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QUALIFICATION WORK

On the theme: Modern views in Ernest Hemingway`s novel``In another country``

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Modern Views in Ernest Hemingway`s novel

“IN ANOTHER COUNTRY”

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INTRODUCTION.

On December 10, 2012 President of the Republic of Uzbekistan Islam Karimov signed a decree "On measures to further improvement of foreign language learning system".[1] It is noted that in the framework of the Law of the Republic of Uzbekistan "On education" and the National Program for Training in the country, a comprehensive foreign languages' teaching system, aimed at creating harmoniously developed, highly educated, modem-thinking young generation, further integration of the country to the world community, has been created. During the years of independence, over 51.7 thousand teachers of foreign languages graduated from universities, English, German and French multimedia tutorials and textbooks for 5-9 grades of secondary schools, electronic resources for learning English in primary schools were created, more thapn 5000 secondary schools, professional colleges and academic lyceums were equipped with language laboratories.

However, analysis of the current system of organizing language learning shows that learning standards, curricula and textbooks do not fully meet the current requirements, particularly in the use of advanced information and media technologies. Education is mainly conducted in traditional methods. Further development of a continuum of foreign languages learning at all levels of education; improving skills of teachers and provision of modem teaching materials are required. According to the decree, starting from 2013/2014 school year foreign languages, mainly English, gradually throughout the country will be taught from the first of schooling in the form of lesson-games and speaking games, continuing to learning the alphabet, reading and spelling in the second year (grade). Also it is envisaged that university modules, especially in technical and international areas, will be offered in English and other foreign languages

The actuality of the qualification paper: **through learning literature we kiiow about culture, customs and traditions, history of that country or nation, and also we learn life or any work of a writer. My qualification work is about**

one of the outstanding writers of American literature is Ernest Hemingway. Actuality of the work is his modem views of his characters in American life.

Investigation of the qualification work**. The writer's life and literary heritage were investigated by many scientists, critics such as: Joseph Conrad, D. H. Lawrence Virginia Woolf, George Orwell James Alredge and**

The main aim of the qualification: **Work is to indicate Ernest Hemingway's novel "In Another Country" to American literature.**

The object of the work **is the novel "In Another Country" by Ernest Hemingway.**

The subject matter of qualification work: **the main subject of the there is most important realistic novel of Ernest Hemingway. The methods of the qualification work: literary analysis, critical analysis are the methods of the qualification work.**

Methodological basis, of the qualification work **is based on a decree of President of the Republic of Uzbekistan Islam Karimov which on December 10.2012 "On measures to further improvement of foreign language learning system, law of the Republic of Uzbekistan" on Education, National program of training Cadre.**

The following tasks have been solved in my qualification paper.

Ernest Hemingway's talent in showing the real conditions and harsh life during War time in America. True to life portrayal view of American life during world war time Ernest Hemingway's talent in depicting modem views of this characters scientific novelty and practical value: there are a lot of scientific and critical articles studying Ernest Hemingway's heroism during world war I. this qualification work will «gf serve as a guide for the pupils of secondary schools, academic lyceums and professional colleges and also this work can be used for the students studying at foreign languages department.

Structure of the qualification work: my qualification work consists of introduction two Chapters, conclusion and the list of literature. Content of

the of the qualification work, the work comprises general remarks about the period of realism and the facts of writer's life.

Chapter I. General remaks about American literature.

1.1 The period of relizm in American literature and its valuable points in prose.

Throughout the world many people think of Americans as being outgoing, materialistic and optimistic: outgoing, because they join clubs, take part in movements, talk with their neighbors across the hall or over the back fence: materialistic, because they are eager for new automobiles and bigger television sets optimistic, because they believe that they have the power to do good things in a good world, because they seem to say “yes” to life instead of “no."

There is some truth in this general impression, though less with the passing of each year. But American literature at its best has rarely been the product of such Americans. Even in the 18th century, with its prevalent belief in the perfectibility of man through the perfecting of his institutions, there were skeptics; and the 19th century contained its great and pessimistic Sayers of “No! in thunder" (as Melville described himself), as well as the great affirmers, like Emerson and Whitman. By the end of the 19th century the complacent, optimistic tone of the popular poets and novelists had been challenged by Mark Twain, Crane and James, to name only the best known; and the enduring writing of the first quarter of the 20th century is, more often than not, critical of the quality of American society. Its tone is satirical; the stereotyped American is made a figure of fun or an object of pathos; the American dream is shown to be illusory. The occasional yea-sayer like Sandburg stands out almost as an anachronism.[1]

Of the writers in this section, Theodore Dreiser was perhaps the first important new American voice of the 20th century. His naturalism and his choice of subject often echo his predecessor, Stephen Crane, but his style and methods are very different. There is none of the poetic symbolism, none of the probing of

[1] Lewis, Robert W., ed. *Hemingway in Italy and Other Essays.* New York: Praeger, 1990.

psychological depths and neuroses. Perhaps because of his childhood of bitter poverty in an immigrant family which suffered all the deprivations brought about by lack of education, skill and status, Dreiser was more concerned with society's effect on a person than with man apart from his environment. Though the surface details which abound in his works are, of course, out of date—people's clothes, their speech, their jobs—his treatment of the social forces which produce the murderers and prostitutes, as well as the business successes, is as modern as ghetto literature. Dreiser was one of the first important writers to come from the lower levels of society, rather than *from* a long middle-class tradition, and in this he was the precursor of much that is good in contemporary American writing.

In his novels, Dreiser tried to treat human beings scientifically, rather than intuitively with the poetic insight so much prized by writers of the 19th century. He saw that life is hard and found, in social Darwinism and in the theory of Zola and the naturalists, the explanation that man is the product of social processes and forces and of an inevitable kind of social evolution. However inadequate such an answer to life may be, his books struck a chord of response in many puzzled Americans who recognized that a gulf existed between the dream that America promised on the one hand, and the reality of graft, hypocrisy and callousness that was apparent, on the other. Dreiser's tone is always serious, never satirical or comic. It is fitting, then, that his best works are based on his own experiences or those of his immediate family, like *Sister Carrie,* or are fictional re-creations of actual happenings, like his well-known novel, *An American Tragedy.* In retrospect, Dreiser's work is significant, in spite of some obvious faults, for its stubborn honesty and realism—traits which were to appear again in the American writers who succeeded him on the literary scene.

In their opposing ways, the two most important poets of the first decades of the 20th century, Edward Arlington Robinson and Carl Sandburg, also sought to explore the quality of American life and to report on it with Dreiser's kind of truthfulness, Now, as from the beginning, American poets tended to divide sharply into two groups: traditionalists and innovators. Robinson and Sandburg in the 20th

century represent these two poles as strikingly as did Poe and Whitman in the 19th century. Though less read now than Robert Frost, who first published during this period but whose major influence belongs to a later time, Robinson has the same New England background and equals some of Frost's best qualities as a poet and reporter on the world. Robinson's tone is, however, characteristically ironic and somewhat aloof and detached, even when he evinces an undercurrent of compassion. In his best-known poems, such as "Richard Cory" and "Minivan Chevy," Robinson uses conventional meter and rhyme to paint wry, condensed, often startling vignettes, which illustrate men's individualized responses to a life that he, like Dreiser, saw as hard. Elsewhere, as in "Mr. Flood's Party," Robinson comes closer to the dramatic narrative form that Frost perfected, for example, in "The Death of the Hired Man." Robinson also made use of traditional themes, such as the Arthurian legends, but all of his poems are conventional and traditional, whether in the tradition of Wordsworth's "The Leech Gatherer," or of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." What is typical of the 20th century in Robinson is the tone of pessimism, the undercurrent of disillusionment with his heritage and his present.

At the opposite pole of .poetic vision and technique is Carl Sandburg, a breaker of conventions akin to Whitman. His background was, in important ways, like Dreiser's: he, too, came of immigrant stock; he, too, grew up in difficult circumstances, though in a much happier and more productive home. Instead of finding in social Darwinism an explanation of what was wrong with society, he saw it in the defects of political institutions, and his own socialism made him hopeful. It also led him to see greatness in the ordinary man and in that man's capacity to create a society in which inequalities would be erased, in which each man's potential would be realized, and in which the chasm between American dream and reality would be bridged. In Sandburg's poems one hears echoes of 19th-century idealism—echoes of Emerson as well as Whitman. One also hears, in 20th-century dress, the 18th century's faith in political and social change as roads to an improved quality of life.

In his poetry Sandburg "chants," to use

Whitman's word, a hymn to America and its people—not to the stereotype, but to the ideal. Sandburg's form is the free verse that Whitman employed, with its lines of irregular length, its looser speech rhythms, and the absence of end rhyme. At its best it has the same grand cadences and front rhymes in his shorter poems. Sandburg even tends to use Whitman's movement from short to gradually swelling long lines followed by a return to shorter lines to produce poems like the lip of a wave. He also uses Whitman's scheme of lists and catalogues, as well as Whitman's praise of the low and seemingly trivial. Thus, in the first quarter of the 20th century, Sandburg, like Whitman before him, stood for innovation and rejection of conventional forms. During this period, he wrote some of his greatest poems, paeans of praise to Chicago which match, in style and fervor, those of Whitman about Manhattan.[2]

More than Robinson's, Sandburg's poetry contains themes common to the period; but as one would expect in a time of disillusionment with its pricking of the bubbles of comfortable complacency, the prose of the period far outweighed the poetry in influence. Muck-raking and debunking more easily fall into prose; they are more prosaic. Interestingly enough, however, the most enduring writing published between 1900 and 1920 was poetry, not only Sandburg's and Robinson's (and Frost's), but poems such as T. S. Eliot's "The Waste-Land" and "Prufrock," and to a lesser degree Ezra Pound's, which influenced a whole age's way of looking at itself. Eliot was proof positive that people and society were in a sad, bad way, and in his tone of satire and exaggeration, as in his expatriation, he anticipated those who created the great literature we associate with the post-World War I era.

The important fact of the second decade of the century was, of course, World War I, which, as we look back, seems to have been a kind of watershed—innocence on one side, attention to grim reality on the other. Actually, as earlier literature clearly demonstrates, the best American writers had crossed from one

[2] Wagner, Linda W., ed. *Ernest Hemingway: Six Decades of Criticism.* East Lansing: , Michigan State University Press, 1987

1 front rhyme: rhyme at the beginning of successive lines of verse. side to the other decades earlier. Like the stereotype of the optimistic, materialistic, hail-fellow-well-mart American, the innocent, romantic dreamer was never found in the ranks of our great writers. Nevertheless, the war, which eventually engaged 4.000.000 Americans, changed the outlook of all Americans in very significant ways. It took away some of their provincialism; it intensified the pessimism mad disenchantment with what was peculiarly American; and it led to widespread expatriation. Most of what are considered the masterpieces of American writing in the 20th century were written in Europe, or out of a writer's experience as an expatriate. What the Lost Generation of Gertrude Stein (herself an expatriate) had lost, to a degree true only of Henry James in an earlier time, was its sense of being a part of American society. Sinclair Lewis, John Dos Passes, Ernest Hemingway, e. Cummings, William Carlos Williams, and Scott Fitzgerald—like Eliot and Pound—all spent long periods of their lives in Europe. Since none of the best writers was closer to combat than a training camp or the ambulance corps, it was not the war itself, but long exposure to European culture, which intensified the old current of criticism of American life. Of the writers we are considering as typical of the end of the first quarter of the 20th century, only Steinbeck and Mencken did not share this experience of expatriation, a fact Mencken even felt obliged to defend.

The millions of Americans who had fought in "the war to make the world safe for democracy'' (as President Wilson called it and as many Americans justified it), together with the millions more whose lives had been much affected by it at home, helped to produce a society in the 20s which was new in many ways. Called the "roaring twenties," it was a time in which women were finally enfranchised and "emancipated, and revolutions in dress, manners, and morals took place. Prohibition came (the "Noble

1.1 Hail-fellow-well-met: on familiar terms with everyone.

1.2 Lost Generation: collectively, the post-World War

I generation; more specifically, the group of American writers who emigrated to Europe in the early 1920s.

Experiment" which made alcohol illegal), leading to notorious public graft, corruption and lawbreaking; there was more widespread affluence and conspicuous consumption than ever before in American society; and more emphasis on fun and less on duty became a part of the daily scene. It was a time of exaggeration, experiment and change—a time which invited satirical treatment and was permissive enough to accept it, even to embrace it[3].

The two most influential satirists of the 20's were Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, and H. L. Mencken, the journalist and essayist. Together they completely altered the ordinary literate American's view of himself. The great interlocking series of Lewis' novels, with their recurring character-types and settings, and their panoramic view of the American Middle Western heartland, ignores the war as if it had never taken place. Lewis uses Europe, where he lived for long periods, as no more than a casual tourist spot in one of his novels. Like Dreiser and Sandburg, Lewis was a Middle Westerner from a small town in Minnesota, which is the setting for his most famous novel and first great success, *Main Street;* but unlike those poor sons of immigrants, "Red" Lewis was thoroughly middies-class. The son of a doctor, he went to Yale University, served as secretary to Upton Sinclair (a writer famous for *The Jungle,* an expose of the meatpacking industry in Chicago, and other socialist-inspired novels), spent years as a journalist in Europe, and was married to a famous foreign correspondent and commentator, Dorothy Thompson. His work soon became successful; the names of some of his characters; such as Babbitt, entered the language as type-names, like those of Dickens. Americans took their view of themselves from the often exaggerated portraits he drew.

Despite their heightening of satirical effect, Lewis' novels were realistic in highly original ways. He had a keen comic sense and a true ear for everyday speech; he was a great mimic and actor, a great story-teller and conversationalist; and these qualities are everywhere evidenced in his novels, especially his earliest (and best).

[3]Nagel, James, ed. *Ernest Hemingway: The Writer in Context.* Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1984.

What he had to say in *Main Street* and *Babbitt* and *Bosworth* about the pretensions of small-town society, the thinness of its culture, the pathos and pettiness of the lives lived by its businessmen and their wives, Americans saw, with a shock of recognition, to be true. At the same time, none of this way of life was a tragic matter. In a vein of exuberant comedy, invited his readers to laugh, not at themselves, but at his characters, whose unawareness of their own absurdities he exposed. Novels like these are not necessarily among the greatest in literature, but they may be enormously influential on their times. They render palatable the unpleasant truths which lie just beneath the surface of life. This underlying seriousness was what won Lewis the Nobel Prize, and made him the first American novelist to be so honored influence of H. L. Mencken was, during this early period of the 20th century, even greater than that of Lewis. For twenty years his magazine, *The American Mercury*, was read by everyone with intellectual pretensions. Writers imitated and envied the wit of Mencken's pungent, biting editorials and essays on the latest antics of what he called the "boo biopsies". Never a literary man in the academic sense, Mencken (like Dreiser, the son of immigrant Germans) spent all his long and productive life in Baltimore as a newspaperman and editor. He was not a part of the literary circles of Chicago or New York, or a member of the expatriate literary colony in Paris. He was a close friend of no major writer except Dreiser, yet he influenced not only the ordinary educated man who read his magazine, newspaper articles and collected essays—quite properly called *Prejudices*—but also the serious writers. Like all satirists, he cared deeply about what he made fun of in his exaggerated, trenchant, often abusive language. He cared about his city, his fellow "boobs," his German beer, and his intellectual life. His completely personal style, his gift for invective, his linguistic inventiveness, all reflect in stimulating ways the deep and scholarly preoccupation with language which is demonstrated in his monumental *The American Language*, a study which is still an intriguing source of data and insights. The

1. Boo bossier: bourgeoisie made up of “boobs”—a term of invective coined by Mencken. vigor and vitality of Mencken’s mind are as evident in all he wrote as his bias toward excellence and his hatred of cant and sham.

The last two novelists to be considered here are F. Scott Fitzgerald, who epitomized the "Roaring Twenties,” and John Steinbeck, the best of the social-protest novelists of the 30s, the decade of the Great Depression[5]. Neither felt detached from his society, as Lewis and Mencken had; each took “his” decade far too seriously for satire, and felt too much a part of it to take a detached view. Fitzgerald, like Lewis a product of Minnesota, went to Princeton, where he was surrounded by people richer, more sophisticated and superficially cleverer than he was. A feeling of inferiority always plagued him, though at 23 he was already a great popular success and money-maker with his first novel, *This Side of Paradise.* He was the handsome young husband of Zelda, the girl of his dreams, and he was famous and rich when the other expatriate writers in Paris were still, like Hemingway, hungry and unknown.

