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by members of

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guest editors
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In honor of

Joseph Flora

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PREFACE

DONALD A. DAIKER
JOHN BEALL

We are honored that Marcia Noe, editor of *MidAmerica,* asked us to edit a volume of *Midwestern Miscellany* focused on the work of Ernest Hemingway. For the past three years, we have both been a part of panels at the annual conference of The Society for the Study of Midwestern Literature at Michigan State University. At last year's panel, we were pleased to have Tim O'Brien in the audience. At that conference, Tim received the Mark Twain award for his writing that has moved so many of his readers. For it is from Tim's early work, *If I Die in a Combat Zone/Box Me Up and Ship Me Home* (1973), that the title of our collection comes. We want to thank Joseph Flora, President of the Hemingway Society and one of the leading scholars on Hemingway's fiction, for contributing to this collection via our interview with him. We hope that you enjoy these essays devoted to our appreciation for Hemingway's craftsmanship in writing about the combat zones of family, war, and self.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THIS ISSUE

AFTA: *A Farewell to Arms*

AFTA-HLE: *A Farewell to Arms, The Hemingway Library Edition* (Sean Hemingway)

CSS: *The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, The Finca Vigia Edition

EH: *Ernest Hemingway: A Study of the Short Fiction* (Flora)

Letters: *The Letters of Ernest Hemingway* (Spanier)

MF: *A Moveable Feast*

NAS: *The Nick Adams Stories*

RHMWW: *Reading Hemingway's* Men Without Women (Flora)

SAR: *The Sun Also Rises*

SAR Facsimile: *The Sun Also Rises: A Facsimile Edition* (Bruccoli)

SAR-HLE: *The Sun Also Rises, The Hemingway Library Edition* (Sean Hemingway)

Selected Letters: *Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters, 1917-1961* (Baker)

SS-HLE: *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway, The Hemingway Library Edition*

INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPH M. FLORA

DONALD A. DAIKER AND JOHN BEALL

*No one has written better on Hemingway's short stories than Joseph Flora. His three books—*Hemingway's Nick Adams, Reading Hemingway's Men Without Women: Glossary and Commentary, and Ernest Hemingway: A Study of the Short Fiction*—have long set a standard of excellence for critical thinking and writing on the short fiction. So we asked Joe if we could ask him biographical and critical questions with his responses serving as an introduction to this volume. He graciously agreed.*

What first stirred your interest in Hemingway? In the short stories? And in the Nick Adams stories in particular?

In my freshman composition course *The Quarto of Modern Literature* was the stimulus for our writing assignments. We read "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." The story stunned me with its force—vivid characters and a theme that seemed important to my life, to becoming. My sophomore elective on Poetry and the Short Story had *Ten Modern Masters* as a text; it included three Hemingway gems: "My Old Man," "In Another Country," and "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Oh, yes! This Hemingway was a master! I was more than happy the following semester to have *The First Forty-Nine* and *A Farewell to Arms* as texts. I welcomed getting to know Nick Adams better; usually I encountered him in a Michigan that I knew—though not so thoroughly as he did. I re-read those stories during the summer following that course, and I've been re-reading them ever since.

In his introduction to *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway: The Hemingway Library Edition*, Sean Hemingway writes that "it is arguably his [Hemingway's] contributions to the art of the short story that are his greatest literary achievement" (ix). Do you agree with this assessment? Why or why not—being as specific as you can. And in your view are the Nick Adams stories Hemingway's greatest achievement in short fiction?

The *New York Times* reviewer of Carlos Baker's *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* (1969) found it "aggravating" that Baker backed off from "strong opinion and strong feeling." The reviewer wished that Baker had offered judgment on the question of whether Hemingway would endure mostly as novelist or as short story writer. A half century later, the Hemingway titles we meet in the popular press are the novels—especially *The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms,* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Every *Jeopardy* player had better know those titles. Clearly, Hemingway's fame as a novelist is secure.

When I come across listings of Hemingway's masterpieces, I often feel a pang. Hemingway's first masterpiece is omitted, and I want to edit. So much began with *In Our Time*!

A cheer then for Sean Hemingway for returning us to the conversation that was already underway when Baker's biography appeared, and for sharing his opinion that Hemingway's greatest contribution to our literature comes in the short story.

Put me on the proverbial desert island having to choose between the three novels I've mentioned and Hemingway's short stories. I'd go with the short stories.

I could do quite nicely on that island. First, I'd savor each story individually, then read them in their individual groupings: *In Our Time, Men Without Women*, and *Winner Take Nothing*. Sometimes I'd reread favorites that best fit my need as I pondered the human condition.

In Our Time, Men Without Women, and *Winner Take Nothing* all hold stories with Nick Adams as the main character. I'd read them following the chronology of his life, starting with [his] frightening boy-

hood journey in northern Michigan with his father and taking him to a middle age where the reader finds him driving west with his sleeping son at his side. In his mind, Nick returns to Michigan and his father and Indians he knew.

You can't rush when you are reading the Nick Adams stories. They go deep. Of course we see parallels to the life of Ernest Hemingway, but that is not central. Nick takes us to realities of "our time," often takes us to ourselves. We don't rush through a story—or shouldn't. With reason, "Big Two-Hearted River" is counted among the greatest short stories of twentieth-century American literature.

Hemingway gave us many memorable characters—Jake Barnes, Brett Ashley, Frederic Henry, Catherine Barkley, Robert Jordan, Pilar, Santiago. And we quickly add Francis Macomber, Margo Macomber, Harry of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Harold Krebs, Marge, others. But Nick Adams is the character that Hemingway kept returning to, kept imagining. Like Hemingway, we come to know Nick slowly. He is the indispensable Hemingway character.

In *Hemingway's Nick Adams* you write that *Men Without Women* "demonstrates [Hemingway's] expectation that his reader would know his earlier work" (199). You go on to say, "We have repeatedly seen that Hemingway has a sense of Nick's career—and he intends that the careful reader should too" (216).

Are you as convinced as before of the intertextuality of the Nick Adams stories? Why? What is gained by having a sense of Nick's career? What might be lost by overlooking it?

Had Hemingway never written another line about Nick Adams beyond *In Our Time*, readers would judge that Hemingway had left Nick in a good place. He has come a far way from the frightened boy we find in "Indian Camp." In "Big Two-Hearted River" Nick has learned a good deal about family, love, war, death. He is a survivor, traveling alone, confidant of his future. The reader of *In Our Time* would have a sense of that character much like that a reader takes from a novel.

But Hemingway had not finished writing about Nick. Nick was as alive for him as he was for his readers. Hemingway could get inside this character! He didn't sit down to plot a plan of progression for a Nick series, though in *Men Without Women* one seemed in the making. Always it was the demands of the individual story that wanted to be written, the story that Hemingway wanted to write, needed to write and not the next step in a series. "Ten Indians," one of the last stories of *Men Without Women* to be written, takes the reader back to an early-teen Nick. Some readers encountering the story in 1927 might never have read *In Our Time* or any of the earlier Nick stories as they first appeared in magazines. The story can stand alone, is rich, rewarding. But the reader who has read *In Our Time* might pause longer. That reader would think of Nick's father, perhaps remember Nick's telling Bill in "The Three-Day Blow" that his father has "missed a lot." The reader familiar with *In Our Time* would sense more deeply that "Ten Indians" has more than one "broken heart."

Men Without Women had been a big success and likely caused some first-time Hemingway readers to discover *In Our Time*. There they would find Nick, realize how important that character was to a bigger story. You can read Nick forward and backward. And many of us do. And many more will.

It was no surprise that Nick would also be a major character in *Winner Take Nothing*, that a superb Nick Adams story would end the collection. And with the *adieu* to thirty-eight-year-old Nick, Hemingway had confirmed once again his mastery of the short story.

When in 1972 Philip Young's *The Nick Adams Stories* appeared, teachers and some readers had been linking individual Nick stories in various ways for a long time. Young's chronology of the stories had surprises, but it put a useful tool in the hands of teachers. Young included "Summer People," a previously unpublished Nick story that Hemingway liked but wisely withheld; a lopped-off beginning to "Indian Camp"; a deleted section of "Big Two-Hearted River"; three short fragments that appear to be beginnings of short stories; the fragment of the beginning of a novel about a Nick—yet without a last name—about to land in France for service in the Great War. Hemingway aborted the effort, realizing he wasn't ready for novel writing. He would first master the short story, a lesson from James

Joyce, perhaps. "Indian Camp," his first story about Nick Adams, led the way.

Young's gatherings also contained one item not part of Hemingway's apprenticeship period—"The Last Good Country," a novella-in-progress written late in Hemingway's life. It returned us to Nick's adolescent years, but the darkness bespeaks the darkness of Hemingway's late years more than the light and the shadows of the stories through "Fathers and Sons." Nevertheless, it is significant that Nick Adams beckoned to Hemingway late in his life.

Readers appreciated the skill of the writing found in those fragments and deletions, found them useful for their understanding of Hemingway—and often forgot that Hemingway had not released them to us. After he cut something from a story, we should be careful about canonizing it. Deletions are no longer a part of the story. "On Writing" is not part of "Big Two-Hearted River." "Three Shots" is not a short story—as some now call it. Hemingway cut it from his story—and rightly I think.

Young put all of the previously unpublished material in an italic font, indicating that he wanted readers to consider the items in a different light. Predictably, the special font did not hold for later publications of the new material.

So we read Nick Adams with a certain tentativeness. Young, like most critics, considers Nick to be the narrator of "In Another Country," though we find no name for the narrator. I think it is a Nick story, too. And I think "A Day's Wait" (also with an unnamed narrator) is a Nick story, though the story is not in the Young edition. Young does claim the unnamed narrator of "An Alpine Idyll" for Nick. What is—or is not—a Nick story is sometimes part of the mystery.

In Hemingway's *Men Without Women: Glossary and Commentary*, you have identified the unnamed central male character in four stories—"In Another Country," "A Day's Wait," "An Alpine Idyll," and "Wine of Wyoming"—as Nick Adams. What are the criteria you have used?

How could I doubt that “A Day’s Wait” belongs in the Nick Adams canon? The young lad in age and character fits that of the son in “Fathers and Sons.” The fathers are also alike: in sporting passions, concern for sons, they are meditative, thoughtful, caring. They enjoy reading. They are hunters, fishermen—trained to be so by their fathers in Michigan woods. Nick in “A Day’s Wait” is also like his father in showing himself less than perfect, even foolish. He fails to understand his son’s mental state, goes out hunting in dangerous weather, once slipping on the ice—dropping his gun. (We remember “The Three-Day Blow” when the inebriated Nick and Bill go out hunting in a gale.) At the end of “A Day’s Wait,” Nick manifestly demonstrates his love for his son. I remember Dr. Adams at the end of “Indian Camp.” The husband in “Wine of Wyoming” is of similar nature, clearly a writer, a hunter. He is thoughtful of others, like Nick. He pays tribute to the Fontans. At the end of the story, we feel his regret for not returning to the Fontans. So like Nick in that, as is reaffirmed in the last story of *Winner Take Nothing,* “Fathers and Sons.”

Hemingway’s early title for “Now I Lay Me” was “In Another Country—Two.” There’s a sensitivity in the two unnamed protagonists that links them: both have questions, are uncertain about many things, like young Nick in the Michigan stories. We like them, feel their solid fiber, their empathy.

“An Alpine Idyll” portrays the young writer, a sportsman who can recognize a good story, the eye of the artist. In tone much like “Cross-Country Snow.”

Do you still reject the identification of the jilted soldier in “A Very Short Story” as Nick Adams? Why do you find Donald Daiker’s argument for Nick [“In Search of the Real Nick Adams: The Case for ‘A Very Short Story.’” *The Hemingway Review* 32:2 (Spring 2013) 28-41.] less than convincing?

In “chapter 7” of *in our time* we do find a wounded soldier named “Nick.” He has no last name. He is not the soldier of “chapter 8” who prays while under bombardment. The Nick in “chapter 7” is often considered our introduction to Nick Adams, though some have doubted that this is he. He might be Italian. There is no further men-

tion of any Nick in *in our time*. We get the story of the soldier who loses Ag in "chapter 10."

When Hemingway returned to the vignette for *In Our Time*, Ag has become Luz. But the outcome of the romance is the same. The unnamed soldier who wishes to marry Luz wallows in self-pity, seems completely unable to understand why the older Luz might find him boyish, argumentative, domineering. Or that she might understand that a few years later he might find her middle-aged, less fun, and look elsewhere. In any case, he responds irresponsibly—self-destructively. (Proof enough for Luz, could she know, that she made the right decision.) The soldier in the Ag/Luz story is not the Nick Adams that I find in any named Nick story.

Why is the unnamed narrator of "A Canary for One" not Nick Adams?

This suffering man could be likened to Nick Adams. He is observant, sensitive, a good listener, and he suffers. His pain is palpable at the end of the story, as is that of the wife. Nevertheless, I hesitate. The man is well done, but at the end of the story, I am thinking of Ernest Hemingway, not Nick. I am thinking of Hadley. When I read the classic Nick stories, I am thinking of Nick at the end and not Ernest Hemingway.

Doesn't "A Canary for One" nicely bridge the gap between "Cross-Country Snow" and "Big Two-Hearted River"? Since the narrator of "A Canary for One" goes out of his way to hide himself and to mask his pain from himself and from the reader, isn't it difficult to argue that he is not Nick Adams?

But I don't see that "A Canary for One" bridges any gap between "Cross-Country Snow" and "Big Two-Hearted River." Is there a gap?

A seamless sequence of the Nick stories was not Hemingway's goal. Each short story can stand by itself, has its own focus. In *In Our Tim*e, Hemingway made "My Old Man" the penultimate story, ensuring that we would consider this story as itself, not a continuation of "Cross-Country."

Why do you not identify the central male characters of "Cat in the Rain," "Out of Season," "Hills Like White Elephants," and "A Sea Change" as Nick Adams?

"Out of Season" is from Hemingway's first book, *Three Stories and Ten Poems*. Hemingway is learning to write stories, but he is not out to begin a series about one Nick Adams. He's learning his own method and does a solid job of it with "Out of Season." (Couple might be British.)

Trying to make these stories Nick stories undercuts the integrity of the individual story, putting the emphasis where it doesn't belong. Hemingway was not trying to write a novel using short stories. The first-person stories were not meant to tease.

Finally, why in your opinion, does it matter whether or not we identify an unnamed male central character as Nick Adams?

It only matters if it helps us understand the story.

THINGS THEY CARRIED: NICK, HEMINGWAY, AND OAK PARK CONNECTIONS TO THE WESTERN FRONT

LARRY GRIMES

A study of war sermons preached by Rev. Dr. William Barton, Hemingway's pastor at First Congregational Church in Oak Park, provides insight into the moral, theological, and ideological baggage Hemingway carried with him into World War I. A close reading of the war vignettes in *In Our Time* shows that Nick carried similar baggage. Barton's war sermons, coupled with a letter from Hemingway's sister, Marcelline, dated June 20, 1916, suggest that both Hemingway and Nick ultimately found things that sustain in the pack of horror each carried.

There is context to be considered as I explore this question. First, there is the matter of the integral relation of "Chapter VI" to "Chapter VII," specifically to the manuscript version of that vignette. The manuscript has three words written at the top: "religion," "Norton," and "Barton."[1] "Chapter VII" has explicit religious content focused on a foxhole prayer, so the word "religion" at the top needs little explanation, though it does need specification and amplification. The words on the manuscript specifically connect the church wall in "Chapter VI" with the "religion" in "Chapter VII." I shall document this below.

The proper nouns at the top of the manuscript version of "Chapter VI" are the names of the pastors who had influence on Hemingway during his formative teen years: Rev. William J. Norton, pastor of Third Congregational Church in Oak Park; and Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, pastor of First Congregational Church. Of the two, Barton was the more prominent. His sermons were often reprinted in *Oak Leaves* and sometimes printed and published in pamphlet form. His reputation extended far beyond Oak Park. Indeed, he enjoyed an

audience with President Wilson early in 1917.[2] Important in his own right as a nationally known pastor and Lincoln scholar, his reputation was enhanced by family connections. His sister was Red Cross founder Clara Barton. He was the father of Bruce Barton, New York advertising executive and author of *The Man Nobody Knows*. In his best-selling book, Bruce Barton presents a portrait of Jesus as a model for a muscular Christianity and the greatest salesman and business executive.

Reverend Norton and his church ministered to the young Hemingways as Marcelline and Ernest prepared for high school. In her memoir, *At the Hemingways*, Marcelline recounts a contest sponsored by the Third Church youth group, Christian Endeavor, to see who could read the entire King James Bible first. The Hemingway children did not win the contest, but Marcelline says that "we passed a detailed test on the Bible reading and we both learned a lot" (133). Likely, Ernest's appreciation for the King James Version of the Bible began here.

In 1915 Marcelline and Ernest began to participate in worship and youth activities at First Congregational. Their move was likely more social than theological, but it placed them before the pulpit of Barton during their junior and senior years. They were both very active in a large and very lively Pilgrim Fellowship youth program (Church Orders of Worship refer to evening attendance of 60).[3]

At Pilgrim Fellowship, Ernest went beyond merely reading the entire Bible to an exposure to "modern" understandings of the Bible. One program called "The Romance of the Bible" posed the following questions for the evening: "How many different kinds of literature does the Bible contain? Does it contain a history, an essay, a novel, or a drama? Can you mention an example of beautiful poetry?" (Order of Worship, First Congregational Church, February 15, 1915). At a meeting on April 15, 1915, more of the so-called Higher Criticism of the Bible was explored through the following question: "Did you ever hear of these things: . . . Codex, Textual Criticism?"

On December 10, 1916, six boys were selected to attend a three-day youth leadership conference in Galesburg, Illinois. Ernest was one of the six selected. His selection confirms his active leadership in the First Congregational youth group.

On May 6, 1917, Ernest and Marcelline officially joined the congregation of First Congregational Church. Prior to that Sunday, on

April 8, 15, and 22, the Membership Committee met "with persons desiring to unite with the church at the communion service, May 6" (April 1 1917). These dates are important because they place Ernest in church on April 15. On that Sunday Reverend Barton preached a sermon entitled "Our Fight for the Heritage of Humanity." The following year the sermon was reprinted and distributed by the Men's Bible Class and retained in the Church's archives. In his preface to the reprint, E. W. Pratt wrote that "[c]oming as it did right after the declaration of the war, and before people generally had formulated their convictions in utterance of this character, it proved of interest and value not only to the members of the congregation, but to others far outside. It was quoted in many addresses and favorably commented upon by men in high positions, as well as by newspapers in this country and in Great Britain.

This sermon, given at the outset of the war, provides considerable hard content as to the "religion" Hemingway carried with him to World War I, hard content with regard to the church wall that Nick is up against. Barton's thesis was simple and direct: Germany propagated a philosophy of violence and terror as normative behavior among nations. Four German thinkers created this philosophy, which stands contrary to the heritage of humanity. The thinkers, all of whom Barton presents in summary to his congregation, are Heinrich von Treitschke, Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, Friedrich von Bernhardi, and Carl von Clausewitz.

Barton claims that the prominent historian Treitschke "more than any man molded the present German mind" (6). Treitschke was a chief supporter of the Prussian military spirit and a powerful advocate for German colonial expansion (6). At the heart of Treitschke's work, Barton asserts, was "a philosophy of history which has come to be accepted as the spiritual basis of Germany's dream of world empire" (6). Barton quotes one paragraph from Treitschke's work as indicative of the spiritual basis of Germany's thought about war:

> We have learned to recognize the moral majesty of war just in those aspects of it which superficial observers describe as brutal and inhuman. Men are called to overcome all natural feeling for the sake of their country, to murder people who have never before done them harm, and whom they perhaps respect as chivalrous enemies. It is things such as these that seem at first glance horrible and repulsive. Look at them again and you will see in them the greatness of war. Not only the life of man, but also the right and natural emotions of his

> innermost soul, his whole ego, are to be sacrificed to a great poetic idea; and therein lies the moral significance of war. (6-7)

The operative phrases here are "the moral majesty of war," "the moral significance of war," and clever phrasing used to cloak the brutal and inhuman in the wrap of a "great poetic idea."

Barton then focuses on Nietzsche's scorn for democracy and call for the dominance of a small group "who by the process of natural selection and dominant overlordship shall ultimately produce a race of the superman" (7). Conflating the ideas of Treitschke, Nietzsche, and, implicitly, social Darwinism, Barton concludes that this philosophy "if it were established, would drive out all the gentler virtues from human life and exalt those that make for military strength and the acknowledgement of the rightful tyranny of the strong" (7).

Barton next turns to two German military philosophers, Bernhardi and Clausewitz. Bernhardi's book, *Germany and the New War* (1911), is Barton's text. He quotes from Bernhardi's introduction: "I must first of all examine the aspirations for peace which seem to dominate our age and threaten to poison the soul of our German people, according to their true moral significance. I must try to prove that war is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture" (8). Barton confirms the confluence of these philosophies by quoting Bernhardi, quoting from Treitschke's *Politick*: "Among all political sins the sin of feebleness is the most contemptible; it is the political sin against the Holy Ghost" (8).

Barton quotes from *The Reality of War: An Introduction to Clausewitz* by Major Murray of the Gordon Highlanders to present Clausewitz's theory of war and its execution (8). At the heart of Clausewitz's theory, according to Barton, is "the inauguration of systems of terrorism such as to force the enemy's population into a state of mind favorable to submission"(9). Murray further states that "[w]ar is an act of violence, which in its application knows no bounds" (9).

Barton then takes in hand and physically places four books on his pulpit as he summarizes both a German philosophy and a strategy of war which condones, indeed calls for, cruelty, barbarity, violence, and terrorism. He rounds out the sermon dramatically with the presentation of German flyers threatening civilians with terrible destruction should they resist the power of the German. The flyers, or posters as Barton calls them, were a significant part of the reign of

terror essential to the German war effort. This warning poster was distributed in Liege: "With my authorization the general commanding these troops has reduced the town [speaking of actions taken in Ardenne] to ashes and has had 110 persons shot. I bring this fact to the knowledge of the people of Liege in order that they may know what fate to expect should they adopt a similar attitude" (12). The posters, in a variety of colors, that Barton waved before his congregation attested to the horrible, inhumane cruelty at the heart of the German war effort. An orange one enumerated crimes for which civilians would be shot, "including digging potatoes in their own gardens" (12). Another, on blue paper, proclaimed "the death of six people, with the condemnation to servitude for terms for two to fifteen years of twenty-one others" (13). This was said to have occurred in Brussels, October 12, 1915. Altogether, Barton presented ten posters as evidence of the application of deliberate, inhumane cruelty toward civilian populations as part of a philosophy and strategy on the part of Germany to assert its superman power against any and all who would stand against its imperial rights. Barton contends that "[t]he thing we are fighting for is to determine whether theories that are definitely based upon such a philosophy as that of Nietzsche and Treitschke, and policy of warfare admittedly based upon Bernhardi and Clausewitz are to dominate the future of the civilized world. If Germany wins, this is the way wars of the future will be fought . . . That is why we are at war. We are fighting for humanity; we are fighting for the heritage of humankind (13).

Young Hemingway was present in church on April 15, 1917, when this sermon was preached. He heard these words. How consciously he processed them we cannot know. But he heard them. And, I posit, at some level he carried them through the war with him, making them bricks in the church wall that Nick is up against, making them the context into which we can articulate the meaning of "religion, Barton, and Norton" and provide context for the foxhole prayer in "Chapter VII."

A second sermon of Barton's is also significant in identifying the nature of the "religion." It was preached a little over a year after "Our Fight for the Heritage of Humanity." Titled "The Moral Meanings of the World War," preached on June 16, 1918, it was literally something Hemingway carried in the war.[4] Barton included the sermon with a letter he sent to Ernest in Italy, dated June 25, 1918. The letter concludes with this sentence: "Our faith is unbounded in the jus-

tice of our cause and in the character of the men who have gone to fight it." Barton asserts the innocent character of the young men America has sent to the war:

> [A]ll our education, all our home life, all the ideals of our nation in the midst of which these young men have been reared, have been those of peace. Suddenly as if they had gone to sleep at the end of a day on earth and awakened in hell, these young men are torn from their homes and sent forth to confront [German] armies that indeed have suffered losses but have been hardened by conflict, made confident by victory, and trained to blind obedience of a perfectly organized military machine. (5-6)

In short, these young American men became like the Germans they were sent to fight.

Barton's description reflects Hemingway's Oak Park experience and corresponds to Nick's pre-war innocence in "Indian Camp" and "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," an innocence in Hemingway that was modified somewhat by his Kansas City encounter with violence as described by Steve Paul in *Hemingway at Eighteen*. The innocence that both Hemingway and Nick carry to the war is abruptly, suddenly, confounded by the hell that is the German war machine. That machine, Barton says, is committed to three principles against which Americans are engaged in a deadly, moral struggle:

> First, we are struggling against Germany's social Darwinism which asserts German Obermench superiority and its right to survival as the fittest of all nations. Second, we are fighting to insure that humanity is governed by democratic principles and not the "German theory . . . of a State existing by divine right, and its will personified in the person of its sovereign wherein the individual must subordinate his conscience and obey" (8). Third, we stand utterly against the "German theory of the legitimacy of frightfulness." Barton refers here to Clausewitz's terroristic contention that "war is the application of force, to which no bounds can be assigned." (9)

For Barton, the moral task for young American soldiers is to not take on the characteristics of the enemy—especially not to become advocates of German frightfulness. To resist that turn is to bring moral meaning to the war and insure that the heritage of humanity remains intact, that justice prevails.

