EVOLUTION OF WRITING STYLE IN ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S WORKS FROM 1916 TO 1929

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by

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INTRODUCTION

It has been several years since, prompted by the sight of *Old Man and the Sea* -- one of the few books on my high school reading list that I enjoyed -- on the shelf at a used bookstore, I asked the owner to recommend another Hemingway novel. He suggested *The Sun Also Rises*, which I read with much pleasure -- appreciating the humor, the dialogue, the bullfighting and descriptions of expansive countryside -- if perhaps, on first read, missing some of the underlying depth and intricacies of a well-crafted novel. By the end of that year I had read many of the author's other works, some as good or even better than those first two. So when I became interested in my studies to the point that the relative sense of transience that one semester provided felt somehow lacking -- and I found out that the opportunity to complete a thesis through the Honors College was an option -- Hemingway's works were the most obvious place for me to begin my extended research into literature.

When beginning a three-semester long research project, a general familiarity of and fondness for one author's works is a start in the right direction -- and that is about it. The original topic I had in mind was something about gender -- which is literally how specific my ideas on that topic became. Initial readings into some of the scholarship covering gender and sexuality in Hemingway's works at once dwarfed my applicable knowledge on the matter and turned off my desire to spend a year and a half with it. But those initial readings began to reveal a topic that I could (and did) spend a long time looking into. All those critiques of the sexuality in stories' characters and plots and symbols obviously made use of the text themselves. That is, in a text,

scholars were seeing *this*, and claiming *that* and using lenses of interpretation to *read* into the creativity of somebody they probably have not met -- a rather complex way to interact with little blurbs of ink spread out on paper. I began to wonder how one could make a claim about the role of, say, men and women in a specific story if the words "man" and "woman" are never actually written. If they are mentioned, how can a scholar suggest that one sex is favored over the other, if the text is void of written evidence for such?

What I'm getting at is that those little blurbs of ink pull together to form words, and then sentences, and then paragraphs, and then... you get the point. It is the job of writers to organize these blurbs into a form that accurately presents the information they would like to portray -- we call this "style." Before any other theoretical lens can be laid over a text, the author's style must be in place. And so, as I found myself looking around for another topic, I began to notice all my pencilled-in notes on the margins of those dog-eared novels, exclaiming a unique syntactical construction ("syn!") or being confused by the ambiguous use of punctuation ("punc?"), or my simple amazement of the effectiveness of a passage ("whoa"). Style. I had found a topic that was diverse and interesting enough for this length of project.

In discussing this project with Dr. Trogdon, he suggested a chronological approach to style across Hemingway's works. Though there are, of course, other ways to structure such a study -- short stories vs. novels, focusing only on third-person or first-person narration, stories with less than three or more than three characters are a few that come to mind -- chronology seemed the most accessible and comprehensive approach. Next was a consideration of what texts to discuss. The prolific stature of Ernest Hemingway -- whose writing career spanned nearly 40

years, ten novels (three published posthumously) and several short story collections -- was frankly intimidating. Where should I start? How far should I go?

I started at square one -- Hemingway's high school writings. These stories were, as may have been expected, not very good. Instead of being put off by this experience, I was merely excited. How does one go from writing *this* to writing *that*, the highly effective and artistically complex fiction that I had come to know?

Having found a starting point, I considered a stopping point. Conveniently, writers have what is necessarily their final published work. That seemed a clear-cut ending, and so I intended to stretch my examination of style from the very beginnings of Hemingway's writing to the very end, wrapping up somewhere in the 1950s with what would be published as the posthumous *The Garden of Eden*. I quickly realized, however, that this project (with its relatively short time-frame of three semesters) was going to be a question of more text with less depth, or less text with more depth. Desiring to make the most of my studies, I opted for the latter, selecting 1929, the publication year of *A Farewell To Arms*, as the cut-off point of my investigation.

This range of time would bring a substantial amount of work under my microscope. High School fiction and other juvenilia would be joined by four short-story collections, one short satirical novel, and two full-length novels. It would also show the evolution of Ernest Hemingway's skills as a writer. What starts out as a 16-year-old high school kid mimicking what narrative voices he could find ends with the 30-year-old author -- by this time internationally famous -- publishing what some regard as the finest novel of the decade, and possessing a fully mastered adult style of fiction-writing that is all his own.

Next, I needed a definition of literary "style." This proved more difficult to obtain than expected. When discussing fiction, there are so many intersecting facets within a work; to these facets are applied so many opinions and thoughts that to find a comprehensive scientific, or even pseudo-scientific, definition of "style" was unlikely. In my search for an operating definition, I was struck by a letter Philip Roth wrote to a critic who had written a negative review of one of his novels. In the letter he writes:

> In my novel... virtues and values are "proposed" as they generally are in fiction–neither apart from the novel's predominant concern nor in perfect balance with it, but largely through the manner of presentation: through what might be called the sensuous aspects of fiction–tone, mood, voice, and, among other things, the juxtaposition of the narrative events themselves. (Roth 35)

I appreciated this view for discussing the "manner of presentation," and for some reason it reminded of the simplistic maxim of geography: "what's where and why is it there?" This presents a few simple postulations: there is a place that is somewhere, but where is somewhere? and why there and not somewhere else? While this may sound like a digression, it was from Roth's explanation of his own craft and paired with this simplification of the study of geography, that I postulated my own operating definition for "style" that I use throughout this project: "how is the author saying what he wants to say, and does it work?" That is: how does the author use form to present the content of the text? What grammatical structures are used and to what effect? Repetition of, say, choice words, structures, or punctuation, as I will show, begin to shape what Roth call the "tone, mood, [and] voice" of the text, giving the reader a sense of the work that is

often almost inextricably linked to the content of the words on the page, but is, sometimes, in "juxtaposition [to] the narrative events themselves" as Roth suggests. This leaves the reader with the question: "does it work?" Does the text make the reader feel things and keep them engaged? Does the reader put down *A Farewell to Arms* and think "wow, that was an artistically concise and well-written novel," or... not? While that is a broad, poorly phrased question, I present it as evidence of the murkiness of studying literature as personal taste make for a plurality of opinions on even the smallest of matters. For the scope of this project, I have focused as little on content and plot as I feel is feasible, examining the "hows" of the author's text through (as a pane of glass) the "whats."

Having set the parameters for this project, I began my initial hunt for sources. This hunt would prove to validate my intentions for this project, as I came up, more or less, empty-handed. As he is one of the biggest names in literature from the 20th century, there were about as many books on Hemingway as I may have expected. Many scholars seem to find themselves writing on the big schools of literary theory -- biography, historical, gender, psychological -- and all of these are certainly ripe topics when Ernest Hemingway and/or his texts are one's subjects of investigation. But scholarship on style? That was trickier.

I kept searching for sources and found bits and pieces on style, often spliced in with scholarship whose primary focus was in examining, say, the biographical implications of the what's-his-name character in the such-and-such story -- because, as I said, if the words are not there, then there is nothing to write about. I found some books and articles that offered close readings of the specifics of one or two stories, or of one stylistic trait that Hemingway used to this effect from time to time. But I did not find what I was looking for -- a concise exploration of

stylistic traits and their evolution across the author's body of work, with more focus on style and the writer's skill than on biography, than on piecing together a glimpse of history, than on parsing out, say, the Freudian implications of a text. So I have tried to write one myself.

In researching and writing this project, I was faced with certain limitations. The most ideal situation would have involved two weeks of intensive study in the JFK Presidential library in Boston -- home to the majority of Ernest Hemingway's manuscripts -- where I could have exhaustively researched the drafts and revisions of the works I use for this project. Additionally, the use of corpus linguistics software would have enabled me to approach, say, the frequency of the usage of intransitive verbs throughout the texts, or the occurrence of the conjunctions "and" and "but." Limitations of hardware, software and an understanding of statistical analyses have stood in the way of that line of research for me at this time. Understanding these limitations in the present, however, only provides me with possible avenues of further research in the future.

Let us return to what I have been able to cover in this project. What I found is that Hemingway's earliest fiction is highly imitative of the fiction available to him. His stories, with simple plots, ironic turn-arounds and dialect-tinged dialogue, read as exactly what they are -- stories written by a 16 or 17-year-old. Over the next few years, however, the young writer would find better and better authors from whom to borrow aspects of style. A few unpublished stories would show improvement and direction over previous stories while his first few publications would be a composite of the influences of these authors and the beginnings of his own style. With each publication, the author's style can be seen building on to the innovations of the previous work. This continual building carries through to the end of the decade, culminating with the 1929 publication of *A Farewell to Arms* -- which stands as the summation of more than a

decade of continuous improvement and innovation and marks the evolution of Ernest Hemingway's writing style to a fully mature level of mastery.

CHAPTER I

According to Matthew Brucccoli, Ernest Hemingway became an active writer while a junior in Oak Park High School. By graduation, he had published 39 articles for the the school's newspaper, *The Trapeze*, as well as three pieces of fiction and a score of poems for the literary-themed review, *The Tabula* (Bruccoli xiii). These works are generally regarded as weak juvenilia heavily imitative of the style of Ring Lardner, "probably the contemporary writer most widely read in the Chicago area" as a writer for the *Chicago Tribune*, and use the subject matters and techniques found in the works of popular fiction authors such as Jack London and O. Henry (Fenton 15-21). The language found in this early fiction is young and lacks polish -- rife with unconvincing, practiced dialogue, apocryphal story lines, and obfuscatory noun phrases that fail in their attempt to establish a sense of being "in the know" with the reader. The scholastic importance of these pieces is not to establish them as an archaeological dig-site for adolescent genius but rather as a starting point for examining later works necessarily possessive of more adult and masterful uses of style and language. Therefore, the styles of the three stories from *The Tabula*, "Judgment of Manitou," "A Matter of Colour," and "Sepi Jingan," are worth explication in an examination of their successful and unsuccessful qualities.

First, however, a brief word about Hemingway's *Trapeze* articles. They are comically tinged and show a mature sense of humor and wit, frequently borrowing from the conversational style rich with dialect used in Lardner's column in the *Chicago Tribune* or in *You Know Me Al* (a 1916 collection of individual pieces that had been published separately in the *Saturday Evening*

Post (1914) (Lardner 1)). Charles Fenton recounts one such moment of adolescent hilarity, when Hemingway, editor of *The Trapeze*, invented stories about a nonexistent "Boys' Rifle Club" to fill an empty space in the paper. This charade went on for a while, with "Hemingway fil[ing] additional stories about the clubs' matches and incredible skill" (Fenton 11). The debt to Lardner is made apparent by, first, Hemingway referring to himself as Ring Lardner Junior and using "Ring Lardner" in the title of at least two other articles and, second, by a quick glance at the style of each (Oliver 232):

From *You Know Me Al*:

> Well, Al old pal I suppose you seen in the paper where I been sold to the White Sox. Believe me Al it comes as a surprise to me and I bet it did to all you good old pals down home. (Lardner 2)

From *The Trapeze's* "Ring Lardner Returns":

> Well, Marce, I had better quit now but if you and Mr. Gehlmann let this go thru you will be glad because think of the joy it may bring to some suffering heart. (Hemingway 26)

The mirroring of Lardner's style is obvious. The expletive "well," followed by a shortened version of the indicated audience's name assert an immediate familiarity and comfort while the conversational tone of the rest of each piece reads easily and with a humor accessible to readers of any level.

That Hemingway had found an operable paradigm for structuring his newspaper articles is clear. The short stories the author was concurrently composing, however, seem to be derived from a different vein. "Judgment of Manitou" appeared in February 1916 (reprinted in Bruccoli's

Hemingway's Apprenticeship: Oak Park 1916-17, pg 96-7) and is a tale of two fur-trappers named Dick Haywood and Pierre who live in a cabin in the Ungava District of northern Canada, what is now modern-day Quebec. The plot revolves around Pierre's inaccurate assumption that Dick has stolen his money. Revengeful Pierre sets up a snare to dangle Dick from a tree, leaving him to be eaten by "My-in-gau, the Wolf," operating here as a mythical synecdoche for timber wolves. By the time Pierre discovers "a red squirrel busily gnawing away at the leather of his lost wallet" and realizes his error, it is too late to save Dick, whose remains, when Pierre finds them, are described as "the shapeless something that had once been Dick Haywood" (Hemingway 97). The irony of the ending is rendered unbelievable in its heavy-handedness: "As he took a step forward Pierre felt the clanking grip of the toother bear trap, that Dick had come to tend, close on his feet" (97). This plot is *too* good, *too* perfect -- demonstrative of what Charles Fenton, in his critique of "A Matter of Colour," labels "the debt to O. Henry... pure gimmick, a build-up for a vaudeville punch line" (Fenton 17). The paragraph concludes with Pierre's last words implying self-inflicted death: "It is the judgment of Manitou; I will save My-in-gau, the wolf, the trouble" (97). Hemingway ends the story with a one-sentence paragraph from the omniscient narrator, "And he reached for the rifle."

While it is quite literate, entertaining in its simple plot, and explorative in its subject matter, "Judgment of Manitou" lacks cohesive, believable dialogue, realistic scenarios and makes sophomoric assumptions about the reader's knowledge. Dick's statements are simple but inauthentic: "Well, so long, Pierre," "Wonder why Pierre is so grouchy just because he lost that money? Bet he just misplaced it somewhere... If he thinks I stole his money why don't he say so and have it out with me! Why he used to be so cheerful and jolly..." are functional statements of

indulgent, young fiction; plot is established by monologue-like pondering rather than developments in the story being guided by more mature techniques, such as omniscient narration or free indirect style. Pierre's first of only two statements is in exaggerated dialect: "de tief will tink it a blame sight cooler when he's swingin' by one leg in the air like Wah-boy, the rabbit; he would steal my money, would he!" evidencing Griffin's suggestion that Hemingway was practiced in what he describes as Ring Lardner's "conceit that the semiliterate are sincere and express themselves humorously" (Griffin 25). However, a disparity of voice arises with Pierre's second statement, quoted above. The authoritative, stative tone of "it is the judgment of Manitou" reads thin following Pierre's first accent and idiom-heavy utterance, while "I will save My-in-gau, the wolf, the trouble" sounds more like the concluding line of a high-school play as the curtains fall than a work of prose.

There are several uses of the determiner "the" in this story that force the reader to make assumptions. While this usage can be a useful tool for engaging the reader in a text, the noun phrases that Hemingway chooses in this story to be introduced with "the" only act to demonstrate a sense of contextual meaning that is apparently stronger in the author than in the reader: "Dick started out over the crust with *the swinging snowshoe stride of the traveler of the barren grounds*" and "he talked to himself as to *the travelers of the 'silent places'*" (Hemingway 96-7, emphases mine). While the reader can make assumptions as to what is being alluded to, that these phrases fail to clarify themselves within the text is suggestive of the author's age and capabilities as a writer at this embryonic stage.

The esoteric nature of at least one these phrases, however, is perhaps intentional. Paul Smith points out that Stewart Edward White published a novel entitled *The Silent Places*, and

that a copy was present in Hemingway's father's library (Smith xxvi, Brasch, Sigman 10). A glance at a single page of White's work selected at random shows the book as an obvious influence: "birch-barks," "wolf-howl," "advancing with long, straight strides" and a very similar noun phrase construction to Hemingway's as quoted above: "... is never lacking to those who have called the deeps of man's nature to the conquering" (White 3). By Hemingway's use of the title in his own work, those familiar with White's work would see the obvious nod, but to unfamiliar readers the reference is lost. Considering the obviously small readership (and of a limited age group) of *The Tabula*, there is a good chance that Hemingway alone would know this reference.

The April issue of *The Tabula* saw another story from Hemingway, entitled "A Matter of Colour" (reprinted in Bruccoli, pg 98-100). It is a short tale narrated by boxing coach Bob Armstrong to a silent listener concerning a "Big Swede that gummed the best frame-up we ever almost pulled off" in a bet-upon boxing match between Montana Dan Morgan and a new amateur on the scene, Joe Gans, who Bob describes as "a pusson of color" (Hemingway 98-9). An accident in practice renders Dan's better fist useless, leaving him and Bob to scheme a way to ensure a victory in unfair ways. Bob positions a "big husky Swede" with a baseball bat behind a curtain bordering the ring with orders to "swing on the black man's head" when "Dan rushes the smoke up against the ropes." The Swede hits Dan instead, knocking him out cold. In response to Bob's scathing interrogation, the Swede says "you no should talk at me like that - I bane color blind!'" ending the story with an obviously absurd resolution and employing a trick Fenton describes as withholding "the denouement... until the final line; everything hinged upon the information of that last sentence" (Fenton 17).

Fenton also concedes that this story "was in some ways an improvement over its predecessor, particularly in its less obvious reliance on coincidence" (Fenton 16). Though there is a higher level of depth here, with more complete dialogue and a more feasible, cohesive story, similar weaknesses to "Judgment of Manitou," published two months earlier, are to be found. Just as Pierre's dialect is over-done and gives the reader a pantomimed comic image, here Bob's language is so riddled with idioms and 'shop-talk' that the reader is force-fed a caricature of a Chicago boxing coach:

> "Well, this Dan person was one of those rough and ready lads,
> game and all that, but with no footwork, but with a kick like a mule
> in his right fin, but with a weak left that wouldn't dent melted
> butter. I'd gotten along pretty well with the bird, and we'd collected
> sundry shekels fighting dockwallopers and stevedores and
> preliminary boys out at the old Olympic club." (Bruccoli 98)

While the pretensions of the previous story's phrases such as "the travelers of the 'silent places'" are not to be found here, and the reader can follow along with Bob's descriptions pretty well (though this reader had to look up the definition of "stevedore"), the idioms slip into being too slick, creating "a single heavy cliché" (Fenton 17). The presence of Bob's audience is established only with two discursive referents: "'what, *you* never heard the story about Joe Gan's first fight?'" "Well, *son*, that kid I was just giving the lesson to..." (emphases mine). Though Dick's statements in "Judgment" sound practiced and boyish ("wonder why Pierre..." "why, he used to be so cheerful and jolly"), they at least operate to drive the narrative forward while informing the reader of backstory, while the unidentified "you" of "A Matter of Colour" is given no voice at all,

to the effect that it undermines the attempt at realistic dialogue and supplants it with a monologue of reminiscing Bob. Although Hemingway would successfully use this narrative technique in later stories (such as "On the Quai at Smyrna"), this story would operate just as well without the implication of an audience within the text, proceeding as a straight first-person narration. The author's next story, in fact, already shows a more successful attempt at this technique.

"Sepi Jingan" is Hemingway's last story published in *The Tabula*, appearing in the November 1916 issue (and reprinted in Bruccoli, pages 101-103). Of the three, this one stands out for its better dialogue and story-telling and the successful establishment of two separate temporalities. While Billy Tabeshaw, a "long, lean, copper-colored, hamfaced and Ojibway" Native American, purchases tobacco at a "little northwoods country store," his dog, Sepi Jingan, snags a string of sausages from the store (Hemingway 101). When the store owner swears and tells Billy he will have to pay for the theft, he responds "don't cuss the dog. I'll stand for the meat. What's it set me back?" Billy and the unnamed narrator stroll through town while Billy displays an uncanny ability to discern the brand of various tobaccos by the scent of their smoke alone. When they find a resting spot, Billy begins to tell the tale that explains his fondness for Sepi Jingan. A Native American called Paul Black Bird, reported to have fallen asleep on railroad tracks while drunk, had been fishing illegally and had killed Billy's cousin, a game warden. Billy and Sepi tracked Paul for a while, but it was Paul who found them first. Moments before Paul kills Billy, Sepi pounces and kills Paul. Billy drags his remains onto the tracks to destroy the evidence with the next train's passing. Billy's story concludes with "that's why you

and me are sittin' here, lookin' at the moon, and my debts are paid and I let Sepi steal sausages at Hauley's store" (Hemingway 103).

There is a significant improvement in the style presented in this story. The separation between Billy in the present and the Billy of the tale establishes an authentic feel of two scenes, while the narrator of the story, an unnamed "I," has enough leading dialogue to establish his presence and "avoid the artificiality of total monologue" that was a failing point of "A Matter of Colour" (Fenton 17). The Paul Black Bird tale is succinct and reasonably believable in comparison to the karmically ironic bear trap and a Swede who supposedly cannot tell the difference between dark and light skin. The story's cyclic return to the stolen sausage and temporal context in the present shows a mature sense of completion lacking in both "Judgment of Manitou" and "A Matter of Colour." But the young author's dialogue still contains dialect that reads thin in comparison to later works (such as Italian characters in the 1929 *A Farewell to Arms*). For instance, the store clerk's "Darn that blasted cur! Them sausages are on you, Bill," and "there was three pounds of 'em at ten cents, but I et one of 'em myself," though fortunately less comic than Pierre's "de tief will tink..." aside in "Judgment," are nevertheless difficult to *hear* realistically as 'darn' is probably a cleaned-up version of "damn" and the clipped "em's" actually seem to slow the rhythm of the statements more than ease them along as they would in speech. Strolling through town, Billy smells the various tobacco smokes of passersby and repeats a symmetrical utterance: "'Ish, they're smoking 'Stag!' It smells like dried apricots. Me for 'Peerless'," "'Gol!... it's 'Honest Scrap'! Just like burnt rubber hose. Me for 'Peerless'," betraying -- by his peculiar expletives, simple language and his improper handling of "me" as a personal pronoun -- that his grasp on English is probably that of a non-native speaker (Hemingway 101).

However, the telling of his search for Paul is nearly void of any such affected dialect, using complex sentence like "I took Sepi, who was just a pup then, and we trailed him (that was two years ago). We trailed him to the Soo, lost the trail, picked it up at Garden River, in Ontario; followed him along the north shore to Michipicoten; and then he went up to Missainabie and 'way up to Moose Factory.'" While not nearly as sophomoric and stark as the treatment of Pierre in "Judgment," the author has established an affected speech pattern for a character but drops it later in the story, leaving the piece lacking cohesion at the level of dialogue.

Following graduation in June 1917, Hemingway's uncle helped him land a job as a reporter for the *Kansas City Star* (Oliver 5). In his brief biography of the author, Charles Oliver suggests that "Hemingway's mature style of writing short, declarative sentences developed at the Star," adding that "the 1925 version of 'The Star Copy Style,'... contains 110 'rules,' most of them directed at usage... the most influential rule for the novice Hemingway... was Rule No. 1: 'Use short sentences. Use short first paragraphs. Use vigorous English. Be positive, not negative'" (Oliver 5-6). The complex first sentence of "Judgment of Manitou" shows this advice to be needed: "Dick Haywood buttoned the collar on his mackinaw up about his ears, took down his rifle from the deer horns above the fireplace of the cabin and pulled on his heavy fur mittens" (Hemingway 96). During his six months with the *Star*, he wrote a number of articles. While the exact amount is unknown, many have been reprinted in Griffin's *Along With Youth* and Bruccoli's *Ernest Hemingway, Cub Reporter: Kansas City Star Stories*. It is at once apparent that the *Star*'s style guide for news reporting had an effect on the author's fiction style (and that the young reporter's eye for prose had an effect on his news copy): in reporting on the knife wounds of a hospital patient, Hemingway writes "'it was just a friend of mine, boss,' the negro replied

weakly to questioning. The sergeant threatened and cajoled, but the negro would not tell who cut him. 'Well, just stay there and die, then,' the officer turned away exasperated.'" This reporting style reads as if it is lifted from any number of later works from the author (Griffin 48).