Even very early, Fitzgerald recognized the sad and frightening side of his merry, dancing, gambling, liberated life, as such a title as *The Beautiful and Damned* shows. His novels grew significantly deeper and more tragic as his money troubles increased, as his wife's madness became more destructive, and as he felt himself heading toward the crack-up which ended his life in Hollywood before he was 45. One of his best novels is *The Great Gatsby,* the story of a man who wants to be rich, well-liked and happy, but who fails for reasons which Fitzgerald’s art and compassionate understanding succeed in making his readers accept as tragic. A later Fitzgerald novel is *Tender is the Night,* the story of marital complications among the rich and “fortunate” expatriates in France, which is even sadder and more obviously autobiographical. Fitzgerald, the lucky young writer who symbolized the gay 20s, declined in spirit like his country when the stock market crashed in 1929, when the grim 30s began to move into the Great Depression, and when

1 Great Depression: years of economic crisis following the stock market crash in 1929. Prices tell, businesses tailed, and many people were without work.

Holer's rise to power signaled the approach o' Word War II. Fitzgerald's novels are full of cantos. played by bright individuals against ought backdrops; when the scene changed and his world collapsed, his talent -Kered and went out.

John Steinbeck, on the other hand, reflected the 30s as perfectly as Fitzgerald had the 20s. Born in Salinas, California, he loved the West, and the countryside. He wrote of the outcast and the bum, the ordinary working man and the biological scientist, all of whose lives he had shared. He loved all these as Fitzgerald had loved the East, Europe, the city, the rich and the parasites who were later to be called "the beautiful people." Steinbeck wrote touching tales of the love of a boy for a pony *(The Red Pony),* of a migratory worker for his half-witted protégé *(Of Mice and Men),* of outcasts of all sorts for each other *(Tortilla Flats* and *Cannery Row).* He wrote scientific works like *The Sea of Cortez,* which treats t. marine biology of a bay in Lower California. anti-Nazi novels and plays like *The Moon is Down;* and a final book on the United States called *Travels with Charley.*[4] But his most important work is *The Grapes of Wrath,* which helped win him the Nobel Prize with its dramatic re-creating of the terrible westward trek of thousands of Midwestern farmers dispossessed from their Dust Bowl farms by fearful drought and the Great Depression. Ten endurance and fortitude of the migrants, whose only resources were their will to live and their interdependence, are movingly shown; Ma Joan and her brood are unforgettable. *The Grapes of Wrath* is proof that a thesis-novel, born out of anger and a passion for justice, can transcend propaganda to become literature.

Rovit, Earl. *Ernest Hemingway.* New York: Twayne, 1963.

Rubinstein, Annette T. "Brave and Baffled Hunter" *Mainstream* 13 (1960): pp. 1-

1.2. Ernest Hemingway`s life and activity as novelist of modern genre.

Born in a Chicago suburb on July 21,1899, Ernest Hemingway was a child of the twentieth century, responding to its every pressure, recording its progress, and aging as it aged. His life seemed to embody the promise of America: **with** good fortune, hard work, talent, ambition, and a little ruthlessness a man can create himself in the image of his choosing. As a young man in Paris, Hemingway dedicated himself to his writing, and he let nothing interfere with his goal, not parents nor wives, not friends nor children. He created a public persona to match his prose, becoming the person he wanted to be. Like other self-made Americans, however, Hemingway's invented self was a mask that he wore with less and less ease as he grew older. Despite this public image, his raucous life and several wives, and the critics who turned on him, he Left stories and novels so starkly moving that some have become a permanent part of our cultural inheritance.[5]

Before he turned twenty-five Ernest Hemingway was already friends with James Joyce, Ezra Pound, and Gertrude Stein, and he had written most of the stories that were published as *In Our Time* (1925)- Before he was thirty Hemingway had buried his father (a suicide) and written two of the best novels to come from his generation: *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) and *A Farewell to Arms* (1929). At thirty-six he reported the Spanish Civil War to neutral Americans. At forty-four he reported on the Normandy invasion from a landing craft off Omaha Beach. At forty-six he married his fourth wife. At fifty-three he won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction and survived two plane crashes in Africa. At fifty-four the Nobel Prize was his. On the morning of July 2,1961, Ernest Hemingway slipped two shells into his favorite shotgun and quite deliberately blew the top of his head away. He was survived by three wives, three sons, numerous rumors, five unpublished books, and a distinguished if frequently misunderstood body of work.

[5] Lewis, Robert W. *Hemingway in Italy and Other Essays.* New York: Praeger, 1990.

Hemingway's birthplace, Oak Park, Illinois, sits four square on the *Illinois* prairie, eight miles west *of* downtown Chicago, where it was developed to hold at bay the corruption of the city. With its insistence on constant vigil against corrupting forces, the Village of Oak Park, as it called itself, put tremendous pressures on its sons and daughters. In the village of his youth, Hemingway was theoretically protected by city ordinances from uncensored movies, boxing matches, any information on venereal disease or birth control, all forms of gambling and prostitution, and all consumption of alcohol. Until he turned eighteen, Hemingway could not legally buy cigarettes, play billiards, drive a car, or own a cap gun within the Village limits. Unless accompanied by a parent or responsible adult, young Hemingway, governed by the Village curfew, could not be out of the house after 8 P.M. in the fall and winter, and after **9** p.m. in spring and summer. That Hemingway rebelled against these pressures is not surprising; in fact, had that first generation of this century not rebelled, it would have been strange indeed.

Oak Park was a bastion of progressive Republicans, who voted overwhelmingly for Theodore Roosevelt when he ran on the Bull Moose ticket in 1912. Morally conservative, Oak Parkers were equally zealous to have the newest and the best—nothing was too modem for the Village except jazzy music and pool halls. They had the most advanced city water system available, an extraordinary school system, and well-lighted streets. The Colville Institute, which housed the large public library, was a continuous source of visiting lecturers from the University of Chicago. Each year the Chicago Symphony performed at least once in Oak Park. Numerous clubs and civic organizations provided a steady flow of ideas and entertainment. Hardly a week went by without its musical evening, play, public lecture, or amateur minstrel show. In those more innocent years before the Great European War, Oak Park was self-contained, a world to which its sons returned from the earth’s far corners to give magic-lantern lectures on Africa, the Holy Land, and China. Its churches supported missionaries to Africa; no national disaster went without its Oak Park drive to help the needy. It was a hometown

about which Hemingway, unlike most American writers, never wrote a single story.

Ernest Hemingway grew up in the bosom of a well-known, extended, and respected family, college educated at Wheaton, Oberlin, and Rush Medical School, a family whose sense of civic responsibility was strong and whose interests were divided among medicine, the Congregational Church, and real estate. Ernest's father, Clarence Edmonds Hemingway, was a physician. His grandfather Anson Hemingway helped develop the Chicago suburb; his uncle George Hemingway continued the practice, dealing in real estate, home insurance, and mortgages. Uncle Willoughby Hemingway was a medical missionary in China, returning periodically with amazing presents and even more amazing tales from Asia; Aunt Grace Hemingway was a storyteller on the Chautauqua circuit. Although Hemingway was sometimes embarrassed by his mother s free spirit and frightened by his father's retreat into depressions, his early years were not scarred by divorce or abuse; he grew up among his several sisters respecting his elders, submitting to discipline, and behaving like a good bad boy.

With plenty of parental and community rules, it was easy to be bad in Oak Park and just as easy to be forgiven, for the Hemingway name was a substantial one within the community. There were nothing shabby about the two-story Hemingway house on North Kenilworth, with its seven bedrooms, two full baths and two half baths, a large music studio, a living room of comparable size, dining room and kitchen, Dr. Hemingway’s medical office, and a large screened porch. Ernest, along with his four sisters and one brother—Marcelline (1898), Ursula (1902), Madelaine (1904), Carol (1911), and Leicester (1915)—lived in a respectable neighborhood of businessmen, salesmen, doctors, and dentists who took the train each morning into Chicago proper, where they worked, returning each evening at supper.

In 1904 horses outnumbered automobiles 490 to 30 in Oak Park. Within a few years the Village was bragging that it housed more automobiles per capita than any other town in America. John Farson, the towns wealthy banker, owned a

Franklin, a Packard, two Wintons, and a white Cadillac. In 1907 Dr. Hemingway's horse ran away down Oak Park Avenue, smashing his buggy against a tree. When Ernest was twelve, his father still made his rounds in a buggy. By 1914 the doctor was driving a black Ford that was stolen from in front of the Municipal Building and recovered the next day in South Side Chicago. By 1912 the Hemingway house on North Kenilworth was electrified and had a telephone. Soon villagers who had grown up on farms were complaining about smelly chickens and crowing roosters disturbing their lives. Times were changing.

In October 1913 Oak Parkers were horrified by the new, lascivious dances that had made their way into the country club dances and once sedate living rooms:

The music of the bagnio finds its way to every piano, and our young people habitually sing songs, words and music produced by degenerates. . . . Now the dance has come from the brothel to take its place beside the nasty music and the sex gown. Ever since the group dance gave way to the waltz, the influence of the dissolute has been growing until now. . . .We must go to South America and bring to Oak Park the tango and the maxie. Everybody is "doing it, doing it" in the words of one of our most popular songs. *(Oak Leaves* paper)

When Grace Hall-Hemingway, as Ernest's mother hyphenated her last name, designed their Kenilworth house, she included a music studio and recital hall thirty-feet square with a vaulted ceiling and a narrow balcony. It was here that she gave

music and voice lessons and Scheduled her student recitals, and where she composed and practiced her own music, which was marketed by two different publishing houses. Today her lyrics, mostly written for contraltos like herself, are as dated as the long Victorian dresses that she wore until her death in 1951, but they are no more sentimental than most turn-of-the-century popular music. Incurably optimistic, she was the energy source in the Hemingway household, a woman always on stage, a personality that could not be ignored, a person, in fact, not unlike her eldest son, Ernest.

In a village filled with amateurs, Grace was a professional musician whose classically trained skills became her identity and her freedom. Wherever one went in Oak Park, Grace was singing by invitation. At the Third Congregational Church she was chairperson of the music committee and directed the fifty children in the vested choir and orchestra. After he left home, Hemingway obscured his mother s talents and personality by professing to hate her and to hold her responsible for his father's 1928 suicide. Ironically, it was from his mother that Hemingway's boundless energy and enthusiasm came. No one who met mother or son ever forgot either of them.

When young Hemingway was not hearing his mother practice her varied musical routines, or her students at her lessons, or himself on his cello, he was attending the annual high school student opera where he and Marceline were in the orchestra together for two years. The impact of his musical training, both formal and casual, was long lasting. He continued to listen to classical music all of his life. During his courtship of his first wife, Hadley Richardson, piano concerts were part of their shared interests; after their marriage, Hadley replaced his mother at the piano that they rented in Paris. Out of this background came Hemingway's compulsion to public performance and his understanding of counterpoint, which he used to advantage in his writing.

Balanced against the propriety and culture of Oak Park were Hemingway's northern Michigan summers, where the family cottage was on one side of Walloon Lake and, later, his mother s farm on the other. Every July and August from his birth through the summer of 1917, Ernest explored the woods, streams, and the lake. For the first twelve years his father was with him, teaching him to hunt and fish, but after 1911, when Clarence Hemingway began to retreat into his deepening depressions, the boy was left to his own devices. Besides his several sisters for company, there were summer people in cottages like the Hemingway's all along the lake, summer friends from Horton Bay and Petoskey, and the last of the Ojibway Indians who lived in the woods close to Horton. Those summers of trout fishing, camping out, hiking, baseball games, and awakened sexuality were as

important to the education of young Hemingway as were his school years in Oak Park.

Whatever else his culture taught him, young Hemingway learned early that perseverance and winning were Oak Park virtues. The Village expected its sons and daughters to bring home blue ribbons; a single loss made a football season mediocre. Like his boyhood hero, Theodore Roosevelt, Ernest was determined to excel in physical activities: twice he ran the high school crosscountry race; twice he finished last. He played lightweight football until his late growth got him on the varsity team his senior year. Slow afoot and a little clumsy, he was a second-string interior lineman. He managed the swimming team, where his event was the “plunge," swimming underwater for distance. He captained the water polo team. When he got his height, he also got boxing gloves. Later in Europe he took up tennis, skiing, and the luge. He always admired professional boxers and baseball players and, later, bullfighters.

In high school Hemingway took the then-standard pre-college curriculum: six semesters of science, four of math, six of Latin, eight semesters of English literature and composition, four semesters of history, two semesters of applied music, and another two years of orchestra. In Latin, young Hemingway translated his Cicero; in history he wrote essays on Greek tyrants and the Marathon campaign and outlined the Punic Wars. In English courses, all of which required weekly writing and the study of composition, young Hemingway read the classic myths, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, the British Romantics, Walter Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold. He spent ten weeks studying the history of the English language, four weeks on formal rhetoric, and an entire semester of his senior year solely on prose composition. Along with his classmates, Hemingway memorized the opening lines of Chaucer s General Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* and the then- standard ration of Shakespeare soliloquies *(Hemingway's Reading 1910-1940* 39-43). Whatever the course, humanities or science, there were always written assignments: weekly book reports, essays, and term papers. Hemingway outlined his reading of *Macbeth* and

Hamlet and wrote reports on the anatomy of grasshoppers, the necessity of life insurance, the need for a standing army, and the causes of the American Revolution.

Hemingway also wrote humorous pieces for the school newspaper and the literary magazine. "Bill 3127 Introduced by Senator Hemingway" put the hunting of policemen under the game laws, making it a misdemeanor to kill them out of season. And like any Oak Parker, he could easily roll out his biblical parody:

It is written that in the Library thou shalt not chew gum. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbors magazine orally. Thou shalt not play tic tat-toe with Toots Johnson. Thou shalt not match pennies with Reed Milliken. Thou shalt not throw paper wads with Jim Adams. . . . Thou shalt not kid the Jane that sitteth upon thy right hand, nor kick the boob who sitteth across from thee, (Hemingway Collection, John F, Kennedy Library, Boston [Kennedy Library])

In his high school translation of Cicero, Hemingway emphasized three lines that might well have been his motto during those years: “I pray Cataline to what point will you try our patience. How long will you still mock our rage. To what limit will you display your ungoverned insolence” (Hemingway Collection, Kennedy Library).

Most of his courses required collateral reading in both the high school library and the Scoville Institute. Besides required texts, Hemingway also found time to read the books he enjoyed at age sixteen, the short stories of O. Henry, Rudyard Kipling s tales of empire, and Stewart Edward White’s version of the strenuous life. From the Scoville’s collection, Hemingway borrowed books, particularly during the summer, and frequently had late fees to pay. He may never have gone to college, but in Oak Park he acquired the cultural background he needed for the next step in his life *(The Young Hemingway).*

Early Journalism and the Great War: 1917-1921

In April 1917 President Woodrow Wilson, who had promised to keep America out of the European war that had begun three years earlier, asked Congress to make the world safe for democracy by saving those countries we now called our allies. That June, Hemingway graduated from high school and spent his last completely idyllic summer at Walloon Lake, where he turned eighteen, still too young to enlist in the army. In October of that year the Russian revolution overthrew Czar Nicholas and declared a separate peace with the Austro-Hungarian enemy. Late that month the Austrians broke through the Italian alpine lines at Caporetto, precipitating the greatest single defeat of the war. That same month Ernest Hemingway, with help from his Missouri relatives, signed on as a cub reporter for the Kansas City *Star*, where he said he 'learned to write a simple, declarative sentence'

Hemingway also learned the *Stars* style sheet: short first paragraphs, vigorous language, no superfluous words, few adjectives, no trite phrases. For seven months young Hemingway covered the usual beats assigned to raw recruits: city council, train station, police station, and hospital emergency room. By March 1918 he wrote home that "we are having a laundry strike here and I am handling the police beat. The violence stories. [They are] wrecking trucks, running them over cliffs, and yesterday they murdered a non union guard. For over a month I have averaged a column a day" (Hemingway Collection, Kennedy Library). The romance of the newsman as crime fighter was part of what pulled young Hemingway into journalism. Three years later he would write nascent stories about a young reporter, Punk Alford, solving violent crimes.

