

MORLEY CALLAGHAN'S SHORT STORIES

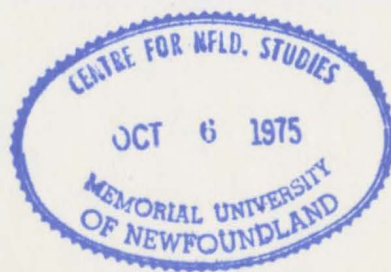
CENTRE FOR NEWFOUNDLAND STUDIES

**TOTAL OF 10 PAGES ONLY
MAY BE XEROXED**

(Without Author's Permission)

LEO JOSEPH FUREY

385598



Morley Callaghan's Short Stories

Leo Joseph Furey

(B.A.)

A thesis

Submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree
of Master of Arts

(Department of English Language and Literature)

MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND

August, 1974



ABSTRACT

Since his early writing career, two major critical approaches have developed to Morley Callaghan's fiction: certain critics have identified Callaghan with the naturalistic writers of the American school; others have regarded him as a religious writer in the tradition of Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh.

Yet, when viewing this man's short stories, it becomes obvious that these two positions are in opposition. It is the intention of this study, therefore, to assess Callaghan's short fiction from an alternate approach. As such, the study will attempt to examine Callaghan's stories as an art form, rather than as a specific system of thought or belief. The procedure of this thesis, therefore, will be to deal mainly with the author's stories in terms of the constituent parts of that art form: point of view, theme, structure and style. From this process, we shall see how and why Callaghan's contribution to the short story genre is artistically coherent.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I acknowledge with gratitude the assistance of my thesis supervisor, M. Madeleine Darte. My thanks for her constant help and understanding.

I am indebted to the Graduate School of Memorial University for a fellowship and a teaching assistantship which enabled me to complete my degree.

To my wife, Jean, my sincere thanks for her constant support.

Thanks also to Ramona Raske for her careful typing of the manuscript.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	ii
Chapter	
I. INTRODUCTION	1
II. THE UNSTATED MORAL POINT OF VIEW	8
III. THE THEME OF LITTLE THINGS	31
IV. THE STRUCTURE	52
V. THE STYLE	70
CONCLUSION	91
BIBLIOGRAPHY	93
APPENDIX	101

CHAPTER ONE

INTRODUCTION

Morley Callaghan's short stories have evoked many reactions.

Criticism of his work has consistently grown in volume and in seriousness, especially within the last decade. Yet, he remains in several respects, a rather ambiguous literary figure. For many, he is the Canadian fiction writer; his name springs immediately to mind when our national prose is under investigation. He has received his fair share of praise and honour. At the same time, there exists in the minds of many readers a doubt about his true worth. This doubt expresses itself in different ways: sometimes as a harshness of judgment that is perhaps unfair, sometimes in praise that is so excessive that it seems absurd.

Since his early writing career, two major critical approaches have developed to this man's work: certain critics have identified Callaghan with the naturalistic story writers of the American school; others have regarded him as a religious writer in the tradition of ~~Graham~~ Greene and Evelyn Waugh.

Numerous reviewers and critics of the late twenties and early thirties associated Callaghan with the American naturalists. A term that was frequently applied to the naturalistic works of Ernest Hemingway, -- "hard-boiled" -- found its way into Callaghan criticism. C. P. Fadiman called Callaghan "a pat example of a good, hard-boiled writer."¹ Two years

¹"Cable and Fine Wire," The Nation (October 10, 1928), p. 370.

later; Horace Gregory similarly remarked that Callaghan was "by far the most interesting member of the contemporary hard-boiled school of fiction."²

Seen in its simplest sense, naturalism

is the application of the principles of scientific DETERMINISM to FICTION. It draws its name from its basic assumption that everything that is real exists in NATURE, NATURE being conceived as the world of objects, actions, and forces which yield the secrets of their causation and their being to objective scientific inquiry.³

In an article entitled "Morley Callaghan as Thinker," F. W. Watt states that Callaghan's early works are naturalistic:

The early stories are full of "strange fugitives" from society whose condition is explored, who are portrayed sympathetically because they suffer at the hands of their society, and who are scarcely responsible for their lot because they are at the mercy of forces that are greater than themselves -- biological, psychological, social -- and that are beyond comprehension or control. Callaghan's approach is therefore that of naturalism, in the sense that his subject-matter is often ugly and sordid, his characters are seen as moulded by their environment, and both the supernatural and humanistic qualities of experience are absent or submerged.⁴

Watt goes on to say that Callaghan's affiliation with naturalism "was a result of an early reaction against an orthodox Catholic interpretation of the lives of people like those who were his models: an interpretation which would stress their grave personal responsibilities and their sinfulness for not having lived up to them."⁵

²"Mr. Callaghan's Medium," The Nation (April 2, 1930), p. 399.

³C. Hugh Holman, A Handbook to Literature (New York: The Odyssey Press, 1960), p. 337.

⁴"Morley Callaghan as Thinker," Dalhousie Review, XXXIX (Autumn, 1959), 306.

⁵Ibid. Watt also claimed that Callaghan had shown little originality as a thinker, preferring to use ideas current at the time rather than his own.

As early as 1932, Hugo Steinhauer associated Callaghan with the school of naturalism by describing him as "the Zola of Toronto." In this connection Steinhauer said:

His gallery of apaches includes gangsters, bootleggers, commercial travelers, lumberjacks, dissatisfied wives, newspaper men, ladies of easy virtue, university students, and lawyers. He describes these animals with great skill as they go through the motions of living: toiling for their daily bread, frequenting restaurants and speakeasies where they can fill their bellies with food and bad drink, attending theatres and Church, making love to their own and other men's wives, shooting each other for little or no reason, and making whoopee generally.⁶

In speaking of the naturalistic elements in Callaghan's early work (what F. W. Watt calls those "biological, psychological and social" forces "that are beyond comprehension or control")⁷, Desmond Pacey says:

[Callaghan's] reading of and association with naturalistic writers had suggested to him an idea that man was a rigidly determined creature of heredity and environment; the social disorder of the late twenties and early thirties brought him into contact with the Marxist thesis that man is the product of his economic environment but that environment can be changed by social revolution; and either through his reading or through his conversation with such writers as Joyce, Callaghan became aware of the Freudian interpretation of man as to a large extent the product of childhood traumas and the prey of irrational desires.⁸

In an article comparing the works of Callaghan and Hemingway, Fraser Sutherland reasons that both writers were seriously preoccupied with the naturalistic tale:

Both Callaghan and Hemingway have been concerned with telling a story from the point of view of someone who is "abnormal", a difficult problem for any writer. The early Callaghan stories

⁶"Canadian Writers of Today," Canadian Forum, XII (February, 1932), 177.

⁷"Morley Callaghan as Thinker," Dalhousie Review, XXXIX (Autumn, 1959), 306.

⁸Desmond Pacey, "Fiction 1920-1940," in Carl F. Klinck, ed., Literary History of Canada (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1965), p. 690.

4
like "Amuck in the Bush" and "A Country Passion" succeed very well, and in the same way as Hemingway's "Up in Michigan" . . . the figure of the "smashed man" recurs through all of Callaghan's and Hemingway's work. Young or old, the smashed man -- usually the central figure of the story -- is wrecked by the forces of nature of his society. With Hemingway, the damage is usually, though not always, done by nature; in the case of Callaghan it is usually society. Jim Cline (of "A Country Passion") and Gus Rapp, (of "Amuck in the Bush") are smashed men, as is K. Smith, the hangman in "Two Fishermen."⁹

"With Hemingway, the damage is usually, though not always, done by nature; in the case of Callaghan it is usually society." Here we see a judgment typical of those critics who relate Callaghan to the American naturalists. In relating Callaghan's stories to those of the American naturalists, critics have generally isolated this social element of Callaghan's subject-matter -- i.e. Callaghan's persistent criticism of oppression and social injustice. Desmond Pacey, for example, says of this aspect of Callaghan's writing that "it is not so much the universe itself which is blamed for man's misfortunes as an ignorant and falsely motivated society."¹⁰ He adds that the enemy for Callaghan "is a society in which commercial values take precedence over human values."¹¹

In opposition to those critics who consider Callaghan's fiction to be naturalistic with their interest in the social aspects of Callaghan's writing, are those who regard Callaghan as a religious writer. Callaghan, himself, admits to having a keen interest in the religious aspect:

⁹"Hemingway and Callaghan: Friends and Writers," Canadian Literature, LIII (Summer, 1972), 13.

¹⁰Desmond Pacey, Creative Writing in Canada (Toronto: Ryerson Press, 1961), p. 210.

¹¹Ibid.

Interviewer: . . . Because you certainly are interested in theological things.

Callaghan: Oh, the theological aspects of things has troubled men for thousands of years. You know, in all ancient societies, and then all through Europe for 1900 years right up till now, that priest role was always very important. . . . Well, with the abandonment in our time of the power of that role -- because I think the role has lost its power in our society, -- its odd watching the other figures who come up still playing that priest role. ¹²

Interviewer: Your stories are pretty sympathetic to the difficulties the old priest faced.

Callaghan: There was such a thing -- probably is now, too -- as a good priest, who really sees himself as a Christian. It's extremely difficult to be a Christian, and if a fellow is really trying to be a Christian in his relationships with other people, this is a noble enterprise. It may end rather sadly or disappointingly, but spiritually speaking, in terms of any kind of history of the spirit, that would be a noble enterprise.

Interviewer: But in the real world, very often the pursuit of that nobility is his downfall.

Callaghan: That comes right down to what we were talking about in the beginning, about protecting yourself. . . . That's why the priest is just an exemplification of any of us trying to defend an inner light against many of his own instincts, many of his own friends. ¹²

In his study of Morley Callaghan's work, Hugo McPherson maintains that

Callaghan's early fiction is the work of "a religious writer": --

an artist who looked searchingly at his experience . . . and concluded that the temporal world cannot be self-redeemed; that human frailty is bearable only in the light of divine perfection. ¹³

In 1965, Desmond Pacey remarked that the "degree of confusion in Callaghan's early work" could be attributed to some extent to Callaghan's

¹²Donald Cameron, "Defending the Inner Light: An Interview with Morley Callaghan," Saturday Night, LXXXVII (July, 1972), 18.

¹³"The Two Worlds of Morley Callaghan," Queen's Quarterly, LXIV (Autumn, 1957), 352.

religious upbringing. "His Catholic education," Pacey wrote, "had impressed on him the idea that man was a morally responsible, freely choosing son of God."¹⁴ The religious aspect, combined with Callaghan's early affiliation with naturalism, Pacey concluded, revealed an early writer attempting to find a modus vivendi among those irreconcilable philosophies.¹⁵

Throughout our study of Morley Callaghan's short stories, we shall note that both naturalism and religion strongly mark Callaghan's fiction. Such tales, for example, as "A Country Passion," "Amuck in the Bush," and "The Life of Sadie Hall" reveal characters who are deeply affected by heredity and environment. Priests and nuns are very often the focal point of an important theme. The most frequently recurring image throughout Callaghan's fiction is that of a church, cathedral, or steeple. Church services, confession, communion, baptism, meditation, novenas, sermons and acts of contrition continually highlight his short stories.

Obviously, then, there is basis for both these approaches; yet it should also be noted that in a fundamental way, these two positions are diametrically opposed: the one stressing man as a socially controlled being, the other, man as responsible and free. Evidently both of these labels must be subsumed in some larger, less rigid approach to his work. It is the intention of this study, therefore, to assess Callaghan's work from an alternate approach. Our final judgment of this writer -- as indeed of any writer -- rests on whether we consider fiction to be an art form or an embodiment of psychological and religious commentary or political and

¹⁴ Literary History of Canada, p. 690.

¹⁵ Ibid.

sociological ideology. It is the contention of this study that Callaghan's story making is best appreciated as an art form, and it is the intention of this study to deal with Callaghan's short fiction from that viewpoint. As such, the study will attempt to prove that this author has made an invaluable contribution to this genre, rather than to any particular system of thought or belief. Our method shall be to examine Callaghan's contribution to this art form critically, with our main concern being to point out that his thematic-technical mixture and overall artistic coherence are indeed mature in the difficult genre of the short story.

To date, Morley Callaghan has written more than sixty short stories. In 1929, he produced A Native Argosy, a volume containing fourteen tales. Seven years later, his second collection, Now That April's Here, appeared, and in 1959, Morley Callaghan's Stories was published. It is my belief that the key to this author's success as a short story writer rests in his ability to employ a journalistic prose style within a very defined structural pattern to emphasize a moral point of view that usually centers around the theme of what Callaghan himself calls "little things"¹⁶ -- (a seemingly trivial event that takes on real importance, as in the story "A Predicament," or an article of clothing that becomes a meaningful symbol as in the tale, "A Cap for Steve"). An examination of these four areas; style, structure, point of view, and theme, should serve to illustrate for us the ability to merge form with content, which I find so typical of Callaghan's short stories.

¹⁶ Morley Callaghan, That Summer In Paris (New York: Coward-McCann, 1963), p. 83.

CHAPTER TWO

THE UNSTATED MORAL POINT OF VIEW

Most of Morley Callaghan stories, although they may not appear so on the surface, are concerned with the ethical principles which should govern human life -- what Callaghan calls, the giving of "shape and form to human experience":

I choose to think that the art of fiction is the greatest of all arts, because the writer has for his material the ways of men and women in their relationship to each other. It is an art that has a providential quality -- the writer in his pages is giving form to the stuff of life. He deals with love and death and hope and faith and pride and anguish and courage and loyalty, not just as they touch himself but by living demonstrations of the impact of these great human qualities on others. So all great writers are really moralists. As soon as you begin to give shape and form to human experience you become a moralist.

The great fiction-writer, then, must not only have a view on man as he is, but of man as he ought to be. This kind of wisdom he can only get by going inward in his own heart. . . . Let the writer then remember his special function. His job is to be concerned with the spirit and heart of man in these times when the general consensus of opinion seems to be that man has very little spirit at all.¹

Frequently these ethical principles are suggested rather than overt so that Callaghan may use characters who are intellectually and/or emotionally backward and incapable themselves, of apprehending the "shape and form" in human experience to suggest this "shape" to the reader.

As Victor Hoar puts it:

¹Morley Callaghan, "Novelist," in George Whalley, ed., Writing in Canada (Toronto: Macmillan, 1956), pp. 31-32.

Eschewing any devices which might blur "the truth cleanly" (TSP, p. 20), Morley Callaghan strove as a young writer to see the truth for what it was in itself. . . .

It was Callaghan's ambition to refrain from any overt value judgments and simply strive to see the thing as it is, for the act of clear perception was itself moral . . . the Canadian had become concerned that the forms of his narratives be included in the total moral point of view. . . . Form is after all, an extension -- maybe the most important one -- of the sensibility of an artist.²

In the following pages, we shall see how it comes about that characters who have no choice themselves may still convey to us, the readers, the necessity for making moral choices.

The Early Stories

The story line of "A Country Passion" is a simple one. The prevailing tone of the story is one of sadness. As the title indicates, two rural neighbours, Jim Cline and Ettie Corley, love each other. Jim's sincerity and his devotion to the slow-witted Ettie are illustrated by his providing for her and her family, and by his desire to become her husband. Ironically, when Ettie and Jim decide to marry, they encounter all sorts of obstacles. The tale concludes with Ettie confined to an asylum and Jim left to ponder the baffling and bitter reality of an experience resulting in hopeless frustration and life imprisonment. Callaghan's use of irony is perfect for the situation. It is not the respected and supposedly intellectual faction of society -- court and clergy -- that is capable of understanding and solving the dilemma of these two lovers. Quite the contrary! Callaghan adroitly points out that this faction of society makes the situation (i.e. Jim and the slow-witted Ettie wanting to marry) more

²Victor Hoar, Morley Callaghan (Toronto: Copp Clark, 1969), pp. 1-3.

complex than it actually is. It is Jim Cline, with his weak intellectual capacity, who finally emerges as the only member of society capable of at least some understanding of the situation:

Turning over on the bed Jim rubbed his forehead on the pillow. The minister had said he would get life and he had helped the Corleys and bought coal for them last winter. Everybody in town knew he had bought coal and food and some men had said the Corley kid would be lucky if he married her. Jim sat up, feeling uneasy. He had almost hit upon an idea that would be a solution for everything. Everybody knew it would be best for Ettie to marry him and Ettie wanted to, and he could go to work, but the people who arrested him couldn't understand it. Fiercely indignant, he felt himself getting excited. If he could get out he could explain his idea to everybody and get people behind him.³

While it is true that the author presents a view of man responding to environmental forces and internal stresses and drives, all entirely beyond his control, the story actually moves a step beyond pure naturalism on two counts. The author indicates that the protagonist is much more than a mere animal struggling for survival in the natural world -- Jim Cline partly understands his situation. The author also points out that Jim and Ettie share the "great human qualities" of "love" and "faith" and "hope" and "anguish":⁴ "Everybody in town knew he had bought coal and food and some had said the Corley kid would be lucky if he married her. . . . If he could get out he could explain his idea to everybody and get people behind him."⁵ The reader, therefore, is quick to sympathize with these two characters, feeling that a wrong is being committed. This tendency toward compassion for Ettie and Jim is heightened by the presence of a

³ Morley Callaghan, A Native Argosy (New York: Books for Libraries Press, 1929), p. 12.

⁴ Callaghan, Writing in Canada, p. 31.

⁵ A Native Argosy, p. 12.

clergyman who is completely lacking charity.

Through these characters and their circumstances, Callaghan implies that the ways of human relationships should not be distorted by man's social and religious drives. Victor Hoar says of the moral vision expressed in this tale:

"Now it would seem that Ettie and Jim are caught up in forces that are greater than themselves; limited intelligence, and prevailing social order which says that you can't abduct and seduce and which says that retarded girls must be placed in a home. But in the few moments left to the couple before the separation, these forces are challenged by the gentle, civil affection which Ettie and Jim have for one another. Ugly? Sordid? Not in the least. And if such human beings can win through once in a while, if only for a moment, then those of us who are better off ought to take heart.⁶

Another story, where the moral vision is implied in this way, is entitled "Amuck in the Bush." Gus Rapp, a clumsy lumberyard labourer, is fired from his job by Sid Walton, his boss. Gus swears revenge. He gets drunk on Squirrel whiskey and in an effort to restore his dignity, he assaults his foreman's wife and daughter. Because of his awkwardness and inability to think clearly, he fails to inflict serious injury upon them. In the assault scene, Gus's animal drives are depicted through an impressive counter-pointing of images of nature with the would be avenger's primitive instincts:

He sat on the front steps for twenty minutes, his head in his hands, spitting on a bug crawling on the picket wall and thinking about grabbing and hiding the kid that always became Mrs. Walton when he thought about it very much. "That'll make Walton sweat all right," he thought, and got up quickly, happy to go swinging along the road beyond the town to the berry-patch in the bush. He thought about stealing the kid but liked following Mrs. Walton. "She had full red lips and a lot of black hair bunched over her ears . . .