On 30 April, 1918, Hemingway joined the Red Cross to be part of the war effort, sailing for Europe on 23 May 1918 (Oliver 6). Red Cross Section IV, his ambulance unit, ran its own newspaper -- a small monthly four-page paper which was "in format and treatment a duplication of an American high school paper" (Fenton 58). Hemingway submitted a piece that hearkened back to his high school work in *The Trapeze*. Titled "Al Receives Another Letter," another direct reference to Lardner's work, the text mimics the elder author's work nearly exactly:

> Well Al we are here in this old Italy and now that I am here I am not going to leave it. Not at all if any. And that is not no New Years resolution Al but the truth. Well Al I am now an officer and if you would meet me you have to salute me. (Qtd. in Fenton 59)

Lacking clause-separating punctuation and of extremely simple language, the text is another example of Lardner's "conceit," observed by Griffin, that "the semiliterate are sincere and express themselves humorously" (Griffin 25). The piece also shows the expanding life experiences of the author, who is encountering the seriousness of life at war and responding with humor and "satire [that] established Hemingway firmly in the minds of his companions" (Fenton 60).

His stint with his unit was brief, being wounded by a mortar shell on 8 July, and then shuffled around from hospital to hospital until departing for the States on 4 January 1919 (Oliver 7). Back home, he passed time at his parents' home in Oak Park, the well-to-do Chicago suburb

he had been reared in, before departing for the family's cottage in northern Michigan, where he spent the second half of 1919 "fishing, writing and reading" (Fenton 72). By sifting through his correspondence, it becomes clear who the intended audience was for the works he was composing since his return from Europe. In a letter to friend James Gamble dated 3 March 1919, Hemingway says he has "sent [*The Saturday Evening Post*] the first story Monday last... Tomorrow another one starts toward them. I'm going to send 'em so many and such good ones, no I haven't really got the big head, that they're going to have to buy them in self defence." To his mother, 11 November 1919, he said, "The one yarn I sent to the Post I haven't heard from yet. Probably Lorimer won't take it but it is really a pretty good yarn and I'm pretty sure some one will" (*Letters* 169, 211). As Milton Cohen writes, at this time Hemingway "had no intention of becoming an innovative 'artist' -- his eye was fixed on the popular market of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Red Book*" (Cohen 4).

The stories that Hemingway was writing at this time would never appear in his lifetime. Five extant manuscripts would first be published in Peter Griffin's 1985 *Along With Youth*. These unpublished works are all improvements upon the immature voices and subject matters found in the high school stories and are of considerable length, but are far from the style that Hemingway establishes for his mature, artistic fiction within the next few years (beginning with the publication of *Three Stories and Ten Poems* in 1923). These early stories still read as derivative, with complex "slick" sentences: "Certain requests required the erasure of one Scotty Duncan, who was possessed of more than a desirable degree of knowledge and was suspected of being in communication with those representatives of the law known as 'the flatties,'" or: "'I see, Stuy dear. But seeing isn't believing', said Dorothy very tenderly, and if Stuy had taken her in his arms

then the story wouldn't have amounted to much for the reader" (Qtd. in Griffin 175, 202-3). Just as the author had heavily mimicked Lardner for stylistic direction in high school and for his ambulance unit's *Ciao*, he is apparently deriving the style and subject matter of these stories from those found in the glossy pages of the same magazines he was attempting to sell these stories to.

Of the five stories presented in *Along With Youth*, one is of special interest for study. "Crossroads -- An Anthology" shows a clear debt to three authors of the time, Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Anderson, and E.W. Howe, and their respective works, *Spoon River Anthology* (1916); *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919); and *Anthology of Another Town*, which the *Saturday Evening Post* began to serialize in 1919 (Cohen 5, Howe n. pag). Though each writer employs different narrative techniques, all three works take a similar approach to similar subject matters; the residents of small communities are investigated in brief sketches tallying only a few lines of verse-like prose from Masters to several pages in Anderson and Howe. Hemingway's inclusion of "An Anthology" in the title of this unpublished work is an apparent acknowledgment of the works of these other authors.

"Crossroads" was composed the early autumn of 1919 while the author was living in a boarding house in Michigan's Horton Bay (Griffin 123). It is comprised of five short sketches, each of which state the bare minimum of details needed to create a glimpse of the characters before telling of a short incident that establishes the character's reputation or position in an unnamed community somewhere in Upper Michigan -- an area Hemingway knew intimately having spent summers there since childhood, swimming, hiking and fishing as early as the age of five (Griffin 5). That these sketches show influences of Hemingway's contemporary writers of a more artistic vein than Ring Lardner's work with the *Chicago Tribune* or Stewart Edward White

is of interest. More important, however, is that these sketches begin to show traces of direction in Hemingway's development of his own personal style as he matures as a writer. "Crossroads" is less polished than his later works, but the omission of content for effect as well as stark, refined endings that creatively show passage of time and give a sense of bitter finality prove these sketches to be vast improvements over the *The Tabula* stories.

Just as in Master' *Spoon River Anthology*, each of these sketches is titled by the name of the protagonist. Each of the five begins with a person's full name, an intransitive or stative verb, followed by identifying information, just as many chapters of Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* begin. Examples of this sentence construction:

From *Winesburg, Ohio*:

> Doctor Parcival was a large man with a drooping mouth covered by a yellow mustache. (16)
>
> The Reverend Curtis Hartman was pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Winesburg, and had been in that position for ten years. (73)

From the beginnings of each sketch of "Crossroads" (as printed in Griffin's *Along With Youth*):

> Pauline Snow was the only beautiful girl we ever had out at the Bay. (124)
>
> Stanley Ketchell came to Boyne City once, barn storming with a burlesque show. (125, the opening of "Ed Paige")

> Bob White was drafted and went over with a base hospital unit. (125)
>
> Old Man Hurd has a face that looks indecent. (125)
>
> Billy Gilbert was an Ojibway that lived up near Susan Lake. (126)

Each of these opening sentences, by placing the character's name in the front field, establishes a tight focus on the subject but, by following that with a form of *to be* in four of the sketches, robs the subject of agency -- lending a sense of stasis to each as though they are bound to their geographic setting or place in life (which, as each sketch unfolds, will prove to be the fate of each character). "Ed Paige" is the only sketch to use a verb with direction and is also the only sketch to begin with a name other than that of the title, but the same effect is achieved by the inclusion of the word "once." Boyne City appears to be a stop on the route of barn-storming burlesque shows (the *once* that it brought Ketchell, a gambling boxer, being perhaps the only show); that is, the outside world *comes to* Boyne City, establishing the city as a static location where Ed Paige lives.

From this initial grammatical establishment of a sense of stasis, the essence of each story unfolds: for each character it is a *stuckness*, a seeming inability to change one's life situation, that give these stories their weight. Each sketch also relies on the passage of time -- from some time ago up to the present in four of the five ("Pauline Snow" reaching a sense of finality sometime still in the past) -- to reveal the denouement of each protagonist's situation.

For example, Ed Paige fought Stanley Ketchell for money the one time the latter came to Boyne City, and "*for a while* people used to point Ed out. But *now* most everyone has forgotten

all about it, and quite a few say they'll never believe Ed really did it" (125, emphases mine). Hemingway uses three temporal contexts, covering a finite moment in the past (the "once" of Ketchell's visit), a sort of gliding past ("for a while") and the present (the "now" of the disbelieving townspeople). The sense of motion that the story is given by this arc in time reveals the tragedy of this story, the *stuckness* of Ed in the story's finite moment in the past: "Anyway Ed received the hundred dollars for staying the limit, and he hasn't done anything much since. He just thinks about the time he fought Stanley Ketchell" (Hemingway 125).

A similar arc is seen with Old Man Hurd who has a "face that looks indecent." His wife's father died when she was eighteen. By including that she is "about forty now," Hemingway has created another finite moment in the past, grounding the story between the past and the present with a series of less-fixed temporal experiences in between, when, as she tries to maintain her now-deceased father's farm, "(Mr.) Hurd [would] come up to the old Amacker place every night and not say anything... After standing there a while, he'd say, 'Sarah, you'd better marry me'" -- which she eventually does (126). The ending of this sketch fixes Mr. and Mrs. Hurd in the past while still living in the present, as Mrs. Hurd tells the narrator's mother "the awful part about it was that he looked then just like he looks now," fixing -- instead of his thoughts (like Ed Paige) -- his appearance in the past.

Of the "Crossroads" sketches, "Pauline Snow" conveys the most tragedy, especially due to the image established by the opening sentence that declares Pauline as the "only beautiful girl we ever had out at the Bay." It is also the story that shows the most immediate similarity to works Hemingway would write in the upcoming years. One such stylistic trait that here is less-polished in comparison to later examples is the author's use of omission to give the reader a

sense of something without spelling it out clearly. The second paragraph of "Pauline Snow" begins with the sentence "Art couldn't come to most places at the Bay, but old Blodgett liked to have him around" (124). Besides introducing Art with much less luster than the "beautiful" Pauline, the reader immediately wonders "*why* couldn't he come to most places?" -- a question that, due to the author's suggestion of potential wrong-doing or some other negative trait but omission of any specifics, readers are left to sort through themselves. Having played this game of providing only partial information, the author allows Art to speak for himself, making clear in a heavy-handed way which way the reader should clarify the previous ambiguity.

> "Don't you think that's awfully pretty, Art?"
>
> "We didn't come down here to talk about sunsets, Kiddo!"
>
> said Art, and put his arm around her.
>
> After a while some of the neighbors made a complaint, and they sent Pauline away to the correction school down at Coldwater. Art was away for a while, and then came back and married one of the Jenkins girls. (124)

The starkness of information in this ending, and the paragraph construction used to convey it, is closely mirrored in the ending of "A Very Short Story," first published as an untitled chapter in Hemingway's 1924 *in our time*:

> A short time after he contracted gonorrhea from a sales girl in a loop department store while riding in a taxicab through Lincoln Park[1]. (CSS 108)

The similarity between the two passages show that by the time of drafting "Crossroads," Hemingway had begun to develop stylistic traits that would merit re-use in later texts.

In Elizabeth Well's statistical analysis of "Big Two-Hearted River," she writes "when Hemingway wishes to express step-by-step action, he most often places one action after the other without any temporal connectors" (Wells 132). With this observation in mind, beginning the concluding paragraphs of each story with "after a while" and "a short time after" guide the reader to view these paragraphs as distinctly separate from the "step-by-step action" Wells speaks of, examples of which are copied below from each story:

From "Pauline Snow"

> Blodgett said he brightened up the place. Art would go out to the stable with Blodgett when he was doing the chores and tell him stories looking around first to see that no one would overhear. Old Blodgett would come in... (Hemingway 124)

From "A Very Short Story"

> He went to America on a boat from Genoa. Luz went back to Pordenone to open a hospital. It was lonely and rainy there, and there was a battalion of arditi quartered in the town. (*IOT* 66)

---

[1] The quoted line is from the 1930 revision of *In Our Time*. The 1924 *in our time* reads slightly differently: "A short time after he contracted gonorrhea from a sales girl from The Fair riding in a taxicab through Lincoln Park."

In these examples, each clause begins with either a name or personal pronoun (Art, Old Blodgett, He, Luz, I) and exclusively uses coordinating conjunctions, lending the prose a sense of breathless flow that would be unachievable with subordinate conjunctions as they would "needlessly complicate the sequential nature of the events" (Wells 132).

Hemingway submitted "Crossroads" to the *Saturday Evening Post* for publication as well, receiving yet another rejection letter (Oliver 92). His 1919 salvo of submissions to popular magazines had garnered him no published stories. Late fall of that year, Hemingway took up an old family friend, Ralph Connable, on his offer to tutor his crippled son in Toronto, an arrangement which would leave him "plenty of time for his writing" (Oliver 8, Fenton 74). Connable would soon introduce him to the editor of *The Toronto Daily Star*, a stroke of good luck that would land Hemingway -- who already had experience at the *Kansas City Star* -- a job that he would keep for the next four years, though he returned to Chicago in the autumn of 1920 (Oliver 8, Fenton 95).

While living and working in Chicago, Hemingway would meet two people who would have lasting impressions on him both as a person and as an artist. First, he met Hadley Richardson (who would become the author's first wife in September 1921 at Horton Bay, Michigan -- the Hemingways' longstanding summer home). Second, through his friendship with Y.K. Smith, he would come to meet Sherwood Anderson -- writing to Bill Horne, Hemingway's old buddy from Italy, on 26 January 1921 that "we have an excellent time. Carl Sandburg and Sherwood Anderson come over" (*Letters* 266). Anderson, who had published *Winesburg, Ohio* in 1919, would provide key directions in style to the young writer, whose "Crossroads" already bore similarities to Anderson's sketches (though whether or not Hemingway had read this work

before composing "Crossroads" is open to speculation). Of additional value would be Anderson's urging of the young writer to move to Paris. Upon Hemingway's taking up a foreign correspondent position with *The Toronto Star*, the letters of introduction that Anderson wrote to Paris literati, such as Gertrude Stein and Ezra Pound, would prove to be immensely valuable for the heretofore unheard-of writer who had no published fiction and only a few manuscripts to show. Having a decent job with the *Star* and with the blessings of family and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hemingway set sail from New York City on 8 December 1921, bound for Paris (Oliver 570).

CHAPTER II

As shown in the previous chapter, Ernest Hemingway had explored every option to write made available to him. Publishing news and fiction in high school, in his ambulance unit's newspaper in Italy, working for two newspapers and writing fiction that would remain unpublished until after his death -- all before taking up a job as a foreign correspondent for the *Toronto Star* -- suggest the breadth of experience the young writer had prior to his move to Paris. This chapter will examine the ways in which, under the tutelage of his writing elders, the young writer would begin to establish himself as an author of first-rate fiction. His first stories written in Paris show their debt to more established authors he had the good fortune of knowing personally (Sherwood Anderson and Gertrude Stein, as well as the more reclusive James Joyce, whom he had occasion to meet in Paris) but, over time, he began to augment these influences with his own mature and unique style, culminating -- for the scope of this chapter -- with the writing of "Big Two-Hearted River."

First, a quick note on the publication histories of works covered in this chapter. Hemingway would have his first pieces of fiction published in the late summer of 1923 in *Three Stories and Ten Poems*. In the October 1923 issue of *The Little Review*, six short sketches were published. These would figure in as the first six chapters of his next published work: *in our time.* Published in March 1924, this work was comprised of 18 "chapters," all of which are very short -- 11 of them being only one paragraph in length. The following year would see the publication of *In Our Time*, which added 13 stories of substantial length (especially in comparison to the single-

paragraph "chapters"). Two of the original sketches of *in our time* are upgraded to the status of titled stories, while the remaining 16 are interspersed between each new story and labeled as numbered chapters. Two of the stories in *Three Stories* would be included in this work: "Out of Season" and "My Old Man," while the remaining story from the 1923 collection, "Up In Michigan," would not be republished until *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories* in 1938. In this investigation, I will handle each of these texts chronologically, beginning with the fiction of *Three Stories and Ten Poems*, which still bear the derivative feel of a writer searching for (and slowly finding) his own mature style.

Though his move to Paris at the end of 1921 would lead him into his first being published -- thus turning the "writer" into an "author" -- the year leading up to this move was important as well. When Hemingway moved to Chicago in October 1920, he met various writers, some reporters like himself, while others were remnants of the so-called "Chicago Renaissance" -- what had been a hotbed of literary activity that "was well past its prewar prime" (Griffin 139, Cohen 6). Of those associated with this group, however, Sherwood Anderson still lived in Chicago. As mentioned in the previous chapter, Anderson urged the young writer to move to Paris and pursue fiction writing more seriously; Anderson helped open the doors to the heavy-hitters of the Paris literary scene -- figures such as Stein, Pound and Sylvia Beach[2] (*SL* 60).

These would not be the only influences of Anderson's on the young writer. Published in 1919, Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* bore similarities in both subject matter and stylistics to Hemingway's short stories of the time -- especially that of the latter's "Crossroads - An

[2] Owner of Shakespeare & Co., a bookshop frequented by Parisian literati, also known as the first publisher of James Joyce's *Ulysses* after its run as a serial in *The Little Review* ended prematurely due to charges of obscenity (Oliver 493).

Anthology" (composed autumn 1919). Regarding subject matter, the investigation of the residents of a small, closed community in a series of partially related stories cropped up repeatedly around this time; James Joyce's *Dubliners* (1914) and Edgar Lee Master's *Spoon River Anthology* (1915) had been published prior to *Winesburg,* while the *Saturday Evening Post* had begun to serialize E.W. Howe's "An Anthology of Another Town" in the fall of 1919 -- a series that Michael Reynolds, cited in Cohen's *Hemingway's Laboratory*, acknowledges as being the "immediate source for [the] eight "Crossroads" sketches, half of which I discussed in the previous chapter (Cohen 5). From Anderson's work, however, the young Hemingway found certain techniques and subject matters that would be reflected in some of his stories of the next few years.

Winesburg, Ohio opens with a short chapter entitled "The Book of the Grotesque" -- an authorial conceit in which a fictional elderly writer writes:

> In the beginning when the world was young there were a great many thoughts but no such thing as a truth. Man made the truths himself and each truth was a composite of a great many vague thoughts... It was his notion that the moment one of the people took one of the truths to himself, called it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood. (Anderson 45)

This introduction sets up the format and tone of the text: that each sketch of a character is of a "grotesque" who has taken "one of the truths" and made it his or her own.

The first "grotesque" presented is that of Wing Biddlebaum in "Hands." Implied by its title, the story continually draws blatant attention to Wing's hands, even stating "The story of Wing Biddlebaum is a story of hands" (48). The story unfolds and establishes a symbolic and sublimated sexuality in the hands of Wing, who, in previous times, was called Adolph Myers and worked as a school teacher in Pennsylvania. Anderson makes clever use of suggestion and omission in describing Biddlebaum's previous life:

> He was one of those rare, little-understood men who rule by a power so gentle that it passes as a lovable weakness. In their feeling for the boys under their charge such men are not unlike the finer sort of women in their love of men.
>
> And yet that is but crudely stated. It needs the poet there.(Anderson 51)

The suggestion of femininity and "love of men" here is harmless until the narrator mentions that it is "crudely stated" and requires a more delicate, poetic handling than he can provide, leaving the reader to ask, "why?" The narrator omits the reasons why his comment is "crudely stated." The paragraph continues with "Here and there went his hands, caressing the shoulders of the boys, playing about the tousled heads. As he talked his voice became soft and musical. There was a caress in that also." Adolph seems a caring teacher, but "caress" points back to the "finer sort of women." More is being suggested than explained, preparing the reader for information that is delayed until the next paragraph:

> And then the tragedy. A half-witted boy of the school became enamored of the young master. In his bed at night he

> imagined unspeakable things and in the morning went forth to tell his dreams as facts. Strange hideous accusations fell from his loose-hung lips... Hidden, shadowy doubts that had been in men's minds concerning Adolph Myers were galvanized into beliefs. (51)

By the power of suggestion, the narrator has left the reader as unsure as members of the community as to the veracity of Adolph's transgressions. He is run out of town and ends up in Winesburg, unsure of what had happened in Pennsylvania but feeling "that the hands must be to blame. Again and again the fathers of the boys talked of the hands" (52). The story concludes with a "grotesque" image: "the nervous expressive fingers, flashing in and out of the light, might well have been mistaken for the fingers of the devotee going swiftly through decade after decade of his rosary," a final suggestion of sin and wrong-doing (and forgiveness-seeking) that forces readers to determine their own assumptive perception of Wing (53).

As examined in the previous chapter, Hemingway had explored the power of omission in "Crossroads" with this heavy-handed implication in "Pauline Snow":

> There was a red line of afterglow along the hills toward Charlevoix, and Pauline said to Art, "Don't you think that's awfully pretty, Art?"
>
> "We didn't come down here to talk about sunsets, kiddo!" said Art, and put his arm around her.
>
> After a while some of the neighbors made a complaint, and they sent Pauline away to the correction school down at Coldwater." (Qtd. in Griffin 124)

Art's statement, paired with the gesture of his arm, suggests the sexual activity that, once suggested, needs no explication in the text. The paragraph beginning "after a while" operates to make the reader wonder what situation existed that could be complained about. This question is not answered and, much like "Hands," leaves the readers to invent their own answer.

The employment of this technique in "Crossroads" is unrefined. It is in "Up In Michigan," which Cohen calls Hemingway's "first artistically serious short story," that a more mature and effective presentation of content through form is found (Cohen 7). Drafted before his departure for Paris in December 1921, it would go through several rounds of revisions before being published in Hemingway's first mature collection in the 1923 *Three Stories & Ten Poems* -- becoming what Charles Fenton sees as "a transition piece... a blend, in a very loose way, of his joint obligation to Anderson and [Gertrude] Stein" (Fenton 152). Much scholarship has focused on this story's repetitive usage of the word "like" as an apparently "Steinian" trait -- the specifics of which I will cover as well. But the Anderson influence is heavy, apparent in the simple, small-town language and establishment of character:

From *Winesburg, Ohio*:

> Elizabeth Willard, the mother of George Willard, was tall and gaunt and her face was marked with smallpox scars.
>
> from "Mother" (58)

> The Bentley Family had been in Northern Ohio for several generations before Jesse's time. They came from New York State and took up land when the country was new and land could be had at a low price.

from "Godliness" (79)

From "Up In Michigan":

> Jim Gilmore came to Hortons Bay from Canada. He bought the blacksmith shop from old man Horton. Jim was short and dark with big mustaches and big hands.
>
> Liz Coates worked for Smith's. Mrs. Smith, who was a very large clean woman, said Liz Coates was the neatest girl she'd ever seen. (CSS 59)

Each of these examples is the beginning of a paragraph. As in "Crossroads," the emphasis on the subjects is made strong by the placement of their full names at the beginning of the sentence. The information provided in the predicate is stative and simple, establishing just enough information about the characters to move into the body of the story -- enough to reveal a "truth" about the "grotesque" of each sketch.

Similarities are to be found within the bodies of the stories as well. With "Up In Michigan," Hemingway revisits a topic he had touched upon but elided the specifics of in the "Pauline Snow" sketch of "Crossroads." When on an evening stroll Art tells Pauline "we didn't come down here to talk about sunsets, kiddo!" the situation is clearly spelled out by his statement and accompanying gesture of putting his arm around her. The description of the obviously sexual encounter ends there. "Up In Michigan" traces the attraction of Liz Coates to Jim Gilmore and the subsequent forced sexual encounter they have while out for a walk after dark. The text mentions hands frequently, as in "Hands" from *Winesburg*. The effect, in both texts, is that of establishing a non-sexual body part as a symbol for sublimated sexual desire. An explication of

this redirected synecdochic symbol-making can be seen in the emphasis of voice and hands in Anderson's "Paper Pills":

> Beneath his talk of virginity she began to think there was a lust greater than in all the others. At times it seemed to her that as he talked he was holding her body in his hands. She imagined him turning it slowly about in the white hands and staring at it.(Anderson 56)

That Jim Gilmore's hands are mentioned in his introductory description quoted above, and that Liz "liked it the way the hair was black on his arms and how white they were above the tanned line" establish his hands and arms as agents of action, as representative of Jim himself (*CSS* 59). When they are next mentioned, the direction of action becomes clear: "[Liz's] breasts felt plump and firm and the nipples were erect under his hands" (*CSS* 61). The usage of the preposition "under" reinforces the role of Jim's hands as an agent while creating a sense of passivity for the grammatical subject (here, Liz's breasts), bearing strong resemblance to a sentence that makes use of the same technique in "Hands": "Under the caress of his hands doubt and disbelief went out of the minds of the boys and they began also to dream" (Anderson 51). Further advances continue, with the focus remaining on Jim's hands: "Jim slid the hand further up," "'You mustn't Jim, You mustn't.' Neither Jim nor Jim's big hand paid any attention to her" (*CSS* 62). The assignment of sexuality to a non-sexual body part of a character in these texts operates as a visual lead for the reader to trace the action of the character without requiring their direct expression of thought in the dialogue or prose.

