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THE THEME OF MATURATION IN THE
EARLY FICTION OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
AND ERNEST HEMINGWAY

by
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ABSTRACT

The theme of maturation is a central one in the early work of both F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. This thesis examines this theme in Hemingway's first two novels, The Sun Also Rises and A Farewell to Arms as well as selected early stories, particularly those concerning Nick Adams. Similarly, Fitzgerald's first two novels are examined, This Side of Paradise and The Beautiful and Damned with some attention given to some selected short stories.

The thesis attempts to offer some reasons for the recurrence of this theme in the works; to compare Hemingway's and Fitzgerald's distinctive treatment of the theme, and finally to propose some conclusions concerning the nature of the early fiction of both authors with respect to the theme of the hero's maturation.

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INTRODUCTION

When discussing American Literature of the 1920's no two names occur more frequently than those of Ernest Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald. Both have been characterized as "representative" of their age, Hemingway the chronicler of the "lost generation" and Fitzgerald, of course, the prophet of the "Jazz Age". Both spokesmen for their time, they have nonetheless been associated with dissimilar kinds of human experience; as Philip Rahv points out, "F. Scott Fitzgerald (experienced) the glamour and sadness of the very rich, Hemingway death and virile sports."¹ Like any generalization Rahv's comment does not do justice to either man, but it does illustrate the commonly held view that the work of each author was totally distinctive in terms of subject matter. Yet the apparent dissimilarity in their work is at least partially deceptive because it obscures a significant common theme: the young man's search for knowledge and truth.

Despite the enormous differences in their lives, Hemingway and Fitzgerald shared similar backgrounds, geographically, socially and economically. Hemingway was born in Oak Park, Illinois in 1899, Fitzgerald in St. Paul

three years before, into middle-class families which held common views on the importance of religious beliefs, material success, stability, respectability, good manners and courtesy. Both boys attended good highschools that reinforced community standards, but in 1917 when they terminated their academic careers -- Hemingway finishing highschool, and Fitzgerald leaving Princeton -- contemporary life had changed dramatically; no longer did the Victorian ideals that so dominated their youth go unquestioned.

The war had severely damaged all belief in pre-war standards of morality, in middle-class conventions and traditions, and had all but destroyed the nineteenth-century myth of progress and improvement. The war made traditional morality seem unacceptable and inadequate, and the new generation had no interest in revitalizing obsolete standards; rather it sought new standards, new ways of living were more attuned to the realities of a post-war world. As Hoffman writes, "The 1920's were marked by a disrespect for traditions and an eager wish to try out any new suggestions regarding the nature of man -- his personal beliefs, convictions or way to salvation."² Disillusioned with the traditional sources of popular morality and truth, such as church and government, the new writers embarked upon a highly personal search for knowledge and meaning.

Hemingway and Fitzgerald have emerged as the spokesmen for this period, as the premier examples of this

individual quest for meaning. Sharing a strong suspicion of intellectual abstractions and accepted values, both Hemingway and Fitzgerald turned inward rather than outward, looking to their own experience as a source of meaning. In their personal liberation from social taboos and conventions, these writers, as Rahv points out, found that, "Experience served them as the concrete medium for the testing and creation of values ..."³ Naturally then, the similarities and particularly the differences in their fiction result not only from their distinctive talent and temperament, but in the dissimilar nature of their experience. Both writers were inextricably tied to their experience: Hemingway in his continual attempt to "put down what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experience"⁴; and Fitzgerald, as Mizener states, in that, "He wrote exclusively about himself and about what had happened to him, not because he was egotistical in the bad sense, but because what he knew best and was most deeply moved by was what happened to himself."⁵ Neither man could "fake it"; both wrote only of what they had felt truly and experienced fully; in a sense they both were simultaneously living life and writing about it. Committed to the "cult of experience," both writers created fiction from the stuff of their own lives, transforming experience, often rewriting reality into what they wanted it to be.

While they shared much in terms of experience, the crucial difference in their lives and consequently in their work was war. Hemingway's post-secondary education consisted of being blown half-apart on the Italian front line, while Fitzgerald's concerned the attainment of the Ivy League - leisure class virtues of "good taste, good manners, cleanliness, chastity, gentlemanliness (or niceness), reticence and the spirit of competition in sports."⁶ Hemingway's encounter with war, which he considered an indispensable part of any writer's experience of life, and which Fitzgerald always envied, forever regretting his own lack of war experience, was the most significant difference in their respective lives. As Hoffman correctly asserts, "The man who survives violence is often quite remarkably different from the man who has never experienced it."⁷ Hemingway's personal confrontation with death forever separated him from his past in Middle Western America. Having "died" and come back again, his view of the world and life was radically altered; from that point on he would have a totally different perspective on life, the world and the people in it. Hemingway's struggle to adapt to his trauma, his repetitive recalling of the experience of his wounding would dominate his fiction, throwing all other concerns in its shadow. Fitzgerald, having shared none of these experiences of war, would view life from an entirely

different perspective, which, of course, would then be reflected in his fiction.

Projecting their own experiences into fiction, Hemingway and Fitzgerald would naturally deal with very different themes. Expectedly, Hemingway was engrossed with violence, and particularly with violent death, in war, in bullfighting, in hunting, in life in general. Fitzgerald, rejected by the wealthy Ginevra King because of his lack of finances, and rejected for the same reason by Zelda Sayre, only to regain her through his early success, was forever fascinated by the rich. For Fitzgerald wealth was linked with "getting the top girl," with sustaining the moment of youth and beauty, and finally with tragedy and loss. For both men the central issue in life was the individual's search for meaning and maturity, but Hemingway's hero is divorced from society, isolated, independent; his is an internal battle for survival and knowledge, whereas Fitzgerald's young heroes do not completely reject society but attempt to find meaning within it.

Nevertheless the young protagonists of both writers search essentially for individual identity and the knowledge of how to live in a new world. The war like a huge explosion hits the early Hemingway heroes -- Nick Adams, Frederic Henry and Jake Barnes -- directly, and they must struggle to patch their shattered minds and bodies together in a shattered world. Fitzgerald's young protagonists --

Amory Blaine, Anthony Patch and to some extent, Jay Gatsby -- also feel these explosions, but like seismographs placed miles away, they register the shock and concussion indirectly, adapting to changes in a less radical fashion. Yet ultimately Fitzgerald and Hemingway write about the same basic theme: the maturation process, the growth from boyhood to manhood in a new and difficult time.

To assert that theirs are essentially stories and novels of "initiations" or "rites of passage" is not altogether wise. Such terms suggest a set and orderly progression into manhood, the acquisition of certain standard truths that lead to a mature grasp of life. While many of the trials and "initiations" in the works of each writer are similar, the knowledge of sex, death and alcohol to name only a few, there is no definite format evident. As Earl Rovit explains, "'initiation' and 'passage' are terms taken over from anthropological studies dealing with closed tribal systems. In such systems values are considered absolute, knowable and capable of being transmitted from one generation to another under proper conditions of incantatory sensitization."⁸ Clearly, in the twenties, values and traditions were neither absolute nor accepted, and the search, each man's personal search, was for knowledge of how to live, and perhaps about what life was ultimately about. The pre-war novel of "youth's coming of age," known in Europe as the "Entwicklungsroman," was extremely popular,

but after the war it was associated with a world in ruins and fell out of fashion.⁹ While Fitzgerald was to some extent influenced by such works in his first novel, it is much more difficult to detect any such influence in Hemingway's early work.¹⁰ Both men were essentially writing out of themselves and their own experience and were presenting in fictional form the problem of maturation in a twentieth-century world. Using their own lives as material they documented the process of growing up, of trying to find new values, new moralities, and new truths in a world that had been exposed as false, corrupt and illusory.

C H A P T E R O N E

THE THEME OF MATURATION IN THE
EARLY FICTION OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

CHAPTER ONE

To say that F. Scott Fitzgerald was interested in youth is like mentioning that Ernest Hemingway had a passing interest in bullfighting. The subject of youth was an obsession with Fitzgerald; it not only dominated his thinking and behavior, but it permeated all of his writing; sometimes youth is in the forefront overwhelming all other themes. Often, it is just below the surface, resonating subtly in a story's action and colouring the descriptions of characters and locales.

Although Fitzgerald consciously included other themes in his work, the destruction of Victorian ideals, the "meaninglessness of life," the failure of the American dream, his concern with youth, its transient beauty, its evanescence, inevitably surfaces as the dominant feature of his novels. Fitzgerald is almost like a jazz player who despite his varied and brilliant solo passages always returns, with subtle variations, to the same haunting, irrepressible melody. If many of his works seem to deal essentially with the rich and the quest for wealth, it is only because money and social position heightened youth's romance and pleasures and extended the carelessness and

irresponsibility of adolescence beyond its physical boundaries. In 1917, in a letter to his cousin, Fitzgerald stated simply, with the confidence of a very young man, "After all, life hasn't much to offer except youth and I suppose for older people the love of youth in others."¹ Although adolescently absurd, Fitzgerald's view, one to which he would adhere throughout his life, was neither whimsical nor totally idiosyncratic, but rather the result of personal, social and literary experiences which in essence shaped his mind and career.

Because of the brilliance and magnitude of his early success it seems only natural that Fitzgerald would demonstrate a consuming interest in youth, particularly in the young people of his own generation. By the age of twenty-four he had become the author of This Side of Paradise, Scribner's biggest seller of the year, exceeding fifty-thousand copies by the end of 1920. Seemingly an overnight sensation, he was the brightest, youngest literary talent in America. Not only did his Princeton background and his refined good looks make him the epitome of the college man to others, but he too considered himself a kind of unofficial spokesman for his generation. In a letter concerning an early draft of the novel, he wrote, "I really believe that no one else could have written so searchingly the story of the youth of our generation."² Born near the beginning of the century, a literary success by 1920,

Fitzgerald felt that his initiation into that decade paralleled his country's and that he was the vanguard and the prophet of the nation's youth, the poet of the Jazz Age. He seemed to share in the ubiquitous sense of dynamism and energy that marked the early twenties. Arriving in New York, the focus of America's new spirit, after his discharge from the army, he wired to Zelda " While I feel sure of your love every thing is possible I am in the land of ambition and success."³ Despite his initial lack of success in New York and his return to St. Paul to rewrite his first novel, Fitzgerald never lost touch with the prevailing mood of society. Even in retrospect, from the personal ruin of his life during The Crack-Up (1945), he maintained his view of the glittering twenties, and his position as one of its chroniclers: "The uncertainties of 1919 were over -- there seemed little doubt about what was going to happen -- America was going on the greatest, gaudiest spree in history and there was going to be plenty to tell about it."⁴ And Fitzgerald was the writer to tell it. In three novels and numerable short stories he would honestly and accurately write about the experiences of the very young, detailing what he felt was the typical behavior of his contemporaries. He described their attitudes, fads, fashions, songs and dress, endowing their restlessness and new spirit with a significance that others ignored or underestimated. The sparkling success of his youth, his

extravagance and riotous living mirrored the glamour and frenzy of the twenties and, as Richard Lehain writes, "He tried to find visible forms -- and he did not have to go very far outside of his own life -- to objectify the spirit of his times. Fitzgerald was a spokesman, and he knew it."⁵

His personal life, which always rivalled his fiction in public interest, epitomized the Jazz Age style; innumerable college proms, marriage to a beautiful southern debutante, widespread fame and sudden affluence, made Fitzgerald not only an observer of the society but an important member of it. The dual nature of his role, as Malcolm Cowley points out, allowed few other writers "the sort of understanding that Fitzgerald showed when writing about the 1920's. He combined intimacy with distance; he seemed to be standing inside and outside the period at the same time ..."⁶ Nevertheless, it was not only Fitzgerald's personal insight into the age that made his novels and stories of young men and women so popular; as is the case with most large scale phenomena, the success of Fitzgerald's youth-oriented prose was the result of a propitious confluence of several historical and social trends.

Post World War I America was undergoing momentous changes, in economics, and more importantly, in social and moral standards. The enormous shock of the First World War had seriously weakened, almost destroyed the bulwarks of pre-

war American values and standards: Puritanism was under attack, Protestantism and particularly the work-ethic were being questioned and challenged, along with big government, big business and other major institutions. This smashing of restrictions created an atmosphere in which Fitzgerald's candid descriptions of America's youth could be published and widely accepted, despite some opposition particularly from conservative critics. More importantly the entire concept of youth was gradually changing in America; no longer was youth passed over quickly and burdensome responsibilities equally quickly taken up; no longer did living mean getting a living. As Henry Dan Piper explains, "A higher standard of living, increased education and opportunities, and the impulse of European nineteenth-century romanticism (with its emphasis on the validity of youthful feeling and experience), all conspired to emancipate and glorify the idea of 'youth'."⁷ Youth, thus, became an important and meaningful experience and Fitzgerald's book exploded on the contemporary literary scene, the first novel to detail the behavior of America's youth. As Alfred Kazin said, This Side of Paradise "announced the lost generation."⁸ Fitzgerald's novel revealed the initial manifestations, however muddled and poorly expressed, of the revolutionary sentiment then prevalent among the nation's youth. The novel's hero at one point yells "My whole generation is restless," and restlessness aptly describes the ineffectual

and undirected discontent that characterized the novel, making it in Edmund Wilson's words "a gesture of indefinite revolt."⁹ Nevertheless the novel was the first "convincing chronicle of youth by youth,"¹⁰ in many ways a harbinger of the more powerful, "lost generation" novels to come. Fitzgerald had, of course, not considered these sociological trends before writing his book; the novel was largely autobiographical, an honest and accurate depiction of adolescence and youth at the opening of the decade.

This blossoming of America's youth, almost simultaneous with the opening of the century, made them representatives of the new age, a unique generation. Malcolm Cowley presents this idea clearly: "They identified themselves with the century; its teens were their teens, its world war was theirs to fight and its reckless twenties were their twenties. As they launched forward on their careers, they looked about them for spokesmen and the first they found was F. Scott Fitzgerald."¹¹

As the century matured so did this "lost generation" and Fitzgerald in writing about himself and his contemporaries naturally detailed their "coming of age," the gains and losses, the triumphs and defeats of their growth. Just as the growth of the country was linked with the growth of his generation, so Fitzgerald's characters reflected his own development and maturation. Almost all of Fitzgerald's work concerns maturation simply because his heroes inevitably

reflect the author himself, with each novel revealing a different facet of his personal development. Fitzgerald projected himself into fictional situations, making his characters forms of himself, but as he would never be in life. He writes: "Books are like brothers. I am an only child. Gatsby my imaginary eldest brother, Amory my younger, Anthony my worry, Dick my comparatively good brother, but all of them far from home."¹² Thus, as the author grew so too did his characters, each novel depicting a new character but each subtly, but almost inevitably, coming to resemble Fitzgerald as he was, as he had been, or as he hoped, or feared, he was going to be.

Naturally the earlier novels and stories depicted younger characters, men bordering on maturity, proceeding, however confusedly, from boyhood or young manhood to manhood. This Side of Paradise and to a large degree The Beautiful and Damned (1922) are important examples of the "Bildungsroman" or perhaps more accurately the "Entwicklungsroman" -- the novel of youth's coming of age, in fact they represent some of the first modern examples of this literary form in America. Neither novel originated primarily in Fitzgerald's desire to work within this genre -- although many British examples of the "Entwicklungsroman" did influence him -- but rather from his own experience and an overwhelming pre-occupation with youth. To understand Fitzgerald's work more

fully then, it becomes necessary to examine, at least briefly, his attitude to and philosophy of youth.

The passing of time was almost a palpable sensation to Fitzgerald, as if each moment that passed was a drop of vitality, of aqua vitae draining from his being. He was highly sensitive to the transitory nature of life, to the swiftness with which songs and styles and slogans appeared and faded with each passing year. Malcolm Cowley wrote: "He was haunted by time, as if he wrote in a room full of clocks and calendars."¹³ And so he did; his awareness of the transient nature of all things gave each moment a special poignancy, endowed colours, sounds, and emotions with a heightened reality. Thus life, and especially youth, was not a steady accumulation of experience and knowledge for Fitzgerald but rather a series of irreplaceable peaks of beauty and intense emotion, revelled in momentarily, and then lost forever, devoured by Time. Influenced early in his career by the poetry of John Keats, Fitzgerald adopted the romantic view of Time as an enemy. The mutability of man, the evanescence of beauty, the inevitability of decay, dissolution and death was for Fitzgerald the tragedy of life. His "romantic hopelessness" consisted in the realization that in life, as in Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale," "Youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies."¹⁴ As Richard Lehan points out, Oscar Wilde was also an important influence on the early Fitzgerald, and in The Picture of

Dorian Gray (1891), a character articulates the romantic view of life that both writers would share:

When your youth goes, your beauty will go with it, and then you will suddenly discover that there are no triumphs left for you, or have to content yourself with those mean triumphs that the memory of your past will make more bitter than defeatsFor there is such little time that your youth will last -- such little time.¹⁵

Fitzgerald would throughout his life recall the triumphs and the defeats of his past, the wonderful fleeting moments of his youth and relive them in his fiction, experiencing passed emotions with an intensity magnified by memory and, whether joyful or painful, always regretting their loss. Arthur Mizener wrote that Fitzgerald was a "romantic writer" who possessed an "acute consciousness of the irrevocable passage of everything into the past."¹⁶ Not surprisingly his favorite poems were Keats' "Ode On A Grecian Urn" and "Ode To A Nightingale," both of which embody the Romantic view of Youth, Beauty and Time. At Princeton, Fitzgerald also read Rupert Brooke and in a letter wrote, concerning the poet, "I agree perfectly with Rupert Brooke's men of Grantchester

'Who when they to feeling old
They up and shoot themselves I'm told.'¹⁷

Both poets, idols for the young Fitzgerald, influenced him in their work and in their lives, becoming by their respective premature deaths embodiments of the romantic

philosophy they preached. Fitzgerald would come to resemble them in many ways.

