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**"Acts of 'Brief Authority':" Entrapment, Escape and Narrative Strategy
in Selected Twentieth-Century Newfoundland Novels.**

By

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**A thesis submitted to the School of Graduate
Studies in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy.**

**Department of English
University of Ottawa
February 1992**



Joan M. Strong, Ottawa, Canada, 1993



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Abstract

This thesis focuses on major twentieth-century native Newfoundland novelists whose legacies comprise a variety of voices and narrative strategies that circumvent or confront perceived cultural and literary authority. These novelists include, in chapter one, Anastasia English (1862-1959) and Margaret Duley (1894-1968); in chapter two, Harold Horwood (1923) and Percy Janes (1922); in chapter three, M. T. Dohaney (1930) and William Gough (1945); and in chapter four, Gordon Pinsent (1930), William Rowe (1942) and Wayne Johnston (1958). English and Duley are both centrally concerned with women's roles in their societies and in expressing their awakening feminism they develop subtexts of imagery and metaphors which align them with nineteenth-century British women writers. Harold Horwood's frequent disparagement of Newfoundlanders is matched by Percy Janes's depiction of their often self-inflicted violences, yet Horwood pontificates solutions and isolates himself from the people of the island whereas Janes acknowledges his need for their companionship and the necessity of collective change. Dohaney and Gough both emphasize the importance of memory in their characterizations of the Newfoundlander's psyche. They suggest that memory functions to overcome both the geography of Newfoundland, which dispassionately destroys its inhabitants' creative work, and the history of Newfoundland, which is determined in large part by events and interpretations of those events occurring beyond the Newfoundlander's control. Pinsent, Rowe and Johnston use humorous texts to convey the anguish Newfoundlanders feel regarding religious, political and industrial powers imposed by foreign cultures over them. Their texts demonstrate the wide-spread use of self-mockery by Newfoundlanders, which diminishes self-esteem and self-reliance in the province. All of the novelists assembled in this study indicate that the construction of stories may establish a personal mythology and power enabling the architect to survive geographic, cultural and personal domination.

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The text of this thesis results from the efforts of a large community, and I am deeply grateful to many people for their contributions to my work. First and foremost, I thank my thesis director, Professor John Moss, for his friendship and counsel. His vigorous encouragement and commitment to my research have made this endeavour a great pleasure; I feel very fortunate to have enjoyed the company of so engaging and astute a supervisor. In this regard I have been twice blessed, for in the work of my Master's thesis I was supervised by Dr. Patrick O'Flaherty, whose tireless and invaluable contributions to Newfoundland literature and culture proved to be but one index of his intellectual achievements: in his creative, lively and unflinching scrutiny of life I have learned much.

My interest in Newfoundland literature has been fostered by a variety of professors at Memorial University: Elizabeth Miller, an enthusiastic and dynamic teacher; Alison Feder, who kindly discussed her research on Margaret Duley with me and who encouraged my own academic pursuits through her spirited example; Donald Bartlett, who provided consistently thoughtful and perceptive perspectives on Canadian and Newfoundland writers and whose friendship and advice I have greatly appreciated; and Gordon Jones, who has provided valuable encouragement to continue graduate work. In Dr. Jones's role as Assistant Dean of Arts at Memorial, he commands the respect and affection of countless students who, through his efforts and the efforts of Dean Michael Staveley, have enjoyed a highly supportive and stimulating academic atmosphere.

With respect to archival material, I wish to thank the Centre for Newfoundland Studies for the use of their facilities, and the William Ready Division of Archives and Research Collections at McMaster University Library, Hamilton, Ontario, for access to the Duley manuscripts from the Macmillan Company of Canada which are held on file there, as well as the University of Calgary Archives for access to their collected Horwood papers. The extremely helpful librarians at Memorial University, the St. John's Arts and Culture Centre

Library and the Newfoundland Historical Society made the research process an absolute delight. In particular, Bert Riggs and Gail Weir, archival staff at Memorial University, routinely exemplify excellence in every aspect of their work. I am also grateful to Florence and Margot Duley for their help in my research on Margaret Duley and to the English family for access to information on Anastasia English. Edward Chafe, friend of the English family who holds papers on Anastasia English, has been enormously helpful, and enjoyable, in correspondence and telephone calls from Gull Island, Newfoundland, and deserves many thanks for his time and efforts in locating material for me. Last, but not least, I am grateful to the clerks at Coles bookstore in St. John's who offered me their own copies of out of print texts. In many regards this work has been a collaborative undertaking!

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On a personal note, I am indebted to my husband for his unfailing support and, perhaps more importantly, for his typing skills. He has been a mainstay throughout my studies and continues to be a source of inspiration. My appreciation is extended to my aunt, Doris Boland, who has with diligence confirmed points of research in Newfoundland for me, and to my parents and grandparents, who have shown me what it has meant and what it means to be a Newfoundlander. Finally, I thank my small son, Kyle, for continually reminding me about why I am interested in culture and heritage, and for taking long afternoon naps.

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"What makes a St. John's man? Five hundred years of stubborn survival in the face of tyrannical oppression, inhuman laws, a harsh environment, invasion and pillage, holocausts, economic depressions, and violent politics."

(City of St. John's, St. John's Tourist Commission and Convention Bureau, as quoted in Rapport, Talking Violence 9)

"We Newfoundlanders have, over the centuries, developed spiritual self-preservation in the face of hardship to a fine art. We are experts at it. We have developed a peculiar language, a catalogue of colourful expressions, unique mannerisms and looks, all pertaining to the hard life; a life spent coping with a merciless sea and even more merciless masters. There's that typical toss of the head that says 'Yes, b'y, I know; but what can you do.' A poetry of stoical grit and uncomplaining acceptance that has become second nature. In the unremitting struggle, not to advance, but simply to survive, we have affirmed the measure of our humanity in virtues attuned, not to achievement or to progress, but to holding fast to our dignity under near-barbaric conditions.

But proud as we may be of our virtues and anxious to honour them, like all virtues they have a double edge. The question is whether they can any longer serve us now, as they did so well; or whether they rather tend to fossilize us in a fatalism no longer apt; whether the resignation developed to cope with stark adversity may, in our changed situation, act to starve our resolve. I think we have cause to be concerned. I think we need to re-examine ourselves, our ways of thinking, our traditional attitudes. We have to assess our own most precious virtues and be willing to ask how they must be altered and adapted to meet the threat of cultural extinction. For that, I think, is what is at stake."

(F.L. Jackson, "Can Newfoundland Survive? Thoughts on Traditional Values and Future Prospects" 3)

Introduction

When Newfoundland politician Patrick Morris vehemently reports in "tales" to his English "Lordship" the historical proceedings of the colony in 1824, the reader cannot help but be struck by his rage and his defiance toward the abuse of political and legal authority on the island:

The humane and benevolent mind of your Lordship must be shocked at the bare recital of these facts, and your Lordship may even doubt the correctness of my statement, but I pledge myself for its truth in every particular, and I call upon those who have been the advisors of these capricious mandates of illegal, usurped authority, to contradict me if they can: if they have the hardihood to come forward, I may then be induced to enter more fully into the subject, to "tell the secrets of the prison-house," in which I shall "a tale unfold" fraught with the greatest cruelty and injustice. I am quite sure if your Lordship had been made acquainted with these acts of "brief authority," you would very soon have terminated such proceedings.... Unfortunately, at the period I allude to, there were no persons in the country who felt sufficient sympathy for the unhappy people, to represent their grievances to His Majesty's Government.

(Morris, "Letter IV" in "Observations on the Government, Trade, Fisheries, and Agriculture of Newfoundland," 1824, as reprinted in O'Flaherty, Newfoundland and her Writers: An Introduction to the Literature of Newfoundland and Labrador 118.)

I quote from the secondary source here to emphasize the significance of Morris's writing in Newfoundland today: his words are of extraordinary value to the student of Newfoundland literature and in many ways define a framework of psychological inheritance which gives rise to the twentieth-century Newfoundland novel.¹ Morris declares that Newfoundlanders do not control their own society, that those who represent power there have little sympathy for them, and that they have no political voice to express injustice. His outcry against grievances draws strength from a subtext of allusions, leading the reader away from the realm of historical entreaty and placing him within the context of literary production to allow a fuller perspective of the misuse of political and legal power on the island. Morris relies on Hamlet (I.v.13) and Measure for Measure (II.ii.114) to evoke the reader's sympathy for his position, conjuring the ghost of Hamlet's father and the shadowy figure of Escalus to act on the Newfoundland stage as vehicles of justice and to

seek retribution for inhabitants of the island. This kind of activity -- the summoning of varied voices through reliance upon the image and allusion of subtext to express both rage and an appeal for change -- also dominates the development of the Newfoundland novel in the twentieth century.

The novels discussed in this thesis demonstrate overwhelming concern with political autonomy and with the autonomy of the individual. A strong desire on the part of Newfoundland communities for social control -- usually intertwined with a need for economic power -- is also expressed. This latter desire results sometimes in self-sufficiency, but more often in the self-destruction of these communities. Regardless of success or failure in the pursuit of power, the Newfoundland community is depicted as exhibiting a great skepticism concerning foreigners, manifested at best in a complete deference to them or, at worst, in a malign hatred of them. Further, institutions are regarded as sites of power located in an illusory elsewhere and establish in their absence a sense of exile and rejection within the community. Reactions against such forces -- those which control their lives and yet are beyond their reach -- frequently cause Newfoundlanders to create their own hierarchical power structure, and this construction, intended to supplant the original, in fact may savagely maintain it.

In early twentieth-century novels these concerns are best reflected through a subtext of imagery intended to confront English and American literary and cultural tradition. Feminist writing may be seen as one facet of such confrontation which develops within the colony. Later novels use speech patterns and dialect as well to depict cultural confrontation. More forthright are the most recent novels of Newfoundland whose narrative strategies compel the reader to recognize his or her own necessary involvement in social crisis. Laughter, for example, as well as experimental narration call the reader to participate in destruction of imposed literary and cultural traditions. These recent Newfoundland authors thus take it upon themselves to speak of perceived injustices as did Patrick Morris, and in

so doing wield their own "acts of brief authority." Whether overtly or covertly their narrative strategies escape what they have understood to be literary and cultural entrapment and reflect the growth of a literature of their own imaginations.

My interest in this study is to explore the various expressions of cultural anguish which arise through production of these literary texts. I am concerned with the way that novelists in Newfoundland develop plot lines, characters, settings and the supporting subtexts of metaphors, images and allusions -- the creative choices representing narrative strategy -- which function as the means of revising a society that they see as repressive, violent and often unbearable. Those from outside the world of Newfoundland are often targets of revision as well -- the Newfoundlander feels that persons in power outside Newfoundland must be changed to accommodate those in Newfoundland communities who live subject to that power -- but the telling of the Newfoundland novel reveals that those within the Newfoundland community have often unwittingly revised themselves according to the cultural norms of those foreigners they relentlessly despise. The most successful novels from the island utilize their narratives to encourage autonomy of self and culture through self-acceptance, tolerance and compassion, overriding any and all cultural expectations to allow self-sufficiency. To substantiate my readings of Newfoundland texts I follow patterns of imagery and metaphor -- the subtexts of the novels' storylines -- to uncover meanings not always fully appreciated in the overt narrative of the novels. The readings of these novels are often particularly close as a result of the nature of the analysis. I have included as well many substantial quotations from the novels since they frequently originate with rare or out of print texts. A secondary function of this thesis will be, I hope, to draw a readership to the original sources.

In my endeavours the work of feminist critics Sandra Gilbert, Susan Gubar, Elizabeth Abel, Elaine Showalter, Irene Diamond and Lee Quinby have proven particularly useful. From their many contributions to literary theory I have included in my bibliography

those texts which seemed to me to best explore concerns also prominent in Newfoundland literature. Most influential throughout this study as well is the work of critic Michel Foucault, whose concerns with power and its maintenance in culture are at the heart of my queries. In particular, Foucault's relentless empowerment of the undocumented traditions and workings in any culture affirm the struggle of Newfoundland writers to validate their own experiences. Much of Newfoundland's meaningful history resides in oral tradition and can be shared only through memory; hence Foucault's notion of genealogy -- the process of construction of self and culture through random memory and accidental speech -- is an important vehicle to understanding past and current social perceptions in the province. While I believe that there is no one definition for the term "Newfoundland novel," certainly the geography of the place demands from each writer native to the island a constant awareness of the violence and destruction which the environment deals out every day to those who live there. Foucault's discussion of man's struggle within a meaningless universe of adversity becomes central to my thesis as I relate geography to genealogy in chapter three. Newfoundland novelists not only come to terms with the chaotic, random and bleak nature of existence suggested by Foucault, they posit ways of enjoying it. Their enjoyment bespeaks an often felt presence in the Newfoundland novel: the author's love of the place he or she hates.

Although based on an approach suggested by Foucault, I believe this thesis will be appreciated by those unfamiliar with his writings. His philosophy is evident on virtually every page of my work, yet I have deliberately used direct reference to him sparingly, allowing the workings of the Newfoundland texts to intersect implicitly with his ideas. Thus the Newfoundland novels are given primacy and immediacy in my work, and my argument suggesting the novels' concerns with power is accessible to those unschooled in Foucault, yet encourages reading of him. At the same time this approach allows those well acquainted with Foucault to easily recognize the usefulness of his exploration of the driving

mechanisms of culture and their applications to Newfoundland literature, both in the way the novels are read and in the stance taken by the novelists themselves. This is not to say that all theorists laud or even agree upon the writings of Foucault; I have tried to show in chapter three of this thesis, for example, that some Newfoundland novels, while illuminated by the Foucauldian enterprise, pass beyond his scope to incorporate a kind of transcendence and epiphany of community which restores, however tentatively, the breach between the self and the other. As I have not centered my discourse on Foucault but rather utilize him to give voice to the Newfoundland text, neither have I engaged in discussion of those feminist critics who variously accept or reject Foucault's work as convergent with their own. This is a task for another critical arena; instead I have suggested instances in the Newfoundland text in which feminist theory, in my opinion, is at one purpose with Foucault's project.

My brief allusions to and quotations from feminist critics, whose work often dovetails with Foucault's concerns, are amplified in my readings of novelists whose concerns are clearly feminist. Again I have deliberately made use of feminist critics as sparingly as possible: they occur only to highlight particular approaches that are also a part of Foucault's enterprise. Despite limited reference to them, however, their concerns are, like Foucault's, implicitly recurrent throughout the thesis. Thus, rather than imposing on the novelists of the thesis, these critics supplement the Newfoundland texts, once again allowing the texts themselves primacy.

My method in this thesis is deductive: my view of these novels is stated clearly in the introduction and from there I move to draw points to be evaluated from the texts, reaching conclusions immediately and thus compounding evidence as the thesis progresses. This is part and parcel of a Foucauldian stance: rather than drawing a closure at the conclusion of the thesis, I intend a starting point for those interested in pursuing re-evaluation of Newfoundland culture. This model is convergent as well with Patrick

O'Flaherty's The Rock Observed (1979) which, although a survey of Newfoundland literature, ends only with "A Concluding Note" on a character in a Newfoundland novel. O'Flaherty muses that no easy synopsis must be drawn on the movement of Newfoundland fiction and denies conclusions to his text. He suggests instead that a "living literature" may rise from reconsideration of figures such as those he has included in his work. My evocation of F. L. Jackson at the end of the thesis serves to underscore similar concerns. As Foucault seeks to multiply sites of resistance to domination in discourse, so too does Jackson, calling for the humanities to question the Newfoundland self-concept and the derivation of that concept, proposing instead, as he says, "what we might be." This is the thesis of my work: in demonstrating that the Newfoundland novelists drawn together in my text question, reshape and revise their understanding of their culture through narrative strategy, I show that they exert "acts of brief authority" which would well serve those who wish to answer Jackson's call.

This thesis does not encompass a discussion of the tradition or history of the Newfoundland novel; one such study is already available in Patrick O'Flaherty's engaging and important work, The Rock Observed. Instead, it focuses on major twentieth-century native Newfoundland novelists whose legacies comprise a variety of voices and narrative strategies that circumvent or confront perceived cultural and literary authority. These novelists include, in chapter one, Anastasia English and Margaret Duley; in chapter two, Harold Horwood and Percy Janes; in chapter three, M. T. Dohaney and William Gough; and in chapter four, Gordon Pinsent, William Rowe and Wayne Johnston.² Although the novelists discussed here are grouped chronologically for the most part, other reasons exist for organizing the chapters as I have. Writers are clustered in particular chapters to demonstrate the similarities and differences between them in themes, techniques and narrative choices. English and Duley are both centrally concerned with women's roles in their societies, for example, and in expressing their awakening feminism they develop

subtexts of imagery and metaphors which align them with nineteenth-century British women writers. Harold Horwood's frequent disparagement of Newfoundlanders is matched by Percy Janes's depiction of their often self-inflicted violences, yet Horwood pontificates solutions and isolates himself from the people of the island whereas Janes acknowledges his need for their companionship and the necessity of collective change. Dohaney and Gough both emphasize the importance of memory in their characterizations of the Newfoundlander's psyche. They suggest that memory functions to overcome both the geography of Newfoundland, which dispassionately destroys its inhabitants' creative work, and the history of Newfoundland, which is determined in large part by events and interpretations of those events occurring beyond the Newfoundlander's control. Pinsent, Rowe and Johnston use humorous texts to convey the anguish Newfoundlanders feel regarding religious, political and industrial powers imposed by foreign cultures over them. Their texts are also grouped together to demonstrate the wide-spread use of self-mockery by Newfoundlanders, which diminishes self-esteem and self-reliance in the province. All of the novelists assembled in this study indicate that the construction of stories may establish a personal mythology enabling the architect to survive geographic, cultural and personal domination.

Anastasia English (1862-1959) was born in St. John's. Her father was editor of The Colonist newspaper which was founded in 1866, and her brother, W. J. English, was editor of the Bell Island newspaper The Bell Island Miner. Family documents suggest that her grandmother, Anastasia Kinsella, "was probably among those tenants dispossessed of their homes when Lord Colclough of Tintern Abbey razed the town," ³ and thus in her family was a heritage of powerlessness. Her family environment in Newfoundland was transformed from this kind of powerlessness into social activism and literary pursuit, demonstrating paradoxically "some positive role models of strong, independent women" and, with regard to their social position, the appearance of "people who would not 'rock

the boat' and endanger chances for political patronage." ⁴ Although her novels were "very popular when they appeared in local bookstores years ago," ⁵ she is virtually unknown today.

English published four novels -- Only a Fisherman's Daughter (1899), Faithless (1901), Alice Lester (1904) and When the Dumb Speak (1938) -- and my analysis focuses only on the first and last of them. They best incorporate the development of her responses to authority and in so doing demonstrate more than mere romance for their readers. They expose sociological anxiety through images of madness and entrapment noted even at the time of their publication. Only a Fisherman's Daughter tells the story of two Newfoundland girls, one wealthy and highly positioned in society and the other orphaned and impoverished. The child likened to the devil, though orphaned, finds a thriving existence in the world while the angelic doctor's daughter lives merely a life of frailty and dependence. When the Dumb Speak explores the consequences of unrequited love when the lover is a man of power who literally entraps the woman he seeks to conquer. The lovers' story is played out in succeeding generations who incorporate the best qualities of their ancestors while overcoming their ancestors' need to control. With the seemingly magical release by a mute monk from a vow of chastity, the young heroine may finally wed. Both novels reveal subtexts of metaphors and images which express anger, defiance and reconstruction in society, and conclude with the final blessing of that altered society. Through the subtexts the novels may be appreciated as intentionally feminist. As well, their constant reference to and frequent location in other countries points to the need perceived by many members of the Newfoundland community to escape its geographical and political boundaries.

Like English, Margaret Duley (1894-1968) was also born in St. John's and was one of Newfoundland's first native authors. She was "one of the leaders of the movement for women's suffrage in Newfoundland," ⁶ and her novels are distinctly feminist in nature. She wrote in part to support herself, since her family's jewelry business began to fail

during the nineteen-thirties. Although her novels were well received in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, she was disappointed with their reception in Newfoundland. By the time of her death of Parkinson's disease in 1968, she, like English, had lapsed into obscurity.

Duley also wrote four novels -- The Eyes of the Gull (1936), Cold Pastoral (1939), Highway to Valour (1941) and Novelty on Earth (1942) -- and again I focus on the first and the last of these. These two novels provide examples of her development as a writer working against the literary tradition of Britain, the political authority of Britain over its subjects in Newfoundland, and the political and personal power of men which she believes is exercised over women. The feminism of her early novels is exhibited often in the use of imagery such as veils, masks, enclosure and possession; in her later writing she moves to forthright feminist statements and the assertion of the autonomy of her heroines. The Eyes of the Gull ends with the self-inflicted starvation of the heroine after her rejection by a British artist who throughout the novel has attempted to freeze her form on canvas. Novelty on Earth -- the title taken from Milton's description of woman in Paradise Lost -- denies the authority of the male lead, for here the heroine rejects both her lover and his British diplomacy in order to recreate herself. The heroine's return to Newfoundland from England not only marks a rejection of British heritage but also allows feminist recreation of her world.

Percy Janes, born in 1922 in St. John's, was raised in Corner Brook, the setting for his most well-known novel, House of Hate (1970). He enlisted in the Canadian Navy during World War II and subsequently studied at the University of Toronto. He has worked at a number of jobs to support himself, living in Canada, the United States and England. He has written novels, poetry and short stories and has encouraged young writers in Newfoundland through workshop teaching.⁷

Of Janes's several novels, only House of Hate (1970) and No Cage for Conquerors (1984), representative of his writings on the violence induced in Newfoundland communities by the bleak economic situations endured there, will be discussed. Alden Nowlan, demonstrating an understanding of the impoverished community and members victimized in that community, identifies the central workings of House of Hate when he writes that it is "... a book that opens the mind and lacerates the heart... one of those rare and fascinating books that are part of the very tragedies they describe" (Nowlan, Telegraph-Journal (New Brunswick) 21 March 1970, rpt. House of Hate, NCL series cover). Here Janes's need to articulate violence may be seen as part of a cycle of violence, creating a world of brutality from which even the reader seeks escape. The community's desire to control its own fortunes causes it to establish its own hierarchy, and this power structure merely weakens and destroys its members, affirming in essence the results of the imposition of foreign power structures which first left the community needy.

No Cage for Conquerors, a more artistically self-conscious work, presents a court case which revolves around the defence of the artist who maliciously paints members of Newfoundland high society to cause them public ridicule. As House of Hate heaps violence in the form of language upon its reader in order to ensnare him in the processes of violence, so No Cage for Conquerors directly confronts the reader with a challenge to participate directly in the text. The novel is a series of court transcripts which force the reader to become a jury member on the question of the use of art as political weapon. Janes's thematic concerns not only deal with cultural and political authority but are related through narrative strategy which endeavours to draw the reader into the text in order to overthrow types of power outside it.

Harold Horwood, born in 1923 in St. John's, is a well-known literary and political figure in Newfoundland. He was an M.H.A. for Labrador (1949-51), and supported Joseph R. Smallwood during the referendum campaigns of 1948. After a dispute with

Smallwood he left politics to enter journalism where he became a staunch social and political critic. In 1977 he left Newfoundland to live in Nova Scotia.⁸ His strong commitment to experimentalism marks him as a risk-taker, and it is this feature that, at its best, lends support to his works' vision and, at its worst, renders it inaccessible.

Like Janes, Horwood often concerns himself with the tyranny of one culture over another, though his treatment is often naive. Tomorrow Will Be Sunday (1966), White Eskimo (1972) and Remembering Summer (1987) deal with the impact on native cultures of foreign intercession. The central character of the companion novels Tomorrow Will Be Sunday and Remembering Summer, Eli Pallisher, declares sexual abuse at the hands of a Catholic priest which forces the child's exclusion from his community. In Remembering Summer Eli is depicted as the center of a commune for drugged hippies where any and all people are accepted regardless of their histories. The novel consists of fragments and dream sequences that displace the reader from a sense of linear reality and are intended to release the reader from what Horwood perceives to be outmoded and destructive ways of thinking. White Eskimo laments the loss of the Eskimo's tradition and culture. Here Horwood's particular emphasis on oral tradition roots the characters' experience in the voicing of -- or inability to voice -- a communally shared language. Its absence constitutes failure of community and its presence represents heritage. In each novel Horwood's abhorrence of the ignorance of many native Newfoundlanders leaves him unable to appreciate any of their merits. For his naive characterizations he is chastised by Newfoundland critics, and thus his views are themselves marginalized.

M. T. (Jean) Dohaney was born in 1930 in Point Verde, Newfoundland and moved to Fredericton, New Brunswick in 1954. She received her Doctorate of Education in English from Boston University in 1978 and teaches technical writing in the Faculty of Forestry at the University of New Brunswick. Besides her two novels -- The Corrigan Women (1988) and To Scatter Stones (1992) -- she has published short stories and articles

and a personal journal entitled When Things Get Back to Normal (1989), written after her husband's death.

William Gough, born in 1945 in Halifax, Nova Scotia, moved with his family to Newfoundland two months later. He spent his childhood "in many small outport communities where his father was the resident doctor, a childhood which strongly influenced his writing." ⁹ He began a broadcast career in Gander in 1965, moved to St. John's in 1968 to work for the CBC, and eventually, in 1978, accepted a position in Toronto with CBC's national network where he wrote and produced many scripts. In 1985 he resigned to pursue his writing, though he continues to work as a production consultant.

Both Dohaney and Gough focus their texts on memory and heritage as vehicles for escape from and reconciliation with the past. They most strongly engage in escaping tyranny as imposed by physical and societal threats by using narrative strategy to allow both their characters and their readers to overcome the times of those threats. Dohaney's The Corrigan Women documents the abuse of women at the hands of men over several generations, and her To Scatter Stones stands as an epilogue to the first novel. Dohaney grants Tessie, last of the Corrigan women, a heritage through overlaid images of women's experience which are timeless. Foucault's concept of genealogy may be readily understood through this kind of writing as characters transgress the laws of time and place and merge with one another, providing synchronic views from the various perspectives of women. Thus the novel, primarily concerned with the continuance of love between women over generations in the face of adversity -- often caused by relationships with men -- produces what Foucault calls a "record [of] the singularity of events outside of any monotonous finality; [which can be sought]... in the most unpromising places, in what we tend to feel is without history - in sentiments, love, conscience, instincts; [and thus produces a record] ... not in order to trace the gradual curve of their evolution, but to isolate the different scenes where they engaged in different roles" (Language, Counter-Memory, Practice 139-40). The

narrative form thus allows growth of versions of history through the accumulation of images.

Gough's Maud's House (1984) depends entirely upon a kind of movie-script text of images from an omnipresent camera eye to produce present-tense narrative of events in the past. The result is a poignant and jarring account of one woman's loss of acceptance, recognition and perceived legal standing in a Newfoundland outport due to the death of her common-law husband. The community's refusal to speak to Maud places her in a sort of silent limbo which is delicately shared with the reader, who, perceiving through the camera eye, experiences a visual existence as well. Maud's recollections pass before the reader continually in the present tense and inform the reader that he or she is bound together with Maud in an evolution that is at once instantaneous and gradual, and which transcends a language that ordinarily -- and sometimes dangerously -- binds community. Chips and Gravey (1991) also concerns the bonds which form community, but whereas Maud's achievement of integration within her society is founded on rational restructuring of formerly accepted social doctrine, Phonse Skiffington's creation of community in Gough's latest work is dependent upon the reader's acceptance of that character's madness, and in fact upon a defence of and delight in the world of magical insanity that Phonse inhabits. Phonse's world view suggests we deny ourselves entry to the kind of joyful kinships he creates by our intolerance of the social needs and constructs of others. In his willingness to believe and validate the proposed experiences of others, Phonse meets ghosts and whole communities of the long dead. It is to Gough's credit as a storyteller that the reader not only accepts these premises, but longs to experience them as the novel progresses.

Gordon Pinsent, born in 1930 in Grand Falls, Newfoundland, moved to Toronto in 1948 and joined the armed forces. Discharged in 1951, he worked in Winnipeg as dance instructor and commercial artist while acting in the Winnipeg Repertory Theatre. He later worked with other theatre companies in Manitoba and Ontario before moving to Los

Angeles in 1967. He returned to Canada in 1971 to produce the script he had written for The Rowdyman (1973) and stayed to re-write it as a novel. At this time he also co-wrote and starred in the successful series "A Gift to Last" for CBC television. He then wrote a second novel entitled John and the Missus (1974), which he first adapted as a stage play, later directing and starring in the film version. He has worked to support many charitable causes in Newfoundland and has received honorary degrees from three Canadian universities, including Memorial University in 1988. ¹⁰

William Rowe, born in 1942 in Grand Bank, was Newfoundland's Rhodes Scholar in 1964 and studied law at Oxford. He was admitted to the Bar in 1966 and in that same year was elected to the House of Assembly in Newfoundland as a Liberal. He was appointed to the Cabinet by Joseph R. Smallwood in 1968. He became opposition House leader in 1972, resigned his seat in 1974 and re-entered politics in 1977 when he was elected leader of the Liberal party. He resigned his position in 1979 when it was discovered that he had leaked documents to the media in a Department of Justice investigation. He later ran in both federal and provincial nominations as a Conservative but was not successful. Since leaving politics, he has practiced law, written two novels and pursued a career as a daily open-line show commentator in Newfoundland. ¹¹

Wayne Johnston was born in 1958 in Goulds, Newfoundland. He studied at Memorial University of Newfoundland and worked as a reporter for the Daily News in St. John's from 1979 to 1981. He studied at the University of New Brunswick until 1984, receiving a Master of Arts, and began writing full-time in Ottawa in 1985. His first novel, The Story of Bobby O'Malley (1985), won the 1986 Books in Canada W. H. Smith First Novel Award and his second, The Time of their Lives (1987), won the 1988 Canadian Authors' Association Air Canada Award for most promising author under thirty. His most recent novel, The Divine Ryans (1990), has received wide critical acclaim. He has also published as a short story writer and poet. ¹²

Pinsent and Rowe question the authority and policies of politics and the legal system through studies of rebellious characters, whereas Johnston questions the authority of religion and the family through the eyes of young men becoming aware of their own power and, often, the power of sexuality over them. All three novelists employ laughter to demolish the power of institutions, and all three pit Newfoundland dialect against the language of other environments in order to do so. While Pinsent lends his central characters seeming indomitability through laughter, ultimately his belief in communal responsibility gives priority to the survival of the group over that of the individual, however engaging the impulse to individual anarchy may appear. Whether Will Cole in The Rowdy Man or John Munn in John and the Missus, Pinsent's central characters cannot temper defiance with responsibility and are defeated when they allow other characters to do as they see fit, despised by their own communities and lost to self-destruction. This kind of intolerance is also apparent in the political world, as exemplified in Bill Rowe's Clapp's Rock (1983) and The Temptation of Victor Galanti (1989). While Rowe's novels are important and often well-crafted works on the Newfoundland political world, his satire is often so subtly employed that his writing is taken by reviewers at face value, suffering criticism about stilted language and episodic sexual fantasizing that falls short of even popular romance standards. Rowe's strategy blends elements of American and Newfoundland culture and dialect, often failing to delineate clearly between satiric deflation and the accurate portrayal of political absurdity, thus sometimes seeming to grant credibility to characters whose existence, without the understood life-blood of satire, can serve only to enrage the reader, when in fact they are meant to edify him.

The narrative strategy of Johnston's impressive and enthralling The Story of Bobby O'Malley depends on a delicate and complex comedy that conveys the pain and bitterness of authority imposed by a tyranny over words. Neither Bobby nor his father can confront a reign of suppression imposed by his well-meaning but misguided mother who is

seen as a mouthpiece of the Church. The inability to speak to the problem leads to the suicide of Bobby's father. Yet the novel abounds with comedy, for laughter is seen as alternative to death, just as is the madness Foucault claims "is merely the penalty of the liberty that reigns there.... Freedom of conscience entails more dangers than authority and despotism" (Madness and Civilization 213). Johnston's narrative thus uses the reader's laughter to destroy the authority of institutions depicted in the text, yet it also allows the reader to share in the suffering which secures the price of individual freedom. As Bobby's suffering is found in parenthesis in the novel, the laughter enjoyed by the reader in one sentence is sharply halted by the pain which lies bracketed in the next. Bereft of laughter, The Time of their Lives details the attempts of succeeding generations of a family to escape from the life of hardship to which they are born in a small Newfoundland community. Not unlike House of Hate, the novel revolves around the dominance of "Dad," archetypal patriarch of misery for each generation despite his declining years. Thus it deals thematically with the notions of authority and control, but just as significant is its close affinity to oral storytelling and family-history narrative forms which may be seen as the means of controlling experience and heritage. Johnston's work is strongly reminiscent of the many biographical narrative accounts produced in Newfoundland in the 1940s and 1950s and which remain popular there today. Johnston's The Divine Ryans tells the story of Draper Doyle Ryan, whose father, we learn at the conclusion of the text, has committed suicide as the result of pressures he has endured to fulfill his family's wishes and simultaneously to maintain his homosexuality. Through dream sequences, classical and contemporary mythical allusions, ridicule of the Church and its practices and through personal re-invention of psychoanalysis, Draper Doyle finds a way out of his father's horrific imprisonment to cultural norms. Although Johnston's novels are understood to distinguish between the author and the narrator, they point to the very fine line between personal narrative and novel forms. Like House of Hate, they convey a deep sense of

autobiography, calling up a heritage of oral tradition and an intuitive fumbling for control of life through control of language, whether on the page or beyond it.

It is this cry for control both of life and of one's very utterances which is stubbornly issued from the text of these Newfoundland novels, and it is a cry which draws its heritage from the earliest pleadings and defiance of the colonized people of Newfoundiand. Newfoundland writers speak throughout the twentieth century of a struggle against loss of language, regardless of the pain or violence which that speaking might involve, and they echo the political and cultural views expressed in historical discourse. Moreover, the narrative form chosen by these authors is composed of subtexts, confrontations of dialect and experimental narrative technique, all designed to engage the reader in the struggle to escape the author's perceived literary and cultural fetters. In establishing their own versions or acts of authority, these Newfoundland novelists represent grievances through the telling of tales and the subtleties of narrative strategy, giving a hearing to voices often otherwise denied existence.

End Notes

¹ It is important to note that Morris's perceptions of Newfoundland history may well be inaccurate, or possibly fabricated. Yet these conclusions become a basis for interpretation of the colony's development and insinuate themselves into the fabric of the colony's literature. For commentary on the "largely imagined grievances" of Morris and the many significant writers, historians and politicians who followed him, see O'Flaherty, The Rock Observed, especially pp. 51-59.

² For the purposes of this thesis, the term "Newfoundland novel" includes novels set in Newfoundland and written by native Newfoundlanders. I have therefore excluded from this study nineteenth-century travel and adventure stories written by those visiting Newfoundland and deal only with those twentieth-century Newfoundland novels that are purely imaginative in nature and that are intended for an adult audience. Hence, writers of juvenile fiction such as the accomplished Kevin Major and Helen Porter, and writers of the adventure novel, such as Erle R. Spencer and P. J. Wakeham, are not included here. Neither have I dealt with biographical works, personal narratives or novellas. Similarly absent from this study are writers of historical fiction, whose range of narrative strategy is limited in part by 'facts'. Early Newfoundland writers J. A. O'Reilly and Arthur English have been excluded for these reasons. Similarly, Cassie Brown's work, a rewriting of various histories previously told publicly only through legal inquiries, but now retold by her through integration of oral interview and fiction which produces alternate versions of those events, would prove a fascinating study if grouped elsewhere with other texts of that type. These exclusions account for significant gaps in time between selected authors. Those native novelists who remain are grouped in this work; one notable exception is Patrick O'Flaherty, whose eloquent short stories suggest much fine writing will follow, but whose one novel cannot provide a corpus for study of major writers.

³ Biographical information on Anastasia English originates primarily with genealogist Edward Vincent Chafe, friend of the English family. He holds collected papers concerning the English family and would be an important source for future study of Anastasia English. Further biographical information on this writer originates with her obituary (St. John's Evening Telegram 3 June 1959, 3) and with the St. John's Arts and Culture Centre Library File on English, as well as the Dictionary of Newfoundland Biography, Robert H. Cuff et al., editors (St. John's: Harry Cuff Publications Limited, 1990).

⁴ Edward Vincent Chafe as quoted from correspondence to Joan Strong, 24 January 1992.

⁵ St. John's Evening Telegram 3 June 1959, 3.

⁶ Dictionary of Newfoundland Biography 92. Further biographical information can be found in Alison Feder's Margaret Duley: Newfoundland Novelist (St. John's: Harry Cuff Publications, 1983) and in Lisa de Leon's Writers of Newfoundland and Labrador (St. John's: Jespersen Press, 1985).

⁷ Dictionary of Newfoundland Biography 175-76. Further biographical information can be found in Patrick O'Flaherty's The Rock Observed (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1979) and in de Leon.

⁸ Dictionary of Newfoundland Biography 162. Further biographical information can be found in Patrick O'Flaherty's The Rock Observed and in de Leon.

⁹ Biographical information cited from Gough File 1.07.013, Archival Collections at Memorial University.

¹⁰ Dictionary of Newfoundland Biography 271. Further biographical information can be found in de Leon.

¹¹ Dictionary of Newfoundland Biography 297.

¹² Dictionary of Newfoundland Biography 179-180. Further biographical information cited from Wayne Johnston File, Memorial University of Newfoundland Archives.

Chapter One

Anastasia English and Margaret Duley: "Pride and Independence."

" I'm not ashamed of my humble birth, Mrs. Brandford, on the contrary, I feel quite proud, that, tho' only a fisherman's daughter, I can show you, a member of the charmed circle of the aristocracy, what proper pride and independence of spirit mean."

(English, Only A Fisherman's Daughter 163)

" It took woman to sound the clarion! ... There was this separateness of men and women. The story of creation was wrong. Woman was not made from man's rib. She was dropped haphazard, into the Garden of Eden from some separate planet. That it coincided with the moment of man's greatest need was incidental. She merely co-operated and went her secret way."

(Duley, Novelty on Earth 96-97)

Two of Newfoundland's early novelists, Anastasia English and Margaret Duley, write with an eye to "the charmed circle of the aristocracy" of which English speaks in the above quotation. Not only are these novelists acutely aware of the infrastructures of their social worlds but they work with and against the patterns and paradigms established by their literary forefathers as well. The unfolding development of their narrative craft is fascinating both over time and within individual novels. Just as Agatha La Mala, heroine of English's When the Dumb Speak, supports herself by endless lace-making, knitting and embroidery, so too do English and Duley find autonomy from an enclosure of literary inheritance by working a tension of foreign culture against their own underwoven truths. The foreign culture against which they examine and often recreate themselves is not only American, British and European but pointedly male. English's and Duley's novels -- garments knitted from elastic narrative strands of songs, fables and metaphors -- betray the foolishly ill-fitting and binding expectations of men and cultures foreign to their own. The Newfoundland novels review and revalue their cultural origins, reinventing the persona of the Newfoundlander and particularly of the Newfoundland woman.

Only A Fisherman's Daughter (1899), subtitled A Tale of Newfoundland, is intent from its opening on the demarcations between social spheres in that colony. The young heroine, Nora Moore, or Norrie as she is called -- her nickname calling up images of the Northeasterly gales, both threatening and spectacular in Newfoundland -- is, like the storm, characterized as "wild, careless, [and] mischievous" (3). She is orphaned and thus situated at the very bottom of any social ranking in her community. She lives with her aunt and uncle in meager circumstances, her willfulness in spite of her position in life earning her the angry attentions of the aristocratic Mrs. Brandford, Norrie's antagonist in the novel, who calls her "the terror of [the community of] St. Rose" (3). It is not surprising that Mrs. Brandford sees Norrie as a terror or threat, for Norrie stands as the epitome of all Mrs. Brandford fears: Norrie is, by aristocratic standards, uneducated and essentially penniless, yet she leads the circle of children who will become the next governors of their community. Norrie's friendship with the doctor's daughter, Lucy Hamilton, exemplifies Norrie's dangerous influence in St. Rose and pairs two extremes in Mrs. Brandford's opinion since Lucy, blonde, blue-eyed and "fairy-like" (4), is the porcelain model of elite female passivity whereas Norrie, Satan to Lucy's angel, is representative of all that rebellion entails. Worse still, Norrie shows promise of infiltrating social classes far beyond her rank and thus the potential to tear them apart from the inside out. Norrie's very presence begins this societal unraveling when Lucy's father argues Norrie's defence against his social equal, Mrs. Brandford:

'How do you explain this, madam,' and the Doctor put on his severest aspect. 'Why, because she is the child of fisher parents, must she be ill-bred?'

'I wonder at your asking such a question, Doctor, the utter absence of refinement and education makes them ill-bred.'

'I am surprised, Mrs. Brandford, at your ignorance of such matters, the absence of education does not, by any means, necessitate ill-breeding, else how is it found, I am sorry to say, so often amongst what is called the higher classes?' (6)

Dr. Hamilton's deprecation of the upper classes revalues the qualities he finds in the people of Newfoundland, in spite of the fact that later in the text he demonstrates a lack of

confidence in their educational abilities by sending both his daughter and Norrie to foreign schools. His defence of the Newfoundlander is tempered with the reader's understanding of the doctor's own blindnesses, but his movement in alliance with Norrie marks her power in his sight. Mrs. Brandford's outright condemnation of Norrie and her community is but a step removed from the doctor's righteous judgements and the reader's perception of the social casts within the novel is crucial in understanding English's destruction of them. While Mrs. Brandford is smug in "the weight of her superiority" (7), Dr. Hamilton is complacently unaware of his own biases, his intolerance cloaked even from himself, and the reader is aware of the ironic likeness between them. Here English is able to distance the reader from both representations of elitism, and set in motion a searching on the reader's part for a more enlightened social system.

English is at pains to point out the importance of language in Norrie's ascendancy through social ranks and to reflect the breakdown of social structure -- as well as its reconstruction -- through the dialect of the characters in her novel. Dr. Hamilton, for instance, is characterized as "a man who had little patience with the haughty ones who drew aside their skirts lest they should come in contact with those of their humbler neighbours, and on this account was unfortunate enough to get into the bad graces of the dignified Mrs. Brandford. He was a plain spoken man, and had a habit of driving home unpleasant truths to those who deserved it" (5). This direct opposition of speech pattern to the haughty members of his community opens the novel, and English moves swiftly to dovetail this feature of the narrative with a subtler use of differentiating dialects to create layers of social grouping. For example, Norrie's language sets her apart from the other youngsters of fisherfolk as English makes clear when she depicts the teasing between children which develops before a snowball fight:

'Nera wan o' ye id fire a snow-ball at her,' nodding in Mrs. Brandford's direction [says one child].

'Well, what do we want to fire one at her for?' [responds Norrie].

'I bet ye yer afeard now wid all yer bravery, Norrie Moore.'

'I'm not afeard, but I won't do it.'
' 'Cause she'd wring yer ears if ye did.'
'Would she, indeed, wring my ears? I'd like to see her try it. You just shut up now Tommy Brown or I'll throw a snowball at you.' (11)

Here Norrie's language is markedly elevated beyond the phonetically structured wording of Tommy Brown, although English includes a passing comment that "Norrie's grammar was often at fault" (15). Although Norrie's language does not permit her to speak, as the narrator does, of Dr. Hamilton's "bright, comfortable and pretty little cottage" (27) -- a description of a Newfoundland home odd at best in that time and place and clearly taken from outside Norrie's linguistic realm -- she is nonetheless granted a language which points to her struggle for social ascendancy. Norrie herself declares a heightened awareness of language skills when she tells Lucy that "I always try to speak the way Miss Bryant tells us, and the way you and your mother and father speak" (19). Types of dialect pervade the text, marking the aspirations of the characters and allowing or forbidding them to enter varied social strata. Norrie's perception of this phenomenon grants her access to a world beyond the poverty of her relatives and thus empowers her economically and socially. Words become liberating keys to the impoverished Norrie, who is reluctant to fumble in her usage of them for fear that her actions may deny her the respect she has worked so hard to achieve. This crucial intertwining of speech and action is fundamental to Norrie's understanding of social betterment, as is evidenced in her speech and action towards Jerry Malone, an isolated and socially exiled weather watcher in St. Rose:

'Did dey let you out again? [he asks.] I tought ye war goin' to be locked in for a mont', ye desarnes it anyhow, after makin' all de young wans lave Tom Brown's hay t'other day, and dat night it rained as I towled him 'twould, and din't stop for six days, so 'twas rotten before 'twas put in.'
'Oh, well, [Norrie responds,] tattle tales always get left, Jerry, and Tommy Brown and his Da are of the worst kind,' but she suddenly remembered she was relapsing into her slang ways again, and fearing to trust herself, lest she should be tempted to play some prank on Jerry or tease him, she ran off, leaving him grumbling to himself something about 'Sassy young ting.' (31)

Not only does Norrie distance herself verbally and physically from this man, she is significantly displayed as ceasing to trust herself in her behaviour or her language. Jerry, in

contrast to Norrie, is attuned to his nature and his environment but is not a man of social graces. Norrie's choices for growth are clear: she separates herself from others as well as from her instinctive understanding of self in order to become a model of the educated elite. Further, English writes that Norrie will no longer spend time "wid a dory" (32) but will read poetry, and Norrie thus exchanges the known and intuited life of her Newfoundland home for the experience of books in a desire to gain knowledge, power and social acceptability in a society which dominates her own culture.

Norrie's use of language depicts the fragmentation of self one might expect in a child attempting to satisfy and be accepted in two divergent cultures. Her exhibition of a pride and lust for power blended with a certainty of inferiority is common to many Newfoundland characters. Newfoundland's history rests on the knowledge that law and power on the island are instituted from sources that are oceans away. The foreign becomes acknowledged as the better and in this acquiescence is a perception of the self as powerless. While Norrie's fisherfolk community grants this cultural power to those of a society educated by standards established elsewhere, Norrie's own instincts rail against it. This produces the complexity of Norrie's character, which is by turns defiant and submissive. As a child, for example, she is to other children "a favorite with them all, and they only wanted her ... to urge them on to rebellion" (15). Her confidence in her command of her own language and in its connection with others is also evident in English's description of truancy from haying:

'Well now,' said Norrie, as she straightened herself and moved a little distance off, so as the eloquence of her persuasive powers might have the desired effect on her auditors, 'if you have one spark of independence in you, if you have the likin' you all talk of for Lucy and me, if you want to punish that mean little brat Tommy Brown, and last, but not least, if you want to have one glorious, jolly day, drop your hay prongs and we'll run as fast as our legs can carry us to the hills.' (16-17)

Nevertheless, when confronted by a perceived social superior, Norrie is lost in silence, accepting a guilt and punishment of which she is not deserving:

Norrie was not at all frightened, and did not look it either, but she was about to apologize and explain when the words 'low-born fisher-girl' fell on her ear, and she remained silent.

It was one of her peculiar habits that she would not justify herself when accused of something she did not do. (12)

While she is rebellious in every way she nonetheless submerges her own personality, language and interests for the culture of those who have most ill-used her because she perceives them as more culturally and socially astute than herself. Instead she works unrelentingly to achieve their status and to quell the outbursts of Newfoundland culture which may spring from her as English describes:

... her high spirits, gay light-hearted manner, and love of mischief did not leave her, but they had, of course, attained a milder form, she would not now tell anyone to 'shut up', nor 'keep on their wool', and jigging squids and tomcods, had somewhat lost their charm, but she could swim, manage a dory all alone, steer and skull to perfection. Often after some hours of practice at her beloved music and study, she would run off and have one wild ramble over the beach, or perhaps, spring into a punt or a dory taking Lucy with her, and row across the harbour.' (35)

Further conflict occurs in Norrie's understanding of self between the culture in which she lives and the very different culture which she sees represented in the education system around her. While the former prepares her for life in St. Rose, the latter denies her suitability for life in her home, and the span of this education is threatened by the lack of regard her family have for time spent on occupations understood to be useless to survival in the cove. English writes of the confrontation brewing between Norrie and her guardians over the issue of education and highlights the dispute in terms of differences in their dialects:

'I heard Aunt Bridget say to Uncle John the other day, that she would soon have to keep me home to help her at the carding and spinning, and he said, "I think about another year will finish off what larning she wants" (that's the way he says it)' [Norrie tells Lucy].... (19)

Her desire for education is likened to madness by her uncle, and when Norrie is asked to take the matter up with him she "...laughed outright, 'ask Uncle John that,' she said. 'Why, he would look at me and say I was gone mad altogether, he says, I'm half mad [now]' " (27). Ironically it is only through an understanding of her home environment that

Norrie wins the opportunity for further education when she saves Lucy from a boating accident. Here her heritage becomes a kind of language as action and through the speaking of that heritage members of the community may be saved. Dr. Hamilton arranges for Norrie's education in a convent in the United States as a reward, telling her Uncle John that she is "fit... for a different sphere of life from that which she would fill here" (48). With characteristic deference to the opinion of the educated, her uncle responds: "it must be the right thing when you say so," and later John describes the undertaking to his wife in deathly terms: " [Norrie's] as good as done for, I know the Doctor is right, and she'd never do for a fisherman's wife" (51). Norrie says farewell to Mrs. Brandford, who "never once addressed her during the conversation, and the words which poor Norrie had been rehearsing for some time were never said ..." (56). Until the time of her departure, Norrie's words fall on deaf ears in the cove, and she silences herself when those of perceived power grant her no audience. Despite her obvious facility with her own heritage she is directed towards life in another, seen as mad by her own family and perceived as a threat by those of power, both summations ostracizing and isolating her from any function within her society.

Life at the convent allows her a new role and a new opportunity for power. Outside the foreign social structures imposed in the cove, Norrie is but one of many students on equal footing at the convent. This comes at the expense of the external telltale signs of the place of her birth, however, so much so that Norrie literally and metaphorically takes on a new skin: "As Mrs. Dane prophesied the coat of tan, which exposure to sun and wind had given her, had entirely disappeared, and her skin was soft and white, while her cheeks were of a rich, healthy bloom ..." (63). Now garbed as other accomplished young ladies of her time, Norrie is valued in a territory outside her own and the measure of her heritage is underscored when, at a recital, she causes much envy:

'Who is she?' several asked.

'A young lady from Newfoundland,' was the answer.

"Then, Newfoundland might well feel proud of such a daughter' (64)

English uses Norrie's song to revalue her abilities and strengths beyond her skills in wool carding and knitting, yet draws on her natural qualities in giving power to her voice: "Her greatest charm was her perfect freedom from anything approaching affectation" (64). Norrie's Newfoundland experience is not lost, but on the contrary is exposed to her greatest advantage in her unaffected communication through music. An innate ability along with the spontaneity and fellowship in the place of her birth combine to allow Norrie's musical success. Not only does Norrie charm with this mixture of attributes, but all who hear her recognize the "power of her voice" (75). English's narrative rescues Norrie in a plot line that removes her from her home but still locates the source of her power as issuing from that place. The movement of this action validates the Newfoundland culture which Norrie inherently characterizes, but it also points to the necessity of escape from the confinement of other sublimating cultures in order for that validity to be clear.

