

PHOTOGRAPHY "IN CAMERA"

Peter Sims

click 3. phon. . . . These sounds vary in number in the different languages that employ them, and are distinguished as dental, palatal, lateral, and cerebral, according to the place of articulation of the tongue in pronouncing them. Seven clicks have been distinguished, some of them resembling familiar sounds, as the sound represented by tut, a kind of smacking kiss, and the cluck often used to urge on a horse. These sounds (clicks) were probably originally food sounds — at first sounds accompanying the taking of food, asking for food, etc.

5. wrestling: A chip or trick by which the antagonist is suddenly tripped up.

Webster's New World Dictionary

THE OPENING SECTION OF *The Diviners* concludes with the words: "I keep the snapshots not for what they show but for what is hidden in them."¹ What, among other things, is hidden in them is the unborn Morag:

Morag Gunn is in this picture, concealed behind the ugliness of Louisa's cheap housedress, concealed in her mother's flesh, invisible. Morag is still buried alive, the first burial, still a little fish, connected unthinkingly with life, held to existence by a single thread. (p. 7)

There are other layers of enclosure. The photos are hidden in a legal envelope, which smells of garbage and has been retrieved from the nuisance grounds by Christie and presented to Morag as a gift. This gift has been less often noticed than the one it complements — Lazarus Tonnerre's knife, also obtained from Christie. The knife may be used for slitting open, the envelope for enclosing. It is a symbol of the power of language to define, to plead a case, to enclose and transform memory, to bury alive. Beyond the nuisance grounds there is that further level of writing. The photographs and memorybank movies are enclosed by this writing. So we keep the writing for what is hidden in it, returning to find what we have missed. We look at the sentence beginning "Morag is still buried alive," and try to read it. Possibly we think only of that other burial, the final burial, the disconnecting gesture of death. But what if there are many such living burials — in

writing, in song, in photographs, in action and suffering? What if what matters is the connections and reconnections we make unthinkingly, thoughtfully with life? Like the young Morag, we prepare through reading and writing a place beneath the spruces, laying out the chairs, the tables, the dishes “for the invisible creatures who inhabited the place with her,” and with us (p. 11). We see in this way that there is more than one vanishing point in a photograph, or a novel. And we come again to search for what has been buried alive, maybe even to give birth to it. That is the occasional miracle Morag mentions (p. 5): The discovery of what is buried in a name or an image.

This essay is about the enclosure of photography in writing. I will be discussing novels written by Canadians and published between 1970 and 1980. This is not intended as a reading of those novels, but as a response to writing about photography in them. My main point is this: photography is eaten by this writing, absorbed into a process which both destroys and redeems it. The digestion of these images reconnects them with life, and especially reconnects them with sensation. The passages I examine may be read, obliquely, as lessons in learning how to look at and handle photographic images.

Writers often complain about being cannibalized themselves — by critics. In the late 1960's, a second front emerged with McLuhan's announcement that writing was being “displaced” (a polite word for eaten) by mechanical and electronic images. What we examine here may be seen as a reaction to that prediction. Writers, of course, are some of the most efficient cannibals going. If they worry about being eaten, it is only because they think others may follow their golden rule. Perhaps the best anyone can hope for is to be eaten with style, and to mind his own table manners.

The title of the essay refers to the condition of photography in novels. We say “in camera” because these photos are put out of sight by writing, put in a chamber. The etymology carries the specific sense of in the judge's chamber. No doubt this would be a book-lined chamber. However, I would like to stress that although photography is before the judge, it is not in the place of judgment, not in open court, not on trial. Fiction is not open court: the rules of evidence are different; we needn't arrive at a verdict; there is less formality; we cannot incriminate ourselves. In law, “in camera” signals a search for reconciliation.

Having registered the reality of concealment, let us adopt the rhetoric of display. The strategy of the essay is analectic. There are seven sections arranged to resemble a slide show in which different images of these “in camera” sessions are projected on to the same ground. One ought to imagine an empty space in the writing between each section — waiting for the next image to be brought forward on the carousel. This space is signalled by the onomatopoeic click. Click is both the sound of the shutter and the projector.

click

This sound could be a lock closing, opening. The narrator of Blaise's *A North American Education* is looking at three family photos. The first is of his grandfather:

I have seen one picture of my grandfather, taken on a ferry between Quebec and Levis in 1895. He looks strangely like Sigmund Freud: bearded, straw-hatted, buttoned against the river breezes. It must have been a cold day — the vapor from the nearby horses steams in the background. As a young man he must have been, briefly, extraordinary. I think of him as a face in a Gold Rush shot, the one face that seems both incidental and immortal guarding a claim or watering a horse, the face that seems lifted from the crowd, from history, the face that could be dynastic.²

This man is born “eleven years after the death of Napoleon,” seven years after the birth of photography, a time roughly coincidental with the birth of Canadian literature. These are the roots of a North American education, an education which will not, like Flaubert's, be sentimental — precisely not an education of the feelings. But the possibility of nobility, of a line of hereditary rulers, of men who lay claims is still there. In the next photo the steaming horses, reminiscent of Steiglitz's famous photograph, are replaced by an old canvas chaise. We are given a snapshot, more relaxed, of the narrator's father:

He is lounging in an old canvas chaise under a maple tree, long before aluminum furniture, long before I was born. A scene north of Montreal, just after they were married. It is an impressive picture, but for the legs, which barely reach the grass. Later he would grow into his shortness, would learn the vanities of the short and never again stretch out casually, like the tall. (p. 164)

Note how the narrator associates himself with aluminum lawn furniture, also the slight dislocation introduced by the legs which barely reach the ground, and the sense of shrinking scale, of the world shrinking beneath the camera's eye. The legs are exposed, he is not bundled “bearded, straw-hatted, buttoned” against the probing eye that captures him. Next comes the narrator:

My mother must have taken the shot — I can tell, for I occupy the center — and it is one of those embarrassing shots parents often take. I am in my wet transparent underpants and I've just been swimming at Daytona Beach . . . in the picture my face is worried, my cupped hands are reaching down to cover myself, but I was late or the picture early — it seems instead that I am pointing to it, a fleshy little spot on my transparent pants. On the back of the picture my father had written:

Thibidault and fils
Daytona, avr/46

(pp. 164-65)

What the camera now captures is a gesture of avoidance transformed by its operation into a gesture of display. The descendants of Freud have become hostile to

their children, acting out one version of the Oedipal drama. The eye of the other, of the voyeur, is here wielded by the mother against the son; the father, not described, apparently provides no protection but writes their names on the back, so that the moment can be identified. The boy has good reason to look worried: his fleshy little *spot* is threatened. We understand that he has or has almost been castrated. Of the photo, the narrator says, "I am already the man I was destined to be."