This literary romanticism did not restrict itself simply to his work but spilled over into his life as well. For Fitzgerald the best of life was experienced within the briefest, brightest moment of youth, with anticlimax and disillusion to follow. His view of life became radically foreshortened, as witnessed by Princeton classmate John Peale Bishop: "I complained to him that I thought he took seventeen as his norm, making everything later a falling off. For a moment he demurred, then said, "If you make it fifteen, I will agree with you."¹⁸ If Fitzgerald was being facetious it was a jest founded on truth; his heroines were always very young and he once described the ideal flapper as "lovely and expensive and about nineteen."¹⁹ For men the age range was slightly larger, from undergraduate age to the mid-twenties, but certainly little more. Scarcely out of college, Amory Blaine, in This Side of Paradise says "I regretted my lost youth ...,"²⁰ and earlier, emphasizing the brevity of youth, Fitzgerald wrote, "It was all like a banquet where he sat for this half-hour of his youth and tried to enjoy brilliant epicurean courses."²¹ The feast was a brief one: "for Fitzgerald's young the moment of beauty and serene self-confidence was short indeed. In his world of debutantes and young college men time was always reduced to a pinpoint present ..."²²

The precise source of his perspective is difficult to ascertain, but perhaps his own experience, a guide in much of his writing, here too provides the key. Success for Fitzgerald came dizzyingly early. At twenty-four he was the famous author of the year's best selling novel, by twenty-nine he had published two more novels, including The Great Gatsby (1925), scores of short stories and was making almost twenty-thousand dollars a year as an author. Almost overnight he had risen from obscurity to marry a southern belle and become the youngest, most brilliant new writer on the American literary scene. In an essay from The Crack Up (1945), entitled "Early Success" (1937), he wrote "The man who arrives young believes that he exercises his will because his star is shining ... The compensation for a very early success is a conviction that life is a romantic matter."²³ Perhaps the brilliance and success of his youth convinced him that such good fortune could not last, that youth was not merely part of the process of life, but transitory and unrecapturable. The image of a feast was a good one and Fitzgerald would often characterize youth as a kind of precious and rare confection, consumed only once. "Youth is like having a big plate of candy," he wrote; "Sentimentalists think they want to be in the pure simple state they were in before they ate the candy. They don't. They just want the fun of eating it all over again."²⁴

The disillusion and despair of his later years only reinforced Fitzgerald's romantic conception of youth; he began to see it as a kind of physical and spiritual endowment to be spent as profitably as possible because drawing too heavily upon this limited resource resulted in physical deterioration and emotional bankruptcy. In his late thirties, suffering the effects of the years of wild partying that he and Zelda engaged in, he wrote, "I began to realize that for two years my life had been a drawing on resources that I did not possess, that I had been mortgaging myself physically and spiritually up to the hilt ..."²⁵ By the early thirties the boundless vitality and enormous sense of promise of youth had disappeared, squandered in the "gaudiest spree America had ever seen,"²⁶ leaving Scott tired and alcoholic and Zelda schizophrenic, shadows of the Jazz Age prince and princess they had once been.

Consequently, and this was to affect almost all of his fiction, Fitzgerald endowed youth with an exaggerated significance, making his expression of the maturation theme significantly different from those that had preceded him. Hemingway, insightful and blunt as usual, wrote to Fitzgerald in 1935, "You put so damned much value on youth, it seems to me that you confused growing up with growing old."²⁷ In a sense Hemingway was right; Fitzgerald saw youth not as a time of experience and growth but a period of infinite possibilities, of boundless potential for fulfillment, of

vitality and expectation that time and wastefulness robbed from one's life. Naturally then, his heroes are not content to pass from youth to maturity, instead they try, often desperately, to preserve the glittering moments of youth, to sustain the sense of promise and idealism, to cling to a rapidly vanishing present. There is tragedy implicit in this conception of youth. "Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!"²⁸ is the futile cry of characters who know only too well that twenty-two will become twenty-three and time will eventually conquer all. There is too a strange dichotomy of emotion, a sense of infinite possibility coupled with an ominous feeling of impending loss, of inevitable disaster; as Aldridge writes, "the end of the big party is always implicit in its beginning, the ugliness of age is always visible in the tender beauty of youth."²⁹ It is this paradoxical combination of conflicting emotions that gives such poignancy and life to Fitzgerald's first novel This Side of Paradise.

This Side of Paradise is in many ways a typical first novel, immature, unevenly executed, largely autobiographical and heavily dependent upon a variety of literary influences. The plot, what there is of it, owes a great deal to Compton Mackenzie's Youth's Encounter (1914) and Sinister Street (1913). The intellectual content, spurious as much of it seems, is derived for the most part from H.G. Wells' "quest" novels, particularly Tono Bungay

and The Research Magnificent (1915) and the style is a curious hodge-podge of the aforementioned writers and a collection of almost everything Fitzgerald had ever read and written. One reviewer called it "The collected works of F. Scott Fitzgerald published in novel form"³⁰ alluding to the interpolation in the novel of short stories, poems and sketches previously published in Princeton's The Nassau Literary Magazine. The problems in the novel derive primarily from the author's inability to properly objectify his material, to divorce himself from the novel's action. Unlike D. H. Lawrence's Sons and Lovers (1913), an autobiographical novel written by Lawrence several years after its events actually occurred, Fitzgerald rewrote his novel completely, using as material events which had just occurred, only a few months before Scribner's accepted it in September 1919. Over half the material in the final version was new, meaning that Fitzgerald scarcely had time to assimilate the events before he committed them to paper. The hero seems muddled and confused because the author himself felt the same way. Fitzgerald's state of mind was revealed in an unpublished preface he wrote for the novel, in which he discussed the problem of the hero's self-realization:

I pondered the difficulty for several weeks,-- how could I intrigue the hero into a 'philosophy of life' when my own ideas were in much the state of Alice's after the hatter's tea party. At length I took a tip from

Schopenhauer, Hugh Walpole and even the early Wells -- begged the question by plunging boldly into obscurity; astounded myself with an impenetrable chapter where I left the hero alone with rhapsodic winds and hyper-sensitive stars ... and finding that I had merely dragged the hero from a logical muddle into an illogical one, I dispatched him to the war and callously slew him

Virtuously resisting the modern writer's tendency to dramatize himself, I began another novel; whether its hero really "gets anywhere" is for the reader to decide.³¹

The preface notwithstanding, Fitzgerald did dramatize himself, so much so that he practically wrote of life as he lived it. He had the uncanny ability to experience an event and then, hours later, write of others and himself with an ironic detachment, almost as though he had witnessed the action as an objective, slightly critical observer. Nevertheless, this capacity to simultaneously maintain two perspectives of the same event was as yet not fully developed and the blurring of focus in the novel is evidence of the author's inexperience. Edmund Wilson, who liked the novel, felt that Fitzgerald's control was so lacking that Amory Blaine was "quite as much an uncertain quantity in a phantasmagoria of incident which had no dominating intention to endow it with unity and force."³² However incoherent in parts, the novel is still a story of a young man's development within a rapidly changing society. The education of Amory Blaine is interesting material and if

Fitzgerald, as Paul Rosenfeld maintains, "does not sustainedly perceive his girls and men for what they are, and tends to invest them with precisely the glamour with which they in pathetic assurance rather childishly invest themselves,"³³ at least he imbues their story with life and vitality.

Despite Edmund Wilson's assertion that This Side of Paradise "is really not about anything,"³⁴ it is, in fact, about Amory Blaine, his youth and his transition to young manhood. Critics who have casually dismissed the novel as an immature, mildly sensational pastiche were unable or perhaps unwilling to recognize the central, even if slightly confused, themes of this early work. Despite the affection and posturing that characterize parts of the book, it was essentially an honest depiction of a young man's development, "'a lot of people thought it was a fake,' Fitzgerald said long after, 'and perhaps it was, and a lot of others thought it was a lie, which it was not.'"³⁵ The novel is not a great one clearly, in many ways not even a good one; but is a vivid depiction of the 'war generation' and important as an introduction to themes that would dominate Fitzgerald's later work.

Amory Blaine and his mother, Beatrice Blaine, are first introduced by Fitzgerald in tones of gentle irony. The excesses of Amory's early upbringing, "at eleven he could talk glibly, if rather reminiscently, of Brahms and

Mozart and Beethoven,"³⁶ his fourteen attendants during sickness, are mildly satirized by the author: "You will admit that if it was not life it was magnificent."³⁷ Despite his precociousness and extraordinary appearance, his values and goals are essentially conventional, the aspirations of any young boy of the upper classes: "He was planning his life. He was going to live in New York, and be known at every restaurant and café, wearing a dress suit from early evening to early morning, sleeping away the dull hours of the forenoon."³⁸ Despite an overactive imagination Amory adheres to the pre-war values, the kind extolled in the Penrod novels of Booth Tarkington, in which the hero, accepting the status quo, attains social prestige and position and thus proceeds from boyhood to manhood. Early in the novel, Amory accepts this process, saying to his Princeton roommate, "Oh it isn't that I mind the glittering caste system, I like having a bunch of hot cats on top, but gosh, Kerry, I've got to be one of them."³⁹ Yet concurrent with this desire to be 'one of the gods of the class' is the growing perception of the injustice in the social structure of university: "Amory resented social barriers as artificial distinctions made by the strong to bolster up their weak retainers and keep out the almost strong."⁴⁰ In spite of Amory's awareness of the basic inequalities of the social system, he does not oppose it; rather, enticed by the rewards proffered, he attempts to

excel within it, to become a member of the elect: "But for the next four years the best of Amory's intellect was concentrated on matters of popularity, the intricacies of a university social system and American society as represented by Biltmore Teas and Hot Springs golf links."⁴¹

The two major events of Amory's early years at Princeton consisted of his bid for Princetonian Chairman and Senior Council, and his first love affair with Isabelle Borge. Both are failures. His inability to pass the exam on "conic sections" means the end of any aspirations he had for power and fame in college. His year is wasted and Fitzgerald describes the effects of the failure in chart-like fashion:

That had been his nearest approach to success through conformity. The fundamental Amory, idle, imaginative, rebellious, had been nearly snowed under. He had conformed, he had succeeded, by his own success, he had listlessly, half-accidentally chucked the whole thing and become again:

6. The fundamental Amory.⁴²

The earlier collapse of his relationship with Isabelle, though not significant in itself -- there being little or no real affection between them -- signals the end of a particular phase of Amory's life. Just twenty, Amory is already considering life in terms of anti-climax. Dressing for his final evening with Isabelle he "realized that he was enjoying life as he would probably never enjoy it

again. Everything was hallowed by the haze of his own youth."⁴³ Reaching the "crest of his young egotism" the dream collapses, and though prepared to proceed, the hero is nevertheless affected by nostalgia: "Long afterward Amory thought of sophomore spring as the happiest time of his life."⁴⁴

The end of his sophomore year marks a turning point in Amory's development, a temporary pause and a re-assessment of strengths and weaknesses. The death of his father, important only in financial terms, alerts Amory to the rather precarious nature of his parents' fortune, which, in fact, because of bad investments is much less of a fortune than he had originally suspected. This, in conjunction with his other set-backs renders Amory distraught, depressed, exclaiming "I've lost half my personality in a year."⁴⁵ Reassured by his friend and mentor Monsignor Darcy that he is "developing", Amory begins to understand and apply the idea of being a "personage." Personality, explains the Monsignor, is a "physical matter almost entirely," a lesser gift, diminished or destroyed by a long sickness; conversely a personage gathers his accomplishments, garners his prestiges and talents about him, and thus is "never thought of apart from what he's done."⁴⁶ This realization bolsters Amory's fractured ego, inspires him with new confidence, and lifting him from the lethargy

into which he had fallen, pushes him to "do the next thing."

Before proceeding to the book's final section, "The Education of a Personage," two episodes of Amory's college years must be considered: "Under the Arc-Light" and "The Devil" or more succinctly death and sex. In the "Arc-Light" episode, a group of boys are returning from a drunken spree in New York when Dick Humbird, the driver of one of the cars, crashes and is killed. Humbird had, for Amory, represented the quintessential American aristocrat: he was tall, good looking, "possessed infinite courage, an averagely good mind, and a sense of honor with a clear charm and 'noblesse oblige' that varied it from righteousness. He could dissipate without going to pieces People dressed like him, tried to talk as he did."⁴⁷ Like death in Hemingway, Humbird's death is without honour and grace, it is merely, "grotesque and squalid -- so useless, futile ... the way animals die ..."⁴⁸ Amory's initiation into the harsh reality of death is a painful one, the absurd meaninglessness of the end of as impressive a figure as Humbird is incomprehensible to Amory. It is not romantic like Rupert Brooke's death, to whom Humbird was often compared, but just "horrible and unaristocratic and close to the earth."⁴⁹ As in Hemingway's work we are not given an analysis of the effects, psychological or philosophical, of this event upon Amory's psyche; rather it is presented simply and without embellishment as an inevitable part of any young

man's education.

The perplexing aspect of the Humbird incident is the connection Fitzgerald makes later in the novel between his dead friend and sex, in what is perhaps the oddest scene in the novel, "The Devil." Amory's attitude toward sex had always been ambivalent, combining desire and impetuosity with feelings of repulsion. After his first kiss with Myra St. Claire, "Sudden revulsion seized Amory, disgust, loathing for the whole incident."⁵⁰ He has a "puzzled, furtive interest in everything concerning sex," and this attitude culminates in the episode involving himself, Fred Sloane and two chorus girls. After an evening out they return to the girls' apartment and just as "temptation crept over him like a warm wind" he sees an apparition of a man leering at him across the room and bolts. In the alley below, delirious, he is suddenly confronted by "a face pale and distorted with a sort of infinite evil ... it was the face of Dick Humbird."⁵¹ The scene is admittedly strange and much has been made of it. Most of the commentary though, is unconvincing. Robert Sklar, in an otherwise sensible book, connects the scene, not to Amory's sexual inhibitions, but instead to the larger problem of social classes in America. Humbird is Amory's version of the perfect upper-class gentleman, but the reality of his nouveau-riche middle-class background, seriously questions Amory's judgements about social superiority.

Sklar maintains that the nature of Humbird's unheroic death helps Fitzgerald avoid the problems raised by Humbird's character in life. Similarly his re-appearance as a figure condemned to Hell, saves Amory from a similar fate and this crude judgement, says Sklar, illustrates "how tenuous was Fitzgerald's hold on his own abstract ideas of superiority, how closely tied he was still to the moral and economic stereotypes of the genteel culture". He concludes by claiming that "'The Devil" episode is primarily important for its efforts to exorcise the appeal and the threat, of Dick Humbird's wealth, personality, and charm." ⁵² While the concept of 'personage' tends to reinforce this conclusion, it seems that Sklar has forgotten that Fitzgerald himself was not an aristocrat born and that he valued more than anything his intelligence, charm and good looks. Lacking wealth and animal magnetism, Fitzgerald himself would get the "top girl" and climb the social ladder on the strength of his cleverness and talent. Instead of a threat, it is more likely that Fitzgerald would view Humbird as evidence of the rightness of an aristocracy of honesty, ability and fineness of character, over one of inherited wealth. It seems simpler and much more plausible that Amory connects Humbird's death with drunkenness and reckless dissipation, and that his appearance at this crucial moment is Amory's conscience, still to some degree

affected by his early training in Catholicism, warning him off illicit sex. There are, though, problems with Amory's further connection between sex, death, and evil.

Shortly after the chorus girl incident Amory thinks about the episode and is convinced "that it meant something definite,"⁵³ but exactly what is left unsaid. Eventually, he concludes, "The problem of evil had solidified for Amory into the problem of sex," and "inseparably linked with evil was beauty Amory knew that every time he had reached toward it longingly it had leered out at him with the grotesque face of evil."⁵⁴ The association is difficult to explain. Is it an example perhaps of a preoccupation with sexual guilt in Fitzgerald? or simply as James Miller suggests the "development in Amory of a puritan-like sensibility" that increases the "complexity and subtlety in the presentation of his character,"⁵⁵ but does not serve him well as a symbol of rebellion or revolt? Aldridge sees it as vaguely symbolic of "deeper disturbances in Paradise itself,"⁵⁶ of the tragic undercurrent that would characterize so much of Fitzgerald's later work. Even in this novel beauty and pain are inextricably linked, as the failed relationships, with Rosalind and Eleanor, amply illustrate. Rosalind says at one point, "Beauty means the scent of roses and then the death of roses -- " and Amory replies, "Beauty means the agony of sacrifice and the end of agony...."⁵⁷

More fundamentally, Fitzgerald considered illicit sex as dangerous and eventually destructive, as the story "May Day" illustrate . Gordon Sterrett's downward spiral to suicide is initiated by his relationship with a cheap, blackmailing woman. But the ghost scene in This Side of Paradise is perhaps more a matter of literary influence than moral philosophizing. Both Father Sigourney Fay and Shane Leslie had encouraged the young Fitzgerald to read the Catholic novelist, Robert Hugh Benson. In Benson's work Fitzgerald likely found his precedent for "The Devil" episode, and Robert Sklar tells us that an earlier version of the novel did, in fact, contain an elaborate ghost scene, based on a story Fitzgerald heard from Father Fay.⁵⁸ Nevertheless these ambiguous connections are left largely unexplained, another example of the sometimes muddled and confused aspects of this novel.

Amory's last two years at Princeton mark the beginning of what is to be a new phase in his development. After his defeat at the hands of Isabelle and the school's academic council, Amory begins to take an interest in Princeton's transition period, the commencement of a reform in class-conscious clubs and discriminatory procedures. Amory's friend, Burne Holiday, and other intellectuals, under the influence of "quest" books, particularly those of H. G. Wells, begins questioning aloud the institutions that many had criticized quietly for years. Amory, obviously

maturing, is impressed by Burne Holiday, not for his personality but for his intense earnestness, "a quality he was accustomed to associate only with the dread stupidity, and by the great enthusiasm that struck dead chords in his heart."⁵⁹ There is also a perceptible change in Amory's thinking, a re-assessment of beliefs and ideas: "Burne Holiday was so evidently developing -- and Amory had considered that he was doing the same ... now suddenly all his mental processes of the last year and a half seemed stale and futile -- a petty consummation of himself"⁶⁰ The war and the question of pacifism cause a break between Burne Holiday and himself, but Amory's widespread dissatisfaction with Victorian society and all it represents is expressed in a poem in which he condemns its false values and empty platitudes, its "songs in the time of order". Relinquishing the social ambitions of his freshman days Amory is in search of himself, of his beliefs and this, almost indirectly, leads him to question the values of the society around him. But before the "Education of a Personage" [Book Two] begins, Fitzgerald must deal with the war, which he attempts in a section entitled "Interlude -- May, 1917 -- February, 1919."

Unlike most young writers of the twenties, Dos Passos, Hemingway, even Faulkner, Fitzgerald did not write about the war simply because he missed it. From 1917 to 1919 Fitzgerald was trained and stationed in camps across

the country until October when he expected to be sent overseas only to have those plans cancelled by the armistice in November of that year. Clinging to a romantic notion of war, Fitzgerald wrote later, "my two juvenile regrets (were) not being big enough (or good enough) to play football in college, and not getting overseas during the war ..."⁶¹

Fitzgerald had not lived the war at first hand and therefore could not write about it. Unlike Hemingway's characters whose lives are largely shaped by their war experience, Amory Blaine is barely cognizant of it. "The war seemed scarcely to touch them ... yet Amory realized poignantly that this was the last spring under the old regime."⁶²

Fitzgerald's interest is not in how the war affects Amory -- it has no effect at all -- but in how it changes the society into which he must return. Always a keen observer of the social scene, Fitzgerald was fascinated by the shift between pre-war and post-war values, standards and customs. The exact nature of the transformation is foggy, but that one way of life has ended forever is definite. Monsignor Darcy, in a letter to Amory, tries to describe the process; he writes, "This is the end of one thing: for better or worse you will never again be quite the Amory Blaine that I knew, never again will we meet as we have met, because your generation is growing hard, much harder than mine ever grew, nourished as they were on the stuff of the nineties."⁶³

Challenged by a society that has radically changed in his absence, and motivated by a desire to attain self-knowledge as well as a sense of purpose, Amory leaves Princeton and begins his real education.

