ERNEST HEMINGWAY AND IVAN TURGENEV:
A STUDY IN THE NATURE OF LITERARY INFLUENCE

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Ivan Turgenev and Ernest Hemingway: A Study in the Nature of Literary Influence

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ABSTRACT

During the early 1920s in Paris when Ernest Hemingway was forging the remarkable prose style that soon would bring him to world prominence, no national literature was more important to him than that of the nineteenth-century Russian masters. Oddly, very little critical attention has been paid to the pattern of influence which extends from the Russians to Hemingway. But of all the Russians--Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gogol--there was one who held his critical attention first and longest. The writer was Ivan Turgenev, author of the short-story cycle A Sportsman's Sketches and later, the great novel of generational conflict, Fathers and Sons. An examination of Hemingway's reading habits at the Shakespeare and Company bookstore in Paris during the 1920s reveals that no author turns up nearly so often as Turgenev.

A Sportsman's Sketches in particular, with its concern for landscape and terrain, its exact and subtle choice of natural description to evoke complex emotional states, its empathy for simple people who have not yet entirely lost connection with place, and its pathos connected with a simpler, more integrated past, presages much of what Hemingway will do in his own short-stories seventy years later. Fathers and Sons, with its themes of generational conflict, alienation and nihilism, was an epoch marking novel which made it possible for Hemingway to write a book like The Sun Also Rises.

Ivan Turgenev belongs to the same literary family as Ernest Hemingway, a family which belongs to the larger tradition of late romanticism. It was

Turgenev who revealed to the young Hemingway what was possible for an artist from a young national culture without centuries of literary tradition behind it. He was also a writer whom Hemingway had to misread and then transform before he could find his own voice as an artist.

. . . To Linda, Nathaniel and little Anna,

with love.

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INTRODUCTION

First There Were the Russians

> In Dostoyevsky there were things believable and not to be believed, but some so true they changed you as you read them; frailty and madness, wickedness and saintliness, and the insanity of gambling were there to know as you knew the landscape and the roads in Turgenev, the movement of the troops, the terrain and the officers and the men and the fighting in Tolstoi. . . . To have come on all this new world of writing, with time to read in a city like Paris . . . was like having a great treasure given to you. . . . you could live in the other wonderful world the Russians were giving you. At first there were the Russians; then there were all the others. But for a long time there were the Russians.
>
> (Ernest Hemingway, A Moveable Feast)

Near the end of his life as Hemingway looked back on his beginnings as a writer he thought of the Russians. "At first there were the Russians," he wrote; "then there were all the others." About no other national literature or its achievements was Hemingway more explicit. And yet very little critical attention has been paid either to what Hemingway said about Russian literature in general or its specific influence on his own development as a writer. It is an odd critical omission. No other American artist has been subjected to more influence studies than Hemingway. We have Hemingway and Twain, Hemingway and Anderson, Hemingway and Faulkner; yet when one looks closely at Hemingway's early years in Paris when the remarkable style was being forged, it becomes apparent just how central the Russian influence was to Hemingway's conception of what was possible for a writer and his craft.[1]

It is beyond the scope of this study to draw all the important parallels and affinities which exist between Hemingway and the important Russian writers of the nineteenth-century--Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov. This is an area of research which might fruitfully be taken up by future critics. Insofar as Hemingway could allow himself to recognize any writers as teachers and guides, the Russians were those guides. The nature and extent of this influence, however, remains a largely unexplored field. This paper will begin to chart that territory by looking closely at just one Russian writer and the influence his work had on Hemingway's own development as an artist. The writer is Alexander Sergeevitch Turgenev, the great nineteenth-century chronicler of Russian society and author of such books as _A Sportsman's Sketches_ and _Fathers and Sons_.

In _A Moveable Feast_ Hemingway remembers that from the day he discovered Sylvia Beach's Paris bookstore in the last week of 1921 he began to read all of Turgenev's works.[2] This discovery came at a critical point, perhaps _the_ critical point, in Hemingway's life as an artist. He was just beginning to awaken to the realities of a European literary tradition and his own possible place in that tradition. He was reading voraciously--the Russians, the French realists and naturalists, the British from Lawrence to Joyce, and his peers amongst the Americal expatriates.[3] Through the early and mid years of the 1920s Hemingway was educating himself and coming to realize the standards which great writers of the past had set for any new voice hoping to join their ranks. The internal forces which, within a very short time, would give rise to the first published short stories, were beginning to define themselves against tradition. And in this tradition no figure loomed larger in Hemingway's consciousness than Ivan Turgenev. For reasons which I hope to make clear, reasons which were both psychological and aesthetic, Turgenev was

to become the first of a very select group of writers which Hemingway could admit as literary models.[4]

This study in the nature of literary influence will be presented in five distinct sections: first, an historical account of how Hemingway became aware of Turgenev, what he said about his work, how often he read him, and when; second, a theoretical chapter on the nature of influence in general followed by specific applications of the theory in connection with Hemingway and Turgenev; and third, two distinct chapters on the way influence, whether stylistic, psychological or ideological, transmits itself from Turgenev's short stories and novels such as A Sportsman's Sketches and Fathers and Sons into Hemingway's work of the 1920s, sixty years later. Special attention will be paid to Hemingway's early stories and his first novel, The Sun Also Rises. A fifth and concluding chapter will examine how literary influence between important writers such as Turgenev and Hemingway becomes a part of both historical and cultural tradition. The achievements of both artists will be measured within that tradition. A brief epilogue will attempt to open possibilities for further study in the area of nineteenth-century Russian influence on Hemingway.

No writer influenced Hemingway's early development as an artist more than Turgenev did. But there were other important literary forebears. To carry this study out many of those influences must be ignored--Twain, Stein, Anderson, Kipling, James, Conrad, Flaubert, Maupassant, not to mention the other Russians.

Notes to Introduction

[1]Within the wide fields of Hemingway criticism there is no more than passing reference to the Russian influence on Hemingway. To my knowledge the longest examination of Ivan Turgenev's influence on Hemingway is limited to two pages and forms only a small part of a longer essay on Hemingway's early reading. See Noel Fitch, "Ernest Hemingway--C/O Shakespeare and Company," Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual 1977 (Detroit: Gale Research Company, 1977), pp. 166-167.

[2]See Ernest Hemingway, A Moveable Feast (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1964), p. 133.

[3]For an excellent analysis of Hemingway's reading patterns in the 1920s see Fitch, op. cit., pp. 157-181.

[4]It should be noted that Sherwood Anderson was an earlier literary model, but he was a model which Hemingway was never willing to admit to. Hemingway tended to choose his literary fathers from the ranks of those who were already safely dead. I will have more to say on this in Chapter 2--"The Anxiety of Influence."

CHAPTER ONE

The History of an Influence

> From the day I had found Sylvia Beach's library I had read all of Turgenev. . . .
>
> (Hemingway, A Moveable Feast)

> Turgenieff to me is the greatest writer there ever was.
>
> (Hemingway, letter to Archibald MacLeish--Schruns, 1925)

In December of 1921 when Ernest Hemingway first walked into Sylvia Beach's bookstore in Paris the great Russian authors of the nineteenth-century were still unknowns to him. Earlier that same year, while still in Chicago, Hemingway had met and struck-up a friendship with Sherwood Anderson. Winesburg, Ohio had appeared in 1919 and Anderson made little secret of the debt these stories, and his approach to writing in general, owed to writers such as Ivan Turgenev and Anton Chekhov.[1] Anderson was amongst the first American writers in the twentieth-century to come under the spell of Russian literature.[2] In particular he was fascinated with what Turgenev had been able to achieve in his cycle of short stories, A Sportsman's Sketches. These poetic transcriptions of peasant life were, for Anderson, "the sweetest thing in all literature."[3] Much of the pathos and poetic realism which Anderson found in the Russian's stories eventually found its way into his own

evocations of men and women of middle-America. Anderson's letters of the 1920s and 1930s often refer to Turgenev, and in them the message is always the same: read Turgenev, read A Sportsman's Sketches; he is a master and the stories are masterpieces.[4]

Not a great deal is known about the relationship between Anderson and Hemingway in Chicago through 1921. Anderson, the established literary figure, was evidently something of a model for the young Hemingway, who as yet had only literary aspirations. There are, to my knowledge, no recorded memoirs of conversations between the two; nor are there any published letters which reveal a shared literary taste. Given their common interests as writers, however, it is plausible to think that Anderson was the first to introduce Hemingway to Russian literature in general and Ivan Turgenev's work in particular. There is more than a little circumstantial evidence to make one believe that at one of the literary evenings at Y. K. Smith's apartment in 1921 Hemingway must have been listening very carefully as Anderson praised the achievements of Ivan Turgenev in A Sportsman's Sketches. While the details of this historical relationship are missing it may be possible to infer part of its character from a significant action taken on either man's part near the end of the year.[5] In late November, 1921 the Hemingways were cleaning up their apartment in preparation for their move to Paris. Ernest and Hadley put together a sack of canned goods and kitchen items and carried them over to the Anderson apartment. Anderson, for his part, was impressed by this gesture from one writer to another. A trip to Paris earlier that year had put him in touch with the literary community there, and now he gave Hemingway letters of introduction to Gertrude Stein, Lewis Galantière and Sylvia Beach. With these letters in hand the Hemingways embarked for the continent on December 8, and on-or-about the 20th of that month arrived in

Paris. A week later, on December 28, Hemingway entered Sylvia Beach's bookstore, Shakespeare and Co., for the first time. He never did use the letter of introduction Anderson had given him. The first book he chose from the library was the two volume edition of Turgenev's A Sportsman's Sketches translated by Constance Garnett. Nearly forty years later in A Moveable Feast Hemingway remembered the first books he took on loan from the Beach library:

> I started with Turgenev and took the two volumes of A Sportsman's Sketches and an early book of D. H. Lawrence, I think it was Sons and Lovers, and Sylvia told me to take more books if I wanted. I chose the Constance Garnett edition of War and Peace, and The Gambler and Other Stories by Dostoyevsky.[6]

Sylvia Beach entered the new subscription in the ledger in the following manner: "Mr. Hemingway, 1 mo, 2 vols, 12 francs."[7] Normally, a subscriber was to take no more than two volumes at any one time, but an exception was made for Hemingway even though the records would never show it. In fact, he had to return some time later with the 12 franc subscription fee for the five volumes he had borrowed. From that day forward, and for the rest of the decade and into the 1930s, Shakespeare and Co. became a major source for Hemingway's reading material. His choices on that first day, three Russian authors and one British title, establish a reading pattern which is remarkably consistent throughout the 1920s. The Russians dominate his bookshelf, and of the Russians it is Turgenev's name which recurs more than any other.[8] Noel Fitch, in her admirable study of Hemingway's reading patterns at Shakespeare and Co. through the mid 1920s and early 1930s notes the following:

> The author who appears most frequently on the library cards is Turgenev. . . . He [Hemingway] borrowed A Sportsman's Sketches four times in eight years, Torrents of Spring and On the Eve twice, and Lear of the Steppes, House of

> Gentle Folk, Fathers and Children, Knock, Knock, Knock, and Two Friends once each. He kept some of these books for months. Excluding the children's books and periodicals, nearly a fifth of the books he borrowed from the bookshop were Turgenev titles, two of which (Fathers and Children and The Torrents of Spring) Hemingway used for his own titles.[9]

The extent to which Hemingway was reading Turgenev as part of his literary education during the 1920s could not be more graphically represented than by Fitch's simple calculations above. The sheer number of Turgenev titles Hemingway chose, and the number of times he checked out books such as A Sportsman's Sketches does come as something of a revelatory shock, however. Clearly, here is a case of one writer paying another the highest compliment--reading that author not just for aesthetic pleasure, but for the mysteries of craft, perhaps the largest and ultimately the only gift one great writer can give to another. In the preface to his collected works of 1880 Turgenev had written that his aim was to evoke what Shakespeare had called "the body and pressure of time."[10] Perhaps it was something similar that Hemingway was referring to when he wrote in Green Hills of Africa:

> I was thinking how real that Russia of the time of our Civil War was, as real as any other place . . . of how, through Turgenieff, I knew that I had lived there. . . .[11]

One is left with the unmistakable impression that Hemingway was reading Turgenev so carefully during the 1920s in an effort to learn how the Russian writer made "the landscape and the roads" real; Hemingway too wanted to capture the body and pressure of his time, and he knew that the way to do this was through attention to craft--how words placed in particular relation to one another can evoke the image of felt reality.

Having said this much about Turgenev, and Hemingway's reading of his work, it is time to admit that the literary historian can give only a very partial

indication of just how much Hemingway was influenced by his reading of Turgenev in the years leading up to 1925. There is Hemingway's own remembrance of taking out A Sportsman's Sketches on the day he discovered Shakespeare and Co., but the unfortunate reality is that from this date--December 28, 1921--until October 8, 1925, nearly four years later, Hemingway's library cards from Shakespeare and Co. are missing.[12] Hemingway gives us one more clue to his early reading, once again in the pages of A Moveable Feast; there he remembers reading the first volume of A Sportsman's Sketches, in what would have been May 1925 while waiting for Scott Fitzgerald in Lyon, France. Beyond this there is very little hard evidence to suggest what Hemingway was reading during this period. One is left with Hemingway's memories of the Russians from this time, memories written down decades later in A Moveable Feast. By any standard this four year period must stand as the single most important phase in Hemingway's development as an artist. These were the years that saw the publication of Three Stories and Ten Poems (1923), In Our Time (1925) and The Sun Also Rises (1926). What Hemingway was reading during this time, what was influencing him, is largely a matter of conjecture and inference. In part, this thesis is intended to bring an informed opinion to bear on this phase of Hemingway's career, to ask which books written by Turgenev he was likely to have read in this period, and to suggest what kind of influence these books had on his own writing during the 1920s.

In order to look back at Hemingway's reading of Turgenev prior to 1925 it is necessary first to examine his library cards from Shakespeare and Co. for the period 1925 to 1929. Perhaps reading patterns established in these years can be linked tentatively to the earlier period of missing cards. What follows then is a complete list of titles by Turgenev which Hemingway

borrowed from Shakespeare and Co. between 1925 and 1929:[13]

Date checked out		Title	Date brought back	
		1925		
Oct.	22	A Lear of the Steppes	Oct.	27
	22	A Sportsman's Sketches, Vol. 2	Nov.	16
	25	The Torrents of Spring		16
Dec.	10	A House of Gentlefolk	Feb.	2
	10	Fathers and Children	Jan.	19
		1926		
May	10	Knock, Knock, Knock and Other Stories	Nov.	2
	10	The Two Friends and Other Stories	Sept.	10
	10	On the Eve		10
Sept.	10	A Sportsman's Sketches	Oct.	1
		1928		
Feb.	9	The Torrents of Spring	Mar.	3
		1929		
Sept.	27	On the Eve	unknown	
	27	A Sportsman's Sketches	unknown	

In his book _Hemingway's Reading 1910 - 1940_, Michael Reynolds adds to the historical record we have of Hemingway's reading in the 1920s. Reynolds' examination of documents confirms Fitch's earlier assessment; but he adds a number of titles which Hemingway apparently purchased outright in 1929 prior to moving back to America.[14] The list includes the following books by Turgenev: _A Desperate Character and Other Stories_, _The Diary of a Superfluous Man_, _Dream Tales and Prose Poems_, _A House of Gentlefolk_, _The Jew and Other Stories_, _A Lear of the Steppes_, _The Plays of Ivan S. Turgenev_, _Rudin_, _Smoke_, _A Sportsman's Sketches_, _The Torrents of Spring_, _The Two Friends_ and _Virgin Soil_.