⁶Morley Callaghan, Studies in Canadian Literature (Toronto: Copp Clark, 1969), p. 66.

She kept to the path and he followed through the trees, getting excited gradually, he didn't think much about the kid but felt he would take her away all right.

It was shady yet warm in the bush. The afternoon sun was strong. Brownish green leaves were beginning to fall from the trees on the path. Mrs. Walton walked slowly with a strong stride, her wide-brimmed hat flapping regularly. It was warm in the bush but it was cooling to look back through the trees up to the blue water line of the bay . . .

The woman kicked and scratched so he flopped down, smothering her, jerking her hands from his belt, getting her between his legs. She yelled "Anna, Anna," but one big hand was on her throat, squeezing. Her clothes ripped and she rolled, but he held, hard pressing, bending her stiff back until the kid ran up and got hold of his ankle just above the thick boot, pulling; his arm swung free and caught the kid by the throat, slamming her down hard, choking her. He tugged and the woman's sweater came away. Twisting around and holding her arm, he grunted, "You got to lie there," three times. His legs were thick and heavy and she got weaker. His arms were hard and heavy but she bit deep into his forearm and he hollered, "God dammit," gouging her with his knees.⁷

Lust, liquor, and revenge have combined, turning Gus Rapp into an animal.

He unsuccessfully attempts to shoot the Waltons grazing the mother's forehead and "gashing her cheek." Confused, panic-stricken and frustrated, he runs into the woods and is eventually captured.

Even though Callaghan does not create, in Gus Rapp, the sympathetic figure seen in the previous tale, he does add an element of pathos. As Victor Hoar says: "Callaghan doesn't argue for leniency, but there is compassion here."⁸ Further too, Callaghan again employs the ironical touch. When Gus Rapp is captured, the supposed sane and civilized members of society treat him as if he is a wild animal:

Gus whined out loud, "Have pity on me." They grabbed hold of him and Woods got ready to slug him, but he slumped loosely in their arms. He said hoarsely, "I don't want to die, Mr. Walton."

⁷ A Native Argosy, pp. 112-113.

⁸ Hoar, Morley Callaghan, p. 67.

Please, Mr. Walton, for Christ sake." Sid put his hand over Gus's mouth and squeezed until he spluttered and shut up. "Truss the skunk up, boys," he said. They bound his hands and put ropes around his waist and shoulders, the ropes five feet long, a man at the end of each rope. They twisted the ropes around Gus and the lamp-post while Joe Hurst went in the grocery store to phone for the police car.⁹

The tale concludes on a note of sadness:

The Bells and their four kids came out half dressed, forming a circle around Gus. Lights appeared in the windows of other houses. People were hearing that Gus was caught. Leaning his weight forward on the ropes, he stared hard at the bat that swooped and darted around the light overhead. The police car came along deliberately and they had no trouble with Gus, and the car turned around and as Gus got in the kids yelled and threw pebbles and sticks at him.¹⁰

It becomes apparent that Gus's neighbours are capable of becoming as wild and savage as him; in fact they are no better and perhaps worse than Gus since they are, supposedly, the most intelligent members of the community.

Another tale in which Callaghan's deliberately subtle use of irony illuminates a moral point of view, is entitled "The Life of Sadie Hall." In journalistic fashion, the author fills in the family background of this character. She has been orphaned at the age of ten and left to live with her hypocritical Aunt Hilda, who feels that "the Hall children are little better than brats."¹¹ As a young girl, Sadie Hall lives wildly and freely:

The switchboard operator was a little afraid of Sadie, there was no holding her back, she thought. Most fellows agreed she was a hot one alright. . . . One day in a department store during noon hour, she met two fellows from the university who remembered her

⁹ A Native Argosy, p. 118.

¹⁰ Ibid.

¹¹ Ibid., p. 119.

from public-school days. They tried kidding her and she replied banteringly, smartly. She had turned away, leaving them, when she heard one fellow whispering to the other. "That kid's got something: You can't be stiff with her. She makes me feel I could go right along with her and have a good time."

"She sure makes a guy feel free and easy," the other one said.

Sadie heard them talking and thinking about it made her so happy, she walked carelessly down Yonge Street looking for a long time at dresses and furniture in shop-windows, and was late for work.¹²

She eventually leaves her unkind aunt and uncle whose final remark to Sadie is to call her a "vixen."¹³ She gets several menial jobs and is finally killed when the automobile, in which she is driving home from a weekend party, collides with a train. As the tension mounts toward the inevitable ending of the story, the author employs a series of short rapid sentences in order to maximize the effect. One phrase -- "she squeezed the fellow's arm excitedly" -- highlights the nature of this "free and easy" girl:

At dawn they approached the city limits. The dew was on the fields. Sadie was sitting in the front seat with the fellow who was driving the car. She had been his girl at Oshawa. She felt like letting herself go and shouting happily. They all knew how to have a good time. The car was comfortable. She had a warm, satisfied feeling inside. A level crossing was a little way ahead on the highway. An engine hooted and they could see the light coming around the bend. She squeezed the fellow's arm excitedly. They had plenty of time to get across the level crossing but the car stalled on the tracks. A fellow jumped out of the car, tripped and fell. Things didn't straighten out for Sadie and the train hit the automobile.¹⁴

The usual ironic aspect becomes apparent in the Aunt's concluding statements:

¹²Ibid., pp. 123-25.

¹³Ibid., p. 124.

¹⁴Ibid., p. 126 (*italics mine*).

It was all in the papers next morning, joy-riders killed on level crossing. Reporters tried to get a picture from Aunt Hilda but she was bitterly practical. "I can stop that getting in the papers anyway," she said. She would not talk about it, having known from the first that Sadie would come to a bad end. She told the reporters not to dare to mention her own in the paper.¹⁵

Through the use of several ironic contrasts, Callaghan in this story implies that, this girl, with her "careless laugh" and "wild reckless ways" may be living a much more fruitful existence than her uncharitable and hypocritical aunt and uncle who "had agreed to look after" Sadie and Shelly because her brother, away for only a few months, would pay handsomely on his return."¹⁶ The author seems to be indicating that there is more to be said for the unloved than there is for the unloving.

The above three stories concern characters who find themselves face to face with forces that seem beyond their control. As such, these tales are written in the naturalistic tradition. Indeed, critics have been quick to observe that Callaghan's subject matter is similar to the material so frequently found in the works of Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway. At the same time, the moral vision implicit in these short stories marks them as radically different. As Brandon Conron's study of this writer says:

In marked contrast [to Hemingway] are the wistful lyric quality, the Celtic fancy, the supremely ironic point of view -- which can be compassionate or detached -- and the intuitive insight into the significance of the minutiae of ordinary life which characterizes Callaghan's presentation. Moral rather than physical courage is his concern.¹⁷

¹⁵ Ibid.

¹⁶ Ibid., p. 119.

¹⁷ Brandon Conron, Morley Callaghan (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1966), pp. 32-33.

The above tales undoubtedly force us to come to some moral awareness. The animalistic qualities and intellectual backwardness of the characters serve to disguise the meaning at first. This seems to be quite deliberate, on Callaghan's part. In the case of Gus Rapp, for example, we become so preoccupied with his simplicity and stupidity, that we tend to forget that we, like the other characters in the story, are not judge and jury -- we tend to forget that we should not judge, lest some day, we receive the same form of judgment. But the conclusion of the story, where the judges are judged, forces us to share the viewpoint of the author. We must become compassionate observers. In this way, the reader witnesses "man as he is," struggling and frustrated, and comes to a moral understanding of "man as he ought to be," free and happy.

Among the other tales which involve an unstated moral point of view we find "Soldier Harmon," "An Escapade," "Last Spring They Came Over," and "Settling Down," from the author's first collection, and "Now That April's Here" and "Two Fishermen," from his latest volumes. The protagonists of these tales are not as handicapped as those in the previously examined stories from A Native Argosy, yet these stories contain the same subtle irony.

In the short story, "Soldier Harmon," the protagonist's parents, fiancée, and manager, feel confident that Joe Harmon can make, if not a professional career, at least a living from boxing. Joe, on the other hand, wants only "to get a real job,"¹⁸ marry and settle down. The others are selfish and ambitious, and refuse to acknowledge Joe's desires. As a result, Joe deliberately loses two important fights. He admires the sport

¹⁸ A Native Argosy, p. 73.

of boxing but refuses to allow his intellect to be backed into corners. Unlike his selfish relatives and friends, Joe Harmon understands the great difference between the ring and reality:

He had intended to tell her how eager he was to get a job and just fight when he felt like it. She wouldn't listen seriously. He had an argument with Doc, who was trying to teach him footwork, and he said to Barnes: "Look here, Doc, I'm a fighter, not a boxer; I don't ever want to be a boxer."¹⁹

And yet Joe discovers that changing his present relationship with his supposed friends to what it ought to be is no easy task. His situation is ironically reflected through his relationship with his little pup. He wants the dog to develop properly but is worried that it will not have the appearance of a real fighter. In short, Joe treats the pup in the same manner as others are treating him.

Barnes always gave him advice before a fight, though he knew it didn't help him. The Soldier was more interested in his bull pup which he was holding on the table, regarding it critically. Many thoughts had been bothering him all day but he was worried because it looked as if the pup's legs weren't going to bow sufficiently to give him a really ferocious appearance. He grabbed the legs at the joints, hunching up the shoulders. He pulled down the lower lip, showing strong teeth. The dog liked it and looked splendid as long as he could hold the position. Doc Barnes studied the dog carefully. They could hear the crowd shouting.²⁰

Joe loses the match, a fight he was favored to win, and is partially released from the money-centered ambitions of his friends; total release comes at the end of the story when Joe makes his final decision;

Twice he opened his mouth to speak and said finally, "I'm sorry, Doc, but I guess, I'm through."

"Oh, you're all right," Doc said generously.

"No, I'm through."

"Hell, man, you can still earn a living at it."

¹⁹ Ibid.

²⁰ Ibid., p. 79.

"No, there's absolutely nothing in it for me."
 "Well you'll have to do something."
 "I know it."²¹

Ultimately, Joe Harmon is portrayed as one of the characters in A Native Argosy who is himself partially successful in "fulfilling his potentialities as a man,"²² and not one who is used as an example of the consequences or causes of that failure. In his study of Morley Callaghan, Victor Hoar says that several of Callaghan's early characters are figures who "remain static, fixed in their particular ways."²³ This statement is valid for several of the characters in A Native Argosy, but Joe Harmon is not one of them. Unlike many of the other figures in this volume, Joe Harmon is explicitly portrayed as one who is usually in control of his actions. For this reason, he is capable of growth and change. Acutely aware of his own needs and desires, Joe Harmon at the same time, knows what people want and expect of him. While he is not a rebel, he does not live a life that is dominated by forces which are beyond his control. And it is such characters who illustrate for Callaghan the view of "man as he ought to be."

In the story, "An Escapade," Mrs. Rose Carey, a Roman Catholic, is tantalized, by the gossip of her bridge club, into witnessing, for herself, the new and unusual minister in town. It is not until she finds herself inside a theatre-turned-church attending the Rev. John Simpson's service,

²¹ Ibid., pp. 82-83.

²² "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," Tamarack Review, VII (Spring, 1958); ²³.

²³ Hoar, Morley Callaghan, p. 21.

that she stops to think about her action. The place of service, coupled with the odd presence of a doorman, Crazy Dick, who "had on a funny flat black hat and walked with his toes turned way out,"²⁴ makes Mrs. Carey feel "ashamed and out of place." The author then adds to the uneasiness of this woman's situation a moral aspect. Mrs. Carey discovers herself compassionately comforting the weeping man sitting next to her -- "a respectable man, moved by the minister's words."²⁵ Feeling sorry for this man, Mrs. Carey sympathetically takes his hand and discovers that a "feeling she had not had in years was inside her."²⁶ She responds to her situation in a sensitive manner, and it is intimated that she becomes sexually stimulated. Unable to comprehend her predicament, Mrs. Carey at once leaves the theatre and returns to the cathedral of her own faith. Confused, she enters the church and attempts to ease her conscience by "repeating her favorite" prayers "over and over":

Inside the Cathedral she knelt down half-way up the centre aisle, her eyes on the altar lights. She closed her eyes to pray, and remembered midnight mass in the Cathedral, the Archbishop with his mitre and staff, and the choir of boy's voices. A vestry door opened, a priest passed in the shadow beside the altar, took a book from a pew, and went out. She closed her eyes again and said many prayers, repeating her favorite ones over and over, but often she thought of her husband at home. She prayed hard so she could go home and not be bothered by anything that had happened in the theatre. She prayed for half an hour, feeling better gradually, till she hardly remembered the man in the theatre, and fairly satisfied, she got up and left the Cathedral.²⁷

²⁴ A Native Argosy, p. 136.

²⁵ Ibid., p. 138.

²⁶ Ibid., p. 139.

²⁷ Ibid., p. 141.

Mrs. Carey's adventure is skillfully presented through a series of concrete descriptions. Note the sensuality of the details: her nervous surprise at "the little man with the long nose and green sweater, pacing up and down in front of the entrance, waving his hands;"²⁸ her attempt to get her "big body comfortable," as "she unbuttoned her coat carefully leaving a green and black scarf lying across her full breasts;"²⁹ her impression of the "good-looking grey haired man beside her;"³⁰ "her sensitive hand," "closed eyes," "warm cheeks" and her departure, having "to squeeze by his knees to reach the aisle;"³¹ her confused and lonely feelings as she enters the Cathedral "walking in the dark toward the single light," and kneeling down "half-way up the center aisle, her eyes on the altar lights!"³² Callaghan shows the reader the scene rather than simply telling what happened, while at the same time keeping any judgment or indication of his presence out of his work.

At the same time the moral issue, involving one's responsibility to self and to others (i.e. her husband), is vividly developed. The moral point is obviously related to whether or not it is wrong for a married woman to experience a twinge of something she has not felt for a long time; but it is a good deal more complex than that, for, this scene, in particular, suggests that religion has been a consolation for something missing

²⁸ Ibid., p. 136.

²⁹ Ibid., p. 137.

³⁰ Ibid.

³¹ Ibid., p. 139.

³² Ibid., p. 140.

in her life, something she probably will never have again -- a real human contact. The reader is struck by the manner in which Mrs. Carey becomes involved in this predicament and by the way she copes with the situation. She does not understand the odd presence of the doorman, Crazy Dick; and she certainly does not fully understand the nature of her sexual excitement. In fact, she returns, shy, afraid and confused, to the Cathedral and makes a sincere effort to dismiss the strange adventure by saying her prayers "over and over." Callaghan allows us a detached position from which to view this woman's curious escapade; and finally, he permits, to the reader alone, the opportunity to criticize or sympathize with her moral confusion.

The story, "Last Spring They Came Over," concerns two brothers who have emigrated from England to Canada, and are faced with the problem of adapting to a completely new social environment. The focal point of the story is their failure to live up to potential. In Callaghan's initial paragraph, a clear picture of one of the protagonists is painted:

Alfred Bowles came to Canada from England and got a job on a Toronto newspaper. He was a young fellow with clear, blue eyes and heavy pimples on the lower part of his face, the son of a Baptist minister whose family was too large for his salary. He got twenty dollars a week on the paper and said it was surprisingly good screw to start. For two-fifty a week he got an attic room in a brick house painted brown on Mutual Street. He ate his meals in a quick lunch near the office. He bought a cane and a light-grey fedora.³³

Eventually, Alfred is joined by his brother, Harry. Rather than face up to the minor problem of adapting to their new surroundings, the two brothers prefer to live in a world of fantasy. Accidents and police court cases

³³ Ibid., p. 16.

have little place in their dream world. Neglecting newspaper work for conversations about travelling to other colonies of the Empire, and talking about the golden temple of the Sikhs, they build for themselves a dream world that allows them to exist in spite of the dreary reality. They talk much about home and write frequent letters. They become immune to the truth and are unable to accept or even recognize their real situation in the world of practical newspaper men and newspaper headlines. So immune do the two brothers become to living up to their potentialities as men, that not even death can bring about any change:

After a day or two Alfred again appeared in the press room. He watched the checker game, congratulated the winner and then wrote home. The men were sympathetic and said it was too bad about his brother. And he smiled cheerfully and said they were good fellows. In a little while he seemed to have convinced them that nothing important had really happened.³⁴

As was noted in the introductory quotation of this section, this writer is not only concerned with a "view of man as he is," but also with a "view of man as he ought to be." This story is one which aptly illustrates the discrepancy. As Callaghan, himself, puts it:

A man's nature is a very tangled web, shot through with gleams of heavenly light, no doubt, and the darkness of what we call evil forces. And the great trick, I suppose, is to remain on an even keel -- and somehow or other to be able to draw yourself together and realize your potentialities as a man. And the great sin really is not to realize your own possibilities . . . the real sin in a man is his abject failure to do anything with his possibilities. He to me is the sinner. Now theologically, I suppose, this is all wrong. But that to me is the failure. The guy wilfully will not realize his potentialities, and the world is full of such men.³⁵

A final example from A Native Argosy concerned with "man as he

³⁴ Ibid., p. 26.

³⁵ "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 23.

ought to be" is "Settling Down." Burgess Morgan, the central figure of the tale, is a character reminiscent of the protagonist, Hendricks, in "A Cocky Young Man," and also, to some extent, of Mary Ross in "A Girl With Ambition." A man of many trades, "Burg" Morgan harbours only one real interest in life -- to become a renowned writer. Unable to work steadily at such jobs as mining, harvesting, and journalism, Burg finally finds some success selling magazines. This success is, however, entirely material and does little to reveal to Burg the illusions by which he lives. The job, in fact, stimulates his belief that he is on the road to becoming a famous artist. He even convinces himself that showing his creative writing to magazine customers is "like building your own public."³⁶ A woman, who said, "his stuff was awfully good and had taken the magazine for two years,"³⁷ has given Burg sufficient reason to believe he is climbing up the literary ladder of success. Callaghan quickly adds a touch of understatement to this naïve self-delusion.

He turned from the window and took his coat off the back of the chair. Going downstairs with the boys he felt sorry for Hugh working away and getting nowhere.³⁸

The story concludes, bringing the reader to the awareness that Burg will never settle down, and that his chief interest in life will never be realized.

In this, the longest story in the author's first collection of tales, we recognize the seed of an idea that is to flourish throughout much

³⁶ A Native Argosy, p. 159.

³⁷ Ibid.

³⁸ Ibid.

of Callaghan's later work and is already present in such stories as

"Soldier Harmon" -- man's responsibility to himself and to his fellow man.

Burgess Morgan does not fulfill this obligation because of his naiveté and vanity. Instead of becoming what he wants to be, and perhaps, ought to be, he turns out one among many frustrated people -- "people who in some mean or desperate way get blocked off from being what they should be."³⁹

This is also the theme of perhaps two of the best later stories written by Morley Callaghan. "Now That April's Here" and "Two Fishermen," place the reader in direct contact with frustrated individuals attempting to find meaning and happiness in their lives. The narratives, though brief, are artfully constructed and gripping. The unstated moral point of view is apparent as is the effective use of irony.

