

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

AND

MORLEY CALLAGHAN

THE INFLUENCE  
OF  
SHERWOOD ANDERSON  
ON  
MORLEY CALLAGHAN

By

RICHARD MARTIN, B. A.

A Thesis

Submitted to the School of Graduate Studies

in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements

for the Degree

Master of Arts

McMaster University

November 1971



MASTER OF ARTS (1971)  
(English)

McMASTER UNIVERSITY  
Hamilton, Ontario.

TITLE: The Influence of Sherwood Anderson on Morley  
Callaghan

AUTHOR: Richard Martin, B. A. (Carleton University)

SUPERVISOR: Professor F. N. Shrive

NUMBER OF PAGES: iii, 116

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	1
CHAPTER I	4
CHAPTER II	27
CHAPTER III	49
CHAPTER IV	75
CONCLUSION	98
NOTES AND REFERENCES	101
BIBLIOGRAPHY	114

## INTRODUCTION

In That Summer In Paris Morley Callaghan recalls a literary cocktail party in Greenwich Village in 1935 where he first met Sherwood Anderson. He went up to Anderson, who, like Callaghan, had wandered off by himself, and took him by the arm. To Anderson's astonishment and dismay, Callaghan announced, "You're my father." When Callaghan revealed his name Anderson was delighted with the compliment but said, "Don't make a mistake about it. You would have written the way you write if you had never heard of me."<sup>1</sup> Each of these statements is only partially accurate. Between them, I think, they may best describe the nature of the literary relationship between Morley Callaghan and Sherwood Anderson.

Callaghan's reading as a young man included Conrad, Sinclair Lewis, Flaubert, D. H. Lawrence and Katherine Mansfield, and magazines such as "The Dial", "The Adelphi" and "The Smart Set".<sup>2</sup> The latter, edited by George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken, seems to have been particularly important: "What was going on in the world," Callaghan says, "was suddenly brought very close to me when I was nineteen [in 1922], and I went for it."<sup>3</sup> The early exposure to contemporary American literature activated, and perhaps directed, his talent. Anderson, he

acknowledges, really started him writing:

What Anderson was determined to do was to somehow or other take the set of words that he had in his heart and somehow or other relate them to what he saw. Now sometimes he became a little ridiculous. But behind him was this urge to get this set of words he had in the right relationship with the world as he saw it. Some strange lyric effects came out of it, and he kicked the common conception of the short story right out the window, and so when I was nineteen and first read Anderson - and he was the first American writer that I really got a kick out of - I felt a little elation, a little glow. He seemed wonderful.<sup>4</sup>

So the impetus, the generative force, is Anderson's. But Callaghan has always been self-assured - at times arrogant - and, it seems to me, completely independent: Anderson is sometimes "a little ridiculous." The appearance in 1925 of Ernest Hemingway's The Torrents of Spring drew from Callaghan the comment that "Anderson's style, God knows, had become more affected. Certainly he was vulnerable to mockery and satire."<sup>5</sup> Callaghan, however, did not mock. By 1925 he had quite simply outgrown Anderson's direct influence. The disciple, if such a word can be fairly applied to Callaghan, was no longer following the story teller who influenced the generation of writers which included Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, Steinbeck, Caldwell, Saroyan and Henry Miller.<sup>6</sup>

It is Anderson's work to 1925, the year Dark Laughter, the occasion for The Torrents of Spring, was published, that is the most significant for Callaghan's early work, the stories and novels published between 1928

and 1932. After this a change occurs in Callaghan's writing<sup>7</sup> and differences in style, form and content become more pronounced. The similarities in these three areas, and therefore the influences, are most clearly discerned in the early period. And though D. H. Lawrence warns, "Never trust the artist. Trust the tale."<sup>8</sup> it is advisable to examine what each writer has to say about his work before returning to the other subjects.

## CHAPTER I

By his own admission, Sherwood Anderson's A Story Teller's Story<sup>1</sup> is not an accurate representation of the details of his life: "These notes," he writes, "make no pretense of being a record of fact. ... (\*It is my aim to be true to the essence of things. That's what I'm after.\*)"<sup>2</sup> What he has done, and what men do in general, interests him less than "the impressions ... vagrant thoughts, hopes, ideas that have floated through the mind of one present-day American."<sup>3</sup> For there are, he writes elsewhere, two kinds of realism: "the realism to actual life that is the challenge to the journalist, and the realism to the book or story-life."<sup>4</sup> This latter is the business of the real story teller; reality to life is always bad art.

The essence of things as Anderson finds them in A Story Teller's Story is a double conflict or tension: one between reality and his fancy, the power of his own imagination; the second a more general opposition between the careful artistry of the craftsman and the new industrial age which mass-produces, and therefore standardizes, products, and makes the workers into machine parts.

Anderson was a man who always cared about the craft of fiction. When he read he was not concerned about the social standing of characters or their morals or their

potential for good and evil, but about whether the artist doing the scene drew his line sharp and true.<sup>5</sup> He himself was the tale teller, "the man whose life must be led in the world of his fancies ... following the little words, striving to learn all of the ways of the ever-changing words."<sup>6</sup>

This care for technique was born, I think, as a countervailing force against Anderson's naturally powerful imagination, which he inherited from his father. Each had the trick of removing himself from actuality by the telling of tall tales not too far removed from outright lies. The faces on the street, reports Anderson, told tales, seemed to tell whole life stories. But there was also the temptation, as he notes in recounting his boyhood, to embroider, to stretch or distort reality in order to come closer to the hidden meaning, the true essence of things. The moment he met someone, his imagination began to play: "Perhaps I begin to make up stories about you," he threatens.<sup>7</sup>

In his youth, his imagination was his escape from an actuality that was often sordid and brutal. And his own tales have a tendency to be filled with escapes: "by water in the dark and in a leaky boat, escapes from situations, escapes from dullness, from pretense, from the heavy handed seriousness of the half artists."<sup>8</sup> As an idea, however, raised above the mundane reality of escape, the fancy is a dream world or vision of perfection:



The life of reality is confused, disorderly, almost always without apparent purpose, whereas in the artist's imaginative life there is purpose. There is determination to give the tale, the song, the painting, form<sup>9</sup> - to make it true to the theme, not to life.

Further, the ordered world of the imagination is a law unto itself, not answerable to everyday assumptions about morality or truth. "In the life of the fancy," he states, "there is no such thing as good or bad":

In the world of the fancy life separates itself with slow movements and many gradations into the ugly and the beautiful. What is alive is opposed to what is dead. ... All morality then becomes a purely aesthetic joy - what is ugly must<sup>10</sup> bring aesthetic sadness and suffering.

Art is therefore in conflict with life, and not simply because it opposes form and order to chaos and purposelessness. Rather because in fancy, or imagination, "no man is ugly. Man is only ugly in fact."<sup>11</sup> Macbeth is a good example of the beauty of terror born from absolute evil, but Shakespeare never lets his audience lose sight of that evil. For Anderson, on the other hand, the ideal world, a product of the fancy, creates a protective shield, for artist and reader alike, from the realities of evil and ugliness:

In the tale one can do any such job as it should be done, and, in the doing, give satisfaction both to oneself and the possible reader, for the reader will always share in the emotions of the hero and gloat with him over his victories. In the tale,<sup>12</sup> as you will understand, all is in order.

Or, all is for the best, in the best of all possible worlds.



The resulting self-deception started, as I have said, in Anderson's youth, when everything he read or saw or heard fed his dreams or gave him the background to construct new dreams. He recounts how he was going to beat up a fellow worker with a feinted right and a left cross that he had seen a negro fighter named Bill McCarthy use. When the time came Anderson was beaten rather badly because he had no practical knowledge.<sup>13</sup> Daydreaming and wish-fulfilment are common to all men, but they are particularly dangerous for an artist. And Anderson recognizes this: the "actuality of life became a kind of vapor, a thing outside of myself."<sup>14</sup> Like the movie stars that he describes sympathetically he is in danger of accepting an artificial world as a substitute for life.

Anderson realized that if he was not to die by degrees in this cut-off fanciful world as his father did he had to relate his imagination to reality. He describes the "fanciful shadowy world striving to take on flesh ... to come ... into the actuality of accomplished art."<sup>15</sup> The search in books and stories and among living writers becomes for Anderson a search for the skill to bring these fancies more and more into the world of actuality, or as Callaghan says, to get the set of words in his heart in the right relationship to what he saw.<sup>16</sup> All men, Anderson thinks, lived as he did, "having quite conscious and separate inner and outer lives going on in the same body

that they were trying to bring into accord."<sup>17</sup> To combine the inner and the outer, the flesh of reality and the spirit of fancy is Anderson's aim, one might say his necessity.

Accordingly, Anderson endeavours in his writing to stay close to life, to apply fancy only to materials that come out of his own experiences. This may incidentally account for what Morley Callaghan refers to as Anderson's - and Hemingway's - built-in-gift: "His imaginative work had such a literal touch that a whole generation came to believe he was only telling what he, himself, had seen happen, or what had actually happened to him."<sup>20</sup> Things from life were the raw material for the fancy, which otherwise, powerful as it was, would have run away with Anderson into a dream fantasy world.

Similarly, Anderson criticizes other artists who have too much intellect and not enough life. Of Our America, a book by Waldo Frank, he says, "There was too much the flavor of the study, of little intense groups talking, making an intellectual world where the group felt no real world to exist."<sup>21</sup> The movement toward life by Anderson finds theoretical support in his doubt that "the art of any country could move much faster than the country itself and I was pretty sure that it could get nowhere if it separated itself from the people."<sup>22</sup> For the writer to separate himself from life is really for him to become a lyric

poet and to give up all claims of being a true objective artist: "Upon the fact in nature the imagination must constantly feed in order that the imaginative life remain significant."<sup>23</sup>

But to turn to life from the perfect world of the fancy is to be greeted by the Industrial Age, the triumph of democracy and mass production. The American dream was for Anderson a hollow thing. The idealism of the new country, the vision of equal opportunity for all, had degenerated into the quest for material success. Opportunity had become opportunism, the captains of industry were turning men into workers who had forgotten how to create with their hands: they relied on machines instead. Democracy meant standardization, equality was creating millions of people who looked and acted alike. For Anderson, this standardization meant impotence, for no man could express his unique spirit properly, when, as a worker on an assembly line, he became dehumanized and fragmented, part of a large impersonal machine.

The solution to this dilemma, to Anderson's way of thinking, was a return to the old conception of and admiration for the artist as craftsman, the man who was meeting "the aesthetic needs of his nature with the materials at hand."<sup>24</sup> The source of this revival was not in the east. New England had died by slow degrees under the Puritan heritage of always looking upward, to God, in the fear,

poverty and hardship of the new environment. This too was an escape from reality. In the Middle West, however, where Anderson was born, were to be found the craftsmen: "In their fingers the beginning of that love of surfaces, of the sensual love of materials, without which no true civilization can ever be born."<sup>25</sup>

Somewhat grandiloquently, Anderson rhapsodizes: "To the workman his materials are as the face of God seen over the rim of the world. His materials are the promise of the coming of God to the workman."<sup>26</sup> Faithfulness to these materials is the criterion by which Anderson judges a writer:

His materials are human lives. To him these figures of fancy, these people who live in his fancy should be as real as living people. He should be no more ready to sell them out than he would sell out his men friends or the woman he loves. To take the lives of these people and bend or twist them to suit the needs of some cleverly thought out plot to give your readers a false emotion is as mean and ignoble as to sell out living men or women. For the writer there is no escape, as there is no real escape for any craftsman. If you handle your materials in a cheap way you become cheap.<sup>27</sup>

It is an uncompromising attitude, for Anderson holds the ability of man to create as his highest attribute. It is life itself:

To live is to create constantly new forms - with the body in living children; in new and more beautiful forms carved out of materials; in the creation of a world of fancy; in scholarship; in clear and lucid thought; and

those who do not live die and decay and from decay always a stench arises.<sup>28</sup>

One group in this final category is the romancer, the writer of escapist wish-fulfilling fantasy in which the stalwart hero rescues the trembling virgin from the clutches of the dastardly villain in the nick of time. Such writers are not morally alive: "In all such writing all consideration for human beings was thrown aside. No one lived in such tales." The writer himself suffers for it: his life is lived in a "queer pasteboard world." And one day, rich and famous, after having written again and again the same story with variations, the romancer wakes up to "find himself irrevocably dead":

On all sides of him people suffered, were touched with moments of nameless joy, loved and died, and the manufacturer of society detectives, desert heroes and daring adventures by sea and land could no longer see life at all.<sup>29</sup>

Similarly, Anderson rejected the old method of writing by plots, in which the things of life, the events or facts, were shaped, or, it may be argued, chopped and squeezed to fit a ready-made formula which was artificial, not true to life. Anderson decided that the form of his own stories had to be as close to life as possible : as truly realistic as human art could make it; as faithful, not to the details, but to the essence of their deeper truth as the artist could express it. There must be none

of the old "standardized pellets of opinion, the little neatly wrapped packages of sentiment the magazine writers had learned to do up."<sup>30</sup> There must be something new- a new way of perceiving life and a new way of expressing it in art.

What is wanted, he writes, is form, not plot, the form of the essence of life:

No short stories with clever endings - as in the magazines - happened in the streets of the town at all. Life went on and little illuminating human things happened. There was drama in the street and in the lives of the people in the street but it sprang directly out of the stuff of life itself. <sup>31</sup>

These new forms for stories must "grow naturally out of the lives and the hopes, joys and the sufferings of the people you are writing about."<sup>32</sup> There must be no more of that "absurd Anglo-Saxon notion that [stories] must point a moral, uplift the people, make better citizens etc. etc."<sup>33</sup> These are the devices of the propagandizers, the magazine writers who provide neatly packaged sentiments and opinions for the lazy reader. They tell him what to think and how to react. Anderson is much more willing to let the reader make up his own mind. Callaghan echoes these sentiments when he speaks of Sinclair Lewis: "he gave the reader a chance at too quick a recognition." This is easy and comfortable for the reader, says Callaghan, for he is not required to get out of any grooves or habits of thought and reaction. "A writer who has this



gift," he continues, "is always meeting his readers and reviewers on their terms, and it should be always the other way around."<sup>34</sup> Anderson would concur, I think: make the reader do some work. If there is to be a moral let it arise through the reader's own perception of the nature of the tale, and not through explicit statement.

A Story Teller's Story tells how Anderson assumed the responsibility of the artist to create new and more beautiful forms. The book is loosely organized to concentrate on those moments when the struggle and eventual triumph are best illuminated. As a story teller, Anderson believed "that the true history of life is but a history of moments. It is only at rare moments we live."<sup>35</sup> But life does not stand still easily and it is the artist's task to stop it and select from the purposeless and chaotic events those special moments when the issues of life, its quality, are most at stake. The symbol of the Cathedral at Chartres rises significantly, as it does in That Summer in Paris, as a link with the tradition of the anonymous artist as craftsman. At the end of A Story Teller's Story, Anderson, in the company of a friend, comments on the importance of this type of art: "In the presence of the beautiful old church one was only more aware, all art could do no more than that - make people, like my friend and myself, more aware."<sup>36</sup>

The precise nature of this awareness is clarified

by Anderson as a moral understanding, a human sympathy and compassion for man:

This thing we call self ... is often very like a disease. It seems to sap you, take something from you, destroy your relationship with others, even while occasionally losing sense of self seems to give you an understanding that you didn't have before you became absorbed... Life immediately becomes more interesting.<sup>37</sup>

Anderson had started out in life more absorbed in himself than in others, with a cynical view of men: "a kind of thing, selfish and self-centered, and they were right in being so." But the chance encounter with a man named Alonzo Berners, who, though dying of an incurable disease, loved men and life, led Anderson to a reevaluation: "Was it grown up," he wondered, "to come to the realization that oneself did not matter, that nothing mattered but a kind of consciousness of the wonder of life outside oneself?"<sup>38</sup>

For despite his insistence on the artist's intense personal commitment to his art Anderson conceives of writing as essentially impersonal: his hands do the writing almost automatically whenever his life becomes one with the life outside him.<sup>39</sup> Ideally, Anderson exists only in others, the men and women he tells about. And this ideal state of artistic being is possible only for the craftsman who is dedicated to his materials. Not only are human lives the materials of the artist, however, but words are as well. They are the tools of his trade, by which he



shapes and expresses his fancy's vision of the essence of life. And Anderson loves words: "I tell you what - words have color, smell; one may sometimes feel them with the fingers as one touches the cheek of a child."<sup>40</sup> He is the servant of words, following them honestly without regard for what society has decreed the artist may say.