This final section of the novel is one in which, as Fitzgerald phrased it, we see whether the hero "gets anywhere." It opens with Amory meeting and falling in love with Rosalind Connage, debutante and the perfect jazz-age flapper. She is one of the girls who Amory "saw doing things that even in his memory would have been impossible: eating three-o'clock, after-dance suppers in impossible cafes, talking of every side of life with an air half of earnestness, half of mockery, yet with a furtive excitement that Amory considered stood for a real moral letdown."⁶⁴ But as she herself tells her mother, things have changed: "Mother, it's done -- you can't run everything now the way you did in the early nineties."⁶⁵ Things have greatly changed: neither Amory nor Rosalind are financially stable, thus rendering Amory's personal qualities, "nice, well-born, gay but a dreamer -- merely clever," superfluous, even "rather vicious" in Mrs. Connage's view. Paralleling Fitzgerald's own experience with the wealthy Ginevra King, and later Zelda Sayre, (whom he won only after the publication of This Side of Paradise), Rosalind reluctantly rejects Amory, choosing the security of great wealth over the precarious, albeit

romantic, existence that Amory offers. Just as in his own life, Fitzgerald has Amory embark upon "Experiments in Convalescence," during which he quits his job at the advertising agency and stays drunk for three weeks. When he recovers he realizes he has come to a watershed in his life, his fortunes teetering between success and destruction.

Like Paul Morel at the end of D. H. Lawrence's nearly contemporary Sons and Lovers (1913), Amory chooses life over rejection and despair: "There seemed suddenly to be much left in life, if only this revival of old interests did not mean that he was backing away from it again -- backing away from life itself."⁶⁶ If Amory is not backing away from life, he is not exactly advancing either. His progress, if one may call it that, is curiously mixed and in many ways paradoxical. Naturally, following his broken affair with Rosalind, Amory sinks into a profound depression, a depression which is reflected in his pronouncements on society. His long-winded intellectual diatribes on the futility of personal action, of the impossibility of a significant contribution to the world, are directly at odds with his undeniable feeling that he is "marked for glory," a youth "capable of infinite expansion for good or evil."⁶⁷ The passages on the dearth of modern heroes and the cynical attitude toward prominence

("My Lord, no man can stand prominence these days. It's the surest path to obscurity.") were typical, almost fashionable, pronouncements of the disillusioned "smart set."⁶⁸ If much of this is just the facile echoing of the clichés of the day, Amory's impassioned cry of "How'll I fit in? ... What am I for?" is not. This is not the glib patter of Amory posing as a "young cynic," the kind of sophisticated repartee that Hemingway would capture later in The Sun Also Rises (1926), but the honest self-questioning of a confused young man.

The question of his purpose in life is made more difficult by his summary dismissal of standard pursuits: "I believe too much in the responsibilities of authorship to write just now; and business, well, business speaks for itself."⁶⁹ Amory will recover from this sense of the meaninglessness of action, but the theme will re-appear full blown in Fitzgerald's second novel The Beautiful and Damned (1922). His rejection of these careers is further evidence of his break from strict social conformity, but his summer romance with Eleanor Savage illustrates to Amory the inevitable consequences of such a negative philosophy. Overwhelmed by the romantic atmosphere of their relationship Amory plays Rupert Brooke throughout the summer, until the end when her absolute romantic will erupts into self-destructive violence and she tries to ride her horse over a cliff. She is saved but her confession

of a "crazy streak" convinces Amory of the nihilistic element in the completely romantic will, that belief in nothing results in madness. Convinced that this affair is the "last time that evil crept close to Amory under the mask of beauty"⁷⁰, he ends the summer idyll and wanders to Atlantic City.

It is here that Amory loses any vestiges of social prestige that he still retained. Meeting Alec Connage and a young girl, he accepts their invitation to share a room. In the middle of the night detectives break in and Amory, covering for Alec, accepts responsibility for the girl, and saves Alec from possible charges for violation of the Mann Act. Fitzgerald makes it clear though that Amory's gallant deed is not the act of a gentleman, but rather "arrogant and impersonal ... eternally supercilious"⁷¹ -- a gesture in defiance of society's codes, a moral "I don't give a damn!" Two days later, with the ironic touch that would characterize much of The Great Gatsby (1925), Amory reads of his escapade in the same column as Rosalind Connage's engagement announcement. The dream of being "top cat" has vanished; the collapse of his finances, and the death of Monsignor Darcy are two more "pillars" knocked away; the self-created image of the romantic egotist is gone. Only Amory Blaine, free of social strictures, of family, of all impediments, remains, wavering but intact.

In one sense Amory, as he wanders the streets of New York in the rain, seems to arrive at several significant conclusions about his life. His system of values is all but destroyed, he's unsure about "good and evil," he is confronted with a loss of faith because he "had grown up to a thousand books, a thousand lies; he had listened eagerly to people who pretended to know, who knew nothing."⁷² No longer does he accept the intellectual status quo: "He began for the first time in his life to have a strong distrust of all generalities and epigrams."⁷³ Amory has come to the entrance of the labyrinth; the intellectual muddle of his youth has cleared. Now he can start "all inquiries with himself."⁷⁴ Almost simultaneously, Amory also rejects the epigram that would dominate Fitzgerald's protagonist Anthony Patch in The Beautiful and Damned, "Very few things matter and nothing matters very much."⁷⁵ Relinquishing the "man-about-town" fantasies of his youth, Amory decides to become a positive force in society, to be necessary, even indispensable, to people.

Yet despite this apparent progression to maturity, Amory's disillusion and sense of loss do not simply counterpoint his decisions, they contradict them. The theme of maturation is constantly undercut by a more powerful feeling in the novel, one which Fitzgerald could not suppress, regret for his lost youth. Before the closing chapter, "The

Egotist Becomes a Personage", Amory declares: "Tireless passion, fierce jealousy, longing to possess and crush -- these alone were left of all his love for Rosalind; these remained to him as payment for the loss of his youth -- bitter calomel under the thin sugar of love's exaltation." As the novel closes Amory seems to have abandoned the concerns of his youth, and his extended speech supporting socialism seems impressive, but only at first glance. Upon closer examination the intellectual and moral considerations are subordinated to the real motivation: "I'm sick of a system where the richest man gets the most beautiful girl if he wants her ..."⁷⁷ Fitzgerald's hasty additions to the novel's conclusion to give it intellectual weight and seriousness were ineffectual and Edmund Wilson candidly told Fitzgerald so:

Your hero as an intellectual is a fake of the first water and I read his views on art, politics, religion and society with more riotous mirth than I should care to have you know.⁷⁸

The problem is that unlike Michael Fane of Sinister Street (1914) (the book upon which Fitzgerald's first novel was largely modelled) who abandons the false idealism of youth, and regrets the time spent on "the pettiness of youthful tragedies"⁷⁹ Amory Blaine only laments the loss of his youth, dwelling on the failures of his early years. Amory has grown to recognize the false ideals of his youth and he feels sorry for the new generation that will be fed

on the same lies.

Here was a new generation, shouting the old cries, learning the old creeds, through a revery of long days and nights; destined finally to go out into that dirty gray turmoil to follow love and pride, a new generation dedicated more than the last to the fear of poverty and the worship of success; grown up to find all Gods dead, all wars fought, all faith in man shaken.⁸⁰

Yet he had not squandered his youth on false ideals, he had not committed himself to any creeds, he was not betrayed by any misplaced beliefs. His disappointments in youth, like Fitzgerald's own, were his failure at football, his failure to get overseas, and, of course, the loss of his first great love. There is a sense of rebellion in the novel, Edmund Wilson terms it "indefinite,"⁸¹ Richard Lehan sees it as merely "inconsequential,"⁸² but whether vague or unimportant or even faked, it is indeed secondary to the larger theme of lost youth. On the final page of the novel Amory reflects: "There was no God in his heart, he knew; his ideas were still in riot; there was even the pain of memory; the regret for his lost youth -- yet the waters of disillusion had left a deposit on his soul, responsibility and a love of life, the faint stirring of old ambitions and unrealized dreams. But -- oh, Rosalind! Rosalind!"⁸³

Amory cannot progress to maturity because he had not left youth behind. The ability to view the problems and

failures of youth with detachment and a perspective gained by experience is an important part of the coming to maturity. Fitzgerald, like his main character, could never allow his youth to become part of experience, part of the learning process; he revelled always in the brightest moments, felt the pain of the defeats and above all regretted the loss of his youth. Of course, Amory has developed. The series of reading lists are evidence of intellectual progress, and his rejection of social conventions created a new sense of individuality, so that there is real conviction in his cry "I know myself, ... but that is all."⁸⁴ He knows that he is not what he used to be, but what he is now, what he believes now, and most importantly what he will become are all unknown. No matter what Amory's goal, "It was always the becoming he dreamed of, never the being."⁸⁵ Unlike the Hemingway hero whose experiences become a source of knowledge, a series of tests through which he passes into a greater awareness and maturity, Fitzgerald's heroes, like himself, cling to their early experiences because, "For the romantic the value of an experience is inseparable from the circumstances that attend it: the meaning of the moment is the moment itself."⁸⁶ Thus, meaning and experience cannot be separated, the incident cannot be used for sober edification because it is always recalled with regret, with the desire to relive it rather than to learn from it.

Fitzgerald's novel, derivative in so many ways, is extremely unconventional in this matter of youth and maturity. Most "bildungsromane" of the time were written with much the same attitude as that found in Compton Mackenzie's work, that "maturity begins when the fires of youth recede." But the fires of youth do not recede and the desire to relive the past, to once again feel the expectation and excitement of "infinite possibilities" permeates Fitzgerald's work. These are the powerful themes that Fitzgerald returns to in his second novel, The Beautiful and Damned (1922).

Despite the differences, there are many points of similarity between This Side of Paradise and Fitzgerald's second novel The Beautiful and Damned. More mature in technique, and demonstrating several new intellectual and artistic influences, the second novel nonetheless is dominated by the theme of youth and the waste of youth. This concern is, as Richard Lehan remarks, "stamped in every page like a watermark."⁸⁸ Fitzgerald is still writing about the young, but a new tone, a new mood, has appeared in his work: "All the stories that came into my head had a touch of disaster in them -- the lovely young creatures in my novels went to ruin, the diamond mountains of my stories blew up, my millionaires were as beautiful and damned as Hardy's peasants. In my life these things hadn't happened yet, but I was pretty sure living wasn't the reckless, careless business these people thought, -- this younger

generation just younger than me."⁸⁹ Gone is the youthful innocence that characterized much of This Side of Paradise, and replacing it is a newly acquired, perhaps even affected, pessimism.

Fitzgerald had become acquainted with a new school, the "ironical-pessimistic," whose major proponent was the critic and editor H. L. Mencken. James Miller explains that Fitzgerald was influenced by Mencken's view that superior fiction dealt with a man of "delicate organization in revolt against the inexplicable tragedy of existence, against the harsh and meaningless fiat of destiny. Mencken further felt that "character in decay" was the theme of the great bulk of literature, and that by necessity the hero is one who "resists and fails" making existence tragic."⁹⁰ The Menckenesque "meaninglessness of life" and cynicism concerning the middle classes influenced the young Fitzgerald's thinking to such an extent that it threatened to dominate the novel entirely. Nonetheless much of the novel, particularly the theme of youth and its loss, was very much Fitzgerald's own, and had already been introduced and explored to some extent in his first novel.

As critics and readers alike have noticed, The Beautiful and Damned begins much as This Side of Paradise opens, and Anthony Patch appears at first to be a slightly older version of Amory Blaine. Yet he is not a continuation of the Amory Blaine at the close of the novel, the

Amory Blaine who is committed to helping people, to giving them a sense of security. Rather, Anthony Patch, confident of the inheritance of his grandfather's enormous fortune, is listless, bored, supremely uninterested in work of any kind. His motto is the one that Amory Blaine wisely abandoned, "Very few things matter and nothing matters very much".⁹¹ Like Amory, Anthony dismisses writing explaining simply "... I'd feel that it being a meaningless world, why write? The very attempt to give it purpose is purposeless."⁹² Anthony's withering opinion of business, "I don't understand why people think that every young man ought to go downtown and work ten hours a day for the best twenty years of his life at dull, unimaginative work, certainly not altruistic work,"⁹³ is almost an exact echo of Amory's view, "What I'd see of it, lost in a clerkship, for the next and best ten years of my life would have the intellectual content of an industrial movie."⁹⁴ Nevertheless, Amory, influenced by the concept of being a personage, recognizes the necessity of action, of "doing the next thing." After this revelation the possible meaninglessness of life is no longer an important consideration. Having risen out of disillusion and lethargy, Amory will act regardless of the meaning of action "Even if, deep in my heart, I thought we were all blind atoms in a world as limited as a stroke of a pendulum, I and my sort would struggle against tradition; try at least, to displace old carts with new ones."⁹⁵

Anthony views the struggle as senseless, futile, purposeless action that has no significance. He says glibly, "I do nothing, for there's nothing I can do that's worth doing."⁹⁶ Anthony has elevated this feeble, cynical rationalization for his life of "graceful idleness" into a pseudo-philosophy, a cliché of the jaded rich: "The Meaninglessness of Life."

Like Amory who only questioned the ideals of youth, never the idealism, Anthony Patch, at twenty-five, has still not placed his youth in a proper perspective. "Oh, he was a pretentious fool, making careers out of cocktails and meanwhile regretting, weakly and secretly, the collapse of an insufficient and wretched idealism."⁹⁷ With his grandfather's millions and the expectation and promise of youth, Anthony imagines himself a "power upon earth," vaguely political, or diplomatic, a Talleyrand or Lord Verulam. Of course, he does nothing to achieve this goal; in fact, he does nothing at all. There is no maturation without progression, no growth without action or self-discovery, and Anthony is standing still, waiting for millions to descend upon him and consummate his life, to give meaning to his existence. In the meantime there is youth, beautiful, exciting, carefree youth.

At twenty-five and twenty-two Anthony and Gloria are emotional adolescents. They see life as the glory of youth, with the age of thirty as a precipice from which one

falls, and then forever looks up at the crest of one's life. Anthony, when he meets Gloria, asks "It's your world, isn't it?" and she replies "...As long as I'm -- young."⁹⁸ Her foreshortened view of life is echoed a few pages later by Anthony. When asked "Think what you'll be at forty?", he replies: "I sincerely trust that I won't live that long."⁹⁹ Like their creator, these characters confuse growing up with growing old; consequently they refuse to grow up, while they naturally and inevitably grow old. Their radical view foreshortens life, making the ascent to climax very swift and the decline long and painful. "It is in the twenties that the actual momentum of life begins to slāken, and it is a simple soul indeed to whom as many things are significant and meaningful at thirty as at ten years before The unmistakable stigma of humanity touches all those impersonal and beautiful things that only youth ever grasps in their impersonal glory."¹⁰⁰ For these people life itself pales as one grows older, especially in relation to the inflated unreasonable claims they make upon it. Gloria's demands are few: "There was nothing that she wanted, except to be young and beautiful for a long time, to be gay and happy, and to have money and love," and she may have added, to do absolutely nothing to get it. Naturally then, these characters cling desperately to youth, because youth endows life with a special glow, seeming to transform the mundane and commonplace into the beautiful and rare.

Nevertheless, even youth without purpose is empty. Anthony Patch, ambitionless and idle, begins to feel a sense of waste creeping over him, a growing horror and loneliness. All of this is suddenly changed though, with the entrance of the beautiful Gloria Gilbert. Once again Fitzgerald, drawing upon the experience of his own life makes Gloria a composite of the girl he lost, Ginevra King, and the girl he eventually won, Zelda Sayre. When Anthony at first loses Gloria, his life is suddenly given meaning and purpose: he must win her back. He becomes, like Gatsby will later, a man with a dream. "So he built hope desperately and tenaciously out of the stuff of his dream, a hope flimsy enough, to be sure, a hope that was cracked and dissipated a dozen times a day, a hope mothered by mockery, but, nevertheless, a hope that would be brawn and sinew to his self respect."¹⁰¹ The dream does in fact give Anthony's life direction, but the quest is paradoxical because winning Gloria will again make his life meaningless. Without her his life would be a "feeble parody of his own adolescence,"¹⁰² and yet with her, his life is consummated, static, fulfilled, but unfulfilled. After two years, and the production of only one short essay Anthony blurts, "As a matter of fact I think that if I hadn't met you I would have done something. But you make leisure so subtly attractive ..."¹⁰³

Is it Gloria's influence that has stifled Anthony or is this merely rationalization to avoid the guilt for his

wasted life? The problem is further complicated by Fitzgerald's own loss of objectivity in the writing, specifically, in the sections where Anthony's problems are so close to his own that they are indistinguishable. At the time of writing the novel Fitzgerald was constantly interrupted by trips, parties, and financial difficulties that forced him to postpone work on the book in order to write short stories for popular magazines. In sympathizing with his fictional character, Fitzgerald infused the passages with such emotional force that the sympathy for Anthony seems almost to excuse him of any guilt. In a passage late in the novel Anthony tries to explain the tragedy of life: "Things are sweeter when they're lost. I know -- because once I wanted something and got it. It was the only thing I ever wanted badlyAnd when I got it it turned to dust in my hands."¹⁰⁴ Anthony, like Fitzgerald himself, knew that there was only one answer to the question Yeats once posed in a poem,

Does the imagination dwell the most
Upon a woman won or woman lost?¹⁰⁵

The problem with Anthony, as with many of Fitzgerald's characters, is his desire to preserve the unpreservable, to extend youth, to possess beauty indefinitely, to enjoy without end and to consume without satiation. Whereas Amory in This Side of Paradise had decided that "the sentimental person thinks things will last -- the romantic person has a desperate confidence that they won't."¹⁰⁶

Anthony feels that "only the romanticist preserves the things worth preserving."¹⁰⁷ It is only late in the novel, burdened by an enormous sense of waste and guilt that Anthony, amid some self-justification realizes what Amory knew and what Jay Gatsby will never understand.