As eager as most American males of his age to experience the Great European War, Hemingway joined the Missouri Home Guard, which was eventually called to active duty. By that time Hemingway was already in Italy, a volunteer ambulance driver for the American Red Cross. After two weeks of limited action at Schio, he volunteered to man a rolling canteen on the Piave River front. There on the night of July 8,1918, after barely a month in the war zone, young Hemingway was blown up by an Austrian trench mortar. He was not yet

nineteen. All that summer and fall he recovered from his leg wounds in the Milan Red Cross hospital, where his nurse was Agnes von Kurowsky, an attractive young American woman eight years his senior. Although Agnes found Ernest handsome and entertaining, their relationship loomed larger in his mind than in hers. When he returned to America on January 21,1919, he thought they were engaged to be married, but in March she wrote, breaking off whatever the relationship might have been, saying that she was far too old for him *(Hemingway's First War).*

In January 1920, still limping from his war wound and trading on his apprenticeship in Kansas City, Hemingway appeared at the Toronto *Star* desk looking for part-time work. The city editor agreed to buy Hemingway's stories on a piece by piece basis as they suited the needs of the paper. This arrangement produced Hemingway features on dental schools, prize fights, free shaves, and trout fishing. (*Dateline: Toronto—The Complete Toronto "Star" Dispatches, 1920-1924).* When Hemingway left Toronto in May 1920 to return to Chicago, his loose arrangement with the *Star* remained in place; over the next twenty months the paper regularly printed Hemingway features on rum-running and Chicago gangsters. During this same period, Hemingway was courting Hadley Richardson, a St. Louis woman eight years older than himself. They were married at Horton Bay on September 3, 1921, and immediately began planning to move to Italy.

In Chicago the new couple enjoyed the company and storytelling of Sherwood Anderson, who advised Ernest that a would- be writer should go to Paris, not Italy. At the time, Hemingway was churning out copy for the short lived *Cooperative Commonwealth* magazine for which he was editor, writer, and general factotum. The magazine soon went bankrupt in a scandal, leaving the Hemingways free to leave Chicago for Paris. Armed with Sherwood Anderson's letters of introduction to Gertrude Stein, Ezra Pound, and Sylvia Beach, Hemingway traveled as a special correspondent to the Toronto *Star*, which allowed him to submit features on a per piece basis and occasionally to work for weekly wages and expenses while covering major European news events *(Young Hemingway).*

On January 9, 1922, he and Hadley moved into an inexpensive, fourth-floor walk-up apartment in the heart of Paris's Latin Quarter.

That first year in Paris, Hemingway had little time to work on his novel begun in Chicago. Not only were there the distractions of the city (galleries, cafes, racetracks, boxing matches) and the demands of newfound friends (Beach, Stein, Pound, Bill Bird), but there were also the demands of his newspaper work. During a twenty-month period in Europe, Hemingway filed more than eighty-eight stories with the Toronto *Star*, all but a few of which were printed. Between January 1922 and September 1923 the *Star* printed Hemingway's submissions, which ranged from local color ("American Bohemians in Paris a Weird Lot") to winter sports ("Try Bob-Sledding If You Want Thrills") and the Great War ("A Veteran Visits Old Front, Wishes He Had Stayed Away"). The *Star* also sent Hemingway to cover four important events: the Genoa Economic Conference (Apr. 6-27,1922), the brief but intense Greco-Turkish War (Sept. 29-Oct. 21,1922), the Lausanne Peace Conference (Nov. 21-Dec. 15,1922), and the French military occupation of the German Ruhr (Mar. 30-Apr. 9,1923) *(Dateline).*

At the Genoa conference, Hemingway was an early witness to the conflict between the fascist right and the Bolshevik left that would dominate his century. "The Fascisti," he wrote, "make no distinctions between socialists, communists, republicans or members of co-operative societies. They are all Reds and dangerous" (*By-Line: Ernest Hemingway, Selected Articles and Dispatches of Four Decades* 28). Less than a year later at Lausanne, Hemingway described the new fascist dictator of Italy, Benito Mussolini, as "the biggest bluff in Europe" (*By-Line* 64). There was something permanently wrong, he said, with any man who would wear a black shirt and white spats.

In September 1922 the *Star* sent Hemingway on a five-day train trip to Constantinople, where he covered the short but violent Greco-Turkish War that culminated with the Turks burning Smyrna and the Greeks retreating hopelessly from Thrace. He wrote:

It is a silent procession. Nobody even grunts. It is all they can do to keep moving. ... 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. And the procession keeps moving. *(Dateline* 232)

These events began Hemingway's serious political education, giving him a privileged view of the postwar political leaders setting Europe's agenda: Clemenceau, Tchitcherin, Barthou, Lloyd George, and Mussolini. He wrote about anarchists, anti- Semitism, fascism, power politics, disarmament, German inflation, Paris nightlife, Spanish bullfights, and German trout fishing. And wherever he went, he always told his readers how to live well in another country: where to stay, what to eat, which wine to choose, how to get the most for their money. While covering the stories, Hemingway developed his admiration for the insider, the experienced man who knows the language, food, and customs of the country. As a foreign correspondent, such expert knowledge was expected of him; when he had it, he used it; when he lacked firsthand experience, he pretended to it with such ease that we later believed him to have written nothing that was not autobiographical. This bilingual insider, adapt at European travel, became the trademark of his later fiction, which was frequently set in a foreign country (Stephens 43-83).

Hemingway's short journalistic course in the sociopolitical aftermath of the Great War rubbed his Oak Park Republicanism up against European socialism. The impact added to his sense of being a man without a political home, a man more opposed to fascism than socialism but distrustful of all government. The ex-perience also provided him with character types, themes, and images that would appear regularly in his fiction to the very end of his life. Jake Barnes's journalism *(The* Sun Also *Rises),* the socialist subtext in *A Farewell to Arms,* Harry's story of Constantinople in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Colonel Cantwell's return to the

site of his first wound *(Across the River and Into the Trees),* and the Paris streets of *A Moveable Feast* are firmly rooted in Hemingway's Toronto journalism (Stevens 237-78, 362-77).

While covering the Lausanne Peace Conference in the early winter of 1922, Ernest asked Hadley to join him for a vacation at Chamby. Packing up most of her husband's Paris fiction, including the novel begun in Chicago, Hadley booked a seat on the night train to Switzerland. While buying mineral water at the station, she left her luggage unattended in her compartment. She returned to find that a thief had stolen the valise containing Ernest's writing. In tears, she arrived in Lausanne to face him with what he later reconstructed as one of his most painful experiences. Evidence now indicates that it was less traumatic than he remembered, for he apparently did not immediately return to Paris to check with the police or the station lost and found; nor did he post a meaningful reward *(Hemingway: The Paris Years* 84-104; Mellow). Shortly after he returned from Paris to Chamby, Hadley became pregnant, and reluctantly they began talking of moving back to a full-time newspaper job in Canada.

Despite the loss of his unfinished novel, Hemingway was not deeply discouraged about his creative future. Two of his best new stories-"My Old Man" and "Up in Michigan"-survived his loss, and Ernest was committed to be part of Bill Bird's inquest into the state of contemporary letters, edited by Ezra Pound. In January 1923 six of his poems appeared in *Poetry* magazine; in February Robert McAlmon agreed to publish a limited edition of Ernest's poems and stories. By March, Hemingway had produced six vignettes that he sent to Jane Heap's *Little Review* where, with another of his poems, they were published the following October. In August, two weeks before their ship sailed for Canada, McAlmon s edition of his *Three Stories Ten Poems* appeared in the Shakespeare and Company bookstore, and Ernest finished the last short sketches that would complete the book that Bill Bird was to publish as *in our time* (1924). These "unwritten stories," as he called them, brought together what he had learned from Gertrude Stein, James Joyce, and his journalism. Some came from direct experience; some were based on

the experience of others. Readers, then and later, were unable to tell the difference between the two types, which began the false notion that Hemingway first lived the experience and then wrote about it. All of his writing life, he insisted that his best writing was what he made up, but readers refused to believe it.

Returning to Toronto, Ernest expected to be welcomed as the *Star's* foreign correspondent. Instead, he found himself working with a new editor, who generally disliked primadonnas and particularly disliked Hemingway. No sooner did Ernest report for work than he was put on the night train to Kinston to cover the prison break of four convicts, including the bank robber Red Ryan (*Paris Years* 145-6). Two years later, while making notes for a novel, Hemingway vowed to write a picaresque novel about Ryan's escape from prison. "It will be the story of a tough kid," he said, "lucky for a long time and finally smashed by fate" (Hemingway Collection, Princeton University Library).

Although he never wrote the Red Ryan novel, his next fiction—the unpublished and unfinished "A New Slain Knight"- has a criminal breaking from custody and a central character who is a professional revolutionary with criminal tendencies *(Homecoming* 45-57). In *To Have and Have Not,* Hemingway gave us the fishing guide turned criminal in Harry Morgan who is gut- shot while killing three Cuban bank robbers. Many of his male characters live lives apart from the social norm, men without family, without homes, lonely, self-reliant men, men not so distantly related to Red Ryan.

Hemingway's first son, John Hadley Nicanor ("Bumby"), was born that October in Toronto while Ernest was returning from another out-of-town assignment. Furious with his editor, with Toronto, and with his inability to write for two masters—himself and the *Star*—Ernest quit his last full-time job in January 1924; he, Hadley, and their son returned to Paris that same month to live on her small trust fund and whatever money he could make writing. They found an inexpensive, cold-water flat above a saw mill, close to Ezra Pound's apartment and near the heart of Montparnasse. Later he would mythologize his early Paris years in *A Moveable Feast,* insisting that he and Hadley were among the very poor on

the Left Bank. The Hemingways lived and dressed cheaply by design, saving their money for summer excursions to Spain and winters in the Alps. With the exchange rate of twenty-five francs to the dollar, Hadley's reduced trust funds still produced enough for them to live with some comforts, including their son's regular nanny, who kept him during the Spanish summers.

With Ezra Pound as his mentor, Sylvia Beach as his friend, and Gertrude Stein as his surrogate mother and godmother to his son, Hemingway was as well connected as a young writer could be. Pound persuaded him to work as an unpaid assistant for Ford Madox Ford, who was then publishing the short-lived but important *transatlantic review*. From that vantage point, Ernest connected with every expatriate American writer in Paris. Through Gertrude Stein's salon, he fell in love with Cezanne's landscapes and met young painters on the rise-Juan Gris, Joan Miro, Pablo Picasso. At Sylvia Beach's bookshop and lending library, he extended his education and his circle of acquaintances: George An- theil, Adrienne Monnier, Archibald MacLeish, James Joyce.

Outwardly confidant, vibrant with energy, interested in every thing and anyone, laughing and joking among his cafe friends, young Hemingway became a featured attraction along the Americanized Left Bank of Paris. Continuously moving with his curious, slow-footed gait, he was a man on his way somewhere else, always. He was six feet tall, broad shouldered, mustached, and handsome, a man who set his own style. Whatever the activity- hunting, fishing, walking, or writing-he was intense and competitive. Whether it was the bullfights at Pamplona, the ski slopes at Schruns, or an evening at a Paris dance hall, the Hemingway experience always demanded unexpected emotional resources. Few of his male friendships lasted longer than five years, but to whatever he touched in those days he added scale and a sense of importance. Gerald Murphy said, "The lives of some of us will seem, I suppose by comparison, piddling. . . . For me, he has the violence and excess of genius."

In 1925 Hemingway's first Collection of short stories was published in America by the avant garde publisher Horace Live right, who published Sherwood

Anderson and Harold Loeb, friends of Hemingway. The collection, called *In Our Time,* used the vignettes from *in our time* as counterpoints between stories, several of which became Hemingway classics. This collection, influenced by Joyce's *Dubliners,* staked out subject matter, perfected techniques, and crystallized structures that Hemingway would mine over the next ten years. Here he introduced his sometime alter ego, Nick Adams, a young boy coming of age in northern Michigan. In the last and anchor story in the collection, "Big Two-Hearted River," almost nothing happens on the surface but palpable subsurface tensions keep the reader riveted. These stories-"Indian Camp," "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," "The End of Something," and "Three Day Blow"-were all written during the wonder year of 1924 and would eventually remake the American short story, but not immediately. Live right published only 1,100 copies of the book, which left Hemingway deeply unhappy but legally committed to the publisher by his contract, which specified that Live right had first refusal on his next three books.

In the early summer of 1925 Hemingway met the inventor of the flapper and the high priest of the Jazz Age, F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose novel, *The Great Gatsby,* had been recently published. Fitzgerald, at the height of his powers, was already a great admirer of Hemingway's writing, having recommended him to his editor at Scribner's, Max Perkins, on the basis of the *in our time* vignettes. Delayed by wrong addresses and the transatlantic mails, Perkins's letter to Hemingway arrived after he had accepted the Live right contract. Determined to move Hemingway to Scribner's, Fitzgerald probably planted the idea that if Hemingway wrote a book that Liveright could not accept, his contract would be broken. That summer of 1925, after a conflicted feria at Pamplona, Hemingway wrote the first draft of *The Sun Also Rises,* which he finished in Paris that fall, but did not submit to Live right. Instead he quickly wrote *The Torrents of Spring,* a literary satire that made fun of Sherwood Anderson's *Dark Laughter,* recently published by Live right. When Horace Live right received *Torrents,* he understood what Hemingway was trying to do; he also was aware of Fitzgerald's meddling and the novel Hemingway had not submitted. Early in 1926 Hemingway confronted Live right in

his New York office, insisting that *Torrents* was a serious book that Live right must publish to get *The Sun Also Rises.* Unable to afford to offend Anderson, Liveright declined, freeing Hemingway to sign with Scribner's, who published *Torrents* that May, followed in October by *The Sun Also Rises,* which Hemingway called the pig Perkins bought in the poke.

Thus began Hemingway's lifelong relationship with Charles Scribner's Sons publishing house and his relationship with Max Perkins, whose tolerance and diplomacy Ernest would sorely test over the years until Max's death in 1947. The breakthrough novel, *The Sun Abo Rises* (1926), was followed by a second collection of stories, *Men without Women* (1927), which contained two stories-''Hills Like White Elephants" and "The Killers"-that were soon anthologized in numerous collections and college textbooks, ever widening Hemingway's dedicated audience. The collection also pushed into taboo subject matter, which Hemingway explored obliquely, never naming the thing itself. "Hills Like White Elephants" was about abortion, although the word is never mentioned. His subject matter-a fixed championship boxing match, a homosexual proposition, contract killers, divorce, and a disturbed war veteran-challenged the mores of mainstream fiction and continued his lifelong insistence that there were no taboo words, no forbidden subjects. But it would not be until after his death in 1961 that the works of Henry Miller, for example, could be printed in the United States.

Between 1924 and 1927 Hemingway rose from an undiscovered writer known only to the expatriate Paris crowd to become one of the most promising young writers of his generation. This newfound success was not without its costs. In April 1927 Hadley divorced him, allowing him to marry Pauline Pfeiffer (May 10, 1927), with whom he had begun an affair more than a year earlier. In his divorce settlement, he gave Hadley rights to all of the income from *The* Sun Also *Rises.* Fortuitously, Pauline brought with her a substantial trust fund that for the next thirteen years provided Hemingway with the means to live beyond his means.

The first substantial return on this investment was Hemingway's first bestseller, *A Farewell to Arms* (1929), the story of an American ambulance driver

and a British nurse brought together during the tumult of World War One. Destined to become the premier American war novel from that debacle, the story of Frederic Henry's wounding, Catherine Barkley's unwedded pregnancy, the Italian disaster at Caporetto, the lovers' desertion of duty, and Catherine's death in childbirth spoke to Americas rejection of the war and its own political isolation during the 1920s. Because *The Sim Also Rises* was a roman a clef, readers assumed that A *Farewell to Arms* was another installment in Hemingway's thinly veiled autobiography. It would be almost half a century before anyone would notice that Hemingway was not in Italy during the Italian retreat from Caporetto (*Hemingway's First War).*

The Key West Years: 1930-1939

In 1928 Ernest and Pauline returned briefly to America for the caesarean birth of his second son, Patrick. During this visit, they discovered the then-isolated pleasures of Key West fishing and Wyoming dude ranches. After spending most of 1929 in and out of their Paris apartment, the Hemingways in 1930 moved back to Key West, where Ernest began writing his *vade mecum* and explanation of the bullfight, *Death in the Afternoon* (1932). On November 1, 1930, while driving John Dos Passos from their Wyoming hunting trip into Billings, Montana, to catch the east- bound train, Hemingway, confused by the lights of an approaching car, swerved sharply on a newly graveled road, ending up in the bar-ditch with his right arm badly broken. The surgeon repaired the compound spiral fracture, binding Hemingway's humerus together with kangaroo tendon. For the next seven weeks, he was hospitalized in a great deal of pain. When Pauline arrived, she brought him books, answered his mail, and slept in the room with him, keeping his spirits from sinking lower. It was almost a full year before Hemingway's right arm returned to something like normal and the damaged nerves in his writing hand repaired themselves.