And in reaction against the genteel type of realism represented by William Dean Howells, "standing so resolutely, with his back to the common lives of the people, writing of them but seeing them through the eyes of the European masters of his craft",<sup>41</sup> Anderson turned to writers like Twain, Dreiser, Carl Sandburg and Edgar Lee Masters, writers who recreated the language of the people, the language they used to work, make love, settle the western states, arrange their personal affairs and drive their Fords.<sup>42</sup> Instrumental in helping Anderson to this decision was Gertrude Stein's book Tender Buttons, published in 1914. In stripping language of its connotations, she showed the way to a greater awareness for Anderson of the abstract nature of words in general and of the native American speech patterns in particular. "Here was something purely experimental," he says, "and dealing in words separated from sense- ... -an approach I was sure the poets must often be compelled to make."<sup>43</sup> He draws the parallel with a painter's colours, each pure and separate in its own pan: words, the way Gertrude Stein

used them, were like that. For a while at least, each word had an autonomous and completely valid existence aside from its relation to the thing it represented:

I spent days going about with a tablet of paper in my pocket and making new and strange combinations of words. The result was I thought a new familiarity with the words of my own vocabulary. I became a little conscious where before I had been unconscious.<sup>44</sup>

This concern for language in and for itself, the effort to free it from its straight-jacket of sense has its parallel in the effort to create stories by means of a living form rather than plot, and also, of course, in Anderson's contempt for standardization. The story teller's feeling for language as the material for his art - as colour is the material of the painter's - is the same as the concern felt by Anderson's favourite Middle Western craftsman for their hand-made products. The desire to revitalize is, however, dependent for its success on Anderson's ability to keep his prose rooted firmly in the concrete. For a writer of Anderson's imaginative temperament there is a great danger that his prose will become merely abstract patterns of sound. And in the succinct words of Morley Callaghan, also talking of Gertrude Stein, "Abstract prose was nonsense."<sup>45</sup>

"No writer," Callaghan quotes Ford Madox Ford as saying, "can go on living in a vacuum."<sup>46</sup> I feel certain that Anderson would approve of this statement, as does

Callaghan. Art, after all, makes people aware, of each other, of life and of themselves. And language and art are best when anchored to the stuff of life. But there is the danger of too great a dependence on words in themselves, because of his love of them, which ultimately leads Anderson to the stylistic break down in Dark Laughter, where the words often seem unrelated to either characters or scenes.

There is no danger of this happening to Callaghan. His prose has the defects as well as the virtues of its plain unornamented style. It can go stangely flat at times, particularly in dialogue, and it can also remain embedded in the actual things of life. These problems are the logical result of Callaghan's conscious choice of style and his theoretical justification of it.

When he first began writing stories, when he was twenty and at college, Callaghan decided, like Anderson, that he had to reject English models:

I had become aware that the language in which I wanted to write, a north American language which I lived by, had rhythms and nuances and twists and turns quite alien to English speech. ...I had decided that language of feeling and perception, and even direct observation had to be the language of the people I wrote about, who did not<sup>47</sup> belong in an English social structure at all.

Note particularly the significance of the uncapitalized "north". Callaghan means to use the language of the northern, i.e. Canadian, part of the North American continent.

For Canada, he says elsewhere, "is part of the North American cultural pattern" and the writer's task is "somehow or other to catch the tempo, the stream, the way people live, think, and feel in their time."<sup>48</sup> And, it may be added, in their place.

Like Anderson, who rejects artists who think too much as being too removed from life as the people live it, Callaghan rejects an intellectual stance. He does not want to be a "literary guy" because "the eyes of a hundred other writers are in your way. You have a tendency to pick up their glasses and put them on."<sup>49</sup> Ideally, and Callaghan feels he was doing this in his early published work, the writer writes in direct contact with his material: "I remember deciding," he writes, "that the root of the trouble with writing was that poets and storywriters used language to evade, to skip away from the object, because they could never bear to face the thing freshly and see it freshly for what it was in itself."<sup>50</sup> Hence his criticism of the later novels of Henry James: "Not layers of extra subtleness - just evasion from the task of knowing exactly what to say. Always the fancied fastidiousness of sensibility."<sup>51</sup>

Similarly, Callaghan attacks the use of simile and metaphor and rejects most modern authors as "show-off writers":

writers intent on proving to their readers

that they could be clever and had some education. ... Such vanities should be beneath them if they were really concerned in revealing the object as it was. Those lines, 'A primrose by the river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more,' often troubled me, aroused my anger. What the hell else did Wordsworth want it to be? An orange? A sunset? I would ask myself, Why does one thing have to remind you of something else?<sup>52</sup>

Accordingly, two of the best writers for Callaghan are Chaucer, whose freshness and brightness are the result of "the clear relationship of one word to another,"<sup>53</sup> and Hemingway, whose In Our Time was "vivid, clean and intense."<sup>54</sup>

It is Callaghan's early friendship with and sympathy for Hemingway that informs a large part of That Summer in Paris. Hemingway agreed with Callaghan on style: "The decorative style, the baroque based on a literary adornment of perceptions, was an affectation of our time, he said." Like Callaghan, Hemingway was against the show-offs, the writers who caught on "because of their affectations, their tricks of style."<sup>55</sup> They were, it seems, merely echoing Anderson: "It was the bad tale teller often who was most adept at the tricks of style. The real tale teller thought first of the tale itself."<sup>56</sup>

The "decorative Renaissance flight into simile", as Callaghan calls it, had outlived its usefulness. This sort of "fraudulent pretending", he felt, was a symptom of the "fraudulent morality" that produced the great



slogans of the first World War - already ridiculous to him - Wilsonian idealism and Prohibition, when it had become a social obligation at college to visit a bootlegger's. In short, the constant gap between what was known by people as individuals and what they agreed to know as a society was too great at that time for Callaghan to accept even with his characteristic ironic stance. The wild energy of the 'twenties was finding expression in the socially unacceptable and Callaghan felt himself part of that:

Nothing could be taken for granted. Nothing could be taken on authority. ... Orthodoxy was for fat comfortable inert people who agreed to pretend, agreed to accept the general fraud, the escape into metaphor.<sup>57</sup>

And again, Anderson is there with or before Callaghan, rejecting conventions and slogans. As an advertising man himself he had seen how the government had worked in the War, in his words, "selling the war to the young men of the country by the use of the same noble words advertising men used to forward the sale of soap or automobile tires."<sup>58</sup>

I doubt that these parallels are direct borrowings. It is probably the case that what Callaghan found so attractive in Anderson were similar attitudes, a similar point of view regarding the artist's craft and the necessity of his personal honesty in regard to the materials, both lives and words, that he used. The two men reacted in similar ways to the same set of circumstances. Each was

rejecting the old styles of writing in favour of a fresher, more direct approach, and a less personal, more objective stance. Hemingway too was opposed to characters in a story doing too much thinking on the grounds that it was pretty hard for the author to keep out of the way.<sup>59</sup>

And this is one of the reasons behind Callaghan's waning enthusiasm for Hemingway's own work. For despite his intentions, what Callaghan called Hemingway's literal touch did damage him as early as A Farewell to Arms: "Was he to become," asks Callaghan, "an intensely personal writer, each book an enlargement of his personality in the romantic tradition?"<sup>60</sup> Even in 1929, Hemingway was in danger of becoming a "character", a writer who was himself more important than his writings. Further, Hemingway was vulnerable to what Robert McAlmon called the "hardening process,"<sup>61</sup> presumably the greater and greater stylization of that clear, direct prose, until in the end he became as baroque and indirect as James, always searching for the exact way to express the object precisely as it was.

While Hemingway succumbed to these dangers, Callaghan did not. He has always, he says, been an admirer of Jack Dempsey, who taught him very early to "do the thing you want to do in your own way. ... Seek your own excellence."<sup>62</sup> And he always has, remaining true to his own conception of writing, which has to do, he says, "with the right relationship between the words and the thing or

person being described: the words should be as transparent as glass."<sup>63</sup> A brilliant phrase used in and for itself directs attention away from the object to the writer.

Ideally, nothing should interfere with the reader's direct apprehension of the things described. Not only is the author removed, but the medium is made one with the content. The aim is to "strip the language, and make the style, the method, all the psychological ramifications, the ambience of the relationships, all the one thing, so the reader couldn't make separations. Cézanne's apples. The appleness of apples. Yet just apples."<sup>64</sup> Hopefully, if the writer does this well enough, the reader will not be conscious of any style as such. How the story is written becomes what it says; what the reader perceives is reality, without the intrusion of literature.

The writers and stories in which Callaghan felt this directness to be paramount were the strongest influences on him: Dubliners, Winesburg, Ohio, Chekhov and the good stories of Maupassant.<sup>65</sup> These stories also make what Callaghan calls "an impact as a whole"; they "offer some one vision of life, giving the whole thing its own reality."<sup>66</sup> He rejects Dickens because he does not do this, or at least because Callaghan feels he does not: "It was the novel as an entertainment, a loosely-knit variety show. ...erratic, irregular, sprawling, fanciful, episodic." He finds Jane Austen's works, on the other hand, admirable in



their uniform effect, and praises two works which are greatly removed from his own world of fiction but which nevertheless live up to his standards: Wuthering Heights and Tristram Shandy.<sup>67</sup>

But Callaghan's aim is not just this kind of direct, unified vision of life. Central to his philosophy is the vivid enjoyment of life:

I remembered too being with a girl one night, and on the way home, walking alone, I felt the world had been brought close to me; there seemed to be magic in the sound of my own footsteps, even in the noise of the streetcars - all mingled with the girl's kiss, the memory of the little run I had noticed in her stocking, the way she said good-bye to me. None of it had to be written up. There it was, beautiful in itself.<sup>68</sup>

In Paris, he was enchanted by the paintings of Matisse: "the thing seen freshly in a pattern that was a gay celebration of things as they were. Why couldn't all people have the eyes and the heart that would give them this happy acceptance of reality?"<sup>69</sup>

Callaghan has explicitly rejected the idea of writing theses books, intellectual presentations of themes. But he does admit that "You inevitably come back to certain judgements about human life, to certain perceptions about human life, to - you either have something to say about life or you haven't."<sup>70</sup> The happy acceptance of reality is part of what Callaghan has to say about life. When people are not content with their own lives they miss the beauty and joy possible in life. Callaghan

concerns himself frequently with people like Anderson's Winesburg grotesques, who are in some way prevented from full realization of their own, and life's, possibilities. The blame is sometimes in Callaghan's work to be laid on society's shoulders, for insisting on behaviour or allowing conditions to exist which do not permit individual happiness. But more often the blame can be laid on the individual. The great trick, Callaghan has said, "is to remain on an even keel - and somehow or other be able to draw yourself together and realize your potentialities as a man." The great sin is of a personal, not social, nature - a man's "abject failure to do anything with his possibilities."<sup>71</sup>

Callaghan rejects the arrogance of spirit that holds that man is an alien in the universe and which consequently wants pure spirituality without the flesh.<sup>72</sup> He would agree, I think, with Anderson's dictum: "The mind is ugly when the flesh does not come in too. The flesh is ugly when the mind is put out of the house that is the body."<sup>73</sup>

This spiritual arrogance is, however, a counterpart of the innocence of the saint which has, Callaghan admits, always fascinated him:

There's a very thin borderline between innocence and crime. ... you see the saint and the sinner, or the saint, let us say,

and the man guilty of the sin of monstrous pride - there's a very thin line there because the saint in his own way has a kind of monstrous egotism. The saint puts himself against the world, opposes himself in what he stands for to the whole world - which he calls, of course, usually the work of Satan. But the great criminal also puts himself against the world and the laws of society.<sup>74</sup>

The innocent man, the criminal, these figures appear repeatedly in Callaghan's fiction, as well as the man who for some reason fails to realize his potentialities as a man. These latter are like Anderson's romancers, men who have failed to create anything, least of all the terms of their own happiness. Most of them live in illusion about themselves and the world.

These people are central to the resolution of That Summer in Paris, for Callaghan, like many of his fictional heroes, seems to come to some new understanding of life. Not only do most men, he realizes, for the sake of the peace of their own souls, "live by pretending to believe in something they secretly know isn't true," but each civilization as well "seems to have derived some creative energy from an agreement upon the necessity of a general pretending."<sup>75</sup> It is the effort to fix life on the basis of absolute laws of the spirit, from God, or a god. In short, life must have meaning: "The primrose had to be anything but a primrose."<sup>76</sup> Or, more exactly, not just a primrose. In the words of the prison priest whom Callaghan and his wife met on the ship to Europe, "no penitentiary should be built that

denied an inmate some wild hope of escape."<sup>77</sup> It is easier to accept reality if there is some comfort in it.

Both Anderson and Callaghan are moral writers. The purpose of art is awareness, and to gain understanding is necessarily to strengthen human contacts and hopefully to improve the quality of life. In this concern for the quality, as opposed to the quantity, of life, they may travel by different paths. Callaghan believes less in the sensuous love of materials that can make Anderson a conscious stylist. But both arrive at the same goal. The forms of fiction are to develop from within, to illuminate the essence of the life of the central character. Style, of perception and feeling, as well as of narration, is to be the expression of the language of that character. Above all, the artist's duty to the character and the reader, the honesty of his personal vision of life, is paramount.

## CHAPTER II

I do not mean to suggest by the preceding chapter that Callaghan is not concerned with style, for he obviously is. But he does not have a style in the pejorative sense. His concern with words is always subordinate to what they mean, or to the thing described, whereas Anderson frequently treats words as separate from such considerations. Both men share, however, an interest in the colloquial tone and the speaking voice, and it is here that I wish to start this discussion of their respective styles.

In his book, The Colloquial Style in America, Richard Bridgman comments on the obvious difference between the prose of Hemingway and the twentieth century and that of Hawthorne and the nineteenth as an introduction to his study of the former. The modern style, he states, is characterized by a "greater verbal simplicity":

Long words are eliminated or infrequently used, and then as deliberate contrasts. The sentences themselves are shorter. What was hinged and stapled by semicolons in the earlier prose is broken up into a series of declarative sentences in the later. Fewer details are provided, and those offered are precise and concrete. References to a cultural and historical past are stripped away, and the haze of emotive words is dispelled. Primary colors are accented. The immediate material world claims all the reader's attention. The result is a sharp, hard focus.<sup>1</sup>

The most important figures in the development of a colloquial style were Henry James, Mark Twain and Gertrude



Stein. Despite the fact that Sherwood Anderson was, in Bridgman's words, "the first writer since Mark Twain to take the vernacular as a serious way of presenting reality"<sup>2</sup> he belongs in the chapter entitled, "Copies and Misfires", because of the uneven nature of his colloquial achievement.

Anderson believed, as I have emphasized, in the language that the people used to work, make love, settle the western states, arrange their personal affairs and drive their Fords.<sup>3</sup> He wanted to use the American language, not a literary one. Anderson felt that America remained a young, simple nation which could best express itself in simple words.<sup>4</sup> Mark Twain is an obvious influence, but Horace Gregory also points to Anderson's admiration for the nineteenth-century British writer George Borrow: "his was an art of speech that wanders slightly, that seems to walk, that philosophizes gently in an almost absent-minded fashion."<sup>5</sup> This inheritance of an oral tradition is sometimes quite apparent in Anderson's tales, particularly in those with a first person narrator.

The other most prominent influence on Anderson was Gertrude Stein, whose analysis of the underlying structure of colloquial prose led to a bare syntax and repetition both in her own style and in Anderson's. Winesburg, Ohio is typical in being

deliberately primitivistic, stated with a sober, humorless intensity that moves at a slow pace from word to word, object to object. Long series

of hardly varied declarative sentences are set down, key nouns are repeated, qualification is pared, and subordination minimized. 6

One brief example might be noted, from the third story:

In the evening when the son sat in the room with his mother, the silence made them both feel awkward. Darkness came on and the evening train came in at the station. In the street below feet tramped up and down upon a board sidewalk. In the station yard, after the evening train had gone, there was a heavy silence.<sup>7</sup>

The same spareness, the same habit of repetition are found in It's Never Over, Callaghan's second novel:

The outline of Thompson's face was behind the three bars of the window. The white face was pressed against the bars. It was really too far away to see whether the face was white, but it was a pale blotch against the shadow of the cell window.<sup>8</sup>

In each of the above examples the effort of the author is directed toward making the third person narration assume the qualities of the speaking voice. But as Bridgman points out, Anderson, and this is true of Callaghan as well, reverts at times to a mixed style, as in the first paragraph of Poor White.<sup>9</sup> This compromises the movement toward bare-bones prose, for a number of long and literate words which are not to be expected from the kind of speakers or characters that Anderson employs creep into the narration. The desire for authenticity of speech consequently led Anderson to the use of the first person narrator, a device that Callaghan has never, to my knowledge, used.