I've often thought that if I hadn't got what I wanted things might have been different with me. I might have found something in my mind and enjoyed putting it in circulation. I might have been content with the work of it, and had some sweet vanity out of the success. I suppose that at one time I could have had anything I wanted, within reason, but that was the only thing I ever wanted with any fervor. God! And that taught me you can't have anything at all. Because desire just cheats you. It's like a sunbeam skipping here and there about a room. It stops and gilds some inconsequential object, and we poor fools try to grasp it -- but when we do the sunbeam moves on to something else, and you've got the inconsequential part, but the glitter that made you want it is gone --.¹⁰⁸

When Anthony and Gloria were first married the great excitement of the promise of youth and of the millions to come quickly waned, making their days pointless, dull,

" Life was no more than this summer afternoon ... intolerably unmoved they all seemed, removed from any romantic imminency of action."¹⁰⁹ Youth then becomes for them, not a time to grow or advance, but a fixed quantity to use and enjoy, with neither purpose nor responsibility to impede them. Thus, both Anthony and Gloria, having flirted with the possibility of careers in film or journalism respectively,

decide against work and adopt a new attitude toward life:

The magnificent attitude of not giving a damn altered overnight; from being a mere tenet of Gloria's it became the entire solace and justification for what they chose to do and what consequence it brought. Not to be sorry, not to lose one cry of regret, to live according to a clear code of honor toward each other, and to seek the moments' happiness as fervently and persistently as possible.¹¹⁰

The problem is naturally that such tenets are mutually exclusive, living only for the moment causes regret, if only for the lack of accomplishment. Despite Maury Nobel's cynical reassurance that "Experience is not worth the getting," Anthony at twenty-nine is haunted by a sense of waste, a horrible growing suggestion "that life might be, after all, significant."¹¹¹ Struck by the success of his friend Maury Noble in business, and Richard Caramel as an author, Anthony begins to regret the waste of his youth, to realize the stupidity of his "conviction of the futility of effort, of the wisdom of abnegation."¹¹² Gloria too is struck quite suddenly by the loss of her beauty when after a screen test she is offered the role of a widow because a "younger woman" was required for the lead. In their despair and regret Anthony drinks and Gloria "smeared her face with some new unguent that she hoped illogically would give back the glow and freshness to her vanishing beauty."¹¹³ But despite the recognition of loss they do not grow up. Anthony, unemployed and

alcoholic, clings to the same spurious intellectual excuses for his idleness. The experiences of his lost youth have shattered him but taught him nothing. It is fitting that the bout of insanity he suffers near the end of the novel is a reversion to childhood -- an ironic fate for a man who never wanted to grow up. And even when recovered Anthony has still not achieved maturity. His view of his life is distorted by nostalgia, and a loss of perspective: "He was thinking of the hardship, the insufferable tribulations he had gone through. They had tried to penalize him for the mistakes of his youth."¹¹⁴ The novel closes with the supremely ironic statement of Anthony's: "It was a hard fight, but I didn't give up and I came through!"¹¹⁵

Unlike the Hemingway hero, the Fitzgerald protagonist does not "come through," he does not complete the rites of passage because he has not made the journey. In one sense the heroes of Fitzgerald's early work do not grow up; they do not learn from the mistakes of their youth, they are overcome by them. The years weaken rather than strengthen them, rather than mature they decline. The youthful Fitzgerald hero possesses an enormous sense of promise, of "great expectations," so much so that no experience can possibly complete the dreams of his imagination. Naturally he becomes disillusioned, but instead of replacing his youthful idealism with practical action, he

despairs of his lost youth and forever looks back nostalgically at the innocent expectancy he can never recover.

Jay Gatsby is the archetypal Fitzgerald hero in that he not only regrets the past, but attempts to recapture it. Like many of Fitzgerald's early heroes Gatsby loses his first great love and rather than accept that loss and move on he works desperately to recover the moment. He is a hopeless romantic, trying vainly to repeat the past, to win the girl and fulfill his dream, unable to see "that it was already behind him."¹¹⁶ Gatsby, like his predecessors, does not grow up because his concern is not with the future, but with the past, not with what can be, but with what was. The beauty and pity of Gatsby's quest is due to his ignorance; he does not realize that the race is lost, the past irretrievably gone. He cannot see beyond his dream.

The exasperating aspect of many of Fitzgerald's characters is their recognition that the past is unrecapturable, but their unwillingness, nonetheless, to forget it and proceed with life. Of course, it is precisely this eternal paradox that gives poignancy to their losses, that provides their stories with a feeling of deep sadness. The hero of the story "The Sensible Thing" (1924) knows what Jay Gatsby never knew: "... he knew that though he'd search through eternity he could never recapture those lost April hours. ... April is over. There are all kinds of love in the world, but never the same love twice."¹¹⁷ Whether it is the loss

of love, or beauty, or the vitality and glowing promise of youth, Fitzgerald's heroes cannot recover, or forget. Like Fitzgerald himself, who in middle age still regretted his failure as a football star, and still felt the pain of his rejection by Ginepro King, his fictional protagonists remain emotional adolescents unable to go back and unwilling to grow up.

C H A P T E R T W O

THE THEME OF MATURATION IN THE
EARLY FICTION OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

CHAPTER TWO

At one point in Ernest Hemingway's novel The Sun Also Rises (1926), Harvey Stone says to Robert Cohn, "I misjudged you. You're not a moron. You're only a case of arrested development."¹

Ironically Hemingway was to be misjudged by the critics in much the same way. At first many, Wyndham Lewis the most articulate of the group, thought that the Hemingway hero was a "dull-witted, bovine, monosyllabic simpleton."² They saw his protagonists as shallow, unintellectual, even anti-intellectual unthinking men; athletes, soldiers, and outdoorsmen, who, without reflection or consideration, merely react to their environment. . Then, because of the apparent simplicity of his prose, as well as his public demeanor as a laconic, seemingly unartistic man-of-action, Hemingway himself was considered by some critics as merely a hard-drinking, big game hunter and watcher of bullfights, who wrote with a narrow vision in a style that is "an artifice, a series of charming tricks, a group of cleverness."³

The view described above has been decisively repudiated by Carlos Baker, Philip Young and other critics, who, while acknowledging Hemingway's weaknesses, have solidly established him as one of America's finest writers. Wyndham Lewis notwithstanding, Hemingway was clearly not a moron,

but what of the charge of arrested development? Our interest, of course, is not in the author, but in his work, and here the question of development is crucial. Yet like Fitzgerald, Hemingway's personal experience and background had an enormous influence on his work. As Philip Young has demonstrated in his various studies,⁴ the line separating author and fictional protagonist is a fine one, and so to ignore the author is neither easy nor particularly helpful. Hemingway himself once said, "Madame, it is always a mistake to know an author,"⁵ but he and Fitzgerald left the public no choice. Both men, particularly Hemingway, became famous far beyond the popular reading of their work; people who had never opened their books nonetheless knew who they were. Because Hemingway poured so much of himself into his fiction, often it is not only helpful, but essential, to examine the author's experience in relation to his work. This does not have to involve full scale biographical criticism, but from time to time a little more than a side-long glance at Hemingway himself will benefit the analysis of his fictional heroes.

Like Fitzgerald, Hemingway used a great deal of his own experience in the creation of his first fictional protagonist. Just as Amory Blaine's upbringing and school career mirrored Fitzgerald's at many points, so too the adventures of Nick Adams derive from Hemingway's own youthful experiences. Amory Blaine is not Fitzgerald and Nick Adams

is not Ernest Hemingway, but both are very close to their creators and both can be seen as projections of the deepest concerns and problems of the writers.

Fitzgerald's personal fears, successes and failures appear in his fiction with regularity (i.e. loss of a girl, lack of money, loss of youth, and talent) and similarly, Hemingway used his fiction as a kind of catharsis, a confrontation with and purgation of old imbedded fears and anxieties concerning the future. He wrote in a late story, "Fathers and Sons": "If he wrote it he could get rid of it. He had gotten rid of many things by writing them."⁶ In fact, like Fitzgerald, Hemingway was constantly confronting his fears in fiction, reliving them, "writing them out," in an attempt to deal with the psychic traumas of his life. Why he felt impelled to write is difficult to say. Perhaps, as Benson thinks, it was an expression of rebellion against the rigid, Puritanical formality of his youth, and the Victorian repression of masculinity.⁷ Hemingway's biographers, and more importantly, Hemingway himself, have given us a picture of his Oak Park home smothered in falsity and gentility, and controlled by a domineering mother who had usurped almost all authority from her somewhat weak, unassertive husband. Philip Young agrees that the family's preposterous Victorianism and lack of understanding contributed a great deal to Hemingway's rebellion, but he postulates that the writing originates in the author's need to

deal with the severe emotional and psychological wounds of his youth.⁸ Hemingway, like many of his protagonists, was emotionally damaged, and later physically and psychologically wounded by the violence and horrors of modern existence. In many ways his fiction is an attempt to understand those wounds and to deal with the scars they leave behind. He knew that, "The world breaks every one and afterward many are strong at the broken places."⁹ Hemingway had been broken and his writing was in one sense his way of putting himself back together, of examining the breaks and trying to mend them.

The result in Hemingway's case is a substantial body of work which deals essentially, although it certainly involves other themes, with the hero's growth. Like Fitzgerald, Hemingway's major protagonists seem to grow older as the author does, reflecting a process of learning and maturation that the writer himself had experienced. Naturally his first heroes are boys and young men: Nick Adams, Jake Barnes, Frederic Henry, but the issue of their attainment of manhood is not dependent on age. Becoming a man in Hemingway's fiction is a question of confronting the realities of existence, of surviving without forfeiting one's self-respect. If you can never know what life is all about, you can at least learn how to live it. The hero in Hemingway learns how to maintain "grace under pressure," how to hold "his purity of line through the maximum of exposure."¹⁰

The attainment of this control is only made possible by the hero gaining self-knowledge, and the price of this self-awareness is high. Experience and knowledge are the prerequisites of maturity, but the loss of innocence often leaves the heroes broken and damaged; precariously, often desperately, holding on to a life that is in constant danger of falling apart.

Manhood in Hemingway is not gained at a certain time or in a certain way. The "rites of passage" are not constant and "initiation" to fear and death can come at twelve or twenty or later. As Wilson says in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," "he had seen men come of age before and it always moved him. It was not a matter of their twenty-first birthday."¹¹ Consequently manhood is seldom gained at a climactic moment (except perhaps for Francis Macomber); instead the hero gains experience and more importantly and gradually, if he survives, he becomes a man. These experiences and confrontations are the meat of Hemingway's fiction. Leon Edel once accused Hemingway of never having written an "adult" novel.¹² What is perhaps closer to the truth, in a sense, is that he never wrote a novel about "adults." Obviously Hemingway's characters are not children, but his novels rarely deal with what we have come to know as the adult world. His novels never detail the lives of men and women who live in quiet homes, work in offices, raise families and pay taxes; this is not

Hemingway's world. As Philip Young asserts, "Nowhere in this writer can you find the mature brooding intelligence, the sense of the past, the grown-up relationship of adult people, many other things we normally ask of a first-rate novelist."¹³ You cannot find them because they are not Hemingway's concern. Just as Fitzgerald was not interested in migrant farm workers, Hemingway found little of interest in the kind of social adult milieu that so enthralls for example, John Updike.

Hemingway's world, his vision, is narrow but not in the way that many observers think that it is. His world is not simply one of prostitutes, boxers, bullfighters and gangsters; his concern is not with certain "types" of people, but rather with certain moments in life. Hemingway examines situations that are meaningful experiences for his heroes; and inevitably because of the nature of his vision, these are crisis situations, moments of great strain and tension. He depicts the pressures of life, life where insight, knowledge and most crucially growth, are gained under fire, in moments of crisis, at the breaking point. For Hemingway, knowledge, especially self-knowledge, is attained only when the carefully constructed illusions of life are stripped away, when life is pared down to essentials, when the hero faces the basic realities of life and death alone. His compulsion to illuminate these moments in fiction

led to the charges that he simply never grew up. In one sense that is true. In his works, as Benson points out, Hemingway is always growing up, always becoming a man.¹⁴ His characters are always developing, growing, and it is the "becoming," not the "being" that interested him. Like Fitzgerald's early work, Hemingway also details the growing process, the painful, often fatal, confrontation of the innocent or uninitiated with the circumstances of life.

The Hemingway hero must learn to cope with existence; to understand how to live, he must find out who he is. Self-discovery, as in Fitzgerald's early work, is the key to growth. The desire to cry "I know myself," as Amory Blaine does at the conclusion of This Side of Paradise, is the driving force behind the Hemingway protagonist.

In this sense then, all of Hemingway's early heroes, Nick Adams, Frederic Henry and Jake Barnes, are in search of themselves as a step in the search for, if not an understanding of life, at least a way to deal with it. Just as the In Our Time (1925) stories have often been referred to as "The Education of Nick Adams," so this title can be applied as well to the novels concerning Jake Barnes and Lieutenant Henry. Although The Sun Also Rises (1926) has been called a chronicle of the "lost generation" and A Farewell to Arms (1929) a novel of love and war, they can both, legitimately, be considered as stories of growth or as one critic has called them, "epistemological stories."¹⁵ The emphasis on

learning as a process of growing is justifiable because adapting to the knowledge of the world as it really is, is the struggle that these characters face. Each of the heroes learns about reality; their innocence is lost, their illusions are shattered by the recognition of the horror and violence of modern life, by what Philip Young calls, "the knowledge of evil."

The effects of the attainment of such knowledge is perhaps nowhere better chronicled in Hemingway's work than in his early Nick Adams stories. These stories were at first perplexing because many of them seemed to have no point, or a very vague one at best; but the problem disappears when one realizes that the stories demonstrate the growth of Nick Adams, his "initiation" into life. Like Fitzgerald, Hemingway was extremely interested in youth; as Harry Levin observes: "The world that remains most alive to Hemingway is the stretch between puberty and maturity which is strictly governed by the ephobic code: a world of mixed apprehension and bravado before the rite of passage, the baptism of fire, the introduction to sex."¹⁶ The stories about Nick Adams' boyhood and young manhood begin in In Our Time (1925) but continue almost to the end of Hemingway's career, illustrating his continuing, almost obsessive, interest in the experiences of adolescence. Perhaps, like Fitzgerald, he saw this period of life as the most crucial, the most formative, in which a man either faces life and

finds himself, or collapses under the pressure and is lost forever in illusions.

The character of Nick Adams himself, seemingly quite simple, has been described so differently by so many critics that one wonders whether they are, in fact, reading the same stories. Carlos Baker states without reservation that "The story of Nick's education, so far as we have it, differs in no essential way from that of almost any middle class American male who started life at the beginning of the present century or even with the generation of 1920."¹⁷ Earl Rovit appears to disagree, explaining that Nick Adams is really "... the whipping-boy of our fearful awareness, the pragmatic probability extrapolated into a possible tomorrow to serve as a propitiary buffer against the evils which tomorrow may or may not bring."¹⁸ While not entirely wrong it seems that both these gentlemen have somewhat overstated the case. Nick Adams is not Ernest Hemingway, but he shares a great deal of Hemingway's personal background and experience, and like Fitzgerald's character, Amory Blaine, he is a projection of the problems and concerns which most interested Hemingway. Like Fitzgerald before him, Hemingway created a fictional character whose experiences and adventures were sometimes precisely those of the author; and where they differed from reality or were "made up" the sense of experience nonetheless appears real. The adventures of Nick Adams are neither the story of the average

American boy nor the nightmare fantasies of a corporeal projection of our conscious and unconscious fears and terrors; they are one man's vision of the experiences which shape and eventually damage very badly the body and mind of a young boy growing up "in our time".

We first meet Nick Adams in the opening story of In Our Time, "Indian Camp," which on first reading seems hardly about Nick at all. The story is one of initiation, of Nick's introduction to birth, death, suicide and pain all in one stomach-wrenching episode. Nick's father, Dr. Adams, is called in the night to deliver a baby on the Indian reserve. There, because of complications, he must perform a caesarean with a jackknife and no anesthetic, with Nick as his assistant. The operation completed, Dr. Adams tries to wake the woman's husband who has been lying in the bunk above listening to the screams, only to find he has slit his throat. The doctor tries to get Nick out but: "There was no need of that. Nick, standing in the door of the kitchen, had a good view of the upper bunk when his father, the lamp in one hand, tipped the Indian's head back."¹⁹ Sitting in the canoe on the way home Nick questions his father about dying and suicide and only in the last lines are we given Nick's feelings about the ordeal: "In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die."²⁰

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The confusion in interpretations of the story has been remarkable, some critics claiming that it is a parable of the clash of cultural faces, going so far as to claim that Nick's Uncle George is actually the real father of the Indian baby. Philip Young removed all doubts by publicly announcing that he, in fact, was the father! Clearly the story is Nick's and the recent discovery of the original opening of the story (entitled "Three Shots" in The Nick Adams Stories) makes clear that the theme is Nick's confrontation with mortality. In this fragment we find Nick alone at night in a tent when fear first hits him,

He was not afraid of anything definite as yet. But he was getting very afraid. Then suddenly he was afraid of dying. Just a few weeks before at home, in church, they had sung a hymn, "Some day the silver cord will break." While they were singing the hymn Nick had realized that some day he must die. It made him feel quite sick. It was the first time he had ever realized that he himself would have to die sometime.²²

The recognition of his own mortality is an enormous discovery for Nick, an important step in the movement from childhood innocence to maturity. This consciousness of death will be a crucial point in Hemingway's depiction of maturation; it far outweighs in importance the loss of virginity of his heroes, the usual measure of growing awareness and burgeoning adulthood.

But Nick does not learn this particular lesson now. He rejects it only to have to face it much later in different

circumstances. Nick is exposed to death but rather than assimilate the experience he rejects it. He postpones the acceptance of his own mortality, and in the early warm dawn, his "daddy" beside him, he reverts to the comfortable state of infantile dependence. As Harry Levin points out, Nick prefers to retain the illusion that youth can support, that Hazlitt recognized: "No young man thinks he shall die."²³ Nick's first initiation then is abortive. He is exposed to the brutal realities of life, but he simply denies the learning experience, preferring the illusions of childhood. But the rejection is only a postponement and Nick will face the reality of his own mortality later, just as Frederic Henry will, at the front lines in Italy during the First World War.

The second story of the group is "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" which Hemingway said was about the day he discovered that his father was a coward. Despite the author's pronouncement, some controversy has surrounded this story as well. The story's action is quite simple: Dick Boulton, an Indian workman, is hired by Dr. Adams to cut some logs in order to pay his bill. The Indian keeps emphasizing that the logs are stolen until a fight almost breaks out at which point Nick's father, aware of Boulton's superior size and strength, walks away. Returning home his Christian Scientist wife humiliates him further by refusing to believe what Boulton has done and therefore

insinuating that her husband was at fault. The doctor leaves to go hunting and only then does Nick enter the story, refusing to return to his mother saying, "I want to go with you," to his "Daddy." The problem in the story is whether Nick witnesses these events, and while most critics assume that he does, Carl Ficken presents a cogent argument that the narrative pattern supports no such assumption.²⁴ In any case, whether Nick sees this particular encounter or not, is finally insignificant; the daily exposure to his parents would give him a gradual awareness of the situation between them. His father's humiliation at the hands of his mother, and his repression of anger and consequent subjugation is further detailed in another incident when Mrs. Adams "cleans out" the basement and burns her husband's Indian artifact collection.²⁵ So Nick's knowledge of his father and mother is not gained in any single "initiation," but rather in a slow accumulation of incidents which perplex and trouble the boy. Nick's preference for his father and hunting and fishing is clear, and the rejection of his mother's naïve religious sentiments is definitely a step forward, a movement from innocence to experience. In refusing to return to his mother's shaded room Nick refuses her protected and illusory world, choosing instead to journey out to the woods, to the world.