Later Stories

Two friends, Johnny Hill and Charles Milford, in "Now That April's Here," decide to leave their home and go to Paris because they feel "America has nothing to offer them."⁴⁰ Aspiring artists, they think that France will be a more meaningful and stimulating environment in which to work. Ironically, they encounter only emptiness, frustration, and a sense of separation in their new surroundings.

Callaghan quickly introduces the characters, setting the scene, and creating the mood. The author's eye for minute detail and his ability to describe vividly operates in the initial paragraph:

³⁹"A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 723.

⁴⁰Morley Callaghan, Now That April's Here and Other Stories (New York: Random House, 1936), p. 51.

As soon as they got the money they bought two large hats and left America to live permanently in Paris. They were bored in their native city in the Middle West and convinced that the American continent had nothing to offer them. Charles Milford, who was four years older than Johnny Hill, had a large round head that ought to have belonged to a Presbyterian minister. Johnny had a rather chinless faun's head. When they walked down the street the heads together seemed more interesting. They came to Paris in late Autumn.⁴¹

A confrontation ensues when the two close friends become involved with Constance Foy, "a simple minded fat-faced girl with a boy's body and short hair dyed red, who had hardly a franc left and was eager to live with anybody who would keep her."⁴² The girl begins living with them and becomes the cause of feuding, fighting, and finally, the separation of the two friends. Their earlier expectation of more fulfilled lives as artists in a new country, comes to an ironic ending, when Johnny leaves France to return home with Constance but without Charles. Brandon Conron has made an interesting observation about the author's use of irony in this tale.

He states:

Even the title has an appropriately ironic twist in terms of Browning's original application in "Home Thoughts From Abroad," as Johnny's April visit to England brings not spring joy but the Autumnal decay of disintegrating family relationships, and the two boys never do "recapture the first fine careless rapture."⁴³

In the concluding paragraph, the author conveys in an excellent patterning of events, the frustration and disillusionment of Charles' unsuccessful attempt "to realize his potentialities as a man":

The day Johnny left Paris it rained and it was cold again, sitting at the café in the evening. There had been only one really good

⁴¹ Ibid., p. 51.

⁴² Ibid., p. 59.

⁴³ Conron, Morley Callaghan, p. 99.

week in April. The boys always used to sit at the cafés without their hats on, their hair brushed nicely. This evening Charles had to go home and get his overcoat and the big black hat he had bought in America. Sitting alone at his table in the cool evening, his overcoat wrapped around him, and the black hat on, he did not look the same at all. It was the first time he had worn the hat in France.⁴⁴

Callaghan skillfully concludes his story with details which highlight the atmosphere of loneliness that engulfs one of his protagonists: disagreeable April weather, separation of the two friends and aspiring writers and Charles sitting sadly alone at their favourite café "with his overcoat wrapped around him." Callaghan removes himself from the scene he presents, yet he conveys, to us, precisely the mood he wishes to convey through his selection of details.

The story points up the author's preoccupation with individuals who accept or create an illusionary world rather than adapt to the harsh realities. The tale is successful in impressing upon the reader's mind the importance of man's responsibility to himself and to others. Callaghan seems to imply, through the ways of Charles and Johnny in their relationship to each other, that man is his brother's keeper. The reader, however, is left to formulate his own conclusions concerning the moral instruction inherent in the story.

"Two Fishermen" is another story which deals with man's attempt to realize his potential and to live a meaningful existence. It, too, is concerned with man's responsibility to himself and to his fellowman. It is the story of a person who is prevented from living a fruitful life because of society's hostile reaction to his occupation. During an evening

⁴⁴ Now That April's Here, p. 61.

of fishing together, Michael Foster, reporter for a small newspaper, discovers that his fishing partner is, in fact, the man who has come to town to execute a convicted murderer. In spite of this, the two fishermen develop a warm and understanding relationship. Their friendship is symbolized by two fish, given to Michael by Smitty. The residents of the small town, among whom are friends of the convicted murderer, do not display the same kind of attitude toward Smitty. In fact, they despise him and his position in society. Upon completion of his civic duty, Smitty is maltreated by the angry crowd. In the final scene, reminiscent of the conclusion of the tale, "Amuck in the Bush," Smitty, like Gus Rapp, is cruelly treated by an angry mob:

The big fisherman started pounding his fists up and down in the air. "He just doesn't mean anything to me at all," Michael said quickly. The fisherman, bending down, kicked a small rock loose from the road bed and heaved it at the hangman. Then he said, "What are you holding there, Michael, what's under your arm? Fish. Pitch them at him. Here give them to me." Still in a fury, he snatched the fish, and threw them one at a time at the little man just as he was getting up from the road. The fish fell in the thick dust in front of him, sending up a little cloud. Smitty seemed to stare at the fish with his mouth hanging open, then he didn't even look at the crowd. That expression on Smitty's face as he saw the fish on the road made Michael hot with shame and he tried to get out of the crowd.

Smitty had his hands over his head, to shield his face as the crowd pelted him, yelling, "Sock the little rat. Throw the runt in the lake." The sheriff pulled him into the automobile. The car shot forward in a cloud of dust.⁴⁵

The cruel misunderstanding of the hangman's job in society is vividly and ironically contrasted with the warm feelings of respect and trust displayed between the two fishermen. The author cleverly contrasts the simple and ordinary fisherman, Smitty, with Mr. K. Smith, the public

⁴⁵ Morley Callaghan, Morley Callaghan's Stories (Toronto: Macmillan, 1959), p. 202.

figure of justice. At first we see him as a very human person, a "mild little man"⁴⁶ who is happily married and a father of five children. Then he is depicted as the executioner, "the little hangman, erect, stepping out with military precision and carrying himself with a strange cocky dignity."⁴⁷ Our final view of K. Smith is one of a "smashed man,"⁴⁸ another one of those frustrated people "who in some mean or desperate way gets blocked off from being what he should be."⁴⁹ The story is an indictment of man's inhumanity to man and it expresses the necessity of taking a firm stand against prejudice of any kind. It is typical of Callaghan in its subtle portrayal of irony and its moving insight into a man's attempt to live a successful life.

We have noticed through our examination of the previous tales that Callaghan devotes little attention to the solution of the moral problems implicit in the situations in which his characters place or discover themselves; at least, he gives no particular solution to these moral dilemmas. We have noticed too, however, that omission of a criterion of moral judgment is intentional on the author's part. In fact, the moral point of view in these stories is made more conspicuous by its absence. The author's masterful use of irony highlights his method. It frequently gives the reader the impression that someone is being oppressed, something is unfair, unjust -- something is wrong. And this is the author's intention. It is

⁴⁶Ibid., p. 196.

⁴⁷Ibid., p. 200.

⁴⁸Sutherland, Canadian Literature, LIII, 15.

⁴⁹"A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 23.

the reader who must judge and rejudge. As Edmund Wilson points out, Callaghan's stories seem to intimate that moral decisions are the responsibility of the reader. Callaghan's literary endeavours, Wilson states,

center on situations of primarily psychological interest that are treated from a moral point of view yet without making moral judgments of any conventional kind.⁵⁰

Callaghan's tales give us no cut and dried solutions. As Milton Wilson informs us, "Callaghan writes to release his characters."⁵¹ His concern is not with explaining every action and reaction of character. As Wilson puts it,

The special talent of Morley Callaghan is to tell us everything and yet keep us in the dark about what really matters. He makes us misjudge and rejudge his characters over and over again; we end up no longer capable of judgment. . . .⁵²

In this way, Callaghan persists in giving the reader a view of "man as he is and man as he ought to be." By this method, the author continually implies, in his tales, standards which he never explicitly states. As a result, the morality becomes artistic because it is absorbed into the unity of the stories. If the author had made the moral instruction evident in his tales, he might have destroyed the singleness of pattern. Instead, he chooses to fuse moralization with a mimesis of life; thus heightening the artistic value of his work. In short, Callaghan's subtle use of irony not only forces the reader to come to grips with moral insights in his stories but it also prompts the reader to evaluate the manners of both the indivi-

⁵⁰"Morley Callaghan of Toronto," The New Yorker (November 26, 1960), p. 226.

⁵¹"Callaghan's Caviare," Tamarack Review, XXII (Winter, 1962), p. 90.

⁵²Ibid., p. 92.

dual and society.

The stories we have examined thus far, reflect a mature and responsible artist -- an author who seems to have succeeded very well at fulfilling what he considers to be the mission of all writers:

It seems to me that the writer, since his material is human beings, and since his special equipment is for having his own vision, has an enormous responsibility. He is concerned with the heart of man -- with the heart of man as it touched Sophocles and Dante and Villon and Chaucer and Shakespeare and Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy and Joyce. The writer, the artist, has his own kind of knowledge of these matters, which he expresses when he gives form to his material; and he is a fool if he is seduced by the latest fashions in knowledge, the psychological jargon, the sociological jargon, and the chatter about the meaning of meaning. The writer, the artist with words must always be looking outward, but at the same time he saves himself and makes himself universal by going deeper and deeper inward.⁵³

This quotation also explains the dénouements of Callaghan's short stories. Callaghan's reluctance to pass judgment upon his characters is related to his vision of the "heart of man." Upon completion of his short stories, the reader, too, is forced to go "deeper and deeper inward."

⁵³ Callaghan, Writing in Canada, pp. 30-31.

CHAPTER THREE

THE THEME OF LITTLE THINGS

Several of Morley Callaghan's stories, as we have seen, concern extraordinary people engaged in unusual predicaments. For the most part, however, Callaghan's short stories do not center upon sensational situations. In fact, most of this writer's power lies in those tales which center on the ordinary, the everyday. Simplicity of situation becomes, for this author, the basis for some acute penetration into human experience so that seemingly trivial events, articles of clothing, or "little things" take on real importance and dominate many of Callaghan's tales. The author's interest in this aspect of life is made clear in That Summer In Paris:

I marvel at the little things that shape the relationships of men; only the little things seem to do it. Not great matters of principle, articles of faith, but fancied slights, a little detail acutely observed.¹

Perhaps one of the most striking of Callaghan's stories that takes up this theme is entitled "A Predicament." In this short story, young Father Francis instinctively transforms the confessional box into a street car, in a desperate attempt to avoid embarrassment and at the same time to rid God's house of unsavoury character. Because he does not know how to manage a drunken man who has somehow stumbled into the church and is under

¹That Summer In Paris, p. 83.

the impression that he is in a street car, the young priest at first evades the encounter by turning to the other confessional panel and hearing another person's confession. Realizing, however, that the evasion of the unfortunate predicament is merely temporary, Father Francis soon discovers himself playing the rôle of a conductor:

That same grating noise. It put an idea into his head. He said impatiently: "Step lively there; this is King and Yonge. Do you want to miss your stop?"²

A public scene is thus avoided and embarrassment for the young clergyman does not occur. At least, no immediate external embarrassment occurs.

But later, when Father Francis has had time to reflect upon his action, he becomes ashamed and upset. He is filled with guilt and doubt. He decides to settle in his own mind whether or not his action was justified, "and then perhaps he would tell the bishop."³ The author, in the tale in question, focuses on a little thing that shapes a man's relationship with his fellow man. Father Francis may or may not have acted for the best, but the truth of the matter remains: he has told a lie in order to avoid an unwanted scene. Yet, the very same priest, only moments before, has discussed deception with the woman in the other side of the confessional:

"When you feel you're going to tell a lie, say a short prayer to Mary, the mother of God," he said to the woman.

"Yes, Father."

"Some lies are more serious than others."

"Yes, Father."

"But they are lies just the same."

"I tell mostly white lies," she said.

"They are lies, lies, lies, just the same. They may not

² A Native Argosy, p. 31.

³ Ibid., pp. 30-31.

endanger your soul, but they lead to something worse. Do you see?"

"Yes, Father."⁴

As in many of the stories previously considered, the author here refuses to comment on the protagonist's action. It is the reader who must come to a conclusion about the means used by the young priest to evade this seemingly trivial predicament.

The idea of "little things" takes on, in addition to this simple form, a more complex form, as we shall see, involving tales which center upon articles of clothing that take on real importance ("A Wedding Dress" and "The Blue Kimono"), seemingly small misunderstandings between young lovers ("Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks"), and stories in which emphasis is placed upon the "little things" that form the relationships of parents and children ("The Snob").

It is indeed striking (especially if one considers the author's claim that he has never intended to write in order "to carry out a theme")⁵ to discover the number of times articles of clothing come into focus throughout Callaghan's short stories. The titles alone, of such stories as "A Cap for Steve," "A Wedding Dress," "Very Special Shoes," "The Blue Kimono," "Silk Stockings" and "Magic Hat," give us some indication of the number of times simple articles of clothing take on real importance. Further, Victor Hoar observes that these stories have a special meaning -- "they invariably turn on the prospects for hope."⁶ Mr. Hoar's statement

⁴Ibid., p. 30.

⁵"A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 21.

⁶Hoar, Morley Callaghan, p. 46.

is, as we shall see, an accurate one.

"The Blue Kimono" is a story about a husband and wife and their young son. The story opens with a jobless and desperate husband lying awake at dawn musing over his misfortune:

"We're unlucky, that's it. We've never had any luck since we've come here. There's something you can't put your hands on working to destroy us. Everything goes steadily against us from bad to worse. We never have any luck. I can feel it. We'll starve before I get a job.⁷

Suddenly he realizes that his wife, Marthe, is nursing their sick two-year old boy, who, she believes, has "symptoms of infantile paralysis."⁸ While checking for a description of the symptoms in the medical column of the paper, George realizes "how they had been dogged by bad luck."⁹ His frustration results in an outburst of bitterness:

And as if he realized to the full what was inevitably impending, he cried out, "You're right, Marthe, he'll die. That child will die. It's the luck that's following us. Then it's over. Everything's over. I tell you I'll curse the day we ever met and ever married. I'll smash everything I can put my hands on in this world."¹⁰

The effect of unemployment on their aspirations and bright dreams of a new life in the big city is that life now seems to them nothing but misery and suffering. This effect, "like so many plans they had made and hopes they had cherished,"¹¹ is symbolized for George, by Marthe's ragged blue

⁷ Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 139.

⁸ Ibid., p. 143.

⁹ Ibid., p. 143.

¹⁰ Ibid., p. 143.

¹¹ Ibid., p. 142.

kimono:

The kimono had been of a Japanese pattern adorned with clusters of brilliant flowers sewn in silk. George had given it to her at the time of their marriage; now he stared at it, torn as it was at the arms, with pieces of old padding hanging out at the hem, with the light-colored lining showing through in many places, and he remembered how, when the kimono was new, Marthe used to make the dark hair across her forehead into bangs, fold her arms across her breasts, with her wrists and hands concealed in the sleeve folds, and go around the room in the bright kimono, taking short, prancing steps, pretending she was a Japanese girl.¹²

As their feverish boy, Walter, gets well, both parents share in a surge of joy, hope, and understanding. Concern for their child brings them closer together, giving them an unexpected and sudden hope in the future. This change of mood, is skillfully depicted by the author, in Marthe's concluding sentiments. The blue kimono becomes again, the focal point of the tale:

She held the kimono up so the light shone on the grey silken flowers. Sitting down in the chair, she spread the faded silk on her knee and looked across the room at her sewing basket which was on the dresser by the mirror. She fumbled patiently with the lining, patted the places that were torn; and suddenly she was sure she could draw the torn parts together and make it look bright and new.¹³

In the story called "The Wedding Dress" another article of clothing takes on great importance. A thirty-two year old spinster, a character somewhat reminiscent of Mrs. Jerry Austin in "A Regret for Youth," has been waiting for fifteen years to marry Sam Hilton. As the day approaches, Lena Schwartz quits her job and begins preparing for the wedding. While shopping, her spirit is lifted by the radiant beauty of some dresses she sees. Overcome by one particular dress, but having no money, she steals

¹² Ibid.

¹³ Ibid., p. 144.

it in order to look pretty for her wedding day. Callaghan vividly presents Lena's state of mind as she contemplates stealing the garment -- an article which is no longer a piece of clothing but a symbol of hope in the future:

She stood alone at the rack, toying with the material, her mind playing with thoughts she guiltily enjoyed. She imagined herself wantonly attractive in the dress, slyly watched by men with bold thoughts as she walked down the street with Sam, who would be nervously excited when he drew her into some corner and put his hand on her shoulders. Her heart began to beat heavily.¹⁴

Lena is eventually arrested and brought to jail where she spends a humiliating night. The next day in court, the magically seductive dress that had turned her "temporarily into a kleptomaniac"¹⁵ is described with an effective touch of irony:

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."¹⁶

Finally, Sam agrees to pay for the dress, and Lena is released to leave and be married, but, vanished forever, is her dream of being "slyly watched by the men with bold thoughts."

"Very Special Shoes" and "Magic Hat" are two more stories of this type. In the former, we witness a little girl, Mary, longing for a pair of red leather shoes. When her parents finally consent to buy the shoes, Mary is elated. Her mother, however, does not get the chance to share in her daughter's enthusiasm. She dies of cancer. Mary dyes her new shoes for the funeral and wears them each day as a reminder of her mother's

¹⁴ A Native Argosy, pp. 129-30.

¹⁵ Ibid., p. 133.

¹⁶ Ibid.

kindness:

They were no longer the beautiful red shoes, and yet as she stared at them, solemn-faced, she suddenly felt a strange kind of secret joy, a feeling of certainty that her mother had got the shoes so that she might understand at this time that she still had her special blessing and protection.

At the funeral the shoes hurt Mary's feet for they were new and hadn't been worn. Yet she was fiercely glad that she had them on. After that she wore them every day. Of course now that they were black they were not noticed by other children. But she was very careful with them. Every night she polished them up and looked at them and was touched again by that secret joy. She wanted them to last a long time.¹⁷

Because the shoes have come to represent her mother's concern for her, they have for Mary, a significance far beyond her original pleasure in owning red shoes.

"Magic Hat" is another story which centers around a possession which appears to be spoiled yet brings to its owner great joy and happiness. Jeannie Warkle is making, though not in the ordinary sense, a gift for her boyfriend, Joe Stanin. Her hopes and dreams of winning a proposal of marriage are sewn into a Chinese coolie hat. She discovers that the pattern she is making with the pink and black segments takes on in her thoughts the pattern of the happy times she has spent with Joe.

While she cut the silk segments according to the pattern she had made and smoothed them on her knee she would pause and ponder and believe that Joe needed her without knowing it, and even when he went away sooner or later he would realize he needed her. She could tell this to herself over and over again while she sewed, and as the hat took the colourful shape she had planned, so her desperate hope took a real shape, too, and she couldn't bear to stop working.¹⁸

Eventually the hat becomes the cause of a fight between Jeannie and Joe

¹⁷ Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 134.

¹⁸ Ibid., pp. 340-41.

which results in bringing them closer together; and finally they decide to marry. The Chinese coolie hat which was made with such care and devotion is ruined during a heavy snow fall but it serves its purpose well.