Norrie's voice is now able to wield a control beyond her own understanding, so much so that while Norrie "never dreamed of the power she possessed in the charm of her face, voice and manner," she nonetheless forces a presuming lover to keep "back the words he meant to have spoken" (76). Norrie's own love for Harry Brandford is strongly conveyed through her ability to silence other attempts for her affection without willful action. This repels Harry's mother, who would prefer his marriage to Lucy because "She thought her one of those gentle girls, who could easily be moulded to her own way of thinking, and so foresaw herself Mistress of Harry Brandford's house for the rest of her life" (89). Norrie recognizes that Mrs. Brandford "has not forgiven me for breaking the fetters that bound me to the life of my ancestors" (84), and assumes her aspirations for Harry's love are likely well beyond her reach as a result. When Harry asks if Norrie loves another suitor, she is unable to form a response, again silenced by a control which both her love for him and Mrs. Brandford's dominion have over her. He assumes the worst: "silence, I suppose gives consent" (111), he replies, musing that his fondest desire is

beyond his reach. Norrie's words are now imbued with a power to grant her control of her life, yet her self-awareness is only partially developed. Norrie has broken fetters of submission that bound her ancestors, but at the same time she has not developed an emotional independence or ability to communicate her desires even to those she loves when social rejection stands threateningly in the way. In these plot revelations English's underpinnings of implication are made clear: while textually Norrie's strengths are invisible to her, subtextually, that is in the understanding between English and the reader of the larger concerns for which Norrie stands, Norrie's strengths, based on her ancestral ties, are manifold, so much so that she unwittingly commands all those around her. Norrie demonstrates an ability to alter any social relationship or structure she chooses: it remains only for her to grant herself a power she already has.

Regrettably it is male will and ultimately male economic control that release Norrie from her imposed silences. Harry confronts his stepmother to force her to invite Norrie to a party she is giving. The scene is full of ironies: the legal and monetary stature with which Harry intimidates Mrs. Brandford is no less bullying than the social control she attempted to inflict on Norrie:

At last her pent-up passion burst forth in all its fury; she rose to her feet saying, as she moved towards the door: 'Since it is useless wasting words on you, and you forget yourself so far as to ask me to invite a low-born fishergirl (because she has managed to scrape up an education through the mistaken charity of fools, whose favor she was clever enough to win), amongst refined ladies and gentlemen, I shall leave you to cool off the heat of your temper somewhat.' (117)

Mrs. Brandford's anger, the last bastion of her attempted forcible control of Harry, is spewed out in condemnation of Norrie's low birth, her association with the station of fishermen, and in ridicule of her education which has been acquired, in Mrs. Brandford's view, by her impoverished plea for charity and the misguided generosity of fools. She recognizes Norrie's cleverness, however, and this intelligence frightens her, for this faculty threatens to destroy the social hierarchy Mrs. Brandford maintains. Harry does not wait for this eventuality, though, and physically restrains Mrs. Brandford so that she cannot leave

the house. Horrified by his response, she cries: " 'Do you intend to make me a prisoner, sir?' " and he coolly replies: " ' 'Til you've done as I tell you' " (118). Harry's physical imprisonment of this woman reflects the degree of force instigated by Norrie's rebellion, and it parades before the reader the result of her attempt to integrate herself into the existing social system. Her failure results in the collapse and the restructuring of her society, though at the cost of vengeful imprisonment of other members of that society by virtue of their newly instilled weakness. Any delight at Mrs. Brandford's downfall must therefore be tempered with the reader's recognition of his own vulnerability and acquiescence to misuse of power, particularly in a patriarchal society that empowers men by legal and monetary means. Harry is more than clear in his threat to use such power and through him Norrie is granted supremacy over Mrs. Brandford: " 'Miss Moore is not your equal, for she is as far above you as the angels are above satan. Now, Mrs. Brandford, since you've put me to it, I must remind you that this house is mine...' " (118). Yet in granting Norrie the status of the angel, Harry imprisons her, for she is, in a sense, embalmed by his vision. Her power is granted by his voice and will rather than her own.

Norrie's empowerment does not have the liberating quality she might have imagined. She becomes "nervous and morbid, from the constant restraint she had placed upon herself" (133). Thus in Harry's restraint of Mrs. Brandford Norrie herself is restrained. She is translated into a being she is not, foreshadowed in the words she once used to describe Lucy: " ' she's as good as an angel, but I don't want to be like her, I don't want to be like anyone but myself ' " (23). Norrie's realization of this truth is evident in her description of the ball she attends:

' ... it is certainly very pleasurable to a certain extent, the music is delightful, the decorations most artistic, the dresses rich and beautiful, and everyone is so polite and agreeable, but, for whole-souled enjoyment give me a little dory with two oars, and put me out on the dear delightful sea, or the running river, with the blue sky above, and the green hills around me, and the most alluring ball-room would never tempt me from it. The call of the blood, I suppose, coming to me through a long line of ancestors.' (141-42)

Her reconciliation with self and ancestry allows her finally to accept a marriage proposal from Harry, but on his business-motivated departure from the community Mrs. Brandford levies her own economic strength against the union. She tells Mrs. Hamilton that Norrie's education was paid in part by money Norrie's father should have paid to Mr. Brandford for incurred debts. Norrie thus finds herself in a kind of bondage to Mrs. Brandford, and her knowledge of this fact, along with her characteristic pride, is enough to thwart the wedding. When Norrie asks Mrs. Brandford why she persecutes her, she answers: " 'What I'm doing now is simply my duty . ' " But the narrator makes clear that if she told the truth she would say that it was "because you never have, either as a child or woman, stood the least bit in awe of me" (161). Norrie's flight from oppression leads her once again to the United States; she is driven away from her home by economic deprivation and the knowledge that her self-worth -- to Norrie a quality intimately linked to education -- is based on a debt owed and unpayable. Again Norrie is removed from autonomy because it is not self-granted. Charity and pride of person are seldom compatible, and Norrie's exile in the narrative represents the intolerable living inflicted on a people who are in turn colonized, pitied and scorned by cultures which do not validate their differences, perceiving them instead as threats.

Norrie's flight leads her to a mother-figure in the person of the Mother Superior of the convent in New York. This woman's vantage point, untainted by inclusion in the Newfoundland community, is also uninformed. She tells Norrie: " 'The man whose promised wife you almost were, had a right to your confidence, and unless he were satisfied to have you make this sacrifice, you should not have done so, and I fear, my child, that pride is the leading element which has influenced you in this step' " (174). Norrie's decision to leave Newfoundland and forego her marriage rests on her refusal to be indebted and thus unequal to her husband and his family, and although this does invoke her pride, it does not cause her to make an ignorant or arrogant choice. As she realizes, she

must move away from emotional dependence on this woman; her emotional turmoil at her absolute isolation causes a complete breakdown. She can no longer balance the needs of her own nature against the costs of foreign inclusion and collapses, "confined ... her bed with complete prostration of mind and body" (176).

Norrie's recovery involves a world excursion as the governess of a invalid child. Although she enjoys her freedom, "as her heavy heart will let her, [and] all the novelty of travel in foreign lands, drinking in the sublime beauties of nature, satisfying her artistic soul by gazing enraptured at rare paintings of the old masters, at the statues of famous sculptors. At old ruins and scenes that she had read of in history..." (191), she longs above all "to see a Newfoundland paper" (192). The obvious physical symbols of Norrie's journey parallel her earlier experiences in the novel. Although she is now independent, earning her own way and at ease in a foreign world known previously to her only through books, her deepest yearnings are to be in touch with her own home through her own people's words. She is baffled to find in a Newfoundland paper that Lucy has married Harry. She does not know that the Harry Brandford of the paper is her estranged fiancé's cousin, and the confusion between the characters underscores the notion that one cannot rely on words outside a community to have a full understanding of the reality or workings of that community. In Norrie's culminating act of independence she sends a cheque to Mrs. Brandford's firm to pay off the debt her father incurred, and this document -- testimony to her former imprisonment to the woman -- finds its way into Harry's hands. He banishes Mrs. Brandford from the house "where she had ruled for so many years" (198), and the way is open for Norrie's return. This event is not accomplished, however, until Norrie travels to Italy with a second charge, the first child dying from her illness. To the next charge, a young woman herself, "Norrie's ideas and language were of such an elevating nature that they filled the hitherto worldly mind of the girl with thoughts and aspirations, far beyond the empty flattery and whirl of fashionable life ..." (201). Norrie is thus now

able to find her own way to encapsulate ideas in a language elevating rather than elevated. Her escape from the isolation of her past -- based on a lost sense of self through imposed foreign values -- is completed by a reunion with Harry in Florence, where he has come to find her. His words to her are "murmured in low, happy accents" (209), and this is a language in which both share equal contentment. Only a Fisherman's Daughter moves to this conclusion both through a text that applauds the protagonist's independence and through a subtext of imagery consisting of voices muted and spoken and of social structures imposed and reformed. The heroine finds autonomy and shares equality in her newly formed social grouping, though the cost is long suffered and the recognition of self hard won.

English's final novel is also a work in which the narrative and the characters' narration emphasize release from social and cultural restriction through the liberation of language. This central concern is exemplified in the novel's title, When the Dumb Speak. It is a generational story which focuses on the tyrannies imposed from one culture and time to another, and on the implications of the resulting violences that ripple through bloodlines and history. The story spans continents and decades, consistently highlighting the plight of women whose lives are determined by the dictates of men. Through physical rebellion and the strength infused by the heritage of stories these women empower one another. The losses and imprisonments of one generation become challenges for freedom in the next, and as one generation passes on the womanly crafts of knitting and sewing, so too do they pass on memory as myth-maker and avenger for time and lives lost, and as the tool to survive current hardship.

The novel opens in Ireland, set "during the penal days" (3) when a monk named Brother Paul is forced to seek protection in the home of a friend. The monk's sister, Norah, visits to say her farewells since her husband, now in Newfoundland, "is in a fair way of becoming a wealthy man" (4). She laments leaving her home and expresses concern

that her twin boys, age ten, be blessed by the brother she leaves. Paul, namesake of his uncle, is mute and characterized as "an angel, gentle loving and submissive," whereas Douglas "has a terrible temper and, young as he is, he can be so vindictive if he is thwarted in his wishes or desires" (4). Norah predicts the way ahead of Douglas and "her gaze seemed to be fixed afar off, as though she were looking into the future, whilst her voice sounded low, clear, and prophetic - 'Douglas will be either Saint, or Devil' " (5). English ties her prologue more closely to a sense of heritage and of binding future events to the causation of the past when she closes the section with Brother Paul's gift of his habit to his sister:

In that act of giving his holy habit into his sister's hand, his mission was fulfilled. He little thought that he had then forged the first link in the strange chain of circumstances that was to seal the destinies of those who were then unborn. (6)

The narrative is quick to underscore the linkages between actions and decisions in one generation and their impact on the next. Brother Paul's habit becomes a symbol for the retreat from violence English documents throughout the novel as characters mute others as well as themselves in battles between individual wills and cultural expectations. The habit, originally a garment suggesting love and respect, becomes a cell marking cowardice and self-imposed punishment as it changes hands and generations through the course of the novel. Its final casting off at the conclusion of the novel -- along with the marriage of the protagonists -- suggests a rejuvenation of society, and also marks a rejection of impositions of the past.

The dangers of imposed will are most obviously depicted in the characterization of Norah's twin sons, whose male cultural experience is contrasted to that of their female counterparts. Paul, mute and submissive, is reminiscent of Lucy Hamilton in Only A Fisherman's Daughter whereas Douglas, who unrelentingly "rebelled against authority" (7), may be twinned with Norrie Moore. English works the threads of integration between Paul and Douglas in this novel so that they may be seen as a split self eventually restored. Although Lucy and Norrie are opposite poles, English never implies that they require each

other's experience in order to survive. Norrie instead must find a link to her past through an acceptance of her own ancestry, and she finds a voice natural to herself in order to achieve this. The experience of the men is quite differently portrayed, however. Brother Paul's struggle for voice and survival as a monk is symbolically passed on to the mute Paul who wears his habit even after his uncle's death. The physical impediments to speech that Paul endures are later thrust upon Douglas when, to avoid his own punishment and death, he must feign existence as his silent brother, bound by his own actions for survival itself. His role is by necessity overlapped with that of his brother -- Douglas has always said that Paul " 'seems like my other self' " (20) -- and through exile from himself and imposed silence he is able to survive. The violence of history is thus visited upon him, silencing him as the price for his existence, whereas the female experience, as witnessed in the case of Norrie Moore, is of voice regained through an integration with ancestry; her voice is lost not through violence in the past but through trade of the past for acquisition of foreign culture.

Further doubling and tensions of wills exist in the novel as English links one family and generation to another, much like the linkages of the heroine's crocheted patterns. The Harding family of Flowervilla is likened in ancestry to the family of Norah and John Thorne who are also from Devonshire:

...Stephen Harding[']s... ancestors had come, like a great many more, from Devonshire, England, in the eighteenth century. They considered themselves superior people, and did not intend remaining in Newfoundland. They were making money rapidly at first, and had amassed a small fortune when there came a succession of poor fisheries which considerably embarrassed them financially, so they stayed on hoping to retrieve their fallen fortunes. They were not in luck, however, and so the years passed on and the Hardings remained.... (9)

The impoverished Newfoundland family is seen in duality with the powerful Thorne family, differentiated only by a matter of time. The Harding house is, however, "situated on a height, away back from the tang of the sea, and the odor of fishmaking; aloof, as it were, from the rest of the village and its folk" (10). Unlike Norrie Moore's uncle, who

allowed Norrie her own choices in life, Stephen Harding dictates the existence of his daughter, hoping to use her as chattel to regain his own power:

...he did not wish her to become the wife of one of the fishers of Flowervilla. He made her keep aloof from the boys and girls there, hoping that, some time, a suitor might appear who would raise her to a position befitting his daughter, and so regain their former prestige. (10)

His dreams for use of her marriageability as restorative vehicle for his past are blind ones, however, since her desires are as different from her father's as is her language. Although Stephen Harding's dialect retains his crisp English accents -- speaking, for instance, of Agatha's "best frocks" -- Agatha's language often reflects her Newfoundland upbringing, even as she suggests her age of independence: " 'Old enough to be married, ain't I' " (11). A marriage between the two families, as hoped for by Stephen Harding when Douglas Thorne falls in love with Agatha, is an unlikely eventuality in spite of the common history of the two men. Agatha has developed a voice and a will of her own, and her pattern of living no longer connects with her father's vision of her future.

Agatha's love for the Newfoundland born Mark La Mala -- a teacher and farmer of Spanish descent -- is forbidden by her father and in English's narrative this sets up patterns of imagery that heighten the reader's awareness of Agatha's bondage to patriarchal and inherited myths of the woman's role in her society. Agatha finds herself manipulated by her father into a proposed marriage with Douglas Thorne, where "a fear and dislike of this stranger took possession of her" (15). She consistently feels "as if she'd been fettered, hand and foot" (35), rejecting his characteristic "desire to rule" (14), and in her coldness towards him he feels "His vanity... somewhat wounded" (15), the violent metaphor telling in its foreshadowing of events to come. Agatha's subtle rejection of Douglas is carried with skillful wordplay. She tells him that she is " 'not accustomed to fashionable society, [and] so... [has] not words at will to meet you half way' " (16). More deliberately sarcastic is her attempt to slip the bonds of Douglas's attention:

'May I help you with your flowers?' he asked.

'I should be charmed,' she replied, with, he fancied, an accent on the last word. For a moment he actually felt angry. Was this village girl using her native wit at his expense? (16)

Thorne cannot fish and is further embarrassed by his attempt to do so on an outing with Agatha:

He played his flies unskillfully, and had no patience when the fish did not rise to his hook. Agatha made a few suggestions but he did not seem to understand. At last he passed her the rod and, sitting on the bank, lighted a cigar. In a short time she had landed several fine trout. Not wishing to be outdone by a slip of a girl, he made another venture. This time he managed to hook a fairly large fish, but instead of hauling in gradually, he jerked the rod up. There was a sharp sound, and the top joint went in two; the trout got off, taking the whole cast of flies with it. All had happened so quickly that he hardly realised what it was. He turned to look at the girl behind him; she was convulsed with laughter, which she tried in vain to smother. He inwardly cursed himself for thus displaying his ignorance in the handling of a fishing rod. It was not his love for the manly sport which had induced him to manoeuvre for Agatha's company as a guide, it was only a pretext to get her to himself for a while, and now she was laughing at him. (17-18)

Again English's deflation of Douglas Thorne's need to possess and rule is clear: Agatha's laughter, born of his mistakes when he does not understand her, produces a silent cursing, and his anger at his failed pretext -- a kind of false language betrayed by Agatha's culture -- results in non-verbalized violence. English's narrative thus establishes a verbal warfare between the male and female principles in the story, working to demonstrate the subtle and powerful role of language in society.

The physical expression of the violence between Agatha and Douglas Thorne finally comes seven years after Agatha secretly elopes with Mark. She has had Mark's children, including an infant daughter whose illness brings them to St. John's. Douglas sees his chance to kidnap Agatha there, and does so, leaving her frail child to die without her mother's nursing. Thorne's violence destroys his mother, and English writes of him in monstrous and demonic imagery: "Douglas had indeed, become a demon. The grief of this knowledge, the fear and horror of his profane language, which burst forth on the slightest provocation, was sapping her strength" (60). Norah describes life with Douglas as "a hell" (61), and plans to leave Newfoundland to return to Ireland, where she once had control of her own life. After Douglas accepts her decision, Norah is horrified to find that Agatha is

forcibly confined aboard the same ship that will carry her there, under Douglas's command as captain. Consistent with the images of escape from physical restraint by loss of consciousness or madness in English's fiction, Agatha's grief is overwhelming and she falls "into a semi-conscious state..." (67). Her confrontation with Douglas marks her returning strength, and Agatha does battle with her captor:

Agatha rose rapidly to her feet, goaded by his words into such anger as she had never in all her gentle life experienced before.

'How dare you, fiend of Hell, messenger of the Evil One, come here to gloat over your despicable work, you vile, miserable coward. Set your hireling another task, command him to consign me to the waves, they would be more welcome to me than your hateful presence.'

Douglas Thorne stared in surprise. He had expected tears, entreaties, fear as to what fate should befall her. Instead he saw a proudly indignant woman, fearless in her righteous anger, who hurled at him scathing words of scorn and contempt.

'I'd advise you to be more choice in your language,' he said. 'Remember your fate now lies in my hands....' (67)

It is only through language that Agatha can master her captor and gain a psychological advantage over him. The text demonstrates the power of this direct confrontation, but also admits that subversive action is often the only solution to physical tyranny. Douglas's violences, cloaked in English's descriptive and metaphorical language as hellish and Satanic, create for Agatha a purgatory. Noran plans to help Agatha slip this bondage through an imaginative subterfuge which hinges on silent deception. Norah enlists the aid of a crewman to whom she explains that the escape must be underhanded since approaching legal authority on docking would be useless:

The man looked doubtful. 'Could you not threaten to expose him [Douglas Thorne] when you got off the ship?' he asked. 'To have him prosecuted for unlawfully carrying a lady away from her husband and children?'

Norah smiled. 'I see you do not, after all, thoroughly understand the man you've got to deal with. You may be sure he has well weighed all this, and has his story ready. He is well known in England and held in esteem. His word would be taken, and he is unscrupulous.' (71-72)

Douglas's violences must be met with duplicity since his words, themselves false, are authorized by his power and position and thus safeguard his acts. Norah exchanges clothing with Agatha, and Agatha makes her escape in full view of Douglas, who thinks

she is his mother disembarking. In her escape Agatha strips him of his power. His response, predictably, is violence both physical and verbal against his mother. The madness he creates through violence becomes a mental landscape in which he himself is trapped, whereas English's protagonist liberates herself through imaginative acts shared with others. Douglas's impulse to force his will on others leads to isolation while Agatha's shared stories of self integrate and liberate her company.

Agatha's return to her husband brings no justice against Douglas, for, as English writes, "wealth and influence can do a great deal. Douglas Thorne swore that Mrs. La Mala had gone to him on board his ship of her own free will" (86), and it is left to Agatha's husband to swear his revenge to a group of his friends, to whom he entreats "Say no word to anyone outside yourselves" (87). Justice in the novel is thus proposed in silences, which work outside the authority of the courts and topple hierarchical power that threatens stability in the community. Mark later says to his friends: "I have tamed my heart to submission, and, even if the opportunity did come, and I did take his worthless life, what a heritage, were I convicted and hanged, would I leave to my sons" (93). His understanding of the processes of heritage and the implications of violence in that heritage emphasizes his growth in the course of the novel. The violence of retribution Douglas heaps upon the La Mala family is frustrated first by Agatha's courageous words, then by her ability to mimic a body language which allows her to escape, and finally by Mark's refusal to enter into the dialogue of terror Thorne has begun. At every violence Douglas finds himself unfulfilled and excluded from the community he wishes to dominate, culminating in his return to Flowerville. His appearance there, the "brazen effrontery, the unwarrantable liberty [of his position] and consummate insolence of this cowardly villain" (95), galvanizes Mark and his fellows to a routing of the man that leads to his fall in a hidden culvert in the woods where "he was completely hidden as though the earth had swallowed him" (95). His brother Paul, searching for him, falls in a ravine and is killed. Untold by English at this point, the story

later reveals that Douglas has taken Paul's place so that characters and reader alike believe Captain Thorne dead, while in reality he lives in the guise of his brother. He is silenced for his crimes as the price for his contrived existence, and so are Mark and his friends:

That same day, Mark La Mala and the men who knew the secret of Captain Thorne's death, held a consultation, and vowed to each other never to divulge, by word or sign, what had happened; to let the subject drop then and there, and never again be mentioned even between themselves. (99)

With the silences of the men's story the consequences of their actions are played out in the lives of the women whom they have loved or sired, even though these women are often unaware of the full implications of the histories of their forefathers and lovers. The men beget violent circumstance whereas the women of English's novel must endure the heritage of that violence, yet the women mend society with their ability to unravel stories, to create new interpretations of the past and to redirect history as a result. After Agatha La Mala dies, she returns in spirit in the person of her namesake granddaughter. On the other hand, Paul Thorne, son of Douglas Thorne by a woman to whom he was married before his return to Flowerville, stands in opposition to his father:

Can figs grow of thistles, can bitter bring forth sweet, so would run the mind of those who knew Paul Thorne, and had known his father? Certainly no son could be more unlike a father than was Paul. The one, selfish, cruel, when thwarted of his desires, vindictive, hard-hearted, unprincipled, of a violent temper. The other, unselfish, gentle, kind-hearted, high-principled to a fault, generous and lenient to his employees who loved and respected him. His thoughts and ideas noble and refined....

To his mother he was indebted for the fostering of those qualities which characterized him. (107)

Women dominate in the genetic playing out of the two families' stories, though the relationship between the young Agatha and Paul Thorne echoes with the lingering threat of discord engendered by their forefathers. As the lovers fish together, for example, the passage recalls the ominous beginning of the first Thorne - La Mala courtship many years before:

Between them, they landed the fish. Then the girl looked up at the face of the man beside her. All through the process, she had been conscious of a something unreal,

some feeling for which she could not account. They held each other's glance as they did on that night long ago. The girl grew pale and trembled. (112)

On the "night long ago," Agatha sent her younger sister, Rosebud, to the United States for upbringing, but another night long ago between Agatha's grandmother and Douglas Thorne also comes to mind. It is significant that the young Agatha shivers with the palpable second meaning of the passage, for it is her choice that will eventually dictate the outcome of the lovers' story. Soon after she speaks to Paul of her lace-making, she tells him that she takes "special pleasure in working out difficult patterns" (116). Her role in the text is to work out the difficult pattern of obstinance and violence begun in the novel's opening scenes in Ireland, and to choose a life for herself and her mate dependent on her own resources and wishes, rather than on those of the men around her. Her schoolteaching foretells her ability to resolve rebellion without violence, and strongly differentiates her ways from those of her lover's father, Douglas Thorne:

Though keeping her little charges under control, Agatha never - as was the custom in those days - used a 'slapper'. As there was no male teacher, she had both boys and girls to govern. It was only very rarely that any of them rebelled against authority, and she had a way of bringing the little rebel under subjection without severity. (121)

She is not, however, able to face her own desire to overthrow authority when her grandfather learns of her relationship with Douglas's son. Mark tells her of all the havoc wreaked upon her family before her birth and binds her to a vow never to marry into the family of the man responsible. She agrees wholeheartedly, not realizing Paul's relationship to the family. Her grandfather then explains the familial connection for her, and in the strain of verbalizing his story once again, brings death upon himself. In response to her command to him to be released from her oath, his last words are "WHEN THE DUMB SPEAK, you are released" (144). During his last moments "the full realization of the unjust act of which he'd been guilty swept over him, and he knew that he should have merely warned the girl, and let her use her own judgment instead of willfully deceiving her when he forced her to take such a solemn oath" (144). Agatha's sense of duty and commitment to

her word destroys her relationship with Paul; both she and he must "suffer for the sins of others" (145).

English relentlessly pursues the notion that the power struggles of one generation haunt the lives of the next and that the expectations of one culture or gender cannot yolk the natural desires of those foreign to them, and she works these concerns out in plot and subplot in minute detail. Agatha changes the place of her habitation and her very name to seek escape from the life for which she most longs. She moves to St. John's under a pseudonym and sets up shop as a lacemaker, hoping to find both autonomy and anonymity from Paul. Her final realization is that the two qualities are antithetical since autonomy involves name-making, and make a name for herself she does. Within months of her shop's opening, even Paul's mother buys work from her. Yet for a time Agatha lives her second life as secretly as Douglas himself, and when her younger sister returns to Newfoundland and visits her shop, Agatha can no more speak to her than Douglas can to his son. Douglas's violences still imprison and silence generations long after his own, and Agatha renounces her own history as a result. Paul's mother comments on this restraint when Paul finally discovers her whereabouts:

'And that beautiful lace-maker,' Mrs. Thorne said, 'is your Agatha. It is almost incredible, poor girl, what control she must have had over her self to see, and recognise her sister, and make no sign.' (171)

The difficulty of Agatha's situation is relieved in part by Paul's discovery of her, so that she may now resume a name and a sisterhood and begin to restore her sense of self. Commencing with these first acceptances that she cannot escape the duty to tell her own story, Agatha begins to shape and pattern her life on her ancestor's concerns. For instance, she frets over her sister whom she feels lives in "a terrible atmosphere for so young a girl, so early in life to have her heart filled with such a desire for wealth as to count it above the ties of kindred, to have for her one great aim in life, the security of a rich husband" (175). Her words of scorn for securing a rich husband might well have been spoken by her

grandmother and her conflict with Rose is that of her grandmother's independence grating against her great-grandfather's commitment to the wealth, power and position that existed for him in his youth. Although Agatha hearkens back to her grandmother's independence on many levels, her duty to her sister also pulls her into a world of changing values and allegiances where she must recognize the importance of living unshackled by untenable commitments. The lifestyle of Agatha's sister emphasizes the mix of nationalities and cultures Newfoundland has always entertained, involving parties of English, Irish and Americans, and she notes that "Newfoundland should not seem strange to Americans.... It is the stepping stone between the old and the new world" (197). Agatha, like Rose and Newfoundland itself, is a stepping stone between old and new worlds. To reconstruct herself after attempted anonymity she looks back to her heritage; she soon realizes that she must alter the codes of that world and adopt only her grandmother's independence if she is to survive in the present. Rose represents this altered world view on a nationalistic scale, particularly in her independent defense of her class and her adopted country:

'I've heard my uncle say that "trade is the pulse of the world,"' Rose retorted, 'and that the gold of the tradesman shines just as bright as that of the peer. We Americans are prouder to have earned our wealth than to have it fall into our laps from people who must have, some time, worked for it.'

'I did not think you really belonged to America,' Miss Moran remarked.

'I was not born there,' Rose replied; 'I'm a Newfoundlander by birth. I was only a very little girl when I left here, but I'm proud to hail from the U.S.A. and live under the banner of the Stars and Stripes.'

'Yet the flag of England once floated over America' Ada continued, 'and you were subject to English rule.'

'Granted,' Rose replied; 'but we fought till we gained our independence, and sank your tea in the sea, and we'd do it again, too, under the same conditions.' (198-99)

Rose's flighty liaisons with men demonstrate a character in need of Agatha's anchor to loyalty and conservatism, yet she draws Agatha to a realization of her need to renounce words and sealed contracts that destroy communities attempting to evolve. Agatha's views combine those of her past and future female line, and she stands as a transitional figure in

the novel allowing the role of the female and her place in the community to bridge history and transform silence and violence into communication and the regeneration of society.

Agatha's abilities to mend crisis through memory and her own independence see her through both catastrophic fire and cholera epidemic. The whole of her city seems to undergo change, and in the face of death and destruction Agatha finds a new life with Paul, whom she was told had died during the spread of the disease. Borrowing a twist from her first novel, English reveals that Paul's "kinsman and namesake" (219) is indeed the dead man, and that Agatha's Paul has been spared. The doubling motif continues as, at the funeral, Paul's father releases Agatha from her vow to her grandfather by speaking for the first time since taking on the role of his brother. His words fall "in disjointed sentences" (220), and the fragments of his speech form the final passage to Agatha and Paul's new life. With his words Douglas falls ill, dying soon after but not before relating his story in letter to his paid companion, Garrett, who in turn gives the story to Paul. Again stories are passed on through generations, but here the words have a liberating effect. Agatha's conclusion despite all the coincidence and mischance in her life is that "there's no such thing as fate" (222). Even finding out the truth of Douglas Thorne's identity and the fact that the dumb did not speak, she vows now to remain with Paul, and thus she finally determines her own narrative.

English's continued fascination with the repercussions of violence in the Newfoundland society span from the enforced genteel control of Newfoundland's language in Only a Fisherman's Daughter to the outright physical terror manipulated by the power-hungry elite in When the Dumb Speak who, notably, view themselves as foreigners in the Newfoundland community. In the changing world of the turn-of-the-century island, the manifestation of such concerns might logically be expected to come to light mirrored in the struggle for language in the Newfoundland text. Nigel Rapport comments in a study on violence in language in St. John's:

If 'mannered society' is the catchphrase of a confident and inward-looking Jane Austin-like social commentary, a commentary on games of etiquette played with granite-bounded identities, then 'violent society' may be the catchphrase of commentary constantly fearful for social identities, a nervous scrutiny of boundaries without.... One exercises fear for one's own territory - political, psychic, physical and moral - by committing violence upon others.... [As an anthropologist Rapport is interested in] 'what... individuals habitually coming together and talking violence with each other [may] tell us about how people knit themselves together to constitute society....' (140)

English's texts certainly do represent the fearful Newfoundlander: fearful of lost language, culture and kinship in the face of power imposed by foreign societies. In her female characters this fear translates at first into submission of self, and in her male characters, into outright violence. While the men fall silent, passing on their rage to new generations, the capacity of the female characters to restore autonomy to self comes in their creative abilities: like the very work in which they engage to survive economically, such as teaching, sewing and knitting, they are able to forge community through the creative acts of memory, storytelling and dialogue. They knit one another together through bloodlines and a certainty of independent survival that is passed on through those ties. In short, English's Newfoundland consists of men re-formed by women self-fashioned and reinvented in succeeding generations -- all of whom depend on creation and retention of their own histories.

Margaret Duley also works towards creation and retention of the Newfoundland woman's own story, but is more forthrightly feminist than is English. In her novels the reader is bound to a woman's perspective, and in most instances this woman herself is trapped within the restrictions of her society. Her panic and dismay at her position in life are overwhelming, and the reader is similarly drawn into her despair. In each successive novel, however, the heroine moves closer to an assertion of her own autonomy. As Duley steps away from the traditional models of female characters and other features of writing about women, she decolonizes her own experience, and liberates both her heroines and herself from a history of subjugation. Pulling away from the British colonial and literary heritage, she becomes more determinedly individualistic as she develops as a writer. Her

first novel is in the Gothic form, with the outport heroine springing from nineteenth-century British literature rather than from Newfoundland life. From the thwarted life of this first heroine, Duley in subsequent books makes great strides towards the emancipation of her female leads. As she does so, her muted subtext -- the undercurrent of metaphors and similes which tells its own story of the woman's restriction through her constant association with imagery that freezes, possesses, encloses, veils or masks her -- moves more and more to the surface of her work. In her final novel the text and the subtext converge as Duley's work leaves any trace of British nineteenth-century writing behind. Here she emerges with a rich twentieth-century style of her own. In the feminist sense, she thus becomes fully decolonized, writing directly of a new beginning for women authors as she recreates the relationship between men and women, not as she wishes it might be, but as she sees it in her own world. In this effort her initial quest for a voice becomes a full vocalization of the woman's experience.

Although Duley's The Eyes of the Gull was first published in 1936, its heavy reliance on the Gothic tradition links it more closely with the Victorian era than with any tradition of writing in the twentieth century. In essence, Duley experienced imaginative restrictions similar to nineteenth-century British women writers, and one may therefore expect to find in her work similar patterns of imagery, such as those defined in recent critical studies:

Images of enclosure and escape, fantasies in which maddened doubles functioned as asocial surrogates for docile selves, metaphors of physical discomfort manifested in frozen landscapes and fiery interiors - such patterns recurred throughout this tradition, along with obsessive depictions of diseases like anorexia, agoraphobia, and claustrophobia.

(Gilbert and Gubar, The Madwoman in the Attic xi.)

Duley's first novel is clearly a part of this kind of writing, placing the reader squarely in the mind of a woman suffering under both domestic and cultural tyranny.

Duley's voice as a writer, like that of many nineteenth-century women authors, was one which would have to undergo a process of self-definition before she would be able to

move into expression that would convey her own experience in the twentieth century. For many women writers of her period this involved a confrontation with the tradition of male writers who had dominated literature and the portrayal of women to this point:

For all literary artists, of course, self-definition necessarily precedes self-assertion: the creative 'I AM' cannot be uttered if the 'I' knows not what it is. But for the female artist the essential process of self-definition is complicated by all those patriarchal definitions that intervene between herself and herself.... [Thus] the woman writer acknowledges with pain, confusion, and anger that what she sees in the mirror is usually a male construct.

(Gilbert and Gubar, The Madwoman in the Attic 17-18.)

Some Victorian women writers responded to this phenomenon by presenting in their work the reality of their experiences. The resulting depiction of women by women often became the depiction of sickness and death, as women writers externalized the mentally painful and often debilitating constraints they felt were imposed upon them:

... the nineteenth-century cult of such death-angels as Harriet Beecher Stowe's little Eva or Dickens's little Nell resulted in a veritable 'domestication of death,' producing both a conventionalized iconography and a stylized hagiography of dying women and children. Like Dickens's dead-alive Florence Dombey, for instance, Louisa May Alcott's dying Beth March is a household saint, and the deathbed at which she surrenders herself to heaven is the ultimate shrine of the angel-woman's mysteries. At the same time, moreover, the aesthetic cult of ladylike fragility and delicate beauty - no doubt associated with the moral cult of the angel-woman - obliged 'genteel' women to 'kill' themselves... into art objects: slim, pale, passive beings whose 'charms' eerily recalled the snowy, porcelain immobility of the dead.

(Gilbert and Gubar, The Madwoman in the Attic 24-25.)

In light of this tradition -- for Duley's first novel belongs to it -- Isabel's death in The Eyes of the Gull seems inevitable as the novel's plot unfolds. Her lack of interest in food, the references to her being a "pale pilgarlick," her gradual decline, and her final fever are all details which speak of Duley's participation in a developing feminist tradition.

While relying to some extent on the Gothic tradition, Duley also incorporated into her work elements that raised it beyond the level of escapist romantic fiction. Her first novel is therefore one which stands within and without a tradition. Once again, however, Duley's work is not alone in failing to "fit" into one specific category of writing:

... an extraordinary number of literary women either eschewed or grew beyond both female 'modesty' and male mimicry. From Austen to Dickinson, these female

artists all dealt with central female experiences from a specifically female perspective.... [Further,] the writing of these women often seems 'odd' in relation to the predominantly male literary history defined by the standards of what we have called the patriarchal poetics. Neither Augustans nor Romantics, neither Victorian sages nor Pre-Raphaelite sensualists, many of the most distinguished late eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century English and American women writers do not seem to 'fit' into any of those categories to which our literary historians have accustomed us. Indeed, to many critics and scholars, some of these literary women look like isolated eccentrics.

(Gilbert and Gubar, The Madwoman in the Attic 72.)

Duley's experience was exactly that: in her island home she became a curiosity, and among her own people her novels became the grounds for her ridicule. A typical review of The Eyes of the Gull noted that "the heroine is one of those childishly simple country girls who are made to appear charming in fiction, but would be called daft, if no worse, in life" (Doreen Wallace, review in Duley Scrapbook, MS, Centre for Newfoundland Studies, Memorial University of Newfoundland, unpaginated). Isabel's continuing struggle to maintain her sanity in spite of her environment could be labelled "daft" only by an insensitive reviewer. Isabel is a woman with goals, but one who lacks the strength to carry them out.

Isabel is depicted from the opening of the novel as a person seeking individuality:

At the age of ten she had begun to grope her way towards her individual dream, and to make the rock on the bare headland her lonely sanctuary: the one place where she could be alone in the stark outport of painted houses, straggling at haphazard spots and angles, on a zigzag road of many lanes. (9)

Isabel's dream is one of escape from a community which subjugates and torments her. It is not a male-oriented domination, however, and this must be understood. It is in fact Isabel's uncle whose travels inspire the dream that sustains her until her death. Thus Duley does not specifically attack men in this book, but rather points a finger at a society which is accepting of ways long antiquated and therefore limiting to its youth, and especially to its women. Isabel struggles against the claustrophobic atmosphere in which she lives, but can escape no further than the rock which becomes her "sanctuary" on the headland.

Isabel's pitiable struggle with the boundaries inflicted on her is heightened symbolically by her reaction to the gulls of Newfoundland, or, as she calls it Helluland.

Isabel dreams of escape to the sensuous climate of Spain, but "Should she find herself staring into a pair of yellow eyes [of the gulls], her dream was dispelled for the day. They held the spirit of Helluland: savage, bitter and chill" (10). In direct opposition to this world is the world of Spain:

Isabel Pyke had been in spiritual rebellion to Newfoundland all her life. She called it by the name she had learned at school: 'Helluland, or the land of Naked Rocks.' Ever since she could look at picture books she had wanted to go to Spain: to Southern Spain: Cordova, Seville, and Granada. Andalusia! The word syllabicated on her lips with the smooth sensuousness of Uncle Seth's port wine on Christmas Day.... When the old wine had slipped over her palate and eased into her blood, she could voicelessly whisper, 'Andalusia, Andalusia,' while her outward consciousness repelled the grating dominance of her mother's voice laying down the law to Aunt Dorcas and Uncle Seth. But she could mouth it sensuously to herself when sitting on her special rock, and inwardly change the granite garb of her own headlands to a soft bloom of olive, orange, palm and pomegranate. (10)

The implications for a growing sensuousness -- if not a sexual freedom -- are clear in the use of such geographical description.

It is Isabel's obese mother, Emily, who thwarts her daughter's coming of age, and it is the struggle with her mother's tradition that so dejects her. It is Isabel's task to nourish her both physically and psychologically by playing her handmaiden:

Her Mother was daily sustained by three large meals and three large snacks; the one snack she prepared for herself being the four-thirty one, when Isabel took her walk on the promontory. (11)

As Isabel tries to placate her rotund mother, she in contrast remains thin and fragile. Her mother describes her as "a pale pilgarlick like her Father" (15). Isabel's tiny appetite takes on larger meaning when seen as a reflection of her state of mind. This is the first sign of Isabel's opposition to Emily -- an opposition seen also in Isabel's desire to escape from the house through lengthy solitary walks on the headlands of the bay. On these walks Isabel's "hair blew back tautly from the hair-line, and she stood like a figure-head over a ship's cutwater" (11). The image of the figure-head represents the independence which Isabel seeks, and savours if only momentarily.

The concept of freedom is further accentuated in the novel by the type of dress worn by various women. Isabel's Aunt Mary Ann, for example, representing Canada and the upper class society which Emily ridicules, is particularly singled out:

She wore a black dress of shiny satin with a string of glass beads. The dress had a deep V-shaped neck which showed an expanse of wrinkled skin. Beside the high concealing bodices of Mrs. Pyke and Mrs. Penney she seemed revealed in ugly nakedness. Isabel turned her eyes away, and tried to shut her ears to the bolting and sucking noises of her Mother's eating and drinking. She ate moderately with her wide eyes unseeing. (15)

The Pykes are obviously unable to deal with the new style of clothing sported by Aunt Mary Ann, and Isabel herself is repelled by the sight of immodestly naked flesh. The introduction of another way of life, representing a sort of freedom to Isabel, is thus reinforced by the lesser restrictions of dress imposed upon those who enjoy that lifestyle.

As Duley sets up the various strands of imagery within Isabel's search for autonomy, she cleverly weaves a parallel story into the plot. Josiah Pyke and Elfrieda Tucker take their shadowy places as lovers long dead in a tale which Emily relates to Isabel's Aunt Dorcas. Josiah's return from sea to Elfrieda was too late to prevent her sexual indiscretion with another man. Upon his arrival he was told of her death in childbirth, and thus the two parted as irrevocably as Isabel and Peter eventually would. In his grief, Josiah built Head House, the supposedly haunted house which Isabel passes each day on her lonely walks.

The tone of the novel is set by Emily's retelling of the story and the parallels established between the pairs of lovers in Emily's conversation:

'He [Josiah] was going to be married to a pale pilgarlick like my Isabel - '
'My own mother told me she was a pretty thing, Emily, and she wrote a bit of poetry.' Mrs. Penney's slow moving figure came to rest in another armchair with her large hands folded serenely in her lap.
Mrs. Pyke snorted. 'Poetry indeed! Pure trash! If she'd been my daughter I'd have knocked the poetry out of her.' (18-19)

The tradition into which both Elfrieda and Isabel were born thus had no place for creativity in the form of women writers. The "freezing" imagery characteristic of women writers in

such situations is illustrated by the ghoulish depiction of Elfrieda as she is exhumed, encrusted with ice, by her maddened lover. After this incident Josiah built Head House, but ceased to come to the community for food. The people of Isabel's home "thought he must be starved" (22) and thus his lack of appetite foretells that of Isabel as he sought a release of his own. Duley's own voice may be heard in the culmination of the story through Aunt Dorcas's words, which come as though they speak in response to tradition and women's writing in general:

Mary Ann Wilkes gave a flat Nova Scotia laugh. 'You're too cut off from the world, Emily. That's why you cling to stories like that.'

Mrs. Pyke's eyes found the wrinkled neck again. 'And I suppose Lunenburg is London, New York and Paris?'

Dorcas Penney flowed on like smooth oil. 'Emily, I think I like Mary Anne. 'Tis an unnatural tale we've built up ourselves, and its wrong to pass it on to every lot of children.' (22-23)

With the story of Josiah and Elfrieda looming in the background, Duley creates a novel with obvious allusions to Wuthering Heights and the Gothic genre but looks to the implications of "unnatural tales" that will thwart the growth and independence of a new generation. If the tale of Elfrieda is meant to threaten children to maintain their obedience, in Isabel's case it does quite the opposite. Duley suggests that in fact the story stands as kindred to Isabel's own, and that Isabel recognizes in Elfrieda a soul-mate who died in isolation at the hands of authority. Elfrieda's tale is a kind of shared misery for Isabel, comforting rather than rebuking her. It is the way in which the story is told -- as didactic tool by power-hungry authority -- that so offends Isabel's sensibilities. This in itself drives her to seek further independence from her family, and much of this independence is focussed on her awakening sexuality. Isabel's capacity for sensuality is suggested by Duley's descriptive passages:

With a jug of boiling water, diluted with icy well water, Isabel carefully washed her golden-coloured body in a white china basin. In the light of the crescent flame from the kerosene lamp her slim figure made elongated shadows on the papered walls. She put on a plain nainsook night-dress and extracted a bottle of olive oil from a drawer of scant contents. Slowly she rubbed the smooth fluid all over her

face and neck, lingering with slow strokes around the eyes.... Some day she would go to Andalusia, and she couldn't take the leather skin of outport Helluland. (24)

The imagining of physical pleasure, the concern for beautiful skin, and the delight in the connection between physical and emotional joy are all intensely related to the fantasy of escape. Isabel's growth as a woman is not only a matter of physical and psychological passage, but one of need for geographical escape in order to attain autonomy. Aunt Dorcas, on the other hand, is capable of another sort of release from her society. When she speaks to Isabel,

The voice was like a well of peace. It overflowed to Isabel's taut muscles and liberated her feet to the kitchen. [Notably this is the one room in the house where Isabel is ultimately in charge, if only of the cooking. In spite of her mother's commands for food, Isabel takes total control of the preparation.] Aunt Dorcas's mind might be chained to the limits of the small outport, but her spirit lay in profundity. (27)

Aunt Dorcas stands as an outport woman who has found peace in the work she undertakes in her home, and in her presence Isabel can find liberation, if only in control of the kitchen duties. This realm satisfies Aunt Dorcas, but it is only brief respite to Isabel, whose desire to travel becomes all-consuming.

Isabel's dream, however, is disrupted by the arrival of the artist Peter Keen. Even as early as his arrival by train, it is indicated that Isabel's goals will be overtaken by his:

The night after the train had crawled across the curving beach Isabel had a strange dream. All space was full of snowy-breasted gulls, hovering, soaring, swooping to the level of her eyes: everywhere she looked she met a yellow implacable gaze. She searched wildly for the horizon but it was full of eyes: she tried to cover her face with her hands, but they were powerless in her lap. Andalusia left her and she spun in the grip of Helluland: desolate, savage, and chill. As she sat in icy paralysis a gull swooped down and hovered in front of her face. Fascinated she saw that it had blues eyes like a human, warm, vital, and compelling. Freedom came back to her hands, but she no longer wanted to cover her face. (27-28)

Isabel's initial response to the threatening gulls is to cover or mask her face. Powerless, she, like Elfrieda, is lost in the chilling grip of Helluland. Although releasing Isabel into a kind of warmth, the blues eyes of Peter Keen which replace those of the gulls are equally as dangerous. The life which Isabel now begins to take on is not her own but one of

Peter's careless making, and leads to disaster. The action of masking her face as a protection from the gulls would be appropriate also towards the artist. Such masking against a threat to personal freedom is a common device in nineteenth-century women's literature:

Almost always, it seems, the veil [or mask] is a symbol for women of their diminishment into spectral remnants of what they might have been. Therefore Christini Rossetti, whose role as a 'model' made her extremely sensitive to her entrapment in male 'frames,' writes of more than one heroine whose 'strength with weakness overlaid; / Meek compliances veil her might....'

(Gilbert and Gubar, *The Madwoman in the Attic* 472.)

Isabel's action in uncovering her face is one which leaves her vulnerable to Peter's whim, and in the risk she takes in engaging in a relationship with him she leaves herself defenceless, and worse still, without either her sense of self or the certainty of her dreams.

Isabel's first encounter with Peter occurs while she takes her daily walk to Head House. Clearly, she views Peter as an intruder and a usurper of her territory:

Whatever atavistic blood had mixed in the making if Isabel Pyke it seethed with rebellion at the sight of the intruder. The easel was within a foot of her rock! She slanted into the wind and spoke to the gleam on a copper head.

'This is my rock. I've had it all my life. You've got to go.' (28)

Isabel reacts to Peter with "spots of angry colour [that] heighten Slavic cheek bones, and dilated pupils [that] made grey eyes black." Peter's response is to try to capture her in art rather than to deal with her as a person: " 'Don't move', he rapped. 'You look like Boreas, North Wind, any wind! My easel is dug into the ground. Don't move for God's sake' " (28). From his first vision of her Peter claims her as material for his painting and object for his art. In her objectification Isabel is essentially drained of life and ambition, becoming merely the creation of Peter's impulses.

It becomes clear that Peter is Isabel's antithesis. He tells her that he thought he would never paint again because he "was so full of soft living" (30), and that he is so wealthy in fact that his butler has accompanied him to Newfoundland: " 'My man Isabel [*sic*] is the perfect servant. I can take him from Paris to the Pole and he's equally

unaffected' " (31). In this sense the butler is a reflection of Peter, who is able to wander aimlessly around the world without commitment or personal concern. This way of life is completely foreign to Isabel, but although she and Peter are opposites in most respects, they do connect on some significant points. The story of Elfrieda, for example, draws them instantly together:

'Poor Elfrieda,' he [Peter] murmured, and his voice was like a caress to the dead girl. 'She probably met a lovely moment in her life and couldn't resist it. If it had been a local man everybody would have known. Some bold sailor blew in from the sea and swept her off her feet. I wonder if she thought it was worth while.' (32-33)

Their likeness ends here, however, as Isabel's defiance in the face of Peter's advance underlines her characterization as a figure forced into submission:

She quivered under his grip like a wild untamed thing and he could feel the fine lines of her body.

'Let me go,' she stormed, with the red spots standing out on her cheeks bones and the black pupils swamping her eyes....

Like a terrified drowning person she looked into his blue eyes - the eyes of the gull in her dream.... She wanted to get away, and yet she wanted to stay. (35-36)

In spite of her confusion, Isabel knows Peter "would mean the loss of her dream.... 'Let me go, let me go. You're worse than the eyes of the gull!. I can't see Andalusia' " (36). Thus, although Peter brings Isabel brief love, sexual freedom and his own brand of philosophical liberty, she must lose in exchange her own dream of autonomy.

Peter's truest liberation of Isabel is one found within words. At last she has someone in whom she feels she can confide:

He liberated her tongue, he aired her mind, he listened to everything she had to say, and when her speech faltered, and her eyes questioned, he pressed her hand and bade her to go on. For the first time in her life her dream found verbal expression. (45-46)

While Isabel trusts Peter enough to confide in him, the moments of tenderness and sensitivity between them soon pass, however, as Duley writes that when Isabel's

... tears were wept out of her she drew primly away in sudden consciousness. She saw the slant of the sun, and in a second was on her feet like a hunted thing.... 'Her exits are rather sudden,' he reflected. 'Damn it all, where's my palette?' (48)

Isabel, not a woman but a "hunted thing," flees in embarrassment and shame while Peter's only real concern remains for his artistry.

In spite of a lack of real concern for Isabel, Peter is depicted carefully and with purpose by Duley and he is not merely a stereotypical male lead. Although he maintains a glib attitude toward life, his character is such that he remains an unusual combination of sensitivity and insensitivity to Isabel's plight. Most importantly, however, Duley uses Peter to point out that the male artist is not what he seems: thus, rather than liberate he restricts, and rather than represent life accurately, he destroys it through misrepresentation or distortion, at least in the female's perspective.

The significance of Peter's painting is most important in the novel. Duley writes of Peter that

He drew her [Isabel's] in long sweeping lines.... She had a way of lifting [her body]... out of her waist and pointing her breasts to the wind that maddened him with the beauty of its line. He worked with contracted brows and did not throw her a word. (48)

Alison Feder's interpretation of what she deems a curious passage is that "with perhaps some justification, Duley's so-called friends laughed uproariously over his image" (Feder, Margaret Duley: Newfoundland Novelist 46). Looking at the section in a different light, however, one can see that Isabel is associated through imagery with a figure-head, ever seeking the freedom of the sea. This is exactly Isabel's longing, of course, although ironically, through Peter's art, she is limited to his interpretation of her life.