Milton Cohen remarks that critic Edmund Wilson, having been sent a copy of *Three Stories & Ten Poems* by Hemingway personally on 11 November 1923, "immediately noted the similarity" between Hemingway's "My Old Man" and Anderson's stories -- something Hemingway challenges in his responding letter: "No I don't think My Old Man derives from Anderson. It is about a boy and his father and race-horses. Sherwood has written about boys and horses. But very differently" (Cohen 9, SL 102-5). Despite the partial denial, the subject matter is similar, and "My Old Man" exhibits stylistic choices that show a heavy influence from Anderson:

From Anderson's "The Egg," first published in *The Little Review*, 1920:

> My father was, I am sure, intended by nature to be a cheerful, kindly man. (338)

From Anderson's "I'm a Fool", first published in *The Dial*, February 1922:

> It was a hard jolt for me, one of the most bitterest I ever had to face. And it all came about through my own foolishness. (351)

From Hemingway's "My Old Man:"

> I guess looking at it, now, my old man was cut out for a fat guy, one of those regular little roly fat guys you see around, but he sure never got that way, except a little towards the last, and then it wasn't his fault. (*CSS* 151)

Each of these sentences begins its respective story by establishing a strong sense of first-person narration and retrospection. The quotation from "My Old Man" blends the content of the two Anderson sentences together by introducing the narrator's father in a reflective tone and pairing it

with a trait that he *should* possess, but apparently does not. Each of these stories unfolds as the narrators relate their tales, but the other most striking similarity is in the dialect each employs, specifically in "I'm a Fool" and "My Old Man:"

> Gee whizz, craps amighty. There I was. What a chump I was to go and get gay up there in the West House Bar. (Anderson 358)

> Say, you ought to have seen wops look at us sometimes, when they'd come by, going into town walking along with big white steers hauling the cart. (*IOT* 116)

The usage of "gee whizz..." "say..." and "wops" betrays the naiveté of the narrator, a trait Hemingway saw in Anderson's prose, "how colloquial American English could become a powerful narrative device, particularly in the first-person voices of young narrators, whose colorful expressions, broken sentences, and stammering repetitions betray a naive, unprotected sensibility" (Cohen 7).

The influence of Sherwood Anderson in the stories of *Three Stories and Ten Poems* is clear. But is is not the only influence to be found there. Shortly after his arrival in Paris, Hemingway met a new mentor from whose works he would adapt elements of style into his own maturing fiction. Gertrude Stein, an acquaintance of Sherwood Anderson (whose artistic merits Anderson had touted to Hemingway as early as 1920), made a quick impression on Hemingway. The latter wrote extensively of their relationship in his posthumously-published memoir (of disputed veracity) *A Moveable Feast*, writing that Stein, upon reading an early draft of "Up In Michigan," referred to the work as *innaccrochable* (a neologism of the French verb *acrrocher*,

meaning "to hang," the Latin negative prefix *in-*, and the French suffix *-able* meaning "susceptible, capable, or worthy of a specified action," thus approximating "un-hangable," an art-dealer term for works too risqué for sale [Collins]).

The story was, nevertheless, the first story in Hemingway's first published fiction (in the 1923 *Three Stories and Ten Poems*). While I have already examined the Anderson traits of the story above, it also bears enough Steinian traits that Charles Fenton refers to it as "a blend... of his joint obligation to Anderson and Stein" (Fenton 152). Steven Carter, in an article primarily examining the influence of Tolstoy on Hemingway, mentions that "in large part to Stein's poetics of repetition, from the very beginning of his career Hemingway made it his business to learn the nuances of the supple and suggestive indefinite pronoun *it*" (Carter 162). One can see the effect of repetition by comparing the quotations below, the first from Stein's 1909 "Melanctha:"

> "I don't see Melanctha why you should talk like you would kill yourself just because you're blue. I'd never kill myself Melanctha just 'cause I was blue. I'd maybe kill somebody else Melanctha 'cause I was blue, but I'd never kill myself. If I ever killed myself Melanctha it'd be by accident, and if I ever killed myself by accident Melanctha, I'd be awful sorry." (Stein 340)

And this excerpt from Hemingway's "Up In Michigan"

> Liz liked Jim very much. She liked it the way he walked over from the shop... She liked it about his mustache. She liked it about how white his teeth were when he smiled. She liked it very much that he didn't look like a blacksmith. She liked it how D.J.

> Smith and Mrs. Smith liked Jim. One day she found that she liked it the way the hair was black on his arms and how white they were above the tanned line… Liking that made her feel funny. (CSS 59)

The effect of repetition is to make the implications of these statements stand out due to their peculiarity. I suggested previously in this chapter that the hands of Jim become an agent of his sexuality, as in Anderson's "Wing Biddlebaum." Here, the use of the expletive "it" stands in for Liz's sexuality, and the repeated "liked it" operates to establish a nearly palpable presence of this sexuality, while still maintaining spatial distance from Liz who is on the opposite side of the transitive verb which suggests that through the action of the verb, Liz is becoming aware of her sexuality -- a treatment of subject matter that Cohen attributes to short stories from Anderson, in which "protagonists do not fully understand the meaning of their experience, creating dramatic irony, and often this meaning is sexual... sex appears as a force that protagonists can neither repress nor fully understand" (Cohen 7). By the end of this excerpt, Liz has become the object of the sentence, while "it," and "liking," are given more sentience and act to make Liz -- now filling a passive role -- "feel funny."

In a similar sense, the constant repetition of “I… ____ ... Melanctha" separates the pronoun subject from Melanctha on the page with an assortment of verbs and modifiers filling the space between them but, inextricably, repeatedly linking them; “I don’t see Melanctha…” taken as a fragment, is an obfuscated statement in dialogue of a previous sentence from the narrator, “Rose Johnson and Melanctha Herbert like many of the twos with women were a curious pair to be such friends” (340). The excerpt from “Up In Michigan," a story published 14

years after “Melanctha” which was made available to Hemingway as early as 1920 by Anderson, uses the same trick of distancing two subjects between a transitive verb and then repeating this construction to the point of conspicuousness to establish a transference between Liz Coates and "it," here a symbol for her sexuality.

Another display of Hemingway's debt to Stein can be seen in his approach to her peculiar and thick way of writing. Compare the opening sentence of "Melanctha" to that from *In Our Time*'s "Mr. and Mrs. Elliot:"

> Rose Johnson made it very hard to bring her baby to its birth. (Stein 339)
>
> Mr. and Mrs. Elliot tried very hard to have a baby. (*IOT* 85)

The similarity in the sentences is striking to the point of near plagiarism. The direction each story takes is quite different, however, and so the way in which we interpret these lines varies as well. Stein implies that Rose successfully *has* her baby (though not without difficult labor as she "grumbled and fussed and made herself to be an abomination" [339]), while Hemingway's couple's desire to conceive is displayed with a tone of sexual fervor made apparent by the adverbial intensifier "very" paired with the suggestive adjective "hard." This layering of adjectives and adverbs is something of note in both examples of Stein as it lends the text a sense of subtlety that is difficult to parse.

Hemingway borrows this technique, making readers work for an understanding of a story such as "Mr. and Mrs. Elliot," which would lose much of its power if the denouement were made more clear. The story operates on the comic and simple plot that Mrs. Elliot is bisexual or a

lesbian and is also the first woman whom the willfully ignorant Mr. Elliot has ever had sexual intercourse with, as he had previously "led a clean life" (*IOT* 85). In this context, obfuscating the story's *catch* is beneficial as it allows its sardonic tone to be drawn out to some length, adding layers of suggestion but avoiding direct statements. The sentence, "As he walked he saw all the pairs of shoes, small shoes and big shoes, outside the doors of the hotel rooms. This set his heart to pounding and he hurried back to his own room but Cornelia was asleep," under investigation, shows the unworldliness of Hubert Elliot who finds himself aroused by realizing how the owners of these pairs of pairs of shoes might be spending their evening, while the next line, "he did not like to waken her and soon everything was quite all right and he slept peacefully," hides his implied action among the excessively proper and qualifier-rich speech of "quite all right" and "slept peacefully" (86-7).

Throughout his life, Hemingway's writing was littered with his often strong, sometimes denigrating, opinions of authors he knew personally or professionally, alive or dead. Sherwood Anderson and Gertrude Stein[3] would find themselves given this treatment (even though, as I've shown, their influences are traceable in the younger author's work). However, his opinion

[3] In an 11 November 1923 letter to Edmund Wilson, a critic who remarked that "My Old Man" bore similarities to Anderson's stories, Hemingway wrote "No I don't think My Old Man derives from Anderson. It is about a boy and his father and race-horses. Sherwood has written about boys and horses. But very differently" (*SL* 102-5). Additionally, Hemingway's first novel, *Torrents of Spring*, was widely seen as a parody of contemporary writers, including Stein, but most apparent was its similarity to Anderson's *Dark Laughter*. Hemingway admits in a letter to Anderson that "[*Torrents*] is a joke and it isn't meant to be mean, but it is absolutely sincere" (*SL* 205). Regarding Stein, the posthumous *A Moveable Feast* traces the arc of their relationship well (if, necessarily, one-sidedly). Of Stein's character many cutting remarks are made, such as "she wanted to know the gay part of how the world was going; never the real, never the bad," and, suggests that Stein regretted having learned some techniques from Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, "it never occurred to me until many years later that anyone could hate anyone because they had learned to write conversation from that novel that started off with the quotation from the garage keeper" (*AMF* 57, 93).

wavered considerably less on the quality of writing and literary influence of James Joyce[4], a writer whose works he had been introduced to at least by 1920 while interacting with the remnants of the "Chicago Renaissance" (Cohen 7). Referencing the publishing of *Ulysses* in a March 1922 letter to Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway writes "Joyce has a most god-damn wonderful book. It'll probably reach you in time" (SL 62). It would take a while. *Ulysses* was labeled a obscene book and subsequently banned in the United States. Having traveled to Canada in late 1923 for the birth of his first son, Hemingway brought several copies of the book along, noting in a letter to Ezra Pound: "I launched Ulysses on the States (not a copy lost)" (SL 96). Michael Reynolds, in his inventory of Hemingway's books, attaches a comment from Hemingway describing "Dubliners and the end of Ulysses [as] 'immortal' literature" (Reynolds 143). A 1933 letter states "I don't worship Joyce. I like him very much as a friend and think no one can write better, technically, I learned much from him" (SL 384). This quick scan makes it apparent that Hemingway treasured the works of Joyce, and this fondness and familiarity is expressed within the subject matters and styles of Hemingway's texts themselves.

Irish-born James Joyce was ahead of American writers in ushering in the modernist motif of novel-length collections of loosely related short stories centered around non-remarkable characters in a limited geographic area. *Dubliners* was published in 1914, though it had been mostly completed in 1905 before becoming mired in a nine-year long publishing struggle (Joyce 17). Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology* (1915), E.W. Howe's *Anthology of Another Town* (1916) and Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919) would approach similar subjects as

[4] Only one insult of Joyce is found in the *Selected Letters*: in a 1928 letter to F. Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway writes that he had been "let in on the little secret that you work eight hours every day - Joyce I believe worked twelve... I look forward with some eagerness to seeing the product. Will it be like that other great worker and fellow Celt? Have you gone in for not making sense?" suggesting that Hemingway viewed Joyce's later work as lacking in coherence (*SL* 287).

Dubliners but with less literary skill -- by employing dialect and simple narrative language (or in the case of Masters, verse and rhyme) these works established an American-flavored freshness of prose. Conversely, though the dialogue does make much use of dialect, the narrative prose of *Dubliners* is rich, using complex winding sentences, extensive vocabulary, and powerful descriptions of scene.

The influence of Joyce upon the prose style of Hemingway, due to the complexity of language employed in the work of the former, is perhaps harder to pinpoint than that of Anderson. Similarities are to be found though -- in rhythm and spatial establishment of scene especially. Consider the following selections from the first story in *Dubliners*, "The Sisters," compared to "Chapter IX" of Hemingway's *In Our Time*, a short paragraph-long "vignette:"

From "The Sisters":

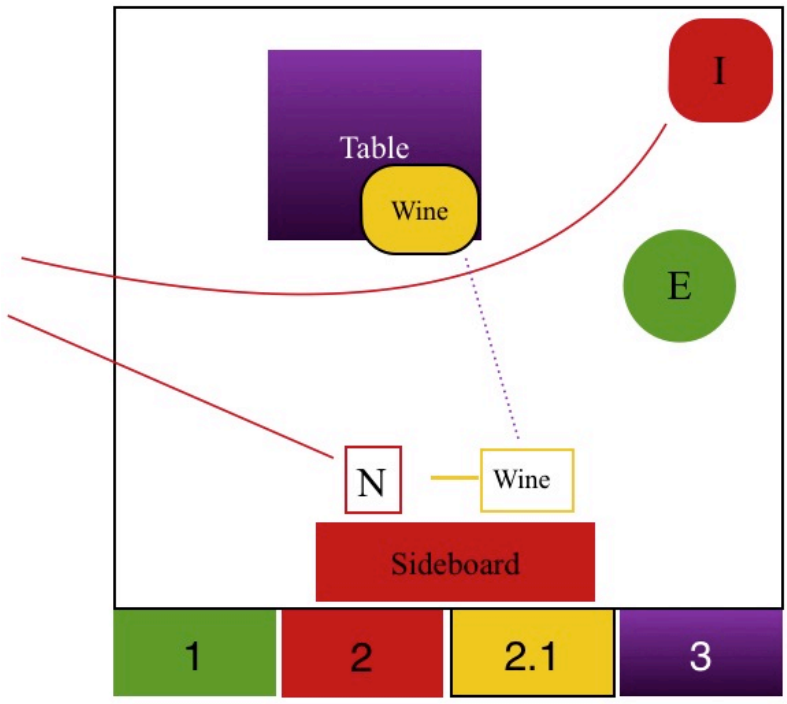
> In the little room downstairs we found Eliza seated in his arm-chair in state. I groped my way towards my usual chair in the corner while Nannie went to the sideboard and brought out a decanter of sherry and some wine-glasses. She set these on the table and invited us to take a little glass of wine. (Joyce 25)

From "Chapter IX":

> The first matador got the horn through his sword hand and the crowd hooted him. The second matador slipped and the bull caught him through the belly and he hung on the horn with one hand and held the other tight against the place, and the bull rammed him wham against the wall and the horn came out, and he

> lay in the sand, and then got up like crazy drunk and tried to slug the men carrying him away and yelled for his sword but he fainted.(*IOT* 83)

Each period and conjunction in these sentences operates as a spatial and temporal point of either separation or connection between one action/character and another action/character. This technique is effective in establishing a somewhat cinematic experience for the reader, as though each sentence frames the scene from a certain angle for a certain duration of time. A visual explication of this point:



Here I have taken the three sentences of "The Sisters" quotation and (dividing the second sentence into two independent clauses at the "and brought...") coded them along divisions of time. The first sentence, in green above, employs "found" -- a verb that carries no motion. It establishes the room and Eliza's position within it. The first clause of the second sentence shows the simultaneous motion (simultaneity established

by the conjunction "while") of the first-person narrator of the story, "I," and Nannie to different points in the room. The second independent clause describes the action of Nannie now that she has arrived at this point in the room. Using the shorter pause created by "and" instead of the long pause that a sentence break would create keeps the readers' eye on Nannie's actions -- if this were film, the camera would see the scene as "I" sitting in the corner chair while still following the actions of Nannie without cutting to another angle. The last sentence breaks away from the previous action, establishing a different direction of motion and end-goal for Nannie. She is coming away from the sideboard, moving towards the table where she will set the wine. The long pause created by starting a new sentence tells the readers' mind to spatially and temporally separate these actions.

While Joyce makes effective use of this technique for establishing scenes in which action then takes place, in the experimental vignettes of *in our time* Hemingway uses this technique to great effect as a blending of form and content -- the language becomes inseparable from the content being expressed. In the above selection from "Chapter IX," the length of the sentences gives the reader a sense of how long each matador is in the ring. Put into a position of passivity by using the verb phrases "got the horn" and "hooted him," the first matador is immediately dispensed with. The second matador is in the ring for a considerably longer time -- looking at the word count, the first matador's sentence has 15 words while the second has 74 words (10 of which are conjunctions ("and," "but"), linking 7 independent and 4 dependent clauses). By the use of what any primary-education English teacher would obviously view as a "run-on" sentence due to its length, the reader is transformed into a rapt observer of the matador's struggle in the

ring below. No sentence break in the prose makes the action play out on the page until the matador faints, ending his time in the ring.

Hemingway, having established this effect and primed the reader for more, uses it to its maximum expression of spatial and temporal relations in a scene for the remainder of the story:

> The kid came out and had to kill five bulls because you can't have more than three matadors, and the last bull he was so tired he couldn't get the sword in. He couldn't hardly lift his arm. He tried five times and the crowd was quiet because it was a good bull and it looked like him or the bull and then he finally made it. He sat down in the sand and puked and they held a cape over him while the crowd hollered and threw things down into the ring. (*IOT* 83)

The action of "the kid" is *not* described in one sentence like the other matadors. Though he spends the longest time in the ring, killing four bulls and nearly failing to kill the last one, he does not receive five times the number of words as the second matador who, the text implies in its omission, failed to kill any bulls. "The kid" is treated the same as the other matadors until there is an interruption in the action; the first sentence ending with "... couldn't get the sword in" paired with the pause of the sentence's ending signals to the reader the matador's struggle. "He couldn't hardly lift his arm" is the shortest sentence of the vignette but the use of the adverb drags out the verb phrase -- the stuttering effect of these rhythms and pauses expresses the tiredness of the matador while "the crowd was quiet" gives the scene a hushed feeling. Anxiety is created for the reader by stating "... it looked like him or the bull" before ending the penultimate

sentence with "... and then he finally made it." The matador sitting down and vomiting operates in two ways: the expulsion of vomit is a response to the extreme limits to which the matador has pushed his physical and mental capabilities, and is also a break of the excitement that the prose has established in the last few sentences. The matador's stationary position and his vomiting tightens the focus on him as the sole character, now that the bull has been killed. That the "things" thrown into the ring are left ambiguous amplifies the text's tunneled focus on the matador.

In the above example from "Chapter IX," rhythm is shaped and molded by punctuation and conjunctions, resulting in the blending of form and content to the effect that the reader is given a strong cinematic sense of the scene. In another story from *In Our Time*, "The End of Something," another influence of Joyce's style can be seen in the way in which Hemingway pairs alliteration and repetition with punctuation to establish the rhythm of the prose he uses to describe the setting of the story:

> In the old days Hortons Bay was a lumbering town....
>
> All the piles of lumber were carried away. The big mill building had all its machinery that was removable taken out and hoisted on board one of the schooners by men who had worked in the mill. The schooner moved out of the bay toward the open lake carrying the two great saws, the travelling carriage that hurled the logs against the revolving saws and all the rollers, wheels, belts and iron piled on a hull-deep load of lumber. Its open hold covered with canvas and lashed tight, the sails of the schooner filled and it

> moved out into the open lake, carrying with it everything that had
> made the mill a mill and Hortons Bay a town. (*IOT* 31)

The breathless pace of this section -- which seems to speed up during the third sentence -- is driven along by the repetition of the consonant sound "-ll" paired with the similar usage of commas and the conjunction "and" as in "Chapter IX." The repetition of the "-ll" keeps the reader's mind on the noun that this paragraph emphasizes on the most: "mill." The lilting rhythm established in the body of the paragraph, then, allows for the turn-around of the paragraph's end; "carrying with it everything that had made the mill a mill and Hortons Bay a town," ends with a feeling of finality that the rest of the paragraph lacked besides the opening sentence (which obviously is nearly the same as the final sentence, both ending with the strong "t" sound of "town"). The effect is that of, as in Chapter IX, merging the form with the content of the story; "in the old days Hortons Bay was a lumbering town" because of the bustling mill, which was made up of all of these components, but now all that stuff has been loaded onto a schooner in the bay and shipped away -- and that, because the mill is gone, Hortons Bay is no longer a town. The action of the prose has been captured in the style of the prose.

This repetition of consonant sounds and use of rhythm aligned with the meaning of the content can be found in Joyce's work as well. In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* Joyce's novel from 1916, the reader is taken into the the mental conundrum of the novel's protagonist, Stephen Dedalus, as he strolls the street considering an exchange he has had with a priest. He realizes that:

> He was destined to learn his own wisdom apart from others or to learn the wisdom of others himself wandering among the snares of the world.
>
> The snares of the world were its ways of sin. He would fall. He had not yet fallen but he would fall silently, in an instant. Not to fall was too hard, too hard: and he felt the lapse of his soul, as it would be at some instant to come, falling, falling, but not yet fallen, still unfallen, but about to fall. (Joyce 116)

Differing from the previously examined section of "The Sisters" and the beginning of "The End of Something," we are now taken inside the thoughts of the character. The repetition of the word "fall" (and its variations) establishes the importance and centrality of that concept to Stephen, while the multiple uses of "instant" and "silent" reinforce the sense that it is "too hard not to fall." The words read at a fast gait that twists and turns -- and, with the help of punctuation, starts and stops -- in such a way that the reader is given a sense of the rapid iterations of Stephen's mind, just as the description of Hortons Bay is made easier to visualize (the schooner weighted low in the water, the big machinery and piles of lumber, etc) because of the style in which it is presented.

The importance of the influences of Sherwood Anderson, James Joyce and Gertrude Stein are to be seen as just that: influences. While flavors of each author's techniques would remain in Hemingway's cupboard -- ready for use when prose called for it -- it would be in the months between the publication of *in our time* (March 1924) and *In Our Time* (October 1925) that Hemingway would begin to abstain from heavy-handed displays of these influences and

really start to hone his own unique stylistic voice. The vignettes that comprised *in our time* were strong and unique in their cinematic style, but very short. Longer fiction up to this point, such as "Crossroads," "Up In Michigan," "My Old Man," "Chapter 11" (renamed "The Revolutionist" in *IOT),* showed potential but were still derivative and weak in comparison to the pieces that were written between December '23 and August '24 -- "Cat in the Rain," "Indian Camp," "Out of Season," and "Big Two-Hearted River" -- all stories that would make up much of *In Our Time*.

The vignettes distance themselves from Hemingway's influences by being grammatically pared-down scenes that establish no past or future but only bare-bones images of the setting before describing the action of the moment, albeit in narrative past tense. To illustrate the bedlam of "carts... jammed for thirty miles along the Karagatch road," "Chapter II" states there was "no end and no beginning" (21). Transposed in significance, this statement applies to the vignettes as a whole, as presenting time "in our time" (that is, in a post-WWI world) as having no end or beginning; the overall sense of loss, death and violence -- and the resulting uncertainty that unfolds in these stories -- present this lack of chronology not as one of eternal, never-ending time but rather as shattered, splintered time around which these characters cannot find a common center.