Jeannie's hopes and dreams have not been sewn into it in vain. Its "magic" remains:

In her room she stood in a trance, her shoes in her hand, thinking. I'm really going to marry him. Then she took off the wet hat and put it carefully on the radiator. While it dried, it was twisted out of shape. She would never wear the hat again, but it didn't matter. Picking it up carefully, she smoothed it and put it on the bureau, and she sat down on the bed and looked at it for a long time with profound silence.¹⁹

This short story illustrates well the theme of little things. It is successful in impressing upon the reader the fact that "the course of people's lives could change as a result of a little thing like an unpremeditated glance at a hat."²⁰

Common also in this writer's short stories is the succession of seemingly small misunderstandings and quarrels that erupt between lovers or young married couples. The confrontations in such stories as "The Faithful Wife," "Day by Day," and "Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks," will serve as illustrations.

In the story, "The Faithful Wife," Callaghan deals with this theme in an extra-marital situation. Lola, a young woman, whose husband "got his spine hurt in the war, then he got tuberculosis,"²¹ invites a young college student, George, to her apartment on the last night before he

¹⁹Ibid., p. 346.

²⁰Ibid.

²¹Ibid., p. 157.

leaves for school. George is thrilled by this unexpected invitation to Lola's apartment. Leaving the restaurant where he has a part-time job as a lunch counter attendant, George is surprised to find that "she was even slimmer, and had nice fair hair and lovely eyes"²² and that "she had on a red woolen sweater fitting her tightly at the waist."²³ Several other surprises are in store for George as well:

Twice he shook his head, unable to get used to having her there opposite him, nervous and expectant . . .

Slowly he sat down beside her on the camp bed, smiling stupidly. He was even slow to see that she was waiting for him to put his arms around her. Ashamed of himself, he finally kissed her eagerly and she held on to him tightly. Her heart was thumping underneath the red woolen sweater. She just kept on holding him, almost savagely, closing her eyes slowly and breathing deeply every time he kissed her. She was so delighted and satisfied to hold him in her arms that she did not bother talking at all.²⁴

Suddenly the embracing and kissing ends as the trembling and uncertain Lola begins talking about her invalid husband. The story ends with the frustrated Lola remaining faithful to her husband, having been correct in her belief that George "would not spoil it for her."²⁵ George leaves Lola's apartment thoroughly confused. He had gone there, at Lola's invitation, for what he assumed would be a sexual relationship. However, he discovers soon that this frustrated woman merely seeks some physical contact in order to reassure herself that she is attractive. The tale is typical of Callaghan in its moving insight into a small misunderstanding, of which

²² Ibid., p. 155.

²³ Ibid.

²⁴ Ibid., pp. 155-56.

²⁵ Ibid., p. 157.

the final result is great happiness. Lola has tested herself and remained faithful to her husband.

Yet, not all of Callaghan's seemingly trivial problems conclude happily and hopefully. An, apparently small misunderstanding between Madge and Joe Winslow in "Day by Day" results in cruelty and misery for pretty,²⁶ young Madge. Arriving home late from an afternoon of reflection on her marriage, during which she asks "God to make her husband content, without any suspicion of her,"²⁶ Madge Winslow is greeted by an angry and jealous outburst from her husband.

Like a sullen boy, he suddenly blurted out: "What kept you so late, Madge? Where were you?" . . .

He began to clutch her shoulders as if desperately aware that he could not hold her, as if he felt that she belonged completely to the life they had lived before they were married. "You might as well tell me what you did. I know you've been lying," he said. "You're lying, lying." His big hand was trembling as he took hold of her wrist, and she cried out: "Oh, don't hurt me, John. Don't hurt me."²⁷

Upset and ashamed by his violent outburst, John angrily walks out of the house, leaving his innocent wife weeping and confused:

Rubbing her wrist, she sat down to wait for him. She felt he would return when he was tired out from walking and be sorry he had hurt her. Tears were in her eyes as she looked around the mean little kitchen. She tried to ask herself what it was that was slowly driving them apart day by day.²⁸

The seemingly small misunderstanding in this story becomes complex because a husband is out of work and plagued by feelings of failure and this tension results in his lack of faith and trust in his wife. In less than

²⁶Ibid., p. 187.

²⁷Ibid., pp. 188-89.

²⁸Ibid., p. 189.

four pages, Callaghan accurately expresses the disillusionment of a young married couple, resulting from a disagreement, a symptom, it would appear, of their drifting apart "day by day." In several quick scenes and "flashes of insight" we are introduced to very real glimpses of suffering humanity. This story reflects an artist who is intensely aware of reality, refusing to ignore life's little problems. Always, Callaghan's preoccupation is with telling "the truth cleanly."²⁹

Another story among the large number of tales concerned with young lovers, and one in which we again witness the theme of "little things," is entitled "Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks." This story is one which clearly illustrates Victor Hoar's remark concerning characters who "are left enriched and excited by the new vision of themselves and the world around them."³⁰ The tale is set in the Depression. The author's introductory sketches of the characters involved are brief and restrained:

They had been married just a year. She was a small girl with fair bobbed hair, wearing a little felt hat, who walked with a short light step. Her thin, boyish husband looked very tall beside her.³¹

Helen and Bill Fairbanks, the reader learns from the dialogue following this description, are expecting a child. The father's reaction is one of pride and delight but his wife does not share his feelings. Because they are poor, Helen is more fearful than happy. While walking in the park, the young happy husband partially convinces his wife that all will be well and that there is nothing to fear. They soon come upon a poorly dressed

²⁹That Summer In Paris, p. 20.

³⁰Hoar, Morley Callaghan, p. 21.

³¹Now That April's Here, p. 131.

old man, to whom Helen, unsuccessfully, tries to give some money. A quarrel begins between Helen and Bill. The tension, already evident by their opposed reactions to the newly discovered pregnancy, now reaches its climax. Each accuses the other of selfishness and lack of feeling. The argument ends with the wife pushing "his arm away and walking on alone,"³² she has "none of the contentment she had had half an hour ago,"³³ but instead a deep fear "that there would only be poverty and ugliness in her life in the city."³⁴ On the way home, she tells her husband that she does not want the baby. Suddenly they once again come upon the indirect cause of their quarrel, the old man who looks like a beggar. Helen recognizes in him, this time, a certain pride and dignity and the old man thus becomes the direct cause of a change in her attitude toward old age and produces a new found respect for birth and growth. In a sudden flash, the reader comes to know and to understand the importance of the Fairbanks' seemingly small crisis and to sympathize with the delicacy of a sincere human relationship. Eleanor Godfrey says of this tale, "It is all very slight and on the surface very, very unimportant, but it has a timelessness and a universal sympathy that is the rarest of moods to capture."³⁵

Another aspect of the theme under investigation is the great emphasis placed upon the "little things" that form the relationships of parents and children. Five of the tales in Now That April's Here and

³² Ibid., p. 135.

³³ Ibid.

³⁴ Ibid.

³⁵ "Now That April's Here," Canadian Forum, XVI (October, 1936), 27.

seven in Morley Callaghan's Stories are concerned with such fragile relationships. "Father and Son" is a tale about the plight of a father who returns after four years of absence, to visit his "fine boy."³⁶ It is a moving piece, dramatically intense, and one in which the author vividly brings forth feelings of sadness and emptiness. A similar story which takes up these emotions is entitled "A Separation." As in the previous tale, the author studies the effect an unhappy marriage has upon a young son and his father. But perhaps the best stories of this particular group, and certainly three of the author's most popular stories, are: "All the Years of Her Life," "A Cap for Steve," and "The Snob." The first tale involves a mother-son-employer relationship. A young boy, Alfred Higgins, who works in a small drugstore, is caught stealing by the owner, Mr. Carr. Threatening to call the police, the store owner decides instead to telephone the boy's mother. Mrs. Higgins persuades her son's employer to let the boy go free. Alfred loses his job but promises his mother that he will never steal again. The reader, however, like the quiet and devoted mother, is not convinced of the boy's sincerity. It is not the first time the boy has been guilty of petty theft, or, it is suggested, will it be the last. The tale ends somberly, with the intimation that the devoted but frightened and broken mother will be involved in this type of predicament "all the years of her life."

This tale is an excellent example of short story writing. It not only mirrors something of ourselves but also helps us to see the effects we can have on those who are close to us. The story flows quietly and the style is always in keeping with the theme. Brief crisp dialogue for

³⁶Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 81.

example, highlights the confrontation, contributing elements of nervousness and excitement to several "sudden flashes of insight."³⁷

... "Is Alfred in trouble?"

"He is. He's been taking things from the store. I caught him red-handed. Little things like compacts and toothpaste and lipstick. Stuff he can sell easily," the proprietor said.

... "Is it so, Alfred?"

"Yes."

"Why have you been doing it?"

"I been spending money, I guess."

"On what?"

"Going around with the guys, I guess," Alfred said.³⁸

The last line in the above passage suggests the poverty of their situation.

The author is careful to entwine the plot with a prevailing tone of pity and sympathy:

There was such warmth and gratitude in the way she said, "I'll never forget your kindness," that Mr. Carr began to feel warm and genial himself.

"Sorry we had to meet this way," he said, "But I'm glad I got in touch with you. Just wanted to do the right thing, that's all," he said.

"It's better to meet like this than never, isn't it?" she said. Suddenly they clasped hands as if they liked each other, as if they had known each other a long time. "Good night, sir," she said.³⁹

In one sense, this story is about Alfred because Alfred is the focus and is also the only character who shows some development in the course of the story. Yet, Alfred's mother is more fully characterized. She is a woman who has suffered "all the years of her life" because of her children, and as a result of this suffering arrives at a point in time where her son gains a new recognition and a growing awareness of her.

³⁷ Pacey, Creative Writing in Canada, p. 179.

³⁸ Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 3.

³⁹ Ibid., pp. 4-5.

Because of his experience, Alfred gains some insight into his mother's situation. As the author, himself, says of this character:

The son at first didn't understand her strange magic. His wonder was in his face. I knew about this story a long time before I wrote it. Then one day I seemed to know what went on in the boy's heart as he watched his mother at home, having a cup of tea after the battle, and he tried to understand the years of her life -- his own mother, his own life with her.⁴⁰

In the second of these three tales, "A Cap for Steve," the author combines the idea of a simple article of clothing with an emphasis upon the "little things" that form the relationships of parents and children. The story is appropriately set in the Depression. Steve Diamond, the son of a poor man, a carpenter's assistant,⁴¹ is given a cap by a famous baseball player. The cap has a great effect on the boy's life. Because of it, Steve's fellow ball-players begin to take special notice of him. Then, he loses the cap. Eventually, it is found in the possession of a rich lawyer's son. The confrontation between fathers and sons is significant:

"All right. What did you say your boy paid for the cap?"

Dave said reluctantly.

"Two dollars."

"Two dollars." Dave repeated. Mr. Hudson's smile was still kindly, but his eyes were shrewd, and Dave knew the lawyer was counting on his not having the two dollars; Mr. Hudson thought he had Dave sized up; he had looked at him and decided he was broke. Dave's pride was hurt and he turned to Steve. What he saw in Steve's face was more powerful than the hurt to his pride; it was the memory of how difficult it had been to get an extra nickel, the talk he heard about the cost of food, the worry in his mother's face as she tried to make ends meet, and the bewildered embarrassment that he was here in a rich man's home, forcing his father to confess that he couldn't afford to spend two dollars. . . .

⁴⁰ Sixteen by Twelve: Short Stories by Canadian Writers, John Metcalf, ed. (Toronto: McGraw-Hill, 1970), p. 19.

⁴¹ Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 26.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Mr. Hudson said. "I'll give you ten dollars. The cap has sentimental value for my boy, a Philly cap, a big leaguer's-cap. It's only worth about a buck and a half really," he added. But Dave shook his head again. Mr. Hudson frowned. He looked at his own boy with indulgent concern, but now he was embarrassed. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "This cap -- well, it's worth as much as a day at the circus to my boy. Your boy should be recompensed. I want to be fair. Here's twenty dollars," and he held out two ten-dollar bills to Dave.⁴²

Trapped by such a handsome offer, Dave Diamond gives up the cap. After Steve and his father leave their mutual resentment breaks out:

In the elevator Dave took the bills out of his pocket. "See, Stevie," he whispered eagerly. "That windbreaker you wanted! And ten dollars for your bank! Won't Mother be surprised?"

"Yeah," Steve whispered, the little smile still on his face. But Dave had to turn away quickly so their eyes wouldn't meet, for he saw that it was a scared smile.

Outside, Dave said, "Here, you carry the money home, Steve. You show it to your mother."

"No, you keep it," Steve said, and then there was nothing to say. They walked in silence.

"It's a lot of money," Dave said finally. When Steve didn't answer him, he added angrily, "I turned to you, Steve. I asked you, didn't I?"

"That man knew how much his boy wanted that cap," Steve said.

"Sure. But he recognized how much it was worth to us."

"No, you let him take it away from us," Steve blurted.

"That's unfair," Dave said. "Don't dare say that to me."

"I don't want to be like you," Steve muttered, and he darted across the road and walked along on the other side of the street.⁴³

In the end, however, the cap brings father and son closer together.

Steve, who had never heard his father talk like this was shy and wondering. All he knew was that his father, for the first time, wanted to be with him in his hopes and adventures. He said, "I guess you do know how important that cap was." His hand went out to his father's arm. "With that man the cap was -- well it was just something he could buy, eh Dad?" Dave gripped his son's hand hard. The wonderful generosity of childhood -- the

⁴² Ibid., pp. 32-33.

⁴³ Ibid., p. 33.

price a boy was willing to pay to be able to count on his father's admiration and approval -- made him feel humble, then strangely exalted.⁴⁴

This short story epitomizes the kind of importance Callaghan is able to give to a seemingly trivial incident. In the words of Brandon Conron, this tale is one which demonstrates that Callaghan has the "ability to portray, without being infantile or sentimental, the misunderstandings and emotional differences which separate a child's world from that of adults."⁴⁵

In the tale, "The Snob," the author once again explores those "little things" which shape family relationships. Like the tale, "Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks," this story is one of a quarrel between lovers. The circumstances in this one, however, differ in that a parent is involved. Here, as in "All the Years of Her Life," children fail to understand or show any real consideration for their parents. The gap that separates one generation from another is a difficult one to bridge. "The Snob" is the story of an adult son who knows as little about his father as Alfred Higgins knew about his mother. Again, a seemingly minor incident illuminates the theme. Callaghan quickly sets the scene and prepares the reader for what is to come:

Harcourt was standing with the girl he loved, buying a book for her. All afternoon he had been talking to her, eagerly, but with an anxious diffidence, as if there still remained in him an innocent wonder that she should be delighted to be with him. . . . That was the way they always talked, never daring to show much full, strong feeling. Harcourt had just bought the book and had reached into his pocket for the money with a free, ready gesture to make it appear that he was accustomed to buying books for

⁴⁴ Ibid., p. 36.

⁴⁵ Conron, Morley Callaghan, p. 152.

young ladies, when the white-haired man in the faded felt hat, at the end of the counter, turned half toward him, and Harcourt knew he was standing only a few feet away from his father.⁴⁶

Ashamed of him and afraid that his girlfriend may see him, John Harcourt adopts a heartless attitude toward his father:

"Why does he dress as if he never owned a decent suit in all his life? He doesn't care what the whole world thinks of him. He never did. I've told him a hundred times he ought to wear his good clothes when he goes out. Mother's told him the same thing. He just laughs. And now Grace may see him."⁴⁷

As the story line unravels, it is John Harcourt, and not his poorly dressed father, who suffers guilt and shame. Sensing that his son is embarrassed by his presence, Mr. Harcourt avoids meeting his son's girlfriend by slipping out of the store. John, who is left confused and frustrated begins to feud with Grace:

"You don't like people, do you?" He says sharply.

"People? What people? What do you mean?"

"I mean," he went on irritably, "you don't like the kind of people you bump into here, for example."

"Not especially, who does? What are you talking about?"

"Anybody could see you don't," he said recklessly, full of savage eagerness to hurt her. "I say you don't like simple, honest people, the kind of people you meet all over the city."⁴⁸

It is evident that John, in his anxiety to make the perfect impression on his young lady, denies a part of himself; and, like many human beings who fall prey to self-deceit, he accuses another of the weakness he despises in himself. Yet John has insight and at the conclusion of the story, he and Grace shyly apologize for having quarreled and are "brought closer

⁴⁶ Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 266.

⁴⁷ Ibid., p. 267.

⁴⁸ Ibid., pp. 268-69.

together than even before."⁴⁹ They receive a new vision of themselves and each other and John's outlook toward his father is changed from one of contempt to respect and love. John's argument with Grace, a seemingly trivial one, is really a process of self-accusation through which he ultimately administers justice to himself.

The characters of Callaghan's second and third collections, unlike those of the first volume, are usually capable of solving their problems. These are more hopeful stories than the author's initial ones, for they are mostly concerned with a world where the individual becomes more alive because of some "little thing" that forces him to recognize some truth about himself and/or his relationship to his fellow man. In commenting upon this writer's contribution to the art of story-making, the distinguished critic, Mr. Wyndham Lewis, once stated:

Apart from the literary merit of these stories, this book [Now That April's Here] is beautifully replete with a message of human tolerance and love. Everyone, or almost all of these discrete miniature dramas ends softly and gently. At the end of some anguish there is peace; at the end of some bitter dispute, there is reconciliation. All of these creatures are dimly aware that the parts that they play -- for all the sound and fury into which they may be led by the malice of nature, by the demands for the instinct for animal survival, or by our terrible heritage of original sin -- the roles they are called upon to take are played according to some great law, within the bounds of rational order. The plot, however tragic, is not some diabolic and meaningless fantasy, in other words -- which is the fatal conclusion which we are required to draw from the perusal of a story, say of Mr. Hemingway's. There is good and evil not merely good luck and bad luck. And if they end in a witty sally or in a comic deflation, the wit and the comic deflation are full of robust benevolence.⁵⁰

It is, as we shall see in our next chapters, primarily due to this

⁴⁹ Ibid., p. 270.

⁵⁰ "What Books for Total War?" LVIII (October 10, 1942), 17.

author's insistence upon employing a consistent structural pattern as well as simple and direct description, that he is able to sustain interest in situations, that might otherwise be regarded as trite, ridiculous, and/or annoying. As William Walsh observes of Callaghan's stories, and the "little things" that form the relationship of his characters:

And the 'case' in these stories is the mysteriousness of the ordinary, the inexplicable sequences of feeling, the bewildering discrepancies of human fact, and the logic, 'as severe as it is fleeting' as Coleridge has it, which the imagination can elicit from these frictions.⁵¹

In each of the many tales concerned with seemingly trivial events that take on importance, this writer reflects with some accuracy, the attitudes, aspiration, fears, and limitations of parents, children and many other ordinary people. His characters act as we might act given the same circumstances. Hugo McPherson adeptly sums up the effect Callaghan's theme of "little things" has upon the reader:

a dozen or more tales such as "Lunch Counter," "The Red Hat," "All the Years of Her Life," and "A Wedding Dress," have de Maupassant's clarity without his hard glitter, and Mansfield's delicacy without her bruised nerves. Callaghan studies with tenderness and simplicity the moral problems of ordinary, benighted people; and instead of judging or rejecting them, he reveals that their vanities and failures are our own.⁵²

These short stories illustrate as well, Margaret Avison's view of Callaghan's ability to write well in the difficult genre of the short story:

Many a writer who wants to impart knowledge or present a cherished thesis uses stories for this purpose. There is always a wide public for stories too, and therefore a "market" inviting tailored-to-fit hack work.