It is through Peter's questioning of the way Isabel wants to live that Duley allows Isabel to make her clearest break with tradition. Isabel says of other women her age:

'The girls I used to go to school with are all married.'
'I know, with lots and lots of babies. Wouldn't you like to have lots and lots of babies Isabel?'
'No I wouldn't, [sic ']' she said in the same uncompromising way. 'It means having false teeth, and being fat and ugly and working daylight to dark.' (50)

In depicting marriage in such a light, and in Isabel's rejection of it, Duley breaks from a tradition which had been part of her heritage, both in a social and literary context. As has

been pointed out in feminist criticism, many previous women's novels focused on the necessity of marriage of young women. Gilbert and Gubar write, for instance, that "marriage is crucial [in much women's writing] because it is the only accessible form of self-definition for girls in... society" (*The Madwoman in the Attic* 127).

Peter promotes the counter position in *The Eyes of the Gull* as he says "People nowadays love for the sake of LOVE, as something delightful, independent of families" (51). His philosophy is dangerous in the other extreme, however, as it is love without commitment that he advocates. Isabel's own thoughts on love reflect the "Song of Solomon." She says:

'I like to think it could be like the Song of Solomon'....

[Peter] lay back with a smile on his face. 'Isabel you're delightful! Like the Song of Solomon? Sensuous, exotic and beautiful!' (51)

Peter sees her in his own terms, then, and continues to point out that she is not like the "little sister" of the verse: "But the Song of Solomon... [says] 'We have a little sister and she has no breasts.' You're not like that, Isabel" (52). Once again he does not see Isabel as she really is, and fails to realize that in every respect aside from her physique she is indeed the "little sister," innocent yet beyond childhood.

Isabel's innocence is further accentuated by her dress:

She had on her Sunday dress and it fell white and soft, and smocked round the shoulders and round the waist.... She had on a large white hat and white canvas shoes. (58)

Her mother, on the other hand, reflects another era as she

was buttoned up to the neck in stiff black with a jabot of Battenburg lace. Her hat was hard straw with a jet ornament and her shiny black gloves were tight on her fingers. (58)

Isabel's position socially is thus reflected in her dress, just as her dress actually creates the role in which she must live. In literature, too, the clothing creates its own statement as "the experience [particularly in women's writing]... generates metaphor and the metaphor... creates experience" (Gilbert and Gubar, *The Madwoman in the Attic* xiii). Isabel is what

she is, in part because of the way she is viewed. Her mother, for example, sees her as a child, and thus Isabel fulfills the role. Isabel may therefore be seen as restricted both socially and psychologically within the frame of her self-image and the image dictated to her by her community. Peter removes her person one stage further as he tells her " 'I wanted you for my picture' " (65). Isabel thus exists as someone else within his picture, within her community, within her self-image as a child. The series of boxes is simply too many for Isabel to escape.

Peter's conception of self is far from one of enclosure. He is first and foremost the product of two diametrically opposed forces in the persons of his mother and father. As he says, his father

'... was a rigid member of what they call the ruling classes of England, and my sister and I were the results of his very incompatible union with my Mother.... My Mother was very continental, believed in making us all round, and there was nothing my Father loathed like anything all round. He believed in a smooth neutral surface, with "made in England" hidden in the grain....' (75)

Peter's mother, on the other hand, encouraged his painting. As a result of her influence, he "believed in looking at everything, in picking it up, sampling it, tasting it, and throwing it away if it offended me" (76). This modern attitude brought him into direct conflict with his father, who

... was steeped in tradition and wouldn't recognize any modern ideas of forces that couldn't be expressed in old forms. He was dead to the spirit of change, and the thought of Impressionism, Post Impressionism, Cubism, or the idea of expressing abstractions in line or colour was madness to him. (77-78)

Clearly, the notions of traditional art opposing old forms, and the resulting chaos, are all a part of the art which Duley herself was struggling to create.

Peter's mother might well be both Duley's and Isabel's kindred spirit on another continent: " 'My Mother,' " he says, " 'was beating her wings all her life and I think she got very tired' " (78). He then goes even further in his comparison: " 'Poor little Isabel, beating her wings in Helluland! And my Mother beat hers in better places, but beat them just the same! It's a mad, sad world Isabel' " (81). As a result of the parental division of

loyalties between the old and new worlds, Peter is unable to function properly in either. Without permanence of any kind, he is free while Isabel is not, yet without her as the source of his art he is unable to paint in the harshness of Newfoundland at all. Although he survives while Isabel will not, the quality of his life remains questionable. While Isabel longs to leave the old world for the new, Peter embraces the new without any stability from the old. In this contrast between Peter and Isabel, Duley's own sympathies remain elusive, perhaps indicating that she was herself probing for answers in a transitional period.

Peter and Isabel have little time to find answers in their own world as their relationship blossoms. Peter's advances to Isabel come always as from the artist to his creation, even in their first moments of affection: "[Peter] did not kiss her avidly, but like an artist, tentative with an untried canvas" (84). Even after their relationship has deepened, Isabel is always seen as a source of art as opposed to the lover she has become. Peter's "capacity to paint would be returned when she appeared, and impatiently he waited.... as long as he stayed, she would be indispensable as the air he breathed" (98). Peter further tells her:

'I think you're going to make me famous, Isabel.'
She asked somberly. 'Will they make you famous because you painted them or because they are me?'
'Both Isabel. You've been a magnificent model and so much more than flesh and blood.' (105)

Isabel's realization that she appeared as though dead in Peter's painting comes just shortly before his departure. As she looks at the painting,

She felt for her words. 'There's a picture in our family Bible of Lazarus coming out of the tomb. I always hated it. He looks black and hollow and decayed round the eyes. Don't I look a bit like that?'
'No,' he said in the same sharp tone, but Isabel Pyke said in her uncompromising voice, 'yes I do Peter, and also like the people I've seen in their coffins only my eyes are open.' (105-106)

The foreshadowing is obvious of course, but the passage is interesting as well in its reinforcing of the "death cult" motif that portrayed women living as though dead and was common in women's writing during the nineteenth century. While Peter's painting freezes

her metaphorically, it is her society which is ultimately responsible for the toll on her psyche. Peter can simply put his departure down to the fact that "there's always change," but Isabel must remain in her surroundings where "Everything is always the same for ever and ever" (118). Before he leaves, Peter realizes his error as he dreams of the dead Elfrieda in her grave transformed into Isabel herself. He awakes "cold in body and in spirit" (119), ready to apologize to Isabel. He speaks the hard truth of his actions, but Isabel does not condemn him:

'I have the feeling [said Peter] that I've fashioned you myself: as if I'd begun a canvas that I dearly loved and wanted to perfect to the utmost of my power. Yet I've got to go on my dear, and I can't take you with me.'
'No Peter, I know that.' (123)

Peter does not leave, however, without doing damage one last time. He crudely offers Isabel money to enable her to go to Spain, and she, naturally, feels cheapened by the thoughtless gesture:

The red blood poured into her face and she snatched her hands away. 'No, no, Peter don't ask me. I couldn't do such a thing. Take money from a man. It's awful. It's like payment.' (126)

She does take the money at his insistence as he leaves by train, but before he goes she tells him how she feels:

'Peter,' she breathed from a limitless simplicity of emotion. 'I love you very much.'

For an incredible moment of true vision he saw the living beauty of her eyes change to a frozen gaze in another body.... (130)

Her truth, strength, and maturity are clearly visible in this statement. Isabel triumphs here, but becomes a soul dead to Peter as he leaves her to her destiny.

The money which Isabel is given serves to raise her spirits sufficiently for her to plan to visit Spain. Her mother's subsequent paralyzing stroke puts an end to any such plans, however, and any hope which Isabel might hold is crushed as surely as if her mother had contrived to do it. In Isabel's despair she ventures to the graveyard, pouring out her heart to Elfrieda's grave:

'Elfrieda, you were a pale pilgarlick too. Perhaps you called it Helluland and hated the eyes of the gulls. Were you happy with your lover? ... Did you die inside when he left you?' (167-68)

The preacher who tends to Isabel's mother represents the culmination of pressures on Isabel's already strained mind. His sermon at her mother's bedside sends Isabel running back to the house on the Head:

'Oh Gracious Lord and Father, Thou hast seen it incumbent on Thyself to burden thine handmaiden with this heavy blow, grant that she may be given grace to bear her affliction with meekness, humility, and sweet submission to Thy will - '
The words whirled to the hot centre of Isabel's brain. (172)

In such circumstances, Isabel's "brain fever" at the realization of her final constraint through her mother's illness is not unlikely. The fit of madness in the house finds "her heart beating its way out of her chest" (179). The imagery of the bird, beating its way to a final release, is thus a unifying factor in the climactic scene of Isabel's death. In her last moments of delusion "She was in Spain!" (184) and poetic justice is found by Duley for a heroine whose fate was never really in any question. As the aunts and uncles attend Isabel's wake, her

... pale hands loosely clasped a single rose, folded in a clump of drooping fuschia. In the light of the kerosene lamp the red of the fuschia looked like a spot of blood. (199)

The sacrifice of love and life, then, gains Isabel's final release.

Duley's seemingly straightforward tale of the death of a girl left by her lover takes on much larger meaning when read in the feminist perspective, as plot, imagery and psychological makeup of characters testify to the author's fuller intent. Duley is not merely relating the tragic story of a lover's death, but instead is commenting upon changing lifestyles literature, art and basic relationships between men and women. In Duley's view nature, society and inner courage all contribute to the woman's position, but ultimately repression in any form leads to the deterioration of her psychological well-being. Isabel is Duley's first example of a woman subjugated, but the blame for her death lies partially on her own shoulders as a result of her weakness of will. Duley's later heroines express a

stronger and indomitable spirit as they move closer to the ideals of women in the twentieth century.

Duley's last novel, Novelty on Earth, is forthright in its social criticism in a manner unlike anything she had previously written. Leaving the Newfoundland setting for that of "any colony," Duley lashes out at the society in which she lives as well as at the notions of that society as to how the relationship between a woman and a man ought to be conducted. She writes of the new book to her publisher:

I have a sleek beautiful novel called 'Novelty on Earth' which is infinitely a different genre from 'Highway to Valour'. It is sophisticated with a sting in its tail but never acid - How do Macmillan's react to the full blaze of the woman's angle in life - written with warm-hearted candor and emotion but no sentimentality?
(Duley to Ellen Elliott, MS, Macmillan File, 27 December 1940.)

The reviewers reacted with some confusion:

Admirers of Miss Duley's success last year, Highway to Valour, should be warned that the theme, mood and style of Novelty on Earth are quite different. The fiction of the present has become so much an affair of standard brands that versatility in a novelist calls for a road sign, if not justification.
(A.N. "Age Old Theme Makes Good Novel," Greensboro Daily News 10 May 1942, 2.)

Perhaps the shift in her writing from the previous novel to Novelty on Earth was too abrupt. Duley not only wanted to redefine the relationship between man and woman; in many ways she wanted to change the form of her writing, and perhaps even the way of the world. To do this, she returned to the beginning, and began a relationship between the twentieth-century Adam and Eve:

This is a different thing from 'Highway to Valour' [she writes to her publisher] - and as McBrides say it has the magic that can exist between a man and a woman - in fact definitely it is all of woman and her problems. As someone said, 'It is not Murray and Sara,' 'It is Adam and Eve.'
(Duley to unknown correspondent, MS, Macmillan File, 14 February 1938.)

Her vision can be related to that of other twentieth-century women writers:

It is not surprising... that women, identifying at their most rebellious with Satan, at their least rebellious with Eve, and almost all the time with the Romantic poets, should have been similarly obsessed with the apocalyptic social transformations a revision of Milton might bring about.... More recently, even Virginia Woolf's angrily feminist *Three Guineas* purports to have begun not

primarily as a consideration of the woman question but as an almost Shelleyan dream of transforming the world - abolishing war, tyranny, ignorance, etc....
(Gilbert and Gubar, The Madwoman in the Attic 205.)

These were concerns that Duley had expressed in Highway to Valour, and of which she later wrote:

I think everyone speculates a little about the privilege of living in these times. My answer would be yes, although humanity is on the march, we hope, towards a better world. At least we can be sure the one we knew of is broken up.
(Duley, European Journal, unpaginated.)

In dealing with these transformations her last novel is a *tour de force*. When first submitted for publication, it was judged by a reader for Macmillan to be "certainly the very finest Canadian manuscript I have ever read" (Ellen Elliott, reader's memo, MS, Macmillan File, undated). Ellen Elliott, Duley's editor, maintained that "the form and construction of Novelty on Earth are sounder [even than Highway to Valour], and... it is a better piece of work... all round" (Ellen Elliott to Mrs. Dickson, MS, Macmillan File, 10 March 1941). As the culmination of Duley's literary career, the novel represents the height of her achievement in feminist writing. In construction and style it is easily the best of her works and in its keen observations of the woman's perspective, its sharp and witty discourse surpasses even the finest passages in her earlier writing.

In spite of merits, however, it has been labelled as "empty" and "superficial" by some critics (Linda Whalen, "Margaret Duley: A Critical Analysis" 24). The reason for such an adverse response appears to lie in the abrupt shift in Duley's handling of a theme which had previously been developed in a less direct manner. In this novel, Duley does not merely evoke imagery associated with the tradition of feminist writing, nor does she circumvent the issues of women in society by a plot designed to cushion her feminist remarks. Instead, she overwhelms the reader with the ideas and feelings of a woman finding her own voice and exploring her own emancipation.

Clearly, readers of Duley's work to this point were not prepared for what Duley called "the full blaze of the woman's angle in life" (Duley to Ellen Elliott, MS, Macmillan

File, 27 December 1940). Most readers did not view her work in terms of her perspective as a feminist, and thus her last novel appeared to be a total departure from her earlier efforts. When taken in the context of Duley's emerging concerns for women in society, however, Novelty on Earth is the logical conclusion to an articulation of the women's experience that had been conveyed, if not as sharply, in her first three novels.

The title of the novel is taken from Milton's Paradise Lost; Duley quotes directly from the poem at the opening of the novel:

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud --

Who thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh
Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed:
But her with stern regard he thus repelled
"Out of my sight thou serpent --

-- oh why did God
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind?"

(Milton, Paradise Lost, quoted in Duley's Novelty on Earth, epigraph.)

In using this source, Duley suggests a twofold meaning. First, the novel deals with temptation, in the form of an adulterous relationship between Sara Colville and John Murray Blair. Sara, the Eve figure, clearly means trouble for Murray, her Adam, yet she is not the serpent which destroys their relationship. Instead, it is Murray's considerable and, in Duley's view, ludicrous, regard for his reputation that eventually separates the two lovers. Thus Murray, and Adam by implication, are scorned by Duley for their petty self-centeredness. Second, Duley uses the Milton quotation as a means of suggesting that her business in this novel was nothing less than a redefinition of the perception of women in society. By the time she wrote Novelty on Earth, she had completely rethought the image of the woman in her writing. Sara is truly a "novelty" or new creation, as she is quite

simply the modern woman. From the outset of the novel her latest heroine, unlike the others, is a woman made to stand in an image created by herself, and not in the image created for her by society. Thus Duley demands that her society re-examine its perception of women and move into a twentieth-century perspective.

It must be conceded that the opening of the novel, while polished and witty in style, does present an awkward introduction. It seems that Duley was moving towards a new form of expression which, in this section, does not succeed as well as one would like. It assumes an impersonal omniscient point of view, and is clearly meant to give a backhanded slap to the British, perhaps as a means of distancing Duley's writing from British tradition. Duley writes that "nature got tired of the Englishman and took one more drop of nervous fluid to make the Americans" (3) -- a racial commentary that seems arbitrary and out of place -- and then says she will pull her story from the dominance of British influence to the shores of America, implying that this tale will be different from her earlier works, as it is the woman whose actions will constitute the final scene: "This story might go over to America, man meets woman, man gets woman, woman loses man, man loses woman!" (4).

The "new world" which Duley embraces in the novel involves remarkable attitudes on her part. One of the characters of her prologue, for example, speaks of adoption: " 'really, my dear, I'm not in favour of litters.... I'm going to adopt, and then one can shop at the best places and complain about the nose and ears' " (7). Murray's traditional attitude toward love is scorned, as Duley writes "He had detoured from waste by marrying young, accepting the fact that wives give their husbands well-regulated love to free them for other things" (6). Further, Duley writes blatantly of her heroine's own inadequacy in the prologue as she says "[Murray] was blinded by ambition and she by virginity: two ice-cold qualities that foster the empty eye" (4). Duley thus is not about to echo traditional views, but overwhelmingly states her own perspective at the outset of the novel.

The novel itself properly opens only after Sara has been twice married and twice widowed. She lives the life of the idle rich and spends a great deal of time with her friend Nora, who has two small daughters. As Sara is constantly associated with the "Eve" figure, Nora, on the other hand, is often associated with the Virgin Mary: "She gazed at life with the grey eyes of Paradise, set in a face of a dreaming Madonna.... When Bob [Nora's husband] saw her like that he must want to pray, and purge himself of earthly desires" (11). The two women are thus established as a pair of inverse doubles, each acting out a part of the woman's realm, yet each seeming very foreign to the other.

As Sara and Nora attend a typically mundane dinner at Government House, Duley introduces the theme of war which runs throughout the novel. Sara speaks to a high-ranking military official, who tells her that

Not enough people were being shot, and the whole of America should be exterminated, for giving the world cocktails, and the League of Nations. Not at all squeamish, he was murdering in the grand manner.... He did not mind in the least going down with the ship, but he was within his rights in insisting on going down with white people! (11)

In the midst of such a world of insanity, Murray enters Sara's life as she first sees him across the room and then walks to him with "destiny impelled steps" (12). Duley casts their relationship clearly in a biblical light as Sara "dropped her eyes, isolating herself in a ballroom Eden" (13). Their chemistry is an instant one, but Duley remains unabashed, and writes that "Nothing binds a man and a woman together like a straightforward talk about the facts of life" (15). Sara is far removed from Duley's early heroines. Unlike them, she is able to accept her age and lot in life "with the serenity of a woman who has felt no frost in the years" (17).

It is Murray, however, the traditional male, who is unable to deal with Sara's attitudes. After telling her that she should have had children, he goes so far as to say that her husbands should have insisted upon it. She counters by saying that she did go to work. Murray's response is less than modern: " 'What!' he exclaimed, as if it was the last thing

he expected to hear. 'You got a job?' " Sara explains her need to work as a writer: " 'I got in a state where I realized that a woman adrift was a danger' " (20). It is Murray who then finally establishes their irreconcilable differences:

He sat up with a stiff contending spine. 'Nonsense, my dear, you wouldn't have needed the book if you were left with a baby.'

Sara examined him gravely and for a moment their eyes quarrelled, mutely and fiercely, over male and female issues. (21)

Sara goes on to describe nature as achieving the perfect balance between the male and the female, using as an illustration the relationship among bees. As she describes their mating, Murray suggests she use the word "clinched":

'Clinched,' she said in soft protest. 'Men use strange words! No, embraced, intertwined, whirling for a second in the madness of love! That's what the book says. Have I blushed yet?'

'No, [Murray responds, '] you're a very brazen girl, I'm afraid.' (27)

Sara's retaliation concludes with a description of the casting off of the male bee by the female, and

The expression on his face delighted her. It was full of disapproval that nature could be so badly arranged. The sacrifice of the male was an outrageous piece of effrontery, something to be brushed aside at once. The tilt of his head was a defense for all males. (27)

In her delight Sara repudiates the language and ideas of men, vocalizing her own experience.

As Sara and Murray move back to the dance in Government House, it is interesting to note that Duley reverses the imagery which had been employed in each of her three earlier novels. While Isabel Pyke had been "frozen" and "veiled" by her artist lover through his painting in the Eyes of the Gull, for example, Sara casts off the mask and is seen as her own person in Novelty on Earth. She says in reply to Murray when asked her name: " 'I've had so many. First, I was Sara Johnson, then Mrs. Colin Campbell, and now Mrs. Bruce Colville. I'm just Sara to you' " (37). After their lovemaking, she walks back to the ballroom with her heart worn so plainly on her face that "the hunter in the male knew at once that she must be absolutely sure of another man" (38). Significantly, however,

Murray returns to the room so composed that "his face was a contemplative mask, and she [Sara] knew by the bare movement of his lips, that he was saying the most respectable things to his partners" (38). It is the man, then, who wears the mask through his own choice, and not because it has been forced upon him. Murray's concern with his reputation is already so evident that his sense of self is lost. As Duley's heroines move towards self-expression and control of their own persons, the imagery associated with the male leads moves away from freedom and towards outright deception.

Although Duley's heroine in this text moves towards autonomy, the development of secondary characters parallels the development of the heroines in her early novels. Annie, Sara's maid, loves a local taxi driver, but is attracted nonetheless by the exotic appeal of a sailor. She confides in Sara that " 'Alf [her boyfriend] has never been further than the longest fare his taxi takes him, and this sailor has been everywhere' " (41). But Sara is wiser than Isabel in The Eyes of the Gull, and cautions Annie not to be lulled into security by a charmer who has nothing of substance to offer: " '...I feel I should say, Annie, that it's not very wise to throw away substance for shadow.... Summer won't last forever' " (42). After a short lecture, "Annie went cheerfully out, with determination in her back to accept the burden of Eve." Unlike Isabel, she can incorporate both sides of woman depicted by Duley; that is, she plays both the virgin and the temptress, realizing in her wry way that "there's nothing to marry but what they call men" (43).

Murray's crucial failure in the novel comes as Sara asks him, hypothetically, whether he would choose to protect the life of the mother or the unborn child should a crisis occur in giving birth. He is unable to respond, and she knows instinctively that he would choose the child: "Understanding of everything went into the way she followed his mood. Inwardly she grimaced, feeling that women would always be squaws" (83). He similarly gives her an inadequate response when she asks to have his child: " 'No, no, positively no' " (95). Sara has said that she believes " 'in going on and on, with life, more

life, through other lives, until we glimpse the enigma of living,' " while Murray believes "in hanging on to what you've got" (91). In spite of these differences, however, they live "in a calm lotus-land. [But] It was the illusion of a man's arms" (93). With Murray's refusal to father her child, Sara thinks

And they said men were gamblers! They weren't! They were too impregnated with caution and suspicion. It took woman to sound the clarion!... There was this separateness of men and women. The story of creation was wrong. Woman was not made from man's rib. She was dropped haphazard, into the Garden of Eden from some separate planet. That it coincided with the moment of man's greatest need was incidental. She merely co-operated, and went her secret way. (96-97)

Thus Duley denies the story of Adam and Eve, and recreates her own tale of the woman's place in creation. Duley's heroine is by self-admission a subversive creature who must, like Duley herself, rewrite the truth of her existence, travelling a secret way which allows her a freedom that cannot be found in a patriarchal society. Duley creates in response to the male world a female sisterhood, separate from men, which co-operates with them but then slips into its own autonomous existence. In this way Duley's narrative is released from a mythology which is not its own, and instead authorizes her own version of reality.

The climax of problems in Murray and Sara's relationship comes as Murray refuses to answer a child's call for help. Nora's daughter, Jennifer, constantly referred to as "a minute angel... conceived on the meadows of Heaven" (49), toddles to the edge of the swimming pool one morning and falls in just as Sara rises to hear her scream. Murray, who has spent the night with Sara, is terrified that he will be found out in all the confusion. It is at this pivotal moment of crisis that his full weakness of character is disclosed. Sara has previously been characterized as having

... infinite resource in herself she could spend hours and days alone and not feel empty... she could not be intimidated by noises in the night, or the unexpected ringing of a bell. She was inured to shock, and prepared to walk out and meet it. (52-53)

As well, her relationship to Nora is such that emotional "Interchange was as ordinary to them as breath" (53). Without hesitation, then, Sara leaps to Jennifer's aid as quickly as

would her own mother. Murray, however, hides behind the curtains of Sara's room in order to protect his reputation. Ironically, it is exactly this which he loses in Sara's eyes.

Murray is called home almost immediately after this episode to look after his son, Noel, who has come down with measles. Before he leaves, Sara releases him from their relationship entirely, and as she saw him "being a Judas for his special conception of thirty pieces of silver. She ached for his shame..." (159). Murray leaves her, and with his departure comes another attack of the lesions from which she has suffered for many years. Committed to a hospital, Sara tries not "to be full of water like poor Ophelia" (164), but she is unable to stop the flood of sorrow.

The entire hospital sequence becomes a symbolic death and rebirth for Sara as she fights to overcome her loss. An old man in a nearby room breathes with a "death-rattle" (187), and she reads of Michelangelo "painting the Expulsion from Eden" (194) just as she symbolically passes through her own "expulsion" and "death." With a child's birth in a room down the hall, "Sara became a proxy for the woman's labour. Identification did not come through mere sympathy with pain" (197). Her own almost mad laughter adds to the noise of the night: "It ... coincided too well with the woman's screech and the old man's cough" (198). In her ravings, she believes she holds the body of the dead Murray, "kissing him with the small delicate kisses of possession" (201). As Sara reaches this revealing moment, she senses that it is the woman who, in her own mind, "kills" and "possesses" the man. This reversal of possession is a new feature of Duley's writing. Sara's delirium breaks, and the next day she returns to her own home.

Sara's suggestion to Nora on her return home to form a sort of women's union and to " 'put our foot down on babies until men make the world fit to live in -' " (207) is made in jest, but her suggestion that she and Nora take a trip together is not. Nora agrees to the trip, citing the fact that Bob wants another child as good reason for indulgence before she must endure pregnancy. The trip is truly one taken in order to nurse wounds and to find

truths. Sara seems to speak for Duley as she tells Nora she believes what she once said to another woman: " 'I said women would never be free. They were bound hand and soul to biology and the same urge would hold them, long after all other freedom had been conceded' " (222).

In London, Nora and Sara have a variety of women's lives to scrutinize:

One friend had become a barrister taking her to lunch in the Middle Temple. From the woman's angle she [Nora] found that impressive, but the girl discussed briefs instead of babies. Another high-spirited girl was subdued by marriage into the Army, and inside the walls of the "Naval and Military" she spoke of India, heat, Hills, and the fear that one day she would walk ahead of the wrong wife. Nora returned with a vague conviction that the British Army was delicately balanced on female precedence. (237)

In spite of the unsatisfactory outcome of these lives, Sara and Nora find one renewed acquaintance to be a real pleasure. Margot, Sara's old school friend, shares their concerns and they connect wholeheartedly, as Margot says: " 'The world is crazy. I wish women would revolt. They simple must not go on putting up with the threat to the children they so carefully rear' " (243). Although Margot has a career, she balances it with the love of a man she will never marry. Strong and confident of her own autonomy, she is described by Duley as a "woman sure of her way" (247).

Sara's meetings in London inevitably climax in an encounter with Murray and his wife, Elsa. The meeting is a brief one enacted on a street corner. Later, Sara describes Elsa: " 'One glove was off. Smooth uncomprehending hand, rather matriarchal. She's never been blasted. Just the type to prowl around the garden and stay snug and secure in a Place' " (255). For a fleeting moment Sara is tempted by the kind of life Elsa leads. She says: " 'I like the illusion of security. I think I'll go back to the land and dig in a garden' " (258). But Sara realizes that security in the twentieth century can be an illusion, and this is the crucial factor. Unable to permit herself to live in such folly, she turns to the one world of which she is certain. She relies on herself and goes back to her writing.

Disclosed in the last few passages of the novel is the tragic story of a child at whose existence Duley has hinted throughout the work. Sara's best friend, Christina, died while they were both children. She now becomes Sara's "theme, her sublimated child," and is brought sharply into focus through the paintings and statues of "childlike perfection" (271) which Sara contemplates after her penultimate encounter with Murray. Knowing that his child is now an invalid for whom he grieves causes her to be even more determined that her "Brain child" (241) should be celebrated in life. The memory of Christina thus comes to Sara in her sorrow, and in their fusion comes a new life for Sara in the writing of her novel.

Murray comes once more to see Sara before they finally part, and this time "There was no mask" (282). Although he says he would now give her a child, she refuses:

'Then it was so very right! Now if I did it, it would be subduing myself to your wish, because I was aching for your unhappiness, and that would be death to the feelings I had before [Then] We seemed like perfect mutuality, some great urge that gave me the courage to snatch something for myself and go on alone and bring up a child without a male parent. All I [could be if I did what you asked]... now is the traditional female, the woman who is self-sacrificing, maternal, pitiful, giving way because of the needs of a man. That would kill me!' (290)

They leave each other, knowing they will never be together. Sara sobs in Nora's arms " 'because I couldn't be a squaw-woman and give him what he wanted.' " But Nora understands: " 'It's the price the modern woman pays, Sara, for the emancipation of something beyond her body' " (299).

Duley's final novel is completely, painfully and truthfully of the twentieth century. Sara, beyond all Duley's other heroines, speaks for a generation of women emerging into a world in which they define their own perspective. Past the muted imagery of veils, masks, enclosure, freezing, drowning and possession, Novelty on Earth becomes a document fully ablaze with the woman's own fiery words. No longer colonized by the literature of men, Duley goes so far as to rework the mythology of the creation of women, freeing women from male mythologies which range from the stories of creation to the Victorian ideal of the

decorative but voiceless female. Like Anastasia English, Duley does not tell mere tales of misguided love, but works towards part of a tradition of women's literature which has its own "double" form, forging a distinctive model:

One implication of this model is that women's fiction can be read as a double-voiced discourse, containing a 'dominant' and a 'muted' story, what Gilbert and Gubar call a 'palimpsest'.... 'The orthodox plot recedes, and another plot hitherto submerged in the anonymity of the background [that is, the subtext], stands out in bold relief like a thumbprint.'

(Elaine Showalter, "Feminist Criticism in the Wilderness," in Writing and Sexual Difference 34.)

In using their narratives to enact and fulfill their literary and social emancipations, these women are part of the creation of a new literary tradition for women, and express voices which are at once poignant, indignant, startling and irrepressible.

Chapter Two

Harold Horwood and Percy Janes: Creative Acts of Exile and Salvation.

"...and he an exile from their paradise, like a wolf on a rock, outcast and alone."

(Horwood, Tomorrow Will Be Sunday 130)

"Sailor left the box, and ambled sideways and sheepishly out of the courtroom into his solitude, leaving only his likeness on a piece of canvas and some sheets of friable paper to play their part in this drama and perhaps save him from total oblivion."

(Janes, No Cage for Conquerors 151)

Harold Horwood's Tomorrow Will Be Sunday, White Eskimo and Remembering Summer, like Percy Janes's House of Hate and No Cage for Conquerors, are novels which deal with Newfoundland community and the legacy which particular acts of power in the community leave behind them as traces of history. Horwood writes of the loss of power of the individual: Tomorrow Will Be Sunday poses power against the innocence of the central character, a young boy; Remembering Summer depicts that youth, now an older and sadder man, in search of a community which, though all around him, he cannot enter; and White Eskimo details the actual disappearance of its protagonist. Remembering Summer and Tomorrow Will Be Sunday are very different stylistic pieces, the former undisciplined and wandering, the latter omniscient and unjust in its portrayal of the Newfoundland outpost. The protagonist of both novels looms above his community, eventually overshadowing and overpowering all who step near him. This is also true of White Eskimo's Esau Gillingham, who, as a leader of men, we are told, commands seemingly unlimited power on the Labrador. Horwood is concerned with rebellious legend makers -- with men wiser and larger than all life around them. These figures are not representative of the average man, and though modelled in the fashion of heroes, do not achieve this stature either, for in Remembering Summer and Tomorrow Will Be Sunday Horwood's protagonist discredits

himself, and in White Eskimo Gillingham is, by the very nature of the legend of his disappearance, freed from Horwood's manipulative domain as sole creator of this story. Horwood's attempts to deride the authority of Newfoundland community, and indeed to empower his protagonists, are faltering. His writing moves, as Foucault has written of the violences which humanity installs upon itself, "from domination to domination" ("Nietzsche, Genealogy, History" in Language, Counter-Memory, Practice 151), and his vision of the Newfoundland community, narrow and bleak, is tyrannizing in itself. Janes's novels, on the other hand, make no attempt to characterize entire Newfoundland communities, but begin with the individual and follow his actions to establish community and its legacy. Janes's protagonists are not figures larger than their communities but are integral to them, creating history and heritage by their small individual actions. House of Hate's Juju is numbed by a childhood of violence, which in turn was instigated by his father's fury at his own powerlessness. Juju conveys this powerlessness to the reader through an onslaught of horrific images and stories and finally places the legacy of violence in the reader's own hands, to offer compassion or compliance as he sees fit. Likewise, No Cage for Conquerors becomes a series of court transcripts which invite the reader to decide the heritage of artists in Newfoundland, and, as importantly, to acknowledge with compassion the needs and rights of the impoverished and powerless in the province. The artist's freedom is depicted as essential to the documentation of the powerless in his community, and no less carefully scrutinized is the power of the artist himself. Janes is concerned not only with the character he creates but with its legacy -- with the survival, salvation and endurance of the Newfoundland community and its humanity. Horwood's work, while imbued with pedagogy, does quite the opposite: it isolates his text and himself from the people he wishes to touch and instead propagates only figures who remain paper creations.

Lisa de Leon writes that Harold Horwood's novels concern the "countryside" rather than the city and that this is "a manifestation of his counter-culture pro-nature attitude" (de Leon 186). Her use of the term "countryside" is revealing in its obscurity in vernacular Newfoundland language. A Newfoundlander who does not live "in town" would say of himself that he lives in "the bay," "down the shore" or goes into "the barrens," but he would not speak of jaunting through "the countryside." Here de Leon betrays her American background, and in fact imposes it upon Horwood's work as a restraining interpretation, denying the existence of aspects of Newfoundland life by replacing the language of that world with that of her own. This is not a crime -- writers make careers of reinterpreting and reinventing their own and other worlds through imposition of their particular vision or language. Horwood himself, however, has not been easily acquitted of the same charge when he depicts Newfoundlanders through the dictates of a novel like Tomorrow Will Be Sunday, which Patrick O'Flaherty calls "a libel upon outport people" (O'Flaherty, The Rock Observed 166). Horwood's vision of the outport is, like de Leon's, imposed upon the reader through narrative which relegates Newfoundlanders to a particular realm. They do not inhabit a genteel "countryside," but tyrannize each other through physical, economic and religious impositions of authority and are confined to this world through the dialogue and narration which Horwood uses to control them. Often depicted as self-serving by Horwood, his characters stand in ironic reflection of his own devices for Horwood himself uses narrative as a means of establishing a "counter-culture" in authority over his version of the Newfoundland community. He ingratiatingly explains Newfoundland terminology to the reader, indicating that his desired audience consists of those alien to the culture of which he writes. His lead characters in fact become foreigners to their community, self-exiled by knowledge granted from the experience of other worlds. Those who remain untouched by this experience are relegated to the realm of the uncouth and embittered --

Horwood does not appreciate a native culture in Newfoundland, much less depict one which produces happiness and harmony.

Critics of Tomorrow Will Be Sunday sometimes seem bemused by their conflicting responses to it: the novel itself they dismiss as flawed, yet a nebulous quality attracts their interest. A review for Saturday Review illustrates this curious duality: "From Newfoundland comes a primitive novel - primitive not in any quaint unlettered sense, but in its... author's attempts to write grandly while employing awful clichés. Such a first novel coming from continental North America might well be ignored. But its background gives *Tomorrow Will Be Sunday*... a certain charm" (49.1 (29 January 1966): 39). Clearly the novel is judged here not on its literary merit alone, where, if it were, it would fail. Instead something in its "background" lends "a certain charm," something which is at odds with "awful clichés" and "writing grandly." This something is, I would argue, the language and culture of the majority of characters of the novel which invite the reader to share imaginatively in that community. Horwood's narrator, however, unwittingly stands in the way of this union, in spite of his efforts to span the cultural gulf for the reader. In fact, his explanations of language and culture serve only to define the inadmissibility of the reader, and further do so in an unpleasantly omniscient manner.

The protagonist of the novel, Eli Pallisher, is described from the outset as "an odd child" (1). He is not of the community any more than is Horwood, who, O'Flaherty writes, "has written in an unpublished comment that 'I did not grow up in a Newfoundland outport, or go to an outport school, or make my living as a fisherman, or, in fact, ever live through any of the experiences outlined in the book'" (The Rock Observed 165). Horwood points to the defining features of Eli's strangeness in the community when he writes that Eli "flew kites, when kite-flying time arrived in the windy days of the fall, but he made them of a strange pattern that he got out of a book, weird, boxlike things that nobody believed would fly, until they soared higher and freer than any of the diamond-shaped kites of the

village tradition" (2). Like Eli's kites, Eli himself is fashioned by Horwood in a strange pattern -- strange not only to his community but to the reader as well. He seems to share nothing with the world around him and isolates himself from human contact. While his elders are in a very real sense multi-lingual, able to slip from one dialect to another in order to function in various social groupings, Eli can master only his own language and perspective. Horwood writes:

But the oddest thing about Eli was his manner of speech. The people of Caplin Bight, when addressing a stranger from the mainland, could use almost accentless English, learned from listening to the radio, but in conversation among themselves there lingered the broad twang of ancient British dialects that the fishermen of Devon and Cornwall and the isle of Guernsey had brought to the coast three and four centuries before. Eli never spoke with a 'bayman's' accent, but always like a schoolteacher, and mostly with the grave manner of an adult. This pleased his mother, who hoped to see him become a clerk or a shopkeeper, but made his father suspect him of putting on airs. (3)

Eli's renunciation of his own language has two consequences within his family, and by implication, within his community. The hope for his economic and social betterment is linked to his linguistic exile, while at the same time he is suspected of harbouring ill thoughts and "airs" against those who nurture him. The child is trapped by presumptions based on language, and yet later is praised by the narrator for his oddness since it represents a supposed ability to see life in the community, and outside it, in a clear view. He is separated, therefore, for better or worse, from those in his society to whom he should be closest, those who, although "bend[ing] the individual will to... [their] collective purpose" (27), create family, society, culture and heritage.

Horwood's establishment of Eli's character as the ideal progressive freethinking child, an embodiment of a culture counter to that of Newfoundlanders based on an education received from elsewhere, is at best problematic. It presumes Horwood's hierarchy of knowledge, even at the cost of exclusion, as preferable to membership in a small Newfoundland community. Yet this same knowledge is not always the pathway to enlightenment, but is sometimes merely another vehicle of economic control. Solomon

Marks, for example, merchant and thus economic dictator in the community, is a product of education, yet feeds on the livelihood of those people above whom he has risen:

The fishermen reasoned about it thus: Solomon Marks was smarter and better educated than they, and so better equipped to make important decisions. They might fight with him about their accounts, but deferred to him in matters that concerned the world outside. And although it was certain that he would rob everyone blind, it was equally certain that he wouldn't do anything to affect the welfare of the community adversely.... He was cordially disliked by all the men who sold him their fish and took their spring outfits from him, but if he had stood for election himself every man in Caplin Bight would have voted for him.... (9)

Eli therefore cannot be said to function as a model for society on the basis of his learning, for this learning too can beget a kind of power which, as we have already seen, separates him from a mutual bond of friendship and kinship within the community. At its worst it becomes a weapon by which authority is maintained over the community, as in the case of Solomon Marks, and in the case of Horwood himself, it becomes a kind of blinder to the possibility of other sorts of useful and integrating knowledge generated by the community. Horwood's own liberal education does not enhance his relationship with Newfoundlanders as he depicts them in his novel; instead it levels against them a charge of ignorance and weakness, which, seen through Eli's unreliable perspective, is passed on to a foreign audience as representative of social systems in Newfoundland. In this way Horwood is more reprehensible than a Solomon Marks, for he takes it upon himself to abuse the community from which he makes his living.

Eli's horrific encounter with religion, the crux of the plot, again is based on the depiction of his community's vulnerability to forces at work from beyond the community itself. The Pastor who leads the people of Caplin Bight to believe that the power of prayer alone will save a dying baby comes from outside their world, and they trust in him to harness their own collective strength of will. This collective trust is, in such an instance, naive, but it is also poignant for this same collective strength does save men drowning during a storm. When implemented as an action of culture and heroism performed by a community through its own developed understanding of its surroundings, the power of

collective trust is a strength, not a weakness. It is only when capitalized upon by power seekers from outside the community that shared strength can be twisted into shared self-violation. When, at a prayer meeting, Eli finds himself "caught up in the hypnosis of the prayer and carried along in a current of feeling not his own" (27), he could sense a resource as well as a danger. It is Horwood who in his narrative relegates this "current" to a frightening "feeling of possession" (28), but one which Eli is able to break by "slipping in and out of the trance like a seal popping in and out of a spout hole between the rocks" (28). Ironically the image of freedom from danger posed by a foreign pastor is related in terms of Eli's own culture and heritage. Horwood grants Eli's freedom of thought through a metaphor drawn from life in the cove, not from one depicted in books.

Horwood allows Eli only a short time of community with his family before characterizing them as weak, manipulated and unthinking. During this time the battle for control of belief systems held by the people of Caplin Bight is fought in a number of ways, usually swayed by revelations imposed from a world outside the cove. The doctor who cures an epidemic in the town arrives in a plane -- "the form of a miracle that Caplin Bight had known only by hearsay" (36). He pronounces the malnourished inhabitants "mentally and physically deficient" (38), lowering their esteem, but they do achieve the recognition that the Pastor's "effectiveness as a mediator with the heavenly powers" (38) is now over. Eli's observations of the occurrences "at the time" (38) do not much concern him. Instead, he works with his father and "For the first and only time the boy and man began to draw together in a sort of partnership. Elias was delighted with the way Eli stuck to his work and improved and became skillful" (39). Eli's heritage provides joy and strength and kinship while the intrusion of the external world into Caplin Bight only topples one authority to replace it with another, yet Horwood clearly values any change over the value systems of the fishing village regardless of the cost.

Despite the recognition by Horwood that Eli has found happiness in the ways of his forefathers, there can be no question that Horwood loathes their susceptibility to traditional acceptance of doctrine and authority. He does not present this problem in any objective way, but portrays Eli's compliance as leading to a homosexual affair with the town's new pastor. This happening is difficult to understand since Eli's natural instincts, as drawn by Horwood, lead him to independent appraisal in most instances. Compliance in such a character is thus difficult to fathom, and Eli does not as a result achieve the reader's sympathies. Instead he seems manipulated by Horwood for Horwood's purposes: to depict the ignorance and lack of will of Newfoundlanders in the face of presumed authority without any indication of their strength in times of personal crisis. Even Eli's outspoken defiance against the pastor who sexually abuses him is drawn by Horwood in terms which denigrate Eli's family. Brother John's speech, which results in an "infection of unknown tongues" (62) in the cove's church, is starkly contrasted with Eli's simple condemnation in court when he finally turns the tables on the pastor there. The pastor's translations of apocalyptic "cryptic prophecies" (65) ring true only for himself, and while Eli's friend and mentor Christopher Simms is imprisoned for the crime of homosexuality of which he is wrongly accused, it is Brother John who ultimately suffers defeat through subsequent lack of authority in Caplin Bight. In spite of Eli's final act of honour in telling the true story of Brother John he is irrevocably isolated from his family. The cost to Eli of such individualistic and outspoken action -- action which implies a refinement and evolution of both thought and culture -- is prefigured in Horwood's description of Eli's father's beliefs:

The belief that children should surpass their parents, should seek higher and nobler ends, the conception that the world's salvation lay in its evolution towards some distant and shining horizon, had not yet touched Caplin Bight. Such beliefs belonged to the cultural pattern of far-off places, where skyscrapers raked the clouds and men dreamed dreams of walking in their carnal bodies across the dust plains of the moon. (71-72)

Here Horwood limits the capabilities of the Newfoundlander by attributing to him none of the grandly described visions of the foreigner, even though the description belies what Horwood earlier documents throughout the novel when, for example, Eli's mother -- as well as others in the cove -- look to their children to be the embodiment of their betterment. Eli's ability to speak against a foreigner of power is a betterment which Horwood does not allow acceptance in the Newfoundland community. Instead Eli's noblest deed is depicted by Horwood as something which, rather than springing from his heritage, draws Eli apart from it. Once more the native Newfoundlander is seen to fear and ridicule the unfamiliar and presumed unnatural, even if this involves denial of the closest bonds of kinship.

Horwood's assumption that his reader must accept his narrative without question is nowhere more clearly stated than in his description of Joshua Markady, sailor of all continents, who speaks to Eli "like a master to his apprentice, or a storyteller to his audience" (125). Like an apprentice, the reader is expected to follow Horwood's train of telling and mimic it himself, and this is directly at odds with the main tenets of the novel, where Horwood commends "a willingness to question, to demand reasons - even, it must be said, to doubt. [The citizens of Caplin Bight must]... realize that this change was in progress, and to appreciate the threat to their power that it posed" (127). Even in establishing for Eli an "intellectual horizon expanded beyond Caplin Bight and the Authorized Version [of the way its members believe they ought to live their lives]" (199), Horwood in fact creates his own authorized version of the kind of culture to which he feels the reader should aspire, unwittingly subverting himself through a narrative which demands unquestioned authority. As a result, just as Eli watches two lovers but cannot partake of their community, so too does Horwood seem able only to watch the outport like "an exile from their paradise, like a wolf on a rock, outcast and alone" (130). He creates his own version of their world for the reader, but refuses to allow any perspective other than his own to be acknowledged in the intimate two-way conversation which could exist

between one who tells a story and one who interprets it. In the process the reader is abducted by Horwood and left outcast as well.

White Eskimo is a deliberate confrontation of the question of narration and the role of the narrator. It also represents a significant growth in Horwood's abilities as an author. Horwood prefaces his text with the assertion that the novel is "fiction with a backbone of history," but removes it from historical scrutiny by noting that the protagonist, Gillingham, is merely "much like the one here described" and that the "people who surround Gillingham are not the ones who surrounded the historical Gillingham in real life" (preface, unpaginated). Throughout the novel his various narrators take on the task of mythologizing and discrediting Gillingham -- it is key to an understanding of the novel that the reader never meets Gillingham directly, but must piece him together as various narratives are assembled. This is one of the greatest strengths of the novel, in spite of the fact that some reviewers claim "More encumbrance than otherwise is a story-within-a-story framework" (Booklist 69.6 (15 November 1972): 275). The "encumbrance" which Horwood creates is a kind archaeology of culture: the reader must approach the text as artifact and evaluate his findings while the essence of the history, Gillingham, has long since slipped away through time, past the fingers of those knowledge seekers who wish to pin him down. This further illuminates the differences of culture which Horwood sketches between the Eskimo and the colonizer. Oral tradition cannot be explicated in museum silence; instead the Eskimo culture must be preserved through living memory and encounter, and this denies the very medium in which Horwood works. His awareness of this tension is demonstrated in his narrative strategy, where colonizers who attempt to imprison and destroy Gillingham have no more power over him than does the reader for whom the novel's tale of murder and intrigue is left unresolved. The breakdown of linear narrative and the non-existence of the central character within the text create an instability of construction in the novel which reflects tellingly on the instability of white culture as it attempts to overpower and enclose the

culture of the Eskimo. These qualities account for the paradoxical responses to the novel held by its critics. While "As a novel, it has severe limitations," it is said by the same critic, for example, to overwhelm "the reader with seductive intensity, with vigor and conviction" (Moss, A Reader's Guide to the Canadian Novel, Second Edition 179). This estimation points directly to the essence of Horwood's achievement. The novel fails in part because it refuses to imprison Gillingham, but it succeeds in urging the reader to seek and experience endangered living culture, and more importantly, to empower such culture before its disappearance.

White Eskimo opens in the lounge of the S.S. Kyle amidst a poker game, and the allusions to the Conradian trip to face one's own interior -- the desire to conquer and gain as generated by a heart of darkness -- are difficult to miss. Horwood does not name himself as first narrator until the conclusion of the novel, but at that point the narrative intention is wittily confirmed. Horwood steps into his own novel unnamed at the opening, handing the tale over to the accomplished trader of both goods and yarns at the Hudson Bay post, Ed Hamilton. Within Hamilton's tale other stories are told and this series of chinese boxes reveals at bottom both that the protagonist who is chased by the reader has ceased to exist and that the author has fictionalized himself. Such is the essence of mythology and immortality, and the novel concerns both phenomena on this trip to Labrador.

Gillingham is described at the opening of the novel as "the last wholly independent man, and still the great legend of the coast" (3). Finnian, a traveller on the Kyle, adds that " 'He [Gillingham] couldn't accept the laws of lesser mortals - wouldn't anyway - but o'course we had to apply them anyway, or try to, as best we could. Maybe he had good reason for shooting that Eskimo. There's little doubt in my mind that he *did*, you know.' " Hamilton refutes the words: " 'Like *hell* he did!' Ed Hamilton interjected. 'Like *hell*...' " (3). Immediately the workings of the novel are established for the reader. Gillingham's legend is one to be fought over, vehemently defended and denied. His independence is

maintained by Horwood, however, as his character is merely represented by others, even to the question of his guilt or innocence in the matter of the death of his Eskimo partner Abel Shiwak. Gillingham himself, in absentia, can have nothing to say on the matter, and the journalist / first narrator Horwood, like the reader, can pass no judgements in his removed role as observer.

Finnian, on the other hand, is placed in a position where he must make judgements since as a member of the police force he represents the law, albeit imported by the white mission community. The witnesses he gathers to support his version of history are denied legitimacy by Hamilton: " 'Anyway, the only witnesses you had were mission toadies, Uncle Toms ready to sell their souls for the approval of what they thought of as their white masters. What kind of witnesses were those?' " (4). The hypocrisy of Finnian's position is made all the more obvious when he reports that

In remote stations like this we were expected to sort of make up our own laws, to get along with the missions, to help them enforce their rules, like the rules against beer and dancing, even when these things weren't against the law, and in return they overlooked any little private slips you might make. You could drink quietly at home, have an Eskimo girl or two, even keep a mistress if you were discreet about it. (6)

Finnian's departure from the police force brings a final accusation against those who attempted colonization of the Eskimo and their land. He admits: " 'I got fed up with serving the whims of the missionaries and politicians, for one thing. I couldn't stand all those parasites who couldn't fight their own battles without the help of what they called "the law." 'Twas a pretty low-class job at the best of times, being a cop, and 'tis getting lower and lower' " (5).

Gillingham's very existence in Labrador represents a threat to the power of the missions and particularly to the preacher Manfred Kosh, whose hold on his congregation is tenuous at best. Nootka, helper at the trading post, speaks of Gillingham with reverence, but says to Hamilton: " 'I will mention such matters only in the old speech, the Language of Men, which, though Mr. Kosh preaches sermons in it, he does not understand, unless,

perhaps, it is spoken as a woman speaks to the babe at her breast' " (9). The understanding of language is seen to be integral to shared community: those who preach sermons lose both the respect and the society of those whom they wish to control; only those who share "old speech," which through culture defines heritage, are able to gain thoughtful hearing. Horwood's own novel reflects a growing awareness of the function of the narrator in this light as well. No longer does one master tell a tale to a listening apprentice as in Tomorrow Will Be Sunday, but a multitude of voices suggest the clash of various beliefs and cultures in the temporary community of travellers.

Throughout the novel Horwood denies the ability of his text to represent the character of Gillingham with accuracy. For example, Hamilton begins: " 'Shaggy, picturesque, heroic - you could call him many things; none of them would explain the impression he made' " (10). To seek Gillingham is instead an effort to document the relationships he had with others, culminating with his trial, which is an attempt to determine his relationship -- murderous or otherwise -- with his song brother Abel.