During his seven-week hospital stay in Billings, the sale of the film rights to *A Farewell to Arms* brought him a $24,000 windfall. During the Great Depression, the Hemingways were supported by Pauline's trust fund, gifts from her wealthy uncle Augustus Pfeiffer, who paid for their home in Key West and their African safari, and by income from Hemingway's writing. For the last thirty years of his life, that income was richly supplemented first by Hollywood and later by television. During his lifetime, the film sales from five of his novels and numerous short stories gave him an independence enjoyed by few American writers.

While the American economy wallowed in the worst economic depression of modern times, Hemingway experimented freely with genre, voice, and subject matter, going ten years before writing anything like a traditional novel. *Death in the Afternoon,* with its multiple voices, its stories within the narrative, and its factual framework, was a book before its time; unclassifiable, it was and remains largely ignored as a text by Hemingway critics but is pilfered freely for its pithy quotes. This non-fictive, natural history of the bullfight was, in fact, the sort of book that Hemingway's early interests in the natural world had prepared him to write. Hemingway, like many another American writer, was troubled by the idea of writing fiction, whose very definition included the sense of telling lies. Despite his insistence that he invented stories that told truths, he was never completely comfortable as a fictionalist only and preferred to write in several different modes and genres, which he did despite Scribner’s appetite for his novels.

In 1933 Hemingway published his third collection of short stories, *Winner Take Nothing,* which was even more abrasive to the prevailing American moral view of itself. When two young boys walk into the train station in “Light of the World," they are confronted by five whores and a homosexual cook, with whom anyone can “interfere.” In “God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen,” we read a Christmas Day story in which a young boy emasculates himself with a razor to avoid sins against purity. Other stories involved homosexuality, insanity, suicide, nihilism, and veneral disease. In the anchor story, “Fathers and Sons,” Nick Adams, now a father, finds he is no more capable of speaking truthfully to his son

than was his own father ‘a generation earlier. To a reading public mired in the economic woes of the Depression, this collection of stories offered no significant hope and no exit.

Winner Take Nothing was followed two years later by Hemingway’s semi-nonfictional account of his 1933 African safari, *Green Hills of Africa* (1935). Mixing humor, flashbacks, literary pontification, and self-exposure with his fable on aesthetics, Hemingway once again wrote outside the reception range of the critics. In 1936 he published his most experimental short story, “The Snows of Kilimanjaro,” which contained a collection of vignettes similar to those of *in our time* embedded in a larger story. Written in tandem with what was to become his most popular short story- "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber”- Hemingway presented, among other things, two contrasting views of American men and women.

During this period (1933-1936) Hemingway was also writing a series of personal essays, called “Letters,” for the newly founded *Esquire* magazine. This forum allowed him to create a public persona that became as well known as that of many movie stars. His subject matter was himself in situ: Africa, the Gulf Stream, Paris, Spain, Cuba, Key West, wherever his interests took him. The voice was personal and frequently humorous, combative, or prophetic. In September 1935 he warned his audience about the next war, which he said would begin within two years. In September 1937 he was in Madrid reporting on the Spanish Civil War.

That October, Hemingway was on the cover of *Time* magazine, and his last experimental work from the Key West years, *To Have and Have Not,* was published to tepid reviews. What had begun as two stories about Harry Morgan, a Key West fishing guide and rum runner, expanded in the planning stage to be a complex novel comparing a Cuban revolution with a parallel revolution in Spain. The book he intended to write was abandoned, the revolutions reduced to a whisper, and the remainder cobbled together as well as he could.

The author was under self-imposed pressure to reach the newly begun Spanish Civil War, as well as pressure to find a safe haven for his recently begun

affair with the twenty-nine-year-old Martha Gellhorn. With Pauline confined to Key West with their two sons, Patrick and Gregory, -what safer place to conduct a love affair than Madrid under seige. The immediate results were his journalistic coverage of the war for the North American News Alliance and the short-lived *Ken* magazine; a film, *The Spanish Earth,* to which he contributed narrative; and his only play, *The Fifth Column* (1938), in which the counterintelligence agent Philip Rawlings says that the world is in for fifty years of undeclared wars and that he has signed up for the duration.

In February 1939, with his marriage to Pauline over in all but name, Hemingway took his fishing boat, the *Pilar,* to Havana, Cuba, where he took his favorite room in the Hotel Ambos Mundos and began writing what would be received as his finest novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* In April, Martha Gellhorn rented and made habitable property outside of Havana, La Finca Vigia, where she and Ernest set up their writers' workshop. Ernest worked steadily on his Spanish Civil War story of the American dynamiter Robert Jordan and his epic task of destroying the bridge behind Republican lines, a story he earlier intended to use in *To Have and Have Not.* Martha, who had seen almost as much of Spain as Ernest, wisely chose to write instead about her recent stay in Prague as it prepared to face the approaching Nazi invasion.

On December 24, 1939, Hemingway left his empty Key West house for the last time as Pauline's husband. Taking with him eight hundred books and his personal belongings, including several paintings by Miro, Leger, and Juan Gris, he moved permanently into La Finca, his penultimate residence. In Europe, Hitler's blitzkrieg had overrun Poland; the war Hemingway had predicted had begun, but America was not yet a part of it. That March, Martha's new novel, dedicated to Ernest, was published as *A Stricken Field,* the title taken from a pseudo-medieval quote written for her by Hemingway. That same month, *The Fifth Column,* rewritten for the stage, opened in New York with mixed reviews.

By the end of July 1940 Hemingway delivered his completed typescript of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to Max Perkins. On October 21 the novel appeared to

ecstatic reviews; four days later Paramount Pictures offered Ernest $100,000 for the film rights. On November 4 Pauline's divorce suit against her husband on grounds of desertion was granted, leaving Ernest free to marry Martha Gellhorn on November 21. By the end of 1940 German troops occupied a fallen Paris; Japanese troops were in Hong Kong. The Battle for Britain had begun, and German submarines were turning the North Atlantic into a shooting gallery. On the homefront, Roosevelt had been reelected to an unprecedented third presidential term, and Scott Fitzgerald was dead from a heart attack. Just as the roar of the 1920s was put out by the Great Depression, the economic moaning of the 1930s was silenced by what we would call the Second World War.

While the last two decades of Hemingways life produced seven volumes of fiction and nonfiction, these years remain the murkiest and the least understood by his literary biographers. The first five years of this period were subsumed by Hemingway's various war efforts. Cuba, ruled by the dictator Batista, was a haven for spies and intelligence agencies of every stripe. When Germany declared war on the United States following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941, German submarines operated freely up and down the Atlantic coast and throughout the Caribbean, sinking freighters and oil tankers at will.

All that summer of 1942, while Ernest was rearranging the contents and writing the introduction for *Men at War,* the war was close at hand, but he had no way to go to it. Too old for the draft, too controversial for the government, and too far from Key West, he had few options. In April the U.S. Marines at Bataan surrendered to the Japanese army, the worst U.S. military humiliation since the Sioux destroyed Custer. In May the German plan of Admiral Doennitz, Operation Drumbeat, began its attack on the American pipeline of war materiel flowing to England and Russia. Knowing how crucial oil, gasoline, and aviation fuel were to fighting a war, the German U-boat commanders focused on three refining centers: Aruba in the Caribbean and New Orleans and Houston in the Gulf of Mexico. Knowing that without bauxite, there was no aluminum, and without aluminum, no

airplanes, the German raiders also centered on the British and Dutch Guianas, which then produced most of the ore in the western hemisphere.

The evening of February 16 was calm and warm at the entrance to Lake Maracaibo, where Venezuelan crude oil came across the bar in shallow draft tankers to be refined at Aruba. At the Lago refinery on Aruba, the graveyard shift came to work with the nightlights fully lit and flare gas burning. Each month this refinery, the world's largest, was producing 7 million barrels of gasoline, aviation fuel, and lubricants, most of which was going to support the British war effort. At 1:30 in a coordinated attack, German U-boats turned seven tankers into burning hulks, shelled the refinery with surface guns, and left without a scratch on their gray hulls. Observing the smoking ruins the next morning, the Chinese crews refused to sail without protection, forcing the refinery to shut down and Lake Maracaibo oil production to stop, having no more storage space. Nineteen ships went down that month in the Caribbean; nineteen more the next month; eleven in April; thirty-eight in May. Between February and November 1942, almost twice as many ships were sunk in this confined area than were sunk on the North Atlantic convoy routes. By the end of November 1942, 263 were on the bottom of the Caribbean Sea.[2]

While tankers were going down all around the island of Cuba, the new American ambassador, Spruille Braden, became worried about the loyalties of the 300,000 Spanish residents of Cuba, as many as 10 percent of whom were thought to be dedicated Falangists and therefore potential sources of aid to the Nazi cause. Until the FBI could find the right men for the Havana station, Braden recruited Hemingway to organize a makeshift intelligence service, an assignment that Ernest accepted enthusiastically. As Braden remembered it, Hemingway

enlisted a bizarre combination of Spaniards: some bar tenders; a few wharf rats; some down-at-heel pelota players and former bullfighters; two Basque priests; assorted exiled counts and dukes; several Loyalists and Francistas. He built up an excellent organization and did an A-One job.[3]

Although Martha and others thought the “Crook Factory" something of a joke, Ambassador Braden thought Ernest's reports on the activities of Spanish Falangists in Cuba significant enough to include them almost verbatim in several long reports to the State Department.[4] The crucial diplomatic question was what would Cuba do if Franco's Spain joined the Axis in the war, a very real possibility given the German-Italian support of Franco's successful rebellion. In October 1942 Spruille Braden's cogent review of the Cuban situation documented the Spanish Embassy's clandestine support of the Falange, which was generating Axis rumors and propaganda. There was also the strong possibility that the Falangists were gathering information on military installations, communicating with and refueling German U-boats, and planning and executing “attempts at sabotage." Despite being outlawed by the Cuban government, the pro-Nazi Falange was both active and dangerous to American interests.[5]

Ernest's long-standing fascination with spies and counterspies was, for this brief period, completely in synch with prevalent American war fears. We were a nation on edge, expecting the worst. When crude sound detection gear picked up what seemed to be two flights of unidentified aircraft, the entire San Francisco Bay area was blacked out all the way to Sacramento for almost an hour. When Jacob Steinberg's lights failed on the Williamsburg Bridge, he made the mistake of stopping his truck. Unable to fix them, he continued on toward his Brooklyn home, never hearing the warning whistle from the soldier on guard duty at the bridge. Jacob did hear the five warning slots, however, one of which flattened a tire, another almost hitting him. In Indiana the Civilian Defense Headquarters was asked by a county official, “Would it be possible to have a bomb dropped in our county to have the people realize this country is at war?” He was told, “We're saving all bombs for Tokyo.”[6] On June 13 the fears became a reality when a Nazi U-boat landed four saboteurs on the south shore of Long Island. Four days later another group of German agents was put ashore close to Jacksonville, Florida. On June 27 J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, called a late evening news conference to announce that all eight agents were under arrest, their caches of explosives

recovered, and the safety of the nation for the moment assured. Their objectives, he said, were the bridges leading into Manhattan, three major aluminum plants, the New York City water supply, the hydroelectric plant at Niagara Falls, and key rail centers. Shortly after noon on August 7, six of the eighth German agents were executed in a portable electric chair installed at the District of Columbia jail.[7] By the time the saboteurs were dead, 250 enemy aliens, many of them naturalized American citizens, were in jail, charged with various subversive goals, most particularly blowing up the Pennsylvania Railroad's horseshoe curve outside of Altoona.[8] And the British-Honduran businessman suspected of refueling German U-boats in the Caribbean and smuggling spies into the Panama Canal Zone was arrested by the U.S. Navy at sea.[9]

With its large international population, its critical location, and its long history of revolutionary activity, Cuba was not immune to the war fears on the mainland. In April the *Havana Post* reported that "almost fifty German, Italians and Japanese were rounded up and arrested in a swift and simultaneous action by agents of the Enemy Activities Section of the Cuban Bureau of Investigation . . . [charged with] espionage and other illicit activities on behalf of the Axis powers . . . most of those arrested are on the U.S. blacklist/' Among those arrested were several associated with the German spy ring at Nuevitas, "from which port several freighters have departed during recent weeks and been later sunk by enemy subs off the Cuban coast.[10] On July 14, as Hemingway's "Crook Factory" was being formed, the FBI sent Raymond Leddy to the Havana embassy as an attache to replace the FBI agent who could not "tell fact from rumor/'[11]

By the first of May the submarine threat was so intense in the Gulf of Mexico that all shipping was stopped along the north coast of Cuba until convoys could be established.[12] Seventeen days later, a further order came down: "Movements are stopped between Gulf or Caribbean ports and U.S. Atlantic Coast . . . and from Gulf and Caribbean ports to east coast of South America."[13] In those first eight months of 1942, when attack ships and planes were few and their crews inexperienced with new electronic gear, U-boat commanders were earning Iron

Crosses on every trip west. Although Havana and other Cuban ports did not contribute to the tanker traffic, the island, which barricaded a major section of the Gulf, had primary shipping lanes on all sides. In June and July of 1942, more than thirty ships were torpedoed within easy reach of the Cuban coast. Cuba was no longer an American protectorate, and the coming of war put its neutrality in a precarious position, which quickly resolved in its own best interests by declaring war against the Axis powers and cooperating with the U.S. anti-submarine efforts. Small tent outposts were established quickly on remote islands and keys off the north coast to support Sykorzky seaplanes and to act as supply bases when Anti-Submarine Warfare cutters were in the area. By mid-April Army Air Force planes using bases in Cuba were patrolling the Yucatan and Old Bahama Channels by day and later by night.

Initially undermanned and out-planned, the United States did what Americans have always done best: it improvised solutions with whatever materials were at hand. Less than a month into the war, the Coast Guard began organizing East Coast yachtsmen and small boat owners into auxiliary units. Larger private sail and motor driven ships were "rented" at a dollar a year for submarine patrols in coastal waters.[14] In late June, with shipping being sunk at unsustainable rates, the navy took desperate measures:

Washington, June 27 (AP)—In a move to put a great fleet of small boats into the war against submarines off the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, the navy called today for all owners of seagoing craft to volunteer their services of themselves and their vessels. . . . Approximately 1,200 small boats are in such service now . . . [and] it is hoped that upward of 1,000 additional small boats for offshore navigation may be added to the auxiliary. . . . Boats found to be qualified will be equipped with radio, armament and suitable anti-submarine devices as rapidly as possible.[15]

In July the recruitment for the auxiliary patrol was intensified. Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox issued a call for "patriotic yachtsmen and small-boat owners" to

come to the aid of their country, offering them the opportunity which they have been so earnestly seeking: to serve their country and combat its enemies in the sea-going manner for which their experience fits them. . . . These boats are needed right now—not only for . . . Harbor Patrol duties but for actual offensive operations against enemy submarines.[6]

By the time Secretary Knox issued his plea, Ernest Hemingway's private war against the U-boats was well under way.

From his reading about Q-Ships, as they were called in World War One, Ernest saw immediately the possibilities for the auxiliary force the U.S. Navy was recruiting. If a small and secretly armed ship could lure a German submarine to the surface, it might be able to get in the first shot, crippling the raider.[17] Early in the war, German submarines operating in the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico were, in fact, liable to attack on the surface, using their deck guns to conserve torpedoes. The long range Type-XY U-boat common in the Gulf was formidably armed for surface combat: a primary 105-mm. deck gun, a 37-mm. auxiliary gun, and two 20-mm. machine guns.[18] On May 2 Ernest read in the local paper of a running battle between a lightly armed tanker and a U-boat off the north coast of Cuba. Attacking on the surface with its deck gun, the submarine sank the tanker after a two-hour exchange of fire.[19]

While his "Crook Factory" continued to collect counterintelligence on Falangists and German nationals in Cuba, Hemingway was busy outfitting the *Pilar* as an armed patrol boat. On November 2, 1942, Hemingway reported to Colonel Boyden at the U.S. Embassy that he and his crew were prepared to leave for a shake- down cruise no later than November 11, providing all the “materials" required arrived in time. The pirate-black hull and newly painted dark green deck of the *Pilar* were being taken out of the water for anti-fouling paint and a new stern bearing, but in four days it would be ready for outfitting. It was vital, Hemingway said, that the training exercises with guns, grenades, and satchel charges be

6 . Lewis, Robert W. *Hemingway in Italy and Other Essays.* New York: Praeger, 1990.

conducted in an area to the east of Havana if their first armed patrol was going to be along the West Coast.[20] On November 20 Hemingway; Winston Guest; Gregorio Fuentes, the cook and most experienced sailor; Pachi, the jai alai bomb thrower; and two other Cubans passed under the battlements guarding Havana harbor, moved out into the Gulf Stream, and turned eastward on their first patrol. For the next twelve months, the *Pilar* conducted several patrols, mostly in the Old Bahama Channel on Cuba's eastern edge. Although never able to attack a sub, Hemingway's crew performed needed patrol duties, including checking inlets, bays, and unhabited islands for signs of German activity.