Based on these records it becomes clear that Hemingway, through the mid-to-late 1920s, read no other author as often, or as carefully, as he did Ivan Turgenev. But beyond these facts what can be inferred from the reading pattern and what is the nature of the influence? To begin answering questions such as this, one must attempt to recreate an historical moment in Ernest Hemingway's life. What follows is based on the assumption that what a man reads at a given time bears some meaningful relationship to the questions he is asking of himself and his world, in Hemingway's case, the aesthetic and stylistic problems he is trying to solve for himself on the way to making an individual voice. It would be naive to think that reading and influence could be defined in any simplified, one-to-one relationship, but it would be just as naive to reject influence because its terms cannot be easily defined. Hemingway, as writer, always read with a purpose, even if that purpose was not always clear to himself. It is the job of the literary critic and historian to examine a writer's purpose, and from its ambiguous often tangled pathways, attempt to draw out consistent threads. Perhaps the greatest of all Hemingway critics, Carlos Baker, has sounded a cautionary note for all those who attempt to explain influence in terms of simple imitation. He writes:

> Future investigators of Hemingway's literary background are likely to find many resemblances, both profound and superficial, between his work and that of the European masters. . . . But the future investigators are almost certain to discover, before they have gone very far, that Hemingway's doctrine of "imitation" is of a special kind. . . . what he seeks to imitate is not the texture, it is the stature of the great books he reads and the great pictures he admires.[15]

I would agree almost entirely with Baker's comments on stature, but take exception to his point concerning texture. Hemingway was vitally

concerned with just that quality in Turgenev--texture, the evocation of felt life--and read and reread him in an attempt to know how that texture was created. But he did not want to simply imitate the texture of Turgenev's voice.[16] Hemingway wanted the reality he sensed in the Russian's work, and he also wanted to transform the texture and the voice to make it part of his own. We begin, then, with an attempt to reconstruct an historical moment in Hemingway's life--a moment which witnessed the birth of a major writer.

On December 10, 1925 Hemingway took the novel Fathers and Sons out of Sylvia Beach's bookstore, packed it in his book bag, and left a few days later for Schruns, Austria on an extended holiday.[17] Also packed on this trip was the unfinished draft of Hemingway's first novel The Sun Also Rises. Through the following months, as Hemingway began the affair with Pauline Pfeiffer, and skied with friends such as Dos Passos and Gerald Murphy, he was also working to bring the rough draft of The Sun Also Rises to completion. It was the hardest task of revision he had ever done, but by early March it was finished and in April, 1926 he sent the completed typescript off to Scribners in New York.

As Hemingway wrote and rewrote his first novel that winter in Schruns he was also reading Fathers and Sons. What was he looking for in the Russian novel? Perhaps it was the sense of place he so often mentions in connection with Turgenev's art--a sense of place he was determined to recreate in his own novel. It might have had something to do with a certain stance taken in relation to society--the nihilism of Bazarov providing the model for the alienation of Jake Barnes and the rest of the lost generation. Whatever the reasons one cannot avoid the impression that, in the end, Hemingway's choice of reading material at this critical time comes down to a question of

artistry. From Schruns he wrote to Archibald MacLeish on December 20th:

> I've been reading all the time down here. Turgenieff to me is the greatest writer there ever was. Didn't write the greatest books, but was the greatest writer. . . . War and Peace is the best book I know but imagine what a book it would have been if Turgenieff had written it. Chekov wrote about 6 good stories. But he was an amateur writer. Tolstoi was a prophet. Maupassant was a professional writer. . . . Turgenieff was an artist.[18]

In Turgenev, Hemingway sensed the artist, someone in whom the concerns of social commentary and even plot development were secondary to the formal concerns of arrangement--the evocation of poetry in the very structure of words and sentences. For both Hemingway and Turgenev, form itself comes to define aesthetic reality. And aesthetic reality is the artist's transcription of both the personal and social world he lives in.

In July 1925, six months earlier than the letter to MacLeish, after the fiesta in Pamplona had broken up, Hemingway retired first to Madrid, then Valencia, St. Sebastian and Hendaye; there in a burst of activity which lasted not much more than six weeks he got down on paper most of the first draft of The Sun Also Rises.[19] The events of the fiesta were fresh in his mind as were the people who were about to achieve an immortality of sorts through his fictionalized treatment of them in the novel. One night in Pamplona, a few days prior to the fiesta proper, a half-drunk Jake Barnes goes to bed and attempts to read a book by Turgenev:

> Probably I read the same two pages over several times. It was one of the stories in A Sportsman's Sketches. I had read it before but it seemed quite new. The country became very clear and the feeling of pressure in my head seemed to loosen.[20]

Barnes tries to sleep but can't:

> I turned on the light again and read. I read the Turgenieff. I knew that now, reading it in the oversensitized state of my mind after much too much brandy, I would remember it somewhere, and afterward it would seem as if it had really happened to me. I would always have it. That was another good thing you paid for and then had. Some time along toward daylight I went to sleep.[21]

The above passage is significant for more than one reason. In addition to paying Turgenev an oblique compliment for his ability to make experience real, it also reveals a characteristic way in which Hemingway relates to literature which he admires. There is the sense that aesthetic experience presented by one artist can be internalized and held as a kind of emotional capital by another. Hemingway seems to be saying that one can possess presented experience in a visceral sense, and that the experience will change a person, and will never be lost. Perhaps, in the artist, the experience of a work of art will provide the formal context out of which a new transformation of felt reality will come. In essence this becomes a statement about the individual's place in tradition. Hemingway worked this question out much more fully in later books such as Death in the Afternoon. How Hemingway saw himself as an individual artist within a literary tradition will be examined more closely in Chapter 2; more importantly for the discussion at hand, the passage quoted from The Sun Also Rises above provides one more piece of information concerning Hemingway's reading in the 1920s. Thanks to a drunken Jake Barnes reading in his Pamplona hotel room, one can say with certainty that Hemingway had read Turgenev's A Sportsman's Sketches either prior to or during the 1925 fiesta. As he lies on his bed and tries unsuccessfully to sleep, Jake Barnes remembers that he "had read it [A Sportsman's Sketches] before." In this he is quite probably speaking for Hemingway as well. This textual evidence opens the way to certain inferences. It does seem a near

certainty that Hemingway read _A Sportsman's Sketches_ soon after he found Shakespeare and Co., if not immediately after his first visit in late 1921, as he remembers in _A Moveable Feast_. Following from this it is difficult to believe that at some point in the early 1920s soon after reading _A Sportsman's Sketches_ Hemingway did not go on to read _Fathers and Sons_ which was, and is, acknowledged as Turgenev's masterpiece in longer fiction.

We come back then to my earlier question: What was Hemingway doing with _Fathers and Sons_ while he rewrote _The Sun Also Rises_ in Schruns during the winter of 1925-6? My view is that he was looking for something, or more accurately taking a second look at something he knew already. I believe that Hemingway had probably read this novel once, and perhaps more than once, during the four year period (1922-1925) of the missing library cards--the same four year period that witnessed the genesis of _Three Stories and Ten Poems_, _In Our Time_ and the manuscript of _The Sun Also Rises_.

Much of what has been presented in this chapter is unavoidably based on inference but, I hope, with a certain sensitivity to the possibilities suggested by the historical record. Any historical reconstruction, if it is to be meaningful, will operate out of a similar constellation of restraints. Indeterminacy is a given of intellectual reconstruction, whether it be historical, psychological or aesthetic. As soon as the critic or historian begins to explore the indeterminacies of his subject he ventures into that area where textual evidence and historical data begin to give way to rhetorical persuasion and informed opinion.

But historical speculation aside, we do know that in the four months prior to completing his first novel Hemingway read no less than five titles by Turgenev--_A Lear of the Steppes_, _A Sportsman's Sketches_, and _The Torrents of Spring_ in October 1925, and _A House of Gentlefolk_ and _Fathers and Sons_

in December. This information in itself is significant enough; it also suggests the trajectory of Hemingway's earlier reading. It was no accident that Hemingway chose to read, or reread, Fathers and Sons when he did. Rather, the choice was the logical outcome of a pattern of reading which had developed over the previous four years. And that pattern charts the limits and directions of an artist's aesthetic education.

Chapter 2 will examine in more depth the nature of Turgenev's influence on Hemingway. It will attempt to say how the achievement of one important writer can be incorporated and transformed in the work of another so that an entirely new voice comes into being even as the echoes of tradition are heard in it. Later chapters will be devoted to charting the patterns of influence which extend through Turgenev's A Sportsman's Sketches to Hemingway's own short stories of the 1920s, and from Turgenev's greatest novel, Fathers and Sons to Hemingway's The Sun Also Rises.

Notes to Chapter One

[1]For a highly illuminating analysis of Sherwood Anderson's public comments on Russian literature over a number of years see William A. Sutton, The Road to Winesburg: A Mosaic of the Imaginative Life of Sherwood Anderson (Metuchen N.Y.: The Scarecrow Press, 1972), pp. 300-302.

[2]Henry James was one of the first American writers of prominence to recognize in Turgenev a master. James, in fact, struck up a friendship with Turgenev dating from the mid 1870s in Paris. For his critical judgement of Turgenev see Henry James, "Ivan Turgenieff," French Poets and Novelists (London: MacMillan, 1884), pp. 211-252. See also James, "Ivan Turgenieff," in Partial Portraits (London: MacMillan, 1888), pp. 291-323.

[3]See Irving Howe, Sherwood Anderson, 2nd ed. (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1966), p. 93.

[4]See Sherwood Anderson, Letters of Sherwood Anderson, eds. Howard Mumford Jones and Walter B. Rideout (Boston: Little Brown, 1953), pp. 93, 118, 343, 376, 393, 431, 444 and 448.

[5]For the biographical material on which this historical reconstruction is based see Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story (New York: Scribner's, 1969), pp. 82-83.

[6]Ernest Hemingway, A Moveable Feast (New York: Scribner's, 1964), p. 36.

[7]See Noel Fitch, "Ernest Hemingway - C/O Shakespeare and Company," Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual 1977 (Detroit: Gale Research Company, 1977), p. 162.

[8]Ibid., p. 160 and p. 166. By Fitch's count 13 of 85 fictional works which Hemingway borrowed (1925-1929) were Turgenev titles.

[9]Ibid., p. 166.

[10]See David Lowe, Turgenev's Fathers and Sons (Ann Arbor: Ardis, 1983), p. 82.

[11]Ernest Hemingway, Green Hills of Africa (New York: Scribner's, 1935). Reprinted in 1963, p. 108.

[12]See Michael S. Reynolds, Hemingway's Reading 1910-1940, An Inventory (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981), p. 35. Reynolds estimates that based on Hemingway's later reading habits there are perhaps 60-80 books missing for the period December 28, 1921 to October 8, 1925.

[13]See Fitch, op. cit., pp. 175-179. Fitch has compiled a complete list of Hemingway's borrowing patterns at Shakespeare and Company. My list of Turgenev titles is based on Fitch's compilation.

[14]See Reynolds, op. cit., pp. 193-194. It is not entirely clear what methods or historical data Reynolds used to research these titles. He gives as a source for the Turgenev titles only the following: SB, Sylvia Beach, records from the Paris bookstore. A complete list of Turgenev titles read or purchased by Hemingway, based on Reynolds' inventory, can be found in Appendix A at the conclusion of this study.

[15]Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer As Artist, 4th ed. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1972), pp. 185-186.

[16]Lesser writers, because they do not have a personal voice to begin with, are often content to simply imitate a great writer's rhythms.

[17]Hemingway checked out both Fathers and Sons and A House of Gentlefolk on December 10, 1925 (Beach records). He returned Fathers and Sons on January 19 and A House of Gentlefolk on February 2. In his letters from Schruns that winter he mentions Fathers and Sons several times but does not refer to the other novel. It may be possible to infer that he read A House of Gentlefolk at a slightly later date.

[18]Ernest Hemingway, Selected Letters 1917-1961, ed. Carlos Baker, (New York: Scribner's, 1981), p. 179.

[19]See Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story, op. cit., pp. 151-155.

[20]Ernest Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises (New York: Scribner's, 1926). Reprinted 1954, p. 147.

[21]Ibid., p. 149.

CHAPTER TWO

The Anxiety of Influence[1]

> Every novel which is truly written contributes to the total of knowledge which is there at the disposal of the next writer that comes, but the next writer must pay, always, a certain nominal percentage in experience to be able to understand and assimilate what is available as his birthright and what he must, in turn, take his departure from.
>
> (Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon)

> Poetic history . . . is held to be indistinguishable from poetic influence, since strong poets make that history by misreading one another, so as to clear imaginative space for themselves. . . . But nothing is got for nothing, and self-appropriation involves the immense anxieties of indebtedness, for what strong maker desires the realization he has failed to create himself?
>
> (Harold Bloom, The Anxiety of Influence)

i. Influence: A Theory

In his important study of poetic influence Harold Bloom asks the following question:

> Can the study of it [poetic influence] really be anything more than the wearisome industry of source-hunting, of allusion counting, an industry that will soon touch apocalypse anyway when it passes from scholars to computers? Is there not the shibboleth bequeathed us by Eliot, that the good poet steals, while the poor poet betrays an influence, borrows a voice?[2]

This is a question which any critic of influence must confront. Bloom answers it for himself, in part, when he goes on to say,

> By "poetic influence" I do not mean the transmission of ideas from earlier to later poets. . . . Ideas and images belong to discursiveness and to history, and are scarcely unique to poetry. Yet a poet's stance, his Word, his imaginative identity, his whole being, must be unique to him . . . or he will perish, as a poet. . . .[3]

One is tempted to quote Bloom constantly on influence: I say this because so much of The Anxiety of Influence appears to be written specifically with an artist like Hemingway in mind. Bloom calls his book a "meditation on the melancholy of the creative mind's desperate insistence on priority."[4] The strong poet, he argues, cannot allow himself to, and yet must see, that his vision did not come first, that it was not born of itself. Living poets must free themselves of the tyranny of vision which earlier poets represent. At the same time the living poet cannot escape the awareness that his imaginative vision is born out of the very achievements of past poets. This awareness gives rise to immense anxieties of indebtedness; a debt which is known but must be denied or repressed before the living poet can speak in his own voice. The model for this argument derives immediately from Freudian concepts of generational and oedipal conflict. Bloom writes that "we can never read a poet without reading the whole of his or her family romance as poet. . . . True poetic history is the story of how poets as poets have suffered other poets, just as any true biography is the story of how anyone suffered his own family--or his own displacement of family into lovers and friends."[5] Even more specifically Bloom's argument elaborates on the conflict between poetic generations, the mortal struggle which exists between poetic fathers and sons. Significantly Turgenev entitled his masterwork Fathers and Sons while the title of Hemingway's first novel The Sun Also Rises

implies a generational conflict. In a later chapter I will argue that both books are essentially about the anxiety of generational conflict. With Hemingway in particular, from his earliest beginnings as a serious writer, one notes a melancholy insistence on priority and a truly savage rejection of literary fathers whenever he felt it necessary to clear imaginative space for his own poetic vision.

