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FROM GREENE TO GORDON: THE CHANGING ACCENT OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE

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Mr. Schmude was born in Sydney in 1947. He was educated at Christian Brothers' College, Rose Bay, and later at Waverley College. In 1964 he began tertiary studies, completing a B.A. at Sydney University in 1966 and a Diploma in Librarianship at the University of New South Wales in 1967.

Mr. Schmude first worked at the State Library of New South Wales and later as Librarian-in-Charge at the Inservice Education Library of the New South Wales Department of Education. In 1970 he married and moved to Armidale, New South Wales, where he is now Deputy University Librarian at the University of New England. His wife, Virginia, and he have four sons.

In 1977 he was the recipient of a Fulbright University Administrator Award which afforded him the opportunity of a four-month study tour of academic libraries in the United States.

He has been a frequent contributor to Australian Catholic newspapers and journals such as the "Catholic Weekly" (Sydney) and the "Annals". His writings have also been widely published overseas – in journals like the London "Tablet", the Jesuit weekly "America" and the Chicago "Critic".

He has produced a range of pamphlets, including several of a biographical nature (for example, one on G.K. Chesterton). His pamphlet comparing changes in cricket and Catholicism in recent times was reported at length in the "National Times" in January 1981. He is currently completing a book on a new popular Catholic identity in Australia.

One of the intriguing phenomena of recent years is the amount of popular literature which has been published by authors with a Catholic background. I say "intriguing", because the phenomenon has occurred in countries such as the United States, Britain and Australia, where the Church is not culturally dominant – where, indeed, Catholicism is a minority religion.

The evidence of this phenomenon is readily observable. In England, for example, there have been novels like Piers Paul Read's *Monk Dawson* (1969) and Anthony Burgess's *Earthly Powers* (1980), as well as plays by Mary O'Malley and Ted Whitehead. Mary O'Malley's play, *Once A Catholic* (1977), attracted large audiences in London and was subsequently staged in a number of Australian cities.

In America, it is an expatriate Australian, Colleen McCullough, who achieved prodigious success with her novel, *The Thorn Birds* (1977). A host of other authors have attracted widespread notice – such as Wilfred Sheed (the son of Frank Sheed) with *Transatlantic Blues* (1978), James Carroll with *Mortal Friends* (1978) and *Fault Lines* (1980), John Gregory Dunne with *True Confessions* (1978), and Walter Percy with *Love in the Ruins* (1971). Yet the author who has produced the book most unmistakably Catholic in its subject and atmosphere is Mary Gordon. I have enlisted her name in the title of this lecture, since she serves to highlight several of the themes I would like to explore.

In Australia, the past decade and a half have yielded an abundance of literature which draws its main interest and energy from the life of Catholics. There have been novels like Thomas Keneally's *Three Cheers for the Paraclete* (1968), Desmond O'Grady's *Deschooling Kevin Carew* (1974) and Gerald Murnane's *Tamarisk Row* (1974); plays like Peter Kenna's *A Hard God* (1973) and Ron Blair's *The Christian Brothers* (1976); short stories like Barry Oakley's *Walking Through Tigerland* (1977); and poetry like Les Murray's *The Boys Who Stole the Funeral* (1980).

What does this phenomenon mean? Is it simply a coincidence of individual efforts, and the process of differentiating Catholics an outmoded exercise in head-counting? Or does it signify the movements of an important cultural process – a series of changes beneath the surface, as it were,

which Catholics as a people have undergone in modern times? Does the phenomenon tell us something about the Catholic sensibility today?

I believe that this burgeoning of literature is more than a coincidence. Literature, after all, is not only the communication of a personal vision. It is also the expression of a communal order. It is the dramatization of a culture – a means of revealing and exploring the beliefs and values, the myths and symbols, the customs and institutions which make up the life of a people. A valuable approach to social history is to read the literature of the time – to discern what authors have taken for granted or, in a period of turmoil, to understand how they have responded to changes in the fabric of cultural life. It is difficult for conventional histories to convey this richness of perception, for they tend to be concerned with externals or to deal in abstract issues of which ordinary people are often enough unaware.