Before looking forward, however, we must look back. By 1923 the author had already crafted a unique story that seemed highly original its style, bearing little similarity to the works of those writers to whom I have drawn comparisons. "Out of Season," the final story of *Three Stories & Ten Poems* to be composed, seems unremarkable and obtuse in plot from the beginning. A drunken Italian named Peduzzi speaks "mysteriously" with a "young gentleman" who says he "would be ready to go as soon as lunch was finished" (*CSS* 135). It becomes clear

that Peduzzi is going to guide a young married couple on a fishing trip, but that first more drinks must be had and wine must be purchased for the walk towards the fishing spot. For a while, Peduzzi disappears and the young gentleman addresses his wife directly for the first time:

> "I'm sorry you feel so rotten, Tiny," he said. "I'm sorry I talked the way I did at lunch. We were both getting at the same thing from different angles."
>
> "Are you too cold?" he asked. "I wish you'd worn another sweater."
>
> "I've got on three sweaters." (*CSS* 137)

As the three make their way out of the town, it becomes clear that the fishing they intend to do is illegal, as Peduzzi drunkenly utters "what if it is forbidden to fish? Not a thing. Nothing. No trouble," and Tiny -- in a more rational but bitter exchange with her husband -- expresses her worries:

> "Everybody in town saw us going through with these rods. We're probably being followed by the game police now. This damned old fool is so drunk, too."
>
> "Of course you haven't got the guts to just go back," said the wife. "Of course you have to go on."
>
> "Why don't you go back? Go on back, Tiny."
>
> "I'm going to stay with you. If you go to jail we might as well both go." (137)

After gleaning what seems like a piece of straight information from Peduzzi -- that it is "at least a half hour more" until they reach the good spot for trout, the man urges Tiny to go back to town, which she does. Upon her departure, Peduzzi begins to assemble his rod and prepare to fish on the spot, to which the bewildered man states "but you said it was half an hour further." Peduzzi responds that "it is good here and good there, too," and it seems as if they will finally get down to the purpose of the trip (138). Until, of course, Peduzzi discovers that the man has bought no lead for the lines, meaning they cannot fish today. The man does not mind, especially after the row with his wife. He suggests that they try again tomorrow when they get some lead. After the two sketch out the details (involving a loan of five lire to Peduzzi for "pane, salami, formaggio..." and of course more wine, the man tells him that he might not join him for the trip, in fact "'very probably not. I will leave word with the padrone at the hotel office'" (139).

What has unfolded as a strange story without much clear motivation behind its actions reveals itself as an example of the rapid maturing of Hemingway as an artistic writer. The effective but heavy-handed omission of information in "Pauline Snow" and the more subtle treatment of Liz and what she "likes" about Jim in "Up In Michigan" have built up to something more mature in this story. The two exchanges between the "young gentleman" and Tiny touch so lightly on what seems to lie below -- some situation that caused an argument at lunch and makes Tiny suggest that her husband "ha[sn't] got the guts" to call off the fishing trip -- that, at first glance, the reader might pay more attention to the pantomimic drunkard, Peduzzi. It is, however, what is said (and what is *not* said) in these moments where the maturity of this story is to be found.

These exchanges effectively obfuscate the specifics of the disagreement in three ways. First, the omniscient narrator's avoiding the use of free indirect style gives the reader no "hints" as to what the characters are feeling; second, the couple's making no reference to other temporalities outside of the present except lunch keeps the scope of the story zoomed in on the present, where the couple are sorting through an argument they had previously (outside of the readers' view of time); third, the use of anti-metronomic dialogue in the second exchange (that is, in the selection from the text on the previous page, the order of speech is Tiny, Tiny, man, Tiny as opposed to the expected ABAB volley of conversation), strikes the reader with "momentary confusion... the price paid for automatically accepting the typographical convention" (Kerner 248).

Therefore, before even acknowledging the words spoken, the author succeeds in constructing an ambiguous discursive relationship between the married couple that is confined further within the spaces of the story when Peduzzi is not within earshot. The words of their exchange betray ambiguity as well: the man's statement that they are "both getting at the same thing from different angles" sets up a polarity -- "the same thing" -- between the two, which, in their disagreement over it, divides the space between them. Tiny's response, however, smarts with intelligence and layers of subtlety: "'it doesn't make any difference,' she said. 'None of it makes any difference'" seems, at first, simply dismissive. But, looking closer, we see that Tiny has responded to the issue at hand in her first clause -- her "it" being the "same thing" that is dividing the couple in the present -- but expands her scope of dismissal in the second clause to "none of it." Tiny is not stating her side of the argument or referencing a specific point of the disagreement but instead using dismissive language and expanding the scope from an isolated

incident, an "it," to "*none* of it" (which reads inherently inclusive in its negation, as opposed to the inherently exclusionary defining of an "it"), shows that she is *rejecting* the polarity that her husband has tried to assert, effectively removing herself from the discourse. The text further evidences this in the next few lines:

> "Are you too cold?" he asked. "I wish you'd worn another sweater."
>
> "I've got on three sweaters."

The man has dropped the topic of conversation and addresses the physicality of the situation in an apparent attempt to ground the situation and show that -- argument aside -- he at least cares for her comfort on the chilly day. The author and Tiny cooperate together here to convey a rejection of this attempt. By leaving out a dialogue leader (such as "after a pause, Tiny told him...") the author has made Tiny seem like less of a subject in this exchange. Tiny's responding with a statement (but not an answer) to her husband's question acknowledges his concern and makes it clear that he cannot provide more for her.

Their next exchange shows a change in Tiny's responses. Having effectively removed herself from the discourse centered around the polarity of the "same thing" in the first exchange, she seems now only to be responding to the specifics of the problem at hand -- that it is very likely the three of them will be picked up by the game police for fishing out of season. But her emotions regarding whatever the "same thing" between them is cannot stop herself from slipping back into that discourse and insulting her husband: "of course you haven't got the guts to just go back... of course you have to go on" (137). Delaying this statement of emotion until past the halfway-point of the story surprises the reader as, up to this point, Tiny has avoided such

directness. Judging by the man's response, however, he does not seem surprised. "Why don't you go back? Go on back, Tiny," mirrors Tiny's previous statement about her sweaters in that it disregards Tiny's question. However, it differs in that, by failing to respond but instead suggesting to her that she return to town, the man is tacitly acknowledging that Tiny is correct in stating that he won't "just go back." This couplet of dialogue proves to be the most direct information the reader receives about the relationship, showing that Hemingway has learned how to use omission and how to mete out just enough information to give a sense of the underlying current of the story. In later years, he would come to refer to this technique as his "iceberg theory." This is his explanation of the idea: "the dignity of movement of an ice-berg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water... [and] if a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader... will have a feeling of those things" (*DIA* 141).

The use of omission receives its biggest test in "Big Two-Hearted River" -- the story most possessive of Hemingway's mastered style up to this point. It is the longest story in *In Our Time* and shows significantly more sophisticated uses of many of the techniques previously attempted; omission and suggestion, rhythm in sentence structure, and punctuation for effect. Hemingway himself knew that this story was different, stating in his letter to Stein that "Big Two-Hearted River" is a story in which "nothing happens" (*SL* 122). In his examination of the story, James Nagel quotes F. Scott Fitzgerald's "highly literal" reading of it as "the account of a boy on a fishing trip... Nothing more" (Nagel 91). Though many critics suggest any variety of critiques, here summarized by Nagel -- suggesting the text to be about "a young man home from the war," another one of "Hemingway's 'wounded heroes'," the "exorcis[ing of] traumatic demons

through art," "subtly sexual," or as a "religious quest" -- within the text, very little *actually* happens -- evidencing Hemingway's success in having written a serious, multi-faceted story that is not easily deciphered (Nagel 91-2). The story begins with Nick Adams, a character in one vignette and six other stories of *In Our Time* besides "Big Two-Hearted River," getting off a train at the city of Seney, "where he had expected to find the scattered houses of the town;" instead, he finds the remnants of a wildfire: scorched earth, skeletal foundations of buildings and a destroyed bridge (*IOT* 133). Nick's non-plussed and matter-of-fact handling of this surprise is read in the narrator's free indirect style:

> he... walked down the railroad track to the bridge over the river. The river was there. It swirled against the log piles of the bridge. Nick looked down into the clear, brown water, colored from the pebbly bottom and watched the trout keeping themselves steady in the current with wavering fins. (*IOT* 135)

Instead of being given a feeling of Nick's emotions at this moment, the reader is kept out of his thoughts by the focus of the scene being led by Nick's eyes away from the defunct bridge towards the water and the fish. Nick notices that the trout are steadying themselves against the river -- suggestive of Nick's cool-headed handling of his unmet expectations. But this symbolic transference paired with the omission of thought or emotion within Nick himself establishes a psychological distance between the reader and Nick.

This distance is made stronger by the use of simple, stative sentences throughout much of the story. "It was a hot day," "[the trout] were very satisfactory," and "he was happy" all use intransitive verbs paired with vague adjectives to provide more of a feel than a thought, as

though Nick, through the narrator, is processing the physical world as non-judged, emotion-void data (*IOT* 134).

> As the shadow of the kingfisher moved up the stream, a big trout shot upstream in a long angle, only his shadow marking the angle, then lost his shadow as he came through the surface of the water, caught the sun, and then, as he went back into the stream under the surface, his shadow seemed to float down the stream with the current, unresisting, to his post under the bridge where he tightened facing up into the current.
>
> Nick's heart tightened as the trout moved. He felt all the old feeling. (*IOT* 134)

The previously discussed "cinematic" technique of "Chapter IX" picked up from Joyce is aptly employed here; the breathless rhythm of the long sentence provides the reader with the point of view of Nick's eyes as they acknowledge the kingfisher's shadow and then follow the trout's jump. The next paragraph returns the focus to Nick's feelings, though obscurely -- *why* does his heart tighten? *what* is the old feeling?

Having a complete first draft by August 1924, Hemingway's ability to use subtle suggestion and omission is shown to have matured significantly since the heavy-handed implication in 1919's "Cross Roads" or explicitness and blatantly suggestive adjectives of 1921's "Up In Michigan" (Smith xxvii, 3, 85). In the above passage, the psychological distance between Nick and the outside world is subtly shown in the repeated use of "shadow" to describe the fish: Nick does not see the kingfisher but rather its shadow; the angle of the trout's jump is marked

"only [by] his shadow;" by including the less direct "seemed" and creating an infinitive phrase in "his shadow seemed to float down" instead of allowing "float" to stand by itself gives a sense of wavering, uncertain perception of action. With the tone of obfuscation established in this paragraph, the ambiguity of the text, with "heart tightened" and "the old feeling," works well in showing Nick as a detached protagonist, unsure of the effect the physical world has upon him.

Having established Nick's curious interaction with the physical world, the story continues, maintaining a constant focus on the surroundings and actions of Nick as he treks towards a good camping location near the river he intends to fish. While the story has many different sentence structures, it makes most frequent use of one structure and its variations (which I outline here as it will factor into later claims in this project):

Subject	+ BE verb +	Complement
A. Noun or Pronoun with referent		A. Adjective Phrase (AP)
B. Pleonastic Subject		B. Noun Phrase (NP)
		C. Prepositional Phrase
		(Adverb of Place (Adv Pl))

A few examples of this construction

1. He + was + very tired

   Pro + BE + AP

2. There + was + a good smell

   Pleo. Subj. + BE + AP

3. It + was + a good place to camp

   Pleo. Subj. + BE + Adv. Pl (*IOT* 138-9)

The effect of this structure is found in the treatments of the subject. In each example above, deliberate emphasis is placed on each of the subjects by introducing them first, but the usage of the BE verb paired with the various complements makes the subject seem static. The second and third examples are similar to the first except that, instead of having a stated subject ("he"), the use of the pleonastic "there" or "it" -- anonymous pronouns that attach to no specific contextual referent -- create sentences that seem to be almost *subjectless*. Contrasted to the previously examined lengthy, heavily punctuated sentences that present a "cinematic" feel, the frequent use of this short sentence construction presents a *photographic* sense, the effect of which is seen in this longer selection:

> Nick was happy as he crawled inside the tent. He had not been unhappy all day. This was different though. There had been this to do. Now it was done. It had been a hard trip. He was very tired. That was done. He had made his camp. He was settled. Nothing could touch him. It was a good place to camp. He was there, in a good place. He was in his home where he had made it. Now he was hungry. (*IOT* 139)

Hemingway's use of the "subj + BE + complement" structure 13 times within 17 clauses lends extreme brevity to each of these sentences, making them seem like separate, individual photographic "snapshots" of scene or thought. His use of this construction, mixed with a few other constructions, in the free indirect style narration of this story operate to show Nick's thoughts as short and digestible but also as scattered, giving a sense of non-linear division and mental disconnect.

Further evidence for this mental disconnect is seen in this passage, as, through its use of pleonastic subjects and deictic pronouns, it establishes a chain of ambiguity. The "this" in the fourth sentence seems to refer back to the "this" in the third, while the "it" in the fifth sentence could refer to the same referent as the "this." or perhaps another unstated referent. This continues on until the text reaches what the reader, waiting for an actual subject, hopes is a resolution to this chain. The first sentence in which an actual noun besides "he" and "Nick" (both of which have already appeared in this passage) occurs also employs an action verb -- one of only four in this passage, and the only action verb that does not show an action of Nick's: "Nothing could touch him." The reader's expectation for a resolution to the chain of ambiguity -- a noun firmly planted in the concrete -- is not met; the passage, which was already lacking concrete referents, is made more ambiguous with the abstract concept of absence carried by the word "nothing." This "nothing" is leant a sense of sentience by the use of "touch," an transitive verb, bringing it on a level with the subjects of the other three non-BE verb sentences. All of those sentences demonstrate Nick's agency as he "crawl[s] inside the tent," "ma[kes] his camp," in the place that he views as "his home where he had made it." That sense of agency is quickly disrupted. That these four action verbs are outnumbered three to one by BE verbs, and that the long stream of BE verbs begin after he crawls inside the tent (signaling that he has come to a state of physical repose) act to take the reader inside the thoughts of Nick in the present moment of the story, where it is obvious that he is struggling with the details of the ambiguous and abstract "nothing," that, because of his location, cannot "touch him."

The ambiguity is reinforced further by the only sentence in this passage with a comma: "He was there, in a good place." The first clause of this sentence, by employing the "subj + BE +

PP (Adv. Pl.)" construction, centers the spatial focus on Nick, a concrete noun, in what the reader assumes is the concrete location of Nick's camp: "there." The comma presents an grammatically unnecessary pause in rhythm, as "he was there in a good place," or "he was in a good place" would express the same content. This pause, however, emphasizes the content of the pseudo-dependent clause that the comma creates: "... in a good place." The reader is lead to read the comma as operating similarly to the copula form of BE that "was" in "he was there" takes; the narration is saying that "there" is "a good place." This complicates the yet-unresolved chain of ambiguity further: the "there" could refer to the concrete referent of a good campsite, or to an abstract realm of thought where Nick is not at risk of being "touched" by the ambiguous "nothing," or, as this passage offers so little in the way of concrete referents for its various pleonastic subjects and deictic pronouns, it is not beyond possibility that what makes this "there" "a good place" is perhaps some other unseen facet of Nick's life. The use of extremely simple language in these "snapshot" sentences magnify the mental disconnect of Nick by piling on layers of ambiguity, melding together with what can be gleamed from the content of the story.

Carrying this "snapshot" metaphor further, the content of this story, on the surface, does not seem to offer much beyond photographic evidence of Fitzgerald's reading of the text as "the account of a boy on a fishing trip... nothing more" (Nagel 91). In fact, the above passage's establishment and syntactical reinforcement of Nick being *now* in a good place is one of the few places from which, by negative inference, readers get a sense of this story's conflict. Another such telling moment is seen in the peculiar juxtaposition of opposite emotions displayed here: "Nick was happy as he crawled inside the tent. He had not been unhappy all day" (*IOT* 139). As Nagel points out, this statement of mood is only necessary if happiness is rare on other days

(Nagel 96). Following this line of reason in reading the text, other suggestions that "there" is, in contrast to other places, "a good place" begin to appear:

> He adjusted the pack harness around the bundle... and took some of the pull off his shoulders by leaning his forehead against the wide band of the tump-line. Still, it was too heavy. It was much too heavy....
>
> He felt he had left everything behind, the need for thinking, the need to write, other needs. It was all back of him....
>
> From the time he had gotten down off the train and the baggage man had thrown his pack out of the open car door things had been different. (*IOT* 134)

Each of these three selections, taken from two sequential paragraphs, refer to the past as contrary and different than the present that Nick is experiencing. The repetition of not just the word "heavy," but the whole clause plus the intensifying "much" strikes the reader as unnatural -- a marked rhythm in the narrative that emphasizes the pack, here a symbol for Nick's weight back in society, or the "everything" he felt "he had left... behind." Just as the fishes' shadows are murky and Nick's thoughts of making camp are short and jumbled by the use of free indirect style, in this passage, the narrator reveals Nick's thought process to the reader. A paragraph ends with "it was all back of him" while the subsequent one begins "from the time he had gotten off the train... things had been different," implying that the difference between here and "back of him" is slowly dawning upon him and, through repeated mental iterations, Nick is convincing himself of what will be expressed pages later -- that indeed "he was there, in a good place."

Another sentence construction operates in a similar fashion to the one explicated above in that it changes how the subject is viewed. However, it differs in that, by pushing the subject farther into the sentence, the importance of the physical realities of the scene overcome those of the subject. "On the smoking skillet he poured smoothly the buckwheat batter" could have been phrased as "he poured the buckwheat batter on the smoking skillet," but written as it is positions Nick in a situational (though not grammatical) sense of passivity (*IOT* 146). That the skillet is smoking implies that Nick has been waiting for it to become hot enough to cook -- a sense of passing time that would be lost by the establishment of the agency of Nick in the front field of the sentence. The repetition of this technique a few sentences later with "when it was cooked Nick regreased the skillet" carries the effect further, giving the reader the sense that the agent-status of Nick and the transitivity of the verb he enacts is demoted to a position of waiting on an event in the physical world that is outlined in the preceding prepositional phrase.

This structure, when used to describe other actions of Nick, operates to dissociate Nick's body from Nick's mind. "Holding the rod in his right hand he let out line against the pull of the grasshopper in the current" and "holding the now living rod across the current, he brought in the line with his left hand" delineates Nick's interaction with the physical world. His hands and arms, with the use of a fishing rod, interact with the fish and water. This interaction is given preference of focus by being presented in the sentence's front field before "he," the subject, can make an action following the interaction of his body with the outside world. These sentences reinforce the story's suggestions that Nick is avoiding situations elsewhere or that he is psychologically troubled by establishing parts of his body as the proxy by which he can interact with the physical world. This separating of body parts from their owner is more mature and different than Jim

Gilmore's hands in "Up In Michigan," which operate as a thinly-veiled symbol of his sexual power and force. Another example of this body dissociation is seen when Nick catches a fish: "Nick reached down his hand to touch him, his arm to the elbow under water... As Nick's fingers touched him..." (*IOT* 149). A distance between Nick and his sensory connection to the world is created by referring to them as "Nick's fingers" instead of "his fingers," as the reader is unnecessarily reminded of whom, by name, the fingers belong to.

In his essay on "Big Two-Hearted River," Robert Gibb mentions that Charles Scribner, Jr. (of Charles Scribner's Sons -- Hemingway's publisher) cautioned against viewing "Hemingway's style as an invisible pane of glass through which we watch the events of the stories" (Gibb 256-7). As I have shown in this examination of style, there is nothing scientifically objective about the way in which the author expresses the content of his stories. Whether they are points of style picked up from writers many years his elders or techniques he discovered and began to perfect himself, much of Hemingway's writing relies heavily upon making the "glass" of his style work for the content of his fiction. As Gibb concludes, the result is fiction that is successful; that "by looking at the glass we see how what we thought was beyond it is really there, fused within its surface" (257). Having published *Three Stories and Ten Poems*, *in our time* and *In Our Time* successively in a span of three years (and writing a staggering amount of original fiction, especially during what Paul Smith calls "the miraculous year," stating that "in the twelve months after February 1924, Hemingway wrote twelve short stories" (Smith xvi)), the maturing author was ready to take on larger projects. In a 20 August 1925 letter to his father, the author writes that he has "been working day and night and done about 60,000 words on a novel"

(*SL* 168). Those 60,000 words would turn into the first novel that the author wrote: *The Sun Also Rises* -- but it would not be the first one published.

CHAPTER III

In the previous chapter, I traced the influences of other authors on the maturing writing style of Ernest Hemingway -- who would go from being an unknown, unpublished writer upon his arrival in Paris in late 1921 to a promising young author of fresh, creative fiction with the publication, among other shorter works, of *In Our Time* in 1925. The importance of the influence of Sherwood Anderson -- in subject matter, in writing style and in introducing young Hemingway to important Paris literati -- is hard to assess. The subtle suggestions of word repetition and the dense layering of verbs that Hemingway picked up from Gertrude Stein would increase the force he was able to put into his words, even words as small and commonplace as "it." The works of the author Hemingway considered to be technically better than any other -- James Joyce -- would show the younger author how to give his prose the sense of being cinematic and alive with the use of alliteration and punctuation. But all the while, glimpses of Hemingway's own emerging style can be seen in his fiction, becoming more and more apparent in the stories composed for the 1925 *In Our Time*, especially "Out of Season" and "Big Two-Hearted River." These two stories present a mature, unique style rich with omission and the use of punctuation and sentence structure giving a sense of the experiences of an unhappily married couple and of Nick, an emotionally detached character on a recuperative fishing trip.

This chapter will trace the author's first attempts at longer fiction. *The Sun Also Rises* and *The Torrents of Spring* would both be published in 1926. While *Sun* would be written first, it would be published second. After switching to Charles Scribner's Sons (who would be

Hemingway's publisher for the rest of his life), he had to submit *Torrents* to Boni & Liveright (who had published *In Our Time*) to satisfy the first-rejection clause of his contract with them. Unhappy with Boni & Liveright's handling of *In Our Time* and aware that they were awaiting the novel that would become *The Sun Also Rises*, Hemingway's conniving stroke of business is made clear by the correspondence reprinted in Robert W. Trogdon's book, *The Lousy Racket*:

> There was nothing in the contract about what order books should be submitted in, whether the second book was to be a collection of short stories, a humorous book, or a novel.... On the other hand the contract is quite explicit that your option on further books lapses if you reject my second book. (Qtd. in Trogdon 27-8)

As Anderson -- the most direct target of *Torrents*' parodying tone -- was the most successful author in the Boni & Liveright list, they could do nothing but reject the manuscript, in effect nullifying his contract and allowing him to negotiate a contract for both novels with Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Torrents of Spring, appearing on 28 May 1926, is widely viewed as a parody of the writing style of an assortment of contemporary authors, especially of Sherwood Anderson and his 1925 novel, *Dark Laughter* (Oliver 391-3). It is set in Northern Michigan -- a place explored by the author in many previous stories. However, the plot here is obtuse and absurd, and the reliability of nearly every voice is called into question -- including the narrator, who connects directly with the reader through a handful of ludicrous "author's notes."[5] Considering that the

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[5] The Author's Note in chapter 10 suggests that "if any of the readers would care to send me anything they ever wrote, for criticism or advice, I am always at the Cafe du Dome any afternoon, talking about Art with Harold Stearns and Sinclair Lewis, and the reader can bring his stuff along with him...." (*TS* 47)

humorous tone is unlike any of the author's other fiction from this period, for the purposes of this project I will view *The Torrents of Spring* with a contrastive lens. There are moments when strong similarities between texts occur, but the emotional clout varies widely. I view these moments as an author experimenting with technique and deciphering how best a certain kind of meaning can be conveyed through what kind of form.