⁵¹ A Manifold Voice (London: Chatto and Windus, 1970), p. 186.

⁵² "Morley Callaghan's April," Tamarack Review, XIII (Autumn, 1959),

Morley Callaghan's stories are the work of an artist with no such axe to grind, who makes not such concessions to the market's demands. His work is popular and powerfully persuasive. The important distinction is that these qualities are by the way, perhaps even unconscious; that a purity of artistic intention is everywhere unmistakable in him. . . .

A single vision encompasses all the people of these stories in all their self-contradictions, betrayals, nobility, bewilderment. It is nothing in the nature of a conclusion -- there is unrelieved desolation sometimes, tragedy, absurdity -- but every pattern leads out into a large atmosphere of mercy and wonder. This background is the human context of the Callaghan stories for all their sharp foreground focus. Conveying it is his art.⁵³

Our examination of this writer's themes illustrates, then, that the short story does not have to concern itself with sensational or unusual situations, that it can just as significantly deal with the smaller, more ordinary things, "that touch times and moods and people."⁵⁴ Bearing in mind, then, our examination of these themes, let us now consider the form Callaghan's ideas take throughout his short stories.

⁵³"Callaghan Revisited," The Canadian Forum, XXXIX (March, 1960), 276-77.

⁵⁴Preface to Morley Callaghan's Stories.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE STRUCTURE

There is no doubt that the motif of "little things" influenced Callaghan's story structure. A pattern emerges which ties in with this theme. Seen in its simplest terms, this form is: exposition, confrontation-revelation, dénouement.¹ Almost all of this writer's short stories, follow this formula at least in part.

The nature of exposition in a Callaghan story is usually swift. His introductory material quickly sets the scene, creates the mood, and introduces the characters. Many critics comment upon the abrupt openings of these stories. Victor Hoar's explanation of Callaghan's brief preludes seems sound:

Since all but a small handful of plots in the collection take place within a few minutes or, at most, an hour, Callaghan must reject lengthy introductions in which scene and mood are carefully constructed or in which some philosophical point is raised for eventual illustration.²

And the purpose, as we shall see, of exposition in a Callaghan tale, is to explain and/or reinforce the theme. Occasionally, exposition stands alone; but frequently, it is coupled with narration or supported by dialogue.

In almost all of the tales, brief character sketches are an intricate part of the prelude. Several tales from each of Callaghan's volumes

¹ See Appendix (p. 101) for a diagrammatic outline of this structure.

² Hoar, Morley Callaghan, p. 21.

will serve to illustrate this point.

From A Native Argosy: "Alfred Bowles came to Canada from England and got a job on a Toronto newspaper. He was a young fellow with clear, blue eyes and heavy pimples on the lower part of his face, the son of a Baptist minister whose family was too large for his salary." ("Last Spring They Came Over," p. 16).

"They were watching Joe Harmon, a big man with a slow grin and a dark smudge under his left eye, and his manager, Doc Barnes, a small, neat man with shiny black hair." ("Soldier Harmon," p. 68).

"He had long legs, big hands, heavy hips and a habit of drawing in his breath with a whistling noise when he knew some one was waiting for him to speak." ("Settling Down," p. 142).

From Now That April's Here: "He was a huge old priest, white-headed except for a shiny baby-pink bald spot on the top of his head, and he was a bit deaf in one ear. His florid face had many fine red interlacing vein lines." ("A Sick Call," p. 33).

"Michael was younger than some of them but he was much bigger, his legs were long, his huge hands dangled awkwardly at his sides and his thick black hair curled up all over his head." ("The Runaway," p. 176).

From Morley Callaghan's Stories: "Both Sylvanus O'Meara, the old caretaker who had helped to prepare the crib, and Father Gorman, the stout, red-faced, excitable parish priest, had agreed it was the most lifelike tableau of the Child Jesus." ("A Very Merry Christmas," p. 323).

"Mrs. Johnson, a handsome woman of fifty with a plump figure and a high colour in her cheeks, was lying on her left side with her right arm hanging loosely over the side of the bed: her mouth was open a little, but she was breathing so softly Mary could hardly hear her." ("Very Special

Shoes," p. 129).

Yet brief character sketches are not the only forms which Callaghan's abrupt openings take on. Often, as in the short stories, "Two Fishermen" and "The Homing Pigeon," dialogue is blended with a brief physical portrait:

The only reporter on the town paper, the Examiner, was Michael Foster, a tall, long-legged, eager young fellow, who wanted to go to the city some day and work on an important newspaper.

The morning he went into Bagley's Hotel, he wasn't at all sure of himself. He went over to the desk and whispered to the proprietor, Ted Bagley, "Did he come here, Mr. Bagley?"

Bagley said slowly; "Two men came here from this morning's train. They're registered." He put his spatulate forefinger on the open book and said, "Two men. One of them's a drummer. This one here, T. Woodley. I know because he was through this way last year and just a minute ago he walked across the road to Molson's hardware store. The other one....here's his name, K. Smith."

"Who's K. Smith?" Michael asked.

"I don't know. A mild, harmless-looking little guy."

"Did he look like the hangman, Mr. Bagley?"

"I couldn't say that, seeing as I never saw one."³

("Two Fishermen")

When the fifth day passed and still his father, the doctor, didn't return to Frenchtown, Dick started out looking for him. He went over to Charlie's barber shop and sprawled in the chair. He was seventeen, big for his age, and he looked at the barber a long time with a serious, worried face before he spoke to him.

"How do you want it, same as usual -- use the scissors at the sides?" Charlie asked, taking the scissors off the glass ledge.

"I don't want a haircut, I just want to ask you something."

"Go ahead, Dick."

"You know my old man hasn't shown up yet."

"That's bad, that's bad, that's getting worse."

"You know he stayed away before, and I figured you'd know where he was."

"Me?"

"Sure. You're the only one around here that knows he gets drunk."⁴

("The Homing Pigeon")

Frequently, too, the stories commence "in medias res," as in the tales "A

³ Morley Callaghan's Stories, pp. 194-95.

⁴ Ibid., pp. 357-58.

"Girl With Ambition" and "The Snob."

After leaving public school when she was sixteen Mary Ross worked for two weeks with a cheap chorus at the old La Plaza, quitting when her stepmother heard the girls were a lot of toughs.⁵

("A Girl With Ambition")

It was at the book counter in the department store that John Harcourt, student, caught a glimpse of his father.⁶

("The Snob")

Whether or not exposition is set apart from the other types of composition, or is blended with description, narration, or dialogue, it is always the means of suggesting theme (the significant meeting in "Two Fishermen" or the statue turned symbol in "A Very Merry Christmas"); and always too, the exposition leads toward confrontation-revelation.

It would be tiresome to analyze all of Callaghan's short stories in terms of confrontation-revelation. I intend therefore, to examine a selection from the various types already isolated, with the hope of defining this aspect of Mr. Callaghan's structural pattern. Let us first examine this aspect of form in some of the thirty or more tales that concern seemingly unimportant quarrels which erupt between young lovers, newlyweds, and married couples.

In the first of these stories to be investigated, "The Faithful Wife," the author swiftly sets the scene and creates the tone. The reader is introduced to Lola, the frustrated wife, whose husband "got his spine hurt in the war, then he got tuberculosis"⁷ and is, therefore, unable to maintain a physical relationship with his wife. Next, the author intro-

⁵ A Native Argosy, p. 84.

⁶ Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 266.

⁷ Ibid., p. 157.

duces the youthful character, George, who is watched at work each day by the "gentle, and aloofly pleasant,"⁸ Lola. This brief prelude leads into the confrontation-revelation. The confrontation begins to take shape when Lola invites the young station restaurant worker to her apartment:

"You're not very friendly," she said awkwardly.

"Oh yes I am. Indeed I am."

"Why don't you come over here and sit by me?"

Slowly he sat down beside her on the camp bed, smiling stupidly. He was even slow to see that she was waiting for him to put his arms around her. . . . Her heart was thumping underneath the red woolen sweater. She just kept on holding him, almost savagely, closing her eyes slowly and breathing deeply every time he kissed her. . . . Finally he became very eager and she got up suddenly. . . .

"What's the matter?" he said irritably.

"My girl friend, the one I room with, will be home in twenty minutes." . . .

"You really must be out of here before Irene comes home," she said.

"But I've only kissed and hugged you and you're wonderful."

He noticed the red ring mark on her finger. "Are you sure you're not waiting for your husband to come home?" he said a bit irritably.⁹

The author brings the confrontation to life, playing upon the nervousness of both characters. Through a sequence of quick flashes, Lola is transformed from a "gentle, and aloofly pleasant" woman to one who is driven by sexual starvation. Out of this comes revelation, and we finally witness Lola weeping, yet faithful to her invalid husband:

"There's a ring mark on your finger."

"I can't help it," she said, and began to cry quietly.

"Yes, oh yes, I'm waiting for my husband to come home. He'll be here at Christmas."¹⁰

George, is similarly revealed. Our first impression is of a young

⁸ Ibid., p. 156.

⁹ Ibid.

¹⁰ Ibid.

college student working during the Christmas vacation. We next see him as a very nervous young man ringing the bell of an older woman's apartment.

Our final insight is one that George has about himself:

But he knew he could not spoil it for her. "She had it all figured out," he muttered, turning up his coat collar.¹¹

Although we shall examine the final section in the structural pattern more fully later, let us investigate, briefly, the dénouement of "The Faithful Wife." The obvious outcome of this tale involves a satisfactory explanation of the main situation. We see the unraveling of Lola's secret and George's misunderstanding -- two elements which are a vital part of the plot complication. In this story, then, Callaghan quickly introduces his characters and hints at his theme; he places them in an anxious confrontation, in which he fully reveals, through internal and external conflicts, their natures and the nature of their crisis.

In "Day by Day" casual conversation advances the confrontation. Quarreling erupts as a result of a misinterpreted remark. This time the husband and wife are directly involved:

She was still glowing from hurrying and from the animation of her thoughts. He frowned and said: "You were shopping, eh, Madge?"

"Not really," she laughed. "I didn't bring anything home."

"You're dressed up every afternoon as if you'd been some place."

"There's no harm in window-shopping if I don't spend anything, is there?" she said quickly.

"Go ahead. Remind me that you ought to have something to spend."

"I'd never mention it."

"No, but you think it. You're so self-consciously patient about it. God knows, if I thought you were more contented, I might do better."¹²

¹¹ Ibid., p. 157.

¹² Ibid., p. 188.

The confrontation reaches its peak when John, the husband, storms out of the house, leaving his wife in tears. Out of this crisis comes revelation. In this case, however, the insights are not positive. John remains stubborn and fixed in his attitude toward his wife. Madge is left to ponder hopelessly her miserable situation:

Tears were in her eyes as she looked around the mean little kitchen. She had such a strange feeling of guilt. White-faced and still, she tried to ask herself what it was that was slowly driving them apart day by day.¹³

Although the revelation differs from that of the above tale, in "Rigmarole" the confrontation is similar. Casual conversation precedes it and a misinterpreted remark sparks a quarrel between a husband and wife:

"You don't need to feel you neglected me. Don't feel guilty. Nobody ever has to worry about me trailing you around. You can feel free."

"Jeff," she said, very softly. "I don't want to feel free. I don't want to feel free now."

"Sure you do. You'd be the first to complain if you didn't."

"Didn't you worry a little about me once to-night, Jeff?"

"Listen here, Mathilde," he said shortly, "jealous men are the greatest bores in the world."

"Jeff, put your arms around me."

"What's the matter with you? You don't need to mollify me or feel guilty because you had a good time. Surely we've got beyond that."¹⁴

From here the dialogue continues with each accusing the other of being unloving. Finally, Mathilda, "with tears streaming from her eyes"¹⁵ runs into the bedroom and begins packing her clothes. Jeff, refusing to stay "and watch this stupid performance,"¹⁶ leaves for the corner tavern. Even-

¹³ Ibid., p. 189.

¹⁴ Now That April's Here, p. 301.

¹⁵ Ibid., p. 303.

¹⁶ Ibid.

tually, he returns and worried and unbelieving, he witnesses her take off in a taxi. Jeff waits up for her all night to return and when she does, they both shyly apologize for having argued. Both husband and wife experience a change of heart and mind. Unlike the pair in "Day by Day" this couple, as a result of their small crisis, experience a "feeling between them so much deeper than any earlier time of impulse and sudden joy."¹⁷

Confrontation-revelation unfolds similarly in such tales as "The Snob," when two lovers are brought closer together when a quarrel erupts as a result of John Harcourt's sense of shame and lack of respect for his father. In "Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks," we noticed that a seemingly unimportant event climaxed in a heated argument which resulted in their changes of heart and mind, and closer union between them. In "The Homing Pigeon," a confrontation between Dick Harvey and his supposed father reveals that the man in question is actually not his parent, so that Dick Harvey experiences shame, confusion, and frustration. In short, in more than thirty tales concerning seemingly unimportant quarrels, Callaghan employs confrontation-revelation to reinforce his themes.

Having witnessed the effect the quarrel has upon confrontation-revelation in Callaghan's short story structure, let us now examine the influence of "little things that shape family relationships" upon this aspect of the author's story form.

Perhaps the most striking confrontation-revelation in this category of tales appears in the story, "A Cap for Steve." As we noticed in Chapter Three, a seemingly unimportant baseball cap is the "little thing" which highlights the theme and prompts the confrontation. The author moves

¹⁷ Ibid., p. 307.

toward the confrontation through a sequence of dialogue about the cap. The reader comes to realize that this apparently trivial article is really very important to Steve Diamond. At the point of confrontation, the tension set up between father and son is vividly portrayed. Steve is deeply saddened when he learns that the lost cap will be sold to its new owner for twenty dollars:

"No, you let him take it away from us," Steve blurted.
 "That's unfair," Dave said. "Don't dare say that to me."
 "I don't want to be like you," Steve muttered, and he darted across the road and walked along the other side of the street.¹⁸

The confrontation springs from Steve's anxiety and frustration. And finally, from the confrontation, comes revelation. The father and son come to a new awareness of themselves and each other as a result of the cap -- "the little thing." The father, in particular, comes to understand the nature of the trust invested in him by his son.

The wonderful generosity of childhood -- the price a boy was willing to pay to be able to count on his father's admiration and approval -- made him feel humble, then strangely exalted.¹⁹

In the author's first volume of stories, A Native Argosy, the influence of "little things that shape family relationships" upon the middle section of this structural pattern may be seen in such stories as "A Princely Affair." Bill Oakley, the protagonist, is a former military man who now works in a large department store. In the exposition of this story, Callaghan blends brief character sketches with narrative description, giving the reader a quick indication of the temperaments involved as well as suggesting the nature of the Oakleys' marriage.

¹⁸ Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 34.

¹⁹ Ibid., p. 36.

The huntsman made him think of his wife Nora. The statesman, with the bulging forehead and long formidable nose, belonged to the same tradition. The huntsman, his wife, and the statesman; or his wife, the statesman, and the huntsman, different combinations, all very good, all part of a fine tradition. . . .

He was folding the paper slowly and carefully, but the city hall clock struck half past one, so he shoved it in his pocket and crossed the road, walking importantly as though many people were looking at him, a slightly stout man in light coat belted in military style, an old felt hat on the side of his head.²⁰

And as the narrative opens, we learn that Bill's wife, Nora, is a woman who possesses more than a passing interest in social connections:

He glanced hurriedly at headlines then turned pages rapidly till he saw the picture of Mr. Oakley, the one with the turban extraordinary clear. His Highness had danced three times with Mrs. Oakley. In the story she was tailed his Highness's dancing partner and the reporter told how he found her at home when the milkman was passing along the street. . . . [Bill] had hurried down and kissed her. For a long time they lay awake in bed while she talked about the ball and the Prince and Bill kissed her passionately, then dropped off to sleep.²¹

This prelude leads us toward the inevitable confrontation-revelation. Bill is at first keenly interested in his wife's social fame. However, it is not long before feelings of loneliness, rejection, and anger begin to haunt him. While he is left frustrated, alone and financially drained, Bill comes to the realization that Nora's supposed theatrical endeavours in New York, her dancing "with his Highness Captain Albert in Montreal"²² and her fondness for expensive jewelery and clothing may be "a princely affair" in more than one sense. The "little thing" which is the major turning point in the tale is a newspaper clipping Bill finds in another brief letter from Nora. Homeless, bewildered, and almost out of a job, Bill Oakley finally

²⁰ A Native Argosy, pp. 32-33.

²¹ Ibid., pp. 32-33.

²² Ibid., p. 39.

comes to his senses:

He heard from Nora before he left the city. The letter had a Spanish post-mark, and a clipping was enclosed with a picture of three fine Englishmen, and one had an arm around her. They were in Spain, she said. His Highness was in Spain and she knew Bill would love the country! He stared at the letter, excited inside, then tore it in two. "To hell with His Highness," he said.

The day before he went away he said soberly to Carleton:

"The wife is in Spain. His Highness and his party are there."²³

Bill's fate is confirmed. Life with his wife would be a constant chain of letters and clippings about her social life. As far as their marriage is concerned there is no hopeful or optimistic outlook similar to those so frequently resulting from the confrontation-revelation found in most of this writer's stories. The only change in this character, albeit an important one, is expressed in Bill's angry attitude toward his wife. His final acceptance of the reality of his situation with his wife reveals his awareness of having been deceived long enough.

He walked quickly, glad that he had said it, fiercely insistent that no one should say anything to him. The department was gone. What he told Carleton belonged to a tradition. It should all go together.²⁴

Other family situations which illustrate this section of the structural pattern appear in the tales: "A Sick Call," "The Runaway," and "Their Mother's Purse."

In "A Sick Call," we witness a priest's attempt to give absolution to a dying woman while her husband protests. Brief physical detail and casual conversation set the groundwork, move the plot, and contribute credibility to a very significant confrontation-revelation:

²³ Ibid., pp. 44-45.

²⁴ Ibid., p. 45.

Sometimes Father Macdowell mumbled out loud and took a deep wheezy breath as he walked up and down the room and read his office. He was a huge old priest, white-headed except for a shiny baby-pink bald spot on the top of his head, and he was a bit deaf in one ear. His florid face had many fine red interlacing vein lines.

So he went out to the waiting-room, where a girl about thirty years of age, with fine brown eyes, fine cheekbones, and rather square shoulders, was sitting daubing her eyes with a handkerchief. She was wearing a dark coat with a grey wolf collar. "Good evening, Father," she said. "My sister is sick, I wanted you to come and see her. We think she's dying."

"Be easy, child; what's the matter with her? Speak louder. I can scarcely hear you."