But there is a small gift of writing from the father. His caption is picked up by the narrator. In combination with the fishing trips, it becomes the refrain or the rest of the story. The narrator uses this phrase like a talisman or chant in an effort to recover his modesty. Writing and fishing work against the camera's exposure. When we go fishing, we don't know what we'll hook.

We may apply to these three quotations the comments of Walter Benjamin on the evolution of photography during this period:

It is no accident that the portrait was the focal point of early photography. The cult of remembrance of loved ones, absent or dead, offers a last refuge for the cult of value of the picture. For the last time the aura emanates from the early photographs in the fleeting expression of a human face. This is what constitutes their melancholy, incomparable beauty. But as man withdraws from the photographic image, the exhibition value for the first time shows its superiority to the ritual value. To have pinpointed this new stage constitutes the incomparable significance of Atget, who, around 1900, took photographs of deserted Paris streets. It has been quite justly said of him that he photographed them like scenes of crime. The scene of a crime, too, is deserted; it is photographed for the purpose of establishing evidence. With Atget, photographs become standard evidence for historical occurrences, and acquire a hidden political significance.³

To this we need only add that the scene of a crime is not deserted if the crime is the photograph itself. The hidden political significance is written into the open by Blaise. It demonstrates a further stage in the camera's transformations, capturing not the scene of the crime but the crime. The victims at the moment that they become victims. Strangely, the narrator's "explanation" of what is hidden actually helps to restore a sense of decorum and modesty. Modesty is another word for inaccuracy.

The same effort to escape the image as exhibition is found in *The Diviners*:

She is now five, or thereabouts. She squints a little, against the painful sun, trying to keep her eyes open so the picture of her will be nice, but she finds it difficult. Her head is bent slightly, and she grins not in happiness but in embarrassment, like Colin Gunn in the first picture. Only the lower boughs of the spruce trees can be seen, clearly, darkly. (p. 11)

And now the narrator shifts voice, approaching the mannerisms of Christie when

he tells his tales. The writing carries us into the background, towards the dark angels of sensation hidden by the camera:

Now those spruce trees, there, they were really and actually as tall as angels, dark angels perhaps, their boughs and sharp hard needles nearly black except in the spring when the new needles sprouted soft and mid-green. (p. 11)

The passage goes on to describe Morag's playhouse built there and populated by the invisible creatures I have already mentioned. We encounter here the remaking of ritual and the cult of remembrance, mending tears in a fabric shredded by the camera. Initially the snapshot replaces recollection in tranquility, makes memory superfluous. But under the author's gaze, it becomes itself the object of recollection in tranquility. In this way, it is made to assert not the new mechanical means of seeing by glimpses, but the old Wordsworthian one:

The days gone by
Come back upon me from the dawn almost
Of life: the hiding-places of my power
Seem open; I approach, and then they close;
I see by glimpses now; when age comes on,
May scarcely see at all, and I would give,
While yet we may, as far as words can give,
A substance and a life to what I feel. . . .⁴

Blaise and Laurence search for a sentimental re-education, strive to unlock the photographic window and journey, not quite blind, towards the vital spaces beyond.

click

This word means a hook. In Scottish dialect, it is called a cleek. We have left Thibidault Jr. in difficult circumstances. He is less confident than Morag, less sure that there is a way out. Let us look at another effort he makes to escape. Part of a North American education is learning to look at women. Just looking. A process for which photographs are an invaluable aid. The narrator, babysitting, finds some:

I found piles of home-made snaps of the young wife when she'd been slim and high school young, sitting naked in the sun, in a woods somewhere. She'd been posed in dozens of ways legs wide apart, fingers on her public hair, tongue curled between her teeth. (p. 181)

Blaise writes "she'd been posed" not she had posed, suggesting that control is coming from the other side of the camera, the women offering themselves as images to the husbands, assuming poses that are the never exhausted clichés of pornography. The camera's spotlight is once again turned on the genitals, but there is no effort to retreat from its glare. The narrator now recalls his struggle to connect these images with the women he sees each day on the street. He succeeds momentarily,

but then moves immediately to something else — the exposure of the “hidden political message.”

There were no answers for the questions I asked, holding those snapshots, looking again (by daylight) at the wife (in ragged shorts and elastic halter) who had consented to the pictures. They were like murder victims, the photos were like police shots in the scandal magazines, the women looked like mistresses of bandits. There was no place in the world for the life I wanted, for the pure woman I would someday, somehow, marry. (p. 182)

Further crimes, crimes in which the narrator is deeply implicated, but from which he is now seeking to escape. The movement at the end of the passage towards a barely surviving idyllic possibility (“someday, somehow”) is echoed in the earlier scene at the tent. Thibidault and son are on another fishing expedition, and the young boy will hook an orgasm. But this will not be a culmination, he has hooked the wrong fish, his orgasm becomes a symptom of sickness, evidence of a loss of control which immediately brings the gaze of the crowd, and the father’s disapproval bearing down upon him. He becomes a part of the spectacle, a participant, and this is exactly what he is being educated not to do. Having failed to stay on the “right” side of the camera, he once again endures the threat of castration. He thinks the farm boy who “comes” just before him has “managed to pull his penis off” (p. 171). With his orgasm, the implacable and objectifying gaze of the other is brought to bear on him, represented here by the crowd, elsewhere by the camera. His father’s plan was to “show” so that his son would “know” “what it’s like, about women, I mean” (p. 172). In this way, the son can learn what poses to try when taking pictures of his wife. But in the narrator’s recollection of this event, an idyllic, though lost, option appears:

My father should have taken me to a cocotte, to his own mistress perhaps, for the initiation, la deniement. And I, in my own lovemaking, would have forever honored him. . . . Sex, despite my dreams of something better, something nobler, still smells of the circus tent, of something raw and murderous. (p. 173)

This is perhaps a good point to mention an extended evocation of just such an idyllic initiation, although one enjoyed with less enthusiastic support from the father — *Memoirs of Montparnasse*. Towards the end of that work, the narrator agrees to pose for some pornographic pictures. Sensing the danger of over-exposure, the possibility of embarrassment, he insists on wearing a mask. He has to vigorously defend his decision with the producer “Monsieur Jules” who thinks it will look too amateurish. The photographer, however, supports him:

‘I know my business. Monsieur’s disguise will be highly piquant. It adds salt to the dish, don’t you see?’ ‘Merde,’ said Monsieur Jules. ‘It looks too amateur.’ Kirilenko threw up his hands. ‘My friend, go and sit down over there, I implore you. Monsieur has an artistic temperament and this is only making it worse.’¹⁵