Barton provides a good description of the bricks that make up the wall of the church against which Nick leans. The innocent hope that

humanity, as practiced in Oak Park and across America, would prevail is contrasted sharply with the picture of war presented in *In Our Time*. Although I am working from the 1925 version of *In Our Time*, I think it important to include here quotations from "On the Key at Smyrna," added as a preface to the 1930 reissue. I do so because the horror and brutality described by both the Reverend Barton and Hemingway needed to be writ large to underscore the failure of humanity under the conditions of war without limits. I do so also to emphasize that all sides in a war are reduced to cruel and inhuman behavior. The first war images in either edition derive from the Greco-Turkish war and focus on innocent civilians. The brutality, the frightfulness of the war come from both the Greeks and the Turks. We read that "the worst . . . were the women with dead babies. They'd have babies dead for six days. Wouldn't give them up (*CSS* 63). The Greeks were no better than the Turks. "The Greeks were nice chaps too. When they evacuated they had all their baggage animals they couldn't take off with them so they just broke their forelegs and dumped them into the shallow water . . . It was all a pleasant business. My word yes a most pleasant business" (*CSS* 64). The only voice to speak of such frightfulness is an ironic one. Distance is required to view the inhumanity. The glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was the Ottoman Empire have come to this, so much for the heritage of humanity. The view does not improve in chapter two as we watch refugees "herded" along the Karagatch Road. In the mud and muddle of this march, "there was a woman having a kid with a girl holding a blanket over her and crying. Scared sick looking at it. It rained all through the evacuation" (*CSS* 71). Hemingway has removed the irony and focused on the horror of the girl's being "[s]cared sick looking at it."

Chapters three through five continue to present a world gone frightful, a world dehumanized by the war. Allied soldiers have become dulled to the murder that is war and speak of killing in language belonging to a carnival shooting gallery: "We waited till he got one leg over [the garden wall] and then potted him . . . Then three more came over further down the wall. We shot them. They all came just like that" (*CSS* 77). A similar attitude persists in the following vignette, "Chapter IV," as Allied troops erect a barrier/shooting gallery at a bridge. "It was absolutely topping. They tried to get over it, and we potted them from forty yards" (*CSS* 83). Though in "Chapter V" there is a shift from the battlefield to an execution, iron-

ically set against the wall of a hospital, the frightful, dehumanized behavior continues. Six cabinet ministers are shot, one of whom was sick from typhoid and unable to stand, all dignity gone, "he was sitting down in the water with his head on his knees" (*CSS* 95).

And so we come to "Chapter VI" where Nick, wounded in the spine, lies propped up against the wall of a church. The notes on the manuscript call attention to the theme of religion. The irony in the image is clear. We have learned above the content of religion as it came to Hemingway by way of Barton and Norton. The church wall, however fragile it may be after the shelling, is the only support structure left standing. The house, representing pre-war values of domestic peace, has crumbled against the cruelty of war. The Allies are no more human in their prosecution of the conflict than their German adversaries. Pound said it well in these words from "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley":

> There died a myriad,
> And of the best, among them,
> For an old bitch gone in the teeth,
> For a botched civilization. (Pound 188)

So much for a war to defend the heritage of humanity. There is nothing left for Nick but to make "a separate peace." Or so it seems.

"Chapter VII" poses a problem for my discussion of the things Nick carried because, as Joseph Flora argues, Nick is not a character in the narrative (106). I agree with Flora that this vignette universalizes the war experience. Nick is not present as a character, but he is present as part of the myriad.

The words "Barton," "Norton," and "religion," however, were written on "Chapter VII" so perhaps something (the wall) remains here of that old moral and religious order of things. It is here, in the complex narrative structure, used to convey a foxhole prayer. Has Hemingway come to the conclusions laid out in Pound's poem?

> Died some, pro patria,
>   non "dulce" non "et decor" . . .
> walked eye-deep in hell
> believing in old men's lies, then unbelieving
> came home, home to a lie . . . . (Pound 188)

Or is there still some integrity and, by extension, redemptive power in the moral and religious heritage of humanity asserted by Barton?

The answer to this question depends on whether the foxhole prayer is to be read as a cheap bargaining prayer and example of bad faith or as a prayer sincerely prayed and acted on in good faith. The answer, I think, is both.

The narrative structure of "Chapter VII" is complex. A first-person narrator reports the prayer and its aftermath. The first-person narrator is both subtle and supple. A first take on the vignette suggests a third-person, omniscient view of the bombardment. "While the bombardment was knocking the trench to pieces at Fossalta, he lay very flat and sweated and prayed . . ." (67). The prayer itself is then transcribed as falling directly from the lips of the soldier. It is only in the tenth line of this twelve-line vignette that the first-person voice is revealed: "We went to work on the trench and in the morning the sun came up . . . (67). The first-person narrator goes on to tell us that the soldier did not uphold the bargain he made in this prayer. Rather than telling "every one in the world that you [God] are the only one that matters," he did not tell the girl who went upstairs with him at the Villa Rossa, "and he never told anybody" (67).

So, a bad faith foxhole prayer, certainly on the part of the soldier praying. Not, however, on the part of the soldier listening to the prayer. The narrator, that listener, appears to be a close comrade in arms who overheard the prayer and, I suggest, joins silently in the petition. So close are they, this narrator and the soldier, that they both go upstairs at the Villa Rossa. How else would the narrator know he never told the girl? It would seem the narrator knows that the soldier died soon after that evening; hence, he never told anybody. The narrator, however, is busy telling us all. If we assume he is a silent partner to the prayer, he has fulfilled his part of the bargain and lived to tell about it—to tell the whole world. Barring a reading that insisted that the narrator is telling his own story, it seems that Hemingway has given us an account from the war that both affirms corruption of the heritage of Western humanity and holds fast to its quiet, vital presence still there in our time.

CODA

Another thing they carried. Proust had his madeleine, Hemingway and Nick had their can of apricots. In a letter to Marcelline dated June 20, 1916, Hemingway writes, "I opened the sacred can of apricots that I had packed about 200 miles. You know you always carry something like that for anticipation" (31). As Nick

unpacks and sets up camp for the evening in "Big Two-Hearted River" he "opened a small can of apricots. He liked to open cans. He emptied the can of apricots out into a tin cup . . . he drank the juice syrup of the apricots, carefully at first to keep from spilling, then meditatively, sucking the apricots down" (141).

These passages speak to each other about the things we carry, especially over long distances and across time. Hemingway and Nick both turn to religious language as they enjoy their apricots. Hemingway declares them to be "the sacred can of apricots"; Hemingway describes Nick as "meditatively, sucking the apricots down." Both Hemingway and Nick carry a virtual general store's worth of product as they pack into the wilderness. No twenty-first-century packer would contemplate such weight. In addition to tent and fishing gear, Nick's kit includes a skillet, ax, sack of nails, buckwheat flour, a can of grease, apple butter, a big onion, a can of spaghetti, a wire grill, condensed milk, coffee, a coffee pot, a bottle of catsup, a canvass bucket, a tin cup, sugar, a tin bread plate, and, of course, the can of apricots. The load is so heavy he wears a tump-line to allow his neck and shoulders to bear part of the load.

Hemingway and Nick have both made deliberate decisions to bear the load because what they carry allows them to meld wilderness and civilization into sacred space. The sacredness attributed to the can of apricots recalls Wallace Stevens's "Anecdote of a Jar":

> I placed a jar in Tennessee,
> And round it was, upon a hill.
> It made the slovenly wilderness
> Surround that hill.
>
> The wilderness rose up to it,
> And sprawled around, no longer wild.
> The jar was round upon the ground
> And tall and of a port in air.
>
> It took dominion everywhere. (1151)

The sacred, such as it is, for Nick and Hemingway, is incarnational. There is nothing ethereal or spiritualized about it. It is the meld of charred grasshoppers, the big trout, pack harness, jack pines, sprigs of sweet fern, pine needles, mosquito, match flame, with canvass tent, coffee pot, apple butter, hammer, fishing gear and apricots

that brings Nick to speak holy words into the night: "Chrise," Nick said, "Geezus Chrise" (*CSS* 168). He says this happily after his dinner of spaghetti and beans with catsup. After Nick has made camp and cooked dinner, he settles into a meditative mood as he opens the can of apricots, drinks the juice, and sucks down the fruit (*CSS* 168). In camp, the space around him, like that space in Stevens's Tennessee, is now sacred, and the swamp "perfectly quiet." So situated, Nick "curled up under the blanket and went to sleep" (*CSS* 169).[5]

Although the religion of Norton and Barton could not stand against the cruelty and violence of World War I, the sacred still exerts itself in "Big Two-Hearted River." It is manifest in the natural order of things, and it is accessible through deliberate actions taken in the natural world. The things Nick and Hemingway carry are carefully, purposefully selected. Nick is intentional in his use of what he has packed. There is meaning in his method as he sets up camp, cooks meals, prepares to fish, and casts his line. Unlike Proust's highly aesthetic memory, both Hemingway and Nick remember at a visceral level. Their memory is akin to muscle memory. Hemingway's experience in 1918 in Kansas City and Italy may have made him an "apostle of violence,"[6] as Steve Paul has persuasively argued, but the trajectory of *In Our Time* is toward peace, however precarious. It is that peace we see at the end of Nick's first day trek, and it is back toward that peace, that sacred space, he will return as he puts the swamp off for another day.

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NOTES

[1]This manuscript is Item 720a in the Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library. I also discuss the vignette and provide a somewhat different reading of it in James Nagel's anthology, *Ernest Hemingway: The Oak Park Legacy*. In that essay I also provide background about both First and Third Church not included here. I provide evidence that the theology of First Congregational Church under Barton was a blend of liberal/social gospel and Victorian morality with a tendency toward civil religion. Third Church was more conservative, more evangelical, less socially prominent. The older Hemingways kept their membership at Third Church until 1919. The God proclaimed by Barton was good and so was humanity. No original sin was preached from this pulpit. Additional useful reflections on religion in Oak Park can be found in Buske, "Hemingway Faces God."

[2]In this sermon, "Our Fight for the Heritage of Humanity," Barton says, "It was my fortune to meet with him [President Wilson] for a few minutes by appointment in the White House on the afternoon of 31st January [1917] . . ." (4-5).

[3]My information about the church youth program at First Congregational Church is gleaned from reading the Orders of Worship from 1915-1917. Each week the evening activity of the group is described in some detail. When there were debates, a common format was used, the debaters were named and the position with regard to the debate stated. For example, the youth debated the topic "My country: may she always be right, but right or wrong, my friend." Ernest Hemingway and Franklin were assigned the negative (February 2, 1916). Buske, *Hemingway's Education*, (62), confirms the move to First Church and the involvement in the youth group, including debates.

[4]William E. Barton to Ernest Hemingway, June 25, 1918. (Incoming Correspondence, JFK Library). There was confusion in the cataloging of this letter. Barton makes it clear in the body of his letter that he has included a sermon for Ernest's perusal. A cataloguer added a note to the letter indicating a sermon was attached but gives the title as "The Price of Peace" rather than "The Moral Meanings of the World War." Barton did not preach "The Price of Peace" until October 13, 1918. It was likely sent with Barton's letter of October 16, 1918, to Ernest. "The Price of Peace" is at the JFK. "The Moral Meanings" is not. It did not make it to the JFK and was lost sometime between its arrival in Italy and the cataloging of items at the JFK. "The Price of Peace" was wrongly placed with the June 25, 1918, letter from Barton to Hemingway.

[5]Frank Scafella, though he arrives by a different path, reaches a similar conclusion with regard to the condition of Nick at the end of Part I. He writes, "For at the river, having made his camp, having eaten a meal that satisfies not only his physical hunger but the hunger in his soul, Nick lies down to sleep looking forward to fishing in the morning: poise, we must call this, precise ecology of the whole soul in significant action" (10).

[6]Paul repeats this phrase often across his book as he documents the violence Hemingway encountered during his months as a reporter for the Kansas City *Star*. Paul makes a strong case for a darkening of Hemingway's innocence even before he reached the Italian front.

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THE DOCTOR AND THE DOCTOR'S SON: ED HEMINGWAY AND THE CONFLICT OF SCIENCE AND FAITH JULY 21, 1899

Michael Kim Roos

Shortly after 8:00 a.m. on the sun-drenched morning of July 21, 1899, a beaming Clarence Edmonds Hemingway, M.D., known to friends and neighbors as Ed, his trusty cornet in hand, stepped out onto the porch of the stately turreted Victorian home at 439 North Oak Park Avenue in the comfortable suburb of Chicago where he and his young wife, Grace Hall Hemingway, were living with her widowed father. Dr. Hemingway then lifted his cornet, which he normally played with only limited skill in the basement of the house during rare periods of spare time, and blasted out a long, more or less musical note to signal to the world the joyous occasion of the birth of his first son, Ernest Miller Hemingway (Baker 3, 8; Guarino 79). Devoutly religious, Ed no doubt also offered a prayer of thanks to his Christian God for ensuring the survival and good health of his wife and nine-pound eight-ounce newborn son, his full intention being to raise that son to be the same kind of man he strove ardently to be—that is, a Christian man of piety and science, with all the contradictions that would imply.

In a fascinating bit of cosmic synchronicity, at approximately the same hour on the very same July morning, in Laramie, Wyoming, an adventurous but ragtag group of paleontologists, meagerly financed by Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History and led by Harold William Menke and Elmer Samuel Riggs, set out on an expedition northwest of the town to the Freezeout Mountains, where they believed they would find the bones of dinosaurs (Brinkman loc. 1085). In a race with the American Museum of Natural History in New York and the Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh, the Field

Museum expedition hoped to get the biggest, most complete, and best preserved specimens to put on display for a public only just beginning to show a ravenous appetite for the remnants of the earth's distant past. Although their haul was less impressive than those of either the American or Carnegie Museum crews, the Field Museum expedition was, by most standards, wildly successful. In the next two months alone, they garnered more than five tons of fossil material, including seventy-five dinosaur bones—parts of a brontosaurus, a morosaurus, and a diplodocus, all gigantic sauropods from the Jurassic Period (loc. 1295). And they weren't finished. Jurassic expeditions sponsored by the Field Museum would continue for another six years before shutting down in 1905.

The specimens exhumed by Menke and Riggs would not only mean big crowds and big money in the coffers of Chicago's fledgling Field Museum, but would also produce other unforeseen effects. As did its competitor museums, the Field Museum took seriously its role in public education, and dinosaur fossils were viewed as among the most useful tools for educating patrons about science, "especially evolutionary biology and historical geology" (Brinkman loc. 260). The Field Museum's education would certainly have an impact on young Ernest Hemingway. Like many other Americans, the scientifically religious father-son tandem of Ed and Ernest Hemingway would become acutely fascinated by the Field Museum's new collection of dinosaur bones, and the fossils would come to play a major role in planting the seeds of an intense conflict within the mind and heart of Ernest—a war between science and faith that would persist in his literary works for most of the rest of his life.

In several papers published and presented over the past eight years, I have made the case that an unresolved conflict between a religious, ritualistic, faith-based perspective on the one hand and a scientific, rational materialism on the other keeps appearing in Hemingway's writing.[1] Especially in the major works of the 1920s—including but not limited to "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," "Big Two-Hearted River," *The Sun Also Rises*, and *A Farewell to Arms*—faith and science clash head to head and essentially fight to a draw. Significant schools of Hemingway criticism have aligned themselves on opposite sides of this conflict: those, on the one hand, who see in Hemingway's work a boatload of piety and Christian faith, and those, on the other hand, who see *nada,* nothing but dead gods and a kinship between Hemingway's writings and those of pro-

fessed atheists and existentialists like Jean-Paul Sartre, Franz Kafka, and Albert Camus.[2] Both sides provide strong evidence in support of their claims. However, I am convinced that neither of these schools of thought presents the full picture of Ernest Hemingway or his work. Certainly, there has been much commendable scholarship revealing what Larry Grimes calls "the religious design" of Hemingway's work. But often ignored or given short shrift in critical discussions of Hemingway's oeuvre is the equally prominent worldview of the hard-boiled scientific materialist, an attitude that was as much ingrained in Hemingway from early childhood as was a Christian faith. When it comes to science and faith in Hemingway's work, you rarely have one without the other. And Hemingway seemed loath to pick a favorite.

Science and religion, of course, have a long history of conflict. Even if such a prominent scientist as Steven Jay Gould argues that there is no overlap between science and faith, the quarrel persists, as it has from the days of Copernicus and Galileo, through Descartes and Darwin, to Richard Dawkins today—acknowledged by those in both camps—the devoutly religious as well as the ardently scientific—representing as they do two radically different ways of seeking truth about the origins of the universe and the human species.[3] Many of Hemingway's favorite writers—Dostoevsky, Flaubert, Joyce, and Hudson, for example—struggled to come to terms with the conflict. Is it coincidental that Dostoevsky and Flaubert were also sons of physicians or that their works also reflect deeply ambiguous attitudes towards science and religion?[4] Hemingway, in contrast, could not seem to find a satisfying resolution. In his writings I see balanced measures of both science and faith—two equally powerful warring factions within him, with neither side emerging victorious. The inability to resolve this powerful, unceasing conflict becomes, essentially, what many of Hemingway's works are about and what makes them so compelling.

The source of this struggle between religious faith and scientific inquiry becomes clear if we examine the Hemingway family letters and scrapbooks (preserved at the JFK Library in Boston and the Harry Ransom Center in Texas); the four published volumes of Hemingway's letters (which cover Ernest's life through 1931); the Hemingway biographies, as well as Leicester Hemingway's and Marcelline Hemingway Sanford's family memoirs; the histories and archives of Wheaton and Oberlin colleges (institutions that educated

Hemingway's ancestors); and historical guidebooks to the Field Museum in Chicago.[5] Together, these resources tell a fascinating story of a father's influence, much of which has not been fully explored or revealed before.

ADELAIDE EDMONDS HEMINGWAY AND WHEATON COLLEGE

The narrative of Ernest Hemingway's science/faith conflict really begins two generations before him with his remarkable paternal grandmother, Adelaide Edmonds Hemingway. In the mountain of published biographical material on the Hemingways, not nearly enough attention has been paid to this extraordinary woman. As Ernest's sister Marcelline testifies in her memoir, Adelaide was the first in the Hemingway line to combine staunch religious faith with a passion for natural science. An exceptional woman for her time, when few women pursued a college education, Adelaide earned a science degree, with special focus on botany and astronomy, from Wheaton College in Illinois, in 1867, only eight years after the publication of Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*, which was already shaking the foundations of traditional religious beliefs worldwide. However, even as Darwin's theory of evolution by natural selection was making converts of most major scientists in Europe and America, Wheaton College was not about to offer any Darwinism in its curriculum. It is true that, in a number of ways, Wheaton was a very progressive institution for the mid-nineteenth century. It was the first Illinois college to graduate an African American, and, in the 1860s, it was the only Illinois college to offer degrees to women. However, that progressivism rested upon a rigidly conservative Christian faith. Abolitionist social reformer Jonathan Blanchard founded the college in 1860 on the following firmly entrenched evangelical Christian beliefs:

> . . . WE BELIEVE that God has revealed Himself and His truth in the created order, in the Scriptures, and supremely in Jesus Christ; and that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are verbally inspired by God and inerrant in the original writing, so that they are fully trustworthy and of supreme and final authority in all they say . . . . WE BELIEVE that God directly created Adam and Eve, the historical parents of the entire human race; and that they were created in His own image, distinct from all other living creatures. . . . ("Statement of Faith and Educational Purpose") [6]

A less Darwinian statement can hardly be imagined. In other words, at Wheaton, all science teaching had to be (and still must be today) consistent with the unerring truth of biblical text, based first on faith, not on true scientific methodology. Thus, Adelaide would have felt no need at Wheaton to compromise her love of the natural world with her own abiding religious faith—a faith that led her to marry fellow Wheaton student and equally devout evangelical Christian Anson Hemingway, a close associate of famous nineteenth-century evangelist Dwight L. Moody (Sanford 18).

In Oak Park, for a while, Anson worked as secretary for the YMCA, but when the income proved inadequate to support his growing family of four sons and two daughters, he opened his own successful real estate company, profiting from a flight to the suburbs in the final quarter of the nineteenth century. As a result of his prosperity, he and Adelaide were able to educate all six of their children at Oberlin College in Ohio, and, under Adelaide's influence, their two oldest sons, Willoughby and Ed, pursued lives steeped in religiously based science as medical doctors. Willoughby took his medical practice to China, where he served as a Christian missionary for the rest of his life. Similarly, Adelaide's influence on Ed was just as pivotal in shaping his beliefs and attitudes. She was a natural born teacher and enjoyed sharing her knowledge with her children and grandchildren. From Marcelline's memoir, we get a strong sense of Adelaide's methods:

> "Do you see this flower?" [Grandmother] said.
> "Of course I do, Grandmother," I answered.
> "But do you really see it?" Grandmother insisted. "I want to show you how wonderfully it is made."
> Starting at the base of the blossom, Grandmother pointed out the green cuplike section which she named for me—the calyx. Then she showed me the corolla, stamens, the pointed pistil, amid the yellow pollen . . . . Suddenly the flower was a whole new wonderful creation to my childish eyes . . . . She told me how the bees helped to create new plants and flowers by carrying it on their feet as they visited the blossoms of other similar plants. She explained that God had given the bees a special sense so that they never carried the pollen of one variety of plant to a dissimilar one, but always kept to plants of a like variety or tree blossoms of the same kind. (Sanford 20-21)

The most important words here are "create" and "creation." Adelaide was not teaching about a world in which living things evolved as Darwin described. It was a world that had been divinely created and fixed, as it remains today. Marcelline goes on to explain how Adelaide had also studied astronomy and "made the heavens come alive" for the Hemingway children, with "heavens" suggesting the teleological foundation of Adelaide's teachings. Marcelline's accounts are so vividly related that there can be no doubt Ed and Ernest received similar lessons from Adelaide.

The strength of Adelaide's influence is also evident in a lengthy and affectionate letter Ed wrote to her while traveling as a teenager through California with his father, in which he describes collecting sea moss, seeing "cactus as high as a house," observing the behavior of sea lions, and viewing from a distance the Lick Astronomical Observatory. "I am keeping my journal every day," he wrote. "I will not send it home all at once. When I get up to Portland I will copy it off and send it to you" (Hemingway, Clarence Edmonds. Letter to Adelaide Edmonds Hemingway. 18 May 1887). Obviously Adelaide was still guiding his science education from afar. As Marcelline noted, given his mother's enthusiasm, it was no wonder Ed should have "a tremendous love of nature," (Sanford 21), but it is also apparent that Adelaide virtually required her children to have a passion for nature. By the time Ed reached high school, he was determined to satisfy the wishes of his mother and follow his brother Willoughby into a career in medicine to fulfill his part of God's plan.

OBERLIN COLLEGE, LYNDS JONES, AND LOUIS AGASSIZ

Anson and Adelaide's decision to send all six of their children to Oberlin College in Ohio rather than to Wheaton may seem surprising but makes sense. Oberlin, like Wheaton, was progressively abolitionist and co-educational and had been founded on strong Christian principles, but it was a quarter century older and significantly more prominent nationally than Wheaton. Oberlin had been admitting African Americans and women since the 1830s, but Anson and Adelaide may have been unaware that, unlike the spirit at Wheaton, where fundamentalist fervor never waned, at Oberlin evangelical Christianity was beginning to show signs of diminishing strength.[7] By the time Ed Hemingway arrived there in 1890, there is evidence of an increased open-mindedness in its Christian underpinnings. [8]

Ed's three years there were certainly impactful in a way that reflected a greater sense of flexibility than he would have experienced at Wheaton.[9]

At Oberlin, perhaps nothing was more significant for Ed than his meeting fellow science student Lynds Jones, a junior transfer from Grinnell College in Iowa, who arrived at Oberlin just as Ed did, for the fall term of 1890. At Grinnell, Jones had been educationally delayed due to farm work, and he became frustrated with the lack of science options available to him there, so he transferred to Oberlin, which offered a greater array of science courses ("Jones Family Biography").

At twenty-five, Jones was not only six years older than Ed, but he was also an ardent follower of the late Harvard professor and eminent American scientist Louis Agassiz, widely known as the most prominent opponent of Darwinism among American scientists. As such, Agassiz provided a non-Darwinian home to students who were uncomfortable with the way Darwin's natural selection clashed with the text of Genesis. In fact, in the 1880s, a counterrevolution against Darwinism seems to have developed among some young Christian students of science.

As a result, Agassiz associations began to spring up around the country, the first established by Harlan Ballard in Massachusetts in 1881. In a science column in *St. Nicholas Magazine*, Ballard spread the word to other young people, and, by 1887, 986 local Agassiz chapters had been established in America, one of those by Lynds Jones at Grinnell College. Another one, Chapter 922-A, had been founded at Oberlin in February 1890, the winter before the arrival of Lynds Jones and Ed Hemingway, by a small band of five students (*Hi-O-Hi '91* 109). But evidence indicates that Jones quickly assumed control of the Oberlin Agassiz chapter with the same level of enthusiasm he had demonstrated in founding the one at Grinnell. His diary indicates he attended his first Oberlin Agassiz meeting on September 27, 1890, just two weeks after his arrival (Jones *Diary 1890,* Oberlin Archives). By the following March he had been elected president, and the membership of the Association had more than quadrupled, from five to twenty-two. One of the new recruits was Ed Hemingway, who quickly became Jones's deputy, elected alongside him as vice-president.

Despite their age differences, the two had much in common: a passion for nature, Congregationalist Christianity, and a love of foot-

ball. The more mature Jones, however, was the better athlete, making Oberlin's new varsity football team, while Ed had to be content playing only intramural football on his class of '94 team. However, Jones may have been responsible for recruiting Ed to be the varsity team trainer, where he was nicknamed "nurse to the wounded" (Blodgett). The 1892 Oberlin team was extraordinary, with Jones as a star running back, Ed Hemingway nursing the wounded, and a coach named John Heisman, who would later be memorialized as the namesake of the Heisman trophy, awarded annually to college football's most outstanding player. As implausible as it may sound today, that 1892 Oberlin team went undefeated, notching a 24-22 win over powerhouse Michigan and twice destroying Ohio State, 40-0 and 50-0 (Brandt 76; *Hi-O-Hi* '93).