Anderson had in the past handled the speaking voice

with great directness and clarity, so much so that a whole character is created by a few sentences, as in the case of Frank Metcalfe:

"Nothing keeps me satisfied," he said. "I hate being in my father's business and I hate going to school. In only two years I'll get the money. Father can't keep it from me. I'll take it and light out. I don't know just what I'll do. I'm going maybe to Europe, that's what I'm going to do. Father wants me to stay here and work in his office. To hell with that. I want to travel. I'll be a soldier or something. Anyway I'll get out of here and go somewhere and do something exciting, something alive." <sup>10</sup>

Again, Tom Butterworth's decisive and forceful character does not need to be described: it is shown in action when he snaps out commands to his hired man Jim Priest to prepare the wedding feast for his daughter. <sup>11</sup>

But this ability was not enough. Anderson wanted to be able to tell a story through one of these characters. One of his experiments was the boy in "I'm A Fool", whose monologue is liberally sprinkled with phrases like, "Gee whizz, Gosh amighty," <sup>12</sup> and who announces solemnly that "There's a lot of things you've got to promise a mother because she don't know any better." <sup>13</sup> But if this experiment is successful it is largely because Anderson has returned to one of the first and best practitioners of the vernacular, Mark Twain. Anderson's boy is the reincarnation of Huck Finn.

Left on their own, Anderson's narrators have a tendency to be vague and unsubstantial. They do not tell of an



experience but ruminate on it, and they are frequently not sharp observers or clear thinkers. The narrator of "The Man Who Became a Woman" reports that when he looked up into the mirror from his glass of whiskey the face he saw was "the face of a woman. It was a girl's face, that's what I mean. That's what it was."<sup>14</sup> His hesitation in describing exactly what he saw detracts from the dramatic impact that could have been made on the reader. And the most annoying habit of Anderson's speakers is exhibited at great length by the same unfortunate boy. He is trying to find analogues for his shock in the experience of the reader. Several examples in the space of two pages are each prefaced with "perhaps" or "maybe."<sup>15</sup> It becomes impossible for the reader, I think, to identify with the feelings of anyone who is so vague and speculative himself.

The intention was unfortunately the opposite: to make the narration simple and direct and forceful. But Anderson generally has little formal control and his effects are seldom as finely calculated as they are by Callaghan. Victor Hoar objects that "Callaghan's people do not register sharply through their speech,"<sup>16</sup> but I think that this is quite often where they do register; for Callaghan spends very little time on physical description. It may be that so many of Callaghan's early characters are of the same mental weight and articulateness that they do not stand out sharply from each other. But Soldier Harmon,

for example, the unambitious boxer, is vivid enough to be entrusted with the last words of his story:

"I know it, Doc, but I want to get it settled. See? and to-night sorta fixes it up for me with her. She won't have no ambitions for me now, see?"<sup>17</sup>

And Ag, the Gibbons's maid in A Broken Journey, is perhaps even more subtly characterized by the inspired choice of one word:

"And when he's here, she's so delighted, and when he's gone she stands at the window watching and puffing and sighing till it makes me sick."<sup>18</sup>

Callaghan, of course, has the advantage that Anderson gave up. These characters are talking to someone else, not trying to tell a story. What they say, how they feel, and who they are, moreover, are all much more definite propositions than they are in Anderson's narratives in the first person. Still, it must be admitted that Callaghan occasionally fails to keep the speech in character. It may or may not be deliberate that Marion Gibbons comes out with "You lovable kid. Are you making love to me?"<sup>19</sup> for the jarring tone in relation to what the reader knows of her does relate her to the big, vulgar blond Patricia Lee, who is more explicitly sexual than Marion has previously been. But does anyone really say that he had a "really swell feeling of elation and extraordinary clarity," as Hubert Gould does?<sup>20</sup>

These problems raise again the question of

authenticity. The speaking voice must be harmonious, no matter what level or degree of speech is being used. If the reader cannot accept the manner of saying he is unlikely to accept what is said. The problem is especially acute for Callaghan who, despite his disclaimers, is a writer of metaphor, symbol and image. These devices, however, rarely call attention to themselves. They are carefully woven into the fabric of the novel or story and support its pattern or structure unobtrusively. As Victor Hoar points out, Callaghan's symbols are usually modest, and even homely: a cathedral [though it depends on the cathedral], a lake or a mountain, an article of clothing.<sup>21</sup> When things like these are already known to the reader, new meanings and associations have to be carefully presented in order that they may be accepted. When Harry Trotter, for example, thinks of the checker board as "his own life and the life around him"<sup>22</sup> the reader must be satisfied that such a meaning could be drawn from the object by a person of Harry's intellectual capabilities.

Callaghan's tact, his ability to handle the reader's response, usually stands him in good stead, as it does, I believe, here. A far simpler solution is available. It is to have the characters themselves avoid comment on symbolic meanings. Both Anderson and Callaghan favour this method, for it offers more freedom and less difficulty in presentation. The rewards of meaning are greater and the

risks of jarring the reader small. The narrator of "The Man Who Became a Woman" falls into a pile of bones at an old slaughterhouse in the dark: "White bones wrapped around me and white bones in my hands."<sup>23</sup> Death, decay and sterility are vivid, but the narrator - or Anderson, rather - lets the symbol speak for itself, as does the factory whistle blowing the end of the craftsman's life at the end of Poor White.

The way these things are handled, the way the author stands back, having put the symbols on the page, and lets them work for themselves, is typical of both men's work, although Anderson seems to me to have a stronger urge to explain things to the reader than does Callaghan. It is probable that Callaghan learned this technique from Anderson: his use of the bird cages and the broken picket in "A Country Passion" is quite similar. Jim Cline and Ettie Corley, the two "backward" central figures in the story, are both society's broken pickets, and like Jim, who tosses the picket into the road without attempting to repair it, society will put them away in cages, Ettie in an institution and Jim in prison, rather than try to rehabilitate or socialize them.<sup>24</sup> The explanation takes longer to make than the symbols do to work.

Particularly in Callaghan the events attached to the symbols seem commonplace and unsurprising: it is possible to miss their significance on the first reading,



although even if they make no conscious impact they do reinforce the mood and impression the story makes. For Callaghan rarely uses any symbol or image that does not serve to build up the complete effect of a work. Simile and metaphor are harder to find than symbols but when they do occur they are central to the meaning. As John Hughes, for example, goes to commit murder, he hears a sea lion in the zoo nearby. Callaghan comments: "Many people in the neighborhood had protested in the paper the other day against the roaring of the sea lion, urging that the beast have its vocal cords removed."<sup>25</sup> The image of man's violent animal heritage and society's control of it suggests the fate of both Fred Thompson and John if he carries out his plan. Again, when Marion Gibbons and Peter Gould arrive at their destination - the Michipicoten River area in the Algoma Hills on the north shore of Lake Superior - they see a beach from the boat, "like a great polished bone set down between the blue water and the green hills."<sup>26</sup> The simile is neither clever nor flashy; it underlines the spiritual emptiness of Marion and Peter's relationship. The primrose, that is, is not just a primrose, it represents moral or emotional truth.<sup>27</sup>

All these examples are typical as well of Callaghan's clear, straightforward style. The thing, a picket from a fence, a beach, is seen clearly and freshly no matter what symbolic import it may carry. This ability to

put a thing on the page directly with words as transparent as glass,<sup>28</sup> has stayed with Callaghan throughout his career. This is not, unfortunately, true of Anderson. The concrete, vivid description by which the reader sees what the author or character does is easily found in the early work, as in this passage from Poor White, on the Mississippi River:

He had seen it in the hot summer when the water receded and the mud lay baked and cracked along the edge of the water; in the spring when the floods raged and the water went whirling past, bearing tree logs and even parts of houses; in the winter when the water looked deathly cold and ice floated past; and in the fall when it was quiet and still and lovely, and seemed to have sucked an almost human quality of warmth<sup>29</sup> out of the red trees that lined its shores.

The passage is clear and powerful because the imagination, as Anderson insisted it must, feeds upon the fact in nature,<sup>30</sup> and takes its life from it. But Poor White also marks the beginning of Anderson's dissociation from the facts of nature as his always strong fancy assumes a greater hold on his writing:

Hugh thought his mind had gone out of his body and up into the sky to join the clouds and stars, to play with them. From the sky he thought he looked down on the earth and saw rolling fields, hills and forests. He had no part in the lives of the men and women of the earth, but was torn away from them, left to stand by himself.<sup>31</sup>

The natural tendency of Anderson to dream is complemented by his interest and delight in words, both unique and built into abstract sound patterns. George Willard, Anderson's surrogate for himself in Winesburg,



Ohio, sounds the warning note: "The desire to say words overcame him and he said words without meaning, rolling them over on his tongue and saying them because they were brave words, full of meaning. 'Death,' he muttered, 'night, the sea, fear, loveliness.'"<sup>32</sup>

This urge to say words, to revel in their sounds, bears fruit in Dark Laughter. It becomes a style. Ulysses, which was published in parts in magazines before its complete appearance in 1922, is an obvious influence on this book. But the ubiquitous Gertrude Stein is also to blame. Bridgman mentions her feeling that people understand reality as a "continuous present," with neither memory nor hope playing an important part. Since writing deals with the world as understood it must endeavour to reproduce this continuous present. The immediate stylistic consequences of this were an increase in the use of participles and gerunds and a multiplication of the instances of repetition.<sup>33</sup> Both of these characteristics are present in Dark Laughter.

One passage in particular stands out for me in its poetic quality. Indeed, it can be arranged in that way:

Big river, silent now. Creeping  
slowly down past mud banks,  
miserable little towns, the river,  
as powerful as ever, strange as ever,  
but silent now, forgotten, neglected.  
A few tugs with strings of barges.  
No more gaudy boats, profanity,  
song, gamblers, excitement, life.<sup>34</sup>

The Mississippi obviously had a profound effect on Anderson, but here the result is less concrete than in the earlier quote from Poor White. The absence of active verbs creates a curiously suspended and impressionistic atmosphere. And the emotive connotations of the words focus attention on the perceiver, Bruce Dudley, rather than on the river.

This problem of the perceived and the perceiver is nowhere more apparent than in the following quotation:

The woman. Mystery. Love of women. Scorn of women. What are they like? Are they like trees? How much can women thrust into the mystery of life, think, feel? Love men. Take women. Drift with the drifting of days. That life goes on does not concern you. It concerns women.

These are, says Anderson, "Thoughts of a man dissatisfied with life, as it had presented itself to him confused [my emphasis] with what he thought a boy had felt sitting by a river with a woman."<sup>35</sup> The desire for the continuous present, symbolized by the timeless flowing of the river, leads to a fuzzy haze of perception. Memory and hope are impossibly confused with the present, so that nothing, least of all the concrete reality of otherness, emerges clearly. The sharpness of metaphor and simile also disappears. In Poor White, men crawling down rows of cabbages look to Hugh McVey "like grotesquely misshapen animals."<sup>36</sup> The picture is vivid and precise, the human made semi-human by labour and stirring Hugh to his invention of a machine that will rescue man from this indignity. But in Dark

Laughter, the heroine, Aline Grey, creates a metaphor:

"Suppose [my emphasis] you are a field and it is spring. A farmer is coming toward you with a bag filled with seed." While based on a common event of agrarian life, the image is a mental one: it begins with a speculation or suggestion and remains a supposition until, at the end, it is qualified by the thought that nice women "can't have such thoughts, not directly."<sup>37</sup>

Similarly, the colloquial tone becomes less direct in this novel. There are still odd moments when the narration is fluid and the speaking voice of the character is retained: "Since he had married her, when he was a young man about twenty-two, Sponge hadn't ever fooled around any other women at all - except maybe a few times when he was away from home and was a little soused."<sup>38</sup> But the narrator quite often withdraws, leaving the reader to sort out a character's imaginary conversations with himself, or to try to assign the proper significance to a series of disjointed thoughts and impressions, as in this example:

We've got to have more earnest men in this country.

Grass growing in a field between.

Oh, ma banjo dog!<sup>39</sup>

Bruce Dudley's thought is first, his perception of the landscape next, and his remembrance of a negro song last. All are in separate one sentence paragraphs and there is no necessary connection between them. The attempt at Ulysses-like free association becomes a key to the

characters', and Anderson's, dissociation from life, the stuff of fiction. When Aline Grey asks herself "A tree is something to you but what is it to another?"<sup>40</sup> there is no answer. Aline does not know what a tree is to her because Anderson does not know himself. Neither of them has any idea what a tree could be to another person. The reader is left in limbo, with Anderson and his characters.

As Callaghan said, Anderson became more affected.<sup>41</sup> He was vulnerable to mockery and satire, and Ernest Hemingway obliged. The Torrents of Spring, published in 1925, contains some accurate and devastating passages of imitation. Perhaps the best, certainly the most complete, is this one:

He eyed the waitress Mandy. She had a gift for picturesque speech, that girl. It had been that very picturesque quality in her speech that had first drawn him to his present wife. That and her strange background. England, the Lake Country. Scripps striding through the Lake Country with Wordsworth. A field of golden daffodils. The wind blowing at Windermere. Far off, perhaps, a stag at bay. Ah, that was farther north, in Scotland. They were a hardy race, those Scots, deep in their mountain fastnesses. Harry Lauder and his pipe. The Highlanders in the Great War. That was where that chap Yogi Johnson had it on him. The war would have meant much to him, Scripps. Why hadn't he been in it? Why hadn't he heard of it in time? Perhaps he was too old.<sup>42</sup>

Numerous other examples might be quoted, but everything is here: the wild fancy which puts Wordsworth in the present, the repetition, sentences with participles instead of verbs, short sentences, free and wandering association, and finally the dazed stupidity of the character, Scripps O'Neil,



who does not know how old he is.

The stylistic affectations which Hemingway so easily parodies are arguably the result of retaining the colloquial style of writing while abandoning the control of the narrator. Alfred Kazin has commented on Anderson's main difficulty: "Where Miss Stein and Hemingway both had resolved their break with the 'rules' into a conscious principle of design, Anderson had no sense of design at all save as life afforded him one."<sup>43</sup> And, as Anderson himself repeatedly pointed out, life is chaotic; only in art is all in order.<sup>44</sup> He does not live up to his ideals: he becomes too realistic. He transcribes exactly all impressions and associations without giving them the form that would keep them from being fuzzy and jumbled.

Anderson often loses that ability which both Hemingway and Callaghan retain, the ability to control his art. And both Callaghan and Hemingway share one key experience that gave them that ability: they both worked for newspapers. Imprecision, sentimental expansiveness, the over-use of adjectives, all part of Anderson's writing at one time or another, are blessedly impossible when a man works as a reporter. Bridgman mentions the style sheet of the Kansas City Star, where Hemingway first worked, which demanded that reporters "Avoid the use of adjectives, especially such extravagant ones as splendid, gorgeous, grand, magnificent."<sup>45</sup> Callaghan's first assignment for the

Toronto Star was to report on a druggists' convention. He wrote what he was sure was "an elegant and amusing story" which was promptly thrown into the waste basket by the deskman. An older reporter did the story for Callaghan, five paragraphs of "hard cold news."<sup>46</sup>

But in addition to this practical basis for the style, there is also a theoretical basis for it. Callaghan knew of Ezra Pound, and Pound was an advocate of Imagism, a movement concentrating, in his own words, on "hard light, clear edges."<sup>47</sup> The ideal for the writer was to say what he meant in the fewest and clearest words.<sup>48</sup> The only adjective worth using was the adjective essential to the sense of the passage.

Isabelle Thompson puts Callaghan's own feelings succinctly when she says of Tamburlaine "it's too gaudy a performance....Too much upholstering, I suppose. It hasn't anything to do with my life."<sup>49</sup> Callaghan stays resolutely away from sentences like "Over her father's farm brooded the passionate fulfillment of summer."<sup>50</sup> Brandon Conron has described the style of Strange Fugitive, Callaghan's first novel, in terms reminiscent of Bridgman's description of the twentieth-century style quoted at the beginning of this chapter:

There are actually relatively few literary ornaments: a rapid, reportorial exposition, short, simple sentences with few adjectives, a colloquial dialogue which is hard and fresh and catches the rhythm of North American



speech, and compact descriptive passages which often focus on apparently trivial but really significant details.<sup>51</sup>

This description is equally valid for the later Callaghan style, although it does become more fluid as he learns to use its resources more fully and confidently.