Drinking heavily and arguing with Martha whenever he was in port, Hemingway was suffering through the longest hiatus he had ever experienced in his writing career. Since finishing *For Whom the Bell Tolls* thirty months earlier, he had written nothing but an introduction for *Men at War* (1942). During this same period, Martha had published a short story collection, *The Heart of Another* (1941), and begun her next novel, *Liana* (1944), which she finished in June 1943. All that year and into 1944, Hemingway stayed in Cuba, where he returned to his self-appointed submarine patrols and wrote nothing. At the end of 1943 Martha left the Finca to cover the European war for *Collier's* magazine; she urged her husband to come with her. He brooded alone at the Finca, where his typewriter continued to gather dust until 1945. At the peak of his career, the foremost American male novelist went six years without writing any new fiction. Only later would he recognize this hiatus as the onset of the severe depression that would eventually destroy Hemingway just as it destroyed his father before him. By this point, the Hemingway-Gellhorn marriage was finished in all but name. In April 1944 Ernest signed on as a war correspondent for *Collier's,* displacing Martha; by the end of May, he had met Mary Welsh Monks, his fourth wife to be, and Martha had closed the door behind her.

Between June and December 1944 Hemingway covered the European war with manic energy, deliberately putting himself in dangerous situations. On D-Day, June 6, rather than observe the Normandy landing from the relative safety of the

correspondents' ship, Hemingway went aboard a landing craft to get a closer view. The result was his essay, "Voyage to Victory," which
remains vintage Hemingway:

I saw a ragged shell hole through the steel plates forward of her pilothouse where an 88-mm. German shell had punched through. Blood was dripping from the shiny edges of the hole into the sea with each roll of the LCI. Her rails and hull had been befouled by seasick men, and her dead were laid forward of her pilothouse. *(By-Line* 351)

At the end of that month, he flew twice on Royal Air Force missions intercepting German rockets headed for England. In July he was attached briefly to George Patton s Third Army before transferring to Colonel Charles "Buck" Lanham's Twenty-Second Division of the Fourth Army. By August, when *Collier's* published "London Fights the Robots," Hemingway was leading a small group of French irregulars and unattached GIs toward the liberation of Paris and the Ritz Bar.

In and out of Paris all that fall, Hemingway alternated between the battlefields of France and the bedroom of the Ritz Hotel, where his affair with Mary Welsh Monks was proceeding as well as the war effort. When he was not sick with colds and sore throats or suffering with recurring headaches from a severe concussion he sustained in London, Hemingway was by turns brave, gentle, obsessive, foolhardy, loving, and brutal: a man surfing along the edge of his manic drive. That fall *Collier's* published his two essays, "Battle for Paris" and "How We Came to Paris." On October 8 a U.S. Army court-martial cleared Hemingway of conduct forbidden to correspondents as non-combatants, conduct like carrying weapons, shooting Germans, and behaving like a field officer. Under oath, Hemingway lied about his field activities prior to the liberation of Paris, lies for which he suffered deep remorse (Hemingway Collection, Kennedy Library).

On November 15, 1944, Hemingway rejoined Lanham's Twenty-Second Division for nineteen days of the bloodiest fighting he or anyone else saw during the war. On the German- Belgium border, in rolling, thickly forested hills cut by muddy logging roads, the German defense had prepared thick bunkers, thousands of mines, and heavy artillery zeroed in on all crossroads. In snow and winter mud, both sides suffered incredible casualties under the worst conditions. It was here that Hemingway

verifiably killed a German soldier who was charging across the clearing toward Lanham's command post. Attack and counterattack finally left 33,000 American troops killed, wounded, or missing in the action they called Hurtgenwald. That Hemingway survived this battle was more a matter of chance than of caution on his part (Hemingway Collection Kennedy Library).

Sick, weary, his speech slurred from concussion, and his memory temporarily damaged, Hemingway had seen enough of the war. He returned to New York and then to Cuba, where Mary Welsh Monks joined him in May. The following month Hemingway wrecked his car, cutting Mary's face while breaking four of his ribs and reinjuring his head. That summer of 1945, as the war on both fronts came to an end, Hemingway began putting his writing life back together, working on what he said would be his "trilogy." In September he filed an uncontested suit for divorce from Martha on the grounds of her desertion. In November a $112,000 sale of movie rights to two short stories provided him the financial freedom to write without pressure to publish. Through the remainder[7] of his life, sales to Hollywood and to the fledgling television industry kept him financially secure.

On March 14, 1946, Ernest and Mary Welsh, both recently divorced from other mates, were married in Havana. By mid-June he claimed to have finished 1,000 pages on a new novel; by December he said it was 1,200 pages but would not be finished for several months. For the first seven months of 1947 Hemingway

[7] Gajdusek, Robert E. *Hemingway in His Own Country.* Notre Dame, Ind.: University of Notre Dame Press, 2002.

remained in Cuba, writing steadily through March. On June 17 Max Perkins died suddenly in New York; in August, Hemingway, morose, overweight, and ears buzzing, was diagnosed with high blood pressure. From this point to his death, he was to fight a holding action against hypertension, diabetes, depression, paranoia, and perhaps hemochromatosis—many of the same problems that led to his father's suicide and would, years later, lead to his younger brother's suicide.

The Hemingways spent that fall and winter of 1947, as they frequently would, hunting game birds in and around Ketchum, Idaho. Returning to Cuba in February, Hemingway continued writing on what may have become *Islands in the Stream*. Because the bulk of his work during these later years was unpublished by the author, and because he seems to have been working simultaneously on what we later received as discrete texts that he saw as a trilogy *(Islands, Garden of Eden, A Moveable Feast),* nothing definitive can yet be said about this period's texts. It is, however, becoming increasingly evident that these three posthumous texts, mixing fact and fiction, engage thematically the role of the artist in modern times and have at their core, for good or ill, the experience of Paris in the 1920s. It was to be a trilogy unlike any other, bringing to closure the experiments begun in Paris twenty-five years earlier. Because these posthumous publications were edited by three different editors, one of whom's credentials included knowing nothing about Hemingway, neither the general reader nor most scholars yet have access to the texts as Hemingway wrote them.

From September 1948 through April 1949 Ernest and Mary lived in northern Italy, principally Venice and Cortina, and visited sites from Hemingway's first war. Nostalgic returns to previously good places became a feature of Hemingway's later years—Italy, Pamplona, Africa, Paris-—and each return was less than happy. In Italy, between duck hunting in the Venetian marshes and skiing in the Dolomites, Hemingway met and became infatuated with an eighteen-year-old Venetian beauty, Adriana Ivancich. Mary tolerated her husband's behavior with what grace she could manage. In January, Mary broke her leg skiing, and in March, Hemingway's eye, infected with erysipelas, put him in the Padua hospital.

Before they returned to Cuba at the end of April, Hemingway had begun the story of a Venetian duck hunt.

For six months at the Finca, Hemingway, having put aside his trilogy, used the duck-hunt story as a framing device for a novel—*Across the River and Into the Trees.* Aaron Hotchner, acting as Hemingway's sounding board and agent, negotiated an $85,000 price for the novel's serial rights. Hemingway took Mary, Hotchner, and the manuscript back to Paris, where he finished the story in a hotel room at the Ritz. Just before Christmas 1949, the group drove through the south of France, revisiting, among other places, Aigues Morte and Grau-du-Roi, where Ernest and Pauline once honeymooned. The Hemingways spent two months in Venice before returning to Paris and eventually to Cuba early in April. There Hemingway revised the book galleys for *Across the River;* in September the courtly love story of the dying American colonel and the teenage Venetian beauty received overwhelmingly negative reviews. By the end of 1950 Adriana and her mother were visiting at the Finca, where Hemingway finished *Islands in the Stream* and may have begun *The Old Man and the Sea.* Mary, reduced to household drudge and the object of her husband's ridicule, wanted out of her marriage but did not act on her feelings.

Fifty-one years old, sicker than most knew, and eleven years without a successful novel, Ernest Hemingway seemed to have reached the end of his career. Would-be biographers and scholars were in general agreement that this was the end of the line. Meanwhile, in a two-month burst of writing, Hemingway completed the first draft of The *Old Man and the Sea* and returned to add Thomas Hudson's last sub chase to the *Islands* manuscript, which he declared finished in May 1951. What was looking like a banner year turned to sorrow when Grace Hall-Hemingway died at the end of June and Pauline Hemingway, after a violent phone argument with Ernest, died unexpectedly in October. These two losses were followed by Charles Scribner's mortal heart attack in February 1952.

Each of these deaths diminished Hemingway's reserves but contributed to his art in ways that a writer can feel but not explain, refueling what seemed to be

exhausted supplies. No matter how much'-he claimed to have hated his mother, he was ever the dutiful son, caring for her financially, writing occasionally, and telephoning her regularly. At the heart of him, he could not avoid seeing her face in his mirror. In March, he began a story, "The Last Good Country," in which the mother stoutly stands up in authority in defense of her son. Pauline's death, coming on the heels of his Grau-du-Roi revisit, took him back to the *The Garden of Eden* manuscript. Charles Scribner's death may have been the hardest of all to bear, for without him Ernest lost his last father surrogate to whom he could take his work seeking approval. At fifty-two and about to receive his greatest public adulation, Ernest Hemingway was more alone than he had ever been in his life.

Life magazine, having paid $40,000 for the serial rights, published and sold five million copies of its September 1, 1952, issue containing *The Old Man and the Sea* in its entirety. The Book of the Month Club bought the novella, and Scribner's sold out its 5G,ooo-copy first run. Critics and readers delighted in the simple, moving story of an old fisherman's losing battle with sharks over the carcass of his giant marlin. In early April 1953 the film crew arrived in Havana to begin filming Hemingway's pocket-sized epic. In May, Hemingway was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for fiction, which had been denied his *For Whom the Bell Tolls.*

In June, with a sizable advance from *Look* magazine to do a series of articles on a return safari to the Serengeti, Ernest and Mary left Havana for Europe and eventually Africa. Beginning with the Pamplona feria, Hemingway returned for the first time since 1931 to the Spanish bullfight circuit, which he and Mary followed for a month. By September they were in Kenya on safari that did not end until January 21, when Ernest treated Mary to a small-plane trip to see Africa from the air. Two days later at Murchison Falls, the plane struck a telegraph wire and crash-landed. Newspapers worldwide banner headlined Hemingway's death. Soon afterward, the Hemingway party, bruised but alive, boarded another small plane, which crashed in flames on takeoff. More death notices appeared, but Hemingway again survived, badly injured internally and with serious burns. The couple re-turned to Venice to recuperate until Ernest was ready to drive back to Spain in

May. On June 6, 1954, they departed Europe for Havana, where on October 28 Ernest received news that he had been awarded the Nobel Price for Literature, but he could not make the trip to Stockholm because of poor health.

Between 1955 and 1961 Hemingway's life alternated between ever-shortening cycles of euphoric writing and paranoia-ridden depression. His weight rose and fell alarmingly; his hypertension worsened. Medication for his blood pressure exacerbated his depressions. The public did not see his vulnerability, but close friends became increasingly concerned. Yet, when his health did not prevent him, Hemingway wrote steadily on his trilogy. *The Garden of Eden* expanded in several drafts, and he was now working alternately on *A Moveable Feast.* This pattern continued well into 1958. In January 1959, when the Batista government was brought down by the Castro revolution, Hemingway bought a house in Ketchum, Idaho, where he could safely watch the revolution for which he had a good deal of sympathy.

During the summer of 1959 Hemingway returned to Spain to cover for *Life* magazine the mano-a-mano bullfights of the young Ordonez and the veteran Dominguin. All that summer and into the fall, Hemingway's behavior became more erratic, unpredictable, and uncontrollable. His mood shifts frightened Mary and bewildered his male friends. That winter and into the next year, Hemingway worked on his contracted 10,000-word feature for *Life* magazine. By May i960 he had written 120,000 words, which he asked Hotchner to edit. *Life* paid $90,000 for the shortened version but printed only part of it.

When Hemingway insisted on returning to Spain during the summer of i960, Mary remained in New York. From Spain he wrote her plaintive letters about his fear of cracking up. That November, under the care of his Ketchum doctor, Hemingway entered the Mayo Clinic to be treated for hypertension, an enlarged liver, paranoia, and severe depression. He received extended treatments of electroshock therapy before being released on January 22, 1961. By the end of April, after two suicide attempts, he was back at Mayo for more electroshock. Discharged on June 26, he was driven back to Ketchum, where on July 2, 1961, he

brought his story to its seemingly inevitable, sad conclusion. In *Death in the Afternoon,* Hemingway's Old Lady is told that all stories, if followed far enough, end sadly, and that he is no true writer who would tell you otherwise. The words could have been put on Hemingway's tombstone.

Envoi

Ernest Hemingway took us with him to Africa, whose dark heart beats deep within his writing in ways not always obvious. He studied trout streams in several countries, studied Gulf Stream marlin, studied Spanish bulls and African game. He studied the flight of birds, the bends of rivers, and the flow of country. But what he studied first, last, and always was that strange animal, his fellow man, rampant in his natural setting. Like his mother, Ernest was an artist; like his father, he was a natural historian. Like both, he found his calling in Oak Park. But like neither parent, he was a child of the twentieth century, born too late for the frontier and too soon for outer space, leaving only that dark country within himself to explore. Despite wives, children, wars, injuries, mental and physical illness, and his strenuous life, Hemingway left, permanently embedded in our literary history, several of the finest short stories written in the twentieth century, at least three—possibly four—major novels, and a writer's life carried out on an epic scale. His influential style has, at some point, influenced most American writers of his time. That he self- destructed affirmed his humanity. That he wrote as well as he did promises his permanence.

1.3 Ernest Hemingway as representative of the American prose of his time.

Influential American writer of the 20th century famouse for his novels and short stories was born in July 21, 1899 in the town of Oak Park near Chicago in a wealthy family. He was the second of six children of doctor Edmund Clarence Hemingway and his wife Grace Ernestine Hall. His father, who was not only a good surgeon, but also an excellent hunter and fisherman, played and important role in the educating of Ernest. Every summer, Ernest lived in a father's summer cottage on Lake Vallun, where he learned fishing and hunting, learned the nature, customs and history of his native land. Along with his lather he wen! not only to hunting and fishing, but also to the Indian village, where Clarence Hemingway treated settlers free of charge. The memories of these all formed the basis for one of the first writer's short stories "In the Indian Village". When Ernest was twelve years old, his paternal grandfather, taking part in the Civil War, presented the boy the first gun in his life. And since that moment hunting and fishing were his the most favorite activities. The grandfather revealed the boy all the secrets of fishing known to no one but him.

The only educational institution that Ernest Hemingway finished in his life was a school in Oak Park. At school ages the boy was very fond of sports. He was one of the best sportsmen of the school: he played football and water polo, went in for swimming and boxing. And not less than sports, he admired literature. After finishing school, he firmly decided to become a journalist. In 1917 Ernest went to Kansas City, where he became a reporter of the newspaper "Kansas City Star'. Thanks to work as a reporter he improved his powers of observation, visual acuity; his work was a great experience he needed in further life. Besides, the environment, the level of the newspaper for which he worked, helped the future writer to get major skills of journalism. And a hundred "rules" made for newspaper "Star" reporters by the founder, largely coincided with Hemingway's understanding of creativity: "Use short sentences. Use short first paragraphs. Use vigorous English, not forgetting to strive for smoothness. Be positive, not negative

Being a mature writer Hemingway considered these rules as the best ones he had ever written in keeping with. He believed that no person who felt and wanted to write truthfully[8] would not write well if he rejected these rules.

