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Marcel Aymé and Colin Wilson on the Bourgeois, the Outlaw, and Poetry

"Voyons, mais c'est formidable! Le déferlement des masses galvanisées, la ruée des faubourgs sur les quartiers cossus, les violences, l'assouvissement, le sang des riches, le bourgeois qu'on égorge, les cadavres piétinés, quelle gueule ça aura! Et la poésie de toute cette populace Mais c'est fantastique! Ah! tant pis pour qui n'est pas de son époque. Moi, j'en suis." - Marcel Aymé

"But Genius is Always above the Age." -William Blake

". . . . son oeuvre, la plus charitable sous le mode ironique."
- Léon Dadet

". . . . sent the two combatants in an unexpected direction and a probably watery grave respectively." - Anonymous, *The London Case-book of Detective René Descartes*

"Un des plus brillants classiques du XXe siècle"¹ is Georges Robert's judgment of Marcel Aymé, whose short stories, plays, and novels fill more than three dozen volumes. Jean Anouilh goes even further in praising the prolific author: the day after Aymé's death, in 1967, he records that "le plus grand écrivain français vient de mourir."² Yet Aymé, as Robert laments, has remained, for the most part, "cet inconnu."³ The bibliography of Jean Louis Dumont's *Marcel Aymé et le merveilleux* (1967), for example, the only serious full-length study of this writer lists but a dozen or so articles longer than five pages. On the face of it, the critical inattention paid to Aymé in his lifetime is mystifying—the pious student of modern French literature might even say scandalous.

In fact, there is cause for neither scandal nor mystery in Aymé's near anonymity. As one who seemed to possess "au plus haut degré l'horreur de la discussion,"⁴ he did not go out of his way to encourage critics to discuss his work. Nor did Aymé prize the official recognition which the academy did accord him. Like Molière, he was not elected to the

Académie Française, though with good reason. The laconic man, who in politics treated the Right and the Left with evenhanded irreverence and who did not wish to be considered an intellectual, refused the nomination. All but a very few literary thinkers have subsequently had the decency to repay his choice with neglect. With a face like Buster Keaton's—"presque impossible de savoir si elle reflétait l'ennui le plus profond ou l'intérêt le plus vif," in the eyes of Cecil Saint-Laurent—Aymé was not likely to make even the few critics who insisted on addressing him in person feel very much at ease.⁵ His writings had and, it appears, continue to have a similarly disconcerting effect. It is difficult to tell whether the disinterested ironist Aymé is serious or mocking in his fiction.

There is, however, one work in which "cet inconnu" deliberately set aside his reluctance openly to discuss matters of philosophy and literature, *Le Confort intellectuel* (1949), which, in its dialogue form, stands alone in the Aymé collection. "Son livre clé" according to Robert, this dialogue provides "la grille qui nous livrera le message d'Aymé, déchiffrant ses pensées les plus recluses,"⁶ though Dorothy Brodin makes but three brief references to *Le Confort intellectuel* in her 1968 monograph.⁷ Here, Aymé explains himself without equivocation; and the intellectual is invited to enter into a debate which does not confound virtue with politeness: "L'homme qui n'ose pas jeter une vérité désagréable au visage de celui pour qui elle est formulée n'est plus qu'un homme poli."⁸ The author of *Le Confort intellectuel* would give his reasons for opposing what he takes to be the prevailing conception and practice of art and the criticism which supports and nourishes it.

"Ce qui assure la santé de l'esprit, son bien-être, ses joies et ses aises dans la sécurité"—this is what makes for "le confort intellectuel," in the estimation of the "bourgeois cossu" M. Pierre Lepage, Aymé's voice for good sense.⁹ The "ennemi numéro un" of this comfort is a poetry which insinuates into the popular mind fundamental errors in thinking and knowing, "de logique ou d'information" (pp. 15, 11). Hostile in principle to all poetry—"la poésie est un fléau" (p. 19)—M. Lepage most often focuses his wit on the literature of France since the late eighteenth century, the period of "le romantisme," that is, of "le flou, le mou, le ténébreux, le narcissisme, les infinies faciles" (p. 56). He takes Goethe's diagnosis to mean exactly what it says: romanticism, as it blossoms in De Sade, Hugo, Dostoevsky, Rimbaud, Musset, Gide, Mallarmée, Breton, Kafka, and Faulkner, among others, is sickness. M. Lepage explains his opinion to the narrator of *Le Confort intellectuel*, "un artiste . . . de suavité" (p. 9) who, as it turns out, does not have much to say when the rules of straight thinking are in effect.