It is a chief premise of this lecture that the literature I have cited sheds light on the cultural world which present-day Catholics inhabit. The changing accent of Catholic literature provides some clues to the changed workings of the Catholic imagination.

Already problems of definition are emerging. What precisely *is* Catholic literature? Is it simply literature written by Catholics? Do the main themes or characters need to be explicitly Catholic? Must there be a depiction of spiritual drama or experience, an illumination of the mystery of faith? The title of "Catholic" novelist – and, for ease of treatment in this lecture, I will be taking the novelist as a representative literary figure – has generally been rejected by those to whom it has been applied. Graham Greene has frequently protested that he is simply a novelist who happens to be a Catholic, and his fear of being mistaken for a propagandist is not unusual.

Yet it is remarkable how persistent the idea of a "Catholic" novel is; how readily even non-Catholics seem to see the Church as the source or focus of a special kind of literature. It says something about the cultural power of Catholicism, its incarnational penetration of society, even in our time when that power and penetration might appear to have declined markedly. The Catholic

identity continues to manifest a richness and an energy far greater than other traditions in our culture.

In the 1930's, the French critic Jacques Rivière argued that Christianity gives the novelist a special power of insight, a particular profundity, because the characters he creates are not only individuals. They are also *creatures*. The characters, for example, in Dostoevsky are not merely exciting and clear-cut personalities. They are more than the sum of their passions. They possess that extra dimension – an image of God which is never quite effaced. They have in them what Rivière called "that little crack which enables a human being to escape from himself", to establish communion with his neighbour. As creatures they have souls like us which may be saved or lost. They stand in need of mercy and forgiveness. We can be moved to pray for them.¹

Another Frenchman, the novelist Georges Bernanos, has observed that his characters undergo *temptations* – a word that suggests a universe of ultimate meaning within which one acts. A purpose exists from which one can be deflected, a destiny of glory which one can forfeit. "The Catholic novel," argued Bernanos, "is not the novel which only nourishes us with nice sentiments; it is the novel where the life of faith is at grips with the passions. Everything possible must be done to make the reader feel the tragic mystery of salvation."²

In terms of such criteria, various critics have pronounced unfavourably on the current output. The Sydney writer Gerard Windsor, for example, has commented:

Catholicism is not given credit for anything more than quaintness and a traumatic emotional power. There is no interest in it as a vehicle of religious experience, no advertence to any of its central doctrines. There is no sense in which we can describe our "Catholic" writers as religious writers. There is plenty of guilt in their work, but no sense of sin nor of grace, nor of conversion nor redemption nor revelation nor any of the range of concepts that make up the notion of religion.³

This is not the first time in the present century that such discussions have taken place. In the 1930's and 1940's, Graham Greene provoked debate on the subject of the "Catholic" novel by his publication of works like *Brighton Rock* (1938) and *The Power and the Glory* (1940). In Australia at that time, as novels by Greene and his fellow Englishmen, Evelyn Waugh, Bruce Marshall and others, succeeded one another, the literary pages of the Melbourne *Advocate* were alive with controversy. The debate turned mainly on Cardinal Newman's argument, that it is "a contradiction in terms to attempt a sinless literature of sinful man".⁴ Some argued, in the words of the American authoress, Flannery O'Connor, that the writer has to make moral corruption believable before the infusion of divine grace can become meaningful.⁵ Others declared that the "Catholic" novel cannot depict evil without conniving at it. Perhaps the climax of these discussions occurred in the London *Tablet* in 1948, when Evelyn Waugh reviewed Graham Greene's novel, *The Heart of the Matter*. He queried the theology embodied in the book, commenting that the idea which Scobie, the main character, had of willing his own damnation for the love of God is "either a very loose poetical expression or a mad blasphemy, for the God who accepted that sacrifice could be neither just nor lovable."⁶

To review the course of that debate in 1981 is to be struck by the intensity of theological interest which was demonstrated. The various contributors – ranging from literary critics and priest-journalists to interested lay people writing "Letters to the Editor" – were concerned to focus upon questions of sin and grace and redemption. A conscious interest was shown in questions of Catholic doctrine, especially as these affected the fate of souls.

