "commentary on the Song of Songs" (Such is My Beloved, p. 144). The ironic implications are clear: instead of self and human sexuality in this life, Fr. Dowling should renounce the idea of sacrifice itself, idle speculation about the nature of Divine love, and the vain hope of redemption out of time.

Despite quarrels with authority and Christian doctrine, Callaghan retains affectionate respect for Mother Church. A variety of churches file across his pages as inescapable physical facts and spiritual signs of man's loftiest aspirations; priests do, upon occasion, tender perfectly good advice; and many of his characters draw strength and comfort still from their faith and from traditional ritual and dogma. There is, on the other hand, neither hesitation to expose imperfections, nor compunction to mute condemnation of the Church's palpable failures. Valuable respository and defender still of spiritual truth in a materialistic age, religious architecture unwittingly mocks the unfortunate legacy of sexual fear which has contributed to the dryness of soul and to the disaffection of contemporary man.

Such is My Beloved constitutes Callaghan's clearest exposé of the Church's limitations in terms of officers and institution. Father Dowling's fall and ultimate fate are

seen as an unfortunate waste of human potential; but while there is compassion in the treatment of Father Dowling, the novel is caustic in its portrayal of other clerics and unrelenting in its insistence upon the irrelevancy of many of the Church's functions. At best ineffectual before human suffering, at worst it seems to aggravate man's misery.

Despite boundless enthusiasm and eager anticipation of his spiritual mission to the world, Fr. Dowling's role is neither vital nor efficacious. Reduced for the most part to exhortation by means of sermon and to visitation of the sick, he merely presides over the ritual moments of life such as birth, marriage, and death, without either involvement or personal influence in the lives and suffering of his parishioners. It is the separation of sexual and spiritual matters, neatly symbolized in the impossible relationship of priest and prostitutes, that is chiefly the Church's undoing. Fr. Dowling's view of celibacy is ironically juxtaposed to religious injunctions against birth control. On the one hand, the Church emasculates its servant, since Fr. Dowling's only opportunity to save himself and others lies in the free exercise of his manhood and his human potential, while on the other it adds to the misery of its faithful adherents like the hapless Cinzano family. And the legacy of sexual frustration and confusion which such distinctions loose upon the world is apparent in many of the novels: characters such as Lillian Thompson in

It's Never Over, Marion Gibbons in A Broken Journey, the Morrisises in The Many Colored Coat, and Francesca and Tomaso Ferraro in A Passion in Rome, all experience serious confusion.

The tendency of the Church to reflect rather than reform the society it serves, most apparent perhaps in the novels of social satire and criticism, is also held up to ridicule in Such is My Beloved. Officers and institution are clearly seen to be part of the corrupt Establishment in opposition to the individual innocent and as prone to materialism, cynicism, and disbelief, as the worst of secular officialdom.

The opening pages of Such is My Beloved point to the fundamental discrepancy between the official theory of the institution and its practice. In light of its supposed mission to the world, Fr. Dowling's daring discourses on "the building of a society on Christian principles" and "the inevitable separation between Christianity and the bourgeois world" (pp. 3-4) are profoundly ironic. And the irony is heightened as Callaghan insists that it is the very princes of the Church who are the most worldly: his priests, if not young, naive and ineffectual, or old, self-righteous and cynical, are public men possessed of considerable political guile. Bishop Foley in Such is My Beloved is a particularly sinister figure as he bows to the pressures of expedience and public opinion in skilfully manipulating his priest,

while Bishop Murray, during the club luncheon meeting with Kip Caley in More Joy in Heaven, is as class-conscious and interested in creature comforts as the rest of his money-dominated society and as reluctant as Judge Ford, despite his spiritual credentials, to believe in the possibility of Kip's redemption. Peggy Sanderson's father, as Protestant clergyman in The Loved and Lost, alone among successful churchmen suffers for his desire for social acceptance. Blatantly betraying his sacred trust, he permits racial prejudice to flourish in his original flock and then gains social and financial success, as the preacher of a wealthy city congregation, at the expense of his soul and his faith.

There is a tendency, too, to see orthodox belief in Mother Church as primarily a female phenomenon. While Callaghan mocks neither the ritual nor the comfort the ritual affords womankind, he and his masculine heroes can manage neither the emotional response nor the blind leap of faith. Constant association in the clerical mind of "fornication" with the "death of the spirit" (They Shall Inherit the Earth, p. 143) renders most of the men indifferent to spiritual advice, and there is a suggestion as well of perversity and sexual possessiveness in some of the female devotion.

It is the wife and mother of Harry Trotter who are the churchgoers and worshippers in Strange Fugitive. Despite the fact of her son's execution, Mrs. Thompson, alone of all

the characters in It's Never Over, draws upon reserves of spiritual strength through her association with the Church. In Such is My Beloved, Mrs. Schwartz is comforted at the moment of her death by Catholic ritual and a priest, as is Kip Caley's mother in More Joy in Heaven, while Sam Raymond envies "the calmness and the quiet wisdom" which her literal belief gives Anna Connel during her "contemplation of the mystery of existence" at the Papal funeral in A Passion in Rome (p. 287). All this is admirable and innocent enough, but not so the ulterior motives behind some of the female devotion. Sexual inhibitions and their source are reflected in Vera's choice of a priest as the ideal husband and father in Strange Fugitive, just as the self-centred demands of Mrs. Gibbons reveal her faith to be little more than an excuse for self-indulgence in A Broken Journey. Even the naive Fr. Dowling reflects upon the curious eagerness of his mother to see him made a priest (Such is My Beloved, p. 24), while the case of Tomaso Ferraro in A Passion in Rome illustrates only too clearly the motives of self-glorification and emasculation that lie behind some motherly sacrifices in the name of love.

Male heroes, on the other hand, experience singularly unsatisfactory relationships with the Church in its role of spiritual advisor, despite the validity of much of the advice. The priest who speaks to John Hughes in It's Never Over is perfectly correct to suspect a case of exacerbated ego behind

the hero's complaints of wounded dignity, as is the holy father who warns Harry Lane against the sin of inordinate pride in The Many Colored Coat. But both priests preface their remarks with blanket injunctions against sex which immediately alienate their listeners. Harry's priest claims, for example, that "carnality" is the root of all evil:

No matter what the story of your trouble . . . you can't understand it unless you see that it no doubt is rooted in your carnality. . . . Don't you see that fornication is the complete and final triumph of all the sins of the flesh? Even the sins of pride and vanity can be traced to a gratification of the senses, and all these great sins seem to flower in your fornication.

(The Many Colored Coat, p. 168)

Both heroes arrive at virtually the same moral conclusions as the priests before them, the impossibility of denying conscience and personal responsibility on the one hand, and the advisability of suspending judgment in favour of mercy on the other, but while Callaghan himself is honest enough to admit the spiritual debt he owes the clergy, neither John nor Harry admits the source of his inspiration, and both are seen to arrive at redemption primarily by themselves. Indeed, the route to redemption is obscured, Callaghan suggests, by the absurd dress in which good advice is clothed. Small wonder disaffection occurs. Sam Raymond, Callaghan's spokesman in A Passion in Rome, is an extreme example of masculine indifference to the forms of worship

and confession. He falls asleep in the confessional box during the recitation of the Pater Noster, and while he recognizes that the "priests with their burial rites were saying something to [Carla]," he personally finds they are speaking a "language he couldn't understand" (pp. 285-87).

While few of Callaghan's characters are faithful churchgoers, all of them notice churches. Reminders at once of man's loftiest aspirations, of the North American Puritan tradition, and of the Church's beleaguered position amongst other secular towers, church buildings appear to be an inevitable part of the moral landscape of the novels. Harry Trotter's guilty remarks upon hearing churchbells are typical:

you can't get away from it. It's right
in the centre of things.
(Strange Fugitive, p. 73)

But typical also is the fate of the Cathedral which burns down in the novel, only to be replaced by a Labour Temple and a new Metropolitan Office building.

In A Broken Journey, even in the midst of disillusionment, as she confronts her irrational, sensual self in the wilds of the Algoma countryside, Marion Gibbons notices a church. She sees a mountain peak which reminds her of "an immense, crude, rugged cathedral of rock."⁴¹ Clearly a reference to Roman Catholicism, Callaghan seems to be saying that human spiritual aspirations are as inherent a part of man's nature as his sexuality, a fact that

Marion has forgotten. But the novel attests as well to the demise of the Christian influence as brand new secular towers rise in an industrialized urban "wasteland":

Then [Peter] was silent again, looking over beyond the dark warehouses and across the flat, barren sandy stretch of reclaimed land as far as the new grain elevators, white, round, clean and solid in the moonlight as if they had just been polished and set down there in the level wasteland.

(A Broken Journey, p. 91)

Other characters in A Broken Journey also notice churches. Hubert compares, for example, the sudden access of clarity that comes upon him to "the feeling people used to be able to get by praying in very old churches in Europe" (A Broken Journey, p. 242). But the predominant mood of the novel is one of dreadful paralysis, of desperate longings and vain regrets that are only half-understood and scarcely expressed, and at once sexual and spiritual in nature. Peter's confusion is typical:

That night he could not sleep. Outside a nighthawk was screeching and swooping over the low roofs. . . . The window drapes swayed sensuously in the light breeze. He suddenly asked himself what the journey north with Marion might have led to, wondering if there was some meaning behind it he could not understand: he tried to ponder the meaning of its magic as though he were close to an explanation that could be grasped intuitively; only it was like staring till your eye ached at the brilliant white peak of a mountain that could not quite be seen. . . . He could no more do without wishing, or feeling the hurt that went with wishing, than an

early Christian in a period of dreadful spiritual dryness could do without longing for God. He started to mutter as a child going to sleep mutters a rhyme, "Marion, Clarion, darion, Darien, the peaks of Darien, silent upon a peak in Darien."

(pp. 93-94)

The difficulty, of course, is that the characters insist upon making harsh judgments about each other when the truth lies somewhere in between blanket condemnation and undue praise. Public opinion has it, for example, that Mrs. Gibbons is either "an unusually devout woman" or "an old hussy beyond redemption" (A Broken Journey, p. 1). And the Church is partly to blame. Fr. Vincent Sullivan is as appalled by her venality as the rest and quite unable to offer any help:

It was a mild, warm night. He was walking very slowly. The Cathedral spire stuck up in the night sky above all the houses in the block. He was still breathing irregularly and feeling that he had been close to something immensely ugly and evil that had nearly overwhelmed him. He shook his head a little, because he still wanted to go on thinking that Mrs. Gibbons was one of the finest women in the parish, for his notion of what was good in the life in the parish seemed to depend upon such a belief. And as he walked slowly he felt, with a kind of desperate clarity, that really he had always been unimportant in the life around the Cathedral. He was still ashamed and had no joy at all in being a young priest.

(p. 145)

Fr. Dowling's cathedral in Such is My Beloved is also hard pressed for space:

The Cathedral was an old, soot-covered, imitation Gothic church that never aroused the enthusiasm of a visitor to the city. It had been in that neighborhood for so long it seemed just a part of an old city block.

(pp. 36-37)

And it has clearly brought some of the darkness and disregard upon itself by its medieval attitudes towards sex. It is significant that the good father's poetry reading and his most daring speculations about love should occur outside the sanctuary in the safety and sanity of his room, and it is equally significant that his last prayer for the prostitutes, after his reversal to that benighted tradition, takes place within the darkened cathedral and sweeps all rational thought from his mind:

And then, with his eyes closed, he was making no conscious prayer, using no word; his mind was swept clear of all thoughts so there was only a void and a darkness within him. But this most silent prayer was more intense than any he had ever made.

(p. 128)

While there is intensity here, the irony of a prayer to the Virgin Mary on behalf of the prostitutes is unmistakable; as the passage itself points out, his eyes were "closed" and "there was only a void and a darkness within him."

By the time of The Loved and the Lost (1951), the Church has almost completely disappeared. Certainly it is not regarded seriously by an affluent, status-conscious

society. While Peggy Sanderson readily accepts, as most of Callaghan's characters do not, that man's nature is a tangled web and insists undismayed that churches and leopards "go together" (p. 33), Jim McAlpine loses his faith and is unable to find it again. He searches without success for the little, old Romanesque church, first pointed out to him by Peggy. The towers of the new insurance building, however, remain clearly visible, symbol of his conformist and middle-class society's passion for possessions and security at the expense of involvement, risk, and possible loss (p. 158).

A veritable spate of churches appears, however, in Callaghan's last novel, A Passion in Rome, as Sam confronts in that city "the world that shaped [our] lives" (p. 170). While nature's forms often remind earlier characters of churches, here church architecture and religious ritual remind the hero of those natural truths the Church itself seems to have forgotten. Just as spiritual aspiration is natural to man, hence the resemblance of bluffs to "cathedral spires" in It's Never Over,⁴² so too is sexual desire, which is not, Callaghan suggests, readily distinguishable at its best from man's noblest aspirations and concerns. Thus, Roman Catholic rites in the novel unconsciously reflect the patterns of nature. The ritual of the Pope's funeral, for example, followed by the immediate choice of his successor, reminds the hero of the natural cycle of death and rebirth, and religious architecture ironically

attests, as Sam remarks upon gazing up at the dome and obelisk of Santa Sophia (p. 120), to sexual realities that Christianity would mistakenly denigrate or deny. The relationship of the new Pope to the Mother Church is also seen in terms of sexual metaphor, those of St. Paul ironically enough:

The Pope is the Vicar of Christ, isn't he?
And Christ is to the Church as a husband
is to a wife. Well, if His vicar dies,
it leaves the Church as widow, doesn't it?
But a widow who'll have a new bridegroom.
(p. 242)

The speaker here is Anna Connel but Sam applauds her view. The point is, as the hero suggests, that such symbolism "could have a deeply religious implication" (p. 120). In this novel, his most explicit statement of his relationship to Western Christianity, Callaghan makes abundantly clear his distance from the puritan tradition of Mother Church.

III The Bible as Literature and A Theology of Imagination

Sam Raymond's indifference to Catholic ritual and the symbolic use of churches by the author are more accurate reflections of Callaghan's religious position than doctrinal differences alone. Readily admitting "there is no doubt I'm hopelessly corrupt theologically,"⁴³ while aiming, nevertheless, to "relate the Christian enlightenment to some timeless process of becoming,"⁴⁴ Callaghan proceeds by way of intuition to a set of personal convictions which owes more to his own aesthetic philosophy and the creative

process than to orthodox Christian belief, and whose expression in terms of religious symbol or jargon betrays ironic distance as much as their source. There is no doubt of his indebtedness to the tradition, but just as Priest was supplanted by Artist, faith is transformed by aesthetic philosophy and traditional religious symbolism put to literary, as opposed to devotional, use.

It seems to Sam Raymond, Callaghan's spokesman, that "all the doctrinal ideologies of his day had been fading into myth and literature, as the fixed opinions of the Greeks and Romans had become simply literature" (A Passion in Rome, p. 334). Certainly Callaghan's own approach to religious symbol and the use of Biblical parallel in his work is more in the tradition of artistic licence than of affirmation of literal belief. Although Christian symbolism and myth are used extensively in the novels of his middle periods, in works such as Such is My Beloved, They Shall Inherit the Earth, and More Joy in Heaven, for example, in every case the purpose is either structural or ironic as opposed to emblematic or confessional.

Parallels with the life of Christ inform, for example, Such is My Beloved and More Joy in Heaven, but the heroes are neither modern exempla of the holy passion, nor saintly sinners whose tragic suffering and inevitable failure can only be redeemed by means of Grace. Far from a feast of suffering in order to achieve mystical release,

or pious contemplation of man's fallen nature in aid of Christian resignation, the object of each novel is irony, and the discrepancy between the ideal and the actual hero is explored in order to expose an unfortunate waste of human potential.

Both Fr. Dowling and Kip Caley are guilty of what Callaghan regards as "monstrous egotism" in their belief that they can personally redeem the times,⁴⁵ but the irony rebounds more upon Christ as an impossible symbol than upon them as mortal men. Convinced that "there's a very thin borderline between innocence and crime," Callaghan finds himself "bored by pure innocence" and fascinated instead by the parallels between "sinner" and "saint."⁴⁶ It is clearly madness on Fr. Dowling's part, so mesmerized is he by the spectacle of the Cross, to attempt to emulate self-sacrificial Divine love in hopes of salvation out of time. His only real moral alternatives, Callaghan implies, lie this side of Heaven. On the other hand, Kip's crucifixion is probably preventable. As much his own as society's fault, Caley's temporal failure is the result of naiveté and fantasies of social acceptance, as well as a lack of responsibility on the part of society, and it is ultimately more regrettable than tragic. Obviously an ironic Saviour—society gets "the kind of hero [its] time deserves"⁴⁷—the question of whether there is "more joy in heaven" becomes irrelevant, as the novel demonstrates how

mankind is cut off in "some mean or desperate way"⁴⁸ from self-fulfillment this side of the grave.