In spring of 1918 Hemingway went to Europe: he went as a volunteer to the ltalian-JIustrian front, and stayed in the U.S. Medical Corps. Here he was badly wounded in both legs. Having operated him twelve times, one after another, doctors found on him 227 wounds, took out of his legs twenty-eight fragments. For courage and bravery Hemingway won the Italian military awards. Demobilized in January 1919 he arrived to America. There he worked as a reporter, devoting all his free time to writing, and gravitated to Europe. In 1921 he received from the Toronto editorial office suggestion to become its European correspondent and send the material on his own. Along with his wife, pianist Hadley Richardson, Hemingway went to Europe

for several years and settled in Pans.

As a correspondent, Hemingway traveled a lot, visited many countries, sending to the editorial office sketches from Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Turkey.

In December 1923, having quitted the career of journalist, Hemingway returned to Paris as a freelancer. Paris period was very bright and rich for Fmest Hemingway. He met such writers as Janies Joyce, Ezra Pound, Thomas Stearns Eliot, Gertrude Stein and Francis Scott Fitzgerald.

In 1923 in Paris his first collection, "Three Stories and Ten Poems", was published, and in 1924 his booklet "In Our Time", which contained twenty-four miniatures. The author expected these stories and miniature-epigraphs to them to create an overall image of "our time" - so tragic and troubled time. After war, in peace time, he told of those incurable injuries the recent war caused mankind. The

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8 Reynolds, Michael S. *The Sun Also Rises: A Novel of the Twenties.*
Boston: Twayne, 1988.

story collection comprised continuous autobiographical character, Nick Adams. By the book “In Our Time” Hemingway displayed himself as the author of a particular topic - anti-war and the “lost generation” - and style, marked by restraint and laconic narrative style.

In 1926 Hemingway wrote a novel “The Sun Also Rises”, which is also known as “Fiesta”. This was a story about a group of American expatriates living in Europe after the First World War. In this novel the Hemingway’s style was crystallized, it was characterized by specific “chopped" dialogues omissions or implications and absence of the author’s marks The protagonist of the novel was Jake Barnes, a

journalist and writer, which seemed internally devastated and spiritually broken off. He told his personal tragedy: he was shot and wounded in the battle and the consequences were too grave for him as for a man. To run away somehow from the memories, to get rid of dark thoughts about him, he and Brett Ashley - the woman he loved - became frequent visitors of Montmartre taverns, having fun at fiesta.

Hemingway won the world fame when wrote his novel “A Farewell to Arms” (1929). It displayed the evens at the Italian-Austrian front in 1917. The author created a striking image of life in war, oppressive melancholy of hospitals. The style of the novel was characterized by extreme restraint, “telegraphic style” [33, c.18]. But beneath the external simplicity a complex content, the world of thoughts and feelings lurked. Hemingway said that the writer had to know well of the things he wrote about, in such case he could omit much details and, if he told the truth, the reader would feel everything omitted as if it was not omjtted)"33, C.19].

Flemingway proved “the theory of the iceberg” which demanded from the writer to be able to choose the most important and most characteristic events, words and details saying that literary work seemed to him like an iceberg only the seventh part of which was seen above the level of water; the writer had to throw[7] out everything he could throw: those things would change his iceberg and all the

omitted details would fade beneath the water; but if the writer missed something he didn't know his story would have holes [23. c. 19].

In 1930 Hemingway and his wife returned to America. They bought a house in Key West, a fishing village located on the southern edge of Florida. Hemingway went in for boxing, hunting for deer, elks and quails in the states of Idaho and Wyoming, catching big fish. He ordered and equipped its own yacht "Pilllar" to go fishing by it. In 1934, along with wife, he went to Africa to his first safari - hunting big **animals.** Before leaving to Africa, he visited Spain and Paris once more, attended fiesta in Pamplona, met his Spanish friends and matadors.

In 1932 Hemingway's "Death in the Afternoon" was published - a book of sketches, dedicated to fighting bulls that gave the writer an opportunity to express love to Spain and its people, its nature, customs and arts. The next book of essays, "Green Hills of Africa" (1935) was a diary of safari, in which interesling observation of the African tribes, the fauna, descriptions of landscapes and hunting were combined with reflections of art, of literary work, of the essence of life and death.

The Hemingway's stories widely published in the early 1930's in American magazines were collected to a book called "Winner Take Nothing" (1933). The characters of the stories were the people from the lower classes of society, the people who suffered from physical and psychological injuries of uncommunicativeness. In 1936 "The Snow of Kilimanjaro" was released. It was a story about phy sical and creative destruction of a writer Harry. It outlined the problem of lost talent of a writer tempted by material prosperity. The next year the novel "To Have and Have Not" was printed. The events described in it look place in Amcrica. The main character of the work, Harry Morgan, turned a smuggler; because of poverty he stepped to the way of crime and went down the thorny way of his insight

In the summer of 1937 Hemingway met Martha Helhom, a journalist who went to Key West to take writer's interview. A few years later, having been to Spain, they returned to the States together and become and got married.

Literary work of Hemingway in the late 1930's was closely related to his participation in the antifascist struggle of Spanish people. He purchased a column of health cars and sent them to Spanish Republicans. In the spring of 1937 he arrived to Madrid. He stayed in Spain one and a half year, wrote essays "The Spanish soldier", "The Madrid Drivers", a scenario of the film "The Spanish Earth". Spanish events became the theme of his play "The Fifth Column" and the novel "For Whom the Bell Tolls". Since the early 1940's Hemingway lived in Cuba. During World War II, he took part in hostilities. In 1942-1943, by his armed yacht "Pillar", he repeatedly went out to the Caribbean Sea to hunt for German submarines. In 1944 the writer came to England, took part in the landing of American troops in Normandy and fought for the "Siegfried Line" and the liberation of Paris. During the war Hemingway worked at a book about the sea which remained unfinished and was published only in 1970. It was named "Islands in the Stream".

In London Hemingway met military correspondent Merry Welsh, they liked each other. In March 1945, Hemingway returned to America, parted with Martha Helhom and along with Mary settled near Havana, in his estate. In 1950 his new novel "Across the River and Into the frees" appeared. The protagonist of the work was colonel Richard Kentuell, fifty-year-old soldier who went through two world wars. Having turned out to be in Venice after the Second World War, he was going through his last love - love to a young beautiful countess Renate. The general tone of the story was gloomy: ill Kentuell. Iceiing the end getting near, summed up disappointing results and committed a suicide.

In 1952 Hemingway published a story "The Old Man and the Sea" for which he received the Pulitzer Prize, the highest literary award of the United States, and the Nobel Prize in 1954.

In 1950 Hemingway acquired nostalgic mood, he visited his memorable places and countries, took part in the African safari, went to bullfighting in Spain four times, and in 1956 he visited Paris. Twice he fell in plane crash. In 1957 he wrote a book about Paris in twenties, which was printed after his death, entitled "The Movable Feast".

In 1959 Hemingway and Merry settled in Ketchum, Idaho. During his last years the writer felt sick, suffered both physically and mentally. In one conversation Hemingway said that the man had no right to die in bed, he had to die in a battle or to send a bullet in his temple. In July 2. 1961. being in hard depression, he committed suicide, having shot himself with a rifle.

Hemingway's genius as an American original was evident long before he produced his novels that are today considered masterpieces of American literature. Both critics and readers have hailed his short stories as proof that a pure, true American literature was finally possible. American literature was no longer merely watered-down British reading fare. American literature had at last come into its own. Hemingway set the standard - and the writers who came after him honored his achievement.

Hemingway's style proves to be equally complex and worthy of study, as he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1954. His terse prose requires the reader to make inferences and construct meaning beyond the words on the page. This novel provides multiple opportunities to explore how a writer uses syntax and diction to create meaning and enhance his purpose. He uses understatement to follow a description of the fatigue and sickness that had struck the Italian army, underscoring his disgust and horror of the conditions that soldiers endured; he employs stream-of-consciousness to reinforce the drunken stupor that Henry finds himself in to numb the pain associated with war; and his use of dialogue forces the reader to be influenced by the speech of the characters to explore his or her own thoughts on the subject.

In short, Hemingway's stylistic influence on American writers has been enormous. The success of his plain style in expressing basic yet deeply fell emotions

contributed to the decline of the elaborate prose that characterized American writing in the early 20th century. Legions of American writers have cited Hemingway as a major influence on their own work.

It is interesting that his works remain topical; they don't lose their value for long time. We can see their reflection in modem fiction, music, painting and other spheres of human spiritual activities. His novels and short-stories are included into school and high-school study programme and actively used in the process of teaching English as they contain a lot of lexical, grammatical and stylistic patterns, interesting idioms; cultural information; philosophical thoughts and many other things helping master the language and take up the culture of the native-speakers or just to widen one's outlook.

Chapter II. Modern views in Ernest Hemingway`s novel “In another country”

2.1The Main plot of the work.

The narrator of this story, a wounded American soldier, is recuperating from his injury in Milan, Italy. He receives treatments delivered by machines each afternoon at the hospital. His doctor seems overly optimistic. "You are a fortunate young man," he tells the narrator, promising the soldier that his injured knee and leg will recover well enough for him to play football again.

The physician's prognosis for another patient, an Italian major receiving treatment for a shriveled hand, is also dubious. The officer was once a renowned fencer and is now angry and bitter. His invalid condition and the recent death of his young wife from pneumonia have sapped his will. He professes no faith in the machines treating his hand injury and does not believe in bravery.

Injury fosters camaraderie and the narrator socializes with four other young men undergoing treatment at the hospital. The narrator admits his injury was not the result of heroic action but merely an accident. The medals he received were undeserved. Life may be a series of random events but some people have it worse than others. The only certainty in the lives of these characters is the fact that "the war was always there."

Loss, failure, and ruin permeate this brief story. Many of the characters grapple with a loss of function, a loss of purpose, and a loss of faith. It appears contagious. Two characters lose the normal use of a limb—the narrator (leg) and the major (hand). Almost all the characters in the story are portrayed as casualties of some sort. Detachment, disability, and fear of death are pervasive. For the soldiers, courage is not just facing enemy fire on the front line but also picking up the pieces of their damaged lives and facing the prospect of tomorrow. War, it seems, is forever.

The title of then novel is interesting. At first glance, "In Another Country," refers to the fact that the American narrator is indeed in a foreign land—Italy. Yet he is also a visitor to another realm— the "country" of the sick and injured. And maybe World War I is the ultimate other country—a setting that defines nations or destroys them and has the potential to erase people, ideology, and the future. Does the doctor featured in the story truly believe that his patients will recover from their injuries or is he merely accustomed to dispensing hope in much the same way he might dole out aspirin? The likelihood that the machines will heal the soldiers is debatable. Do these gadgets prefigure modem technology or are they another reminder of how dependent upon machines both war and medicine really are?

The novel was first published in 1927. Ernest Hemingway participated in World War injured in Italy and received medals for courage. The "In another country" ***novel*** written by Ernest Hemingway presents some sequences of events known as PLOT. The story has some series of such event, including *exposition*, *rising action*, *turning point (climax)*, *falling action,* and *conclusion.*

The **exposition** introduces characters, situation, and, usually time and place. Time begins in the first line of the first paragraph and is represented in three words "in the fall", the place is Milan, and the characters *unnamed* person who is could be referred to the author, the doctor, three boys, and a major who is his friend.

Second part of the plot is the **rising action** which persuades readers to complicate the situation or a conflict or introduces new ones. The conflict presented is **social conflict.** The first event is the meeting between the main actor and the doctor in very old hospital where doctors make miraculous machine to heal the main actor. That initial conflicts continued when the protagonist walked alongside the soldiers who were hated by townspeople because they are officers. *"The people hated us because we were officers".* The next event is soldiers admire to his medals then they heard a claim from protagonist that he is an American. The story then continued with a dialogue between the main character and the major. The major was in angry; telling him should never marry, it is only a way to set up for hurt.

The turning point or climax of Ernest Hemingways' in another country, it is later revealed that the major's wife had suddenly and unexpectedly died.

"I am utterly unable to resign myself, " he said and choked. And then crying, his head up looking at nothing, carrying himself straight and soldierly, with tears on both cheeks and biting his lips, he walked past the machines and out the door, it is the fourth part of the story, **the falling action.**

The novel ends in the fifth part, **the conclusion:** sad ending. The major is depicted as far more grievously wounded, with a hand withered to the size of a baby's hand, and Hemingway memorably describes the withered hand being manipulated by a machine which the major dismisses as a "damn thing." But the major seems even more deeply wounded by the loss of his wife. *"The photographs did not make much difference to the major because he only looked out of the window."*

The point at which a story ends is also a sensitive and meaningful aspects of its structure. A typical

beginning - first (in the fall) or first **discriminated occasion** (the first encounter of an unnamed

person with a doctor) destabilizes the history: something happens that changes the ordinary life of one or more characters and set off a new course of event, which constitute the story.

According to the whole paragraphs, the Ernest Hemingway's ***In Another Country*** has a closed plot which consists of five parts; *exposition, rising action, turning point* or *climax, falling action,* and ended with *the conclusion.*

The author delivered the desire to know what is happening or has happened which is described as **curiosity.**

When you read the story, you will probably have framed yourself several possible answers. It may be the reason that Ernest begins how and where he does, getting you engaged in the story, read on.

Trying to regain use of a knee that was wounded during World War I, Nick is in an Italian hospital for therapy, riding a kind of tricycle that his doctor promises will keep the muscles elastic. Nick is dubious of the machine and the therapy, as is a friend of his, an Italian major who is also undergoing therapy with a machine that exercises his hand that was injured in an industrial accident.

Four other young men, Italian soldiers, are also using therapy machines, and they brag about the medals that they've received for their valor in battle. In contrast, the major never brags about his own bravery. He is deeply depressed and finally reveals to Nick that his young wife has just died.

As noted elsewhere, the Nick Adams stories were not published in chronological order, paralleling Nick Adams' maturing from a small boy to a mature adult. This story, for instance, appeared in the 1927 issue of Scribner's magazine, some two to four years after "Indian Camp," the first of the Nick Adams stories to appear. Here, the narrator is unnamed, and early critics didn't associate this narrator with Nick Adams, but subsequent critics agree that the main character is indeed the Nick Adams of the other stories, the Nick Adams who will go to the Big Two-Hearted River to fish and forget his war experiences and try to heal his physical and psychological wounds.

When the story was first published, many readers were puzzled about what this story was about. Later critics have even wondered if this is the major's story or the narrator's story. Read within the context of the other Nick Adams stories, this question is easily solved. "In Another Country" is, of course, a Nick Adams story. From the other stories, we realize that Nick Adams is honest, virile, and, more important, a person of extreme sensitivity. By observing the particular state of mind of the young narrator at the beginning of the story, we see that what happens to the major makes a tremendous impact on the young, wounded soldier.

The narrator's sensitivity is keenly presented by the way in which he observes his surroundings. It begins with one of Hemingway's simple, perfect sentences — a sentence that could not have been written by anyone else: "In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more."

CRITICAL VIEWS OF THE MODERN WRITERS ABOUT ERNEST HEMINGWAY`S LITERARY STYLE.

Writer's style is the most-discussed topic in our literary course. What is style? There is very lol of definitions.

Professor Sainsbury suggested the following interpretation of style: "Style is the selection ami allocation of resources of language, in which some, transmitted content also plays important but minor role. The style consists of the choice of words used, further selection and arrangement of these words, the structure of sentences, which are made of these words, the location of the phrases in sentences and sentences in paragraphs. The style does not go beyond a paragraph, but inside it reaches its highest level"

According to I.R. Halperin, style is a system of interrelated language means which serves a definite aim in communication[9]. It is thus to be regarded as the product of a certain task set by the sender of the message.

In Free Online Dictionary we can also find a few notions of style. According to it. style is:

1) the way in which something is said, done, expressed, or performed;
2) the combination of distinctive features of literary or artistic expression, execution, or performance characterizing a particular person, group, school, or era;

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9 Schnitzer, Deborah. *The Pictorial in Modernist Fiction from Stephen Crane to Ernest Hemingway.* Ann Arbor, Mich.: UMI Research Press, 1988.

3) a quality of imagination and individuality expressed in one's actions and tastes

So we can sum up that in our case style is the amount of personal features of writing techniques and methods and use of them by the writer to aim the task set by him. Now let's consider the style of E. Hemingway.