There seem to me two major reasons for this, both of which are important as marks of comparison with the new "Catholic" literature. The first reason is that the popular authors of the time, who set the agenda of debate, were to an overwhelming extent converts to Catholicism. This characteristic, of course, applied not only to the novelists, but to virtually all the leading figures of the Catholic intellectual revival in Britain in the opening decades of this century – to historians (like Christopher Dawson), artists (like Eric Gill), philosophers (like E. I. Watkin and T. S. Gregory), and popular apologists (like G. K. Chesterton and Sir Arnold Lunn). When Frank Sheed visited my home town of Armidale several years ago, he told me that, without the converts there would have

been no revival in this century in the English-speaking world. In 1954, Sheed edited an anthology called *Born Catholics*, as a counterpoise to the many "Road to Damascus" books produced by converts. It serves to illustrate his point for it contained only one "cradle" Catholic of undoubted literary stature – Hilaire Belloc.

The converts were, humanly speaking, brought to Catholicism largely by intellectual means. They often spoke of the thinness of their emotional commitment to the Church. Even Graham Greene, who has admitted that his conversion was prompted by his desire to share the faith of his Catholic fiancée, and whose theological ideas have often been criticized as peculiar if not heterodox, has stated that he entered the Church with intellectual conviction, but "with no emotional or aesthetic feeling".⁷

The convert is drawn to the Church in adult life and thus is conscious of the element of free will and choice in the act of conversion. Being convinced of the truth of Catholicism, he is apt to be interested in knowledge about God, in learning what God has revealed about human nature and destiny. Thus the influx of converts at the time – in countries, we should remember, where the Catholic Church was not pre-eminent and Catholics themselves felt isolated – became an occasion for communicating the Catholic faith to a wider society; for enacting the Catholic experience, in a way few born Catholics had the imaginative readiness or the cultural confidence to do. The converts felt no inhibitions about presenting the Church to the world. They did not feel besieged. They were God's spies who had come in from the cold. Within the household of the Church, in Belloc's metaphor, they found the human spirit had roof and hearth. Outside it was "the Night".⁸ To the misery of that metaphysical darkness the Church appeared as the only authentic answer – and the converts felt a profound calling to give witness to that fact.

The second major reason for the kind of Catholic literature produced is that the Catholic identity at that time was clear and coherent. The popular culture of the Church, which mediated the beliefs that the converts found so powerful and appealing, was still intact. It was a community which imposed considerable demands on its members, but provided a vestment of meanings that

made the sacrifices endurable. As the chief character in Mary Gordon's novel, *Final Payments* (1978), recalls about the Church:

I always lived in a world where people asked the impossible. Anything else has always seemed mediocre.⁹