Biblical myth and pattern informs They Shall Inherit the Earth as well. But Michael Aikenhead's movement as prodigal son, from sin through repentance and absolution to forgiveness, provides more in the way of irony and dramatic structure than pious illustration of Biblical story. It is his moral development, after all, which provides the model for his father's, and he regains an earthly, as opposed to spiritual, Paradise.

It is his use of "The Beatitudes" and the "Song of Songs" which reveals the uniqueness of Callaghan's approach most clearly. On the one hand, a Biblical text is used to refute Christian otherworldliness with irony, while on the other "the bold sensual phrases" of religious poetry stand in direct opposition to theological commentary (Such is My Beloved, p. 78). Far from religious exhortation to transcend the sensual self through spiritual striving, Callaghan interprets "The Beatitudes" as a call for self-realization and whole-hearted commitment to the world. Similarly his reading of the "Song of Songs" contradicts orthodox opinion. While Fr. Dowling's speculations about the nature of love are finally rejected by Bishop Foley as heretical, Callaghan clearly prefers them to passive acceptance of Holy Writ:

Father Dowling in the beginning may have loved [the prostitutes] in a general way and, of course, that was good. His love

for them became too concrete. How could it become too concrete? From the general to the particular, the conception expressed in the image. . . . From the word to the flesh, the word made flesh, from the general to the particular, the word made flesh, no, no, nonsense . . . then the general made concrete . . . no, no.

(Such is *My Beloved*, p. 135;
italics mine.)

It is the good father's experience of the Bible as imaginative literature that has lead him to his perception of its human truth. Far from finally revealed truth⁴⁹ or Roman Catholic dogma, the poetry of the Bible is approached as metaphorical sign, and the most appropriate attitude towards it is one of awareness not reverential awe.

The natural opposition between Word and Flesh is an obsession in Callaghan's thought. Aware as a writer of the discrepancy between art and reality, between "words" and "the thing or person being described,"⁵⁰ he adopts a simplicity of style to prevent "separations" and is critical of "show-off" writers who draw more attention to themselves than to the truth: "The terrible vanity of the artist who wanted the word without the flesh."⁵¹ Similarly he inveighs against "dualism" in Christian thought.⁵² Feeling a compulsion himself to look at the world "freshly," he regards unquestioning conformity as a dereliction of the individual's moral duty and refers to it as an "escape into metaphor."⁵³ And he equates that "happy acceptance of reality" and "gay celebration of things as they were," to which he aspires, with "The word made flesh."⁵⁴

His approach to Holy Writ is thus predictable. Insisting upon "the flesh" of the Word as well as its spiritual significance, he emphasizes the relevance of Scripture to ordinary human life and tends to discover literal meaning in the metaphor itself. The poetic description of human love in the "Song of Songs" is not a metaphorical aid to spiritual comprehension of Divine Love, but praise of its own sensual reality, and Biblical myth, as in the case of the prodigal son, is not used to reinforce ritual patterns of confession, such as sin, guilt, repentance, and absolution, but rather to suggest moral alternatives outside the Church. Michael redeems himself by virtue of his own efforts, and his salvation is available to every man.

Callaghan's attitudes toward metaphor are confusing. On the one hand, he regards metaphorical modes of expression as escapism; on the other, as the key to a happy acceptance of reality. Several explanations are possible. Certainly it would be unwise to interpret the author's stylistic credo, his desire to "Tell the truth cleanly" and to render the words "as transparent as glass" as an attack upon imaginative literature itself, upon the associative foundations of metaphorical thought.⁵⁵ It is clear from the context of his remarks in That Summer in Paris, for example, that what Callaghan repudiates is a particular style, the highly inflated rhetoric and intricate prose style of writers who, in Callaghan's opinion, use words to draw attention to themselves, and although he lumps together

in this category almost all of the popular writers of his day, people like James Branch Cabell, Hergesheimer, Galsworthy, Edith Wharton, Hugh Walpole, and H.G. Wells, he has genuine praise for others like Sherwood Anderson, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Ernest Hemingway.⁵⁶ Placing Callaghan in the company of moralists such as Bunyan, Swift, Orwell, and Gide, critics like George Woodcock have interpreted the author's preoccupation with simplicity as an attempt to purify or revive the language, as "part of the puritanical or Jansenist revolt against luxury in art and thought as well as in life" (an ironic interpretation, if true, in view of the author's attack upon the puritan temperament);⁵⁷ others like Victor Hoar have suggested an Imagist influence;⁵⁸ but perhaps the simplest explanation comes from the author himself. Describing his reactions as a young man to English literature in the specific sense, Callaghan explains his unease with traditional idioms and his desire to recreate the patterns and rhythms of North American speech:

By this time I had become aware that the language in which I wanted to write, a north [sic] American language which I lived by, had rhythms and nuances and twists and turns quite alien to English speech. . . . I had decided that the language of feeling and perception, and even direct observation had to be the language of the people I wrote about, who did not belong in the English social structure at all.⁵⁹

It is possible, too, that Callaghan's sense of metaphor, particularly his attempt to reunite the "flesh" and the "word" in his work,⁶⁰ is Catholic in a fundamental way. Malcolm Ross has argued, for example, in Poetry and Dogma, that just such a sense of metaphor, what Ross refers to as the "analogical" sense,⁶¹ is central to the Christian experience, at once natural to the sensibility attuned to the mystery of the Eucharist and inevitable in a truly Christian writer. Whether or not Callaghan achieves reconciliation in his work, it is likely that he has some such theory in mind in view of his distaste for separations and duality. It is possible, in fact, that what he is arguing for in works such as Such is My Beloved is a renewed sense of the sacredness of ordinary human experience, which the Church, in his view, has forgotten.

We are close here to the heart of Callaghan's aesthetic. Resisting the authority of Christian dogma by treating the Bible as a piece of literature, Callaghan effects a transformation of belief. Reinterpreting traditional religious concepts in the light of his experience as an artist, Callaghan ultimately replaces the Christian faith with what amounts to a theology of the creative imagination. Resurrection in terms of metaphors^{ies} is dismissed; innocence born of ignorance is a sin; and salvation is achieved through awareness.

It is, after all, his painter's eye for "form and colour" (A Passion in Rome, p. 270) which permits Sam

Raymond to discern "The ages creeping back to us" in the Papal funeral (p. 253), and as Callaghan's spokesman in the novel, he continues to exercise his imagination. Thus he defines his faith in opposition to traditional belief: Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" is rejected as an "old old lie" (p. 46); "that burden-of-guilt nonsense" is dismissed (p. 194); and "fear of life," in opposition to innate depravity, is advanced as the cause of evil and human suffering (p. 194). Sam's explanation of the true meaning of the Resurrection is perhaps most typical of his self-confidence. Explaining what the Resurrection means to a Roman Catholic, Sam equates it at once with the unquenchable spark of the human spirit and the eternal promise of spring (p. 195), and replaces pious hope in Life Everlasting with a "fiercely exultant" faith in human potential and the possibilities of life on this earth (p. 352). An amalgamation of personal observation and an intuitive feeling for pattern, Sam's conviction escapes metaphysical speculation and is surely what Callaghan means by his attempt "to relate a Christian enlightenment to some timeless process of becoming."⁶² Sam's beliefs are described by Anna Connel, for example, as "very big stuff. . . . some line of love or truth or something [all the way from Egypt] right up to the events at St. Peter's" (p. 293).

Sam's impatience with religious jargon is a general tendency in all the work of Morley Callaghan: "original sin"

does not appeal to Harry Trotter (Strange Fugitive, p. 20); evil does not explain the plight of Fr. Dowling's prostitutes (Such is My Beloved, p. 124); and Michael Aikenhead dismisses Roman Catholic dogma as "crap" (They Shall Inherit the Earth, pp. 88-89). The emphasis already noted in the novels, upon self-realization and sexual love in opposition to religious ideals of self-sacrifice and spiritual passion, is accompanied by special efforts to combat Christian conceptions of the fatal fall to knowledge. Ultimately such efforts end in complementary myth, in a kind of redemptive quest for awareness and the approach of the Artist to God. Callaghan makes, for example, an unusual connection in his work between innocence and evil. Not only is he "bored by pure innocence," but he insists: "I don't know any pure innocents. I haven't met any, I don't expect to meet any."⁶³ He suggests, moreover, that innocence that is not knowing is a sin. Three of his novels in particular, Such is My Beloved, More Joy in Heaven, and The Many Colored Coat, illuminate the relationship between the two.⁶⁴

The complementary careers of Fr. Dowling and Kip Caley demonstrate clearly that pride born of ignorance goes before a fall. Both are saintly sinners and innocents abroad whose palpable naiveté about themselves and the world around them betrays egotism, profound disillusionment, and despair. Whereas self-knowledge and faithfulness to his original dream of obscure anonymity and the ordinary life of

the common man could have saved Kip from his fantasies of social acceptance and prevented his untimely end, Fr. Dowling's manhood might have been redeemed if he had followed his natural instincts and intuition instead of accepting the Christian vision as his own. Social and religious conformity are equally unsatisfactory alternatives: every man must seek his own truth, and innocence compounded of naiveté is a sin.

Harry Lane reaches similar conclusions in The Many Colored Coat. Forced to ponder the ambiguity of human motivation, including his own, and the difficulty of determining absolute truth, he abandons the idea of innocence as a dangerous form of pride. "Innocence" is described as a murderous weapon, a "two-edged sword without a handle" which wounds both the person who wields it and its intended victim (p. 313). Later he identifies "the greatest of sins" with "unawareness" and embarks for "a new world of new relationships with people," armed with sensitivity and awareness (p. 314).

Of particular significance is the distinction Harry draws between a fall "into some awareness that could give width and depth to a man's whole life" (The Many Colored Coat, p. 314) and the primal Christian tragedy. Far from a fall "into corruption," Harry's abandonment of "innocence" paradoxically saves his life (p. 314). It removes him from the temptation of pride, disillusionment, and despair; recalls him to the virtues of mercy, love and humility; and restores his sense of responsibility and personal priorities.

On the other hand, Kip Caley's conversion to Christianity, also described as a redemptive fall, ultimately proves illusory (More Joy in Heaven, p. 63). Supposedly making him "innocent" in a new kind of way, Fr. Butler's good influence upon him in prison is only temporary. Hope and humility give way to cynical aggressiveness again, as impossible Christian idealism proves unequal to the realities of the world. It is clear that the theme is a conscious one, and Callaghan explains it himself:

Well, if what I'm talking about is prized, innocence, I mean innocence as a prized thing, I guess innocence is not knowing. The whole Jewish-Christian thing about man in the Garden of Eden, the symbolic story of man losing his innocence, this never convinced me. I just never could quite understand this as a symbolic story. Man knew nothing about good and evil: I don't even know what that means, unless it means there was no good and evil. According to this Christian-Jewish myth, man must have had no awareness before the fall. But what makes man interesting is in his awareness of right action: what he does, what he doesn't do. We know this from our experience in the world. The most insensitive person in this world is a man who is unaware; he's frightening always. The man who is always running around saying, Oh God forgive me, I know not what I did, he's simply saying, I wasn't aware.⁶⁵

Harry's ongoing quest for insight is clearly superior to the sudden finality of revealed Christian truth. As sensitivity and awareness usurp innocence as virtues in Callaghan's eyes, salvation through imaginative consciousness, which is what Callaghan means by awareness, replaces

redemption by means of Grace. Similarly the Artist himself assumes greater significance in his work. Indeed, as the Bible fades more and more into literature, the Artist ultimately emulates God as Seer of Divine Truth.

A tendency towards moral superiority is apparent in most of the novels. What has kindly been called "compassionate irony,"⁶⁶ the prevailing tone of Callaghan's work, often disguises paternalism and a kind of rueful contempt on the part of Callaghan for his characters. Never more apparent than in Such is My Beloved where priest and prostitutes are children,⁶⁷ the temptation to take unfair advantage is rarely resisted elsewhere. He delights, for example, in the fumbling incomprehension of Harry Trotter in Strange Fugitive and that of Scotty Bowman in The Many Colored Coat. On the other hand, most of his successful heroes adopt poses like the author's own: Harry Lane and Sam Raymond, his surrogate, both become seekers after truth, and Sam in particular resolves like Callaghan to "see the ends of the earth and judge them" (A Passion in Rome, p. 350). Indeed, describing himself on one occasion as observer par excellence, Callaghan comes perilously close to identification of the Artist with a merciful God:

We are born, we live a while, and we die, and along the way the artist keeps looking at the appearance of things, call it concrete reality, the stuff of experience, or simply 'what is out there.'⁶⁸

Certainly he sees Artist and God as eternally vigilant and the ultimate judges of the human condition. "The great fiction writer," he explains, "must not only have a view of man as he is, but of man as he ought to be,"⁶⁹ and God, like the author, waits patiently for recognition of His truth. "God sees the truth," a priest explains to one of Callaghan's characters, "but He sometimes waits. . . . He is waiting and watching" for "Recognition of His truth" (The Many Colored Coat, p. 169). God, the Artist, and the idea of perfection are also associated in Callaghan's mind. He recalls, for example, in a recent radio programme, an interview with the poet, Ezra Pound.⁷⁰ Musing about Pound's interest in St. Anselme's proof of the existence of God, Callaghan goes on to speculate that if God is equated with perfection, then the Artist must surely approach Him in his longing for the ideal. Elsewhere, he equates the end of separations between "words" and "the thing or person being described" with the "word made flesh" in his work,⁷¹ which leads one reluctantly to the conclusion that as long as the Artist is in his heaven everything is right with the world. The Artist evidently emulates God as Divine Seer and Judge of truth, but as Word-maker, he reigns supreme.

Which is not to say that Callaghan ends by making a religion of art, far from it in fact. Sam Raymond, after all, is a failure as an artist, and the point seems to be

that he must put his personal life before his career. Once again the moral posture is very close to Callaghan's own. Evincing no sympathy in his memoirs for "art for art's sake" philosophies, Callaghan criticizes "the great Gide,"⁷² has "no use for pure aesthetes or aloof intellectuals,"⁷³ and prides himself on his manly pursuits, such things as his lumberyard work, baseball, and boxing. Elsewhere he insists upon the priority of his personal life: "I wanted to be a living, breathing human being who just couldn't help writing stories."⁷⁴ Thus he suggests in the novel that it is a mistake for Sam to have permitted his obsession with painting progressively to empty his life, and even hints that this is the reason why his work is devoid of merit and significance (A Passion in Rome, p. 38).

Callaghan still seems to prefer the artist's life. Responding with some amusement to the suggestion that he might have been a priest himself, Callaghan insists in an interview that it was the farthest thing from his mind:

Never in my wildest fantasies did I ever think that. I ran into a fellow one time who told me that I would make an excellent priest and I think I ran so fast! No, the ecclesiastical life would have been a horror to me.⁷⁵

He paints a harsh portrait of the religious life:

At the end of your life, the whole question should be, how did you manage to get along with people? If you say, well, I lived my life in the desert, loving God, to my temperament that doesn't mean anything. Okay kid, you dropped out, you're a saint in the desert, a hermit. Great, you like

that kind of thing, but you know nothing about human beings. You know nothing about the human race. From my view you know nothing about love. And if you know nothing about human love, to me, in my stupidity, you can't know anything about divine love. I hate the person who loves the idea, you know? I don't believe in that kind of love.⁷⁶

He also points with some distaste to the "power" inherent in the role of Priest.⁷⁷ He is, on the other hand, not entirely without sympathy for the calling:

There was such a thing—probably is now, too—as a good priest, who really sees himself as a Christian. It's extremely difficult to be a Christian, and if a fellow is really trying to be a Christian in his relationships with other people, this is a noble enterprise.⁷⁸

The point seems to be that the calling would have been wrong for Callaghan himself, fraught with dangers for his personal life.

The preference is reflected in the novels. Whereas Fr. Dowling and Sam Raymond are equally failures in terms of their callings, the artist is permitted "success of the heart" (A Passion in Rome, p. 162). Indeed, Callaghan appears to emphasize Sam's failure as a painter in order to point to his success as a man. "The priest," on the other hand, "is just an exemplification of any one of us trying to defend an inner light against many of his own instincts, many of his own friends," and although Callaghan "believe[s] in this possibility in people; it's what makes a man interesting,"⁷⁹ the priest is denied by definition the very

personal life the author holds so dear. It is difficult to escape the conclusion that neither artist nor priest should persist in putting "the thing" before life itself: "Death to all tyrants!" (A Passion in Rome, p. 39).