Among the main characteristics of Hemingway's writing style we can admit:

1) stark minimalism in creating images;
2) strict selection of words;
3) descriptions without embellishment;
4) short declarative sentences;
5) a lot of dialogues;
6) language accessible to the common reader;
7) presence of Spanish language

Here are some examples. An excellent one is found in "A Clean Well-Lighted Place". In this story, there is no maudlin sentimentality; the plot is simple, yet highly complex and difficult. Focusing on an old man and two waiters, Hemingway says as little as possible. It was probably most influenced by his early work as a cub reporter for "The Kansas City Star". There he was forced to adhere to a stylebook for young reporters, which included the following advice: "Use short sentences. Use short first paragraphs. Use vigorous English, not forgetting to strive for smoothness. Be positive, not negative"

Perhaps some of the best of Hemingway's much-celebrated use of dialogue occurs in "Hills Like White Elephants". When the story begins, two characters - a man and a woman - are sitting at a table. We finally learn that the girl's nickname is Jig. Eventually we learn that they are in the cafe of a train station in Spain. But Hemingway tells us nothing about them - neither about their past nor about their future. There is no description of them. "In Our Time", like all of Hemingway's writing, uses simple, declarative sentences with little or no description of emotion.

This spare, carefully honed and polished writing style of Hemingway was by no means spontaneous. When he worked as a journalist, he learned to report facts

crisply and succinctly. He was also an obsessive revisionist. It was reported that he wrote and rewrote all, or portions, of “The Old Man and the Sea” more than two hundred times before he was ready to release it for publication.

When Hemingway was awarded the Nobel Prize in literature in 1954, his writing style was singled out as one of his foremost achievements. The committee recognized his "forceful and style-making mastery of the art of modern narration”

To many readers, the essential characteristic of the Hemingway’s style is simplicity and accuracy of word choice. That description, while accurate, can be deceptive.

“Simplicity” is not the same thing as short, grammatically simple sentences. “Precision of word choice” does not mean an abundance of unusual words in order to achieve precision. And Hemingway’s style cannot so easily be explained as in his own often quoted advice to write the story and then remove the adjectives and adverbs.

At the conclusion of “For Whom the Bell Tolls”, you will have a distinct picture of the places, the objects and people in the story. If you diagrammed or sketched them, they might be somewhat different from another reader’s mental picture. This distinctness gives the reader the feeling of being there. Beyond question this effect is achieved by a heavy use of nouns and verbs. If there is an object in the scene he is relating. Hemingway will mention it. If a character moves, Hemingway will mention it.

Hemingway’s economical writing style often seems simple and almost childlike, but his method is calculated and used to achieve complex effect. In his writing Hemingway provided detached descriptions of action, using simple nouns and verbs to capture scenes precisely. By doing so he avoided describing his characters’ emotions and thoughts directly. Instead, he provided the reader with the raw material of an experience and eliminated the authorial viewpoint. Hemingway made the reading of a text approximate the actual experience as closely as possible. Hemingway was also deeply concerned with authenticity in writing. He believed that a writer could treat a subject honestly only if the writer had participated in or

observed the subject closely. Without such knowledge the writer's work would be flawed because the reader would feel the author's lack of expertise. In addition, Hemingway believed that an author writing about a familiar subject is able to write sparingly and eliminate a great deal of superfluous detail from the piece without sacrificing the voice of authority

The success of his plain style in expressing basic, yet deeply felt emotions contributed to the decline of the elaborate Victorian-era prose that characterized a great deal of American writing in the early 20th century. In contrast, a complex style uses long, elaborate sentences that contain many ideas and descriptions. The writer uses lyrical passages to create the desired mood in the reader, whether it is one of joy, sadness, confusion, or any other emotion. For example, American author Henry James uses a complex style to great effect in novels such as "The Wings of the Dove" (1902): "The two ladies who, in advance of the Swiss season, had been warned that their design was unconsidered, that the passes would not be clear, nor the air mild, nor the inns open - the two ladies who, characteristically had braved a good deal of possibly interested remonstrance were finding themselves, as their adventure turned out, wonderfully sustained"

At the beginning of his writing career in the 1920s, Hemingway's writing style occasioned a great deal of comment and controversy. Earlier works relied more heavily on colloquial dialogue to communicate action and rarely included lengthy descriptive passages. Basically, a typical Hemingway's novel or short story is written in simple, direct, unadorned prose. Possibly, the style developed because of his early journalistic training. The reality, however, is this: before Hemingway began publishing his short stories and sketches, American writers affected British mannerisms. Adjectives piled on top of one another: adverbs tripped over each other. Colons clogged the flow of even short paragraphs, and the plethora of semicolons often caused readers to throw up their hands in exasperation. And then came Hemingway.

One of the greatest writing techniques of the writer was "the principle of iceberg", only eighth part of which could be seen above the level of water, and the

rest seven parts were hidden beneath the water. The novelist believed that that was the way the writer had to create his works: he had not to say everything: most of the content had to be embedded in the subtext Poetics of Hemingway is characterized by a lot of hints and omissions. He described only the facts, but it was easy to reveal complex psychological processes, emotional drama of characters they contained deep inside. Avoiding detailed descriptions, copyright explanations, "self-revelation" of characters, he turned a lot of stories to short dramatic scenes, having as little author's explanations as dramatic remarks had. Words were indifferent and neutral; they often helped not reveal, but hide thoughts and experiences. When a man felt very bad, when pain strangled him, he spoke about some not important things - about food, traveling, weather, sports. The internal tension was seen only in the intonation, in broken syntax, in the matters of pauses, in perverse automatic-like repetition of the same phrase. Only in moments of high emotional tension the hidden things broke outside by some word or gesture. Hemingway was considered as the master of selection and deliberate sequence of facts. He gravitated to the expression and laconism, focusing on the details that brought in a great emotional stress. Thanks to his skill in using hints, he reached maximum expression of a detail. Such detail allowed the author not only to display some fact or phenomenon, but also to convey the inner pathos of the narrative. Realistic symbols strengthened the sound of lyrical works, gave them a philosophical polysemy.

It is true that Hemingway often leaves the adjectives and adverbs to the reader. The resulting effect is all become more vivid and memorable. An excellent example is the description of the sights and smells both inside and outside the cave, at the opening of Chapter 5 of "For Whom the Bell Tolls": "Robert Jordan pushed aside the saddle blanket that hung over the mouth of the cave and, stepping out, took a deep breath of the cold night air. The mist had cleared away and the stars were out. There was no wind, and, outside now of the warm air of the cave, heavy with smoke of both tobacco and charcoal, with the odor of cooked rice and meat, saffron, pimentos, and oil, the tarry, wine-spilled smell of the big skin hung beside

the door, hung by the neck and the four legs extended, wine drawn from a plug fitted in one leg, wine that spilled a little onto the earth of the floor, settling the dust smell; out now from the odors of different herbs whose names he did not know that hung in bunches from the ceiling, with long ropes of garlic.

Hemingway's words are essentially just words like any other words, but the way he stirs them together is his own unique formula, a stylistic recipe that no other writer can recreate. There are sentences that only Hemingway could get away with because we know that Hemingway wrote them. Take this short sentence from "For Whom the Bell Tolls": "He was dead and that was all" This is and always will be a Hemingway's sentence.

Much has been made of Hemingway's dialogue, through which you get the feeling of being at the scene. Yet when the dialogue is transferred to the motion picture screen, directors should be careful to keep it from sounding stilted and formal, because its effectiveness does not depend on reproducing the cxact words (including the "uh's" and "er's") that people utter in real life. Hemingway also doesn't often punctuate his dialogue with italics, capital letters, ellipses, and exclamation points to suggest emphasis. The effectiveness lies in stating with utmost simplicity the heart of what the characters mean.

Hemingway has often been described as a master of dialogue, in story after story, novel alter novel, readers and critics have remarked: "This is the way that these characters would really talk" Yet,
a close examination[10] of his dialogue reveals that this is rarely the way people really speak. The effect is accomplished, rather, by calculated emphasis and repetition that makes us remember what has been said.

Hemingway is a master of dialogue. It's not so much that he is recreating precisely how individuals speak, but through his brilliant use of repetition, he is able to make the reader remember what has been said.

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10 Sarason , Bertram D., ed. *Hemingway and the Sun Set.* Washington, D.C.: NCR Microcard Editions, 1972.

Both Hemingway's actual Spanish and his attempt to render the flavor of Spanish in English have been criticized as frequently inaccurate by people who know Spanish better than he did. An exiled loyalist commander, Gustavo Duran, read the manuscript of "For Whom the Bell foils" before it was published and was critical of Hemingway's Spanish, although impressed by the story A more contemporary Spanish critic has called the language abstract when it should be concrete (to properly mirror real Spanish) and solemn when it should be simple.

Talking about speech of his Spanish characters, stylistic features peculiar to "For Whom the Bell Tolls" should be noted. They concern Hemingway's deliberate attempt to reproduce in English the flavor of the Spanish language. Spanish (like other languages) preserves a special second-person singular pronoun and related verb form such as English formerly had (thou, thy, thee). This form is used in speaking to another person in a familiar manner. Hemingway uses the antiquated English form to better approximate the speech of his Spanish characters. Readers differ in their reactions to this device. Some find it awkward and distracting. Others find that it begins to sound natural after a while. You'll recognize other English sentences that display strange word order or style, such as "That this thing of the bridge may succeed" This kind of construction is also an attempt to capture the flavor of the Spanish language.

Hemingway also tries to convey the extremely physical and earthy - often crude - dialogue of Spanish peasants (particularly when they are upset with each other). Today, when there is very little censorship in the publishing industry, there would be no problem in printing the exact English equivalent of what Hemingway wanted his Spanish characters to say. But in 1940 there was a problem in using obscenities. So one of Hemingway's solutions was simply to quote the original Spanish word or phrase, ft's then up to the reader to check with a Spanish-English dictionary to learn how crudely someone has insulted someone else.

2.3 ERNEST HEMINGWAY`S CONTRIBUTION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE.

The style of every great new writer is a fully incomprehensible, an inexplicable, a disconcerting phenomenon. It is nothing short of a miracle. The world is seen as it was never seen before. It stands in a new light. Thus the world itself becomes new. It is transformed under the creative gaze which perceives it and by perceiving it reforms it. Every great new writer reveals the world anew.

It is always like Columbus and the egg. You say to yourself, after you have grown familiar with the new revelation: 'Of course, that is the way it is; you must tell the tale precisely that way. My God, why haven't we always done it that way?' With Hemingway we feel this particularly strongly. The reason is that his manner is as simple and understandable as it is original. Of course, you think, how else could you describe this mysterious life? This way you grasp its very kernel. This way you banish its sorrow and, with sorrow, its pleasure. Now it is simple, But this extraordinary American had to come to show us how.

He appears to grasp life in its externals. Yet in almost every line he penetrates its hidden center. He usually passes over feelings in silence in order to present the most trivial facts. It often seems to us like a retreat to naturalism, and is really a step further 'In Another Country' where important secrets dwell. He describes how someone orders a whisky and soda, drinks it and pays; how someone requests his hotel bill at the front desk; chats with the bartender about the weather. With a reticence which I have never yet found in any other writer, with such consistency and persistence, he conceals the mystery that lies behind external symbols. The most factual statements lie like trapdoors over depths which plunge God knows where.

In order to put this epic technique, which has a thorough and therefore a sophisticated artlessness, more or less into its literary setting, you might say that it lies somewhere between the impressionism of Herman Bang, saturated as that is with sadness, and the laconic mysticism of Franz Kafka. Only, in contrast to Bang's, Hemingway's melancholy is thoroughly *male.* It is so extreme that

occasionally it can almost have the effect of toughness. It is concealed, while that of Bang, with all its purity, is overt. A detailed comparison with Kafka seems inappropriate. Nonetheless, I believe it is justified. Though the two differ fundamentally, they have something decisive in common: Ae'Teticent, mysterious veiling of the heart; reserve, economy, withdrawal, which scarcely impinges, where others would blatantly intrude. Of course, there remains decisive in Kafka the element of Jewish piety. It gives to his whole world the mystical dignity of an unapproachable secret kingdom, where everything stands joined in an hierarchic order of worship. An ambiguous, special sense dwells deep in everything. Hemingway is an Anglo-Saxon, and hence is more relaxed, more worldly. He is no secret priest but remains an American boy, albeit one with knowing eyes. He is not without religion—no intellect of real quality could be so—rather he is primitive in religious matters without feeling for arcane mysteries of worship. In 'A Farewell to Arms' an experienced old nobleman says to the young officer who insists that he is without religion: 'But you love. Don't forget, that is a religious feeling.

Hemingway feels—he is American—the mystery of this world; he does not concern himself with the other. The *mysterium* is itself immanent in the phenomenon of life, and in its most trivial facts too. One has no need to export it to the other world. Because no one knows why, for what purpose, and how long he is here, there remains one fundamental feeling in all living creatures: *anxiety.* This fundamental feeling has daemonic power in Hemingway's books. *The creature fears,* for it does not know whether it will receive a curse or a blessing.

In the midst of a conversation, in the midst of a lovers' chat: anxiety. I recall the love scene in 'A Farewell to Arms'; it is raining, and suddenly the woman is afraid of this pouring rain: an atavistic reaction, primal anxiety. She could just as well fear time, which races by. This element of anxiety, of the most profound terror of life, is after all another bond between Hemingway and Kafka. Behind all the lives devised by Kafka stands inexplicable, deeply veiled, merciless, ice cold and pedantic, like a machine toiling with deadly accuracy— the curse, the law court, that determines every man's activity down to the tiniest detail.

In Hemingway, too, one is always conscious only of a curse a priori, never of being ensnared in guilt. To be alive is to be guilty. *Why* is the man in 'The Sun Also Rises' mutilated? *Why* does the beloved Catherine die? In many passages in 'Men Without Women' this terror before fate is condensed into a horror of the breathtaking sort that is also found only in Edgar Allan Poe. On the other hand, as I have already implied, we ought not to include Hemingway among those writers for whom the horror of life forms and determines everything. His cynicism is a very healthy protection. Life is frightening, but we know nothing more beautiful.

The great attraction which Hemingway exercises upon the most fastidious young Europeans probably lies in his mingling of fresh vitality and mystery. He preserves the powerful feeling of a young American, while his soul seems experienced and at home in other regions, the most remote ones. Mere complexity, abstract mysticism, discourage and exhaust us easily: likewise mere strength. His robust complexity, his vital melancholy fascinate.

That this puzzling, simple life deserves to be loved is a foregone conclusion. Somebody asks: 'Do you value life?' The other: 'Yes.' 'I too because it is all I have.' Whoever loves life in this way, so unconditionally, so uncritically, with such pious cynicism, loves death equally: simply because it, even more than life, is all, all, all that we have.

At the moment [1931] there are three books by Hemingway available in German: 'The Sun Also Rises, Men Without Women' and 'A Farewell to Arms.'

The Sun Also Rises' takes place partly in Paris, partly in Spain. In a small group of bohemian Americans there is a wonderful, eccentric lady, called Brett. There is continual drunkenness in the book, punctuated with expert descriptions of fishing and bullfighting. The whole book has a particular dry briskness; one might say a sportive liveliness. From where does the sorrow which fills the book come?

The man who narrates the story loves the woman called Brett. Because of a wound the man is impotent. Brett loves him; but she cannot be his. So her vitality is a little despairing; her sexual excesses seem forced. Behind the bits of

conversation casually tossed away, lies the grief of a hopeless love. This grief is the secret of the novel The Sun Also Rises.'

One could say a great deal about Hemingway's female characters. They have a very special magic. It is a fresh yet melancholy charm, of the sort that only Anglo-Saxon women of good breeding possess. Brett of 'The Sun Also Rises' and Catherine of 'A Farewell to Arms' are of the same family. They are both cheerful, energetic, and heroic, and have an aristocratic and courageous toughness. When everything goes dreadfully wrong, they insist: 'I feel perfectly wonderful, darling.' Brett is more extravagant than Catherine; this comes above all from the milieu in which she lives. Catherine, whom we meet as a nurse, and who wears her uniform while making love, would probably in Montparnasse be as easy-going and as fond of alcohol as Brett; and she would remain just as perfect a lady as Brett does in the most dangerous situations. In order not to do Brett an injustice one ought never to forget that Catherine loves successfully, while she, in the nature of things, has a hopeless love. Death ends Catherine's bliss. Brett must take as a surrogate for happiness the handsome young bullfighter. Naturally that cannot turn out well. Brett is unsatisfied and therefore a bit hysterical. Catherine is satisfied and a bit sentimental. Both have a wonderful neatness: extreme reserve and extreme devotion at the same time.