The significance of the exchange of songs in the adoption of a song brother pervades the novel as an essential form of binding together those from differing cultures:

Each Labrador boy at birth, or shortly thereafter, is given his song, and it goes with him through life. Without his song he would not be fully human. The custom has even been passed on from the Eskimos to the 'settlers' - those lonely pioneers of northern bays - and I have heard a white trapper reproach his brother because the latter's son was two years old without any song having been composed for him: 'I, his uncle, will make him a song if you will not.' (15)

The song is seen in oral culture as a form of language which evokes heritage through storytelling; that is, the song represents the prediction of the recipient's future as well as defines the recipient in terms of the giver. The story told of the recipient is truly a social contract, binding past, present and future with responsibility between generations, declaring perception as well as validation of self. Hamilton further makes a connection between the binding of the songs and their economic importance in representing contractual ties when he says of Gillingham that "as song brother to a chief elder he would not only be

a member of the Inuit, but would have status and power among them" (16). Here we might expect to find the essence of Gillingham unfold in a revelation of the words of the song, but again, he remains elusive to the reader. Since Gillingham "was rather harder put to invent a song for himself" (16), his friend Richardson extracts one from a book of Gaelic folk songs:

Then he memorized the words or something somewhat resembling them. It did not matter what they meant or whether he pronounced them right, so long as he got them the same every time. The language could be easily explained: it was spirit talk, for his father had been a great and powerful angekok, who composed the spirit song for his son. (17)

Gillingham, himself a white man, is accepted by his Eskimo brother not on the basis of the validity of his song, but on the spirit of intent it carries. Both men seek economic success, and their union will prove to be a strong one since both are accomplished hunters. This economic understanding, a basis of trust on which their very lives depend, carries the Gaelic song to the level of spiritual comprehension despite its foreign origin. Not even Gillingham can decipher (or pronounce) its inflections, but he is able to implement the words of another culture as a tool to gain entrance to and power in a society which has already decided to accept him on the basis of his benefit to them. Language may thus be seen as a maneuver of cultural convenience which is linked directly to survival and economic benefit. Nonetheless its slippery quality does not define for us in any way the character who is Gillingham, any more than the courts are able to define his role or motivations in the shooting death of Abel.

Gillingham demonstrates at his trial that he is acutely aware of the need of various cultures to believe what they must believe in order to maintain self-identity by cohesion and exclusion of others when he speaks of cultures "trying to carve each other into the image of what they'd like to be themselves" (70). In this fashion the Eskimo must attribute to Gillingham -- as their leader -- powers necessary to validate their own strengths and abilities. Gillingham in turn uses his awareness of his new mantle to his advantage when he

derides his arch-rival Manfred Kosh. Gillingham plays on Eskimo beliefs to concoct his own reason for Kosh's lost voice, and creates a story far more elaborate than a diagnosis of laryngitis:

'Nootka, let me thank you for taking that message to Mr. Kosh yesterday. I had decided to give him back his voice, and that was the chief reason I sent for him. He has acknowledged that my torngak is stronger than his, and I have asked my torngak to restore to him the power of speech. Tell anyone you may meet today that Mr. Kosh will be able to speak like a man again tomorrow, though at present he can only croak like a raven. I was teaching him to use his voice again when he was here, just now.' (57)

Kosh's belief that his fort is under siege by Gillingham's forces -- when in fact little more than a party is taking place -- similarly rests on what he wants to believe as he remembers "the lurid tales he must have read in his church histories and martyrologies, hearing all night long the weird chanting in a musical scale unlike anything he knew, sounding 'barbarous' to his ears..." (65). The court system is no less prejudicial in its assessment of Gillingham. At his trial Gillingham is acquitted on the technicality that the victim's autopsy report was not signed by a second doctor. Nonetheless, the white establishment view him as "dangerous" (179) and attempt to convict him on the smaller violations such as "selling liquor to prohibited persons" (186). These persons -- Eskimos -- introduce an irony demonstrated by "Gillingham's defense attorney... [who] was able to show that an 'Eskimo,' as repeatedly mentioned in various laws, was, in fact, indefinable - that nobody could actually be shown in court to be an 'Eskimo,' and that consequently all laws referring to Eskimos were, in that particular, meaningless" (186). The judge, however, "convinced he was dealing with a public enemy" (186), convicts Gillingham of "intent to traffic illegally" (186), a charge that ordinarily might have been given a small fine, but in this case costs Gillingham three month's hard labour. During Gillingham's release from prison and his final disappearance from the novel he gives no further clue as to the happenings on the night of Abel's death -- the reader must choose his own most probable version of the

events, but can never impose closure on the novel for Horwood has repeatedly pointed to the pitfalls of speculative history and the desire to impose belief systems on other cultures.

Horwood's recognition of the intricacies of the interrelationship between narration, history, culture and interpretation define his growth as a writer. In large part White Eskimo depends for its success on the reader's acknowledgement, at Horwood's urging, that narrative must be understood as the Eskimo understand it: as a vehicle conveying sensibility, rapport, possibility and webs of culture rather than definition, exclusion, authority and linear history. Horwood writes that the Eskimos have produced an oral tradition which prepares the listener for the subtlety of understanding which constitutes their union as a community, unlike its colonizer, the white race, whose understanding of them -- because of their quite different sort of both storytelling and history -- is at best naive:

'[The Eskimo] idea of a story isn't at all the same thing as ours. They tell better stories, but have no idea of what we mean by being objective. The world of spirits and magic is always getting mixed up with ordinary affairs of life in their accounts.... They've grown up with the habit of distilling literal meanings out of a mass of imagery, some of it highly fanciful, and of making allowances for the polite conventions of exaggeration, understatement, and so forth. But it doesn't do for us, of course, with our literal minds, our habit of expecting narrative to mean exactly what it says. So to fill in this next part of Gillingham's story I have to give you my own version of what I heard from Abel Shiwak. This isn't the way he told it though.' (27)

Horwood's narrator's narrator, Hamilton, deliberately underlines the tale's variance from its original telling, and Horwood's textualizing of the tale and re-contextualizing of Gillingham and his history undermine any labelling of Gillingham as a deviant from his society, and instead celebrates his deviation.

The celebration of deviation is a motif carried through directly to Horwood's latest novel, Remembering Summer. In its extreme commitment to experimentalism it is betrayed, however, for while technically a "challenging" novel (Remembering Summer cover), its intense focus on the protagonist who tells his story in first person autobiographical format assumes a kind of authorial telling which is at once self-absorbed

and excluding. As one critic writes of Horwood: "He is a born teacher and this is one of his major flaws as a novelist" (Fowler, Atlantic Provinces Book Review 14.2 (1987): 8). Horwood's desire to inform the reader about altered or "counter" belief systems in fact leads him to dictate those same beliefs rather than allowing the reader to come to them freely. Thus Horwood's novel itself degenerates into a kind of dictation, for it retells philosophical abstractions and preaches a style of living rather than encouraging the reader's participation in active exchange with the writer.

Remembering Summer focuses on the later life of Eli Pallisher, the now grown boy of Tomorrow Will Be Sunday. Eli's transformation in this novel is ironic: the escape from authority which he sought in the earlier novel is completed in Remembering Summer for the aging Eli is now something of a recluse living in a small Newfoundland cove, yet his presence draws a group of hippies who treat him as their guru and he himself takes on the role of mentor and authoritarian. Thus his desire to reform his society translates into the establishment of his own kind of compound -- not of rigid structure but of tutorial and self-aggrandizing atmosphere. Horwood's text is similarly inaccessible and while verbose it often cannot be translated from self-enclosed drug-induced "trips," removing the individual psyche from any relationship to a community. Horwood's depiction of both life and language become self-exiling, and even Eli's experience with those who live on his resources may be seen as unfulfilling and parasitic.

The narrator, Eli, opens the novel with contemplations on life in the sixties. He has held faith "that soon empire would be no more" (7) and clearly looks to a time domination of all peoples will cease. Eli's message is presented in chant-like prose, not unlike the invocation in the epigraph from The Iroquois Book of the Dead. The narrator's good intentions are quickly belied, however, as he writes that "A boy with the look of a beardless and somewhat feral Jesus offers me a toke....This is Michael, first respondent to my incantations" (8). Eli's creation is summoned by him, and from the outset the reader is

aware that Michael lies within Eli's command. While Eli praises such youths for their ability to overcome social authority -- "Marching one day in line to their classrooms, you saw them next with trumpets around the walls of Jericho" (9) -- he nonetheless wants them to conform to his standards and ideals:

If only those youngsters would wake up at eight in the morning like me, maybe they'd get to bed or crash on the carpet or something by one or two a.m. Jesus! That drummer knows his stuff, though! I'm going to be dead tomorrow - shit, I mean today! Probably taking years off my life, too - the tension, stress. (9)

Eli's confirmation of tension and stress in his life authenticate a reality which is far removed from the naivety of his aspirations for himself and the young people who cluster around him. He describes them as "Trying to create a brand of chaos where nobody gets hurt" (10) and calls his home "Eden without the snake" (11). His conversation with Gazelle, a young woman who longs for children, is also revealing:

'It isn't the *wanting* that stops me, Eli, it's ...'
'The having?'
'Yes.'
'You've been taught that it's pretty awful.'
'Well, isn't it? All that stuff about a fountain spouting blood, milk and tears.'
'If you want to believe that, then of course'
'I *don't* want.'
'Then believe the people who tell you the other thing, that birth is like satori or the mystical vision'
'You're not much help, Eli.' (11)

The narrator's easy assumption that Gazelle can believe what she wants to believe -- live in her own construction of reality and naively expect reality to bear out her creation obligingly -- is in some ways the crux of the novel. Horwood has established in White Eskimo that many "readers" of the world attribute what they want to believe to those around them. In that novel, his narrative strategy encourages recognition of such short-sightedness. Yet in Remembering Summer, the narrator-guru, a thinly veiled version of Horwood himself, encourages Gazelle to choose beliefs or reject them as easily as she would her clothes, denying the very existence of those which do not suit her. It seems a tired stance on the

narrator's part and calls into question the validity of a novel which purportedly extolls the virtues of accepting a many-faceted reality rather than merely accepting one's own.

Horwood's prose itself is an attempt to overthrow the limitations of linearity in narrative. However, his stream-of-consciousness technique relies largely on images which in fact convey nothing revolutionary to the reader. As one critic has noted, "Phrases like 'clothed in evolving galaxies' tell us practically nothing. And Horwood uses large, unevocative, unpicturable concepts throughout. Throwing around phrases like 'the universe' and 'all the ages since God was born' not only cheapens the description, it frustrates the reader" (Forman, Books in Canada 16.3 (April 1987): 22). When Horwood writes "I think about John Donne and Thoreau and Dionysius the Areopagite ... [and] the utter fucking magnificence of Handel in an organic full close, tiger burning bright, but the naked male negro is perhaps the ultimate magnificat whether tiger-striped with silk or cast in bronze-black ... oh Jesus I'm stoned, travelling among the quasars at the outer limits of consciousness" (13-14), the reader is less than inspired and Eli's invocations of great thinkers are sullied rather than illuminated.

Eli comments that "words were magic" (14), but Horwood's efforts to capture their power fails despite his obvious enthusiasm for them as vehicles of memory and community. He longs to find Toslow, place of spiritual renewal, through his textual wanderings and writes that having "learned the new idioms of sight and sound" he begins a narrative quest:

So now my feet are on the road to Toslow, looking for a way out of the descending darkness, the village not of my ancestors, but of their ancestral archetypes - the past, indeed, that part of it we must recover, but the future, too.

Toslow lives no more on maps, but only in song - a village that this century destroyed, a place where people lived, where they were born and balled and buried. In a hundred past springtimes, children went scrambling over its rocks, diving like seals in the clear light of its sea. And the men and women won their living from its hills and waters without the knowledge or support of the world and its peoples. Unlike my own village, Toslow was never turned into a slum by apostles of progress, but simply written off and repossessed by the kittiwakes and the seals. Now we must resurrect it, in body or in spirit, creating a crossroads where the lines of the future and the past can intersect. (18)

Eli seeks escape from the past and recovery of it through "song," not "maps," since his journey is not one of discovery but definition. His tradition exists for him -- he need not find it -- but he must attribute it to himself. He looks for his heritage and his own self-recovery through what was known in memories of a place very like his own village before the age of "progress" and seeks in this a definition for the future. The haunting oral memory which claims him intersects with and in some ways limits his future, regardless of the John Donne or Thoreau he has read. "Without the knowledge or support of the world and its peoples" Eli's ancestors both call and create him, and he is part of their definition regardless of the philosopher-king image he creates for himself throughout the text. The "magic" words upon which Horwood draws for restoration are those from his ancestral past -- the counter-culture language he alternatively employs serves only to induce self-revelry and ultimately self-isolation.

Horwood's own blindness on this point is highly ironic for at several junctures in the novel his protagonist spouts the very answers to the difficulties which he faces in his life, and yet he remains oblivious to them. Of Eli's wife and his problems with her sexuality he writes, for example, that she only "really did enjoy it once she got it straight that there were scripts not written in Hollywood" (41). Horwood's protagonist expects truly shared and enjoyed sexual union, a community of body language, to forbid Western script, yet his all too eager adherence to typed sixties language and "free love" only encloses him in another kind of pattern. Eli boasts that he "could never live in a religious community, never share or pretend to share the superstitions in which they deal" (50), but of course this is his very predicament. Instead he claims that the "journey into the night of the soul was for me a totally solitary experience" (50) and in the midst of all his groupies this is a truth which rings with sadness. He is alone in a world of natural beauty and witnessed close comradeship not only because he chooses to commune alone with his soul but because he lacks a language of kinship with anyone in his selected world. His adopted

family of young minds are merely students, not colleagues, and final barriers of authority rest between them. Eloquently describing his bleak existence, Eli writes:

--and I am ultimately alone in a void that has neither beginning nor end, nor any dimension but only formless eternullity. My heart has congealed. And even my mind -- the last flutter of life -- is coming to a stop, and there will be only silence forever. I am lost in this null-world through galactic time, feeling not-despair, for the stars are gone and their clusters departed, and there is not even night or emptiness (88)

Horwood's beleaguered narrator need listen only to a casual acquaintance to find both source and cure of his isolation. Eli has long railed against the conditions under which he was raised -- and in many regards rightly so --but he has denied the entirety of his heritage in the process. The resulting silence in which Eli lives occurs as part of the gap he has himself created. An unnamed young woman corrects Eli as he speaks longingly for a repaired or banished generation gap: " 'There isn't any now,' she says. 'The gap is between the cultures, not the generations' " (163). Eli's active participation in a "culture gap" allows him the escape he seeks from a tormented childhood but it also alienates him from ancestral roots and binds him to a world vision neither self-made nor self-fulfilling.

Harold Horwood's success and failure as a novelist depend in large part on his manipulation of narrative strategy as a means of redefining himself in opposition to Newfoundland culture. In attempting to control the perceived authority figures of his island home through his fiction he not only exiles himself from the communities about which he writes, but he so marginalizes those communities that his readers are distanced from them as well. In Tomorrow Will Be Sunday Eli Pallisher is from the outset a child defined in his difference from his community and lauded because of it. Eli's family is ultimately denigrated as are the people with whom they share their lives: their actions and very language are described by the author as petty, limiting and, with regard to the preacher to whom they defer, as seductive, entrapping, terrifying and revolting. The close manipulation of the protagonist by the author and the protagonist's rejection of all that is dear to him cast light on Horwood's own entrapment: his one-sided view of the place of his birth

constitutes an understanding of that environment which is no less self-aggrandizing and authoritarian than that of his fictional preacher. This is developed to the extreme in Remembering Summer, a novel whose experimentalism is useful to Horwood mainly in its ability to replace the language and images of the world of Newfoundland with the language and images of the era of the 1960s -- a means by which Horwood may say little in vast nebulous description or where he invokes language to serve his own role as preacher. Horwood's self-elevation is at best self-deluding -- the novel fails because its language is inaccessible and its narrative strategy is adrift in images of cosmic meaninglessness. White Eskimo, however, succeeds as a fine example of narrative craftsmanship because Horwood is able to allow his protagonist to escape the narrator's clutches. Horwood's release of Gillingham, in part necessary because Horwood must admit Gillingham's oneness with an undiscovered history, allows a recognition of the intricacy of narrative in the construct of culture, and Horwood's novel benefits to the fullest extent because of this recognition. The reader is encouraged to participate in seeking and accepting both the culture of self and of other, and to question the tyranny of written and oral histories unsupplemented by other voices. Here Horwood has got it right -- the same desire for freedom of cultural expression in Remembering Summer fails because Horwood's narrator must preach it, and preach it to the exclusion of the larger community in which he lives. The conversations of White Eskimo become the monologue of Remembering Summer, and Horwood the craftsman becomes Horwood the voice in a self-made wilderness.

Percy Janes's best known novel, House of Hate, is, like Tomorrow Will Be Sunday and Remembering Summer, based in part on autobiography. Janes's vision of violence is not remedied by the narrator's physical escape from an abusive family nor by his return to confront it, but in the novel he writes he is able at least to bear witness to and partake in his own creation and destruction as persona. This witnessing and inclusion in the destruction of self is the final expression of agony of a character whose childhood scars

grow so rabidly within him that he becomes consumed by the past and remains void of future possibility. His resulting emptiness and lethargy are damned rather than pitied by some reviewers of the text :

...the narrator, one of the sons of Saul Stone, an illiterate workingman brought up in complete poverty in one of Newfoundland's West Coast fishing villages, turns out, to my mind, to be the worst of a gaggle of no-good sons of a brutal father.

...the narrator, Juju, ... manages to get himself a university education by serving in the navy, [and] does little with his life, except cater to his own weaknesses. He travels widely, working only enough to be able to pay for meagre lodgings in various parts of the world. When he is penniless he returns home to sponge on his sick and poverty-stricken family, which exists only on the father's pension. While he is enjoying their much despised hospitality, he studies them like a scientist with a microscope, listing only their faults, their crudeness, and unpleasant language and habits. He also makes the rounds of his brothers' homes, eating their food and mentally criticizing and despising them and their wives, for their drunkenness, their lack of ambition and culture, and the hatreds they have inherited which now destroy their lives.

...All his brothers take to drink, and he, as a teetotaler, despises them for their weakness. None of them is educated beyond grade ten, and none of them has any ambition to go any farther than the town where they were born. This, to him, makes them morons.

This book is an interesting study of the lowest side of Canadian life, and one gets the impression that it may be true of lots of families brought up in poverty. The sad part about it is that even education and travel cannot, apparently, broaden minds created under such unpromising conditions. What then is the solution to Newfoundland's future?

(Daily Gleaner 14 February 1970, Janes Scrapbook, Memorial University of Newfoundland Centre for Newfoundland Studies, unpaginated.)

Such reaction by reviewers serves to underscore the battle facing not only Janes, his text and his characters but the impoverished regional as well. His economic powerlessness is compounded by his own community's response of physical, verbal and spiritual tyranny over those they can control so that a heritage of self-destruction is heaped on them as a result. Far beyond any compassion for those finding themselves in such sites of thralldom, the indifferent and critical world outside those communities offers high moral judgements about the "lowest side of Canadian life" and questions the "solution to Newfoundland's future," indicating that at best that future is a problem. If this is a sample of the help Juju is to be offered on escape from the island it is little wonder that he leaves the outside world to

return home, even if it is a home which he despises. Here Janes and Horwood part ways: both write of characters who return to a Newfoundland society which in ignorance and economic deprivation violates its own people, but Horwood creates a haven of supposed moral betterment for his protagonists within the larger community --a haven ultimately self-isolating and thus devoid of kinship -- while Janes struggles to integrate kinship with reality, a task which constitutes the protagonist's witnessing of his own destruction as he attempts through narrative to control the uncontrollable. His disappearance from the text is a realization of the temporary nature of narrative as power structure, and Juju's departure into an "urgent and frantic and hopeless hunt for love" (House of Hate 320) acknowledges the desperate chaos encountered when he relinquishes the brief authority of his own text for the certain hopelessness of his own existence.

For Janes -- whose story is in large part autobiographical -- as for many victims of abuse, the ability to tell of the crime itself is the first step in wrenching control from the violator in order to begin the process of reassembling self. Telling the tale is in many ways a confirmation of being: not only does it necessitate psychological reconstruction of the victim, who must in the accusation of wrongdoing against the perpetrator wield power over him, but it forces the teller of the tale to acknowledge in its production that he exists in his creation and will survive and endure through creative acts. For the narrator of House of Hate, however, while the text stands as a creative act, it also serves as a reduction of self mirroring Juju's final departure from his home town. Thus while the narrator entangles his family members --and by extension his reader-- in a world of violence, he ultimately absents himself from this world in a hopeless search for love which, because it is self-denied, he knows he will never find. Janes's Juju is a Sisyphus, working eternally against the stone of his own history. He concludes his novel in a virtual death struggle, his life impulses disappearing in an unending battle with his own bitter heart.

House of Hate is a novel which works towards the reductive in both thematics and narrative strategy. From the first of the text Janes makes this clear even in the naming of his various chapters. Each takes the name of an individual character, with the exceptions of the two chapters which yoke together Saul and Gertrude (Juju's parents) and the chapter entitled "Family Reunion." The family history is delineated in Part One of the novel as Saul is discussed in the first chapter followed by his wife and each of the children. The children's names are reduced to nicknames in this catalogue and while Margaret Laurence views this as "though some small degree of colour were added to their lives by the conjuring up of names like these" (Laurence, House of Hate , introduction x), the author does not seem to have intended this. He writes of Hilda, for example, that

...she was given the name Flinksy ("Wild One"), as pathetically undeserved a nickname as ever a sober-minded young puritan female was saddled with; but in our fiercely critical and self-righteous family, any little outburst of sociability or romance was always pounced on and rudely labelled by one or the other of us as a major fault of character. (64-65)

Ank is similarly diminished as a person through his nickname: "My brother's name was Henry, which we in our rapid, incisive way had soon declined from Henry to Hank to Anky to Ank, by which flat monosyllable he was always known to family and friends" (35). The second section of the novel is revealing in its chapter headings. The family is brought together in "Family Reunion" and thus in a sense is reconstructed, this happening precipitated by Juju's return home. Each subsequent chapter reiterates the family's destruction, however, in each individual member's isolation and deprivation. The nicknames remain in adulthood, with the notable exception of "Flinksy" who becomes "Hilda." The narrator sees his sister as the one member of the family who has escaped its cycle of violence and Janes dedicates his novel to her. More interesting in the list of chapters in the second half of the novel is the total absence of Juju's name. Instead the text returns at its conclusion to Saul, the character to whom the narrator has been likened at many points throughout the novel: "It was commonly remarked in the family that I was ...

like the Old Man" (246). Not only does the narrator disappear from his list of family members, then, but he also returns full circle to the story of his father, the man whose shadow he is unable to escape. Rather than a new beginning or a sense of wholeness in his analysis he finds there instead an eternal pit of damnation and is absorbed into its blackness, recognizing the "palpable blight that Dad had cast over the lives of all his sons" (318).

The importance of words in the novel and in the home of the Stone family is noted by Laurence when she writes of Saul that "He is not a verbal man; he is not capable of self-analysis" (House of Hate, introduction viii). His reign over his family depends upon his control of their language, just as his lack of verbal skills results from a lack of control or kinship within his own community. His family left Ireland and famine in fear, intent "against returning to that dreaded isolation" (10). This same hatred of isolation and lack of community forces Saul to return to Newfoundland from the promising economics of Canada where he "felt so lonely and out of place that he gave up his job and returned to Newfoundland for good.... The thick Irish atmosphere of the city [of St. John's] answered to his own blood, and the people had no trouble understanding his talk or accepting his ways, as they had often up there in Canada" (12). Saul finds community and language for himself, but this communion of speech is lost to him after he accepts the economic benefit and control of a company of which Newfoundlanders speak in rumours and eagerly cheer as authority when it offers pronouncements of work and monetary gain:

Dawn came first in the form of a rumour that out on the west coast of the island a big English company was going to put up a paper mill, a gigantic enterprise that would cost millions and offer work to thousands. For months the rumours flew thick and fast, and then one day it all became gloriously official. The Right Honourable Sir Edward P. Morris, Prime Minister of Newfoundland, appeared on the Court House steps facing Water Street in company with a real English lord and announced to a cheering crowd that the contract had been signed and work would begin almost immediately. (13)

At work in these environs Saul speaks little, and at Gertrude's meeting of him he is described to have "seemed as if he might stand there forever without explaining his

presence if she did not stir him up" (19). He softens to her when she demonstrates an understanding of his needs:

She invited him to stay at the Inn for his dinner that day and have a proper meal for a change. At this her guest thrust out one arm in an awkward, self-deprecating gesture and muttered an inarticulate objection, but Gertrude understood him at once, and for answer took him into the servant's dining-room where he would not feel out of place in any way. There she soon had him dealing ravenously with the kind of food he understood.... (22)

Their relationship, however, is one of "a young couple taking refuge in each other from a strange and often hostile world" (27), rather than one which can function drawing on the resources of a community, and by the time their children have grown to adolescence "the Old Manseldom uttered a word at the table...[other than complaints and] his customary snarl" (37). His wife's only hope is "overwhelming him with a torrent of words until in self-defence he would finally attack his meal" (37).

The madness and violence in Saul's family springs from isolation and its lack of communication just as Janes links the 'mad' geography of Newfoundland and its isolation to the violence of its inhabitants:

Newfoundland: a large island but not a fruitful one, and in its geographical features not a hospitable one. An isolated, self-enclosed triangle, each of its coastlines like a graph gone mad, and the interior a wildness, in its primitive state more suited to the violence of the hunter than to the patient, coaxing arts of agricultural man. And around this harsh land nothing but salt water, the all-encompassing ocean - another hunting ground for man in search of his daily bread. (11)

In a sense there are no maps of dialogue from which to establish an understanding of Saul's wife or offspring, and any attempts to build community in the group through language are met with silence. Their only attempts at sociability come in the form of highly competitive games, and even these games are reduced from their original forms : "Auction, or one hundred and twenty, was our game, a very simplified form of whist and bridge with three on a side, all cards in circulation for each hand, and no mercy shown" (49-50). The game is directly linked to language and social exchange as well as to a battle for survival :

Like most Newfoundland children, we could all play cards before we could read, and this perilous pastime, which among us was more battle than game, was the only thing our family as a whole could turn to by way of indoor recreation. (49)

A "fight for freedom" is begun "... not through the game of cards itself but in the secondary or symbolic meaning that these contests of will and skill in our family always bore" (54-55). When Saul is beaten on rare occasion his response is predictable : "...Dad got up from the table looking aggrieved, then stretched out on his couch, turned his face to the wall, and would not budge or utter a word until we had all had our cup of tea and gone to bed" (54).

Saul invites and nurtures the isolation which has been thrust upon him. While Janes documents a "pattern of frustration and a precarious existence on the outer edge of things [which] seemed to be a web from which he [Saul] could not thrash a way out, no matter which way he turned or how desperately he tried" (12), Saul's overpowering desire for "the beauty of privacy, and, above all, independence" (30) at the outset of his marriage eventually becomes manic desire for stability and betterment and results in estrangement from the people in the town around him. In a series of unending projects, for example, "he had got the morbid idea of putting an eight-foot-high concrete wall along the lower side of the drive," where the ground, symbolically, is "crumbling and dribbling down" (39) from under his very feet. Cutting off his neighbours, Saul denies the enrichment of friendship as a result of priding visible success over the very fellowship which he had returned to Newfoundland to enjoy:

A year or two had passed by in much the same manner, with Dad continuing in his tireless, frenzied way to improve our old dwelling inside and out. On the hill we already had a name for being fancy ("Dem Stones, dey t'inks der big," was a common saying), and when we had dug a well under the house and put a hand pump in the pantry, so that we would no longer have to carry water by turns from the communal tap at the foot of the hill, we were almost considered traitors to our class. Fierce delight in the neighbours' envy, and a crowing defiance, was our father's reaction to this criticism of his endless striving toward all modern conveniences in the home. (45)

In achieving self-sufficiency and financial success, meagre as it may be, Saul finds that he has created in the minds of his neighbours a perception that he thinks them inferior, and

they rebuke him in return. Thus his financial well-being is manifested at the cost of the friendships he so longed to achieve on settling in Milltown.

When Saul's defiance towards his community is paralleled by his own daughter's defiance of him, he answers in yet another violent frenzy in order to secure her isolation as surely as his own:

He swung around on the half-defiant Flinksy again, 'If I ketches you again so much as lookin' at that Swersky fella, I'll give you a lickin' you wunt forget in a hurry. I'll redden yer arse so's you won't be able to sit down for a munt. Pay heed to me now! Curse it, if I let you alone I daresay next t'ing you'd be runnin' around with them Chinks or the niggers offa the boats, or God knows who else. Before I knows it I'd be draggin' you up out o' Crow Gultch.'

'I'll speak to who I likes!' cried Flinksy in desperation, and this word was the match that set off the Old Man's inflammable temper. With an obscene oath he sprang at her, his fist raised high....

All that evening we could hear Flinksy crying in her room, and for a good many evenings afterward she remained in the house toiling away like an unwilling martyr, silently resentful of the ban and the insult that had been put upon her. (66-67)

Flinksy's demonstration that she will speak whenever she pleases prefigures her eventual salvation from the family, even though at this point in the novel she bears silent martyrdom for a time. As Saul walls himself up, Flinksy reaches out to speak to others, and in this action she destroys the power by which her father attempts to control her.

Other members of the family also seek freedom from Saul, but this does not necessarily imply a lasting connection with a world beyond their own interior pain. Brief escape from the tyranny of Saul is found by Racer through laughter:

Racer finished washing first and was over in the corner with Mom, amusing her by giving once again his impression of the Old Man's accent and whole manner. We all stopped to watch, even Flinksy who was setting the table, and could not help applauding when the truly devastating, accurate, and deadly malicious performance by Racer was done. Mom's appreciation took the form of a mere token warning at first and then a complete and laughing surrender to Racer's mimetic ability; unable to resist him, she threw her arms around his neck and began stroking his lustrous hair and kissing him in an ecstasy of love and adoration. (83-84)

While laughter pulls down authority, Saul's return and discovery of Racer's activities brings on a beating of horrendous proportion. Using a razor strap he beats his wife and Racer, as all the while Juju and the other children watch "utterly absorbed, horrified, and

fascinated by the spectacle of this creature called my father in the startling transformation of his fury" (88). The theatrical nature of the episode, a vision of violence, cuts off Racer's speech and mimicry, and reduces Saul to primitive man; a man without language or conscience who dances "up and down in the ecstasy of his rage... like some huge emaciated monkey sprung out of the jungle to prey on an innocent world" (88) and who retires, the job finished, "half-moaning and half-cursing in a totally inarticulate way" (89). The reader too is drawn into this claustrophobic and revolting sight, Saul "lashing at Racer until blood was spattering over himself and the walls, and the kitchen looked more like a slaughterhouse than the centre of domestic life" (89).

It is little wonder that Janes's whole narrative transfers the desperate need to escape from Saul directly to the reader since the world of violence which he relates is heaped verbally upon the reader from cover to cover of the text. It is here that some critics find fault with Janes's work. Alden Nowlan writes: " 'House of Hate', is a bad novel, because it has neither compassion nor humor" (Telegraph Journal, 21 March 1970, as found in Janes file, Memorial University of Newfoundland Centre for Newfoundland Studies, unpaginated). The novel is in fact ridden with episodes of humor, but humor to which even the reader recognizes the danger of responding. In this way Juju's tale crosses the boundary of the page to the reader's own psyche. Saul's powerful threats dominate even the reader's response, and this too accounts for the lack of compassion Nowlan finds in the text. Compassion must come from outside the text, from the place to which Juju disappears at the end of the novel, a place which he feels he enters on a hopeless quest. Juju's certainty of a loveless world is an indication of the strength of his father's creation of that world; the reader's acknowledgement of a lack of compassion in the novel must be answered by compassion, community and shared language outside the text. It is to Juju's credit that he continues his search regardless of his bleak vision, but the reader must

recognize his own streak of Saul if he cannot lend Juju the compassion which Juju cannot create for himself.

Compassion for secondary and peripheral characters in the novel is even less easily generated by Juju's recounting of his story since several generations of the Stone family are included in the novel. Of Crawfie's wife, for example, who can escape her husband's tyranny only through madness, Juju writes an entire account of abuse and subsequent mental deterioration in a matter of paragraphs:

For the most part he managed to keep his fists off his infants, but the same could never be said for his unlucky wife, who was frequently seen on the hill and around Humber Heights with a messy black eye or even worse injuries.

...And so she went on suffering and becoming a little more self-enclosed and neurotic as the years of their married life dragged on.

...Her mind began to give way; she was eventually reduced to a chronically blubbering mass of self-pity and fear....

...Eunice was taken away as a provisional and temporary patient to the Mental Hospital in St. John's, known and dreaded all over the island simply as the "Mental." There her child was born dead, and there she herself remained permanently as one of those border-line cases who were not at all insane or even suffering from any distinct malady but yet were obviously incapable of coping with life outside the walls. (235-36)

This kind of brevity contributes to criticism of the novel: "House of Hate is crazily episodic and chronologically confusing;...[and] the action should be revealed through dialogue more than it is" (Robert Cockburn, Fiddlehead 84 (March-April 1970): 116). As the novel progresses from personal recollection to supposition and reconstructed history of the family, Juju's narrative becomes more and more distanced so that the reader is released from the immediate horrors of the Stone family and comes to view them with greater sterility, just as Juju himself, more and more self-interested, is unable to lend his emotional response to others. As he fades from connection with these characters, so too eventually does he fade from the text itself.

Wide variances of language in the text may also be defended on the grounds of Juju's perspective in his alienating home. Critics write, for example, that the shifts in language of the novel are distressing:

Furthermore, this is a book in which it is possible to read that one fights 'like a starving tiger,' in which leisure is 'a priceless boon' and grief is 'immemorial;' in which of someone it is said that 'curls crowned his lofty form;' and in which one learns that 'the passion in those pale and blazing eyes was not to be denied' - although at other times those same eyes might look 'very much like a couple of blueberries stuck in a custard veined with strawberry flavouring.' These clinkers are embarrassing; elsewhere, and frequently, the narrator's reaction to events seems so dull and unreal that the reader is bewildered....

(Cockburn 116)

Likewise a Newfoundland reviewer has trouble with Juju's formal and self-possessed diction, although she -- as one who hears it every day -- shows a great appreciation for his use of Newfoundland dialect:

Mr. Janes has a splendid ear for speech and idiom, and not only the words and phrases he uses but the situations in which they are used spring to life on his pages. The use of the word 'crooked' for 'cranky', of 'dirty' for 'angry' are used by the different characters in just the right way and the reference to Saul's habit of 'firkin' around down in the basement' appealed to me tremendously. When Mr. Janes is talking about the character Juju, however, he becomes much more formal, and for this reason Juju, who represents the author himself, rarely gets off the pages in the way that Ank, Racer, Crawfie and the others do.

(Helen Porter, "Book Review" as found in Janes file, Memorial University of Newfoundland Centre for Newfoundland Studies, undated, unpaginated.)

Juju himself acknowledges these wide variances of language which he adopts in the narrative, pointing to his reasons when he notes that his family uses the barrier of language to isolate him :

'And that *foreign* way [you have],' she [Mom] added with some disapproval.

'How do you mean?'

'Well, *ass-ent*, for one thing.'

'Don't be so foolish! I haven't got any accent.'

'Yes you have! You got that real Canadian twang. Some words you says I can't hardly understand you a-tall. I s'pose Newfoundland talk is not good enough for you now, after bein' away so long.' (167-68)

He later writes:

It could only be painful to feel my blood relatives covertly staring at me and studying me as though I were not only a suspicious but also a foreign character, and one who might be secretly inclined to look down on them. I could hear the thought turning behind their eyes: 'Juju is after gettin' high notions,' and I could almost feel the word 'traitor' pushing at their lips, demanding utterance. I felt as alien as a Hottentot at the North Pole. It made no difference that I had this time arrived home from a place that had become a sister province of Newfoundland, no longer a foreign country but the mainland of Canada - no difference at all. Acts of Parliament bear no reference to insularity and the village virus. (192)

Regardless of the criticisms of Janes's use of language, the language barriers established between Juju and his fellow characters are crucial to a full understanding of the novel, as are the episodic and reductive accounts of the family which are more common as the text progresses. The barriers are a means of escape: just as Juju escapes the tyranny of his household first through physical absence -- having found to his horror before he returns home "that this whole world was essentially a Milltown in which I should find no home nor any place of refuge this side of the grave. At such times I felt the hard, clear crystal of my sanity sinking and dissolving into chaos" (262) -- he then attempts to do so through a clinical verbal distance. He reports horrific stories of his family and himself with the civility of a newscaster, eventually dissolving from the screen of the text leaving the reader, like Juju himself, numbed and alone.

The isolation and fear which open the novel, driving Saul's forbearers to Newfoundland, thus also close the novel, having been passed with finality to the reader himself. As Juju is unable to wash his hands of his heritage, so the reader cannot make Juju's acquaintance without sullyng his own since he must recognize that, brought to face such violence, he cannot deny or sanitize it without denying or sanitizing much of his own culture. This heritage of violence and denial of compassion are perhaps the greatest tragedies and entrapments of a family who, as Janes forces us to acknowledge through the telling of the tale, now belongs to us all.

Janes's No Cage for Conquerors is in thematic concern and technique a natural and fascinating extension of his interests in House of Hate. It is clearly a manifesto of his beliefs in the necessity of freedom of the artist in society and of the artist's essential role as mirror and teacher in his community, yet it portrays as well the difficulty of determining boundaries between the rights of the individual, whose story the author/artist tells, and the rights of the interpreter of that story. The novel focuses on the prosecution of painter Cabot Carter who is charged with libel for the public showing of a painting of Mrs. Olive

Bastow. Bastow's portrait is hung in conjunction with a portrait of homeless and outcast Sailor Burns. Not only does Olive Bastow feel denigrated by the harsh portrait of herself, but its juxtaposition with Sailor Burns's countenance confuses and angers her as well. The two paintings form a paradigm in Janes's novel and establish a counterbalance between wealth, power and the legal system and anarchy, hopelessness and poverty. The painter stands as the medium of reflection of these opposing states, and his ability to interpret his culture rests on his ability to speak freely and to be heard publicly. Janes's text consists in large part of a series of transcripts, both public and private. Quotation marks and "he said" / "she said" tags are nonexistent in the text as Janes attempts to bring the reader to the role of jury and participant, and thus to the role of one who must review the case and actively judge the artist. A self-conscious work, the novel reveals Janes's understanding that the artist must take into account the consequences of his work on the community around him; a lesson no doubt learned from the criticism he received -- and anticipated -- on publishing House of Hate.

Canon J.E. Loder, who served as rector of the Anglican Church of Corner Brook (the "Milltown" of Janes's House of Hate), wrote after reading House of Hate that the novel was "the most blasphemous and obscene in content that I have ever examined" (Atlantic Advocate 60.9 (May 1970): 15). Loder's repugnance to the language and content of the novel is focused on the speaking of words which he feels should never have been spoken and the telling of stories which should never have been told. The words create a world which he does not wish to acknowledge and thus they blaspheme and work destructively against his created reality. Art imitates life in Janes's No Cage for Conquerors when Cabot Carter must defend his representation of Olive Bastow subsequent to his public depiction of her. Janes's literary self-prosecution confronts the thorny issue of defamation of character, a charge which, as we have seen, has been laid against other Newfoundland artists such as Harold Horwood. Criticisms of Horwood's work on these

grounds are more easily rendered than are those against Janes, however, for Horwood's fictional Newfoundlanders are denounced by a larger than life Horwood himself who stands in obvious self-righteous judgement of them. Janes's protagonists, on the other hand, stand with their communities and are equally scrutinized by him. House of Hate's Juju admits many of his own failings, and while blind to some of his faults, is nonetheless depicted as having them. Horwood's characters seem aware only of their moral rightness, and this in itself dispels belief in the accuracy of their perspective. Canon Loder's comments, like some of Horwood's novels, suggest that the author is untouched by the world he sees and may walk unsullied around those problems he wishes to ignore. Janes takes both readers and himself into the thick of the distasteful, repulsive and marginal in our communities and is not afraid to recognize his own weaknesses and shames as he does so. In Horwood's confident objectivity lies a great danger; in Janes's acknowledgement that his voice is but one of many, and in his self-judgement and self-doubt, a great trust is given to the reader who may chose to share or reject it.

Cabot Carter's troubles begin with a painting of St. John's which has been criticized before the novel opens as representing the darker side of life in the city. Drawn to him after this controversy is Marion Squires, whose husband's obsession with business and lack of interest in art or other of her own fascinations leaves her with voids to fill in her life. She is eager to form a close connection to the man of the newspaper controversies and "eager to set eyes on the artist who had been the centre [sic] of that storm" (3). Janes sets the artist as the focus of the text, while Marion is his audience, repeatedly "fluttering down on him to take possession" (35), making Cabot "squirm, sensing tentacles of trouble" (51). The question of who "owns" the artist, and the question of what the artist truly owns of his own creations is further reflected in Marion's desire to have Cabot "Paint me and *clarify* me" (53). Marion's desire to have Cabot tell her story in art points to the kind of imprisonment his art faces, and when Marion denies this, he argues against her:

-No, I mean that a person like you is *free* [Marion says], free from all these material things and not tied down by them. You have a doubtful smile on your face. Isn't what I'm saying true?

-It's baloney.... It's kind of like moving from one prison to another. (53)

Cabot's chosen love interest, Roma Hart, has a clearer understanding of the processes of his art:

-...You know, all along I've been thinking of you as a sort of fugitive, a person who runs away from people and life, except in his work. But just now with Sailor, when you were walking along behind him, I had a very strong impression of you as a hunter. You hunt people. (58)

It is Cabot who must first possess, and then, much to his chagrin, who must be possessed by his audience in the cyclical consumption and production process of his work. Janes's narrative underlines this process in its transcript form as the reader consumes the text but must be part of his own consumption when he realizes his necessary participation as jury member in reading Janes's court transcripts.

Marion and Olive Bastow parallel the reader's experience in this entrapment during the public display of Olive's portrait. Marion hopes that the portrait of her mother will allow the family to better understand their matriarch:

I sort of thought that if you did a real, serious portrait of Mother you might be able to bring out whatever it was that got into her about religion, and then we'd all be in on the secret and be able to handle her better, maybe. She really is an awful drag at home, and I for one would be able to stand it better if I knew the true reason for it. (36)

Marion equates truth with artistic truth, and knowledge with control, and as "reader" of her mother's experiences she longs to reveal and display and thus to harness her. She knows that Cabot possesses the kind of power necessary to enclose and unravel the riddle of her mother, and his interpretation is a vehicle of authority which she longs to manipulate in her own life. Cabot's slight of hand, however, transforms the powerful Mrs. Bastow into a powerless story told when set against his portrait of the homeless and much maligned Sailor Burns. Marion's description of her mother -- a woman full of "Pride and power ... probably to the point where nothing but a real shock, a catastrophe, would serve to make her aware of any values other than her own" (63) -- is but a picture of herself and her

whole class in society, which Cabot's interest in Sailor Burns as an equal representative of the powerless reveals.

Cabot tells Roma that "to a man like Sailor you represent the rulers, or the daughter of rulers. Those who have power over him" (60). He argues that "...with Sailor it's a matter of instinct, or feeling. Class feeling.... It built up over the centuries. Do you think it would just disappear in one generation?" (61). Further, Cabot aligns himself with Sailor: "Because I come from the same kind of people, originally. The same as Sailor in many ways. I mean the rock-bottom labouring class, with no real stake in the community. No property" (61). In this statement Cabot reveals his own blindness for with the material production and public display of his painting he does share a stake in community, and by selling his paintings he creates the cycle of property. With that community and property comes responsibility, and this responsibility faces him in the courtroom scenes which make up the second half of the novel. Here Olive Bastow and her class of society are as much on trial as is Cabot Carter, and her defence against defamation of character is that she, unlike Sailor Burns, has position and power which demand a respect that can only be degraded by portraiture such as that of Cabot Carter. Janes describes the contrast between the two paintings:

These pictures in oil on canvas were simply and jointly titled *Two Portraits*. On the left was that of an old woman set boldly forward in the frame, with hardly any recession in the picture space, her sallow-tinted skin making a vibrant contrast with the ochre ground of the whole canvas. The pose was predatory: nose curving like a scimitar, mouth bitterly downdrawn, eyes haunted by melancholy and yet still hungry for domination and power. With her hands claw-fast on the lower edge of the picture, she was like a lonely old hawk ready to fly right off her perch and gobble up anyone who would not bow to that power. It was amazing how this urge seemed to emanate physically from the picture and permeate the whole room.

But satire was not by any means the only non-plastic value of this work. There was tragedy in it too, in the look of horror and disgust with life that lay on those pale-bluish lips - so typical of many faces in old age. And what was that strange, *other* look in the eyes? Or rather, behind the eyes. A suggestion of pterodactyl mindlessness, at once both comic and terrible. Or it might be a hint of fear at the approach of death. In any case, here was a brilliant and savage summation of character, a devastating criticism of the subject's life.

The second portrait was of Sailor Burns: not as tall as its companion but wider, and deeper in perspective, and done almost entirely in tones of grey - the colour of

Sailor's life. The figure of Sailor himself was almost a diagonal in the composition, perhaps to suggest the unsteadiness of his existence and the continual wavering of his spirit. The head was partly turned away but with the eyes slewed around toward the front in a sidelong, furtive look that was also typical of Sailor's mistrustful progress through this world. Tunnels of whirling, sucking space stretched away behind him, so that the figure itself seemed hardly more than an accidental, fortuitous thing in this violently hostile landscape. Sailor's face was twisted with the cold and with pulsating anger, but it was definitely recognizable to anyone who knew the original.

Here again it was the psychological interest and not mere technique that gave bite and strength to the picture. Despite its grimness, there was humor there too - a touch of humor in the face of hardship, and a thing very typical of Newfoundlanders like Sailor Burns. Quite noticeable too was the fact that this portrait showed more compassion in the painter than did the other, but to Roma the two of them seemed an almost perfect marriage of insight and technique, lifting Cabot's work into the impersonal and timeless realm of true art. (86-87)

Cabot's sense of responsibility to the community is certainly apparent in the compassionate rendering of Sailor's portrait, which is intended as a representation of Newfoundlanders beyond Sailor himself. Olive Bastow's power, on the other hand, is described as "predatory" and Cabot's interpretation of her is much more savage. Not unlike Olive Bastow, Cabot has been compared to the hunter and has a power which in a sense makes him a predator of his subjects. Although Cabot declares his allegiance with Sailor, he does not recognize his kinship with Mrs. Bastow in his own position in society, and it is, ironically, her depiction of him in her court declarations which finally brings him to see the enormity of power which comes with the craft which he practices.

Cabot's painting carries a power of its own making, and the full ramification of this only becomes clear to him during his trial. His defence attorney, Roma's father, sums up the complexity of the seemingly simple production of artistic creation in his opening rebuttal:

...truth is a defence and a perfectly good defence against a charge of this kind. Now, I intend to show you that this portrait of Olive Bastow is true, not only in the obvious sense of being a good likeness but in a much deeper and wider sense which I believe you will all come to appreciate. You may then see the picture as truly representing a whole class of people, a way of life - and therefore *not* having only a personal or particular reference. (137)

The symbolic reference of art, the creative undertaking which requires union with the audience, is both the liberator and captor of the work since it loosens the art beyond

specific meaning. It places interpretation in the hands of the interpreter rather than the creator, and in this sense creation itself begets the need to possess the created through interpretation. Olive Bastow's portrait diminishes her power because she is reduced to but one of a number of her class, and those around her may possess her representation of it. In this way her society is judged and measured by all who view the portrait, and in this very measurement a new structure is formed within the society, toppling old power for new. Cabot's own power is inherent in this process, as his lawyer indicates:

... an artist takes a certain person as his subject and then recreates that person in a portrait so that he or she takes on a new life, so to speak, or a new identity, and appears in the portrait as more real and more *true* to life than in her actual physical being. In other words, she has taken on a new dimension, which is truth in the deepest sense. There you have the essence of it. A deeper and wider truth than any we perceive in the ordinary course of our lives. And it is a thing that goes down to the very roots of our society. (138)

Of Olive Bastow's portrait one art critic testifies that "You can read in that alone the hard and bitter struggle this woman has waged to gain whatever.... mastery she has over life. And that's very typical of our entire history, isn't it?" (177). If, as this critic says, the painting of Olive Bastow is "a summing up of one whole side of Newfoundland life" (177), then Sailor Burns's portrait is a summary of the other. He represents the antithesis of the courtroom's order and command, and where the legal system seeks to regulate community, Sailor seeks only to slip into oblivion. Ironically, he has never seen his portrait at the gallery since "Dey wunt let me in dem kind o' places" (150). His brief but telling appearance in the courtroom highlights his opposition to everything for which Olive Bastow stands, and of particular note is the rephrasing of legal jargon in this scene to allow the court and the reader to enter his world, a turnabout not unlike Cabot's diminishing of Olive Bastow through his retelling of her character with paints. Sailor speaks in diction foreign to the reader of the Queen's English and often his very thoughts are parenthesized as well:

As K.K. Darlington rose to his conspicuous height, Sailor's eyes shifted to him in suspicion and alarm, and then rested on him with a rat-like malevolence. Sailor at

once recognized the embodiment of his arch-enemy: authority and power. And when Darlington began to move toward the box and speak, his assured tones echoing through the amused, expectant courtroom, this reluctant witness dogged him with the hostile look he had for all whom he sensed to be foreigners. Even when Sailor did understand questions put to him, he tried to fox his enemy.

- Mr. Burns, I too have only some half-dozen questions for you. What is your occupation?
- Wat?
- Have you got a *job*?
- (shag you mister) Naw, I got no job! All hands knows dat. I'm dundant, see? Dass wat dey tole me, anyhow.
- Do you own any property?
- I got me shack.
- But do you own that?
- (you asshole) No. A squatter, dass wat I am.
- Do you belong to any group or society?
- Wat s'ciety?
- Any church, club or union.
- (bastard) Naw.
- No property, no affiliations. Who is your best friend?
- (prick) Aw, well, in my racket, see, dere's no friends. It's every man fer hisself and God fer nobody. Dass it.
- No friends. What *is* your racket?
- I looks after meself de bess way I kin. Wat man could do more? I finds money too.
- Do you go about by yourself all the time?
- Lone wolf, dass me.... (goddamn Canadian).