Like any sound academic or anyone attentive to the demands of factual evidence and consecutive thinking, Aymé's bourgeois *porte-parole* insists that social and moral well-being depends on clear logic and literal precision of language—"la logique, l'évidence" (p. 30). Romantic poetry, as in M. Lepage's *bête noire*, Baudelaire's *La Beauté*, is judged the most pernicious agent for the corruption of society because it obscures language and thought. "Mes yeux, mes larges yeux aux clartés éternelles," for example, the final words of Baudelaire's famous sonnet on beauty, come under this scrutiny: "... impossible de préciser s'il s'agit d'un lumière spirituelle ou d'un certain regard qui ajouterait à la beauté de la Beauté. 'Eternelles', mot spécifiquement vague, mais qui appartient à l'arsenal de la spiritualité, ferait pencher pour la première supposition, mais le rayonnement spirituel implique une sorte de générosité qui ne s'accorde pas avec la majesté glacée de la Beauté. Qui sait même si ces clartés ne seraient pas de très baudelairiennes clartés de l'Enfer? En bref, nous finissons en pleine vague" (p. 31). The obscure language of poetic abstraction sets the reader adrift in a sea of vagaries, where rules the inconsequent logic of feeling. "Quand le vocabulaire s'obscurcit, quand les mots-clés sont incertains et que les idées dites maîtresses deviennent vagues, on est obligé de s'en remettre à sa sensibilité" (p. 77), observes the bourgeois. And when feeling displaces thought, or, even worse, disguises itself as thought, distinctions between opposite or disparate elements disappear. Having embraced such a literary condition—M. Lepage proposes that the ailing French bourgeoisie has taken Baudelaire for its greatest poet—society is in grave danger of falling victim to an aesthetic confounding "le beau et le laid, le bien et le mal, dans une même déliquescence poétique" (p. 73). This aesthetic of coinciding opposites, a carrier of the "détestables germes mystiques" (p. 36), is a legacy of the romantic sensibility: "On ne comprend plus les choses, on ne les explique plus, on les sent" (p. 77).

Moral confusion is a social analogue or a consequence of a mystical spirituality substituting aesthetics for ethics. In the absence of unambiguous distinctions between yes and no, truth and falsehood, right and wrong, everything is permitted, argues M. Lepage. English soldiers may be transformed into Russians by the alchemy of symbolic abstraction (p. 159); "la cause de Sodome" may be confounded with "celle de l'esprit" (p. 103); lust may be substituted for chastity (p. 53); and syphilis may become a badge of moral and intellectual superiority (p. 154). Truth, like beauty, is in the eyes of the beholder, as in this account: a salesman is introduced to a poem by Valéry, which he recites at receptions after baptisms and weddings, always winking at certain passages because he divines there "des sous-entendus cochons"

(p. 101). The anecdote told, M. Lepage ironically invokes the subjectivity and relativity of romantic unknowing: "... et après tout, c'était bien son droit" (p. 101). Baudelaire's and Valéry's mystification of language and thought, he alleges, "nous aura préparés à comprendre la poésie d'un docteur Petiot" (p. 57), who murdered his rich clients, and of the Nazi "fours crématoires ... une grande gueule baudelairienne ... un folle poésie" (p. 139). Ethics are consumed by poetics. As an antidote to the folly of unreason made virtuous in such poetry, M. Lepage would have society return to "un cartésianisme pour marchands de cochons" (p. 178), to lucid thought and surface fact. With this in mind, he counsels the artist/narrator to abandon poetry and to take up the writing of detective novels. These, claims the well-off bourgeois, are set on material evidence and linear reason. No bona fide judge, certainly, would accept an appointment to a jurisdiction such as Kafka imagined in *The Trial*. Literary arbiters, however, are not always so prudent—"un professeur à la Sorbonne a même publié une traduction *en français* du *Cimetière marin* (de Valéry)" (p. 74; my italics), M. Lepage recounts half-jokingly. The professor, presumably a man of science and plain discourse, was clearly out of his depth in the "*brumes nordiques*" (p. 8).