At first glance, however, it may seem that Callaghan owes more to Anderson in the matter of compact description of characters than the above makes allowance for. Callaghan describes two men in It's Never Over who come to carry Fred Thompson's casket. They are "a short, nervous man with a thick gold watch-chain and a thin man with unnaturally white false teeth."<sup>52</sup> Anderson too has this habit. Judge Manby is "an old man with a long white beard," and Ben Peeler "a tall, slender, stoop-shouldered man."<sup>53</sup> Anderson probably was an influence on Callaghan in this regard, but I think that the aesthetic doctrine and Callaghan's practical experience were at least as important. For Callaghan does not follow Anderson's road in Dark Laughter, where very few of the characters are described at all. Callaghan sticks to this technique as late as 1960 in The Many Colored Coat, where Scotty Bowman is described as having "a florid jolly face, grey hair and shrewd blue eyes."<sup>54</sup> What the reader sees is what he would notice if he were to meet Bowman on the street, or what an observant newspaper man would write in his column to characterize the man briefly. This habit of concision goes as far back

as Strange Fugitive, published in 1928. Harry Trotter "disliked uneasily Hohnsburger's solid, six-foot, double-chinned importance."<sup>55</sup> The phrase, with its two hyphenated words, moves with the solid importance that Harry finds so distasteful. The reader does not merely note this distaste, but feels it himself in the rhythm.

For the most part, however, Callaghan's scenic descriptions are more objective, more like line drawings than paintings, except when a particular region, such as the Algoma Hills, makes an impression on him or details are important for the psychological portrait. In this example from It's Never Over, there is no sense of interaction between the observer and the observed: "The light from the strong sun glistened on the surface of the wet leaves through the trees, but could not dry the soggy ground, heel marked and trampled."<sup>56</sup> The emotive response, something so strong in Anderson at times as to obscure the reality, is absent.

And this is why, I think, that Callaghan's descriptions do not impress the reader as being sensuous. For he does not have the ability, or perhaps has severely limited his ability, to reproduce in the reader the complex response to sights, sounds, and smells that is so much a part of Keats' greatness as a poet. Sensations are noted as part of the background but they pass so quickly and make so small an impression on the character that they

are not noticed. Visual impressions are strongest, and these, unlike taste or touch, serve to measure and intensify the distance between the object and the person who sees it. Smells too are mentioned in passing, as in the "stuffy smell" of pine planks<sup>57</sup> but little impact is made on the reader. They exist, and are virtually taken for granted. A man working in a lumber yard smells pine planks constantly. When Harry is out for a walk he passes "the temporary wooden bridge below Bay Street."<sup>58</sup> Harry is in a place so familiar that it makes no impression on him. And no impression of the bridge can be passed on to the reader.

Anderson can get carried away. Callaghan remains maddeningly matter-of-fact. Even a description of a fight - and Callaghan did some amateur boxing - is rather tame. Gus Rapp has tried to decapitate Sid Walton with a plank:

"You damn big hunkie," Walton yelled, running at Gus. He picked up an axe handle and whacked him hard three times across the back. Gus went down on his knees and hollered but got up kicking out. He tried to pick up a plank but the men grabbed him.<sup>59</sup>

The drama seems to have evaporated: the tone is that of a witness to the events, not someone involved. After Flora Lawson has spent a night in the country she arrives at her father's farm: "Flora sat down and told her mother how Bill had been acting queerly, and how last night he had run out of the house and she had been scared to stay there

alone."<sup>60</sup> There is no dialogue to make her story interesting, for she is not telling the whole truth. And after the harrowing events of the night before, Flora's plain statement, reported by Callaghan, is anti-climactic. The ironic tone robs the reader of what could have been an interesting scene. Callaghan opts to tell rather than show Flora's version of the truth.

This distancing effect does work well for Callaghan at times, however, usually in brief descriptions. As narrator, Callaghan adopts the manner of his characters. But when a special insight requires it he steps back. In "Last Spring They Came Over" he says that the night editor of the paper where Alfred Bowles works "took a fancy to him because of the astounding puerility of his political opinions."<sup>61</sup> It may be doubtful that a night editor would use such a phrase but it is effective nonetheless and serves to heighten the reader's sense of Alfred's complete unsuitability to Canada. The story "Ancient Lineage" is built around Callaghan's surrogate Mr. Flaherty's perception of the incongruous combination of details in the Rower household, whose family was descended from William the Conqueror: "He wanted to smirk, watching her walking heavily, so conscious of her ancient lineage, a virginal mincing sway to her large hips."<sup>62</sup> This time the phrase is just the right kind to come from a smart young man from the University Historical Club.



Callaghan has carefully calculated these effects; he is a conscious though unobtrusive stylist. He can even, like Anderson, create a rhythmical sentence from short phrases: "He saw no one, there were no sounds; there was sun, but no breeze, and nothing moved."<sup>63</sup> Such moments, however, are rare. When Callaghan carefully calculates his sentence and paragraph organization the effect is likely to be one of simple contrast:

John, looking a long time at the peanut-vender and at the policeman and at the street-cars moving on the tracks and through the leaves of the trees up at the sky and at the faces around him, hoped, when he looked again at the cell window, the face would be gone. It was always there.<sup>64</sup>

No matter how many twists and turns John and the sentence take to get away from Fred Thompson's face, they must inevitably get back to it. The same device is used across two paragraphs in A Broken Journey. Mrs. Gibbons, unable to tolerate her husband, finds a potential lover after ten years. She is ecstatic, and the paragraph moves with her joy and passion. Then, in a new paragraph, Callaghan reports "The officer's regiment left for France. A few months later he was killed. There had never been any kind of union between them."<sup>65</sup> The very bluntness of the statement brings the reader up short, as the news must have brought Mrs. Gibbons up short. The emptiness of the statements repeats and creates for the reader her emotional emptiness after the event, a state which has continued to the time that the

novel opens.

Callaghan does not have a style that focuses attention on the words or the author. At its best, it reproduces what it means. And Callaghan lives up to his desire to tell the truth cleanly. Anderson, I am afraid, does not. Despite his pronouncements about the necessity of the fact in nature remaining in fiction if it is to remain significant, Anderson increasingly turns inward. Colloquial prose may work to tell a story if it is combined with a controlled narrative technique, but unfortunately Anderson's fancy and his insistence on the naive and simple rob him of the ability to create form and order for life's chaos of perceptions and associations. He is interested in craft, but he knows little about the facts of presentation, and it seems to me that his stylistic effects rarely match Callaghan's.



### CHAPTER III

"The best form," Percy Lubbock states, "is that which makes the most of its subject - there is no other definition of form in fiction." The novelist's subject is his intention, "in a phrase." If it cannot be put into a phrase then it is not a true subject.<sup>1</sup> Although there are some similarities in their respective approaches to form, it seems to me impossible to compare Anderson and Callaghan at any length in this regard. Their stories and novels have to be examined individually, and evaluated in terms of Lubbock's definition. Neither writes to a formula; their concern is with creating a fictional situation to illustrate a character or an idea. They aim to be true to the theme.<sup>2</sup> In theory at least, every tale is unique.

In his excellent study of writing and writers, first published in 1921, Lubbock deals primarily with point of view. In general, there are two kinds of presentation, the scenic and the panoramic. The former, taking place in a short, specified space of time, puts the reader in front of the action; the latter watches the action from a higher and more commanding level, over a longer space of time. The scene - or showing of the action - is usually the most important, and there are two ways of treating it, pictorially and dramatically. In the pictorial method, the scene is presented as "the reflection of events in the mirror of

somebody's receptive consciousness." If the scene were presented on the stage its effect, which is internal, would be lost. But in the dramatic method the facts of the scene are well to the fore, and they tell the story directly, as they would on the stage.<sup>3</sup>

Most novels and stories are a mixture of the three methods. When treated dramatically the scene is too limited in its associations, while the pictorial method can vitiate the impact of a scene by placing the barrier of the registering consciousness in front of it. Further, no matter how treated, the scene is a brief and single moment. A novel especially needs a sense of growth and development, a sense that each moment is linked causally with moments both preceding and following it. "The scene presently yields," says Lubbock, "to some kind of chronicle or summary, and ... this in turn prepares the way and leads into the occasion that fulfils it."<sup>4</sup> A series of scenes are linked together into a panoramic view of the action; and while the room for movement is obviously greater in a novel, even a short story gains in depth and resonance when its two or three scenes are linked in this way.

It is a lesson that Anderson might have learned from the nineteenth-century masters. Anderson's novels and stories are almost uniformly panoramic. He stands back, and the reader with him, as in the case of Hugh McVey in Poor White, and gives a broad, general exposition of Hugh's background

and character. Now this, of course, is necessary at the beginning of a novel. But this method continues throughout the book, and the scenes that do exist are treated pictorially. The reader sees through Hugh's eyes; and since he is a slow witted, taciturn person the book is very slow moving. Like Anderson's other work, Poor White contains no conversations. If two people are together, one listens to the other, or Anderson narrates one part of the dialogue while transcribing the other. Nowhere is this more apparent than in Dark Laughter where Anderson's efforts to get inside the registering consciousnesses of his characters completely remove them from any effective human contact.

Callaghan also uses the pictorial method in his scenes, but he writes dialogue as well. There is consequently an extra dimension, for the reader sees not only what a character thinks and feels in response to external stimuli, but also what that character says, and how he affects the world at large. But once this has been said, Hugo McPherson's criticism of Callaghan's early stories must be noted. McPherson comments on Callaghan's tendency "to synopsis rather than dramatize."<sup>5</sup> Like Anderson, he often tells the reader about the character in question rather than showing him. This case history approach is best shown in "The Life of Sadie Hall," a naturalistic tale of a wild young girl who comes to bad end.<sup>6</sup> Here, Callaghan is so detached and the girl herself so one-dimensional that he becomes a



welfare worker instead of an artist. The tale lacks the poetic and pathetic qualities of Anderson's story of Wing Biddlebaum, "Hands", where Anderson, despite a reportorial tone, manages to show the character rather than merely talk about him.

While both writers are resolutely objective, Callaghan is too much so in the story of Sadie Hall. His problem is summed up by Lubbock in his discussion of Madame Bovary:

It is a dilemma that appears in any story, wherever the matter to be represented is the experience of a simple soul or a dull intelligence. If it is the experience and the actual taste of it that is to be imparted, the story must be viewed as the poor creature saw it; and yet the poor creature cannot tell the story in full. A shift of the vision is necessary.<sup>7</sup>

Callaghan decides to go farther back from his character than Flaubert did. For Flaubert remains at just a certain distance, always ready to create, by his superior intelligence and understanding of the situation, the ironic perspective needed to give Emma's story its depth. Or, as Lubbock states it, "A distinction is made between the scene the man [or woman] surveys, and the energy within him which converts it all into the stuff of his own being."<sup>8</sup> The reader is placed in a better position for an understanding of the character and his situation than is the character himself.

"The Life of Sadie Hall" is without this ironic perspective. But Callaghan does use it in most of his stories. Occasionally, the tone is obvious: in "In His Own

Country", for example, Flora Lawson abandons her husband who has neglected her in his insane dream of reconciling science and religion by the acquisition of all knowledge. Callaghan writes, "Flora believed now that she had really suffered, so every Sunday she drove in to the Anglican church with her father and mother. She wore black on Sundays and shook her head sadly when anyone mentioned Bill's name."<sup>9</sup> This technique, however, as Callaghan said of Sinclair Lewis, offers the reader too quick a recognition.<sup>10</sup>

It is easy to mock. But Callaghan's art aims to create understanding and compassion. This is accomplished in his excellent story "A Wedding-Dress" by means of a more subtly handled ironic perspective. The story expands unobtrusively from the first sentence: "For fifteen years Miss Lena Schwartz had waited for Sam Hilton to get a good job so they could get married."<sup>11</sup> Her frustrated eagerness and suppressed desire are symbolized in her search for her wedding-dress: "She wanted something to keep alive the tempestuous feeling in her body, something to startle Sam."<sup>12</sup> Unable to find anything suitable at a reasonable price she takes an expensive dress from a store, is arrested, and jailed for a night. When she appears in court Callaghan makes the reader feel its effect on her, and then expands his view to cast the crucial light on her: "Everybody looked at her, the dress too short and hanging loosely on her thin body, the burnt orange petals creased and twisted.



The magistrate said to himself: 'She's an old maid and it doesn't even look nice on her.'<sup>13</sup> The clash between desire in the first sentence, and reality here, is underlined by the brief excursion into the magistrate's consciousness. The effect, as it is in "A Predicament", in which a young priest resorts to a white lie to get rid of a drunk in his confessional, is to create sympathy for the character whose consciousness of reality is not the same as reality.

The same method is used by Anderson in Winesburg, Ohio. In the story of Jesse Bentley, the man who "wanted to be a man of God and a leader among men of God"<sup>14</sup> becomes a pagan Goliath figure and is appropriately felled by a stone from his grandson David's sling. When the Reverend Curtis Hartman sees the schoolteacher Kate Swift naked he describes his sexual impulses - apparently ironically - as the strength of God.<sup>15</sup> As the theme of the book as a whole becomes apparent, however, it is clear that this single level of irony is balanced by a second. Although the minister cannot know it, Anderson does identify sexual desire with the strength of God. Properly expressed, it breaks down the barriers between people, creating love and compassion. What is at first seen as a mistaken identification is in reality the proper one and this episode serves to increase George Willard's understanding of life.

The resolution of "Respectability"<sup>16</sup> is more moving, I think, and also ironic. Wash Williams, marrying for love

and finding his wife unfaithful, sends her back to her mother. She sends for Williams to try to arrange a reconciliation and when he comes she sends her daughter in to him naked. The woman's respectability is ironic: she acts as if she were the madame of a brothel. What is beautiful is made ugly for Williams; the memory of his love is destroyed by the light in which his marriage is cast by this act. He never recovers.

The story gains in impact by being told by Wash Williams himself. The majority of the tales in Winesburg are related by Anderson through the consciousness of the central character. But "Respectability" is virtually a first person tale. Williams is introduced and Anderson makes it clear that something in his past has made him the way he is, a woman-hating recluse. His story serves to illustrate this relationship and to explain it. The advantages are enormous. The reader sees two characters across a gulf of time where normally he would see only one at a crucial moment. Instead of being a scene, the story becomes a panorama.

The method, says Rex Burbank, owes something to the Impressionist movement in painting. By this technique, the impressions of experience upon the consciousness of the artist were portrayed. Both Henry James and Stephen Crane among earlier American writers had shaped their narratives "in accordance with the flow of feelings and thoughts, or

impressions, of the narrator."<sup>17</sup> Form is controlled less by the logical succession of events in time than by the tone and perspective of the central character. As Irving Howe states: "The true action of these stories is thus not the events narrated but the narrator's response, not the perceived object but the perceiving subject."<sup>18</sup>

The central event in the first person stories is therefore the "epiphany, the 'showing forth' of the chief significant factors, the inner reality, in the life of a character or in a situation through a symbolic act or utterance."<sup>19</sup> This technique is not limited to first person stories. James Joyce used it to great effect in Dubliners, particularly in "The Dead". In Winesburg, Ohio two notable examples occur in "Hands" and "Adventure". In the former, the image of Wing Biddlebaum picking up bread crumbs with his nervous, fluttering hands is one of a "devotee going swiftly through decade after decade of his rosary."<sup>20</sup> And in the latter, Alice Hindman, frustrated spinster of twenty-seven, runs naked through the streets in the rain: "She thought that the rain would have some creative and wonderful effect on her body."<sup>21</sup> But when she stops another lonely human being to embrace him, he turns out to be an old man, somewhat deaf. The confrontation is startling, and a perfect image of Alice's future.

Both these stories are controlled by the third person centre of consciousness adopted by Anderson. There is

no burden placed on the central character to understand his experience, as there is on Wash Williams. In general, in the first person stories Anderson's narrator is not sure of the nature of his tale or what it ought to mean: "in his groping efforts to explain what he does not fully comprehend," says Burbank, "he rambles in his narrative, feeling about for details he vaguely perceives to be significant."<sup>22</sup> There is a character in Winesburg like that, although the reader never hears any of his stories: "The tales that Doctor Parcival told George Willard began nowhere and ended nowhere. Sometimes the boy thought they must all be inventions, a pack of lies. And then again he was convinced that they contained the very essence of truth."<sup>23</sup> Two stories in which this discursive narrative manner is used are "Death in the Woods" and "The Man Who Became a Woman".<sup>24</sup>

"Death in the Woods" is in five parts. The first and last are in the speaker's present, the middle three tell the story of the old woman who died in the woods. These sections, and especially the fourth, which deals with the narrator's reaction when he and his brother saw the woman's frozen body, are filled with a melancholy mystery and almost ritualistic grandeur. But the last section, which returns to the present and gives the reader the moral, does not, I think, add to this presentation. It merely clarifies it. Moreover, the problem of how the narrator, who was not present for parts two and three, came to know of the



events is not satisfactorily explained, despite two clumsy attempts which only serve to draw attention to the discrepancy.