The Sun Also Rises, appearing on 22 October 1926, was significant for the author in both length (*Torrents*, the longest single work published to date, had been only 90 pages; *Sun* is 251 pages), and in content (Oliver 347). The novel opens in Paris, showing the decadent lifestyles of the characters -- mostly American and British expatriates with French side characters -- who drink and dance and seem to live life in such a way as to earn the epigraph the author includes: "'You are all a lost generation.' - Gertrude Stein in conversation." The story then winds through the Spanish country-side as the assorted groupings of characters go fishing and attend the annual bull-fighting festival in Pamplona, Spain, before the group splinters off to return to their usual daily lives. The emotional and physical interactions between the characters are as complex and rich as the dialogue and descriptions of scene -- making the novel an engaging and entertaining read that flows well. Though not as strong as some of the author's works that would be written in the remainder of the 1920s, it is a very clear stepping-stone in the evolution of style that the author was making that made his work stand out as uniquely his.

One of those unique traits is the reduction of sentences down to their simplest, shortest forms (or, as seen before in *In Our Time* and again, below, crafting longer sentences by linking many simple clauses together with commas or conjunctions). Having mastered this use, as shown in the sections of *In Our Time* examined in the previous chapter, Hemingway began to expand

his palate: varying sentence constructions with more prepositional phrases in different sentence positions or burying the "it was" deeper into the sentence. Additionally, he begins to vary the "was" with past-tense intransitive verbs while maintaining the pleonastic "it," and "there." In the previous chapter, I outlined a sentence construction and explored its use in "Big Two-Hearted River." Below, I reprint that diagram and, following examples from that story, print sentences from both *Torrents of Spring* and *The Sun Also Rises*:

Subject	+ BE verb +	Complement
A. Noun or Pronoun with referent		A. Adjective Phrase (AP)
B. Pleonastic Subject		B. Noun Phrase (NP)
		C. Prepositional Phrase
		(Adverb of Place (Adv Pl))

from "Big Two-Hearted River":

It was a good place to camp.

There was a good smell.

from *The Torrents of Spring*:

It was a yellow-brick building. There was nothing rococo about it, like the buildings he had seen Paris. No, he had never been in Paris. That was not he. (*TS* 4, emphases mine)

from *The Sun Also Rises*:

In the morning it was bright, and they were sprinkling the streets of the town, and we all had breakfast in a café....

> There were pigeons out in the square, and the houses were
> a yellow, sun-baked color, and I did not want to leave the cafe.
> (*SAR* 96-7, emphases mine)

In comparison, the sentences from "Big Two-Hearted River" and *Torrents* stand out more as examples of parataxis -- the simple use of clauses usually associated with children -- than the work of an adult. The sense of parataxis in the quotation from *Torrents* might be better attributed to inebriation, especially when informed that, previously on this page, protagonist Scripps O'Neil, after "drinking on the railroad line for three or four days... lost his wife," and that here he is confusing the fact of whether or not he has been to Paris. With the unreliability of Scripps in mind, the apparent jostling of sentence structure seems to be for humorous effect reminiscent of Hemingway's pre-Paris work as examined in my first chapter. This usage can be seen as evidence of an author understanding that his stylistic traits can be transposed into different contexts for different effects.

Upon parsing the sentences from the more serious novel, the effect examined in "Big Two-Hearted River" remains; they still convey a static image of scene that is stripped of subjectivity and the temporality of events; they still fix the scene decidedly *there*, just as Nick is established as being "there, in a good place" (*IOT* 139). In the first example, who are "they" sprinkling the streets? Of the novel's roster of characters, who makes up the "we" of breakfast diners? While the reader can probably successfully assume these answers, leaving out the specifics of these events compresses passing time and multiple subjects into one sentence.

First, however, I will examine another major difference between previous work and *The Sun Also Rises*. In "Out of Season" and "Big Two-Hearted River," where the reader would like to

get a glimpse of the protagonists' thoughts, much of what the reader learns must be inferred from the third-person narration. The narration is not of much help, though, as each story focuses nearly only on the external aspects of the character (actions, dialogue). *Sun*, however, is narrated in first-person. While this narrative voice gives the reader access to the thoughts of the narrator, it also complicates matters. As will be explored further in this chapter, certain details and the passage of time are sometimes omitted in the narration, leaving the reader doubtful of how much Jake Barnes's recounting of events and thoughts can be trusted. In an article addressing the reliability of narrators in Hemingway's works, Sheldon Grebstein summarizes the reader's struggle: "if the speaker sees as much as the reader, what remains for the reader to do except listen?... [but] the narrator's vision, acute as it is, turns out to be only the eyepiece of the telescope" (Grebstein 117). In two sentences (together tallying 280 words) showing Jake's thoughts as he prays in a Spanish cathedral, we get to see the many of thoughts that Jake focuses on through that telescope:

> I knelt and started to pray and prayed for everybody I thought of, Brett and Mike and Bill and Robert Cohn and myself, and all the bullfighters.... I wondered if there was anything else I might pray for, and I thought I would like to have some money, so I prayed that I would make a lot of money, and then I started to think how I would make it, and thinking of making money reminded me of the count... and something funny Brett told me about him, and as all the time I was kneeling with my forehead on the wood in front of me... I was a little ashamed, and regretted that

> I was such a rotten Catholic, but realized there was nothing I could do about it, at least for a while, and maybe never... And I only wished I felt religious and maybe I would next time; and then I was out in the hot sun on the steps of the cathedral, and the forefingers and the thumb of my right hand were still damp, and I felt them dry in the sun. (*SAR* 102-3, some text elided)

His prayers begin as one might expect: praying for those dear to him, the people in the world he cares about, and praying for money -- seemingly ubiquitous cares and concerns. But, at "money," his thoughts shift. He establishes his sense of agency separate from the act of prayer by "think[ing] how I would make [a lot of money]," and then begins to think about other things: a count he had met in Paris through Brett, how he feels bad about being a "rotten Catholic." The remainder of this selection is given the sense of speeding up to a breathless pace -- due to the use of the coordinating conjunction "and" 15 times in the second sentence (numbering 199 words). Within the second half of this marathon sentence, "and" occurs a lion's-share of 9 times. These conjunctions, paired with the overall length of this passage, is telling. The length suggests to the reader that Jake is really getting inside of his own head here, especially when contrasted with the brevity of a random sampling of his remarks in dialogue within the same chapter:

> "What's the matter with the old one?"...
>
> "It's a sure thing they'll come," I said. "But maybe not tonight."...
>
> "They've stopped over San Sebastian," I said. "Send their regards to you."... (*SAR* 98, 101, 105)

In the prayer scene, as he focuses his narratorial telescope on a topic that demands longer deliberation -- his inner-thoughts as flavored by the religious setting -- the reader actually sees parts of Jake that he does not.

This insight into the character is due to Hemingway's use of omission paired with what I examined in the previous chapter as a Joycean stylistic trick regarding "ands" and the use of rhythm for painting a scene's movement (as in *In Our Time*'s "Chapter IX"). However, here, it is used in the first-person; the effect of the 15 "ands" and their increase in frequency as the sentence continues operates to reveal Jake's physio-emotional response to facing his inner thoughts inside of a cathedral. As soon as Jake mentions money, he starts to think about other things besides his prayers. But, as soon as he mentions Brett's name, he notices that he "was kneeling with my forehead on the wood," placing himself firmly in the physical realm again. Outside of his prayers, he begins to examine his situation with the church, wishing that he were a better Catholic and thinking maybe he would feel more religious next time he prayed. His mind at the beginning of this scene is relatively uncluttered -- he goes about his rote prayers, "wonder[ing] if there was anything else [he] might pray for," but later his thoughts are cluttered with thoughts of money, Brett, and of his failings as a Catholic -- and it shows. Imagining this section spoken aloud conveys the speed of his thoughts, lending them a sense of frantic escapism:

> ... I was a little ashamed, and regretted that I was such a rotten Catholic, but realized there was nothing I could do about it, at least for a while, and maybe never, but that anyway it was a grand religion... (103)

What furthers the effect of revealing Jake's response to distressing stimuli most is seen as he leaves the cathedral. Leaving out the physical actions and steps that necessarily carry him from kneeling at the front of the church to being "out in the hot sun on the steps of the cathedral" while his damp hands dry in the sun show his absorption in thought that now, removed from the stressful context of facing what he has omitted from the reader, he is made aware himself.

But what has he omitted from the reader? Implicit in the statement "regretted that I was such a rotten Catholic" is the fact that some facet of Jake's life is sinful. While not stating what it is, he informs the reader that it is an ongoing situation as "there was nothing I could do about it, at least for a while, and maybe never." Just as in the examples I list earlier in this chapter where the reader is left to ascertain the characters implied by pronouns; here it is up to the reader to decipher the cause of Jake's reticence as he does not deliver any specific information. What part of his life he feels is particularly sinful and makes him a "rotten Catholic" is hard to discern, but the way in which these ambiguous moments force the reader to approach Jake's narration is a success on the part of the author. Having mastered omission previously in "Out of Season" and "Big Two-Hearted River," Hemingway heavily relies on it throughout the novel in establishing the main crux of this story: Jake Barnes bears an emasculating wound from World War I.

The text never explicitly states this fact, but references to it build up over the course of the novel, allowing the reader to reasonably assume the reality of the situation. The author's handling (and hiding) of the situation is well explicated in the following example, as Jake and Brett kiss in the back of taxi in Paris:

> Our lips were tight together and then she turned away and pressed against the corner of the seat, as far away as she could get. Her head was down.
>
> "Don't touch me," she said. "Please don't touch me."
>
> "What's the matter?"
>
> "I can't stand it."
>
> "Oh, Brett."
>
> "You mustn't. You must know. I can't stand it, that's all. Oh, darling, please understand!"
>
> "Don't you love me?"
>
> "Love you? I simply turn to jelly when you touch me."
>
> "Isn't there anything we can do about it?"
>
> She was sitting up now. My arm was around her and she was leaning back against me, and we were quite calm. (*SAR* 33-4)

That this experience is arousing for the couple is apparent by the kissing, by Brett saying she "can't stand it, that's all," "simply turn[s] to jelly" at Jake's touch, as well as by Jake's plaintive "Oh, Brett," "Don't you love me?" and questioning whether there is "anything we can do about *it*" (*SAR* 34, my emphasis). This question is an example of Stein's influence; how "Hemingway [had] made it his business to learn the nuances of the supple and suggestive pronoun *it*" (Carter 162). This use is especially "supple" because of the duplicity established by the context; that the "it" can refer to the state of arousal of the couple and how they will find release, or it could refer to their emotions which, judging from the rest of their discourse in the novel, is complicated.

However, once Jake asks this question, the scene becomes more simultaneously more omissive *and* suggestive:

> "Isn't there anything we can do about it?"
>
> She was sitting up now. My arm was around her and she was leaning back against me, and we were quite calm. (34)

If Brett gives a response, it is omitted; Jake's narration stands in place of a response, placing the emphasis on action over dialogue. Though these two sentences in the text do not give enough information to suggest specifics, that Brett is sitting up *now* shows that she has returned to that position from some other position -- suggesting they have possibly completed some embrace or perhaps a sexual act (a confounding thought, considering Jake's injury) in the back of the taxi. For an author who, as Wells suggests, views "subordinate conjunctions 'until' and 'before' as... needlessly complicat[ing] the sequential nature of the events," the use of "now" draws attention to itself and suggests passage of time (Wells 132). But what further suggests that time has passed is that they are now quite close and "quite calm" -- a far cry from a few lines before when Brett was "turn[ing] to jelly" because Jake was touching her (and she was telling him not to), and Jake was prying with his "isn't there anything we can do about it?" -- suggesting that in the elided time that has passed, they have reached some physical (and possibly sexual) calm.

Though this exchange can be read suggestively, the ambiguity of the scene is reestablished by the dialogue that follows the narrated paragraph:

> "And there's not a damn thing we could do," I said.
>
> "I don't know," she said. "I don't want to go through that hell again."

"We'd better keep away from each other."

"But, darling, I have to see you. It isn't all that you know."...

"When I think of the hell I've put chaps through. I'm paying for it all now."

"Don't talk like a fool," I said. "Besides, what happened to me is supposed to be funny. I never think about it."

"Oh, no. I'll lay you don't"

"Well, let's shut up about it." *(SAR* 34)

Jake is the last to speak before and first to speak after the paragraph examined above. Confusingly, he seems to be answering his own previous question -- paving the way for Brett's remark, which adds another layer of ambiguity. She informs the reader that whatever the "hell" she speaks of is, they have gone through it together before. What Jake suggests as a simple solution -- not seeing one another -- lets Brett use blatant obfuscatory language: "it isn't all that you know." While the specifics of that "hell" remain unclear, the reader is given a strong hint of Jake's physical condition as Brett (whose sexuality is thematized throughout the novel as a force for gaining favor with male characters) suggests that she's "paying" for her previous sexual escapades (and the emotions connected to them) by feeling strongly for a man with whom she cannot consummate relations. The reader is given a look into the thoughts of Jake as he immediately takes on a weakly defensive tone. First, he suggests that his wounding, "what happened to me," is humorous; second, he lies in saying "I never think about it." Brett's

challenge to that statement brings Jake to use sharper language to try and cut off the topic. Wrapping up that conversation, Jake then shares his thoughts on the topic in narration:

> "No," I said. "Nobody ever knows anything."
>
> I was pretty well through with the subject. At one time or another I had probably considered it from most of its various angles, including the one that certain injuries or imperfections are a subject of merriment while remaining quite serious for the person possessing them. (35)

Jake is setting up a separation between what is seen by the public and what is kept private, and how things viewed in one way by the general populace can differ from that of the affected individual. For instance, the reader learns throughout the novel that only a small portion of Jake's friends knows about his wound -- perhaps out of Jake's understanding that if they did, they would view it as a "subject of merriment."

A stylistic way in which Hemingway establishes a subtle sense of difference between public and private in this novel is with the differing use of dialogue tags ("he said," "she said," etc.). In the above examples of dialogue between Jake and Brett -- characters we know to have a lasting relationship of significant emotional weight -- few tags are used. In the 36 utterances within a taxi, only 11 tags are used (two of which are used in a three-line exchange of figuring out where to tell the taxi-driver to go). These lines present a roughly a 3:1 ratio of not-tagged to tagged dialogue. Immediately in the next scene, upon entering the Café Select, Jake, Brett and other characters engage in a page and a half of constant dialogue. Coincidentally, 36 separate lines of dialogue are spoken by six characters; this spread uses 21 dialogue tags -- a ratio of 1.7:1

not-tagged to tagged lines. The proximity of the two scenes makes the effect of this contrast in tag frequency clear; the dialogue between Jake and Brett is private and thus is simultaneously made to feel more close by reducing the pauses between the two and also in making the sentiments expressed take on a monolithic sense of combined meaning:

> "It's funny," I said. "It's very funny. And it's a lot of fun, too, to be in love."
>
> "Do you think so?" her eyes looked flat again.
>
> "I don't mean fun that way. In a way it's an enjoyable feeling."
>
> "No," she said. "I think it's hell on earth."
>
> "It's good to see each other."
>
> "No. I don't think it is."
>
> "Don't you want to?"
>
> "I have to." (35)

The brevity of the statements paired with the lack of dialogue tags makes the exchange seem to read quickly, while (due to the lacking tags) the reader is either forced to keep straight who is speaking when or to let the statements blend together into one text of shared sentiments -- a summation of the emotional weight of their relationship. This dialogue is stark in contrast to the barroom dialogue of the next page:

> "... Do stay and have a drink."
>
> "No," I said. "I must shove off. Seen Cohn?"
>
> "He went home with Frances," Mrs. Braddocks put in.

"Poor chap, he looks awfully down," Braddocks said. (36)

With more voices, there is necessarily less closeness, less emotional weight and more need to identify each speaker's speech to maintain a cohesive picture of scene. However, as Jake announces that he must take his leave, there is -- embedded within the body of dialogue among six characters -- a return to Jake and Brett's closeness of the previous taxi scene:

"Really going?" Brett asked.

"Yes," I said. "I've got a rotten headache."

"I'll see you to-morrow?"

"Come in at the office."

"Hardly."

"Well, where will I see you?"

"Anywhere around five o'clock."

"Make it the other side of town then."

"Good. I'll be at the Crillon at five."

"Try and be there," I said.

"Don't worry," Brett said. "I've never let you down, have I?" (37)

The seven tag-lacking lines that mimic the brevity of previous page's conversation are preceded by lines tagged as "Brett asked," and "I said," and followed by "I said," and "Brett said" -- mirror opposites, which suggest that use of dialogue tags here operate as start/stop signals, signaling the momentary return to the private intimacy of Jake and Brett.

In contrast, *The Torrents of Spring* contains no stretches of dialogue lacking tags past three or four utterances. Viewing the author's treatment of dialogue in the later-written work reinforces the effectuality of dialogue in *Sun*. Being decidedly satiric and humorous, *Torrents* uses dialogue tags that are reflective of the genre:

> "That was a costly bit of wampum for our family," Chief Running Skunk-Backwards smiled ruefully....
>
> "It's really no different from any other wampum," Skunk-Backwards explained deprecatingly....
>
> "Would you like to have one or two wampums for a keepsake?" Skunk-Backwards asked.
>
> "I wouldn't like to take your wampum," Yogi demurred.
>
> "They have no intrinsic value really," Skunk-Backwards explained, detaching one or two wampums from the string.
>
> "Their value is really a sentimental one to Skunk-Backward's family," Red Dog said....
>
> "It's damned decent of you, Mr. Skunk-Backwards," Yogi said.
>
> ... The dark laughter of the Negro.
>
> Red Dog looked at him sharply. "I say, Bruce," he spoke sharply; "your mirth is a little ill-timed." (*TS* 63-4)

As this dialogue unfolds, the old fiction-writing maxim comes to mind -- "*show*, don't tell." The use of adverbs ("ruefully," "deprecatingly," "sharply") weaken the actual utterance and prevent

the reader from determining how to interpret the character for themselves. The result is the one-dimensional dialogue that much of this book bears; though a heavy-handed authorial presence, it is humorous and genre-appropriate. Comparing the two novels places *Torrents* in a role as a foil to the varied, context-specific tags of *Sun* explored above; the less-than-serious tone of the one reinforces the artistic merits of the other.

Looking at what came before and what comes after, these two novels form sort of an awkward plateau for Hemingway's work. The direction and impetus of the richest stories of *In Our Time* are hardly maintained. Considering that *Torrents* was used as a contract-bargaining chip, this slight regression is understandable. Regarding the more serious novel, its regression in overall quality is due largely to the specific new challenges the author is tackling. Writing a full-length novel with a large cast of characters and their dialogue in strictly first-person narration is quite different from earlier stories, where *three* fully-crafted characters is plenty; the *In Our Time* vignettes are mostly in third person, short on dialogue and an average of one paragraph long; and the author has shown the most maturity and prowess in a story with one character who has only two utterances -- both in his own company. *Sun* is not without its stylistic merits, however, as the author's treatment of dialogue is more mature and complex than any before, and his use of omission has become more nuanced and transferrable to different situations over the course of a lengthy text.

Having written a full-length novel, Hemingway would next turn his attention to a collection of short stories. More traditional in structure than *In Our Time, Men Without Women* would be published on 14 October 1927 (Oliver 256). Of the 14 stories in the collection, most had already been published in assorted magazines through 1925-27 (Trogdon 51). While some

stories were weak (with the author himself referring to one as a "swashbuckling affectation") the collection would house some of the author's finest short fiction (Qtd. in Trogdon).

CHAPTER IV

In the previous chapter, I examined Hemingway's two longest publications to date: *The Sun Also Rises* and *The Torrents of Spring*. While one was of more serious subject matter and style than the other, both were evolutions in the author's career -- professionally and stylistically. While one could suggest that the quality of *Sun* was lacking in comparison to some of the finer points of *In Our Time*, new, less-trodden ground for the author had been approached, such as using first-person narration, crafting a story of greater length and handling a large quantity of dialogue with many characters. As demonstrated in the scene showing Jake's prayers, the author's nuanced use of omission and the frequency and rhythm of conjunctions show a mature grasp of the use of the first-person. As shown in the private and public speech of Jake and Brett, dialogue tags, an often taken-for-granted organizational tool, are used to great effect for drawing us nearer to (or pushing us farther from) the characters and their thoughts.

This chapter will look at where the author would turn next. Having a successful full-length novel under his belt, Hemingway would return his focus to short stories. While much of the second half of 1925 through the first half of 1926 would be spent composing and revising *Sun*, he was also working on a number of short stories (Oliver 572). By the 28 May 1926 publication of *Torrents*, the author already had six stories complete according to the composition dates in Paul Smith's *Reader's Guide to the Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*. Another eight stories would be finished over the next twelve months. These fourteen would be published 14 October 1927 in a collection titled *Men Without Women*. Some of these stories hearkened back,

both in style and content, to stories from the pre-Paris years, such as "A Matter of Colour" or the weaker, more derivative portions of *In Our Time*, such as "My Old Man" or "The Battler," while others showed themselves to be of incredible quality -- finally trumping the maturity and artistic seriousness found in "Out of Season" and "Big Two-Hearted River" that the two novels had lacked. The skills that make these stories successful are, of course, built upon the foundation of the previous works. This chapter will examine the stylistic traits of these stories, specifically: "A Canary for One," "Now I Lay Me," and "Hills Like White Elephants." Although some of the traits of these stories have been used previously, some will be mastered in these texts -- such as omission, successful dialogue and the obscured emotional content. Culminating in "Hills Like White Elephants," *Men Without Women* would prove to be an important building block for the author, who would round out the decade with the artistically concise *A Farewell to Arms*.

First, a quick word on a few of the other stories. The author himself regarded "The Undefeated" and "Fifty Grand" as "not the thing I'm shooting for.... the kind that are easy for me to write" (qtd. in Smith 126). It is clear to see why. While well-written and engaging stories, they possess a "popular" conception of plot and read as derivative of Ring Lardner, Sherwood Anderson, or -- as Hemingway had borrowed from and exhausted that idiom -- his own earlier work. Telling, then, is Smith's mention of "Hemingway's sometime attraction to a popular market when his accounts were low and his submission of stories that were perhaps too 'easy' for him to write" (Smith 126). "Today Is Friday," three pages long and written as a drama, takes a strange look at the crucifixion of Christ from the perspective of three drunken Roman soldiers drinking in a Jewish-owned wine bar who speak in unrealistic, flat dialect, such as "Oh, George is a nice fella," or "You were in bad shape, Lootenant. I know what fixes up a bad stomach" (*CSS* 272-3).

Of the better stories: "In Another Country," "Ten Indians," or "The Killers" possess many similar merits to the three examined below, but do not, in my opinion, present them as well. As such, I have opted to let the collection's finest three stories speak for the rest.

While for this project I have maintained as little focus on biography as possible, it is undeniable that scores of scholarly biographical speculations have been produced regarding the author. Regarding this time period of time, Hilary K. Justice's *The Bones of the Others* is insightful and well-researched. Of specific interest for this project, her readings of the stylistics of these stories are also better than many I have encountered and will repeatedly factor into my claims in this chapter. Justice also includes passages from the author's manuscripts. Where applicable, I will draw on Justice's work as it gives glimpses into how the author's final published work differs from the earlier drafts.