"My sister's had pneumonia. The doctor's coming back to see her in an hour. I wanted you to annoint her, father."

"I see, I see. But she's not lost yet. I'll not give her extreme unction now. That may not be necessary. I'll go with you and hear confession."

"Father, I ought to let you know, maybe. Her husband won't want to let you see her. He's not a Catholic and my sister hasn't been to church in a long time."²⁵

Father Macdowell only manages to hear the sick woman's confession by requesting a glass of water from her husband. This trick is the priest's solution to the family crisis. But from this trick and the confrontation between John and Father Macdowell comes a surprising revelation. The priest begins to wonder whether "he has played fair with the young man,"²⁶ and whether or not he has been responsible for a conflict between the husband and his wife. The priest is both proud of having succeeded in his purpose and "inexpressibly sad"²⁷ at the nature of John's "staunch love"²⁸ for his wife:

²⁵ Now That April's Here, pp. 33-34.

²⁶ Ibid., p. 41.

²⁷ Ibid., p. 42.

²⁸ Ibid.

As he went down the stairs, puffing and sighing, he pondered the question of whether he played fair with the young man. But by the time he reached the street he was rejoicing amiably to think he had so successfully ministered to one who had strayed from the faith and had called out to him at the last moment. Walking along with the rolling motion as if his feet hurt him, he muttered, "Of course they were happy as they were . . . in a worldly way. I wonder if I did come between them?"

He shuffled along, feeling very tired, but he couldn't help thinking "What beauty there was to his staunch love for her!"²⁹

In "The Runaway" the constant quarreling between Michael's father and stepmother accidentally reveals to the young boy the horror of his own little failures and results in his running away from home. Through confrontation-revelation Callaghan clearly reveals in this tale the tension and unhappiness which arises in families from lack of understanding between parents and children.

"Their Mother's Purse" illustrates a similar situation; we once again witness the large gap between parents and children. The confrontation between Joe and his sister regarding money stolen from their Mother's purse reveals to Joe and the reader a startling secret and an intense awareness of the family situation:-

Without looking up, Mary began to cry a little, then she raised her head and begged in a frightened whisper, "Don't tell them, Joe. Please don't tell them."

"If you needed the money, why didn't you ask them for it?"

"I've been asking for a little nearly every day."

"You only look after yourself, and you get plenty for that."

"Joe, let me keep it. Don't tell them, Joe." . . .

"I've been sending money to Paul Farrell."

"Where is he?"

"He's gone to a sanitarium, and he had no money," she said. . . . With a shy, timid smile, she said, "Don't tell them, Joe."

"O.K.," he said, and he watched her open the door and go out.

He went back to the living room, where his mother was saying grandly to his father, "Now you'll have to wait till next year to cry blue ruin." . . .

And when Joe heard their familiar voices and remembered Mary's frightened, eager face, he knew he would keep his promise and say nothing to them. He was thinking how far apart he had grown from them; they knew very little about Mary, but he never told them anything about himself, either. Only his father and mother had kept going on the one way. They alone were still close together.³⁰

In the above story, as well as others, we see how confrontation gives way to revelation; we note too, the vital importance of this aspect of structure in Callaghan's tales. For, always, this section of the pattern contributes toward creating one single impression of human experience, whether it is simply one of happiness, defeat, sadness, or triumph. In short, it serves to reinforce the author's theme -- "the little things that shape the relationships of men."³¹ Whether confrontation-revelation focuses on internal or external conflict, there is always the central struggle through which the characters involved either receive new insight about themselves and their situation or, refusing the insight, remain, "fixed in their particular ways."³²

Inevitably, in a Callaghan tale, a dénouement of some sort springs from the confrontation-revelation. The outcome of the story's main situation may or may not be pleasing to the reader, but always Callaghan's dénouements satisfactorily explain the "little things" (be they misunderstandings or whatever) connected with the plot complication.

Having already seen the effect of dénouement in one story -- "The Faithful Wife" -- let us now examine and analyze this final section in the structural pattern in several other tales. In the stories "A Girl With

³⁰ Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 137.

³¹ That Summer In Paris, p. 83.

³² Hoar, Morley Callaghan, p. 21.

Ambition" and "An Escapade" from Callaghan's first volume of tales, we witness two excellent examples in which the writer explains how and why everything turned out as it did. In the final scene of the former story Mary Ross again comes into contact with Harry Brown; Mary's reason for not having appeared on the stage is brought out and her ambitious aspiration is ironically exposed:

She saw Harry looking at her and vaguely wondered how he got there. She didn't want him to see that she was going to have a baby. Leaning on the veranda rail, he saw that her slimness had passed into the shapelessness of her pregnancy and he knew why she had been kept off the stage that night at the La Plaza. She, sat erect and strangely dignified on the seat of the grocery wagon, uncomfortable when he turned away.³³

As the story concludes, all the strings are tied together in a fine piece of plotting. While Mary has not achieved the "respectable" life in the terms she imagined, she has achieved her "strange dignity" and perhaps a better place in society than she had imagined. In short, the truth is revealed:

They didn't speak. She made up her mind to be hard up for some one to talk to before she bothered him again, as if without going any further she wasn't as good as he was. She smiled sweetly at Wilfred when he came running out of the alley and jumped on the seat, shouting, "Gidup," to the horse. They drove on to a customer farther down the street.³⁴

In "An Escapade," again, the main situation is explained. As the plot draws to its conclusion, we formulate some idea of the how and why of the story. We learn that Mrs. Carey's guilt, restlessness, and sensuous response toward a stranger are to a large extent due to the fact that she is unhappily married. The tale concludes depicting her attempt to clear

³³ A Native Argosy, pp. 95-96.

³⁴ Ibid., p. 96.

herself of guilt by fervently praying for peace of mind!

She closed her eyes again and said many prayers, repeating her favorite ones over and over, but often she thought of her husband at home. She prayed hard so she could go home and not be bothered by anything that had happened in the theatre. She prayed for half an hour, feeling better gradually, till she hardly remembered the man in the theatre, and fairly satisfied, she got up and left the Cathedral.³⁵

Callaghan accounts for the woman's curiosity, her warm compassion for a stranger, and her feelings of doubt and betrayal.

Not all the dénouements are as clever and involved as these. Often, a tale's conclusion may simply expose "little things" like secrets, as in the story, "Their Mother's Purse," when Joe learns that his sister, Mary, has been stealing money from her mother to send to Paul Farrel whom she has secretly married and who has "gone to a sanitarium;"³⁶ or it may help to intensify the problem of mistaken identity, as shown in "The Homing Pigeon" when the bewildered Dick Harvey is left ashamed, fatherless, and homeless, to walk the lonely streets where his real father lived and to search "for some sign of recognition, something that would pull him into place and time and life again."³⁷ Frequently, the dénouement takes the form of reconciliation as between father and son, in "A Cap for Steve," or husband and wife, in "Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks," when Helen sees the old man "looking after them, and suddenly he smiled at her, smiling gently as if he had noticed in the first place that they had been happy and now were lovers who had

³⁵ Ibid., p. 141.

³⁶ Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 137.

³⁷ Ibid., p. 364.

quarreled."³⁸

In most of Callaghan's stories the dénouement is more than a simple resolution of plot. In "A Girl With Ambition," for example, we noticed the discovery of truth -- i.e. that Mary did not appear on stage because of her pregnancy -- is followed by the real dénouement -- Mary Ross's final feelings towards Harry Brown.

Many examples of this type of dénouement may be found throughout Callaghan's stories. Note for instance, the final scenes of the following tales in which dénouement follows revelation. In "Two Fishermen," when the hangman completes his official duty and is amazed to find two fish thrown at him -- two fish which had been given as a sign of friendship -- the final paragraph reads:

Smitty had his hands over his head, to shield his face as the crowd pelted him yelling, "Sock the little rat. Throw the runt in the lake." The sheriff pulled him into the automobile. The car shot forward in a cloud of dust.³⁹

The following scene occurs in "Their Mother's Purse" after Joe discovers that his sister, Mary, has been stealing money from her mother in order to support her hospitalized husband.

And when Joe heard their familiar voices and remembered Mary's frightened, eager face, he knew he would keep his promise and say nothing to them. He was thinking how far apart he had grown from them; they knew very little about Mary, but he never told them anything about himself, either. Only his father and mother had kept on going the one way. They alone were still together.⁴⁰

In other cases, for example, "Very Special Shoes," the dénouement

³⁸ Ibid., p. 216.

³⁹ Ibid., p. 202.

⁴⁰ Ibid., p. 138.

and the resolution of the plot becomes indistinguishable. The following scene concludes the tale after Mary's little red shoes bring her a new and secretive joy, "a feeling of certainty that her mother got the shoes so that she might understand at this time that she had her special blessing and protection."⁴¹

At the funeral the shoes hurt Mary's feet for they were new and hadn't been worn. After that she wore them every day. Of course now that they were black they were not noticed by other children. But she was very careful with them. Every night she polished them and looked at them and was touched again by that secret joy. She wanted them to last a long time.⁴²

But whether the dénouement of a Callaghan tale is simple or complex, whether it immediately follows the resolution (as in "A Girl With Ambition") when truth is revealed, or is part of the resolution (as in "Very Special Shoes"), or whether it continues past the resolution of plot, as it does in most of the stories, always, Callaghan concludes his plots effectively. It is for such reasons that Desmond Pacey considered Callaghan's stories to be "perfect within their limits":

there is no doubt that in the short story Callaghan is quite at home, and that he is in at least a minor degree a member of the great modern short story tradition which includes Flaubert, Maupassant, Chekhov, Mansfield, Anderson, and Hemingway.⁴³

We have seen that the author's structure throughout his tales is one of exposition, confrontation-revelation, dénouement. We have seen too, that this formula, the mould into which the author's set of words is poured, is one which complements the motif of "little things." Let us now move on to a discussion of prose style as an embodiment of motif and pattern.

⁴¹Ibid., p. 134.

⁴²Ibid.

⁴³Literary History of Canada, p. 689.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE STYLE

In contrasting Morley Callaghan's literary style with that of the prairie realist writer, Frederick Phillip Grove, Desmond Pacey once stated:

Grove's weakest feature, his style, is Callaghan's strongest: Grove is at his best in the long novel, Callaghan is at his best in the short story; Grove achieves his effects by the accumulation of detail, Callaghan his by sudden flashes of insight.¹

Desmond Pacey has made a valuable point. The avid reader of Callaghan's stories will undoubtedly recognize that his simple style complements his central ideas, ideas which take the form of "sudden flashes of insight."

Throughout our examination of structure in Callaghan's tales, we noticed that brief character description highlighted the exposition. This enabled the author to make the most effective use of the simple and direct style which appears to have been most natural to his talent and taste. In his study of this writer's work, Victor Hoar says of Callaghan's literary style throughout his stories:

Their author is a man whose characteristic stance is that of the reporter. . . . However, Callaghan was an artist and not just a reporter, and his work is ultimately the consequence of careful, shrewd organization selection and timing.²

And it was the author's consistent preoccupation with a direct and simple

¹ Creative Writing in Canada, p. 179.

² Hoar, Morley Callaghan, p. 27.

method that prompted from H. J. Davies the following critical comment concerning Callaghan's short stories:

He has avoided elaborateness and all forms of extravagance. His method is a simplification which is not unlike that of his contemporaries in descriptive painting. The effect is clear and bright. . . . The point would not be worth considering so carefully if it were not that this method of simplification is, I believe, characteristic of Mr. Callaghan's art as a whole.³

A further remark worth quoting is Brandon Conron's demonstration of Callaghan's distinctive style. He states:

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. The effect thus achieved, although occasionally monotonous and flat in its pedestrian quality, is thoroughly appropriate to the theme and point of view of the characters as well as consistent with Callaghan's concept of prose as an instrument of aesthetic purpose.⁴

While it is interesting to note the praise attributed to this writer's literary style, it is perhaps significant that, chiefly because of Callaghan's association with Hemingway and his acknowledged debt to Sherwood Anderson,⁵ the author's style has frequently been evaluated in terms of its similarities to and differences from that of American writers. Charles A. Fenton acknowledged the similarity between Hemingway's and Callaghan's subject matter, but firmly denied any stylistic similarity:

Callaghan was never a disciple of Hemingway in the patronizing sense with which most literary criticism has belittled the Cana-

³"Morley Callaghan," The Canadian Forum, 15 (December, 1935), 398-99.

⁴Morley Callaghan, p. 28.

⁵"A Talk with Morley Callaghan," pp. 14-15.

dian. His talent was wholly different, celtic and imaginative, and his style has grown steadily in individuality. The critical dismissal of him as no more than a Hemingway imitator derived largely from the fact that his early material was often drawn from a reporter's world.⁶

Alvah C. Bessie regarded Callaghan's literary style to be superior to Hemingway's:

Mr. Callaghan has shown that he can go further. For one thing, his medium -- the selection of words and their arrangement in sentences -- demonstrates a plasticity and a set of nuances that Hemingway never has achieved. He has an ear for the everyday speech of living people.⁷

In speaking of the work of such writers as Ernest Hemingway and Sherwood Anderson, H. Steinhauer has observed that a substantial difference exists.

Steinhauer believes that in one essential manner, Callaghan's style is quite unique:

It is the style of Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway, both of whom were influenced by Gertrude Stein; but it is handled with a skill that neither Anderson nor Hemingway possess. Short, simple sentences; a very sparing use of adjectives; the most common words, colloquial, if possible. A skillful accumulation of apparently irrelevant detail gives the reader the impression that he knows more than he really does; for all the details illustrate one or two traits only.⁸

Others, however, have not been as kind to Mr. Callaghan. C. P.

Fadiman has written:

Some of Mr. Callaghan's tales in this volume [A Native Argosy] rise just above the level of intelligent, objective journalism.

⁶The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway (New York: Farrar, Straus and Young, 1954), p. 286.

⁷"The Importance of Not Being Ernest," Saturday Review of Literature (September 28, 1935), p. 6.

⁸"Canadian Writers of Today," Canadian Forum, XII (February, 1932), 178.

. . . Mr. Callaghan observes as much as, perhaps more than, Mr. Hemingway; his main inferiority is in the matter of style.⁹

Since Mr. Callaghan succeeded rather well, as Mr. Fadiman admits, in conveying his themes, it is possible that Mr. Fadiman was taken in by what Mr. Conron called thorough appropriateness "to theme and point of view of characters," and also by what Mr. Hoar called "the consequence of careful, shrewd organization, selection and timing" -- statements that suggest an excellent and artistic melding of style and subject matter.

Desmond Pacey observed that although Callaghan was influenced by great short story writers, he developed a distinctive literary style of his own. Pacey points out that familiarity with the work of such writers as Flaubert, de Maupassant, Chekhov, Mansfield, Anderson and Hemingway, "bred in him an interest in language as an instrument of precision and beauty."¹⁰ Certain passages from That Summer In Paris inform us of the author's own views on contemporary writing. The following quotation, for example, depicts Callaghan's advice to a colleague regarding style:

In no time I was telling him firmly that writing had to do with the right relationship between the words and the thing or person being described: the words should be as transparent as glass, and every time a writer used a brilliant phrase to prove himself witty or clever he merely took the mind of the reader away from the object and directed it to himself; he became simply a performer.¹¹

Since Callaghan was preoccupied with some very serious subject matter, as we have already seen, he employed language that was simple,

⁹"Fiction Shorts," Nation (May 29, 1929), pp. 653-654.

¹⁰A Book of Canadian Short Stories (Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1947), p. 237.

¹¹That Summer In Paris, p. 21.

direct and forceful. In fact, simplicity seems to be the keynote of Callaghan's style. It is, perhaps, for this reason that Morley Callaghan avoids the use of metaphor:

I remember deciding that the root of the trouble with writing was that poets and story writers 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. A kind of double talk; one thing always seen in terms of another thing. Criticism? a dreary metaphor. The whole academic method! Of course there were lines like Life's but a walking shadow. . . . Just the same, I'd be damned if the glory of literature was in the metaphor.¹²

Callaghan's own phrase, "face the thing freshly and see it freshly for what it was in itself," accurately describes this writer's use of diction, rhythm, repetition, emphasis and arrangement of ideas as they operate in his style.

Callaghan was not an innovator or an experimenter with language; nor was he concerned with the peculiar or the off-beat. He was rather a perfectionist who struggled with the language and his material. In this connection, he once said of the style of Sherwood Anderson, a writer he admired:

But 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.¹³

This is to a great extent what Callaghan himself successfully does throughout his short stories.

We have examined the way in which this writer is concerned with

¹²Ibid., pp. 19-20.

¹³"A Talk With Morley Callaghan," pp. 14-15.

the organization and arrangement of his stories as a whole. By investigating the way in which Callaghan employs his words, phrases, and sentences, we shall see how he achieves his desired thematic and structural effects. If we begin by re-examining several stories from A Native Argosy, in terms of style, we can see how they illustrate the critical remarks made by Mr. Hoar, Mr. Davies, and Mr. Pacey; and they will serve to point out, as well, other aspects of Morley Callaghan's prose style.

As the following example suggests, the language employed by the author throughout "A Predicament" consists in a combination of short sentences and colloquial phrases:

The man said in a husky voice: "I wanna get off at the corner of King and Yonge street."

Father Francis sat up straight, peering through the wire work. The man's head was moving. He could see his nose and his eyes. His heart began to beat unevenly. He sat back quietly.

"Cancha hear me, wasamatter, I wanna get off at King and Yonge," the man said insistently, pushing his nose through the wire work.¹⁴

Callaghan's sentence structure is simple and yet he conveys controlled intensity, aptly outlining the inner turmoil of the young priest:

If he had the man thrown he might be a tough customer and there would be a disturbance. There would be a disturbance in the Cathedral. Such a disturbance would be sure to get in the papers. There was no use telling it to anybody. Walking erectly he went back to the confessional. Father Francis was sweating.¹⁵

The writer of the above passage has adhered to the principles of good paragraph structure. He has maintained unity of thought and of impression by the selection of suitable details to show the effect of a serious situation in the confessional: "a tough customer," "disturbance," "disturbance

¹⁴ A Native Argosy, p. 28.

¹⁵ Ibid., p. 29.

in the Cathedral," "disturbance in the papers." From the "tough customer" in the first sentence to the deliberate repetition of the key word "disturbance" which prepares the reader for "Father Francis sweating" in the last sentence, the author has strengthened the paragraph by concentrating our attention on the seriousness of the situation. Callaghan treats the situation directly; and he uses only those words that convey his meaning precisely and clearly. As a result, there is, throughout this story, a remarkable directness about the author's style. Note, for example, the introductory paragraph of this tale:

Father Francis, the youngest priest at the Cathedral, was hearing confessions on a Saturday afternoon. He stepped out of the confessional to stretch his legs a moment and walked up the left aisle toward the flickering red light of the Precious Blood, mystical in the twilight of the Cathedral. Father Francis walked back to the confessional, because too many women were waiting on the penitent bench. There were not so many men.¹⁶

It becomes apparent from the above paragraph that the author sees and expresses things simply and freshly while paying full attention to "organization," "selection," and "timing." The diction adds to the tale's total effect. The choice of verbs, stepped, stretch, walked, and waiting, contributes toward the effect of movement. Such verbs emphasize how numerous the priest's movements are, and how swift and varied. This stylistic technique in Callaghan's prose is surely deliberate.