Far more effective is "The Man Who Became a Woman". Here the perspective shifts constantly from past to present, giving a sense of the richness and complexity of the narrator's adult emotion as he remembers events from his adolescence. The story is the product of reminiscence, for, as the narrator says, "I didn't think things out that way that night."<sup>25</sup> Indeed, the dramatic impact of the story is somewhat lessened by this method; for unlike the narrators of Wuthering Heights or Absalom, Absalom! the narrator of "The Man Who Became a Woman" never disappears or withdraws for long. The boy in the story, for example, is terrified when two negroes, coming upon him sleeping naked in a hayloft, take him for a girl and attempt to assault him. Then the present-day narrator steps in and says, "You know how it is when a person is all upset and full of terror as I was."<sup>26</sup> The reader no doubt does know, but since the narrator never lets him forget that he is remembering the emotion the reader himself has no option but to remember how he felt on similar occasions. The terror is not reproduced.

For all this, it must be admitted that the epiphany of the story, when the boy falls into the skeleton of the horse at the old slaughterhouse, survives the technique and remains a terrifying moment. This is because it



functions in both the past and the present. In the past, the boy's immature love for horses is seen to be ended. But in the present, what Irving Howe has called a "forbidden homosexual fantasy"<sup>27</sup> represented by the same sterile white bones obviously survives. This is the reason the narrator tells his story. The tensions and ambiguities of his experience remain in that central showing forth of character.

There are two main scenes in this story, one of the boy in the past, the other of the narrator in the present. Both of them are treated as pictures of character rather than as dramatic events. They are bound subtly together by the broader, ironic vision of Anderson himself, who knows more than the narrator and gives the reader his insight. As in "Respectability", neither moment - as Malcolm Cowley calls Anderson's scenes<sup>28</sup> - exists timelessly or separately from the other.

The same technique is tried by Anderson with considerably less success in Dark Laughter. In Winesburg, Ohio, the teacher Kate Swift had told George Willard, who wanted to become a writer, "You must not become a mere peddler of words. The thing to learn is to know what people are thinking about, not what they say."<sup>29</sup> In "The Man Who Became a Woman" Anderson succeeded in this attempt. In Dark Laughter, however, the interpenetration of past events and present character is carried to an extreme. The whole novel is built around key moments: "You go along in life," thinks

Aline Grey, "not thinking very much, not feeling very much, not knowing very much - about yourself or anyone else - thinking life is so and so, and then - bang! Something happens. You aren't at all what you had thought you were."<sup>30</sup>

For Bruce Dudley the moment is his realization that he is not happy with his wife Bernice, a modern career woman who writes stories. He leaves her to go to New Orleans, and then back home to Old Harbor, Indiana. The moment for Aline is Rose Frank's party, where both she and Fred Grey are shocked by Rose's description of the moral decay and sexual degradation at the Beaux Arts' ball in Paris. To protect themselves, they marry. Coincidentally, Bruce gets a job in Fred's factory in Old Harbor and, coming out of work one evening, he sees Aline. He becomes her gardener, they become lovers, and they go off together.

Presumably, the key moment when Bruce and Aline meet is heavy with associations of their ruminations on their respective key moments. Again a state of present emotion is supposed to be clarified by its relation to the past. This is not the case. No necessary connection is made by Anderson because he has gone so far into his characters' consciousnesses and become so dissociated from reality that he can hardly bring them to life as three dimensional characters, let alone bring about an adequate relationship between them. Rex Burbank correctly states that their "wandering recollections and self-analyses impede rather

than advance or generate action."<sup>31</sup> And Anderson has not devised any scene in which action could be presented dramatically. He has an idea, that the authentic, passionate life of affirmation must be led, but there is not sufficient observation or knowledge about the characters to rescue them from being merely representations of this idea.<sup>32</sup> There is little of the "stuff of actuality" in Dark Laughter.<sup>33</sup> Anderson's characters are not there before the reader, either at rest or in conflict. He throws away one of the best moments, when Fred comes home from work and confronts Aline and Bruce, who are leaving. There is really no confrontation. The reader sees Fred's perceiving mind, not the scene. And Fred's mind, unfortunately, is not a sufficiently interesting instrument through which to see anything.

It may be that Anderson's repeated choice to portray the mind at work rather than the scene is the result of an inability to write convincing dialogue. If he had written more of it the matter could be decided. Nonetheless, the same defect - the lack of dramatic presentation - also mars what is probably Anderson's best novel, Poor White, though to a lesser extent than it does Dark Laughter. Here the use of the third person centre of consciousness helps to create solid characters at least, even if, as in Hugh's proposal of marriage to Clara Butterworth, they hardly ever speak to each other.

Anderson takes time in this novel to build up his characters, detail by detail, so that their physical and psychological reality makes an impression on the reader. Then, when he uses his pictorial method, he has a firm base. One of the best moments in Poor White concerns Jim Priest, Tom Butterworth's friend and hired man. He has just seen Clara and Hugh drive off to get married: "As he stood alone in the barnyard, excited at the thought of the adventure on which Clara and Hugh had set out, Jim Priest remembered Tom Butterworth."<sup>34</sup> He recalls their first meeting, at a race track where Jim had praised a driver named Top Geers. Then, "Standing in the race track looking at Geers, Jim thought of Grant."<sup>35</sup> On the last day of The Civil War Priest and General Grant had met briefly. So the progression is as follows: an event in the present has triggered a recollection of a recollection of the past. This very method of moving backward a step at a time is the one used by Faulkner in Absalom, Absalom!, though the effect here is less claustrophobic than in Faulkner's great work on the effect of The Civil War on the Southern consciousness.

This spiritual presence of absent things seems to work more effectively for Anderson in the short passage, for Poor White is damaged structurally by the large scale use of the technique. There are three parts to the novel: Books I and II describe Hugh McVey's youth and early



wanderings to Bidwell, Ohio, where he becomes an inventor. Book III makes a sharp break to Clara Butterworth's childhood and college days. Books IV to VI deal with the courtship, marriage, unhappy marital life and eventual reconciliation of Hugh and Clara.<sup>36</sup> But as Irving Howe states, "The story of Clara Butterworth splits the book in half, a wound never quite healed."<sup>37</sup> Having advanced so far with the story of Hugh McVey, Anderson suddenly switches to Clara without warning, and spends so much time on her that Hugh and the theme of the impact of industrialization on rural life are shunted to one side, if not altogether forgotten. The brief portraits, too, of Bidwell residents in chapters three and eleven are not sufficiently integrated, even for a loose, panoramic novel. Except for Joe Wainsworth, these characters are not connected in any way with the action of the book.

The difficulty, I think, is that while Poor White is generally panoramic, and pictorial in its treatment of scenes, the two methods are not used together successfully, as they are in shorter pieces. What the brief, vivid portraits of Bidwell inhabitants do exhibit is Anderson's facility within a limited scope. Jane Orange, the rich widow who steals eggs, and Ben Peeler, the town carpenter who goes into the lumber business, are as alive as any of the residents of Winesburg.<sup>38</sup> But, as all the critics point out, Winesburg, Ohio is more than a series of unrelated



portraits and episodes. It is perhaps Anderson's most successful attempt at creating a unified form which embodies a definite subject.

This form starts with the smallest unit. Each story in the book has a similar pattern. In his excellent essay, "Winesburg, Ohio: After Twenty Years",<sup>39</sup> Waldo Frank suggests that each story contains "a theme-statement of a character with his mood, followed by a recounting of actions that are merely variations on the theme. These variations make incarnate what has already been revealed to the reader."<sup>40</sup> It is a lyric form, with suggestion and indirection as its basic quality:

no more direct expression could have been devised for a book which so precisely portrays a world avid for the expression of external truths and forced, by the decay of its old cultural foundation, to seek truth anarchically, hopelessly, indirectly.<sup>41</sup>

But this implies that as a whole the book is anarchic, and it is not. Two things hold the book together. The first is the symbol of the room, where a great deal of the action takes place. The confinement and isolation of all the principals is admirably suggested by the repeated use of this symbol, culminating in the story of Enoch Robinson, which is "the story of a room almost more than it is the story of a man."<sup>42</sup>

The second unifying device is the presence of George Willard in several of the tales. It is not simply

his presence, however, which binds the book together, but his growth. Irving Howe, who gives a more satisfactory description of the stories, provides the clue to George's importance:

From a state of feeling rather than a dramatic conflict there develops in one of the grotesques a rising lyrical excitement .... At the moment before reaching a climax, this excitement is frustrated by a fatal inability at communication and then it rapidly dissolves into its original diffuse base. ...in only one story, "Sophistication", is the emotional ascent allowed to move forward without interruption.<sup>43</sup>

"Sophistication" is about George Willard, despite Anderson's identification of it with Helen White. It represents the completion of George's education.

At first, George is the object of the actions and interest of other people, including Wing Biddlebaum, his own parents, and Doctor Parcival. The last story in this early group is "Nobody Knows", in which George has his first sexual experience. His efforts to assure himself that no one knows of it indicate that his adolescent responsiveness to public opinion still guides his moral thinking. In the middle group of stories, George becomes someone important in the eyes of the community because of his expressed desire to become a writer. But he is still really an adolescent, and he misses something important in what Kate Swift tries to tell him about life and art when physical desire intrudes on his understanding. But in the story of Enoch Robinson,

"Loneliness", George gains a clear understanding and disinterested sympathy for another human being for the first time. Two stories in the last group, "An Awakening" and "Sophistication", express George's mature desire to find beauty and meaning in a life so harshly limited by loneliness and death. In the end, after his mother's death, he is an artist of life, like the old writer in the prologue, "The Book of the Grotesque", and he leaves Winesburg, to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience, and the various truths of the world at large.<sup>44</sup>

This bildungsroman structure not only unifies but creates greater depth for each of the stories in Winesburg, Ohio. For the grotesques, frustrated in their ability to communicate and to love, are all measured against George Willard's growing awareness and ultimate salvation from their condition. The success of this form depends in large measure on Anderson's ability to make George's development convincing. The treatment is again pictorial: the reader sees for the most part George's impressions of scenes and events. The complex inter-relationships of the characters add up to a limited panorama of a small Ohio town. And as critics and readers have been saying for the past fifty years, the book is a success.

But where Anderson succeeds in this formal combination of short stories and a central, growing character, the same cannot be said of Strange Fugitive, Callaghan's first

published novel.<sup>45</sup> The central figure, Harry Trotter, is just not interesting enough to hold the reader's attention. And Harry never develops an awareness of himself or life to match George Willard's. The novel, furthermore, has several episodic chapters not closely linked to the main action. It breaks in half, the first part dealing with Harry's life up to his spur-of-the-moment decision to steal a truckload of liquor, and the second with his career as a bootlegger and death at the hands of rivals. Despite Callaghan's addition of two pages of text for the 1970 reprint, Harry remains a shadowy, unsubstantial figure, and the book not well enough organized to be anything but an interesting failure.

It's Never Over, Callaghan's second novel, is a great improvement. John Hughes, through whom the reader sees the action, is blessedly capable of thought and interpretation. He has to be, for it is upon his misunderstanding of his own emotions that the novel turns. It opens with the hanging of Fred Thompson for the murder of a policeman. Hughes, who was going to marry Fred's sister Isabelle, is now engaged to a girl called Lillian, who accompanies him on the piano when he sings. Lillian had been very close to Fred before his arrest. In the first chapter, John explains the situation to Father Mason, who is to accompany Fred to the gallows: he and Isabelle were in love, he says, "but six months ago we forgot all about it, after Fred was



arrested. She thought she ought to lose everything. It was kind of hard. It was better for both of us."<sup>46</sup> After Fred is dead, John assumes that he and Isabelle are free and can live their own lives. But Isabelle insists that the past is not over, that Fred's character and actions will never cease to be relevant for them.

The first nine of the novel's nineteen chapters follow the development of the relationship between John and Lillian. They become lovers, at Lillian's apartment, but Lillian is also seeing a lot of Isabelle, who slowly extends her influence over her. Simultaneously, Isabelle turns to John, finally seducing him in chapter nine. The tenth chapter is the turning point. Because his landlord meets Isabelle leaving John's room John has to leave and find a cheaper apartment. And his position as soloist in a church choir is terminated. Lillian too is at a crisis: "all her thoughts for days had been confused and she sometimes wondered why she loved him at all."<sup>47</sup> When Isabelle tells Lillian that she and John have made love Lillian leaves him, recognizing that she had loved Fred, and still loves his memory.

John is so furious that he decides to kill Isabelle. She dies of pneumonia before he can actually strangle her, but their confrontation makes John see and accept his link with Fred and his continuing love for Isabelle. By his egotism and innate violence Fred had shown



the characters of the novel the uncivilized heart beneath the smooth exterior. Neither John nor Lillian had wanted to face this, and like Fred and Aline Grey, came together to avoid the truth.

The change in John's fortune, and the contrast between the two parts of the book, is underlined by the imagery. When John and Lillian have become lovers, in chapter six, John looks out the window of his own room:

The hedges were turning brown, and two small birds were darting at them, rising and darting farther along. A little sunlight glinted on the humming birds' small bodies, brilliant-breasted, as they pivoted in the air, almost hovering in one spot, tumbling and darting into the hedge again.<sup>48</sup>

After he has lost her, however, in chapter fourteen, he follows her and Isabelle to the cemetery where Fred is buried:

Then in the trees below on the hill, a bird cried out and another bird answered and they called to each other, and then a flock of small dark sparrows flew out from the trees across the gray sky to a patch of trees on the other side of the cemetery.<sup>49</sup>

This contrast, and the change in John's attitude to life and his increased understanding of himself and others, suggests that It's Never Over owes a certain structural debt to The Ambassadors, which Callaghan probably read in Paris in 1929.<sup>50</sup> If Maria Gostrey is imagined as a stronger character, involved in the action, and if she were to see the truth about Chad Newsome and Mme de

Vionnet well before the boating excursion when Strether realizes the nature of their relationship, the parallel would be nearly perfect. However, as Brandon Conron points out, "Isabelle's motivation is not sufficiently analyzed and clarified."<sup>51</sup> For Callaghan has not worked out a method by which the reader can get into Isabelle's consciousness. Various people - John, Father Mason, Lillian, her boy-friends Ed Henley and Paul Ross - all offer insights, but it is not till the end that anything can be put into focus. And the ending is, I think, too abrupt. John has been so sure of himself, and his change of heart and insight are not well enough prepared for. Looking back one can see the arrangement easily, but a first reading is somewhat confusing.

Callaghan fails to handle things as subtly as he does in his short stories. It must, of course, be remembered that at this time he was learning how to write a novel, how to handle point of view over a long stretch. When he cannot manage it he resorts to something like Lillian's letter to John to explain her thoughts and behaviour.<sup>52</sup> What is really needed is a shift from John's consciousness to Isabelle's and Lillian's. Callaghan had done this already in "An Autumn Penitent",<sup>53</sup> in which the seventh and eighth chapters provide the necessary insight into the suicide of Joe Harding's wife and niece. Joe himself, the central registering consciousness, never under-

stands this event fully, nor does he come to terms with his own reaction to it.

The greater depth afforded by this simple device is used still more effectively in Callaghan's last early novel, A Broken Journey.<sup>54</sup> The novel moves smoothly between Peter Gould and Marion Gibbons, Marion's mother and, for one chapter, the priest, Father Vincent Sullivan. All these characters speculate regularly and at some length about themselves and others. The three main characters accordingly acquire more resonance than those in It's Never Over. Their relationships are more fully set forth; each gains depth because of the other two characters' consciousness of him or her.

George Woodcock, however, does not regard A Broken Journey as an improvement over Callaghan's earlier work. Calling it "the product of a young promise disintegrating," he says that it anticipates The Many Colored Coat and A Passion in Rome "in its failure to focus clearly on significant action, in its limping pace and in the author's inability to provide a structure that will discipline the volume of material."<sup>55</sup> It is my contention that the novel has a fully conceived and well executed structure which supports the subject as effectively as the structure of Winesburg, Ohio supports its subject.

The key to the novel's organization is the single chapter devoted to Father Sullivan, the twelfth of twenty-

three. It is not well integrated into the design of the work - it was in fact published as a separate short story, "The Young Priest", in Now That April's Here and Other Stories, in 1936 - but it does serve to make apparent the two contrasting halves of the novel. The first half deals with Marion Gibbons and Peter Gould's break-up as the result of Marion's learning that her mother is in love with Peter. This is the most important scene in the first part. Mrs. Gibbons tells Marion about her first lover, a young officer whom she never permitted to make love to her, and who was subsequently killed in World War I. Marion lets her mother have a chance at happiness with Peter because she is subconsciously afraid of their projected sexual idyll in the Algoma Hills. But eventually, Marion realizes that "she, herself, in refusing to go away with Peter, was doing what her mother had done when she was a young woman",<sup>56</sup> and she goes back to Peter.