Unlike Marcel Aymé, Colin Wilson, a critic of the bourgeois world, has never shunned the company of intellectuals. His more than thirty volumes, including novels, a play (*Strindberg*), philosophical studies, and anthologies or handbooks of murder and sex, extend an open invitation for discussion and debate. When reviewers fail to take notice of his ideas, Wilson becomes irritated. "Ignoring the ideas in my books" seems to have become "a critical tradition," he complains in the preface to *Beyond the Outsider* (1965),¹⁰ where he chides analysts for an apparent failure to fathom his Outsider books of the late fifties and early sixties. Perhaps literary critics have not always made the effort necessary to understand fully Wilson's proposals for a better spiritual way, but they have been generous in acknowledging his efforts to explain himself or his thesis. And this attention is only fitting, for Wilson is no ally to the enemies of poetry. His *Poetry and Mysticism* (1970) offers as its central thesis that Western civilization suffers from a "spiritual tooth decay" brought on by the failure "to eliminate ... the Cartesian fallacy."¹¹ Supported by a philosophy sharply distinguishing thought from matter, spirit from body, "bourgeois society reduces man. The comfortable life lowers man's resistance, so that he sinks into an unheroic sloth" (p. 14; Wilson's emphasis). Sustained by a Cartesianism inimical to poetry and mysticism, the bourgeois sinks into a slough of security. Wilson is not alone in this view, as M. Lepage's protest in a discussion with a poet suggests: "Les mots détournés de

leur vrai sens, ont le pouvoir de mettre l'évidence en échec, et c'est ainsi qu'on a pu voir un Flaubert, qui passe pour un écrivain sérieux, définir le bourgeois comme étant l'antipoète" (p. 43). By a poetic or spiritualist reading, M. Lepage offers as an example, "un modeste fonctionnaire gagnant juste de quoi subsister" may be transformed into "un esprit bourgeois, poussiérier et rétréci" (p. 43). Aymé's creation, taking "bourgeois" to refer simply to economic class, would appear to validate Wilson's thesis, which is sustained by many of the intellectuals who take Flaubert seriously: the bourgeois suffers from a want of mysticism and poetry; he insists on a pedestrian fidelity to the literal sense of things.

M. Lepage, understandably, might claim the contrary, that it is Wilson who confirms his views. As Thomas de Quincey speculates in *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, "wherever two thoughts stand related to each other by a law of antagonism, and exist . . . by mutual repulsion, they are apt to suggest each other."¹² But the antagonism here is not quite so simple. At times, Wilson and M. Lepage are on the same side in the tug-of-war.

In the preface to *Beyond the Outsider* (1965), Wilson explains that his books from 1956 to 1963 are an attempt "to produce 'a new philosophical synthesis' based on existentialism and romanticism" (p. 11). This much is evident; and it is mystifying that Wilson should charge critics with an ignorance of his design. *The Outsider*, of 1956, with its weaving of Sartre, Novalis, Camus, Hesse, Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Kafka, Rilke, Blake, Fichte, Yeats, and Kierkegaard, for example, makes the 1965 preface redundant. Yet Wilson's use of these authors is partly ironic, unwittingly recalling the method of Andreas Capellanus, who, at the end of his famous treatise on courtly love, informs his readers that they have been taught what not to do: while the Outsider, "society's spiritual dynamo," "stands for truth," he is a solitary pessimist "preoccupied with sex, with crime, with disease."¹³ The figure of the marooned solipsist in quest of truth incorporates the romantic and existentialist conviction that "real order must be preceded by a descent into chaos," as Wilson comments on Hesse's *Demian* (*The Outsider*, p. 55). The chronicler of Outsiders rejects this commonplace of nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature and philosophy because it proposes that "truth is a destructive appetite" (*Beyond the Outsider*; p. 17). In the final analysis, Wilson perceives a thoroughgoing nihilism at the core of romanticism and existentialism, a conclusion anticipated in his first book, *The Outsider*, which begins with an examination of Henri Barbusse's *L'Enfer* (1908), a fiction of an empty narcissist/voyeur. "Il n'y a pas d'oeuvre d'art sans la collaboration du démon," André Gide states in *Dostoievski: articles et causeries*;¹⁴

"I would traverse not once more but often, the hell of my inner being," writes Hesse in *Steppenwolf*.¹⁵ At bottom, the Outsider, a double of the romantic artist, is a devilish nihilist. His philosophy lands him in an infernal cul-de-sac. M. Lepage could not agree more.