The problem with most photographs is that they reveal too much. A person of artistic temperament will leave or create spaces in any text. He will resist all efforts to fix his image for this is a species of castration. Without hidden spaces, there is nothing into which desire can flow. Piquant is an important word for Glassco: in the preface to *Harriet Marwood, Governess*, he defines it as combining freedom of action with modesty of treatment. An example of this piquancy is seen in Buffy's later use of his erotic souvenir :

I was glad to have them as souvenirs. Also, by a curious imaginative projection, I was even able to summon up a feeling of pleasurable envy for this masked young man who was enjoying himself with such carefree abandon. (p. 210)

The mask stimulates the imagination by preventing recognition. Into the space created by this missing information, the narrator thrusts his recovered Eden. The young man "enjoying himself with such carefree abandon" becomes, in effect, an alternate version of the photograph. The anxieties about privacy and payment pass into the background, a potent comment on the novel's own tactics of reconstruction. We see that Buffy's situation is not all that different from Thibidault's. *Memoirs of Montparnasse* are Glassco's "dreams of something better": the "curious imaginative projection," like the writing itself, a mixture of envy and yearning for what never was. Depending on your viewpoint, this can be used to dismantle Glassco's idyll, or supplement Blaise's horror story with an undercurrent of solace. My own preference is for the latter. In the final scene of Blaise's story, father and son sit watching the gathering hurricane. Instead of looking in, they are at last looking outward, and into the face of a natural rather than man-made disaster. The earth's power lines go up as the man-made ones come down. Maybe there are times when, in the face of destruction, we can hook something better. It was, the narrator says, "the best days fishing we'd ever had" (p. 184).

click

This is the sound of a gun being cocked. Mordecai Richler takes a dimmer view of a European education than either Glassco or Blaise. *St. Urbain's Horseman* offers as one product of this education — Mr. Harry Stein. Stein is one of those unsettling, occasionally embarrassing, characters whom Richler specializes in. The kind of character the reader wants to put on trial. There is a line in Jean Genet's play *The Balcony*: the judge tells the accused "You have to be a delinquent . . . if you are not a delinquent, I cannot be a judge." Richler himself appears to have attained something approaching this degree of complementarity with his critics — articles about him bristle with judgments. Also, his characters lack the kind of literary ambience we have come to expect from Canadian novelists. For example, we could say that Harry Stein is a coyote figure, a coyote with a vengeance, but it

sounds absurd to do this. We imagine we hear snickering in the background. Possibly this is proof of Richler's effectiveness as a satirist.

The job of the satirist, according to B. W. Powe, is to "violate sacred sanctums with his words."⁶ One such sacred sanctum is the place of masturbation, a place in which photographs have become important icons. The attraction of masturbation, as Rousseau noted, is that one isn't constrained by any need to accommodate to another person. One has a certain freedom to do as one likes. All of this is changed by photography which demands that the viewer fit himself into a pre-arranged scenario. By demanding its own accommodations, photography replaces the partner in a way that imagination never could. Moreover, these accommodations are so easy that they become addictive.

Above all else, pornography avoids ambiguity. This is what distinguishes it from eroticism and from life. Under the eye of the photograph, masturbation is no longer a private act. The grand inquisitor relieving us of both freedom and modesty is always present, holding out the bread of the pre-arranged :

Sprawled on his bed, unzipped, Harry reached for *Mayfair*, "a wedding night tussle for Susan Strasberg and film husband Massimo Girotti." In the photograph, she lies nude on the sheets, head arched back tensely, the hairy dago sucking her nipple.⁷

The reader is then presented with a piece of writing which Harry is reading. We read along with him and, to the extent that we too are aroused, we are implicated in the result :

Afterwards, Harry dipped his fingers in his seed and smeared Susan Strasberg's mouth and breasts with it, then he tore *Mayfair* to shreds, dressed hastily, and started up Haverstock Hill, toward the pub. (p. 69)

On his way to the pub, Harry uses a knife to put scratches on a Rolls parked nearby. As a gloss to this sequence, we can quote Blaise: "She was the woman, I now realize, that Dostoyevski and Kazantzakis and even Faulkner knew; a Grushenka or the young village widow, a dormant body that kindled violence" (p. 176). And what body could be more dormant than the body of a naked woman in a photo? A dormancy from which there is no awakening, a violence which is secretive and cunning. The smearing of the semen, like the scratching of the car, looks like a futile attempt at writing, an effort to forcibly enter the worlds of wealth and sex from which he has been excluded. But Harry's efforts to leave a mark fail (*Mayfair* is ripped up, the insurance will cover the scratches) because he stays at the level of a consumer of products. Richler is giving us a lesson in what not to do. Harry wants a pornographic success, a picture-perfect one that avoids ambiguities and demands nothing. He thinks Jake possesses this. He cannot see, except in the way the grand inquisitors have taught him to see.

As the trapped consumer of images, Harry seeks only to rise in status by becom-

ing, like Jake, a producer of them. He scorns the elite but pathetically adopts the title "Associate Fellow of the Graphic Arts Society" in imitation of them. The relationship between the use of photography we have been examining and bondage is made explicit at one of the Society's sessions :

"Would you be a dear and hold this cane? Ta. Now threaten me with it."

Click

"And again."

Click

"And once more. Bless you."

...

Harry's turn at last.

"Last two chaps didn't have any film in their cameras."

Which earned a knowing giggle from Angela, who then extended her hands for Harry to slip on the cuffs, and shook her blue negligee off her shoulders, letting it float to the floor.

"Shall I look scared, luv?"

"Absolutely terrified, because," and Harry leaned forward to whisper in her ear, demonstrating just one of his special privileges, "it's bleeding Neville Heath coming after you. It's Ian Brady come calling."

"Oooo," she sang out, shuddering. (p. 291)

The passage, from threatening to being threatened, underscores the complicity of all involved. Here the camera functions as a prop in a scenario that is the result of its own rhetoric. The men's eyes have become a camera lens. They are not persons here and are not seeing a person. We can compare this scene of the body in bondage with the appearance of the Golem in the corresponding chapter of part four of the novel. Here the Body, emerging from the site of its destruction, is released into the world, moving freely, "turning up whenever a defender is needed" (p. 377). Jake believes in this archetype of the body's wisdom. At the end of the novel, we find reference to another Golem as Jake awakes from his dream to exclaim "I've come." The same phrase occurs at the climax of *Don Giovanni* as the commandant appears to proclaim "E son Venuto." Against these Golems are arrayed the novel's Grand Inquisitors: Mengele, Uncle Abe (the scene after Jake's father's funeral bears a striking resemblance to Dostoyevski's story, with a punch substituted for the final kiss), the man from Internal Revenue (actually called the Grand Inquisitor twice — p. 350), the newspapers, and, of course, the camera. These forces offer to meet the needs of the body, to release men from the bondage of freedom. They are abstractions — representatives rather than persons. As in *The Brothers Karamazov*, only another abstraction can face them directly. But their products, their "bread," is littered throughout the novel like the rubble of a bombed-out culture, which Jake is attempting somehow to pick his way through.