With all of this contact between them, including weekly Saturday night Agassiz Association meetings, Lynds Jones undoubtedly had a significant impact on Ed Hemingway's views on science and began to alter the literalist views that Ed had inherited from his mother, albeit within flexible Christian parameters. Louis Agassiz was certainly anti-Darwinian and a creationist, but his creationism was of a different sort than that of the biblical literalists. Although pious, Agassiz was Unitarian in his religious beliefs. However, he practiced a strict scientific method of observation, and his study of glaciers had convinced him that the earth was far older than the 6,000 years of biblical teaching—millions of years old, in fact. But, instead of accepting Darwin's theory of a gradual process of evolution through natural selection, Agassiz held, without any real evidence, that species appeared on the earth through an untold number of separate special creations by God and then remained relatively fixed for all time or until extinction, most likely through a divine catastrophic intervention, as in the form of periodic ice ages (Numbers 7; Croce 120-121).

Most importantly, for young men like Lynds Jones and Ed Hemingway, Agassiz found a way to reconcile science and faith, even if his science turned out to be flawed. His brand of creationism could give comfort to religiously minded scientists—at least for a while. In a history of the Agassiz Association, Harlan Ballard explained that Agassiz members were expected to be rigorously scientific in their search for truth, "to record [things] as [they] see them, [but] . . . not to let the beauty of the creation hide from them the face of the Creator. We do not believe that faith is inconsistent with intelligence, hope at

variance with knowledge, or love opposed to science" (Ballard 95-96). In other words, the Agassiz Association was founded on the very belief that science could be reconciled with faith in "the Creator," even as it acknowledged that such a union would require considerable effort and that the Bible should not to be interpreted too literally. Ironically, many of Agassiz's most prominent students at Harvard, including William James, David Starr Jordan, and Agassiz's own son, in spite of their great respect for his strict methodology of accurate reportage, or perhaps because of it, went on to become ardent proponents of Darwinism (Croce 112-124).

AGASSIZ IN OAK PARK

Adopting an Agassizian perspective on creation probably felt like a radical move for a young man raised according to a rigid literalist interpretation of the Book of Genesis, but under the influence of Lynds Jones, Ed Hemingway seems to have found a way to reconcile his interest in new scientific discoveries with the devout faith of his parents. Back in Oak Park, even before his graduation from Rush Medical College, he founded his own Agassiz Club for young boys and girls and began spreading the gospel of Louis Agassiz. While touring Europe in the summer following his graduation, Ed wrote regular letters filled with scientific reports to his "Agassiz Boys." In Ernest's scrapbooks, Grace Hall Hemingway preserved one such letter that was published in an Oak Park newspaper ("Scrapbook II" 32a, JFK Library). And naturally when Ed became a father, he included Ernest and Marcelline in the Agassiz Club excursions. Ed clearly enjoyed teaching science as much as his mother did. Already at the age of four years eight months, Ernest is described in Grace's scrapbook as a member of the Agassiz Club, making "observations with the big boys" ("Scrapbook II" 76). Weekly Agassiz Club hikes along the Des Plaines River typically included more than twenty boys and girls. "Daddy," Marcelline wrote, "knew how to look at nature. He could make you see things you had never known were there" (Sanford 32).

Under Ed's influence, Agassizian science permeated the lives of the Hemingway children. Ed's office in the Hemingway home, to which his children seem to have had open access, included his medical library, as well as bottles containing various chemicals, a preserved appendix and a human fetus, which Marcelline claimed

looked "more like a miniature monkey than a human" (Sanford 108). In the closet, Ed also kept a human skeleton, which they named "Susie Bone-a-part." All the while, Ed was sharing his more progressive nonliteralist view of natural history. When a dinosaur bone had been dug up in nearby Forest Park Cemetery, Ed took Ernest and Marcelline to see it and told them about "what life must have been like when these giant beasts had roamed the continent" (38).

There was also an almost endless supply of scientific reading material in the Hemingway household to more than satisfy the voracious reading habits of Ernest and Marcelline. Ed and Grace filled their library not only with classics of literature but also with volumes on natural history (Sanford 107, 134).[10] Among the many magazines to which the Hemingways subscribed were *National Geographic* and *Scientific American*, which, as Marcelline explained, she and Ernest grabbed and devoured as soon as they arrived in the mail.

An example of the kind of impact these publications are likely to have had on Ernest is an article by Theodore Roosevelt titled "How Old Is Man?" published in the February 1916 issue of *National Geographic*. Both Suzanne Clark and Michael Reynolds have discussed the significance of Roosevelt's influence on the young Ernest, so that, given his reading habits and the way he modeled himself after the African explorer and leader of the Rough Riders, there can be little doubt that Ernest read the article. An ardent Darwinist, Roosevelt makes it clear in the article that he fully subscribes to the idea that humans have evolved from apelike creatures: "[Following the end of the Age of Reptiles, the] mammals, which for ages had existed as small, warm-blooded beasts of low type, now had the field much to themselves. They developed along many different lines, including that of the primates, from which came the monkeys, the anthropoid apes, and finally the half-human predecessors of man himself." (111). Roosevelt may have had a tendency to distort Darwin's theory into an anthropocentric view of the cosmos, but the developing mind of Ernest Hemingway, as the result of his father's scientific interests, was being exposed yet again to questions that would have led to a clash between his religious faith and the science he was reading.

The science reading did not end with *National Geographic* and Ed's natural history books. Leicester Hemingway tells us in his memoir that when the "*Book of Knowledge* was first published [1910], [Ed] bought a set for Ernest and Marcelline" (26). Published in Britain as *The Children's Encyclopedia*, the *Book of Knowledge*

included scientific volumes on geology, astronomy, and biology as well as biblical stories. Although it taught that Christianity was the one true religion and that European races were superior, it supported the idea of evolution and "did not admit any conflict between religion and Darwin's views" ("Children's Encyclopedia"). According to Leicester, Ernest's love of adventure fiction was only exceeded by his love of science reading (26). When Ernest and Marcelline had gone through all the other scientific reading material their father possessed, they moved on to copies of Ed's *Journal of the American Medical Association* (Sanford 134). Leicester recalls that one summer, when Ernest was caught reading fiction when he was supposed to be working the fields on Longfield Farm, which the Hemingways owned across Walloon Lake from Windemere, Ed only allowed him thereafter to carry copies of the *JAMA* for reading (Leicester Hemingway 30).

It seems that almost everywhere Ernest looked he could find new opportunities provided by his father to learn about the natural world. On the other hand, Ed's science was always tempered by a heavy dose of religion. Between weekly attendance and Ed's Sunday School lessons, first at Oak Park's Third Congregational Church, then from 1915 on at the First Congregational Church, corporal punishment was common in the Hemingway household, ironically administered by Ed in his medical office at home, teaching Christian morality in the den of science. After each punishment, the children were required to kneel and ask God for forgiveness (Sanford 31). For Ernest's eighth birthday, Ed wrote to him, "I hope you know . . . your Daddy loves you and prays that you may be spared many years to praise God and . . . do something always to help some one else" ("Scrapbook III" 75-01-01-02).

When he was twelve, Ernest wrote to his father, "I feel a lot better when all my work is done and my conscience is clear" *(Letters* 1 12). And the following year, his conscience forced him to inform his father, "My conduct at the Coloseum yesterday was bad and my conduct this morning in church was bad my conduct tomorrow will be good" (*Letters* 1 14). Sometimes, when he misbehaved, Ernest would even whip himself in hopes of avoiding Ed's wrath ("Scrapbook II" 55). Although much of their reading was either classic literature or scientifically based material, Ernest and Marcelline also entered a Bible-reading contest, undoubtedly encouraged by their parents. Though they did not win, they both completed reading

the full text of the King James Bible and passed a detailed test on what they had read (Sanford 135).

THE FIELD MUSEUM

Perhaps no place raised more questions for the Hemingways about the clash between science and faith than Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History, to which Ed enthusiastically led frequent excursions with his children. Ed began taking his children there almost as soon as they could walk during the time that included the first flush of publicity of the paleontological treasures gathered by Harold Menke and Elmer Riggs. As Marcelline makes clear, it was these very treasures that most enchanted her and Ernest during their visits.

In its 1910 *Guide,* the Field Museum, consistent with its educational mission, presented an essentially evolutionary narrative to its patrons without bludgeoning them with the word "evolution" and without being specific about the age of the earth.[11] But its arrangement of fossils in its Paleontology section—those fossils that had been primarily gathered by the Menke and Riggs expeditions between 1899 and 1905—was clearly designed to help lead patrons toward an acceptance of an earth many millions of years old and of evolution as the path of life. And according to Paul Brinkman, Elmer Riggs was not shy about including evolution among his topics whenever he gave one of his elaborate presentations about dinosaur adventures in Wyoming and Colorado (Brinkman loc 1480).[12]

The opening paragraph of the *Guide's* "Paleontology" section certainly implies the evolutionary development of life, from simple to ever more complex forms:

> In the [Museum's] Division of Paleontology it is sought to illustrate by fossils . . . the animal and vegetable forms which have characterized the life of the globe at the successive stages of its history. The arrangement is primarily chronological and secondarily zoological. Advancing from hall to hall the visitor sees the development of life upon the earth illustrated in the same order in which it occurred in Nature. (*Field Museum of Natural History Guide*)

For example, Hall 33, the *Guide* says, included rocks with signs of the earliest forms of life. In other halls, the Hemingway children encountered, in addition to the fossils gathered by Menke and Riggs, fossil remains of ichthyosaurs from England and Germany, a model

of a plesiosaur, a nearly complete pterodactyl from the chalk beds of Kansas, a large triceratops found in Montana in 1904, and a reconstruction of the famous hadrosaurus found in New Jersey in 1858, all of them obviously extinct for a very long time. The *Guide* informs the reader, without explanation of a cause, that with the close of the Mesozoic Era, "the many and varied forms of reptilian life disappeared" and the mammals "which had existed as an unimportant form during most of the Mesozoic time now became the dominant type" (*Field Museum Guide* 26-27). Naturally, at the very least, such a narrative ruled out the biblical account of Noah's Flood. While there was not yet precise dating of geologic periods, terms like "Mesozoic," in usage since the 1840s, generally related to periods that were considered to be millions if not tens of millions of years in duration.

Marcelline and Ernest loved their museum visits and were especially enthralled with the paleontology exhibits: "Each time we went," she writes, "we tried to see more and different exhibits, but we always ended up seeing the prehistoric animals' skeletons" (38). Marcelline believed her father was just as fascinated by these exhibits as she and Ernest were. It is reasonable to assume that Ernest and Marcelline would have read and carried the *Museum Guide* with them, and it is impossible to imagine their being so excited by these displays without contemplating questions of human origin and ways that species appear and change over time. Indeed, Ed seems to have anticipated these kinds of questions. As Marcelline remembered,

> Daddy always made a point of explaining to us that though God created the world in seven days, according to the Bible, and we were not to doubt that statement, nobody had ever explained how long a day was. He also told us that the men who wrote the Bible explained natural history the best they could, but that now through research we knew much more about how things must have been made thousands of years ago. He told us that our new knowledge only added to the truths we learned in Sunday school. (38-39)

Notice how Adelaide's fundamentalism is still apparent in Ed's insistence on the seven days of creation, which the children are "not to doubt," even if the length of a day remains indeterminate.[13] On the other hand, Ed concedes that advances in science have forced us to alter the way we read the Bible, and, in the process, there is the inevitable implication that science would necessarily go on altering

religious articles of faith. If Marcelline is accurate, the passage also indicates that Ed was far from accepting a Darwinian interpretation of natural history, since he spoke of "how things must have been made thousands of years ago."

But Ed would have found it challenging if his children had pressed him on the question of the age of the earth and the development of life. There was too much evidence at the museum that contradicted any kind of creationist view. How could they reconcile what they were seeing with the Bible that they were "not to doubt?" After all, to doubt, Ed seems to have implied, is the "Forbidden Fruit." To taste is to fall. Yet the visits to the museum persisted. It seems likely that some kind of internal conflict must have been generated. Perhaps even Ed himself brooded over the questions of origin and biblical truth.

SCRAPBOOKS AND LETTERS

Beyond the Field Museum, Ed's scientific influence is further evident in numerous documents of the first thirty years of Ernest's life, beginning very early. When he was four, Grace described Ernest as already a "natural scientist, loving everything in the way of huge stones, shells, birds, animals, insects, and blossoms" ("Scrapbook II" 36). At five, he was studying specimens of rocks and insects "by the hour" with his own microscope ("Scrapbook II" 87). Ernest's earliest surviving letters reveal a boy eager to please his scientist father. His very first letter, in July 1907, declares, "Dear papa, I saw a mother duck with seven little babies" (*Letters* 1 3). When Ernest was about nine years old, Marcelline remembered that he signed a family guest book "Ernest Hemingway M.D.," and Ed was pleased (Sanford 134). From Nantucket (on a trip there in 1910 with his mother), Ernest wrote to Ed, "I can get an albatross foot here for two dollars for the aggassiz. Is it worth it?" (*Letters* 1 10). In his reply, Ed told Ernest not to get "faked" and informed his son that he (Ernest) had been elected Assistant Curator of the Agassiz Club. Filled with Agassizian fervor, Ernest carried home from that same Nantucket trip "seaweeds, horseshoe crabs, shells, and a large swordfish bill" to add to the club's growing collection of specimens (Beegel 76).

In addition, just as Dr. Adams enlists Nick as an intern in "Indian Camp," Marcelline tells us that Ed would routinely allow Ernest to help him in his office and watch while he dressed wounds. Once, at

the hospital, Ernest witnessed Ed performing surgery (Sanford 134) and was present when Ed delivered Ernest's baby sister Carol in 1910 at Windemere Cottage, just weeks prior to the Nantucket trip (Reynolds, *Paris Years* 77). When he was attending a Minnesota medical conference, also in 1910, Ed wrote to Ernest, "It will only be a few years, before you and Papa will be visiting clinics together" (Qtd. in Reynolds, *The Final Years* 349). Under the influence of all this scientific tutoring, it is no surprise that Ernest declared in a pocket account book when he was fifteen his intention "to specialize in the sciences in college and do something toward the scientific interests of the world" (Qtd. in Reynolds, "Foreword" to Sanford x-xi). At this point, he seemed destined to follow his father into a career in science.

Even though Ernest chose the career of a writer instead of a scientist, science and faith continued to infiltrate the father-son relationship after Ernest graduated from high school. When Ernest departed for service with the Red Cross in Italy in 1918, Ed presented himself in his letters as both a man of science and a man of God. For example, in his bon voyage letter, he wrote to Ernest that he trusted him to "continue to grow in Grace and in the Knowledge of our Lord & Saviour Jesus Christ. It is <u>manly</u> to be an active Christian and a <u>coward</u> not to be" (Clarence Edmonds Hemingway. Letter to Ernest Hemingway. 5 May 1918). Then, when Ernest was wounded, Ed naturally took great scientific interest in his son's treatment by Italian surgeons, pronouncing their methods and judgment "superb." Also, for reading material during Ernest's convalescence, he regularly mailed his wounded son copies of *Scientific American* magazine, yet countered those with weekly bulletins from Oak Park's First Congregational Church. In defiance of scientific logic, Ed was certain that Ernest's survival was an act of God: " . . . such miracles as your deliverance only are once in a million chances. God took care of you for some great future work," he wrote a month after Ernest was wounded (Clarence Edmonds Hemingway. Letter to Ernest Hemingway. 6 Aug. 1918).

When Ernest returned home from the war, traumatized first by his near death experience and then a few months later by Agnes Von Kurowsky's rejection of his love, he found solace in reading anything he could put his hands on. Marcelline tells us that in those first months following his return from Italy, Ernest again "read everything around the house—all the books, all the magazines, even the A.M.A.

Journals from Dad's office downstairs" (Sanford 179). Thus, Ed's influence on Ernest, both as a man of science and as a man of faith, would continue after Ernest's return from the war, even as the father-son relationship gradually grew more and more distant.

With all this evidence to consider, it is not difficult to understand how Ernest Hemingway might have wished to explore the conflict between science and faith in his work, having been raised by a father who may well have had his own inner turmoil over those opposing worldviews. Starting around 1911, according to Michael Reynolds, Ed Hemingway began to need rest cures for his nerves, and he abruptly abandoned the Oak Park Agassiz Club in 1912 (Reynolds, *Paris Years* 59). His relationship with his son also suffered, as Ed withdrew ever increasingly into himself and struggled with depression for the rest of his life, until it culminated in his suicide in 1928. We cannot say with certainty that the suicide resulted from religious doubt (although Gregory Hemingway seemed to suggest it did), but we cannot rule it out as a factor.[14]

For Ernest, too, the evidence in his literary works suggests great difficulties in attempting to reconcile science and faith. Although he had been meticulously trained by his father to look at the world through the hard-boiled eyes of a scientist, to learn about its truths, and to describe them as honestly and realistically as possible, he had also been steeped daily in an essentially fundamentalist religious faith, in the belief that an interventionist God would answer prayers if they were delivered in the proper frame of mind, that life had meaning only in the context of salvation through Jesus Christ. When Protestantism ceased to work for him, he sincerely tried to find comfort and spiritual security, as H.R. Stoneback and others have demonstrated, in the ritualistic beauty and traditions of Roman Catholicism. At times, this seems to have soothed his mind, but the war between science and faith periodically reignited. As painful as that had to be for him, it produced a body of work that has placed Hemingway among the giants of modern literature.

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NOTES

[1]See Roos, "A Darwinian Reading of Big Two-Hearted River," "Faith and Reason," and "What If You Are Not Built That Way?" See also Lewis and Roos.

[2]The most stridently religious of Hemingway commentators have been H.R. Stoneback, Larry Grimes, and Matthew Nickel. For the opposite view, see especially John Killinger's short but well-known work, *Hemingway and the Dead Gods*.

[3]Gould famously expressed his view that science and religion explore different kinds of questions in his widely reprinted article, "Nonoverlapping Magisteria." For a detailed history of the conflict between science and faith in human affairs, see Andrew D. White's *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*. See also philosopher Bertrand Russell's summary in *Religion and Science* and scientist J.B.S. Haldane's *Faith and Fact*. For a theologian's early recognition that Darwinism is atheistic, see Charles Hodge's *What Is Darwinism?* For a more contemporary account of the debate, see atheist philosopher Michael Ruse's *Can a Darwinian Be a Christian?* as well as his *Atheism*. For books by respected scientists who maintain their belief in Christianity, see works by Francis Collins and Kenneth R. Miller.

[4]Hemingway's contemporary Sinclair Lewis was also the son of a physician, but in his case there seems to have been less ambiguity about which side he favored—science. See especially his scientific novel *Arrowsmith* in contrast with his religious satire *Elmer Gantry*.

[5]I wish to thank Kelly Kerbow Hudson and the rest of the Reading Room staff at the Harry Ransom Center, University of Texas: Steven Plotkin, Katherine Crowe, Stacy Chandler, and the rest of the JFK Library Reference staff; Gretchen Rings and the rest of the Field Museum Reference staff; and Anne Salsich, Ken Grossi and the rest of the Oberlin Archives staff for their generous help with my research. In addition, I wish to thank John Beall, Don Daiker, Elizabeth Lloyd Kimbrel, Mark Otten, Susan Beegel, and Ai Ogaswara, all of whom read earlier versions of this manuscript, for their generously shared and astute comments and recommendations.

[6]Wheaton's "Statement of Faith and Educational Purpose," which includes ten other evangelical Christian statements besides these two, was composed in 1924 by its second president, Charles Blanchard, son of the founder, Jonathan Blanchard. Jonathan served as president from 1860 to 1882, followed by Charles from 1882 to 1925. As the Wheaton College online history says, "Charles continued to uphold his alma mater's commitment to liberal arts education undergirded with classical studies and a distinctively Christian emphasis." Although the "Statement" was composed well after Adelaide Hemingway's time at Wheaton, there is no reason to believe it does not reflect the same values that were present from the beginning. In all likelihood, Charles composed the document in the midst of the 1920s fundamentalist backlash against science and Darwinism, knowing he was about to retire after a long career and wanting to ensure that the college continued to uphold its strong, fundamentalist Christian principles as established by his father. The Statement remains prominent on the Wheaton website today. See also the extraordinary document "The Natural Sciences at Wheaton College," composed by recent Wheaton faculty and administrators, for a vigorous defense of the teaching of science based on "absolute" truth as revealed in the Bible.

[7]Oberlin would become even more progressive in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. Its Graduate School of Theology was discontinued in 1966, and, according to the *Advocate College Guide for LGBT Students*, the campus today is one of the friendliest in the country for LGBTQ students. In addition, the college is no longer listed as being religiously affiliated.

[8]This is not to say there was no longer a fundamentalist presence at Oberlin. One famous graduate of Oberlin, Wayne B. Wheeler, was also at Oberlin while Ed was there. Contrary to the otherwise progressive tendencies of the college, Wheeler used the college as a base for his Anti-Saloon League activities and went on to become one of the most prominent figures in the Prohibitionist movement. Marcelline says in her memoir that her father "had come to believe at Oberlin that social dancing, card-playing and gambling were wrong" (39). In September 1922, asked in an Oberlin survey of its alumni, "What has been the influence of

Oberlin in your life?" Ed responded, "An appreciation of Christian sincerity among fellow men. No compromises with a known evil influence" (Clarence Hemingway file, Oberlin College Archives). Ed forbade smoking and consumption of alcohol in his family. Interestingly, Ernest would include a reference to Wayne B. Wheeler in *The Sun Also Rises* (123), in which Jake Barnes and Bill Gorton both jokingly claim to have gone to college with him. We can probably assume Hemingway was aware that his father had been the one who attended college with Wheeler.

[9]Ed Hemingway spent just three years (1890-93) studying pre-medicine at Oberlin and did not obtain a degree. When he was accepted into Rush Medical College in Chicago, he left Oberlin and enrolled for the fall of 1893 at Rush, which quite apparently did not require a bachelor's degree for admission.

[10]Although the Hemingways' library included most of the classics of English literature, Marcelline tells us that the works of American author Jack London were specifically banned there, presumably because they highlighted a too brutal Darwinistic survival-of-the-fittest view of the world.

[11]By the late nineteenth century, leading geologists had reached a consensus that the earth was approximately 100 million years old, based primarily upon estimates of the length of time necessary to have produced the sedimentary deposits found all over the earth. See Braterman and Sollas for discussions of the history of dating of the earth. There is no evidence that the scientists at the Field Museum at the beginning of the twentieth century did not accept this consensus. It was not until the 1920s that radioisotope dating was sufficiently developed to provide the most accurate measurement and eventually to place the age of the earth at 4.54 billion years.

[12]The 1910 *Field Museum Guide* is the last surviving *Guide* published during Hemingway's youth in Oak Park. The next surviving *Guide* is from the year 1921, when the Museum reopened after moving in 1920 from its original location, the site of the World Columbian Exposition of 1893, to its current location at 1400 Lakeshore Drive. Field Museum archivists explained to me that the missing *Guides* were apparently lost in the move.

[13]As my friend, University of Cincinnati biology professor Mark Otten, has pointed out, Ed Hemingway was apparently a "Day-Age" creationist—that is, a believer that a biblical day in Genesis was intended to represent a much longer, if unspecified, period of time, an "age." One of the best known Day-Age creationists was Agassiz's student Arnold Guyot. Another was William Jennings Bryan, part of the prosecution team at the Scopes Trial in 1925 (Numbers 44).

[14]For Gregory Hemingway's interpretation of his grandfather's suicide, see the A&E *Biography* production *Ernest Hemingway: Wrestling with Life*. There Gregory describes his grandfather as being "pessimistic about the grand design." Most commentators attribute the suicide to Ed's chronic depression and worries over financial troubles and a diagnosis of diabetes.

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RETURNING FROM THE GREAT WAR: GENDER, HOME, AND HOSTILITY IN ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S "SOLDIER'S HOME" AND THOMAS BOYD'S "THE LONG SHOT"

STEVEN TROUT

Although he may be the most familiar example, as the much-studied protagonist of what Hemingway regarded as the "best story I ever wrote," Harold Krebs was hardly the only veteran of the Western Front to return to a hellish soldier's home in the pages of mid-1920s American literature (quoted in Baerdemaeker 55). In *The Great Gatsby* (1925), for example, Meyer Wolfsheim recalls his first encounter with Fitzgerald's eponymous hero: although credited with martial feats roughly corresponding with those of Major Charles Whittlesey, the real-life commander of the famed Lost Battalion, Gatsby lands, post-military discharge, on the mean streets of Manhattan in 1919, a tattered figure, nearly starving and still wearing his now-threadbare uniform. Wolfsheim picks him out of a crowd in "Winebrenner's Poolroom on Forty-Second Street," buys him dinner, and then puts the down-and-out veteran to work (179). In this way, Fitzgerald sardonically comments on the postwar treatment of America's once-celebrated doughboys—a group afforded none of the economic benefits showered on the Greatest Generation twenty-five years later—and arguably establishes Gatsby's disillusioning return from Europe and attendant financial hardship as the turning point in his transformation from earnest, Horatio Algeresque student of self-improvement to bootlegger and charlatan. An even more grotesque reception awaits the veteran in Claude McKay's short story, "The Soldier's Return," also published in 1925. McKay, a leading figure in the Harlem Renaissance, focuses on the vicissitudes of one Frederick Taylor, a discharged "octoroon soldier" who goes to jail in small-town

Georgia for wearing his uniform in public—the very action, ironically enough, that brings Gatsby to Wolfsheim's attention (193).