It is tempting to read Callaghan's work as an exercise in rationalization. If the sudden finality of revealed truth is rejected, then the artist is obviously free to choose his own. Certainly Callaghan is careful in his memoirs to distinguish his vision from those of his contemporaries: what is "Right for [him]" is not necessarily so "for [F.] Scott [Fitzgerald]." ⁸⁰ And he argues with his hero Sam Raymond that Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" is "only [his] best judgment Never the last one" (A Passion in Rome, p. 352). But he insists for the most part on his own insights. Whether or not, or how serious the author is in his equation of the Artist with an All-seeing God, it is clear that he usurps "the old authoritarian priest." Nor is Callaghan content to leave the field to more contemporary "gurus":

Oh, the theological aspect of things has troubled man for thousands of years. You know, in all ancient societies, and then all through Europe for 1900 years right up till now, that priest role was always very important—whether for good or ill, I mean, I'm not exalting it, but there always was something like that. Well, with the abandonment in our time of the power of that role—because I think that role has lost its power in our society—it's odd watching the other figures who come up still playing that priest role. Gurus, or psycho-

analysts, or screwball educators. I would rather prefer the old fellow in vestments, than the new guy with a beard and long hair who just represents the latest trend in priestliness. With the old authoritarian priest, you knew where he stood, but now they come at you right out of the woodwork: the new priesthood of psychoanalysts, psychiatrists, and the bogus scientists and the economists.⁸¹

Indeed, as this chapter has tried to show, Callaghan's treatment of the Roman Catholic Church is related to an essentially aesthetic philosophy of life, and the effect of this upon the work is crucial. Not only are efforts made in the novels to combat traditional concepts of innocence and the fatal fall to knowledge with complementary myth, with a kind of redemptive quest for awareness and the approach of the Artist to God, but orthodox ritual and symbol are put to literary as opposed to devotional use. The religious impulse itself is seen to be an inevitable response to mortality, pointing to nothing beyond itself but the indomitable courage of man:

[St. Peter's] . . . had long been the place of the dead. Rapt as [Sam] was, he could believe that behind the figures in the aisle, conducting their burial rite on this Vatican Hill, he saw the shadowy figures of others in antique processions, precursors of those he saw now, who were perhaps saying as the others had said, that man was a unique creature on earth because he was aware of the mystery of existence and death, and now was facing it

(A Passion in Rome, pp. 286-87)-

If God has not quite disappeared from Callaghan's pages, His Church has become historical fact, and as the Bible fades more and more into myth and literature, it is clear that it is imaginative approaches that are redemptive, and that everyone ought to pursue.

CHAPTER III

THE SOCIAL CRITICISM: SPIRITUAL TIREDNESS AND DRYNESS OF THE IMAGINATION

Callaghan ultimately casts critical eyes upon the nature of his own society. While his preoccupation with Canadian character is not as central to his thought as the debate with Christianity (criticism of the Church both precedes and survives Canadian self-consciousness), his social criticism is nevertheless a significant aspect of his moral vision, and one which betrays the same essentially aesthetic influences. Subscribing to an artistic creed which equates the uniqueness of the vision of the serious artist with the personal integrity of the moral man, Callaghan attacks the materialism, conformity, and conventional morality he discerns in his native land. He also accuses Canadian society of a wholesale failure of the imagination which is as much aesthetic as moral in nature; moral flabbiness is once again equated with philistinism. There are strong suggestions as well that his impatience derives more at times from strong feelings of artistic alienation than from purely intellectual differences with the national ethos. As he himself carefully explains it:

I was wonderfully at home in my native city[Toronto], and yet intellectually, spiritually, the part that had to do with my wanting to be a writer was utterly, but splendidly and happily, alien.¹

Callaghan's concern with the Canadian scene is always evident in the work: a spate of short stories set for the most part in "downtown Toronto" is narrowly "regional" in character;² the novels are almost invariably set in either Toronto or Montreal; and even the exception, A Passion in Rome, is an attempt to assess the influence of Western Christianity upon North American lives. Many of his magazine articles also reflect a keen interest in Canadian culture,³ as Callaghan himself admits. He returns home from literary exile in order "to forge [his] own vision in secret spiritual isolation in [his] native city," Toronto,⁴ and dates his Canadian preoccupation from "the dark period of [his] life" during the Second World War:

in those ten years, God forgive me, I began to take a great interest in Canada. I mean, I say this with tears in my eyes and on my knees, but I began to think this was my country—to look at it for whatever it is—and God help me it's my country—and I began to take a great interest in it.⁵

Certainly Callaghan has never experienced any difficulty in defining the elusive Canadian identity. The portrait which emerges from the novels is clear enough if unflattering; he depicts the national character as materialistic, conformist, and dull. He is particularly distressed by what he sees as the puritan quality of the Canadian conscience; while he admits that the typical citizen is sober, sedate, hard-working and respectable, he finds him entirely devoid of the attractive force of the imagination.

It is, in fact, the herd mentality of the businessman which he sees stalking the land; as Callaghan defines that middle-class consciousness, he continually laments the quality of the personal life enjoyed by Canadians. Two in particular of the novels, The Loved and the Lost, 1951, and The Many Colored Coat, 1961, reflect the author's post-war interest in society, but there are signs of it much earlier in works such as More Joy in Heaven, 1937. All three depict the widespread failure of the nation's family life: "success of the heart" (A Passion in Rome, p. 162) is abandoned for an ideal of material wealth and prestige; the limited virtues of hard work, ambition, and respectability are permitted to obscure insight and moral development. Callaghan particularly regrets the cost in terms of creativity of the passion for acceptance and security, and he portrays wonder, joy, and spontaneity as yielding increasingly in his work to what he calls "spiritual tiredness and dryness of the imagination."⁶ In More Joy in Heaven, 1937, an early attempt at social analysis, he depicts the moral failings and excesses of a money-mad society just emerging from the Depression; in The Loved and the Lost, 1951, a novel with at once greater pretensions and historical perspective, he surveys the post-war social scene and exposes the cost to individual integrity of conformity to group values and the status quo; while in The Many Colored Coat, 1961, he combines a résumé of earlier insights with

an exploration of the nation's puritan temper. In particular, he analyzes that phenomenon as it survives in conventional morality and in the latter-day business practices of a frankly affluent society.

More Joy in Heaven (1937) exposes, among other evils, Canadian society's obsession with money and material success, and the unfortunate extent of their ethical sway over human life and motivation. Although more successful portraits of individual businessmen exist, such as Jay Hillquist and Andrew Aikenhead in They Shall Inherit the Earth, or Scotty Bowman in The Many Colored Coat, the story of its bankrobber hero, Kip Caley, nicely illustrates the "moral bankruptcy" of the age and puts its cause firmly down to materialistic values: society, as Judge Ford delights in pointing out, gets the "kind of hero [its] time deserves" (p. 72). With visions of profit, power, and prestige so firmly in possession of the collective imagination, it is not surprising that the heart and conscience of society appear singularly unresponsive to the plight of the individual.

If Kip, as reformed convict, is finally more sinned against than sinning, Callaghan insists upon the hero's personal contribution to his fall. As "the prodigal son of the whole country" (p. 66), he is at once symbol and innocent victim of the nation's worst vices, an endemic lust for money and a widespread propensity for violence. He takes an unconscionably long time coming to the realization

that "the core of violence" was within him (p. 139) and is equally slow to see that "all the dignity and order he had wanted that the Senator and his friends had, came only from their money" (p. 130).

Other aspects of Kip's character also have parallels in society. Indeed, the ethics of "the happy hunting ground" (p. 131) which he practised as a bankrobber are seen to be the logical extension of bourgeois individualism, a point made even more clearly in They Shall Inherit the Earth, 1934. Here the cult of laissez-faire capitalism, which makes such sound business sense in Callaghan's opinion, but such poor morality, is associated with both the moral obtuseness of Jay Hillquist and the obscenities of Huck Farr, and is repudiated (by Ross Hillquist among others) as a corruption of old-fashioned Darwinianism, "a lot of nineteenth-century notions about science that have been discarded long ago" (They Shall Inherit the Earth, p. 191). Again, in the later novel, Kip's betrayal of his dream of anonymity is equalled only by the thirst of his fellow citizens for social acceptance, status, and prestige.

Callaghan is ultimately harder on the society than he is upon his hero. Whereas Kip's naiveté is preferable to the kind of shrewdness and cynicism which passes for worldly wisdom among the public at large and he is remanded to reality at the novel's close, his fellow citizens remain entirely unredeemed and unrepentant, ruthlessly condemning

and ritually killing the very criminal they unconsciously create. By the novel's end, Kip at least realizes that he has made a mistake and attempts a belated return to "Julie and the things he knew were good," but his society persists in the belief that it is "important to the fundamentally decent human instincts in everybody that [he] should be legally hanged" (p. 159). Most of the novel's secondary characters belong to the realm of Canadian officialdom, such as Senator Maclean, Judge Ford, Mayor Wills, and Bishop Murray, or are small-time businessmen like Jenkins, and the portrait Callaghan paints of their preoccupation with the almighty dollar and with social status, to the exclusion of genuine compassion for the plight of another human being, is devastating. Everywhere he exploits the irony of Caley's desire for acceptance by such "right-thinking people" (p. 79) and their outrage at what is regarded as his "betrayal" of their common decency (p. 158).

Generally speaking, the only kind of interest society can summon up in Kip as an ex-convict is short-lived and insincere, a combination of idle curiosity, easy adulation, and irresponsible generosity. Such concern demoralizes as it raises false hopes and dissipates as quickly as it appears, and is referred to in the novel by Fr. Butler as "the gifts that destroy" (p. 69). If the citizenry manage to remember his prison rehabilitation at all, they regard it as a minor

miracle. Most lose sight of the man behind the symbol of "moral grandeur" (p. 49); many, particularly the women, are fascinated more by fantastic stories of his criminal exploits than by his present change of heart; and virtually no-one in a position of authority, from Senator Maclean and Judge Ford to Bishop Murray, has any real faith in his redemption, or is prepared to consider seriously his parole board scheme.

The simple truth of the matter, in Callaghan's view, is that most members of Canadian society are more interested in money than in men, and whether law-abiding or frankly criminal, are preoccupied with the possibility of profit to the exclusion of the problems of other people or even the quality of their own lives. Senator Maclean's sponsorship of Kip, as he admits himself, is "a showy [gesture] to the nation" (p. 11) which smacks more of politics than magnanimity, and the quality of his advice to the ex-convict is equally suspect. Advising him to accept what is euphemistically termed a public relations position, the Senator seems oblivious to the dubious morality of trading upon one's criminal past. He is equally unsympathetic to Kip's parole board plan, and betrays a similar lack of sensitivity and scruple in his mining investment proposal.

This last, a "get rich quick" scheme which amounts to a rape of the fair country, is a clear case of conflict of interest, illustrating the extent to which the profit

motive is at work in the world. Two other public officials have invested in the Senator's scheme (Mayor Wills and Bishop Murray), and all of them readily agree that public relations is a good opportunity for an ex-con. The quality of the luncheon conversation overheard by Kip, casually equating as it does "the threat of Communism, the threat of Fascism, the threat of John L. Lewis" (p. 37), reveals not only the political conservatism of such leaders but also the materialistic nature of their priorities. A successful union organizer poses as serious a threat to their capitalist sense of security as does Hitler or Mussolini, and Callaghan mocks in their lack of discrimination the moral leadership of the nation.

Additional incidents cast an even more sinister light upon the quality of Canadian life. Kip's ice carnival entry to the Senator's world is an especially distressing experience for him, symbolizing as it does the cold artificiality of its social intercourse and the meaningless sophistication of its pleasures. Society people don socially acceptable "masks" (p. 49) as they idly besiege him with callous questions; the avid interest shown in him by the Senator's daughter, Ellen, differs only in intensity from the kind of glamorous appeal his crimes hold for the nation as a whole. A perverse sort of sexual passion is obviously aroused by thoughts of crude violence and extraordinary amounts of money, and the bankrobber who

dares such a dramatic assault on what amounts to society's Holy Grail becomes "the town's whore" (p. 125), as he admits himself, even as he excites the secret fantasies and unlawful obsessions of the bourgeois, materialist heart.

The humiliation Julie suffers, as a waitress forced desperately to grovel for a few coins tossed by two youthful tormentors, illuminates the unresisted temptation to power of the cash nexus. It also illustrates the sickness of a society which measures human worth in economic terms, confers status with conspicuous spending, and still divides itself, well into the twentieth century, between the idle rich and the undeserving poor. Even such elementary virtues as civility and consideration for the feelings of the less fortunate do not survive in human commerce so mechanically considered, while real compassion and understanding are impossible. The taunts which the youths attempt to use against Julie, that she is "beautiful but corrupt" besmirched with "the taint of money," and "commercial" (p. 51), ultimately rebound upon their own heads. Cynically professing a fine contempt for money, they betray the appalling truth about their world: only "money is sweet" (p. 53).

The sudden loss of his job confirms Kip in his worst suspicions and dramatically serves to underline the tenuousness of the employer-employee relationship. As the hotelier explains that the novelty has worn off and that Kip is no longer a drawing card, it becomes abundantly clear that the

businessman mentality, so prevalent in a profit-oriented society as perceived by Callaghan, is generally indifferent to human suffering. Jenkins offers his explanation, such as it is, as well as additional hometruths about Kip's exploitation by cops and criminals alike, with neither remorse nor particular compunction, and is incredulous that Caley has not discovered that it was "money [that] made the world go round" (p. 119).⁷

If indifference and insensitivity harden the materialist heart of the nation, conformity to conventional morality poses as serious a threat to individual integrity in The Loved and the Lost and casts serious doubts upon the possibility of such a society's redemption. The equation of human dignity with money which so dominated the sensibility of Depression Canadians continues in the post-war analysis, but the author explores in especial detail the moral consequences of widespread acceptance of social authority and the tendency, also prevalent, toward collective intolerance of individual difference: the novel discredits the mindlessness of much of what passes as conventional morality and the "fury" (p. 166) which it sees as dangerous attending the passion for respectability and the status quo. Crowd responses to the rule breaker at the hockey match in the novel are violent, and the game reflects the prevailing social ethos of the day (The Loved and the Lost, pp. 165-66).

The theme was, of course, implicit in More Joy in Heaven as well. Kip's biggest mistake, the novel ironically makes clear, was his attempt to return in too literal a sense to the society from whence he came: the kind of morality which prevailed in that society was as narrow and mechanical as the railroad imagery usually associated with it suggests, a simple matter of staying on the right side of the tracks and the straight and narrow (More Joy in Heaven, pp. 18, 42, 119). Society is as outraged, perhaps more so, by Kip's defection from its ranks as it later is by Peggy's unconventional behaviour. It regards Kip's murder of the policeman as a base betrayal of its confidence and howls hideously for his hide. It is also clear that McAlpine's desire to be admitted to the select circle of Montreal's Establishment world is only a more sophisticated version of Kip's naive dream of acceptance. Callaghan's vision is a developing one, however, and the addition to the later novel of both historical and political perspective helps to lend it greater authority.

The moral of The Loved and the Lost, that it is better by far, if more dangerous, to follow one's personal lights than to rely passively upon the dictates of public opinion, is certainly made clearly enough. The heroine, Peggy Sanderson, comes to her violent end, alone and misunderstood, largely because she insists upon living in an unconventional fashion and looking at everything for herself, while the hero, Jim McAlpine, is forced by the novel's

close to realize that his mistake had been to deny "respect for his own insight which had always been his greatest strength" (The Loved and the Lost, p. 115).

McAlpine, who admits that the loss of "his view of her" was the result of the sacrifice of his integrity to the weight of public opinion, resolves thereafter, in "fierce defiance" of "the sloping city," to consider "what they say . . . forever unimportant" (p. 233). The rest of society, however, is only too ready to conform. Subscribing to an outdated morality of social convention and law and order, and anxious to preserve the status quo, Canadian society appears to demand blind conformity from its citizens and frowns alike upon personal initiative and any deviation from the norm. While the novel reserves its principle darts for the elite of the commercial world and the intellectual community, The Loved and the Lost demonstrates that even small businessmen and religious leaders are similarly infected with the disease, and that all sorts and varieties of citizen show unwarranted respect for the conventional order.

Both publisher and history professor, for example, are so aware of conventional mores and prevailing opinion that their conduct is fraught with anomaly. As representatives respectively of the self-made man (Henry Carver) and the intellectual (Jim McAlpine), both men consider themselves to be makers and shapers of public opinion, but the

reality of their personal lives accords ill with their professional credos. Despite their claims to be "enlightened liberal[s]" (The Loved and the Lost, p. 2) who delight in making "adventurous choices" (p. 28) and their scorn for the "morass of mass thinking" so destructive of "individual initiative" (p. 27) and independence, the one delivers himself of banalities while the other fears the loss of his job. Indeed, Carver is described as "an old-style, narrow-minded businessman" (p. 25) who wields unnecessary power, and his newspaper realm is seen as a world of "humiliating bondages" (p. 28). McAlpine, on the other hand, conforms knavishly even as he composes a column on "the lost men of Europe . . . driven by some death wish to surrender their own identity and become anonymous parts of a big machine" (pp. 145-46).