The ending of the novel shows him, tentatively, coming through. I read it as follows. We begin with a warning — “When a Jew gets on a horse, he stops being a Jew.” Jake then registers Joey’s death in his journal. At the time he doesn’t realize that to write “Joey is dead” is to imply “long live Joey.” He finds Joey’s gun and begins auditioning for the part of Golem. This would represent his suicide as a person. Fortunately, the gun is an actor’s gun, and the objects of his hatred, the photographs of the Nazis, have been removed by the police. So he fires a blank into an empty space. The photographs nurture his need for vengeance; in this sense they really are evidence against him. The empty space on the wall, the empty space in the pistol’s chamber symbolizes the need for a movement towards forgetting and forgiveness. He makes love with his wife, which brings this movement into action. However, his mind is still “riding with the horseman.” In his nightmare, he becomes the Golem, searching for Mengele, the representative of justice or vengeance. (As we have seen in the trial, the two are often impossible to distinguish.) “I’ve come” now becomes the evening’s second orgasm — wet dreams as night terrors, what Kroetsch calls “fucking-death.” Jake rejects this role by re-introducing uncertainty through writing. He writes “presumed dead” in the journal over the crossed-out entry of “died July 20, 1967 . . .” (p. 467). In so doing, he becomes a post-modernist creating his palimpsest, letting in the possibilities and not killing the gods. Now he is auditioning for the part of Leporello (in *Don Giovanni*) or, as he puts it, Aaron. He rejects the archetype of the body, and returns to his own body. In so doing, he regains once again the power to touch — snuggling instead of shuddering: “Then he returned to bed, and fell into a deep sleep, holding Nancy to him.” The reader returns to the epigraph with Jake becoming an “ironic point of light,” not a grim abstraction but a human being, free to practise in Eugene Montale’s words “the high teaching of daily decency (the most difficult of the virtues).”

click

This is the click of echo-location. The sonograph at the beginning of *Coming Through Slaughter* is described as “pictures of dolphin sounds made by a machine that is more sensitive than the human ear.”⁸ In other words, it is a symbol of writing. It is used to complement the other picture, the photograph of Bolden and his band which precedes it, a picture of soundmakers but not of sounds. The sonograph is made up of three communication processes. Squawks — common emotional expressions; whistles — personal signatures; echo-location clicks — orientation devices, like geography. The final sentence of the gloss to the sonograph states: “no one knows how a dolphin makes both whistles and echo-location clicks simultaneously,” a hint that our efforts to discover where we are may occasionally be the means by which we express who we are. This could be used as one definition of art.

From this vantage point, my entire essay can be read as a series of echo-location clicks, attempts to find the co-ordinates of photography drifting in the medium of the novel. In the case of Ondaatje, these co-ordinates are of a special kind because he presents us with an actual photograph, or at least a reproduction of it. The picture of Bolden's band is a kind of anti-apology substituted for the usual disclaimer — "all the characters in this book are fictitious and any similarity . . . and so on." In other writers, we "see" the photograph through the writing: here we see the photograph and then we see the writing. We therefore have the opportunity to compare them.

Like holography, echo-location consists of a reference beam or sound and a dispersion beam. The photo may be compared to the reference beam and the novel to the dispersion beam. As a third party, the reader compares the reference beam with the dispersion beam, and retrieves an image of the forces from which the text is emanating. The text, like the photograph, becomes the trace of vanished wild-life. If the reader now chooses to write of his response, then this writing becomes a dispersion beam, to which the novel stands in the relation of reference beam. Of course, the same goes in the opposite direction. The photograph is *used* as a reference beam, but not privileged in any lasting way by this usage.⁹ Anything may become a reference beam; in Keat's phrase, it is simply "something to be intense upon." It follows from this that there are two kinds of madness in the novel — mystic silence and mirror image, or emptiness and narcissism. Mystic silence means "no alphabet of noise, no reflections, no world, no self, the number one, life before the big bang." Bolden gets close to this at the end of the book. His habit of touching things perhaps a final remnant of echo-location. Mirror image means no information: we send out a reference beam and we get back the reference beam, the image reversed but otherwise unaltered. Mirrors in *Coming Through Slaughter* are instruments of torture. They whet the urge for violent and suicidal defacements (p. 74, 133). Thus, the presentation of the photo through words (p. 66) becomes a part of its dispersion throughout the text, and an act of kindness on the part of the author who, in this way, is protecting his readers from the sources of madness that threaten his characters. This presentation of the photo is followed by a description of its imprecisions:

As a photograph, it is not good or precise, partly because the print was found after the fire. The picture, waterlogged by climbing hoses, stayed in the possession of Will Cornish for several years. (p. 66)

This is another example of the writer restoring to the picture its ritual value. It is because it is not good or precise that Ondaatje is drawn to it. Into the white spaces, where it is damaged, he pours the story of its water damage and the story of the photographer's suicide. But Ondaatje shouldn't be seen as recommending "going into the white," otherwise why continue to fill up blank sheets of paper with

writing. On the other hand, he wants to take account of that place, and of the possibilities for hiding that it presents :

He made one more print of the group and shelved it and then one of just Bolden this time, taking him out of the company. Then he dropped the negative into the acid tray and watched it bleach out to grey. Goodbye. Hope he don't find you. (p. 53)

The margins in Ondaatje's work are always predatory, ready to invade a photo, a text, or a life. That, I assume, is why the window at the end of the novel has teeth in it — writing makes a dangerous womb, we run the risk of being immolated consenting, like Bellocq. Bellocq tries to enter his photographs but he can't; he can only end up defiling the beauty he has forced in his subjects: "the making and destroying coming from the same source, same lust, same surgery his brain was capable of" (p. 55). Lust, as Shakespeare said of youth, is "consumed by that which it was nurtured by."

As a reader, I find some attraction in attempting to generate my reading from the margins of this book — photograph, sonograph, white spaces. It is a painful and maybe a dangerous text to enter. Bellocq is described as the window through which Bolden travels on his journey into madness. I want to keep an eye on that toothy window. Curiously, while writing about Bellocq, I found myself repeatedly thinking of two photographs of Picasso having lunch with some friends (they are in the book *Goodbye Picasso*). In the background there are some dumpy hills. On the table a large half-empty bottle of wine, the end of a loaf of bread, a little pile of olive pits, crumbs. The men are smiling at each other. Picasso has painted over their clothes, white paint making Roman togas. He has painted their arms a pearly grey, and crowned them with green olive wreaths. They look at once innocent, gay, foolish, and noble.