In a strange way Bloom's personal anxieties of influence may be bound up with an historical pattern of influence which finds partial expression in Hemingway's own work. In Death in the Afternoon, published in 1932, Hemingway writes the following:

> The individual, the great artist when he comes, uses everything that has been discovered or known about his art up to that point, being able to accept or reject in a time so short it seems that the knowledge was born with him, rather than that he takes instantly what it takes the ordinary man a lifetime to know, and then the great artist goes beyond what has been done or known and makes something of his own.[6]

This passage does bear comparison, both in emotional tone and in meaning, with the general argument in The Anxiety of Influence. It is here that the critic reaches a very curious state of affairs in the exploration of the history of influence, for the inescapable observation is that Hemingway's views on influence and tradition, as stated in Death in the Afternoon, appear to come directly out of his reading of T. S. Eliot in the early 1920s.[7] Eliot wrote his seminal essay on influence, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," in 1917. By the early 1920s Eliot's book, The Sacred Wood, which contains this essay and Eliot's conception of the "objective correlative," had made its way across the channel and was well known in the Paris literary community. Within a few years Eliot was to become one of those influences Hemingway felt he had to deny.[8] But in the early 1920s he was carefully

reading everything Eliot wrote, critical and otherwise. The impact can be seen a decade later in Hemingway's own comments on influence, tradition, and the objective correlative of emotions in Death in the Afternoon and The Green Hills of Africa. One becomes aware of the creative misprision which enabled Hemingway to transform Eliot to his own critical ends. When one says that Bloom appears to be writing about the specific ways influence defines itself in Ernest Hemingway it is perhaps to say only that both men suffer their own anxieties of influence in relation to a single precursor--T. S. Eliot. Bloom, too, is working out of a history of influence, and both Eliot and Hemingway are part of his critical family romance.

The theoretical model which Bloom presents in The Anxiety of Influence contains what he calls six "revisionary ratios," each ratio representing a particular pattern of influence. Two of those ratios are particularly relevant to the discussion of Turgenev's influence on Hemingway. The first ratio, clinamen, comes from Lucretius and denotes a "swerve" of atoms which makes change possible in the universe. In terms of poetic influence clinamen becomes poetic misreading or misprision. Bloom defines clinamen in poetry as follows:

> A poet swerves away from his precursor, by so reading his precursor's poem as to execute a "clinamen" in relation to it. This appears as a corrective movement in his own poem, which implies that the precursor poem went accurately up to a certain point, but then should have swerved, precisely in the direction that the new poem moves.[9]

Clinamen, or poetic misreading, becomes the single most important concept in Bloom's theory of poetic influence. He says that "what divides each poet from his Poetic Father . . . is an instance of creative revisionism."[10]

The second pattern of influence, Bloom has called tessera, or completion

and antithesis. The tessera becomes "a token of recognition," a fragment which completes pattern and meaning. In literary terms the poet "antithetically 'completes' his precursor, by so reading the parent-poem as to retain its terms but to mean them in another sense, as though the precursor had failed to go far enough."[11]

As parts of Bloom's general theory of influence, both clinamen and tessera account for significant change within poetic tradition. Both are methods used by living poets in all ages in order to convince themselves of the priority of their own visions, their own voices. For every strong poet must find some way to force his precursors, the dead poets of the past who have spoken before him, to remain in the past, and to remain dead. Only then will there be any psychic room for a new voice. But this effort on the part of living poets can never be entirely successful. A debt is owed, and no man or poet springs full-blown out of his own conception of himself. The living poet, increasingly as history and poetic tradition lengthen, is caught between the desire to speak in a unique voice and knowledge that it has all been said before. And out of that knowledge arises the "inescapable melancholy" of the latecomer, and "the anxiety that makes misprision inevitable."[12] For how else except through a misreading of the poetic past can a living poet free a space for the creation of himself in the present?

Out of this theoretical framework Bloom argues for a new approach to practical criticism:

> Let us give up the failed enterprise of seeking to "understand" any single poem as an entity in itself. Let us pursue instead the quest of learning to read any poem as its poet's deliberate misinterpretation, "as a poet", of a precursor poem or of poetry in general. Know each poem by its "clinamen" and you will "know" that poem in a way that will not purchase knowledge by the loss of the poem's power.[13]

The theory of influence argued by Bloom in The Anxiety of Influence has been presented here at some length because as a theory it seems particularly suited to the case of a writer like Hemingway and his often antagonistic stance toward literary forebears.[14] More specifically the theory begins to explain a pattern of influence which exists between Ivan Turgenev and Hemingway. The premise of this study is that Turgenev was a precursor and influence whom Hemingway looked to, particularly in the 1920s, as a model for poetic voice and aesthetic judgement. Necessarily Turgenev was a writer whom Hemingway would misread before he could find his own voice in books such as In Our Time and The Sun Also Rises. The specific nature of the debt Hemingway, as a writer, owed to Turgenev will be examined more closely in the latter portions of this chapter. The short inter-chapter which follows attempts to locate the pattern of influence which runs through Turgenev to Hemingway in the wider context of nineteenth-century literary history.

ii. The Genealogy of Influence

Ivan Turgenev stands near the end of a long line of nineteenth-century Russian novelists who wrote out of a literary climate saturated in the Byronic spirit.[15] When Hemingway came to read and admire Turgenev in the 1920s, he was reading not only an individual author but also a tradition steeped in Byronism which extends from Pushkin through to Lermontov before finding new expression in Turgenev. In fact the tradition has its source in the early Goethe in Germany and extends beyond that to Rousseau in France. Here are the beginnings of a new perception of social relations and the individual. Goethe, following from Rousseau, speaks of a "Werther period" which occurs

naturally in a young man's life whenever "a free natural instinct" must accommodate itself to "the narrow limits of an antiquated world."[16] The sense of melancholy and alienation which stems from this conflict finds its clearest expression in Byron from 1812 on (*Childe Harold* was published in this year). It is no mistake that Eugene Onegin, the hero of Pushkin's great novel in verse, includes the works of Byron in the library of his country house. The repressive nature of Russian political and social life in the early nineteenth-century led to a sharpening of the tensions which were finding voice throughout Europe. In this huge, seemingly immovable autocracy there seemed even less reason to hope for significant personal expression than elsewhere.[17] Pushkin gave voice to the social melancholy and personal rebelliousness which this state of affairs helped to create.

Henry Gifford, in his study of the Byronic spirit in Russian literature entitled *The Hero of His Time*, has looked closely at what Pushkin took from Byron:

> Byron had everything to offer him: a more splendid rhetoric, a new kind of hero--the gloomy, disillusioned, self-centered rebel of the Napoleonic era; a doctrine of liberty, and an outlook that flattered the egotism of young men, whose hopes had been cheated, in a world bent on reaction.[18]

What Pushkin took from Byron, he gave to Russian literature.[19] Eugene Onegin becomes the model for the new hero who enters the pages of almost every nineteenth-century Russian writer. Pushkin wrote of his hero that "he had no morals, plenty of *amour propre*, a dryness of soul, a strong tendency to dream, and an embittered mind seething in empty activity."[20] He might also have added that Onegin's bitterness is the result of a refusal to submit, at least mentally, to a social/political system which would render him superfluous. In this refusal to accept the conditions of life which have

made him, Onegin becomes the noble forebear of Pechorin, Rudin and Bazarov.

Mikhail Lermontov carried on the tradition of Byron and Pushkin in his novel, A Hero of Our Time. In the preface to the novel Lermontov writes that "A Hero of Our Time . . . is indeed a portrait, but not of a single individual; it is a portrait composed of all the vices of our generation in the fullness of their development."[21] Grigory Aleksandrovitch Pechorin remains the archetypal Byronic hero in Russian literature. He is a man of action and high adventure; a man who plays his life out in the mountain passes of the Caucasus; a cynic whose cold heart remains untouched by human confusion; an aristocratic rake and profligate who wilfully breaks women's hearts; a man who engages in duels and mortal risks in order to test his theories about free will and fate. He half seeks death at the very moment he manipulates events to ensure his life. Pechorin is saved from ultimate silliness as a character only through his ability to see himself as an actor, like other actors, engaged in the farce of Russian life. In the end there is a certain bleak nobility in his consistent refusal to make compromises with a society he despises no less than himself. There is high romanticism in this, and A Hero of Our Time does read as a young man's adventure story, a young man's alienation.

By the time Turgenev began to write his own novels in the 1850s the Byronic stance had necessarily undergone certain cultural transformations. In Turgenev there is an awareness of the futility of the Byronic stance; an awareness of the futile position of the aristocracy within Russian. It is Turgenev who coins the term "superfluous man" in order to define that part of Russian society which finds no relevant role for its aspirations in life. The superfluous man, unneeded by his country, retreats into a private life of egotistical self-analysis, romantic theorizing, futile affairs, meaningless

gestures and ultimately self-despair. This is the world of Rudin, the hero of Turgenev's first novel, a man of eloquence and high ideals which have never been tested by reality. In the moment of truth he is found wanting--he gives up a young girl whom he has caused to love him. The truth is that he is incapable of any feeling beyond the love of self. Significantly, in a concluding chapter which Turgenev added after first publication, Rudin is allowed to redeem himself through an act of will when he fights and dies on the barricades of the Paris Commune of 1848.

This appended conclusion reveals Turgenev's life-long artistic concern with the individual's place in a society which is often unresponsive and reactionary, deeply antagonistic to the ideals of the individual.[22] By the 1860s an entirely new generation of political activists had grown up within the Russian aristocracy. As a class these men had nothing but disdain for the raging but ineffectual Byrons and superfluous men of the 1830s and 1840s; although in their actions they more often transcribed a Byronism of their own rather than reject the pose of the rebel.[23] As much as anything else these "new men" were the relatives of Byron. Collectively their misprision of the poet's stance led to the nihilism of the 1860s--the men who believed in nothing but the laws of nature. Byronic cynicism was turned on its ear because in this generation the free and natural play of human instinct was to lead to the overthrow of an antiquated system. The superfluous man had a program, but he was still clothed in the dress of the romantic rebel.

Turgenev was profoundly affected by these "new men." Through all the hypocrisy and posing he saw the beginnings of hope for active social change within his country. The artistic result of this inner turmoil was Turgenev's greatest achievement as a novelist, Fathers and Sons. All of Turgenev's conflicting views concerning authority and personal freedom are brilliantly

embodied in the characters of this work. The novel caused an immediate sensation when first published in 1862.[24] The Slavophiles saw Turgenev's main character, Bazarov, as an affront to the conservative values of the old system. By implication Turgenev became a fellow traveller of the nihilists. Liberal elements in Russian society, westernizers in particular, tended to see Bazarov as a half realized creation. Turgenev, they said, had not gone far enough, had not been sympathetic enough to their cause. As usual, Turgenev himself was ambivalent about either extreme. In the preface to his collected works of 1880 he wrote:

> Believe me, no man of real talent ever serves aims other than his own and he finds satisfaction in himself alone. . . . Only those who can do no better submit to a given theme or carry out a programme.[25]

Turgenev here argues for the rights of the artist who aesthetically shapes the events of his time but imposes no didactic social programme on them. In the same preface he goes on to state that he wishes to "embody in appropriate types what Shakespeare calls 'the body and pressure of time.'"[26] In another context, Edmund Wilson has written the following about Hemingway: "His whole work is a criticism of society: he has responded to every pressure of the moral atmosphere of the time, as it is felt at the roots of human relations, with a sensitivity almost unrivaled."[27] The same comment could be made about Turgenev's concerns and achievement in a novel such as _Fathers and Sons_. The novel does represent a critique of Russian society of the 1850s and 1860s but it never lapses to the level of political tract. Like Hemingway, Turgenev responds to the moral pressures of his time through the felt relations between individuals. David Lowe, in his study of _Fathers and Sons_ says of Turgenev that he "transmutes the generational, ideological, and social conflicts of the 1860s into clashes of temperament and personality."[28]

This is the kind of aesthetic choice which Hemingway would have appreciated and been influenced by when he came to read Turgenev in the 1920s. Here was a writer who placed the individual character first, but through that character's social relations evoked the moral pressure of his time. It was a choice which Hemingway himself would make in The Sun Also Rises and A Farewell to Arms.

In Bazarov, Turgenev had created another hero of his time, a Byronic figure in motley. He is the cynic and nihilist who looks with disdain at the old order and awaits its collapse; the man who believes in nothing but direct sensory impressions, who no longer believes in the "fine phrases" and romantic dreamings of the older generation. And yet underneath this seemingly impenetrable-exterior exists a fierce idealism and hope for change. Bazarov is a character who contains irreconcilable oppositions within himself. He becomes one of the last of the melancholy and brooding figures who are heirs to the Byronic tradition in Russian literature of the nineteenth-century. As Goethe noted, young men in every generation may have their "Werther period," that time when the aspirations of youth are made to appear futile in the face of an uncomprehending world.

Hemingway, himself, is a notable heir to this tradition. His best work is told from the point of view of the disillusioned young men of post World War I. Hemingway's reading of Turgenev was also, in part, a reading of the Byronic tradition in Russian literature. In this reading, it may be possible to say that Hemingway was searching for a model, both literary and aesthetic, upon which to base his own stance as an artist.

With this said, it comes as something of an illumination to note Hemingway's fascination with Byron's life. Michael Reynolds, in his book, Hemingway's Reading 1910-1940, lists four full-length biographies of Byron

in Hemingway's library; there was also a biography of Lady Byron and a volume of Byron's letters. Reynolds elaborates on Hemingway's use of biographical material in his art:

> Hemingway supplemented experience by reading the lives of artists and their letters. The three who got the most attention were not American, but British: D. H. Lawrence, T. E. Lawrence, and Byron. Romantics all, these men led monumental public lives, which, as Hemingway should have noted, eventually dwarfed their writing. Foreign travel, sexual extravagance, beards, costumes, public secrets, adopted countries, bizarre behavior, heroism, isolation, the grand gesture--it wasn't their literature but their lives Hemingway absorbed.[29]

An odd picture of literary influence emerges from this information. Hemingway absorbs the Byronic stance into his own life and art; but who has Byron influenced? The thread is particularly evident in the Russians--Pushkin, Lermontov, Turgenev. When Hemingway read Turgenev in the 1920s just prior to completing The Sun Also Rises he had mirrored back at him an entire literary and masculine tradition derived from the Russians' reading (or more accurately, misprision) of Byron. Hemingway had to go a long way round to come back home to Byron and the Byronic hero, but the results are very clear in his first two novels. Both Jake Barnes and Frederic Henry carry on the romantic tradition of melancholy, alienated men which runs from Byron through nineteenth-century Russian literature.