Others in Canadian society follow their conventional suit. Wolgast, the immigrant restaurateur, wants "everything to stay just the way it is" (p. 156); Wagstaffe, the Negro musician, expresses the fear prevalent among minority groups that everything will "[bust] wide open when there's no rule book" (p. 94); and Peggy's father, a Methodist minister, bows to the pressures of racial prejudice in his flock. Even a priest, Jim McAlpine imagines, would probably advise conformity and regard the "uncontrolled tenderness and goodness" exhibited by Peggy as a "nuisance" and a threat to the established order (p. 164).

Small wonder that Callaghan expresses a view close to despair. The demise of Foley's marriage, for example, as well as Catherine Carver's divorce, suggest that the quality of even ordinary human relationships is questionable in a world afraid to venture beyond conventional norms, and the future of race relations is certainly dim. Indeed, gaiety, warmth, and spontaneity, compassion, integrity and love, all appear impossible in a climate so rigidly prescriptive, and there appears to be little hope for the future. The development of a humane and just society, Callaghan implies, necessitates risk taking and personal involvement.

Callaghan displays, however, some appreciation of the reasons for this state of affairs. His analysis of the hockey game, for example, as well as the quasi-sociological survey he includes, reflect an awareness of historical influences and the complexity of the contemporary scene, while the use that he makes of Montreal's setting suggests the hopes he entertains for the future. Wolgast, McAlpine, and Peggy, each represent a distinct generation of Canadians; the national ethos has evolved; and the only hope for the future is that the process of evolution will continue.

The hockey game, as Canada's most popular winter sport, is perhaps the most successful social image. A natural microcosm of the nation, the game itself reflects the cult of competitive bourgeois individualism predominantly abroad in the land, while the survey which Callaghan

makes of the spectators suggests the manner in which materialist dreams of the immigrant past have coalesced via an exaggerated respect for the rule of law into the pitiless tyranny that is middle-class conformity.

Callaghan's catalogue of the crowd emphasizes, for example, the diversity of the nation's ethnic and racial origins and the prosperity enjoyed by the majority of its citizens, now proudly middle-class:

They were fairly prosperous people, for the very poor didn't have the money to go to hockey games. Some of the men wore fur caps and coonskin coats; others, pink-faced and freshly shaven, wore hard hats; but most of them had on snap-brimmed fedoras. The women in their fur coats huddled happily together with their men, row on row, the rich men looking like rich men, and the doctors and lawyers with their wives, and the merchants and the salaried workers and the prosperous union men. They came from all the districts around the mountain; they came from wealthy Westmount and solid respectable French Outrement and from the Jewish shops along St. Catherine, and of course a few Negroes from St. Antoine would be in the cheap seats.

(The Loved and the Lost, pp. 161-62)

On the other hand, Callaghan is not above chauvinistic pride in the nation's democratic traditions, despite his recognition that such a cultural mosaic necessitates political compromise:

There they were, citizens of the second biggest French-speaking city in the world, their faces rising row on row, French faces, American faces, Canadian faces, Jewish faces, all yelling in a grand chorus; they had found a way of sitting together, yelling together, living together, too, and though Milton

Rogers could shrug and say, "Our Society stinks," even he had his place in this House of All Nations, such as the one they had in Paris, and liked it.

(The Loved and the Lost, p. 162)

What Callaghan does lament, however, is the survival into the twentieth century of a frontier society's equation of human dignity with material wealth, the persistence of a kind of "garrison mentality"⁸ that preserves the status quo and the sacred right of property at the expense of social progress, and the "wet blanket of . . . conformity" that stifles the conscience of the nation.⁹ As Callaghan himself explains it, "a man's success is rarely measured by what he is in himself, but by his possessions."¹⁰ The spectacle of the hockey crowd's fury in the novel provides a frightening insight into the frozen nature of the moral attitudes struck by such a society, into the kind of intolerance which holds that the existing order is "beautiful," and that "anything that breaks the pattern is bad":

The ice was now a small white space at the bottom of a great black pit where sacrificial figures writhed, and on the vast slopes of the pit, a maniacal white-faced mob shrieked at the one with the innocent air who had broken the rules, and the one who tolerated the offence.

(The Loved and the Lost, pp. 163-65)

The irony is, of course, that such a system, one extolling the virtues of free enterprise and individual initiative, has hardened into conventional morality. By no means completely derogatory, Callaghan's opinion of the

cult of bourgeois individualism also acknowledges its strengths. The game dramatizes, for example, the masculine vigour and the energy of a competition-oriented society as well as the ruthlessness of the spirit of cut and thrust. But he finds it ironic, nevertheless, that aggressive self-seeking capitalism is suspicious of selfless Christianity and terrified by Peggy's example.

Although admitting that the "one state of mind we share . . . that of the businessman" is "historically inevitable in a middle class," Callaghan regards it as a perversion:

the old democratic bravado, that one man is as good as another . . . now means that the good citizen is embarrassed if anyone gets the impression that he is any different from his fellows.¹¹

He sees it as a form of "social sickness" that leads to "mediocrity" and to the state of cultural affairs where "anything unique and colorful in a man or his work is regarded uneasily."¹² Thus he insists in the novel that the distrust and jealousy universally generated by the unconventional mode of Peggy's life is unwarranted and relates the pressure to conform to the political origins of the country. Of what crime is Peggy guilty, save looking at the world for herself?

The social pessimism of Carver, for example, is regarded as typical, and is seen as a vestigial form of a "garrison mentality."¹³ While the term is Northrop

Frye's and is not used in the novel, Carver's apartment is referred to as a "fortress" (p. 1); the newspaper publisher comments that we must be ever watchful to preserve "the compact we enter into to protect our way of living" (p. 113); and the mountain is an obvious social barrier separating the Establishment world he inhabits from the rest of the city. Possibly necessary in a new society just establishing law and order amongst a diversity of peoples in a hostile environment, such an attitude, Callaghan contends, is now widely abused to preserve privilege, property, and the status quo. Clearly inadequate to the moral exigencies of contemporary society, social compact theories of human government, construed too simply as conventional morality and the rule of law and order, can not catch the real offender, as evidenced in the hockey game, for example, nor protect the innocent victim such as Peggy Sanderson, nor ensure the freedom of the individual. Indeed, the rule of law stands in grave danger, if taken too literally as the be-all and end-all of social justice, of denying the liberty it was devised to protect.¹⁴

Callaghan also indulges in The Loved and the Lost in a species of sociological comment and surveys the representative dreams and aspirations of three distinct generations of Canadians, the recently arrived immigrant, Wolgast, the child of the Depression and native-born son, Jim McAlpine, and the war baby, Peggy Sanderson. Avoiding

the danger of such explanation, self-justification, as it approaches case study, Callaghan's analysis suggests that Wolgast's cast of mind is fairly typical and explores the reasons for its persistence in society. McAlpine's personal history reflects its prevalence among well-educated members of the community, while Peggy's experience, which alone is unique, represents the hope of the future, the alternative of true individuality.

Aware that an individual's moral capabilities are largely a function of his economic and/or other social circumstances, Callaghan insists, nevertheless, upon a greater degree of freedom and moral responsibility than most of his characters are prepared to accept: the conflict of generations theory, the author suggests, is no excuse for self pity (p. 131), and his characters are continually confronted with the reality of choice. For both Wolgast and Jim McAlpine in turn, Peggy embodies that choice. Thus Callaghan compares the secret desires of the heart with the individual's moral opportunities and assesses the need for social progress. If Wolgast's success is a credit to the land of opportunity, his defence of the status quo spells the doom of the democratic experiment; if McAlpine's career demonstrates that upward mobility is still possible in the vertical mosaic, it also reveals that the price of such achievement may well be one's integrity. Peggy's untimely death is the saddest reflection of all; it illustrates the sad fate of the individual

conscience in opposition to the conventional dream.

Certainly Wolgast's dearest ambition, understandable though it is, inhibits his moral imagination with respect to the rights of others. As restaurant proprietor and new Canadian, he embodies the original vision of the new world as a place of political freedom and opportunity; as a fugitive from his father's state of serfdom and abject poverty, he considers himself lucky to be alive in a land where he is permitted to own and enjoy the fruits of his own labour. Much is made of his father's dying advice and his recurrent dream of someday possessing his own "white horse" (pp. 153-55). While not positively malign, his morality is limited and self-regarding, a simplistic version of capitalist individualism, composed solely of the ethics of hard work and self-determination, bluntly defined as the right to make and keep a buck (p. 156). He thus refuses Peggy's moral challenge (albeit apologetically) to admit and serve Negroes in his establishment, pleading the right to defend his property and the necessity of protecting a profitable business. Clearly the words "freedom" and "human dignity" have meaning only for himself, and the sacred rights of property come before those of other people.

Jim McAlpine also fails Peggy miserably, but he represents, as a native born Canadian, the moral confusion of Callaghan's own generation. Able to recognize truth

intuitively, and supposedly a liberal thinker, McAlpine has neither the courage of his emotional convictions nor the common sense to follow his instinctive faith in people such as Peggy against the dictates of logic and reason, his unhappy insights into the materialistic and conventional way his world wags, or his unfortunate familiarity with fashionable contemporary analyses of the human soul and personality. Entertaining as an intellectual the myth of his independence and objectivity, he represents in fact the conventional type of Canadian mentality only too eager to conform to establishment values and made more anxious to succeed by the Depression and a stint of wartime service overseas. Excluded in childhood from the privileged world beyond "the hedge" by an accident of economics (p. 8), Jim seeks social acceptance as an adult in terms of his society's equation of material wealth and status, his appetite for worldly success only whetted by a homesick soldier's illusory vision of a return to a peacetime world of light and hope (pp. 69-70).

Aware that his soul's salvation and the survival of his dignity, freedom, and self-respect lie in following his heart to Peggy's world rather than his head to Catherine Carver's, he is unable either temperamentally (he is a puritan), or by virtue of his training (Callaghan elsewhere accuses Canadian academics of being trained to look at the world through someone else's eyes),¹⁵ or by reason of

experience (the Depression, and World War One), to risk the journey into the realm of individual conscience and responsibility. In this regard he is no better than Wolgast. Uneasy at Peggy's lack of concern about appearance, convention, and career, he begins at first to attack, with the sense of self-righteousness associated with misplaced puritanism, the chaos of her outward condition in an attempt to remake her in his own image. Unable finally to accept her on her own terms, or to sustain his faith in her, he ironically abandons her in her one real hour of need. So much for his much vaunted sense of academic integrity, tolerance of a variety of points of view, and his ability to make "adventurous choices" (p. 28).

Educated liberal or not, McAlpine and his conscience are as bedevilled by dreams of material wealth and social acceptance as were Wolgast's before him; both immigrant and intellectual sensibilities are alike discomfited by the reality of a choice which involves risk or deviation from conventional norms. McAlpine's vacillation is the more culpable. Since his comprehension of himself, his society, and the moral issues is much greater than Wolgast's, so is his guilt. Callaghan condemns in McAlpine's conformity and lack of faith the intellectual cowardice of the nation.

Both Wolgast's and McAlpine's dreams contrast sharply with Peggy Sanderson's moral vision and with the

unconventional nature of her riverside existence. As the youngest character in the novel, she represents the moral potential of the latest post-war generation of Canadians, those fortunate enough to have been born in an era of relative affluence and stability. As Callaghan explores that potential, he continually exploits the inherent dichotomy of the city's natural geography. The contrast between mountain and river is an objective correlative for the choice he sees confronting Canada, the choice between sterility and social progress.

Peggy's vision is essentially Callaghan's own. As ex-university student and daughter of a Methodist minister, she ironically eschews both the rationalist faith of the intellectual community (she is a former pupil of McAlpine's), and the hypocrisy of her father's belief (religion made socially acceptable), relying instead upon her own apprehension of human nature and a personal brand of situational ethics, a combination in roughly equal parts of absolute trust in her own "whirling-away feeling" (p. 83) and rigorous adherence to the Christian ethic of love. Contemptuous of prescriptive morality, what is referred to as the "rule book" (p. 94), she consistently ignores public opinion and conventional morality alike.

Indeed, the most encouraging aspect of Peggy's moral posture, as far as Callaghan is concerned, is her independence from conformity and her determined rejection of

cant. Unlike Wolgast and McAlpine, true sons of their fathers and products of their environment, Peggy accepts the challenge of moral choice and the necessity of making her own judgments. Instead of passively concurring with received opinion, whether social, intellectual, or religious in authority, she resolutely follows her own lights. She is ultimately, in fact, not so much a representative of the younger generation as the novel's only individual. Characters like Catherine Carver, for example, do not possess her moral courage. Undoubtedly circumstances have made her kind of integrity easier since she has not experienced either poverty or political tyranny, and a case could be made for her behaviour as reaction to a father's failure and guilt, but she herself has made it finally possible. And her decision to disregard convention is made in full consciousness of the daring thing she does:

Try doing something in your own way
 sometime Try having your own
 notion of your own integrity, and see
 what happens. Everybody takes a turn
 cracking at you. They'll break their
 backs trying to bring you in line
 (The Loved and the Lost, p. 121)

Callaghan recognizes that "there's a white horse for everybody. Call it possessions—security—a dream . . ." (p. 170), but while the rest of society, in full flight from the moral imperative of individual conscience, pursues socially acceptable but false gods, Peggy alone dares to be what she chooses, is sincerely interested in the welfare of others,

and simply offers herself (p. 93).

Peggy's lifestyle represents, of course, a deliberate opting out of society on her part and a repudiation of its values. Taking no thought for the future, social convention or public opinion, for her appearance, possessions, or career, she practises the difficult ideals of self-abnegation and simple existence instead of the competitiveness, aggressive self-interest, and materialism which characterize the rest of society. Her moral choice is reflected in her physical surroundings: having rejected the well-ordered but materialistic world of limited and objective moral values so perfectly imaged in the physical fact of Montreal's Establishment mountain, she inhabits instead the inchoate, insubstantial, essentially limitless realm of the human heart and spirit so neglected in Canadian society, and symbolized, therefore, by the riverside world of the city's dispossessed.

The social significance of the setting is made clear on the novel's first page:

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.

(The Loved and the Lost, p. 1)

The hard, unyielding rock of Montreal's mountain is a straightforward comment on the natural limitations of unbridled materialism as a national gospel; it also reflects the enormity of the social monolith of convention in

opposition to the individual conscience and the weight of public opinion ranged against the citizen who dares to be different. Such symbolism also suggests the terrible cost to society of such a rigid moral posture: the mountain of established custom and class obstructs the natural flow of the river of change and ultimately prevents social progress.

Although the mountaintop realm of Montreal's Establishment represents the acme of personal achievement, it is essentially a closed world of narrowminded people more concerned with security and self-aggrandisement than with either the advancement of others less fortunate or the progress of society as a whole. As such it stands in direct opposition—indeed, it overshadows—the riverside world inhabited by Peggy, an essentially open-ended realm of flux and change, representing at once the moral potential of the individual and the possibility of society's evolution.

Doubtless the security of life lived according to the conventions and middle-class wisdom of the majority is attractive. Certainly Callaghan makes no secret of the risks inherent in the ongoing quest for personal vision, particularly in a society as intolerant of individual difference as he obviously believes Canada to be. One has only to recall, for example, the nature of Peggy's sad fate. And the river image itself suggests that the development of personal insight is, by definition, perpetual. But the alternative of the status quo defended by the

Establishment mountain is a rigidly prescriptive system that amounts willy-nilly to tyranny.

Founded in the first instance upon sound enough legal principles, the logic of political compromise and the order of practical business sense, and designed originally to protect the rights of the individual and the welfare of society as a whole, bourgeois democracy, as it is practised in latter-day Canada, has degenerated in Callaghan's eyes into the rule of social convention. And the price of such conformity, the novel makes clear, is stultification and slavery. The humiliating bondages experienced by Carver's employees (p. 67) form an excellent example of this, as does the sacrifice of integrity exacted from Jim. Peggy alone possesses the solution to the nation's dilemma. Representing the hope of the individual conscience in defiance of social authority, she demonstrates by her life and her death not only that true freedom and human dignity are spiritual realities beyond political system, social prestige or material wealth, but also that they can only be protected by the process of becoming and change. Since the creative evolution of a nation is only guaranteed by the "adventurous choices" of its citizens, as McAlpine himself ironically points out (p. 28), society must ever be on guard to encourage self-criticism and individuality.

On the face of it at least, novels such as The Loved and the Lost seem to imply a view of society that in

moral terms is democratic. Peggy Sanderson throws in her lot, after all, with the proletariat, when she decides to become a crimper at a "shoe polish and lighter fluid factory" (p. 78), and Jim McAlpine's upward strivings are clearly mocked. Peggy defends her decision, moreover, in words which echo Callaghan's own. One recalls, for example, the author's defence of his "straphanging" heroes¹⁶ in Peggy's assessment of her fellow workers:

You know, Jim, each one of those girls has a secret ambition that tells a lot about them.