I realize this memory, arriving while I write, is an effort to escape the implications of what Ondaatje is showing me. It both resembles and strongly opposes what Bellocq does with his photos. It seems to me that there is enough of the phobic in Ondaatje that he ought to applaud it in his readers. Who is to say whether my digression is a defence or a response? Perhaps it is part of the author's intention to produce such reactions. If you include a photo in the margins of your novel, you may also be willing to make room for other things.

There isn't much in *Coming Through Slaughter* that resembles Picasso's photographs. There is a little:

They had gone through the country that Audubon drew. Twenty miles from the green marshes where he waited for birds to fly onto and bend the branch right in front of his eyes. Mr. Audubon drew until lunchtime, sitting with his assistant who frequently travelled with him. The meal was consumed around a hamper, a bottle of wine was opened with as little noise as possible in order not to scare the wildlife away. (p. 155)

This scene opposes the lust of creating and destroying with something else. The hand is back in the picture here, recording extinctions but at least recording. There is a little noise, “as little as possible,” but enough to get the cork out, the hamper opened. Looking a little formal, a little foolish perhaps, we try to stay close to the wildlife. Possibly we can supplement the novel’s ending — there are some prizes but we can’t keep them. They are not photographs, drawings, or novels.

click

This is a sound accompanying the taking of food. Another way of highlighting our theme of enclosure and re-enclosure, eating and being eaten, is through the relation of figure and ground. E. H. Gombrich writes:

Surely we do not read the shape of a jug and a glass into the Dutch still life; we simply recognize it. Of course we do, but where is the borderline here between reading into and reading? We are all familiar with the clouds, rocks or ink blots, into which the fanciful can read pictures of monsters or masks. Some vague similarity to a face or body engages our attention, and we proceed, as far as we can, to transform the remaining shapes into an appropriate continuation . . . We tend to regard the enclosed and articulated shape as the figure and to ignore the background against which it stands. But this interpretation itself is based upon an assumption which the artist may choose to knock away. It is then that we discover that there really is something logically prior to the identification of the jug or the urn and so implied by it — the decision on our part which to regard as figure and which as ground.¹⁰

Reflections such as this have a special relevance in Alice Munro’s fiction where the writer performs an intricate dance in which interpretations are continuously built up and then knocked away, ground becoming figure, becoming ground and so on. Munro likes to work her readers up to a secular eucharist, or celebration which in oral (aural) terms involves the consuming of the host, and in sexual (textual) terms involves the orgasmic release and emptying of accumulated desire. In writing, the release is specifically from the accumulated desire for detail:

And no list could hold what I wanted, for what I wanted was every last thing, every layer of speech and thought, stroke of light on bark or walls, every smell, pothole, pain, crack, delusion, held still and held together — radiant, everlasting.¹¹

Del auditioning for the role of photographer, the bringer of every last detail. It’s a trap of course: the photographic in Munro is like a pregnant storm cloud requiring human response to break it open and release some rain on the parched imagination. Imagination is the ground required to make it live: lightning travels upwards in these stories. The story of the photographer in *Lives of Girls and Women* can be read as a cautionary tale, a tale with the moral of “there but for the grace of God go I.” The photographer wielding “the big eye,” possessed with a “wicked fluid

energy,” a “bright un pitying smile” looks impressive, has what appears to be a visionary power. But naturally it is an illusion, making people look thirty years older isn’t visionary — it’s simply banal. Caroline becomes another version of that woman in whom photographers seem to specialize: “she was a sacrifice, spread for sex on moldy uncomfortable tombstones . . . supporting the killing weight of men” (p. 205). She is like the young wives in *A North American Education*, Susan Strasberg and Angela in *St. Urbain’s Horseman*, the whores in *Coming Through Slaughter*. In the photographer, Marion Sheriff’s fictional replacement meets another abstraction, a force as powerful as her’s. They destroy one another. We note the sinister sense of accumulation in that hypnotic phrase “Like a hard yellow gourd in her belly,” and are not surprised to find that the photographer’s car is found “overturned beside a bridge, overturned in a ditch beside a dry creek,” or that Caroline barely finds enough water to drown herself — “how then was there going to be enough water in the Wawanash river?” The characters end like Uncle Craig’s history sacrificed to a little run-off, a flood in the basement.

While Del is considering these possibilities, Bobby is giving her some good advice. He tells her to watch her diet, make sure she’s getting nourishment for the brain, not to study too hard because the brain needs replenishment. Earlier she has wondered if “he would spit through a crack in the floorboard and say ‘I’m sending rain over the Gobi Desert?’” “Was that the sort of thing they (madmen) did?” The answer is that they don’t say it, they do it — Bobby *is* sending rain over the Gobi Desert. In the meantime, Del is dutifully eating her cake and drinking down her lemonade. The spectre of converting everything into figure which Del has been entertaining is lightened and raised by Bobby’s final gesture. Joking with his body, the “plump Ballerina” offers “a letter, or a whole word, in an alphabet I did not know” (p. 211). L. M. Eldridge sees this gesture as devoid of content:

This gesture, this statement in code, characterizes the entire story we have just read. And yet, like all gestures except the conventional ones, it is devoid of content: pure, studied, elegant, graceful, it remains a gesture, something written in an alphabet we do not know.¹²

But, I wonder. Perhaps Del has missed an opportunity here. Maybe she is not paying enough attention. Her final “yes,” instead of a “thank you,” represents a failure to acknowledge the secret gift of madness, the plump ballerina giving her back the ground in which to set her figures. The reader *may* know something of that language: it would be the language of laughter, forgetting, celebration, and imagination. The photographic mind set in the context of a more inclusive mode of writing.