Each of these bitter homecomings offers intriguing points of comparison and contrast with Harold Krebs's ordeal; however, "Soldier's Home" is perhaps most profitably read alongside yet another work from 1925: namely, Thomas Alexander Boyd's "The Long Shot," one of the eleven war narratives that comprise Boyd's well-received short story collection *Points of Honor*. This essay examines both stories and suggests that Hemingway's classic tale of the doughboy's return takes on even more meaning and nuance when set next to a lesser-known treatment of the same subject. In particular, Boyd's deployment of a shrewish female antagonist in "The Long Shot" who squares off against a suffering and sympathetic male veteran prompts a closer look at the gender dynamics in "Soldier's Home," where Krebs's mother, once a patriotic symbol of everything for which her son fought, comes to embody all that he must leave behind. Indeed, I argue that Hemingway's depiction of a mother/son conflict in the immediate aftermath of the Great War draws much of its power from a vital piece of historical context that, characteristically, Hemingway never directly references: namely, the wartime cult of patriotic motherhood.

Since "The Long Shot" is not nearly as well-known as "Soldier's Home," a brief summary of the former is in order. A work of naturalistic crime fiction, "The Long Shot" focuses on a disabled veteran, Duncan Milner, and his harrowing descent into poverty and homicide. The story opens in the trenches of the Western Front, where Milner, a novice sniper in a unit of Illinois National Guardsmen, struggles with the morality of killing in cold blood. After spotting a German infantryman for the very first time with his telescopic rifle scope, he cannot bring himself to fire, even when given a direct order to do so by his commanding officer, Captain Havermeyer. Fortunately for the enemy soldier (though not for Milner), a gas barrage suddenly interrupts the scene. Boyd's reluctant sniper inhales too much of the toxin and is subsequently hospitalized, then sent home to his wife Dorothy in the fictional town of Reliance, Illinois.

At first, Milner appears to have made a full recovery. He resumes his supervisory position at the local machine shop and enjoys a modest but comfortable living. Then headaches and a hacking cough set in. Soon he can barely work, and before long his employer fires him, forcing the former soldier to seek financial assistance from the fed-

eral Veterans Bureau, which has little to offer apart from tedious medical examinations designed to root out false claims of military disability. As Milner becomes increasingly enfeebled and desperate, Dorothy becomes openly antagonistic and shifts her affections elsewhere. One fateful night, Milner catches her in the arms of another man and, in an episode of what we would today call PTSD, has a rage-induced hallucination: suddenly Dorothy's lover dissolves into the image of the German soldier whose life Milner spared in 1918. This time, there is no hesitation. The ex-sniper shoots the man dead with his Colt '45 Automatic, a lethal souvenir from his time in the American Expeditionary Forces (AEF), and, momentarily at least, feels "at ease, more so than he had been in months" (149). But the story's relentless irony doesn't end here—not by, well, a long shot. The judge presiding over Milner's murder trial turns out to be—of course—Havermeyer, the very man who once urged Milner to pull the trigger. In the story's final scene, Boyd's abject protagonist receives the sentence of death by hanging, along with a lecture from his former CO on the "sanctity of human life" (151).

A blend of melodrama and cosmic irony worthy of Thomas Hardy, "The Long Shot" also speaks directly to post-World War I veterans' issues. Indeed, the very name of the protagonist's hometown—Reliance—sardonically points to the social contract (or lack thereof) between war veteran and community. Once discharged from the Army, Milner learns that he can't *rely* on anything. Every institution in the story lets him down, including his workplace, where he is greeted initially as a hero and then casually discarded; the Veterans Bureau, which displays far more interest in catching fraudulent benefits applications than in processing legitimate ones; and the court system, where Milner's obvious physical and mental trauma count for nothing. Boyd's withering social criticism also extends to the American Legion, a right-wing defender of *self*-reliance at this phase of its history and thus hardly the best advocate for disabled men like Milner.[1] However, it is the institution of marriage that proves the least dependable of them all, as Dorothy transmogrifies from an affectionate spouse into a sullen harpy who blames her husband for his lack of success (she, too, believes in self-reliance) and only half-heartedly conceals her dalliance with another man. Boyd's characterization in this instance is, to be sure, less than convincing and disturbingly misogynistic to boot. Dorothy is so despicable, so filled with heartless contempt for her obviously ailing husband, that she never makes

the transition from flat to round character. Nevertheless, as with Hemingway's "Soldier's Home," Boyd's "The Long Shot" draws its considerable power—Dorothy's implausibility not withstanding—from the intimate conflict between male and female family members, a conflict enacted within the gendered space of the *home*.

The recent work of historian Andrew Huebner provides an invaluable context for the domestic drama in both stories. In his study of American cultural attitudes toward the family circa 1917-1918, *Love and Death in the Great War* (2018), Huebner demonstrates that "one prominent organizing narrative for the war held that it benefited the family literally and figuratively, restored or bolstered personal virtue, and allowed Americans to express devotion to home by devotion to the nation" (275). Young American men, Huebner asserts, took up arms against Imperial Germany a century ago less because of various diplomatic affronts to the United States than because of this redemptive "story of love and rescue," a story rooted in the deep and irresistible impulse to protect home and family (especially sweethearts, wives, and mothers) and reinforced at every turn by wartime media (275).

Thus, when Harold Krebs says, "I don't love anybody" to his horrified mother at the climax of "Soldier's Home," he does more than retaliate against what many readers have seen as a smothering and emotionally manipulative parent: his four words shatter the entire notion of war as a family affair driven by affection and filial obligation (76). Indeed, his terse declaration effectively reverses the redemptive cultural narrative that Huebner identifies: Krebs's family has decidedly not benefited from his service; the war has not bolstered his virtue (at least not the kind of virtue that his devout mother stresses), and he no longer expresses devotion to his family or, presumably, the nation.

Ironically, however, this reversal is, in my view, unrelated to war trauma; the protagonist's interpretation of his overseas experience simply no longer connects to the soldier's home to which he has returned or the family ties that presumably inspired him to enlist in the first place. Krebs's pleasure while reading histories of the battles in which he fought, his disgust when telling lies about war experiences that he should not have to embellish, and his pride over having been a "good soldier" all suggest to me that he found meaning, even happiness, in his military service (72). Thus, as I have argued more fully elsewhere, the problems that surface during Krebs's homecom-

ing have far less to do with him than they do with his forgetful community and patronizing parents.[2] Whatever emotional trauma Krebs feels stems from home, not from the terrors of combat. And this is why, perhaps, Hemingway keeps Krebs's father offstage for the duration of the narrative and focuses instead on the escalating war between mother and son. It's hard to imagine any other domestic conflict that could so thoroughly overturn wartime assumptions about masculinity, service, and family.[3]

Through his portrait of Mrs. Krebs—the worrying, praying mother of an American soldier—Hemingway could hardly have wandered into more forbidden territory or skewered a more sacred cow. Throughout the nineteen months of American intervention on the Western Front, no single image served more effectively as a visual metonym for the family and all its sacred associations than the gray-haired figure of Mother, a Caucasian woman in her fifties or sixties (old enough, that is, to have a son in the American Expeditionary Forces). Aged but still handsome (sometimes even rosy cheeked), her wavy hair tied back in a matronly bun, frequently spectacled (especially when knitting or reading a letter) and notably middle-to-upper-class in dress and jewelry (without a hint of non-WASP ethnicity), she was a ubiquitous presence in inspirational pamphlets issued by the YMCA, American wartime propaganda posters, and sheet music covers.

Examples of the latter poured out of Tin Pan Alley as fast as song writers and sheet music publishers could produce them: conforming to the visual signatures listed above, the figure of Mother appears on—to name just a few—"America, Here is My Boy," "If I Had a Son For Each Star in Old Glory (Uncle Sam, I'd Give Them All to You)," "Cheer Up, Mother," "A Mother's Prayer for Her Boy Over There," "The Bravest Battle of the War Was Fought in a Mother's Heart," "I'll Make You Proud of Me, Mother," "I Am Proud to Be the Mother of a Soldier Boy," "Mother Pays It All," "A Grey-Haired Mother's Praying (To Bring Her Boy Back Home)," and "Every Time She Hears a Band Play (It Almost Breaks Her Dear Old Heart)."[4] As these song titles suggest, Mother functioned as a motivational icon in at least two ways. First, she was the ultimate symbol of patriotic sacrifice on the home front. What, after all, could possibly be more stirringly patriotic than surrendering one's flesh and blood to the vagaries of military service? Second, she operated in the eyes of soldiers as an image of home and family to sacrifice *for*. She was, as

Jennifer Haytock observes, "the locus of all pure values that the soldiers were to defend" (34).

As signaled by ditties like "I'll Make You Proud of Me, Mother," the cover of which juxtaposes a scene of American troops going over the top with the inset image of a matronly figure reading a letter from her son, maternal influence supposedly directed the doughboy toward honorable combat, toward the fight. However, Mother also served the Progressive aims of the AEF and its civilian partners (such as the YMCA), that overtly sought for the first time in American history to use military service as a means of shaping masculine conduct in general, including, and especially, sexual conduct, a major theme in Hemingway's story. It was a mission that started at the top. The AEF's commanding officer, General John J. Pershing, took particular aim at venereal disease, which threatened both available military manpower and the War Department's assurance to families that citizen soldiers would return from the Great Adventure chaste and of good character.

To combat the imminent scourge of VD, the AEF adopted two tactics, one pragmatic, the other tied to principle. Doughboys who succumbed to temptation were ordered, at risk of court martial, to receive preventative treatment at so-called prophylactic stations; "short-arm" inspections of the male member were held regularly to catch any recalcitrants (Huebner 90). At the same time, agents of moral uplift such as US Army chaplains, YMCA secretaries, Salvation Army "Lassies," and Red Cross volunteers preached the virtues of abstinence, constantly encouraging citizen soldiers to ask themselves, "What would mother think?" when confronted with opportunities for vice. (Imagine, if you will, Harold Krebs as one of those soldiers). And Mother's Day, an official holiday just four years old in 1918, became enshrined as the AEF's Holiest of Holies, a day of spiritual reconnection with the ultimate symbol of American moral decency and, thus, an opportunity that that no self-respecting doughboy would want to miss. As Huebner recounts, the AEF's official newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*, "called every man to desk, YMCA hut, or Red Cross canteen to write his mother" (142). The campaign worked. While the "postal service handled tens of thousands of homeward letters" during the weeks leading up to the holiday, a staggering "1,400,000 pieces of mail from mothers" flooded the US military's postal service (143). This would have been, at the time, the largest transoceanic mail exchange in American history.

Three samples of maternal imagery drawn from the American visual culture of the time offer a particularly revealing context for literary depictions of soldiers' mothers, and we would perhaps do well to hold these images and others like them in the back of our minds (or in the lower mass of Hemingway's iceberg) as we read "Soldier's Home." The first, a full-color painting, appears on the cover of a sentimental, YMCA-produced Mother's Day pamphlet that probably thousands of deployed American troops mailed home before May 12, 1918 (Figure 1).[5] Though clumsily rendered, the scene has a quiet intensity: captured in the domestic act of knitting and conforming to all of the visual trademarks listed above, a middle-aged women gazes at her uniformed son (an officer, as we can see from his collar insignia and Sam Brown belt), who leans affectionately on her lap. Perhaps, helmet in hand, he is about to depart for war. Or perhaps he has just

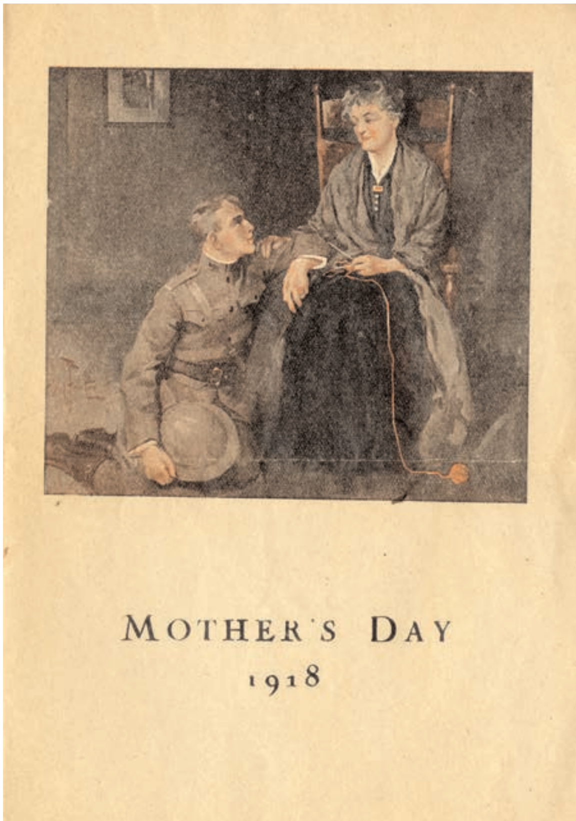

Figure 1: Cover of *Mother's Day 1918. YMCA, 1918. Author's Collection.*

returned. In either case, this almost *Pietà*-like image captures the two-way flow of meaning that I have mentioned above: in the handsome, loving son, we see the enormity of the mother's potential sacrifice; at the same time, the son's half-recumbent posture and worshipful, upward gaze suggest that he will happily die if necessary in the performance of his filial duty.

The second sample, a poster promoting YMCA-sponsored Bible classes, deploys a maternal figure in a different way—as a spectral force for good who travels wherever her soldier son goes via his Christian conscience. Beneath the words, "Mother—I promised to read it *every day*" appears the figure of an American soldier engrossed in the Good Book while the phantom-like outline of his mother hovers over his shoulder. Here Mother is quite literally the angel of the doughboy's better nature, urging him to fill with self-improving Bible study time that might otherwise be squandered on more fleshly pursuits. Moreover, the text at the bottom of the poster illustrates, again, the homeward, familial turn in American wartime culture that Huebner has identified and within which the iconography of patriotic motherhood was central: "The Bible Class Discussion Group helps you keep your promise. It keeps you true to home ideals. Fits you to face the folks and tasks back home. Ask the 'Y' man. Sign up today!"

While this specimen of wartime visual culture stresses the individual soldier's "promise," the third example, another sheet music cover, shifts the theme of fidelity to the federal government (Figure 2).[6] The title of the song, "Mother, Here's Your Boy!," is presumably spoken by Uncle Sam, who appears in the accompanying image reuniting an extremely youthful-looking soldier—a "Boy," indeed—with his mother. The doughboy's innocent, childlike appearance says it all: according to this sheet music cover, the federal government has honored its implicit pledge to American mothers by returning the nation's sons to their families with their virtue intact, uncorrupted by exposure to decadent European mores.

Images such as these suggest that the domestic, generational conflict at the heart of Hemingway's story has as much to do with wartime cultural ideals as it does with the specific dynamics of the Krebs household. One could even argue that the two are one and the same. As we will see in more detail in a moment, Mrs. Krebs's various injunctions to her son are perfectly consistent with the model of patriotic motherhood celebrated at every turn by the AEF and its

Figure 2: Cover of *Mother, Here's Your Boy!* by Sidney D. Mitchell, Archie Gottler, and Theodore Morse. New York: Leo Feist, 1918. Author's Collection.

civilian partners and ubiquitously reproduced within wartime visual culture. And in this sense, it is Mrs. Krebs who is still stuck in the war, not her son Harold, who may ruminate nostalgically on his soldier's home in the Marine Corps, but whose eyes, at least by the end of the story, are set on the future.

In other words (and to put this even more metaphorically), although the war has ended, Mrs. Krebs remains that Mother figure on the cover of the YMCA pamphlet, but her son, once presumably susceptible to the sentimental cult of patriotic motherhood, now no longer worships at her feet. The protagonist's rebellion against maternal authority stems, we can speculate, from two main sources.

First, the experience of combat, a point of pride for Krebs but also something that he is still processing through therapeutic reading and therapeutic leisure (misinterpreted as loafing by his ignorant parents), has understandably changed his outlook on his home situation. Set beside the former Marine's life-altering confrontation with death and injury (in five different battles), motherly admonitions that he work toward becoming a "credit to the community" or tenuously extended privileges, such as the use of the family car for the purpose of dating "nice girls," seem, at best, naïve, at worst, jarringly patronizing and insensitive (75). However, an even deeper source for Krebs's revolt against Mother lies in his wartime rejection of the sexual values in whose service the iconography of patriotic motherhood was so frequently mobilized.

The often-discussed pair of photographs with which the story opens makes this clear right away: one, a pre-war image, shows Krebs lined-up (literally and figuratively) with his "fraternity brothers" at the "Methodist college in Kansas" (69). Hemingway carefully notes that these clean-cut young men, Midwestern products of the same cultural cookie-cutter, all wear "exactly the same height and style collar." The other photo depicts the protagonist "on the Rhine with two German girls and another corporal." Krebs and his comrade "look too big for their uniforms" (69). While the latter detail suggests, as many commentators have noted, that the soldiers have expanded, both literally and figuratively, as a result of their overseas service and thus no longer fit within a constraining cultural mold as easily as the Methodist fraternity brothers once did, the presence of the German girls is even more freighted with meaning.

As any American veteran reading Hemingway's story in 1925 would have known, the AEF strictly prohibited fraternization with German civilians, especially women, during the occupation of the Rhineland.[7] It was, of course, a rule frequently ignored, but a rule just the same. Thus, Hemingway establishes Krebs's noncompliance with the AEF's Progressive sexual agenda from the very start. And later in the story, the protagonist's wartime revolt against moral uplift becomes even more explicit. Krebs recalls that when "you were really ripe for a girl you always got one" (i.e. bought one), and he contrasts the complicated politics of courtship in Oklahoma with his free-and-easy interactions with prostitutes in Europe: "You couldn't talk much and you did not need to talk. It was simple and you were friends"(72).

As the story builds toward Harold's climactic pronouncement that he doesn't "love anybody," Hemingway carefully ties Mrs. Krebs's attitudes and moral pronouncements to the sexual values promoted by the wartime image of Mother. Indeed, much of what Mrs. Krebs tells her son—chiefly, that he avoid or repent of any "temptations," devote himself to work and service, limit his romantic interests to "nice girls," and pray with her as a fellow inhabitant of "God's Kingdom"—echoes the Progressive rhetoric and ideology of World War I-era military reformers (75). For example, when Mrs. Krebs cites her father's experiences in the American Civil War and proclaims, "I know how weak men are," she, in effect, articulates the historical foundation for the AEF's culture of moral uplift (75).

This culture did not come out of a vacuum. The US military's unprecedented decision in 1917 to regulate the sexual health of American soldiers stemmed, in part, from Progressive outrage over the flourishing of vice during previous mobilizations in American history, including, and especially, the deployment along the Mexican border in 1916, which attracted large numbers of prostitutes to the Southwest (Huebner 6). In other words, by the time of American intervention in the Great War, the US War Department essentially shared Mrs. Krebs's view of "how weak men are" based on past national experience.

The juxtaposition of "temptations" with "nice girls" in Mrs. Krebs' rhetoric also belongs to the World War I era. Anti-venereal disease tracts distributed by the YMCA and the Salvation Army warned American soldiers that succumbing to lust overseas would taint future reunions with wives or sweethearts back in the States. Published by the YMCA in 1918, a pamphlet titled "Don't Take a Chance" features a particularly motivational image on its cover: as a returning soldier greets his infant child, his wife gazes pensively (perhaps even suspiciously) at his face, as if to ask "Honey, what did you do in the Great War?" (Figure 3).[8] The text inside includes a personal letter of endorsement from none other than Theodore Roosevelt, an inspirational model of American masculinity during the 1910s, along with several pages of colloquialism-laden arguments for sexual abstinence presented under such eye-catching section headings as "Use Your Mind: *Do you know what Syphilis Is*?" (2) and "Be Square with Your Own Women Folks" (4).

Read with this context in mind, then, Krebs's escalating conflict with his mother can be seen, in part, as an extension of his wartime

Figure 3: Cover of *Don't Take a Chance* by Charles Larned Robinson. YMCA, 1918. Author's Collection.

rejection of Progressive sexual morality, a creed of abstinence and clean living intimately tied up with the wartime cult of patriotic motherhood. Thus, by the time he utters the four words that sever the connection between family and war, Krebs has, in a sense, moved beyond two mothers—one of flesh and blood, the other a construct of Progressive propaganda. And he has given up on home itself or, rather, the home he once had with his devout parents. He truly no longer belongs in "God's Kingdom" (75). At the end of the story, which I have always interpreted positively, Krebs resolves to flee rural Oklahoma and to look for work (and presumably pleasure) in Kansas City, perhaps just what he needs, but first he will watch his sister play indoor baseball, a hopeful sign that his denial of love is not as absolute as he claims.[9]

If war has changed Hemingway's Harold Krebs on the inside, enlarging his perspective in ways that make his reintegration into a

culturally idealized mother-son relationship impossible, Boyd's Duncan Milner has the opposite problem: he is the same man who left Reliance in 1917, with the very same virtues and ambitions, but no one can see it. His sallow complexion, uncontrollable cough, and reputation for bad luck and failure (an affront to the self-reliance worshiped by his community) effectively render him Other. He truly cannot go home again. Ironically, Milner feels the cruelty of his situation with particular intensity because, unlike Hemingway's outward-bound protagonist, he is a creature of the domestic through and through. We see this early in the story, as Boyd emphasizes the hometown ties that constitute Milner's sense of identity, even, and especially, while he serves as a sniper in France:

> . . . his eye wandered slowly, not over No Man's Land which he was supposed to watch,but at the trench of his own company. He knew them all. And his acquaintance with a number of the men antedated the period of active service in which he had been with them. For he belonged to a company of National Guards, recruited from Reliance, Ill., the town in which he lived. They were all good fellows, from the captain down. With some of them he had gone to school. Jeff Downing, now rolling a cigarette in front of the dugout, had been his best man when he married Dorothy. . . . It was much more pleasant to reconstruct the days of happiness as a civilian than to wear out his eyes looking for outposts of the Squareheads. (128-29)

Significantly, this passage contains Boyd's first mention of Dorothy, who enters the text, we should note, inextricably linked to Milner's larger sense of community and home.

Like the deified figure of Mother, sweethearts and young wives occupy a prominent position in 1917-1918-era American visual culture —but with a difference: they often face a direct sexual threat from the enemy, a threat presented with near-pornographic relish in images that either imagine the horrors of a future German invasion, right here in America, or depict atrocities in occupied France or Belgium as a warning of what may come. H.R. Hopps's notorious *Destroy This Mad Brute* (1917) is a case in point. Aptly described by art historian David Lubin as the "most outrageous poster to come from America during the Great War," which is saying something, Hopps's over-the-top image plays, in part, to fears of a shrinking early twentieth-century world (Figure 4).[10] With just a few steps, the simian Hun has waded across the Atlantic to place his hairy foot on

the USA. Disaster has landed on our shores. In one hand, the Mad Brute bears a phallic, blood-stained cudgel, ironically inscribed with the word "Kultur," in the other, a writhing American damsel seized as carnal plunder. The poster's deployment of gender could not be more primitive or, one is tempted to say, primate-like: the only hope for the Hun's female victim, powerless in his grasp, is the American male, to whom the poster's plea—"Enlist"—is explicitly aimed.

This grotesque motivational image may seem, at first sight, to have little to do with Boyd's short story. However, just as the wartime iconography of sacred American motherhood hovers in the background of "Soldier's Home," the imagery of Teutonic invaders engaged in sexual conquest seeps into the climax of "The Long Shot." Interpreted immediately afterwards as an act of jealousy, both by the Reliance police and by the protagonist, Milner's murder of Dorothy's lover plays out—in his consciousness *at that precise moment*—as a soldierly defense of home and American womanhood. The murder

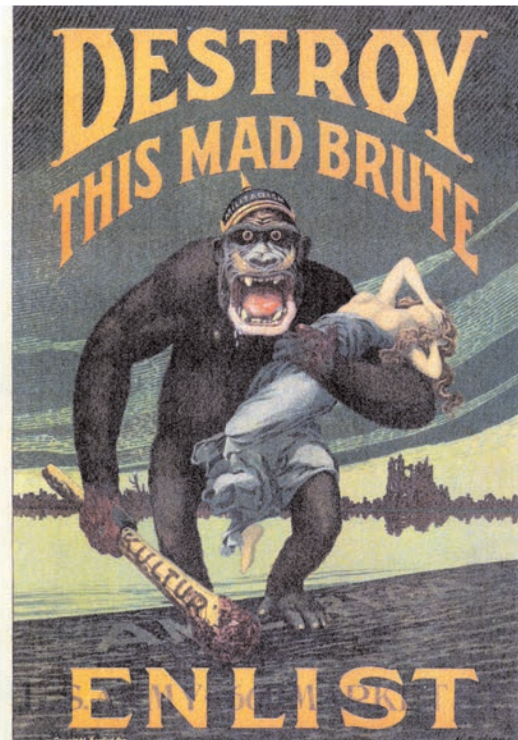

Figure 4: *Destroy This Mad Brute* by H.R. Hopps, ca. 1917.

scene opens late at night with Milner alone and asleep in his workroom cellar, a hyper-masculine space—indeed, a man cave—where the protagonist stores his hand tools and his wartime souvenirs, including his automatic pistol. Suddenly he wakes and experiences "the same sensation" he once felt when summoned to guard duty in France. From his window, he glimpses a man and a woman locked in a deep embrace on his front lawn. Then he reaches for his handgun.