Both these features have been reversed among the new "Catholic" writers. Unlike Evelyn Waugh and Graham Greene, the new writers are, almost entirely, "cradle" Catholics. There is only the occasional convert – for example, the Australian poets Les Murray and Kevin Hart. The television scriptwriter Tony Morphet has said that, if a dinner were organized for contemporary Australian writers, a significant number of the guests would be ex-Christian Brothers' boys; whether of the older generation (like Morris West, who actually trained to be a Christian Brother) or of the newer (like Ron Blair, Barry Oakley, Peter Kenna and Christopher Koch). Those now writing were reared at a critical moment in modern history. One might say they were born between two religious cultures, one dying, the other struggling to be born, and they received their formation in the matrix of a Church on the threshold of transformation. They were brought up believing in a way of life which was ceasing to believe in itself. Thus the literature produced by contemporary Catholics tends to have been preoccupied with Catholic subjects and scenes – seminaries and churches and religious schools. It has revealed a fascination with guilt. A special importance has been attached to a Catholic childhood. In books like Murnane's *Tamarisk Row*, the treatment of childhood affords a means by which authors seek to come to terms with the traditions which shaped them. The promises and celebrations of the Catholic upbringing, the burdens and sacrifices, the haunting mysteries, the unutterable sentiments – all these experiences were part of a distinctive way of life beneath the conformities of a mass secular culture. They furnish the means of explaining what one is – or, more often, obliterating what one used to be. Thomas Keneally has suggested that authors do not write problems or preoccupations out of their system: they write them in; absorb them into the blood stream, as it were; then move on to other themes.¹⁰ We will be examining later on whether the writing of the new Catholics has ceased to be affected by the images and perspectives of a distinctive past. For the moment we can note that the features of that past have been used as

symbols of change – ways of dramatizing the cultural distance which has been travelled in the recent passage of the Catholic people.

For the most part, traditional Catholic culture has been portrayed in the new literature with a mingling of astonishment and scorn – that a religious climate now judged to be tenuous and unworthy should have exacted the psychic costs it did. Present-day authors are not working within a set pattern of religious traditions. They are depicting a way of life that is no longer intact or even intelligible. By contrast with the earlier "convert" authors, they are writing beyond the bounds of a culture, separated like their Catholic readers from an identity that was once common and cohesive.

In trying to recreate the world of traditional faith, the new writers face a formidable problem. Simply to stigmatize that world, to satirize its inhibitions and apparent puerilities, is not tolerable from either an artistic or an historical standpoint. This approach has indeed been widely evident in recent times, but it serves only to render the devotion and faith of earlier generations unbelievable. From very little of the contemporary literature can one derive a sense of the profound meaning and appeal which the Church held for vast multitudes. The immense power of the traditional Catholic culture has not been conveyed – its capacity to hold all kinds of people, to draw them back, to inspire and change them. With a few exceptions, there has been a failure to evoke what it *felt* like, at that time, to believe in and practise the Catholic faith.

Perhaps we are still too close to this past to grasp it with imaginative sympathy; perhaps we need the passage of time to see that culture, with its achievements and its failures, as part of the living stream of divine history in which we all participate. Few novels by modern Catholic authors can rival, for example, Sigrid Undset's great saga published in the 1920's called *Kristin Lavransdatter*.¹¹ The book is set in fourteenth century Norway – Undset herself was born in Norway and became a Catholic in 1924 – and it offers a remarkable picture of popular medieval culture. Its power flows in part from its reanimation of a world that is distant enough not to stir repressed grievances on the part of the modern reader, but sufficiently vivid and true-to-life to kindle the attention of anyone interested in the nature and destiny of human beings. We are permitted to enter into the minds and hearts of ordinary people of that time, as the farmers till the earth, the

priests tend their flocks, and the nobles struggle with affairs of state. However remote such circumstances may be from our present-day experience, we can identify instantly with the truth of Undset's vision. Her characters are real people, neither romanticized nor reviled by their fictional creator. Like her Divine Master, Sigrid Undset clearly knows and loves her creatures: she knows their pride, their impiety, their less-than-heroic virtue – but she loves them all as possible vessels of grace.

That outlook informs Undset's novels, as it inspires those of a contemporary Catholic writer, James Carroll. Speaking of his latest novel, *Fault Lines*, Carroll notes that "all three main characters are flawed people, but as the author I love all three of them absolutely. My commitment as a writer is to communicate somehow that this love of the novelist for his characters is an authentic image of how the Author of Life loves all His people, always".¹²

Probably we will have to wait several generations before the world of popular Catholicism which has recently passed can be retrieved in all its spiritual and cultural intensity – to be seen as neither a tormenting oppression nor a quaint memory, but as a lived experience of faith that possesses supernatural value and significance and links the people of recent centuries with those of our own time.