Of the three for explication, "A Canary For One" was the first to be composed -- Smith dates it to August and September of 1926 (Smith 159). All of four pages long, it traces an American couple's return to Paris on a *rapide* train. The story is in first-person narration from the viewpoint of the male of the couple. They share the car with a stranger who is an older American woman. She has a canary that was bought in Palermo, one of many suggestions that she is wealthy enough to travel through Europe at her own leisure. The first half of the story discusses items seen from the train: a "red stone house with a garden and four thick palm-trees... a farmhouse burning in a field... the news-stand," where "Frenchmen, returning to Paris, bought that day's French papers," as well as the American lady's activities on and off the train: at a stop at Marseilles, at night when she "lay without sleeping because the train was a *rapide* and went very fast and she was afraid of the speed in the night" (*CSS* 258-9). The next day, the three strike

up a conversation. The lady, upon discovering their nationality, is pleased, saying "Americans make the best husbands," explicating her point by telling how she has had to tear her daughter away from a Swiss man with whom she fell in love -- with no mention as to why (260). While discussing a few specifics of the Swiss town of Vevey (where the daughter fell in love and the couple honeymooned), the train passes a train-wreck on the tracks and then arrives at the station. The denouement of the story is held for the final line; having discussed the quality of American husbands and how pleasant the couple's honeymoon had been, the man narrates that "we were returning to Paris to set up separate residences" (261).

The irony delivered with the final line is hinted at throughout the story. Justice draws attention to the image below and others as suggestive of the author's disintegrating marriage in real life:

> As it was getting dark the train passed a farmhouse burning in a field. Motor-cars were stopped along the road and bedding and things from inside the farmhouse were spread in the field. Many people were watching the house burn. (258-9)

She suggests that the farmhouse stands in as a symbol for Hemingway's first marriage; its destruction as their divorce; and the "bedding and things from inside" as a public display of their crumbled relationship that is visible to the "people... watching the house burn." (Justice 30) The fiery destruction of a domestic setting can easily be seen as symbolic, and Justice's splicing of fiction with biography is engaging; however, I print this quotation to illustrate how the syntax used here and throughout the text work to merge form with the emotional content of the characters. In the above quotation, "as it was getting dark" establishes the time of day -- of

apparent use in organizing the story in time. But, as I noted in "Big Two-Hearted River," the effect goes further; this construction pushes the subject farther into the sentence, putting it into a position of situational passivity. In that story, Nick is forced to withhold his actions as he waits for conditions in the physical world that are presented in the prepositional phrase of the front field; for example, waiting for the skillet to heat up: "on the smoking skillet he poured smoothly the buckwheat batter" (*IOT* 146). In "A Canary for One," the characters are already put into a sense of passivity by the fact of being on a train, so the author uses the only measures of change in the physical setting of the story that can be given: the time of day and the location of the train:

> "After it was dark the train was in Avignon." ...
>
> "In the night the American lady lay without sleeping" ...
>
> "In the morning the train was near Paris" ...
>
> "The train was now coming into Paris." (*CSS* 258-60)

The frequent use of these time-signifiers is to reinforces the sense of passenger-passivity. Paired with the inherent finiteness of a journey by train, there is a sense of these characters being propelled towards a clear-cut end. The first-time reader is unknowingly driven towards that end with the narrator's handling of time and travel as the text seems to speed by. The terminal destination is made starkly clear by the narrator's final line -- the end of the train ride is the end of the couple's marriage.

Additionally, the narrator of this story is shown to be detached, both sensorily and psychologically, much as Nick Adams is in "Big Two-Hearted River." However, the detachment of Nick (who is on a recuperative fishing trip to help establish him in the *present*, to being "there, in a good place," and less stuck on the traumatic memories of the past) differs from the unnamed

narrator of this story, who is almost completely detached from the emotionally-charged present. There are a few ways that this effect is achieved. Blatant evidence of this detachment from the present can be seen by the man having only two utterances in the whole story, the first in response to the lady saying she thought the couple were English:

> "Perhaps that was because I wore braces," I said. I had started to say suspenders and changed it to braces in the mouth, to keep my English character. The American lady did not hear. (259)

The second is an interruption of the conversation of the two ladies:

> "Look," I said. "There's been a wreck." (261)

While these comments hardly inform the reader of the emotions of the husband, they prove to be indicative of his overall narration. The narrator only uses "I" to refer to himself eight times, two of these being mere dialogue tags. The first time he refers to himself is about halfway through the story, when he notices that:

> For several minutes I had not listened to the American lady, who was talking to my wife.
>
> "Is your husband American too?" asked the lady.
>
> "Yes," said my wife. "We're both Americans." (259)

The man's observation of things outside the train stops at the mention of "husband" -- which, as all three characters are unnamed, operates as the closest thing to a name. Hearing this word brings his attention back to the train car even though he says that the women had been carrying on a conversation for at least several minutes -- meaning that the man has been ignoring them while sitting silently, staring out the window and observing the "tram-cars in the towns and big

advertisements for Belle Jardiniere and Dubonnet and Pernod on the walls toward the train" (259). While he has not been paying attention to them, the statement he makes falls on deaf ears -- as quoted above, he mentions his "braces" as a reason the lady thought he was English, but: "the American lady did not hear. She was really quite deaf; she read lips, and I had not looked toward her. I had looked out the window" (259-260). This doubly reinforces the man's detachment from the scene. First, one of only two statements in the whole story is not heard by the American lady and not acknowledged by his wife. Second, telling us that he had not faced the lady when he spoke reminds us that he is more interested in the view outside the train, and so has not turned his body, nor full attention, to face the women.

His remark above about the train wreck is also flatly disregarded by his wife while the lady only remarks that she had been scared of such a wreck all night -- a monologic statement that centers conversational attention on her. Justice selects this moment to show a little of how the author revised his work to achieve an effect. This glimpse of the manuscript shows that the simplicity of the published prose took some time to achieve:

> The train stopped at a switch. Outside ^the window^ were three cars that had been in a wreck. They were ^splintered and^ opened up as boats are /opened up/ cross-sectioned in a/n/ ^steamship^ advertisement /in a folder/ showing the different decks or as houses are opened up by a bombardment.
>
> (Qtd. in Justice 32; /deletions/ ^insertions^)

Compare with the published version:

> We were passing three cars that had been in a wreck. They were splintered open and the roofs sagged in. (*CSS* 261)

To ensure that the man's remark seems to fall on uninterested ears (thus showing his distance from the women and the present scene), the author has reduced the description of the observation from a verbose image that draws the reader's attention to ephemera or a war zone down to the stark, short image of a giant pile of splinters.

While those are the only two utterances of the man -- which operates to show his verbal isolation from the scene -- it is in another paragraph that the man gives the strongest example of his detachment:

> There were many cars standing on tracks... that would go to Italy at five o'clock that night, if that train still left at five... and cars, with seats on the roofs, that went back and forth to the suburbs with, at certain hours, people in all the seats and on the roofs, if that were the way it were still done... (260)

Though subtle, this moment is one of a few in the story that allows the reader to see the thoughts of the man that are not explicitly related to the present. Using the reinforcement of repetition he learned from Stein (as in her "Melanctha"), his repeated phrase of "if that... _____ still _____" shows that he acknowledges that his thoughts of how things work, even something so small as how specific trains run in Paris, a city he has not been to in a while, might be out of date. It is so trivial of a thing for the man to mention that it is worth noting. Much as in "Big Two-Hearted River," where Nick's nonchalant acceptance of the fact that the whole town of Seney has burnt to the ground strikes the reader as a little strange and distant, here, the man's thought that the

present might be different from his remembered past is suggestive of his willing detachment of himself from the present.

Further, the more detailed description of the cars that "went back and forth to the suburbs, at certain hours" suggests the man was previously intimately familiar with that crowd. While he does not give any more information, the suggestive ambiguity of "certain" paired with the party-like sense of "people in all the seats and on the roofs" suggests to *this* reader that he is speaking of the nighttime hours -- though it could very well be the Parisian rush-hour commute. His wondering as to whether that is the way "it were still done" indicates that time has passed between that familiarity and the present. Once again, he does not provide enough information to specify whether his period of familiarity was during his marriage or before. But he does not need to. Neither of these points need clarification for the reader to still be given the sense that the narrator is seeing that the events of the past as distant and gone. His detachment from them has reached over into the present of this story precisely because it is not the present -- he is still in that past, still in the company of his wife who is soon to be his ex-wife. The man delivers the key to the whole story in the final line, declaring, with absolutely no emotion that they "were returning to Paris to set up separate residences" (261).

Composed a few months later, during November and December of 1926, "Now I Lay Me" uses a combination of images from other stories already examined and also bears similarities to the focus of the next chapter, *A Farewell to Arms.* Another first-person narrative, it is set behind Italian lines during WWI. Nick Adams, Hemingway's recurring character, lies on the floor of a silk-worm factory. Trying to sleep, he listens to the the silk-worms eating and thinks back on his memories, ranging from being previously wounded in the war, to the

destructive tumult of his parents' marriage, to his extensive fishing trips as a youth. After a while, his orderly, John, wakes up, and they discuss Nick's inability to sleep, which is the result of his having been "blown up at night" earlier in the war (*CSS* 276). After urging Nick to marry a nice Italian girl, his orderly falls back asleep, and Nick lies awake for a while longer and thinks about the previous things with the addition of the topic of girls, which "killed off trout-fishing and interfered with my prayers" (281). The second half of the final paragraph advances forward in time, telling of Nick's being wounded again in the upcoming months and how he was glad that John was not there because his attentiveness to Nick's situation "would have been a great worry to me" (282). Nick ends the story by saying that John "was going back to America [to his wife and children] and he was very certain about marriage and knew it would fix up everything" (282).

Contrary to the detached, hands-off feel of the first-person narration of "A Canary for One," much of this story explores the thoughts of Nick as he lies in the silk-worm factory. Rather than being emotionally detached, it seems that Nick is fully aware of his emotions -- even *too* aware, as seen in how he tries to avoid unpleasant thoughts by supplanting them with more pleasant ones:

> I myself did not want to sleep because I had been living for a long time with the knowledge that if I ever shut my eyes in the dark and let myself go, my soul would go out of my body. I had been that way for a long time, ever since I had been blown up at night and felt it go out of me and off and then come back. I tried

> never to think about it... and I could only stop it by a very great effort....
>
> I had different ways of occupying myself while I lay awake... (276)

One of those ways is for him to think about trout-fishing as a boy. It is clear that he is trying to distract himself as much as he can, saying he would "fish [the trout stream's] whole length very carefully in my mind; fishing very carefully under all the logs, all the turns of the bank" (276). His recounting of fishing expands over the next three paragraphs and blurs the memories of the past with mental machinations of the present. He discusses how he would stop fishing at noon and eat lunch, how sometimes he would run out of bait and would have to search the "bank of the stream where the cedar trees kept out the sun... and often I could find no worms" (276). Besides apparently returning to the content of "Big Two-Hearted River," the weight put on fishing, and especially on finding bait, as a means of escape actually presents it as an allegory of its own purpose; by thinking literally about fishing, Nick is figuratively fishing the depths of his memory and imagination to avoid what he does not want to think about. Running low on "bait" to occupy himself with, he has to search for more. Viewing his imaginary fishing as allegorical, he prefaces his next night-time memory in the present with this image of bait:

> Once I used a salamander from under an old log. The salamander was very small and neat and agile and a lovely color. He had tiny feet that tried to hold on to the hook, and after that one time I never used a salamander, although I found them very often. (277)

The way the salamander responds to being hooked disturbs and dissuades Nick from using them again, even though they are in abundance. However, in an effort to keep himself awake and away from the thoughts that he is avoiding, he uses a figurative "salamander" to keep his mind engaged. Nick says that "some nights [he] could not fish" and would lie awake and say his "prayers over and over and tried to pray for all the people I had ever known. That took up a great amount of time... if you try to remember all the people you have ever known" (277). Working back to his earliest memories, the one he lights onto is, like the salamander, an unhappy memory -- one regarding his parents' interactions involving his father's collection of Native American relics ("stone axes, stone skinning knives and tools for making arrow-heads...") and his mother's destructive and symbolically-emasculating wrath (*CSS* 278):

> I remember how my mother was always cleaning things out and making a good clearance. One time when my father was away on a hunting trip she made a good thorough cleaning out in the basement and burned everything that should not have been there. When my father came home and got down from his buggy and hitched the horse, the fire was still burning in the road beside the house.... "What's this?" he asked.
>
> "I've been cleaning out the basement, dear," my mother said from the porch. She was standing there smiling, to meet him. My father looked at the fire and kicked at something. (*CSS* 278)

Having exhausted the imaginary trout-streams, that this is the memory that Nick's mind goes to as he avoids falling asleep -- when his "soul would go out of [his] body" -- is frankly sad (276).

The long-lasting effect of this memory being one of the first in his life subtly shapes much of the rest of the story. When John wakes up, they talk for a while:

> "You want to talk a while?" I asked.
>
> "Sure. What can you talk about in this damn place."
>
> "This place is pretty good," I said.
>
> "Sure," he said. "It's all right."
>
> "Tell me about out in Chicago," I said.
>
> "Oh," he said, "I told you all that once."
>
> "Tell me about how you got married."
>
> "I told you that."
>
> "Was the letter you got Monday -- from her?"
>
> "Sure. She writes me all the time. She's making good money with the place."
>
> "You'll have a nice place when you go back."
>
> "Sure. She runs it fine. She's making a lot of money."
>
> "Don't you think we'll wake them up talking," I asked.
>
> (279)

Five of the first six lines above use dialogue tags, establishing the consistently metronomic dialogue of this passage. That established, the author cuts the tags. As noted in Jake and Brett's dialogue in *The Sun Also Rises*, the author uses this reduction in dialogue tag frequency to intensify the content of certain scenes, especially in juxtaposition to other scenes of less weight. The prying tone of Nick and the deflecting demur of John lends this exchange the sense of a

child asking his father to repeat a bedtime story. That the first speech to lack a tag is Nick's "tell me about how you got married" is revealing; having just broken his concentration on memories of his parents' strange marriage, the first specific thing he thinks to ask his orderly about is his own marriage. John's response that he has already told him about that makes it clear that it is not the first time that Nick has posed that question -- opening up the possibility that it is perhaps a regular occurrence. "Was the letter you got Monday -- from her?" reads nearly as though Nick is a jealous lover. It is not clear whether John finds Nick's repetitive questions strange as his responses sound quite normal -- "Sure. She writes me all the time," "Sure. She runs it fine," sound pleasant and natural. Nick's next speech reestablishes the two men back in the immediate scene and also uses a dialogue tag -- signaling a return to less emotionally-weighted conversation.

After a page of mundane conversation, John tells Nick that "a man can't get along that don't sleep," and that "you ought to get married... then you wouldn't worry" (281). Nick responds simply with "I don't know." What does he not "know"? He gives a pretty good idea what he means when he responds to John's next suggestion (note the lack of dialogue tags, flagging this exchange as emotionally-weighted):

> "Why don't you pick out some nice Italian girl with plenty of money? You could get any one you want. You're young and you got good decorations and you look nice. You been wounded a couple of times."
>
> "I can't talk the language well enough."

> "You talk it fine. To hell with talking the language. You don't have to talk to them. Marry them."
>
> "I'll think about it."
>
> "You know some girls, don't you?"
>
> "Sure." (281)

That Nick says he "can't talk the language well enough" reads ambiguously. On the surface, it seems he is talking about the Italian language; however, being faced with a coincidentally-created dichotomy of what it means to be a wife in this story -- his passive-aggressive mother who emotionally abuses his father and John's wife who seems to take care of the family business in Chicago while writing John frequently -- that he "can't talk the language well enough" seems also to refer to his having a confused grasp of (pardon the cliché) "the language of love." This double-layered meaning continues as Nick attempts to placate John's insistence with "I'll think about it," to which John tells him "don't think about it... Do it" (281). The surface level meaning is simply one of placation while the deeper meaning is apparent -- Nick *is* thinking about it, whether he wants to or not, as evidenced by his sleep-avoiding thoughts and asking John upon his waking to tell him about home and about when he got married. John's telling him to not think about it responds to the deeper layer of meaning by making it clear to the readers, in case they have not already noticed, exactly which thoughts, which "salamander" Nick is hung up on.

As soon as John goes back to sleep, Nick returns to his thoughts, saying:

> I had a new a thing to think about and I lay in the dark with my eyes open and thought of all the girls I had ever known and what kind of wives they would make. It was a very interesting

> thing to think about and for a while it killed of trout-fishing and interfered with my prayers. Finally, though, I went back to trout-fishing, because I found that I could remember all the streams and there was always something new about them, while the girls, after I had thought about them a few times, blurred and I could not call them into my mind and finally they all blurred and all became rather the same and I gave up thinking about them almost altogether. (282)

While the suggestion of sexual thoughts and probable masturbation is made apparent by the fact that thinking of girls "killed off trout-fishing and interfered with my prayers," something more delicate is occurring here. Nick seems to resolve his disparate thoughts about the women he knows and how to feel about them, concluding that they "blurred and all became rather the same." This blurring is juxtaposed to his realization of trout-fishing clarity -- that he "could remember all the streams and there was always something new." Nick's reasoning about women in the final line gives his final description of John a negative tint: that John "was going back to America and he was very certain about marriage and knew it would fix up everything" (282). Though the stories were composed in separate years and are not to be seen as linked by authorial intent, unmarried Nick Adams' mental state following his return to the United States is shown in "Big Two-Hearted River" as not exactly good, leaving the reader to at least hope that, though the Nick of this story seems cynical, John's return to the States will be a little more positive due to his having his wife to welcome him home.

Composed in its entirety in May 1927, "Hills Like White Elephants," is probably the most finely-crafted story in *Men Without Women* (Smith 204). Running just under four pages, it is a return to the third-person narration that I have not examined since "Big Two-Hearted River". However, due to a majority of the text being dialogue, the third-person voice is reduced to only a handful of landscape descriptions, dialogue tags and stage directions. What unfolds is a conversation between a couple made up of an unnamed man and a woman referred to as "girl" by the narrator and "Jig" by the man. They are having drinks while waiting for a train. Though specific facts have been omitted, the overwhelming majority of readers have interpreted their conversation as about whether the "girl" will have an abortion or not. The outcome of their discussion is, even eight decades after its first publication, still debated -- with, as Justice writes, the traditional assumption that the girl agrees to have an abortion receiving a big shock with Stanley Renner's 1995 article, "Moving to the Girl's Side of 'Hills Like White Elephants'" (Justice 40). Interpretation aside, the story stands as a summation of many of the evolutions in style that the author has amassed by this point: "iceberg" omission, simple clauses that border on being paratactical paired with more complex, rhythmic syntax, the varied use of dialogue tags, Steinian repetition, and the use of the ambiguous "it" all work together to deliver a first-rate short story.

The story opens with a third-person omniscient description of the landscape:

> The hills across the valley of the Ebro were long and white. On this side there was no shade and no trees and the station was between two lines of rails in the sun. Close against the side of the

> station there was the warm shadow of the building and a curtain,
>
> made of strings of bamboo beads... (*CSS* 211)

As previously explored in both "Big Two-Hearted River" and "A Canary for One," the use of prepositions in the sentence front field places the subject deeper into the sentence, for an effect -- such as stripping the protagonist of agency. The use of this stylistic at the beginning of this story creates an effect that establishes a subtle tone for the entire story; by placing "valley," "station," and "warm shadow" in the middle of these sentences between the front field and the prepositional phrases that follow, a syntactical valley is created, the station is cradled within the valley, and, further yet, the "warm shadow" that the couple sit in is cradled within all of these. By the time the reader gets to the next sentence introducing the couple, the author has painted a delicate description of the landscape that limits the scope of the story to a smaller and smaller space, now reduced to the "table in the shade, outside the building" that the "American and the girl with him" sit at (211).

As in "Mr. and Mrs. Elliott," which operated on the simple but unstated plot of Mr. Elliott's being romantically and sexually inexperienced and Mrs. Elliott's being lesbian or bisexual, much of this story's strength comes from the simple authorial act of omitting the word "abortion" from the text. When the man says "it's really an awfully simple operation, Jig," he could have just as easily said "an abortion is really an awfully simple operation" (212). However, the use of the specific word would give the story away too easily; the simple plot that the story operates on would be revealed too quickly. In fact, an entire page of mundane dialogue -- nearly a quarter of the story -- passes before the man even gets to the suggestive-but-omissive

"operation," showing that the author has an understanding of both realistic dialogue and of the useful weight of omission and delay.

Within that page of dialogue, however, the author manipulates dialogue tags and uses a few other tricks to give hints about the power structure within the couple's relationship, all priming the reader for the man's suggestion about the operation:

> "What should we drink?" the girl asked....
>
> "It's pretty hot," the man said.
>
> "Let's drink beer."
>
> *"Dos cervezas,"* the man said into the curtain.
>
> "Big ones?" a woman asked from the doorway. (211)

While the girl asks a direct question, the man responds indirectly with a statement about the weather. Assuming metronomic dialogue, it would be Jig who then says "let's drink beer," but, due to not assigning that utterance a tag, the speaker is left ambiguous. This ambiguity pushes the power of the discourse over onto the side of the man: if it is Jig speaking, then the indirect speech of the man has garnered a direct response from her. If it is the man speaking, then he has decided what he would like anyway. Either way, his ordering of the beer squarely presents him as the first of the couple to display agency. Further, that he orders the beers in Spanish demonstrates another edge that the man possesses over Jig, though this edge is only made clear farther down the page, when an observation she makes shows that she does not know Spanish:

> The girl looked at the bead curtain. "They've painted
>
> something on it," she said." What does it say?"
>
> "Anis del Toro. It's a drink." (211)

Additionally, that the narrator refers to the person who works at the station as "the woman" (instead of "bartender," "server," "barmaid," "owner," or any other term less simply indicative of biological sex) while Jig is referred to by the diminutive "girl" conspires to subconsciously denigrate the reader's view of Jig even though the only thing she has done so far is ask "what should we drink?"

Up to this point, though, the story has been consciously genial. After the beers arrive Jig delivers the line (and the source of the story's title) and the following back-and-forth occurs, making unrest clear:

> The girl was looking off at the line of hills. They were white in the sun and the country was brown and dry.
>
> "They look like white elephants," she said.
>
> "I've never seen one," the man drank his beer.
>
> "No, you wouldn't have."
>
> "I might have," the man said. "Just because you say I wouldn't have doesn't prove anything." (211)

The juvenile tone of the man's response is immediately striking. What mature partner in a relationship would say that? That a simple observation of the landscape brings about such a response shows that this couple is certainly on edge. At this point in the story, Jig's suggestion that the man "wouldn't have" seen a white elephant has no contextual basis. The man begins to ply his point about the "simple operation," that he "know[s] you wouldn't mind it, Jig. It's really not anything." The girl asks "what will we do afterward?" to which the man suggests that they

will be fine, that "that's the only thing that bothers us. It's the only thing that's made us unhappy" (212). In attempt to make his point clear to her, he says:

> "You don't have to be afraid. I've known lots of people that have done it."
>
> "So have I," said the girl. "And afterward they were all so happy."
>
> "Well," the man said, "if you don't want to you you don't have to. I wouldn't have you do it if you didn't want to." (213)

Up to this point, besides her few paltry utterances, the narrator has marked Jig's place in dialogue by saying that she "looked at the ground the table legs rested on" or "did not say anything" (212). Here, however, the man's mention of familiarity as a means of persuading Jig backfires and shows a turn in the dialogue. This turn is obscured by the nature of the written word, and the author, seeing the limits of this medium, compounds it to make the effect very subtle. By using the purely declarative speech tag "said the girl," the author removes any emotion or tone from Jig's "and afterward they were all so happy." Stopping there, it seems as though Jig is agreeing with the man's statement. But reading the man's response reveals Jig's tone -- which is now interpreted as negative and one of disagreement, as it brings the man to say "well... if you don't want to you don't have to."