The style used in "Soldier Harmon" is similar to that of the previous tale; it underlines the simplicity of the situation. The author briefly and simply introduces the protagonists, "Joe Harmon, a big man with a slow grin and a dark smudge under his left eye, and his manager, Doc

¹⁶ Ibid., p. 27.

Barnes, a small, neat man with shiny black hair."¹⁷ Throughout the story Callaghan appeals not only to sight but also to sound and touch. In fact, almost every word in the passage below is a sensory stimulus:

The Doc was sore but before he could reply, someone yelled and shoes scraped on the floor near the door, and he sat on the table, his mouth open. The young man on the bench got up and moved over to the door. The club bouncer had grabbed a wide-shouldered man in a tight overcoat. "Throw him out!" someone yelled. The bouncer, pressing his head against the man's chest, tried to swing him off his feet toward the open door.¹⁸

And of course, the author is careful to keep himself detached from the story. Yet the detail, skillfully selected, is charged with significance:

Joe Harmon watched it, one hand on his hip. In his other hand he held the cue, the handle-butt on the floor. He cleared his throat loudly, aiming at the spittoon. The cue fell against the table, he took two slow steps toward the crowd, his heavy face wrinkling at the mouth, and under the eyes, and lines on his forehead.¹⁹

Callaghan impresses upon the reader Joe's eagerness to take part in the pool room brawl.

Further, the reader is not only made aware of the physical scene but also of what is passing in the minds of the characters insofar as they act on one another. Callaghan seeks to make clear to us what the characters refrain from saying as well as what they do say. Notice, for example, in the following passage the implied attitudes of Joe and his girlfriend toward marriage:

To get her feeling good, he began to talk about big purses he would get, if he knocked out Greb.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

¹⁷ Ibid., p. 68.

¹⁸ Ibid., pp. 68-69.

¹⁹ Ibid., p. 68.

"You know what I think."

"Yeah?"

"Sure; I suppose we'll get married at once and take a trip," she said.

"Sure we would, Mollie."

"Yes, we would." She looked very sad. He felt uncomfortable. It was a time to suggest getting married at once, but he could only stretch his legs, feeling unhappy.²⁰

Mollie, obviously, sees marriage as an inevitable result of Joe's winning the fight. In fact, she seems dependent on it; whereas, Joe has his doubts not only about marriage but also about her linking of it with success. The use of a rapid exchange of dialogue helps to reveal the truth about Joe Harmon and his career. Notice how carefully the various pauses and stresses are arranged in the passage below. They are deliberate:

"Oh, it's not so bad," he said.

"How you figurin'?"

"I'll get a job."

"Yeah."

"Yeah, I've thought about getting a steady job before Doc."

"I know."

"And if I get a job I'll get married, and that's that, and it's all settled."

"She wanted you to go across big, didn't she?"

"I know, but mostly she wants to get married."²¹

Prior to this, the author has conveyed to us that Joe's boxing career is practically over and that Joe is now thoroughly isolated:

Barnes drove him home in his car. Joe sat beside Barnes and rubbed his hand over his chin. He hadn't shaved his chin for five days. Barnes turned corners recklessly, infringing upon traffic laws. Each time they turned a corner Joe knew how the Doc felt about it. Twice he opened his mouth to speak and said finally, "I'm sorry, Doc, but I guess, I'm through."²²

²⁰ Ibid., pp. 75-76.

²¹ Ibid., p. 83.

²² Ibid., p. 82.

The action of the story progresses with the dialogue. The rhythm is, for the most part, slow, sure, and steady; and it seems that every word has been carefully weighed. Callaghan uses only the language of ordinary speech yet we feel that the author has seen his set of words in a new and fresh manner, as if he was using it for the first time. The prose style is straight forward and direct; and Callaghan, like Sherwood Anderson, shows great concern for "the right relationship between the words and the thing or person being described."²³ We witness, in short, throughout this tale, a writer who presents his subject matter in as direct a manner as possible -- a writer whose chief aim is to mirror things as they exist. The style and the theme of this short story become, therefore, in the words of George Woodcock, "one, indivisible."²⁴

In the tale "Settling Down," Callaghan has employed again "the set of words that he had in his heart," vividly and accurately capturing the ways people live and think. His language is specific. Details, as in the previously examined tales, are sketched briefly but effectively:

He had long legs, big hands, heavy hips and a habit of drawing in his breath with a whistling noise when he knew some one was waiting impatiently for him to speak. He had a fresh healthy color, liked loose coats, and wore with distinction bow ties which he sometimes offered to tie neatly without looking in the mirror, or in the dark. Everybody called him Burg.²⁵

Callaghan accumulates only those details that are relevant. And being a sensitive user of words, he selects those colloquial expressions which will suit his meaning and his audience while reinforcing the identities of his

²³"A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 21.

²⁴"Lost Eurydice," Canadian Literature, XXI (Summer, 1964), 21.

²⁵A Native Argosy, p. 142.

characters. Note, for example, the conversation between Burg and his friend, Hugh Grant:

"Hanging around just to see her, Burg?"

"I was, honest to heaven I was. I felt I had to meet her. I know I don't knock women dead but I was going to meet her."

"This is interesting, Burg, really interesting."

"It really is. I stuck around the third night and watched her go east and ran around a side street to come around and up so I could meet her coming down. I didn't meet her. I had sorta prayed the night before about her. It seemed so dirty rotten. I shook my fist at the sky and said: 'Listen Lord, You're not so much.'"

Hugh snickered. "Holy smoke," he said. "Holy smoke, it's funny."²⁶

The clarity and fresh expression of his subject matter is complemented by the active voice. As in so many of these different stories, Callaghan accomplishes in "Settling Down" that which he so often sought to achieve:

[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.²⁷

In the interview with Robert Weaver, Callaghan speaks of the simplicity and directness of his early writing career:

I was simply writing in direct contact with my material, you see, so the whole problem of being a literary guy didn't enter into it at all. The question was whether I was telling the truth and making a point about a character. . . . It was just a matter of bringing my mind into contact with the material and saying what I wanted to say. That's a wonderful way to write.²⁸

In order to appreciate the author's comment more fully, let us examine two more examples. "A Girl With Ambition" and "A Cocky Young Man," which accurately reflect this author's uncomplicated and direct feeling about

²⁶ Ib. id., pp. 148-149.

²⁷ That Summer In Paris, p. 148.

²⁸ "A Talk with Morley Callaghan," p. 4.

his writing.

The titles of these tales as well as their introductory paragraphs could not better illustrate Pacey's "sudden flashes of insight." From "A Girl With Ambition":

After leaving public school when she was sixteen Mary Ross worked for two weeks with a cheap chorus at the old La Plaza, quitting when her stepmother heard the girls were a lot of toughs. Mary was a neat clean girl with short fair curls and blue eyes, looking more than her age because she had very good legs, and knew it. She got another job as cashier in the shoe department of Eaton's store, after a row with her father and a slap on the ear from her stepmother.²⁹

From "A Cocky Young Man":

The grape-vines, miles and miles of grape-vines all through that section of the country, had delighted him. Trees, orchards in patterns along radial lines. He had expected peach-trees but so many grape-vines made him enthusiastic. An extraordinary section of the country, he said.³⁰

In the former tale we receive several vivid glimpses into the life of Mary Ross, a girl who lives "free and easy" -- an existence that is similar in many ways to the life led by Sadie Hall. Callaghan, in fact, employs the same skating image in both stories to emphasize each heroine's "easy" way of living. The essential difference between the two characters, however, is Mary Ross's serious desire for another life style, the life of respectability:

She talked awhile with her father, but was really liking the way Harry had kissed her, and talked to her all evening. She hoped he wouldn't meet any boys who would say bad things about her.³¹

Harry Brown, who wants to be a lawyer, symbolizes for Mary all that

²⁹ A Native Angosy, p. 84.

³⁰ Ibid., p. 97.

³¹ Ibid., p. 88.

is "respectable" in life. Yet, Mary is ambitious for a stage career and a way of life that is "free and easy." After attempting a job in a musical comedy, Mary goes to a party with the grocer's son and plays "strip poker" until four a.m.³² She eventually marries the grocer's son, Wilfred Barnes, even though he has served a jail term for stealing. The author adds force, clarity and irony to the story by consistently repeating the word respectable: "The judge sent him to jail for only two months because his parents were very respectable people."³³ We have already (p. 66) examined the dénouement of this story in thematic terms; let us now take a closer look at this portion of the story in terms of the language employed:

She saw Harry looking at her and vaguely wondered how he got there. She didn't want him to see that she was going to have a baby. Leaning on the veranda rail, he saw that her slimness had passed into the shapelessness of her pregnancy and he knew why she had been kept off the stage that night at the La Plaza. She sat erect and strangely dignified on the seat of the grocery wagon, uncomfortable when he turned away. They didn't speak. She made up her mind to be hard up for some one to talk to before she bothered him again, as if without going any further she wasn't as good as he was.³⁴

The key words in the above passage are the adjectives and adverbs, particularly "strangely dignified." Callaghan, here, depends upon nouns and adjectives or adverbs rather than verbs to convey his meaning. He uses verbs merely as links between the (pro) nouns and the adjectives and adverbs: "She sat erect and strangely dignified." The nouns, for example, "baby," "pregnancy," and "shapelessness" are modified by the words "vaguely" and "strangely dignified" and "uncomfortable." The most meaningful words

³² Ibid., p. 91.

³³ Ibid., pp. 93-94.

³⁴ Ibid.; pp. 95-96.

in the paragraph, the qualifiers, give the passage both weight and emphasis.

This reliance on adjectives is consistent throughout the story and helps delineate the two life styles of the protagonist. "Respectable," for example, which constantly appears throughout the tale, is contrasted with the consistent appearance of the words "loose" and "light." This word repetition serves as a unifying force in the story. The journalistic style makes a contribution to the credibility of the tale, impressing upon the reader that the author is describing the "truth cleanly."

In the short story, "A Cocky Young Man," the author reveals the nature of the protagonist quickly. Hendricks is restless, cocky, and a dreamer:

He wanted to write one book. He didn't want to be an author, just write one book something like Anna Karenina.³⁵

This short tale concerns Hendricks' brief stay with the Morning Empire where he works as a reporter. His air of cockiness while at the office and his ability to baffle the editor, H. C. Bronson, temporarily earns for Hendricks an odd sort of respect and awe from his co-workers and the nickname of "The Duke." Both bafflement and respect, however, come to an abrupt ending when it is discovered that the Duke's excellent reporting is merely the result of his wild imagination. Hendricks is no longer "The Duke" but merely "a cocky young man." Realizing that he is no longer accepted or wanted by his co-workers and unable to accept the fact that he is a chronic fake, Hendricks quits his job to seek new horizons. The author, throughout this tale, accurately reflects this protagonist's illusionary world -- a world, it becomes evident, that will never change

³⁵ Ibid., p. 107.

for this cocky individual.

The syntax of the story is simple and the language colloquial.

The narrative method is, as usual, detached and impersonal:

All of it made Hendricks happy. He was also very unpopular, but came into the office when he felt like it, and rarely noticed Bronson. Often he sat near the front window looking down at the traffic moving on the street, tapping his teeth with a long yellow copy pencil. He was the only man on the staff who wasted spare time in the office, and felt secure. He made another effort to be friendly with Patterson, trying to loan him books and starting a literary conversation, but Patterson absolutely refused to take him seriously, telling him almost to his face that he was a faker. Hendricks, who appreciated that he was being insulted, only irritated Patterson further by making him think he ought to know better than to be insulting.³⁶

The sentences themselves are simple; but they convey a great deal of information. Mr. Callaghan not only says that Bronson "wasted spare time in the office" but also that "he was the only man on the staff" who did this, "and felt secure;" this word arrangement gives a more subtle connotation to Bronson's condition. The above passage emphasizes the idea of cockiness that permeates the story: the protagonist, Hendricks, is "happy" but "very unpopular" and is regarded as a "faker." He attempts to become friendly with a fellow worker by "trying to loan him books and starting a literary conversation." We notice in the above paragraph that the author remains the objective reporter while conveying not only facts but an overall impression of the character concerned.

Speaking of the collection of stories, Now That April's Here,

Brandon Conron once stated:

Now That April's Here indicates both continuity and change in Callaghan's fictional technique. As in his earlier A Native Argosy, the stories, although distinctive and individual in

³⁶ Ibid., pp. 102-103.

flavour, do follow a recognizable formula. They are all self-contained anecdotes. Their opening is usually a declarative statement that sets the stage for a drama that most frequently is psychological and involves little action. A problem is posed, and, by description, dialogue and internal monologue, the story moves with easy economy through a climax to an ending which may not resolve the dilemma but invariably leaves it haunting the reader's mind. . . . The tales reflect the conditions of the Depression era. The depiction of family life involving children is more frequent. The syntax is tighter and the overall structure more artful than A Native Argosy.³⁷

We have dealt with structural and thematic aspects of this change. Let us now look at the changes in style.

As in the early stories, "The Faithful Wife" is written in an expository style coupled with colloquial language. Short declarative sentences result in a sharp, hard focus. The opening description, for example, helps to convey the tone of the story:

Until a week before Christmas George worked in the restaurant at the lunch counter. The last week was extraordinarily cold, then the sun shone strongly for a few days, though it was always cold in the evenings. There were three other men at the counter. For years they must have had a poor reputation. Women, unless they were careless and easy-going, never started a conversation with them when having a light lunch at noon time. The girls at the station always avoided the red-capped porters and the counter men.³⁸

The passage is simple and straightforward. The language employed presents us with an accurate picture of a small town lunch counter as setting, and shows us the type of people who frequent that establishment: men who had a "poor reputation" and "careless" and "easy-going" women. The diction here indicates the tone -- one of despair, poverty and frustration. Callaghan does not say that George, the protagonist, is a desperate or frustrated character, yet the tone clearly indicates that he is. Diction is the prin-

³⁷ Morley Callaghan, pp. 107-108.

³⁸ Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 153.

ciple way by which he has communicated his tone, which is clear and unambiguous.

The writer's concern with the minute details of everyday aspects of life is equally evident in the tale. Note, for example, the number of little things the author describes in the following passage:

Many people passed the restaurant window on the way to the platform and the trains. The four men, watching them frequently, got to know them. Girls, brightly dressed and highly powdered, loitered in front of the open door, smiling at George, who saw them so often he knew their first names. At noon time, other girls, with a few minutes to spare before going back to work, used to walk up and down the tiled tunnel to the waiting-room, loafing the time away, but they never even glanced in at the counter-men. It was cold outside, the streets were slippery, and it was warm in the station, that was all.³⁹

Callaghan seems to have a penchant for the accurate observation of ordinary people and their many different problems. Such passages as the above two, arouse in the reader a kind of quiet sympathy for the involved characters.

Something that was evident in some of Callaghan's earlier stories but forms an even greater part of his later tales is his ability to juxtapose sound and sense, so that sentences and paragraphs may have a movement suitable to the mood. Note, for example, the author's use of the rhythm of ordinary speech in the denouement portion of the above tale:

"No. Irene comes in at this time. You're a lovely boy. Kiss me."

"You had that figured out too."

"Just kiss me once once, George." She held on to him as if she did not expect to be embraced again for a long time, and he said, "I think I'll stay in the city a while longer."

"It's too bad, but you've got to go. We can't see each other again."⁴⁰

³⁹ Ibid., pp. 153-154.

⁴⁰ Ibid., p. 157.

The author complements the hurried, argumentative mood with a short, staccato movement. The statements are quick, even abrupt. The impression is given that the brief encounter between Irene and George holds some frustration for both of them. Thus, the diction, sentence structure, and rhythm contribute to the tone of the story.

For Callaghan, this simple sentence structure and deliberate choice and arrangement of diction constitute a set of words that are in "the right relationship with the world" as he sees it. As a result, the author, throughout these stories, accurately uses a compact set of words that complements his subject and his compressed story form.

As in A Native Argosy, the author's skill at vividly portraying concrete detail is again witnessed in Now That April's Here and Morley Callaghan's Stories. From "Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks": ". . . she pushed his arm away and walked on alone, a sullen frown remaining on her face. And for no reason, she began to think that the afternoon sunlight was hot and withering, drying up the little bit of freshness there was in the park."⁴¹

From "It Had To Be Done":

When he was out of sight she got out of the car and stood in the road looking around nervously. She had her hands deep in the pockets of her belted coat, and she pulled off her little blue hat and shook her long bobbed fair hair. She was twenty-one, fifteen years younger than Mrs. Mumford, and as she stood looking back at the light in the little store and then at the way the moonlight touched the stone faces as they curved up over the meadow-land on Mrs. Mumford's property, she felt like a timid child.⁴²

From "Let Me Promise You":

⁴¹ Now That April's Here, p. 135.

⁴² Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 353.

Standing with her short straight nose pressed against the window pane, she watched the rain falling and the sidewalk shining under the street light. In her black crepe dress with the big white nun-like collar and with her black hair drawn back tight from her narrow nervous face she looked almost boldly handsome.⁴³

From "The Bride": "She was a gentle, quiet girl, with her small black head, her slender ankles, her dainty hands, and the fine high bridge on her nose."⁴⁴

From "Watching and Waiting":

He grabbed at the shutter and tried to pry it open with his hand, but his fingers grew numb, and the back of his hand began to bleed. Stepping back from the house, he looked around wildly for some heavy stick or piece of iron. He remembered where there was an old horseshoe imbedded in the mud by the gate, and running there, he got down on his knees and scraped with his fingers, and he grinned in delight when he tugged the old horseshoe out of the mud.⁴⁵

From "The Duel": "Now, in her white linen suit and white shoes, she was going across the pavement. She was taking the key out of her purse. Pausing an instant, she pulled off her hat and shook her thick, dark hair free."⁴⁶

In each of the above cases, the detail serves a purpose. We move quickly from such description back to the action and the description serves both to draw us back into the action and to clarify the implications of that action. For example, in "Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks," the description of the sunlight drying up the freshness in the park serves both

⁴³ Now That April's Here, p. 90.

⁴⁴ Ibid., p. 220.

⁴⁵ Morley Callaghan's Stories, p. 23

⁴⁶ Now That April's Here, p. 286.

to remind us of her attitude toward her husband and to point out her change in mood; in "Watching and Waiting," the description of Thomas Hilliard tugging "the old horseshoe out of the mud" reminds us of his attempts to justify his lack of faith in his wife and prepares us for the violence that results from his actions.

Another aspect of this author's prose style throughout the later stories is his consistent ability to adjust his narrative prose to harmonize with his dialogue. Note, for example, the following passage from "A Sick Call":

There wasn't much to say, Miss Stanhope replied. Her sister had married John Williams two years ago and he was a good hard-working fellow, only he was very bigoted and hated all church people. "My family wouldn't have anything to do with Elsa after she married him, though I kept going to see her," she said. She was talking in a loud voice to Father MacDowell so that he could hear her.