M. Lepage and Wilson also agree on the importance of words for a healthy spiritual life. "*The way forward lies through the development of language*," Wilson underlines in *Beyond the Outsider* (p. 205). He too is aware of the obfuscation which vague words and syntax encourage; and he considers "delightful" the following passage from Brand Blanchard's *On Philosophical Style*, parodying the verbal inflation of so many eighteenth- and nineteenth-century German metaphysicians: "To say that Major André was hanged is clear and definite; to say that he was killed is less definite . . . ; to say that he died is still more indefinite If you were to use this statement as a varying symbol by which to rank writers for clearness, we might, I think, get something like the following: Swift . . . would say that André was hanged. Bradley would say that he was killed. Bosanquet would say that he died. Kant would say that his moral existence achieved its termination. Hegel would say that a finite determination of infinity had been further determined by its own negation."¹⁶ Like Aymé's bourgeois, Wilson would adopt a Swiftian plain speech—or so it would seem.

Having expressed his preference for a clear language of affirmation in *Beyond the Outsider*, Wilson argues, in *Poetry and Mysticism*, that it is only by a development of the "mystical consciousness" of the poet that man can be in "reality" (p. 227, for example). For Wilson, "the poetic and mystical experience are the same experience in every way" (p. 216; his emphasis). The poetic/mystical experience, however, radically differs from that of the criminal. The romantic and the existentialists—Keats is a rare exception—err in their allying of the poet and the mystic with the criminal. "The murderer formally signs a pact with triviality as black magicians once signed a pact with the Devil," Wilson observes in *A Casebook of Murder*,¹⁷ where he paraphrases G. B. Shaw: "We judge an artist by his highest moments, a criminal by his lowest" (p. 273). The murderer, by this account, is far removed from the poet/mystic. At the end of his casebook, Wilson approaches the wit of M. Lepage: the poet Laurent Tailhade had celebrated a murder by bombing—"Qu'importe les victimes si le geste est beau?"; in April 1894, five months after the bombing, Tailhade lost an eye in an explosion meant to revenge a victim of the first bomb (p. 274). There is no real beauty in a crime reflecting the moral nihilism of a perverse aesthetic. Rejecting the Tailhade view, Wilson looks forward to a time when men will live in a continuous and positive heightened awareness of the "reality" of themselves and the world, in a

beatific state where all conflicts will be resolved, all contraries reconciled. This is Wilson's affirmation of hope: "Man lives at the bottom of a kind of fish-tank whose glass is greasy, dusty and inclined to distort. Certain experiences can endow him with a mental energy that momentarily rockets him clear of the top of the fish tank, and he sees 'reality' as infinitely alien, infinitely strange. What is more, it is curiously *meaningful*" (*Beyond the Outsider*; p. 225; Wilson's emphasis). It is not in criminals but in poets and mystics such as Blake that Wilson finds positive experiences of this kind.

M. Lepage might object to Wilson's analogy here. The author of *Beyond the Outsider* seems temporarily to have lost his senses and joined the mystical brotherhood of Conrad's anarchist bombers in *The Secret Agent*, though London in that fiction is likened to a drained aquarium. If man is like a fish in a tank, and it is proposed that the fish, for its own spiritual well-being, spend its entire life outside that tank, then surely those who act on Wilson's counsel will rocket to death as well as to "reality." If man is prudent, on the other hand, and chooses, like the bourgeois and normal fish, to remain in the tank, then surely he will not survive there either. Unlike Chaucer, Wilson seems not sufficiently to respect the literal sense of the terms of his analogy. A monk out of his cloister is like a fish out of water—that is clear. And what precisely is signified by Wilson's "curiously *meaningful*"? Hegel's vagaries would seem to hold as much water as Wilson's here. Such sloppiness of expression and indifference to "things," M. Lepage might add, suggest a sensibility given to confounding aesthetics with theology. It suggests a mind which has no reason to distinguish poetry and mysticism from some criminal acts, since the poet, the mystic, and the joy-murderer, for example (Wilson spend a chapter on *Lustmörd* in his casebook), all experience truth in the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling: "Passion and Expression is Beauty Itself."¹⁸ If material distinction and logical analysis are not instruments of truth, then the poetic, the criminal, and the mystical experience may be seen as identical. Sameness may be confounded with similitude.