Now, having solidly breached the discussion as to whether she will get an abortion, Jig finally suggests to the man, whose opinion on the matter has been clear since his first mention of it, that she does not want to. Now that she has asserted herself, she continues:

> "... if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you'll like it?"
>
> "I'll love it. I love it now but I just can't think about it. You know how I get when I worry." (213)

Jig's repetition of "white elephants" expands the metaphorical weight significantly. Before continuing with this scene, I present this information from Justice's excellent reading of the story, regarding the meaning of "white elephant":

> A first denotation of white elephants is unwanted junk. But not just any unwanted junk; this is the junk you bring to a white elephant sale because although you find it worthless, someone else might not... [a second denotation]: a white elephant is a gift bringing both honor and ruin to its recipient. (Justice 41)

In the story, it is of note that she says "things" instead of "hills". Considering the story's context and pulling from Justice's definitions, the suggestion that Jig's unborn child is a "white elephant" is fitting -- it is either "junk" that someone does not want but someone else might, or it will bring both "honor and ruin." Obviously the man views it as "junk" -- while the remainder of the story will reveal increasingly that Jig views it in a positive way. The man's response to her asking whether, post-abortion, he will like it when she says "things are like white elephants" refutes his own previous point that "just because you say I wouldn't have doesn't prove anything" -- as he now says that he "just can't think about it." The author's allowing the man to contradict himself is another swipe at his previous high ground in the discourse. But the real turn in the story comes with Jig's movement and speech paired with the narrator's description of the other side of the

valley than previously seen, that, as Justice remarks, is decidedly fertile and green in comparison:

> The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro...
>
> "And we could have all this," she said. "And we could have everything and every day we make it more impossible." (*CSS* 213)

Her comment bears an ambiguity -- what is everything? what is standing in the way of them having it? what makes it "more impossible" every day? Jig has created a dichotomy of "everything/impossible," but left ambiguous which side is filled by which future the couple will share. Their future could have a child in it or be childless, and their indecision narrows the options every day. "Everything" could either be having the child or not having the child while these vague futures could also be "impossible" because of their indecision. Her statement following the mention of lush fields of grain and trees along the banks of a river (symbolic of fertility and growth) suggest that, to Jig, the unborn child is "everything" while the impossibility is being created by their inaction and the possibility of an abortion. This is further supported by their exchange, beginning with his response to her "everything... more impossible" statement:

> "What did you say?"
>
> "I said we could have everything."
>
> "We can have everything."
>
> "No, we can't."
>
> "We can have the whole world."

"No, we can't."

"We can go everywhere."

"We, we can't. It isn't ours any more."

"It's ours."

"No, it isn't. And once they take it away, you never get it back."

"But they haven't taken it away."

"We'll wait and see."

"Come on back in the shade," he said. "You mustn't feel that way." (213-4)

The call-and-response of "no" and "we" paired with the apparent lack of dialogue tags give their speech a hurried sense of comic argumentativeness, but Jig's statements are heavy in content. This exchange shows what the man views as the "whole world": his "we can have everything," "we can go everywhere" read as touristy and materialistic (they are, after all, an American couple in Spain). In contrast to the man, Jig's view of the world can be seen as either less concerned with or unable to consider the material world at this point, as the more immediate issue of her pregnancy outweighs it.

Pulling on the nuanced use of "it" in previous works, here the author infuses the pronoun with thick ambiguity for the remainder of the story. He uses the entirety of the text to establish this ambiguity; the word shows up 52 times throughout the four-page story -- a notably high frequency -- and many of these uses are in reference to the abortion: "It's really an awfully simple operation," "I've known lots of people that have done it," "I think it's the best thing to do,"

"But if I do it," etc, (212-3). However, with the shifting of who has the upper hand in the discursive power structure from the man in the beginning of the story (with his ordering the beer and speaking Spanish), to Jig (by her eliciting "if you don't want to you don't have to. I wouldn't have you do it if you didn't want to" from the man), the duplicity of "it" is established (213). So, when Jig says "once they take it away, you never get it back," she means *her* "it" -- her unborn child who, by means of an abortion, would be taken away and never brought back. The man's response, "but they haven't taken it away," is a simultaneously the same "it" (as she has not yet had the abortion) and a different "it," as he has shown through the text his preference for her to have an abortion and that he is mostly ignorant to or gently hostile towards Jig's meaning and desires.

Jig's talk about the world and how "it isn't ours anymore" seems to bring the man around to concern for her, as he tells her to "come back in the shade... You mustn't feel that way." Her response is enigmatic (what "things"?) but seems to be effective in showing the man her emotions:

> "I don't feel any way," the girl said. "I just know things."
>
> "I don't want you to do anything that you don't want to do ----"
>
> "Nor that isn't good for me," she said. "I know. Could we have another beer?" ...
>
> "You've got to realize," he said, "that I don't want you to do it if you don't want to. I'm perfectly willing to go through with it if it means anything to you."

"Doesn't it mean anything to you? We could get along."

(214)

When Jig asks the man "doesn't it mean anything to you?" she is referring to her "it" -- meaning that she would carry the baby to term. Her question betrays that she has not noticed the subtle change in the man's attitude made apparent by his use of the pronoun. In the longer utterance above, he first uses *his* "it" -- referring to the abortion, but switches to her "it" in the second sentence, saying he's "willing to go through with it". With this change of meaning, the man effectively concedes to her keeping the child.

Seeming to have come to an unspoken agreement that she will not have an abortion, the author then allows Jig to have an awkward utterance in the otherwise realistic dialogue:

"Would you do something for me now?"

"I'd do anything for you."

"Would you please please please please please please please stop talking?" (214)

This hyperbolic repetition does not seem to achieve anything stylistically besides heavily reinforcing the apparent -- that Jig does not want to talk about the situation anymore. Interesting, though, is the remark's similarity to an experimental Gertrude Stein 1922 poem, "Susie Asado:"

Sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet tea.

Susie Asado.

Sweet sweet sweet sweet sweet tea.

Susie Asado. (Stein 549)

Perhaps this repetition is to be seen as a direct nod to the elder author, from whom Hemingway learned some of his tricks of repetition (especially regarding the pronoun "it").

Regardless of its purpose stylistically, the man is silenced -- but only for a moment, saying "But I don't want you to... I don't care anything about it" a moment later. Once again, the ambiguous "it" forces the reader to decide which way to interpret this speech. In considering terminating a pregnancy, *in*action is an action (that is, if one does nothing, one's child will be carried to term), so for the man to tell Jig that he does not "want you to" necessitates an implied action -- with the abortion being the only logical action, as the alternative meaning ("I don't want you to maintain the situation as it is currently, meaning you'll have the child") would not need to be stated. So when he says "I don't care anything about it," the "it" has returned to meaning the abortion -- though he is now speaking clearly against it.

The final moments of the story show the man moving their baggage to the other tracks, signifying that they will not go to the place originally intended, where (judging by the man's superior position at the opening of the story) we assume Jig would have had an abortion. When "the woman" says that the train comes in five minutes, Jig "smile[s] brightly at the woman, to thank her," which suggests that she is pleased enough with the outcome of their conversation to smile (214). The final couplet of dialogue completes the story with another subtle suggestion:

> "Do you feel better?" he asked.
>
> "I feel fine," she said. "There's nothing wrong with me. I feel fine." (214)

In the beginning of the story, the man would have told Jig that there *was* something wrong with her, that her being pregnant is "the only thing that bothers us... the only thing that's made us

unhappy" (212). For her to state that there is nothing wrong with her shows that she has extended her final, conclusive refutation of the man's opinion regarding the matter -- especially magnified by the fact of her statement being the figurative and literal last words of the story.

The author's ability to stretch the simple plot in the simple setting of this story into such an engaging, if short, read is evidence of his mature skill. The twisting and turning of the simplistic dialogue of this couple to mean different, evolving things at the same time over the course of the story is first-rate. The quality of "Hills like White Elephants" is indicative of the merits of *Men Without Women* as a whole, which is seen as the author's return to the artistic seriousness of the stories he had completed before moving on to his two novels. Those novels, while fine pieces of fiction, were still lackluster when compared to the short fiction that immediately predated them (for their limitations, as discussed in Chapter 3). The three stories examined here, "A Canary for One," "Now I Lay Me," and "Hills Like White Elephants" all take on bold topics of emotional weight in creative, stylistically complex and inventive ways -- using every trick the author has learned up to this point, whether on his own or, in a much more diffused way than before, from the writers who influenced his earlier stories in or before the 1925 *In Our Time*.

Though *Men Without Women* certainly has its weak stories, it gave Hemingway the reprieve from serious writing and revising that had taken up his time with *Sun* and *Torrents* -- as previously remarked, many of the stories had already been published in magazines and required minimal attention in preparing them for publication. This reprieve, though the author could not have realized it at the time, would be needed. Beginning in March 1928, Hemingway began work on his most serious work to date: *A Farewell to Arms*. The novel would take him six months to

draft, many more months to revise and can be seen as the summation and augmentation of not only everything the author had learned stylistically in the preceding decade but also presents a strong cohering of many of the disparate images and topics of his fiction to date.

CHAPTER V

In the previous chapter, I examined three stories of Hemingway's short story collection, *Men Without Women*. Published in 1927, it was a follow-up to the author's longer two works, *Torrents of Spring* and *The Sun Also Rises* -- both published in 1926. Of the fourteen stories in the collection, I selected only three for explication as I felt they were possessive of the stylistic traits that best show the skill and mastery of the author at that point. As this project has shown, a writer's style is by no means an isolated entity that arrives at one point in time without previous input. Rather, it is a meshing-together of his own work with the styles of others, leading to the slow distilling of the best of traits into finer and finer works.

Nowhere is this process made more apparent than with Ernest Hemingway's works through the end of the 1920s. His juvenilia, filled with sophomoric wit and apocryphal plots, gave way to better-written but strongly derivate stories that mimicked the authors found in the glossy magazines of the times. Following the leads of more innovative writers such as Edgar Lee Masters and Sherwood Anderson, he composed the "Crossroads" sketches, which possess more artistic direction than anything previous. His meeting of Anderson and Gertrude Stein and his move to Paris precipitated the cutting-edge modernist qualities of *in our time* (1924), while a period of manic productivity brought about the twelve new stories (in as many months) that filled out *In Our Time* (1925). His two novels -- one absurdist satire, the other a story of heavy emotional weight (if somewhat weak presentation) -- and the mixture of strong and weak stories

found in *Men Without Women* all paved the way for the author to write what many would argue stands as the author's finest work of the decade: *A Farewell to Arms*.

First, a note on composition and publication history. Published on 27 September 1929, the work was by far the most ambitious undertaking for the 30-year-old author. Beginning in March 1928, he had a completed rough draft by mid-August (Oliver 547). By early February of the next year, he had given his editor a nearly complete manuscript. However, as the novel was serialized in *Scribner's Magazine* leading up to its publication as a full novel, the length of time granted the author for revisions was significant; Trogdon writes that Hemingway had finished revising for the serialization "toward the end of May" and then began "work on shaping up the book version of the novel" (Trogdon 76). This tallies the amount of time spent on the novel at roughly six months on the initial draft and a total of 14 months for the final product. This length of time is in stark contrast to the author's suggestion of having spent ten days drafting *Torrents of Spring* and, as he wrote in a letter to Max Perkins, "I wrote Sun Also Rises in 6 weeks but then did not look at it for 3 months -- and then rewrote it for another three months. How much time I wasted in drinking around before I wrote it and how badly I busted up my life in one way or another I can't fit exactly in time" (Bruccoli 69).

Approaching *Farewell*, one understands why it required so much time. Divided into five "books," it runs 332 pages (80 pages longer than *Sun*), it is narrated in first-person by Frederic Henry, an American in his early 20s serving in an Italian ambulance unit during World War I. The novel's first few chapters give the setting for the piece, explaining the events of the year leading up to the present. The third chapter opens with Frederic returning from leave and accompanying his surgeon friend, Rinaldi, to the British hospital to meet some of the "beautiful

English girls" -- nurses who had recently arrived (12). One of them is Catherine Barkley, with whom he immediately strikes up a relationship, calling on her two more times in as many days. A few days later, he is called away to the front for the onset of an Italian attack on the Austrians. While hunkered down in a dugout, an Austrian trench mortar shell lands close enough to wound and kill most of his unit, with Frederic's legs being filled with shrapnel and his scalp lacerated. The rest of the first book and all of the second deal with his transport between various hospitals, his recovery from wounds and his deepening relationship with Catherine, who is coincidentally transferred to his hospital in Milan (and is also, the reader learns, now pregnant). The third book sees Frederic's return to the front, reuniting with his old friends and unit before getting caught up in a large-scale retreat of the Italian army, during which his ambulance cars are lost, and he is nearly shot by Italian "battle police" who are executing officers with the justification that they "have let the barbarians onto the sacred soil of the fatherland" (223). He escapes by jumping into the river and hopping on a train carrying artillery pieces through Milan to Mestre. The fourth book shows the reunited couple's night-time exodus to Switzerland, to avoid Frederic's being arrested by the Italian military police, while the fifth book details the winter the couple spends in Switzerland while Catherine's pregnancy progresses. The seeming safety that the couple has found -- that they have been able to say "farewell to arms," to the war and the army -- is destroyed as the story ends, and Frederic is forced to say farewell to a different kind of arms. Their son is stillborn, and Catherine dies after massive hemorrhaging. The novel's final paragraph shows Frederic looking at his wife's body and realizing that "it was like saying good-by to a statue" (332). After that, he walks back to his hotel in the rain.

The ending of the story is, frankly, crushing. This effect on the reader is due in part to the tragedy of the plot, but also in that much of the emotional weight of the ending has been built up throughout the work by the treatment of the protagonists and the details of their relationship. Frederic Henry is presented as a psychologically complex character who, through his first-person narration, is made to appear emotionally detached as many of Hemingway's characters explored earlier in this project are. To achieve this effect, the author recycles many of the stylistic traits present in previous texts, including descriptions of landscapes and physical surroundings as reflective of the character's situation, the contextually varied use of dialogue tags, long stream-of-consciousness sentences that allow the reader to get close to the thoughts of the protagonist, as well as two traits that, though used previously in small quantities, show up repeatedly: the use of the second-person pronoun "you" as indirectly referencing the first-person narrator and the dissociation of the character's body and sensations from his mind and thought.

At the novel's opening, even though World War I has begun, the first paragraph uses a descriptive tone of the landscape to establish a sense of general peace:

> In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains. In the bed of the river there were pebbles and boulders, dry and white in the sun, and the water was clear and swiftly moving and blue in the channels. (*FTA* 3)

The somewhat pastoral and stationary sense of this prose reads slowly and deliberately, giving the reader a sense of peace. This becomes more pronounced when compared to the first two sentences of chapter two:

> The next year there were many victories. The mountain that was beyond the valley and the hillside where the chestnut forest grew was captured and there were victories beyond the plain on the plateau to the south and we crossed the river in August and lived in a house in Gorizia that had a fountain and many thick shady trees in a walled garden and a wistaria vine purple on the side of the house. (5)

The deliberateness of the previous chapter's description of scene is past and now replaced with the breathlessness of an ambulance unit chasing after the advancing army and setting up camp. In the second passage, the sweeping tone of movement in the second sentence is established by the presentation of the temporal context ("the next year") and the implication of the noun "victories" in the first sentence. The use of the conjunction "and" makes for this effect -- a trick I examined previously in "Chapter IX" of *In Our Time*, which reads:

> The second matador slipped and the bull caught him through the belly and he hung on the horn with one hand and held the other tight against the place, and the bull rammed him wham against the wall and horn came out, and he lay in the sand, and then got up like crazy drunk and tried to slug the men carry him away and yelled for his sword but he fainted. (*IOT* 83)

Having established the tone of the work as breathless and moving, Frederic imbues a further sense of change and loss by narrating that "the war was changed... the forest of oak trees on the mountain beyond the town was gone" (6). When the reader first encounters Frederic in the

narrative present, he is eating and drinking in the "bawdy house, the house for officers" with friends and a priest who comes in from "the street, walking carefully in the slush" (6). The scene shows the priest to be the frequent focus of the boyish ridicule of the officers. The frequent pouring of wine, the lewdness of the officers, the suggestion that the Pope wants the Austrians to win (because "that's where the money comes from"), and that Frederic is going on leave all work together on the surface level to make this scene read quickly and playfully. Occurring early in the text (the second chapter), these interactions give the reader a sense of temporariness and willful distraction from certain parts of reality (compensated for by a stronger focus on the more pleasurable parts of reality), that is: the outside where there is "slush" in the streets. This transitory mood will prove to play an important part in the entire novel.

This sense of temporariness is reinforced by the content of the chapter's end, "'come on,' said the captain. 'We go whorehouse before it shuts'" (9). The escapism of heavy drinking paired with the transiency of sex with prostitutes seems to be what soldiers at war do regularly. Following his return from leave, however, Frederic uses his narrative voice (syntactically similar to Jake Barnes' prayer in *The Sun Also* Rises) to bring the reader closer to the effects of this behavior when repeated over and over:

> Nights in bed, drunk, when you knew that that was all there was, and the strange excitement of waking and not knowing who it was with you, and the world all unreal in the dark and so exciting that you must resume again unknowing and not caring in the night, sure that this was all and all and all and not caring. Suddenly to care very much and to sleep to wake with it sometimes morning

> and all that had been there gone and everything sharp and hard and clear and sometimes a dispute about the cost. (13)

This later descriptive expansion on the events that "we go whorehouse before it closes" entails shows Frederic's life in the present to be void of meaning or emotional connection -- so much to the point that he concludes that there was "sometimes a dispute about the cost," reducing all parties involved to being merely part of a transaction.

With this sense of transaction established, when Frederic meets Catherine Barkley, an English nurse and the first woman actually seen in the novel, it seems unlikely that that they will have a meaningful and deep interaction. Their first conversation evidences that the expectation of their interaction being detached is only partially the case :

> "How do you do?" Miss Barkley said. "You're not an Italian, are you?"
>
> "Oh, no."...
>
> "What an odd thing -- to be in the Italian army."
>
> "It's not really the army. It's only the ambulance."
>
> "It's very odd though. Why did you do it?"
>
> "I don't know," I said. "There isn't always an explanation for everything."...
>
> "Had you been engaged long?"
>
> "Eight years. We grew up together."
>
> "And why didn't you marry?"

"I don't know," she said. "I was a fool not to. I could have given him that anyway. But I thought it would be bad for him."

"I see."

"Have you ever loved any one?"

"No," I said. (18-19)

Frederic's statements are all brief and present very little content, continuing on with the theme of transaction-like detachment. Catherine's statements, however, offer actual information about herself and her past, while also directly engaging Frederic by asking why he is in the Italian army and whether he has ever been in love. What the reader has been primed for by remembered encounters with nameless prostitutes is now challenged by a real character in the present.

Their conversation also carries on the usage of limiting dialogue tags. In the above quotation (condensed from two pages of conversation), there are only a few tags -- they appear only when the character's statement is divided by the tag, which operates as a rhythmic pause in the character's speech. This use of speech tags, as I have previously shown, was used to great effect in the juxtaposition of Jake and Brett's conversation in the taxi-cab with their entertaining of friends in a Paris bar as well as in "Hills Like White Elephants" -- the effect is one of centering focus on the couples' discussions. However, differing from the previously character-specific varying of tag frequency, the presence of dialogue tags in *Farewell* prove to be the exception for most of Frederic's conversations:

In talking to a nurse in Milan:

"Where were you wounded?"

"On the Isonze north of Plava."

"Where is that?"

"North of Gorizia."

I could see that none of the places meant anything to her.

"Do you have a lot of pain?" (84)

And in speaking to Count Greffi, a 94 year-old acquaintance:

"Now we will drink the other bottle and you will tell me about the war." He waited for me to sit down.

"About anything else," I said.

"You don't want to talk about it? Good. What have you been reading?"

"Nothing," I said. "I'm afraid I am very dull." (260)

The lack of dialogue tags can be seen as evidence of the author's mastery of writing dialogue. Having established the characters, he now wastes no time with the fillers that denote specifically who is speaking when. If there are words between utterances, they are purposeful beyond merely marking a place: he remarks to himself (and, consequently, to the reader) that the nurse makes it apparent that she has not heard of the places he mentions -- that he narrates this line as opposed to presenting her speech shows that Frederic feels no need to engage the nurse with the specifics; instead of writing "'... sit down,' the Count said," the author has not only dodged the space-wasting tag, but also reinforced his construction of the Count's character. He does not need to directly tell Frederic to sit down, he can merely imply it -- because he is a Count. In that example, however, "I said" is used twice. The first time is as Frederic suggests a change of subject while the second piggy-backs off the first, when he claims that he is "very dull." These

tags operate to drag out the prose and show the hesitation of Frederic to engage in these topics with the Count. Without them, the prose would read:

> "Now we will drink the other bottle and you will tell me about the war." He waited for me to sit down.
>
> "About anything else."
>
> "You don't want to talk about it? Good. What have you been reading?"
>
> "Nothing. I'm afraid I am very dull."

With the pauses in rhythm caused by "I said" lacking, the tone of Frederic's statements is indecipherable, spoiling the mood of their interaction. These examples of read-but-not-spoken text show that the author's grasp on how to realistically portray dialogue on the two-dimensional page is, in this novel, masterful.

While there is much dialogue, the majority of the text is expressed in the first-person thoughts of Frederic. While many of his observations are merely factual descriptions of scenes and actions, there are points where his inner lens turns more towards his thoughts and emotions. As quoted above, Frederic expresses the emotions of being on leave made colorful with intoxication and prostitutes, but later he delves a little deeper into various topics:

> I wish that I was with the British. It would have been much simpler.... British ambulance drivers were killed sometimes. Well, I knew I would not be killed. Not in this war. It did not have anything to do with me. It seemed no more dangerous to me myself than war in the movies.... I could go to Spain if there was

> no war.... After supper I would go and see Catherine Barkley. I wish she were here now. I wished I were in Milan with her. I would like to eat at the Cova and then walk down the Via Manzoni in the hot evening and cross over and turn off along the canal and go to the hotel with Catherine Barkley. (37)

Selected from two full pages of loose-flowing thoughts, these disparate topics share a common strand: they all express either a desire for escape from the present or a reassurance that things will be all right. Much like Jake Barnes' prayer in *Sun*, we are learning something about Frederic that he seems to be unaware of himself. As previously expressed, Frederic shares his fellow officers' fondness for escape into physical pleasure, but here he lets his thoughts touch on the negative things: that he wishes he were not with the Italians and that he could very well be killed. As soon as he thinks this sobering thought, he pushes the thought into a self-convinced pocket of impossibility: "well, I knew I would not be killed. Not in this war," and reduces the actions of the war to being no different than the movies. In lieu of alcohol or prostitutes, he aids his avoidance of heavier thoughts -- much like Nick Adams' trout-fishing in "Now I Lay Me" -- with other thoughts. He thinks first of Spain, then of Catherine Barkley, imagining a romantic evening with her in Milan. The second thought proves to be a good escape, and the paragraph expands with an impressionistic, long-winded sentence describing their lovemaking, ending in "... and we would drink the capri and the door locked and it hot and only a sheet and the whole night and we would both love each other all night in the hot night in Milan. That was how it ought to be. I would eat quickly and go see Catherine Barkley" (38). In *Sun*, Jake's usage of the conjunction "and" leant his prayers a feel of breathlessness that showed the reader what he did not process himself -- that

the racing thoughts of his prayers unnerved him to a point of emotional and physical duress, as evidenced by his sweating hands and his omission of the jaunt from the sanctuary to the sidewalk. Here, however, Frederic's use of "and" is used to clearly show his sexual excitement as he imagines being with Catherine in Milan.