In the meantime, however, Peter had gone to live with a blond named Patricia Lee, who, when he left her, pushed him down the stairs. The second half of the novel is Peter and Marion's disastrous northern journey in which all the implications are worked out from the first half. For Peter, with his crippling back injury, is unable to make love to Marion. He is ironically as dead as the young officer who never made love to Mrs. Gibbons. Marion's passion, which she believes she has inherited from her mother, gets



the better of her. She surrenders to Steve, a strong, silent woodsman and guide. Realizing that her relationship with Peter is impossible, she leaves him. The parallel with her mother is driven home by Callaghan in Marion's wish, "If only we had had one night together. Just one night together."<sup>57</sup> This echoes Mrs. Gibbons's sentiments about her dead lover: "If she had only given herself to him she felt she might have been able to stand losing him."<sup>58</sup>

Marion, then, attempts to reverse her mother's experience and failure to grasp fulfilment. She is thwarted by circumstances as well as her own nature, for when she decides finally to take the risk and accept Peter it is too late. Too much has happened in the meantime. As in It's Never Over the contrasts are underlined by parallels in word and image. A Broken Journey is more subtly worked out, however, in that though the theme is the same, no character actually represents it for the author. It is worked out solely by the characters. Marion finds passion in Steve, and can no longer run away from her own physical nature, as her attachment to the virtually impotent Peter had suggested she was doing. Man is both physical and spiritual, and the influence of each aspect is literally never over.

The first three novels represent Callaghan's apprenticeship in form. A Broken Journey is the best of the three in this regard, and as Callaghan develops he becomes more skilled in his handling of scene and character. The more



Anderson wrote, however, the less controlled his work, particularly his novels, became. Except in Winesburg, Ohio, some first person stories and shorter sections of the novels, he never achieved satisfactory formal expression of his themes. As to the question of influence, it is very slight, I think. Both artists focus on the perceiving consciousness rather than on the events and characters perceived. Callaghan could easily have learned this technique from Joyce, for example, although Winesburg is probably as important. Ideally, of course, each work finds its own unique form, the form which makes the most of its subject.<sup>59</sup> In practical terms success is elusive, and if higher marks go to Callaghan it is because he can learn and grow as an artist and a craftsman.

## CHAPTER IV

D. H. Lawrence has pointed out that there is usually found in American literature a dual rhythm consisting of the disintegrating and sloughing of the old consciousness and the forming of a new consciousness underneath.<sup>1</sup> The process began with the first emigrants leaving Europe for the new world, where, in Edenic innocence, the new American Adam would be able not only to rebuild his own life but to redeem Europe from its sin and bloodshed as well. The Revolution and Declaration of Independence provided the ideological basis for the new life. Canada, on the other hand, was settled largely by people, like the United Empire Loyalists, who rejected the new Republic and clung to the old ties, both physical and psychological, to Britain. As the Americans fled from the old, the Canadians retrieved it and wrapped themselves up in it. This contrast indicates not only the differences in theme between Anderson and Callaghan, but provides the basic tension in their respective work as well.

The greatest industrial changes in the United States occurred in the years following the Civil War, when Sherwood Anderson was growing up. Chief among the prophets of the new age was Robert Ingersoll, whose belief in democracy, science, and progress created the background which led Anderson into manufacturing and advertising. Man,

through his invention of machines, was to be the master of the natural world.<sup>2</sup> And Anderson's descriptions in Poor White show his admiration for the inventors and businessmen who were making the new world:

The new force stirred and aroused the people. It met a need that was universal. It was meant to seal men together, to wipe out national lines, to walk under seas and fly through the air, to change the entire face of the world in which men lived.<sup>3</sup>

And yet, this new force was "half-hideous, half-beautiful." There were other determining influences at work in the Midwest. Richard Hofstadter calls them collectively the "Populist ideology". Its main tenets were the idea of the golden age and natural harmonies, by which the pre-industrial era of the United States, when men lived wholesomely and virtuously close to nature, was held to be the ideal. Following from these ideas were the dualistic conception of social struggles, the conspiracy theory of history, and the doctrine of the primacy of money. The satanic industrialists, who, as they became richer, became more corrupt and unhappy, kept the simple agrarian people from their rightful heritage by their conspiratorial manipulations of the stock market, business mergers and political campaigns and elections. It was a paranoid system of beliefs and it had a great influence on Anderson.<sup>4</sup>

The story of Jesse Bentley, "Godliness", is indicative. Jesse is a religious fanatic wanting God to speak to

him as He did to Old Testament figures, and himself wanting "to rule over men and to be the father of sons who shall be rulers."<sup>5</sup> In his dreams of ascendance he begins to buy machines to do the work on his farms so that he can employ fewer men: "The greedy thing in him," says Anderson, "wanted to make money faster than it could be made by tilling the land."<sup>6</sup> Like the Puritans, Jesse has equated material success with his election to heaven. He is a type of New England businessman, whose power over the natural world is alienating men from it.

The industrialists in Poor White, however, have no excuse. Both Steve Hunter and Tom Butterworth are Midwesterners. They have become corrupted, as Anderson was, by the slogans of big business: Steve Hunter, for example, "intended to become a manufacturer, the first one in Bidwell, to make himself a leader in the new movement that was sweeping over the country."<sup>7</sup> He and his partners are not, of course, merely selfish men: "Men have to face the duties life brings," they reason. "The few men who see clearly have to think first of themselves. They have to save themselves in order that they may save others."<sup>8</sup>

It is not apparent from Winesburg, Ohio that they can save anyone. Admittedly, apart from the story of Jesse Bentley, Anderson makes little of the rise and impact of industrialism in this work. But Rex Burbank makes a valid point, I think, in his comments on the cultural failure



implicit in the images of decay and decomposition in the book. The characters who embody social convention are shadowy, but they do present " a background of moral decay, calculation and artifice, of a rampant egoistic individualism."<sup>9</sup>

It is in this atmosphere - so well suited to the rise to power of selfish, exploiting businessmen - that the grotesques must live. The theme of Winesburg, Ohio is the loss of the ability to communicate love; and society is at least partially to blame for this condition. Irving Howe describes the situation brilliantly:

The figures of Winesburg usually personify to fantastic excess a condition of psychic deformity which is the consequence of some crucial failure in their lives, some aborted effort to extend their personalities or proffer their love. ...they are subject to rigid monomanias and are deprived of one of the great blessings of human health: the capacity for a variety of experience.<sup>10</sup>

Attempts by the grotesques to break down the walls which separate them from humanity or even each other are repeatedly thwarted. The tentative love of Elizabeth Willard and Dr. Reefy ends with her death. Elmer Cowley wants to tell George Willard that he "will not be queer - one to be looked at and listened to."<sup>11</sup> But his inarticulateness frustrates his attempt and he ends up hitting George. Enoch Robinson is simply afraid that a woman would submerge him in her personality. Alice Hindman's choice of someone lonely to reach out to is a deaf old man.<sup>12</sup>

But two of the attempts to make human contact are more sinister failures. Wing Biddlebaum's nervous hands caressing his pupils are interpreted by their parents as homosexual advances and he is forced to leave town and live in solitude in Winesburg. And Wash Williams's love for his wife is destroyed when his mother-in-law shows how women use their sexual attractions to trap men. In both cases, society perverts the natural human need for warmth and understanding.

This need is stated directly in the "Awakening" of George Willard: "I must get myself into touch with something orderly and big that swings through the night like a star."<sup>13</sup> In the climax of the book, the sadness of "Sophistication" comes to George:

With a little gasp he sees himself as merely a leaf blown by the wind through the streets of his village. ... Already he hears death calling. With all his heart he wants to come close to some other human, touch someone with his hands, be touched by the hand of another. ... He wants, most of all, understanding.<sup>14</sup>

In reaching out to Helen White, George provides an excellent contrast to Steve Hunter, whose will constantly asserts itself: walking in a storm, he shouts into the void, "Whatever anyone says, I tell you what, I'm a man."<sup>15</sup> The climax of Winesburg is very close to Callaghan's general position, in suggesting that the loss of will and pride in oneself, and the love of life in all its fullness, is the proper way to live on this earth, among men.

With this lesson learned, George can leave Winesburg for the larger world. He casts off the limitations of his social milieu and goes off to make a new consciousness of life for himself. Other works by Anderson suggest what might happen to him. Rex Burbank states:

Anderson's heroes follow a course in which they first fall prey to the corrupting effects of a materialistic and traditionally moralistic society; but then, as they become conscious of their "fall," they reject the values of convention and deliberately seek a<sup>16</sup> revitalized innocence based upon experience.

This course was followed by Anderson himself, and is seen in both Hugh McVey and Bruce Dudley, the heroes of Poor White and Dark Laughter respectively.

Hugh McVey's boyhood is similar to that of Huckleberry Finn's. He is lazy and dreamy, and loves to sit all day in the sun, fishing in the Missouri River with his father.<sup>17</sup> Like Huck, however, he is taken up by stern New England-type people, Sarah Shepherd and her husband Henry, to be civilized. Childless, Sarah presses Hugh to her bosom and denounces his former life: "It's a sin to be so dreamy and worthless."<sup>18</sup> His family and acquaintances are "a lot of miserable lazy louts."<sup>19</sup> She sets him to work at reading and mathematics and proper get-ahead behaviour.

Because Hugh remains intimidated by people after the Shepherds return East, he begins mentally applying his learning to practical problems. Soon after he arrives in Bidwell, he tries to invent a plant setting machine to make



the farmers' work easier. Steve Hunter takes him up and, though the first invention fails, other of Hugh's projects, including a machine for dumping coal cars, earn him and Steve - mostly Steve - a fortune. Bidwell, which was for Anderson as important as any human character in the book,<sup>20</sup> becomes an industrial centre. Factories and housing developments spring up, and young men are sent away to school to learn practical things like business management; or they stay in town and work in the stores and factories. The town becomes prosperous, largely at the expense of the farms, by taking both land and workers. At first, Hugh imagines that his devices, which do save labour and time, are freeing the people. But in reality, they are enslaving them to a new master, the industrial magnate, who pays as little as possible for as much work as he can get. Hugh overhears one worker, an ex-farm boy, talking:

I thought I'd come to town to a factory and find it easier here. Now I've got married and have to stick to my job no matter what they do. In the country I worked like a dog a few weeks a year, but here I'll probably have to work like that all the time. ... I wish the old days were back. I don't see how that inventor or his inventions ever helped us workers.<sup>21</sup>

An even more sinister aspect of industrial growth is found in the story of Joe Wainsworth, Anderson's ideal, a craftsman. A harness maker, Joe is forced by his employee, Jim Gibbons, to stock factory made harness. Unlike Sponge Martin, the carriage maker in Dark Laughter, who happily



paints wheels in a factory, Joe cannot accept his defeat. He murders Jim Gibbons, wounds Steve Hunter, and attacks Hugh. At length - four years after these events, to be exact - Hugh finally arrives at some glimmer of understanding: "He fought to accept himself, to understand himself, to relate himself with the life about him."<sup>22</sup> But this "indefinable inner struggle" is not resolved by Hugh. As he and Clara go into their home at the end of the novel the factory whistle blows. It will be up to their unborn son to redefine the relationship between men.

For Clara, Hugh has become "a perplexed boy, hurt by life."<sup>23</sup> Her sexual instincts, which led her to Hugh, are absorbed by her maternal instincts. Like the people of Winesburg, Clara possesses a strong "hunger for understanding, love, and friendliness."<sup>24</sup> As Anderson's work develops, these desires assume more importance. In Winesburg, Ohio they are identified with the strength of God, for like art, love, which may start in sexual attraction, links people with each other. This communion is vital for life, for people who do not love cannot create.<sup>25</sup> About Clara, Anderson comments, "There was a creative impulse in her that could not function until she had been made love to by a man."<sup>26</sup> This impulse often flies in the face of social conventions, as Aline Grey in Dark Laughter learns. Purely married to Fred Grey, the owner of the wheel factory where Bruce Dudley works, Aline finds herself succumbing to his

vision of her: "how exquisite she would be - like one of the small, old-fashioned white marble statues people used to set on pedestals among green foliage in a garden."<sup>27</sup>

The Eden that was America has become sterile and perverted. Like Clara, Aline must reject the advances of a lesbian companion who argues that love between women is purer than that between man and woman. For it is not creative. When she sees Bruce outside the factory one night Aline stirs herself to make contact with this real vital otherness.

Like George Willard, Bruce wants to "get outside himself, to center his life upon something outside himself."<sup>28</sup> Having already left his wife and job in Chicago, however, Bruce now seems strangely ineffective in fulfilling his desires. Aline takes the initiative, getting him first as her gardener, then seducing him. Like Hugh McVey, Bruce is taken over, and has no choice but to surrender to the eternal feminine. When Aline becomes aware of her passions she is virtually irresistible.

What Anderson suggests is that women, being closer to the sources of life, can and will lead the men of will and power back to the proper relationship to life. But women have first to reject their roles as polite social assets, just as men have to see that their aggressive spirits have become dominated by the machines they invented. Anderson does not get beyond the act of rejection in Dark

Laughter. What Aline and Bruce will do is unclear; but it is clear that like Huck, they are setting out once more for the territory, called by R. W. B. Lewis, "the area of total possibility."<sup>29</sup> Their intention may be to settle down on a small farm and live close to nature, with Bruce making anything they need with his own hands.

For it is man's loss of awareness of his hands that has made him impotent. Bruce admires Sponge Martin, with whom he works, for the old man's skill in painting wheels, and his delight in his sexual energies. To create a new consciousness of these two things is Anderson's aim, strongly influenced as he was by his reading of D. H. Lawrence.<sup>30</sup> In looking for support for his ideas Anderson goes back, as the Populist ideology suggested, to the pre-industrial golden age. The original idea of Adam in Eden has been perverted by the self-serving commercialism and false gentility of the Eastern states. Instead of escaping from Europe, the American must now escape from the suffocating atmosphere of his own country.

Lewis has described this essential movement in much American art as a "denitiation": "the valid rite of initiation for the individual in the new world is not an initiation into society, but, given the character of society, an initiation away from it."<sup>31</sup> Morley Callaghan takes up this story where most American writers leave it. He follows the fugitives into their future lives, and his work states what

the American writers all know unconsciously: that man cannot effectively escape from society or from himself.

The theme of justice looms large in Callaghan's work - he was trained as a lawyer - particularly in images of order and pattern. The characters in the three early novels under discussion, Strange Fugitive, 1928 (revised and reprinted in 1970), It's Never Over, 1930, and A Broken Journey, 1932, are all in some way outside the law, whether it be social, psychological, sexual or moral.

The first of these heroes, Harry Trotter, is implicitly Huckleberry Finn: "Harry was telling how he had often dreamed when a boy of owning a houseboat, sailing up and down the Mississippi. Sailing, not bothering about the time."<sup>32</sup> Harry's ideal is his childhood in Maydale. He slept with his mother, he admits, till he was nine years old, and he feels sure that his mother would have liked his wife Vera.<sup>33</sup> But Harry cannot adjust to adult life: the brief moments of delight are not sufficient compensation for its adversity and monotony. He finds Vera's interest in Catholicism annoying. Vera herself is "narrow, tight, too often holding herself in,"<sup>34</sup> and he leaves her for Anna who is big, free and easy and makes no claims on him.

As the book progresses Harry tries to move farther and farther away from anything restricting. His early aspirations and sense of self-importance as foreman in Pape's lumber-yard are seen as he leaves work:



Neat men from the office were punching the clock. He was like them only better and stronger, neat as a pin, but could smash them if he wanted to. He carried no lunch pail, and they knew it.<sup>35</sup>

Again, after Harry has lost his job for fighting he walks a great deal, and one evening he passes the Labor Temple: "He imagined himself lining up forces with the Temple. He thought of himself, a leader, striking out, supported by a militant working class."<sup>36</sup> And his career as a successful bootlegger similarly feeds his vanity.

But his vision of the past continues to haunt him. When he murders Cosantino, a rival in business, he attends the funeral:

and he looked down the long valley at aristocratic vaults like Greek temples and the whole world seemed to become quietly unimportant and he felt sad and sorry for Cosantino and himself.<sup>37</sup>

He decides to return home to visit his parents' graves and is indignant at the two small, dirty stones and the dried grass around them. He puts up one giant stone as a marker and a support for his ego.