Though armed, Milner does not necessarily seem intent upon murder, but when he confronts the couple, his "mind plays a sudden trick" and he experiences an uncontrollable flashback, confronting once again the "arrogant face of the German" that he had once held in his crosshairs. And at this split second, he raises his pistol, "all cold blue steel," and fires. In other words, the Teutonic Mad Brute finally arrives in the USA, as promised in Hopps's cartoonish poster, but he does so only within Milner's confused consciousness, which momentarily translates a crime of passion into an act of defensible, state-sanctioned violence against the Hun.

But there is still one more irony in this scene to add to the story's seemingly endless chain of sardonic details: after realizing what he has done, Milner mockingly exclaims, "Golly, maybe I've killed the Perfect Lover." The "Perfect Lover" was, of course, none other than the silent-screen star and sex symbol Rudolph Valentino, who received that title for his erotically charged performance in, among others, the 1921 blockbuster *The Sheik*. Valentino's exotic good looks led to speculation (accurate speculation, as it turned out) that he was, in the words of *Photoplay* magazine, the son of "a wop or something like that" (quoted in King n.p.). In fact, Valentino's real name was as Italian as it could be: Rodolfo Alfonso Rafaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina D'Antonguolla.

So why does Milner mention him at this moment? Is this simply a throw-away line spoken by the protagonist in a moment of hysteria? Far from it. Earlier in the story, in yet another highly ironic twist, one of Milner's buddies from the local American Legion post encourages the disabled veteran to support Major Havermeyer's election as the local criminal court judge. Then comes the telling detail. When the conversation turns to Prohibition, Milner's friend assures him that Havermeyer will crack down on local bootleggers who "'ain't Americans,'" just "'damned immigrants, *wops* and Jews and Russians'" (138 emphasis mine). Thus, Boyd's protagonist interprets

his crime through two rapid-firing processes of othering: initially, he confuses his human target with the Hun of wartime; then he shifts to a nativist frame of understanding (or, rather, delusion) common enough during this period of the Red Scare and immigration restriction, transforming the dead man into a different kind of *other,* a different kind of sexual threat.

Each focused on an isolated, misunderstood veteran and his torturous homecoming, "Soldier's Home" and "The Long Shot" both attest to the dynamic and lingering power of wartime cultural imagery, whether wielded to glorify American mothers or to demonize a foreign enemy. At the same time, the two stories offer sharply contrasting treatments of domesticity. By the end of Hemingway's narrative, Krebs realizes that his parents' household will only accommodate the callow youth who left his "Methodist college" to fight the Hun, not the worldly, irreligious man who has returned from Europe. Now Krebs will make his own soldier's home, a project inaugurated by his decision to light out for the new territory of Kansas City. In contrast, Boyd's Duncan Milner wants nothing more than the home and domestic identity that he enjoyed before the war. Sadly, however, no safety net exists to catch him when his health and finances give way, and the self-reliance expected by his wife and community is exposed as a toxic myth. Everyone fails Boyd's doleful protagonist until, at last, he finds himself in a personal No Man's Land worse than any battlefield in France, worse, even, than the suffocating household in Oklahoma from which Harold Krebs, the luckier of the two veterans, manages to escape.

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NOTES

[1]The idea of a "bonus," a payment to veterans representing lost wartime wages, was already in the air during the postwar period when most of "The Long Shot" is set (roughly 1919-1921); however, it would not achieve widespread acceptance within the American Legion until later in the 1920s. See Steven Trout, *On the Battlefield of Memory: The First World War and American Remembrance, 1919-1941*, 86-87.

[2]See Steven Trout, "'Where Do We Go from Here?': Ernest Hemingway's 'Soldier's Home' and American Veterans of World War I."

[3]In his classic article, "The Love Song of Harold Krebs: Form, Argument, and Meaning in Hemingway's 'Soldier's Home,'" Robert Paul Lamb summarizes readings of the story that come from "war wound" critics versus "childhood wound" critics (18). The former view Hemingway's narrative in terms of disenchantment with the Great War; the latter focus on Mrs. Krebs as an agent of childhood trauma. The interpretation I offer in this essay, intended to supplement my earlier reading of "Soldier's Home" as a study in the breakdown or fracturing of American collective memory following World War I, does not fit easily in either category. I contend that Krebs mostly enjoyed his overseas service and probably had an any-

thing-but-traumatizing relationship with his mother before the war. It is Krebs's wartime rejection of the AEF's program of sexual health and moral improvement that sets him on a collision course with his mother.

[4]I have drawn most of these examples of sheet music covers from "Posters: Mother Dearest," part of an extremely useful online series of PowerPoint presentations, "The World War I Era," prepared for educators by the US Army Center of Military History. See https://history.army.mil/html/bookshelves/resmat/wwi/pt02/ch09/pt02-ch09-sec07.html The rest are contained in the author's collection.

[5]This pamphlet is contained in the author's collection.

[6]This sheet music cover is contained in the author's collection.

[7]Ruben de Baerdemaeker, for example, reads the detail of the soldiers outgrowing their uniforms in this way: "Though it may be far-fetched to suggest they are swollen with phallic desire, their size, their outgrowing the rigid convention of uniforms, conjures up an altered masculinity, one that is no longer constrained by the limits of uniformity" (56).

[8]This pamphlet is contained in the author's collection.

[9]Steve Paul's superb *Hemingway at Eighteen* offers a vivid portrait of the city to which Krebs flees, a "brawny place" that Hemingway came to know well through his work as a cub reporter with the Kansas City *Star*—the very paper mentioned in the breakfast scene in "Soldier's Home" (27). Conventional and church going by day, Kansas City turned into an open city at night with booze, jazz, women (not of the "nice-girl" variety), and other temptations on offer.

[10]David. M. Lubin, *Grand Illusions: American Art and the First World War*, 27.

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NICK ADAMS AND JAKE BARNES: HEMINGWAY'S EARLIEST HEROES AND ALTER EGOS

DONALD A. DAIKER

"Nick does not appear by name in any of Hemingway's novels. But he passes through them all, wounded somehow in each."
—John Killinger, *Hemingway and the Dead Gods*

"Nick in the stories was never himself," Hemingway wrote in "On Writing," his original conclusion of "Big Two-Hearted River." "He made him up," Hemingway continued, and then offered a supporting example from "Indian Camp," his first published Nick Adams story.[1] "Of course he'd never seen an Indian woman having a baby. That was what made the story good. Nobody knew that. He'd seen a woman have a baby on the road to Karagatch and tried to help her. That was the way it was" (*NAS* 217-218).[2]

If the pronoun confusion of "He made him up" does not immediately suggest a blurring of identities between author and character, between Ernest Hemingway and Nick Adams, the evolution of the birthing scene surely does. What Hemingway does not say here is that he had already used the scene on the Karagatch Road in both *in our time* (1924) and *In Our Time* (1925), and in neither case was it "made up." It was something that he had "seen," witnessed as a reporter covering the Greco-Turkish War of 1922-23 and then written about for *The Toronto Daily Star* in a dispatch titled "A Silent, Ghostly Profession" and printed on 20 October 1922: "A husband spreads a blanket over a woman in labor in one of the carts to keep off the driving rain. She is the only person making a sound. Her little daughter looks at her in horror and begins to cry" (*Dateline* 232). Hemingway condensed this passage for *In Our Time*: "There was a woman having a baby with a young girl holding a blanket over her

and crying. Scared sick looking at it" (*CSS* 71). There is nothing "made up" about it.

While he may have invented the scene involving "the Indian woman having a baby" in "Indian Camp," other details of that story come from Hemingway's life rather than his imagination. As Carlos Baker was the first to note, "The doctor, his brother, and his son were clearly modeled on Dr. Hemingway, his brother George, and Ernest" (125). Nick's father in that story is a doctor just like Hemingway's. Clarence Edmonds Hemingway, who attended Oberlin College and then Rush Medical College in Chicago (Sanford 23), was licensed to practice in both Illinois and Michigan (Sanford 70); he later took a course in obstetrics at the New York Lying-In Hospital, earning a postgraduate degree, and became head of the obstetrical department at Oak Park Hospital (Sanford 112).

Dr. Hemingway and son Ernest had camped and fished in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, the setting of "Indian Camp," [3] as early as 1908 (Sanford 90-92), when Ernest was nine or ten years old, Nick's approximate age in that story. Young Ernest may never have watched his father perform a cesarean section, but we know that he often accompanied his father on emergency calls to the Ojibway Indian camp near Walloon Lake, and he at one point planned to become a doctor himself (Leicester Hemingway 42-43). Beside the unnamed Indians, the only other character in "Indian Camp" is "Uncle George," and Ernest in fact had an uncle named George, his father's younger brother. In "Indian Camp" Hemingway portrays his Uncle George as a self-centered and uncompassionate bigot—when bitten on his arm during the operation he calls the suffering Indian mother a "damn squaw bitch"—just as in real life he harbored negative feelings toward his uncle.[4]

What these parallels in the first published Nick Adams story begin to establish is the intimate relationship between Ernest Hemingway and Nicholas Adams. Of "all his characters," Robert Fleming asserts, "Nick is the closest to Hemingway himself" (7). The exact nature of their relationship is not easy to define: it evolves as Hemingway grows as a person and writer. But it seems fair to say that Nick is to some extent Hemingway's alter ego: his remembered or imagined younger self in the earlier stories and his projected better self in many of the later ones.

As F. Scott Fitzgerald was among the first to notice, the *In Our Time* volume which opens with "Indian Camp" "takes on almost an

autobiographical tint" (qtd. in Stephens 18). Philip Young agrees: "Many of the stories about Nick are literal translations of the important events in Hemingway's own life" and "remarkably little has been changed in the telling" (63). For example, Hemingway's earliest romances—with Prudie Mitchell, Marjorie Bump, Agnes von Kurowsky, and Kate Smith—are dramatized with apparently but small deviations from reality in "Fathers and Sons," "Ten Indians," "The End of Something," "A Very Short Story," and "Summer People." Hemingway's parents—Dr. Clarence Edmonds Hemingway and Grace Hall Hemingway—also appear in biographically recognizable ways in "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," "Now I Lay Me," "Ten Indians," "Fathers and Sons," and "The Last Good Country." Even Hemingway's best friends can be identified in stories like "The Three-Day Blow," "Cross-Country Snow," and, most obviously, the posthumously published "Summer People." In "Now I Lay Me," the character who became "Nick" had earlier been called "Ernie" or "Hem" in manuscripts.[5]

When in July 1925 Ernest Hemingway began writing the story that eventually became *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), he had already created his first hero and protagonist in Nick Adams. Nick had appeared by name in seven stories in *In Our Time*—"Indian Camp," "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," "The End of Something," "The Three-Day Blow," "The Battler," "Cross-Country Snow," and "Big Two-Hearted River." He also appeared in the vignette "Nick sat against the wall" and, unnamed, in "A Very Short Story" (see Daiker, "In Search"). This Nick Adams had a history. Although Nick gave "Chicago" as his home town (*CSS* 100, 108, 278), he spent his summers in northern Michigan in a cottage with his father, a doctor who treated Indians at the nearby Indian camp, and a mother who was a Christian Scientist (*CSS* 75). Nick became an avid reader (*CSS* 76, 86-87) and a skilled fisherman (*CSS* 80) who, unlike his father (*CSS* 89), learned to enjoy liquor (*CSS* 89). He experienced the complexities of relationships—with girls who cheat on you, with friends who compete with you, and with young women who stop loving you.

Soon after the United States entered World War I on the side of the Allies, Nick joined the Italian army. Fighting on the Austrian front, Nick was "hit in the spine" (*CSS* 105) during a successful attack and taken to a hospital in Padua (*CSS* 107), where, during his recuperation, he met and fell in love with a nurse named Luz. When Nick returned to the front, he was again wounded, apparently more

than once and "in various places" (*CSS* 312). He had been "blown up at night" (*CSS* 276) and suffered head wounds (*CSS* 310) that caused him occasionally to babble incoherently, a form of post-traumatic stress syndrome, and to be able to sleep at night only with "a light of some sort" (*CSS* 309). He frequents a hospital in Milan for knee and leg therapy *(CSS* 206), but several years later, skiing on the Alpine slopes, Nick cannot "telemark with my leg" (*CSS* 144) because of his injury. After the war, Nick spends an idyllic, carefree Michigan summer with good friends before marrying Helen, vacationing in the Swiss Alps, and then returning to the States for the delivery of their baby. Then things fall apart. In "Big Two-Hearted River," Nick confronts his past wounds, physical and emotional, by creating a "home" (*CSS* 167) in the wilderness of Michigan's Upper Peninsula and then by landing several big trout. The last we learn of Nick is that he has a son of his own who, in a return to the matter of "Indian Camp," the first Nick Adams story, asks questions about Nick's father, Dr. Adams—the boy's grandfather—and Nick's boyhood Indian friends.

"Nick does not appear by name in any of Hemingway's novels, John Killinger has written. "But he passes through them all, wounded somehow in each. In *The Sun Also Rises* he is Jake Barnes, emasculated by the war" (23). Yet it might at first seem that Nick has little in common with Jake, the narrator and protagonist of Hemingway's first novel. After all, Jake is from Kansas City (*SAR-HLE* 70),[6] not Chicago, and he apparently has no connection at all with Michigan, the setting of a good half of Nick's stories. Moreover, Jake is unmarried, without children, and without known family: there is no Dr. Adams, Mrs. Adams, Uncle George, or sisters Dorothy or Littless in his life. Like Nick, Jake has fought on the Italian front in World War I but as a flyer (*SAR-HLE* 25) instead of an infantryman. In contrast to Nick's multiple if non-incapacitating wounds, Jake has only a single albeit a serious one: apparently his penis has been shot off (*Selected Letters* 745), his sexual desire undiminished but with limited ways of satisfying it.

Yet beneath superficial differences, these two Midwestern Americans have much in common with each other and with Ernest Hemingway himself. According to Hemingway biographer Mary Dearborn, "Few would dispute that Jake Barnes in most respects stands in for the author . . ." (43). For starters, there is the crucial fact that both Nick and Jake—like their creator—are writers. Jake Barnes

is chief of the Paris bureau of a North American newspaper, functioning as both "Editor and Publisher" (*SAR-HLE* 10)—proofreader and typist—of news stories that he writes and routinely sends across the Atlantic by boat train (*SAR-HLE* 8).[7] But Jake aspires to be more than a journalist as his best friend Bill Gorton knows: You "claim you want to be a writer, too. You're only a newspaper man" (*SAR-HLE* 92). But the chief evidence of Jake as writer is the text of the story he narrates, *The Sun Also Rises*. Jake often reveals himself as the writer of his own story. At one point he says to his readers, "Somehow I feel I have not shown Robert Cohn clearly" (*SAR-HLE* 37). At another he acknowledges that his mention of the town archivist "has nothing to do with the story" he is narrating (*SAR-HLE* 77). Jake's role as writer of *The Sun Also Rises* is even more clearly stated in the novel's manuscript: "So my name is Jacob Barnes, and I am writing the story. . ." (*SAR-HLE* 277).

For Nick, there is a suggestion of his writerly status in "Now I Lay Me" when, in order to stay awake at night until daylight returns, he creates fictive streams to fish in: "I made up streams," Nick says, "and some of them were very exciting, and it was like being awake and dreaming" (*CSS* 277). In "Big Two-Hearted River," Nick is happy to have temporarily put "the need to write" behind him (164). In "On Writing" Hemingway gives Nick as the author of "My Old Man" (*CSS* 217). But the clearest sign that Nick is a writer occurs in the posthumous "Summer People": "He knew he was going to be a great writer. He knew things and they couldn't touch him. Nobody could. Only he did not know enough things. That would come all right. He knew" (*CSS* 497). In the story's last paragraph Nick prays for "himself, to be a great writer" (*CSS* 503).

But it is far more than their status as writers that connects Nick and Jake. They are linked by their experiences, their fears, and their values.

As befits aspiring writers, both men are ardent readers. In "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," Nick appears "sitting with his back against a tree, reading" (*CSS* 76). In the fragment "The Indians Moved Away," Nick is found "lying, reading in the hammock" (*NAS* 22). In "The Three-Day Blow" Nick and his friend Bill discuss books they have read by G. K. Chesterton, Maurice Hewlett, George Meredith, and Hugh Walpole. "He and Bill had fun with the books in the old days," Nick recounts in "On Writing"—"All the books" (*NAS* 213). Jake, too, is a reader. He has read novels by W. H. Hudson and

A. E. W. Mason. In Burguete he reads in bed (*SAR-HLE* 89), and in Pamplona he rereads Turgenieff's *A Sportsman's Sketches* in his hotel room (*SAR-HLE* 118). Apparently, like Hemingway himself, he brings along a stack of books whenever he travels (*SAR-HLE* 188).

But Nick and Jake are more likely to be found active outdoors than reading inside. Nick enjoys shooting (*CSS* 92), fishing (*CSS* 80-81, 174-180), hopping freight trains (*CSS* 97, 163), and skiing (*CSS* 143-147). Aside from his enjoyment of boxing (*SAR-HLE* 65-66) and bullfighting, Jake is a tennis player (*SAR-HLE* 5), a fisherman (*SAR-HLE* 95-96), and an inveterate walker; he walks considerable distances in Paris, Bayonne, Burguete, Pamplona, and San Sebastian. His Paris walking so tires Bill Gorton that when Jake asks if he'd like to go to a fight, Bill responds, "Sure. . . . If we don't have to walk" (*SAR-HLE* 65). When, in Burguete, Jake says that "[i]t's too far to go and fish and come back the same day, comfortably," Bill again registers his mild opposition to such sustained walking: "Comfortably. That's a nice word. We'll have to go like hell to get there and back and have any fishing at all" (*SAR-HLE* 94). But they make the arduous trip several times.

Indoors or out, Nick and Jake are characterized by likability. Everybody wants to be around them. In "Ten Indians," Mrs. Garner tells "Nickie," following a Fourth of July event, "We like to have you"—and means it (*CSS* 255). In "Summer People," Nick's friends are delighted to see him when he arrives at the lake, excitedly calling out to him as "Wemedge" (*CSS* 497), Hemingway's favorite nickname for himself. Jake seems, if anything, even more likable. It doesn't take him long to win the favor of the *poule* Georgette, who hates Paris and virtually everything else in her life except Jake: "We get on well," she tells him (*SAR-HLE* 14). When Jake and Georgette arrive at the *bal musette*, Braddock cries out in delight, "Barnes! I say, Barnes! Jacob Barnes!" (*SAR-HLE* 14). Fellow American journalists Krum and Wolsey look forward to their time with Jake; following their taxi ride together, Krum leans out the window and calls, "See you at the lunch on Wednesday" (*SAR-HLE* 30). Spending time fishing and drinking with Jake and Bill Gorton is, for the Englishman Wilson-Harris, simply one of the best times of his life: "I say, Barnes. You don't know what all this means to me . . . Really, Barnes, you can't know. That's all" (*SAR-HLE* 104). Earlier Bill had told Jake, under the cover of joking, what he genuinely thinks of him: "You're a hell of a good guy. . ."(93). It's how the world judges Jake as well.

Even Mike Campbell, who must know that his fiancée, Brett Ashley, and Jake are in love with each other, feels affection for Jake. He greets Jake with "Hel-lo, Jake . . . Hel-lo! Hel-lo! How are you, old lad?" (*SAR-HLE* 64). Nick and Jake are just likable fellas.

Like Hemingway himself, both Nick and Jake love to drink with their friends, and they drink a lot. Nick and Bill spend much of "The Three-Day Blow" drinking Scotch (*CSS* 89) and Irish whisky: "It's got a swell, smoky taste," Nick says (*CSS* 86). In "A Very Short Story," Nick and Luz help consume "bottles" of wine or liquor in their rooftop paradise in Padua (*CSS* 107). On the trans-Atlantic crossing to France, Nick and his buddies drink "brandy" (*NAS* 121) and red wine (*NAS* 122-123). In battle, Nick admits to Captain Paravicini in "A Way You'll Never Be" that he was "stinking [drunk] in every attack" (309). On the day Nick marries Helen, he drinks shots of liquor with his friends Dutch and Luman: "He loved whisky" (*NAS* 211). Hemingway writes little of the adult Nick, the postwar Nick, but in "Cross-Country Snow," one of the few stories where Nick interacts with adults, he and his friend George split a "bottle of Sion" wine. "You know more about wine than I do," George acknowledges (144). But when Nick suggests a second bottle, George demurs because wine "always" makes him feel "funny" (146).

Jake Barnes enjoys alcohol every bit as much as Nick, probably more. Jake drinks throughout *The Sun Also Rises* whether he is in Paris, Burguete, Pamplona, San Sebastian, or Madrid. In Paris alone, Jake drinks an *aperitif* with Robert Cohn, a Pernod with Georgette, a *fine a l'eau* with the novelist Robert Prentiss, brandy and soda with Lady Brett Ashley, a Jack Rose with the bartender at the Crillon Hotel, and champagne with Count Mippipopolous. Like Hemingway, whose doctor once told him that "his tolerance for alcohol is about ten times that of a normal person; or more," Jake has a prodigious capacity for booze (*Selected Letters* 754). At a posada in Spain, he and Bill Gorton (modeled in part on Hemingway's summer friend Bill Smith) quickly consume five drinks of *aguardiente,* a potent brandy-based spirit, with no perceptible change in their behavior (*SAR-HLE* 85). Later in Madrid with Brett, Jake drinks three martinis and four bottles of *rioja alta* while all the while remaining stone-cold sober (see Daiker "Don't Get Drunk").

But if Nick and Jake are linked by their writing aspirations, their love of reading, their physical pursuits, their likability, and their enjoyment of liquor, they are even more deeply connected by their

fears—starting with their fear of death. After being "blown up at night" and feeling his soul leave his body before coming back (*CSS* 276), Nick resolves never to close his eyes and sleep at night unless there is a light burning nearby. Jake, too, fears the darkness and its link to death, so "for six months" he too "never slept with the electric light off" (*SAR-HLE* 118).

Both are preoccupied with loss as well. For Jake, it is the loss of his penis and its preventing a permanent relationship with Brett that consumes him. Sometimes, at night, he cannot prevent his mind from dwelling on his loss: "My head started to work. The old grievance" (*SAR-HLE* 25). Jake's grievance is "old" because it has continued for six or seven years since his wounding in World War I. Recuperating first in Milan and then in England, where he meets Lady Brett, Jake's wound causes him sleepless nights and fits of crying (*SAR-HLE* 25, 26). Nick's sense of loss focuses on losing control and losing his girl. Before his operation in Padua, he tries to retain control by "holding tight on to himself so he would not blab about anything during the silly, talky time" (*CSS* 107). When Nick is again wounded, he has hallucinatory dreams in "A Way You'll Never Be" in which "Sometimes his girl was there and sometimes she was with someone else, and he could not understand that" (*CSS* 310). Nick "was not frightened of it [his dream] except when she had gone off with someone else" (*CSS* 311). Nick has reason to fear the loss of his girl to another because when he returns to the States after the armistice, he receives a letter from his girl—Luz—saying that theirs "had been only a boy and girl affair" and that she expected to marry soon an Italian major (*CSS* 108). Nick seems to recover, at least temporarily, because a few years later in "Cross-Country Snow" he has regained control—"[H]e held it. He would not let go and spill" (*CSS* 143)—and he has married a woman—Helen—who apparently will stand by him whether in Europe or the States (*CSS* 146). But that relationship, too, seems to have dissolved because by the time of "Big Two-Hearted River," Nick seems—like the uninhabited, burnt-out town of Seney—to be without spouse or friends. The one former friend mentioned in the story—Hopkins—left Nick and his fishing party after becoming rich, never to be heard from again but leaving behind "bitter" feelings (*CSS* 169). Metaphorically, Nick will have to fish the swamp to regain all that he has lost.

Because wounds persist, friends leave, relationships end, and marriages crumble, Nick and Jake have learned to protect themselves

from emotional pain by developing defense mechanisms. Their favorite is a form of repression, an ability to push aside thoughts and images that at the minimum cause unhappiness and at the maximum threaten their selfhood. In "Indian Camp," young Nick deals with messy medical complications by looking away and with thoughts of death by convincing himself that he will "never die" (*CSS* 70). In "The Three-Day Blow," an adolescent Nick deals with the loss of feelings for his girlfriend Marjorie by grasping onto Bill's implausible suggestion that he "might get back into it again" (*CSS* 92). In "Cross-Country Snow" an adult Nick responds to pain in more mature ways: he recovers from an excruciatingly painful fall on the ski slopes by looking ahead to the next hill, he deals with specks of unsightly and unappetizing cork in his wine glass by telling himself and his friend George that they "don't matter" (*CSS* 145), and he reconciles himself to a future forced departure from Europe by joking about it and enjoying the present.

Like the mature Nick Adams, Jake Barnes exercises control over his emotions so as to "just not make trouble for people" or for himself (*SAR-HLE* 26). When he and Robert Cohn argue over Lady Brett Ashley, Jake pushes aside Cohn's labeling him a liar and uses humor—"Stick around. We're just starting lunch" (*SAR-HLE* 32)—to prevent fisticuffs at a Paris restaurant. When Count Mippipopolous asks a painful question of Brett and Jake—"Why don't you get married, you two"—the two dismiss it with humor ("We want to lead our own lives"; "We have our careers") and then quickly change the topic (*SAR-HLE* 50). When in San Sebastian Jake sees "Nurses in uniform" and a soldier with "only one arm," recreating the conditions—a hospital, a wounding—when he had met Brett, he brushes the past aside to focus on the present: "a good breeze and a surf on the beach," perfect conditions for a bracing swim (*SAR-HLE* 191).