In the next story, "The End of Something," we meet Nick several years later when he is probably between sixteen

and eighteen years old.²⁶ Hemingway clearly felt that this period in a young man's life was dominated by two areas of experience: relationships with women and alcohol. In "The End of Something" Hemingway examines Nick's reactions to the end of his first serious relationship with a girl and just as in Fitzgerald's work this is followed by a bout of serious drinking, which Hemingway expertly relates in a kind of "companion piece" to the first story, "The Three Day Blow." In the first story Nick is confused and perplexed by his emotions but he is sure of one thing, that their relationship is over, it just "isn't fun any more."²⁷ Philip Young accepts Nick's vague ill-feeling, explaining that the point of the story is simply that "things can go all wrong with the pleasantest of love affairs,"²⁸ but a close examination of the story reveals much more.

Nick in the story is confronted with the realization that all things come to an end, that forces, often beyond the control of the people involved, sometimes shape the outcome of things. Just as the opening of the story recounts the decline and collapse of Horton's Bay as a lumber town so Nick is exposed to one of life's many lessons: things must run their course, and the natural outcome must be accepted, acquiesced in, because trying to fight it is both futile and destructive. Yet Nick does not entirely understand this and at first attempts to blame Marjorie for the break-up of their relationship. He reproaches her for

the knowledge that she has gained through his teaching: "You know everything. That's the trouble. You know you do ", and later, "I've taught you everything."²⁹ The sexual implications here are strong and perhaps Nick, having initiated Marjorie into sex, has grown tired of her, unconsciously reproaching her for having lost her virginity. He says quite bluntly, "It isn't fun any more. Not any of it." and the meaning is clear.³⁰ But when he tries to explain his feelings he stumbles upon the realization that the fault is not hers, "I feel as though everything was gone to hell inside of me. I don't know, Marge. I don't know what to say."³¹ Nick is still confused and upset about the incident but he has gained, however dimly, a greater understanding of life.

The following story, "The Three Day Blow," concerns Nick's reaction to the break-up, his feelings about the incident, and the lesson he has derived from it. Philip Young has perhaps over simplified things in his assertion that the only "point" the story has is that "Nick is learning things" and that we, the readers, learn the reason that Nick forced the break with Marjorie: she was the wrong class for a doctor's son.³² Although Bill provides the explanation that "Now she can marry somebody of her own sort and settle down and be happy. You can't mix oil and water and you can't mix that sort of thing . . .,"³³ Nick never really agrees. In fact, he is uncommitted, his reactions

limited to "Nick sat quiet " or "Nick said nothing."
Finally, when Nick does speak he simply echoes his original feelings expressed in the previous story: "All of a sudden everything was over, ... I don't know why it was. I couldn't help it. Just like when the three-day blows come and rip all the leaves off the trees."³⁴ This is not a break "forced" by social convention at all; it is simply a fact of nature as uncontrollable as an autumn storm. The relationship breaks down because for Nick it has run its course; it is over and he can't disguise his feelings. This lesson is not new; Nick had already realized as much when he broke off the affair. Thus, the story does not simply augment "The End of Something" but is an effective, even brilliant, description of Nick's introduction to alcohol and drunkenness.

The main part of the story is a detailed portrayal of adolescent conversation under the steadily increasing influence of whisky. The dialogue, touching upon baseball, literature, drinking, and finally women, is as realistic and captivating as anything J. D. Salinger was to write years later. But it is through the effects of drinking that the story's real point emerges. As Nick gets drunk, a state Hemingway describes masterfully with small touches like having the boys consider the "profound truth" of the statement: "It all evens up" or becoming self-consciously "practical" in their suggestions about the fire, he quite suddenly realizes that "Nothing was finished. Nothing was

ever lost."³⁵ Pouncing on a warning from Bill that "You might get back into it again," Nick in his drunken state is suddenly reassured: "He felt happy now. There was not anything that was irrevocable."³⁶ Nick's feeling that "There was always a way out" is not a contradiction of the lesson he learned in "The End of Something" but only a kind of temporary balm that the alcohol has produced. As Horst H. Kruse remarks in his perceptive essay on the story, "the true lesson that the episode has for Nick" is that "the 'giant killer' produces illusions and renders the lessons of life more acceptable."³⁷ The affair with Marjorie is over but the pain of that knowledge is lessened, at least for a while, by the alcohol-induced feeling of renewed hope and possibility. Nick is not duped by the illusion, but the holding of something in "reserve" makes the lesson easier to accept. The use of alcohol to deal with psychic wounds will play an important role in the lives of Hemingway's protagonists from Nick Adams to Frederic Henry to Jake Barnes particularly; all will use the "giant killer" to lessen their suffering, to help them make it through the long nights of fear and suffering.

Unlike Fitzgerald's character, Amory Blaine in This Side of Paradise, Nick does not fall apart when his relationship ends, but he does turn to alcohol for solace. He also turns to a male friend, and this pattern of male companionship and solidarity in fishing, hunting and

drinking, as a kind of reprieve from the more complex world of male-female relationships, will appear again and again in Hemingway's work. Nick's affair with Marjorie was not a "puppy love affair with a 'nice' girl" as Earl Rovit³⁸ claims, but a serious relationship that was, at least tacitly, an engagement. Nick is hurt by the experience, but unlike the Fitzgerald protagonist who seems to suffer indefinitely, Nick controls his grief, and turns to nature for a kind of psychic repair. In the woods, fishing or hunting, the hero can relax, forget, for a while at least, the experiences that have harmed him: "Outside now the Marge business was no longer so tragic. It was not even very important. The wind blew everything like that away."³⁹ This story then, has established an important pattern or ritual in which the Hemingway protagonist, when physically or emotionally wounded, turns to alcohol and to the all-male world of hunting and fishing.

From the relatively normal and calm life of Horton's Bay, the story "The Battler" transports us into the dark and sinister "hobo" world of the Michigan rail lines. The story opens, much like a later Nick Adams tale "The Light of the World" with a foreboding incident of gratuitous violence. In "The Battler" Nick is viciously pushed from a moving train by an obviously sadistic brakeman; and in the later story a surly bartender threatens Nick and Tom and throws them out. In "The Light of the World," Nick's

reaction is one of confusion and fear: "What the hell kind of place is this?"⁴⁰ a question that could refer to the town or the whole world. Nick is learning the hard way about "what the hell kind of place" the world really is, and sometimes the knowledge is more than his young sensitive mind can handle.

But Nick is learning and his first reaction in the story "The Battler" is one of shame, of embarrassment at his naïveté: "He had fallen for it. What a lousy kid thing to have done. They would never suck him in that way again."⁴¹ He is adapting, building up defenses, abandoning youthful innocence as a quality far too dangerous in this world to retain. Thrown from the train, Nick journeys in the dark until he comes upon a strangely mutilated man sitting by a fire. The man is Ad Francis, a punch-drunk ex-prize fighter who, with his negro companion, Bugs, rides the rails around the country. During their meal a confrontation erupts and Francis, obviously demented, begins to insult Nick: "Who the hell do you think you are? You're a snotty bastardYou come in here and act snotty about my face and smoke my cigars and drink my liquor and then talk snotty."⁴² At this point Bugs sneaks up behind the boxer and gingerly knocks him out with a cloth-wrapped blackjack explaining to Nick that he has to do it to "change him when he gets that way."⁴³ To avoid any more trouble he gives Nick a sandwich and politely, even apologetically, asks him to move on.

Superficially the tale seems strange, even bizarre, but not terrifying, yet Philip Young calls it "as unpleasant as anything its author ever wrote,"⁴⁴ and justifiably so. As in "Indian Camp" we only get an insight into Nick's feelings at the very close of the story. The effect has been powerful; Nick is stunned: "Nick climbed the embankment and started up the track. He found he had a ham sandwich in his hand and put it in his pocket."⁴⁵ That is all Hemingway says, but as usual, "less is more." Nick is young and sensitive and this contact with violence and strange, subtle evil has severely shocked him. Young's contention that the unstated, but pervasive "notion that it is not only Ad who is queer"⁴⁶ gives the story its sense of sordidness and evil, is I think, valid. The only reason "The Battler" is not disliked as much as "The Light of the World" which Hemingway said "nobody else ever liked,"⁴⁷ is simply that its more sinister aspects lie below the surface, whereas the latter story deals directly with homosexuality, prostitution and violence. In either case, this kind of experience is clearly not entirely beneficial to an adolescent boy. Experience of this kind not only teaches but also damages.

Although not simple (few of Hemingway's stories are), "The Battler" has been the subject of some rather obtuse comment; Leo Gurko likes the story but feels that Hemingway's "racial slurs" against Bugs, the "hero of the occasion" blemish the tale.⁴⁸ If Gurko's perceptions are

limited to the story's surface, Earl Rovit has so complicated his interpretation that the surface is no longer in sight. He claims that "the adventures of Nick Adams are approximately as realistic as the 'The Adventures of Tom Swift'." Then glib phrase-turning aside, he writes, "We begin to suspect that Hemingway's tyro figure (Nick) is a projection into the nightmare possibilities of confusion, pain and immolation; that his are mythic fantasies, guided by the rhythms of intense fear and alienation."⁴⁹ Why Rovit feels that there is "little that is realistically representative in the career of Nicholas Adams"⁵⁰ is never fully explained. That Hemingway knew the Michigan backwoods and had run away several times in his youth is amply supported by biographical evidence. The author himself wrote,

I had certain prejudices against homosexuality since I knew it in its more primitive aspects. I knew it was why you carried a knife and would use it when you were in the company of tramps when you were a boy in the days when wolves was not a slang term for men obsessed by the pursuit of women.⁵¹

When a man in "The Light of the World" asks Nick, "Ever interfere with a cook?" and adds "You can interfere with this one ... He likes it,"⁵² we know this is no nightmare fantasy of Hemingway's. Later in A Moveable Feast (1964) he would write "that when you were a boy and moved in the company of men, you had to be prepared to kill a man, know how to do it and really know that you would do it in order

not to be interfered with."⁵³ Nick Adams' journey is not a metaphorical or an allegorical one. It is fictional, but it is based on experience and fact, and even the "made up" parts, as Hemingway termed them, are as true as the real ones. Seemingly in answer to the critics who would call Hemingway's world fantastic, unreal, narrow and obsessed with violence, he wrote: "I did not want to argue that, although I thought that I had lived in a world as it was and there were all kinds of people in it and I tried to understand them, although some of them I could not like and some I still hated."⁵⁴ Clearly Hemingway's world is not everyone's, but it is nevertheless very real.

Ignoring chronology, Hemingway suddenly transports Nick to Italy during the First World War in the only inter-chapter vignette that mentions him by name. Again we are in a critical situation: Nick has been wounded, hit in the spine, and is propped awkwardly against a house while machine gun fire fills the street. This, as Philip Young has perceptively noted, is an enormously important event in Nick Adam's life, and in the lives of Jake Barnes and Frederic Henry, since in many ways they too share this wounding.⁵⁵ For Nick this physical wounding is the turning point; it "culminates, climaxes and epitomizes the wounds he has been getting as a growing boy."⁵⁶ It also importantly marks a turning point in his attitude to life; he says to Rinaldi who is also wounded, "You and me we've made a separate

peace."⁵⁷ For Nick this wounding marks the abandonment of this cause, and many others. He will be a long time recovering, the rest of his life in fact, and rather than becoming 'engaged' he will withdraw, remain aloof and try to survive. As the narrator (who is quite possibly Nick Adams) of the story "In Another Country" says, "In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more." Nick will spend much time "going away" from things, from war, from society, retreating to a simpler, calmer life of fishing, hunting, skiing and, of course, drinking.

Although Nick's actual homecoming is never described, we can be fairly sure that it was much like that of Harold Krebs, the Kansas boy whose return from war is detailed in a story called "Soldier's Home." Like Nick who has seen too much to ever be the same, Krebs is unable to re-assimilate himself into life. He wants to live without lies and worries and politics and love: "He did not want any consequences. He did not want any consequences ever again. He wanted to live along without consequences."⁵⁸ Consequences though are inevitable and Nick Adams must face them in a short "transitional" story called "Cross-Country Snow." Nick is skiing with a friend in Switzerland after the war, and externally he seems to have fully recovered except that he cannot "telemark" with his leg. George wishes that they could ski and fish and drink and not "give a damn about school or anything,"⁵⁹ but Nick has certain consequences to

face, certain obligations: his wife is pregnant. He must return to the States to have the baby and George asks, "It's hell isn't it?", to which Nick replies, "No. Not exactly." Nick has grown up considerably and he faces his responsibilities, but not without some distress. When faced with the prospect of never skiing again he says, "We've got to. It isn't worth while if you can't."⁶⁰ But balancing the adolescent tone of his statement is his recognition that promising to ski again is futile: "There isn't any good in promising."⁶¹ Nick has learned that life can be unpredictable, even uncontrollable and making promises against the future is hopelessly absurd.

After this we encounter Nick in the longest and most significant story of In Our Time (1925), "Big-Two Hearted River: Parts I and II". For years the story simply perplexed most readers, many enjoyed it as a descriptive "tour de force" on fishing comparable to say Walton's The Compleat Angler (1653); others found it merely boring and rather pointless. It is, in fact, neither. Malcolm Cowley, in a short essay called "Nightmare and Ritual in Hemingway," penetrated the surface of the story and detected a "waking-dreamlike quality" in it, describing it accurately as "an escape, either from nightmare or from realities that have become a nightmare."⁶² The pace of the story is relentless, the tone singular and monotonous, like the steady unnerving drip of a leaky faucet. It reads

like an obsessive-compulsive's handbook, with each of Nick's actions meticulously detailed, like the rituals of a superstitious ball player before a big game. Everything must be done in a certain way and in a certain order. If not, the spell will be broken.

This is Hemingway's hero at the breaking point, clinging desperately to the simple physical things that he knows best. Like the trout Nick watches as the story opens, "keeping themselves steady in the current with wavering fins,"⁶³ he is trying to hold his "purity of line through the maximum of exposure."⁶⁴ What many readers had missed, though not surprisingly since this is a perfect example of Hemingway's "iceberg theory" of writing, is that Nick is a very sick man trying to recover. Hemingway does not tell us directly that Nick has been psychologically as well as physically wounded by the war, but the story works because, as the author said, "If a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them."⁶⁵ Hemingway does not omit the fact that Nick has had a severe emotional shock, but he reveals it subtly, in much the same way that we find out about Holden Caulfield's breakdown in The Catcher in the Rye.⁶⁶

This is the same Nick Adams of the earlier stories, the expert outdoorsman, the fisherman and hunter, but a great deal of time has passed. "It was a long time since Nick had looked into a stream and seen trout."⁶⁷ Much has happened, and just as in "The Three Day Blow" Nick is going outdoors to forget his problems, to recover from the experiences he has endured: "Nick felt happy. He felt he had left everything behind, the need for thinking, the need to write, other needs. It was all back of him."⁶⁸ The fishing trip is an emotional rehabilitation, a self-imposed retreat for a man who is just barely holding himself steady, just within control. Like Paul Morel in D. H. Lawrence's Sons and Lovers (1913), who furiously blacks his boots after his mother's death,⁶⁹ Nick Adams engages himself in physical action, doing one thing after another regularly, systematically and most important, unthinkingly:

Nick was happy as he crawled inside the tent. He had not been unhappy all day. This was different though. Now things were done. There had been this to do. Now it was done. It had been a hard trip. He was very tired. That was done. He had made his camp. He was settled. Nothing would touch him.⁷⁰

Nick is very busy doing things, trying very hard to get tired, to avoid the thing he fears most, and as night falls it happens: "His mind was starting to work." But the long hike has done its job, he is safe: "He knew he could choke

it because he was tired enough."⁷¹ Nick must choke his mind off to retain the tenuous control he has achieved during the day. The solitude and darkness of night threaten this control, as Jake Barnes will admit in The Sun Also Rises, "It's awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night it is another thing."⁷² Control is the key, and Nick has managed to retain his sense of self-control, at least for this day.

Part I and Part II of "Big Two-Hearted River " are separated by Chapter XV, a vignette describing the execution by hanging of Sam Cardinella. The violence of the scene contrasts dramatically with the sunny tranquillity of Nick's fishing trip, but the basic theme of the vignette is identical to the story. Sam Cardinella is trying to face a crisis without crumbling and he has failed. He has lost his "grace under pressure", he has collapsed, and the priest beside him can only whisper futilely, "Be a man, my son."⁷³ The scene is quite graphic in its description of the man's fear: "When they came toward him with the cap to go over his head Sam Cardinella lost control of his sphincter muscle."⁷⁴ Gregory Sojka in a brief essay on the vignette's significance writes: "This brief glimpse of a man who wilts under pressure, literally losing control of himself, serves as a graphic contrast to the protagonist of the short story, who is striving valiantly to remain in full control of his faculties despite his own panic and

suffering."⁷⁵ Nick Adams is trying to "be a man," to contain himself despite the pressures from his damaged psyche, but unlike Sam Cardinella, Nick can face life slowly, can direct himself carefully, and precariously maintain some degree of control.

The following day is detailed in Part II of the story, in which Nick fishes the stream for trout. Again Hemingway describes each action Nick makes almost ritualistically, and the monotonous rhythm of the sentences perfectly expresses the barely submerged tension in Nick, the panic below the surface calm that is always threatening to emerge. We learn now how close to the edge Nick really is, how slender the thread that holds him. When his line snaps and he loses a huge trout, he is almost overcome: "Nick's hand was shaky. He reeled in slowly. The thrill had been too much. He felt, vaguely, a little sick, as though it would be better to sit down."⁷⁶ He walks out of the stream, sits down and smokes a cigarette. He is being very careful, "He did not want to rush his sensations any."⁷⁷ He fishes a while longer but decides not to go down stream where the river narrows into a swamp. He feels a vague reaction against fishing there: "In the swamp fishing was a tragic adventure. Nick did not want it. He did not want to go down the stream any further today." There has been enough excitement for one day; the swamp is too big a challenge for Nick to face right away. He must take one step at a

time, slowly, carefully and anyway, "There were plenty of days coming when he could fish the swamp."⁷⁸

Like the grasshoppers he sees early in his trip that have turned black from living in the burned-over land, Nick too has been changed, damaged by his experience in the war-ravaged landscape of Europe during the First World War. Just as he wonders "how long they would stay that way," we wonder how long it will take for his wounds to heal, and if he will ever be the same. More importantly, has Nick Adams grown and matured, or is he, as one critic writes, "curiously immature, never crossing what Conrad called the shadow line dividing youth from manhood?"⁷⁹

First one must recognize that the early Nick Adams' stories, as well as some of the later ones, concentrate on Nick as a boy and as a young man, so naturally they reflect an adolescent mentality. Also Hemingway juggled chronology so that later stories often portray Nick as a young boy again, thus distorting any seeming continuity or development in the protagonist's personality.⁸⁰ These factors considered, the question of Nick Adams' maturation remains. Clearly Nick has experienced a great deal, much of it brutal, ugly, even painful, but has he learned anything? Is he like many of Fitzgerald's characters for whom "the value of an experience is inseparable from the circumstances that attend it: the meaning of the moment is the moment itself?"⁸¹ Has Nick Adams grown by his

experiences, has he acquired a deeper understanding of life? Or does he, as Robert Evans asserts, "lack the intellectual resources to achieve a distance from his suffering, to contemplate it, and to learn from it something fundamental about himself. He is thus condemned always to relive his experience, without ever mastering it or its lessons"?⁸² To learn from experiences, one must think about them and Evans contends that Nick spends most of his time trying not to think. The role of thinking then becomes the crucial issue in any discussion of maturation, and must therefore, be looked at in more detail.