(The Loved and the Lost, p. 80)

Indeed, the author has a story by the same name, "A Girl with Ambition."¹⁷ Peggy's arguments against Jim McAlpine also sound Callaghanesque. In reply, for example, to his suggestion that her choice of occupation is inappropriate for someone of her "education, training, [and] refinement," she replies:

Not to me, Jim. I like these people.
To you it's like riding third class.
Well, I find that more interesting
usually than riding first class.

(The Loved and the Lost, p. 81)

Callaghan himself would probably argue that the novel was destructive of such concepts as race and class. There are attempts, for example, in the closing pages, to distribute blame evenly all around: "What if we all did it? The human condition. That has truth, don't you think?" (The Loved and the Lost, p. 230). And he complains that the work has been stupidly read:

Well, I wrote a book [The Loved and the Lost] in which the Negroes of course are a belittled people, but my point that emerged out of the book and which was very disturbing to everybody and quite unsatisfactory, was that the Negroes, of course, being men, had the nature of men, and white men had their nature, and it was the same human nature. You see, what people didn't understand was that I was really uniting black and white. They didn't understand that I was really writing a book completely destructive of class valuations.¹⁸

One suspects ambivalence, nevertheless. Apart from the fact that observations on Peggy's part to the effect that "when people are poor they have to accept each other sooner or later" (The Loved and the Lost, p. 79) are nothing if not sentimental, one detects paternalism in the author's concern. Certainly the lower orders do not fare very well in the novels, despite the author's sympathy for their plight. Those of his characters who do achieve a measure of success, men such as Michael Aikenhead, Harry Lane, and Sam Raymond, are invariably members of the middle class, and Peggy herself is no exception in this regard. Indeed, it is probably significant that Mike Kon's moral development in The Many Colored Coat—he is the son of an immigrant, a tailor, and a self-made man—merely parallels but does not equal Harry Lane's own.

Callaghan's views about education are also contradictory. Although he appears on the one hand to be profoundly anti-intellectual, he witnesses in his work on

the other to the moral advantages of an education. Characters like John Hughes, Harry Lane, and Sam Raymond, for example, all enjoy a modicum of learning (in marked contrast to the moral obtuseness that seems to go hand in hand with the intellectual simplicities of Harry Trotter, Fr. Dowling, and Kip Caley), and Peggy Sanderson herself is an ex-student. Thus, although heroes like Michael Aikenhead are led to redemption by much simpler souls than themselves (by Anna Prychoda in Michael's case), it is trained intelligence that seems to ensure success. Moreover, one of the novels, The Varsity Story, is entirely given over to extolling the virtues of higher education. It is true that Callaghan distinguishes between wisdom and knowledge—scientists are particularly prone to confuse the two, in his view—and he is always the enemy of the specialist, but on the whole he sings the praises of alma mater, the University of Toronto, and celebrates the life of the mind. In particular, he makes a strong case for a liberal education in the arts.

Ultimately, one wonders how seriously to take the suggestion of Peggy's lifestyle as an alternative ideal. The novel itself raises the question of her motives, and there are hints that her tastes are perverse. Tone, perhaps, provides a more accurate indication of the author's intentions in this matter. Compare, for example, the dignity he permits Peggy Sanderson with the self-deception

he insists is Jim's:

"I understand," she said gently. There was a silence. With a compassionate understanding, she was letting him keep his belief in his good faith.

But she had a new calmness. She raised her head with a shy dignity. The loveliness in her steady eyes and the strange calmness revealed that she knew he had betrayed himself and her, and that at last she was left alone.

In the moment's silence he tried to grasp what was revealed in her eyes; he almost felt it, but it was lost to him in the anguish of deeper uncertainty about her acceptance of the honesty of his belief that he did not want to cheapen her.

(The Loved and the Lost, p. 202)

The irony rebounds upon Jim's head. Which is not to say that Callaghan endorses Peggy's choices, but rather that Jim McAlpine is the target in this case. In fact, one suspects the author leaves the question of Peggy's innocence open because he is more concerned to make the point that Jim's faithfulness might have saved her, and that Peggy exists, therefore, not so much as a democratic ideal, but as the embodiment of someone who dares to be what she chooses.

In truth, Callaghan seems to be balanced somewhat precariously between a liberal view of the common man that is naive, and an ideal of a cultural elite, and in either case, his views are far from egalitarian. Hardly surprising in view of the importance he attaches to art.

If The Loved and the Lost is Callaghan's most ambitious piece of social criticism, his next novel, The Many Colored Coat (1961), sheds important light upon what the author has referred to as the "puritan temper" of the country.¹⁹ A résumé for the most part of earlier insights, the novel contains strong echoes of More Joy in Heaven's portrait of a money-mad society, but it is the crass materialism of an affluent and newly 'admass' society that Callaghan exposes here, and the novel bears closest comparison with The Loved and the Lost. Both works lament the conventional cast of the businessman's mind; if anything conformity has grown worse in a society dominated by the profit motive and the pressures of mass advertising. The typical citizen of the consumer society is seen to be obsessed with public appearances and the careful cultivation of image.

The Many Colored Coat also resembles The Loved and the Lost in the relative complexity of its insights. In the historico-religious perspective which is brought to bear on the problem, society is divided between the representatives of old money, Establishment figures in the main who defend conventional morality, and the makers of new money, the nouveaux riches. It is suggested that the cynicism of the latter is the result of the former's hypocrisy, and behind all of society's moral straits is seen to lie the weight of its puritan past.

Callaghan has remarked upon the puritan inheritance before. His first novel, Strange Fugitive, exposes the ethic of hard work and the repressed sexuality found so unattractive by Harry Trotter. Maydale is meant to represent the virtues of small-town Ontario to which it is impossible to return, and the short happy life of Harry's father exists as a kind of caution. The landlord in It's Never Over, Mr. Errington, is referred to as a "hard puritan" (p. 119); and part of McAlpine's problem with Peggy in The Loved and the Lost is caused by his puritan temperament. Proudly self-disciplined and ambitious, Jim cannot reconcile himself to the careless abandon of her lifestyle, nor can Sam Raymond in similar circumstances in A Passion in Rome (p. 140). Certainly at the root of the author's quarrel with Western Christianity is the puritanical nature of that vision, but only in The Many Colored Coat does Callaghan examine the limitations of the puritan conscience and relate the phenomenon to the vagaries of the businessman's mentality. He explores the survival of North American puritanism in conventional morality and the latter-day business practices of a frankly commercial society.

It is the moral failure of contemporary society that Callaghan exposes in The Many Colored Coat, the world of profits, P.R. men, and public images, in which appearances are almost always deceiving and in which a serious

discrepancy exists between a man's material success and the unhappy state of his conscience. The novel's characters, both major and minor, are representatives of either old or new money; despite differences of approach, the objectives of each are less than charitable; and all are conspicuously unsuccessful in their personal lives. Callaghan is candid about his theme:

in my own way I'm against the success man. You know the great American myth is the Myth of Success. A man owns eight or nine newspapers and five or six breweries and eight or nine million dollars, and ends up by committing suicide. This is immoral by any of our American standards, this is utterly immoral because he's a success. But in some way he's a complete failure as a man. I'm interested in why the mental hospitals are full. And somehow or other it has to do with this business of being alive as a man in the world—which is quite a different business than the making of a lot of dough.²⁰

And in addition to his characters in The Many Colored Coat, Jay Hillquist and Andrew Aikenhead in They Shall Inherit the Earth, Senator Maclean in More Joy in Heaven, and the journalist, Koster, in A Passion in Rome, are all examples of the phenomenon, success achieved at the expense of the heart and spirit.

The spotlight falls first in The Many Colored Coat on the vague confusion of the bank manager, Scotty Bowman. Apparently the soul of moral probity and sound financial sense, he is bored, unhappily married, and a philanderer, consumed by passions and secret fantasies of money, power,

and sex. It moves quickly, however, to include the whole of his society, and a catalogue of Scotty's clientele defines both the bank manager and his milieu:

Most of his bank customers came from this metropolitan neighborhood of hotels, depots, trust companies, insurance offices, big and small businesses and nightclubs and restaurants. The people, his customers, were executives, professional men, shopkeepers and entertainers, whores and bookies.
(The Many Colored Coat, p. 9)

By the time of the trial, not only Bowman, but all of his fellow citizens, stand accused of fraud and misrepresentation.

Scotty's obsession with the material manifestation and outward sign of success and achievement is not unusual in his society. The appearances of life—the money, expensive clothes, good food, and attractive women which are generally equated with the good things of life—influence public opinion, as is amply demonstrated in the courtroom scene. Although similar to the use he made of the hockey match in The Loved and the Lost, Callaghan's survey here of the spectators and jury at the trial leads him to different conclusions. Materialistic and predominately businessmen, the jury is no better than the society from which it is drawn, and the concern of both with status and appearances now borders upon obsession:

The troubled and wondering shopkeepers and small businessmen stood in little groups, all wearing their good suits out of respect to Scotty whose integrity they had always admired. Near the courtroom door, two tall neat bond salesmen, friends of Harry Lane's,

looked around at the others with some amusement. "Look at those two Chinamen. Notice anything funny about them?" the taller one said. . . . "You mean they look alike?" . . . "No, not that. Neither one is wearing a hat that seems to fit him properly. Look." . . .

Miss Stokes, in an open black coat, standing self-consciously by herself, had just come back from the Laurentians. She was staring at two blondes, two young women who had small savings accounts in Scotty's bank. One was a hat-check girl and the other danced in a night club. Frowning, Miss Stokes furtively tucked her yellow scarf under the fold of her coat; it was the same kind of yellow scarf the girl with the big red mouth was wearing. . . . The Chinese sat in one row and the shopkeepers who knew each other kept together in another. They all seemed to know where they belonged.

(pp. 64-67)

Class consciousness has alarmingly increased; conformity has become a neurotic anxiety; and conscious dissembling is the rule. Clothes, unfortunately, do make the man:

Pale as he was, [Harry Lane] still had his distinguished air. He wore a navy blue suit and a white shirt and a blue tie with a thin red stripe in it. Scotty, too, had on a good blue suit, but it didn't look like Harry's.

(p. 72)

Things are never what they seem:

Two matrons from Westmount . . . gossiped in English accents that did not come from England.

(p. 64)

And this form of social sickness, simply silly in the main, is endemic and highly contagious. Callaghan makes the point with metaphor:

The corridor [outside the courtroom where Scotty Bowman was to be tried for embezzlement] began to smell of wet cloth and rubbers and there was a lot of coughing. The weather had been bad all week. A mild flu epidemic, an influenza that started with a head cold and coughing was prevalent.
(p. 65)

Small wonder some members of society experience serious attacks. Harry Lane confuses the art of human relationships with Public Relations and attempts to buy both friendship and respect; Scotty Bowman, in turn, grows envious when he should be flattered and manipulates love for material gain; Mike Kon rushes to serious judgment on superficial evidence; and all three hasten to avenge the loss of precious reputation heedless of the cost to someone else or the true nature of human dignity.

But materialism and lack of awareness are not all that ail society. While willingness to mistake form for content betrays the emptiness of the general life, society also suffers from "the disease of the Christian conscience" (p. 174). As we have seen, Callaghan is preoccupied with the Christian vision and, in a sense, defines himself against it. He disassociates himself, in particular, from the puritan tradition of Mother Church. His analysis grows complicated here. Distinguishing between two orders of men in contemporary society, between citizens who suffer from an excess of conscience, those "terrible men of old" (p. 313), and those who possess none at all, a new breed,

he relates their moral differences to the schism he discerns between the representatives of old and new money. Although power increasingly resides with the newcomers in the novel, a clear departure from the state of moral affairs depicted ten years earlier in The Loved and the Lost, the faults of the Establishment are still uppermost in Callaghan's mind. There is a suggestion that the former's hypocrisy contributes to the cynicism of the latter, and, in a real sense, he considers the present to be the fault of the past. If spiritual values are virtually nonexistent among the members of the new society, it is because those of their elders are outmoded and have been since the nation's beginning. While the materialism of "the age of the slobs" (p. 179) is lamented, it is of secondary importance here, as the principle source of confusion is traced to the nation's pioneer past. Such arguments are related to the author's criticism of the Church: if the Church's power is waning, it is old-fashioned attitudes towards human sexuality that are the cause of disaffection in contemporary man.

All of the characters in the novel belong to one of two social groups, to either the dwindling ranks of the Establishment or the growing members of the nouveaux riches, and their attitudes toward money and morality are closely related to the length of their enjoyment of power, property, and prestige. They are either unscrupulous businessmen like

Max Sweetman and Olgivie, who, as members of Montreal's fiercely competitive commercial, financial, and advertising worlds, shamelessly scramble to amass still greater profits at whatever the cost to family and friends, or Establishment figures drawn from the respectable professions (such as Judge Morris, the banker, Scotty Bowman, and the lawyer, Quimet) who pay lip service to conventional morality, smugly secure in their sense of propriety, traditional social position, and/or inherited wealth, and who look self-righteously askance at the newcomers' more blatant forms of materialism and upward striving.²¹

In reality there is not much to choose between them. If the one worries primarily about a loss of profits, the other fears a loss of face, and the priorities of both groups are questionable. Both put business and reputation so firmly before their success as men that their family lives are universally failures. The Bowman marriage dies a slow death from boredom and neglect, and while the "perfect quiet family understanding" of the Morrises (p. 198) masks sexual inadequacy and stultification, the Sweetmans indulge in open hostility, completely dispensing with pretense.

Both sides respond to moral quandary in a similarly unsatisfactory fashion. The Morrises and the Sweetmans, representatives respectively of the old versus the new sense of values, both dismiss Harry Lane at the first breath of

public scandal with scarcely a thought for either his future or the merits of the case. Judge Morris is far more concerned with the damage done the family honour than with the feelings of his daughter, while Max, as head of the Sweetman dynasty, puts the possibility of harm to the family business before loyalty to a friend. At one point Olgivie bluntly acknowledges his ethical nihilism:

Who cares about my ethics, and my nice points of honour, and my goddamned integrity if they know I'm in the great American image? The nice guy making a buck. Nobody cares about these other matters. It's the age of the slobs.
(p. 179)

If Olgivie as a businessman is distressingly cynical, Scotty Bowman as a banker is a hypocrite; neither honour nor charity survives among them.

Callaghan does distinguish between hypocrisy and nihilism, however, in the sense that one is the cause of the other, and to that end he devotes the major portion of the novel to analysis of Establishment values. Content merely to remark the cynicism of the nouveaux riches which he regards as a kind of frankness, if perverse, he concentrates instead upon the fraudulence of the established moral order, carefully placing conventional morality in a puritan context and relating it to the country's pioneer past.

Certainly he makes the moribund state of present day Establishment morals and mores everywhere apparent. In

contrast to the dynamic (if ruthless) energy exhibited by the Sweetmans, Olgivie, and even Mike Kon in the novel, Westmount society is characteristically portrayed as lifeless, ossified, and dull: the Morris house is a sterile "mausoleum" located on a street significantly devoid of children and a poor route for a breadman (p. 18); neighbours nervously await the return of "delinquent" daughters and brothers who urinate on the lawn (p. 19); and Mollie complains that "codified" opinions are "smothering her" (p. 199). But Callaghan also takes care to relate contemporary problems to the nation's past. As in The Loved and the Lost, Canada is still a young country with a predominately immigrant population, and to that end, he notes the puritan and pioneer credentials of nearly all of his Establishment characters.

An article entitled "The Ontario Story: Paradox of Progress," written some five years before The Many Colored Coat, illuminates the novel in this regard. Opening with the remark "you meet Ontario all over Canada," ²² the piece contains observations about the social origins of that province that are remarkably similar to those made in the novel about the Anglo-Saxon Establishment of Montreal. Isolating the paradox which he discerns between an older Ontario and the new boom province, Callaghan compares the "kind of sedate, orderly and pleasantly businesslike puritanism" of the original settlers of the small towns with the

"aggressive, progressive note" of the big city "Ontario businessman"²³ in a manner which corresponds very closely to the differences he explores in The Many Colored Coat between the representatives of old and new money.