If it is true that authors eventually write out of their system – or, as Keneally suggests, write *into* their system – the particular ideas that have seized their imagination, then we might expect that the recent burst of literature by and about Catholics will abate as the flames of bitterness die out. Certainly a distinct mellowing of outlook is discernible among some of the writers who grew alienated from the Church in the 1960's. They are apt to exhibit a deep ambivalence – an attitude of regret as well as relief. They are poignantly conscious of the diminished power of the Catholic tradition. Their imaginations appear to throb at times with the knowledge that they can no longer embody in their lives what they still feel, intensely if reluctantly, is an unalterable identity. Thus the Australian novelist and playwright, Barry Oakley, has testified that, while he no longer practises, he is conscious of strong Catholic roots:

And I'm very glad I've got them, in spite of the frustrations. I can imagine myself dying of syphilis at 75 and asking for forgiveness at the end, like Wilde or Rimbaud.¹³

Or again, the English writer, Anthony Burgess, describing the longings of the "lapsed" Catholic:

I avoid envying the believer, but it is with no indifferent eye that I view the flood of worshippers pouring into the Catholic church at the corner of my street. I want to be one of them, but wanting is not enough. The position of standing on the periphery is one that I share with many men of good will; the state of being a lapsed Catholic is so painful that it sometimes seems to generate a positive charge, as though it had in itself a certain religious validity. Perhaps some of the prayers that go for the souls in purgatory might occasionally be used for us. Those souls at least know where they are. We don't. I don't.¹⁴

Two kinds of responses now seem to me to be occurring among writers of a Catholic background. One is what might be seen as a traditional approach, consisting of the depiction of Catholic characters and the analysis of Catholic themes. This approach shares a ready affinity with the self-consciously Catholic literature produced in an earlier generation by authors like Graham Greene. Probably the most impressive example of this approach is Mary Gordon, a new American novelist. Raised as an only child in New York City during the 1960's, she experienced an intensely religious upbringing. She recalls that, as a child, she read the lives of the saints over and over. She wrote religious treatises and poetry for her own edification.¹⁵ "The metaphors of Catholicism," she has said, "the Catholic way of looking at the world, these are in my bones. It is my framework of language."¹⁶

Not unexpectedly, her first novel, *Final Payments* (1978), bears the impress of that childhood ardour. What is unexpected, however, is that a book, whose main themes are self-sacrifice, death,

old people and the enduring vitality of the Catholic faith, should prove such a phenomenal best-seller.

Mary Gordon's latest work of fiction is called *The Company of Women* (1981). Like her first novel, it is emphatically Catholic in its subject matter and characterizations. My own surmise is that this kind of literature will gradually diminish as the years lengthen; for the writers producing it belong to the last generation formed in the crucible of a traditional Catholic culture. They were shaped by the idea that Catholicism is not only a faith, but a Church – a living body of people, made up of the weak and the unspiritually minded as well as the committed, which expresses its belief and values in a certain way of life. They believed that a sharp tension existed between the Church and the world, and that this reflected deeper dichotomies in life – between good and evil, sin and sanctity, heaven and hell.

The conspicuously Catholic novel in the English-speaking world, whether of Graham Greene or Mary Gordon, is essentially the product of a certain religious culture – one that was still intact and accepted in the 1940's and imaginatively accessible only to the convert, but one which has now largely gone, opening up a cultural void which only the "cradle" Catholic is able to plumb.

Yet as this form of novel fades, Catholicism will not, I believe, suddenly cease to generate a literature. A different kind of novel is now making a vital impact on the literary scene. It is "Catholic" in a less striking sense than the earlier genre. While it commonly contains Catholic characters, it is not so interested in, or dependent upon, specifically Catholic subjects or themes. One might claim that it does not impress the general reader as the literature of a denomination. It does not treat of sacrilegious communions or rubrical niceties or childhood singularities or ecclesiastical conflicts – themes that were fairly characteristic before the Catholic identity began to dissolve. In sum, it no longer depicts the struggles of a religious people within a definite context of belief and habit, for such a context no longer obtains.