Evans' contention is that Hemingway's anti-intellectualism is:

a deliberate refusal to admit the free play of the higher intellectual faculties -- reason, speculative thoughts and imaginative vision -- as legitimate guides for conduct and as potential means for clarifying, ordering, and enriching human experience.⁸³

Naturally he offers Nick's conduct in "Big Two-Hearted River: Part I and Part II" as an example of this "choking off" of the mind, this refusal to think. For Hemingway, says Evans, "to think" has only two primary meanings. "One is to remember; the other is to worry," thus ignoring any distinction between thought and emotion, the former simply being worry or painful memory, a sort of "subspecies of unpleasant emotion."⁸⁴ Expectedly, Evans turns

to Nick's reaction in "The Killers" to the knowledge that the boxer Ole Andreson is simply waiting to be killed: "I can't stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he's going to get it. It's too damned awful,"⁸⁵ and George's reply which for the critic crystallizes the author's view: "Well You better not think about it." This refusal to think asserts Evans, to order experience by thought and extract meaning from it, results in intellectual immaturity, and a decidedly adolescent perspective on life.

Despite its force, Evans' argument concerning the Hemingway hero in general is clearly inadequate (there is no mention of Jake Barnes or Frederic Henry) and his section on Nick Adams is based on a gross misinterpretation of the protagonist's behaviour within the context of the story, as well as a highly biased and selective use of evidence. Evans' assertion that Nick is trying to suppress certain bitter memories in "Big Two-Hearted River" concerning an old friend Hopkins, "nothing less than the age-old draught of loss, betrayal, and a broken promise," is totally specious. These are not "the wounds that ache as the night closes in" at all.⁸⁶ The memories Nick is recovering from are horrible experiences of war, of his critical wounding and his nervous breakdown. Nick is a young man just returned from war, trying desperately to rehabilitate himself from an almost complete psychological collapse. In

"A Way You'll Never Be" we get an insight into the uncontrollable temporary insanity into which he can slip simply by not holding himself tightly enough. This is not the picture of a man calmly considering his war experiences twenty years after the fact, but a very young man who still has trouble sleeping without a light. In many ways Nick Adams resembles J. D. Salinger's Sergeant X from "For Esmé -- with Love and Squalor" who "had not come through the war with all his faculties intact."⁸⁷ Like Nick, who is desperately "holding tight," Sergeant X too must consciously and with great effort keep himself steady,

Then, abruptly, familiarly, and as usual, with no warning, he thought he felt his mind dislodge itself and teeter, like insecure luggage on an overhead rack. He quickly did what he had been doing for weeks to set things right: he pressed his hands hard against his temples. He held on tight for a moment.⁸⁸

Like Salinger's character, Nick Adams has seen too much, too many dead soldiers "humped and swollen in the grass," too many helmets "full of brains" too many times, and all of it has made him very sick. Even if one could clarify and order such overwhelmingly horrible experiences and the whole illogical senseless brutality of war, it would be impossible to do so while still recovering from its physical and emotional shocks.⁸⁹ To expect anyone to instantaneously assimilate and intellectualize an event as devastating as World War I is patently ridiculous.

Nick, as we have seen, is a sensitive, intelligent young man, who despite the critics' remarks, is perhaps too imaginative for his own good. It is precisely his "imaginative vision" and capacity for "speculative thought" that make the shock of his experiences so profound. If Nick really lacked the intellectual capacity to consider his experiences, if he had only animal courage and endurance, he would be well and virtually untouched by what he has seen and done. But he is not. His experiences have affected him deeply and he is confused and shaken. Like Holden Caulfield, who when asked what he thought about his experiences can only answer, "I didn't know what the hell to say. If you want to know the truth, I don't know what I think about it."⁹⁰ With time Nick recovers from his wounds, having to some degree intellectually managed them. When we meet him in "Fathers and Sons," one of Hemingway's last stories, he is older and married, with a son of his own. Now he "thinks" a great deal, about his father and mother, their relationship, and his own childhood. Nick has, in fact, come to grips with his memory of his father: "He had died on a trap that he had helped only a little to set, and they had all betrayed him in their various ways before he died."⁹¹ Nick thinks a great deal, but some things can never be resolved, only accepted: "There was nothing to do about his father and he had thought it all through many times."⁹² Clearly Nick, like Hemingway, uses

writing as a catharsis, therapy or a kind of exorcism, to get "rid of things" that are emotionally painful; but this does not preclude the use of the mind, rather it demands it. Writing, good writing, requires reason, speculative thought and imaginative vision, and Nick Adams is a writer. Nick will order and clarify his experiences with his father, just as he would with his other experiences but time is the crucial factor; "Nick could not write about him yet, although he would later ... If he wrote it he could get rid of it. He had gotten rid of many things by writing them. But it was still too early for that." ⁹³

Unlike some of Fitzgerald's characters who are unable to learn from experience and only suffer from it, Nick Adams does eventually order his experience, measure it, and that done he places it, and no longer suffers from his memories. If he seems not to discourse at length on the intellectual implications of his past experiences and their meaning in the larger context of life, it is because Hemingway felt such musings were largely extraneous to his work. He wrote bluntly:

Prose is architecture, not interior decoration, and the Baroque is over. For a writer to put his own intellectual musings, which he might sell for a low price as essays, into the mouths of artificially constructed characters which are more remunerative when issued as people in a novel is good economics perhaps, but does not make literature. ⁹⁴

Nick Adams does grow up. He faces a world that is turned to hell by war and he is shattered by the experience. His loss of innocence comes very early and it is brutal and devastating, but he survives. Yet survival has a high price and Nick is forced to build defences, to hold himself tight, to crush his thought processes, to find escapes in fishing and drinking, and he recovers. Not fully, of course, for he can never be the same as he was in the past. He has been wounded, broken badly, and the scars will show. His life becomes an escape from the world that has as badly wounded him, but not an escape from himself. Nick relives the memories, and suffers the pain of life, but he is learning, and eventually he faces the experiences that have shaped him, or misshaped him and comes to know himself.

A Farewell to Arms (1929) is Hemingway's second novel, coming three years after the publication of The Sun Also Rises (1926), but if we use Hemingway's life as a yardstick, it has all the earmarks of a first novel. First it draws on Hemingway's experiences as a young ambulance driver in Italy during the First World War, covering not only his almost fatal wounding, but also his love affair with a Red Cross nurse named Agnes Hannah Von Karowsky. As Charles Fenton, the biographer of the author's early career, states concerning the wounding: "The scene was forcefully recorded, with only minor variations, in

A Farewell to Arms."⁹⁵ In fact, Hemingway used these experiences in his fiction long before his "war" novel, in his first major work, In Our Time (1925). There, in the vignette marked Chapter VI, he describes Nick Adams being badly wounded on the Italian front, and directly following, in a short story entitled "A Very Short Story," an unnamed but familiar protagonist, falls in love with a Red Cross nurse during his convalescence in Padua.

Because we are interested in character maturation, and because that development is so closely related to the author's own growth, it is more chronologically coherent and more valuable critically to examine A Farewell to Arms before The Sun Also Rises. Hemingway's second novel, ostensibly about love and war at the Italian front, is really most concerned with the development of its major character, Frederic Henry. More than anything the novel is a story of growth, an "epistemological" story, one in which the boy-hero gains experience and most importantly, self-knowledge, and thereby emerges as a man. This novel epitomizes the "trial by fire" view of life that Hemingway held, the concept that a man finds out what life is and who he is, in moments of crisis, through the assimilation of important experiences.

When we first meet Frederic Henry he is a somewhat callow young man of about eighteen or nineteen years old (if one may again use Hemingway's own experience as a guide),

whose nickname is "baby." He is innocent, uninitiated, but amiable; he is very much the "nice boy," the "very good boy" that the people around him think he is. Uncommitted and essentially self-centered, Henry sees life as a kind of show, amusing even exciting, but he is more a spectator than a participant, standing on the sidelines with only one foot in the action of life. When asked why he, an American, joined the Italian army, he replies, "I don't know ... There isn't always an explanation for everything."⁹⁶

But there is an explanation of sorts. Henry has no strong family ties and his study of architecture seems casual at most. The war is a chance to experience action, the ambulance corps particularly, since it provides the somewhat paradoxical situation of being involved in the war without being part of it. Henry and the other foreign ambulance drivers develop what Malcolm Cowley called "a spectatorial attitude," a curious attitude of non-participation originating in an essential indifference, a sense of having no real share in what was taking place.⁹⁷ Early in the novel Lieutenant Henry expresses this feeling of only half-playing a game, in which winning or losing is irrelevant because you belong to neither team: "Well, I knew I would not be killed. Not in this war. It did not have anything to do with me. It seemed no more dangerous to me myself than war in the movies."⁹⁸ Henry is on the outside looking in, untouchable

in his isolation. Cowley too expresses the same sense of detachment: "We were seeing a great show ... (our service) provided us with fairly good food, a congenial occupation, furloughs to Paris and uniforms that admitted us to the best hotels. It permitted us to enjoy the once-in-a-lifetime spectacle of the Western front."⁹⁹

For Lieutenant Henry, it is all a spectacle, exciting, slightly dangerous but essentially unreal and meaningless. His own hollowness, his lack of a sense of self is reflected in his decision to go to the smoke-filled night-clubs and bordellos of the cities rather than the clear, hard, cold countryside of Abruzzi. There, in the cities, he is not confronted by his own emptiness; he can lose himself and his unconnectedness in the darkness and drunkenness and be reassured that there really is nothing to believe in:

I had gone ... to the smoke of cafés and nights when the room whirled and you needed to look at the wall to make it stop, nights in bed, drunk, when you knew that that was all there was, ... and the world all unreal in the dark and so exciting that you must resume again unknowing and not caring in the night, sure that this was all and all and all and not caring.¹⁰⁰

Henry has neither knowledge nor a sense of caring, he is unconnected with the world, having only his instincts for pleasure and excitement to guide him. He must learn a great deal and become a different person before he will want the cold clearness of snow covered mountains instead of the

swirling darkness of the cities.

This lack of real involvement, this dispassionate view of war is also carried over into his affair with Catherine Barkley, the English nurse. He approaches the relationship like a game, in which he does and says the proper things to ensure seduction, easily and clearly, "seeing it all ahead like the moves in a chess game."¹⁰¹ Love, like war, is merely a game for Henry, and because he is cut off from any real involvement, he must pretend there are stakes so that the game is exciting. "I knew I did not love Catherine Barkley nor had any idea of loving her. This was a game, like bridge, in which you said things instead of playing cards. Like bridge you had to pretend you were playing for money or playing for some stakes. Nobody had mentioned what the stakes were. It was all right with me."¹⁰² For Henry there is no risk, consequences are meaningless simply because his involvement is superficial at most. He says flatly, "I did not care what I was getting into. This was better than going every evening to the house for officers..."¹⁰³ Just as he has no real reason for being in the war, he has no reservations about the relationship because in both cases he is spiritually uncommitted. He is a bystander in life's action; he can neither win nor lose because he is not even part of the game.

When Henry is hit by mortar fire he is dramatically, however unwillingly, made part of the game. With the wound,

the realities of war, of life and death, are suddenly made clear to him; no longer does he need to invent stakes, his life is stake enough: "I tried to breathe but my breath would not come and I felt myself rush bodily out of myself and out and out and all the time bodily in the wind. I went out swiftly, all of myself, and I knew I was dead and that it had all been a mistake to think you just died."¹⁰⁴

The passage seems to say that Henry, so close to actual death, realizes that he has been dead for a long time, that his incapacity to care has made his life meaningless, a kind of death in itself.¹⁰⁵ Of course, the sentence is open to interpretation (particularly because of its rather awkward phrasing), but regardless, Henry now realizes that this is no moviehouse war, and it does have something to do with him, if only that it can kill him.

Yet this is only the first lesson; Henry will have to experience much more before he abandons the illusions of youth. In the field hospital Rinaldi visits him and says, "You are ignorantUninformed. Inexperienced, stupid from inexperience."¹⁰⁶ The subject is women, but later when Henry and the priest discuss war, the verdict is the same: "You do not see it," the priest says; "Still even wounded you do not see it. I can tell."¹⁰⁷ The conversation then turns to love and the priest explains: "When you love you wish to do things for. You wish to sacrifice for. You wish to serve" and Henry replies, "I don't love." Again it is a question of experience and

the priest says, "It is another thing. You cannot know about it unless you have it."¹⁰⁸ Despite his wounding Lieutenant Henry still lacks a real comprehension of war and of love. He has a great deal more to learn and his relationship with Catherine Barkley and his forced desertion will fill the gaps in his "education"

Book Two of the novel covers Henry's recovery and the beginning of his first real relationship, the one the priest predicted, the one Rinaldi warned him about. The first time he sees Catherine after his wounding he is in love, although his long-standing reservations have yet to be dispelled: "God knows I had not wanted to fall in love with her. I had not wanted to fall in love with anyone."¹⁰⁹ The months in hospital with Catherine are idyllic but Henry is still naïve, ignorant of the realities of life and love. When he mentions marriage to one of Catherine's friends she replies knowingly, "Fight or die. That's what people do. They don't marry."¹¹⁰ But she is only half-right, because even in marriage the end is the same. In Death in the Afternoon (1932) Hemingway wrote what he knew and what Lieutenant Henry would eventually discover: "... all stories of monogamy end in death. ... If two people love each other there can be no happy end to it."¹¹¹ In loving Catherine, Henry has moved from a position of bystander to one of participant; he can no longer look on life uncaringly, he has become part of it. Henry moves into a situation that

the grieving major of the story "In Another Country" warns against: "He cannot marryIf he is to lose everything, he should not place himself in a position to lose that. He should not place himself in a position to lose. He should find things he cannot lose."¹¹² Henry had things he could not lose, drinking and the officer's house, but the price of security was a hollow half-life devoid of meaning. In loving Catherine, he makes an investment in life. He no longer needs to invent stakes, but he does have to recognize the possibility of loss, to accept the vulnerability of the position he has chosen. Then, when Catherine announces her pregnancy, Henry, like Nick Adams before him, must emerge from the splendid isolation of exclusive self-centredness and accept this new responsibility. Frederic Henry is growing and maturing, but his hardest lessons are still to be faced.

After his rather idyllic sojourn in Milan, the return to the front is a shattering experience for Henry, the realities of war are continuously knocking away his illusions. The major who looks "older and drier" is weakening; it has been "bad and worse" and given the chance he would leave and not return. But it is Rinaldi who has been most seriously affected by the enormous carnage of the summer offensives. The war has been "terrible," and Rinaldi, physically exhausted and emotionally depressed, has buried himself in his work to avoid the despair that thinking causes. Slightly

paranoid and convinced that he has contracted syphilis, he drinks for escape, while only hastening the process of destruction that the war has begun.

Naturally, Henry is deeply disturbed by Rinaldi's apparent breakdown, but it is with the priest that he begins to express his growing awareness and consequent disillusionment. Early in the novel, talking to an Italian driver, Henry confidently says that "Defeat is worse" than war, but when the priest mentions defeat, an older, more experienced Henry replies, "There isn't anything more. Except victory. It may be worse."¹¹³ He has come to recognize the absurdity of war, that it spares neither the good nor the bad, making victory and defeat meaningless words in the face of the wholesale slaughter of millions. When asked what he does believe in he replies cynically, "In sleep," and then piling irony upon irony says, "I said that about sleeping, meaning nothing."¹¹⁴

Henry is coming to see the rhetoric of war as empty and hollow; just as Ettore's boasting of his decorations was faintly comical, so the words "sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain" are now embarrassing. In war these words had become meaningless, they had ceased to function in any real way: "I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards of Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it."¹¹⁵

The nightmarish absurdity of war reaches its climax in the retreat from Caporetto, when battle police at the bridge begin executing all officers for treason. Never having been under fire they question and shoot officers with the patriotism and logic of those who have never been in battle, much less retreat. Faced with death, Henry takes the only available alternative, and makes a daring escape into the river, and out of the war. Like Nick Adams, Frederic Henry is, in a sense, forced out by circumstance: "I had made a separate peace," ¹¹⁶ he says, and it is simply no longer his "show."

It is at this point that Frederic Henry makes a full commitment to the relationship with Catherine Barkley, thus irrevocably abandoning his status as an isolated non-participant in the game of life. In allowing himself to care, to enjoy happiness, Henry also accepts the inevitable remorse of which Rinaldi warned him, for in Hemingway there can only be one conclusion to love. Life ends in death and love ends in loss. The willingness and courage to commit oneself while fully aware of the inescapable realities is a sign of maturity, an indication of the acceptance of the inevitability of loss, and the desire to live life "all the way up" regardless.

While in a hotel in Stresa with Catherine, Henry considers their love for each other and concludes:

If people bring so much courage to this world, the world has to kill them to break them, so of course it kills them. The world breaks every one and afterward many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you but there will be no special hurry.¹¹⁷

Henry has seen his friends killed senselessly, and others broken by the pressures of life, and has come to realize that all men are caught in a "biological trap," with death as the final reality. Why you die is irrelevant and without meaning, so the only real question becomes how you live. When Count Greffi asks, "What do you value most?" Henry, instead of saying "sleep," replies, "Some one I love."¹¹⁸ He has chosen to play a game he can never win, but his awareness of the consequences makes that choice a testament to his courage and his manhood.

The denouement is swift, and thematically and artistically coherent, even predictable. After months of sedate and happy life in the mountains of Switzerland, Catherine dies giving birth to a stillborn child. The rain, ominous and foreboding, an image of death throughout the novel, is pouring down as the story closes. But Henry has survived and matured. He is no longer the superficial, uncaring youth that we first met; his wound awakened him to the realities of life and the affair with Catherine to the value and pain of love. Frederic Henry was a young self-

centred, emotionally isolated boy who lived on the fringes of life, never investing enough in life to risk losing, and content with the things that could not be lost. Amid the violence and death of war he has experienced a great deal and has survived. He has also learned the hard lessons of life:

That was what you did. You died. You did not know what it was about. You never had time to learn. They threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you. Or they killed you gratuitously like Aymo. Or gave you the syphilis like Rinaldi. But they killed you in the end. You could count on that. Stay around and they would kill you.¹¹⁹

Knowing that, he nonetheless invests in life. He moves from safety to vulnerability; he, as the major from "In Another Country" said, "put himself in a position to lose." Like the speaker in Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach" (1867) who sees that the world, "Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light, / Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;" and says "Ah, love, let us be true / to one another!", Frederic Henry chooses love. But death is as real as love and while "ignorant armies clash by night," Catherine dies. And Henry can do nothing because there is nothing to be done. Just as he sat years before in camp watching ants die in the fire, he can only sit and wait for Catherine's death. Henry has come to realize that man is powerless in the face of certain fundamental realities in

life. But more importantly, he has learned how to live. He has learned that meaning in an essentially meaningless world comes from the total commitment to a person that real love demands. The supreme irony, of course, is that once Henry has something to lose, he loses it. Like the major from "In Another Country," Henry has great difficulty resigning himself to the loss. Yet the story, told by Henry himself, is devoid of self-pity or sentimentalization, a testament in itself to his growth, maturity and most important, his ability to endure.