Of course, both Nick and Jake have their breaking points, moments when repression and rationalization are powerless to blunt the pain. During the war, Nick needs to get "stinking in every attack" (*CSS* 309), but not even liquor helps him stave off bouts of temporary madness that "A Way You'll Never Be" dramatizes so convincingly. After the war, when Luz breaks up with Nick, neither humor nor thoughts of the future help. "A short time" after receiving Luz's Dear John letter, Nick "contracted gonorrhea from a sales girl in a loop apartment store while riding in a taxicab through Lincoln Park" (*CSS* 108). Nor does liquor work for Jake after he has knowingly

behaved immorally by setting up Brett and Romero. No matter how many glasses of potent absinthe Jake drinks, it's still not enough to get him over his "damn depression" (*SAR-HLE* 178).

Despite defeats, Nick and Jake are like the people that Frederic Henry, another Hemingway surrogate, describes in *A Farewell to Arms*: "strong at the broken places" (*AFTA* 216). Each has developed recuperative power, the resilience to bounce back from the edge of disaster. An adolescent Nick recovers in a single night from the heartbreak of Prudie's inconstancy by focusing on the wind and waves outside his cottage bedroom. The following morning he lay "awake a long time before he remembered that his heart was broken" (*CSS* 257). It takes considerably longer for an adult Nick to recover from defeats so traumatic that he cannot bear to name them in "Big Two-Hearted River." He resembles the Nick-like narrator of "A Canary for One" who will not allow himself to acknowledge that he and his wife are separating until the story's final sentence. We don't know if Nick and Helen have separated by the time of "Big Two-Hearted River," but it seems likely. We do know that Nick travels by himself, alone, to Michigan's remote Upper Peninsula as a means of leaving "everything behind, the need for thinking, the need to write, other needs. It was all back of him" (*CSS* 164). Nick journeys from the deadened, burnt-out town of Seney—a metaphor for his badly damaged and blackened self—into the living greenness of the countryside. After first establishing his "home" in a "good place" where "nothing could touch him" (*CSS* 167), Nick next fishes for and catches the trout that have come to symbolize for him the ability to "hold steady" (*CSS* 163) in the whirling currents of life. As the story ends, a resolute Nick is determined to eventually "fish the swamp" (180), emblematic of his recovery from life's wounds.

Like Nick, Jake Barnes rebounds from his defeats in Pamplona—he acknowledges to Bill in uncharacteristic profanities that he feels "like hell" and "low as hell" (*SAR-HLE* 178) and to Mike that he is "blind" (*SAR-HLE* 179)—by traveling to San Sebastian. As soon as he arrives at his hotel, Jake tells us that "I unpacked my bags and stacked my books beside the head of the bed, put out my shaving things, hung up some clothes in the big armoire, and made up a bundle for the laundry" (*SAR-HLE* 188). Even before two days of recuperative swimming and diving, Hemingway shows us Jake trying to reorder his life. And he does: he has a lovely time in San Sebastian, reading in his room, walking about town, sitting on the café terrace

listening to an orchestra play, drinking moderately, and joking with the manager of a bicycle team. When the telegram he had "vaguely . . . expected" (*SAR-HLE* 192) arrives from Brett, he has recovered to the point that he is able to meet her in Madrid with the hard-won knowledge that their relationship could never, under any circumstances, have worked out. It would only have been "pretty to think so" (*SAR-HLE* 198).

Two key passages, one focusing on Nick in "Cross-Country Snow," the other on Jake in the concluding chapter of *The Sun Also Rises*, vividly illustrate how these two early Hemingway heroes and alter egos have learned to respond to pain and threatened defeat. "Cross-Country Snow" begins with Nick and his friend George skiing down a steep Alpine slope:

> On the white below George dipped and rose and dipped out of sight. The rush and the sudden swoop as he dropped down a steep undulation in the mountain side plucked Nick's mind out and left him only the wonderful flying, dropping sensation in his body. He rose to a slight up-run and then the snow seemed to drop out from under him as he went down, down, faster and faster in a rush down the last, long steep slope. Crouching so he was almost sitting back on his skis, trying to keep the center of gravity low, the snow driving like a sand-storm, he knew the pace was too much. But he held it. He would not let go and spill. Then a patch of soft snow, left in a hollow by the wind, spilled him and he went over and over in a clashing of skis, feeling like a shot rabbit, then stuck, his legs crossed, his skis sticking straight up and his nose and ears jammed full of snow.
>
> George stood a little farther down the slope, knocking the snow from his wind jacket with big slaps.
>
> "You took a beauty, Mike," he called to Nick. "That's lousy soft snow. It bagged me the same way."
>
> "What's it like over the khud?" Nick kicked his skis around as he lay on his back and stood up. (*CSS* 143)

Both Nick and George fall not from any fault of theirs—they are clearly competent skiers—but because of bad luck: soft snow caused by the unpredictable wind. But Nick, although clearly in excruciating pain, will not allow himself to register it. We infer Nick's pain not from anything he says or does but from the details "feeling like a shot rabbit" and "nose and ears jammed full of snow." Rather than admit pain to consciousness, Nick focuses on future pleasure—ski-

ing "over the khud." The painful fall will never again be mentioned or acknowledged. When Nick later speaks of downhill skiing, it's only in superlatives: "'There's nothing really can touch skiing, is there?' Nick said. 'The way it feels when you first drop off on a long run'" (*CSS* 145).

For that intense but transitory pleasure, Nick and George are willing to silently endure adverse skiing conditions. Although what Hemingway elsewhere calls "a Gawd awful storm and blizzard" (*Letters* 2, 30) has kept other would-be skiers away—Nick and George are utterly alone on slopes—they endure the snow "driving like a sandstorm" without saying a word about it, any more than they lament the drifting snow that prevents their funicular from reaching the top of the hill. The episode ends with the phrase "Nick kicked his skis around as he lay on his back and stood up." For Nick, looking ahead to the skiing that lies "over the khud" is the way to restore order in painful times—to righting the skis that had been "sticking straight up"—and then to stand up. Four lines later Hemingway gives Nick his full name—"Nick Adams"—for the first time, a sign that Nick's identity is in part defined by his ability to withstand and move beyond pain and disappointment.

The simple act of standing up in Hemingway's early fiction is often a sign both of recovery and moving on. When Nick's father "stood up" (*CSS* 69) after performing arduous and risky cesarean surgery in "Indian Camp," it's a sign that the operation has finished successfully and he can move on to treating Uncle George's bitten arm. When "the doctor stood up and put the shotgun in the corner behind the dresser" (*CSS* 75) in "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," it indicates that he has moved beyond violence as a possible response to the bullying he has endured from Dick Boulton and his wife. When "Marjorie stood up" in "The End of Something" while Nick "sat there his head in his hands" (*CSS* 81), she is demonstrating her capacity for moving beyond the pain of learning that Nick no longer loves her. When "The Battler" begins with "Nick stood up" (*CSS* 97), the experienced Hemingway reader is prepared to learn that standing up is Nick's first step in recovering from the scraped hands, barked knee, and black eye he suffers when suddenly thrown off a moving freight train. When the final paragraph of "Big Two-Hearted River" begins with "Nick stood up" after "Nick sat down" in its opening paragraph (*CSS* 163), it's a clear indication that Nick has recovered from the

pains of the past and is eagerly looking forward to "the plenty of days coming" (*CSS* 180).

Jake Barnes demonstrates the same resilience, the same capacity for absorbing pain and defeat and then moving forward in positive ways. Halfway through the final chapter of *The Sun Also Rises*, Jake is vacationing in the Spanish resort city of San Sebastian, trying to recover after his emotional and physical defeats at the Pamplona fiesta the previous week. After swimming in the ocean, Jake is relaxing at his hotel when a telegram arrives from Lady Brett Ashley asking him to come for her in Madrid, where she is "RATHER IN TROUBLE." Jake had hardly finished reading it when a second, identically worded telegram arrives. Jake is angry because Brett's telegrams mean that San Sebastian is "all shot to hell." But he immediately wires back that he will come for her: "LADY ASHLEY HOTEL MONTANA MADRID ARRIVING SUD EXPRESS TOMORROW LOVE JAKE." There follows a paragraph that, for me, is the finest in all of Hemingway: "That seemed to handle it. That was it. Send a girl off with one man. Introduce her to another to go off with him. Now go and bring her back. And sign the wire with love. That was it all right. I went in to lunch" (*SAR-HLE* 192).

This paragraph of eight consecutive very short, patterned sentences, a relatively rare construction in Hemingway but always indicating high emotion,[8] represents a moment of both absolute honesty and self-criticism, even self-inflicted pain, for Jake. *You did it*, he says accusingly. *You really did it*. For the first and only time in the novel, Jake acknowledges his complicity in Brett's amours, laying out—point by point in a lawyer-like bill of particulars—the case against himself. He admits his partial responsibility for Brett's week-long affair with Cohn: Cohn is the "one man" that Brett has taken up with when she sees that the relationship she once again initiates with Jake once again causes acute pain for both of them. On their last night in Paris together, after their most recent attempts at physical intimacy in Jake's apartment fail badly, Brett looks at Jake lying "face down on the bed . . . having a bad time." Brett had tried to help out as best she could—she asks, "Do you feel better, Darling" after her latest attempt[9]—but it doesn't work even though Jake pretends it does by saying, "It's better" (*SAR-HLE* 45). It will take Jake time and bitter experience to admit it, but Brett is absolutely right in telling Jake that her leaving Paris will be "Better for you. Better for me" (*SAR-HLE* 46). Since "Brett can't go anywhere alone"[10] (*SAR-HLE* 82), she

needs a traveling companion, and—romantic that she is—she chooses Robert Cohn, who loves her, over Count Mippipopolous, who does not.[11] After admitting his culpability in sending "a girl off with one man," Jake next acknowledges that Cohn's earlier charge of pimping is right on target. In Pamplona Jake had swung at Cohn when Cohn called him a "damned pimp" (*SAR-HLE* 152), but now in San Sebastian Jake candidly defines himself as a pimp, a person who "introduce[s]" a girl to a man "to go off with him." Jake redirects the punch aimed at Cohn onto himself.

Jake is in intense pain at this moment as surely as when Nick suddenly spills on the Alpine slopes, turning "over and over in a clashing of skis" (*CSS* 143). But Hemingway conveys Jake's pain not through physical details like "nose and ears jammed full of snow" (*CSS* 143) but through sentence structure, syntax, and repetition.[12] Jake's pain surfaces in the series of five harsh, angry imperatives that define his response—"send" and "introduce" and "go" and "bring" and "sign"—all admissions of personal responsibility and all illustrating Jake's earlier assertion that "The bill always came. That was one of the swell things you could count on" (*SAR-HLE* 119). These self-indicting imperatives are framed by three short declarative sentences beginning with the demonstrative "that" and culminating in the pronoun "it": "That seemed to handle it. That was it . . . That was it all right." In his first draft of this passage, Hemingway had written, "That handled the matter" (*SAR Facsimile* 590), but in revising his manuscript he changed "the matter" to "it" to suggest, through the repetition of both "that" and "it," the clarity and firmness of Jake's assertions.[13] The concluding, clinching "all right," one of Hemingway's favorite taglines to indicate certainty or, more often, sarcasm and even bitterness, is Jake's final plea of guilty. It echoes Jake's words when, leaving Brett and Romero alone together at the café, he wonders if Romero understands that he, Jake, will not return: "It was understood all right" (*SAR-HLE* 149).

This powerful paragraph ends with a stroke of genius: "I went in to lunch." It is the equivalent of "Nick stood up" in that it puts Jake into motion and marks the transition from his clarifying admissions to definitive future action: he will depart San Sebastian for Madrid that night on the Sud Express to bring Brett "back." The culminating "I went into lunch" shatters the pattern of "thats," "its," and imperatives by introducing the first-person pronoun "I," just as Jake is determined to break the patterns of his subservience to Lady Brett

by regaining personal control—the "I"—in their relationship. In *The Sun Also Rise*s manuscript, the line "I went into lunch" had originally been separated by two-and-a-half pages of extraneous material from "That was it all right" and then crossed out. In restoring "I went in to lunch" and then positioning it to immediately follow "That was it all right," (*SAR Facsimile* 590-593), Hemingway ends this key paragraph on a note of self-control and resolution. With the key personal pronoun "I," the first in the paragraph, Jake asserts his determination to take full responsibility for his future acts, implying that he will take charge of events in Madrid as he had not in Paris or Pamplona[14] (see Daiker "Affirmative").

The strong links between Nick in "Cross-Country Snow" and Jake in *The Sun Also Rises* challenge the long-held belief that whereas young Nick is Hemingway's alter ego and largely positive projection of Ernest himself, Jake Barnes—some critics would have it—is not a positive projection of Hemingway at all but rather a man who will never get over his war wounds—his lost penis—and who therefore leads a life of continuing dissipation and disappointment: "Jake is not a hero," Verna Kale contends (57). According to Michael Reynolds, not only is Jake not a hero and not a Hemingway surrogate but rather "an antihero of a strange sort" who "has little chance of appearing admirable for the general reader" (*The Sun Also Rises: A Novel of the Twenties* 50, 51). Yet in the novel's original chapter two, since deleted, Hemingway had written that he had intended not to tell the story in the first person until realizing that he "had made the unfortunate mistake, for a writer, of first having been Mr. Jake Barnes" (*SAR-HLE* 276). If, following Nick's fictional chronology in *In Our Time*, the painful fall in "Cross-Country Snow" is succeeded by the triumphant trout fishing of "Big Two-Hearted River," so in *The Sun Also Rises* Jake's painful defeats in Pamplona are followed first by his acquired self-knowledge in San Sebastian and then by his unspoken determination to end once and for all his hopeless, mutually self-destructive relationship with Lady Brett. Hemingway implies as much when he describes Jake's arrival at Madrid's Norte station: "All trains finish there. They don't go on anywhere" (*SAR-HLE* 193).

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NOTES

[1]The unnamed protagonist of "Chapter 10" of *in our time* (1924), a vignette which with only minor changes became "A Very Short Story" of *In Our Time* (1925), is Nick Adams before Hemingway conceived the idea of Nick as a recurring character in his short fiction. See Daiker "In Search of the Real Nick Adams" below. "Indian Camp," completed in February 1924 (Smith 34), is the first story where Nick is named, and "Cross-Country Snow," written two months later (Smith 81), the first in which he is given the last name of Adams. "The Battler," which appears before "Cross-Country Snow" in *In Our Time*, was composed later when Liveright's rejection of "Up in Michigan" motivated Hemingway to compose a make-up story.

[2]All citations to Hemingway's stories are to *The Complete Stories of Ernest Hemingway (CSS)* except for fragments and deleted material first published in *The Nick Adams Stories (NAS)*.

[3]For the argument that "Indian Camp" is set in Michigan's Upper Peninsula rather than in the Walloon Lake area of the northern lower peninsula, see Daiker, "In Defense of Hemingway's Doctor Adams."

[4]According to Hemingway's younger brother Leicester, Uncle George's refusal to help Ernest when he was in trouble for violating game laws "aroused high feelings between the two families. And it helped Ernest form his own code of behavior. People who would help you in a jam were of value. All others were worthless" (*My Brother Ernest Hemingway* 37).

[5]In the earliest manuscript of "A Very Short Story," the first-person protagonist, like Ernest himself, falls in love with a nurse named "Ag" (*SS-HLE* 51). In the earliest manuscript of *The Sun Also Rises*, the character who becomes Jake Barnes is called "Hem" and "Ernest" (*SAR Facsimile* 11, 31).

[6]All citations to *The Sun Also Rises* are to The Hemingway Library Edition. NY: Scribner, 2014.

[7]Hemingway worked out of the headquarters of the Toronto *Star* in Paris (Reynolds, *Young Hemingway* 254). The *SAR* manuscript identifies Jake as the "European Director of the Continental Press Association" (*SAR-HLE* 277).

[8]The series of short patterned sentences here resembles the often-quoted passage in "Big Two-Hearted River" where Nick creates his "home" in the wilderness. The last line in that paragraph—"Now he was hungry"—functions in much the same way as "Nick stood up" and "He went into lunch."

[9]In the manuscript Hemingway more explicitly shows Brett's role in the attempt at sex: "Did I help you any?" she asks Jake. (*SAR-HLE* 214).

[10]In the manuscript, when Michael travels to England and Scotland, "Brett was left alone in Paris. She had never been very good at being alone" (*SAR-HLE* 276).

[11]Given her romantic values, it follows that Brett would choose a "quiet and healthy" (57) week in mundane San Sebastian with a man who not only loves her madly but admires her as "absolutely fine and straight" (31) over a comparable week in glamorous and fashionable Biarritz, Cannes, or Monte Carlo, accompanied by $10,000 [over $100,000 in today's currency] (27), with a man who is "always in love" (50) but not exclusively or passionately with her. When Brett later asks Jake, "Who did you think I went down to San Sebastian with?" (68), she implies that Jake knows her well enough to have realized she would choose Cohn. "Didn't you really know?" Brett asks Jake (68).

[12]Hemingway uses repetition and inverted syntax to introduce Lady Ashley in *The Sun Also Rises*: "With them was Brett" and a few lines later "And with them was Brett" (17).

[13]When Jake thinks, "That seemed to handle it," is he perhaps recalling Robert Cohn's earlier invitation, "If I handled both our expenses, would you go to South America with me" (*SAR-HLE* 8)?

[14]For an alternative reading, see Hutchisson: *The Sun Also Rises* "provides little hope for [Jake's] self-fulfillment, for Jake's life lacks vitality, and this causes him much emotional

anguish. As much as Jake would like to steer the course of events, he cannot do so" (77). David Wyatt speaks of the novel's "unhappy ending" (47).

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GETTING CLOSER TO "IT": LINKING HEMINGWAY'S WORLD WAR I SHORT STORIES

Ellen Andrews Knodt

In Hemingway's last World War I story, "A Way You'll Never Be" (1933), Nick Adams remembers his wounding by a sniper: "the white flash and clublike impact, on his knees, hot-sweet choking, coughing it onto the rock" (*CSS* 314). What is "it?" With no direct reference, this passage represents Nick's only full rendering of his wounding at Fossalta on the Piave, the same battlefield where Hemingway was wounded fifteen years before. Hemingway struggled to write this story, as he tells A. E. Hotchner in 1955: "I had tried to write it in the Twenties, but had failed several times. I had given up on it but one day here [in Key West], fifteen years after those things happened to me in a trench dugout outside Fornaci, it suddenly came out focused and complete" (162-63). Manuscript evidence corroborates these comments: folders at the John F. Kennedy Library (746, 813, 814) contain three story fragments, as well as an intriguing thirty-five-page alternate version, 746a, quite different from the published story, in which Nick returns to the Fossalta battlefield as an unwounded observer with no brain trauma.

In fact, Hemingway struggled to write any of the Nick war stories, as he told Lillian Ross in 1950: "'I can remember feeling so awful about the first war that I couldn't write about it for ten years,' he said suddenly angry. 'The wound combat makes in you, as a writer, is a very slow healing one. I wrote three stories about it in the old days—'In Another Country,' 'A Way You'll Never Be,' and 'Now I Lay Me.'" Analysis of these three Italian war stories and the earlier "Soldier's Home," along with letters, interviews, and manuscripts, provides evidence that Hemingway tried to push away anything too

specific about his war experiences, but then, over fifteen years, got closer and closer to Nick's battlefield and his own. As he does so, he also moves closer to the "territory of his deepest concerns" (Flora, *RHMWW* 31): an examination of heroism, bravery, and cowardice. Each successive story except the last one follows a pattern, beginning with an aspect of a character's war experience but then moving away to other issues, as if the characters (and perhaps the author) need to distract themselves from these memories. Each story inches the protagonist ever closer to the battlefield, each one revealing a bit more of the war's impact on Hemingway's characters, particularly Nick Adams and, by extension, Hemingway himself. Only the last story places Nick on his battlefield where he finally faces the issues of bravery, cowardice, and death.

"Soldier's Home" (1925), Hemingway's first complete story of a combat veteran (other than the *In Our Time* vignettes), has no battlefield setting. Marine Harold Krebs is back home in Oklahoma, trying to adjust to life after serving in World War I. While the manuscript vaguely describes Krebs's service in France as having been in "all the big engagements" (*SS-HLE* 99), the published text names the five major Marine battles in which Krebs fought: "Belleau Wood, Soissons, the Champagne, St. Mihiel, and . . . the Argonne" (*CSS* 111).

Readers in 1925 would have recognized from these well-known battles that young Krebs has been lucky to survive. Although the battles are listed, Paul Smith comments that otherwise Hemingway is "curiously reticent in the details of Krebs's war experiences" (72). Indeed, Hemingway revised his text to exclude a statement that "Krebs knew he was a hero" (*SS-HLE* 99). Instead, Krebs reflects generally on his service, thinking about "when he had done the one thing, the only thing for a man to do, easily and naturally, when he might have done something else" (*CSS* 111), which Smith calls "an odd locution suggesting that even in Krebs's silent reveries he will not use words like *bravery or cowardice*" (72 italics in original). While Krebs feels that he had done the right things, that is, he hadn't been a coward, he does admit fear to other combat veterans ("real soldiers"): "that he had been badly, sickeningly frightened all the time" (*CSS* 112). Themes of bravery versus cowardice in battle and fears that haunt veterans begin as barely mentioned threads here but weave their way through the later manuscripts and the published stories, becoming more and more explicit until Nick's stream-of-consciousness sequences in "A Way You'll Never Be" raise these issues more overtly.

Relatively early in "Soldier's Home," Krebs turns away from his thoughts about the war to the "consequences" of adjusting to life back in Oklahoma. For example, Krebs watches the girls in town with their newly "bobbed" hair and "silk stockings with flat shoes" but can't face the "consequences" of a possible relationship (*CSS* 112-113). Robert Paul Lamb notes the "bifurcated structure" of Krebs's war experiences and his home life, both parts of which should be considered in any analysis of the story (19). This division between war experiences and other issues establishes a pattern in this story which is followed in the next two Italian war stories.

Krebs's difficulty in adjustment is complicated by tensions with his mother over her insistence on his accepting traditional values of work and settling down and religious beliefs and practices (*CSS* 115-116). As his mother tells him that "God has some work for every one [sic] to do . . . There can be no idle hands in His Kingdom," Krebs answers honestly, "I'm not in His Kingdom" (*CSS* 115). However, when his mother asks if he loves her, and Krebs truthfully answers, "No . . . I don't love anybody" (*CSS* 116), he soon succumbs to emotional pressure to lie to her and to agree that she pray for him, which triggers his decision at the end of the story to leave home and "go to Kansas City" (*CSS* 116).

An important thread introduced here is the issue of lies. In "Soldier's Home," besides lying to his mother, Krebs tells "unimportant lies" about his actions in the war in order to get townsfolk, who have "heard too many atrocity stories to be thrilled by actualities," to listen to him (*CSS* 111). As a result, Krebs feels he has lost everything good about his service and retreats from social contact, sitting on his porch, reading accounts of the war, and seeking the darkness of the pool hall (*CSS* 112-113).

Krebs's actions parallel some of Hemingway's when he returned home to Oak Park in January of 1919. As Steven Florczyk reports, Hemingway was greeted as a hero upon disembarking in New York by a reporter from the New York *Sun,* followed by articles in his hometown newspaper and requests for speeches at Oak Park High School and various clubs (94-97). Although Hemingway had real wounds to prove being under enemy fire, Hemingway and others who "added details" exaggerated Hemingway's actions in Italy, particularly about any heroism after he was wounded (Reynolds, *Young Hemingway* 18-20). However much he allowed himself to be put on the stage, Hemingway writes to Bill Horne on February 3, 1919,

deploring those "crying out for second hand thrills to be got from the front. These people that want to be vicariously horrified have captured the sheep [gotten the goat] of the EX Mountaineer" (*Letters* 1 167). Years later when Hemingway writes about Krebs's "unimportant lies" but subsequent regret, he had his own complicated relationship with the truth as a template.

The final story in *In Our Time*, "Big Two-Hearted River," is famously, as Hemingway later writes, "about coming back from the war but there was no mention of the war in it" (*AMF* 76). Although most critics agree now that "Big Two-Hearted River" (1925) is another war story in *In Our Time* (see Stewart and Vernon), it does not follow the divided pattern set in "Soldier's Home" or the next two Italian war stories. Unlike Harold Krebs, whose battles in France are listed and whose thoughts focus on fear and bravery, Nick Adams does not mention the war. However, Nick indirectly reveals his tensions and his need to control his environment as he camps and fishes in northern Michigan.

Readers sense Nick's connection of the war with the burned-over territory as the story begins (*CSS* 163), his need to camp where "[n]othing could touch him" (*CSS* 167), and his hesitations to fish the "swamp" (*CSS* 180). The war is the very submerged iceberg in the story. However, with its descriptions of grasshoppers used for bait and trout streams fished, "Big Two-Hearted River" connects readers to the fishing references that figure in Nick's memories in the last two war stories "Now I Lay Me" (1927) and "A Way You'll Never Be" (1933). Hemingway was able to write the aftermath of "coming home from war" for Krebs and Nick in 1925 but was not yet ready to render specifically what Harold Krebs or Nick Adams had experienced in their worse moments in war zones.

Two years later, the stories "In Another Country" and "Now I Lay Me" (1927) place now-wounded protagonists closer to the Italian battlefield. Originally written as two parts of one story (Smith 164), both stories follow the "bifurcated" pattern of "Soldier's Home": few details of the narrators' war experiences and thoughts of fear, courage, or bravery and then a veering away to focus on other concerns. Similar to the young Hemingway, severely wounded in the legs, the unnamed narrator of "In Another Country," now accepted to be Nick Adams (see Flora, *Hemingway's Nick Adams* 114), is in Milan, experiencing the aftermath of war, both physically and psychologically.