While Harry longs to be respected and looked up to he also wants to cherish his notion of his parents. But in material added to the 1970 reprint Callaghan brings out the truth about Harry's life. Harry dreams that he is fighting through a thick forest to a "gold lit clearing. People were gathering there, waiting for him with presents." Then he hears an angry voice and looks back to see his

father, in his shirt-sleeves, shouting, "'Come back here Harry. Come back, do you hear?'"<sup>38</sup> When Harry wakes up he starts to think:

how could you respect a clever-talking man who accepted the fact that he was never to make more than fifty a week and was content with his little house and his garden and all the sketching he did and the daubing in oils? A man who didn't even know he was such a little guy wasn't entitled to any real respect.<sup>39</sup>

Harry is obviously over-compensating. He can never lay to rest his nagging consciousness that his childhood was not perfect, that he was dangerously in love with his mother, that his father was a failure. To preserve the darling illusion he fights to be the boss in everything, even carrying to absurd lengths the importance of a checker game:

He considered the board and the checkers, ready for the last move, but in reality thinking of the board as his own life and the life around him, his interest reaching a high pitch until it became for him no longer a game of checkers. He had the issue, the opposition, in the hollow of his hand. He felt fine.<sup>40</sup>

This feeling is enough for Harry. One attempt by him to "see clearly in his own mind the life of the last few months," is obscured by his feeling that "In a year or two he could become the biggest exporter in the country."<sup>41</sup> Harry is not a thinker. Theories of law and individual freedom - the subject of the book - are uninteresting to him. When Julie, another of his mistresses, asks him, "do

you believe in God?" he replies, "Cut it out."<sup>42</sup>

The characters in Callaghan's early work, including A Native Argosy, share this inability to see deeply into themselves. As Brandon Conron says, the theme of these stories is "the possession of being well deceived."<sup>43</sup> Strange Fugitive presents Harry's repeated approaches to the truth and his repeated failure to make it a part of his life. He is murdered by rivals without ever accepting reality. The ironic focus of the early stories quite often leaves Callaghan's characters in their illusions. They live because their illusions are less dangerous than Harry's; but it can be argued, I think, that their deception creates, not happiness, but a kind of numbed routine acceptance. Like Anderson's grotesques, they are, with rare exceptions, unfulfilled.

Callaghan may have realized that this ignorance of his characters would create stagnation in his art, for in Now That April's Here and Other Stories, work written between 1929 and 1935, the theme is growth. Characters are placed in situations in which they have a "new vision of themselves and of the world around them."<sup>44</sup> This increased potential for a more complete life is also found in It's Never Over and A Broken Journey.

John Hughes, the central character of It's Never Over, has, at first glance, no resemblance to Harry Trotter. He is thoughtful, articulate, sings in a church and is

saving money to study in Europe. But John too is self-important. He has lifts in his shoes "because his music teacher had said that a man with such a good bass voice ought to be a little taller."<sup>45</sup> When he loses his position as soloist in the church where he sings, because of his immoral liaison with Isabelle Thompson, he is upset because it is "like losing a membership in a socially important club."<sup>46</sup>

Like Harry too, John is running away from something: his friendship with the murderer Fred Thompson and his love for Fred's sister Isabelle. Fred's problem was his impulsive nature which led him to enlist in the army, and which exploded in spontaneous savagery when a policeman shoved him in a brawl. When Fred had returned from the war his aim was the complete enjoyment of life.<sup>47</sup> But however laudable this may be, Fred also felt that the "individual was hardly of any importance at all." The war taught him that: men "were there, then they weren't there."<sup>48</sup>

The communist, Gibbons, echoes his sentiments. Fred's hanging was not important to Gibbons in itself, but he feels it could have been used by socially conscious agitators to produce demonstrations and perhaps even the overthrow of established institutions. John rejects this view, as does Callaghan - though he presents Gibbons fairly - and insists on the importance of the individual. Ironically, however, he does not accept the implications of this,



the rampant, hedonistic egotism suggested in the brief glimpses of Fred's character.

With Fred's death, of course, John has assumed that this is over. Isabelle knows otherwise. John attacks her "moral prostration": "It's over now, and you in your own thoughts are dodging in and out of the shadowy places and all the time it keeps getting darker in your own heart."<sup>49</sup> Isabelle admits that she feels degraded by Fred's death: "I went on thinking of myself in that way till I was almost eager for more of it, wanting to hurt myself."<sup>50</sup> Her reaction is extreme, but, Callaghan implies, necessary, for it is Isabelle's destiny to make the other characters recognize their relationship to Fred, which they would rather forget, and admit that they too feel degraded.

Lillian, John's fiancée, is the first to do so, for she is more sensitive than John:

She was at the piano long after he was tired, still getting the full value and suggestion of the notes. Her ear was better than his, never tiring so quickly, and she retained a sense of personal experience after he heard objectively only the sounds.<sup>51</sup>

When Isabelle first visits Lillian in the apartment where she and John have been carrying on their affair Lillian becomes suspicious and asks, "how far did your affair with Isabelle go?" John has assumed that it has long been over, and better for both him and Isabelle, but Lillian explains:

Well, you were so obviously uneasy when Isabelle was in the room I felt like your second

wife acting as hostess to your first wife who has just called, particularly when she glanced in the bedroom and you looked as if you had been caught playing hockey from school.<sup>52</sup>

And when Lillian learns that John and Isabelle have made love she leaves him, for she has admitted to herself that she loved Fred and that her love for John was an attempt to avoid the degrading relationship.

But John will not recognize this, and as things go from bad to worse for him, he finally decides to kill Isabelle "because it was necessary for his own salvation."<sup>53</sup> Ironically, he uses the Church, which represents for him a system of ethics controlling the passions, to justify his own murderous passion. The priest to whom he confesses for guidance gives Callaghan's "message":

All the nonsense ever written by the wise men of to-day can't destroy the fundamental dignity of the human spirit. It should be the aim of every Christian to preserve that dignity and be ever watchful of any temptation which, if yielded to, might destroy it.<sup>54</sup>

Just as John is about to yield to the temptation that will destroy his dignity forever, Isabelle, on her death bed, says that if he were to murder her he would be lodged in the same part of the jail as Fred was, and would be hanged:

Helpless, he shuddered, watching her lips trying to move into a smile, and feeling she had hold of him more tightly than ever before, till he was one with her and her brother and all of them, only now he was no longer anxious to get away from it; almost calmly, and with a new, unexpected humility, accepting it.<sup>55</sup>

When John accepts his love for Isabelle and his link with the almost primitive violence of Fred, he is free. His egotistical attempts to escape from his common humanity were as undignified as his attempted murder. With his humility John regains his dignity, and his freedom to live and hope. Though Isabelle dies of pneumonia shortly after the climax of the book, both John and Lillian are firmly in possession of their characters and experience.

John is saved from Fred's fate, and from Harry Trotter's, by his ability to see and understand the truth. But Isabelle, however, like Harry, has gone too far along her own road to get back to the fullness of life. A similarly mixed resolution is found in A Broken Journey, the last of the early novels.

This is perhaps the most specifically Canadian of Callaghan's novels. Peter Gould regards Canada as the fresh start so common in American thinking: "'If we began again,' he said, 'we could forget a lot of Old World sicknesses that have been brought over here.'"<sup>56</sup> It is impossible. The nature of man, and particularly his sexuality, prevents it. Mrs. Gibbons, the mother of Peter's fiancée Marion, is herself in love with Peter. He represents for her the lost love of the young officer killed in the war: "She had come to believe that many of Peter's amusing gestures were those of her young and dead lover, and her secret passion for him became a renewal of the one true line of love in her life."<sup>57</sup>



When Marion learns of this, she nobly gives Peter up. But behind her decision is her refusal to accept her sensuality, which she links with her mother:

After the university, when she was twenty-two, she had begun to think of her mother's life as something twisting and decaying at the very root within her till she had become a demoralized woman. . . . Though she wanted to keep a deep respect for her mother, she wanted at the same time to be utterly apart and different from her, clean, simple and untouched by any of the passions she felt had destroyed her mother. 58

She enters a religious order and attempts to be worthy of being the bride of Christ. One night, however, when she has a vision of Christ, she recognizes it as a boy named Christopher who had kissed her at university. She leaves the convent, but the struggle within her between the flesh and the spirit goes on.

Her dream of the holiday in the Algoma Hills with Peter is an effort to find some basis for reconciling the two forces. But in the meantime, Peter has severely injured his back, the parting gift of Patricia Lee, the girl he lived with after Marion had given him up. He is crippled and virtually impotent for the northern idyll. The sexual entanglements of the Old World, it might be said, make themselves felt in the New.

Marion herself finds the country too vast and overpowering, man too small and insignificant: "What is right, what is wrong, what is important, or any ambition, all seem unimportant here."<sup>59</sup> Man's moral laws are negated by



the land; but Marion also exhibits her fear of sex in her fear of nature. Douglas Jones has described this quite common theme in Canadian literature:

The land is both condition and reflection, both mirror and fact. Particularly in literature it comes to symbolize elements of our inner life. As these elements are ignored or suppressed, the land becomes a symbol of the unconscious, the irrational in the lives of the characters. And the more powerful those elements are, the more disturbing and demonic the land and the figures associated with it may become.<sup>60</sup>

Steve, the guide, is associated with this disturbing and overpowering element of nature: and Hubert Gould, Peter's brother, brings out the sexual parallel when he says, "A woman wouldn't be having an affair with Steve at all. She would be having an affair with this country, see?"<sup>61</sup>

Peter also feels the power of the land, and sex: "I've been here trying to resist with my whole being something that's outside the window, in the noise of the river running and the lake and in the very silent nights."<sup>62</sup> He is successful in his resistance. But Marion surrenders to Steve, though it gives her no pleasure. It seems to her that all during her life, "always holding herself aloof from her mother's life, she had longed for purity, and now it was all sullied."<sup>63</sup> She leaves Peter and the country, hoping, as she says, to gain something in the future. Peter and Hubert remain: "They felt very close together, very necessary to each other in the small, white room."<sup>64</sup> The

sterility of their final position leaves no doubt that there is little hope for them in their future lives. With Marion, the question is more ambiguous. The land, she says, is still outside her.<sup>65</sup> She has not brought her sexual desires into accord with her spiritual values. But at least she has been freed, like John Hughes, and like George Willard, from a stifling and sterile atmosphere. Her impossible dream of purity must be abandoned, and life in all its fullness is open to her if she will take it.

In an excellent short essay, Hugo McPherson has summed up the theme which he believes is central to all of Callaghan's fiction:

he has wrought out a fictional form in which the surface events function simultaneously as realistic action and symbolic action, revealing both the empirical and the spiritual conflicts of his protagonists. ... Man's career occurs in the imperfect world of time, but its meaning (man's dignity or "place") depends finally on a larger reality out of time. To escape the first world is physical death; to ignore the second is to embrace the condition of the Wasteland - life-in-death.<sup>66</sup>

Harry Trotter fails in his quest: he finds no value beyond that of the senses, and his worldly position. Both John Hughes and Marion Gibbons, on the other hand, attempt to give their lives a meaning, or spiritual value, which reality - their psychological or sexual make-up - will not support.

These characters all fail to connect their desires with their conditions. But the first step in connecting the

inner and outer lives, Callaghan suggests, is their acceptance of reality.<sup>67</sup> But all the characters in these early works, including Mrs. Gibbons and Isabelle Thompson, want to live according to one truth: Harry that his childhood was wonderful; Peter and Marion that sexual appetites and satisfactions can be ignored or suppressed; Mrs. Gibbons that the past can return; John and Lillian that they do not feel degraded by their connection to human violence and weakness; Isabelle that they must feel degraded.

They become grotesques. In the beginning, thinks the old writer in the prologue to Winesburg, Ohio,

there were a great many thoughts but no such thing as a truth. Man made the truths himself and each truth was a composite of a great many vague thoughts. All about in the world were the truths and they were all beautiful. ...the moment one of the people took one of the truths to himself, called it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood.<sup>68</sup>

Some of Callaghan's characters, fortunately, do possess the capacity to see themselves and life freshly, and like George Willard they grow to maturity during their fictional lives. The others are the hollow men who fail to realize their potential as human beings for love and compassion.<sup>69</sup>

Whatever the contrasts created by their cultural and literary environments, it is plain from the above that the two writers are extremely close in thematic material, at least in this early period. The influence of Winesburg,

Ohio on Callaghan's work is quite striking in this regard. The other work by Anderson is less important. Callaghan is not concerned with the industrialization of man, which for him is an accomplished fact, nor does he preach the Lawrencian doctrine of sexual fulfilment that Anderson took over. The fiction of both, however, embodies their similar concerns with the proper bases for human contact and moral awareness and their similar answers to these questions testify to the debt Callaghan owed, at least for a short time, to the older man.



## CONCLUSION

When Morley Callaghan was a young writer, he visited New York, and there met Josephine Herbst and her husband, friends of Robert McAlmon. "I could tell," he writes, "Miss Herbst had some kind of generosity of spirit or heart while having a grim hard mind."<sup>1</sup> It is a description of Callaghan himself. While compassion and understanding are keys to his philosophy, he is also, as F. W. Watt points out, a careful and consistent thinker, making "a powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life."<sup>2</sup> Or perhaps the emphasis should be that Callaghan measures reality against certain transcendent moral laws.

As Callaghan's work progresses, questions of injustice, justice and mercy, and individual responsibility assume greater importance. In the 'thirties, socio-economic forces replace the naturalistic forces of sex and spontaneous violence as factors limiting, if not determining, a character's choice of action. But Callaghan refuses pessimism, perhaps an easier response than his insistence on the individual's right, and necessity, to choose his life and accept responsibility for it. Ultimately, his work suggests that only a profound change in the human heart by which people accept life in humility and joy - as Anna Prynchoda in They Shall Inherit the Earth (1935) and Peggy Sanderson in The Loved and The Lost (1951) do - will make

life possible.

Callaghan's work develops greater complexity along these lines. Anderson's does not. The tensions of his work, between the ordered life of the fancy and the chaotic world of reality, between the craftsman and the factory, between sexual freedom and fulfilment and social convention, remain the same throughout. Lionel Trilling has pointed out the reason for this: Anderson's escape from the trap of business. Says Trilling: "it seems to have made him feel that the problem of the artist was defined wholly by the struggle between sincerity on the one hand and commercialism and gentility on the other."<sup>3</sup> Anderson's own moment of enlightenment and conversion was merely celebrated, never developed. His act of will should have become an act of intelligence, but it never did.<sup>4</sup>

Anderson himself became a grotesque. He lived and wrote according to the one truth he had taken as his own. His influence on Callaghan may be limited to one book, Winesburg, Ohio, published in 1919, when Callaghan was only sixteen. That work guided Callaghan in his choice of the perceiving subject, his use of the colloquial style in both dialogue and narration, and above all in the theme of frustrated love. Trilling says that "Anderson's greatest influence was probably upon those who read him in adolescence, the age when we find the books we give up but do not get over."<sup>5</sup> Anderson was Callaghan's literary father, but

Callaghan grew up. It is not influence, I think, but temperament that would lead Callaghan to agree with Anderson's Bruce Dudley that "What one was trying to do with the fancy was to link oneself, in some rather mysterious way, with others."<sup>6</sup> The idea of art as communion is not limited to these two men; it is shared by many.

## NOTES AND REFERENCES

### INTRODUCTION

1. Toronto, 1963, pp. 48-9.
2. Ibid., pp. 13-14.
3. Robert Weaver, "A Talk with Morley Callaghan", Tamarack Review, 7 (Spring, 1958), p. 5.
4. Ibid., pp. 14-15.
5. That Summer in Paris, p. 48.
6. Malcolm Cowley, Introduction to the Compass edition of Winesburg, Ohio (New York, 1960), p. 1.
7. See both Weaver, p. 20, and Brandon Conron, Morley Callaghan (New York, 1966), p. 70.
8. Studies in Classic American Literature (New York, 1964), p. 2.

### CHAPTER I

1. 1924. A critical text edited by Ray Lewis White (Cleveland, 1968).
2. Ibid., p. 76. Material added by Anderson in galleys is bracketed and marked with an asterisk by White.
3. Ibid.
4. "A Writer's Conception of Realism", in Paul Rosenfeld ed., The Sherwood Anderson Reader (Boston, 1947), p. 347.
5. A Story Teller's Story, p. 231.
6. Ibid., p. 18.
7. "A Writer's Conception of Realism", p. 338.
8. A Story Teller's Story, p. 47.
9. "A Writer's Conception of Realism", p. 345.



10. A Story Teller's Story, p. 59.
11. Ibid., p. 60.
12. Ibid., p. 155.
13. Ibid., pp. 145-53.
14. Ibid., p. 165.
15. Ibid., pp. 92-3.
16. See Introduction, p. 2; Weaver, pp. 14-15.
17. A Story Teller's Story, p. 107.
18. There are some parallels in this respect with Hawthorne's discussion of the ideal and the actual in Romance in the Custom House introduction to The Scarlet Letter, though each man starts from the opposite pole.
19. "A Writer's Conception of Realism", p. 338.
20. That Summer in Paris, p. 123.
21. A Story Teller's Story, pp. 282-3.
22. Ibid., p. 284.
23. "A Writer's Conception of Realism", p. 344.
24. The Modern Writer (San Francisco, 1925), p. 31.
25. A Story Teller's Story, p. 62.
26. Ibid., p. 213.
27. The Modern Writer, p. 39.
28. A Story Teller's Story, p. 146.
29. Ibid., pp. 256-7.
30. Ibid., p. 173.
31. Ibid., pp. 337-8.
32. The Modern Writer, p. 24.
33. A Story Teller's Story, p. 255.