Perhaps Wilson has spent so much of his time among existentialists, romantics, and criminals, including Dr. Marcel Petiot, the murderer named in *Le Confort intellectuel* (see *A Casebook of Murder*, pp. 125, 207, 213), that he himself has become an analogue of the Outsider "preoccupied with sex, with crime, with disease" (*The Outsider*, p. 13). As Wilson admits in *A Casebook of Murder*, he find homicide in the nineteenth century "far more interesting" than in the eighteenth, because it often involves "human choice": "I see murder . . . as an *existential* problem" (p. 89; his emphasis). He does not see it as an ethical problem. The reliance on the experiences of Blake-like vision-

aries for the making of a philosophy of "wholeness" by "mystical consciousness" is understandable, but it is hazardous for anyone who would clearly distinguish the criminal from the poet and the mystic. The fact that Blake and the religious visionary George Fox, for example, are considered together in Chapter 8 of *The Outsider*, while the former is cited five times in *A Casebook of Murder* and six times in *Beyond the Outsider*, may indicate that Wilson did not altogether avoid that hazard. In the words of P. B. Shelley's *A Defence of Poetry*, "Reason respects the differences, and Imagination the similitudes of things"; by the agency of the imagination, the poet participates in "the One."¹⁹ The concluding sentence of *The Outsider*, which affirms the moral primacy of the imagination, professes that the outlaw and the holy mystic are brothers under the skin: "... the individual begins that long effort (to see whole) as an Outsider; he may finish it as a saint." Seen in this context, Blake's axiom, seconded in principle by Wilson, that "All Religions are One,"²⁰ takes on a sinister aspect. They are one in the mind: if "Mental Things are alone Real" and if "what is Called Corporeal Nobody Knows of its dwelling Place,"²¹ again in the language of Blake then a detective's or judge's or moral theologian's work is absurd and futile. "Rather murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unsatisfied desire,"²² teaches the mystical author of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*. Crime and sanctity, like beauty and truth, are in the mind only—no splits or material differences in that world. Wilson's Blake-like conviction that the poetic and the mystical experience are the *same* in every way may be seen to confirm M. Lepage's darkest suspicions. When the poetic is the mystic/spiritual and the mystic/spiritual is the poetic, anything goes. Thought of in this way, imagination unlike reason, does not respect the differences of things.

From the above account, it would seem that fidelity to the literal sense of things and the visionary or symbolic account of "reality" are incompatible, that "thing" and "idea" are unconnected. But not so. Aymé's commentary on the author of the *Chants de Maldoror*, whose logic and symbolism anticipate the surrealists, proposes quite the contrary: Lautréamont is "presque inconnu" because "il écrit honnêtement et . . . il donne aux mots leur valeur exact" (*Le Confort intellectuel*, p. 36). And other writers have supported the notion that literal precision does not exclude imagination. Better known than either Aymé or Lautréamont, Joseph Conrad, for example, shows that the symbolic seeing of the underlying truth of things need not do avoidable injustice to the visible universe. When, in *An Outcast of the Islands*, the Polish mariner refers to the sea as "the restless mirror of the Infinite,"²³ the primary Conradian analogate for the expression of the subsurface truth of man and the universe, he is faithful to the plain

facts. The mirror-like sea, by an optical illusion, has no bottom; it is, quite literally, not finite. "Facts can speak for themselves with overwhelming precision,"²⁴ Conrad writes in *Typhoon*.

The lesson of Aymé, Lautreámont, and Conrad is especially valuable to the student of Canadian literature in English, where Blake's vision is widely translated, imitated or adopted. David McFadden, for example, a poet and once a newspaper reporter, enthusiastically recommends that the Canadian bourgeois, a pedestrian soul, set aside his "fears of something that is not rational in any tangible way . . . like the angels flying in and out of Blake's sun," to imitate their flight; and Robin Skelton, a professor and a poet, pronounces that, to be a truly great poet, one must be struck by lightning at least a dozen times.²⁵ Other Canadian writers counsel an absurd separation of thing and idea similar to Skelton's and McFadden's: we ought to break out of the urban heart of darkness, to lose and find ourselves, to be enlightened, in the wilderness. In the words of Robertson Davies' *Question Time*, "the primitive world," not "the civilized," "can carry you very deep down."²⁶ *Playground*, an ironic Conrad-like fiction centered on the Québec wilderness by John Buell, a Canadian largely unknown in his country, and a respecter of detective work, voices a rare counterpoint to prevailing creeds of obscurity: "made-up aesthetics" are convenient for those who know nothing of being lost in the "material" bush.²⁷ Those who have had the uncomfortable experience know enough not to try it again; nor do they insist that others duplicate their folly. That much, an obtuse advocate of "un cartésianisme pour marchands de cochons" can grasp. But so many of Canada's writers in English echo Blake's famous dismissive, "That which can be made explicit to the Idiot is not worth my care." An idiot, presumably, is anyone who cannot clearly divine the truth of what the mystic/poet/visionary tells him.