He also remarks in the article upon the diversity of the national and religious "strains" that "have shaped the life of Ontario." Finding it "odd" that they should have "found something in common that shows in the lives of most Ontario people today," he equates that something with the province's puritan "temper." Even Catholics are said to be puritans: they "fitted easily into the puritan mode, for they were the products of Irish Jansenism, a kind of Catholic puritanism."²⁴

Callaghan mentions specifically the influence of "the English reform movement," "the influx of Scottish Presbyterians," "the rise of the Methodist middle class," and the arrival of the Irish Catholics in the 1840's;²⁵ it is significant, therefore, that Establishment figures in the novel are each carefully made to represent one of these founding groups. The Morrisises, who have risen in society, are predictably middle-class English Methodists, and their daughter, Mollie, describes herself as "a little puritan" (p. 100). Scotty Bowman is said to possess the "Calvinistic soul" of a true Scot (p. 101), and the defence lawyer, Ouimet, a French Canadian, is a "Catholic puritan" as well (p. 109). Even the Irish are not forgotten, for

the priest to whom Harry goes for solace is identified as an Irish Catholic. Close to the pioneer stock everyone, the Establishment characters of The Many Colored Coat are puritans all.

The point of all this is Callaghan's desire to discredit the puritan conscience. Bowman's suicide is seen as a "monstrous" form of "egotism" (p. 117) directly attributable to his Calvinistic conscience, and the folly of the Morrises' attempt to make virtue out of sexual failure is also laid at the same door. While the account of their wedding night is sympathetic, it is clear that impotence and ignorance such as theirs cannot easily be disguised as "a rare fastidiousness that showed they weren't of common clay" (p. 95).

In general Callaghan resists the puritanical temper for the same reasons that he quarrels with Western Christianity: he finds it dispiriting and unrealistic. He sees surviving in conventional morality the same combination of impossible idealism and profound pessimism about human nature that so exacerbates the Christian conscience, which ends by making ethics unliveable and leads eventually to despair. Scotty takes his own life out of "terrible disappointment in himself" (p. 133), and there is little to distinguish his poor opinion of self (save the loss of life) from those expressed by "a scrupulously honest . . . man of principle" like Ouimet (p. 109), or by Olgivie, who is

devoid of any at all. Indeed, the novel suggests that cynicism is the result of despair. Like "a cynical priest in love with guilt," the lawyer reduces all motivation to "egotism" (pp. 111-12), while the businessman argues "It's the age of the slobs" (p. 179); nowhere does simple faith in the human spirit survive.

In large part an argument against judgment on behalf of awareness and mercy, the novel also attacks what Callaghan considers to be the nation's naive preoccupation with moral absolutes, with punishment and reward. As an aspect of the puritan conscience now associated with conformity, with obsessive concern for public appearances, and with the preservation of the status quo, the passionate thirst for justice is repudiated as perverse.

Advocating realism instead, a combination in roughly equal parts of the spiritual insight of Chris, the Christian, and the more carnal knowledge of Annie Laurie, Callaghan suggests it is possible to achieve balance, what is referred to in the novel as "self-possession" or "fatalistic acceptance," by resolving not to "look for angels in people" (p. 244). Instead of Mike Kon's kind of "Konscience" (p. 174), typically self-righteous and vengeful, he develops in Harry Lane the alternative of understanding that is humble and self-aware.

Whereas Kon, subscribing uncritically to the national ethos, is an unreliable "Witness" (p. 252),

appointing himself, in effect, both judge and jury at the trial, Harry grows increasingly self-critical and relinquishes his day in court. Far from rushing to judgment nor yet dissolving in despair, he realizes that innocence as a concept is harmful and seeks "a new world" of human relationships instead (p. 314). It is clear that the puritanical conscience is outmoded, a legacy of those "terrible men of old" (p. 313), and the hope that is entertained for the future depends upon New Testament virtues. Turning his back upon his society, upon morality conceived of as law, Harry remains hopeful of human possibility, convinced that mercy should be his guide. Once again, conclusions such as these say something about Callaghan's attitudes towards religion and the Church. While the relevance of the message is not doubted, the medium frequently distorts. In a passage which prefigures his own eventual resolve, Harry mocks prudence and scruples:

Prudence! Scruples! The disease of the Christian conscience. On this—well, call Walter Kehoe. It's quite relevant. The man had joined one of the Christian orders and had become so full of scruples it had been an agony for him to have any kind of a relationship with anyone, and one day at one of the Order's cross-country races he had started out fast, got far out in front and kept on running and they had never heard of him again.
(p. 174)

And in a clear reference to Old Testament figures, he describes "that host of terrible men of old who walked in wounded righteousness demanding the vengeance of the Lord

on those who had wounded them" (p. 313). Materialism and conformity are rejected for similar reasons: the quest Harry has embarked upon is spiritual and must be completed alone.

The tendency noted in The Many Colored Coat, in which criticism of society is related to a spiritual quest, is not unusual in Callaghan's fiction, and for the most part his quarrel with his country grows out of his interest in art. Despite historical and sociological resonances, most of his insights (except perhaps for the importance he attaches to "the puritan temper") are neither new nor particularly perceptive. North American materialism is the enemy of any artist concerned with the preservation of spiritual values; the success phenomenon must have been especially galling to a young author struggling to realize his talent without benefit of moral support; and conformity, of course, is anathema to a writer who prizes individuality. Callaghan admits as much himself. Describing with disarming ingenuousness his struggles with a sense of artistic failure, he ridicules with some bitterness the "fantastically limited view of personal success" current among businessmen in his community, and it is clear that it is deeply resented:

If a man is a financial success they
seek him out, cultivate him, hope some
of his success will rub off on them.
That such a man may be a dreadful failure
in all his personal relationships, un-
able to love, avoided by his children,

neurotic, in and out of sanitoriums, and after the day's work is done, calling for the bottle just as he did when an infant, doesn't upset the nervous success boys at all. They regard him with indulgent amusement, an interesting, colorful, comrade, loaded with ulcers, who merely happens to have the shakes.²⁶

Even the puritan temper of the country is lamented as much for the special reasons of the artist as for ones of moral philosophy. Not only is art regarded as a luxury wherever the ethics of hard work obtain, but the drama, gaiety, and local color so dear to the novelist's heart are woefully missing from the lives of characters preeminently sober, respectable, and sedate. In Luke Baldwin's Vow, for example, Callaghan is at pains to point out that people like Uncle Henry who represent the "good practical view of things" (p. 29) so admired in Canadian society can often "[dominate] and [flatten] out the lives of others" (p. 187), and he insists with his hero that it is necessary "to protect all that is truly valuable from the practical people in the world" (p. 187). What is remarkable, however, is the extent to which such prejudice prevails. Obsessed as much by the quality of their creative imagination as by his characters' spiritual health, Callaghan comes perilously close to equating the collapse of Canada's moral fibre with the national indifference to art.

Certainly Callaghan considers Canadians to be a dull, prosaic lot. He notes that "the people of a province

[like Ontario]. . . aren't the gayest and most colorful people in the world,"²⁷ and laments the fact in one of his novels that "the dreamer, the tortured soul [is] rare among them" (The Varsity Story, p. 76). Despite the grandeur of the landscape and extremes of climate that might reasonably be expected to impart "poetry, a wildness or a harsh strength," the national character as described by Arthur Tyndall is distinguished only by its "dismal lack of passion," "a peculiar mildness and a lack of true affability and charm" (The Varsity Story, p. 11).

Moreover, Callaghan finds conditions in the country far from favourable for art. "No happy hunting group for the wildeyed dreamer,"²⁸ Canada is "[quivering] with respectability,"²⁹ "sinking soggily into complete mediocrity," and lacking in "a lunatic fringe."³⁰ Convinced that poetry and social progress can only be ensured by people who dare to be different (like Peggy Sanderson in The Loved and the Lost), he deplores dullness and conformity; calls for "a new special class, men of leisure and reflective idleness and enough social assurance to go against the common grain";³¹ and even berates bodies as august as the Canada Council for their failure to encourage new talent.³² As suspicious of innovation and experiment as the rest of their countrymen, even those citizens with a professional interest in Canadian culture, such as academics and intellectuals, reflect the fundamental philistinism of the nation. As one of his

characters, an aspiring young novelist in The Varsity Story, explains:

What you're dealing with . . . is a failure of the imagination all around us. Maybe it's a failure to put any value on the imagination. It's the Canadian condition.

(The Varsity Story, p. 79)

The novels reflect philistinism as well. Equating insight with aesthetic endeavor everywhere in his work, it is especially in his analysis of Canadian character that Callaghan reveals the overwhelming importance he attaches to art. Concerned as always to demonstrate the unfailing connection between artistic indifference and a lack of moral awareness, he goes so far as to suggest that one is the cause of the other.

In a general way, all three of the novels examined above confront the quality of the Canadian imagination. In each, the deliberate use of visual symbol, such as the spectacle of the ice capades in More Joy in Heaven, the hockey game in The Loved and the Lost, and the trial and the coat itself in The Many Colored Coat, is a reflection upon the values of society and the degree of incomprehension that exists. Very often the hero alone is aware of the significance of what he sees. The ironies of More Joy in Heaven are directed at the general lack of comprehension, but it is not until The Loved and the Lost and The Many Colored Coat that the connection between insight and aesthetic appreciation is made clear. Callaghan's latest

novel, A Passion in Rome, represents, as we have seen, the apotheosis of the theme, but is not, properly speaking, a novel of social criticism. It is worth pointing out, however, that here the virtues of insight and imaginative awareness are carried to their logical extreme. Not only is the hero, Sam Raymond, an artist, but he defines himself and his personal vision in opposition to the glories of Rome. Ironically enough, it is his appreciation of Michelangelo's greatness which forces upon him the recognition of his own professional failure, but it leads to the mending of his ways. Moreover, his subsequent tour of Roman art treasures, his visits to the Colisseum, and the Papal funeral at St. Peter's, all serve to strengthen his resolve. The point is certainly not obscure. It is the imaginative apprehension of reality that redeems and saves.

In More Joy in Heaven Callaghan sets his own subtle exploration of moral paradox and the ironic significance of Kip's heroics against the naive simplicities of the general understanding of their meaning. Although Kip's release from prison is construed as a challenge to "the town's imagination" (p. 47) by Senator Maclean, and Kip considers himself to be embarked upon "a strangely exciting intellectual adventure" (p. 47), it quickly becomes apparent that only maudlin sentimentality and sensationalism appeal to the Canadian masses. Newspaper stories applaud his audacity and people like the Senator delude themselves with the

notion that they are "following [their] intuition for doing the thing that touched the inarticulate aspirations of millions of people" (p. 11); sermons are entitled "Kip Caley—A Change of Heart" (p. 50); and even the most casual of conversations turns upon his "moral grandeur" (p. 49). The appeal of his exploits is specious, and melodrama is more attractive than truth.

The relationship between conscience and sensibility is even more apparent in The Loved and the Lost. Here respect for art is made a measure of a man's humanity, and it is Foley, who has himself sacrificed both marriage and poetry to career, who suggests that the key to the hero's character lies in his sketches (The Loved and the Lost, p. 70). At once a sign of some sort of superior insight and an index of its shortcomings, McAlpine's pencil drawings of his girlfriends reflect the clumsiness of his attempts at social intercourse and his unfortunate attitudes toward women. His efforts to capture on paper and fix forever the essence of Peggy's character, for example, betray the arrogance of his rather intellectual approach to human relationships, the possessiveness of his interest, and a lack of respect for the mysterious otherness of his subject. Catherine Carver and her father are guilty of a similar irreverence. They buy paintings as an investment and to match their apartment's decor, and the same kind of pride of possession is evident in their dealings with people.

It is, however, Jim's casual comparison of Peggy to a china figurine, a telling comment not only upon his attitude toward women but also his feelings about art, which establishes the closeness of the connection between the two:

Now he knew she had always belonged in his own world. She looked like an exquisite little figurine done with a delicate grace and belonging in some china cabinet.

(The Loved and the Lost, p. 125)

Peggy is undoubtedly a thing of beauty in the hero's eyes, but a sexual object nonetheless, and one he would prefer to fit gracefully into his own scheme of things rather than render the appropriate respect, much, in fact, like a prized objet d'art admired more as decoration and status symbol than as a work of creation possessed of its own irreducible integrity. Elsewhere in the novel Callaghan associates poetry with "the mysterious disorder of [Peggy's] life," and suggests that it is the chaos that his hero most fears. As a typically staid Canadian striving for "self-control," McAlpine confesses that he could never understand "the disturbing glow of a poetry in [her life] . . . alien as it was to his nature and shattering to his soul" (p. 107).

By the time of The Many Colored Coat, the characters themselves are making an explicit connection between the absence of spiritual values in society and the widespread indifference to art. Max Sweetman, for example, is forced to acknowledge that ours is "not an age of poetry" (p. 123) when confronted with the cynicism of his family, and

everywhere in the novel there is a startling symbiosis between the moral and creative imagination of the characters. Judge Morris' responses to Michelangelo are as "codified" as his opinions about everything else (p. 199), and when Max's wife mocks his "nice liberal sentimentality" (p. 116), she is said to be without "a goddamn line of poetry" in her soul (p. 123).

More than merely symptomatic, philistinism is seen as the cause of moral decay. Certainly the collapse of Scotty Bowman is hastened by the steady decline of his taste:

He read only the articles in magazines, although when he had been a boy he had been fond of stories. The last time he had tried to read a story he had read slowly and painfully as if his imagination now worked too slowly, so he had given up. Every month he cut out the articles on business conditions or general affairs from Fortune magazine and put them in a file for future rereading.

(The Many Colored Coat, p. 21)

The change in the nature of his reading matter mirrors the character of his eventual fall.

Not surprisingly, strong feelings of artistic alienation creep inevitably into the work. Unremarkable in themselves, several comments by the author in other contexts bear a striking similarity to themes and ideas developed in the novels and suggest that the source of some, at least, of Callaghan's criticism is his artistic pride. He admits, for example, to forging his vision in "secret

spiritual isolation in [his] native city,"³³ and it is worth noting, particularly in view of the fact that the author is a lawyer turned novelist, that many of his heroes similarly achieve their solutions outside of society. Michael expiates a sense of guilt through his family life, not through the strict letter of the law, and Harry Lane seeks "a new world of new relationships with people" outside of convention and the courts (The Many Colored Coat, p. 314).

Again, observations in articles that "anything unique and colorful in a man or his work is regarded uneasily," and complaints that his work has been "stupidly read,"³⁴ coincide exactly with the sentiments of Peggy Sanderson as expressed in The Loved and the Lost:

Try doing something in your own way sometime, Jim. Try having your own notion of your own integrity, and see what happens. Everybody takes a turn cracking at you. They'll break their backs trying to bring you in line again, and if you won't see things the way everybody else does, you're crazy or perverse or pig-headed or stupid. Everybody's willing to give you a hand if you'll only string along and quit.
(p. 121)

Conventional climates of opinion are, of course, notoriously hostile to both art and liberal opinion, but the bitterness of the speech betrays it as the author's own.

Finally, comments such as the following bear directly upon characterization and reveal that the quarrel with materialism has profoundly aesthetic roots. They provide an excellent gloss, for example, upon Scotty Bowman's character in The Many Colored Coat:

The one state of mind we share, as is historically inevitable in a middle class, is that of the businessman, big or little, and part of this state of mind is, of course, a spiritual tiredness and dryness of the imagination.³⁵

Making a significant connection in his work between "spiritual tiredness" and "dryness of the imagination," Callaghan seems to suggest that indifference to imaginative literature is more important than materialism per se. It is businessmen who do not read who are bound to be morally unaware.

Charges of social pessimism must ultimately be answered here, and questions of tone are important in this regard. Certainly the novels insist upon hard truths. In More Joy in Heaven it is "force" (p. 151) which alone holds society together (at least in Kip's opinion); the price of success and acceptance in The Loved and the Lost is integrity; and both novels end in ritual slaughter of the innocents. Even the hero of The Many Colored Coat is forced to leave his society forever behind him in order to realize his moral vision. But the verdict is far from cut and dried. Characters are more often guilty of sins of omission than commission as the novels explore the irony of the evil wrought by the self-righteous, the well-intentioned, and the unaware. Canadian society stands accused, therefore, more of a lack of awareness than of positive malevolence. Indeed, the author's attitude toward his characters ranges all the way from compassion to contempt.

There are encouraging signs as well. Even Kip Caley, who most thoroughly embodies the naiveté and contradictions of the Canadian conscience, sees the light before his death, and the mere fact of Peggy Sanderson's existence in The Loved and the Lost is hopeful. Her death, after all, is lamented, and it makes a difference: even Catherine Carver is impressed, and presumably Jim will continue looking for his lost faith. And, finally, the choice of a Public Relations Director as hero in The Many Colored Coat suggests that even the most unlikely among us can be redeemed.