We are chauffeured up to a similar point at the end of *Who Do You Think You Are*:

All around the walls were photographs, with names lettered by hand and taped to the frames. Rose got up to have a look at them. The Hundred and Sixth, just before embarkation, 1915. Various heroes of the war, whose names were carried on by sons and nephews, but whose existence had not been known to her before.¹³

Here the photos provide the figure, with the subordinate clause carrying the ground of language. One could make a lot of that hand lettering. We could note that photography removed the hand from image making, that about forty years later Nietzsche removed the hand from the world by killing God, that in the 1960's McLuhan was busy removing the hand from writing. All this would be in support of Benjamin's observation of the loss of ritual values in the age of mechanical reproduction, McLuhan notwithstanding. Inside the photographs there is a repetition of the same dichotomy. The heroes of the Hundred and Sixth "embark" towards their deaths — soldiers, like photographs, are mechanically reproduced. Meanwhile, their "names" are "carried on" back into life and the bodies of their sons. Yet another repetition of this movement occurs in the room itself:

She wondered if it had been a disruptive thing to do, getting up to look at the pictures. Probably nobody ever looked at them; they were not for looking at; they were just there, like the plywood on the walls. Visitors, outsiders, are always looking at things, always taking an interest, asking who was this, when was that, trying to liven up the conversation. They put too much in; they want too much out. Also, it could have looked as if she was parading around the room, asking for attention. (pp. 202-03)

It is, of course, the job of the alien, the artist, to disrupt the paralysis of nobody ever looking that imprisons the past, to set up figures, to read into until a point is reached where reading becomes possible. But with exquisite irony, Munro also shows how the artist now becomes the victim of her own operation, a spectacle that others observe, a figure embarking towards her own death while her hand lettered words are carried on into the body of language.

We know that the figure is not the ground, that the map is not the territory, the name not the thing named, the dancer not the dance; yet we cannot tell them apart. The effort to make that translation, as Ondaatje shows, is dangerous. Munro, like Yeats before her, chooses the second best:

Perhaps they could only be acted on in translation; not speaking of them and not acting on them is the right course to take because translation is dubious. Dangerous, as well. (p. 206)

Like Ondaatje's Audubon, the task at the end is to stay close, to say what you can and shut up:

What could she say about herself and Ralph Gillespie, except that she felt his life, close, closer than the lives of men she'd loved, one slot over from her own. (p. 206)

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This is a sound used to urge on a horse. I notice this essay is tending to focus on the conclusion of the novels. The reason, I think, is that this is the moment when the text is most likely to resemble the photograph, when it is most in danger of being fixed within a frame, impaled on an exhibition pin. What I find fascinating is that in every one of these works, there is a rebellion against this closure, an assertion that there are things that the writer and reader may never find. *The Wars* is no exception.

Eva-Marie Kröller's essay on photography in *The Wars* gets off to a bad start by misquoting the text twice. I mention this not to disparage the essay, which in some respects is very fine, but because such slips may have an origin that begins in the critic's response to the text. They may tell us something about the kinds of anxieties a book creates in its readers. In my view, *The Wars* ends with a direct challenge to the reader; most of us, I include myself here, have trouble facing up to that challenge. Ms. Kröller's paper appears to avoid a good deal of it.

This is how Kröller quotes Findley's narrator quoting "the Irish essayist and critic Nicholas Fagan:"

The spaces between the perceiver and the thing perceived can . . . be closed with a shot. Nothing so completely verifies our perception of a thing as our killing of it.¹⁴

The actual words are:

"The spaces between the peceiver and the thing perceived can . . . be closed with a shout of recognition. One form of a shout is a shot. Nothing so completely verifies our perception of a thing as our killing of it."¹⁵

There is nothing here to imply that the shouts of recognition which "close" spaces are the same as, or even overlap with, the shout as shot which kills to verify — closing lives. They might be the same, they might overlap, or they might be entirely different. The reader must make (or avoid making) a choice. Suppose we choose to see them as entirely different species of shout. We then have the quotation turning against itself, saying two things instead of one. In terms of what I have been arguing in this essay, we have the shout as recognition, the effort to get close to life, enclosed or at least threatened with enclosure by the shout as shot, of which photography and war are two examples. The parallels between photography and war are strongly suggested in a comment by Roland Barthes:

It's true that a photograph is a witness, but a witness of something that is no more. Even if the person in the picture is still alive, it's a moment of this subject's existence that was photographed, and this moment is gone. This is an enormous trauma for humanity, a trauma endlessly renewed. Each reading of a photo, and there are billions worldwide in a day, each perception and reading of a photo is implicitly, in a repressed manner, a contact with what has ceased to exist, a contact with death.

I think this is the way to approach the photographic enigma, at least that is how I experience photography: as a fascinating and funereal enigma.¹⁶

So we have two enormous traumas. And how are we to respond to this, what can we bring to resist the deadly enclosure of war and snapshots? The answer, surely, is a shout of recognition. This is the job of the writer and reader.¹⁷ Only they can make the bones dance, the photographs live, and close the spaces between the perceiver and the thing perceived. We move in closer not to bury, but to find what has been buried alive. As in all of our previous examples, if we are not strong enough to transform the photo, we will become its infantry, fitting in instead of reading in.

Having said this, we are in a position to understand Robert's flaw. Just before his run with coyote, we are told of him "that there was nothing to be won but distance" (p. 29). But the coyote offers him the gift of a drink and we are not told if he accepts that drink. The only effective escape is by getting bigger, expanding one's edges, and trying to stay close to the heart of the matter. This is the strategy of the narrator who is not attempting to explode the frames (explosions are symptoms of Hell in the book), but rather to keep developing within and around this frame. Like a white blood cell, the narrator seeks to surround and dissolve the foreign material in the body.

Kröller also misquotes the novel's ending:

"Robert and Rowena with Meg: Rowena seated astride the pony — Robert holding her in place. On the back is written: 'Look you can see our breath!' And so you can" (p. 191). The final sentence — "And so you can." — matches in ambiguity that of another highly regarded Canadian novel, Sinclair Ross's *As For Me and My House*, in which Mrs. Bentley completes her diary with the entry, "That's right, Philip. I want it so," leaving her reader to decide whether her tone of voice is decisive or wishful. "And so you can" has a consoling quality about it. . . . (p. 68)

The actual final words are "And you can." — no "so" in sight. This changes everything placing a strong emphasis on *you*, meaning you and me — the readers.¹⁸ The book ends with a challenge. Kröller's misquotation makes the lines whimper a little, restores a kind of linearity (in the "so") which the novel repudiates, and suggests closure by linking it with Ross's novel where the "I" speaking from within the fiction *completes* her diary. This amounts to closing a door in the reader's face. If we're looking for an "I" (eye) to end with, it ought to be the reader's. *Ulysses* or *The Waves* make better candidates for comparisons of the novel's ending.¹⁹ Kröller goes on to say that the final snapshot may "reverse the tragedy depicted, thereby providing the spectator with a psychologically comforting frame." I disagree. I don't believe Findley or his narrator see frames as comforting. Other people may have that relation to contexts but, as I have tried to show, writers tend to experience them as terrifying and necessary — a form of lust, perhaps. The ending of the novel is confrontation — direct and simple. Findley hurls in our

face the breath which survives in being, and only there. Novels give us only a place to look. That is all, and sometimes enough:

Of course, photographs too have been a great help to me in writing. Photographs are mysterious to me. I know it's childish, but then you have to be a child, in a way, you have to retain something of a child, in order to see at all. I still sit with a photograph and I think, if I could only get in there with you. I could walk in there, and one never, never, never dies.²⁰

The mystery Findley finds "in" photographs is the mystery of the world as language, the mystery of his powerful imagination. In his acknowledgements at the beginning of *The Wars*, he writes: "Lastly, I want to thank M. for the midnight 'phone calls and the letters from which the photographs fell." As in our previous writers, photographs fall out of the enclosures of writing and speech. It may appear that the author is entering the world of the photograph, but his very act of entry will invoke the language that will enclose these images. The writing on the back of that final photo, or the earlier photo "striving to say 'dead men are serious'" (p. 49), all are part of the "mighty sum of things forever speaking." The world "in camera."