Following from this thesis, one would have to say that Pushkin, Lermontov, Turgenev, and all their superfluous men--Onegin, Pechorin and Bazarov, have had a significant effect, through Hemingway, on the literary and cultural consciousness of Americans. The implications of this fact in terms of cultural identity and mythology may be far-reaching. One begins to ask questions, not only about the acts of misprision which later writers perform on their forebears--how does Onegin become Pechorin become Bazarov

become Jake Barnes--but to ask why this should be so. Is there some constant cultural anxiety which transmits itself in various shapes, not only through nineteenth-century Russian literature but through Hemingway into the American consciousness? The concern is with a certain kind of masculine vision; the image is of a melancholy rebel, the latecomer who has no place in the society he is born into, and of the artist who has no imaginative space in which to recreate his individual vision of the latecomer, himself. The tension is caused by the extent to which each artist is strong enough to create that space, to rewrite the story of past poets, so that the story is told in a new voice. And that space can only be recreated through acts of misprision and completion with all the attendant anxieties which attach themselves to these acts of usurpation. What acts of misinterpretation did Hemingway perform on Turgenev, and how did this misprision serve the development of his own art? The final section of this chapter explores these questions.

iii. Hemingway at Schruns

> 15 December 1925
>
> Have read Fathers and Children by Turgenieff. . . . Fathers and Ch-en isn't his best stuff by a long way. Some swell stuff in it but it can never be as exciting again as when it was written and that's a hell of a criticism for a book.
>
> (Hemingway, letter to F. Scott Fitzgerald)

> 20 December 1925
>
> I've been reading all the time down here. Turgenieff to me is the greatest writer there ever was. Didn't write the greatest books but was the greatest writer.

> Did you ever read a short story of his called "The Rattle of Wheels"? It's in the second volume of A Sportsman's Sketches.
>
> (Hemingway, letter to Archibald MacLeish)

Taken together these two literary judgements by Hemingway seem oddly inconsistent. Five days after writing Fitzgerald about Fathers and Sons, a work he calls definitely not Turgenev's best, Hemingway writes to MacLeish with the observation that Turgenev is the best writer ever and mentions specifically a short-story from A Sportsman's Sketches. This is particularly odd given that Hemingway later placed Fathers and Sons on many of his lists of the best books every written.[30] If Fathers and Sons wasn't Turgenev's best, what -texts by the Russian was Hemingway reading and basing his praise on? It is probable that one of the books was A Home of Gentlefolk; Hemingway had taken the novel, along with Fathers and Sons, from Sylvia Beach's bookstore on December 10. Neither book was returned until after Christmas. From the letter to MacLeish it may be possible to infer that Hemingway was also reading A Sportsman's Sketches at Schruns. Hemingway had borrowed volume 2 of the A Sportsman's Sketches from Shakespeare and Co. on October 22 but returned it November 16. In his comment to MacLeish concerning "The Rattle of Wheels" Hemingway was either referring to this earlier reading, or had acquired his own copy of A Sportsman's Sketches by the time he came to Schruns. Whatever his reading material at this point, it seems clear that Hemingway was measuring Turgenev's achievement as an artist. He, himself, must have been under considerable pressure. The Sun Also Rises was his first full length treatment afterthe critical success of In Our Time. A career was about to be launched. One has a picture of Hemingway glancing over his shoulder at Turgenev, taking a hard look at what

was temporary in the Russian's work and could be left out, and what was masterful and should be left in, if a book was to last; perhaps too, making a direct comparison. Did his novel have the sense of place, the feeling of having lived in a country, which Turgenev had achieved in his work? Questions such as this never get written down in Hemingway's correspondence. He wanted to take from the great writers of the past what was best in their work, transform it to his own needs and then leave those masters in the past, beaten and at best a footnote to his own career. This competitiveness, with all its attendant anxieties centered on victory and defeat, comes out most clearly in Hemingway's letters of the late 1940s. The passages quoted below, concerned as they are with literary history as an extended boxing match, can only be saved from silliness if one looks beneath the bravado on their surface to the anxiety which runs like a strong current from Hemingway to the masters of the past. Hemingway, here, appears to be covering up, trying to mask the anxiety of the latecomer who fears there may be no place for his poetic vision. And in order to gain his place in the hall of the literary immortals, this writer is forced to make space for himself violently--he will thumb and punch his way into open territory (a metaphor for misprision) which he can make his own. Hemingway writes to William Faulkner in 1947:

> You should always write your best against dead writers that we know what stature . . . that they have and beat them one by one. Why do you want to fight Dostoevsky in your first fight? Beat Turgenieff--which we both did soundly and for time. . . . Then nail yourself DeMaupassant. . . . Then try and take Stendhal. But don't fight with the poor pathological characters of our time. . . .[31]

Two years later, in a letter to Charles Scribner, Hemingway gives a more current ranking of the literary heavyweights and his place amongst them. It is revealing here that Turgenev is the first one Hemingway takes on;

perhaps he is remembering back to the 1920s when he was learning to be a writer, with the figure of Turgenev the first to point out (and at the same time block) the literary path he wanted to take:

> I started out trying to beat dead writers that I knew how good they were. . . . I tried for Mr. Turgenieff first and it wasn't too hard. Tried for Mr. Maupassant . . . and it took four of the best stories to beat him. . . . In the big book I hope to take Mr. Melville and Mr. Dostoevsky. . . . But you can only run so many of those kind of races. They take it out of you.
>
> Know this sounds like bragging but Jeezoo Chrise you have to have confidence to be a champion and that is the only thing I ever wished to be.[32]

Hemingway might also have added, if he had looked into himself more, that it was anxiety which drove him to be the best--an anxiety that there was no place for him amongst the greats. The history of his relationships with writers, both dead and alive, illustrates Hemingway's attempt to project that anxiety, either aesthetically in his writing or personally in his attacks on literary forebears. From the first there is in Hemingway a refusal to admit direct literary influence. Sherwood Anderson, perhaps the first living influence on Hemingway's work, gets his reward early on in The Torrents of Spring. Published in 1926, the short novel was a biting parody of the excesses of style Anderson had lapsed into in novels such as Dark Laughter. Both Gertrude Stein and F. Scott Fitzgerald were exposed and worked over pretty thoroughly in A Moveable Feast. T. S. Eliot was dispensed with in a tribute to Joseph Conrad that Hemingway wrote in 1924. His passing comments on other American writers are even more damning. Henry James only writes about drawing rooms, and at any rate "his men . . . all talked like fairies," --the latter condition being the ultimate degradation in Hemingway's vocabulary.[33] In Green Hills of Africa he muses that American classics of the nineteenth-century outside of Twain are not worth talking

about. Poe is "skillful" but "dead"; Melville lapses into rhetoric; "Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier and Company. . . . wrote like exiled English colonials."[34]

One comes back to the question of why, in December 1925 with The Sun Also Rises almost completed, Hemingway felt the need to fault Turgenev's achievement in Fathers and Sons. Not "his best," he said; a better book when it was written than it is now, "a hell of a criticism for a book." Taken at face value these comments appear to be nothing more than a disinterested, perhaps even illuminating, criticism of a writer Hemingway admired. Looked at another way they can be seen as something less than objective criticism. There is a sense in which Hemingway's literary judgements on other writers are as clean and unassailable as the new prose he was developing in the 1920s; it is only when he comes into direct competition with an author over rights to a theme, or to a stylistic approach, or perhaps most importantly to a sensibility or poetic stance, that his pronouncements open themselves up to question. If there were something in Fathers and Sons, perhaps a thematic concern, or an aesthetic orientation, which Hemingway wanted to transform and use for himself in The Sun Also Rises how would he be likely to respond to these qualities in Turgenev's work? This type of question is not one that can ever be given an empirically satisfactory answer. The point is raised only to make clear a critical perspective of the present writer. It is this: When Hemingway takes the trouble to notice and then find fault with a particular artistic work then an analysis of that work will always illuminate some important aspect of Hemingway's own art. In the case of Fathers and Sons this seems an especially relevant consideration. Along with A Sportsman's Sketches, this novel is recognized as one of the supreme achievements in Russian literature. Hemingway saw it, or at least spoke publicly about it,

as something far less (although later he included it on his great books list).

I believe there are two sides to Hemingway's criticism of Fathers and Sons. On the one hand he honestly did see the book as one of Turgenev's least successful. Hemingway would probably not have appreciated the excessively romantic note the novel ends on. Turgenev, in this work at least, was working out of a nineteenth-century tradition, primarily an English tradition at that, which demanded that all characters be accounted for, that a kind of summary of potentials and future prospects be given at the end. In addition, there was a strong romance sub-plot in Fathers and Sons which undercuts the bitter irony, some would say tragedy, of Bazarov.

But on the other hand, and I believe much more importantly, Hemingway was confronted with a novel which prefigured many of the thematic concerns and stylistic devices which he wanted to explore in The Sun Also Rises. In order to clear a space for his own imaginative vision the projected sensibility in Fathers and Sons, what it said both about life and art, had to be superseded.

The concepts of clinamen or misprision, and tessera or completion, are particularly important to Hemingway's stance in relation to the revealed world in Turgenev's Fathers and Sons. At the centre of this pattern of influence stand the characters of Bazarov and Jake Barnes, for the two are cousins if not brothers. The nineteenth-century romantic hero cum--nihilist sees his own face transformed in the alienated man of post World War I. As characters, both are part of a wounded generation--men cloaked in silence and stoicism, trying to protect themselves from sensitivities which threaten to cripple them in a degenerate world. Both have no more use for the "fine phrases" of a generation which has betrayed them and the world they live in.

Bazarov despises the superfluous men of the 1840s, and looks forward to the time when society will be transformed, perhaps violently. Jake Barnes has been through the transformation, and it has been violent. The world has not changed appreciably for the better; a generation's illusions about itself have been shattered, and there is nothing left to patch them up with. But implicit within Bazarov's nihilism is the desire for, and expectation of, social change. Jake Barnes can no longer believe in a meaning based on social transformation. He has seen the results of that dream, and it has become a nightmare. For him a retreat into personal life becomes both a method for survival and a prescription for alienation. But if one can speak of the misprision one writer performs on another, then in the case of Hemingway and Turgenev that misprision centers on the treatment of cultural authority and generational conflict. In Turgenev's novel Bazarov dies very soon after the loss of his romantic illusions. He is not forced to go on living in a world which is unresponsive to his ambitions. In the romantic sub-plot of the novel, which involves both marriage and the ultimate reconciliation between fathers and sons, Turgenev seems to be saying that the old generation and the new can survive together. This kind of reconciliation is absent from The Sun Also Rises. In the character of Jake Barnes, Hemingway has taken Bazarov and forced him to go on living past the romantic dénouement. Bazarov dies, as and when the romantic hero should--at the point when disappointed personal aspiration has not yet hardened into physical reality. Jake Barnes goes on living in a world without the possibility of belief except that one must go on, if only out of a personal standard of conduct. He and his generation have broken with all the cultural fathers that have made the world the mess it is. Barnes himself is sexually crippled. There will be no marriage, no rapprochement between the sexes; nor will there be

any death bed scenes for him, and certainly no poetic justice.

In the clinamen that Hemingway performs on Fathers and Sons there is the implication "that the precursor poem went accurately up to a certain point, but then should have swerved, precisely in the direction the new poem moves."[35]

Hemingway's novel then becomes an attempt to cut through the romanticism implicit in Fathers and Sons; an attempt to take a clear-eyed look at what would become of Bazarov if he were not allowed to escape into death but forced to go on living. The result is a completion, or tessera, of the possibilities which are implied in Fathers and Sons but never explored. In a strange way the generational conflict which is central to both novels transmits itself through time so that Jake Barnes as character comes to define himself in relation to the character of Bazarov. Characters such as this, and there are many of them in literature, become part of an extended conversation between novelists living and dead, and part of a larger cultural story which, always being written and rewritten, can never be finished.

It is an irony of influence, and the anxiety which attends it, that however much it may seem the later poet escapes the deficiencies of vision of his precursors, in reality the terms of that vision are only slightly redefined. In a later chapter I hope to show that, contrary to defining an anti-romantic vision, Hemingway's first novel is every bit as much the romantic statement that Fathers and Sons was. It is a double irony to realize that it was Turgenev who first tried to realize in Bazarov, the nihilist, the anti-romantic mood of his time. Both Hemingway and Turgenev wrote in ages permeated with the romantic spirit; the misreadings and completions both writers performed, far from breaking with this spirit, become only new points of departure in the larger romantic tradition. The

following chapter will be devoted to charting the pattern of influence which extends from A Sportsman's Sketches into Hemingway's own stories of the 1920s.

Notes to Chapter Two

[1]This chapter title is taken from Harold Bloom's critical study of the same name. Bloom's approach to the question of literary influence has provided the central theoretical framework for my work in this chapter. See Harold Bloom, The Anxiety of Influence: A Theory of Poetry (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1973).

[2]Bloom, op. cit., p. 31.

[3]Ibid., p. 71.

[4]Ibid., p. 13.

[5]Ibid., p. 94. Bloom here is using the term "family romance" in a different sense than that originally meant by Freud.

[6]Ernest Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon, (New York: Scribner's, 1932). Reprinted in 1963, p. 100.

[7]See Philip Young, Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration (University Park: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 1966), p. 183.

[8]In fact, Hemingway apparently never stopped reading Eliot. As late as his move from Key West to Cuba in 1939 he took several volumes of Eliot's poetry and criticism along with him. This is another pattern of influence which has never been fully explored. For a listing of Hemingway's reading of Eliot see Michael Reynolds, Hemingway's Reading 1910-1940: An Inventory (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981), p. 121.

[9]Bloom, op. cit., p. 14.

[10]Ibid., p. 42.

[11]Ibid., p. 14.

[12]Ibid., p. 54.

[13]Ibid., p. 43. This thesis will attempt to take Bloom at his word and ask what happens when the theory of misprision is applied to the practical criticism of two artists.

[14]Although Bloom's book seems to explain much about the ways in which an artist such as Hemingway is influenced by literary forebears, I would be hesitant to apply this model to all, or even most, writers. As a theory Bloom's thesis seems particularly well suited to a male-dominated, aggressive vision stemming from the Freudian concept of oedipal conflict.

[15]This line of argument is suggested by Henry Gifford, The Hero of His Time: A Theme in Russian Literature (London: Edward Arnold, 1950). See particularly Chapter One: "The School of Disillusion," pp. 13-20.

[16]Ibid., p. 15.

[17]For valuable insight into nineteenth-century Russia and the relation of the individual to the state see Alexander Herzen, My Past and Thoughts: The Memoirs of Alexander Herzen, vol. 4, trans. Constance Garnett, revised by Humphrey Higgens (New York: Knopf, 1968); particularly "Bazarov Once More (1868)," pp. 1750-1765. See also Victor Ripp, Turgenev's Russia, From Notes of A Hunter to Fathers and Sons (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1980), particularly the "Introduction," pp. 15-28. Mr. Ripp's entire book gives valuable insights into the social realities of nineteenth-century Russia.

[18]Gifford, op. cit., p. 62.

[19]There are those who think Pushkin surpassed Byron, both in the complexity and the beauty of his art. The present critic is amongst those who hold this view.

[20]Gifford, op. cit., p. 18.