Sailor left the box, and ambled sideways and sheepishly out of the courtroom into his solitude, leaving only his likeness on a piece of canvas and some sheets of friable paper to play their part in this drama and perhaps save him from total oblivion. (150-51)

Sailor's salvation, like Mrs. Bastow's destruction, rests on the power of those few pages of paper to recreate life from the energy generated by the explosion of power: energy which is given to Sailor and drawn from Olive Bastow. The all important medium of the paper, fragility ablaze with Cabot's convictions, is further mirrored in the courtroom by the prosecution whose summation of the case -- an attempted destruction of Cabot's power -- is one which the prosecution calls "*my picture*: a showing forth of the relationship between these two people, plaintiff and defendant, which I desire to make clear to you" (106). In addressing the courtroom -- the reader an assumed member of the text as the novel reduces to mere transcript of the case -- the judge also points to the power wielded by the artist as he instructs the jury:

But the basic question is: how far can such allowance [to art] go without threatening disruption to that community? Must every maverick be driven back into the herd in the name of public safety? The problem is a ferociously difficult one, as old as mankind's first dim attempts to form an organized society. (206)

With the judge's own swaying power, even Cabot acknowledges that art must exist in a social context and the artist finds himself, self-admittedly "in chains" (208). Janes does not leave Cabot without poetic justice, however: the prosecution buys the portraits for a fee large enough to pay Cabot's fine and court expenses. Having paid the piper, "Cabot was a free man again. His joy was not just touching, it was comic too: he broke into sudden laughter like a strong man rejoicing or a child who has escaped punishment" (209). Thus the strength of his art ultimately circumvents legal authority, and Cabot's laughter is the voice of that strength upheld by public approval.

Janes's novels demonstrate a keen awareness of their potential to supplant power outside the text, and just as Cabot Carter escapes at the end of the novel and Juju retreats at the close of his, the reader is reminded that the rules established and questioned within the text can and must be questioned without it. Unlike the novels of Horwood, Janes's texts demonstrate an internalization of the horrors of victimhood and this becomes for him a self-actualizing process. Janes's art -- climaxing with No Cage for Conquerors -- labours under chains of social constraint which are in part of his own making. In contrast, Horwood denies association with victims and hence denies victimization. Nonetheless Horwood too creates chains -- those of self-aggrandization and defiant isolation. While Janes invites rejoinders to his text, indicating that the rules of his work are, like the rules of the world they mimic, insubstantial, Horwood establishes doctrine and distance with reader. The difference between Janes's and Horwood's approaches illustrates Foucault's claim that:

Rules are empty in themselves, violent and unfinalized; they are impersonal and can be bent to any purpose. The successes of history belong to those who are capable of seizing these rules, to replace those who had used them, to disguise themselves so as to pervert them, invert their meaning, and redirect them against those who had initially imposed them; controlling this complex mechanism, they will make it function so as to overcome the rulers through their own rules.

("Nietzsche, Genealogy, History," in Language, Counter-Memory, Practice 151.)

Both House of Hate and No Cage for Conquerors, working outside the regulated expectations of other cultures, answer the reviewer who questions "What then is the solution to Newfoundland's future?" (Daily Gleaner 14 February 1970, Janes Scrapbook, Memorial University of Newfoundland Centre for Newfoundland Studies, unpaginated). Like the work of many minority and marginalized cultures, Janes's texts suggest that the viability of his culture lies in maintaining

a freedom [which] lies in our capacity to discover the historical links between certain modes of self-understanding and modes of domination, and to resist the ways in which we have already been classified and identified by dominant discourses. This means discovering new ways of understanding ourselves and each other, refusing to accept the dominant culture's characterizations of our practices and desires, and redefining them from within resistant cultures.

...The purpose of such consciousness raising would not be to tell us who we are, but rather to free us from certain ways of understanding ourselves, that is, to tell us who we do not have to be and to tell us how we came to think of ourselves in the ways that we do.

(Jana Sawicki, "Identity Politics and Sexual Freedom" in Feminism & Foucault, Irene Diamond and Lee Quinby, eds., 186.)

The answers to social and cultural tyranny thus lie with those of a nation who can weave legacies from the past with voices of self-awareness to resist powerful colonizers who would denigrate and destroy their culture. These weavers may be writers, historians, artists, politicians, rebels or patriots, but surely all are architects and engineers of future cultural vitality since they establish self-expression, compassion, collective freedoms and invited inclusions. Their ideal state is perhaps unattainable as Juju fears, but Janes points out that it is necessarily pictured by those whose heritage is violence and control.

Chapter Three

M.T. Dohaney and William Gough: Genealogy and Geography.

"In her letter, Carmel had suggested she keep the house because as she put it, 'everyone needs a place to come back to.'"

(Dohaney, The Corrigan Women 192)

"The house is holding now
Sounds of their voices,
And in the empty room
The echoes still ring."

(Gough, Chips and Gravey 122)

Perhaps one of the greatest joys of the writer must be the power to create illusions of time and place, and to hear their offspring -- those created texts -- sing with an awareness of ancestry. The evocations of memory and ancestral ties are central features of the novels of M.T. Dohaney and William Gough and draw the reader through narrative structure into the personal myths of their protagonists. The landscapes of the worlds which they relate are embellished with the sights of early to mid twentieth-century Newfoundland, but the sounds and structures of those sounds are a genealogy which works back to roots hundreds of years old. These novels are rich with the words and stories of Newfoundland's oral traditions and with the rhythms of life on the island. Gough and Dohaney reveal the generational memories of the Newfoundlander; memories which rely on language and tales told to children and their children, experienced in synchronicity against the same backdrop of sea and sky.

At first approach, a yoking of Foucault's notion of genealogy with the cultural ancestry of Newfoundlanders may seem an impossibility, for ancestry implies a continuity that is at odds with Foucault's theory. Foucault writes:

An examination of descent also permits the discovery, under the unique aspect of a trait or a concept, of the myriad events through which - thanks to which, against which - they were formed. Genealogy does not pretend to go back in time to restore an unbroken continuity that operates beyond the dispersion of forgotten things; its duty is not to demonstrate that the past actively exists in the present, that

it continues secretly to animate the present, having imposed a predetermined form to all its vicissitudes. Genealogy does not resemble the evolution of a species and does not map the destiny of a people. On the contrary, to follow the complex course of descent is to maintain passing events in their proper dispersion; it is to identify the accidents, the minute derivations - or conversely, the complete reversals - the errors, the false appraisals, and the faulty calculations that gave birth to those things that continue to exist and have value for us; it is to discover that truth or being do not lie at the root of what we know and what we are, but the exteriority of accidents.

(Language, Counter-Memory, Practice 146)

Yet the instability of self and existence are at the heart of experience of ancestry and inheritance in Newfoundland, as Patrick O'Flaherty writes in his analysis of the work of Norman Duncan, an Ontario native and journalist who wrote insightful stories and novels set in Newfoundland:

Duncan's insights in this exquisite story may be confirmed by any visitor to the remote outharbours of Newfoundland. For perhaps it would be hard to find a place in the world in which greater effort has been expended with so little remaining to show for it. In outport Newfoundland, as Duncan saw, one generation would not tame the country for the benefit of the next, and thus all generations were really pioneers, in the sense that they had to confront the same wilderness. While there was indeed what the geographers call 'a discontinuous strip of cultural fabric' along parts of the coast, such a strip was made by clearing away scrub and geological debris rather than by building any permanent structures, and many structures that were raised were built in the knowledge that they would not last. And so with so much effort directed at the sea, which shows no sign of human labour and savagely reduces the subtlest contrivances of man to garbage on beaches, at times the long history of ordinary Newfoundlanders seems as evanescent as Solomon Sturges's battle for a living in Ragged Harbour. Surrounded by a northern ocean that forever refuses to be companionable, Newfoundland is a region, like Hardy's Egdon Heath, where human enterprise with 'pickaxe, plough or spade' is less noticeable than 'the finger-touches of the last geological change.'

(The Rock Observed 100)

The Newfoundlander's ancestry, as all too often stereotyped, is that of the impassive, resolute and enduring, but this continuity exists only against the tensions set by the "exteriority of accidents" which face him. His life's struggle is pitted against a geography that demands an awareness of and often submission to the senseless and random acts imposed by forces beyond his control. His creations are built with the certain knowledge of their imminent destruction, and for many each day's labour is a calculated risk with death on the sea. The brevity of physical heritage in this environment is overcome only through the intangible longevity of storytelling, for it is in Newfoundland's oral and written

traditions that the past is relived, reshaped and restored. Most importantly, those who tell stories of the past, and those who, like M.T. Dohaney and Bill Gough, create stories of a past that might have been, are aware that their versions of the tales are but possibilities of the past, enduring accidents of the telling. The geographies of their texts are imbued with an understanding of genealogy, and with an understanding that the text, both as dangerous and life-giving as the sea, shifts shape to give the meaning that is necessary to the reader, allowing ancestry to be defined amidst the accepted errors of that definition.

M.T. Dohaney's The Corrigan Women is a novel founded on the interrelationship of ancestry and accident. Bertha, Carmel and Tessie Corrigan comprise three generations of a family whose very existence is based on the interplay between history told and untold and between ancestry given and denied. Bertha's arrival in "the Cove" to work for Selena Corrigan is based on economic need: her father "couldn't afford to keep her at home any longer now that Bessie [her sister] was old enough to take over the house" (12), and so Bertha's home and past is stripped from her and she is sent, migratory fashion, to find work. Here Dohaney documents the way of Newfoundland life that stands outside the census figures of the day, outside the forces of politics and legal contract that often shape lives within a society. "Bertha's Story," as the first section of the novel is called, tells of the kind of living which Foucault calls "what we tend to feel is without history" (Language, Counter-Memory, Practice 139). Shirley Tillotson writes that "most remarkable is the way Dohaney makes the Corrigan women's emotional lives historical. Even though sex and death are fixed realities, in this novel their consequences follow channels marked out by the changing force of immigration rules, church law, labour markets and recruitment regulations" ("Lies Our Mothers Told Us" New Maritimes 7.5 (May/June 1989):24). Thus the ahistorical takes precedence over history, and the ancestry of Carmel's and Tessie's family may be seen to contextualize the backgrounds of many Newfoundland families of

that period. The mapping of Bertha's place of work also becomes a kind of documenting of social history. Tillotson writes:

She [Dohaney] situates "the Cove," not on any objective map, but through the geography of the Corrigan family's needs. In the scenes set before World War I, a single woman in the Cove needing a home can't afford to travel the distance to her sister's place in the States; for a man seeking a well paid job, the mill in Corner Brook is the nearest place he can go. The pre-war economy is represented by the decayed elegance of the former sea-captain's house where his descendents carry on a meagre existence, sustained by only a few farm animals and minimal cash income. The changing contours of time and place are thoroughly personal in this book, and yet between the lines is sketched much of twentieth-century Newfoundland's political economy.

("Lies Our Mothers Told Us" 24)

The novel thus replaces political history with social history and "mapping" of the society with the boundaries of its members' needs and capabilities. In this light, ancestry is determined by accident -- determination of heritage is more often by deprivation than by choice. It becomes Bertha's task to pass on a culture to her offspring which circumvents the horror and apathy of their origins. She draws them into a society -- her society -- through half-truths and silences designed to legitimate their existence and to give them love. In so doing she silences her own story, just as her daughter will do after her. Tillotson writes that "Dohaney... explores, through the stories of Bertha and Carmel, how our mothers and grandmothers helped create the myths and silences that obscure both these women to their children" ("Lies Our Mothers Told Us" 25). The genealogical tale told, set in the map of emotional need, is one that stands without history. As Tillotson writes, "Their story illuminates one necessary theme of women's history in the Maritimes and Newfoundland - appreciation of survival's daily price in self-denial, in hard labour and in perseverance. But The Corrigan Women highlights another theme - a more critical one. We are inheritors of an emotional legacy, each of us in our own families, but also all of us together" ("Lies Our Mothers Told Us" 26).

The prologue of The Corrigan Women describes the funeral of Carmel Corrigan and opens after the point at which the novel closes. Certainly Dohaney's narrative strategy

echoes O'Flaherty's thinking here as she captures the cyclical nature of Newfoundland experience: each generation's story is intertwined with the last, and in each is the sensation of loss of all tangible work done in the lives of those who preceded them, leaving those who remain with little beyond memories to show for decades of toil. The scene is laden with Tessie's recollections of her mother, brother and grandmother, and leaves the reader reeling with the overwhelming force of nature in the place that wrestles life from the living and dignity from the dead. The mourners "grumbled from time to time about the certainty of freezing to death if Father Duffy didn't soon make his appearance" (7) and the "newly blasted hole" reveals a "grey box wedged in between the splintered rocks" (9). The headstones "lurches up every spring on their own" (9) with the frost, and worst still is the story Millie, Tessie's friend, tells of the tree which had taken root in Tessie's brother's grave last year:

'See that tree up there!' she said, shouting above the wind. She pointed to an alder bush sticking up out of a snowdrift. 'Yer mother and me, we tore it out of Martin's grave last summer. It was as big as yer wrist, girl, and growing right in the middle.'

Tessie pictured the two women tugging and pulling to break the bush loose from the centre of Martin and her stomach lurched.

... 'See how big it is! A real brute of a thing that would have took right over if we had let it.' The wind kept sucking her breath away and she had to strain to get the words out. (8)

Nature's attempts to destroy both body and words in this place are palpable in the description, and the wind strips away all but Tessie's memories and Millie's forceful voice in the passage.

It is this combination of forceful narrative voice and memory which constitute the only heritage in the story, for by the conclusion of the novel, although Tessie inherits her mother's and her grandmother's house, there is a knowledge that short time will bring even its sturdy frame to destruction. While Carmel has written in a last letter to Tessie that she should "keep the house because as she put it, 'everyone needs a place to come back to,' " Tessie is aware that the place to which her mother refers is not truly the house, for the

"remnants of herself were not up there. They were within her" (192). These remnants are the pieces of stories which Tessie may work together now that her mother has written a letter revealing the details of Tessie's past, and this restructured history constitutes the telling of the novel.

At the center of Bertha's story is her rape by one of the two brothers in the family for which she works. While she is attracted to Ned, his "foolish" (15) brother Vince longs for her, and on more than one occasion assaults her before finally raping her. She is afraid to warn Selena and Ned Corrigan about Vince's intentions towards her, for she knows "it wasn't likely Ned would publicly brand his brother a skirt chaser or an old ram" (27). As Bertha is aware of the social stigma of naming an assaulter, she is aware that "They couldn't very well send Vince away. So I'd be the one" (26). Her exile from economic sustenance is worse, in her eyes, than any violence which Vince might perpetrate upon her, and beyond resulting in her return home where "Father can't afford to keep me" (26), Bertha says she "couldn't stand to have everyone at home staring at me and whispering behind my back" (27). Such are the forces that drive the novel, and by extrapolation, the Newfoundland community of the period. Intense economic pressures force virtual dissolution of families, and surviving community as well as survival itself are subsequently based on silences that allow those communities to continue, regardless of personal cost. It is a lesson Bertha learns very early on in her adult life, and one on which she models what she believes to be salvation for her daughter and her daughter's daughter later in the novel.

Although Bertha confides to her friend Millie that Vince has threatened her, Millie's suggestion to tell Vince that Millie's husband will "report him to the magistrate" (27) merely delays Vince's transgressions for a short time. The law has little place in the Cove where conflicts must often be solved between parties in secrecy in order that the business of living together can be quickly re-established. Bertha's rape makes her feel "Like a bird that knows it is captured and its only hope is in pretending it is dead" (32), and though she

is now determined to leave the Cove regardless of the cost, she still refuses to let anyone see the shame that she feels would come with admitting the rape:

Because she had decided to tell no one - not even her father - why she had left the Cove, preferring him to believe she didn't have the gumption to stay away from home rather than finding out what really happened, she took extra pains with her toilet. Her outside appearance would in no way be a reflection of the uproar going on inside her.

... From the reflection of her fully dressed self, she was certain there was no way anyone could tell what had been done to her. (34-35)

Her verbal silence is thus mirrored by her physical camouflage. Bertha's very survival depends upon the muting of the story that both her voice and her countenance shield, and the manifestation of this shielding is a kind of death-mask which presumes no freedom or dignity in her actions. Bertha is not only physically violated by Vince, but embalmed by her perception of the social construct she must maintain in order to continue any kind of existence. The place of the woman without voices to speak for her in this time and community is, Bertha shows us, one of withdrawn terror from her own actuality.

She is stopped from leaving by Ned, whose interests are served by convincing her to stay. Ned's only freedom is gained at the servant girl's expense since were she to leave - - telling of her rape -- no other woman would take her place. The responsibility for his aging and increasingly senile mother and his mentally delayed brother would fall on his shoulders, and his plans to leave the Cove would be thwarted. He uses his knowledge of Bertha's feelings for him to bind her to remain in the household:

He pleaded with Bertha to stay. 'Stay for my sake, Bertha,' he begged, his voice soft and persuading. He knew Bertha had taken a fancy to him just by the way she flushed whenever he was around her. He despised himself for using that knowledge to promote his own ends now, but he had no choice. (39)

Repeatedly Dohaney points to the differences between male and female experience in the time and place of her novel, and as the rape stands as center to the women's stories upon stories in the text, so too does Ned's response to it stand as a paradigm for many men's actions towards women throughout the unfolding tale. Not only does he play on Bertha's feelings for him, using her vulnerability to trap her as price for his freedom, but he also

sees money as an easy trade for feelings of self-worth and dignity, tempting her with the possibility of a lucrative job in Grand Falls if she stays on in the house a little while longer:

'I'll help every way I can if ye stays,' he said quickly. 'I'll get ye a job in Grand Falls just as soon as I can line up another girl for Ma. I've lots of buddies in Grand Falls and they're always tellin' me how the grand houses - the ones the high-ups in the company live in - are always needin' servants.' He lied without a qualm.... He rushed on. 'And ye can save up yer weekends until they becomes a week and then ye could go home to see Bessie and the boys and ye'd have plenty of money to take the train back and forth because the wages are high - sky high.' (40)

His understanding of self-worth is integrally linked to betterment and social climbing, and these factors, along with money, are prized above Bertha's dignity. Later in the novel he offers her huge sums of money to remain in the Cove when he enlists in the war. Each time Bertha accepts, but only after pondering her options and realizing that because she cannot be certain of supporting herself in any other way, she has very little choice but to take whatever Ned will give her.

The result of Vince's violence is Bertha's pregnancy, and Ned's response to her condition reveals much about Dohaney's narrative strategy and her understanding of the Newfoundland environment. Bertha's pregnancy will display Vince's crime to the entire community, and force Ned to sacrifice his freedom to look after his family. The enormity of the burden, which he deems essentially a death-blow, is developed through a secondary story which Ned tells the reader at the moment Bertha confronts him with her own news of the child:

The news spread through the rest of his body and by the time it reached his brain all strength had been leached from his body and he had to ease himself down on the ground beside Bertha. Only then was he able to fully comprehend what she had told him and how it would affect him. It would mean no Regiment and a lifetime of strangulation in the Cove.

'Sweet Jesus!' he whispered as he rocked back and forth on the grass. 'Sweet Jesus!'

He had almost drowned when he was ten years old. He had gone fishing with his father on one of the rare occasions when the Skipper was in port long enough to spend time with him. They had gone out jigging flatfish to put on the gardens for fertilizer. He had been so excited about the trip that he hadn't slept the night before, afraid that if he closed his eyes something would happen to make the Skipper change his mind about going.

They had taken out the smallest of the dories because they weren't going to go very far and it seemed like no time had passed before it was half-full of slippery flatfish. His mitts had gotten wet and he stood up to walk towards the stern to get a dry pair from the oilskin bag. He had only taken one step when he slipped on the pile of fish and lost his balance, toppling over the side of the dory. *Down! Down! Down!*

Even now, fifteen years later, he could still taste the salt in his spit. He had gulped down the boiling green sea until he was certain his stomach would burst. He had only to close his eyes now to see the horrified look on his father's face when he had bobbed up for the third time. After what seemed like hours, but was really only minutes, the lurching dory came close enough so the Skipper could reach out an oar. He had shouted at him to grab hold.

Now as he sat on the grass that was still damp from the night's fog, he grasped the sheep money [which he intended to offer Bertha] every bit as tightly as he had grasped that oar. His fingers, stiff and cold, dug into the soft paper.

'Hold on! Hold on! Hold on!' his father had shouted, but with the wind and the slap of the waves, he appeared to be only mouthing the words. Still he was able to feel his father's desperation as he shouted the noiseless words. It was powerful enough to make him hold on even though his mitts were as stiff as boards. (55-56)

Bertha's story is overrun by Ned's narrative in his desperation to find a way out of the tortuous circumstances in which he finds himself. Her economic dependence on him, the weight of his family responsibilities and the scandal of the story told by Bertha's visible pregnancy are all the social equivalent of the geographic suffocation which he endures and which, in the form of the sea, literally attempted to wrest life from him. Dohaney's narrative blends these elements together in this passage, and swiftly suffocates Bertha's story with Ned's own. His life is shaped by a series of accidents and saved by the powerful words learned from his father. Ned knows that to "hold on" is to ride out mischance and to rise above it through whatever means available. His strength against Bertha's revelation is the story found in memory and he faces Bertha's threat to him with his own tale of survival, intent on saving himself once again. Bertha pays the price for his survival because she too must find a way through her circumstance. Their interdependence breeds silences, permits Ned's escape to the ranks of the army in order to pay for Bertha's expenses and ultimately creates the Corrigan family.

While Ned sees the war-torn world, Bertha's universe, her entire geography, is reduced to the Cove, and her children's heritage is that of secrets and lies told to protect them from the truth of their ancestry. Thus Carmel, born out of Bertha's rape by Vince, is

best protected by her mother's story to the community at large that Ned is the child's father. While Ned is at war, Bertha's own experience is cataclysmic as well, but again the violence perpetrated and endured by the men is contrasted to the internal, silent battles fought by women in the story:

They were all talking about a war over in England and she had her own war raging right inside of her. The battle continued night and day. At night she plotted strategies that fell apart at dawn. She saw no way out. Nowhere to turn. (49)

Bertha's experience is that of reductive geography, reductive half-truths and, for herself and her children, an ancestry denied for the hope of survival in a battle against social and economic forces beyond her control, all governed largely by the unremitting deprivation of a bleak environment. It is little wonder that in these circumstances Bertha grooms her daughter for a new life with her sister Bessie, now living in the United States. This foreign land offers economic freedom as well as a chance to overcome the ridicule to which Carmel is subject as a child, a ridicule ironically endured because her presumed father now -- like his brother -- is perceived as a madman when he returns shellshocked from the war.

With Ned's return Dohaney uses narrative strategy marvelously to draw the experience of her characters into a kind of synchronicity, which also maintains their individual isolation. Ned's memories pull him back to the horror of the battlefield so that he relives them each and every day, his recurrent screaming evocative of his childhood brush with death:

'Down! Down!' he shouted, certain the hissing [from the hot stove] was from a shell about to hit the ground. He dropped to the floor and quickly searched the kitchen to make sure all of his fellow soldiers were face down in the mud. When he hit the floor, his beer glass crashed against the leg of the stove. 'Oh, Sweet Jesus,' he whispered as the shells from the battle raging in *The Somme* pelted down like an early fall hailstorm in the Cove. (82)

In the labyrinth of his tortured memories he is alone, just as his mother lives in a confused inner world in the stories of her past. Before Ned's war days he tells Bertha

in a dejected voice that his mother's mind had gone back to the time when he and Vince were young boys. 'She thinks I'm Father. Called me Ambrose and asked if

Madeline had fed the children.' He explained. 'Madeline was a servant girl we had when we were young. She stayed with us for years.' (53)

These characters, like Vince, dictate their needs in memory and recreate the world around them according to their own storylines. Bertha, forced to look after both Selena and Ned -- spared from Vince by his death in the war -- is drawn into their whirlpools of created reality almost to her own destruction:" 'Tis enough to drive ye to the madhouse,' she [Bertha] confessed. 'Ned always lookin' like he's jest seen a ghost and me tryin' to keep me eyes off that [Selena's] chair' " (72). In a sense, Bertha actually becomes one of Selena's creations when she "no longer bothered to tell her [Selena] that she wasn't Madeline" (61). Selena's only remaining grasp on reality is the pocketful of letters which she carries written from her sons in France. Their words are a tangible link to her stories from the past, but when news of Vince's death reaches her she is loathe to accept the reality, destroying the offending telegram with its stilted wording and maintaining her own illusions and language instead:

In due course Mrs. Selena received a letter offering official condolences on Vince's death. Bertha read it to her.

On behalf of myself and the Government, and indeed on behalf of the whole of the people of Newfoundland, I desire to tender you sincere sympathy on the great loss which you have sustained; a loss that is not only yours, but the whole country's.

When she finished reading the message, she handed it to Mrs. Selena to stuff in her apron pocket. Mrs. Selena took it, but instead of folding it many times and then carefully finding a place for it beside the others, she opened the damper of the stove and dropped it in amongst the fiercely burning green spruce.

'Piss!' she said as she watched it burn down to ash. 'Piss!' (70)

Bertha, Ned and Selena, each living in a nightmare of violence and apocalypse, are compelled by circumstance to recreate their realities in order to regain an illusory control over the environments which torture them. Bertha's anguish leads to self-inflicted denial of authorial power in storytelling, Ned revisits a world war inferno repeatedly attempting to save his fellows but ultimately commits suicide in an acknowledgement of defeat in this enterprise and Selena denies the physical and verbal realities of those around her, begetting

a family of replacement characters for her lost children and perpetuating a madhouse of verbal tyranny to refute the logical language she refuses to acknowledge.

Carmel grows up in the midst of these distortions, little realizing that the physical manifestations of altered realities around her in fact intertwine with the roots of her own ancestry. Bertha refuses to allow Carmel's future to be downtrodden by her past and

resolved that no old men lounging on molasses barrels would look at her daughter and search for resemblances. And she certainly had no intention of giving her a half-witted father like Vince. The Corrigan's, she reasoned, owed the child a father and Ned was the obvious choice. (66)

Bertha thus takes it upon herself to recreate Carmel's past, but in so doing merely replaces one trial for another in the girl's life. Bertha's fear of "the threat of being forced to marry Vince... or worse, the threat that Vince would somehow claim Carmel" (70) is removed with his death, but Ned's incompetence makes it impossible for him to sign papers clearing his name of parental obligation. Carmel's mother marries Ned on the advice of the Church, which fears scandal, and out of the unlikely union Carmel's brother is born to parents who "In the nights that followed [their marriage]... reached out to each other like a couple of ship-wrecked strangers who know that through no fault of their own they are entirely dependent on each other" (76). This union is reflective of much of the structure of the Newfoundland community of this period. Hardship and economic deprivation draw virtual strangers together for the bonds of community to work restorative powers. Carmel's future security is purchased at the price of her parents' notion of self-worth: their only comfort is found in each other, the very people whose dependence costs each the other's dreams. Yet in this poignant yoking is a courage born of desperation. Ned and Bertha face the bluntest public tauntings and private self-effacement in order that through social dictates they may recover their dreams for Carmel's independence.

Carmel lives in a house where unions are made by necessity and where fictions point to the desperation of that necessity. Given this upbringing it is not surprising when she falls prey to the lines worked upon her by a young American who is employed at the

newly opened naval base near her home. Ed Strominski is secretive about his family in the States, but Carmel

had made herself be satisfied with the here and now of him. Not everyone, she told herself, was bound up in family the way she was. Besides, she had heard that Americans weren't like people in the Cove. American relatives were more independent of one another. (117)

Drawn to his independence, the very opposite of the life she witnesses with disdain all around her, she unwittingly falls prey to a bigamist marriage. Here she is happy for a short time because she lets the power she grants Ed recreate her as the woman she has always longed to be:

Some mornings Ed had to go to work much earlier than she did and on these occasions when she was alone, she would stand in front of the mirror and repeat her name over and over again. *Carmel Strominski. Carmel Strominski.* She would let her hands roam over her hips, her stomach, her breasts - now seeing in her body a beauty she hadn't known was there. Ed's love confirmed her as a woman to be desired.

There were times when she could almost convince herself that Carmel Corrigan never existed - that Carmel Strominski had been created whole and complete, full-blown from the love of Ed Strominski. (130)

Ed's deceptions are found out and Carmel is left pregnant, but with the small comfort that this is "A cut-and-dried case" (137) in the eyes of the Church and one which can be easily remedied by annulment. Carmel's life repeats her mother's experiences as circumstances prescribe everything about her, including her inner construct of self. With Ed's departure she takes on new sight, recognizing that her elaborate fantasy has dwindled into "the shabbiness of her apartment.... She could finally understand why Martin said it didn't resemble Buckingham Palace" (137).

Bertha understands that Carmel's experience is not one which the Church can erase, however, and takes this opportunity to tell her the truth of her parentage, hoping to demonstrate by having survived a similar ordeal herself that Carmel can do the same. Carmel's only concern is knowing that Vince was drunk during the rape, and Bertha lies yet again to give her daughter peace of mind. The scene is set against Carmel's discussion

with the local priest over her annulment, where his words matter little to her in any meaningful way:

He quoted from Canon Law and recited the thirteen matrimonial impediments.

As if she cared. As if it mattered to her how a marriage could be dissolved. As if she were interested in the ramifications of matrimonial Canon Law. He used Latin terms and phrases and legal talk, but they were just as pain-filled as common language. (140)

Carmel's only interest in this "legal talk" is the name of her child, which she refuses to document as Strominski. The priest sees her determination and agrees:

'It's up to you, I suppose. If I were you I'd put whatever name I wanted on the forms. I just send them to the Government.' He justified his advice to do something not according to the book by stating, 'It's for the benefit of the child. What does the Government know about the people in the Cove and how they react to things?' (140)

Here the perimeters of Dohaney's novel widen, for not only does she cross generational lines but moves to direct commentary on religion and state in the community as well. Social institutions play meagre roles in the realities of the lives of the people in the Newfoundland of Bertha's time, at best interfering with them and, full of self-importance, accomplishing little which truly helps ease public or private anguish. Carmel's generation finds little difference and suffers particularly if adopting the attitudes accepted by their parents. Carmel's complacent acceptance of her mother's rape points to her ignorance of the experiences which truly bind her to the past, and her determination to redirect her child's future by withholding that child's own knowledge of her past underscores the phenomenon further. Both Carmel and Bertha are victims of their circumstance, but are even more tragically tormented by their own silences.

Tessie's story opens in the wake of Carmel's departure to Boston to find work to support herself in the hope that one day she may be able to sponsor her child in a new life there. From her first words as a child in the story Tessie marks her difference from her mother and grandmother when she declares her parentage even in a situation which demands the catechism's regimented answer. As the parish priest visits her school to hear recited catechism he is surprised at both Tessie's intelligence and her instinctive

vocalization of natural heritage, so much so that he allows her to rewrite the expected answers to his questions:

This one knew every question without a hitch. If they were all like her he wouldn't have to spend much time at all at the school. He wondered who she was. Impulsively, he reached out and touched the child's shiny black hair.

'And who are you?'

Flustered by his unexpected touch, Tessie answered, 'I'm Carmel's Tessie.' The instant the words left her tongue, she realized she had misunderstood his question. She should have said, 'I'm a child of God and heir to the kingdom of heaven.' Worst of all, she had forgotten to add *Monsignor* to the end of her answer.

Monsignor's mouth twitched into the beginning of a smile.

'Carmel who?' he asked, not catching the last name and pretending she hadn't misinterpreted his question. (149)

Tessie does not give herself a last name, but cites her maternal lineage as family line, marking a defiant repudiation of the need to accept or name paternal influence. This quality of independence brought on by the relentless taunting of others with more socially acceptable families differentiates Tessie from her community, and while the strength required to do this fortifies her, it also cuts her off from the friendships which she needs in order to enjoy her life. It is not until the novel's close -- which doubles also as its opening -- that Tessie realizes her experience will always be tainted by her past and that, like her mother, she will have to accept its burden if she is to enjoy community. Tillotson notes that "Through Tessie's story, Dohaney speaks against too-easy rejection of the past. Only ignorance allows us to congratulate ourselves on being feistier, more independent, less shackled by oppressive ideologies than our ancestors" ("Lies Our Mothers Told Us" 25), and this is the reality which Tessie grows to accept.

Tessie is labelled by her mother and her mother's experience as Tessie's Uncle Martin notes in an argument with Bertha about his niece. He longs for Tessie to realize her own aspirations and autonomy, unsullied by the past, and he sees only an inhibiting power in the words which Bertha constantly repeats to her:

'Carmel's Tessie!' Martin almost shouted the words and there was no humor in his voice. 'Fer the lovin' honour of Christ, Maw, what have ye done to her? Ye've given her a damn label.'

'Watch yer language, young man! In front of the child. Watch yer language!' His mother's eyes snapped with anger. 'I'll thank ye to watch yer language.'

'Watch *my* language! Ye means watch *yer* language!' He scathingly repeated Tessie's label. '*Carmel's Tessie!*' (150)

In presuming that Bertha labels Tessie and that Tessie is somehow unable to achieve self-determination because of it, Martin badly underestimates both Bertha and Tessie's strengths. Martin does not perceive the heritage which Bertha attempts to pass to Tessie through words nor does he validate Tessie's ability to carve out a name for herself from the materials passed on by her grandmother. Rather, he devalues the very bonds that Bertha has traded her life's goals to forge, and as Martin fights slavishly for Canadian confederation with the island, further blindness on his part is revealed. Martin is unable to see the intrinsic value of political or personal independence beyond that of monetary gain, witnessed by his pro-Confederation stance in order to bring jobs to Newfoundland and his push for Tessie's autonomy in order to find a career. Ironically, he berates the value of interdependence in social systems as exemplified by his own family's survival and the call for Newfoundland's rejection of Confederation as a means to rally its own economic and political infrastructures. Martin is in philosophy a copy of Bertha's errors and more: he is ready to sell selfhood for economic gain, even when he has the evidence of and means to other options all around him.

Encouraged to stand alone by Martin, Tessie works towards her own future, separate from her family, and this desire on her part is reinforced when local children cruelly taunt her about her father's status as a bigamist. The words they use are ritualistic and calculated in most dramatic effect for they turn a child's rhyme into a declaration of exclusion:

' 'Tis your turn, Tessie,' Sarah announced. 'You start to skip and we'll sing the song.'

Tessie jumped in eagerly and waited for them to begin the skipping rope song. In a few seconds they began to chant. '*Tessie Corrigan is no good. Cut her up for fire wood.*' Tessie's feet never even grazed the rope and she skipped better than she ever had. But all of a sudden the words to the song changed and Tessie heard them chanting their new version.

'*Spoons, forks, cups and knives. Her Yankie father had two wives.*'

Tessie's feet stopped moving so suddenly it was as if an engine inside them had shut down. She felt the rope kiss the back of her ankles and then snake loosely on the ground.

'Yer out, Tessie,' Sarah said innocently. Both girls [Sarah and Marcella] broke into giggles. They dropped the rope and ran towards Sarah's house, looking back over their shoulders, laughing as they ran. (153)

Tessie's alienation in the community is relentlessly emphasized by her father's origins and in his absence from the place. Even when Tessie finds his photograph the form of his image underscores his lack of connection to her life:

Two weeks after Tessie lost Martin [to tuberculosis] she found her father. Not in the flesh. In celluloid.... [she] came upon the photograph of a handsome smiling man leaning against a piece of earth-moving equipment. Along with the picture there was a postcard. A red rose covered its glossy front and at the top of the card in gold letters were the words, FOR YOU A ROSE IN PORTLAND GROWS. There was no message on the back. (166)

Tessie finds further exclusion in her first romantic relationship with Dennis Walsh, who intends to become a priest. As he labours over his choice between Tessie and the Church, she again must watch helplessly as a community -- this time religious -- works to separate her from someone she loves. Tessie, like Dennis, longs to fill an emptiness within her, and Dohaney makes this parallel clear between the two young people:

'I mean', ... [Tessie] explained, rubbing her fingers on the soft down of his jaw, 'do you have this longing inside you for something, but you don't know what it is?'

He shook his head lazily, delighting in the brush of her fingers against his face. 'My trouble is,' he replied huskily, 'I have two centres and if I have one of them, I can't have the other.' (169)

Tessie begins to understand through her love and need to connect with Dennis that her deepest feelings for him come when he shares her understanding of the importance of family, and this draws her back to her grandmother and an awareness of how integral the woman's past is to her own existence. Stories of the past and her grandmother's experience constitute her own psyche, as she explains in a conversation with Dennis:

'Martin was real important to you, wasn't he?' [Dennis's] ...voice was soft. 'After all this time, you still remember so much about him.' His tone held wonderment.

She loved Dennis at that moment, not because he sent currents coursing through her veins, but because he understood about Martin.

'Sometimes,' she confessed, 'I wonder how much of my memories are hand-me-down ones from Gram.' (169-70)

Dennis decides on the priesthood, leaving Tessie to her own path, which she imagines might also be in the Church. The future she envisions is one in which she can rewrite the ending of a story she has read in a religious magazine, and a fantasy in which she has control and can find the 'centre' for which she has always longed:

Tessie substituted her own ending. 'Tell Father Walsh that Sister Martin - Tessie Corrigan.... [sic ']' She reworked the ending several times until finally she had it to her liking. 'Tell Father Walsh that Mother Martin - Tessie Corrigan - was asking about him.'

The story stayed with Tessie long after she had read it and over the next few weeks she was convinced she had a genuine vocation to the convent. Her enthusiasm mounted as she thought of the life of service that lay ahead of her. She would go to the far reaches of the world and save souls. Her good works would give her the centre she always lacked. (172)

Tessie's need to give of herself and her need to be needed in return is nothing less than a search for community, but she is wrong in thinking that in the convent she will have any control in the order they impose upon her. It is not surprising that she leaves, and her departure occurs moments before she learns of her grandmother's death. Tessie finds that she is bereft once more, having lost Dennis, Martin and now the only other person with whom she is in any meaningful way family. Although Carmel returns for the funeral, distance and time have parted them, and while "they tried to say something to confirm that the summer connection [between them] would still continue,... neither one could bring to mind the right words" (180). With Carmel's death shortly afterwards the novel in essence returns to its beginnings and Tessie must, like the reader, piece together the movement of the cycle.

Dohaney's novel concludes with deliberate errors and alterations in its overlap with the opening. Although at the beginning of the tale Ned is described as occupying a grave "in an exile of his own making" (10), Millie, Bertha's friend, tells Tessie that he has in fact been "moved inside the fence.... Ned was. More exact probably, the fence was moved outside him" (183). Tessie too discovers that the markings of her community have moved to include her, her heritage acknowledged and understood once she receives a letter from

her mother, now dead, revealing her father's history and address. As Millie works to "join ... [Tessie] together with threads of other lives" (186), Tessie realizes she has been joined to her mother through shared memories despite their different experiences. Even these memories are jumbled in recollection, names confused with other versions the reader has encountered in the text. The Sarah Walsh of the story of Carmel's scar, for example, was in fact Eileen Walsh in an earlier version -- the names of members of the same family mistaken yet the spirit of the tale experienced similarly by different generations. The confusion leads Tessie to remember a conversation with her grandmother about an unidentified photograph:

'But who are they?' she [Tessie] would persist petulantly. 'I forget.'
'One's yer great uncle and one's yer grandfather. And don't ask me which is which because I'm not gettin' down off this chair to sort them out.'
Tessie remembered how she always hung on to the subject like a dog with a bone. 'Is my grandfather on the left or the right?'
'Up here, child,' Bertha would retort with exasperation, [sic] I can't tell me left from me right. And what does it matter anyway which is which. They're both deep in the sod.' (191)

Bertha's vocalization of the mischance and irrelevance of Tessie's parentage places supreme significance on Tessie's experience of memory. These memories are, as Carmel says, "a place to come back to" (192), something tangible of self in a landscape otherwise full of destruction and illusion. Hence Tessie considers the possibility of her own children at the novel's conclusion, and realizes that in the telling of her own story, even in the midst of death and error, she now begets the future and truly grants life and community to herself.

Tessie's story continues in Dohaney's latest novel, To Scatter Stones (1992). It is a disappointing novel, for the flavour of Tessie's character is diminished in this sequel by the language Tessie adopts to speak of herself in the first person narrative. Her language seems artificial and stilted when, speaking directly to the reader, she says she "*relish[es]* this mess of weather" (7), "*reluctantly stopped revelling* in the storm outside" (10), and "*gingerly* stepped out on the small rose-coloured area rug covering the linoleum" (10) [emphasis

mine]. Tessie sounds as though she is writing a popular romance when she speaks, having lost much of the credibility of her earlier creation. She remarks of her ex-husband Leonard that he "had a tendency to magnify his nouns with extravagant adjectives" (10), and she seems to have acquired this trait from him. Whether intentionally or not, Tessie is no longer the engaging and colourful character of The Corrigan Women, and the novel reads instead as a much less complex and much less evocative work.

The plot line is simple enough: Tessie divorces the man she has married while employed as a travel agent in Montreal and returns to St. John's to work. Her principal residence is still in the Cove and she runs for office there. Dennis, her former lover, now a priest, returns on a visit from his missions and renews his relationship with her. He plans to leave the priesthood and she believes at first that he will. Ultimately, however, she realizes that his ministry is his life's work and that she will never compare with it. He dies tragically just after she wins the election but before they call off wedding plans, and she is left to scratch their initials in a rock near the sea. The earmarks of the romance novel are all here, and Tessie's character suffers for them. Nonetheless there are interesting moments. Tessie is likened to Sir Richard Squires's wife who was the first woman MHA in Newfoundland, and feminist aspirations are strongly depicted in the novel. Her good friend Frank calls men for whom he has no respect " 'A bunch of old women.... Shit, girl, what's wrong with *that*? They *are* a bunch of old women. Their whole Association is filled with old women. Every last man there is an old woman' " (66), but the point, while cloaked in natural Newfoundland idiom, is laboured, just as is Tessie's response, "sodden with disgust" (66). Tessie battles throughout the novel with "the frightened, insecure child who lurks in my memory" (92), taking on "acquired political astuteness" (151). Politics polishes Tessie and grants her the power for which she (and her family) have always longed, but in the process power changes her, tying her to responsibilities that carry the potential to destroy others, and she remembers that "Francis Bacon had said... people

[acquire] ... power because they think it will give them liberty, but then... [find] out that acquisition of power actually means a loss of liberty. Already I was seeing the truth of these words" (50).

To Scatter Stones is in essence an epilogue to The Corrigan Women, and one which, though far less successfully written than the first novel, continues to point to its protagonist's quest for independence and power. These desires are thwarted yet again in this novel by the heritage of events depicted in Dohaney's first work. Dennis cannot leave the priesthood, even though this betrays the desire he has to be true to both God and himself, and while Tess finds a voice in politics, she finds herself in the company of manipulators and chauvinists who are too many to change. Dohaney's delineation of Tess is one which nevertheless works towards that change in her community, and in this, if not in the entirety of the text, there is success.

Like Dohaney's The Corrigan Women, Gough's Maud's House is primarily concerned with community and what constitutes community in the Newfoundland outport. Also like Dohaney, Gough points to the crucial role of language and storytelling in establishing rights and privileges within community, and in determining heritage. Community depends, in Maud's House, on conversations, while excommunication from society is very literally a silencing of voices which threaten social dictates. As the novel moves through its scenes in the continual present tense of Maud's experience and recollections, the reader, bound together with Maud, also undergoes her public scorning. By the conclusion of the novel when Maud wins control of her own home and finds a place in the Cove, the reader too shares her understanding of the costs of inclusion in society. Gough's text ends with resonances that make even Maud's death-dream a kind of communion with her people and geography, and invites the reader to share imaginatively in that world.

The need to blend voices in order to tell fully the stories of a community is presented in the novel's narrative style at the opening of the text. The narrator's voice slips easily into Maud's, yet Gough is careful to distinguish the two so that the impression created is one of rhythm and shared song. The narrative is not naively omniscient but layered, warm and inviting:

Now she [Maud] hesitated in front of the new door. At home she'd have just walked right into any house. No need t'knock when she knew everyone. But here she stood in front of the kitchen door and wondered what to do. Perhaps they uses the front door here. I needs to go around. (3)

Similarly, the tense shifts from the past to the present so that the reader is drawn into Maud's voice and vision not only through oral but through visual immediacy:

In the parlour their lamp spread a circle of light over a small varnished table where a lace swan was swimming. Starched with sugar, its webbed doily feet dyed with food colouring, it looked like a candy rich enough to hurt your teeth at the first bite. The travelling circle is warming a black and scarred pedal-driven organ. In the corner near the window yellow light is mixed with grey on an old man. His face looks to be two colours until the lamplight is full and Mrs. Sheppard pulls the curtain. (4)

Here the camera recording of Maud's experience documents the present for the reader, and rather than the text itself, the reader's memory of the event becomes the past so that the effect is a unification with Maud and her environment.

Maud's story is not uncommon in nineteenth and early twentieth-century Newfoundland life. She leaves her home to work as a servant in the employ of a family of moderate means. To have remained at home would have been to carry out the same duties but without pay, and economic independence is, to Maud and to many, the equivalent of autonomy and self-worth in her society. Her need for independence is clear when she meets the blind Skipper for whom she will work in what will become "Maud's house:"

'When can I start?' [she asks.]
'Why d'ye want the job?'
'I needs the money t'live.'
'You could have stayed at home.'
'I wants me own life.' (4)

Her economic freedom is granted by a man whose own blindness forces his complete dependence on her, and their interrelationship foretells Maud's difficulties throughout the novel. Maud may be worthy of a salary in this household, but she has neither legal nor social status and as a result depends for her livelihood on the well-being of her masters. The Skipper's death, without legal or social intervention, will strip Maud of any independent standing, and her dependence on the will of her community will become as great as the Skipper's dependence on her companionship. He explains his darkened world to her: " 'Now 'tis gone grey an' I don't need people who nod. I needs t'hear the words and I needs t'hear the voice' " (5). Maud too will need to hear the accepting and legitimizing voice of her community if, in her time of economic darkness, she is to survive.

Maud's community of spirit while in service to the Skipper is the collection of memories she has inherited from her great-grandmother. Gough's narrative underscores Maud's need to hear voices from the past as well as her synchronic experience of those memories when Maud creates a world where she has absolute control over and ability to create of her world anything she imagines, as did her great-grandmother. She recalls her great-grandmother's form and experience, drawing them together with her own:

Great grandmother would sit by the stove and every now and then, as soft as the move of a small mouse behind the stove, her voice would quiet into the warm.

'Poor me.'

No one would listen...[except Maud.]

Once she told Maud, 'I had a funny dream, and I still minds it. I were little and running towards me father's stage. It was all sunny the day was, and there was a red woodshed near, and a circle painted on it to keep away the devil. The flakes were old, and high up like they were on top of a cliff.' Grannie interrupted herself. 'Give me some dogberries.'...

'But Maud, I'd be running and then I tripped and crashed through the flakes, and tumbled head over kettles down to the sea. So strange. And, my child, I remember that better than real things.'

Maud dreamed about flying and wet her bed. The feathers smelled, and she was whipped, still she dreamed the same dream but was too small to talk about it. It was a secret [like her Grannie's]....

[Grannie's house had windows that] were white water clear in tone but a border of coloured glass ran around them, rectangles of green, rectangles of red, blue and silver, and o how the world looked first all green, and then in a sideways flash it went green-blue-silver-yellow and all the world was like looking through a bottle. She [Grannie] would stand there by the hour till when she turned back inside the

house it was all a-ring with colour like coming out of a faint. It would carry a green cast and her mother's apron would look green. She would dream of being able to take the window with her wherever she travelled so the world could be whatever she wanted it to be. (12-14)

Maud's close identification with her great-grandmother and her great-grandmother's memories of a time of control grant Maud a psychological strength in the secret language that rests between the two women. Much of Maud's resolve depicted in the rest of the novel can be traced to this source of reconstructed reality -- notably based on stories integral to not one but many lives in the playing out of heritage and community.

With the Skipper's death Maud's eviction from the house in which she worked for so many years is forestalled by her love relationship with Ern, Skipper's son. Although he is married at the time of Maud's arrival in the household, they begin a relationship which continues after his wife's death. The community turns a blind eye while Ern is alive, but their gossip indicates the course they are likely to take with Maud once his power ceases to shield her, and this gossip is metaphorically set in Gough's description of a dance where Maud and Ern display their relationship and indifference to public scrutiny:

A grand bow does Ern make to Maud and they dance through the people alone. From the benches she can hear gossip floating up as they drift past the room's edges.

'Ern might listen....'

'Maud might think....'

'So long together now they might as well be....'

'But they aren't....'

'She can play a tune as good as Ern....'

'O, he might listen t'her play a tune....'

'... but he wouldn't marry her. She ain't the kind you'd ... marry. No, she got a sight too much lip....'

Now they dance in the room's centre and all they hear is the music, all they see is the spin of the other dancers. Ern always pretends not to hear the gossip and, as Maud gets angrier and angrier, he dances suppleness back into her, lives the sway of the music and then their voices stop their echo in her head and they are close together. (19)

The voices silenced by Ern's presence are vengeful later in the text when he dies. Notably the scene of his death hinges on the quiet and noise which attend it:

A small boy in the stage heads looks up towards the house and having just learned the quietness of the wharf, says nothing as he sees Ern pause in the middle of a brush stroke [as he paints the house]. He sees the spin towards him.

Amador Major looks at where young Kevin is staring and sees Ern fall. Ern doesn't fall away from the house. He thuds inside the web of scaffolding and is bounced with his paint can along the clapboard, and Amador sees red spill down the house's white. Ern lies there with red paint on his shirt front and dripping down his head.

The crash reaches Maud as, hands in dough and flour, she moves towards the table centre to knead the dough to final form....

When they reach the scene the men are solemn and three of them, Amador Major, Obadiah Neil and Victor Maynard, carry Ern towards the kitchen. No one comforts Maud, though some move closer, and everything is silent. (25-26)

Ern's death reverses the muting effect he had on his community in his lifetime and focuses silence now on Maud, who, though suffering the devastation of his demise, receives no condolences. Ern's funeral is similarly without sympathy for Maud, and the lack of speech she finds tendered to her there is juxtaposed against the evocative songs Ern created for her while he was alive, calling up memory and family and, in essence, resurrecting the dead:

High and then low, slow and then fast and their life together in the pouring of the notes [Maud remembered Ern playing on the tin whistle]. The music brought back Bessie, poor mad Bessie, at the end of her life when she thought she was the Queen. The Skipper would grope his way into the song and then, growing younger, his eyes would light up again and the waves rolled over teeming with cod inside his pupils when he danced round a kitchen with Ern held in his arms....

And then the song ended. Yet it didn't and as they lay and moved through wet together and slowly rolled against each other, Maud looked down at Ern, his hips rising off the bed, and then they rolled together on their sides, the song kept singing and part of it was knowing that the blind was up, and the world's sky was looking.

Now the song has stopped and all that's left is the final splash with the rattle of rocks when mud is upon the casket's mound. And all that's left is Maud watching the gravediggers finish, and all that's left are Arnold and Vince talking to the Pastor. 'Ern, o Ern, he didn't speak, the man of the cut cloth, the two dollar bible gilted round the cover, and the red words for Jesus didn't talk to me.' (34-35)

Ern's death removes legal barriers of protection from Maud, as well as the dialogues of ritual and necessity which forge community.