Like any good novel, and like the best of Hemingway's work, The Sun Also Rises (1926) is extremely difficult to categorize. When it first appeared, the novel was a "succès de scandale," a "roman à clef" describing the events of the Pamplona fiesta of 1925 with Lady Duff Twysden, Harold Loeb and the author as the real life counterparts of Lady Brett, Robert Cohn and Jake Barnes respectively.¹²⁰ Yet despite the gossip, the novel was more than a personal social satire; it seemed to excite the general public as well as the critics. Like Fitzgerald's This Side of Paradise, it struck a chord in the generation's youth: "Brett became a model of speech and behavior for a whole generation of college girls. The Hemingway male -- tough battered, stoic, laconic, making a style out of despair -- began to appear in better-class bars."¹²¹

Like Fitzgerald's "Jazz Age flapper," Hemingway's "Lost Generation" catch-phrase seemed to capture perfectly an element of society in the twenties. Although Hemingway persisted in rejecting the notion that the novel was a socio-historical chronicling of the post-war period, enough to call the "generation perdue" quotation of Gertrude Stein a piece of "splendid bombast,"¹²² the critics would not agree. Ernest Boyd said, much to the author's annoyance, that Hemingway had triumphantly added a new chapter to the story Fitzgerald began in This Side of Paradise.¹²³ Hemingway did not see the novel as a "Jazz" story nor did he believe in a "lost generation!" "I thought," he said to Carlos Baker in 1951, "beat up, maybe, (deleted) in many ways. But damned if we were lost except for deads, gueules cassées, and certified crazies."¹²⁴ Hemingway had not set out to document the experience of a generation, but he, like Fitzgerald, was so much a part of his age, that in writing the story of one man, he captured the spirit of his time.

Hemingway, like Fitzgerald, was primarily interested in the development of character, the process by which a man learns to live in this world. Because of his style, many critics feel that Hemingway merely recorded his experiences -- how things looked and smelled and what the weather was like -- without analysing or ordering those experiences, like, as Jackson Benson writes, a "stimulated literate amoeba."¹²⁵ If this is so, then, of course, the novel is simply a log or

journal of the lost generation and little else. But that is clearly not the case. The focus of the novel, as in This Side of Paradise, is the development of the hero; the process or series of events through which he gains a greater insight into himself.

Because the novel was created mainly out of the events of the Festival of San Fermin in 1925 (so closely in fact that in the first drafts Jake Barnes was "Hem" or "Ernie"),¹²⁶ I think it is safe to assume that the protagonist is approximately Hemingway's own age: twenty-five. Although still relatively young, Jake Barnes at twenty-five appears perhaps too old to still be in the process of becoming a man, but as Hemingway wrote: "It was not a matter of their twenty-first birthday."¹²⁷ He is, in fact, struggling throughout the novel to derive meaning from his experiences; to somehow forge a viable philosophy, to learn "to get your money's worth and knowing when you had it."¹²⁸ Late in the novel, during the fiesta, Barnes expresses what is one of the most important themes in the novel: "Perhaps as you went along you did learn something. I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live in it. Maybe if you found out how to live in it you learned from that what it was all about."¹²⁹ Barnes does not search directly for meaning, but rather indirectly through action, hoping that the "how" will eventually answer the "what" and "why," and if it does not, at least you have learned to survive.

Learning to overcome the illusions of life, to know oneself, and face the reality of death, is the key for Hemingway. In a letter to Maxwell Perkins (1926) he wrote, "I've known some very wonderful people who even though they were going directly to the grave (which is what makes any story a tragedy if carried out until the end) managed to put up a very fine performance en route."¹³⁰ Putting up a fine performance, learning to behave well, to live with dignity in the face of pain and loss, and the "nada" of life, is what the hero must strive to do.

If the novel were simply a confrontation between the war weary, cynical expatriates, and the uninformed, inexperienced "tourists" of life, it would be interesting as a social document but have limited significance as a novel. The tension in the novel originates not in the friction between the "insiders" and the "outsiders," but in the protagonist's search for meaning, in his struggle to discover how to live in the reality of post-war Europe. Like Nick Adams and Frederic Henry, Jake Barnes has been wounded in the war, but his wound has sexually incapacitated him, leaving him with a physical incapacity as well as emotional and psychological scars. Like Nick Adams and Frederic Henry he has trouble sleeping at night, he is afraid of the dark, and most importantly he must stop himself from dwelling endlessly on the wound, a difficult task considering its nature. The challenge for Jake Barnes,

and for the others, is to put up a good show, to appear stoical and tough, and not succumb to the messiness of self-pity and melodramatic emotion.

Despite Barnes' status as one of the "in-group," he shares almost as many illusions as Robert Cohn, except that unlike Cohn, he manages to "hold on," to retain control and put on a fine show. Thinking at night about his accident he says, "I try and play it along and just not make trouble for people."¹³¹ His form is fine, but he too entertains illusions, except that unlike Cohn, he is not completely blinded by self-deception. He has, to some degree, a sense of self-awareness, a sense of irony inherent in his predicament. He lies in bed crying about Brett, but when she comes to his room to tell him she is with a wealthy count who has offered her ten thousand dollars to go away with him, Barnes at least recognizes the absurdity of his romantic sentimentalizing. When she leaves he says, with an ironic awareness of what she is, "This was Brett, that I had felt like crying about."¹³² Barnes seems to recognize the reality of the situation but his real internal struggle is yet to come; he will fall many times before emerging as his own man.

Early in the story Barnes chastizes Cohn for his immature romanticism about South America derived essentially from W. H. Hudson's The Purple Land, and later tells him to

cut the "prep-school stuff" when he refuses to believe that Brett married for money. Cohn's naïvete and adolescent idealism are most clearly illustrated when Harvey Stone calls him a 'case of arrested development' because of his desire to relive his highschool football days. Cohn is clearly a man living in illusions, unable or unwilling to face realities but Jake, in the scene following, does not fare much better. When Brett comes to his room Jake blurts out, "Couldn't we live together, Brett? Couldn't we just live together? ... Couldn't we go off in the country for a while?"¹³³ Jake is impotent and Brett is an alcoholic nymphomaniac; that is the reality, and Jake's proposal is sentimental self-deception, springing from self-pity: "I'm just low, and when I'm low I talk like a fool."¹³⁴

Barnes is much like Cohn in that they share high ideals and a sense of established morality, except that Barnes comes to recognize the futility of his position and eventually accepts reality without forfeiting all of his self-respect. Cohn does not make this progression. Like Jay Gatsby, Cohn refuses to relinquish his youthful idealism and adolescent morality; like Gatsby he does not achieve self-knowledge because the illusions he has created prevent him from ever seeing clearly. Hemingway provides a foil for this position in Count Mippipopolous, who, having experienced a great deal, (seven wars and four revolutions), has shed all the illusions that so confuse Cohn, and has come

to "know the values" and can now "enjoy everything so well." He has reduced life to a simple system of exchange in which good food, fine wine, the love of women and a cigar that draws well, all have a fixed place in his values. The Count knows what Jake will speculate about much later, that "Enjoying living was learning to get your money's worth and knowing when you had it."¹³⁵

Naturally this value system is limited; it denies the higher values of life -- devotion, sacrifice, real love -- but it is functional within its limits. Other characters in the novel live in the shadow of the Count's world, not even getting their money's worth out of life. Bill Gorton's life, or half-life, is riskless but also rewardless. His value system is more limited than the Count's in that his pleasures are not even real: "Simple exchange of values. You give them money. They give you a stuffed dog."¹³⁶ Bill has settled for less and he harbours no illusions about his choice: he knows the animals are dead but he pays nonetheless, satisfied with his loss-secure existence.

Unlike Cohn who never emerges from the illusion that life is made of true love, high romance, South American adventures and chivalrous battles, Jake Barnes does achieve self-honesty and clear sightedness. He begins, though, from a position almost as deception-ridden as Robert's. He wallows in self-pity because of an unfulfillable desire for Brett, he is "blind, unforgivingly jealous" of Cohn, and he

admits that in the same circumstances, he would lose control and "be as big an ass as Cohn."¹³⁷ But unlike Cohn, who even after humiliating defeat does not see himself, nor the world clearly, Jake refuses to believe that everything "isn't any damned use."¹³⁸ Jake's progress is never directly commented upon but as usual Hemingway reveals it subtly and skillfully through the course of his narrative.

In the bright sun and green hills of Burguete, divorced from the Paris group, Jake is happy, relaxed, and the harmony between the men is the only example of real love in the novel. The idyllic trip has helped Jake regain a sense of proportion; the simplicity of nature has swept away the confusions and ambiguities of Paris, allowing him a clearer vision of life. In Pamplona at a tense dinner with the group Jake is more aware: "Under the wine I lost the disgusted feeling and was happy. It seemed they were all such nice people."¹³⁹ Jake now sees what they are, and only with wine do they seem nice. The fiesta, though, brings endless rounds of drinking and dancing and in this nightmare world, the clarity of vision disappears until "Everything became quite unreal finally and it seemed as though nothing could have any consequences."¹⁴⁰ It is in the frenzied dream-like world of the fiesta that Jake will sink to the lowest point, betraying himself and forfeiting his self-respect.

Jake is one of the few Americans who Montoya, the

owner of the hotel, recognizes as an "aficionado," one who has a true passion for the bullfights. This "aficion" extends to a recognition of Pedro Romero as the "real thing," a truly great bullfighter, and Jake betrays that passion by pimping for Brett. In introducing Brett to Romero so that she can regain her "self-respect," Jake, ironically loses his own. In his own way Jake has behaved as badly as Cohn; worse, because his actions are a conscious reversal of principles that he accepts. The seduction, and Cohn's beating of Mike and Jake and finally Romero, are all placed in clear perspective the next day when a man is gored by one of the bulls. The empty meaninglessness of the entire affair and Jake's role in it is expressed with ironic understatement by Hemingway in a single brilliant paragraph:

The bull who killed Vincente Girones ... was killed by Pedro Romero as the third bull of that same afternoon. His ear was cut by popular acclamation and given to Pedro Romero, who, in turn, gave it to Brett, who wrapped it in a handkerchief belonging to myself, and left both ear and handkerchief, along with a number of Muratti cigarette-stubs, shoved far back in the drawer of the bed-table that stood beside her bed in the Hotel Montoya, in Pamplona.¹⁴¹

The value of a man's life, of a perfect bullfight, of the seduction of a young bullfighter are all the same to Brett; like cigarettes, they are enjoyed, then thoughtlessly and carelessly discarded. All values have by this point become distorted. Bill, who is concerned about the "right" to

insult Mike in public, is completely uncaring about a man's death: "A man was killed outside in the runway," says Jake and Bill can only answer, "Was there?"¹⁴²

After the bullfight, the fiesta is over and Jake while preparing to leave is uncomfortably aware of the fact that "Montoya did not come near us."¹⁴³ Jake is "through with fiestas for a while"¹⁴⁴ and seeking nature's solitude and rejuvenation, he goes to San Sebastian, diving deep in the cold water as if to cleanse himself of the sordidness of Pamplona. There he receives a telegram from Brett asking for help, and finally, confronted by the enormous irony of the situation, comes to face the truth. He answers the telegram and in the harsh light of self-realization says:

That seemed to handle it. That was it.
Send a girl off with one man. Intro-
duce her to another to go off with him.
Now go and bring her back. And sign the
wire with love. That was it all right.
I went into lunch.¹⁴⁵

Jake confronts the truth, evaluates his actions honestly and recognizes the folly of his self-delusion. He is ironical at his own expense. Cognizant now of his Cohn-like illusions about Brett, he can renounce her and the life she epitomizes. Jake will go to help her, but unlike early in the novel when each encounter with Brett was nightmarish in its repetition of pain and anguish, this is the end. It will not happen again. This will not be "something I had been through and that now I must go through again." Jake has

faced reality, he has become his own man, his vision is no longer fogged by self-indulgent illusions. "The Norte station in Madrid is the end of the line. All trains finish there."¹⁴⁶ Jake is finished with the falsities and vanities that have plagued his life, he has gained a new perspective on life and this new awareness marks the abandonment of immature and futile illusions.

When Jake meets Brett at the end of the novel he is a different man and the quality of his clipped, laconic replies, I think, removes any ambiguity from the final lines. Stripped of his romantic illusions, he is strong, coolly detached, and the bitter irony of his remarks dispels all doubt concerning the state of his relationship with Brett. The brilliant irony of their conversation is highlighted by Brett's ignorance of the change in Jake, making her the unknowing target of his sarcasm:

"He wanted to marry me, finally."

"Really?"

"Of course. I can't even marry Mike."

"Maybe he thought that would make him Lord Ashley."

"No. It wasn't that. He really wanted to marry me. ..."¹⁴⁷

As she sits congratulating herself on not "being a bitch," she says "It's sort of what we have instead of God" but Jake is no longer part of the "we" and his reply is evidence of his detachment and new perspective: "'Some people have God,' I said. 'Quite a lot'."¹⁴⁸ Jake is not impressed by Brett's

apparently noble action; rather he recognizes it for what it really is: indulgent self-pity and self-delusion, a false martyrdom propped up to disguise the emptiness of her life. Jake is no longer prey to the illusions that Brett self-pityingly indulges in: "Oh, Jake," Brettsaid, 'we could have had such a damned good time together'. Outside the cab the "houses looked sharply white" to Jake, and inside his vision is similarly keen. Piercing through the illusions Brett clings to, he replies bitterly, ironically, "Yes Isn't it pretty to think so?" To read this as straight sentimental yearning is to miss the entire point of the novel; Jake's wistful dreams of living together have been replaced by a brutally honest recognition of the hopelessness of such illusions.

Jake emerges at the novel's end with a clarity of vision lacking in the other characters, with the exception of the Count. In the post-war world where external values and traditions have collapsed Jake has learned the difficult lesson that a man must create his own meaning in life. For Jake, as for Nick and Frederic, the struggle for meaning is an internal one; the protagonist must know himself and to do so he has to reject the comfort of self-deception and illusion. Cohn's adolescent illusions, much like Gatsby's romantic dreams, are self-indulgences which distort the realities of life. After stumbling several times Jake painfully recognizes the vanity and futility of his own

illusions, and renouncing them, regains his self-respect and achieves the self-knowledge that comes with honesty and self-discipline. Like the other Hemingway protagonists we have encountered, Jake learnt to see life clearly and honestly, and unencumbered by the self-deceptions that others are lost in, he comes to know himself, and learns how to survive.

CONCLUSION

Members of what has been termed the "cult of experience" in American fiction, Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, it has been agreed, failed, if they indeed ever attempted, to erect what Rahv terms the "superstructure of values, ideas, and judgements"¹ above the "substructure of literature" -- experience. Although well-read, neither man aspired to intellectual heights, their work seldom incorporating more than very peripheral references to philosophy, politics or analytical or abstract thinking of any sort. The criticisms of Hemingway's non-intellectualism, even anti-intellectualism, were widespread, but Fitzgerald, perhaps less conspicuously, was often accused of having the same deficiencies. The critic Edmund Wilson wrote in an early essay on Fitzgerald: "... he has been given imagination without intellectual control of it; he has been given the desire for beauty without an aesthetic ideal; and he has been given a gift for expression without very many ideas to express."²

Edmund Wilson notwithstanding, I think, Fitzgerald and Hemingway in fact had ideas but deliberately preferred not to use their fiction as a platform for the expression of ideas or as a medium for the transmission of intellectual concepts, as say, Shaw or Aldous Huxley did. Huxley, in

fact, was a particular target for both writers, Fitzgerald noting on the cover page of his copy of Point Counter Point: "A very poor novel what I've read of it."³ Hemingway, in an indirect reference to Huxley, wrote that placing one's own intellectual musings into the mouths of artificially constructed characters was not literature, adding that any "unsoundness in an abstract conversation or, indeed, any over-metaphysical tendency in speech" was simply "horseshit."⁴ Fitzgerald and Hemingway suffered from neither a dearth of ideas nor any profound intellectual weakness, instead they preferred an immediate rather than an analytical expression of experience. Fitzgerald once wrote that he and Hemingway tried in their work to "capture the exact feel of a moment in time and space ... a mature memory of a deep experience."⁵

The "exact feel of a moment," the "sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion"; these were the goals that Fitzgerald and Hemingway struggled for in their work. Because they could only write truly about what they had experienced, they were bound to live life "all the way up." Both men plunged into life, eagerly, often dangerously, pursuing experience in a fashion that would eventually destroy them. Their writing served as a method of establishing identity, of finding themselves through the expression of their experience. Consequently they simultaneously lived life and wrote about it, constantly seeking new personal experience as the stuff from which their fiction would be

derived. Quite naturally then, the early work of these writers concerns the problems of growing up, of becoming men. Their early novels and stories were projections of their own experiences, attempts to recreate, as well as to come to grips with, their lives.

For all the differences in their fiction, Hemingway and Fitzgerald brought to life extremely similar attitudes. They saw life as a headlong rush toward death, a contest that is ultimately unwinnable but from which dignity, even some modicum of success, can be derived out of the struggle to exist. Fitzgerald once wrote to his daughter that "life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat, and that the redeeming things are not 'happiness and pleasure' but the deeper satisfactions that come out of the struggle."⁶ How close this is to Hemingway's passage at the close of A Farewell to Arms, and to his one-line philosophy of life "Il faut d'abord durer." Noble struggle in a losing battle was the key to their views of life but with several important differences.

Fitzgerald wrote in his notebooks: "I talk with the authority of failure -- Ernest with the authority of success,"⁷ and this is to a large extent reflected in their fictional characters. Fitzgerald's early protagonists never face the reality of their actions, never break through the distorting fog of self-deception and self-pity to honestly evaluate

themselves and accept responsibility for their lives, in essence to grow up. They forever look nostalgically back at their youth, regretting its passage, rationalizing their losses and errors, and clinging to romantic illusions. Like their creator, they avoided the reality of failure, often fleeing into the past in a futile effort to regain their lost youth. As Henry Dan Piper perceptively writes, "The past for Fitzgerald, was a corridor echoing with unfulfilled dreams and neglected responsibilities; his fiction was the means whereby he could atone for his misdeeds and earn a belated absolution. "'Again and again in my books,' he told John O'Hara, 'I have tried to imagize my regret that I have never been as good as I intended to be.'"⁸ Because Fitzgerald used his fiction as an escape, a forum for remorse, even self-pity, he could not make his characters responsible for their failure and defeat. His inability to distance himself from experience so very close to his own prevented him from maintaining a firm perspective on a character. Invariably his emotional identification became so strong that pathos and not tragedy overwhelms the reader.⁹ Consequently his early characters never emerge from romantic illusion, never see the world and themselves clearly and become men.