[21]Mihail Lermontov, A Hero of Our Time, trans. Vladimir and Dmitri Nabokov (Garden City: Doubleday, 1958), p. 2.

[22]Turgenev himself escaped the political and social oppression of Russia. He spend most of his adult life in France and Germany.

[23]For an elaboration on this argument see Herzen, op. cit., pp. 1750-1760.

[24]For reactions to Fathers and Sons when the novel first came out see Ripp, op. cit., pp. 190-191.

[25]Reprinted and translated in Ivan Turgenev: Literary Reminiscences and Autobiographical Fragments, trans. with intro. by David Magarshack (New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1958), p. 91.

[26]Reprinted and translated in David Lowe, Turgenev's Fathers and Sons (Ann Arbor: Ardis, 1983), p. 82.

[27]Edmund Wilson, "Hemingway: Gauge of Morale," reprinted in The Wound and The Bow (New York: Oxford University Press, 1959), p. 240.

[28]Lowe, op. cit., p. 83.

[29]Michael S. Reynolds, Hemingway's Reading 1910-1940, An Inventory (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981), pp. 24-25.

[30]See for instance Reynolds, "Hemingway's Recommended Reading List," op. cit., p. 72.

[31]Ernest Hemingway, Selected Letters 1917-1961, ed. Carlos Baker (New York: Scribner's, 1981), p. 624.

[32]Ibid., p. 673.

[33]Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story (New York: Scribner's, 1969), p. 189.

[34]Ernest Hemingway, Green Hills of Africa (New York: Scribner's, 1935). Reprinted in 1963, pp. 20-21.

[35]Bloom, op. cit., p. 14.

CHAPTER THREE

Hemingway and "A Sportsman's Sketches": The Thing Not Named

> I was thinking how real that Russia of the time of our Civil War was, as real as any other place, as Michigan, or the prairie north of town and the woods around Evans game farm, of how, through Turgenieff, I knew that I had lived there. . . .
>
> (Hemingway, Green Hills of Africa)

> It is the inexplicable presence of the thing not named . . . that gives high quality to the novel . . . as well as to poetry itself.
>
> (Willa Cather, "The Novel Démeublé")

Any discussion of Turgenev's influence on Hemingway logically must begin with the Russian's classic short-story cycle collected as A Sportsman's Sketches. This was the first book Hemingway remembered borrowing from Sylvia Beach's library in 1921. During the four year period 1925-29, Hemingway is on record as having borrowed the Sketches four different times. He often kept the story collection for months. In his memoir of F. Scott Fitzgerald published in A Moveable Feast, Hemingway recalls reading A Sportsman's Sketches in a hotel room while waiting for Fitzgerald to meet him in Lyon.[1] This reading would have taken place in May of 1925.[2] Through the 1920s then, there is evidence to suggest that Hemingway read the Sketches on at least five separate occasions. One can only surmise how many other times he may have borrowed

this story collection between 1922-25--the period for which Hemingway's library cards are missing. Clearly, based on the evidence of Hemingway's reading through the 1920s this was the single work of literature which held his critical attention longest and most often.

In the Sketches an unnamed narrator, a member of the Russian gentry, wanders through the Russian landscape, hunting and fishing, meeting peasants, sleeping in meadows and haylofts, stopping at taverns and country towns, and in this movement through a landscape offers the reader a vision of Russia. We see through the narrator's eyes and follow in his footsteps. He is a reticent man, who rarely, if ever, explicitly makes a value judgement on the scenes he witnesses or the people he meets. But through the careful selection and arrangement of detail Turgenev leads us very subtly into a fictional world which resonates with felt moral truth, in which psychological truth is manifest in the relationships between characters, in which landscape itself, and the shifting emotional moods embodied in its portrayal, comes to sound the depths of human experience. And over this fictional world in which there is beauty and laughter, cruelty and human insensitivity, there broods an unmistakable feeling of pathos and loss, as if the author himself were searching to recover, in the very shifting of nature's seasons, a sense of man's lost relationship to himself. This search for a golden past which may never have existed, for an orginal relationship between human psyche and nature, is only dimly articulated in the stories themselves, but it is there all the same on every page, an emotional resonance which is powerful and unmistakable. Willa Cather, writing in 1922 in her essay "The Novel Démeublé," might have been specifically describing the implicit aesthetic of Turgenev's art. She writes:

> Whatever is felt upon the page without being specifically named there--that, one might say, is created. It is the inexplicable presence of the thing not named, of the overtone divined by the ear but not heard by it, the verbal mood, the emotional aura of the fact or the thing or the deed, that gives high quality to the novel or the drama, as well as to poetry itself.[3]

This is the effect that Turgenev strives for, and so often attains in A Sportsman's Sketches. One searches throughout these stories for the word or phrase which objectively defines emotional mood, but in the end must come to admit that language here attains the status of poetry, that words and the arrangement of words can produce atmospheric and emotional states which must always remain beyond the critic's attempt to pin them down. If there is greatness in these stories by Turgenev then this is where it lies--in the subtle and exact choice of phrase which suddenly illuminates hidden emotion, exposing what has been present but unobserved from the beginning. One is often shocked at the technical virtuosity and poetic sensitivity with which this effect is carried off in the Sketches. D. S. Mirsky, in his book A History of Russian Literature, comments that, "judged as literature, the Sketches are frequently, if not always, above praise."[4]

This was the book which Hemingway returned to again and again in the 1920s. A writer with the still unrealized ambitions Hemingway had at this time does not come back to a book of this kind unless he is both searching for, and finding, something that he wishes to transform and use in his own art. Hemingway appears to have been fascinated with the world created in this wonderfully atmospheric and understated group of stories. And always he returns to a central question--how does style transform itself into emotional resonance and fictional truth? This was the question Hemingway was attempting to solve in his own early stories--to discover the perfect structural

representation of perceived reality, and ultimately to create a form that perfectly embodies a felt emotional pitch.

As a project in literary art this question finds first historical voice amongst the French realists in the second quarter of the nineteenth-century. Gustave Flaubert becomes the most famous spokesman for this aesthetic; his stylistic achievements in story groups such as Trois Contes and in his famous novel Madame Bovary, along with the influence he had on both his peers and later writers, particularly Maupassant, ensure him of a central theoretical position in the realist movement. About Flaubert's teaching Maupassant writes:

> Whatever the thing we wish to say, there is but one word to express it, but one verb to give it movement, but one adjective to qualify it. We must seek till we find this noun, this verb, and this adjective and never be content with approximations, never allow ourselves to play tricks, even happy ones, or have recourse to slights of language to avoid a difficulty. The subtlest things may be rendered and suggested by applying the hint suggested in Boileau's line: "D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna la pouvoir." (He taught the power of a word put in the right place.)[5]

Hemingway was profoundly influenced by this point of view and its practical application in the work of Flaubert and Maupassant. It is an indication of the strange threads of influence which link national literatures to note that Turgenev, the expatriate Russian, was an intimate of Flaubert's circle in Paris from the late 1850s.[6] Turgenev, too, was influenced by theories current in French letters of the time. Perhaps the earliest French influence on Turgenev was Prosper Mérimée. Mérimée's stories, with their concern for exact expression and significant detail, had been published in Russia as early as the 1830s. Mérimée, in his fifties, had made it a personal project to introduce Russian literature to Western Europe. He became an early translator

of Pushkin (1849), Gogol, and eventually Turgenev into the French language. His essay on Gogol (1851) still stands as a landmark discussion of the debate between literature of selection as opposed to literature of saturation--a debate which is still with us. Criticizing Gogol for his overattention to detail and lack of formal design, Mérimée writes:

> L'art de choisir parmi les innombrable traits que nous offre la nature est, après tout, bien plus difficile que celui de les observer avec attention et de les rendre avec exactitude.[7]

Mérimée here is arguing for attention to significant detail which, when transformed through the formal arrangement of art, will suggest complex emotional states. In this he is an artist of exclusion, and it is not surprising that he came to greatly admire Turgenev's work, beginning with A Sportsman's Sketches, for its artistic control, its selection of detail, and the atmospheric effects it created. This is the artistic milieu which Turgenev was thoroughly familiar with in Paris at mid-century. Turgenev's achievements as an artist in A Sportsman's Sketches become an historical part of a larger movement in literature which includes the names of Flaubert, Mérimée and Maupassant. Seventy years later, Hemingway, learning to write in the same city, would come under the aesthetic influence of first Turgenev in the Sketches and then the French school of the nineteenth-century.

It would be wrong, however, to link Turgenev's artistic achievement in A Sportsman's Sketches too closely with any theoretical position coming out of nineteenth-century French literature. There is a lyric expansiveness in these stories, connected with man's intimate relationship to nature, which is foreign to anything in the French artistic temperament of the time. As well, the peasantry in the Sketches is treated in an objective, sympathetic, but uncondescending way which made Turgenev's story cycle something completely

new in nineteenth-century literature. But most importantly, by the time Turgenev came to write the stories which comprise A Sportsman's Sketches, he was already too much the artist to submit to, or follow, any programme which did not grow directly out of a deeply personal response to the materials of life and art. In his preface to the 1880 collected edition of his works Turgenev very clearly sets out his personal view of the artist's responsibility:

> Believe me, no man of real talent ever serves aims other than his own and he finds satisfaction in himself alone; the life that surrounds him provides him with the contents of his works; he is its "concentrated reflection"; but he is as incapable of writing a panegyric as a lampoon. . . . when all is said and done--that is beneath him. Only those who can do no better submit to a given theme or carry out a programme.[8]

The kind of disinterested opening-up to life Turgenev speaks of here permeates every page of A Sportsman's Sketches. D. S. Mirsky has noted that the stories themselves are arranged in random order and have no narrative skeleton; some are purely descriptive of scenery or character; others consist of conversation either addressed to the narrator or overheard; if there is dramatic motive it is muted. Mirsky concludes that "the absolute matter-of-factness and studious avoidance of everything artificial and made-up were the most prominent characteristics of the book when it appeared--it was a new genre."[9]

Hemingway, when he came to read the Sketches for the first time in 1921, would have appreciated Turgenev's avoidance of the artificial, of anything made up or not true to felt life; and he, himself, might have written the passage quoted on the previous page. Hemingway, too, had to resist those who would have pressured him into a given theme or programme in the decade leading up to World War II. But most of all in the Sketches, Hemingway would have

seen a serious artist's attempt to discover the perfect structural form of felt reality, to create a form which transcribed emotional truth in its most complex shades. Turgenev, like all artists of the first rank, had approached the question of style in his own way because, in the end, style and formal arrangement become the signature and very breath of the living artist behind the words themselves. Hemingway could not have followed Turgenev too far in this direction, nor would he have wished to. In A Sportsman's Sketches Hemingway had reflected back at him a distorted image of the voice he wanted to create for himself. And he had to transform that voice in order to fully realize his own.

Turgenev's voice is essentially a lyric one; there is in it also a pathos connected with a decaying cultural past. One is confronted for the first time in Russian literature with a serious attempt to give shape to the simple man who is not yet disconnected from nature--the Russian peasant. Most importantly landscape itself becomes an emblem of natural order--it represents in an embodied form a vision of man's own potential for truth and beauty.

Hemingway's agenda was slightly different, and here style does become a barometer of the anxiety of influence. Turgenev's flowing, supple prose, with its perfect balance and seeming adquacy to implied meaning is, more than anything else, lyric and poetic. Hemingway, in the early writing particularly, moves to a sparse, non-adjectival prose with independent clauses joined most often by the word "and." The entire approach is much more laconic and tense than the easy movement of Turgenev's prose. As a consequence implied meanings and emotional states are even less tied to visible markers in Hemingway's work. This leads directly to Hemingway's early theory that "the thing left out" will convey emotional meaning if it is intimately known by the author, and consciously left out.[10] Turgenev, too, worked on the

principle of exclusion, but less obviously; the lyricism of the Russian's prose is chopped off in Hemingway's work until words themselves come to represent the machine-gun reality of World War I and the truncated, half-buried emotions of the psychically wounded man. One can say about Hemingway's work as a whole that "the thing left out" is the moment of psychic catastrophe which cannot be faced or controlled by personal will.[11]

One looks in vain at Turgenev's work for a psychological analogue to this aspect of Hemingway's art. A Sportsman's Sketches has little or nothing to do with psychic wounds caused by physical violence. What one senses instead, even though it is nowhere directly stated, is a remembrance of a cultural past, an intimate relation that has existed between self and nature that now has been broken except in the peasants whom the narrator meets. Turgenev's narrator moves through the Russian landscape in search of a dimly remembered sense of self; he sees his forgotten image reflected in the faces of the peasants whom he briefly attaches himself to.

In "Ermolai and the Miller's Wife" Turgenev very subtly evokes the silent understanding which exists amongst the peasants--an understanding which totally excludes their masters. The narrator of this story, and his peasant hunting companion Ermolai, stop for the night in a shed belonging to a miller. As the mists begin to rise from the river, the narrator falls asleep only to be awakened some time later by the sound of low voices. Arina, the miller's wife, has come out to meet Ermolai. Unobserved, the narrator listens to their conversation and looks at the sad but still beautiful face of the peasant woman. She has a cough, and there is something withdrawn and beaten about her bearing. At one point Ermolai asks her to come away with him but she ignores his question. Slowly Arina's story comes out. She was a maid servant but she fell in love with a footman against her master's wishes.

He was sent to be a soldier; she was sold to the highest bidder--the miller. Although she never says it, her life with the miller is quite clearly one of spiritual bondage. At the conclusion of the narrative, after Arina has been called away by her husband, the narrator questions Ermolai about her. Given his social position--that of a serf addressing his master--Ermolai is forced to answer, but his replies reveal more in their silences than in what is actually voiced:

> "What d'you think of her husband?" I asked Ermolai.
> "Nothing."
> "Have they got any children?"
> "They had one that died."
> "Did the miller take a fancy to her, or what? . . . Did he pay a lot for her freedom?"
> "I don't know. She can read and write; in their business it's . . . well . . . it's useful. Probably he took a fancy to her."[12]

The questions continue, and Ermolai continues to avoid answering them. Finally the two lapse into silence before the narrator asks one last question:

> "It seems she is ailing?" I asked Ermolai at last.
> "What else should she be? . . . Well, to-morrow there may be a good 'flight'. You could do with some sleep now."[13]

A wild duck flies overhead, it grows dark and cold, a nightingale chuckles in the wood, and finally peasant and master sleep together in the hay.

In this brief story Turgenev manages to evoke both the stoic resignation and bitterness with which the peasant and servant accepts his position as chattel. But if social outrage is implied in this narrative it comes not from what anyone says but from the subtle emotional shades which are conveyed through the events of the story itself: the miller is a brute; Arina's former master is a spoiled fool; and Arina will go on living in servitude

because as a Russian peasant she has no other choice. The story, like the Sketches as a whole, becomes an indictment of the entire institution of serfdom in nineteenth-century Russia. None of this is ever mentioned in Turgenev's stories. It is "the thing left out," the thing which is felt upon the page without being named there, that gives these stories such power.