Although Maud has no legal entitlement to the house which, through her labours, she views as her own creation, the accidental arrival of her industry in the house constitutes, over time, her perception of ownership of the home. As the result of her work and her relationship -- though unsanctioned -- with Ern, in her perception she inherits the geography that is the house. In her view its physical form is a manifestation of her value and values undocumented in legal terms. As critic Linda Spalding notes, "The house's

walls frame Maud's life and experience, surround the territory of her heart and provide refuge from a public disapproval that verges on excommunication" ("Maud's House" Canadian Forum 64 (March 1985): 38). With Ern's death Maud stands by the house as her birthright: it is of no ancestral meaning but provides in a genealogical sense a history of the forces that have shaped Maud's past and locates her in a geography defined by her own needs. Here some critics fail to understand the workings of the Newfoundland environment. One, for instance, criticizes Gough's writing by attacking what he feels is lacking in the novel:

...there lacks a vaster vision to... this [novel]: a larger story that Gough has chosen not to tell. One wishes to know more about Maud and her people, more of their history, more of their landscape. Perhaps Maud's House is only a beginning.
(Manguel, "Local Characters" Books in Canada 14.2 (March 1985): 39)

Of course the very lack of Maud's history and precise limitations of her environment define her experience in exclusion and rebellion. This in itself is often characteristic of the economically deprived and dependent, reducing expected tales of detailed history to selected moments of recollected survival and diminishing even Newfoundland's vast prehistoric landscape to coves of barren enclosure. Gough's sensibilities are credible not only in his understanding of the Newfoundland environment but also in his perception of the woman's experience, and critics who fail to see this miss the importance of what is left unspoken in Gough's narrative.

The direct challenge to Maud's ownership of her home comes from Ern's two brothers who arrive for his funeral from Toronto. In an effort to drive Maud from the cove they join forces with the pastor who has designs on Ern's land as a site for his parish. Gough places great emphasis on the Pastor's way with words and his ability to fabricate through storytelling a creation so horrible that it terrorizes and leaves powerless the people of Maud's community:

At first his way was so different that people wanted to laugh, and Amador even let out a chuckle, which he at once regretted as the pastor stamped towards him, and described in detail the hot kind of Hell that was reserved for those who laughed at

the Lord's ways. Ern walked out, and Maud was next behind. Bessie stayed and so did everyone else and soon there was nothing funny in the words, and soon people had tears down their cheeks and they were telling everyone their sins and all the children marvelled at the wicked things their parents were doing. (53)

The destruction the Pastor brings to the community's spirit plays into the same impulses that Maud knows drive Vince to tear her from her home. Destruction and denigration must be exacted for them as the physical signs of power, seen as Vince gloats over the fate of the house once it is in his hands:

The boards will go on the windows, the doors will be nailed fast and the inside will be left as it is - as it was. Caught like a snapshot, sketched into the stillness that will hold it, caught in webs, and with carpenter bugs crawling, black shells on the floor, until they, too, dry up, their little legs like dust specks, and the final curl of their death, rolled into little black circles. (67)

The songs of Maud's house will be traded for the silence of imprisonment and Maud's exile will be dictated by a man who has no desire to use the house from which he evicts her. Vince recognizes the hateful impulses of the powermonger in the Pastor but commits himself to them nonetheless, and Gough uses the Pastor's house -- in which the Pastor and Vince now live -- as a physical symbol of these impulses:

In the pastor's house, Vince hasn't talked much but he sure has listened. Not so much to the content of the pastor's comments but to something else, the Methodist gone wrong that's hiding in the words. The dark and the strong hateful way that can become rightful indignation at sinners. Especially unrepenting sinners. The house creaks back that feeling. It is so strong that every dark coloured book on the shelves, each picture on the wall - even the brightly coloured picture of the gospel ship - radiates hate and the tenseness of a house that waits for any wrong move; the statement that is suspect; the hint of rebuke from the wife; the move of a daughter that might be sensual.

The pastor has long, cold fingers, cold and clamped, like grave-diggers' in winter. His hair is thinning, and the skull that shows is as white as salted ice. No matter how often he shaves his face is blue. His eyebrows are thick as coal dust, and his neck is webbed. There is a feeling that his eyes are always open, and at night could shine like a lighthouse through a room. (68)

Against this strangulating force Maud holds fast to her territory, winning converts through conversation. Arnold renounces his brother for her sake -- if only for a while -- and the text rings with his words as he speaks liberally for the first time in years:

Now Arnold is, for the first time in his life, startled as a cat. He is also very happy, and though he sits as still as he ever sat, his words tumble all around him.

'Maud, o, my God, did you see his [Vince's] face? He were as red as beef. I thought he was gonna swell and bust. Bits of Vince all over the cove. I done it. I done it. That's the first time I ever done it. He always told me what to do, what I was s'posed to do. My lord, I done it.'

And Maud looks at him. Her smile hangs around her neck.... 'What a happy round cat he is,' thinks Maud and she laughs. Arnold joins in and together the kitchen rocks to their voices with them. Everything joins in. The stove shines to their eyes. It shines with a black deep laugh, and the kettle shines a silver laugh. The old clock is ticking a laugh to the second. (73-74)

Although Maud considers leaving the cove, "The silence has changed her mind - the silence has made her house her own" (97), and this resolve slowly wins over the people that the pastor has deliberately forbidden to speak to her. She commands Ern's fishing berth and dries her own catch, finding when she returns from the sea that some of the women have finished her shore work for her, completing, in a sense, the thoughts she begins in a language of expressive labour. When her best friend Sue dies, Cavelle and Sarah arrive in the pouring rain to help dig the muddy grave that Maud fashions for her. While they do not talk, again their labour speaks for them. In each instance alliances are formed against the tenuous authority of the pastor.

The pastor's vanquishing ultimately comes at his own hands as Gough displays for the reader the struggle between Vince and his host over control of the pastor's daughter. Ruth's presence in the house stirs Vince's sexual urges, and slave to them, he attempts to rape her. In this violent lunge for self-satisfaction, taken not only against Ruth but by implication against her father, Vince destroys the pastor's plans for the temple which he had hoped to build through Vince's generosity. Throwing Vince out of his home, he destroys his dreams as well, which Gough makes clear as the pastor burns the blueprints for his tabernacle, the fire a kind of prison of lost visions in the bars of the grate which create "shadows that stripe the pastor's face" (131). Vince too attempts to burn what he cannot have, setting fire to Maud's stage. Maud saves his life in the accident that ensues, the whole town watching and listening as Vince threatens to burn the place down again. Without exception the town joins ranks with Maud in a bucket brigade, while Vince "sees the fire and he sees the line of people and knows that he has lost" (135). The line of people,

script on the coastal page, writes the last words in the struggle to send Vince back to Toronto, absorbing Maud into a now fully shared language. Maud's death follows in an epilogue joyously written where she and Ern reunite:

She found Ern sitting cross-legged near some waving reeds. He buckled the saw till the light from the water started to play it.

It played her song and Maud started singing. Her voice and the sound of the saw under water spun the light in crazy colours like her great grandmother's windows.

Everything was a rainbow.

Everything was music.

Everything was a song that Ern and Maud sang together.

The water rang and the sun chimed as the couple floated out to sea. (138)

The sonorous images create a place of well-being and happiness for Maud; a world of her great-grandmother's windows where she is in harmonious control of her destiny. As on the night of the fire she stands as one with her people and now writes her own epitaph in a dream of communion.

Gough's fascination with the vehicle of song as symbol for the language of community and culture is explicitly dealt with in his latest novel Chips and Gravey. It is a brilliant novel which draws together the most unlikely lovers, friends and family -- even those beyond the grave -- to weave a magic realism all based on the temporality of song. The orality of this world is a genealogy of changes that are rooted in geography and construction of place: notes of song and voice hang in the air echoing against the living and evoking the tangible presence of the dead through the integration of the sound and the creations they have left behind, whether beings or objects fashioned or quickened through the efforts of those now destroyed. Gough writes of the effect that Susie, a ghostly lover, has on Phonse, the living protagonist of the text, who sees the descent of the past through its visual echoes in the present:

The more I looked, the more familiar and distant the Cove was all at the same time. When Susie came along she brought back the way Granny used to think and, truth to tell, the way I used to think before I stopped listening to things.

The Cove was real, as real as could be, but it was also like those old paintings where one master painter paints over the work of another. Now, you might look at the latest thing and think that's the real painting, but it's only one. Pour a little turps

over it and wipe just the right way with a cloth and underneath there'd be something different, hidden.

In a peculiar way that's how the Cove and its people looked to me. I'd be talking to Amador and he'd give a little smile, and suddenly I'd see Heber, his father, peering out at me. Or Obadiah would be walking towards me and he'd hold his hands behind him, clasping them behind his back; and, of a sudden, I'd see his mother, Emily, and the way she'd walk with her hands held behind her just the same way as Obadiah, laced finger to laced finger.

It was the same for houses. They could cover them up with siding and stick on a porch here or tear off a porch there, and I'd still see the frame of the house the way it used to be.

Granny told me that the world looked that way to her, that she could see back through faces, walks, laughs, and - with houses - siding, gutters, and bay windows, and see a world that stretched back forever.

I told Susie about all that and she was so interested. Where she'd grown up there was only the river and that was the same. But then she paused and allowed as to how it really changed a good deal. Sometimes it over-spilled its banks; more times it swirled back to the center....

I looked at Susie and could see her father's skinned knuckles from the time she'd told me he'd reach for booze in hiding places; I could see her mother's face as it strained towards birth; I could see a baby's tiny hands.

I could hear the river and see smoke, and she, I knew, was looking at Granny when she looked at me.

We didn't say anything else.

Standing beside each other we watched the ocean, and I wasn't scared and Susie wasn't scared - death had gone from our lives. (163-64)

Susie's voice brings back the way Phonse's grandmother thought, and that in turn creates the way he sees the world. The coincidence and necessity which lace characters together in the text are the chords of songs which tell their genealogy, and that sound exists only against the "faces, walks, laughs... houses" of the created community. Gough pits this marriage of voices and visions against death and disconnection. In his view we function only as extensions of those around us who have called us into creation and as conduits for those who continue to sound our echoes. This effect is most fully realized in the scenes of Phonse and Susie's visit to the Spirit Cove, an empty ghost town left by citizens essentially forced to resettle by the government in the 1960s. Gough's rage and grief at the disconnection enforced by the government's attempt at reform and betterment of life for those people is clear:

Back in the 1960s, at the time of resettlement, the government of Newfoundland got the idea that people should go and live in 'sensible' places - places that already had electricity; places that had water and sewage; places where people could be counted, taxed, educated and doctored at the cheapest rate. Thousands of

Newfoundlanders were tricked into leaving the homes built by their grandparents, and leave they did from towns that were quiet and peaceful and constructed of dreams. (117)

In leaving behind their grandparent's dreams of the future, and divorcing themselves from the landscape of those dreams, these Newfoundlanders adopt a "sensible" attitude towards their survival; that is, one which costs the least and denies their sensibilities. This dichotomy between sense and sensibility is at the center of the text: Gough's characters see ghosts, talk and listen to furniture, water plastic flowers and refuse to allow the dead to die through their own personal belief systems. They refuse to accept an enforced reality and draw us instead into their disbeliefs. As Phonse rebuilds the fence around the cemetery of Spirit Cove, gathering the dreams of the place and people into his own mind, Susie sings a song she creates for the town and Phonse tells the reader in vivid sensory images of the very real world which lurks beneath her words:

I know it was a trick of my mind, but while she sang I could see who she was singing about; the whole place filling up again with the strong steaming liquid of people. Grandparents were whittling wood in long smooth strokes; or running a wood plane along the edge of planks outdoors; the shavings curled to their feet in snow and mud, clean on one side with the dusting of blossoms, dirty brown on the other side with the mud crusted like the skin on a baked potato.

Women came to the doors and looked out, wiping their hands on their aprons, and calling to children; children raced on stilts and they laughed as they ran; and I swear the men all floated into shore, joining hands as they leaned into the song. The more Susie sang the more real the faces became:

*And when they married first,
The white church was singing.
They had eight children,
Four of them lived.
The house is holding now
Sounds of their voices,
And in the empty room
The echoes still ring.* (121-22)

In the communion of humanity the "Ghostly Love Story" of the subtitle speaks to us all out of the union of Phonse and Susie. The story is comic not only because of Phonse's bizarre behaviours, but because of the rejuvenation and integration it creates in Newfoundland society, and the "Gravey" of the title, deliberately misspelled, points to the consumption of

and laughter at death and destruction by the narrative voice of the text in tune with its heritage.

Gough's narrator writes early in the novel of his storytelling abilities that "I may as well warn you that I do have a tendency to drift away from the point; but, like a piece of stick thrown off the wharf, time and tide always bring me back to shore" (9). Phonse Skiffington defines himself in these words as a man whose stories are intimately linked with his geography and whose being reflects the natural rhythms of his environment. It is not surprising that Gough casts him as a musician in the novel, but his characterization is stretched to almost incredible standards when Phonse reveals his psychic abilities:

All my life I've been scared to be left alone in the dark - mainly because of voices and odd words I'd hear coming from the lips of the wall. Not through the wall, mind, but *from* the wall. I suppose it might be that way for other people too, but in response to my guarded questions I've never heard a single human being, who wasn't my grandmother, indicate that walls could talk, at least no one who wasn't committed following the confession.

Grandmother heard the walls talk, of course, but she always was a different one anyway. For one thing, she was forever happy and smiling. For another, the voices didn't bother her. Sometimes I'd look at her while she was cutting chunks of fresh bread dough and dropping them into a pan of sizzling butter to fry toutins and she'd cock her ear at the kitchen wall as if she was listening to the news. Then she'd tilt back her head and laugh and say, 'Mercy me. I never heard the like. Did you hear what the wall had to say, Phonse?' And she'd laugh again, shake her head, and the wood would give off an almighty creak and crack. I'd jump a mile, and she'd come over and hug me so hard that my bones would snap as loud as the talking wall.

'Oh,' she'd say, 'the gift won't go away no matter what you do. See what's writ large all over your dear little hand? You've got the cross there, set in your flesh. We of the cross hear and see what other people can't hear or see.'

And I'd make my fingers into a fist, but she'd pry it open, tracing her nails over the lines that ran deep in my palm, same as hers.

'Try what you want, Phonse, you'll always hear voices. Furniture will forever speak to you. The gift is here to stay. Might as well enjoy it.' (6)

In spite of this pronouncement on the part of the narrator, the reader accepts Phonse's account of himself largely because it is told in the first person and because of its humour. Gough does not ask the reader to accept a creation in Phonse, but allows Phonse to control his own story and to introduce himself directly to the reader. In laughing with Phonse the reader begins to share experience with him and steps into the world of Phonse's vision.

Phonse's perceptions are granted further credibility when the reader meets Phonse's live-in lover, Melody, whose name ironically belies any commonality with Phonse the singer. She is seen through Phonse's perspective, and the reader thus immediately finds her wearisome and banal -- someone too close to our own understanding of twentieth-century life whose meaningless existence makes us long for the colourful tales of Phonse. He describes Melody as a kind of alcohol, which, though it is often associated with heightened perception, only helps him to deaden the voices of the world around him. Thus though both drink and Melody make him more reasonable, they make him less functional and less aware, isolating him from rather than connecting him to the world around him:

In many ways Melody was champagne. I don't mean that I felt drunk when she was near, and I don't mean that life was a party with her - forever fun, and full of fizz. What I mean is that she helped stop the voices. She was so sensible - in little ways that is. In the big things she was as crazy as me. But, like Dr. Johnson said, (more or less), it's the little things that count. She didn't really love music; she just played tunes she thought she should play if she was a civilized and cultured person. She listened to the needle on the groove, not the song. She wasn't one to laugh at any of my jokes, so that meant I'd stop guffawing long before the clocks (because clocks are always the first to get the giggles) joined in.

When I met her, and we fell in whatever sort of love we were able to trip into, we decided we might as well be together for as long as we both could stand it. Not in marriage but a 'relationship,' something she'd read about in *Redbook*. (7)

Melody's 'reading' and 'singing' of the world are vested in ideas of rightness derived from cultures other than her own. They come very literally from a paper world and serve to shut off humour, union and community, granting her no sense of self.

Melody's deterioration in the novel stands in stark contrast to Phonse's acceptance of and revelry in self. Melody is the adopted daughter of Skipper Lo, a "Confucian" (4) of inscrutable and often indecipherable sayings who found Melody in a basket on his doorstep when she was a baby. As she withdraws from Phonse and, through a series of odd accidents, renews her relationship with her long-lost husband, Norman, she comes to need more and more the story of her birth and of her ancestry. The narrative shifts to her point of view and voice half way through the novel for Gough, in telling his story, is aware that "Melody is not our dream, nor are we Melody's" (79). She admits that "My whole life, as I decided

just this morning, has been pretending to be someone else and I can't really figure out how that got started" (85). Along with the basket left at Skipper Lo's door, the only other evidence she has of her parentage is a series of photographs which tell no story for her:

Then there were the photos. Scene after scene with everyone's face missing. In one there was a picnic - a boil-up - blasty boughs crackling away, a smoke-blackened kettle forked over the flames. A couple leaning towards each other, the man in blue jeans, the woman in a flounced skirt. Their faces scratched out and the paper that peeked through painted blue. Photo after photo and not a clue. (86)

The photographs speak of a reality to which Melody has no connection and this isolation characterizes her life. Conversely, Phonse's continued integration between past and present -- magical and surreal as it may be -- testifies to a kind of wholeness for which Melody longs. As Phonse learns more and more of Susie, allowing her presence to speak to him, Melody withdraws further from her world into an oblivion of isolation, the pathway there made all the more accessible by sailor Norman's reduction of Melody's world into his empty vision of her. Phonse tells the reader:

When I saw Melody she was as scrubbed as a deck, her earrings shone like brass, she smelled of tar and of salt; salt came from her tears.

She was sitting in the living room. Most of the furniture was gone except for one chair that was dead center on a round target of a rug, and the light from the fixture shone bright and sharp down at it. Melody's hair had been cut, trimmed like an ocean-going liner, and she was wearing a necklace made of spliced rope. She had on her makeshift sailor outfit, and she had tears rolling silently down her face the way water drips from pilings when a cold tide goes out.

I crossed the scrubbed planks of the room and when she saw me the tears slowed. She stayed without moving a muscle, her face strangely blank despite the tears. When I reached out to hold her, she tilted like an uprooted stump might: a slight shift and then solid and still again. (171)

It is Susie who holds the answers to Melody's past, just as she reconciles Phonse to his inherited gifts and thus allows him to live his future. Susie is utterly disconnected with Newfoundland experience: she is an orphaned Nashville singer who finds herself only after death in a plane crash haunting the world of the "Chips and Gravey" restaurant in a gravel pit in Newfoundland. Phonse knows of her work and death because he had adored her voice during her lifetime:

Her death was the one that broke me into pieces because she was, of all the singers there'd ever been, the one whose voice was closest to the echo of my heart. Full, rich, and down-home, it caught the same vibration that I lived on. (42)

It takes years for Susie to find her way to Phonse, and years for him to be able to hear her speak to him, but once she does, he knows he "had to find out why" (43). As he falls in love with her over the course of the novel, Phonse comes to see Melody's pain more and more clearly:

The more I thought about the puzzle of Susie Hopkins, the more I thought about Melody and what I could do to help her out. In a very strange way it was like I was falling in love with Melody; not the kind of love where your gut is all tight and meals are few and far between and the night is for waking up in sweat. Instead, it was a kind of love where what was happening was focussed, just like in a camera. Melody was starting to form again for me, like she was the one who'd been another ghost in a blizzard, and now was outside my window. Instead of going directly to her, I was picking up a camera and aiming it through the window. The edge of the glass was all frost, the center was clear, a sheet of ice that had been clear-frozen. (81)

As Phonse begins to see Melody clearly, he and Susie become spiritual lovers, and Phonse's union with Susie, who connects him to his real and imagined landscape, allows him to form compassionate ties to others around him. Skipper Lo becomes a father-figure, his mother, long lost to him in her vigil to watch for the return of her dead husband's ship, becomes closest to him as the only person in the cove who can see Susie -- undoubtedly through his mother's love for him -- and the walls of his home are able to speak to him once more. His greatest frustration in all this is his inability to actually touch Susie, which is finally overcome as they share a cigarette:

I slid my fingers slowly along the cigarette towards her fingers; she moved her hand towards mine and, in the middle of the cigarette, a small piece of my skin touched hers. Any more than that, and our flesh would melt through flesh.

While the cigarette burned - like the pinpoint of a star - our skin touched. I could feel in that tiny area as if we singed each other and breathed each other in. I began crying and Susie joined in. This time from happiness....

And there we were, Susie and me - able to touch, able to touch.

No wonder we wept. (157-58)

As they breathe each other's breath they share a kind of orality and for the brief moment of this experience they are able to touch, Gough's text again suggesting the tangible forging of community through temporary understanding of flesh and extended communion of words.

Phonse and Susie's union provides the necessary overlap of stories and experience to allow the mystery of Melody's past to be solved. Susie recognizes the meaning of Melody's photographs as a dance performed by two entertainers who most influenced her to take up singing as a child, and in giving life through interpretation to these photographs Susie gives life to Melody. Phonse tells the reader of his feelings as he, Susie and Melody return to his house, now certain that the Lefty and Mary of Susie's past are the travelling dancers who were Melody's parents:

As the walk progressed and I could see Susie whenever she floated out from behind Melody's head, I was struck by what the conversation was like; it was more like a concert than anything else, as if Susie was singing the story of Lefty and Mary to Melody. Once in a while, when the wind blew Susie around a few points to starboard and a few words would float my way, it sounded like the story was being sung. (181)

Gough's implications are clear: stories, and especially one's own stories, are integral to heritage, spawning culture and community through desire for companionship. More than in their inception, the effect of telling tales is creative, for each draws memories otherwise lost and in so doing the structure of community is formed. Skipper Lo comments on the phenomenon, inviting Phonse to "have a cup of tea," the welcome and invocation in the cove to share story and sustenance:

'Come inside and have a cup of tea. Phonse's mother has been listening to stories about Lefty and Mary. The more Melody tells her, the more she remembers about the concerts. The more she remembers about the concerts, the more I remember about when they used to come into the restaurant.' (183)

Lefty and Mary are recreated for Melody, and she too is psychologically reborn by the narrator, given at last the handed-down memories of her parents. In giving Melody this gift, Susie too receives rebirth in exchange, gaining substance through the yolking of tales of her past. Phonse is the first to be aware of her transformation, which comes notably amidst shared laughter:

Melody had a good throaty laugh.... So did Susie....
Her eyes lit up the same way that Melody's eyes had....
'Do you know why you walked all the way to Newfoundland?'
'So I could be scared?'

Suddenly I understood.

'So you could be born!' I shouted.

The Skipper put on the record and the start of 'Charity's Song' began. There was a slight hit every now and then where the needle had scratched it, but not as much damage as I'd figured. Besides, the song was so powerful that the scratch was pretty irrelevant.

Susie stopped being scared, she closed her eyes and listened to the music, her throat began to quiver as the words began. Melody reached out her hand. At first her fingers drifted through Susie's fingers, but in the next moment, Susie winced.

Reaching for the other hand, I could feel the fingers growing, burning with heat. I joined in the song; so did Mother and Skipper Lo, and the bells began to peal midnight. (186-87)

The conclusion of the novel is an intertwining of images of the known and the fancied that have been used to support the pageant that has been Phonse's world throughout the text. The duck decoys carved by Skipper Lo have been more real than their living counterparts, the artificial flowers of Phonse's mother are rooted in a greenhouse but are without fragility, and even the tale told by Phonse -- an exercise in disbelief -- is willingly upheld by the reader for the life it invokes in the reading of it. Phonse tells us how ridiculous it must all look from the outside:

From outside I know what we must have looked like. There was Skipper Lo, old and balding, tipping back and forth with a wooden duck in each hand; Mother had a garland of artificial flowers laced through her hair and was dancing around like there was a skein of wool looped over her fingers; Melody Lo had eyes that glinted gold at the night and laughing deep as a stream; I was, like a fool, weeping, and using Susie Hopkins' hand to wipe away the tears; and Susie herself was as naked as the night she was born and singing without words to the night. (187)

But the reader is part of the laughter within the community on this night, and is touched by the need to believe and the will to believe all around him.

Gough spins landscape and community together in his song of the gravel pit island of his text, purposefully shifting narrative point of view and defying any semblance of realism to create his characters' version of reality. They form their own culture and shared memories together with a rebirth of self that integrates them with the past, regardless of the perception of madness which might be attributed to them from outside the text. If their tales must invert the reality of others in order to constitute their experience, they will risk the inversion and possible exclusion in order to do so. Their faith in the magical is restorative

and comforting, belying a factual reality which is seen in the text as a destructive imposition of untenable beliefs serving only to isolate and diminish those who submit to them. While the novel is full of chaos and the despair of the uncontrollable, these terrors are banished by repair of laughter and belief in self that knowledge -- the answer to all questions 'why' -- is within us and may be found through exploration of others and through the connections made possible only in a magic realism.

Dohaney's The Corrigan Women and To Scatter Stones, as well as Gough's Maud's House and his Chips and Gravey each choose to portray Newfoundland life over a period of generations. The Corrigan family is evoked through handed down memories, Maud's grandmother's strength infuses her world and Phonse's grandmother's abilities grant them both the power literally to see ancestry appear in the faces of those around them. The destructive powers of Newfoundland -- both geographic and economic -- force the protagonists of these novels to understand the workings of what Foucault calls genealogy: their vulnerability to chance and mischance and their powerlessness dictate their existence. Yet both Dohaney and Gough capture in their texts the necessity of memory and words to stand against the genealogy and geography that so often demoralize and destroy the Newfoundlander. In the novels, which are their own reconstructive geographies, Gough and Dohaney use the text to house their understanding of the restorative power of culture in the Newfoundland experience. Hence, Foucault's genealogy, uncovering the experience of the Newfoundlander in a geography far beyond the Newfoundlander's control, is itself vanquished by the humour and inscrutability of characters like Phonse's sage Granny, who tells us that:

'Coincidence,' [as she]... always said to the old rocker, 'is simply a lack of the knowledge that we should be in a certain place at a certain time.' If you didn't know the reason for any event it was simply ignorance. The world is founded and run on coincidence. She always said, 'Coincidence is not coincidence.'

I told you that Granny could make your head hurt. Sometimes the couch would have to shout at her to shut up because it couldn't figure what she was talking about. (139)

If Foucault reminds us of the forces outside history, of our need to read the world according to our own dictates and of our ignorance of the forces that generate genealogy, Gough and Dohaney give us faith in those forces outside genealogy to repair our own destruction. The interior landscape fashions control over the accidents of genealogy, and self-knowledge, in Gough and Dohaney's view a rebirth granted by connection with others and constructed through storytelling, grants a community of healing for the acknowledged disintegration of life's experience.

Chapter Four

Gordon Pinsent, William Rowe and Wayne Johnston:
Proposing and Exploding Myths of "who we are...[and] what we might be."

"Besides his cockiness I saw something else. Something I had been suspicious of all along. A desperate trace of loneliness."

(Pinsent, The Rowdyman 24)

"He was unnerved when his first guffer was sprung on him. He thought the teller of the tale had gone mad."

(Rowe, Clapp's Rock 115)

"Why my father had told me the story, I had no idea."

(Johnston, The Divine Ryans 149)

Gordon Pinsent, William Rowe and Wayne Johnston each chronicle the breakdown of social systems in Newfoundland, pointing to the failure of Newfoundland economic and political strategies to face with any degree of success the imposition of foreign control over the Newfoundlander's livelihood, and ultimately over his culture. These authors also document the importance of the Newfoundlander's own culture in his economic powerlessness, and explode the myth that it is the Newfoundlander's adherence to tradition which has sustained him in adversity, proposing instead that that very adherence may in fact have caused a paralysis in creative problem solving which binds the Newfoundlander to a self-destructive role. F.L. Jackson voices similar concerns on the cultural impediments which Newfoundlanders take on themselves in accepting the limiting implications of their history as markers of the Newfoundlander's capabilities, particularly because the history which Newfoundlanders accept is often one developed by other cultures. Jackson writes that "It may well be that, in our romancing about our traditional way of life and waxing too reverently over its values, we may be stifling our initiative and rendering ourselves helplessly vulnerable to the forces that could annihilate us as a distinct society" ("Can Newfoundland Survive?" 3). He proceeds to point out that Newfoundlanders accept

"myth[s] which [feed]... our lack of self-confidence,... [lower] our expectations and... [make] us satisfied with far less than we deserve" (4). He adds that Newfoundlanders therefore accept dependence on other powers rather than acknowledge or initiate their own strengths in economic ventures which would maintain their control of self-determination. This stems, he says, from an acceptance of historical interpretation which depicts the Newfoundlander in this light and leads to self-fulfilling prophecies of doom in future enterprises. He writes:

If it is history which is responsible for our being what we are, then the myth of our chronic dependency takes on a whole new aspect. That dependency can no longer be seen as natural and absolute, but brought about by others and by ourselves. In principle, therefore, it can be overcome, and it thus becomes all the more crucial for us that we explode the myth and purge it from our consciousness.

My thesis is that, to achieve independence from this myth which binds us to stagnation, to begin to make real progress and to have a history of our own, we must first of all become conscious - cruelly conscious - of the reality of this Newfoundland which history had produced. Out of sheer cultural habit, we tend to wallow somewhat romantically in a vision of ourselves as a simple, patient folk, resigned to hardship and stringency, content to pursue unambitiously our traditional ways as best we can. Such romanticism reflects much love and respect for our traditional way of life, but it also blinds us to possibilities and feeds our susceptibility to the infamous myth of our ineluctable dependency.

("Can Newfoundland Survive?" 5)

Pinsent's The Rowdyman (1973) and John and the Missus (1974) detail their protagonists' lives as those of the *deraciné*, delineating the struggle to rigidly maintain culturally rooted impulses which hamper and destroy their proponents when confronted by a need for self-sufficiency. Rowe's Clapp's Rock (1983) and The Temptation of Victor Galanti (1989) force the confrontation of Newfoundland's culture with those of foreigners in a political arena: these novels stagger and collapse under the incredibility of Rowe's fictional structures for his depiction is both Americanized and sensationalized and though intentionally satiric, is often misunderstood as a realistic portrayal of characters which carries little more validity than tabloid journalism. Wayne Johnston's The Story of Bobby O'Malley (1985), The Time of Their Lives (1987) and The Divine Ryans (1990) are each rooted in the psychological chaos of their protagonists. Johnston's novels, like Pinsent's

and Rowe's, use laughter to forge community and to invite the reader's participation in that community, yet Johnston demonstrates that humour cannot save from annihilation those who engage in laughter once their communities and identities are stripped from them. Laughter supports community just as it depends on community, and may therefore support the self-mockery on which Newfoundland humour often depends. Yet without community, this self-mockery can lead only to self-destruction. Jackson points to the self-deprecating characteristic of the Newfoundlander when he writes: "Our wit, our sense of humour: was it not, is it not still, largely devoted to mocking ourselves? And is this just precisely why we so resent it when others imitate it and mock us too?" ("Can Newfoundland Survive?" 8). The dangerous proximity of this kind of laughter to self-violation is posited by Foucault when he notes that laughter, like madness, is liberating, but carries with it ambiguous and potentially destructive possibilities made clear when he questions the implications of Goya's work:

Madness has become man's possibility of abolishing both man and the world - and even those images that challenge the world and deform man. It is, far beyond dreams... the last recourse: the end and the beginning of everything. Not because it is a promise, as in German lyricism, but because it is the ambiguity of chaos and apocalypse: Goya's Idiot who shrieks and twists his shoulder to escape from the nothingness that imprisons him - is this the birth of the first man and his movement towards liberty, or the last convulsion of the last dying man?

(Madness and Civilization 281)

The comedy created in the novels of Pinsent, Rowe and Johnston contains precisely this kind of ambiguity. The characters of their novels carry a will to survive and liberate through laughter, but very often destroy themselves in their inextricability from the past and the self-effacing humour and perception which is tied to that past.

Pinsent's The Rowdyman is structured by the assembly of stories told by the characters of his novel about the protagonist, Will Cole. Will is described at the opening of the novel as "fine and foolish" (1) by his closest and now dead friend Andrew Scott. Will's duality establishes the paradox of this Newfoundlander as Pinsent sees him. At the moment of the acknowledgement of Will's worth and the pride which the community takes in him

he is simultaneously declared "foolish," labelled mad by even his closest peers. His madness is intriguing to those around him, attractive because each who tells Will's story recognizes in him a liberty which they envy. Andrew's recollection of Will's childhood pranks is beguiling and entertaining, but it also reveals the dangerous course of the liberty which Will so enjoys. Andrew relates to us, for instance, Will's attempt to pull a prank on his brother by leaping on him from a rooftop:

'Watch dis.' I watched, as he got to the woodshed roof by the telephone pole cable, heard him scamper across the hot and bubbling tarpaper, [sic] (which must have added to his already rotten humour); then as I backed off, I saw him stand and prepare to jump off onto his brother's back. Tom Mix would have been proud, until, as he left the edge, scared as hell but committed, his brother had the bad manners to come out of his trance and walk away. 'COME BACK,' said Will, mid-air, but Lon didn't come back at all. In fact, he went up the road to a girl's house, the only thing important enough to make him give up half a trance. Will has that back bridge to the woodshed to thank for his flat feet and his boomerang legs. He landed, buckled at the knees and got off a few choice remarks from his froglike position before Lon got completely out of sight. 'I MISSED ON PURPOSE!' and, 'DON'T YOU GO WRITIN' YOU-KNOW-WHAT ON ANY MORE FENCES!' and, 'CAN'T COUNT ON YOU FOR ANYTING!' (12)

Andrew's description of Will's "rotten humour" is telling indeed. Will's shenanigans are born out the need to impress others coupled with the route others expect him to take to achieve this end. Will's risk-taking ventures exist solely for the benefit of the audience he seeks to capture and the community he seeks to create, yet his very invocation to comradeship rests on his self-violation and his humour in fact is purchased at the cost of his rotting self-worth.

That Andrew shares this story with the reader is testimony to Andrew's own blindness, for in no instance does he recognize Will's actions to be more than mere folly. The reader is instead invited by Pinsent's narrative strategy to perceive the apathy and short-sightedness of Will's community through the tales they tell of Will. Each character's depiction of Will reveals a perspective which is valid, yet each uses their depiction to support their own supremacy in the community over Will. He is both scapegoat and talisman: he is the embodiment of all rebellion in the community against government,

corporate domination and religious authority and thus may be blamed for the unease between the powerful and powerless in the town, yet he maintains a magical allure for those around him because he manifests the rebellion his community often secretly envisions. In this complexity of persona which the community creates for Will, he struggles to maintain relationships, understanding full well that to deny his role is to deny his place in his culture. As the novel unfolds we see, however, that even Will's closest friends and family have no inkling of the activities which best characterize him. In this way the novel points to the fallacies of history created by community to maintain its structure, particularly if that community must cohere to face the power -- political and economic -- of forces beyond its control.

Will in many ways falls victim to the cohesion of his culture and its need for his maintaining role in it, although all the while he understands the costs he incurs in the process. Nowhere is this made more clear in the novel than in the story told to us by Shirley McCormack, R.N., who describes Will's relationship with nursing home resident Stan, a kind of elderly version of Will himself in the text. Her revelations underscore the collective errors of the stories told by other narrators in the novel concerning Will: through her tale we realize that many conceptions passed on to us regarding Will are false, and that even her recollections are not without the errors of inaccuracy and omission. Under Stan's tutelage Will comes to realize that his way of life maintains a cultural vision that ultimately leads only to isolated destruction. Will knows that Stan's exploits as a young man are, like his own, now the stuff of "legend" (80), but the full impact of Stan's likeness to himself and of Will's future kinship with Stan's hopelessness and despair are brought home to Will most unavoidably in Stan's tender presentation to Will of a set of old love letters. These letters form a tangible conduit through the past to the future, predicting, according to Stan's present circumstances, the likely outcome of Will's role as rogue in the community. The letters, written by Stan's one-time love Florence Healey, are a call for Stan to renounce

whatever function his community expects of him as legendary rebel and they stand as an invitation to build his own life with her, forming a commitment to restructure society and to integration within it. Of Florence, Stan says:

'That's the one I should have held onto.' There were tears in his eyes suddenly. 'Go on,' said Will. 'Ya were like I am. Ya had too much goin' on, ta settle down.'

'Oh - I was awful in dose days, all right.'

'Ya don't have to tell me 'bout ya, my son. I heard all of dat when I was a child. Dem stories was all over da Island. My old man used to say ya should've been hung for the tings ya did.'

'What was 'is name again?' asked Stan.

'Arthur Cole,' Will said.

Stan shifted in his chair and puffed out his chest in a most superior way. 'Never 'eard of 'im,' he said, having asked the same question fifty times. (86)

Stan's understanding that he could have "held onto" something other than his myth-making stature and found himself within rather than without community at this stage of his life is passed on to Will as surely as the letters, regardless of Will's first rejection of them. Stan's pride in his legend and superiority deflates in the face of his companionless circumstances, but is restored by Will's willingness to uphold Stan's role both for Stan and himself. The cost to Will is the same emptiness which is evidenced in Stan, and Will's psychological inheritance is made plain at Stan's death, when Stan essentially commits suicide -- his final step outside community -- to pass the box of letters on to Will. A fireman on the scene of the nursing home disaster recalls his attempts to rescue Stan:

Lord God. You should have seen him, fighting me off when I tried to hold onto him. Jesus, he was strong. I tried to find a couple of different openings but I couldn't. I kept on yelling to him but he wouldn't have cared anyway, the way he was acting. Then I was going to try knocking down a wall to see if there was another way, when I'll be goddamned if I didn't see him, almost towering above the smoke and holding this tin box over his head. 'The box. The box' [sic] he kept saying. 'Give Will the box.' I'd never have reached it in a hundred years and the smoke and fire came right up over him. Do you know what happened? Just when I figures he was gone, the box came whistling out through the flames and bounced off the wall beside me. It was a hard throw. You'd almost say he was mad at me, the way the thing came out of there. Then I thought. [sic] Why didn't he try it himself? He might've made it, y'know? (93)

Out of the inferno come the letters, both a warning and legacy for Will to carry throughout the rest of his life.

Both the literary reality and the piecemeal description of Will Cole throughout the novel hinge on historical interpretation, and at every step Pinsent is at pains to point out the horrors incumbent on the creation who accepts as defining the interpretations which his community or others have thrust upon him. Will laughs and cajoles his way through fights, brothels and family suppers, but he does not accept a sense of self or of purpose beyond the tomfoolery expected of him. In a drunken spree culminating outside his girlfriend's house, Will is met and shrewdly appraised by her:

He shrugged, and grinned, and tossed a bunch of angled curls out of his eyes. Besides his cockiness I saw something else. Something I had been suspicious of all along. A desperate trace of loneliness. (24)

Will's pretence of self-fulfillment can thus be seen to mask the isolation born of his community's necessity.

Despite her recognition of the cost of Will's jocularly to himself, Ruth's expectations of Will -- in his role as her beau -- still drive her interactions with him. For example, she relates her own social snobbery when juxtaposing her actions with Will's, and most importantly, when predicting for herself what Will's next action will be:

As we walked down the shoulder of the slightly wet and shiny street he tried to look normal, and I looked as though every decent person in the world could see me.

'Root?' His whisper was dear.

'What, Will?' I sensed a difference in him and wanted to hear it all right there and then. Drunk or not, I deserved to know his true feelings about me.

'If I has to t'row up, where'll I go?' (25)

While Ruth's self-described "Uptown" (26) behaviour demands deflation by Will's comic response, her insight into Will's accepted social entrapment and her subsequent behaviour towards him paints her as perhaps the most cold-hearted character of the novel. She, beyond any of the other members of her community, understands and vocalizes the being that Will represents to the society around him. For example, she relates his experience only in terms of its meaning to her own:

Will did the running-away-from-home that I never got around to. My liberating force from a life of too much doting. Being called perfect all the time, I never

believed I could do anything, so that when ever I began to do things of my very own with my very own creative juices, which would, I'm sure, have brought something, anything worthwhile, to the top, I was too busy questioning myself to allow anything to happen naturally. So, rather than try and fail, I took a trip down to the store with my mother and bought yet another pretty dress. (99)

Ruth recognizes Will's role in her community and is attracted to his liberating quality, yet she will not sacrifice her sense of self and place within society to reach out in any meaningful way to Will. She berates his inability to grow up -- a phrase denoting a shift in roles to partake of adult responsibility and commitment -- yet will not extend her own hand in that commitment for fear of losing in the process the safety of her own role.

The enforcement of Will's condemnation to a particular characterization is further illustrated by Andrew Scott after Stan's death. Andrew tells us:

I suppose I began to notice it after his last trip to St. John's. The stories he [Will] told seemed forced, somehow. Or, to be more accurate, they were created or re-created to serve as a kind of report on what he knew I'd expect from him....

I don't know why the attitude bothered me. It certainly wasn't because he was down. In fact, he was even more *Will* than he'd ever been, if that's possible. More laughter, more swagger, more bounce. Even the slamming of a door was slightly more than before. (115)

Stan's death and Will's concurrence with the role which Stan passes on to him, already largely formed by his own society, turns Will into a story within a story -- a caricature of what might have been himself. Pushed to these limits Will's humour takes on the desperation of offence and leads to violence.

The climax of the novel occurs in the Mill where Andrew and Will work. Here Will's jokes degenerate into competition and destruction of everyone in his path, including Andrew himself. Will's rejection of an invitation by Andrew to visit Andrew's new home and bride bespeaks Will's knowledge that he is not and cannot be a part of their world. Andrew takes the rejection to mean that Will sees himself as better than his friend, a blasphemy of both social and personal living codes:

I couldn't believe any of this. 'Are you telling me that you're never going to come to my house?' [Andrew asks.]

He shrugged.

'I don't want your frigging shrugs,' I shouted. 'What's wrong with Carol and me and the house that you won't come up and see us? WHAT?'

He'd already given his answer and I knew he wouldn't give it again, but I kept on. Not long ago I would have been satisfied, but not now.

"THEN SHAG YOU!" I shouted, as he swaggered away. 'Don't think you're better than I am brother, because you're not. YOU'RE NOT WILL!' (135)

Their ensuing fight leads to Andrew's death as he slips into the crushing machinery of the pulp mill and Will, all but exiled from his community, enforces a self-fashioned imprisonment on his existence. His sister Mary points to the power of his own condemnation: "Outside opinion was one thing. Hurtful, especially at the beginning, but his own opinion of himself would break him or mend him" (140). Indeed his own opinion nearly destroys him, but Mary is wrong to think that Will has sole control over his own forgiveness. He seeks on two separate occasions to find a healing from his community but both attempts are rejected. Here his community is at fault, allowing the destruction of their own kinsman to pay, in a sense, the price of their anger and embitterment.

Will reaches out to Carol, Andrew's widow, suggesting that he paint her house or plant flowers for her in a gesture of repentance and good will, but she tells him "it was taken care of" (163), and in those five small words affirms that he is not needed in her community. Worse still is Will's meeting with Ruth and her Torontonion fiancé. She relates the event to the reader, one of her first observations being that Will's eyes were now "totally empty of humour" (153). She is as blind to Will's need to rejoin society as was Will's sister, and her outburst that "All I wanted to do, really, was cry for this man who loved to laugh. This free, free spirit, rotting away by his own hand and will" (155) tells us only that she does not perceive her own role in Will's destruction. It is to Ruth that Will is able at last to tell "his [own] story with force" (156), and the telling of the story stands as an outpouring invitation to her to draw him back to life, love and community. Having heard his narrative of Andrew's death, Ruth sees that Will now controls his self-image, and in this new and powerful state he frightens her. She tells us that as she looks at him "it seemed to me he had transformed himself into yet a different person. His story was out, and a strange but still not perfect ideal calm had taken him over" (157). " 'Ya goin' ta stay

da night wit' me now?' " -- his next statement -- is a challenge meant to be read in an entirely different way than his former wisecracking remarks. Ruth panics:

The old Will could have gotten away with anything -- clean or dirty. He was one of those special people who had a way of getting it said without offending you. But not now. This was different, and I was torn between frustration, fear and fury at the very sight of the man.

"I'm going now." I said. (157)

Will's chance at renewal, not the renewal of his erstwhile traits but of the possibility to be his own person, is rejected here. Gregarious by nature, he chooses the only life left open to him: that of his former self.

The novel concludes with Will's own conversation with the reader, and it is here that he allows the reader to see the duplicity of his image during the text's final words. He prepares the reader to challenge the falsehood of his own words at the close of the novel by asking the reader "Do you get tired of laughin'['?]" (181), and proposing to discuss the subject. He says he's laughed at everything in life:

I'm the fella who laughed at me sister Leah's mumps, an' at me brother Tom's attack of St. Vitus Dance. An' I almost needed surgery when an old and staid aunt of mine from Nipper's Harbour brought her Victorian background to our lace-covered Sunday table and farted her way through 'Fibber McGee an' Molly'.

Dat was natural, everyone said at the time. Sure it was. An' so was Mag Sellars droppin' her ninth baby girl comin' down a circus slide. Natural. Clean as a whistle, dat was, an' no mistake. I mean if we're goin' to tell stories about people, stand back. It's a grand day for it. (181)

The pain behind those stories and this laughter is revealed in the defeat of his next words: "No. I can't be boddered" (181). Abruptly he changes the subject as he sees someone coming down the street, and he takes on the persona which that person expects of him. His words to us of the shutting down of his own ability to tell stories ring through to the last image of the novel, however, where he is pictured with a *blasé* indifference to life, his indomitable *façade* masking bitter and strangled selfhood: "Now, I hoped you've had enough of me, because it's all you're goin' to get - till tomorrow!" (191) This glib ending has been transformed into a memorable image of Will in the film version of the novel, often interpreted as capturing the indomitable spirit of the Newfoundlander. One critic notes:

"The camera captures and freezes Will Cole along the road as he does a leap into the air at the end of the film. We remember him that way. I know I always will" (David Evanier, 5). This leap, the reader of the novel knows, is not one of life affirming joy but of suicidal puppetry, and so -- as surely as Stan's leap into his own death pyre -- it stands to confirm the loss of storytelling by the individual for the sake of society's voracious appetite for legends -- the stuff of culture -- and power over them.

Pinsent's John and the Missus is centrally concerned with the extortion proponents of culture sometimes demand for its very existence. Like The Rowdyman, John and the Missus recognizes that culture may become a weapon wielded to grant or deny selfhood and that economic power pales in comparison when set against the power of belonging, regardless of the price of that belonging. John's tiny community, economically sustained by a mine all but ready to collapse upon them, must face dissolution or deprivation, and the townspeople's reliance on John's leadership is frighteningly portrayed in the novel as John considers his option to move on to a place of prosperity. John's authority and ability to knit community arises from his craft of humour. His jocular condemnation of those around him is met with good nature since his community functions as a family with faith in one another's verbal comradery. Yet to leave this grouping is considered traitorous, transforming biting wit once shared into physical punishment enforced. As understood verbal boundaries give rise to physical threats guarding adhesion of community, it is not surprising that John -- who considers those who leave and the idea of his own leaving nothing short of villainous -- shifts his world view from that of comedy to violence and despair, hallmarks of Foucault's description of the destructive role of laughter, as community collapses into chaos and apocalypse.

The preamble to disaster in John's town intertwines insult and laughter with the collapse of the mine itself. Good-natured yet cutting remarks between fellow workers at the mine reveal the strains between them as well as their interdependence -- like the tremours in

the mine, the rumbles of discontent between generations of workers are precursors to collapse of social structure under siege. Laughter in these environs is both an outlet and a warning as Pinsent's narration reveals:

John waved them aboard the waiting muck car, which moved them out through the tunnel [of the mine] to the tune of a giggle that sounded like Matt's as he and his father enjoyed a bit of byplay at Sid Peddigrew's expense.

'Ya get cranky when you're his age', said Matt, 'an' lose your teeth down the toilet.'

John was quick to inspect. 'He didn't, did he? Let's have a look ole man.'

'Git away witcha.'

'I thought ya sounded a bit gummier than usual this morning,' said John, encouraged by the laughter around him....

'SHUTYERMOUT.'

John almost fell out of the car with a roar of laughter that nearly drowned out the unexpected rumble from the passage in their wake.

Alf spoke first. 'That all right, d'ya s'pose?'

John looked as though he'd already stopped thinking about it. 'We'll see.' (4-5)

The mine's collapse, brought on by drilling instruction based on "bad information from inaccurate and outdated blueprints" (6) is a forewarning of the social demise to follow. John Munn's prescribed direction for the community is also based on a social code badly outdated. Its merits, to be certain, include loyalty, hard work and endurance, but its costs are high, precluding options which would allow growth or regeneration beyond the site of the community itself. In this way John's fierce affection for his home soil debilitates him, for in clinging to a way of life that can no longer sustain him he repudiates the ability of his culture and his own spirit to grow beyond the boundaries of a particular geography, and thus he accepts the mine's bankruptcy as declaration of his own spiritual impoverishment.

John's tacit agreement to invest himself wholly in the land has long since drawn on all emotional reserves in his marriage. Pinsent's narrative strategy develops this unfortunate reality through the italicized and rebellious words of anger that struggle for vocalization in John's wife's mind. Her attempts to open conversation with John, to suggest that another way of life is possible, are first deflected by his comic response and later, when her fear demands she push further, are responsible for his physical violence upon her. In this pattern is set the relationship between John and all others in his community. The paradigm

is evoked early in the novel in a scene which highlights the duality of love and anger throughout the text. Shortly after John's brush with death in the mine, his wife meets him on their back steps during his recovery at home. Her protests that he is not strong enough to be thinking about sawing wood are met by a playful assault:

'Not strong enough,' said John, as he whipped through the bark on the nether side. 'That'll be the day.'

His menacing, saucy look told her to keep her distance.

'Now look out... look out...' she half-laughed.

'Right here on the steps, now...' It looked as though he was preparing to do just what he had in mind, as he backed her up with his threat of playful rape, while unbuttoning his shirt and working the top buttons of his pants. '... right here in the broad daylight for Mrs. White to see... on the bloody steps. Come on... splinters an' all...'

She avoided him by running around the edge of the house with the sloshing glass of beer, buckling with laughter from the foolish game.

'Stop it... now... stop it.'

But, of course, he didn't, not now that he'd rediscovered a touch of what used to make the young John tick. (17)

The power and the laughter controlled by the "young John" are a construct of the comedic world: here lies youth, regeneration, hope and malleable society. His recaptured youth dissolves in his next moments of pain, however, and in the shifting of moods his wife ventures to speak her mind:

'John, I'm afraid... y'know?'

'Don't be so foolish maid. What for? It's only been...'

'I'm afraid it won't get better.'

'That's a nice thing to say, there's no mistake.'

So she wouldn't venture into it again. And since it vexed him so, she'd try real hard this time.

'You need to get your boot mended,' was answered by a friendly grunt.

'I wish...'

'What do you wish?' he asked.

'I wish you had it easier,' she forced herself to say. (18)

Her words -- plans for both her safety and his -- are silenced by John in fear that in differing with him she will lose the moment of unity they have just shared. Her reticence with him provokes an exchange that leads to outright questioning of his authority, and ultimately drives both partners in the marriage to separate and irreversible psychological destruction:

[John's wife thinks] *All right now, no more. There'll be time later on. He'll improve and the summer will come and... and... But that's what's not right about it all. I've smothered my voices with pillows at night. But shouldn't I stay awake and hear them? If they have that much to say? ... I'm not an awful greedy girl, but please, God, say there's more for John and me. Another way for us. I feel tranquilized with failure here.... I WILL NOT SHARE LIFE WITH DEATH!!! I WILL NOT!! THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR DEATH, JOHN!!!*

'That'll be the day, when you haven't got something on your mind,' he said, questioning her distant look.