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This is the throw "by which the antagonist is suddenly tripped up." Kroetsch, in *Badlands* and elsewhere, likes to go for muscular effects. He writes in big letters, slaps the reader on the back, occasionally twists his arm. In *Badlands*, Michael Sinnott, the photographer, makes a typically dramatic appearance with his camera and portable print factory (car) "at a standstill in the middle of the river" (p. 112). Dawe immediately looks away and sees a "drowned cow" floating in the river — the billboards have gone up. With Kroetsch, we have the feeling of watching someone who is about to become too obvious, pretentious, or literary. Yet it never quite happens. There is a feeling of physical energy fueling Kroetsch's comic vision that rarely lets up, carrying the reader along, like the men on their raft. We forgive him the occasional bits of junk and effluvia, waiting for a look at some sturgeon or other fish rolling over just beneath the surface of the writing. Submerged life remains our theme. Thus, it is especially interesting that the first bones the men discover are those of Anna, lying in a shallow grave in an Indian or Metis burial ground. Like Del, they miss the point of this gift and go off on their search for the "real" bones, the dead bones.

Sinnott's relation to the expedition is a complementary one. Dawe collects the bones — Sinnott produces them:

Dawe raised a finger to silence the boy. "There is nothing that does not leave its effect. We study the accumulated remains."

"Because of me," Sinnott said.²¹

Since everything is vanishing, everything must be photographed. And this, too, is a descent into the land of the dead: "they were fascinated, transfixed, as he hauled them through the vanished world of his, of their, creation, the emporium of their sought descent" (p. 125). Sinnott's constant cry of "hold it" alerts us to the primary condition of photography — the pose. It follows that when everything is photographed, everything will have become a pose. We will then all have become poseurs or, as the novel repeatedly tells us, charlatans:

"We are two of a kind, Mr. Dawe, you and I. Birds of a feather. You with your bones that are sometimes only the mineral replacements of what the living bones were. Me, rescuing positive prints out of the smell of the darkroom."

"I recover the past," Dawe said. Unsmiling. Adjusting his grip on the sweep. "You reduce it."

"I know," Sinnott said. "And yet we are both peddlers."

"You make the world stand still," Dawe said. "I try to make it live again."

"Then let me save you from your inevitable failure," Sinnott said. "Tell me where you might possibly be reached and I'll send you the consolation of my masterpiece: *The Charlatan Being Himself*." (p. 128)

As I have tried to show, a positive relation to photography in all of these novels is based on notions of hiding and disguise. The photo is approached as a problem, or mystery. And before anything can be found, there must be an experience of disillusionment, an emptying of the photo's rhetoric. Then a fresh, as opposed to a stereotyped, projection can be made. Sinnott's captions function in the opposite way; they are directions for how to look at the photos — a means of shutting out instead of letting in. Of course, the fact that Kroetsch uses similar captions to open each of the chapters of *Badlands* passes an ironic comment on his own activity as a writer. Writing and photography share the problem of accumulation, and Sinnott (*sin not*) can be read as the figure of the author in the book. We might then notice that although Sinnott's captions are deadly, his spoken language is not and crackles with energy and enthusiasm. His arrival on the raft without shoes, his incessant pitchman's jargon, all point in another direction from the grimness of Dawe's enterprise. As a charlatan, he at least recognizes the fact. He refuses to enter other's graveyards, and has the good sense to charge admission to his own. He might have saved Tune, and entices Anna away with the spurious attractions of his magic when the expedition is returning. It's to his credit that the one photo he misses is of the snake being killed (p. 250). His final precept opposes all his previous "hold its." As the men come ashore, he yells out "just be natural." This is the photograph he fails to get.

But the book goes on trying to perform that trick or click of being natural. By now, the problem to be escaped is obvious. But even escape can be a pose, as we learn when Dawe has his picture taken :

He had not once, ever, handled the stern sweep. Now he tried a posture of weary and yet accurate surveillance that must indicate a long journey, a desperate and calculated casting into the unknown. (p. 128)

We get a picture here of something that has only happened so that a picture can be taken of it. And what is the bait used to produce this occasion? The temptation of the one, the only, the unique event. That is when we notice that there is an anticipation of the novel's final words here — "not once, ever." This is the chant Kroetsch will use to throw the antagonist: nothing happens once and once only; it all happens over and over. So when the two women have unloaded their weights of patriarchal accumulation at the end of the novel, they sing a song, a repetitious song, an "awful song about rolling over in the clover," a song in favour of desire, against death, against history, against anything but the "living and defeated bones" of the journeyers making their genuine progress into the unknown.

Two things happen at the end of this novel that can be used to send back feelers along the path we have travelled. The first is contained in Anna Dawe's comment at the source of the river — "Thank God for small mercies." The mercy of not finding her father's body in the lake, and of throwing the photographs ("like so many vultures") and the field book into the lake. These things also will not be found because the waters are the source of forgetting, and a writer knows, or should know, that forgetting is always bigger than remembering. Thinking back, we recall how often water appears near the end of the stories, holding out this solace. Thibidault and son watching the big rollers as the hurricane moves in; Morag asking "How far could anyone see into the river?"; Bobby Sheriff sending rain over the Gobi Desert; Uncle Craig's history lost to a flood; water damage to Bolden's photo, and his refusing to go swimming on the trip to the asylum; the condensed moisture of breath you can see at the end of *The Wars*. If God no longer sends a deluge to blot out history, it shouldn't prevent us from building arks, and searching for water deep enough to carry them. Without that ground, our figures stay in dry dock.