Ermolai, the peasant, expresses his bitterness and his resignation through a simple refusal to tell his master what he knows. It is just this kind of indirection, and leaving out of significant detail, which Hemingway learned so much from by the time he came to write the stories which make up In Our Time. And the subject he returns to again and again, without ever naming directly, is that moment of psychic catastrophe which cannot be faced or controlled by personal will. Hemingway's art is a formal transformation of that moment, a method for coping with the disintegration of self, and a way of distancing that catastrophe from one's self. In his prose the catastrophe, the thing which can never be named but which must always be examined, comes in a very few recurrent forms. Its most basic pattern is that of the man who has faced his own death, usually in war, and then must fight for psychic survival after the wounding.[14] Hemingway returns to this theme early and late in his career: In Our Time contains "Soldier's Home" and "Big Two-Hearted River"; Men Without Women has "Now I Lay Me" and "In Another Country"; Winner Take Nothing includes "A Way You'll Never Be" and "A Natural History of the Dead." But perhaps Hemingway achieves the most powerful variant of this story in the relatively late, "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" (1932). In this, an elderly waiter faces the same "nothingness" which so many Hemingway protagonists experience. The reader watches as the man waits for an old customer to finish his drink at the cafe.

It is getting late. The younger waiter is becoming impatient. He wants to be home with his wife, to force the old customer to finish and leave. Last week this old man had attempted suicide because "he was in despair," and now the old waiter wants to let him drink in peace.[15] But the younger waiter wins the argument, closes the cafe, and goes home. The old waiter says, "I am of those who like to stay late at the café. . . . With all those who do not want to go to bed. With all those who need a light for the night."[16] And here Hemingway reaches his theme--the man who is alone and in despair, but goes on in silence. Nowhere in the conversation between the two waiters is this theme ever stated, but as the story evolves it becomes quite clear that the waiter and the old man are suffering from the same reality. The younger waiter, in every word he utters, disqualifies himself from this awareness. His "youth and confidence" and his ignorance save him. In the empty cafe, in the early hours of the morning, the old waiter contemplates his existence. The cafe itself becomes a metaphor for all that is clean and well-lighted, and provides a bulwark against the disintegration of self:

> Turning off the electric light he continued the conversation with himself. It is the light of course but it is necessary that the place be clean and pleasant. You do not want music. Certainly you do not want music. Nor can you stand before a bar with dignity although that is all that is provided for these hours. What did he fear? It was not fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was nada. . . .[17]

As the story ends the old waiter leaves the cafe:

> Now, without thinking further, he would go home to his room. He would lie in bed and finally, with daylight, he would go to sleep. After all, he said to himself, it is probably only insomnia. Many must have it.[18]

The irony in this final passage is typical of Hemingway's approach; it becomes a method for coping with the threat of personal disintegration, of distancing it from oneself and giving it formal shape. "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" is a story of exclusion and suppression--one knows nothing about the events of the old waiter's life which have brought him to this desperate place, or why he should so clearly understand the old man who has attempted suicide. We know only that this person experiences "nothingness," and we watch as he struggles to survive. This story and its many variants records the struggle of an artist and a man. For Hemingway, art becomes a method for personal survival, and when that method fails him, as it did in the end, he turns the gun on himself.

With all of Hemingway's praise of A Sportsman's Sketches it comes as something of a surprise to note that he only once mentions, in his correspondence, a specific story from the collection. In December, 1925 he writes to Archibald MacLeish from Schruns, Austria, to ask, "Did you ever read a short story of his [Turgenev's] called 'The Rattle of Wheels'? It's in the 2nd vol. of A Sportsman's Sketches."[19] This was the same letter in which Hemingway referred to Turgenev as the greatest writer ever. Perhaps it is logical to continue the examination of Turgenev's influence on Hemingway with some comments on "The Rattle of Wheels," although on a first reading the story seems a rather odd one for Hemingway to take special note of.[20] Relative to other stories in the cycle this is quite highly plotted as against an atmospheric, open-ended development of mood. In addition the story has an ironic twist at its conclusion which is more characteristic of a Maugham story than anything by Turgenev. Given the nature of his own explorations into plotless stories and atmospheric conclusions Hemingway could not have been overly impressed with the structural technique of

"The Rattle of Wheels." The story-line itself is relatively simple and almost predictable: The narrator sets out across the Russian countryside in a carriage, along with a peasant named Filofei, in order to obtain some shot for his rifles in the nearest large town. Tula is forty-five versts away, and night falls while they are still on their way. They pass through a beautiful countryside, but then Filofei hears a distant knocking and rattling. A carriage is approaching from behind, and Filofei insists that it contains evil men who will harm them. At first the narrator laughs this suggestion off, but as the rattling gets closer he begins to feel a dread. Finally a carriage containing several drunken men passes them on the road and then blocks the highway at a bridge. Both Filofei and the narrator are certain they are about to meet their deaths. Instead, a huge man comes to the carriage and politely asks for some money to buy drink with. The group has been to a wedding and there "married off our boy, . . . put him to bed, good and proper. . . ."[21] The narrator gives them money and the carriage is driven off into the night. Left alone, Filofei and the narrator begin to discuss the subject of death, but leave unanswered the question of how one can know what is in man's heart. The next day the narrator has returned with his shot, and is informed that a merchant was robbed and killed the previous night. He asks himself, "was this not the wedding" and was this not the lad who had been "put to bed."[22] One is left with the feeling that the murderers were out on the road that night, and it was their carriage which rattled toward Filofei and the narrator. For some inexplicable reason they did not kill again that night.

What did Hemingway see in this story which caused him to take note of it from amongst many other fine sketches? Perhaps part of his interest lay in the ironic way life and death are treated in the story. Death comes at

random, and for no reason; one hears a rattling, and one's fate approaches. One either lives or dies; there is no explanation for either state. In any case one must deal with personal fear; because in the end it is only self which one has any control over. Certainly this would have appealed to the strain of nihilism which existed in Hemingway, to a feeling that fate is unalterable and acts randomly with no connection to human desire. On a stylistic level though, which ultimately, I think, is the level on which one must look for influence between these two artists, Hemingway must have noted the close parallels which exist in this story between the description of landscape and the terrain of the human psyche. Both beauty and fear find "objective correlatives" in the landscape of "The Rattle of Wheels." Remember that Hemingway was reading this story at the time of rewriting The Sun Also Rises; then compare the following description of the Russian countryside to Jake Barnes' description of the land surrounding the Irati river north of Pamplona:[23]

> lying down on the hay, [I] tried to go to sleep again.
> But I could not go to sleep; not that I wasn't tired from shooting--and not that the anxiety which I had felt had driven away my sleep--but we were passing through a landscape of great beauty. There were vast, spreading, grassy water-meadows, with countless smaller meadows, lakelets, brooks, creeks with banks overgrown with sallow and osier, real Russian countryside such as the Russian people love, the sort of country into which the heroes of our ancient folk-lore rode out to shoot white swans and grey duck. . . . I was lost in admiration.[24]

This is the landscape of human felicity; in it there is proportion and formal definition, an image of man's best and most natural self. The narrator goes on to describe the peasant's reaction to this scene:

> Even Filofei was affected.
> "We call these St. Egor's meadows," he told me. "And after them come the Grand Duke's meadows; such meadows as you won't find in the whole of Russia . . . They're really beautiful!". . . . "Really beautiful!" he repeated, and sighed, and then gave a prolonged grunt. "It'll soon be mowing time, and the amount of hay they'll get here--whew! And there are plenty of fish in the creeks. Wonderful bream!" he added in a sing-song voice. "You just don't want to die, and that's the truth."[25]

Jake Barnes describes the Spanish countryside that he loves in much the same way. Turgenev concludes his passage with Filofei's comment: "You just don't want to die," while Hemingway has Bill Gorton say: "This is country."[26] Both characters are saying the same thing. One senses one's life most clearly in certain landscapes, and because one senses that life, and its beauty, one does not want to die. For the most part this is not a question that would occur to either Jake Barnes or Turgenev's peasants. One lives or one dies; it is not a question of wishing unless, or until, one's perception of an outer country causes an awareness of the sweetness of the country which lies within. But finally, this country, both inner and outer, is transient and must be left behind. Filofei hears the knocking which he takes to be the approach of fate. A gloom settles over the landscape as fate, in the form of the rattling carriage, approaches. Turgenev writes:

> While I had been asleep, a fine mist had gathered--not on the ground, but in the sky. It stood high up, and inside it the moon hung in a yellowish patch, as if seen through smoke. The whole scene had gown dim and confused, although it was clearer near the ground. Around us lay a flat and cheerless landscape. Fields, more fields, small bushes, ravines--and still more fields, most of them fallow, under a sparse growth of weeds. Deserted . . . dead! Not so much as the cry of a quail.[27]

Always, in the early stories of Hemingway and Turgenev there is a deep reverence for the power of nature to reflect a man's own inner state back at him, to provide a physical framework in which self can be recognized and accepted. This connection momentarily heals the chasm separating self from "other" which characterizes modern consciousness. It is here, in the evocation of nature and man, that one sees most clearly the influence which extends from Turgenev to Hemingway. For both, nature becomes an extended metaphor of man's possible self; terrain becomes a projection of his body, both psychic and physical.[28] And for both, untouched nature is synonymous with that which is natural and beautiful and unquestionably good. This natural landscape exists in marked contrast to culture and society. It becomes a purifier of the wound of degenerated culture, and stands as an image of self which has not disintegrated in social chaos. This is why, in both Hemingway and Turgenev, the description of landscape and terrain is always charged with emotional power and never lapses into mere appreciation. This exact rendering of the human condition through its relation to the natural world was one great writer's gift to another.

Nick Adams in "Big Two-Hearted River," the psychically wounded man, desperately attempts to locate himself in relation to this natural world. He passes through the deserted town and the burned-out forest, but it does not matter because he knows what he will find at the upper reaches of the river--the still point where self will not disintegrate, and a natural surrounding that will help him to recover the inalienable self beneath any wounding. As Nick approaches the river on the first day we are given an extended description of nature. This description directly transcribes Nick's mind in the process of throwing off confusion and pain:

> There was no underbrush in the island pine trees. The trunks of the trees went straight up or slanted toward each other. The trunks were straight and brown without branches. The branches were high above. Some interlocked to make a solid shadow on the brown forest floor. Around the grove of trees was a bare space. It was brown and soft underfoot as Nick walked on it. This was the over-lapping of the pine needle floor, extending out beyond the width of the high branches. . . . Sharp at the edge of this extension of the forest floor commenced the sweet fern.
>
> Nick slipped off his pack and lay down in the shade. He lay on his back and looked up into the pine trees. . . . The earth felt good against his back. He looked up at the sky, through the branches, and then shut his eyes. He opened them and looked up again. There was a wind high up in the branches. He shut his eyes again and went to sleep.[29]

Later, Nick wakes up and walks down toward the river:

> He walked upstream through the meadow. His trousers were soaked with dew. . . . The river made no sound. It was too fast and smooth. . . . Nick looked down the river at the trout rising. . . . As far down the long stretch as he could see, the trout were rising, making circles all down the surface of the water, as though it were starting to rain.[30]

This is the good country in which a man can recover from his wounds. Exterior reality is beautiful and exists in its own right, but it is also a projection of self. Nick is "in" the landscape here, and for the moment there is no disconnection between self and other. Ivan Turgenev describes a smiliar moment in the story "Kasyan From Fair Springs":

> At length the heat compelled us to go into the wood. I threw myself down under a lofty hazel bush. . . . High above us, leaves were faintly trembling, and their liquid green shadows slipped gently backwards and forwards. . . . I lay on my back and began to admire the peaceful play of the intricate leafage against the bright, distant sky. It is a strangely enjoyable occupation to lie on one's back in the forest and look upwards. . . . You gaze without stirring, and no words can express the gladness and peace and sweetness that catch at your

> heart. You look--and that deep, clear azure calls to your lips a smile as innocent as itself; like the clouds in the sky . . . happy memories pass before you in slow procession, and you feel your gaze passing farther and farther into the distance, drawing you after it into that peaceful, radiant gulf, and you have no power to tear yourself away from its height, from its depth . . .[31]

There are differences in the two passages quoted above. In Turgenev there is no sense of the repressed anguish and psychic wounding which is mutely hinted at in every line of "Big Two-Hearted River." Hemingway creates his mood through language which is so sparse as to suggest the void, and a rhythmic repetition of sound and phrase which becomes the stylistic equivalent of mystic ritual. It is through ritual and repetition, and attention to small detail, that Nick Adams creates a formal structure which is safe for the self to inhabit. The void which threatens to engulf is kept at bay through formal control--a control that is evident at all levels in "Big Two-Hearted River"--from word choice to repetition of sound and rhythm, to the development of character and setting.

The narrator in Turgenev's story has a psyche which is under less pressure to disintegrate; and that happy state finds voice in the outflowing, lyrical rhythms of the prose itself. Turgenev's description of the natural excludes less material than Hemingway's approach because he has less need to formalize and control psychic pain. But in both passages quoted above one witnesses the same event--a man who simultaneously loses, and then locates, an image of himself in nature. The narrator in Turgenev's Sketches and Hemingway's protagonist Nick Adams are both sensitive to the split which exists between self and "other"--in Nick's case that knowledge threatens to destroy him.

In the early stories of both writers, characters tend to fall into three

categories. There are the cultural sophisticates who have lost all sense of place and are drifting through existence. They are usually aware of their illness, but are helpless to correct it. In Hemingway this character is clearly depicted in stories such as "Mr. and Mrs. Elliot," "Cat in the Rain," "Out of Season," and "Hills Like White Elephants." The analogous character type appears in Turgenev as the "superfluous man," and finds early expression in stories from the Sketches such as "Lgov," "Pyotr Petrovich Karataev," and "Prince Hamlet of Shchigrovo." A second character type which recurs in the work of both writers, and is most often the controlling consciousness in both, is the alienated man who has still retained some capacity to respond sensitively to complex human situations and finds a partial, if fragmented, sense of self in relation to specific place, usually untouched nature. All of Hemingway's heroes fall into this category, as do most of Turgenev's who do not end up being completely superfluous.

A third character type, and one which stands in opposition to both of the recurring types already mentioned, is associated with the peasantry in Turgenev's work and indigenous peoples in Hemingway's writing. These simple people are connected with place, and know themselves through contact with a specific landscape. They are healthy in a way that Hemingway's "lost generation" and Turgenev's "superfluous men" can never be. These lost souls, the products of degenerate culture, no longer see an image of themselves in any landscape. The lost generation, because it can no longer locate itself in a physical or psychic terrain, lapses into the excesses of drink, debauchery, self-pity and finally disgust. But the peasant is grounded in an intimate knowledge of physical terrain; he sees fate acting in this environment and he accepts it; he sees cruelty and inequality and he faces this with stoicism, just as he faces happiness and love without romantic illusion. It is not

important that this simple man may never really exist except in fiction. Hemingway and Turgenev are presenting the artist's vision of a certain kind of human possibility--in both, that which is natural and unaffected is beautiful in a sense that has little to do with any rational moral code.