The bourgeois, like Blake's anonymous idiot, has reason to feel ill at ease once he loses his bearings in the "cloud of unknowing" envisioned by such as Blake or Wilson. Sceptical of the benefits likely to come from a spirituality identified with poetry and mysticism, the prudent bourgeois, whether in Canada, Britain, or France, may prefer to follow the direction of the law-abiding M. Lepage, who professes respect for the surface aspect of the visible universe and the outward order of civilization. *Le Confort intellectuel*, by a stranger to the literary world of contemporary romanticism, does not murder the surface intelligence. Aymé's "bourgeois cossu" winks knowingly at the eccentricities of a literature which confounds conscience with imagination and appears to make a virtue of obscurity.

NOTES

1. Georges Robert and André Lioret, *Marcel Aymé insolite* (Paris: Editions de la Revue Indépendante, 1958), p. 32.
2. Cecil Saint-Laurant, *Marcel Aymé, un enchanteur taciturne* (Liège: Editions Dynamo, 1968), p. 7.
3. From the title of Georges Rogert's *Marcel Aymé, cet inconnu* (Paris: Editions de la Revue Défense de l'Esprit, 1955); reprinted in *Marcel Aymé insolite*.
4. Robert, *Marcel Aymé, cet inconnu*, p. 20.
5. Saint-Laurent, p. 9.
6. Robert and Lioret, p. 91.
7. Dorothy Brodin, *Marcel Aymé* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1968), No. 38, Columbia Essays on Modern Writers.
8. From the foreword of *Marcel Aymé insolite*.
9. Marcel Aymé, *Le Confort intellectuel* (Paris: Flammarion, 1949), p. 12. Further page references, incorporated in the text, are taken from this edition.
10. Colin Wilson, *Beyond the Outsider* (London: Pan, 1965), p. 14. Further page references, incorporated in the text, are taken from this edition.
11. Colin Wilson, *Poetry and Mysticism* (London: Hutchinson, 1970), pp. 16, 205. Further page references, incorporated in the text, are taken from this edition.
12. Thomas de Quincey, *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, in *Prose of the Romantic Period*, ed. Carl Woodring (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1961), p. 396.
13. Colin Wilson, *The Outsider* (London: Gollancz, 1970), pp. 59, 60, 13. Page references, incorporated in the text, are taken from this edition; first published in 1956.
14. André Gide, *Dostoievski: articles et causeries* (Paris: Pion, 1923), p. 247.
15. Hermann Hesse, *Steppenwolf*, trans. Basil Creighton (London: Secker, 1929), p. 322.
16. Brand Blanchard, *On Philosophical Style* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1954), p. 30. Cited in *Beyond the Outsider*, p. 64. It appears that, even in Germany, Kant is more clearly understood in translation.
17. Colin Wilson, *A Casebook of Murder* (London: Leslie Frewin, 1969), p. 273. Further page references, incorporated in the text, are taken from this edition.
18. William Blake, *Complete Writings*, ed. Geoffrey Keynes (London: Oxford University Press, 1966), p. 466.
19. Percy B. Shelley, "A Defence of Poetry," in *Poetry of the Romantic Period*, ed. Woodring, pp. 488-89.
20. Blake, p. 98.
21. Blake, p. 617.
22. Blake, as cited in *A Casebook of Murder*, p. 5.
23. Joseph Conrad, *An Outcast of the Islands* (London: Dent, 1946-51), p. 12.
24. Joseph Conrad, *Typhoon* (London: Dent, 1946-51), p. 9.
25. David McFadden, "The Twilight of Self-Consciousness," in *The Human Element: Critical Essays*, ed. David Helwig (Toronto: Oberon, 1978), p. 96.
26. Robertson Davies, *Question Time—A Play* (Toronto: Macmillan, 1975), pp. 16-17. See also, Davies' essay, "The Canada of Myth and Reality," in *Canadian Literature in the 70's*, eds. Paul Denham and Mary Jane Edwards (Toronto: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1980), p. 14.
27. John Buell, *Playground* (New York: Farrar, Strauss, Giroux, 1975), p. 54.