"Is she happy with her husband?"

"She's been very happy, father. I must say that."

"Where is he now?"

"He was sitting beside her bed. I ran out because I thought he was going to cry. He said if I brought a priest near the place he'd break the priest's head."

"My goodness. Never mind, though. Does your sister want to see me?"

"She asked me to go and get a priest, but she doesn't want John to know she did it."

As Miss Stanhope rapped on the door, she looked pleadingly at the old priest, trying to ask him not to be offended at anything that might happen, but he was smiling and looking huge in the narrow hallway.⁴⁷

The dialogue is not used as mere ornamentation. It advances the action and is consistent with the characters of the speakers as described in the narrated account.

Throughout Callaghan's stories we clearly witness a preference for the specific rather than the general, the definite as opposed to the vague;

⁴⁷ Now That, April's Here, p. 35.

and we see too the author constantly employing only those details that really matter. The reader is engaged directly by the subject matter.

Callaghan's writing is concerned with the very serious subject of "man as he ought to be" and his simplicity and directness serves his subject well.

CONCLUSION

How then may we judge Morley Callaghan the short story writer? We have examined in detail the four major aspects of Morley Callaghan's fiction. We have discovered that these features -- point of view, theme, structure and style -- make him much more than a naturalistic, religious or socially conscious author. Through our evaluation of the unstated moral point of view, which is so frequently blended with irony and as Mr. Hoar states, so frequently "unpretentious but uncompromising,"¹ and the theme of "little things" which is so often presented through the pattern of exposition-confrontation-revelation-dénouement and which is reinforced with a direct and simple use of language, we have learned that Morley Callaghan is in fact an artist in that he has been seriously concerned with conveying life as he sees it in a form suitable to this view.

These three collections of short stories reflect a prose style and subject matter which is rich and varied. With the tales in A Native Argosy, Now That April's Here, and Morley Callaghan's Stories, this author appears to have gained a significant place in our literature. Unlike many other writers in this country, Callaghan finds obscure and, as Desmond Pacey would have it, "little men"² a worthy source of literary material through which to explore the tensions in our culture. He presents moments of

¹Hoar, Morley Callaghan, p. 119.

²Creative Writing in Canada, p. 184.

happiness, defeat, sadness, triumph, or revelation, as they impinge upon, for the most part, the uncomplicated minds of innocent, inhibited and ordinary people, avoiding sentimentality and writing with directness, objectivity and artistic restraint.

Although Callaghan has written eight novels, it has been frequently stated that his true forte appears to be the short story.³ Certainly the ironic reversals on which so many of his plots turn seem most appropriate to the short story genre. The controlled intensity of the shorter fiction is immensely difficult to sustain for the length of a novel. Full-scale character portrayal has little place in this genre, and indeed what seems to be the chief element in his short stories -- the author's lean prose -- has been criticized as the principle flaw in his longer works of fiction.⁴ While such criticism may modify an opinion of Callaghan as a novelist, it can only further his reputation as a "member of the great modern short story tradition."⁵ As we have seen, it is precisely for such reasons as lean prose and a swift narrative method in his compressed story form that Callaghan has gained respect as an artist. As such he deserves to be read, not as a member of the naturalistic school or as a writer of religious parables, but as an artist in his own right.

³ See, for example, Desmond Pacey on "Morley Callaghan" in Literary History of Canada, p. 689.

⁴ See, for example, George Woodcock, "Lost Eurydice: The Novels of Morley Callaghan," Canadian Literature, XXI (Summer, 1964), 34; and Desmond Pacey, Creative Writing in Canada, p. 184.

⁵ Literary History of Canada, p. 689.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books by Callaghan

- Strange Fugitive. New York: Scribner's, 1928.
A Native Argosy. New York: Scribner's, 1929.
It's Never Over. New York: Scribner's, 1930.
Such Is My Beloved. New York: Scribner's, 1934.
They Shall Inherit The Earth. New York: Scribner's, 1935.
Now That April's Here and Other Stories. New York: Random House, 1936.
More Joy in Heaven. New York: Random House, 1937.
The Varsity Story. Toronto: Macmillan, 1948.
The Loved and the Lost. New York: Scribner's, 1951.
Morley Callaghan's Stories. Toronto: Macmillan, 1959.
The Many Colored Coat. New York: Coward-McCann, 1960.
A Passion in Rome. New York: Coward-McCann, 1961.
That Summer In Paris. New York: Coward-McCann, 1963.

Articles by Callaghan

- "An Ocean Away," Times Literary Supplement, June 4, 1964, p. 493.
"Canada's Creeping 'me too' Sickness," Saturday Night, April 13, 1957, pp. 18-19.
"Censorship: the Amateurs and the Law," Saturday Night, 70 (February 4, 1956), 9-10.
"Death of a Revolutionary," Saturday Night, 54 (July 8, 1939).
"Ends and Means and Aldous Huxley," Canadian Forum, 17 (March, 1938), 422-23.

"Five Canadas," United Nations World, 4 (July, 1950), 74-6.

"Holiday Weekend in Montreal," Maclean's Magazine, 71 (August 30, 1958), 42-4.

"If Civilization Must Be Saved," Saturday Night, 5 (December 16, 1938), 6.

"The Imaginative Writer," Tamarack Review, 41 (Autumn, 1966), 5-11.

It Was News in Paris -- Not in Toronto," Saturday Night, 66 (June 5, 1951), 17-18.

"Legends of the Old Man," Saturday Review, 48 (August 28, 1965).

"Let's Go Easy on the U.S.A.," Maclean's Magazine, 71 (June 7, 1958), 13-14.

"Little Marxist; What Now?," Saturday Night, 54 (September 16, 1939), 24.

"Novel Approach," Time, 53 (February 7, 1949).

"Novelist," in George Whalley, ed., Writing in Canada. Toronto: Macmillan (1956).

"The Ontario Story: Paradox of Progress," Saturday Night, 70 (November 12, 1955), 7-8.

"The Pleasures of Failure," Maclean's Magazine, 78 (March 6, 1965), 12-13.

"The Plight of Canadian Fiction," University of Toronto Quarterly, 7 (January, 1938), 152-61.

"Power of Darkness," Saturday Night, 54 (October 7, 1939).

"Solzhenitsyn," Tamarack Review, 55 (1970), 71-76.

"Those Summers in Toronto," Maclean's Magazine, 76 (January 5, 1963), 37-40.

"Union Station," Maclean's Magazine, 56 (March 15, 1943), 52-3.

"The University of Toronto," Holiday, 13 (March, 1953), 75-76.

"The Way It Was," Spectator, 70 (May 22, 1964), 696.

"We're On the Wrong Track in Our Culture Quest," Maclean's Magazine, 70 (May 25, 1957), 86-7.

"What Makes Us Afraid of New Year's Eve?," New World, 8 (January, 1948), 28-9.

"Which Comes First: Love or Money?," New World, 9 (March, 1948), 32.

"Why Shouldn't We Be Like the Americans?", Maclean's Magazine, 69 (June 23, 1956), 81-2.

"Why Single Out Sex as the Only Real Road to Sin?", Maclean's Magazine, 73 (January 2, 1960), 32-3.

"Thomas Wolf's Appetite for Life," Saturday Night, 54 (July 15, 1939), 8.

Secondary Sources

Avison, Margaret. "Callaghan Revisited," The Canadian Forum, 39 (1960), 276-277.

Beatty, Jerome Jr. "Trade Winds," Saturday Review of Literature, 44 (1961), 14-18.

Benet, William Rose. "Just Ordinary People," Saturday Review of Literature, September 19, 1936, p. 7.

Bessie, Alvah C. "The Importance of Not Being Ernest," Saturday Review of Literature, September 28, 1935, p. 6.

Bissel, Claude T. "Letters in Canada: 1935 -- Fiction," University of Toronto Quarterly, V (1936), 269-371.

Callwood, June. "The Many Coloured Career of Morley Callaghan," Toronto Star Weekly, December 17, 1960, pp. 16-19.

Cameron, Donald. "Canadian Literature -- 1965: A Check List," Canadian Literature, 27 (1965), 83-100.

_____. "Defending the Inner Light," Saturday Night, 87 (1972), 17-22.

Chastain, T. "Author's and Editors," Publisher's Weekly, 199 (1971), 15-17.

Chase, Cleveland B. "Morley Callaghan Tells What a Bootlegger Thinks About," New York Times Book Review, September 2, 1928, p. 7.

Clark, Eleanor. Review of Now That April's Here, The New Republic, October 21, 1936, pp. 331-32.

Conron, Brandon. Morley Callaghan. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1966.

_____. "Morley Callaghan as a Short Story Writer," Journal of Commonwealth Literature, 3 (1967), 58-75.

Daniells, Roy. "Literature----I: Poetry and the Novel," University of Toronto Quarterly, (1957), pp. 1-80.

Davenport, Basil. "Lives of the Lowly," Saturday Review of Literature, April 20, 1929, p. 909.

Davies, Robertson. "Party of One: The Northern Muse," Holiday, April, 1964, pp. 10-21.

Davis, Herbert J. "Morley Callaghan," The Canadian Forum, December, 1935, pp. 398-99.

Fadiman, Clifton P. "Cable and Fine Wire," The Nation, October 10, 1928, pp. 370-72.

_____. "Fiction Shorts," The Nation, May 29, 1929, pp. 653-54.

Fajardo, Salvador. "Morley Callaghan's Novels and Short Stories." Unpublished Master's thesis, University of Montreal, 1962.

Fenton, Charles A. The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway. New York: Farrar, Straus and Young, 1954.

Frye, Northrop. "English Canadian Literature, 1929-1954," Canadian Library Association Bulletin, 13 (1956), 107-12.

Gillotti, Albert Frederick. "The Importance of the Dream in the Life and Work of Morley Callaghan." Unpublished Master's thesis, University of North Carolina, 1964.

Godfrey, Eleanor. "Now That April's Here," Canadian Forum, 16 (1936), 27.

Gregory, Horace. "Mr. Callaghan's Medium," The Nation, April 2, 1930, pp. 399-400.

Hoar, Victor. Morley Callaghan: Studies in Canadian Literature. Toronto: The Copp Clark Publishing Company, 1969.

Holman, C. Hugh, ed. A Handbook to Literature. Third Edition. New York: The Odyssey Press, 1972.

Klinck, Carl F., and R. E. Watters, eds. Canadian Anthology. Toronto: W. J. Gage and Company Limited, 1956.

Klinck, Carl F., ed. Literary History of Canada. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1965.

Koch, E. A. "Callaghan: Lend Lease from the Bohemians," Saturday Night, 60 (1944), 16-17.

Kronenberger, Louis. "Good Intentions," The Nation, September 25, 1935, p. 361.

Lewis, P. W. "What Books for Total War?", Saturday Night, 58 (1942), p. 17.

Lewis, Wyndham. Comments on book jacket of Morley Callaghan's Stories. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited, 1959.

Linscott, R. N. "Monotone," New York Herald Tribune Books, April 7, 1929, p. 7.

MacGillvary, J. R. "Letters in Canada: 1936 -- Fiction," University of Toronto Quarterly, VII (April, 1937), 363-65.

Magee, William H. "Local Colour in Canadian Fiction," University of Toronto Quarterly, XXVIII (January, 1959), 176-89.

McCormack, Robert. "Letters from Toronto," Canadian Literature, 7 (Winter, 1961), 54-58.

McPherson, Hugo. "The Two Worlds of Morley Callaghan," Queen's Quarterly, LXIV (Autumn, 1957), 350-65.

_____. "Morley Callaghan's April," Tamarack Review, 13 (1959), 112-16.

_____. "A Tale Retold," Canadian Literature, 7 (Winter, 1961), 59-61.

_____. "Canadian Writing: Present Declarative," English, 15 (Autumn, 1965), 212-16.

Metcalf, John, ed. Sixteen by Twelve: Short Stories by Canadian Writers. Toronto: McGraw-Hill Company of Canada Limited, 1970.

Moon, B. "The Second Coming of Morley Callaghan," Maclean's Magazine, 73 (December 3, 1960), 62-64.

New, William H. "A Wellspring of Magma: Modern Canadian Writing," Twentieth Century Literature, 14 (October, 1968), 123-32.

Nuhn, Ferner. "Morley Callaghan's Varied Short Stories," New York Herald Tribune Books, September 13, 1936, p. 2.

Pacey, Desmond. "Areas of Research in Canadian Literature," University of Toronto Quarterly, 23 (October, 1953), 58-63.

_____, ed. A Book of Canadian Short Stories. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1947.

_____. "The Canadian Imagination," The Literary Review, 8 (Summer, 1965), 437-44.

_____. Creative Writing in Canada. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1952 and 1961.

Phelps, A. L. Canadian Writers. Toronto: McClelland, 1951.

Preston, B. "Toronto's Callaghan," Saturday Night, 51 (January 18, 1936), 12.

Ripley, J. D. "A Critical Study of Morley Callaghan." Unpublished Master's thesis, University of New Brunswick, 1959.

Robbins, F.L. Review of A Native Argosy, Outlook, April 3, 1929, p. 548.

"S.Y." "Morley Callaghan's Stories and Other Recent Works of Fiction," New York Times Book Review, September 13, 1936, p. 6.

Sandwell, B.K. "The Social Function of Fiction," Queen's Quarterly, 49 (Winter, 1942), 322-32.

Scott, F.R. "Lorne Pierce Medal: Morley Callaghan," Royal Society of Canadian Transactions, 3rd series, 54 (1960), 56-7.

Smith, A.J.M., ed. Masks of Fiction: Canadian Critics on Canadian Prose. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Limited, 1961.

Steinhauer, H. "Canadian Writers of Today," Canadian Forum, XII (February, 1932), 177-78.

Sutherland, F. "Hemingway and Callaghan: Friends and Writers," Canadian Literature, 53 (Summer, 1972), 8-17.

Walsh, W. A Manifold Voice: Studies in Commonwealth Literature. New York: Barnes and Noble, 1970.

Watt, F.W. "Morley Callaghan as Thinker," Dalhousie Review, XXXIX (1959), 305-313.

_____. "Letters in Canada: 1960," University of Toronto Quarterly, XXX (July, 1961), 379-519.

Weaver, R.L. "A Talk With Morley Callaghan," Tamarack Review, 7 (Spring, 1958), 3-29.

_____. "Stories by Morley Callaghan," Canadian Literature, 2 (Autumn, 1959), 67.

_____. "Molson and the Royal Bank Award," Tamarack Review, 54 (1970).

Weeks, H.V. "Morley Callaghan's Stories," Dalhousie Review, XXXIX (Winter, 1960), 573-75.

Whalley, George, ed. Writing in Canada. Toronto: Macmillan, 1956.

Wheelcock, John Hall, ed. Editor to Author: The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins. New York: Scribner's, 1950.

Wilson, Edmund. "Morley Callaghan of Toronto," New Yorker, XXXVI (November 26, 1960), 224-237.

_____. "That Summer in Paris," New Yorker, XXXIX (February 23, 1963), 139-48.

Wilson, Milton. "Literature in English," The Canadian Annual Review for 1960. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1961.

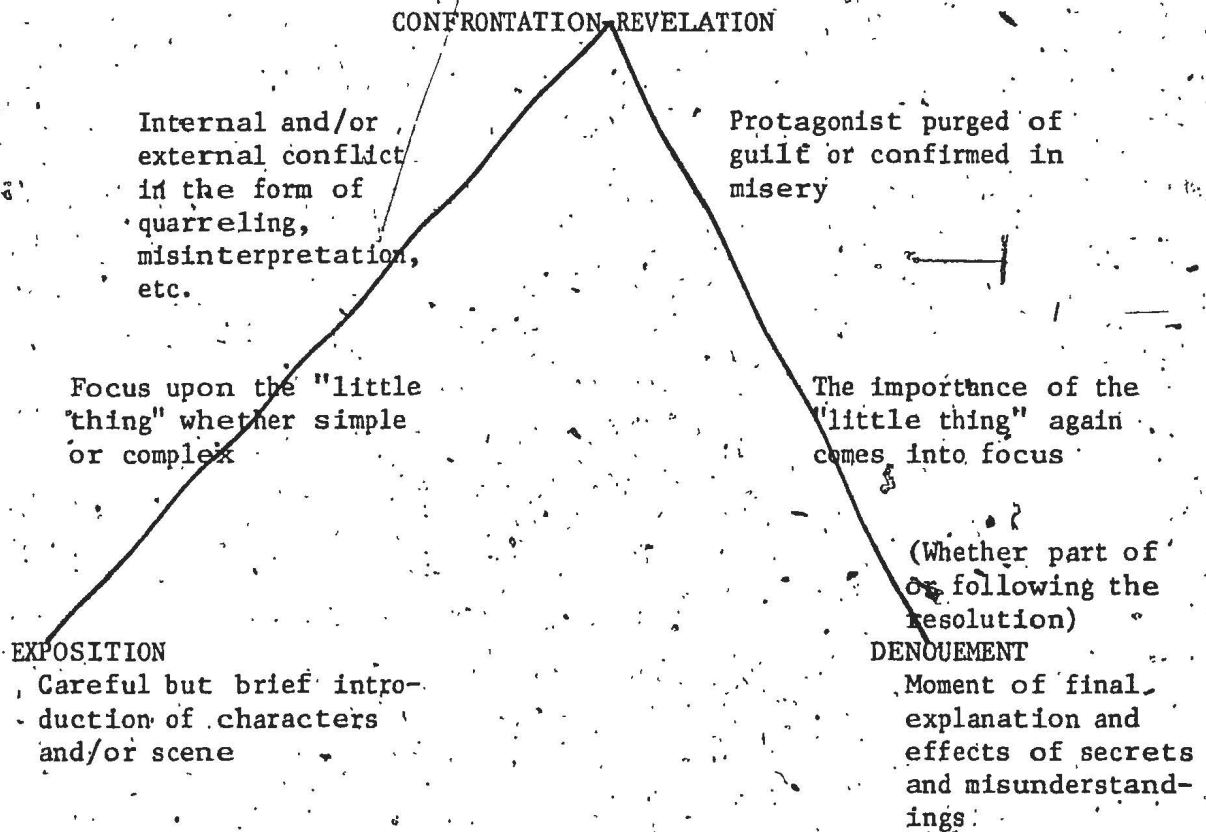
Wilson, Milton. "Callaghan's Caviare," Tamarack Review, 22 (Winter, 1962), 88-92.

Woodcock, George. "The Callaghan Case," Canadian Literature, 12 (Spring, 1962), 60-64.

_____. "Lost Eurydice: The Novels of Morley Callaghan," Canadian Literature, 21 (Summer, 1964), 21-35.

APPENDIX

A diagrammatic outline of the structure of a Callaghan short story.



The diagram shows the course of the story from the expository composition rising toward a plot complication as a result of some "little thing" to a height of climax (frequently intense) and then subsiding with the outcome of the main situation and clearing up of problems connected with the plot complication.

THE JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
VOLUME 100 PART 1 2000