In Hemingway's "Indian Camp" one meets with an early working out of the stoical attitude to existence which covers over the deep emotions of simple, uneducated people. Nick Adams is brought by his father to the Indian camp to help with the birth of a child. Together they enter a broken-down dwelling in the village:

> Inside on a wooden bunk lay a young Indian woman. She had been trying to have her baby for two days. All the old women in the camp had been helping her. The men had moved off up the road to sit in the dark and smoke out of range of the noise she made. . . . She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt. Her head was turned to one side. In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot very badly with an axe three days before. He was smoking a pipe. The room smelled very bad.[32]

The Indians appear to be waiting for fate to reveal itself. Nick's father performs a caesarian without anaesthetic and sews the woman up with fishing line. The husband has remained very quiet. The Doctor draws back the cover from the upper bunk:

> His hand came away wet. . . . The Indian lay with his face toward the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk. . . . The open razor lay, edge up, in the blankets.[33]

Later, as they row across the lake toward home, Nick asks his father why the Indian killed himself. His father answers: "I don't know, Nick. He couldn't stand things, I guess." As dawn breaks Nick has a young boy's intimation of self which is defined by sensations derived from a landscape:

> A bass jumped making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning. In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father, he felt quite sure that he would never die.[34]

The young boy has become consciously aware of himself as a living being, even if that awareness contains within it an illusion of immortality. Nick Adams, the doctor's son, becomes the first Hemingway character who finds a safe place from which he can guard against the disintegration of self.

"Indian Camp" can bear comparison to one of Turgenev's sketches entitled "Death." In both, the common subject is mortality and the way in which a man deals with the one inescapable fact of his life. The narrator in "Death" reflects on the death of the woodcutter Maxim who has been pinned beneath a fallen tree. Before he dies Maxim confesses his sin--it is Sunday and he has forced "the lads" to work. He makes sure his wife will get his money and that his debts will be paid. As death approaches he says, " . . . Here . . . here it comes, here it is, here . . . Forgive me, lads, for anything. . . ."[35] Within a few minutes Maxim is dead and the narrator meditates on his passing:

> Strange how death takes the Russian peasant! His state of mind at his last hour cannot be called indifference or dull-wittedness; he dies as if he were going through a ceremony: coldly and with simplicity.[36]

In another story from the Sketches, "The Live Relic," Turgenev tells the story of the peasant Lukerya--once a beautiful woman who now, though less than thirty years old, is crippled and lives alone in a storage shed. The narrator, who has come to spend the night on one of his mother's outlying farms, happens upon the bee-garden in which is the storage shed and Lukerya. She calls out to him from the shadows in a weak voice, and then the narrator is shocked to recognize the same Lukerya who used to lead the country dances at his mother's estate. She tells him her story: one night, not long

before she is to be married, Lukerya cannot sleep and wanders out onto the porch to listen to a nightingale sing. She turns suddenly when she thinks to have heard her lover's voice whispering to her. Lukerya falls from the porch and wrenches something inside. From that day on she begins to fade and wither; soon she is a cripple and eventually she is sent to live near relations at the outlying farm. There she lives alone in the shed, left to her own thoughts and visions. Her simple needs are taken care of by other peasants. Turgenev begins this story with an epigraph:

> Motherland of long-suffering--
> Land of the Russian people!
>
> F. Tyutchev[37]

Some of the pathos implied in this poetry enters into the narrator's view of Lukerya. He asks her how she can stand her position in life. She replies.

> I don't want to lie to you--it was very sad at first; but then I got used to it, I grew patient--I came not to mind; there are some people who are even worse off.[38]

Then Lukerya tells him how she spends her days:

> I just lie by myself, I lie and lie--and I don't think; I feel that I'm alive and breathing--and that all of me is here. I look and I listen.[39]

But Lukerya does not just watch and listen; she says prayers, she sings, sometimes she has visions; and she dreams. And all her dreams are connected with escaping the material world, escaping illness and ascending to heaven. She forms ideas which she could never tell afterwards, which no one could make out, and she herself forgets them afterwards. An idea will come "like a

little cloud, it will burst, it will be all fresh and good, but what it was--you'll never understand!"[40] It is for the sake of these visions that Lukerya refuses when the narrator wants to remove her to a hospital; for there amongst people she may lose her visions and be left with nothing but unhappiness. She asks to be left alone and to remain untreated--"Who can help anyone else," she asks. "Who can get inside someone else's soul? Let everyone help himself!"[41] A few weeks later Lukerya is dead, and the narrator thinks that at the end she heard the sound of bells emanating from heaven. These stories reveal a stoicism and a fatalistic attitude to life which finally is not depressing because it is connected with the inevitable movements of the seasons, with natural process, with men and women who are located securely within a real landscape.

Hemingway, in a late story, "The Old Man at the Bridge," reveals what happens to the peasant when he is forcefully uprooted from the landscape that defines him. In his inability to cope with his changed circumstances the Spanish peasant, who sits at the side of the road dumbly waiting as the Fascist army approaches, is associated with the landscape itself which must always remain mute and passive while modern man rapes it. Like Lukerya in Turgenev's tale, there will be no hospital for the old man at the bridge. In the town of San Carlos it was his responsibility to look after two goats, a cat and four pairs of pigeons. Because of the artillery fire the peasant has been forced to leave his town and his responsibilities. He is now lost, like a man suffering a nervous breakdown; and perhaps he is. Without tasks, without place, without family, he lacks any formal definition of self. The forces of history are about to roll over him, and he sits at the roadside helplessly awaiting his fate. "I was only taking care of animals," he says dully, as if that fact would help to explain the catastrophe which has

overtaken him.[42] The narrator of the story concludes with the observation that "it was a grey overcast day with a low ceiling so their [fascist] planes were not up. That and the fact that cats know how to look after themselves was all the good luck that old man would ever have."[43] In fact, the actions of the old man, however helpless, are as sane as any of the events which provide the context for the story. A large part of the pathos of this story lies in the tenderness with which Hemingway presents the tragedy of a simple man shattered by the impersonal process of history.

There is, in many of Turgenev's stories about peasants, this same tender but clear sighted view of the individual caught in the fateful movement of history. Nowhere is this more powerfully presented than in the sketch entitled "The Singers." About this story Mirsky has written the following:

> In the representation of rural scenery and peasant character, Turgénev never surpassed such masterpieces as "The Singers" and "Bézhin Meadow." "The Singers" especially, even after "First Love" and Fathers and Sons, may claim to be his crowning achievement and the quintessence of all the most characteristic qualities of his art.[44]

And truly, in the atmospheric sadness and unrequited longing for something never expressed at its conclusion, in the impossible tensions which exist between beauty and degradation, "The Singers" approaches a kind of formal perfection which has seldom been equalled in world literature.

On an unbearably hot summer afternoon with the air "absolutely saturated with choking dust" the narrator walks up a barren ravine to a pot-house in the village of Kolotovka.[45] The narrator hears excited voices as he approaches the road house; there is to be a singing contest between Yasha the Turk and the Huckster from Zhizdra. An assemblage of townsmen and lay-abouts quickly gathers. Turgenev describes each in turn: the publican, Nikolai

Ivanich, who rarely speaks and yet emanates a sense of security and solidity from his block-like frame; the Muddlehead, a drunken house-serf who babbles idiotically; Blinker, an ex-coachmean and speculator who has met with success through audacious action; and perhaps most significantly, Wild Master, about whom the narrator says:

> it was as if some immense forces were lying, sullenly inactive, within him, as if they knew that, once aroused, once let loose, they must destroy themselves and everything they touched.[46]

This man rarely drinks, has nothing to do with women, and is passionately fond of song. The contest begins, and the Huckster leads off. He skilfully manipulates his voice and his last "wild outburst" is answered by the audience.[47] Surely the Huckster will win this contest; but then silence falls and Yasha the Turk begins. His hand moves to cover his face for a moment and when it drops his flesh is as pale as a corpse's. His first note is faint and uneven, but Yasha's voice grows in power as he sings. The narrator comments:

> Seldom, I confess, have I heard such a voice: it was somewhat worn and had a sort of cracked ring; at first it had even a certain suggestion of the morbid; but it also held a deep, unsimulated passion, and youth, and strength, and sweetness, and a deliciously detached note of melancholy. The truthful, fervent Russian soul sang and breathed in it and fairly caught at your heart. . . .[48]

And then Yasha is overcome with ecstasy:

> He sang, completely oblivious of his rival and of us all, but clearly sustained, as waves lift a strong swimmer, by our silent passionate attention. He sang, and with every note there floated out something noble and immeasurably large, like familiar steppe-country unfolding before you, stretching away into the boundless distance. I could feel tears swelling up in my heart and rising into my eyes. . . .[49]

Suddenly Yasha ends on a high, broken note, and breaks the spell that has taken hold of his listeners. There is silence until Wild Master states the obvious:

> "Yasha," said Wild Master, putting his hand on his shoulder, and--said nothing more.[50]

The audience breaks into wild laughter and excitement; beer begins to flow. But the narrator can stay no longer:

> I looked once more at Yasha and went out. I did not want to stay--for fear of spoiling my impression. But the heat was still as unbearable as before. It was as if it hung right over the earth in a thick, heavy film; in the dark blue sky, little flashing lights seemed to be astir behind the fine, almost black dust. Everything was still; there was something hopeless, something oppressive about this deep stillness of enfeebled nature.[51]

The narrator makes his way outside to a hayloft, and for a long time cannot drowse off because he hears Yasha's voice; but finally he drifts into "a death-like sleep." He awakens some hours later and then describes a movement of the human consciousness into nature:

> When I awoke, it was dark all around; the litter of grass smelt strongly and there was a touch of dampness about it; between the thin rafters of the half-open roof, pale stars flickered faintly. I went out. The sunset glow had died away long ago, and had left behind only the faintest pallor on the horizon; in the air, so glowing-hot not long before, there was still a sense of heat underneath the freshness of night, and the lungs still thirsted for a breath of cold. There was no wind, no cloud; the sky stood round, clear, darkly translucent, quietly shimmering with countless hardly visible stars.[52]

This is Turgenev, the master, merging landscape with human desire; intimating emotion without stating it, and thus increasing its power ten-fold--a technique which Hemingway, the disciple, would learn from seventy years later

in Paris when he first came to read A Sportsman's Sketches.

Turgenev's narrator hears shouting from the pot-house. He goes across to the window and presses his face against the pane. He witnesses a scene of drunken debauchery. Yasha, the artist, is "sitting, bare-chested, on a bench, singing in the huskiest voice some dance song of the streets. . . . Clusters of wet hair hung above his livid face."[53] The scene has degenerated into chaos; only Wild Master, the man who passionately loves song, is gone. The narrator turns away and moves off into the Russian night. He is walking through the "misty waves of evening haze" on a vast plain, when suddenly from far away a boy's voice calls out in tearful desperation: "Antropka! Antropka-a-a! . . ."[54] For a moment there is silence and then again, and again, the name is called out. Suddenly, from across the meadow there is a scarcely audible reply: "What-a-a-a-at?"

The first voice answers: "Come here, you devil!" "What fo-o-o-r?" the other answers after a pause.

"Because father wants to be-ee-ee-eat you," calls the first voice.

Antropka makes no reply, and the boy begins calling his brother again. As the narrator moves off he can still hear the voice:

> the boy again started calling "Antropka." I could still hear his cries, growing rarer and fainter, when it had become completely dark and I was passing the bend in the wood that surrounds my village, four versts away from Kolotovka.
> "Antropka-a-a," I still seemed to hear in the air which was full of the shadows of night.[55]

In less than twenty pages of prose one is given all that is best, and worst, in the Russian character--high art ending in debauchery, an image of man's best self reflected in the evening twilight of the Russian landscape, and a voice calling out, "father wants to be-ee-ee-eat you." The contradictions

between innocence and violence, beauty and ugliness exist in magnificent tension; the ideal and the real are merged in a single moment. Turgenev has moved us toward this moment with consummate artistry. The peasant, both degraded in action and exalted through art, becomes a "real" human being. The exact choice of descriptive word and the linking of natural landscape with human emotion suggests, but never states, the historical and cultural imperatives which have shaped the Russian character. There is a real sense of a lost, golden past existing side by side with the degenerated present.

The single early Hemingway story which bears comparison with "The Singers," at least in terms of atmospheric mood and unstated loss, is "Big Two-Hearted River." One is dealing with a very different set of circumstances in this story, but the same searching after self-definition is evident here, the same tension between a man located in a natural landscape which offers health, and the degenerated, diseased reality of the town, the war of people caught in the tide of society and history. There is the same felt need in both stories to escape this current, however momentarily, in order to return to it with a measure of self-awareness and sanity. But most importantly in both of these stories, landscape and nature become metaphors for the human body and for human consciousness. The narrator of "The Singers" disappears into the night and leaves us with a voice drifting over the Russian plain; Nick Adams, at the Two-Hearted River, has escaped the burned out town and the madness of people; at the river he knows himself through the simplest of actions--walking over a floor of pine needles, gazing up into the interlaced branches of the trees overhead, sleeping, waking up, building a camp, wading in the river, and when a big trout gets away he locates himself in a landscape he loves:

> He sat on the logs, smoking, drying in the sun, the sun warm on his back, the river shallow ahead entering the woods, curving into the woods, shallows, light glittering, big water-smooth rocks, cedars along the bank and white birches, the logs warm in the sun, smooth to sit on, without bark, grey to the touch; slowly the feeling of disappointment left him.[56]

It "is" all right now; Nick Adams will go slowly with his emotions in this place. Ahead of him is another landscape, another part of himself which he will be ready to explore another day--the swamp, where the banks are bare, and sunlight only comes through the big cedars in patches, and fishing in the fast, deep water, in the half-light, is a tragic adventure. Nick Adams will locate that part of himself which is in that place of the deep waters and the half-light; but that will be on another day, when health is more fully restored to him, on a day which lies just beyond the formal confines of "Big Two-Hearted River." Stories like "The Singers" and "Big Two-Hearted River" do move beyond the boundaries of their own beginnings and endings, creating an atmosphere which is felt but never finally told, moving into the blank space which exists after the last sentence on the final page, filling it with the content of another story which is yet to be told.

Because they are able to create this expansion of meaning within a short form, it is the stories of Hemingway and Turgenev which belong to the least questionable achievements of both writers. The novel form presents different problems, but as I shall argue in the following chapter the influence which extends from Turgenev to Hemingway is no less evident.

Notes to Chapter Three

[1]Ernest Hemingway, A Moveable Feast (New York: Scribner's, 1964), p. 159.

[2]Hemingway's memory of reading A Sportsman's Sketches links up with biographical data recorded in Carlos Baker, Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story (New York: Scribner's, 1969), pp. 145-146.

[3]Willa Cather, "The Novel Démeublé," in Not Under Forty (New York: Knopf, 1936), p. 50.

[4]D. S. Mirsky, A History of Russian Literature, ed. Francis J. Whitfield, (New York: Knopf, 1949). Reprinted in 1964, p. 190.

[5]Guy de Maupassant, "Essay on the Novel," in The Portable Maupassant, ed. Lewis Galantière, (New York: Viking, 1964), p. 677.

[6]For a fascinating portrayal of the literary circle of which Turgenev was a part see Leon Edel, Henry James, vol. 2, The Conquest of London: 1870-1881 (New York: J. B. Lippincott, 1952), pp. 201-221.