...She knew she wouldn't escape this time... But telling him would be another thing.... About them. About who and where they were. The compounded problems that had beset the town and infected its will to live a normal existence, now had reached absolute unmanageability in her mind....

'It's no good John. We'll die this way,' she said.

'You know a place where we won't die? Shut up about it!'

When she attempted to speak again, he struck her. Her eyes lit up with amazement at his act. He knew it hurt. And it did. She wasn't sure what to do next, it was all so sudden.

'Twenty-five years an' now you say it's no good? Twenty-five years of breaking the back?'

Had she given him reason to smack her in the face? He couldn't be sure. Where had it come from, that which put an end to their speaking day?

...[Again John's wife thinks] *I've built large quilts to comfort you, but they weighed you down forever. And you've never learned to fly. No, no, sh-h-h, John. Those are someone else's thoughts, not mine. I'm happy enough... I'm not angry. I'll try not to point the way again. I'll go inside and trade my fancies, rebellious and new, for a moment's peace. Unless you want me to stay?*

After a moment, he passed on through to the living room, and his chair. Then closed the door to separate them so that she couldn't read his mind.

...Suddenly, he was forgetful of time, manners, the good old days, the Missus' birthday, Matt's age, names (he'd tried to remember his dead mother's maiden name), and forgetful of laughter and trust in anything other than his own walking shell. (18-21)

John's understanding of his culture is intimately joined with his life's work. To replace his work with any other new prospect is, to his mind, a repudiation of all that has come before. His culture and his community must also stand immovable if his work is to be of consequence. His resort to physical punishment against his wife comes not only because she questions his authority but because her question threatens the construct of his society. These two impulses -- to question authority and threaten social construct -- so usual in comedy, here frame tragic results. It is John who is unalterable and unable to work within the comic pattern he has so far used as template for his authority. As rogue and jester he has acquired a place which, through destruction of his community, he believes he will irrevocably lose. John's tragedy is the fear he inflicts upon himself and others in response

to threatened change. This fear manifests a reality worse than the fear itself. John's wife knows she cannot "escape" it and buries her individuality for "a moment's peace." In her destruction John realizes he can trust nothing other than "his own walking shell," a pitiful and empty exchange for his own resourceful spirit, lost in the belief that the myths of the past must be made reality at any cost.

Professor Jackson's argument in "Can Newfoundland Survive?" might well use John Munn for illustrative purposes. Jackson writes:

If we are serious about our future, we must ask ourselves hard questions as to who we are and, especially, who we want to be. Who we were remains, of course, the obvious and the best place to begin, but we cannot stay there. Our inherited character, our traditional virtues and values, must remain the foundation, but it is not enough to dwell on them or expect they can continue to serve us as they did. They must be transformed and adapted to a vision of ourselves which is oriented to the future, not the past. Let me give a few examples.

We have our characteristic Newfoundland pride. It was formed over centuries of holding fast in situations of diminished dignity under conditions designed to reduce us to serfs and barbarians. Our pride is a stiff-necked thing; our way of saying "we are worth something, nevertheless," as if there were much to suggest the contrary. It has made us stern, but not vain; truculent, but not arrogant, and so on. There is little pretentiousness in our pride, for we were never proud due to what we had, but in spite of what we had.

But if pride of this kind, developed in the effort to remain resolutely human in the face of adversity, is a noble and valuable heritage, it can nevertheless serve to help perpetuate a psychology of oppression. This has always been true of stiff-necked races. Stoical pride lacks that positive element which makes pride constructive and creative; the element of confidence, the sense that one has within one, not merely the power to bear up under and cope with one's situation, but to command and transcend it. To progress, to have a future which is our own, we must translate our habitual pride in our mere capacity to endure, into an aggressive conviction that we deserve to be much, much more than we have yet ever been. (8)

The "psychology of oppression" noted in this passage is the same phenomenon illustrated by Pinsent's narrative strategy. Characters who cower before John and the tradition for which he stands find escape from their oppression through the italicized stream-of-consciousness Pinsent allows them. Pinsent grants these thoughts supremacy in his tale, indicating early on that "As always their [his characters'] thoughts outweighed their spoken words" (22). John's struggles to suppress others' doubts about himself, his authority and the viability of his way of life become more arduous as the novel progresses, and in the

increasingly crucial losses John suffers throughout the text the reader is made aware that John's inflexibility must bring him only to his own self-destruction.

John's fundamental miscalculation is the notion that somehow by strength of will he can harness control of his landscape, and through this his culture will be maintained. Pinsent's omniscient narrator tells us:

The underground meant more than the opening and closing of a workday to him. In the ground lay treasure (which he would consider his own). And if he were to push deeper, and believe, beyond any living thing, he would reap. So he sank himself in a part of the secret world that demanded never to be taken for granted and lived out his life. (51)

The paradox underscored in this passage is the notion that while the mine demands "never to be taken for granted," thus forcing John's awareness of its constant threat and changeability, John nonetheless invests psychologically in a planned lifestyle presuming no flux, chaos or apocalypse. The diametrically opposed philosophies live side by side in John's consciousness, unaffected by one another until John inevitably must face change. His reliance on a code from the past -- not the code itself but his dependence upon it solely -- denies an ability to adapt, and this in turn denies life itself.

John is reminded subconsciously of the perils of his two-fold philosophy by the constant presence of Fudge, an old man who stands for all time lost and generations passed. Fudge's presence opens the novel: he sits with a "dust-filled pocket watch... (which told perfect time)" (1) and in his own existence cautions John that other ages have come and gone at the hands of change. Fudge's very thoughts point to his understanding of John's self-duplicity:

... the mine - John's long and faithful friend - would strike him down as easily as if he were just another casual and thoughtless money-grabbing copper robber. What wrong move had John made to bring this luckless day upon himself? (1)

This understanding, while never spoken directly to John, sits as heavily with him as other characters' unspoken thoughts in the novel. John's frustration with Fudge is evident throughout the text, although John, in his refusal to alter his own thinking, never looks

beneath his irritation to unravel its stark and pressing significance. Instead John chooses to ignore Fudge's implicit warning and attempts to free himself of the meaning so suffocatingly all around him:

John felt burdened in Fudge's company, especially when inflicted with his own nagging wretchedness of spirit, shared by no one and controllable only when he forced his attention elsewhere. Still he had never to anyone's knowledge dismissed Fudge from his house. Only from his sight. And he spoke to him as seldom as possible.

Fudge made John feel that they were, in some strange, bewildering way, related. And yet, they weren't. But either in the past or in the future, a frustratingly ironic association had been formed or would be inevitable. John's discomfiture was most apparent when he was within earshot of one of Fudge's stories or songs. For they were tales and tunes which even the town's edest [sic eldest] could not connect with their own pasts. They were stirring enough. Bright, sometimes. And most certainly of Newfoundland origin in their special tempos and instantly understandable content for gut and brain. Nevertheless, they were an emotional drain on John, whenever (in the middle of a normal conversation among John and others) Fudge's wispy voice slipped its way in, grew to dominate, capturing the imaginations of all around, then melted away to nothingness. During this time, John squirmed, and by his squirming attempted to shake the moment free. (58-59)

As Fudge's tales and songs slip away into the nothingness of their original singers, Fudge's cautionary display illuminates the temporality and insubstantial workmanship of John's world construct.

The most striking visual symbol of this construct is the house in which John lives. Made by his own two hands and representative of his stability and capacity to create and endure through his own hard work, it also houses the future, for a bedroom has recently been redecorated to serve as a "bridal suite" for John's son Matt. When John decides he has no choice but to leave his mining town he vows to take the house with him, floating it down the shore to another community. It is a vain and vengeful act, raging against the diminishment of his power to make his own choices:

Then he shouted for the upstairs to hear. 'AN' IF THOSE TWO [his son and daughter-in-law] UP THERE WANT TO COME WITH US, THAT'S UP TO THEM. WE'RE GOIN'! THAT'S ALL I KNOW. AN' THERE WON'T BE A HOUSE HERE FOR ONES WHO STAYS.'

... He felt weak.... He knew what had to be done. There was no problem there. If only they would not watch him, he'd be able to look and feel the way he wanted. If each one looked after his own job - it would pass - quickly, he hoped. And what he had lived from, and in: his house, sturdily put together, safeguarding his pride,

his anchored individualism, would be onto the water and on its way like a comic creation of a child's coloured paper and paste. (173-74)

The reduction of John's world to this flimsy creation is developed further in the narration. Despite the fact that John ties down the kitchen table and chairs, secures the couch to the floor, encases all manner of their belongings for the trip and pulls the house with ropes and chains to the shore, "He felt, then, as much or more a prisoner of the house than it was of him" (191). His understanding of his experience is clearly delineated in terms of entrapment and bondage, both of which John has essentially created for himself:

... of all the things, still lashed down and temporarily orphaned, was the terrible-looking chesterfield. That great hulking thing gave life to the hairs on the back of his neck, and almost amused him. His amusement, however, turned to irritation, when he noticed it had out-wrestled one of its bonds on the way. He dragged it back the three or four inches that it had moved, and tied it down again, while thinking foolishly that if that were himself tied down that way, he'd do as he had been told, and not resist at all his captor's wishes. (192)

John's obsession for things tied down extends to himself, and the pathos of the novel arises from his inability to see that beneath the security of the self-fashioned ropes and anchors in his life, he travels in denial on the treacherous course of cultural flux.

Pinsent heightens the metaphoric development, placing John and his wife in the house on the journey. They are the embodiment of the *deraciné*, lost from shore and self:

John was beginning to look as unrelated to the earth as his house, and he spent a good part of that evening wondering how to be himself. Wondering what mood, if any, he should enforce upon the indescribable emptiness into which they'd volunteered. Whatever else, it was just possible that they would never have to be themselves again, if they so chose; their detachment from habit was that pronounced. (195)

Here is the paradox of John's experience: at the moment he is most lost, most at sea, he is simultaneously most able to choose a new life and thus most free. He is not prepared to meet his opportunity, however, and the cultural shift -- an envisioned sale of the house and move to the mainland -- is poisonous rather than invigorating. The "fusion of house and man" (204) is impossible to split, and John cannot allow the house to be parted from him. He sinks it on the journey, throwing his father's hat into the water after it as a sign of tribute and respect:

He saw the hat drifting away from the corner of his eye. The way it was bobbing, cockily, atop the wrinkled water, there could have been a dancing man beneath it.

Yes, and he could have been singing, thought John. (217)

In John's defiance there is strength, joy and rightness, but there is also death.

John's accidental death at the novel's close is born of suicidal ramblings. Shortly before his fatal fall he sees -- or imagines he sees -- Fudge, dangling the pocket-watch which has been letting time run out throughout the course of the novel. John demands to see the watch for he says it is his. Fudge agrees: " 'I knew, John. I knew all the time. Don't hit me now. Here it is. What's yours is yours' " (235). John accepts the retribution of his own actions in reaching for the watch.

There is an eerie connection between Fudge's last words and the words which John spoke concerning Raymond, the man who left John's town to make a better life for himself, and who, upon return for a visit, was nearly bludgeoned to death while John, who might have stopped the outrage with a word, stood silent, later commenting " 'He had it comin' " (99). This, in a very real sense, is John's inheritance of violence and self-violation. He tries as well to pass the strangling ties of the past on to the next generation, telling young Jimmy Ludlow, for example, that " 'Fellers like you and me, our blueprints are lost, don't ya know. that?' " (121). The image of the blueprints lingers hauntingly from the mine, warning that should Jimmy accept this characterization, his existence will be as precarious as that hollow creation. John's extreme adherence to tenets of the past and limited perspective on the future distort the plans for any life he might make for himself. His malevolence for the foreign is matched only by his need to control his own destiny. He fears a life in the mainland as living in:

A museum. To be not where I wanted or needed to be, but where I was expected to be. Well, I may thank them for it. Dressed in my ancient rags, encased in my thief-proof glass. Not that they'll bow and say 'You're welcome'. Those Canadian-ites -- those world-ites -- those fellow flesh-and-blood-ites.

It's too far away for me to touch. Far too far for time. I wrestled this place, and deserve it. In which I can be foolish, to please my foolish self. (144)

It is not surprising that Pinsent leads John far from the museum as he explores the extreme alternative option to which John adheres in romanticizing his past. John's reminiscences lead him to the local trash heap where, far from the glories of the old, he finds that:

He was lost. Amidst the trash - he was lost. As much as a stranger would be. He had used up his last reason to stay in his town by walking away from the crippled mine, which one way or the other, quickly or interminably, would have his way over those that were left, and their steadily softening flesh, bone, and soul.

He had dropped his lunchbox to the ground on reaching the meager gift of land atop the trashpile. There, he had leaned against the badly tilted, rotting shack, and looked down upon the trash. Mostly cinders, tin cans, a couple of broken baskets, a broken down bed, a battered toy drum and any number of bottles and bottle caps. He breathed in the air, limited in freshness though it was. He was trapped. And he assumed it like clothing. The admission cracked his month-old defensive shield and brought forth the guts of his anguish in a great outpouring of anger. Automatic - jumbled - ungoverned, it came. Saving nothing for dignity of image. (159)

Both John's loss and salvation are here. While he looks for himself in the past he finds only refuse. Refuge would come in knowing that his forerunners threw out what could no longer serve them. In this they commanded choice and culture rather than foregoing the former to bow to the latter.

The novel closes with a mixture of strength and sorrow, for the reader feels that Missus Munn is fortunate to have John's strength on which to draw, even after his death, yet in this same strength she once more submerges her entire being. She tells us that "*What he was, I'd better be... or I might as well have belonged to someone... anyone else*" (241). Her loyalty is admirable, but her choice of the word "belong" connotes the loss of her own identity as well as the affection of family. As the Munns prepare to leave the island, the narrator tells us that "No one knew but the Missus, how soon she'd be back" (242), the ambiguity of the line resolved by the comma, indicating her inability to leave the place behind despite her years wishing for it. The novel concludes: "And the rock would watch for her" (242), animating with concern the same geological formation which only pages previous felt nothing for the death of one of its most loyal sons: "All, in one way or another, would lose, by John's going. Except the rock" (241). In this, John's legacy to his wife is both love and betrayal.

Pinsent's The Rowdyman and John and the Missus are both exceptionally well-crafted works able to evoke sympathy -- a close-bred familial feeling of compassion and genuine affection -- for their central characters while at the same time fully exposing the blindnesses exhibited by them and their communities. This is a very fine line to tread and Pinsent succeeds admirably in so doing: the reader is left at the end of both texts with a heart-wrenching understanding of the wonderful terrible paradoxes that drive the Newfoundland psyche.

William Rowe's Clapp's Rock and The Temptation of Victor Galanti take these paradoxes one step further, moving into the realm of satire. It is crucial to a full understanding of these novels that the reader continually remind himself that he is in the world of satire, however, and this is the essential difficulty with both texts. Rowe's work is either loved or hated, the response dependent on the degree of realism that the reader grants the work. In a satiric reading, Rowe's characters fulfill their self-destructive and unrealistic roles: they stand to shed light on the buffoonery of the political world by their own exaggerated actions and beliefs. In this they point to the tragedies inherent in politics, and here they flirt with realism. When the reader forgets the nature of the genre in which Rowe works -- and Rowe risks this enormous danger by granting much credibility to his characters -- the novels fall flat. As realistic works they present characters and storylines which demand destruction by the critics, and this is exactly what they have very often achieved.

The dust jacket of Clapp's Rock summarizes the difficulties involved in reading Rowe's work:

William Rowe treads a fine line between satire and true-to-life fiction in this rollicking story of a Newfoundlander who stands to win everything - or maybe lose all - in his wanton pursuit of political power.

... As a portrait of blind ambition and political motivation Clapp's Rock is both tragic and condemning - but as a novel faithful to the hearty spirit of Newfoundland, Rowe's fictional debut is uproariously entertaining.

Clearly McClelland and Stewart emphasize a stereotypical image of Newfoundland life and Newfoundlanders in hopes of selling great numbers of the book based on its comedic elements. The "rollicking" and "uproariously entertaining" story based on the "hearty spirit of Newfoundland" is obviously at odds with Rowe's work itself, although his novel does contain many funny moments. In a closer look at Rowe's "fine line between satire and true-to-life fiction" lies its darker and self-condemning nature. Rowe's work, often touted as loosely autobiographical, seems to perplex some critics by its own admission of self-hatred. Rowe's courageous revelations are often futile efforts because he cannot rely on his text to convey at all times the self-mockery in which he engages. Instead he reaps outrage -- perhaps justifiably so -- as the cost of an unclear narrative strategy.

Understood at its best, Rowe's work commands high praise indeed:

Rowe's book does much to explain why Newfoundland is such a poor province. That state has little to do with resources, but rather with the way in which power is exercised. Sitting at the centre of the novel is Percy Clapp, a fully believable creation who lies and cheats and cons to stay in power. Surrounded by mediocre men in black coats and homburg hats, Clapp dreams and schemes. A master of hyperbole, he pours vitriol over his opponents, while impressing everyone - even some British bankers - with learning gained by skimming books.

Clapp's Rock, though overlong, grips. It contains pages of rant that could have been lifted from the speeches of past and present premiers. If Rowe makes Newfoundland sound like an asylum run by the inmates (a phrase used to describe life in Hitler's Germany), he adds so many believable touches that the novel comes to life from the first page and carries the reader through a strange world that always remains recognizably Canadian.... William Rowe knows what he's writing about.... This is not a 'regional political novel.' It offers unnerving insights about any place where feeble, out-dated incompetents use tricks to retain power. Clapp's Rock could serve as a textbook on getting power and holding on to it....

It [the novel] will certainly change mainlanders' perceptions of Newfoundland.
(Pat Lotz, "Midsummer's tales," Atlantic Insight 5.7 (July 1983): 34.)

Here is someone who understands the novel as, I think, Rowe intended it. Rowe's persona in the text certainly becomes the inmate running the asylum, and running from it. The "strange world that always remains recognizably Canadian" is perhaps the most unnerving revelation of all, and explains why many who read the novel are so very angry with it. The novel mocks not only those within it, but those who have ever toyed with fantasies of power. The Canadian political scene, British universities, and even war-torn Asian

countries may be seen in the microcosm of Neil Godwin's self-seduction towards power. The familiarity of the accepted western myth of dominance and control is frightening for any reader of the novel, and its truth draws many critics to take Rowe at his word, regardless of his satire. Simple criticisms reveal colossal misunderstanding of the novel when it is read without satiric balance:

Clapp is drawn with broad humour, but we never get below the bluster. The women seldom seem like much more than adjuncts to the men's careers. The most serious flaw is Neil himself, who is just not interesting enough to sustain the book. For one thing, his actions are too predictable. He is supposed to be idealistic, but we hardly ever see that side of him. Instead, every decision he makes serves to advance his career, and when he does have moments of self-doubt they are shockingly brief and shallow. At its core, the book lacks a solid moral dilemma; without it, the conflict is reduced to intermittent clashes of personal ambition that are not interesting enough in themselves to carry the weight of a serious political novel.

(Paul Wilson, "First Novels" Books in Canada 12.7 (August/September 1983): 38.)

Of course the women serve as adjuncts to the men's careers; Rowe shows the reader the great waste in this. Of course Neil is predictable and works only to advance his own career; Rowe makes us despise this. Of course the novel lacks a solid moral dilemma; Neil has no morals.

It is Rowe's own fault in allowing this lack of clarity in interpretation. The reader ought not to be forced to consider the problem of authorial intention at every turn. Nonetheless, criticism of Rowe's work has been much more acerbic than can be attributed to his own responsibility. The following review, directed entirely at the personality of Rowe himself, deserves quotation in full:

The author of this novel is a native Newfoundlander and a Rhodes Scholar. He has been a provincial cabinet minister, Leader of the Newfoundland Liberal Party, and Leader of the Opposition. The dust jacket tells us that he is currently a practising lawyer and his working on his second book.

These are impressive credentials. Coincidentally, the career outlined by these facts is also the career of the novel's hero, Neil Godwin. The plot ends with the jaded hero's retirement from politics and his presumably imminent transmutation into writer (the book ends with a literary allusion).

A quotation from the hero himself anticipates critical remark: 'Everyone thinks he has it in him to produce a literary opus destined to make posterity cream her

drawers in an endless series of multiple orgasms.' Unfortunately, such perspicacity has not precluded Rowe's own raid on literature's knickers.

It *sounds* like a good idea for a novel: Newfoundland politics coupled with the romance of an all-too-human (read pragmatic) but sensitive (self-indulgent) young man of some verbal knack. But the book itself bears the signs of being crafted from too many off-hours snatched after five o'clock. Rowe has an intelligent amateur's way with words. He has had the experience of the 'real world,' and still has fantasies, both political and sexual. Typical of these is the account of Godwin's free trip to Saigon, where he plays the western statesman and has a Communist blow-job *forced* on him. Afterwards he returns home, to worry about entering the party leadership race and about giving Saigon syphilis to his pregnant wife.

Such fantasies are the staple of that peculiar sub-species of novel that is written by middle-aged men. They have flirted with both power and women, and now boyishly set out to lay the Muse as well. Most of the time it is only the humble publisher's reader (usually female) who ever sees this emotional truss below the three-piece suit, but then publishers themselves have their own fantasies of somehow becoming rich and famous by association with the nearly-so. The name for this genre of mutually masturbatory fantasy? Clapp-trap.

(Chittick, "Book Review 3058 Clapp's Rock,"
Canadian Book Review Annual 1983, 182.)

Here the critic links the real directly to the fictional, outpouring anger against power and control which she generalizes from a clearly feminist (and praiseworthy) perspective. She hates the novel. Thus Rowe succeeds in creating the right response to that which he reviles in himself and his protagonist, but does not achieve the recognition on the reviewer's part that his book is with her, not against her. The novel is pure Clapp-trap, but not in Ms. Chittick's sense of the phrase. It ensnares the reader's animosity regarding power plays in our society and works as brilliant satire, but risks too much in crediting all readers with eyes that will unblinkingly recognize the satiric veil, thus entangling Rowe in the role of subspecies cretin who enjoys the wickedness he depicts.

The workings of satire in the novel are cleverly displayed for the reader in a scene which involves Neil's quest for voters in his district. It is here that he learns of his grandfather's trickery in storytelling: Arthur Godwin ("Uncle Adder") constructs various versions of events to bring about social change to suit his own purposes. Neil recalls his first encounter with "guffers":

It was the guffers which had the greatest effect on Neil during that summer, guffers which he began to hear more frequently, the more he became part of the people of the coast. He was unnerved when his first guffer was sprung on him. He thought the teller of the tale had gone mad. It was late one evening in Handy

Harbour. About twenty men were sitting or standing around in the gloom of the large store....

A voice boomed out from behind the stove. 'I minds the time one mawsy night when the sea was strange, and the Cape Cove wreckers done their deed, their dirty deed that won't die out. We won't forget, thank God there's ones that tells this tale and keeps alive the thought that hell and hell alone is the resting place of the Cape Cove men.' ... He went on to tell the story, in a loud and controlled voice without ever searching for a word, of how the men of Cape Cove had extinguished the light in the lighthouse on Handy Harbour Point and had put a light up on the next headland, thereby luring a vessel full of passengers and freight to death and destruction on the rocks. The depraved purpose of the wreckers had been to salvage the flotsam from the doomed vessel and strip the valuables from the dead bodies as they washed ashore.

Cape Cove, the place of villains referred to in that guffer, was next to Handy Harbour and of a different religious persuasion. When Neil went to Cape Cove, he heard the same guffer told in identical words, with one exception. There the villains of the tale were the men of Handy Harbour who had "douted" the true light and lit the murderous one, and had thereafter done their ghoulish work.

Not being able to find any historical reference to a ship wreck or the operation of wreckers in either place, Neil asked around for the origin of the tale. He learned from an old retired schoolteacher that Arthur Godwin, his own grandfather, had made it up - in both versions. According to the schoolteacher, who said he remembered the exact occasion well and chuckled at the remembrance, Arthur Godwin had spoken to him one day about the two antagonistic villages. 'They're getting too tolerant to suit me,' he had said. 'Next thing you know, if we don't watch it, there'll be no religious strife at all, and religion will get a good name.'

(115-16)

The scene contains revelations of great importance in the novel. The "guffers" told are inventions which, like Rowe's own narration, are created to drive home truths not only about the people involved in them, but about the teller himself. Irony upon irony build in the passage. The lies, the beliefs and the storyteller himself are satirized. The stories are fabricated for good cause -- to reduce what Uncle Adder sees as the devastating influence of religion -- yet he tells tales of murder and atrocity and incites civil strife to bring down the authority of complacency in religious matters. Neil -- notably Rowe's middle name -- is his grandfather incarnate, and uses his grandfather's technique in storytelling to achieve his own ends. It is no coincidence that Neil decides the one way to defeat Percy Clapp in politics is to sow his own seeds of untruth in stories about him and to let these stories become the fabric of culture as much as were his grandfather's guffers. The stories are vile and tasteless -- perhaps the stuff of backroom politics -- and would offend any listener or reader. If the reader takes them at face value as a commentary on Neil and is repulsed, he

has been snared successfully by Rowe to loath all ethnic jokes, but Rowe runs the risk of being seen as repulsive himself in the choice of his material. Nonetheless, he takes that chance:

...Neil began to make up stories to be spread around by means of his network of supporters.

He concocted one which dealt with Clapp's sheep-raising days, a period of his life which Clapp kept fresh in everyone's memory by his frequent references to that noble occupation of the common man. During his spell at raising sheep, Neil told a group of followers, Clapp was called to go on a jury in a case of a man accused of having sexual relations with a sheep. A witness for the prosecution took the stand and told how he had watched the defendant introduce his penis into the sheep's vulva and that, as he did so, the sheep's bowels had moved. 'What?' said the judge, in disgust. And Clapp took it for disbelief. Jumping up from his seat in the jury box, irrepressible as ever, Clapp shouted, 'Oh, yes, your Honour, that's absolutely true. My own experience is that a sheep will shit every time.' Again, the results were so salutary and pervasive that Neil used most of the time he spent travelling between communities making up scurrilous guffers to tell about Clapp. Another of his fabrications showed how the shallowness of Clapp's knowledge, together with his know-it-all attitude, had brought the country to the brink of disaster....

Everywhere he went, Neil heard these stories repeated. It became monotonous to be drawn aside everywhere and told a bit of smut about Clapp which Neil himself manufactured the previous week. Then he noticed that new stories he had never heard before were being told about Clapp. And finally, old worn-out stories previously told as nigger jokes or Pakkie jokes or Polack jokes, and most recently, as Newfy jokes, were being resurrected, with Clapp as the main character. The genre now became known as a 'Percy joke', and friends vied with one another to tell the latest. The more despicable a light it cast the premier in, the better the tellers and listeners liked it. (263-64)

In stooping to his grandfather's devices, Neil uses language to unseat authority but does so solely to further his own power. Having begun the downfall of Clapp, Neil finds the tales take on their own momentum and assure his victory, yet by the time this victory is achieved in the novel Neil lives in constant fear of developing syphilis as the result of his "fact-finding visit to Vietnam" (311). Set against his political victory, then, is the narrator's biting satire:

Neil marvelled that small kernels of mundane half-truths could be enveloped so thickly with mythic grandeur. The irony was that he himself had never done anything active to perpetrate these [new particular] myths. Nor, admittedly, had he ever done anything to dispel them. Passive dishonesty was the quintessence of political success, he thought. Jesus! Two weeks ago that fulsome editorial would have had him jumping up and down in joy at the triumph of truth. Here it was now, making him create cynical aphorisms with a Lear-like clarity of vision. (311)

Neil has won all political victory but lost all idealism, yet undaunted, in Rowe's satiric storyline Neil is further degraded by his own actions when, potentially disease-ridden, he makes love with his wife and, despite all his soul-searching arguments against power, happily assumes the title of premier of the province.

In opposition to Neil's questionable victories is his father, who, dying in the hospital, rethinks his life's work. As Chief Elder of a breakaway religious sect, Ernest Godwin founded an entire religion on the basis of an answer given to a parishioner during questioning at church. The parable of a feeble lamb, likened to those forlorn followers of the sect in Maggoty Cove Motion, is the tale told by Ernest to assure his parishioners that as that scrawny lamb was spared the butcher's knife, they too shall be chosen for eternity over the richer members of other lands and religions. Around this small and, to Ernest, credible story, he fabricates an entire religious following. His repentance in an ongoing death-bed scene is full of agony, forcing Neil to reconsider his own political future:

'Neil.' Ernest, controlled now, looked steadily into his son's eyes. 'From the moment I preached my first sermon in Maggoty Cove Motion, thirty years ago, till I preached my last words in the Temple of Truth here this year, I have despised every minute of it, every separate, isolated second of it. For thirty years I have never believed a word of it, not one word of what I said or heard, except for one little flash of insight in Maggoty Cove Motion. My life has been nothing - for thirty years a lifelong lie. Nothing, nothing, nothing, except for that parable of the runty, scrawny lamb I invented down by the Motion....

I've watched you, Neil, and I know what you are. You believe nothing, and that is good. You know that no proposition has any ultimate validity, and that is good. You know there are no truths - only one truth: the exposing of falsehoods and idiocies....

You are not a proposer of truths, Neil, because you know there are none. You are a disrupter, a destroyer of lies, an uprooter of all received truths. Your creations should be destructions. You are Adder Godwin....

Your Grandfather Arthur Godwin was right. Men of politics and men of religion are the same. Their basis is in superstition and ignorance and blind faith, and they are maintained by artificial disputes, fostered misunderstandings, and faithful butcheries. Politicians and preachers arguing whether the bubonic plague was caused by a god or a devil. Government and church maintained by superstitious guesswork; emotional appeals to selfish interests; power shored up by fear.... (343-44)

As in other passages of the novel, the ironies revealed here are manifold. Ernest Godwin has been blind to the fact that his son is Arthur Godwin's recreation and, still blind, does

not see Arthur Godwin's reflection in himself. His life of lies cannot be avoided by Neil even should Neil follow his advice, for Ernest limits Neil to the knowledge that there are only falsehoods to be exposed at any rate. His generalization that all men of politics and religion are the same is a final crushing, savage and satiric blow. Ernest has succeeded in destroying himself through self-hatred and Neil, momentarily swayed by his father's pleas for his son to leave politics, does consider it, but trundles on to take on the premiership with as much gusto as Percy Clapp. Neil's choice is to be either "Negatively, destructively (in the best sense of the word, of course) brilliant" (346) and leave politics altogether as his father wishes, or to bribe Opposition party members to maintain power. Outside a satiric reading this sort of choice could only leave a loathing for the author; in a satiric light the text denies both options and suggests that the author, too, has rejected them. His novel is a record of what he has seen in the political world, cast in the realm of the ridiculous and the pitiful as he looks from the outside in.

The novel concludes with the wise words of Neil's wife Jane, who likens him to Lear's Fool as Neil begins to play his future as premier of the province: "he felt his smile die as he heard, in his head, her [Jane's] unlaughing reply this time: 'Then, according to the script, young Godwin must answer, 'And I'll go to bed at noon.' The last words of Lear's Fool' " (364). Truly Neil can be compared to the Fool, who issues many of the wisest proclamations in his world but who does not understand the meaning of them. Neil has earlier in the novel compared the fool of the Newfoundland stage, the "Goofy Newfie," a decrepit old man who shambles madly through city streets banging a drum, to Percy Clapp. The Goofy Newfie is an entertainer of sorts, and yet terrifies all who come near him. Neil's sister says Neil is also "just like that Goofy Newfy" (35), and the bond of power, humour and fear links all these men. Percy tells Neil the facts as he knows them behind the man who is the Goofy Newfy. His name is Fenwick Sircombe and he "was the most brilliant man this place ever produced" (234). Sent to Korea with the UN as an

officer, "Fenny" was shot and nearly killed by guerilla soldiers. Suffering a breakdown after his return he was institutionalized, and became the man Neil customarily saw on the streets. Percy queries " 'Didn't you find those stories funny?' " (236) once he has humourously described the madman's breakdown. Neil "laughed a little without prompting" (237). The dark comedy is a rejoinder to the rest of the book: as the Goofy Newfy marches on through the novel, the reader is reminded of a world of tragedy outside the text directly affected by the power-mongers represented within it. Clapp points to this himself when he explains Fenny's nickname as belonging not to him alone: " 'Everyone who ever came here gave all of us that name' " (234). The Goofy Newfy draws all society into Clapp's trifling tales, told by an idiot and signifying nothing more in his view than humourous anecdote.

That Rowe's novel is meant to be viewed as a satiric depiction of the obsession for power as well as the costs of this obsession is nowhere more evident than in the title. Clapp's Rock -- its sexual overtones confirmed when, in Neil's transformation into Clapp himself, he worries that his political forays and weaknesses have brought syphilis upon him -- is a title which graphically points to the diseased control power holds over those who construct and create the culture of others. That language and stories are twisted to allow personal acts of authority is a message related time and time again throughout the novel. In these intricate twists, however, reality and satire sometimes merge, leaving Rowe vulnerable to misunderstanding and subsequent vitriolic attacks on the grounds that his narrative strategy is all too convincing and must therefore be proposed by one who upholds rather than ridicules the substance of the world he reveals.

Rowe's second and latest novel, The Temptation of Victor Galanti (1989), is not so much satire as oxymoron: that yoking together of entities opposite in every respect, one negating the other. This effect is the result of the book's two settings, one the hard and fast glittering world of New York with all its wealth and savvy, the other the rural and slow-

paced depiction of Newfoundland, complete with a cast of various gullible, dull-witted, poorly educated secondary characters. The intrigue in the novel concerns, on the surface, the honourable Victor Galanti, an American member of the House of Representatives who is accused of participation in what becomes known as the Pornab scandal -- an FBI entrapment scheme brought about to collar American politicians who are willing to sell anything (including child pornography and their own better judgement) to undercover agents. Galanti's mother is a Newfoundlander who lied to cross the American border shortly after World War II, his father an American serviceman having left her pregnant in the province. Galanti's lawyer advises him to return to Newfoundland to let the scandal cool down in his absence, and through this highly unlikely set of circumstances Galanti meets Jane Maidment, sister of Premier Neil Godwin. Thus the novel picks up where Clapp's Rock left off, but its methods and message are quite dissimilar to the previous text. The most astonishing intrigue in the novel arises in the attraction between Jane and Victor, for throughout the text one wonders why she continues any relationship with him. Their pairing is as unlikely as Victor's visit to the province, and seems, as the dust jacket of the book describes that visit, to be the means by which Rowe "constructs a pretence" for other purposes he has in writing the novel. The artifice of Rowe's construct is too apparent and the novel does not support credibility in drawing together these two settings and two characters as a result. Nevertheless, Rowe's purposes are fascinating, and having swallowed the oxymoronic incredibility of strange unions in the text, the reader may find Rowe's reasons for such creations interesting indeed.

Among criticisms of the novel are many seeming discrepancies which, when considered in a larger context, point to Rowe's understanding of the development of culture in Newfoundland and his reflection of this development in narrative strategy. For example, Scott Inniss writes:

We never learn the color of our Victor's hair, or what he looks like.

More subtly, Rowe's novel, like the subject about which he writes, lacks a moral tone. Two marriage breakdowns, a re-examination of an illegitimate past, and a culture shock entering Newfoundland are all experienced without apparent headaches.

Galanti's one aim seems to be acceptance by the American republic. In fact, he has nightmares about it.

Indeed, Rowe's entire novel is tailored for the American book market. The explained settings, the sense of insecurity about placing his people on Newfoundland soil, even the language and spelling Rowe employs - characters smoke cigarets, not cigarettes - all point to an attitude too often seen: Avarice as the novel's *raison d'être*. What's wrong here William, are you late with yacht payments?

Rowe has used both his novel [*sic* novels] as a forum for his subject - politics corrupts - which would perhaps be better suited to another medium where his talent is more obvious, such as his newspaper columns.

... With the obvious southerly orientation of his latest work, William Rowe will likely be exported before he arrives as a writer.

("Temptation of William Rowe," Ottawa Citizen 10 June 1989 C5.)

This is scathing criticism, not unlike much that Rowe previously received on publication of Clapp's Rock, and, arguably, for similar reasons. Rowe himself becomes the object of attack in response to attitudes and stylistic concerns developed in the novel which are meant to reflect crisis in culture as Rowe sees it, not to uphold the crisis itself. Once again, however, Rowe's narrative strategy is so subtle in pursuing this goal that it is easily lost on the reader. Worse still, in this novel the double setting creates a precarious perch for Rowe's social commentary and often brings his entire effort crashing down around him.

However misguided, the criticism proffered against Rowe by Inniss can yet illuminate the reasoning behind much of the novel's structure. Certainly, we learn very little of Galanti's appearance through the course of the text. If we see Victor Gallant (the original Newfoundland version of his name) as the embodiment of the American need for conquest (hence the play on the name "Victor") we may understand more fully why the character seems amorphous, faceless, greedy for money and glory, and worst of all, fickle. Victor lacks morals, and as Inniss points to the novel's lack of moral tone he points to Victor's cultural takeover of the text. If he has produced a book tailored for the American market (whatever that may mean), Rowe has certainly produced a novel in which the identity of the American -- including his aspirations and machinations -- come frighteningly and

recognizably close to our own. Does the novel so much concern the temptation of Victor -- by Jane and his former homeland -- or the temptation of Victor to Jane and her homeland? This latter possibility seems to be the actual *raison d'être* of the novel. Inniss's remark that Rowe will likely be exported before he arrives as a writer is meant sarcastically, highlighting what Inniss interprets in Rowe's work as Rowe's amorous affection for America. More likely Rowe dreads that export, and writes his novel as a cautionary tale about diminution and blurring of the boundaries of Newfoundland culture as the American dream becomes the dream of us all.

Patrick O'Flaherty seems to have come to the heart of Rowe's meaning when he points to the way he feels the reader is meant to see the text. His reading is one of understood oppositions between what Rowe's characters say and what they are seen to mean. In this light Victor Galanti becomes a study in reverse psychology, all for the reader's benefit and edification. As much as we despise him we want to change him, for is he not, somewhere deep down, one of us? Rowe's work pushes further: do we not want to change ourselves? O'Flaherty writes:

Novelist Bill Rowe appears to be a romantic idealist masquerading as a cynical, street-smart man of the world. He has his main character in *The Temptation of Victor Galanti* [sic] tell us that 'what motivates men, all people, men and women alike - the urges and goads that really move the world - are greed and fear and envy and loathing and lust,' but this is something stated rather than enacted in the book. I'm not convinced the author believes any such thing.

("Newfoundland Backdrop for U.S. political drama," Sunday Telegram (St. John's) 7 May 1989, 18.)

Further, O'Flaherty sees not only the language of America but as well that of Newfoundland in the novel and praises its success:

Mr. Rowe's language isn't for the fainthearted. Indeed it is scatological and bold. There is a racy, irreverent, outspoken side to him that sets him apart from some local authors who have learned their effete craft from creative writing departments on the mainland. He has gone his own way and found his own voice. He is one of Newfoundland's most distinctive and gifted writers.

("Newfoundland backdrop for U.S. political drama," Sunday Telegram (St. John's) 7 May 1989, 18.)

In this praise we return to the question of voice, craft and culture; where they are learned and how they are expressed. Certainly this is at the core of Rowe's text, for in searching for his identity (that age-old Canadian conundrum), Galanti discovers that all he thought he was is a lie, and that he must redefine himself in terms of the image the American public determines is most appropriate for him. His expression, life's work and representation depends on media hype and survey polls. It is little wonder that Rowe leaves him, essentially, faceless.

Perhaps more significant than Galanti's search for past and present is Neil and Jane Godwin's immediate identification with him. Neil looks upon Galanti as a kinsman, making the most of his distant cousin to shore up political support in the province. Jane's recent separation from her husband leaves her somewhat vulnerable and Victor is quick to offer consolation. Victor's knowledge of their relation as cousins is deftly used to pacify his wife's enquiries about Jane's reputed affair with him:

In an attempt to spare Elaine's feelings at the time, Victor had told her that Jane's real name was Godwin, that she was the sister of his cousin, the Premier of Newfoundland, that she was therefore also his cousin, that there was confusion in the stories in that the night he had supposedly passed with her had actually been a weekend at the government cabin as a guest of her brother with other people present as well, and that Clapp's reference [to an affair] had been the vicious concoction of a political enemy. (162)

The mixture of lies and half truths to satisfy personal and political ends colours each of these characters in a similar light, and reflects the notion that the powers that drive the Newfoundland community are much more closely related to American machinations than Newfoundlanders might like to admit. Victor himself acknowledges this when he says of the writing he has just read, unknown to him written by Jane herself and a friend:

Good stuff, good stuff.... This Touchings character and this Maidment character, the cynical, sarcastic bastards, are my kindred spirits. This place [Newfoundland] might not be too hard to take for a while if I can find soulmates like them here. (30)

The warning Victor gives to Neil later in the text regarding the cultivation of such negative, cynical writing by Newfoundlanders about Newfoundlanders, regardless of that writing's

validity, hinges on the damage such truths might do to foreign opinion, rather than the truths it might reveal to its own culture:

'Ah, Mr. Premier,... I was glad to see you demanding that outsiders treat Newfoundlanders with dignity and respect. I'm wondering, though, if you don't find that Newfoundlanders themselves, like Americans back in the States, are sometimes their own worst enemies. On my way here, for example, I read a magazine article on Newfoundland - my office got it for me from the library - which could only be described as libelous to your people. It was written by a couple of your own citizens - one fellow by the name of Touchings, and the other guy's name was - it's slipped my mind now, but I have it here in my diary. Now freedom of speech is one thing, but I'm not sure it's helpful to Newfoundland in her quest for foreign investment to have your own writers depicting your characteristics as a people in a negative way, perhaps doing irreparable damage by holding this place and its people up to ridicule and contempt.' (41)

In this passage is Rowe's own defense by negative inference. His implication is that as a people Newfoundlanders must look to their writers as a source of correction and change and as a balm to problems within their culture. The reader is aligned with these writers' cynicisms since he knows that the writers concerned stand as antagonists to the politicians such as Clapp and Godwin that the reader has come to so despise. Further, however, Rowe points to the precarious closeness of even these writers to many from other cultures, including the United States, and even to the influence which American culture has had upon his own writing. There are mirrors upon mirrors here, but surely Rowe's own self-conscious craftings are reflected in all of them.

Elsewhere in his text Rowe's characters echo Jane Maidment's condemnation of sensibilities in Newfoundland. Victor's mother tells her son that she could not remain there given the apathy she saw, and Victor affirms her decision. His mother describes her experience:

'Back there in Newfoundland, they never accepted the evidence of their senses that something was disastrously wrong or that the obstacles were insurmountable. They dismissed all that with a silly joke and barged on ahead as if nothing stood in the way, until the sugartit turned to sawdust in everyone's mouth yet again. And then they'd just say, 'Sure, what odds?' and turn undaunted to the next pie-in-the-sky scheme, to yet another prosperity-is-just-around-the-corner dodge. There must be a word for a people who seem not to learn the lesson of repeated disasters, and who can convince themselves each time with a silly joke that all the problems that arose and defeated them all the other times were all flukes.'

Victor suggests, 'Try stupid.' (23)

More devastating is the description Rowe creates of the three Newfoundland men who attempt to rape Jane one day while she is jogging, but find when she fights back that they must attempt murder:

'Jimmy, we're all in for it, unless I do this [that is, kill her]. This is the only way out for all of us now. We're in this together. And listen, pal, don't worry, we'll get you another nice piece of stuff, one that won't fuck you around like this one.'

Hampered by Jimmy, Dake had to release his hold on Jane near the side of the cliff. Then, fending off his friend with his hands, he took a couple of steps forward, nearly fell, regained his balance, and unsteadily, with the sole of his boot, he shoved Jane off the edge... (201)

The violence, depravity and stupidity the narrator underscores in these passages reveal an ugly underside to Newfoundland society, but the narrator is at pains to point out that it is the same stuff of horror which manifests itself in the United States. He relates Dake's criminal history in his own words:

'Don't you be so fucking stunned, Jimmy. I seen this coming down when she kicked me in the guts. We had to do something like this one time New Orleans to another cunt. A Spick from Rico. Oh yeah, sure: the cops figured it for a snuff job okay, but they never had fuck-all on no one. Same shit as this.' (200)

Tied together in the story are the experiences of Newfoundlanders with the experiences of people those in Newfoundland often describe as completely foreign to themselves. As contrived as the drawing together of the novel's two settings may seem, Rowe's text relentlessly tells his readers that they have not "accepted the evidence of their senses" if they do not recognize that in many ways they are already Americans.

Rowe's characterization of Galanti as liar, especially in terms of Galanti's own self-deceit, is crucial to the novel in that it allows the reader to see the liar in himself, particularly once questions about Galanti's heritage permeate the text. As distinctions between American and Newfoundlander blur for Galanti, so do they for the reader. Galanti fails to see his own corruptibility; he is alien unto himself and disassociated from the changes going on around him. By implication, this becomes a warning for the reader to regard the changes in his own society, and to question who he himself is becoming.

Galanti sees, for the first time, for example, how foreign he is to himself in the political language he uses to try to ingratiate himself in a conversation with Neil Godwin:

'There's some merit in that thought, Mr. Premier,' said Victor, wanting to get in on the conversation. 'Certainly, I find that, insofar as the media is concerned, arm's length is by far the best posture to assume.' Shit. What made me emit those stiff, formal *bloated* words? Instantly, he felt entirely alien here. (58)

He becomes so displaced from himself that he ultimately allows the political convention he addresses to determine his identity:

'So let them call me what they will - Victor Paul Gallant, The Bastard from Bay Despair, or Victor Paul Galanti, the legitimate son and heir of a brave American fighting man - you know me for what I am, and tonight you have to decide whether or not you will take me for what I am.' (217)

The self-delusion in this statement is evident in the way Galanti's speech depends on others for verification: they determine who he is, he does not choose for himself. Similarly, the Justice department determines his honour when they transform him "from dubious figure on the legal fringes to an incorruptible national hero" (163). His mother, older and wiser than Victor, is clear in her assessment of lies told to support an American appetite for power. In her experience, competition and conquest are at the center of American life. She describes the first encounter she had with American soldiers in Newfoundland, one of whom was to become Victor's father:

'You have no idea, my son, of the impression those young American boys made on us. They were like beings from another planet. They were so beautiful and kind and courteous and friendly, and they were there to help. That was before the words 'I'm an American and I'm here to help,' became the second-biggest lie in the world....' (148)

Victor's most appalling lie is a denial of his love for Jane in his procrastination to attend her hospital bedside as she borders on death after her near murder. In this act of self-protection -- for his career may be tarnished by his presence there -- Victor denies himself all his life's meaning and honour. Jane rightly denounces him:

Tears came into Jane's eyes as she lay on her hospital bed alone in her room. But it was not self-pity or the wearing off of the pain killers that caused the tears. This thought caused the tears: I am beaten and broken and mangled nearly to death. *And you are not here!* (201)

The conclusion of the novel -- shocking in its apparent contrivance -- strikes the reader as perhaps the greatest lie of all. Victor marries for the second time, meets Jane once more and is photographed in her hotel room causing another scandal. He divorces, gives up politics and marries Jane, who looks at him with "eyes shining and her pupils big and black with love" (278). Surely this should not happen, or can the American dream (and dreamer) repent and marry Newfoundland philosophy (and philosopher)? As readers we would like to think not: it works against all consistency in both novel and culture. Yet Rowe's warning still echoes from earlier in the novel. Perhaps the two nations are not as divergent as we would like to think. Justifiably the ending may be attacked for its implausibility, just as the novel's two-fold setting seems to cause the plot to stagger and characters to form unlikely pairings, yet within Rowe's structure comes the nagging doubt that the contrivance exists only in the reader's misperception, and that the marriage in the novel is mere allegory for one that has long existed culturally. If Rowe's novel collapses under the weight of these two warring and amorous worlds, it is perhaps only because those worlds have in fact collapsed and conjoined just outside the page.

While William Rowe's novels are a study of the workings of politics in Newfoundland society, Wayne Johnston's writing continually returns to the impact of religion on the Newfoundland family. His novels are structured as biographies of families, told from children's perspectives. His first novel, The Story of Bobby O'Malley (1985), opens with a passage key to understanding the structure of all his texts. Johnston's narrator tells us:

By the time I was sixteen I had lived in eight houses and I can remember all but the first - my life like strung beads, but convenient, as it makes the telling easier. And yet it was not so much the houses as the world from the window that changed, as if all those years our one house was slowly turning. (6)

The strung beads to which Bobby O'Malley, the only child of Ted and Agnes O'Malley, refers are a metaphor for the structure the Church has strung around his life. Calling up images of rosary beads, Bobby allows the reader to see in his story a kind of confession

and repentance told for both his parents, as we discover by the conclusion of the novel. Bobby's memories are in a sense created and embalmed by Church ritual, but his telling of his story becomes a possibility for counter-memory and a chance for Bobby to understand in his own way the forces that affected his parents and hence his own life. Foucault writes of precisely this kind of telling -- the restructuring of memory and time to free these entities from authoritarian control -- in his division of modalities of history:

The historical sense gives rise to three uses that oppose and correspond to the three Platonic modalities of history. The first is parodic, directed against reality, and opposes the theme of history as reminiscence or recognition; the second is dissociative, directed against identity, and opposes history given as continuity or representative of a tradition; the third is sacrificial, directed against truth, and opposes history as knowledge. They imply a use of history that severs its connection to memory, its metaphysical and anthropological model, and constructs a counter-memory - a transformation of history into a totally different form of time. ("Nietzsche, Genealogy, History," Language, Counter-Memory, Practice 160)

If the impulse towards the parodic -- the satire, the understanding that we do not know or recognize what we have become -- may be seen in the work of William Rowe, and if the impulse towards dissociation -- that is the destruction of identity by culture and the breakdown of tradition -- is manifest in both Rowe's and Pinsent's writings, then the stories of Wayne Johnston fall into the third category of sacrifice, opposing the notion that history is knowledge and positing the idea that far beyond the control of those bead-like moments of memory Bobby recalls, he must look to the gaps between them and in the space around them to come to his own sense of self. In this way the beads become the confession of Bobby's parents' story, but his retelling and reorganization of it -- the counter-memory he evokes -- becomes his absolution for their guilt, and by inheritance, his own.

In Foucault's discussion of what he calls "the will to knowledge" and its effects on those who engage in it and those who must submit to it, we have a description in philosophic terms of the workings of the O'Malley household. Agnes, a former teacher following a career through school board ranks, attempts to control all opinion, religious

order and sexuality in her household to the great detriment of her marriage, husband and son. She both bows to and represents the authority that is the Roman Catholic Church and her rigid adherence to its beliefs means the sacrifice of love and spontaneity in her own family. In essence, her knowledge creates injustice and becomes the malicious force ultimately responsible for her husband's suicide and her son's departure from the province.