Men Without Women' is Hemingway's most concentrated book. It is also his toughest. Women scarcely appear in it. In stories which are often no more than bits of conversations whole lives are captured: the tragedy of the morphine addict, the tragedy of the wounded man who cannot sleep, of the ageing boxer, of the bullfighter. The anecdotal technique often recalls de Maupassant, but everything is at once harder and more profound. One will also think of Bang's 'Exzentrische Novellen,' and not only in regard to the subject matter. Several of Bang's unforgettable circus stories could also be in 'Men Without Women,' if stripped of any sentimentality.

Take one of the shortest pieces, like An Alpine Idyll or A Simple Enquiry. They are masterpieces, so much life is compressed into them. They are distilled

life, every word is loaded with fate. The essence tastes bitter but magnificently strong.

Hemingway will never surpass this volume of stories. Even in ‘A Farewell to Arms’ he did not surpass it. This book that bids farewell to arms is no ordinary war-novel. War is the background for a love-story, a background, of course, whose shadow darkens the idyll and pitilessly determines its progress and its end.

Henry’s love for Catherine blooms slowly and expands to great magnificence. Catherine dies; she seems to die with the same meaninglessness with which the young American must flee from the country for which he has fought as a volunteer.

I am reluctant to speak of the scene which describes the death of the gallant and sweet Catherine as a literary matter. I have the irn,mediate feeling that I have shared in it myself. We have lived a piece of life. The woman who stood in the center of this life must now die.

The young American has fled with the woman he loves to Switzerland. The young American lay wounded in Milan; she cared for him. He returned to the front; he deserted during the retreat; he was to be arrested and shot. He escapes; he finds his love again; she is expecting his child; she dies in childbirth. While she struggles against death, Henry stands outside and prays: ‘But what if she should die? She can’t die.’ But God has no mercy.

No contemporary writer could portray the scene of Catherine’s death as well as Hemingway. With its tense reserve about what happens within and with its uncanny exactitude about what happens outside, it is uniquely characteristic; and it is the most shattering passage that he has written. We sense at the end a really physical sympathy that chokes us up, when the woman, whom till then the ether has spared the most horrible pain, cries: ‘It doesn’t work any more. It doesn’t work!’ No one but Hemingway would have omitted the farewell to the dead woman with such grim toughness. No mention ot' tears. The narrator concludes factually: ‘I walked back to the hotel in the rain.’ This sentence is his lament for the dead. Behind this sentence sorrow opens like an abyss.

I could say more about Ernest Hemingway, who came to Europe from America; who tramped through France, Spain, Italy, who went trout fishing and was a taxi-driver in Paris. (4) He is the type to whom we can say ‘Yes’ as we can to very few writers. He has the best American qualities contained with our own virtues. One ought not to say that he is a Europeanized American. He has remained too profoundly and essentially American for that. He is a typical American but with the inner experiences of a European. He sees this world with the freshness of his youthful race and at the same time with the slyness of our old one. I should like him to be read more than anyone else. He is an outstanding poet of our time.

Ernest Hemingway wrote a novel called ‘The Sun Also Rises.’ Promptly upon its publication. Ernest Hemingway was discovered, the Stars and Stripes were reverentially raised over him, eight hundred and forty-seven book reviewers formed themselves into the word ‘welcome,’ and the band played ‘Hail to the Chief (1) in three concurrent keys. All of which, I should think, might have made Ernest Hemingway pretty reasonably sick.

For, a year or so before ‘The Sun Also Rises,’ he had published ‘In Our Time,’ a collection of short pieces. The book caused about as much stir in literary circles as an incompleted dogfight on upper Riverside Drive. True, there were a few that went about quick and stirred with admiration for this clean, exciting prose, but most of the reviewers dismissed the volume with a tolerant smile and the word ‘stark. It was Mr. Mencken who slapped it down with ‘sketches in the bold, bad manner of the Cafe du Dome, and the smaller boys, in their manner, took similar pokes at it. Well, you see, Emest Hemingway was a young American living on the left bank of the Seine in Paris, France; he had been seen at the Dome and the Rotonde and the Select and the Closerie des Lilas. He knew Pound, Joyce and Gertrude Stein. There is something a little— well, a little you-know—in all of those things. You wouldn’t catch Bruce Barton or Mary Roberts Rinehart (2) doing them. No, sir.

And besides, ‘In Our Time’ was a book of short stories. That’s no way to start off. People don’t like that; they feel cheated. Any bookseller will be glad to

tell you, in his interesting argot, that ‘short stories don’t go.’ People take up a book of short stories and say, ‘Oh, what’s this? Just a lot those short things?’ and put it right down again. Only yesterday afternoon, at four o’clock sharp, I saw And heard a woman do that to Ernest Hemingway’s new book, ‘Men Without Women.’ She had been one or those most excited about his novel.

Literature, it appears, is here measured by a yard-stick. As soon as ‘The Sun Also Rises’ came out, Ernest Hemingway was the white-haired boy. He was praised, adored, analyzed, best-sold, argued about, and banned in Boston; (3) all the trimmings were accorded him. People got into feuds about whether or not his story was worth the telling. (You see this silver scar left by a bullet, right up here under my hair? I got that the night I said that any well-told story was worth the telling. An eighth of an inch nearer the temple, and I wouldn’t be sitting here doing this sort of tripe.) They affirmed, and passionately, that the dissolute expatriates in this novel of ‘a lost generation’ were not worth bothering about; and then they devoted most of their time to discussing them. There was a time, and it went on for weeks, when you could go nowhere without hearing of ‘The Sun Also Rises.’ Some thought it without excuse; and some, they of the cool, tall foreheads, called it the greatest American novel, tossing ‘Huckleberry Finn and ‘The Scarlet Letter’ lightly out the window. They hated it or they revered it. I may say, with due respect to Mr. Hemingway, that I was never so sick of a book in my life.

Now ‘The Sun Also Rises’ was as ‘starkly’ written as Mr. Hemingway’s short stories; it dealt with subjects as ‘unpleasant.’ Why it should have been taken to the slightly damp bosom of the public while the (as it seems to me) superb ‘In Our Time’ should have been disregarded will always be a puzzle to me. As I see it —I knew this conversation would get back to me sooner or later, preferably sooner—Mr. Hemingway’s style, this prose stripped to its firm young bones, is far more effective, far more moving, in the short story than in the novel. He is, to me, the greatest living writer of short stories; he is, also to me, not the greatest living novelist.

After all the high screaming about ‘The Sun Also Rises,’ I feared for Mr. Hemingway’s next book. You know how it is—as soon as they all start acclaiming a writer, that writer is just about to slip downward. The littler critics circle like literary buzzards above only the sick ‘ions.

So it is a warm gratification to find the new Hemingway book, ‘Men Without Women,’ a truly magnificent work. It is composed of thirteen (4) short stories, most of which have been published before. They are sad and terrible stories; the author’s enormous appetite for life seems to have been somehow appeased. You find here little of that peaceful ecstasy that marked the camping trip in ‘The Sun Also Rises’ and the lone fisherman’s days in Big Two-Hearted River, in ‘In Our Time.’ The stories include The Killers, which seems to me one of the four great American short stories. (All you have to do is drop the nearest hat, and I’ll tell you what I think the others are. They are Wilbur Daniel Steele’s Blue Murder, Sherwood Anderson’s I’m a Fool, and Ring Lardner’s Some Like Them Cold, that story which seems to me as shrewd a picture of every woman at some time as is Chekhov’s The Darling. Now what do *you* like best?) The book also includes Fifty Grand, In Another Country, and the delicate and tragic Hills Like White Elephants. I do not know where a greater collection of stories can be found.
Ford Madox Ford has said of this author, ‘Hemingway writes like an angel.’ I take issue (there is nothing better for that morning headache than taking a little issue). Hemingway writes like a human being. I think it is impossible for him to write of any event at which he has not been present; his is, then, a repertorial talent, just as Sinclair Lewis’s is. But, or so I think, Lewis remains a reporter, and Hemingway stands a genius because Hemingway has an unerring sense of selection. He discards details with a magnificent lavishness; he keeps his words to their short path. His is, as any reader knows, a dangerous influence. The simple thing he does looks so easy to do. But look at the boys who try to do it. Of course, the most important aspect of the posthumous life of a writer is that his work should live: that it should survive and endure, as Hemingway’s at its best has done and will

continue to do. But this, though it is the most important, is only one aspect of living posthumously.[11]

There is also the life of the legend that thrives after a writer's death, especially if he has already been 'a legend in his own lifetime'—like Hemingway, a more glamorous figure than merely a writer. Posthumously, the legend is kept alive by a flow of gossip and the production of memoirs (whether adulatory or derogatory hardly matters) from friends, relatives, rivals, and hangers-on, until in time the legend comes to loom as large as, if not larger than, the work itself. (It is my own conviction that the single most powerful factor operating against a true appreciation of Hemingway the artist is the quasimythic, all too public and publicized figure of 'Papa Hemingway,' self-created by Dr. Hemingstein and brought to its apogee, or nadir, by A.E.Hotchner.)

Finally there are the posthumous publications, the most immediate evidence of a continuing life—those gatherings of a previously published but uncollected work (in Hemingway's case his journalism and his stories of the Spanish Civil War) or manuscripts the writer left behind, finished and awaiting publication, or in a fragmentary state, or finished and put aside with dissatisfaction. So it is that now, some ten years after his death, we have yet another 'new' book with the name Ernest Hemingway on the title page, which brings together some of his classic achievements in the short story, along with a story (one of his earliest) and parts of stories and episodic fragments of a novel—all being published for the first time. Even if one has faults to find with the enterprise, as 1 do, for anyone who is an admirer of Hemingway, as 1 am, it must count as an event, though a considerably lesser one than either 'A Moveable Feast' or 'Islands in the Stream.'

A Moveable Feast,' his memoir of Paris in the 1920s, and an important addition to the Hemingway canon, was the first of the posthumous publications (1964). It posed no editorial problems or uncertainties for the reader. This was a manuscript that the author had completed and prepared for publication, even

[11] Lee, A. Robert, ed. *Ernest Hemingway: New Critical Essays.* Totowa, NJ: Barnes & Noble, 1983

including a preface, and Mrs. Hemingway supplied an admirable, brief, informative Note that told all one needed to know about the composition of the book. It might have served her as a model for any further posthumous works over which she has presided: 'Ernest started writing this book in Cuba in the autumn of 1957, worked on it in Ketchum, Idaho, in the winter of 1958-59, took it with him to Spain when we went there in April, 1959, and brought it back with him to Cuba and then to Ketchum late that fall. He finished the book in the spring of 1960 in Cuba, after having put it aside to write another book, "The Dangerous Summer," about the violent rivalry between Antonio Ordonez and Luis Miguel Dominguin in the bull rings of Spain in 1959. He made some revisions of this book in the fall in 1960 in Ketchum. It concerns the years 1921 to 1926 in Paris.' For 'Islands in the Stream,' the novel published in 1970, Mrs. Hemingway's Note was a good deal less satisfactory: 'Charles Scribner, Jr., and I worked together preparing this book for publication from Ernest's original manuscript. Beyond the routine chores of correcting spelling and punctuation, we made some cuts in the manuscript, I feeling that Ernest would surely have made them himself. The book is all Ernest's. We have added nothing to it.' But even if one grants that Mrs. Hemingway's and her husband's critical judgment precisely coincided, it would have been illuminating to know what the 'cuts in the manuscript' were and where they occurred. In one sense, then, the book is truly 'all Ernest's'; in another, it is not. (Ultimately, I suppose, we may expect an annotated, complete 'Islands in the Stream,' much as we have had the final version of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover,' then the first version, and now, coming out this summer, the ***second*** version.)

For 'The Nick Adams Stories' Mrs. Hemingway offers no Note at all; instead there is a modest preface by Philip Young, helpful in its biographic details, but unpersuasive in its argument. The book is a collection of all the stories in which the character Nick Adams (conventionally, but too simply taken as the author's ***alter ego)*** plays a role, however slight. (Indeed, in at least one of the stories, told in the first person, he is not even named, so that it might well be someone else's history.) The stories are arranged chronologically, not as they were

written, but as the events they describe occur. To Mr. Young these ‘events of Nick’s life make up a meaningful narrative in which a memorable character grows from child to adolescent to soldier, veteran, writer, and parent—a sequence closely paralleling the events of Hemingway's own life.’ In short, some of the most masterly short stories written by an American in this century are made to serve as chapters in a shadow fictional autobiography or autobiographical novel, just as the same material was made the basis for a dreadful movie of the early 1960s called ‘Hemingway’s Adventures of a Young Man.’

There is, I feel, a serious misconception at work here: to believe that a short story and a chapter in a novel are essentially the same, that a succession of stories about a character make him more ‘meaningful,’ more ‘memorable,’ more ‘understandable.’ But a novel is not a story: the method of the novelist is very different from that of the short-story writer. A story, to the degree that it succeeds as a work of art, contains within itself all that we need to know aesthetically, though I will grant that this may not be the case if one chooses to read it as a document in the author’s biography.

Mr. Young asks us to consider ‘the trouble with Big Two-Hearted River. Placed where it was—at the end of “In Our Time,” the first collection—it puzzled a good many readers. Placed where it goes chronologically, following the stories of World War I, its submerged tensions—the impression that Nick is exorcising some nameless anxiety—become perfectly understandable.’ But surely, it is the sense of some ‘nameless anxiety’ that haunts the story and gives it its extraordinary depth and poetry. Literalism may be crucial to the journalist; it can-suffocate the artist; and Hemingway, perhaps it needs to be said again, was one of the most conscious of artists. He knew what he was about in writing his stories; he was a master of omission and suggestion, of cadence and epithet. The secret of his art, or one of its secrets, is its appearance of giving more in fact than it does. And indeed, one wants no more from the self-contained story: we leave it with a sense of its absolute rightness. Would we alter by so much as a centimeter our admiration for Joyce’s

The Dead, for example, if it were preceded by a succession of episodes from the early life of Gabriel Conroy?

As I have suggested, the assumptions upon which the collection is based strike me as altogether wrongheaded. But this is not to deny the pleasure one is afforded by reacquainting oneself with one marvel after another. That matchless opening of In Another Country:

In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more. It was cold in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant along the streets looking in the windows. There was much game hanging outside the shops, and the snow powdered in the fur of the foxes and the wind blew their tails. The deer hung stiff and heavy and empty and small birds blew in the wind and the wind turned their feathers. It was a cold fall and the wind came down from the mountains.

I have no idea how many more posthumous Hemingway books we can look forward to. (The new stories in the present collection, set in italics to distinguish them from the ones already published, are recognizably lesser or apprentice work. It is quite obvious that the author knew this himself and put them aside, which is not to say that it was ill advised to bring them to light.) One volume that is sorely needed, and that would testify perfectly to the enduring life of Hemingway's art, is a complete Collected Stories, carefully edited, that would bring together all the published stories, arranged chronologically as written, and in a separate group, perhaps as an appendix, the stories that he chose not to publish in his lifetime. No doubt the arguments concerning Hemingway's 'place' will continue for years to come; but the existence of such a volume as 1 have proposed would reaffirm, whatever the dispute over degree, a true master.

CONCLUSION.

Investigating the life and activity of Ernest Hemingway I have come to such conclusion that he was one of the outstanding novelist short story writer and journalist. His understandable strong influence on 20th century fiction. His life of adventure and his public image influenced later generation he got Nobel Prize in literature in 1954. He published seven novels, six short story collections and three non-fiction works. Many of his works are considered classics of American literature. Many biographies and fundamental studies of Hemingway's literary activity published both in the U.S.A and in our country his Wartime experiences formed basic for his novel:

A Farewell to arms was written in 1929

The Sun also rises in 1926

"The* old man and the Sea" was written in 1952

"Death in the afternoon" was written in 1932

In the works of local and American literature Hemingway's works are put . into the context of American and world literature development the writer's posthumously published works are not included here. It can be found in such books as "Literary History of the USA" (1988) "American literature of the Twentieth Century" (1984). "Modem American novel"

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In his novel "In another country" Hemingway described wounded soldier named Nick Adams a character Hemingway made to represent himself. He had an injured knee and visits a hospital dayly for rehabilitation. There the "machines" are used to speed the healing, with the doc|op making much of the miraculous new technology. Wounded Soldier Nick Adam introduced with major whose wife suddenly and unexpectedly died. The major seems even more deeply wounded by the loss of his

wife. Over all Hemingway's idea about a wounded soldier highlights the effects of war on our humanit seientific novelty of the work Ernest Hemingway's works are true to life in literature.

The practical value of the work is that this material is directed to be used in English and special course classes as a .help in teaching English thanks to which not only study english lexis pupils and grammarbut also take up the literature of English - speaking countries.

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