Hemingway, although his fiction was also an imaginative re-ordering of experience, managed, usually, to avoid

sentimental self-pity. He has been accused of many of the same faults as Fitzgerald: emotional immaturity, the inability to derive meaning from experience, romanticism, even sentimentality, but in one area he seems to succeed where his contemporary failed. His "flight into the past," his often repetitive expression of similar experiences, was a confrontation, an attempt to master the traumas of his youth. It is an "exorcism," an attempt to write out his experience, an emotional catharsis, through which the author gains insight into himself. As Hoffman suggests, "the compulsive repetition ... is in reality a long and painful means of reaching a stage of complete adjustment"¹⁰ to experience. Hemingway's early characters attempt to confront reality, to dismiss illusions, and gain a clear, honest perspective on life. Their solution to the traumas and woundings of life -- a determination to "hold tight" and survive -- may not be perfect, but it is at least a way of facing reality, of rising above self-pity and reaching maturity.

Of course, this is not to imply that Hemingway's fiction is superior to Fitzgerald's. In many ways the qualities of Fitzgerald's mind and personality which prevented his early characters from achieving true selfhood were precisely those that imbued his work with its excitement, beauty and its haunting sense of loss. In essence

both Fitzgerald and Hemingway were romantics, believing, in an age where few others did, that man was still capable of meaningful action in a world of forces far out of his control. Both men embraced life, living it to the fullest, wanting more from it than perhaps it could ever give. And both men lived relatively short but extremely intense lives, perhaps demanding more of themselves than they could ever give.

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

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- ⁹ The Form as Henry Dan Piper explains was very popular in pre-war England where from 1903 to 1918 almost every writer of note attempted it: Arnold Bennett Clayhanger, (1910), H. G. Wells, The New Machiavelli (1911) and The Research Magnificent (1915), Hugh Walpole Fortitude (1913), Compton Mackenzie Youth's Encounter (1913) and Sinister Street (1914), Somerset Maugham Of Human Bondage (1915), D. H. Lawrence Sons and Lovers (1913) and James Joyce Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man (1916).
- ¹⁰ If any direct influence can be established it is usually seen as coming from Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn (1885) or Stephen Crane, The Red Badge of Courage (1895). See Philip Young A Reconsideration for a full analysis of this relationship.

CHAPTER ONE

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- ⁵⁴Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 280.
- ⁵⁵James Miller, F. Scott Fitzgerald (New York: New York University Press, 1967), p. 31.
- ⁵⁶John Aldridge, After the Lost Generation, p. 44.
- ⁵⁷Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 188.
- ⁵⁸Robert Sklar, F. Scott Fitzgerald, p. 12.
- ⁵⁹Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 123.
- ⁶⁰Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 124.
- ⁶¹Fitzgerald, "The Crack-Up", p. 70.
- ⁶²Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 152.
- ⁶³Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 157.
- ⁶⁴Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 59.
- ⁶⁵Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 178.
- ⁶⁶Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 212.
- ⁶⁷Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 18.

- ⁶⁸ See the chapter "The Very Young" in Hoffman's The Twenties for a description and analysis of the "smart set" of the period.
- ⁶⁹ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 216.
- ⁷⁰ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 222.
- ⁷¹ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 248.
- ⁷² Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 262.
- ⁷³ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 264.
- ⁷⁴ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 265.
- ⁷⁵ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 266.
- ⁷⁶ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 245.
- ⁷⁷ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 269.
- ⁷⁸ Andrew Turnbull, Scott Fitzgerald (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1962), p. 103.
- ⁷⁹ Richard D. Lehan, F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Craft of Fiction (Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press, 1966), p. 69.
- ⁸⁰ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 282.
- ⁸¹ Edmund Wilson, "Fitzgerald Before the Great Gatsby," p. 79.
- ⁸² Lehan, F. Scott Fitzgerald, p. 72.
- ⁸³ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 282.
- ⁸⁴ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 282.
- ⁸⁵ Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 17.
- ⁸⁶ Mathew J. Bruccoli, Scott and Ernest (New York: Random House, 1978), p. 157.

- ⁸⁷Lehan, F. Scott Fitzgerald, p. 70.
- ⁸⁸Lehan, F. Scott Fitzgerald, p. 86.
- ⁸⁹Fitzgerald, "Early Success," p. 87.
- ⁹⁰Miller, F. Scott Fitzgerald, p. 47.
- ⁹¹Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 266.
- ⁹²F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1922), p. 24.
- ⁹³Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 65.
- ⁹⁴Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 216.
- ⁹⁵Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 278.
- ⁹⁶Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 65.
- ⁹⁷Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 56.
- ⁹⁸Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 66.
- ⁹⁹Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 87.
- ¹⁰⁰Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 170.
- ¹⁰¹Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 119.
- ¹⁰²Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 119.
- ¹⁰³Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 211.
- ¹⁰⁴Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 341.
- ¹⁰⁵W.B. Yeats, "The Tower" in The Collected Poems of W.B. Yeats (London and Basingstoke: Macmillan London Ltd., 1933), p. 222.
- ¹⁰⁶Fitzgerald, This Side of Paradise, p. 229.
- ¹⁰⁷Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 73.

- 108 Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 341.
- 109 Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 214.
- 110 Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 226.
- 111 Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 284.
- 112 Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 284.
- 113 Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 416.
- 114 Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 448.
- 115 Fitzgerald, The Beautiful and Damned, p. 449.
- 116 F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Great Gatsby (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925), p. 182.
- 117 F. Scott Fitzgerald, "The Sensible Thing" in Malcolm Cowley, ed., The Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1951), p. 158.

CHAPTER TWO

- ¹Ernest Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926), p. 44.
- ²Wyndham Lewis, "The Dumb Ox: A Study of Ernest Hemingway," The American Review, III (June, 1934), p. 302 and p. 312.
- ³Leon Edel, "The Art of Evasion" in Robert P. Weeks, ed., Hemingway, A Collection of Critical Essays (New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1962), p. 170.
- ⁴See Philip Young, Hemingway (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1959), and Philip Young, Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration (University Park and London: The Penn State University Press, 1966).
- ⁵Ernest Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1932), p. 144.
- ⁶Ernest Hemingway, "Fathers and Sons," The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938), p. 491.
- ⁷Jackson Benson, Hemingway: The Writer's Art of Self-Defense (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1963), pp. 1-27.
- ⁸Philip Young, Hemingway: A Reconsideration, pp. 273-274.
- ⁹Ernest Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929), p. 249.
- ¹⁰Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 168.
- ¹¹Ernest Hemingway, "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber", The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938), p. 32.

- 12 Edel, "The Art of Evasion," p. 170.
- 13 Young, Hemingway: A Reconsideration, p. 246.
- 14 Benson, Hemingway, The Writer's Art of Self-Defense, p. 81.
- 15 Earl Rovit, Ernest Hemingway (New York: Twayne Publishers Inc., 1963), pp. 53-107.
- 16 Harry Levin, "Observations on the Style of Ernest Hemingway" in Robert P. Weeks, ed., Hemingway: A Collection of Critical Essays (New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1962), p. 84.
- 17 Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer as Artist (New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1963), p. 127.
- 18 Rovit, Ernest Hemingway, p. 59.
- 19 Hemingway, "Indian Camp," p. 94.
- 20 Hemingway, "Indian Camp," p. 95.
- 21 For an excellent discussion of the various critical interpretations of this story see Dick Penner, "The First Nick Adams Story," The Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual (1977), pp. 195-203.
- 22 Ernest Hemingway, "Three Shots," in Philip Young, ed., The Nick Adams Stories (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1972), p. 14.
- 23 Levin, "Observations on the Style of Ernest Hemingway," p. 84.
- 24 Many critics assume Nick's presence but Carl Ficken, "Point of View in the Nick Adams Stories" in Jackson Benson, ed., The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway: Critical Essays (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1975), pp. 93-112, effectively questions that assumption in a close analysis of narrative patterns and point-of-view in the stories.
- 25 Hemingway, "Now I Lay Me," pp. 363-372.

- 26 Horst H. Kruse in his article "Ernest Hemingway's 'The End of Something': Its Independence as a Short Story and Its Place in the 'Education of Nick Adams'", in Jackson Benson, ed., The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway: Critical Essays (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1975), pp. 212-213. Kruse, using a reference about the demise of Hortons Bay ten years ago, postulates that Nick, who can "just remember," must be between sixteen and eighteen years of age.
- 27 Hemingway, "The End of Something," p. 110.
- 28 Young, Hemingway: A Reconsideration, p. 34.
- 29 Hemingway, "The End of Something," p. 110.
- 30 This interpretation is explained more fully by Horst H. Kruse in the essay cited above.
- 31 Hemingway, "The End of Something," p. 110.
- 32 Young, Hemingway: A Reconsideration, p. 35.
- 33 Hemingway, "The Three-Day Blow," p. 123.
- 34 Hemingway, "The Three-Day Blow," p. 123.
- 35 Hemingway, "The Three-Day Blow," p. 125.
- 36 Hemingway, "The Three-Day Blow," p. 124.
- 37 Kruse, "Ernest Hemingway's 'The End of Something'," p. 221.
- 38 Rovit, Ernest Hemingway, p. 57. Nick's first puppy love was treated in the story "Ten Indians" where Prudie Mitchell, Nick's girl, is seen with another boy in the woods. Nick goes to bed crying, thinking that his heart is broken but the story concludes in classic Hemingway understatement: "In the morning there was a big wind blowing and the waves were running high up on the beach and he was awake a long time before he remembered that his heart was broken."
- 39 Hemingway, "The Three-Day Blow," p. 125.

- ⁴⁰Hemingway, "The Light of the World," p. 385.
- ⁴¹Hemingway, "The Battler," p. 129.
- ⁴²Hemingway, "The Battler," p. 135.
- ⁴³Hemingway, "The Battler," p. 136.
- ⁴⁴Young, Hemingway: A Reconsideration, p. 36.
- ⁴⁵Hemingway, "The Battler," p. 138.
- ⁴⁶Young, Hemingway: A Reconsideration, p. 39.
- ⁴⁷Ernest Hemingway, in the Preface to The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938), p. v.
- ⁴⁸Leo Gurko, Ernest Hemingway and the Pursuit of Heroism (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1968), pp. 184-185.
- ⁴⁹Rovit, Ernest Hemingway, p. 57.
- ⁵⁰Rovit, Ernest Hemingway, p. 59.
- ⁵¹Ernest Hemingway, A Moveable Feast (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1964), p. 18.
- ⁵²Hemingway, "The Light of the World," p. 386.
- ⁵³Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, p. 18.
- ⁵⁴Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, p. 19.
- ⁵⁵Young, Hemingway: A Reconsideration, pp. 40-42.
- ⁵⁶Young, Hemingway: A Reconsideration, p. 40.
- ⁵⁷Hemingway, "Chapter VI," p. 139.
- ⁵⁸Hemingway, "Soldier's Home," p. 147.
- ⁵⁹Hemingway, "Cross-Country Snow," p. 186.

- ⁶⁰Hemingway, "Cross-Country Snow," p. 188.
- ⁶¹Hemingway, "Cross Country Snow," p. 188.
- ⁶²Malcolm Cowley, "Nightmare and Ritual in Hemingway: in Robert P. Weeks, ed., Hemingway: A Collection of Critical Essays (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1962), p. 42.
- ⁶³Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River: Part I," p. 209.
- ⁶⁴Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 168.
- ⁶⁵Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, p. 192.
- ⁶⁶As the novel opens Holden says, "I'll just tell you about this madman stuff that happened to me around last Christmas just before I got pretty run-down and had to come out here and take it easy." Holden in many ways resembles Nick Adams: he is very sensitive, in fact, inordinately sensitive, and he too runs away and encounters pimps and prostitutes, is beaten up and robbed, approached by homosexuals, and eventually is so shocked and appalled by his experiences that he breaks down emotionally and physically. Like Nick Adams, Holden's experiences wound him badly.
- ⁶⁷Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River: Part I," p. 210.
- ⁶⁸Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River: Part I," p. 210.
- ⁶⁹D.H. Lawrence, Sons and Lovers (Middlesex, England: Penguin Books Ltd., 1913), p. 484.
- ⁷⁰Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River: Part I," p. 215.
- ⁷¹Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River: Part I," p. 218.
- ⁷²Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 34.
- ⁷³Hemingway, "Chapter XV," p. 219.
- ⁷⁴Hemingway, "Chapter XV," p. 219.

- 75 Gregory S. Sojka, "Who is Sam Cardinella, and Why is He Hanging Between Two Sunny Days at Seney?", The Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual (1976), pp. 217-224.
- 76 Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River: Part II," p. 226.
- 77 Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River: Part II," p. 227.
- 78 Hemingway, "Big Two-Hearted River: Part II," p. 232. See Philip Young, Hemingway, A Reconsideration for an interesting explanation of Nick's fear of the area where the "river narrowed" into a swamp, which postulates that his original wounding occurred near a river, the spot that Col. Cantwell will seek out in Across the River and Into the Trees (1950).
- 79 Gurko, Ernest Hemingway and the Pursuit of Heroism, p. 234.
- 80 The stories after In Our Time concerning Nick Adams are "The Killers" and "Ten Indians" in Men Without Women (1927) and "A Way You'll Never Be," "Fathers and Sons" and "The Light of the World" in Winner Take Nothing (1933). Philip Young has arranged the stories in a chronological fashion in The Nick Adams Stories (1972).
- 81 Mathew J. Bruccoli, Scott and Ernest (New York: Random House, 1978), p. 157.
- 82 Robert Evans, "Ernest Hemingway and the Pale Cast of Thought" in Arthur Waldhorn, ed., Ernest Hemingway (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1973), p. 118.
- 83 Evans, "Ernest Hemingway and the Pale Cast of Thought," p. 115.
- 84 Evans, "Ernest Hemingway and the Pale Cast of Thought," p. 118.
- 85 Hemingway, "The Killers," p. 289.
- 86 Evans, "Ernest Hemingway and the Pale Cast of Thought," p. 117.
- 87 J.D. Salinger, Nine Stories (Boston, Mass.: Little Brown and Company Ltd., 1953), p. 104.

- ⁸⁸J.D. Salinger, "For Esmé -- With Love and Squalor," p. 104.
- ⁸⁹And such an assertion is dubious as illustrated by Joseph Heller's Catch-22.
- ⁹⁰J.D. Salinger, The Catcher in the Rye (Boston, Mass.: Little Brown and Company Ltd., 1951), pp. 213-214.
- ⁹¹Hemingway, "Fathers and Sons," p. 490.
- ⁹²Hemingway, "Fathers and Sons," p. 491.
- ⁹³Hemingway, "Fathers and Sons," pp. 490-491.
- ⁹⁴Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, p. 191.
- ⁹⁵Charles Fenton, The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway (New York: The Viking Press, 1954), p. 66.
- ⁹⁶Ernest Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1929), p. 18.
- ⁹⁷Cowley, Exile's Return, pp. 36-43.
- ⁹⁸Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 37.
- ⁹⁹Cowley, Exile's Return, pp. 40-41.
- ¹⁰⁰Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 13.
- ¹⁰¹Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 26.
- ¹⁰²Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, pp. 30-31.
- ¹⁰³Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 30.
- ¹⁰⁴Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 54.
- ¹⁰⁵This interpretation comes from Rovit, Ernest Hemingway, p. 101. Rovit's idea is interesting although the sentence may mean that one did not just die, that death was more than just an end to life, but included an awareness of one's own physical termination and the aftermath.

- 106 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 66.
- 107 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 70.
- 108 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 72.
- 109 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 93.
- 110 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 108.
- 111 Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, p. 122.
- 112 Hemingway, "In Another Country," p. 271.
- 113 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 179.
- 114 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 179.
- 115 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 185.
- 116 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 243.
- 117 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 249.
- 118 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 262.
- 119 Hemingway, A Farewell to Arms, p. 327.
- 120 For a more detailed discussion of the Pamplona festival of 1925 see Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer as Artist (1963), p. 93.
- 121 Anthony Burgess, Ernest Hemingway and His World (Norwich, England: Thames and Hudson, 1978), pp. 48-49.
- 122 Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer as Artist (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1969), p. 80.
- 123 Baker, Hemingway: The Writer as Artist, p. 79.
- 124 Baker, Hemingway: The Writer as Artist, p. 80.

- 125 Jackson Benson, Hemingway: The Writer's Art of Self-Defense (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1969), p. 31.
- 126 Burgess, Ernest Hemingway and His World, p. 45.
- 127 Ernest Hemingway, "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" in The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938), p. 32.
- 128 Ernest Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926), p. 148.
- 129 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 148.
- 130 Baker, Hemingway: The Writer as Artist, p. 81.
- 131 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 31.
- 132 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 34.
- 133 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 35.
- 134 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 56. There is an interesting parallel here to Holden Caulfield who, when he cannot tolerate the pain of urban existence and his own inability to cope, wildly asks a girl to run up to Vermont and live in a cabin in the woods. Interestingly, the escape in Cohn's, Jake's and Holden's case is always to the country, but the idea is foolish, an impractical solution to the problem of facing life.
- 135 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 148.
- 136 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 72.
- 137 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 181.
- 138 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 104.
- 139 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 146.
- 140 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 154.
- 141 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 199.

- 142 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 204.
- 143 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 228.
- 144 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 232.
- 145 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 239.
- 146 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 240. The importance of this line and the entire passage as a pivotal point in the novel is discussed with great insight by Rovit, Ernest Hemingway (1963).
- 147 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 242.
- 148 Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, p. 245.

CONCLUSION

- ¹ Philip Rhav, "The Cult of Experience in American Writing" in his Image and Idea (Norfolk, Connecticut: New Directions, 1957), p. 21.
- ² Edmund Wilson, "F. Scott Fitzgerald" in his The Shores of Light (London: W.H. Allen and Co., Ltd., 1952), p. 27.
- ³ Henry Dan Piper, F. Scott Fitzgerald (Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press, 1968), p. 291.
- ⁴ Ernest Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon (New York: New Directions Paperbook, 1945), p. 95.
- ⁵ F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald, ed. Andrew Turnbull (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1963), p. 251.
- ⁶ F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Letters of F. Scott Fitzgerald, pp. 95-96.
- ⁷ F. Scott Fitzgerald, The Crack-Up (Norfolk, Connecticut: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1941), p. 181.
- ⁸ Piper, F. Scott Fitzgerald, p. 296.
- ⁹ For an excellent discussion of this point see the final chapter of Lehan's F. Scott Fitzgerald and the Craft of Fiction (1966).
- ¹⁰ Frederick Hoffman, The Twenties (New York: The Free Press, 1962), pp. 89-90.

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