Mary Gordon herself has recognized the effect on literature of recent shifts in the secular culture and the Catholic identity:

In general [she stated in a recent interview] I think the religious experience is a less and less formative experience in a communal sense, because people's communities are less and less religiously defined. So any kind of religious life becomes less prevalent a subject of novels... I think that people in my generation are coming back to religion, having been away from it in their youth. But it hasn't reached fiction yet, I don't think.¹⁷

What *has* reached fiction, I believe, is the attempt of Catholic novelists to bring their spiritual traditions to bear on a new cultural situation. This means exploring themes that may have been previously explored by non-Catholic writers, treating them in a new secular ambience, and yet raising the basic issues of human existence from a distinctively Catholic perspective. The sorts of issues being dramatized are those of the contest between good and evil, the sacramental character of human life, the universal scope of divine love.

The dissolution of the traditional religious culture is prompting the Catholic novelist to search out other traditions with which to probe eternal realities; to resort even to symbol systems other than Christianity. Writers like Christopher Koch and Blanche d'Alpuget have recently turned to Asia and been drawing on symbols from non-Christian religions. Koch's highly successful novel, *The Year of Living Dangerously* (1978), is built on the structure of a Javanese puppet show, which represents the shadows on the screen as human souls and allows the novelist to dramatize the conflict between good and evil, between the forces of light and the forces of darkness. The novelty of this metaphor, combined with the quality of Koch's writing, generates an atmosphere of inexhaustible mystery.

The element of mystery is central to any work that seeks to portray spiritual conflict, and yet it is forbiddingly difficult to evoke in the midst of a modern secularist culture. As the Melbourne literary critic, Terry Monagle, has observed, several contemporary authors have been pushing, largely in vain, the form of the novel to see if it can bear the depiction of the supernatural without disintegrating.¹⁸ In so far as the task admits of success, it finds a powerful exemplar, to my mind, in

the fiction of Flannery O'Connor. This American novelist and short-story writer is proving to be more relevant to the 1980's than to the period in which she wrote. She produced only a handful of books, having been weakened and finally killed by a rare disease at the age of thirty-nine. But these works provide an extraordinary foreshadowing of the form of Catholic novel that is now likely to be effective.

Flannery O'Connor was born and spent most of her life in the American State of Georgia. Her writings do not use Catholic characters and settings. They are concerned with the region where she lived and the people she knew: fundamentalist Protestants in the American South. For all its intensity, the religion of the South is not sacramental in character. It is not an incarnational faith in the way Catholicism is. It does not take root, visibly and tangibly, in the surrounding culture, touching all aspects of popular life – the mundane as well as the momentous. The challenge which Flannery O'Connor had to meet in the 1950's, however, is similar to that confronting the Catholic novelist in the 1980's: how to depict spiritual action and change to an audience which receives few intimations of the supernatural from its own culture. Where Christianity becomes relegated to the private sphere, as it tends to in the American South and increasingly throughout Western society, it ceases to find social channels for the transmission of religious truth. Flannery O'Connor's way of coping imaginatively with these conditions was to use natural phenomena – like water and fire – as symbols of the supernatural. And she peopled her work with strange and overpowering characters who cannot be ignored. Her fiction abounds with raging prophets and fanatical preachers.

All of these elements are memorably combined in what is perhaps her finest novel, *The Violent Bear It Away* (1960). It is a taut and compelling story of an adolescent boy in rural Tennessee, who is raised by his great-uncle to be a Christian prophet. When the old man dies, the boy denies this vocation, refuses to honour his great-uncle's request for Christian burial and leaves for the city. The novel traces the consequent struggle for his soul.