The second feeler is the return to the wisdom of the body: "we walked out of there hand in hand, arm in arm, holding each other" (p. 270). This, especially, is what we can't get from books or photographs. The final click uses the reader's momentum to hurl him out of the book, against accumulations, towards the life in and around him. So we have Jake, "holding Nancy next to him"; and Robert Ross holding Rowena on the horse; and Rose "feeling his life close, closer than the lives of men she'd loved"; and Thibidault and son leaving the beach "hand in hand for the last time." In Kroetsch, the movement is ecstatic, in others tentative, reserved, sometimes denied. We may be left in a hospital room awaiting an operation, or an empty room that holds no prizes. Even at best, as an act of grace, touch is momentary, ambiguous, vanishing. But this holding, at least, is different than

hold *it* or hold *on*. It gives us back a little ground, a place to set our figures. It moves us past the endless cat and mouse of closures and enclosures towards a “dream of something better” — bracing and embracing.

While reading background material for this essay, I came across the following anecdote which I would like to conclude with. It is about a man who gained vision for the first time at the age of fifty-two:

When he was just out of the hospital, and his depression was but occasional, he would sometimes prefer to use touch alone, when identifying objects. We showed him a simple lathe (a tool he had wished he could use) and he was very excited. We showed it to him first in a glass case, at the Science Museum in London, and then we opened the case. With the case closed, he was quite unable to say anything about it, except that the nearest part might be a handle (which it was — the transverse feed handle), but when he was allowed to touch it, he closed his eyes and placed his hand on it and he immediately said, with assurance, that it was a handle. He ran his hands eagerly over the rest of the lathe, with his eyes tight shut for a minute or so; then he stood back a little, and opening his eyes and staring at it, he said: ‘Now that I’ve felt it, I can see.’²²

NOTES

- ¹ Margaret Laurence, *The Diviners* (New York: Bantam Books, 1975), p. 6.
- ² Clark Blaise, *A North American Education* (Toronto: General Publishing), p. 164.
- ³ Walter Benjamin, “The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction” in *Illuminations* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1968), p. 228.
- ⁴ William Wordsworth, *The Prelude* (1805) Book XI, 11. 334-41.
- ⁵ John Glassco, *Memoirs of Montparnasse* (Toronto: Oxford Univ. Press, 1970), p. 208.
- ⁶ B. W. Powe, “A Conversation on the Philip Roth of the North” in *A Climate Charged* (Oakville: Mosaic, 1984), p. 170.
- ⁷ Mordecai Richler, *St. Urbain’s Horseman* (Toronto: New Canadian Library, 1971), p. 68.
- ⁸ Michael Ondaatje, *Coming Through Slaughter* (Toronto: Anansi, 1976), p. 6.
- ⁹ It seems odd but many writers on photography, writers who spend a good deal of time examining the rhetoric of these images, do privilege photography as being in some way closer to the “real” than images produced in other ways. Thus, McLuhan writes that the photograph allowed people to make images “without syntax” (*Understanding Media*, p. 171), and Sontag states that a photograph is “a material vestige of its subject in a way that no painting can be” (*On Photography*, p. 154). Even Roland Barthes can be found making such statements: “the photograph is literally an emanation of the referent” (*Camera Lucida*, p. 80). Elsewhere he comments that photography is not a language because it “contains no discontinuous element that could be called a sign.” In my view, such statements are based on a common misconception about the nature of vision. Seeing is itself a language: as E. H. Gombrich has often pointed out, we have to learn how to do it, and in different cultures we are taught different ways of doing it. All images possess syntax, but it is a syntax that has dropped below the threshold of perception. What we see is the

- result of decisions. Furthermore, photography is radically discontinuous with our normal habits of vision (single point of view, no parallax, no movement parallax, different texture gradients) and, as such, constitutes a language, a way of looking. The photograph rather than representing an object directly, can be seen as a representation of the retinal image appearing on the back of a single eye. It is this cyclopean singleness that makes us so stubbornly suspicious of the photographic image. The photograph becomes a detached fragment of what is normally a continuous process, a representation of one stage in the complex flow of perception. With this viewpoint, we are free to see novelists as placing (symbolically) photographs into a process of writing that is itself a symbol of the process of perception. The necessity of learning to see, and the fact that seeing is determined by our intentions towards what we are looking at, is discussed by R. L. Gregory in *Eye and Brain* (Toronto: World University Library, 1966); also see Max Black's "How do Pictures Represent" in *Art, Perception and Reality* (London: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1970). Language is always ahead of reality.
- ¹⁰ E. H. Gombrich, *Meditations on a Hobby Horse* (London: Phaidon, 1963), p. 153-54.
- ¹¹ Alice Munro, *Lives of Girls and Women* (New York: New American Library, 1971), p. 210.
- ¹² L. M. Eldridge, "A Sense of an Ending in Lives of Girls and Women" in *Studies in Canadian Literature*, Vol. 9, No. 1, 1984, p. 115.
- ¹³ Alice Munro, *Who Do You Think You Are* (Toronto: Macmillan, 1978), p. 202.
- ¹⁴ Eva-Marie Kröller, "The Exploding Frame: Uses of Photography in Timothy Findley's 'The Wars'" in *Journal of Canadian Studies*, Vol. 16, No. 3 and 4, 1981, p. 68.
- ¹⁵ Timothy Findley, *The Wars* (London: Penguin Books, 1978), p. 191.
- ¹⁶ Roland Barthes, "On Photography" in *The Grain of the Voice* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1985), p. 353. It may be that some photos do not elicit this response, even in a repressed manner. For example, the advertisement or pornographic picture. This lack of response might indicate the advanced state of dehumanization certain images have achieved.
- ¹⁷ I don't wish to be understood as saying that photographers cannot "redeem" their own work. Naturally, they can and often do overcome the limitations of their method. Such occurrences are rare, however, when we consider the numbers of images that are being produced. They are not part of the subject of this essay.
- ¹⁸ See Timothy Findley's own comment on this, "Long Live the Dead: An Interview with Timothy Findley" in the *Journal of Canadian Fiction*, No. 33, p. 84, "he rides on his horse at you, down this avenue of billboards and the book keeps talking about you, and in a sense, you isn't me, you is you, the reader. . ."
- ¹⁹ Bloom's soap, in *Ulysses* the protector and cleanser of the "languid flower" — his penis, is explicitly connected with Robert's gun, p. 36. Also, we are told twice that Robert is "missing in action" on June 16th — Bloomsday. Are we to conclude that soap is the more effective talisman?
- ²⁰ Timothy Findley, "Long Live the Dead: An Interview with Timothy Findley," p. 83.
- ²¹ Robert Kroetsch, *Badlands* (Toronto: General Publishing, 1975), p. 118.
- ²² R. L. Gregory, *Eye and Brain* (Toronto: World University Library, 1966), p. 197-98.