He walks to the hospital for physical therapy with four fellow wounded Italian "boys" (*CSS* 207), three of whom he describes as "hunting-hawks" who earned their medals through bravery in combat in contrast to his own medals earned "because I was an American" (*CSS* 208). He reflects that "I would never have done such things and I was very much afraid to die" (*CSS* 208). He lies awake at night, repeating "afraid to die" (*CSS* 208). Unlike Krebs, who lies to others about his exploits, this narrator lies only to himself "after the cocktail hour" that he might have "done all the things they had done" but admits that his courage does not rise to being a "hawk" (*CSS* 207-208). Echoing Hemingway's "odd locution" of language about combat in "Soldier's Home," this narrator speaks very generally of battlefield actions as "very different things" or "such things" (*CSS* 208). He mentions no specific battles or even information about how he was wounded. The closest he gets to the raw truth of battle, other than the wounds suffered, is recounting that one of the Italian boys was a "lieutenant of *Arditi*" who "had lived a very long time with death and was a little detached" (*CSS* 207).

In his Red Cross service, Hemingway had seen the soldiers of the Arditi and heard of their courage and ruthlessness (Florczyk 52), so he may have cited this soldier to suggest real horrors of battle. Following the narrator's confessions of fear of death and his worries about bravery under fire, he turns away from these thoughts to the conversations he has with an Italian major with a withered hand, formerly "the greatest fencer in Italy" (*CSS* 207), about the seeming futility of rehabbing injuries and the tragic death of the major's wife (*CSS* 208-210). Although both Krebs, an unwounded veteran of battles in France, and this narrator, wounded in Italy, confess their fears, in neither story do we get closer to their actual battlefield experiences.

"Now I Lay Me" takes us closer yet to the battlefield and also reprises domestic issues raised in "Soldier's Home." Nick Adams, the named narrator, is "seven kilometres behind the lines" (*CSS* 279), closer to combat, but not on the battlefield where he has been wounded, trying to stay awake "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* . . . ever since I had been blown up at night and felt *it* go out of me and go off and then come back" (*CSS* 276 my emphasis). The "it" here clearly refers to his soul leaving his body in a near-death experience. This is a "double memory," as Frank Scafella explains: "Nick Adams . . . reflects

apperceptively on the loss and recovery of his soul, conscious at once of the event itself and of his *consciousness* of it" (151 emphasis in original). This "it" helps us understand the "it" in the final war story as Nick describes his near-death memory of "coughing it onto the rock" (*CSS* 314). Nick's memory of wounding in this story is the first time we know the reason for Nick's fear of falling asleep in "In Another Country." Yet even in this description, "blown up at night" is not as specific as Nick's memory of being shot by the sniper in the final war story, "A Way You'll Never Be."

Two years later, in *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), Hemingway describes Frederic Henry's similar moment of wounding in far more vivid detail:

> [T]hen there was a flash, as when a blast-furnace door is swung open, and a roar that started white and went red and on and on in a rushing wind. I tried to breathe but my breath would not come and I felt myself rush bodily out of myself and out and out and out and all the time bodily in the wind. I went out swiftly, all of myself, and I knew I was dead. . . . Then I floated, and instead of going on I felt myself slide back. I breathed and I was back. (*AFTA-HLE* 47)

What happened between writing these two stories in 1926 and finishing *A Farewell to Arms* in 1929 that might have spurred Hemingway to capture the moment of a narrator's wounding more specifically instead of just "blown up at night"? Paul Smith reminds us that Hemingway's father shot himself in late 1928 and that Hemingway "turned in a fury of revision to the manuscripts of . . ." (232). At the same time, Hemingway was also writing "A Natural History of the Dead," with manuscript fragments which refer to his father's death (Smith 231), parts of which find their way into the final World War I story, "A Way You'll Never Be" (Smith 270). It may also be that Frederick Henry's battlefield was not the same time or place as Nick's (or Hemingway's), allowing the author some emotional distance from his own experience.

Attempting to hold the memory of his wounding at bay, Nick in "Now I Lay Me" follows the "bifurcated" pattern established earlier and moves away from his description of being "blown up at night" to his childhood memories. His lasting fear that sleep, as the child's prayer says, might lead to the Lord taking his soul (the "it") results in his determination to stay awake. His thoughts repeat threads from early stories: the fishing for trout and searching for bait echoes "Big

Two-Hearted River," and the memories of family experiences echo Harold Krebs's confrontation with his mother in "Soldier's Home." Though Nick tries to pray for "all the people I had ever known" (*CSS* 277), it is significant that, juxtaposed with the incident of his mother burning all of his father's specimens and Native American artifacts, Nick can't remember the last part of The Lord's Prayer beyond "on earth as it is in heaven" (*CSS* 278). Flora cites later lines, "Forgive us our trespasses / As we forgive those that trespass against us," and comments that "Nick is too inward turning" to remember them (*EH: A Study of the Short Fiction* 56).

I suggest that Nick can't ask for forgiveness of either his mother or father (and perhaps himself) after he recalls feeling shame about this incident: his mother made him complicit in the destruction of his father's collections, and his father shows weakness by saying nothing to his mother and carefully retrieving what artifacts remain (*CSS* 278). Nick's inability to remember the part of The Lord's Prayer about forgiveness seems similar to Krebs's refusal to pray with his mother after she made him lie about loving her (*CSS* 116). As Baker reports (184), the incident of burning the father's items is a real experience Hemingway had as a child, and Smith notes that in a manuscript of the story, Nick's name is originally "Ernie" (173), remarking that, "I can recall no other Hemingway manuscript in which he inadvertently has Nick's mother call him Ernie" (173). This third war story, though bringing Nick closer to the battlefield and revealing the cause of his wounding, still follows the divided structure of the others, moving from comments on his war experience to other issues.

These first war stories follow a progression from a Marine's returning home to a volunteer's being treated for his injuries to the recovering veteran's trying to sleep just behind the front. Each story gets closer and closer to the battlefield, and yet each story turns away from depicting the full horrors of war. The last World War I story, "A Way You'll Never Be" (published in the 1933 collection *Winner Take Nothing*), is the only one of these stories that puts Nick Adams on the battlefield in Fossalta where he had been wounded, and the only one which doesn't detour from the effects of Nick's head wound, encapsulating in Nick's nightmares even fragmentary memories of Paris along with memories of battles.

But even after writing the other stories and *A Farewell to Arms*, Hemingway still struggled to write this story that puts his avatar, Nick Adams, on the Piave where Hemingway himself was wounded

fifteen years earlier. Significant, too, is the fact that Nick in the published story has been shot in the head by a sniper and not "blown up at night" by a trench mortar as were the Nick in "Now I Lay Me," Frederic Henry in *A Farewell to Arms*, and Hemingway himself. As mentioned earlier, the manuscripts in the John F. Kennedy Library give further credence to Hemingway's reluctance to get closer to his and Nick's battlefield. In the thirty-five-page 746a alternate version, Nick is *not wounded and is not suffering troubled visions or flashbacks of combat*. Instead, Nick, in this earlier draft, is a first-person observer of *other* soldiers' fears, *others'* moral lapses and cowardice in the face of combat. He is judging *others'* decisions more than his own. This stance attests to Hemingway's reluctance to focus the story on a wounded Nick, seemingly not wanting to get too close to what happened to Nick and perhaps himself.

Both manuscripts and text begin with Nick Adams entering Fossalta after an unspecified time away from the battlefield, but in one discarded manuscript, a first-person Nick observes the terrain and food and body smells of the Italian soldiers dug into the river bank, but not the dead soldiers left on the battlefield (folder 746), though the longer 746a version in the same folder does mention the dead (*SS-HLE* 327). The published story opens with Nick's third-person detailed analysis of a recent attack on the battlefield still strewn with dead soldiers from both armies with their "scattered" weapons, ammunition, and papers (*CSS* 306-307), which, as I discuss elsewhere, mirrors Nick's scattered mind after suffering his head wound (Knodt 72).

In both versions, Nick encounters a second lieutenant who questions his identity and threatens him with a drawn pistol. In the manuscript, this soldier is described as having the "face . . . of a man during a bombardment" (*SS-HLE* 328) while the story only mentions "red-rimmed, very blood-shot eyes" (*CSS* 307), implying but not stating the lieutenant's fear. In the published text, this soldier disappears after Nick talks him into putting away his pistol and taking him to the battalion (*CSS* 308). However, in the early manuscript, this soldier becomes a central part of the story. As Captain Paravicini and Nick talk about Nick's mission (which is the same in both versions—showing the American uniform to the Italian troops to build morale), the second lieutenant enters the dugout with two young soldiers whom he has surprised in a homosexual act (*SS-HLE* 332). He wants the men punished, but Captain Paravicini explains the problem of young men in hot weather without sexual outlets and calls their

behavior "childishness" rather than "vice" (*SS-HLE* 332). Because of the men's bravery in combat, he won't punish them, much to the second lieutenant's disgust.

After some discussion (similar in both versions) between Nick and Paravicini about Nick's drinking during attacks to bolster his courage, a sudden bombardment spurs "Nicolo" to mount a bank to see the explosions, displaying no fear (*SS-HLE* 337). The two young soldiers are wounded slightly, and the second lieutenant appears with what appears to be a self-inflicted hand wound. Paravicini, Nick, and a doctor discuss the second lieutenant's cowardice, and Nick becomes angry at the breakdown of discipline (*SS-HLE* 340). He tours the lines in the American uniform and leaves, ending Nick's observations of the front at Fossalta. This curious manuscript raises issues of fear and cowardice that repeat threads woven through other stories but avoids a focus on Nick himself. This "false start" puts Nick back on his battlefield but omits revealing the deep emotional and physical impact of the war that the published "A Way You'll Never Be" finally delivers. This culminating story, as Linda Wagner-Martin has observed, is Hemingway's "remarkable war-trauma narrative" (101) and is "[m]ore specific than Hemingway's other 'war stories,'. . . squarely focused on the war scene. . ." (76).

The published story reveals that Nick is recovering from a head wound that "had [him] certified as nutty" (*CSS* 310), but now claims that he is "perfectly all right" except that he "can't sleep without a light of some sort" (*CSS* 309), echoing both "In Another Country" and "Now I Lay Me." The two friends talk about past attacks, and as mentioned above, Nick confesses to having to get drunk before every attack. Paravicini claims that Nick is "braver in an attack" than he is, but Nick says, "No . . . I know how I am . . . It's a subject I know too much about to want to think about it any more [sic]" (*CSS* 309). Nick confronts his own fears of combat here but no acts of cowardice, because as Paravicini remarks he acted bravely "in the lines" (*CSS* 309). Fear, as distinguished from overt acts of cowardice, is an important distinction and echoes Krebs's thoughts in "Soldier's Home."

As Nick rests in the battalion dugout, he experiences the first nightmare stream-of-consciousness episode as a result of lingering effects of the injury to his brain. In the first such sequence, Nick recalls helping Para with some "hysterics" by rookie Italian soldiers under a bombardment, even while recalling "wearing his own chin

strap tight across his mouth to keep his lips quiet" (*CSS* 310), a mark of his own fear. Yet, despite his chattering lips, Nick's behavior under fire remains resolute.

Significantly, some of Nick's jumbled memories are Hemingway's recollections. For example, in this first nightmare, Nick remembers a mountain battle, when retrieving the wounded was difficult because of a burned cable structure, the "*teleferica* house" (*CSS* 310). Carlos Baker reports that Hemingway, still limping from his leg injury, rejoined his ambulance unit "in the vicinity of Mount Grappa" in time for a huge offensive, witnessing a "tremendous artillery barrage . . . [which] continued through the whole night and lighted up the mountains all around them like a perpetual thunderstorm" (52-53). Hemingway's fellow volunteers Bill Horne and Emmett Shaw spent the next four days going up and down the mountain, carrying casualties, which Hemingway incorporates in Nick's stream-of-consciousness nightmare (*CSS* 310). Hemingway himself had had to leave after the bombardment with an attack of jaundice (Baker 53).

In another manuscript fragment, Hemingway refers to the experience of having to leave the front because of jaundice (folder 263). Joseph Flora, Frank Scafella, and others have pointed out many other correspondences between Nick's memories in this first nightmare sequence and Hemingway's own experiences on board ship going to Europe and later in Paris. Nick ends these jumbled memories with his recurring memory: "what frightened him so that he could not get rid of it was that long yellow house and the different width of the river" (*CSS* 311). This last image haunts Nick as he tries to rest in the dugout. The image of the yellow house becomes the focus of the story's eventual climax.

The second stream-of-consciousness sequence is actually Nick speaking out loud in the dugout, incoherently to his listeners. His connecting grasshoppers used as fishing bait with the numbers of Americans about to enter World War I in brown uniforms is an obvious echo of the earlier fishing passages in "Now I Lay Me." However, in this story, Nick's rambling talk is not a distraction from his fear of falling asleep, but further evidence of his precarious mental condition. Nick's twenty-four sentence lecture on the "American locust" and how to catch them for bait (written as a parody of officer training) causes an adjutant hearing him to "motion with his hand to the second runner" to summon Paravicini back to the dugout (*CSS*

312-313). Nick's condition worries Paravicini, and he again suggests resting.

In a final nightmare sequence, Nick finally melds the memory of the yellow house that has frightened him with the image of his wounding by a sniper "the white flash and clublike impact, on his knees, hot-sweet choking, coughing it onto the rock . . . he saw the yellow house" (312). The "it" here has no clear antecedent, being what Mark Cirino calls "intentionally allusive" (244), but the pronoun connects to the reference in "Now I Lay Me" with his soul leaving his body after the trench mortar explosion. Nick's memory of the event and his consciousness of coughing up something (his soul, his life) while gaining the connection to the image of the yellow house is an epiphany. In the memory of the moment of his possible death, he sees the yellow house which has frightened him, not understanding until now that the yellow house had substituted for or was superimposed on the image of the sniper. Nick's blending of memories of his being hit by the sniper with the image of a yellow house, whether the house is real or a hallucination, is consistent with symptoms of PTSD, as listed now by the American Psychiatric Association but understood years earlier by Hemingway (R. Smith 47-48). Immediately after this realization, Nick seems to regain his composure as he emerges from his nightmare: "I'm all right now . . . I had one then but it was easy" (*CSS* 312). As I have suggested, Nick's discovering his buried memory of his wounding may enable further recovery (Knodt 83).

Hemingway's use of the sniper in this story likely derived from another of his observations. He told Theodore Brumback, his friend and fellow Red Cross volunteer, of watching an Italian sniper pick off a victim across the Piave River: "I watched a clever Italian . . . . He climbed a tree and lay for hours, motionless, watching the other side of the river through a telescope. At last he raised his rifle and fired. A body fell from a tree over there, clutching desperately at limbs while there was life" (qtd. in Paul 166). In this last story, Hemingway gives Nick the experience of being shot by a sniper, rather than "being blown up at night" by trench mortar, but he brings Nick to the very place his own wounding occurred. Perhaps being able finally to write this story pleased him, as he lists "A Way You'll Never Be" as one of his seven favorite stories (*CSS* 3).

Fifteen years after his wounding at Fossalta and after eight years of writing about the war, Hemingway in "A Way You'll Never Be" is

able to render most specifically both the trauma of wounding and the confusing mental aftermath that both he and Nick suffered. Although Hemingway's visible wounds were to his legs, in a 1929 letter to Owen Wister he acknowledges, "In 1919 I had . . . after effects of concussion of brain couldn't sleep etc." (*Letters* 3, 537-38). His sister Ursula recalls sleeping in Ernest's room so he wouldn't wake alone (Morris 74). In 1959, Hemingway mentions "sensory distortions of . . . temporary cerebral damage" in connection with "A Way You'll Never Be" (in Flora, *EH* 138-39).

Though some biographers question Hemingway's trauma in World War I, evidence found in the manuscripts and letters clearly shows that he suffered the aftereffects of both his leg wounds and a concussion caused by the trench mortar explosion. His comments to Hotchner, Ross, and Wister over his lifetime about the effects of his war experience attest to Alex Vernon's conclusion that "the emotional trauma of the war continually reasserted itself through Hemingway's life" (393). Written in progressively deeper detail over fifteen years, the World War I stories follow a pattern of Hemingway's initial reluctance to get too close to the battlefield. Starting with the unwounded but traumatized Harold Krebs, Hemingway examines the difficulty of adjusting after war. Over the next eight years, Hemingway pushes Nick further and further into the memory of his wounding. In each story, Hemingway brings Nick closer to the battlefield while raising issues of fear, bravery, and cowardice. Finally, in the culminating story, "A Way You'll Never Be," Hemingway captures the memory of "it," a near-death experience at Fossalta on the Piave that both he and Nick Adams experienced.

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THE DARK HUMOR OF HEMINGWAY'S "A WAY YOU'LL NEVER BE"

JOHN BEALL

New Yorker columnist Adam Gopnik recently claimed that Hemingway had "zero gift for comedy" and limited humor about himself. In this essay, I discuss the zany, dark comedy of Hemingway's final Nick Adams war story set on the Italian front in World War I—and one of his last Nick Adams stories. Hemingway's story begins as a collage of pornographic postcards, scattered papers, military paraphernalia, and corpses on a battlefield. At the climax of the story, Hemingway composes Nick's mock lecture about grasshoppers and locusts in a key of stand-up, absurdist comedy. Nick's references to grasshoppers and locusts are mocking, as he pokes fun at American enlistment posters, messianic assumptions about Americans as deliverers, schemes involving grasshoppers in insect warfare, and his own, earlier story "Big Two-Hearted River." In "A Way You'll Never Be," Hemingway portrays Nick Adams as using humor to gain a measure of control over his stream-of-consciousness memories and hallucinations.[1]

HEMINGWAY'S REVISIONS: NICHOLAS ADAMS AND A KITCHEN

In Hemingway's first draft, a manuscript draft, he narrates the story in the first person, whose "I" walked his bicycle along a street to avoid the shell holes (JFK, folder 813). Hemingway crossed out this beginning and replaced it with a paragraph where the first-person narrator is pushing his bicycle into a town with houses demolished by shells and three bodies in the streets (JFK, folder 813). In Hemingway's typescript draft, he titles the story "War in Italy" and begins again in the first person, with the narrator's setting the scene at a river a week earlier at dusk (JFK, folder 814). Then, Hemingway

shifted the narration to the third person with frequent addresses to the reader as "You" (JFK, folder 814). For the first time, this draft includes an early version of the paraphernalia Nick finds scattered on the battle field: ". . . mass prayer books . . . group postcards . . . propaganda postcards . . ." (*CSS* 306).

In this draft Hemingway refers to a smell that would have surprised even Clausewitz, an expert on war. Present in this draft—but not in later drafts—is the date of Nick's being wounded, July 8, the same date Hemingway himself was wounded at Fossalta, Italy. Also present for the first time is a reference to the letters Nick finds, along with the photographs and postcards, as litter on the battlefield (JFK, folder 814). However, in this draft Nick refers only once to the letters, whereas in the published version of the story he repeats the reference three times to "the letters, letters, letters" (*CSS* 307). Such repetition suggests, early in the story, the compulsive quality of Nick's narration that will culminate in his monologue to the Italian adjutant about locusts (*CSS* 312-313).

Hemingway's next draft of "A Way You'll Never Be," an untitled manuscript that Paul Smith dates as written in 1928, is now reprinted in the Hemingway Library Edition of *The Short Stories* (JFK folder 746a, *SS-HLE* 327-341). This manuscript draft does not name or identify the first-person narrator. In these early versions of the story's beginning, the first-person narrator, not yet identified as Nick Adams, is pushing a bicycle, later identified in the handwritten draft in folder 746a as "the machine" (*SS-HLE* 327, *CSS* 306). The double participial phrase about the bicycle remains the same from the manuscript version to the published edition: "Coming along the road on a bicycle, getting off to push the machine . . ." (*SS-HLE* 327, *CSS* 306). The one notable change in Hemingway's initial reference to Nick's riding a bicycle comes in the typescript when he crossed out "you could see" and replaced it with "Nicholas Adams saw." Not until this later typescript, conjecturally dated by Smith as November 1932, preserved in folder 815, does Hemingway cross out "you could see" by hand and replace it with the third-person identification of "Nicholas Adams" as the narrator. That is how the first paragraph of the story ends in the collection *Winner Take Nothing*: "Nicholas Adams saw what had happened by the position of the dead" (*CSS* 306). In that simple sentence Hemingway establishes Nicholas Adams as a clinical analyst of a battlefield.[2]

This naming of Nicholas Adams is one of only four times in Hemingway's stories that he gave his protagonist's full name—twice in "Fathers and Sons" and once in "Summer People" (*CSS* 369 and 497). In naming Nick Adams more formally as "Nicholas," Hemingway places him in a role as a forensic archeologist of battle—reconstructing the battle movements from the positions in which he found the corpses and debris. Such a role is distinctive, especially when one compares the observations of the dead and debris at the beginning of "A Way" with those in Henri Barbusse's *Under Fire*, a novel published in 1916 (English translation, 1917) that Hemingway praised in a letter to Evan Shipman dated 24 August 1929. In that letter Hemingway stated that *All Quiet on the Western Front* was "no improvement" over "Le Feu" (*Letters* 4 73 and 74, note 13). In his introduction to *Men at War*, he further declared that *Under Fire* was "[t]he only good war book to come out during the last war." He praised its "protest" of "the gigantic useless slaughter" in that war (xv). Nick's survey of prayer books, postcards, pamphlets, and letters strewn among corpses on the battlefield bears a striking resemblance to a passage in Barbusse's novel.[3] In each substantial draft of this story, Hemingway begins with the narrator's reconstructing the movements of the battle: the first sentence of the story is virtually identical in the manuscript, typescript, and published versions.

As Hemingway revised his drafts of these first paragraphs, he added the ironic presence of a "field kitchen" (*CSS* 306), and the debris, including gas mask cans, that remained strewn on the battleground. None of these features of the battlefield that Nick observes are present in the opening chapters of *A Farewell to Arms*, the major work Hemingway completed just a few years before he wrote "A Way You'll Never Be." In his opening description of Nick's observations, the battleground itself includes gas warfare in the final draft, as among the equipment scattered on the field are "gas masks, empty gas-mask cans" (*CSS* 306), suggesting that the masks and cans survive as debris, not as life preservers. There is no reference to gas masks or gas attacks in the manuscript version, but Hemingway refers to "gas masks" in the later typescript. To that typescript, Hemingway added by hand the phrase "empty gas mask cans" included in the printed version of the story (*SS-HLE* 327, CSS 306). His reference in the final version to the empty cans leaves ambiguous whether the masks were effective or not in repelling the gas attack. However, the added references to gas warfare adds another

level to the list of battle paraphernalia that, in the manuscript draft, refers to weapons of "stick bombs . . . machine guns," but not to gas masks or gas mask cans (*SS-HLE* 327, *CSS* 306). As I will discuss below, the addition of mustard gas as an element of the battle whose debris Nick is observing bears a connection to his being haunted by a memory of a yellow house along the river.[4]

Furthermore, Hemingway added the ironic reference to a kitchen, perhaps echoing the raucous comedy of the kitchen-chef narrator in chapter one of *In Our Time* as a prelude to "Indian Camp"—perhaps more tragically an oblique reference to the kitchen chef who was the first American killed on the Italian front. In the manuscript draft there is no reference to the "field kitchen" whose presence evokes that period "when things were going well" (*CSS* 306). Hemingway added that reference to a kitchen in the typescript with a handwritten addition, suggesting its relatively late presence in the story (folder 815). The presence of the field kitchen reminds Nick of the times during the conflict when "things" were progressing well enough to afford a kitchen or—by extension—figures like him dressed in American uniforms and distributing chocolates and cigarettes. By adding the reference to a roving kitchen, Hemingway implies that, at the time of the story, "things" are not going as well—despite the clear signs that the Italians have defeated their Austrian enemies. The added reference to the "field kitchen," the first in Hemingway's list of battle debris that Nick sees, suggests the irony that what once fed the troops now lies as a relic, along with the "stick bombs" and the "full belts" of ammunition among the detritus of battle— (folder 815, *SS-HLE* 3217, *CSS* 306). In short, as Hemingway revised his final Nick Adams story set on the Italian front of World War I, he enhanced both the horror and the comedy of the battle scene that Nick sizes up as a rather detached military analyst.[5] This exposition establishes a baseline of Nick's self-control that underscores the desultory course of his interior monologue about Paris and Fossalta, as well as the manic quality of his lecture about locusts to troops in Paravicini's regiment.[6]

AMERICAN LOCUSTS

In the four pages of typescript, titled by hand "War in Italy," Hemingway did not include either Nick's hallucinatory interior monologues or his manic monologue lecturing the Italians about American troops and locusts. These early fragments simply show

Hemingway's early beginnings of a start to the story, but not its development (folder 814). In his subsequent thirty-five-page manuscript reprinted in the Hemingway Library Edition of the short stories, Hemingway included neither Nick's interior monologues during his daydream nightmares nor his extended lecture to the adjutant (folder 746a, *SS-HLE* 327-341). The earlier drafts of the story did not include the lecture from Nick to the adjutant about catching American locusts with nets. There is *no* extended lecture in the earliest fragments of the story's beginning (folder 813). The lecture in the fuller manuscript version is from Paravicini concerning the practice of homosexuality in the Italian army. Speaking to a second lieutenant who has brought him two soldiers engaged in a sexual act, Paravicini addresses the lieutenant "in the tone of a lecturer in a popular course at a university" (folder 746a, *SS-HLE* 332). Nick hears Paravicini lecture the lieutenant and then scold the two soldiers for their "nasty tricks" (*SS-HLE* 333). Not until the subsequent typescript does Hemingway compose the absurdly comical monologue in which Nick lectures about "medium-brown" grasshoppers (the color of the American uniforms), American troops as locusts (perhaps a biblical plague of locusts?), and two officers who could hold a net as a "seine" (the word repeated in Nick's lecture, perhaps as a pun on the Seine River) to capture the grasshoppers (folder 815, *CSS* 312-313).[7] This scene of two officers holding a net to catch locusts seems Hemingway's parody of officers' mismanagement of war to which he alludes acerbically in his remarks about World War One as a "gigantic useless slaughter" led by incompetent officers in his introduction to *Men at War* (xv). As Joseph Flora has pointed out, Nick's lecture is "the longest uninterrupted speech in any Hemingway short story" (2006, 195). Nick's lecture is also perhaps the funniest monologue Hemingway ever wrote.