The vital centre of the book is supplied by a remarkable potent metaphor – that of hunger. The boy had been told by the old man that "Jesus is the Bread of life". From the time he leaves his dead great-uncle, the boy feels famished. Yet he cannot bear to eat; the thought of ordinary food

nauseates him. When he returns to the site of his great-uncle's death, he has an overwhelming sense of his own unfaithfulness. "As he looked," writes Flannery O'Connor, "his dry lips parted. They seemed to be forced open by a hunger too great to be contained inside him."¹⁹ Presently, the boy has a vision of the Sermon on the Mount. He sees his great-uncle before him and he realizes at last the true object of his hunger. He is "aware that it was the same as the old man's and that nothing on earth would fill him. His hunger was so great that he could have eaten all the loaves and fishes after they were multiplied".²⁰

Such a summary gives barely a hint of the power of this novel. Yet as a study of the workings of grace in a culture without obvious religious supports, *The Violent Bear It Away* points a path forward for the Catholic novel. It fulfils the key criterion of that novel – namely, the portrayal of the human person in a spiritual universe. It reveals a being who is never simply secular in his needs; who seeks to remain self-sufficient and earth-bound, but is finally prized open by the levering of a divine love. Thus the modern reader is given some insight into the transcendent importance of human life. He sees the human soul engaged in an adventure with eternity. And he feels moved by the experience which lies at the heart of Catholic literature – the experience of spiritual struggle which Georges Bernanos once described so graphically:

I am between the Angel of light and the Angel of darkness, looking at them
each in turn with the same enraged hunger for the absolute.²¹

NOTES

1. Jacques Rivière, quoted by G. M. Tumell, "The Function of a Catholic Critic", *Colosseum* (London), Vol.2, December 1935, p.271.
2. Georges Bernanos, quoted by Robert Speaight, *Georges Bernanos*, London, Collins & Harvill Press, 1973, pp.71-2.
3. Gerard Windsor, "Australian Literature and Catholicism", *Australasian Catholic Record*, Vol.LVIII, April 1981, p.116.

4. Cardinal John Henry Newman, "Duties of the Church Towards Liberal Knowledge", in *On the Scope and Nature of University Education*, London, Dent, 1915, p. 199.
5. Sally Fitzgerald (ed.), *The Habit of Being: Letters of Flannery O'Connor*, N. Y., Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1979, p.516.
6. Evelyn Waugh, "Felix Culpa? [A book review of Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*]", *Tablet* (London), June 5, 1948, p.354.
7. "Graham Greene Finds Contentment", *National Times*, November 2-8, 1980, p.41.
8. Hilaire Belloc, "A Letter to Dean Inge", *Essays of a Catholic Layman in England*, London, Sheed & Ward, 1931, p.305.
9. Mary Gordon, *Final Payments*, London, Corgi Books, 1979, p.202.
10. "Keneally Finds Rich Lode in our Past", *Age*, February 2, 1980, p. 19.
11. Sigrid Undset, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, 3 volumes, London, Cassell, 1969.
12. "Whatever Happened to the Catholic Novel? A Visitor Interview with James Carroll" *Our Sunday Visitor* (Indiana, U.S.A.), November 2, 1980, p.5.
13. "Prepare for New Life Satires from Barry Oakley, Father of Six", *National Times*, January 8-13, 1973, p. 17.
14. Anthony Burgess, "On Being a Lapsed Catholic", *Triumph* (Washington, D.C.), Vol.2, February 1967, p.31.
15. "Mary Gordon, Mary Gordon!", *Critic* (Chicago), September (II), 1978, pp.4-8.
16. *Publishers Weekly*, February 6, 1981, p.274.
17. Quoted by Dan Herr, "Stop Pushing!", *Critic*, June (II), 1981, p.3.
18. Terry Monagle, in *Catholic Weekly*, August 16, 1981, p.27.
19. Flannery O'Connor, *The Violent Bear It Away*, London, Faber, 1980, p.237.
20. *ibid.*, p.241.
21. Georges Bermanos, quoted by Robert Speaight, *op.cit.*, p.61.