In the final pages of the third book, as Frederic is hitching on a train after escaping the Italian "battle police" during the retreat, he falls deeper into his thoughts in a stream-of-consciousness style:

> The head was mine, but not to use, not to think with, only to remember and not too much remember.
>
> I could remember Catherine but I knew I would get crazy if I thought about her when I was not sure yet I would see her, so I would not think about her, only about her a little, only about her with the car going slowly and clickingly, and some light through the canvas and my lying with Catherine on the floor of the car. Hard as the floor of the car to lie not thinking only feeling, having been away too long, the clothes wet and the floor moving only a little each time and lonesome inside and alone with wet clothing and hard floor for a wife. (231-2)

In the previous example, thinking about Catherine is the solution to Frederic's desire to avoid the more negative thoughts. Now, however, he is trying to convince himself to not think about her. The reason for this avoidance seems easy to ascertain -- he has narrowly escaped death and is not sure whether he will make it back to Catherine. So what use is dwelling on something that he

might not ever see again? As he says, the only use for his head is "only to remember and not too much remember," because he will "get crazy" if he thinks about her too much.

With the use of the word "crazy," he creates a duplicity of meaning. Is he actually saying that remembering Catherine too much would make him despair in his situation in the present and be made "crazy" with sadness? Or is "crazy" to be interpreted as a euphemism for sexual arousal -- the outlet of which is indefinitely pushed off as he "was not sure when [he] would see her"? While his mention of the floor "moving only a little each time" and saying that he has "wet clothing and hard floor for a wife" are read by some readers as suggestive of a sex act, this ambiguity does not require resolution to draw the reader closer to the conscious experience of Frederic as both interpretations add meaning to his narration.

His thoughts do, however, seem to push him away from the realities of his physical situation, as he retreats into looser stream-of-consciousness dominated by the usage of the impersonal second-person "you":

> You did not love the floor of a flat-car nor guns with canvas jackets and the small of vaselined metal of a canvas that rain leaked through,... but you loved some one else whom now you knew was not even to be pretended there; you seeing now very clearly and coldly... you had lost your cars and your men as a floorwalker loses the stock of his department in a fire... You were out of it now. You had no more obligation. If they shot floorwalkers after a fire in the department store because they spoke with an accent they had always had, then certainly the floorwalkers

> would not be expected to return when the store opened again for business. (232)

This complex train of thought seems to run counter to "the head was mine, but not to use, not to think with." The use of "you," creates a dichotomy, a sense of separation between "I"-Frederic and the more detached Frederic. He is obviously referencing and analyzing the specifics of his own situation in the present. But, through the use of the "floorwalker" metaphor, a sort of negative correlation is created, in which the closer he examines his situation, the farther he distances himself from it. That the floorwalker has an accent that "they had always had" speaks to Frederic being an American serving in the Italian army; that the loss of the floorwalker's "stock of his department" in a fire that would occur presumably in peacetime is equated with losing much-needed ambulances and men in a mass-scale retreat shows the workings of Frederic's mind to smooth out and simplify this situation; most telling, though, is the switch from the impersonal "you" to the even more distanced third-person "they" (referencing both anonymous people who shoot floorwalkers and the floorwalkers themselves) which shows the limited way in which Frederic, whose head is "not to think with," can allow himself to rationalize through these thoughts. Through distancing himself from the thought by the use of pronouns that center the focus on an anonymous subject that is, to the reader -- if not Frederic -- inextricably linked to Frederic himself.

Another stark example of this usage of "you" is seen in the second book:

> When I was awake after the operation I had not been away. You do not go away. They only choke you. It is not like dying, it is just a chemical choking so you do not feel, and afterward you

> might as well have been drunk except that when you throw up nothing comes but bile and you do not feel better afterward. I saw sandbags at the end of the bed. (107)

The use of "I" in the first sentence introduces the reader to the scene, but it is immediately exchanged for the less personal "you," as Frederic describes the nightmarish experiences of being anesthetized, operated on, and coming to. The return to subject-focused "I" paired with the simple verb "saw" signals that the bad recounting is over, and Frederic is sensing things as himself, not as governed by pain or undesirable circumstances.

Having expressed the negative and painful in his impersonal way with the "you" pronoun above, the only other mention of pain in this chapter is a brief conversation between him and Nurse Ferguson -- a friend of Catherine's. Frederic's utterances are dismissive but suggestive:

> "How does your leg feel?"
>
> "Fine."
>
> "How is your head?" She touched the top of it with her fingers. It was sensitive like a foot that had gone to sleep. "It's never bothered me."
>
> "A bump like that could make you crazy. It never bothers you?"
>
> "No." (109)

These short, plaintive denials of discomfort or pain suggest a disconnect between the protagonist and his physical situation. However, by the use of the synecdochic 'head' instead of a more technical or specific term, such as 'skull', 'concussion' or 'laceration', the interpretation of this

discourse splinters; a psychological reading is established. In saying "it was sensitive like a foot that had gone to sleep," a sense of psychological numbness is presented, while Frederic's negative response to "a bump like that could make you crazy. It never bothers you?" reinforces the previous "gone to sleep" simile he has extended for his head -- something that he will explore later in the train scene, when he puts a different ambiguous spin on "going crazy" if he thinks about Catherine too much. Frederic's detachments from his negative thoughts remind the reader of Nick Adams in "Big Two-Hearted River," who goes on a recuperative fishing trip to return to what he considers to be "there, in a good place" (*IOT* 139).

Frederic's similarities of detachment to Nick do not stop there. In "Big Two-Hearted River," I argued that Nick's body was dissociated from his mind. This dissociation is seen in phrases such as "Nick reached down his hand to touch him, his arm to the elbow under water... as Nick's fingers touched him..." (*IOT* 149). While the author uses the possessive for "his hand" and "elbow," his most articulate part -- "his fingers" -- are referred to with his name, "Nick," paired with the possessive. While only a shade different from "his fingers," the effect is that the reader is unnecessarily reminded of whose fingers they are, suggesting that both Nick, a heavily emotionally detached protagonist, needs reminded of his fingers and that, like Jim Gilmore's hands in "Up In Michigan," Nick's fingers have an agency of their own. This effect in these stories is established more clearly as a point in the author's stylistic evolution and growth when viewed retrospectively from how Frederic's body is presented at points in *A Farewell to Arms*, as I will show below.

First, to follow the scene chronologically, a note about what I have referred to as situational passivity. An example of this passivity from "Big Two-Hearted River," is when Nick

has to wait for the skillet to warm up so that he can make pancakes and, in "A Canary For One," when the characters are on a train, passively traveling through time and space -- the result is a demotion of the characters' subject-status in the physical world. This demotion is used to great effect in regards to Frederic after he is wounded in the mortar attack. Through the use of a limited number of sentence constructions in describing the scene of entering a hospital in Milan, the reader is brought close to the conscious experiences of Frederic, here an immobilized observer (this text selected from a few sequential pages):

> They were watering the street and it smelled of the early morning. They put the stretcher down and went in.... the stretcher would not go into the elevator and they discussed whether it was better to lift me off the stretcher and go up in the elevator or carry the stretcher up the stairs. I listened to them discussing it....
>
> They carried me down a long hallway and into a room with drawn blinds. It smelled of new furniture. There was a bed and a big wardrobe with a mirror. They laid me down on the bed...
>
> "Give them five lire apiece and five lire for yourself. My papers are in the other pocket. You may give them to the nurse.(81-83)

The most used construction in this passage is "subject + transitive verb phrase + direct object" -- "they were watering the street," "they put the stretcher down," "they laid me down." The second frequent construction is "pleonastic subject + linking verb + adjective" -- "it smelled of the early morning," "it smelled of new furniture." The first construction is used only with the

pronoun "they." As Frederic, and the stretcher upon which he lays, is the direct object of many of these "they" sentences, this construction creates a sense of situational passivity for Frederic. The second construction uses the pleonastic subject "it" or "there" to present a "subjectless" sentence, as I examined in "Big Two-Hearted River." These constructions work well to show the object-status of Frederic, who, lacking physical capabilities in this scene, can at most use his voice to direct limited action among the characters. He is at the whim of the stretcher-bearers and a fumbling nurse who says "I don't know... There's no patient expected. I couldn't put you in just any room" (82).

The pleonastic subjects also create another effect. The "there" in "there was a bed and a big wardrobe with a mirror" seems to reflect Frederic's vision in this passage, while the "its" seems to express other sensory perceptions, such as "it smelled of new furniture," or "it was dim and cool in the room." The variation of these subjects and the senses they are attached to adds depth to the expression of the protagonist's conscious experience of the world around him, giving the sense that Frederic is perhaps less psychologically detached than Nick in "Big Two-Hearted River."

It is not necessarily the case. The tone of Frederic's narration, by the act of dissociation, betrays the emotions or sensations he is perhaps unaware of to the reader a handful of notable times. These emotions are shown through the way Frederic refers to his body and through switching from use of "I" to the second-person "you" -- as seen earlier in the "floorwalker" scene. On his entrance into the Milan hospital, he is in considerable pain from his wounded legs being shifted around. The changes in how this pain is described over the span of a few pages are telling:

> ...as my legs bent the pain was very bad. "Straighten out the legs," I said...
>
> The man holding the feet....
>
> The man carrying the feet....
>
> The pain had gone on and on with the legs bent and I could feel it going in and out of the bone....
>
> ...I lay without moving, hardly breathing, happy in feeling the pain lessen.... (81-84)

At first, he refers to his legs with the possessive pronoun "my," but as the pain increases, he immediately exchanges "my" for the definitive article "the." Similar to his mental dissociation with his "floorwalker" thoughts on the train, the effect is that of dissociating his legs away from him because as his pain increases, the body part feeling the pain is magnified in size, becoming an *other* to his sense of self. This experience with pain has been hinted at previously in book one when, shortly after he is wounded, he says "the pain that the major had spoken about had started and all that was happening [outside of Frederic and the pain] was without interest or relation" (60). Two subjects are created within one person -- the mind of Frederic and "the pain," an uncontrollable sensation that is temporarily lent its own sense of consciousness until Frederic is resting again.

Supporting evidence of this effect is found when, a few scenes later, repetitive usage of the possessive is used. At rest and with the pain receding, Frederic has the porter smuggle in newspapers and two bottles of alcohol, making for a pleasant evening:

> I lay in bed and read the papers awhile... and then reached down and brought up the bottle of Cinzano and held it straight up on *my stomach*, the cool glass against *my stomach*, and took little drinks making rings on *my stomach* from holding the bottle there between drinks. (87, my emphases)

The repetition of "my stomach" three times in one sentence places an unusually heavy emphasis on the noun phrase, suggesting that -- only four pages after "the pain had gone on and on with the legs bent and I could feel it going in and out of the bone" -- Frederic needs to convince himself that this pleasant sensation is actually real and attached to him. This subtle change of determiner usage in first-person narration operates to show the reader how Frederic unconsciously reacts to certain physical sensations -- painful or pleasurable.

With these means of mental escape that Frederic uses throughout the text in mind, the last chapter of the novel, with some of the most tragic and raw imagery that Frederic has to face, is ripe for examination. The chapters leading up to the end show one of the text's meanings of saying "farewell to arms"; having escaped the Italian battle police by rowing a boat to Switzerland, Frederic and Catherine live in undisturbed peace while they await the arrival of their child. Catherine is excited when her labor pains start, saying "I'm so glad it's started... now in a little while it will be all over" (313). Within twenty pages, both the child and Catherine will be dead, giving the text the other meaning of "a farewell to arms"; Frederic is left wifeless, childless, and utterly alone in a country to which he traveled to escape execution.

The chapter presents nearly none of Frederic's thoughts and emotions regarding the occurrences leading up to their deaths, which seems to fall in line with his previous handling of

painful or traumatic experiences. As has been the case for much of the novel, Frederic uses his first-person narration primarily to display action and passing time. After Catherine wakes him in the night and says that she's having labor pains, he narrates:

> I... called the garage near the station to send up a taxi. No one answered the phone for a long time. Then I finally got a man who promised to send up a taxi at once. Catherine was dressing. Her bag was all packed with the things she would need at the hospital and the baby things. Outside in the hall I rang for the elevator. There was no answer. I went downstairs... The night was clear and the stars were out. Catherine was very excited. (312-3)

Frederic is exercising his agency by arranging the taxi and elevator, but the only mention of emotion is in describing Catherine as being "very excited," leaving the reader unsure of Frederic's response. Once they get to the hospital, Frederic is reduced to being a mere observer who is shuffled around by the orders of nurses, doctors, and Catherine; this sampling of these back-and-forths occur over the first two pages after Frederic and Catherine arrive at the hospital:

> I went outside and sat on a chair in the hallway.
>
> "You can come in now," the woman said from the doorway...
>
> "I must do something for Madame, now," the nurse said. "Would you please step out again?"...
>
> "You can come in," the Nurse said. I went in....

> "You go away, darling," Catherine said. "Go out and get something to eat."...
>
> "You go out, darling," she said. "I think you are just making me self-conscious." (312-4)

Heeding Catherine's order, he makes the first of three trips to a local café for food and drink.

Each of these three trips gives pause to the worsening situation at the hospital, marks the passage of time and permits Frederic mental space to reflect upon the occurrences. Regardless of how much thinking he is doing, he narrates nearly none of it. During the first trip, he has a glass of wine with bread and coffee, and tells the waiter, who asks "what do you do at this hour?" that Catherine is in labor at the hospital (315). Having left the café, he sees a dog "nosing at one of the [trash] cans" (315). Frederic looks into "the can to see if there was anything I could pull out for him," but," there was nothing on top but coffee-grounds, dust and some dead flowers" (315). He says "there isn't anything, dog," and as Frederic narrates nothing of his own emotions, the reader is pushed to view the only sentient being who displays any want or need -- the nosing dog -- as an emotionally weighted symbol. That "coffee-grounds, dust and some dead flowers" are the items in the trashcan reinforce this interpretation, as each item is symbolically relevant: Frederic has just had coffee while waiting on the outcome of Catherine's labor; while fresh flowers are associated with many things, that these flowers are dead point towards Catherine's death, her approaching return to "dust" (as in, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust"). With this symbolic suggestion in mind, the dog fills a role in the text similar to that of the "floorwalker" metaphor seen in Frederic's stream-of-consciousness monologue following his first escape from the battle

police; that is, following the death of Catherine and their son, Frederic will discover that "there isn't anything."

On the other two trips to the café, Frederic states practically no more emotion than on the first. During the second trip, he observes an woman who works at the café and wonders, "how many children the woman had and what it had been like" (318). During the third, which follows his discovering that the baby was stillborn, he says that he "was not thinking at all but read the paper of the man opposite" him, all the while drinking copious amounts of beer (329). His statement mimics the sentiment of his train soliloquy, where he says "the head was mine, but not to use, not to think with" (116). He then expands on his feelings in the café:

> I thought of asking the waiter for a paper, but I could not concentrate. It was hot in the café and the air was bad... I ordered another beer. I was not ready to leave yet. It was too soon to go back to the hospital. I tried not to think and to be perfectly calm. (329)

Stating that "it was hot in the café and the air was bad" is either a lie (if seen as the reason he "could not concentrate") or a mere observation of scene. Regardless of the sentence's role, it dashes the reader's expectation of viewing Frederic's emotions and displays Frederic as detached from the emotional reality of his situation. Similar to Nick Adams' "there, in a good place" sentiment in "Big Two-Hearted River," Frederic establishes that he is not ready to leave his current location, both mentally and spatially.

Before leaving the café, he remarks "there was quite a pile of [beer] saucers now on the table in front me," suggesting that he is intoxicated to some degree. When he does return to the hospital, he is told that Catherine has had a hemorrhage and is probably going to die. Having dryly approached the hospital proceedings up to this point, he erupts -- aided by alcohol -- into an emotional monologue:

> Everything was gone inside of me. I did not think. I could not think. I knew she was going to die and I prayed that she would not. Don't let her die. Oh, God, please don't let her die. I'll do anything for you if you won't let her die. Please, please, please, dear God, don't let her die. God please make her not die. I'll do anything you say if you don't let her die. You took the baby but don't let her die. That was all right but don't let her die. Please, please, dear God, don't let her die. (330)

While the content and religiosity differ from anything previously faced by Frederic, this passage is reminiscent of the breathless rhythm of Frederic's earlier recollection of his drunkenness and sleeping with prostitutes on leave and also of Frederic's train soliloquy. The shared stylistic traits and the emotional content of the three passages is telling and cumulative; contextually speaking, remembering drunken hedonism as well as narrowly escaping execution (a highly stressful situation) trigger Frederic, an otherwise emotionally detached protagonist, to access his emotions. These triggers come together in the final scene to draw from him the emotional passage above.

Stylistically speaking, the extreme brevity of these sentences and repetition display the content with a believable emotional fervor and panic. The repetition of "please," in this context of desperation, successfully mirrors Jig's awkward hyperbolic "would you please, please, please... stop talking," in "Hills Like White Elephants (*CSS* 214). The repetition of "die" ten times is striking; why does Frederic not pray to God for her to live? It seems the author writes a few awkward verb phrases to avoid using "live":

> I'll do anything for you if you won't let her die.
>
> God please make her not die.

These sentences are made to read awkward by the negating adverb "not". What seems the more natural phrasing of these sentences, and uses a rule Hemingway was made conscious of by the style guide of his first reporting job with the *Kansas City Star's*: "be positive, not negative," is (Oliver 6):

> I'll do anything for you if you let her live.
>
> God please make her live.

This shows the author's conscious manipulation of sentence structure to support his use of alliteration in this passage, reminiscent of the alliteration of "-ll" in the beginning of "The End of Something," as discussed in my third chapter.

The scene interrupts Frederic's lugubrious prayer when a nurse motions for him to come into Catherine's room. After a brief conversation with Catherine, during which she refers to death as "just a dirty trick," and asks Frederic not to "do our things with another girl, or say the same things," the doctor says he must wait outside (331). Shortly after this Catherine falls into unconsciousness and Frederic says that he "stayed in the room with Catherine until she died. She

was unconscious all the time, and it did not take her very long to die" (331). Having been ordered around by Catherine and the hospital staff for most of the chapter, Frederic assumes a final sense of agency in the final passage of the novel:

> I went to the door of the room.
>
> "You can't come in now," one of the nurses said.
>
> "Yes I can," I said.
>
> "You can't come in yet."
>
> "You get out," I said. "The other one too."
>
> But after I had got them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. It was like saying good-by to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain. (332)

By telling the nurses to leave, Frederic is taking charge of the situation. But it is too late, and there was never any way for him to help Catherine. The final three sentences show the purity of Frederic's emotional detachment from the events of the novel. The detached state of Frederic throughout the novel, as I have argued in this chapter, is only further cemented by the death of his child and Catherine; the reader is left with the final image of Frederic walking back to the hotel, alone, in the rain. He says nothing of his emotions in this passage, but now the reader, having faced the events of the novel alongside Frederic, feels compelled to ask: what is there to say?

CONCLUSION

As Michael Reynolds writes in his study of the composition of *A Farewell to Arms* -- *Hemingway's First War* -- the presentation of the historical facts of the Italian front during WWI were so accurate that some reviewers thought the novel was an autobiography (Reynolds 7). He quotes another Italian reviewer who, though aware that it was fiction, still wrote that "the novel evokes the climate of the first two years of the war until the disaster of Caporetto with extraordinary vivacity... an undeniable sound of authenticity" (7). As I mentioned, it took six months for Hemingway to write the rough draft -- four times longer than *The Sun Also Rises*. Much of that time, undoubtedly, was spent researching the terrain and history of the military engagement, and much of it was spent shaping the emotional content of the story. What I have ventured to show in this project is that while it may have taken him six months to physically write this novel -- stylistically speaking, it took more like 13 years for Hemingway to truly learn the skills needed to make *A Farewell to Arms* as successful a novel as it is.

Starting with the first stories of weak juvenilia, Hemingway made it clear that writing was always the focus. He would consistently bolster his writing career with rich life experiences. He joined the American Red Cross in 1918 and spent roughly one month in Italy before being severely wounded in a mortar attack -- experiences that would lend a sense of authenticity to many of the Nick Adams stories as well as *A Farewell to Arms*, in which Frederic is wounded in the same manner (Oliver 6). In 1921, he made the move to Paris as an unknown writer arriving with a few manuscripts of short stories, none of which had been published. There he would

acquaint himself with some of the finest literary expatriates, whose influence, as I have shown, would figure heavily into his first published works. This was not a new strategy of learning for Hemingway. As any growing artist does, Hemingway mimicked the writers he looked up to: Ring Lardner's satirical tone and the ironic last-line gimmick of O. Henry gave way to Sherwood Anderson, Gertrude Stein, and James Joyce. While Hemingway's prose would never totally lose their influence (with the exception of perhaps Anderson) the author's own stylistic voice was becoming strong enough to stand on its own. The best parts of *In Our Time* (the vignettes and "Big Two-Hearted River") show the first signs of a mature style that would increase further in the better stories of *Men Without Women* -- the use of omission and the rhythm of prose is strong while the use of syntax in describing the landscape to impart to the reader something of the characters' emotions is cutting edge. *The Sun Also Rises* shows the beginnings of masterful dialogue while using omission to obscure the main crux of the story. Much of the content of this fiction would be reinforced by Hemingway's travels across Europe and America (such as a few summers spent in Pamplona, Spain, which set the scene for much of *The Sun Also Rises*), as well as pulling on his memories of childhood summers spent on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan as topics for his fiction.

By the end of the decade, he would be one of the most important names in literature, having published three short story collections, one satirical novel, and two more serious full-length novels -- all in a span of seven years. His writing style would evolve along the way. As I have claimed, it is in *A Farewell to Arms* that all of the stylistic traits scattered across the decade's work are synthesized into a moving story that covers a wide variety of settings and a huge spectrum of human emotions, from facing the horrors of war and death, to being drunk and

palling around with prostitutes to falling in love with a woman who becomes pregnant and dies while giving birth to a stillborn child. To begin to grasp the variety and the *bigness* of these topics, takes a good writer. But to synthesize and represent these topics in an engaging way that imbues mere words printed on a two-dimensional page with a sense of the times and the emotions of the characters -- that takes a great writer.

The greatness needed for crafting such a text had to be earned. The peculiar tricks of repetition and the nuanced use of simple words such as "it" to establish multiple meanings found in the works of Stein would help Hemingway to craft a masterful story around a couple's debate about an abortion. Anderson's use of gimmicky dialect to present interesting, if less than believable characters, would be used by Hemingway to write mediocre stories early in his career, but would aid him in writing the believable Italian dialogue found in *A Farewell to Arms*. Joyce's use of repetition and punctuation to give scenes a cinematic feel would be used by Hemingway to, say, draw the reader's eyes close to breathless action of a matador in the ring. Breaking away from these influences and establishing his own unique aspects of style, Hemingway would use his "iceberg theory" to elide the specifics of a situation, allowing his style to give a sense of what is not stated. This "theory" gives us the complexity of characters and their struggles with emotional detachment, physical pain, and -- in one case -- emasculation; such as Nick Adams in "Big Two-Hearted River," Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises*, and Frederic Henry in *A Farewell to Arms*. As I have shown in this examination of style, this is the arc of an author. Ernest Hemingway of 1916, '24 or '26 could not have written this novel. 17-year-old Hemingway had only an understanding of the fiction of popular magazines. By 1924, the author had a solid foundation of his own style and a good understanding of others' works. By 1926, he was

attempting to expand his established prowess with short fiction into longer pieces: *The Sun Also Rises* reads as a mixture of his successes and failures. Only the Hemingway of *A Farewell to Arms*, of 1928 and '29, who had lived, read and written everything he could for all of these years, who had learned from the good and bad writing of himself and others, could write a novel of this caliber.

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