Nick's manic lecture that builds to his crazed scenario of officers holding up a net to catch grasshoppers is the culmination of Hemingway's bemused meditation on grasshoppers as trout bait in a series of Nick Adams stories. He includes grasshoppers as part of the comical narrative of Nick's fishing adventure in "Big Two-Hearted River." In "Now I Lay Me," Nick's memory of grasshoppers is briefer and less comical—part of his nocturnal meditation on the streams he fished as a way of staying awake. In "A Way You'll Never Be," Hemingway returns to the grasshoppers—now recast more as a plague of locusts—as a metaphor for the American troops of which

Nick is the *avant garde*. The beginning of Nick's lecture is not a monologue but a conversation with an Italian adjutant who becomes increasingly agitated.

The transition between the long, interior monologue while Nick lies on a bunk comes with the second time "Nick sat up"—this time after he asks himself the unanswerable question about why his memory of a yellow house, stable, and canal leads him to wake up "soaking wet" with sweat night after night. When Nick sits up, he again becomes aware of his being watched by the adjutant, signalers, and two runners. Rather than interacting with the Italians as allies, Nick seems immediately tense: he "returned the stares" of the Italian soldiers (*CSS* 311). His next act seems hostile: he puts on his trench helmet, as if readying himself for a charge. In a tone that sounds defensive, Nick seems to apologize for his lack of supplies like chocolate and cigarettes but insists that he is "wearing the uniform." His tone apparently aroused concerns among the Italians, as the adjutant responds that "[t]he Major is coming back at once" (*CSS* 311). Nick's silent response is to remind himself that in the Italian army an adjutant is not commissioned—as if to dismiss his stature or credibility.

Then he gives a messianic proclamation that seems hyperbolic about his role as representative of masses of soldiers to come: "There will be several millions of Americans here shortly." He adds sardonically that these Americans will be "twice as large as myself, healthy, with clean hearts, never been wounded, never been blown up, never had their heads caved in, never been scared, don't drink . . . wonderful chaps" (*CSS* 311). With his repeated "never," Nick seems to mock the image of purity in American soldiers projected by Norman Rockwell's cover illustration for the January 31, 1918 issue of *Life Magazine*—and later used as the sheet music cover for George Cohen's "Over There." As David Lubin describes the image, a chorus of"four fresh-faced, practically juvenile doughboys" are singing and playing a banjo as if gathered around a campfire like scouts on a weekend retreat" (85). Nick's parody of the idealized image of American soldiers gains its edginess from self-ironic references to his own military career—been wounded, blown up, head caved in—a rising tricolon that echoes Pavaricini's earlier opinion that Nick's head should have been trepanned. Rockwell depicted the soldiers in their freshly minted, brown American uniforms (three with firmly resting hats on their heads) and with spirited looks of camaraderie on

their faces. Rockwell's soldiers have no marks of either physical ailments or psychological trauma.

The adjutant's questions about Nick's nationality serve to intensify his defensiveness. When asked if he is Italian (perhaps a compliment to Nick's fluency with the language), he responds: "No, American. Look at the uniform." About his "uniform," Nick jokes about its being made by Spagnolini, a premier Milanese designer, but then adds that "it's not quite correct" (*CSS* 311). As this exchange continues, Nick becomes increasingly irritated. The adjutant asks a question that seems innocently inane ("A North or South American?"), but for whatever reason initiates Nick's sense that he is veering out of control: "He felt it coming on now" (*CSS* 311). The Italian adjutant's next comment ("But you speak Italian") sets Nick on edge. His response is a triplet of increasingly hostile questions: "Why not? Do you mind if I speak Italian? Haven't I a right to speak Italian?"[8] To the adjutant's concession implying that Nick's Italian medals give him the right to speak his language, Nick responds tartly: "Just the ribbons and the papers. The medals come later. Or you give them to people to keep and the people go away; or they are lost with your baggage. You can purchase others in Milan. It is the papers that are of importance" (*CSS* 311-312).

Nick's repeating "papers" ironically echoes the beginning of the story when he observes with apparent detachment the various types of papers strewn with the dead. With the reference to the loss of medals with baggage, one might read the reference as another of Hemingway's metafictional comments about Nick as a writer in "Big Two-Hearted River" and "Now I Lay Me."[9] This terse dialogue—one of the edgiest conversations in any Hemingway short story—leads to Nick's strange admission that he has been "reformed out of the war" (*CSS* 312). As if he has been sent to a reform school, Nick alludes with veiled sarcasm to his apparent role as a showman of American military might. His reference to being "reformed" then leads to Nick's re-forming himself as a grasshopper/locust that, instead of serving as bait for trout, seems a metaphor for a biblical plague of locusts to come.

One common denominator between Nick and the locusts is the brown color of his uniform. Whereas the grasshopper in America is "small and green," the locusts Nick invokes are "medium-brown," like his uniform (*CSS* 312). Nick's reference to the "medium-brown" color of the grasshopper/locust hearkens explicitly back to the role

grasshoppers play in the trout fishing of "Big Two-Hearted River" and "Now I Lay Me." Immediately after connecting the color of his uniform with the color of the grasshoppers, Nick explains why they are ideal trout bait: "They last the best in the water and fish prefer them" (*CSS* 312). In this simple compound sentence, Hemingway suggests that Nick, knowingly or not, contrasts the grasshoppers that "last best" with his own role as bait to attract soldiers to the front. In his manic lecture Nick suggests that he is lousy fish bait without so much as a chocolate bar to entice the troops to fight. Rather, in his monologue about the types of grasshoppers, Nick seems to identify himself with the bright red or blackened grasshoppers whose wings "go to pieces in the water"—an apt metaphor for his mental state in this monologue (*CSS* 312). That is, while his uniform might signify Nick's belonging to the "millions" who "swarm like locusts," Nick's monologue suggests that he has gone to pieces before the swarm arrived.

In "A Way You'll Never Be," Nick's references to grasshoppers and locusts are distant from the comical inclusion of "hoppers" in "Big Two-Hearted River." "Big Two-Hearted River" bears the marks of comedy: accommodation, laughter, self-mockery, mock epic narrative, and affirming closure. After all, Nick accommodates himself to a burnt-out landscape as he is in quest of a stream for trout fishing. He turns his examination of a blackened grasshopper into a comic vignette that ends in release: "Go on, Hopper . . . Fly away somewhere" (*CSS* 165). Nick lightly mocks himself when he hears himself speak out loud, resolves not to do so again, but then does speak with his irrepressible oath, "Geezus Chrise." In an interior monologue near the end of Part One of "River," Nick's story of the fishing buddy turned oil billionaire Hopkins ("Hop Head" 169), is a mock epic hearkening back to Gabriel Conroy's spoken tale of his grandfather's horse in James Joyce's story "The Dead." Likewise, the talismanic spitting on the grasshopper "for good luck," the bait with which Nick lands the biggest trout he has ever seen, is merely a folksy, humorous prelude to the climax of loss and restoration in the story (*CSS* 176). In another interior monologue (this in Part Two), Nick virtually speaks to himself in awe, after he loses the big trout, at its size: "By God, he was the biggest one I ever heard of" (*CSS* 177). And the narrator later indicates that Nick laughs when, after he lights a cigarette despite losing the big trout, he sees a little trout take to his tossed match as if striking bait (*CSS* 177). His laughter and his

smoking reflect bemusement; he is going to adjust to the loss of the big trout and move on (Beall, "Hemingway as Craftsman").

In contrast to Nick's interior monologues—digressive, self-ironic, and comical—in "Big Two-Hearted River," Nick's spoken "locust" lecture of "A Way" is self-mocking but with an edgy sense of humor. Instead of speaking to himself, Nick addresses a resistant, if not openly hostile, audience: "I must insist . . ." (*CSS* 312). Nick's monologue begins immediately after the adjutant motions with his hand for a "second runner" to summon Paravicini. That signal follows Nick's reference to the importance of grasshoppers in his past—a metafictional reference to Hemingway's past Nick Adams/grasshopper stories. "These insects at one time played a very important part in my life," Nick confides to the adjutant (*CSS* 312).

Then he begins his lecture with comments on the "medium-brown" locusts preferable as bait "for a day's fishing" (*CSS* 312). Nick responds to his Italian audience mockingly, as if the "signalers" have proposed trying to harvest grasshoppers by hand. In what seems another self-reference to his earlier Nick Adams story, Hemingway has Nick mock the practice of harvesting grasshoppers by hand, even though he did so himself in "Big Two-Hearted River" when he picked up "only the medium-sized brown ones" as fishing bait (*CSS* 173). In "A Way," Nick insists that his listeners will "never gather a sufficient supply of these insects for a day's fishing by pursuing them with your hands or trying to hit them with a bat" (*CSS* 312). Nick's sarcasm here is darker than his bemused comment in "Big Two-Hearted River" about picking up fifty "hoppers" by hand when harvesting them in "a grasshopper lodging house" (*CSS* 173). As if addressing children, idiots, or madmen, Nick dismisses with deadpan humor using hands or baseball bats to catch grasshoppers—a far cry from his carefully harvesting grasshoppers in "Big Two-Hearted River" early in the morning before the dew had dried.

Another level of comedy in Nick's locust lecture may be in its taking "medium-brown locusts" as a metaphor for infantry and weapons of war. Part of the sharpness of Hemingway's humor here may be that grasshoppers were actually envisioned as potential weapons in warfare. In the same July 20, 1918 issue of *Scientific American* with a cover story about the *teleferica* as a means of transporting Italian soldiers and weapons into the mountains to gain the high ground against the Austrians, Hemingway could have read in the very next article, a piece about insect warfare. Titled "Fifty

Billion German Allies Already in the American Field," the article is a quite serious discussion of the possibility that Germans were using insects like aphids, Hessian flies, army worms, and grasshoppers to conduct unconventional attacks on America's farm industry. With martial language, the article refers to insects as "hostile," connects the naming of the "Hessian flies" to "Hessian soldiers," and refers to defensive tactics to trap and crush "marching army worms" (47).

At the end of the article, the descriptive tone turns editorial: a call is issued to defend prize crops "worth fighting for," as the "guerrilla fighting to which this interest has been left in the past will no longer suffice—has never sufficed, in fact" (59). Rather, the *Scientific American* summons Americans to engage in "[c]arefully planned campaigns . . ." (59).[10] Not only could Hemingway have read such an article about efforts to defend against insect warfare, in Italy he also could have read or heard about a patent applied for to develop a "grasshopper bomb" to "destroy the wheat crops of Germany and Austria" (cited in Florczyk 115). As far-fetched as these schemes of insect warfare might seem, they add comic bite to Hemingway's portrait of Nick's lecture about swarms of American troops.

Following his dismissal of trying to catch grasshoppers by hand or with a bat, Nick evokes an even more absurd scenario of two officers holding a skein of netting to catch grasshoppers blowing in the wind—a scene that seems to foreshadow the dark humor of Joseph Heller, J.D. Salinger, or Tim O'Brien.[11] Nick refers informally to "the hoppers" (as he did in "River") as if they were bit actors—like Nick himself—in a scene of capture: "flying against the wind," they "fly against the length of netting and are imprisoned in its folds" (*CSS* 313). Breezing on, Nick continues by insisting that any officer training program should include training with mosquito netting to capture grasshoppers—a proposition that sounds like a Monty Python skit. Concluding his lecture, Nick mockingly asks his audience if there are "any questions" (*CSS* 313). Apparently, there are no questions, as the adjutant has been too busy sending word to Paravicini to follow Nick's lecture-soliloquy. Nick ends his lecture to an audience of one, the adjutant (if he is listening), with a repeated mock address by citing the words of Sir Henry Wilson: "Gentlemen, either you must govern or be governed" (*CSS* 313). He repeats himself with a valediction to the "gentlemen" to whom he bids "Good-day." His words sound as if the story has come to its end. And yet it hasn't.

When Paravicini returns, he and Nick have their most overt conflict of the story: Nick is preparing to walk to the river to wet his helmet. After Paravicini objects to Nick's presence as likely to cause his soldiers to bunch together and "invite shelling," he responds that he came because he was sent and because he thought he might see Paravicini. Nick then mentions to Paravicini that, instead of coming to visit this brigade, he "could have gone to Zenzon or San Dona" (*CSS* 313). Both Zenzon and San Dona are in the region of the Piave River where the Austrians and Italians fought. Striking is that Nick adds, "I'd like to go to San Dona to see the bridge again" (*CSS* 313). Implicit in Nick's wish is that he took part in a battle at that bridge. If so, then his desire would be ironic, as the bridge as San Dona was destroyed.[12] Perhaps Paravicini knows that the bridge at San Dona has been shattered. He tells Nick at first gently and then firmly that he "won't have you circulating around to no purpose" (*CSS* 313). At that point Nick agrees and then "felt it coming on again" (*CSS* 313).

The "it" returning is another fit—as when Nick felt "it" coming on while conversing with the Italian adjutant. This spell is a briefer interior than comes when he follows Paravicini's request that he lie down. In this case, Nick replays in his mind the scene where he is wounded by "the man with the beard who looked at him over the sights of the rifle quite calmly" (*CSS* 314). Nick remembers the moment he watched the man fire the shot: ". . . the white flash and clublike impact, on his knees, hot-sweet choking, coughing it onto the rock while they went past him . . . (*CSS* 314). Nick's memories are as graphic a scene of wounding as Hemingway ever wrote, as Nick remembers choking on and coughing blood while his fellow soldiers raced onward to battle.[13] This would be the head wound that led Paravicini to question whether his head should have been trepanned.[14]

Furthermore, the scene when Nick recalls being shot in the head is the final recurrence of the yellow house. Having shut his eyes, Nick sees in a waking vision his coughing "it" onto a rock while "they went past him" (the troops he was leading into battle). Explicitly "in place of the man with the beard" who shot him, Nick sees in his memory "a long, yellow house with a low stable and the river much wider than it was and stiller" (*CSS* 314). Thus, in Nick's waking dream-vision, the yellow house has replaced the Austrian soldier "who looked at him over the sights of the rifle, quite calmly before squeez-

ing off" (*CSS* 314). In place of his memory of the Austrian soldier with a beard who sighted with his rifle and shot him in the head, Nick has the vision of the yellow house—apparently his last sight before he fell unconscious.[15] Near the end of "A Way You'll Never Be," Hemingway suggests why a yellow house could leave Nick inexplicably with night sweats and traumatic terrors, but he leaves unresolved whether Nick will purge himself of that trauma.

Any element of humor seems absent from this short paragraph when, in explicit terms, Nick faces the mirror of his memory of the man who shot him. However, Hemingway ends the paragraph with a note of humor and affirmation in the first words Nick speaks to himself in the story. After seeing the vision of a yellow house, a stable, and a wide, still river, Nick stirs himself: "'Christ,' he said, "'I might as well go'" (*CSS* 314). Nick's mild oath calls to mind a similar moment in "Big Two-Hearted River" when Nick responds to a mist rising across the river in a swamp by swearing to himself, "'Chrise. Geezus Chrise'" (*CSS* 168).

In the case of "Big Two-Hearted River," Nick's oath conveys joy—he has chosen his camp site, set up his tent, cooked his dinner, and looks back with a sense of satisfaction.[16] Nick's "'Christ'" in "A Way" seems more resigned than exhilarated, as if he realizes that he has no place metaphorically showing the American flag to the Italians on the front, lying down, sitting up, or lecturing soldiers about harvesting locusts for grasshopper bombs or the like. Underscoring the affirming resolution to leave the battlefield, Hemingway adds a one-sentence, brief, narrative marker: "Nick stood up" (*CSS* 314). After twice noting Nick's tentative actions of lying down, then sitting up, then lying down again, and then sitting up again, Hemingway here emphasizes that Nick stood up. Nick's standing up is a positive motion of determination and resilience, as was the case at the beginning of "The Battler" and at the ending of "Big Two-Hearted River" (*CSS* 97 and 180).[17] Informally addressing Paravicini with affection as "Para," Nick declares simply that "'I'll ride back now in the afternoon'" and that he will return only "'when I have something to bring'" (*CSS* 314). Nick's simple statements are pragmatic and accommodating and simple—far from the circuitous, rambling interior monologue and spoken lecture that are so central to "A Way You'll Never Be." Nick seems, implicitly, to have renewed his ability to laugh at himself and move on.

"THAT DAMNED BICYCLE"

The end of the story in its earlier version is simply an exchange of "Ciaou" after Nick and Paravicini exchange apologies for talking too much (*SS-HLE* 341). The end of the story in the typescript version with manuscript corrections is (folder 815, same as the published version): "'I'd better get to that damned bicycle,' Nick said to himself. 'I don't want to lose the way to Fornaci'" (*CSS* 315). This revised ending takes readers from a rather perfunctory exchange of words in the earlier draft between Nick and the Italian captain Paravicini to an interior monologue presented as if spoken. Nick's speaking to himself straddles the border between his manic, shell-shocked voice and his rational, poised voice. He is still speaking to himself, if not to the Italians; he is speaking about his bicycle, if not about locusts. Furthermore, Nick is speaking to himself in his rational, poised voice: he curses lightly to himself, and he resolves not to "'lose the way'" to his destination.

In this balance between mania and sanity, Nick in "A Way" is as close as Hemingway's Nick Adams ever came to Shakespeare's Hamlet—the mad prince and the logician, the monomaniacal Nick lecturing about how to catch grasshoppers and the witty mocker of military authority as two sides of the same mind. The final word Nick speaks to himself in the story, "Fornaci," is equivalent to "sanity," and balancing while riding his bicycle is equivalent to balancing his mind. Nick's resolving not to lose his way to Fornaci is, I think, an indication of his awareness of a destination, a path, and a means to follow that path—that is, Nick's resolve not to "'lose the way.'" His resolution does not, I think, remove the elements of hysteria, trauma, and alienation from the story: with the humor remain traces of horror. As George Meredith wrote in his "Essay on Comedy" about Cervantes's *Don Quixote*, the "grotesque" can coexist with "the burlesque." In the "great humorist" there can be "lights of tragedy with his laughter." Or, as Meredith described the "test of true comedy" later in his essay, "it shall awaken thoughtful laughter" (45, 47). That "thoughtful laughter" is what Hemingway gives us in "A Way You'll Never Be."

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NOTES

[1]Paul Smith lamented that the challenge posed by "A Way You'll Never Be" had not yet been met in the scholarly discussions of the story, despite its being one of Hemingway's "most original, even daring fictions" (275). Flora (1982) remains the most comprehensive reading of the story, along with Knodt's more recent essays, including her essay in this volume. See also Flora (2006), Florczyk, Quick, and Sempreora. So far as I know, no previous essay has focused on the role of comedy in the story. Although he does not refer specifically to "A Way," Scott Donaldson refers to the "increasingly dark" and "macabre" humor of Hemingway's later stories (325). Donaldson aptly cites Sheldon Grebstein's comment about Hemingway's being a "magnificent craftsman" with "the ability to laugh" (201). However, Grebstein does not discuss the role of comedy in "A Way," instead commenting on Nick's "garbled fragments" and "incoherence" in the story (18-19, 119). Robert Lamb follows Grebstein in characterizing Nick's monologues as rambling "incoherently" (67).

[2]In this essay I will use abbreviations of these two editions of Hemingway's short stories as followed by the editor of *The Hemingway Review* (*SS-HLE* for the Hemingway Library Edition and *CSS* for the Finca-Vigía Edition of the *Complete Stories*).

[3]Compare the opening paragraphs of "A Way" with the paragraphs beginning "In the ground" and ending "countless pallors of barren lies" (Barbusse, *Under Fire* 226-227). The same passage in the original French, titled *Le Feu*, published in 1916, is on pages 215-216. The passage in Barbusse's novel also includes, among the corpses, religious images and pamphlets, postcards, leaflets, and "paper words." Not present in this passage from *Under Fire* are references to mustard gas, gas masks, rape, or a kitchen—elements in Hemingway's opening description in "A Way" that I discuss below. In *A Farewell to Arms*, Barbusse's *Le Feu* is the first book Count Greffi cites when Frederic asks him: "What is there written in wartime?" (225).

[4]As was shown at a recent exhibition at the New York Historical Society, "World War One Beyond the Trenches," these gas mask cans were yellow. Yellow is also the dominant color in John Singer Sargent's painting *Gassed* (1919), also part of the "Beyond the Trenches" exhibit. For an extensive discussion of Sargent's painting, but without a reference to Hemingway's story "A Way You'll Never Be" see Lubin 151-163. Below in this essay I will discuss the significance of the yellow house in Nick's hallucinatory imagination. I agree with Ellen Knodt that the color of the yellow house derives more from the yellow of the mustard-gas cans and holes on the battlefield "yellow-edged from the mustard gas" (*CSS* 307) than from its association with cowardice (Knodt 80). Thus, I disagree with Flora's connecting the yellow house with Nick's father's "cowardice and thence all male weakness, including Nick's own fears . . ." (2006, 196-197)

[5]Hemingway's addition of a mobile kitchen to the battle debris may reflect his knowledge that the first American casualty on the Italian front was Edward McKey, when his roving kitchen was destroyed by an Austrian shell on June 17, 1918. For an account of McKey's death while working in such a mobile canteen, and the parallels to Hemingway's own wounding, see Florczyk (62-66, 69, 72, 74). As Florczyk points out, Hemingway falsely claimed in a letter home to his parents that he was the first American wounded in Italy (79). Rather, as the editors of the first volume of Hemingway's *Letters* point out, he was the first American to survive his wounding on the Italian front (*Letters* 1 118 and 119 note 1).

[6]At the 18th International Hemingway Conference in Paris, I presented a paper about Hemingway's portraits of Nick's interior monologue in the paragraph beginning "Nick lay on the bunk" and ending "He lay down again" (*CSS* 310-311). I am working on a separate essay about Nick's interior monologues in "A Way You'll Never Be."

[7]For the biblical plague of locusts, see Exodus 10:1-15.

[8]This exchange is similar to one between two sergeants and Frederic Henry in *A Farewell to Arms* (170). There the question about whether Frederic is North or South American is reported in free indirect discourse, not direct dialogue, as here in "A Way."

Although the conversation does not escalate into hostility and a manic monologue, as occurs with Nick Adams and the Italians, in the next chapter Frederic shoots one of the sergeants for deserting instead of following his orders—among the most disturbing scenes in the novel (177).

[9]For a discussion of the meta-fictional references in the two earlier stories, see Beall, "Hemingway's 'Now I Lay Me'" (2017). For Nick as writer in the later story, "Fathers and Sons," see Beall, "Hemingway as Craftsman" (2016). See also Flora ("Nick Adams in Italy," especially 197-199). I agree with Flora's argument that these two Nick Adams stories in *Winner Take Nothing* suggest that "we have to give credence to Nick's belief that writing enables him to 'get rid' of the trauma" (198-199). The quotation marks that Flora places around "get rid" is the caveat I would raise. Although the end of the story does provide reason for hope, I do not believe Hemingway portrays Nick as having completely purged himself of his trauma.

[10]Issues of *The Scientific American* of 1918 are included in Michael Reynolds's inventory of Hemingway's reading (86). His entry indicates that Hemingway's father sent the issues to him while he was convalescing in the hospital in Milan. In his letters home during his period of surgeries and convalescence, Hemingway repeatedly requested reading material in the form of American newspapers and magazines. See, for instance, the letters dated July 29, August 4, August 29, September 11, and November 14 (*Letters* 1 121, 124, 136, 140, 156). For a discussion of Hemingway's reading of scientific journals during this period, see the essay by Michael Roos in this issue.

[11]An examination of the influence of Hemingway's fiction on the blend of absurdist humor and horrific trauma in works by such writers as Joseph Heller, J.D. Salinger, and Tim O'Brien is beyond the scope of this essay. However, just to cite a few examples, Heller's Yossarian in *Catch 22*, Salinger's Seymour Glass in "For Esmé, With Love and Squalor," and O'Brien's *The Things They Carried* seem to bear the influence of Hemingway's Nick Adams stories set on the Italian front. At the 18th International Hemingway Conference in Paris, in a presentation titled "What's Funny in *A Farewell to Arms*, Verna Kale suggested that Frederic Henry's humor plays an important role in his healing. Here I am making a similar argument about Nick Adams' sense of humor in "A Way You'll Never Be."

[12]One can see a photograph of the destroyed bridge at San Dona at https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/f/fa/Ruined-bridge-sandona.jpg

[13]For a different reading of the "it" that Nick coughed up, see Ellen Knodt's essay in this collection.

[14]The phrase "clublike impact" is similar to language Hemingway read about the head wound Prince Andrei received in the translation by Constance Garnett that he owned of Tolstoy's *War and Peace* (Modern Library Giant, 250). In a letter to Jane Heap around August 23, 1925, Hemingway wrote that he had "just read . . . Constance Garnett's translation of *War and Peace*" (*Letters* 2 384).

[15]Ellen Knodt makes a similar point in her essay in this volume.

[16]For a discussion of Hemingway's revisions of this passage in "Big Two-Hearted River," see Beall ("Hemingway as Craftsman," 2017, especially 81). In contrast to Hemingway's revisions of the "Chrise" exclamation in "River," there are virtually no revisions to this paragraph in "A Way" once it appears in the typescript (folder 815).

[17]On the importance of Nick's standing up, see Daiker's essay in this collection, as well as Beall, "Hemingway as Craftsman" (2017).

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