Indeed, doubts about an ambiguous present increasingly give way in the work to confidence in an explicit future. There are actually two movements discernible in the work, one toward confidence in the future, and the other toward explicitness and clarity. Thus the dark ironies of More Joy in Heaven (1937) give way in The Loved and the Lost (1951) to a more clear cut confrontation of good and evil; by the time of The Many Colored Coat (1961), Callaghan is charting reversal, a complete and dramatic change of heart. The dubious hero of the first novel is more sinned against than sinning though still responsible for his fate, but his death only confirms society in their worst suspicions; in the second novel, Virtue (Peggy Sanderson) opposes a corrupt society, and her death has at least a sobering effect; while in the third work, society is not only redeemed but moves toward "a new world of new

relationships with people" (p. 314). The hero, Harry Lane, represents as an advertising executive the hope of an 'admass' culture. The truth, it would appear, is that the novels are neither unduly pessimistic nor entirely hopeful, but occupy an ironic middleground somewhere past hope and beyond despair, where contemplation of dire consequences by way of moral caution nonetheless implies belief in the possibility of reform, and where a remarkable tension exists between satire and sentiment:

I'm not sure. But I have enough faith in the human spirit to know [moral progress] must come if Canada is not to become a big railroad station with a soap opera on a giant television screen to divert those who are waiting to catch a train.³⁶

In truth, Callaghan pleads a special case. Attaching exaggerated significance, perhaps, to the life of the creative imagination, he tends, nevertheless, to equate dullness and conformity with the national indifference to art. Materialism, too, is regretted for the special reasons of the artist. "Spiritual tiredness" and "dryness of the imagination" are seen to be integrally related; the failure to appreciate art is a sign of a larger spiritual aridity. Whether Callaghan himself in his novels entirely escapes the Canadian condition is a moot question, and perhaps an unfair one at that, but there is evidence to suggest that he does not. Certainly he admits he likes businessmen—he insists he is "a real businessman himself"³⁷—and his novels show him to be more than sympathetic to

their plight. In fact, he effects a kind of compromise between the demands of conscience and common sense. Confessing that his sons have called him a child of the Depression, he stubbornly insists upon the importance of economics:

It seems to me that you've got to start with economics. If anybody gets control of your purse, if your income depends on him, you get that you just naturally want to please him. I know it sounds impossible, to tell a poor man that he must be economically invulnerable, but I would. My sons never agreed with me about this. They said I was a Depression child. But I used to try, without any success, to tell them, you know, to save something, no matter what they earn. Because sooner or later they get you, and if you've got nothing, they've really got you.³⁸

And, certainly, the kind of resolution he forces upon Luke Baldwin is entirely in this mode:

Putting his head down on the dog's neck, he vowed . . . that he would always have some money on hand, no matter what became of him, so that he would be able to protect all that was truly valuable from the practical people in the world.

(Luke Baldwin's Vow, p. 187)

The point is not that Uncle Henry's kind of competence, what is referred to as his "shrewdness" and his "strength of character" (p. 187), is necessarily evil in itself, but that allowances must be made, in Callaghan's opinion, for sentiment and things of the spirit. Prizing the aesthetic sensibility naturally enough above all others, Callaghan profoundly regrets the failure of his fellow citizens to render it the appropriate respect.

CHAPTER IV

CONCLUSIONS

The similarities between Callaghan's views of art and his personal philosophy have not been previously acknowledged, and the principle contribution of this thesis, therefore, has been to document the nature and extent of that relationship. As we have seen, Callaghan's social criticism has been strongly influenced, as has his treatment of the Church, by a concept of the artist as defender of man's spiritual values and a preference for intuitive approaches to truth.

Making a significant connection in his work between the uniqueness of vision of the serious artist and the personal integrity of the moral man, Callaghan seems to suggest that it is imaginative approaches that are redeeming no matter what the special sphere of activity. Artistic talent or appreciation ^{is} are made the measure of moral insight and awareness; philistinism is regularly eschewed; and looking at the world out of one's own eyes tends to become the acme of moral achievement. Thus, in the novels of social criticism, Callaghan attacks his society for its materialism, conformity, and cant. Puritanism, too, is regretted for the special reasons of the artist. Not only are drama, gaiety, and passion woefully missing from the

lives of characters who are preeminently sober, respectable, and sedate, but the ethics of hard work and repressed sexuality are seen to militate against art. Not surprisingly, strong feelings of artistic alienation creep inevitably into the work. Indeed, there are signs that Callaghan's analysis derives more at times from a sense of artistic isolation than from purely intellectual differences with the national ethos. It is the philistinism of the Canadian businessman that is regretted as much as his materialism per se; "spiritual tiredness" and "dryness of the imagination" are seen to be integrally related. And it is businessmen who do not read who are bound to be morally unaware.

The pattern is repeated in Callaghan's treatment of the Church. As was pointed out in Chapter II, not only is a preference for imaginative as opposed to doctrinal approaches reflected in the triumph of Artist over Priest, but efforts are made in the work to combat Christian concepts of innocence and the fatal fall to knowledge with complementary myth, with a kind of redemptive quest for awareness and the approach of the Artist to God. The habit of associating artistic talent or appreciation with superior insight assumes major thematic importance as Callaghan shows himself to be impatient with religious jargon and suspicious of metaphysical speculation itself.

It is possible, at least, given the aesthetic basis

of Callaghan's philosophy, that his treatment of the Church has been influenced as much by the fact that he is an artist as by the fact that he was born a Roman Catholic. Such, indeed, has proved the case. Callaghan quarrels with major tenets of the faith, with hierarchical conceptions of human love, the other-worldly emphasis of orthodox belief, and traditional concepts of innocence and guilt; and he tends therefore to put traditional symbol, and even religious architecture, to literary as opposed to devotional use. His use, for example, of parallels with the life of Christ typically reflects ironic distance as much as their source, for Callaghan deplores self-sacrificial ideals of Christian love, and the Bible itself fades more and more into literature and myth. Thus the author's attitude towards religious masterpieces of art, such as Michelangelo's "Last Judgment," is respectful but not reverent; insight and imaginative awareness are permitted to replace blind faith and literal belief.

Which is not to say that Callaghan's position is unique, nor to overestimate his distance from the Church. He undoubtedly participates willy-nilly in the Romantic tradition of religious revolt. His work also bears comparison with that of writers like James Joyce, particularly as it reflects a conception of the Artist as Priest-Perceptor. It must be pointed out, however, that art is not the subject of Callaghan's work as it is the focus, say,

of novels like A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, nor does the aesthetic experience serve as a substitute for faith. As we have seen, Callaghan backs carefully away from making a religion out of art; temperamentally, he is at odds with confession. Nor is there any sense of a deliberate effort on his part to fly "the nets" of nationality, language, and religion.¹

He appears, on the other hand, to be at several removes from the position of a Roman Catholic writer like Graham Greene. The differences are most apparent, perhaps, in their respective treatment of a priest. Whereas Greene concentrates in The Power and the Glory upon the sinner who is, despite himself, a saint, Callaghan's concern in Such is My Beloved is with the ironic failure of a saint. Thus while Greene's portrait is of a world which can only be redeemed by means of Grace, and in which the Mystery still works in spite of everything, Callaghan's vision is of a man whose imperfection is simply his naiveté and youth. The difference is one of temperament and conviction. Whereas Graham Greene celebrates vocation—that at least remains to his priest, and therein lies the power and the glory—Callaghan seriously questions obedience and suggests it is the cause of the fall. Without, perhaps, finally repudiating the Church, nor yet denying the dignity of the calling of priest, Callaghan suggests that some at least of life's contradictions can be resolved this side

of the grave, and that it is madness, indeed, not to do so.

Callaghan suffers in comparison. Granted that he wears his disaffection, his aesthetics, and his faith, more lightly than either of the others, one still regrets the loss to his work of the intellectual power of Joyce, or the emotional intensity of Graham Greene.

There are several contradictions in the work, at least one more apparent than real. Given the author's diatribe against metaphor in That Summer in Paris and the use that he makes of it himself, there would seem, for example, to be a discrepancy between theory and practice in the work. There also appears to be some confusion in the author's mind between a concept of metaphor that is escapist, "the decorative Renaissance flight into simile,"² and one that achieves harmony and awareness, "The word made flesh."³ As we have seen in Chapter II, several explanations are possible. While Callaghan's complaints about "the terrible vanity of the artist who wanted the word without the flesh"⁴ would seem to suggest a concept of metaphor that is perhaps Catholic in a fundamental way, his efforts to render words as "transparent as glass"⁵ could be interpreted variously as an attempt to escape sterile literary convention, the influence of the Imagist movement, or an approach to the idiosyncrasies of North American speech. Whatever one makes ultimately of his search for essences, of statements about the "appleness of apples,"

for example,⁶ or thinks about the wisdom of trying to write without any sense of literature, it is clear that Callaghan respects the power of art. The flight into metaphor is rejected because it is time for a renewed directness of language: "Only the clear direct stripped statement belonged to our time"⁷

A more serious charge is the failure of the author to utilize more fully the resources of art. Stressing the importance in theory of imaginative approaches, he seems not to trust them in his work. Too often his novels read as if they were essays; one thinks particularly of works like They Shall Inherit the Earth where long exchanges between characters like Michael Aikenhead and Nathaniel Benjamin are unrelieved by grace and wit, and where there is a tendency to tell as opposed to show. One also misses a strong sense of atmosphere and place, and both his early work and his late is marred by a lack of a sense of proportion and control. Whereas early novels like Strange Fugitive and A Broken Journey are formless and seem to lack direction, later ones like The Many Colored Coat and A Passion in Rome carry a weight of symbol and structure that seems inappropriate to their slender themes.

Failures such as these are particularly ironic in view of his advocacy of ideas in creative work. Defending, for example, the appropriateness of metaphysical speculation in fiction, surely a legitimate claim, Callaghan acknowledges the dangers inherent in the task:

A writer always got into trouble when he started thinking on the page. He permitted the reader to see that the character was being forced to do the author's thinking.⁸

The remarks are attributed to Ernest Hemingway and are part of a conversation the author recalls in his memoirs. He fails unfortunately to avoid such dangers in his work. For the most part, characters in his novels, apart from the central figures (and even these too at times), do not seem to exist in their own right but merely to represent a point of view. This is as true of relatively minor figures like the labour organizer, Pimblett, in Strange Fugitive, the Communist sympathizer, Gibbons, in It's Never Over, or the Marxist dentist, William Johnson, in They Shall Inherit the Earth, as it is of more important characters like Fr. Dowling's confidant in Such is My Beloved, the medical student, Charlie Stewart, or the tailor, Mike Kon, in The Many Colored Coat, whose spiritual odyssey is meant to mirror the hero's own. At other times he runs the risks of authorial intrusion, of striving for unearned effects, when characters, for example, who are not noted for their perspicacity are permitted to point the moral of the tale. This is particularly true of female characters like Peggy Sanderson and Annie Laurie or when Kip Caley suddenly finds his voice. Sam Raymond's lectures are embarrassing as he explains the true meaning of the Resurrection to Francesca, a Roman Catholic, in A Passion in Rome, as are Michael

Aikenhead's attempts in They Shall Inherit the Earth to explain Nathaniel Benjamin to his wife. Callaghan is particularly poor at distinguishing voice, and despite his claims to be establishing an authentic North American idiom, his dialogue consistently fails to impress. Critics like George Woodcock have characterized it as "undifferentiated substandard North American,"⁹ and certainly it is often banal. He seems, in particular, to be unaware that dialogue has no particular virtue in itself and often fills pages, as Woodcock has pointed out, with conversations which achieve nothing but dullness.

At his worst, in fact, when he is most explicit, in novels like They Shall Inherit the Earth and A Passion in Rome, it is tempting to see Callaghan's lapses as a response to fears of being misunderstood. Certainly he feels himself to be so, and a measure, perhaps, of the lengths he is prepared to go is the self-advertisement he indulges in, in his latest novel, In The Dark and The Light of Lisa.¹⁰ As yet unpublished in full, the first three chapters which have appeared, as Robert Fulford has pointed out,¹¹ contain flattering references to his own work which are as surprising as they are unmistakeable. Hiding behind the persona of Eugene Shore, Callaghan appears to be indulging in a favourite fantasy of his, that of the lonely Toronto writer whose work is unread at home but appreciated in Los Angeles, praised by a distinguished American critic in Paris,

and subsequently found to have prefigured even that of Jean Genet! Whatever the reasons, the results are unfortunate for the corpus of the work. Deficiencies such as the ones outlined above, whether or not they arise from a lack of faith in the theory or from, what is more likely, a lack of ability on the part of the artist, represent a fundamental contradiction in the work, the failure, in fact, of art.

It remains to assess Callaghan's achievement. It is tempting to see his faults as typically Canadian, as does Frank Watt:

I sometimes think that Morley Callaghan himself is his most typically Canadian portrait: at a loss how to behave in front of a lukewarm, skeptical Canadian public, sometimes truculently advancing his claims as a great international writer and friend of the famous, and then withdrawing into self-doubts and despair and silence.¹²

Certainly critics like Northrop Frye come uncommonly close to the author's own aesthetic as they describe the perils of authorship in Canada:

Down to the beginning of the twentieth century at least, the Canadian who wanted to write started with a feeling of detachment from his literary tradition, which existed for him mainly in his school books. He had probably . . . been educated in a way that heavily stressed the conceptual and argumentative use of language. . . . The separation of subject and object is the primary fact of consciousness, for anyone so situated and so educated. Writing for him does not start with a rhythmical movement, or an impetus caught from or encouraged by a group

of contemporaries: it starts with reportage, a single mind reacting to what is set over against it. Such a writer does not naturally think metaphorically but descriptively; it seems obvious to him that writing is a form of self-expression dependent upon the gathering of a certain amount of experience, granted some inborn sensitivity toward that experience.¹³

More recent observers like Margaret Atwood have described the plight of "The Paralyzed Artist" in Canadian fiction.¹⁴ In Atwood's terms, in so far as the theme is not a conscious one in Callaghan's novels, but rather creeps inevitably into the work, Callaghan hovers between Position One (denial) and Position Two (displacement). But one must also acknowledge his strengths. Adept at the sympathetic portrayal of naive intelligence in his short stories, and drawn naturally to the drama of moral predicament, Callaghan excels in his novels at the kind of irony that is "chemically pure."¹⁵ Two of his works in particular, Such is My Beloved and More Joy in Heaven, show him perhaps at his best. In these two novels he explores through Kip Caley and Fr. Dowling the kind of innocence that is unaware. Managing to suggest not only the gap between ambition and ability, but also the absurdity of their ideals, Callaghan pits his heroes against authority, albeit social or religious, and exults in the nobility of their struggle. Ultimately more sinned against than sinning, his heroes still contribute to their fall. At once purer than the systems they would serve and more foolish—self-knowledge is noticeably absent here—their ultimate mistake, Callaghan implies, is to

substitute public service and self-sacrifice, goals to which Church and society pay lipservice, before their own personal lives. Salvation lies closer to hand than they know; their own best instincts should be their guide.

Economy of treatment is probably important here; Such is My Beloved and More Joy in Heaven are Callaghan's shortest novels, both under two hundred pages. Indeed, such talents as he possesses are perhaps best suited to the short story where inventiveness, narrative structure, and dramatic dialogue need not play such an important role. Certainly explicitness is not his forte. But when the knowing eye is his own, and he is not tempted to speak through his characters, Callaghan achieves considerable success. Not the talents, perhaps, of a major novelist, but worthy of respect.

NOTES

CHAPTER I - INTRODUCTION

¹ Morley Callaghan, That Summer in Paris (London: Macgibbon & Kee, 1963), pp. 14-15.

² From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," The First Five Years: a selection from The Tamarack Review, ed. Robert Weaver (Toronto: Oxford Univ. Press, 1962), p. 134.

³ Morley Callaghan, "Novelist," in Writing in Canada, ed. George Whalley (Toronto: Macmillan, 1956), p. 32.

⁴ Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 81.

⁵ Morley Callaghan, The Varsity Story (Toronto: Macmillan, 1948), p. 170. All further quotations from the novel will be from this particular text.

⁶ Callaghan, "Novelist," p. 31.

⁷ Ibid., pp. 31-32.

⁸ From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 121.

⁹ Morley Callaghan, "An Ocean Away," TLS, 4 June 1964, p. 493.

¹⁰ Morley Callaghan, "Solzhenitsyn," Tamarack Review, No. 55 (1970), p. 72.

¹¹ Barbara Moon, "The Second Coming of Morley Callaghan," Maclean's Magazine, 3 Dec. 1960, p. 62.

¹² From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 137.

¹³ Ibid., p. 130.

¹⁴ Ibid., p. 134.

¹⁵ Morley Callaghan, "The Plight of Canadian Fiction," UTQ, 7 (Jan. 1938), 152-61.

¹⁶ From an interview by Donald Cameron, "Defending the Inner Light: An Interview with Morley Callaghan," Saturday Night, July 1972, p. 22.

¹⁷ Ibid., p. 18.

¹⁸ Callaghan, "Solzhenitsyn," p. 72.

¹⁹ Ibid., p. 76.

²⁰ Morley Callaghan, The Loved and the Lost (Toronto: Macmillan, 1951), p. 83. All further quotations from the novel will be from this particular text.