34. That Summer in Paris, pp. 68-9.
35. A Story Teller's Story, p. 224.
36. Ibid., p. 310.
37. "A Writer's Conception of Realism", p. 342.
38. A Story Teller's Story, pp. 184-5.
39. Ibid., p. 274.
40. Ibid., p. 210.
41. Ibid., p. 302.
42. Ibid., p. 263.
43. Ibid., pp. 260-1.
44. Ibid., p. 263.
45. That Summer in Paris, p. 184.
46. Ibid., p. 117.
47. "An Ocean Away", Times Literary Supplement, No. 3, 249 (June 4, 1964), 493.
48. Weaver, p. 5.
49. Ibid., p. 4.
50. That Summer in Paris, p. 19.
51. Ibid., p. 224.
52. Ibid., p. 19. Callaghan also attacks the approach and purpose of academic training: "A discipline in seeing a thing in terms of something else." The best critics in his opinion were those "who were capable of submitting themselves to the object - the thing written - and judging it for what it was." See That Summer in Paris, p. 205.
53. "An Ocean Away".
54. That Summer in Paris, p. 29.
55. Ibid., p. 234.
56. A Story Teller's Story, p. 298.

57. That Summer in Paris, p. 20.
58. A Story Teller's Story, p. 164.
59. That Summer in Paris, p. 103.
60. Ibid., p. 107.
61. Ibid., p. 50.
62. Ibid., p. 21.
63. Ibid.
64. Ibid., p. 148.
65. "An Ocean Away".
66. Ibid.
67. Ibid.
68. That Summer in Paris, p. 22. Actually, Callaghan did write it up. See "One Spring Night", Stories (Toronto, 1967), pp. 307-13.
69. Ibid., p. 148.
70. Weaver, p. 21.
71. Ibid., p. 23.
72. That Summer in Paris, pp. 148-9.
73. A Story Teller's Story, p. 201.
74. Weaver, p. 22.
75. That Summer in Paris, p. 122.
76. Ibid., p. 229.
77. Ibid., p. 77. See also p. 254.

## CHAPTER II

1. New York, 1966, p.12.
2. Ibid., p. 155.

3. See Chapter I, p. 15; A Story Teller's Story, p. 263.
4. Bridgman, p. 153.
5. Introduction to The Portable Sherwood Anderson (New York, 1949), pp. 7-8.
6. Bridgman, p. 155.
7. New York, 1960, p. 42.
8. New York, 1930, p. 4.
9. See p. 159.
10. Poor White, in The Portable Sherwood Anderson, pp. 259-60.
11. Ibid., p. 366.
12. Ibid., p. 466. Editor Gregory includes six of the best stories in The Portable Sherwood Anderson.
13. Ibid., p. 467.
14. Ibid., pp. 498-9.
15. Ibid., pp. 506-7.
16. Morley Callaghan (Toronto, 1969), p. 51.
17. "Soldier Harmon", in A Native Argosy (Toronto, 1929), p. 83.
18. Toronto, 1932, p. 28.
19. Ibid., p. 241.
20. Ibid., p. 242.
21. See p. 38.
22. Strange Fugitive, 1928; reprinted Edmonton, 1970, p. 79.
23. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, p. 514.
24. A Native Argosy, pp. 3 and 5.
25. It's Never Over, p. 211.
26. A Broken Journey, p. 160.



27. See Chapter I, pp. 19 and 25; That Summer in Paris, pp. 19 and 229.
28. See Chapter I, pp. 21-2; That Summer in Paris, p. 21.
29. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, p. 139. The passage also illustrates what Bridgman calls Anderson's "compromise" (p. 159) in returning to semi-colons and emotive words.
30. See Chapter I, p. 9; "A Writer's Conception of Realism", The Sherwood Anderson Reader, p. 344.
31. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, pp. 141-2.
32. See p. 185.
33. The Colloquial Style in America, pp. 182-3.
34. New York, 1925, p. 18.
35. Ibid., p. 95.
36. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, p. 185.
37. Dark Laughter, p. 142.
38. Ibid., p. 12.
39. Ibid., p. 76.
40. Ibid., p. 139.
41. See Introduction, p. 2; That Summer in Paris, p. 48.
42. Printed in Charles Poore ed., The Hemingway Reader (New York, 1953), pp. 49-50.
43. In On Native Grounds, 1956, p. 170; quoted by Bridgman, p. 163.
44. See Chapter I, p. 6; "A Writer's Conception of Realism", The Sherwood Anderson Reader, p. 345; A Story Teller's Story, p. 155.
45. The Colloquial Style in America, p. 196.
46. That Summer in Paris, p. 16.
47. Letter to Amy Lowell; quoted by Bridgman, p. 201.
48. Letter to Iris Barry; quoted by Bridgman, p. 202.

49. It's Never Over, p. 110.
50. Poor White, The Portable Sherwood Anderson, p. 290.
51. Morley Callaghan (New York, 1966), p. 28.
52. See p. 30.
53. Poor White, The Portable Sherwood Anderson, pp. 159 and 292 respectively.
54. Toronto, 1960, p. 9.
55. See p. 9.
56. P. 3.
57. Strange Fugitive, p. 4.
58. Ibid., p. 151.
59. "Amuck in the Bush", A Native Argosy, pp. 110-11.
60. "In His Own Country", Ibid., p. 329.
61. A Native Argosy, p. 17.
62. Ibid., p. 51.
63. Strange Fugitive, p. 215.
64. It's Never Over, p. 6.
65. See pp. 2-3.

### CHAPTER III

1. The Craft of Fiction (London, 1965), pp. 40-1.
2. See Conron, p. 31 for a description of Callaghan's method of story writing. Note also Chapter I, p. 6; "A Writer's Conception of Realism", The Sherwood Anderson Reader, p. 345.
3. The Craft of Fiction, pp. 69-71.
4. Ibid., p. 72.

5. "The Two Worlds of Morley Callaghan: Man's Earthly Quest", Queen's Quarterly, LXIV, 3 (Autumn, 1957), p. 350.
6. A Native Argosy, pp. 119-26. Significantly, the story was dropped from Stories, 1959.
7. The Craft of Fiction, p. 87.
8. Ibid., p. 143.
9. A Native Argosy, p. 334.
10. See Chapter I, p. 12; That Summer in Paris, pp. 68-9.
11. A Native Argosy, p. 127.
12. Ibid., p. 129.
13. Ibid., p. 133.
14. Viking Compass edition (New York, 1960), p. 80.
15. Ibid., pp. 155-6.
16. Ibid., pp. 121-7.
17. Sherwood Anderson (New York, 1964), p. 62.
18. Sherwood Anderson (London, 1951), p. 153.
19. Burbank, p. 63.
20. Winesburg, Ohio, p. 34.
21. Ibid., p. 119.
22. Sherwood Anderson, p. 97.
23. "The Philosopher", p. 51.
24. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, pp. 532-48 and 478-517.
25. Ibid., p. 509.
26. Ibid., p. 512.
27. Sherwood Anderson, p. 163.
28. See the Introduction to the Viking Compass edition, p. 6.
29. P. 163.

30. New York, 1925, p. 139.
31. Sherwood Anderson, p. 114.
32. See Irving Howe, p. 186.
33. Lionel Trilling, "Sherwood Anderson", in his The Liberal Imagination (New York, 1951), p. 28.
34. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, p. 360.
35. Ibid., p. 363.
36. Irving Howe, p. 123.
37. Ibid., p. 129.
38. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, pp. 158f. and 292f.
39. Reprinted in Paul Appel ed., Homage to Sherwood Anderson (Mamaroneck, N. Y., 1970), pp. 41-7.
40. Ibid., p. 41.
41. Ibid., p. 44.
42. Winesburg, Ohio, p. 168.
43. Sherwood Anderson, p. 107.
44. See Rex Burbank, pp. 66-71.
45. 1928. Reprinted Edmonton, 1970.
46. It's Never Over, p. 11.
47. Ibid., p. 127.
48. Ibid., pp. 68-9.
49. Ibid., p. 171. This technique of contrasting images is also used by Callaghan in "In His Own Country", A Native Argosy, pp. 263-371. See particularly pp. 276 and 346.
50. See That Summer in Paris, p. 224. Callaghan and his wife stayed in publisher Edward Titus's apartment for some weeks. Titus had a large library.
51. Morley Callaghan, p. 64.
52. It's Never Over, p. 181f.



53. A Native Argosy, pp. 163-259.
54. Toronto and New York, 1932.
55. "Lost Eurydice: The Novels of Morley Callaghan", in George Woodcock ed., A Choice of Critics (Toronto, 1966), p. 193.
56. A Broken Journey, p. 110.
57. Ibid., p. 268.
58. Ibid., p. 3.
59. See p. 49; The Craft of Fiction, p. 40.

#### CHAPTER IV

1. Studies in Classic American Literature (New York, 1964), pp. 53 and 65.
2. See Horace Gregory's Introduction to The Portable Sherwood Anderson, pp. 5-6.
3. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, p. 170.
4. See Burbank, pp. 54-6. Perhaps the most vivid fictional presentation of the Populist temper is Jason Compson in The Sound and The Fury.
5. Winesburg, Ohio, pp. 69-70.
6. Ibid., p. 81.
7. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, p. 190.
8. Ibid., p. 227.
9. See p. 74.
10. Sherwood Anderson, p. 99.
11. Winesburg, Ohio, p. 194.
12. Ibid., pp. 176f. and 119f.
13. Ibid., p. 183.
14. Ibid., pp. 234-5.

15. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, p. 215.
16. Sherwood Anderson, p. 53.
17. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, p. 127f. Both the Mississippi River and Mark Twain are subjects of meditation for Bruce Dudley as he goes down the river from Chicago to New Orleans. See Dark Laughter, p. 16.
18. Ibid.
19. Ibid., p. 132.
20. See his Introduction to the Modern Library reprint; quoted by Gregory, pp. 15-16.
21. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, p. 344.
22. Ibid., p. 429.
23. Ibid., p. 433.
24. Ibid., p. 243.
25. See Chapter I, pp. 10-11; A Story Teller's Story, p. 146.
26. The Portable Sherwood Anderson, p. 332.
27. Dark Laughter, p. 197.
28. Ibid., p. 224.
29. The American Adam (Chicago, 1958), p. 91.
30. See both Burbank, pp. 115-17 and Howe, pp. 179-96.
31. The American Adam, p. 115.
32. Strange Fugitive, 1970, p. 37.
33. Ibid., p. 218.
34. Ibid., p. 76.
35. Ibid., p. 9.
36. Ibid., p. 60.
37. Ibid., p. 205.
38. Ibid., p. 127.

39. Ibid., pp. 127-8.
40. Ibid., pp. 78-9.
41. Ibid., pp. 148 and 150.
42. Ibid., p. 20.
43. Morley Callaghan, p. 30. Conron is quoting Swift.
44. Victor Hoar, p. 21.
45. It's Never Over, p. 19.
46. Ibid., p. 128.
47. Ibid., pp. 78-9.
48. Ibid., p. 87.
49. Ibid., pp. 146 and 47.
50. Ibid., p. 108.
51. Ibid., p. 70.
52. Ibid., p. 75.
53. Ibid., p. 201.
54. Ibid., p. 207.
55. Ibid., p. 217.
56. A Broken Journey, p. 10.
57. Ibid., p. 62.
58. Ibid., p. 22.
59. Ibid., p. 214.
60. Butterfly on Rock (Toronto, 1970), p. 34.
61. A Broken Journey, p. 225.
62. Ibid., pp. 236-7.
63. Ibid., p. 260.
64. Ibid., pp. 267 and 270.

65. Ibid., p. 266.
66. "The Two Worlds of Morley Callaghan: Man's Earthly Quest", p. 352.
67. Note Chapter I, pp. 7-8 and 23f.; A Story Teller's Story, p. 107; and That Summer in Paris, p. 148.
68. "The Book of the Grotesque", pp. 24-5.
69. See Chapter I, p. 24; "A Talk with Morley Callaghan", p. 23.

#### CONCLUSION

1. That Summer in Paris, p. 52.
2. "Morley Callaghan as Thinker", in A. J. M. Smith ed., Masks of Fiction (Toronto, 1961), p. 116. Watt is referring to Arnold.
3. "Sherwood Anderson", in The Liberal Imagination, p. 23.
4. Ibid., p. 26.
5. Ibid., p. 24.
6. Dark Laughter, p. 101.



## BIBLIOGRAPHY

### I. PRIMARY SOURCES

- Anderson, Sherwood. Dark Laughter. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1925.
- . The Modern Writer. San Francisco: Lantern Press, 1925. Reprinted in Paul P. Appel, ed., Homage to Sherwood Anderson. Mamaroneck, New York: Appel Press, 1970. 173-90.
- . Poor White [1920]. Reprinted in Horace Gregory, ed., The Portable Sherwood Anderson. New York: Viking Press, 1949. 119-436.
- . Stories from The Triumph of the Egg [1921], Horses and Men [1923], and Death in the Woods [1933], reprinted in The Portable Sherwood Anderson, 439-548.
- . A Story Teller's Story [1924]. A critical text, Ray Lewis White, ed. Cleveland: the Press of Case Western Reserve University, 1968.
- . Winesburg, Ohio [1919]. Introduction by Malcolm Cowley, ed. New York: Viking Compass Books, 1960.
- . "A Writer's Conception of Realism", in Paul Rosenfeld, ed., The Sherwood Anderson Reader. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1947. 337-47.
- Callaghan, Morley. A Broken Journey. Toronto: Macmillan, 1932.
- . It's Never Over. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1930.
- . A Native Argosy. Toronto: Macmillan, 1929.
- . "An Ocean Away", Times Literary Supplement, 3, 249 (June 4, 1964), 493.
- . Stories. Toronto: Macmillan, 1959. Reprinted in the Laurentian Library, 1967.
- . Strange Fugitive [1928]. Reprinted Edmonton: M. G. Hurtig Ltd., 1970.
- . That Summer in Paris. Toronto: Macmillan, 1963.

## II. SECONDARY MATERIALS

- Bridgman, Richard. The Colloquial Style in America. New York: Oxford University Press, 1966.
- Burbank, Rex. Sherwood Anderson. New York: Twayne United States Authors Series, 1964.
- Conron, Brandon. Morley Callaghan. New York: Twayne World Authors Series, 1966.
- Cowley, Malcolm. Introduction to Winesburg, Ohio. New York: Viking Compass Books, 1960.
- Frank, Waldo. "Winesburg, Ohio: After Twenty Years", in Paul P. Appel, ed., Homage to Sherwood Anderson. Mamaroneck, New York: Appel Press, 1970. 41-7.
- Gregory, Horace. Introduction to The Portable Sherwood Anderson. New York: Viking Press, 1949.
- Hemingway, Ernest. The Torrents of Spring, in Charles Poore, ed., The Hemingway Reader. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953. 25-86.
- Hoar, Victor. Morley Callaghan. Toronto: Copp Clark Studies in Canadian Literature, 1969.
- Howe, Irving. Sherwood Anderson. London: Methuen American Men of Letters Series, 1951.
- Jones, D. G. Butterfly on Rock. Toronto: University Press, 1970.
- Lawrence, D. H. Studies in Classic American Literature. New York: Viking Compass Books, 1964.
- Lewis, R. W. B. The American Adam: Innocence, Tragedy and Tradition in the Nineteenth Century. Chicago: University Press, Phoenix Books, 1958.
- Lubbock, Percy. The Craft of Fiction. London: Jonathan Cape Paperbacks, 1965.
- McPherson, Hugo. "The Two Worlds of Morley Callaghan: Man's Earthly Quest", Queen's Quarterly, LXIV, 3 (Autumn, 1957), 350-65.
- Trilling, Lionel. "Sherwood Anderson", in The Liberal Imagination. New York: Viking Press, 1951. 22-33.

- Watt, Frank W. "Morley Callaghan as Thinker", in A. J. M. Smith, ed., Masks of Fiction. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, 1961. 116-27.
- Weaver, Robert. "A Talk with Morley Callaghan", Tamarack Review, No. 7 (Spring, 1958), 3-29.
- Woodcock, George. "Lost Eurydice: The Novels of Morley Callaghan", in George Woodcock, ed., A Choice of Critics. Toronto: Oxford University Press, 1966. 185-202.