Foucault writes of the will to knowledge:

The historical analysis of this rancorous will to knowledge reveals that all knowledge rests upon injustice (that there is no right, not even in the act of knowing, to truth or a foundation for truth) and that the instinct for knowledge is malicious (something murderous, opposed to the happiness of mankind). Even in the greatly expanded form it assumes today, the will to knowledge does not achieve a universal truth; man is not given an exact and serene mastery of nature. On the contrary, it ceaselessly multiplies the risks, creates dangers in every area; it breaks down illusory defenses; it dissolves the unity of the subject; it releases those elements of itself that are devoted to its subversion and destruction. Knowledge does not slowly detach itself from its empirical roots, the initial needs from which it arose, to become pure speculation subject only to the demands of reason; its development is not tied to the constitution and affirmation of a free subject; rather, it creates a progressive enslavement to its instinctive violence.... We should now replace the two great problems of nineteenth-century philosophy, passed on by Fichte and Hegel (the reciprocal basis of truth and liberty and the possibility of absolute knowledge), with the theme that 'to perish through absolute knowledge may well form a part of the basis of being.'

("Nietzsche, Genealogy, History," Language, Counter-Memory, Practice 163-64)

This description goes to the heart of Agnes O'Malley's religious training and subsequent dealings with her family. They are to her creatures who can be perfected by her patience and will, beings who can be instructed and cleansed from life: this in itself destroys the family and leads them variously to psychological devastation or suicide.

The destruction of the O'Malley family has been seen by critic Stuart Pierson accurately in terms of motifs of enclosure and entrapment recurring throughout the novel in the form of whirlpools, attics and graves. Pierson writes:

Johnston writes with craft and care. An intricate metaphoric web sustains this work. There are two central figures. The first is an enclosure, at times comforting, but always turning into a trap. The second is a vortex - a whirl. The two are related, for it is with reference to the enclosure that the turning takes place, and from inside which it is seen: a turning faster and faster, getting tighter and tighter, down and down into madness horror, isolation, blood, shit and death. The book opens with

houses, eight of them, yet all one, 'as if all those years our one house was slowly turning.' On page 9, a local pond's legendary whirlpools, which give Bobby nightmares: '... beneath the waves... a veritable swarm of corpses, each within his single cell, some gone back to bones, all doomed to an eternal circuit, never to reach their rest.' Soon after, Bobby tells us about the blocked sewer and the septic tank - 'the size of a coffin, and sunk about as deep' - that had periodically to be cleaned. The whole episode is one of the comic set-pieces that start you reading aloud to whoever is nearby and willing to listen, but it ends this way:

My father told me to remember that I got older every time I flushed the toilet. I imagined what it was like inside the tank, with the hatch in place, and all that earth piled on it.

'Dark and foul,' my father said, 'dark and foul.'

On page 15, more nightmares about whirlpools 'going around and round, at higher and higher speeds... Every night, my father and mother went by in whirlpools, raving like lunatics...'

...Bobby discovers a notebook of his father's memoirs with most of the pages torn out, and with a table of 'pages flushed' by date. On a loose sheet: "*What is more final than flushing the toilet? Do this in memory of me... The notebook is a pound of flesh on every page.*" (The emphasis is in the text.) As Bobby sees it, 'Each day, he'd taken what he'd written and flushed it down the toilet. *Do this in memory of me.* It seemed he would have my mother and me, perhaps on the anniversary of his death, kneel about the bowl and look longingly into the toilet. His headstone.' Soon after, in an agony of grief and memory, but also somnabulistically, Bobby cuts up two family mementoes - his mother's hair, which she had cut, 'to everyone's horror,' on the day before her wedding, and a videotape of his father reading the weather (let the cyclonic pattern of weather systems not be lost on the reader - spirals on the box). He cuts them up, drops them into the toilet, sets fire to the lot and flushes it down. 'As the water rushed in, the flames started going round and going out at the same time. The water ate in from the outer edge until only a core of flame was left, an island getting smaller and smaller, going round and round and down.'

("Review of The Story of Bobby O'Malley,"
Newfoundland Quarterly 83.3 (Winter 1988): 42)

Johnston himself was aware of these motifs forming even at the time of the writing of his novel, as his notes while writing the novel indicate: "Note that a motif is forming - that of the cocoon - the cocoon of the whirlpool, which is bad - the enclosure of the attic, which is good and bad, the enclosure of the storm, white cocoon, which is good and bad - his [Bobby's] problem is living without touching, as he is afraid of the world" (Wayne Johnston Collection, Memorial University Archives, unpaginated). Bobby lives in a cocoon of sanctity created by his mother and he has a fear, certainly, of touching the world just as she does. By the novel's conclusion, however, Bobby has realized his father's sacrifice in continuing to live with his mother, and in the inverted baptism of fire and water which Bobby performs at his father's temple, the toilet (the pun intended, for certainly

Bobby's mother views Ted's mind as septic tank), Bobby liberates himself from his mother and her culture's control.

That the rosary should form an essential structure of bead-memories for Bobby's narrative is appropriate, for the rosary is one element of his mother's religion which allows Bobby to tell his own experience. Bobby describes this feeling while he lives at Lawton's, a house shared with his aunt and her children:

The rosary, for us, was not so much an event, nor a time of day, as it was a place in which, as in the confessional, you could say what you wanted, and not have to own up for it afterwards. My parents' room was adjacent to Dola's bedroom, and the wall between was paper-thin. Saying the rosary, we would kneel to the wall, three of us on one side, the six of them on the other, and we would, with impunity, and under cover of code, speak our pent-up minds. (45)

The rosary may thus be seen as a starting point for Bobby's release, but its circle of confession becomes a weapon wielded by Bobby's mother against those around her. Bobby's description of Agnes's battle against her sister through prayer is full of comedy, but like so much of the humour found in the Newfoundland text, it is a comedy of self-mockery and Bobby's pain in his circumstances can be felt between the words:

The winner [of the rosary] was that side which, in tone and volume of voice, managed to sound more sinned against than sinning. 'Our father who art in heaven,' my mother would say, lunging at Dola with the Lord's Prayer. 'As we forgive those who trespass against us,' Dola would parry, with all the vengeance she could muster. My mother would raise here eyes to heaven and say, 'hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come,' her face full of patient suffering, as if, not judging, no, only remembering the measly portion of potatoes Dola had given us at supper. And Dola would answer, 'and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,' in the voice of one who, though not inclined to temptation or evil, had every reason to be, and one of them was on the other side of the wall. It was hand-to-hand combat, a pious gouging of eyes. 'Speak up dear, so God can hear you,' my mother would say, as I pelted puny Aves at the enemy, still on my second decade while, on the other side of the wall, Flo was on her fourth. Gradually, as the rosary waged on, our voices would rise, until soon it became a shouting match. 'Holy Mary, Mother of God,' my father would roar, and Rennie would raise his voice accordingly, belting out a Gloria for all he was worth. Often, both sides would slow down near the end, because neither wanted to finish first. Finishing the shorter, though papally sanctioned, form of the rosary first meant having to decide whether or not to continue; and sometimes, when one side decided 55 prayers was enough, the other side found in that failure the strength to start down the road to 165. Later, the winning side would come out of their room, looking tired, humble and twice as holy as the other. (45)

Bobby's religious practices are part of battle-field manoeuvres in a war between his mother and others, and ultimately Bobby and his father are its casualties as is, in a sense, his mother in her emotional frigidity. Bobby describes the emotions he feels living in a house owned by another family yet transformed by his family's presence into a kind of mortuary full of animosity:

The whole house was put out by my sleeping on the chesterfield. And that moving of the [television] set from one room to the other, Rennie and Dola with a hand on either side of it, their heads bowed and shoulders slumped like pallbearers, and the four girls following behind; my mother and father and I, watching, feeling as if all this would not be if it were not for us -- that moving of the set remains for me a kind of tableau of our days at Lawton's. (44)

Agnes's frustration fills the text, and in writing the narrative Bobby confesses this for her.

Agnes accepts her own hatreds in the guise of patience for others who have sinned against her, harbouring her illusion as a means of maintaining a sanitary psyche. Her self-delusion becomes apparent in her obsession with cleanliness in all forms, however, even to the point of denying Bobby access to language:

I didn't know what 'menstrual' meant. I knew what 'chthonic' meant, and 'irrefragible,' but not 'menstrual.' My mother for my sake neutered the universe. She wove a web of conscience round my mind and, every day when she got home from work, went one by one through the words it caught, wielding guilt like a fly-swatter.

'Did you hear any new words today, Bobby?'

'No.'

'Are you sure?'

'Well. What's hole?'

'Hole? H-O-L-E?'

'I think so.'

'You mean like a hole in the ground?'

'One girl said, "kiss my hole." The other girl said, "Can't kiss a hole, can only kiss around it."'

'*Mother of God* - now Bobby, listen to me. That's a dirty word, a dirty, filthy word, and you're not to say it or think of it again. Do you hear me?'

'Yes.' (49)

Agnes also denies herself sexually to her husband, and her retreat to sterility is summarized well by Pierson:

The marriage is consummated *once*; a son is born who grows up beset by ghastly nightmares, a prey to the old hag. Father, frustrated; begins an affair with 'Harold's Mother,' also known as the 'Wicked Witch of Luby Line.' Mother, in response,

steers Bobby toward choirboydom and the priesthood.... Johnston reveals Agnes' view of the erotic life:

She said the body was a breeding ground; it was a little-known fact that each of us carries around inside us at least one of every kind of disease-causing germ known to man. 'Our own germs can't hurt us,' she said. 'Disease occurs when two people start exchanging germs.' She said we had to keep a proper distance between ourselves and others. We must imagine ourselves encased in a sterile bubble, and let no one inside it. 'Remember the bubble, remember the bubble,' my mother liked to say. 'If someone comes too close, step back.' What about married couples and families, I wondered. My mother said that by the grace of God, a man and woman became 'immune' to one another at marriage. 'I'm immune to your father, and he's immune to me.' It worked with children too. 'We're immune to you, and you're immune to us. Isn't that wonderful?'

Wonderful indeed.

("Review of *The Story of Bobby O'Malley*,"
Newfoundland Quarterly 83.3 (Winter 1988): 42)

Ted O'Malley teaches Bobby the converse of this litany, however, allowing Bobby a chance to work out and reject the exemplar of the Church:

My mother read from her *St. Joseph Daily Missal*: 'Jesus, Mary and Joseph exemplify the proper relations that should exist between husband and wife, and parents and children. We should often ask them to sanctify our families by their example and intercession.' And she had me learn by heart the Litany of St. Joseph. Once, when my mother was not there to hear, my father pointed out the strangeness of using, as an exemplary family, one made up of a man and a woman who never made love, and a boy who grew up to be God. (112-13)

Further, Bobby befriends a boy also headed for the priesthood who, in that friendship, tells him the secrets of sexuality. Through bonds like this one and with his father he is liberated to self-knowledge and to the experience of shared voices and access to language:

He [Bobby's friend] said that, looking at girls, he sometimes got erections. I confessed that I, too, had had this happen. Blushing, he looked at his book, and told me what men and women did together. I was mortified, but also glad that, finally, someone had said it. (77)

Bobby's friends on the Luby Line become an outlet for his version of reality and a way of rebellion against adult control. He says he could "explain the world to them any way I wanted - abolish natural laws and make up new ones" (57). Harold's mother provides the same freedom for Ted O'Malley, taking on the role of witch to Agnes's saint, and able to create her world in the way she determines, frightening those unused to this power:

Her real name was Paula Dunne, *née* Benson, but, to her husband's ongoing mortification, she corresponded and introduced herself as Mrs. Upton - Downton -

Huntington - Smith, and would, with tongueless cheek, refuse to speak to anyone who called her anything else. It was for her invention of this name, and her ability to cast names like spells on people, she became known as the Wicked Witch of Luby Line. It was said that you had to be careful and keep your distance, that she could not name you if you were more than a hundred yards away, but that if you came within her zap-zone, the Wicked Witch of Luby Line would do a devil's baptism.... (60)

The inevitable confrontation between Harold's mother and Agnes occurs in parenthesis in the text. In this structural device Bobby uses narrative to unleash what may be memory or report, in either case relating between the lines of his text -- that is, in brackets -- what he feels must have happened. The parenthetical voice is one of both enormous freedom and sadness as it describes Harold's mother and Ted sliding down a staircase, and is set against an account of Agnes and Ted engaged in the same activity; but where Agnes is "panicked" and "dragged along," Harold's mother is "squealing loudly" and "bouncing," participating in Teddy's descent along the bannister rather than attempting to catch him as he falls:

Having not only to stop my father but also to avoid a collision with me, she [my mother] would keep off to one side and, sitting back on her haunches with arms outstretched, lunge laterally like a soccer goalie. Most of the time, she would catch my father on one shoulder and send him spinning harmlessly toward the other wall. Sometimes, though, she panicked and, shouting his name, threw herself at him, and with arms about his neck, was dragged along behind him like an anchor. Every night, when it was over, she would get up off the floor and shake her head, as if in disbelief that a woman who did this by night could by day be an assistant superintendent of education. (An afternoon a few months later, my mother would come home early from work and, opening the door, step into the hallway just in time to hear my father and Harold's Mother start from the top of the stairs. My father and Harold's Mother, naked in the Teddy-tank [a kind of pillow on which they slid], would come roaring out of the darkness, she in front, squealing loudly, with knees pressed tight to her bouncing breasts, he behind her, his arms about her belly. And there would be a moment when, though they could see my mother below, they could not stop what they were doing, but would have to go on doing it, on down to the bottom while she watched.) (70)

In this scene is both the grandest rebellion of the novel and the crisis which forces Ted O'Malley's eventual suicide. Both the rebellion and suicide are sins which Bobby absolves in telling his story.

The impact of the novel is far ranging in the Newfoundland community. Certainly Agnes's influence is touted with fear and sarcasm as such by Ted when Agnes is "made

Assistant Director of Curriculum and Texts for high schools. " 'Think of it Bobby,' my father said, 'a whole generation of Newfoundlanders influenced by your mother' " (88). Johnston points directly to the clashes and ramifications of those clashes between Protestants and Catholics as a result of the beliefs held by people like Agnes O'Malley and her Protestant counterparts:

In the early days of Kellies, there had more or less been a range war between the Catholics and Protestants. A man was killed. Another had his ears cut off. A Catholic who tried to convert was horsewhipped. By my time, the war was a cold war, though there were incidents - beatings, and once, a rape of a Catholic girl by Protestant boys, bent on revenging something her father had done. The old hostilities flared now and then and, when they did, it wasn't safe, especially if you were a Protestant, to walk the roads. At such times, the priest and the minister met and talked, and differences were settled that way. But most of the time Protestants and Catholics simply ignored one another. Whenever we saw a Protestant coming, we crossed the road. (102-3)

The dangers of religious beliefs that exclude and marginalize others extend to those who believe them as well. Bobby notes:

I remember at Prayers that fall how, after dark, the almost-empty church, so hollow sounding, smelling of smoke and incense, made me feel like a part of a community of solitary souls. All of us there, together and silent in the darkness, hardly aware of one another, looking away from one another, at Stations on the wall. (107)

The insidious and isolating effect of religious authority on the individual and in the community is made plain here, identified at once as realistic by reviewers:

A whole generation of under 40 Catholics will identify with this story, and reactions will undoubtedly vary.

...Wayne Johnston has managed to capture the essence of post-Vatican II years and their effect on the generation growing up during that time of intense change. The mix of humour and bitterness in his writing will shock some readers but will strike a familiar chord with more.

(Chris Mousseau, "Review of The Story of Bobby O'Malley," Newfoundland Herald 41.22 (31 May 1986): 112.)

The plight of the individual caught in the grip of such religious stringency is pictured finally by Johnston in Bobby's last memory of his father: "He went out that night as he had other nights since Harold's Mother left - whistling cheerfully, he might have been making fun of himself, mocking his own refusal to seem unhappy in front of us" (173). If Ted O'Malley

recalls Will Cole of The Rowdyman here it is because they both belong to Foucault's grouping of the disassociated. Their self-mockery begets self-destruction, but their gift is the lesson they leave for others, as Johnston shows us, for Bobby belongs to the next generation who can, in breaking cycles perpetuated before them, absolve themselves in stories confessed for their own benefit, rather than for that of any other supposed greater authority.

In the same way that Bobby O'Malley begins his narrative by working carefully along a string of rosary beads to find, through the telling of his story, that the string must be broken to release himself from a cultural imprisonment, John Foley, grandson of patriarch Andrew Dunne -- Grandfather Dad -- in The Time of Their Lives, begins his narrative with a commentary on the forces of history and their place in the development of the Newfoundland family, only to find that it is in the denial and rebellion directed against those forces that his family and in fact his culture have been created. Also like Bobby O'Malley, John realizes that in telling his family's story he places himself outside their control, but he makes clear to the reader as well that in the movement from social interaction between extended family to nuclear family and ultimately to isolated individual, as much may be lost as gained.

Even with the novel's title Johnston makes the reader aware that his tale will not document history but will follow the course of his characters' lives in the way their own "time" is measured, through family development, change and disintegration. The novel's opening draws on John's great-grandmother's immigration to Newfoundland, but this does not imply that Johnston will trace the family through its relation to Newfoundland history; rather, it allows Johnston to demonstrate the ways in which Newfoundlanders have often dealt with the world around them by imaginatively recreating it to suit their own purposes, regardless of how far from actuality their recreation might be:

My great-grandmother, whose people came from Boston as indentured servants, swore that, however wild was their birthplace, her children would have a 'proper'

upbringing. Though there were only the scrawniest of trees behind her house and, in front of it, a stretch of barren rock leading to the sea, she named the place 'Fernview.' 'Fernview, Harbour Deep, Newfoundland,' was the address she sent to her relatives in Boston. (5)

From the outset of the novel we are thus informed that John's forbearers created illusion to answer both the needs of other cultures (for surely John's great-grandmother so names her new home to demonstrate to those left in another land that she has made a decision in her choice of country that is suitable to their standards) and to ease the harsh reality which faces them. The details or historical implications of their immigration is of no importance, but how it has coloured their imaginations is.

Johnston's use of historical reference causes his book to receive criticism from reviewers, but this, I would argue, arises from their misunderstanding of the way in which this historical information functions in the text. Like M.T. Doherty's The Corrigan Women, The Time of Their Lives functions to highlight the ahistorical aspects of its characters' lives. While Bobby O'Malley's story overthrows the dominion the Catholic church has had over his family, John Foley demonstrates that his family has always overthrown history -- the documentation or acknowledgement of actualities in experience -- for their own desires, but these are desires often instilled by cultural beliefs or proposals established outside their communities. While the members of his family seem independent, even stubborn, in their determination to make their own reality, John sees in this only fraud, for their ideals are actually untenable in their circumstances, having been imported from worlds outside Newfoundland experience. The historic events to which John refers throughout the text therefore stand not to create epic saga, but to demonstrate either the way in which people in Newfoundland have ignored or worked against them, or the way in which they have transported cultural standards unworkable in Newfoundland to the island. Criticism of the novel's failure is thus unjust from reviewers who expect epic scope as the result of Johnston's references to history:

The trouble here I think is that Johnston has treated an epic subject in a sketchy anecdotal fashion....

The reason for moving to the Meadows in the first place is historically given, as are certain ingredients of the happiness or misery of a few characters after 1949. Apart from these, the elaborate and dramatic dance between this rock and the rest of the world that has twirled on since 1920 figures only in authorial asides. No rule requires that history be part of any novel. Nabokov thinks history is utterly beside any work of art's point. Yet Johnston implies from the outset that this story, with its three-generational sweep and its implicit recapitulation of modern Newfoundland's history (grandfather Dunne as the independent dominion, proud, patriarchal and pig-headed; his children and their spouses representing the uncertainties, experiments and divisions that preceded Confederation; *their* children as comfortable and featureless Canadians) will do what Dr. Zhivago or *War and Peace* did, bring in history as a force shaping the characters' lives, almost as a demiurge beneath the entire action.

(Stuart Pierson, "Review of *The Time of Their Lives*,"
Newfoundland Quarterly 85.3 (Winter 1990): 35.)

There is no reason to assume from Johnston's narrative structure that the novel must compare with historical fiction of other cultures; this would be to propagate the very dilemma to which Johnston points in his novel. Johnston is working in his own tradition here, where anecdote is supreme and where history by necessity must play only a sketchy role in depicting the culture, for it is how characters reinterpret and reshape their lives outside that history which is of importance.

Historical events in the novel are of no great value in themselves; instead the internalization of guilt or responsibility for those events by characters who could have in no way altered their course may be seen to shape the dynamics of generations of family relations. It is not Johnston's enterprise to explore, for example, the period of Commission of Government in Newfoundland, but to indicate how any event such as a loss of political independence would be certain to elicit a particular response in the kind of characters he describes. It is not so much that event shapes character as that the character will, given its commitment to certain ideologies about itself, respond to any event in a predictable way. Therefore in delineating the characters of "Mom" and "Dad" Dunne, Johnston first describes their world views, and only then does he introduce historical event to be shaped by the Dunnes as they see fit. Johnston writes of Mom and Dad's opposing views on eternal life, for example:

For Mom, heaven was heaven as described in sympathy cards, a pleasant arbor-like place, where nature was tamed and everything was clean and spotless. Opposed to this was her much more vividly imagined hell. It was not so much the suffering as the abjectness of the damned she stressed. Worse than the burning flames, Mom would tell her children, worse than the venom-oozing scorpions and snakes would be the jeers of the exalted, the scorn of the souls who would look down at the damned from heaven. Yes, Mom would say, staring at Dad, the damned would look up from hell to see friends and family pointing at them, laughing. Thus were the proud answered, Mom would say, thus was their universe turned on its head.

Dad would laugh at her. It was not the proud but the weak that would be damned, he'd say. That the weak were sinful, that failure derived from weakness and was therefore a sin, this was what he professed to believe. And, he said, if someone failed or was visited with hardship through what seemed no fault of their own, you could be sure that their punishment was just, that they had sinned in some way of which only they had knowledge. The crippled man, the barren woman - such people knew in their souls why they were damned. (11-12)

In this passage each marriage partner baits the other, inducing family strife by citing themselves as authority over the very creation of the universe. Yet Mom's philosophy rests on a notion she has adopted from a greeting card supplier, for certainly she does not cite verses born of her own culture's poets, while Dad defines those on welfare as the damned because, in comparison, he can be more holy than them by virtue of his good health. The tone of both arguments is scorn, riddled with the laughter of mockery. When any misfortune befalls the couple, their answer to it is guilt and self-blame, for in having been assured for years of their faults, they are in their hearts ready to accept the consequences of them. The particular historical tragedy is of little consequence. Since the Dunnes are individuals who feel they have recreated the world and now are supreme authority in it, it is not surprising they feel responsible for any catastrophe which descends upon them, in spite of their complete lack of control regarding it. Johnston writes:

In the early thirties, when, after 80 years of self-government, the country of Newfoundland could not meet its massive development loan payments and went bankrupt, this notion of 'failure' was rampant in the Meadows. Many people felt it as a personal humiliation that Britain dissolved our parliament and appointed us with a British Commission of Government. There were also those who, like Dad, went about with a chip on their shoulders, those who were bent on proving that, even if their country was a failure, they as individuals were not. And there were those who, like Mom, thought that our 'failure' was our come-uppance, went around saying things like 'How the mighty have fallen,' as if we had been vain to try to make it on our own. But whether, like Dad, they thought it was our laziness,

or whether, like Mom, they thought it was our vanity that brought us down, people united in thinking that we were to blame. (12)

Thus in an environment beyond control, the people living in it attempt control of ideology, but believing themselves sinners of one variety or another for so doing, they are mentally prepared to accept blame for all manner of occurrences. A peculiar breed of characters results, as Johnston describes Andrew Dunne:

Dad was often fighting in those days, fighting with any man in whom he saw even a trace of self-pity or abjectness. He would take the most innocent remark and twist it, would find, in some offhand statement about the wretchedness of our economy, a personal attack. The strange thing, my mother said, was that he would goad into fights only those men he knew he had no chance of beating. (13)

This man's destruction thus becomes one of self-hatred, induced by a belief structure that is born both of a geography that perpetually defies recreation and the frustration and guilt inherent in the disbelief required of a culture to live in that environment.

The perspective which the narrator gives the reader on the reasons why Newfoundland voted in favour (however marginally) of confederation with Canada depends entirely on the notion that the political machine in Newfoundland is driven by the Newfoundlander's guilt in his own failure to control his environment and his failure to live up to the aspirations of the culture from which he or his family has emigrated. Geography is the instigator of self-loathing and that in turn provides the impetus towards fanatical independence, exhibited in Dad, and apathetic dependency, exhibited in Mom. These characters, standing as representatives of the anti- and pro-confederation movements respectively, create history out of the emotional deprivation caused by their geography, just as their need to create religion rested upon their need to justify and validate their life's choices. Johnston writes:

Everyone was as fiercely partisan in politics as in religion; everyone had an unyielding opinion. Dad had been one of those who believed that, what with transfer payments, baby-bonus cheques, unemployment insurance payments and medicare, joining Confederation would be the same as going on the dole. Better to starve than take handouts, Dad had said, but Mom had told him that this was nonsense. The failure of Responsible Government, she said, had shown that we needed someone to take care of us, and whether that someone was Canada, Britain or even the United States, she didn't care. (45)

Johnston's understanding of this duality at the foundation of the Newfoundlander's construct of self -- for the struggle between Mom and Dad stands as such a manifestation -- reveals the difficulties which arise when the values established by these characters must be questioned in a search for alternative ways of living. Mom and Dad's children, unable to provide for themselves in the world created by their parents, must look to other creations to find survival.

Stuart Pierson traces the impact of Andrew Dunne's experience on succeeding generations in the novel, illuminating the paradox of personality which results when children attempt to fulfill their parent's dreams of betterment, and yet at the same time must deny their parent's cultural expectations and validity to do so. Pierson writes:

The... dilemma cuts deep in Newfoundland culture and perfuses this book, taking a number of shapes and disguises: the trek from Harbour Deep to the Meadows [that is from fishing to farming] betrayed those who stayed, 'their way of life, their families, their friends' (p.6), and prefigured Confederation, a more momentous turning away from the Atlantic or from something, uniquely valuable, indigenous and frail. Murchie went off to Ontario, came back with a wife and two Barbie-doll daughters, and crowed about how much bigger and better everything was in Toronto.... Jude (the narrator's father's sister) decided that 'even St. John's was inferior to places on the mainland' and that lobster in Bangor, Maine, was 'better than Newfoundland lobster, the codfish tastier, the people, in a way that, somehow, you could not put your finger on, more friendly' (p.139). It is a mixture of self-hatred - anywhere is better than here, here being Harbour Deep, then the Meadows, then St. John's, *ad infinitum* - and the resentment born in small groups whose members enjoy a rough equality, when someone excels, is thought to excel, or pretends to excel.... To depart in any way [from the cultural construct of the norm in the society], in income, education, aspiration, accent or consumption was in some way to cut yourself off, to betray, to open yourself to ridicule and contempt.

("Review of The Time of Their Lives,"
Newfoundland Quarterly 85.3 (Winter 1990): 36)

The rigidity of culture maintained by those who adhere only to tradition creates a kind of cultural schizophrenia that rings throughout Johnston's text. Characters long to be other characters, to have their jobs or lives, to be anything, in short, other than who they are, yet simultaneously they ridicule anything that is not of their own making or thinking. So obsessive are the games of denial of self to be other and conversely denial of other to affirm self that even the children of the novel quickly acquire their parent's savage and saddening

skills. In the following passage John relates the way in which his father is reminded by his brother that, though the two men were raised together and knew as much as one another about the sea, in leaving for a government job his father has become alienated by those who remain in the fishery. John is subject to similar scorn from his cousins, who play on his lack of knowledge of his heritage to keep him as well perpetually outside it:

Raymond [John's uncle] would act toward my father in that overly solicitous, condescending way that the bayman normally reserves for visiting townies. If they walked on the beach, Raymond expressed concern for my father's overshoes - Tom mustn't get his shoes wet or dirty, no, we must keep clear of the water for Tom's sake. Would Tom like to see some fish, Raymond would wonder, or would he like to see the caplin coming in? Raymond would point to Johnson's Island, tell stories about it as if he, and not my father, had spent a childhood in Harbour Deep. This teasing would never be quite so severe as to demand a confrontation between them. It was gentle enough that for my father to complain about it would have made him seem some too sensitive, chip-on-the-shoulder fool.

Raymond's oldest son Percy picked up on his father's habits and, at the age of eight, was giving Neil, Kevin and me as hard a going over as Raymond gave our father. Though we lived less than ten miles from the sea, we knew almost nothing about it, and Percy exploited our ignorance. He would send us in search of what he called 'winter sea-shells,' shells that supposedly, could only be found on the beaches in winter. He convinced us that such things existed, even made up perfectly plausible reasons why we must not mention them to grownups.... Sometimes, he would tell us the truth about something, but in such an outlandish way that we would disbelieve him. Kevin, Neil and I would laugh at him, scornfully repeat his story to the grownups back at the house, only to find, to our everlasting embarrassment, that it was true. (67)

In one generation's staunch affirmation of this culture lies the scorn which becomes the catalyst for the destruction of community in both its own time and the future. The culture thus ultimately destroys itself, leaving only a struggle for power in its wake.

The struggle for power in the community left in Harbour Deep and in the Meadows is itself seen by Johnston to rest finally on control of money. Land becomes worthless in terms of the work invested in it, but may be valuable in terms of oil speculators who come to buy in areas which may be used for production and development in off-shore ventures. Whole communities depend for survival on what may be the whim of one speculator, or one traitor among them:

Raymond went about telling everyone that he was holding out for the right price, and this worried the farmers on the Meadows, not one of whom had agreed to sell

their land. They were worried that, if Raymond gave in, the resolve of the others not to sell would be weakened; and that, if enough farmers signed agreements for future sale, the government would lift the agricultural land freeze and, in the case of an actual development proposal, expropriate what few farms were left. (183)

Raymond's treacherous presence among these farmers is the result of a community feeding upon itself. Unable to adapt their own culture to suit themselves -- whether conveyed to the reader through Johnston's depiction of guilt, apathy or rigidity -- the characters in this novel are seen to maintain a culture which destroys its proponents, in the process forcing them to defer to other cultures' power and righteousness, largely due to the economic success of those cultures. Johnston's portrayal of the resulting psyche in the Newfoundland community in the novel is starkly revealing. For example, he writes of Frank and Jude's return from a visit to the mainland for an adopted son's wedding:

They talked of Boyd's success, the measure of which seemed to be the number of things he did about which they, as they put it, were 'clueless'. Boyd and his wife took them to expensive restaurants, ordered for them. And Boyd kept them at ease, Jude said, by acting drunk and embarrassing the stuffy waiter. (186)

Here the parents of a successful and successfully raised child know nothing of his customs. Instead, he maintains a familial relationship with them by spending money and by showing them that he can embarrass others, in this case bringing the waiter down to their level, an act in itself a paradoxical insult and compliment to them. The disintegration of family and culture in the particular here is broadened to the Meadows itself as it takes on the standards of North American suburbia:

In places on the Meadows, the agricultural freeze has been lifted, and farms are giving way to subdivisions. Alongside the old, flat-topped, two-storey houses, pre-fabricated bungalows are going up. Recently, the priest was quoted as saying that, now that professional men and women are moving to the Meadows, the parish will be 'more interesting'. The strange thing is that the natives of the Meadows now feel out of place. (193)

In this description Johnston delineates the passing of a culture, and one which he implies has been brought on in large part through its own devices.

Ultimately Johnston's second novel is a lament for the passing of a way of life, but not necessarily for the way of life itself. Johnston's writing does not make us long to see

any of this family or culture restored; instead he looks in pity and horror at the way in which it has unfolded. Douglas Glover writes that the Dunne family exists in "an R.D. Laing universe where the paradigm of the family is concentration camp" ("Life with Father," Books in Canada (April 1988): 23), and certainly Johnston's novel echoes of inheritance from Percy Janes's House of Hate, but more than that it speaks painfully of a culture that accepts as inheritance, in many ways, its own self-destruction. Hence at the novel's conclusion during Raymond's death the narrator tells us that those keeping watch "began to think more of our own deaths than of his. In the end it was death itself we kept vigil over. And it was in acknowledgement of this we joked with one another, made mention of places and times far removed" (192). John reveals his understanding here of the relationship between the jokes (which so permeate Johnston's work) and death or self-destruction: the telling of stories of times and places at a distance and the laughter salvaged from them is a means of creating new community and culture, thus standing against the destruction perhaps invoked by those times and places and allowing salvation from the wreckage of both self and time.

While the Story of Bobby O'Malley breaks the metaphoric rosary beads of confession in Johnston's novel, The Time of their Lives concludes with an image of John Foley's family gathered, in memory, in the family kitchen, where "they said the rosary, repeated sixty times, 'Now and at the hour of our death' " (194). Johnston does not propose a way back to the rosary here, either culturally, religiously or in terms of the image of narrative structure for which he invoked the rosary metaphor in the first novel. Instead he laments the family strength that might have been found through the cultural icon of the rosary beads and the family ritual, and he reminds the reader of the destruction of the family which lurks just outside the temporality of the rosary itself. Johnston cannot go back to reclaim the myths of the past which he has had to destroy in order to find his own voice as a writer, and which have, he shows us, imprisoned a culture spiritually for generations.

It is a natural progression to find in The Divine Ryans, his latest novel, then, that Johnston explores other cultural myths in order to allow a kind of rebirth for his protagonist. These myths are widely varied, ranging from classical to modern psychoanalytical. The Divine Ryans stands as the first of Johnston's novels in which we see the protagonist truly take power into his own hands and control his own destiny, rising like a phoenix -- the metaphor which Johnston engages at the conclusion of his novel -- from the ashes of cultural embitterment.

Beginnings are a site of great importance for Johnston's novels, for in them both the tone and crisis to be faced within the text are clearly displayed for the reader. The opening of The Divine Ryans is no different:

Our house must be sold to help keep the *Daily Chronicle* afloat. What better place for Aunt Phil to make this announcement than in the graveyard, among relatives who, by the way she looked at their headstones, might all have died to keep the *Chronicle* afloat? To hear her talk, giving up the house was the least that we could do.

'Their only regret,' said Uncle Reginald, 'is that they have but one house to give for the *Chronicle*.' (1)

Here the narrator of the novel, Draper Doyle Ryan, isolates the features key to the destruction of his family. The family business -- The Daily Chronicle -- is mainstay of both the family's reputation and ancestry. It must be preserved at all costs, even to the detriment of the family itself. Aunt Phil's declaration that young Draper Doyle's house must be sold is comically set in the graveyard, visual symbol of the decay for which the living struggle. Her culture is built on the bones of the past and will be secured only by the bones of the future, all puns intended. Her brother, Draper Doyle's father, has been worked to the bone to shore up the paper and dies, we are told by Draper Doyle, of a heart attack at a young age. Only later through Draper Doyle's successive psychological difficulties do we see that Donald, his father, must return from the safety and sanctity of the boneyard to toy with Draper Doyle's memories. The gaps surrounding Donald's death are eventually filled in, and the reader finds Donald resurrected by Draper Doyle, telling his son of his

homosexuality and the marriage forced upon him by his father in order to secure the family's lineage. The family is maniacal about maintaining power, both financially and sexually, in order to retain their authority in their culture. Only Uncle Reginald serves as foil to these desires in aiding Draper Doyle to find his own memories and thus his own kind of power. Reginald himself is content to remain in Aunt Phil's household, although when Draper Doyle's immediate family is able to leave that dwelling, one suspects that Uncle Reginald's heart is light with joy.

Donald's return to invade Draper Doyle's waking and sleeping hours plays a little like Hamlet in the novel; Draper Doyle is constantly distracted by the mystery concerning his father's ghost's reappearances, and the ghost itself is a reflection of the obsessive reality of the household. Of utmost importance is the hockey puck which the ghost tosses up and down in the air. Draper Doyle tells us that the ghost "held the puck to his ear, shaking it now and then, as you might do with a watch to see if it was ticking" (4) and "held it lightly in the palm of one hand which he moved up and down, as if he was trying to guess the weight of the puck, or as if, about to throw it, he was wondering what sort of projectile it might make, assessing its possibilities" (11). We understand that the puck is a mystical revelation, winding down to the time of self-knowledge and ultimately new possibilities in Draper Doyle's life, and that these possibilities may be achieved only through a complete understanding of Draper Doyle's father. Johnston's narrative cleverly weaves the boy's idolization of the NHL into new mythic proportions. Draper Doyle has longed to be a goalie himself, to stop all pucks from escaping him. In his attempt to control them, Draper Doyle suits up in enormous and entrapping hockey gear which leaves his body dysfunctional. He fails miserably at the job, but mounts a huge poster of himself in his room in full hockey gear:

In the darkness, I could barely read the caption which Uncle Reginald had written on the bottom border of the picture. 'Draper Doyle: Goalie,' it said. It looked more impressive than it had when the light was on, more imposing. There I was, weirdly oversized in my equipment, looking out at the world through my face mask. The

puck at my feet might have been a symbol of the fate of all pucks that came my way. (10)

Embalmed in this mythology Draper Doyle exists in a world where he cannot possibly live up to his own expectations. His father's words about the origin of the word "puck" allow both Draper Doyle and the reader to defrock Draper Doyle's hockey ideology, however, and grant possibilities of reinterpretation for Draper Doyle's memories and belief structures so they may be better understood and repaired to allow the boy's self-determination. Donald Ryan's definition of the word "puck" returns to Draper Doyle as he contemplates the poster of himself:

In the picture, I was dressed in full goalie gear, face mask included. I looked like some sort of insect, magnified ten thousand times, preening for the microscope. At my skates, on the ice just in front of me, lay my nemesis, the puck. The word 'puck,' my father had once told me, originally meant 'demon.' For a time it had even been used interchangeably with 'hobgoblin.' (3)

In linking the puck to demonology and magic, and in placing this demonology and magic in his father's hands through his dreams, Draper Doyle tells himself much of consequence. The child can neither stop nor control the workings of demons in his life, but he can allow himself the freedom to try on roles other than goalie -- real or psychological -- which might better suit him, and in this trying on, create for himself a kind of magical transformation, something his father achieved only briefly in the lost year of his youth spent in Montreal. There, notably, he caught a puck at the Forum which Draper Doyle later finds and understands to be the puck his father's ghost considers so weightily in Draper Doyle's dreams.

While Draper Doyle's father presents the possibility of escape from expected codes imposed by social, cultural and self-made myths, Draper Doyle's Uncle Reginald opens the way to that possibility. As Johnston has elsewhere shown, laughter can create new social orders, and Uncle Reginald's foray into the psychology of Draper Doyle employs laughter to allow release for the boy, and very likely for himself as well. His meetings with Draper

Doyle take the form of psychoanalysis, a kind of psychological healing administered by Uncle Reginald as he explains to Draper Doyle:

He asked me if I had ever heard of psychoanalysis. I made a face and shook my head. It was, he said, the opposite of psychoanalysis. He told me that the job of an analyst was to listen, while the job of an oralyst was to speak. The job of an analyst was to take his patient seriously. The job of an oralyst was to make him laugh. An analyst had his patient lie on a couch. An oralyst had him tell the truth, whether it was on a couch or somewhere else - only the oralyst was allowed to lie, which he could be counted on to do almost constantly. The analyst spoke of nothing but the patient's problems. The oralyst went off on tangents entirely irrelevant to the patient's problems, in fact did so as often as possible, thereby confusing the patient and having fun at his expense.

The analyst sat out of sight of the patient who did all the talking - the patient, in other words, was treated like an adult, his desire for privacy respected. He was heard but never seen. With the oralyst, the patient was seen but never heard - in other words, treated like a child, which was entirely appropriate, Uncle Reginald said, since I happened to be one. (31-32)

Thus rather than psychoanalyzing Draper Doyle's dreams, Uncle Reginald psychoanalyzes them, something Uncle Reginald warns Draper Doyle to keep to himself: " 'But for God's sake,' he said, 'don't tell anyone you're being oralized by your uncle. If you do, I'll be arrested' " (32). Their secret society is subversive to the moral authorities in Draper Doyle's world, standing as inverse to practiced medical science, as hobgoblin to the sanctioned spirituality of confession and as tool to overthrowing family authority itself, for through prolonged visits with Uncle Reginald, Draper Doyle's father comes more sharply into focus for him.

Not only does Uncle Reginald supply Draper Doyle with stories about his father, but more importantly he allows Draper Doyle to treat him as a confidant who believes in the necessary creation of Donald Ryan's ghost. If oralysis allows the past to surface from the mind blank before storytelling, Uncle Reginald functions as the pencil which by easy pressure allows the lines of Draper Doyle's father to rise clearly through him, the same way Donald Doyle allowed hockey scores to appear magically by shading with a pencil on paper imprinted with those scores by the tip of a pen no longer full of ink. Recovery and scrutiny of the past through all means possible is at the heart of the story; not the recovery of some

unattainable objective truth, but the recovery of that which is important to construct self, however deviant from any structure of objectivity that recovery may be. Hence Uncle Reginald and Donald play hosts to Draper Doyle's necessary game of reconstruction. As he finds the lines of the past for which he searches written in the memories of his father, he knows that Uncle Reginald will act as device to record and imprint those lines, and in this way cultural freedom is extended, albeit subversively, from the dead to the living and from one generation to the next. The imprint of father and freedom constructed in bold relief of storyline releases from purgatory those past and present, and although this is not yet entirely clear to Draper Doyle, his father's ghost -- his own creation -- leads him to this realization with every appearance. Johnston relates one such incident on a night when Draper Doyle is certain he has seen his father skating at a deserted rink:

I jumped over the boards and, getting down on my hands and knees, began searching the ice for the marks my father's skates had made. The rink must have been flooded just after dark, for there were no marks on the ice except his. I imagined throwing a huge sheet of paper over the ice, then shading it to find the patterns he had left behind. I could take it home to Uncle Reginald, roll it out for him in the backyard like some giant shroud, an image in negative of my father's presence in the world....

... Looking up at that clear cold February sky, I remembered something my father had once told me, a variation on that old idea that what we call stars are really holes in the sky with the light of heaven shining through them. A star, my father said, was a hole made when a puck had been punched out of the night sky. All pucks came from the sky, he said. And the end of the world would come when there was no sky left.

... The thought that the puck might have been a little fragment of time itself gave added meaning to the notion of making a save.... I concocted elaborate fantasies in which the continued existence of the planet earth depended on my skill as goaltender.

... Then the way I was lying on the ice, with my arms and legs spread out, reminded me of something else my father had said, not long before he died.... He reminded me of the picture in the *Cartoon Dante*. It showed, at the bottom-most pit of Dante's hell, at the very core of the Inferno where the fires of retribution should have been most intense, a solid block of ice. And within that block of ice, frozen for all eternity, caught forever in the act of committing mortal sin, lay Satan - a figure of perfect isolation, utter loneliness, his arms and legs spread-eagled, his eyes staring up through the ever-widening circles of hell to heaven, where the saved looked down on him with scorn.

I had told Uncle Reginald about my father's strange story. 'The Fire On Ice Sermon,' he called it, assuring me that Satan's name did not appear even once in the NHL's official book of rules and regulations.

Why my father had told me the story, I had no idea. Lying there on the rink, spread-eagled on the ice like some tiny Satan, I began to shiver. (147-49)

In this recounting to Uncle Reginald -- the story to the page -- is made clear the relationship between Draper Doyle and his father. As Draper Doyle struggles with his own awakening sexuality, chased in his dreams by the naked Momary monster, half his mother and half his sister Mary, so too is he on the verge of rediscovering his father's struggle to repress his homosexuality, for in fact it was the discovery of his father in "the act of committing mortal sin" with another man which drove his father to suicide, and Draper Doyle subsequently suppresses all memory of both the act itself and of finding his father's body the next day. Draper Doyle is held captive by his own sexuality and by his assumption of guilt in his father's sexuality and death, and until each of these characters can speak their stories, they are held frozen in purgatory. Beyond this entrapment, they are both creatures held in submission to the dominance represented by Aunt Phil and the church. It is only through storytelling on Draper Doyle's part that he and his father, though they may be perceived as demons, achieve their own self-determination and escape cultural imprisonment.

Although Draper Doyle moves towards independence in his own right -- refusing, for instance, to allow Father Seymour to strap him at school -- it is in the combined efforts of his mother's and sister's attempts with him to form their own secret society within Aunt Phil's house that he is moved to protect them all. His mother chastises both Father Seymour and Aunt Phil, the former for corporal punishment and the latter for subjecting Draper Doyle to funeral visitations (since part of the family business is the running of a funeral home) and in so doing releases her family from some of the infamous Ryan control. He, Mary and his mother also begin to meet nightly in his mother's room, giggling and speaking freely to one another. Their closeness, aligned with the anniversary of his father's death and the loss of a Stanley Cup championship hockey game for Montreal, trigger his memories of the last time he saw his father alive, which was, of course, the night he discovered his father's homosexuality. Draper Doyle's dreams that night are both

apocalyptic and transformational, drawing on the tales his father had told him of Virgil's Aeneid, as depicted in *The Cartoon Virgil*. Stuart Pierson summarizes the conclusion and its implications well:

These passages [concerning his father and his father's lover] are some of the best in the book. There follows, however, an extended dream sequence which begins with a storm of pucks falling from the sky - the 'Apuckalypse', according to Uncle Reginald - and proceeds to the obligatory journey to the underworld (here the basement waking rooms at Ryan's Funeral Home) as in Book VI of the *Aeneid*, with Tom the Doberman, a neighbourhood dog, standing in as Cerberus at the gates, or at the bottom of the stairs. Instead of three heads, as in Vergil [sic], this dog has three sets of 'private parts,' and instead of a sop, is diverted by three pucks thrown to him by Draper Doyle.

The dream goes on and on, and loses its way. There is something *voulu* about the whole thing, as in one of John Barth's extended, well-thought-out, but finally overwrought constructions. When Draper Doyle awakens, he finds an invisible letter from his father on the same book cover where the [hockey] scores were recorded. Using a blank sheet of paper and a pencil, he shades the letters in: words, 'like some buried memory at long last surfacing,' emerge 'ghostly from the paper' (224). His father does not ask forgiveness. The family will have a greater chance for happiness without him. It is at this point that Draper Doyle goes to Aunt Phil and forces her [by using his knowledge about his father as threat] to let his mother and the two children go. In the last chapter Uncle Reginald drives them to the airport in the hearse, and they fly away. Death and resurrection.

("Review," Newfoundland Studies 7.1 (Spring 1991): 81-82)

Although the dream sequence is admittedly overwrought, so too are the passions which drive Draper Doyle to secure his psychological and physical freedom from the stultifying control of the Ryan family. In Draper Doyle's flight from that control is his father's symbolic resurrection and release as well. Through hockey games, classical tales, cartoons and any other device that Johnston can supply Draper Doyle, the author makes clear to the reader that the religious manifestoes and power politics of one generation or culture may be overthrown by the most unlikely tools of another.

Johnston's novel repudiates any mythology which sublimates the personal construct and integrity of individual memory and experience and arms Draper Doyle to confront even the underworld if he must to put to rest any attempt to deny the authority of his own expression. Draper Doyle's leavetaking from the island is not that of Bobby O'Malley, which is forlorn and tentative, nor does it speak with the closure of John Foley

who poignantly watches memory flicker out to death at the close of Time of their Lives. Instead Draper Doyle grants a kind of divinity to his father and himself in their transformation and ascension at the novel's conclusion, and these characters point a way through despair and denial to assertion of self, culture and most importantly, change.

While Gordon Pinsent's characters cannot adapt to their evolving societies and William Rowe's characters largely submit to theirs, the work of both of these writers, like that of Johnston, depicts the devastation certain ideologies have wreaked upon Newfoundland culture. Johnston's latest novel, however, also illuminates a way out of this devastation, marked largely by self-reliance and unflinching self-awareness: the stock in trade of the best writers of any culture. F.L. Jackson's "Can Newfoundland Survive?" invites those creative members of Newfoundland's culture to lead in advising such self-scrutiny to allow positive directions for Newfoundland's future. Without redirection, he writes, Newfoundland will face destitution:

So wallowing in self-pity and inertia we will wake each day to renew false hopes, only to discover another opportunity lost, another enterprise collapsed, another chance for advancement stolen from us, our heritage and life-style once more ridiculed, our resources raped, our people drifting away down the road, our way of life deteriorating into a pale imitation of the half-decadent kind of existence which is becoming the rule in the polluted, crime-ridden, concrete babylons to the west. Is this to be our future? Is this the measure of our pride and independence?

Declaring that it need not be, Jackson urges a commitment to initiative in his culture that brings vitality out of despair:

But enough of such doomsday talk. The alternative is immeasurably brighter and alone worthy of us. A stern self-respect, hardiness, a love of life and neighbour are firmly planted in the Newfoundland soul. We are neither soft nor vicious, saintly nor corrupt. Given such open capacities, there is need most of all for a clearly formulated vision of what we wish to become, a vision which will animate our resolve, screw up our courage, spark our idealism. The formulation of such a vision is not the job of politicians or economists, but a challenge for those who pursue the humanistic arts, who have the talent to help us appreciate our heritage, understand who we are, and set the standards for what we might be.... to achieve, over the long run, a measure of real self-reliance, to insist upon our cultural independence, to mobilize local initiative on all fronts, so that whatever contribution we make to the wider civilization will be of our own determining.

... I am committed by my profession to the view that it is ideas and ideals, not sticks and stones, or even fish and oil, which decide a people's fate. It is part and

parcel of the prevailing materialistic mentality, on the other hand, that it is economics which comes first, and the humanistic interests have only a minor role to play, doting on historical or literary trivia for the purpose of mere entertainment or satisfying idle curiosity.

I most strongly disagree. The tasks of the humanistic pursuits is not to follow, but to lead. The humanities are responsible for the sustaining of a people's sense of consciousness, with cultivating a sense of spiritual identity. Without such sense of spiritual identity, we are otherwise powerless, and all the economics in the world can do nothing to evoke our initiative and guarantee that we have a future that is our own.

(Newfoundland Quarterly 75.2 (Fall 1979): 9-10)

In this pronouncement -- and challenge -- Jackson is a conjurer who both foretells the arrival of writers like Wayne Johnston and calls for the reappraisal of others who have gone before, each proposing "what we might be" in their own acts of brief authority.

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- Duley, Margaret.
- i) Duley MSS. Four MS notebooks, the typescripts of four presumably unpublished short stories, twenty typed pages of a novel, possibly Octaves of Dawn, her final unpublished novel, a set of proof sheets of "Mother Boggan," a copy of Mrs. Duley's unprobated will, numerous family letters, notes from Gladys Duley Courtney, and the remains of Margaret's library.
 - ii) Miscellany. Letters and recollections from Margaret Duley's friends and acquaintances, taped interviews, Margaret Duley's scrapbook with reviews, photographs and dustcovers.

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- Gough, William. Extensive holdings include personal records, clippings, correspondence with editors, family papers, photographs, typescripts, notebooks and diaries. Also available are colour prints of Panama, writing schedules, university assignments, drafts, notes, television and radio scripts, scripts for short stories and computer discs with script material.
- Janes, Percy. Restricted papers include diaries, personal correspondence, journals and galley proofs. Unrestricted papers range from draft copies of texts to correspondence and notes.
- Johnston, Wayne. Extensive holdings include journals, notes for manuscripts, drafts of texts, short stories "Groc and Conf," "Memory," "Gabriel" (Fiddlehead, no.143, Spring 1985), "Mr. Nolan" (TickleAce, 1987), correspondence with publishers, clippings, press releases, curriculum vitae and personal letters.
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