²¹ Morley Callaghan, They Shall Inherit the Earth, with an Introduction by F.W. Watt, New Canadian Library, No.33 (1934; rpt. n.p. McClelland & Stewart, 1962), p. 110. All further quotations from the novel will be from this particular text.

²² Morley Callaghan, The Many Colored Coat (Toronto: Macmillan, 1960), p. 314. All further quotations from the novel will be from this particular text.

²³ Morley Callaghan, A Passion in Rome (New York: Coward-McCann, 1961), p. 148. All further quotations from the novel will be from this particular text.

²⁴ Morley Callaghan, Luke Baldwin's Vow (Toronto: Winston, 1948), p. 29. All further quotations from the novel will be from this particular text.

²⁵ Callaghan, "Novelist," p. 24.

²⁶ Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 116.

²⁷ From an interview with Donald Cameron, "Defending the Inner Light . . .," p. 22.

²⁸ Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 90.

²⁹ Ibid., p. 86.

³⁰ "Personalism" is the label most commonly applied to Callaghan's thought. See F.W. Watt's use of the term in his article, "Morley Callaghan as Thinker," Dalhousie Review, 39 (1959-60), 305-13; and Desmond Pacey's assessment, "Fiction 1920-1940," in Literary History of Canada, ed. Carl F. Klinck (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1965), pp. 658-693.

31 From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 136.

32 Callaghan, "Novelist," p. 31.

33 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 58.

34 Ibid., p. 198.

35 Ibid., p. 117.

36 Ibid.

37 Ibid., p. 16.

38 Ibid., p. 116.

39 Morley Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me Too' Sickness," Saturday Night, 13 April 1957, p. 38.

CHAPTER II - CALLAGHAN AND THE CHURCH:
THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE AND
A PHILOSOPHY OF IMAGINATION

¹ Two critics, in particular, are especially guilty of such overestimation. Desmond Pacey, for example, attributes his humanism to Jacques Maritain ("Fiction 1920-1940," in Literary History of Canada, ed. Carl F. Klinck [Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1965], pp. 658-93), and Hugo McPherson simply assumes that he is a Roman Catholic writer ("The Two Worlds of Morley Callaghan—Man's Earthly Quest," Queen's Quarterly, 64, No. 3 [Autumn 1957], 350-65).

² Quoted by Brandon Conron, Morley Callaghan, Twayne's World Authors Series, No. 1 (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1966), p. 121.

³ A Passion in Rome (1961) grew out of Callaghan's assignment to cover the funeral of Pope Pius XII. See Brandon Conron's "Chronology," in Morley Callaghan, Twayne's World Authors Series, No. 1 (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1966).

⁴ Morley Callaghan, "The Pleasures of Failure," Maclean's Magazine, 6 Mar. 1965, pp. 12-13, 34 and 37. The article was written four years after the novel was published.

⁵ Ibid., p. 13.

⁶ Ibid., p. 37.

⁷ Morley Callaghan, That Summer in Paris (London: Macgibbon & Kee, 1963), p. 15.

⁸ Ibid., pp. 73-74.

⁹ Ibid., p. 180.

¹⁰ This novel also contains a brief description of an Anglican clergyman. Richmond, a secret Anglo-Catholic, is a ridiculous figure in the wilderness, desperately lonely and out of touch, a latter-day "muscular Christian."

¹¹ Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, pp. 58-59, 136-41.

¹² Morley Callaghan, Such is My Beloved, with an Introduction by Malcolm Ross, New Canadian Library, No. 2 (1934; rpt. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1957), p. 97. All further quotations from the novel will be from this particular text. See, too, sentiments expressed in A Broken Journey (Toronto: Macmillan, 1932) to the effect that "a very young priest was greater and holier and more worthy of respect than anyone else on earth" (p. 134), and comments by the author in a similar vein in Brandon Conron's, Morley Callaghan, p. 35.

¹³ Callaghan is never in finer form, as far as the priestly character is concerned, and in addition to his portrait of Fr. Dowling, he includes excellent thumbnail sketches of Fr. Anglin, Fr. Jolly, and Bishop Foley.

¹⁴ Assessment of Callaghan's debt to Christianity ranges all the way from the safe stylings of Brandon Conron who regards him as a "liberal" and undoctrinaire Roman Catholic (Morley Callaghan, Twayne's World Authors Series, No. 1 [New York: Twayne Publishers, 1966], p. 78), through the enthusiasm of Edmund Wilson for his "intuitive sense of the meaning of Christianity" (O Canada: An American's Notes on Canadian Culture [New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1964], p. 20), to the assumption by Hugo McPherson that he is a kind of poor man's T.S. Eliot ("The Two Worlds of Morley Callaghan—Man's Earthly Quest," Queen's Quarterly, 64, No. 3 [Autumn 1957], 352).

¹⁵ From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," The First Five Years: a selection from The Tamarack Review, ed. Robert Weaver (Toronto: Oxford Univ. Press, 1962), p. 138. In fact, the author resists labels of any kind, and like his hero, Sam Raymond, in A Passion in Rome would deny he was a "Protestant" (p. 79) or a "Catholic" (p. 206). The most Sam would admit, and this grudgingly, is that he is as "religious" as anyone else (p. 293), and "that if it had been possible for either one of them [Sam and Koster] to have a formal faith in these times, they would choose to be Mediterranean Catholics" (p. 336).

¹⁶ Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 15.

¹⁷ Ibid., p. 73.

¹⁸ Ibid., p. 15.

¹⁹ Claims to this effect are made by Desmond Pacey ("Fiction 1920-1940," in Literary History of Canada, ed. Carl F. Klinck [Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1965], p. 691], by Victor Hoar (Morley Callaghan, Studies in Canadian Literature, No. 4 [Toronto: Copp Clark, 1969], pp. 91-93), and by the authors of two unpublished M.A. theses: J.D. Ripley, "A Critical Study of the Novels and Short Stories of Morley Callaghan," Diss. Univ. of New Brunswick 1959; and John Charles Orange, "Morley Callaghan's Catholic Conscience," Diss. Univ. of Toronto 1966.

²⁰ Morley Callaghan, "'Ends and Means' and Aldous Huxley," Canadian Forum, 17 (March 1938), 422-23.

²¹ Morley Callaghan, "It was news in Paris—not in Toronto," Saturday Night, 5 June 1951, pp. 8, 17-18.

²² Morley Callaghan, letter to the author, [March] 1967.

²³ Jacques Maritain, Scholasticism and Politics, 2nd. ed. (1940; rpt. London: Geoffrey Bles, 1945), p. 62. See too his criticisms of science and communism which closely parallel Callaghan's own.

²⁴ Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 73.

²⁵ Ibid., p. 81.

²⁶ Morley Callaghan, "In His Own Country," A Native Argosy (Toronto: Macmillan, 1929), p. 278.

²⁷ Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 117.

²⁸ Ibid., p. 73.

²⁹ Ibid., p. 116.

³⁰ Fr. Dowling meditates, for example, "on love, on human love, divine love, and the love of man for God" (Such is My Beloved, p. 37).

³¹ Morley Callaghan, Strange Fugitive (New York: Scribner's, 1928), p. 20. All further quotations from the novel will be from this particular text.

³² Morley Callaghan, "An Ocean Away," TLS, 4 June 1964, p. 493.

³³ Ibid.

³⁴ Ibid.

35 From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," pp. 135-36.

36 Callaghan, "An Ocean Away," p. 493.

37 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 86.

38 From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 136.

39 Malcolm Ross, "Introduction," in Such is My Beloved, by Morley Callaghan, New Canadian Library, No. 2 (1934; rpt. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1957), pp. ix and xiii.

40 Ibid., p. xiii.

41 Morley Callaghan, A Broken Journey (Toronto: Macmillan, 1932), p. 230. All further quotations from the novel will be from this particular text.

42 Morley Callaghan, It's Never Over (Toronto: Macmillan, 1930), p. 61. All further quotations from the novel will be from this particular text.

43 From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," pp. 135-36.

44 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 73.

45 From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 135.

46 Ibid.

47 Morley Callaghan, More Joy in Heaven, with an Introduction by Hugo McPherson, New Canadian Library, No. 17 (1937; rpt. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1960), p. 72. All further quotations from the novel will be from this particular text.

48 Morley Callaghan, from an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 136.

49 Callaghan, "An Ocean Away," p. 493.

50 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 16.

51 Ibid., p. 117.

52 Ibid., p. 73.

53 Ibid., p. 15.

- 54 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 117.
- 55 Ibid., pp. 15-16.
- 56 Ibid., pp. 14-15.
- 57 George Woodcock, "Lost Eurydice: The Novels of Morley Callaghan," Canadian Literature, No. 21 (Summer 1964), p. 25.
- 58 Hoar, Morley Callaghan, p. 4.
- 59 Callaghan, "An Ocean Away," p. 493.
- 60 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 117.
- 61 Malcolm Ross, Poetry and Dogma: The Transfiguration of Eucharistic Symbolism in Seventeenth Century English Poetry (New Brunswick: Rutgers Univ. Press, 1954), p. 27.
- 62 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 73.
- 63 From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," pp. 135-36.
- 64 Hallvard Dahlie has written an interesting article on the theme, "Destructive Innocence in the Novel [sic] of Morley Callaghan," Journal of Canadian Fiction, 1, No. 3 (Summer 1972), 39-42.
- 65 From an interview by Donald Cameron, "Defending the Inner Light: An Interview with Morley Callaghan," Saturday Night, July 1972, p. 20.
- 66 Frank R. Scott, "Lorne Pierce Medal: Morley Callaghan," Royal Society of Canada Transactions, 3rd series, 54 (Proceedings 1960), 57.
- 67 Callaghan emphasizes the youth of Fr. Dowling (Such is My Beloved, pp. 10, 12, 41, 49) and the diminutiveness of Midge (pp. 13, 20) and everywhere refers to the prostitutes as "child" (pp. 63, 108, 121, 126).
- 68 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, pp. 89-90.
- 69 Morley Callaghan, "Novelist," in Writing in Canada, ed. George Whalley (Toronto: Macmillan, 1956), p. 32.
- 70 "Anthology," a C.B.C. radio broadcast, 14 Nov. 1972.
- 71 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, pp. 16, 116-17.

- 72 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 90.
- 73 Ibid., p. 16.
- 74 From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 132.
- 75 From an interview by Donald Cameron, "Defending the Inner Light . . .," p. 18.
- 76 Ibid., p. 20.
- 77 Ibid., p. 18.
- 78 Ibid.
- 79 Ibid.
- 80 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 177.
- 81 From an interview by Donald Cameron, "Defending the Inner Light . . .," p. 18.

CHAPTER III - THE SOCIAL CRITICISM:
SPIRITUAL TIREDNESS AND
DRYNESS OF THE IMAGINATION

¹ Morley Callaghan, That Summer in Paris (London: Macgibbon & Kee, 1963), p. 17.

² Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," The First Five Years: a selection from The Tamarack Review, ed. Robert Weaver (Toronto: Oxford Univ. Press, 1962), p. 131.

³ See especially: "The Ontario Story: Paradox of Progress," Saturday Night, 12 Nov. 1955, pp. 7-8; "Why shouldn't we be like the Americans?" Maclean's Magazine, 23 June 1956, pp. 6, 81-82; "Canada's Creeping 'Me Too' Sickness," Saturday Night, 13 April 1957, pp. 18-19, 38; "We're on the wrong track in our culture quest," Maclean's Magazine, 25 May 1957, pp. 8, 86-87.

⁴ Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 180.

⁵ From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 133.

⁶ Morley Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me Too' Sickness," p. 38.

⁷ Jenkins' kind of heartlessness and irresponsibility is widespread in the Canadian business community as depicted in Callaghan's novels, and is everywhere ironically regarded as a kind of virtue, as hardheaded pragmatism and common sense. It is seen earlier in Jay Hillquist, the unrepentant capitalist of They Shall Inherit the Earth, who staunchly defends the sacred rights of property and sacrifices friendship to profit; in Wolgast, the immigrant restaurateur of The Loved and the Lost, who apologetically bans Negroes from his establishment for fear of the business repercussions; and, finally, in the Sweetman dynasty in The Many Colored Coat, who unashamedly unburden themselves of Harry Lane as soon as he becomes a social outcast and therefore a business liability.

⁸ Northrop Frye, "Conclusion," in Literary History of Canada, ed. Carl F. Klinck (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1965), p. 830.

⁹ Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me Too' Sickness," p. 19.

¹⁰ Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me Too' Sickness," p. 19.

¹¹ Ibid., pp. 18-19.

¹² Ibid., p. 18.

¹³ Northrop Frye, op.cit.

¹⁴ Callaghan first embroidered this theme in More Joy in Heaven (1937) and does so again in The Many Colored Coat (1961). In the early novel Kip suggests "charity" should come before the rule of law—"It seemed to give him even more freedom" (p. 103)—and although he himself ends by mistaking anarchy for liberty, he is correct to support the rights of the individual against a legal system willing to ignore anomaly in order to preserve the "pattern" (p. 91). Callaghan suspects that "force" (p. 151) is all that holds such a society together. In The Many Colored Coat, Callaghan elaborates the alternative: Harry Lane abandons his legal recourse to justice altogether, as did Michael Aikenhead in They Shall Inherit the Earth, and substitutes a personal ideal of "awareness" and "mercy" for the one of judgment and social justice. He embarks at the novel's close for "a new world of new relationships with people" outside of the conventional order (p. 314).

¹⁵ Callaghan, The Varsity Story, p. 93. See also his suggestion that "The academic temperament tends . . . to resist anything fresh and strange, until it has been accepted and can be dealt with as part of a tradition," and his argument that "The academic mind, at its worst, may even be a barrier to what we're supposed to be after here, something of our own soil, growing into a culture," in "We're on the wrong track in our Culture Quest," p. 87.

¹⁶ Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 55.

¹⁷ Morley Callaghan, "A Girl with Ambition," A Native Argosy (Toronto: Macmillan, 1929), pp. 84-96.

¹⁸ From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 137.

¹⁹ Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me Too' Sickness," p. 19.

²⁰ From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 136.

21 The hero, Harry Lane, conveniently has a foot in both worlds: a son of an investment broker, with ambitions to be a doctor in his youth, he presently works as a Public Relations Director for Sweetman's Distillery and dates Judge Morris's daughter. Doubtless it is the double entry that permits perspective eventually to be restored.

22 Morley Callaghan, "The Ontario Story: Paradox of Progress," p. 7.

23 Ibid., p. 8.

24 Ibid.

25 Ibid.

26 Morley Callaghan, "The Pleasures of Failure," Maclean's Magazine, 6 March 1965, p. 37.

27 Callaghan, "The Ontario Story: Paradox of Progress," p. 8.

28 Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me Too' Sickness," p. 19.

29 Callaghan, "We're on the wrong track in our culture quest," p. 87.

30 Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me Too' Sickness," pp. 18-19.

31 Ibid., p. 18.

32 Callaghan, "We're on the wrong track in our culture quest," p. 87.

33 Callaghan, That Summer in Paris, p. 180.

34 From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 137.

35 Callaghan, "Canada's Creeping 'Me Too' Sickness," pp. 19, 38.

36 Ibid., p. 38.

37 From an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 136.

38 From an interview by Donald Cameron, "Defending the Inner Light: An Interview with Morley Callaghan," Saturday Night, July 1972, p. 17.

CHAPTER IV - CONCLUSIONS

¹ James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916; rpt. New York: Viking Press, 1944), p. 203.

² Morley Callaghan, That Summer in Paris (London: Macgibbon & Kee, 1963), p. 15.

³ Ibid., p. 117.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Ibid., p. 16.

⁶ Ibid., p. 116.

⁷ Ibid., pp. 183-84.

⁸ Ibid., p. 80.

⁹ George Woodcock, "Lost Eurydice: The Novels of Morley Callaghan," Canadian Literature, No. 21 (Summer 1964), p. 34.

¹⁰ Morley Callaghan, "In The Dark and The Light of Lisa: Chapters One, Two and Three," Exile, 1 (Summer 1972) 14-39.

¹¹ Robert Fulford, "Is Morley Callaghan playing literary games in his latest novel?" Toronto Star, 10 June 1972, p. 75.

¹² Frank Watt, "Nationalism in Canadian Literature," in Nationalism in Canada, ed. Peter Russell (Toronto: McGraw-Hill, 1966), p. 247.

¹³ Northrop Frye, "Conclusion," in Literary History of Canada, ed. Carl F. Klinck (Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1965), p. 836.

¹⁴ Margaret Atwood, Survival: A Thematic Guide to Canadian Literature (Toronto: Anansi, 1972), pp. 177-94.

¹⁵ Morley Callaghan, from an interview by Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," The First Five Years: a selection from The Tamarack Review, ed. Robert Weaver (Toronto: Oxford Univ. Press, 1962), p. 129.

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