[7]Prosper Mérimée, "Nicolas Gogol," in Nouvelles de Mérimée (Paris: Michel Levy Frères, 1852), p. 313.

[8]Ivan Turgenev, Literary Reminiscences and Autobiographical Fragments, trans. David Magarshack, (New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1958), p. 91.

[9]Mirsky, op. cit., p. 189.

[10]See Ernest Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon (New York: Scribner's, 1932). Reprinted in 1963, p. 192.

[11]For an elaboration of this argument see Philip Young, Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration (University Park: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 1966), pp. 166-167.

[12]Ivan Turgenev, A Sportsman's Notebook, trans. Charles and Natasha Hepburn, (London: The Cresset Press, 1950), p. 30. In the text of my thesis I have used the title A Sportsman's Sketches to denote Turgenev's short story cycle. I believe this more accurately reflects the nature of the stories themselves.

[13]Ibid., p. 30.

[14]Young, _op. cit._, p. 164. Young has argued that Hemingway's experience in World War I is _the_ fact of both his life and art: the art becoming a continuous struggle against the extinction of self.

[15]Ernest Hemingway, _The First Forty-Nine Stories_ (London: Jonathan Cape, 1964), p. 310.

[16]Ibid., p. 313.

[17]Ibid., p. 313.

[18]Ibid., p. 314.

[19]Ernest Hemingway, _Selected Letters 1917-1961_, ed. Carlos Baker, New York: Scribner's, 1981), p. 179.

[20]In the body of my essay I have used the more characteristic translation of this story title: "The Rattle of Wheels" in preference to the Hepburn translation: "The Knocking."

[21]Turgenev, _A Sportsman's Notebook_, _op. cit._, p. 387.

[22]Ibid., p. 390.

[23]For the relevant quotation from _The Sun Also Rises_ see my essay, page 100.

[24]Turgenev, _A Sportsman's Notebook_, _op. cit._, pp. 381-382.

[25]Ibid., p. 382.

[26]Ernest Hemingway, _The Sun Also Rises_, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926). Reprinted in 1954, p. 117.

[27]Turgenev, _A Sportsman's Notebook_, _op. cit._, pp. 383-384.

[28]For an illuminating discussion of the importance of place in Hemingway's fiction see Robert W. Lewis, "Hemingway's Sense of Place," _Hemingway In Our Time_, eds. Richard Astro and Jackson J. Benson, (Corvallis: Oregon State University Press, 1974), pp. 113-144.

[29]Hemingway, _The First Forty-Nine Stories_, _op. cit._, pp. 168-169.

[30]Ibid., p. 169.

[31]Turgenev, A Sportsman's Notebook, _op. cit._, pp. 126-127.

[32]Hemingway, _The First Forty-Nine Stories_, _op. cit._, p. 87.

[33]Ibid., p. 89.

[34]Ibid., p. 90.

[35]Turgenev, _A Sportsman's Notebook_, _op. cit._, p. 221.

[36]Ibid., p. 222.

[37]Ibid., p. 360.

[38]Ibid., p. 365.

[39]Ibid., p. 365.

[40]Ibid., p. 368.

[41]Ibid., pp. 367-368.

[42]Hemingway, _The First Forty-Nine Stories_, _op. cit._, p. 78.

[43]Ibid., p. 78.

[44]Mirsky, _op. cit._, p. 190.

[45]Turgenev, _A Sportsman's Notebook_, _op, cit._, p. 232.

[46]Ibid., p. 241.

[47]Ibid., p. 242.

[48]Ibid., p. 244.

[49]Ibid., p. 245.

[50]Ibid., p. 246.

[51]Ibid., p. 246.

[52]Ibid., p. 247.

[53]Turgenev, A Sportsman's Notebook, op. cit., p. 247.

[54]Ibid., p. 248.

[55]Ibid., p. 248.

[56]Hemingway, The First Forty-Nine Stories, op. cit., p. 180.

CHAPTER FOUR

"Fathers and Sons" and "The Sun Also Rises"

> One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever . . .
>
> (Epigraph to The Sun Also Rises)

> Had Hemingway gone beyond Turgenev he might have solved the problem that haunted his life and art, the problem of fathers and sons, husbands and wives, generation and family.
>
> (William Wasserstrom in Ernest Hemingway: New Critical Essays)

To observe that both Fathers and Sons and The Sun Also Rises are novels about generational conflict is perhaps little more than a commonplace. Each generation, in its youth, is lost in its own ways, and that very lostness becomes an important part of the cultural self-definition of a time. Both Hemingway and Turgenev were quite clearly aware that if a generation is to feel itself lost this experience can only be objectified and written about in terms of a rejection of an older generation, a generation of individuals and a generation of cultural fathers, which may well be embodied in social institutions.

If a writer must perform a misprision on his literary forebears before he can realize himself as an artist, before his own vision can become meaningful, perhaps unique, then so must each man misread his fathers whether

they be individual or cultural, before he can begin to realize the definition of himself. We know ourselves through opposition and reconciliation; and it is these two words, opposition and reconciliation, which form the matrix out of which both Fathers and Sons and The Sun Also Rises were written. Here one sees most clearly the first and largest misprision Hemingway performed on Turgenev's presented vision. For Turgenev the possibility of both social and personal reconciliation between the generations is always implicit, and often explicit. Yevgeny Bazarov becomes the quintessential alienated man of nineteenth-century Russian literature. Given his temperament, intellect and personal egotism, the only road he can take within his society leads to empiricism, materialism, and ultimately a form of nihilism which is both socially engaged and personally self-reflexive. It is a bleak path which Bazarov treads, which logically must lead to self destruction before any social cataclysm will take place. Had Turgenev stopped with Bazarov, the vision in Fathers and Sons would have been every bit as bleak as that found in Hemingway's first novel. But Bazarov's story is only one-half of the narrative of Fathers and Sons. Arkady Kirsanov, Bazarov's disciple for a time, finally comes to realize that he is not cut out for the loneliness and stoicism which the nihilist vision demands. Arkady's sweetheart, Katya Sergyevna Odintsov, is right when she tells him that they are tame animals while Bazarov is a wild one. One must accept what one is, she says; even Bazarov "doesn't wish for it [his nihilism], but he has it."[1] The two young lovers, Arkady and Katya, will marry and through their union bring a reconciliation between the generations. In fact there is a double wedding. Nikolai Kirsanov, Arkady's father, marries a young servant girl with whom he has been living. Together, father and son, daughter and mother-in-law, draw together at the close of Turgenev's novel. The movement of the latter chapters of Fathers and Sons is

reminiscent of a Shakespearean romance. Alienation and misunderstanding give way to reconciliation and rebirth. The essential continuity of family and generations is re-affirmed. But over all of this broods the figure of Bazarov, the man who would break the bonds of social convention, or be broken himself. There is no lasting reconciliation possible for him beyond the deathbed kiss of the woman he unwillingly loves, Anna Sergyevna.

In the novel Hemingway begins writing seven years after World War I, the romance theme explored by Turgenev is entirely absent. Consummation and reconciliation are no longer novelistic possibilities in the imaginative world of The Sun Also Rises. What might have been romance becomes an anguished relationship between an impotent Jake Barnes and a nymphomaniac Brett Ashley. Romance meets the hard reality of human passion and is destroyed by it. One is left with physical sensations without the definition and restraint imposed on those sensations by social convention. In this, the characters of The Sun Also Rises are much closer to the nihilism of Bazarov than to the happily realized dreams of father and son, Nikolai and Arkady Kirsanov. It is possible to see in all of this a form of completion or tessera, a major pattern of literary influence examined in an earlier chapter.

One may conjecture that what Hemingway saw in Fathers and Sons was a novel which had not gone far enough with its implied argument. Bazarov remains as the most significant individual force in the novel, and his life stands as a rejection of the illusions of romance and generational reconciliation. As a nihilist he wants to destroy, "to smash other people"; and this urge originates both in a personal anguish at the limitations of self and a belief in the possible transformation of society.[2] But Turgenev balances this vision, which is essentially apocalyptic, with a vision of harmony and continuity represented by marriage and the coming together of fathers and sons. For

Hemingway the balance between apocalypse and resolution was no longer a literary possibility. Bazarov's unfinished story was left to be completed in Jake Barnes. But the break between fathers and sons was too complete to allow for any reconciliation.

Jake Barnes stands on the other side of a revolution and a World War which the Bazarovs of the world helped to create. For him there is even less reason to believe in the values of romance and social reconciliation. To the psychic wounds of Bazarov are added the physical incapabilities of Jake Barnes. The world in which Jake Barnes moves has no controlling social beliefs--it is a world defined by personal conduct, or lack of conduct. The engaged nihilist of Turgenev's fiction gives way to the wounded artist of personal survival in Hemingway. There will be no sub-text of consummated romance in The Sun Also Rises, only the awareness of its impossibility. And that awareness leads to a nihilism of its own.

The choices within this form are various: sexual excess, drunken forgetfulness, escape into a world of physical sensations which excludes the human element because the human element is basically degenerate; but there is one other choice of action and it is embodied in the character of Jake Barnes. This character makes an existential choice to go on living in an incomprehensible environment, to create personal values which have meaning simply because they have been willed into being. This of course begins to touch on the Hemingway code--a value system based on the will to give form to individual existence. A large part of this code exists in opposition to, and is defined by, the mistakes of cultural fathers, the illusions of cultural authority.

In a novel like The Sun Also Rises where there is virtually no representation of an older generation, it may seem odd at first to say that the pre-war generation is a major presence in the novel. But the very absence of any mention of the war, or what events led up to it in the lives of the characters, stands at the very center of The Sun Also Rises as an unanswered question. The expatriated man, without home, without family, becomes the only kind of man who exists in this world. Turgenev had dealt with the problem of generations in a very concrete fashion in Fathers and Sons. Younger sons were in open conflict with the fathers of the 1840s and 1850s--that generation of romantic dreamers who still quoted Pushkin and Hegel, who debated peasant reform but were abject failures in the management of their own estates, men who were out of touch with the social currents of their times, at least in the opinions of their sons, the new men of the 1860s, the activists and nihilists. The argument is put forth very openly in the pages of Fathers and Sons: Pavel Kirsanov, the Byronic dandy, disappointed in love, now retired in aristocratic splendour; Nikolai, his brother, a hopeless manager of his estate of 50,000 acres; Arkady, the son, caught up in the rhetoric of the times, but really very little different from his father or uncle; and Bazarov, the nihilist, wholly committed to change, violent if necessary, believer in nothing beyond empirical evidence. A similar debate is carried on in The Sun Also Rises but it is much less obvious. The older generation, the pre-war mentality, is no more than an unexpressed presence in the novel. But that presence explains why the current generation is lost, what beliefs it has seen shattered, what hopes it has given up, what it is escaping from both historically and personally. The argument between the cultural fathers who created the conditions which led to World War I, and the sons who inherited the world which resulted from this catastrophe, is both constant and

unexpressed in The Sun Also Rises. And when something is unexpressed and unadmitted, there can be no reconciliation, only avoidance. There is an essential discontinuity between generations in The Sun Also Rises, and that discontinuity is so complete that the question of fathers and sons is never voiced. In this, one sees a completion of an argument which Hemingway first read very carefully in Turgenev's Fathers and Sons. Hemingway takes up the same argument but without faith in its resolution, and for that reason the older generation is displaced from the novel but remains a disembodied presence.

In a preface to The Sun Also Rises which was never published, Hemingway once wrote that "whatever is going to happen to the generation of which I am a part has already happened."[3] Frederic Svoboda, in his book, Hemingway and The Sun Also Rises, paraphrases a further portion of this unpublished preface:

> In spite of all that will happen to this generation, in spite of all the movements it will seek salvation in, and in spite of "another and better" war, nothing will really matter to this generation; it has already been permanently shaped by its experience in the World War, an event already past.[4]

One notes here again the feeling of disconnection which separates Hemingway's generation from its fathers. Svoboda writes that Hemingway saw this generation "as unique, unlike any generation whose future has been subject to past 'literary speculation.'"[5] In this Hemingway is not saying anything different from what previous generations in the nineteenth-century had felt collectively about themselves. Bazarov, the nihilists, and the "new men" of the 1860s were also to effect a clean break with the romantic illusions of their fathers, to create a new, clear-eyed vision of the possible future.

It is possible to argue that World War I stands as a watershed period in the history of human consciousness, that at its conclusion men could never again think of themselves, or their societies, in the same ways again. Twentieth-century man had created a world, largely through technical invention, in which it was possible to utterly destroy himself. The reality of 1914-1918 made it impossible for sensitive men of all countries to believe in any simple concepts of cultural, or even personal progress. The world had descended into an inexplicable nightmare which men themselves had created. To say all this is to note that early twentieth-century man had undergone a "sea change" which no other cultural period had been forced to confront in itself. Hemingway chronicled this revolution of self in our time, from the earliest stories to his masterpiece at the end of the 1920s, A Farewell to Arms.

But there were other, and earlier chroniclers of this impending change. In Fathers and Sons, and particularly in the character of Bazarov, Turgenev charts the forces in society and the individual which will coalesce through the next forty years and lead eventually to revolution and world war--the disconnection of generations, the disgust with moribund social institutions, the belief in the necessity for violent change, the alienation of self from social definition--these were the currents which Turgenev and many other writers were responding to in the last quarter of the nineteenth-century.

The revolution in human consciousness represented by World War I and its aftermath was not something which occurred out of an existential void. It was prepared for by the cultural and political changes which nineteenth-century Europe was undergoing. When one begins to talk about influence, both cultural and between individual writers, one is forced to see that any single event such as a novel is only a part of a larger and continuing story of

cultural and personal self-definition. Hemingway, as a person and as a writer, could not have existed as he does in a novel like The Sun Also Rises without forebears such as Turgenev and his novel, Fathers and Sons. The mood of early twentieth-century man which Hemingway charts in all its isolation and alienation, is already contained in embryo in the nineteenth-century nihilism to which Turgenev was the first to give literary form. Hemingway read Turgenev because he saw in him a writer seriously engaged with the problem of self-alienation, an alienation that was always bound up with social upheaval and generational conflict. But, at least in thematic terms, Hemingway went further than Turgenev ever could have. It was his historical role to chronicle the impossibility of social reconciliation just as it was Turgenev's to explore the conflict between social alienation and reconciliation. In novels such as The Sun Also Rises and A Farewell to Arms Hemingway continues the story he first read in Turgenev, but he is a latecomer and the literary possibility of personal reconciliation was no longer open to him. It was an old form no longer adequate to define the vision Hemingway was compelled to explore. But Bazarov, the nineteenth-century Byron-cum-nihilist, was another story which for Hemingway was the story to tell. In the post-romantic world which Hemingway lived the sensibilities of the politically engaged nineteenth-century man were to be transformed in the inward-looking character of Jake Barnes. Every bit as alienated as his forebears, perhaps more so, Barnes lapses into political silence; the "fine phrases" of the previous generation turn to ashes in his mouth, but his very presence as a character stands as an implicit criticism of the society out of which he comes. He will survive, and wait, because he knows the darkness of night must inevitably be followed by a new rising of the sun.

Having said this much about thematic parallels between the two novels it

may still be possible to argue that the differences between Fathers and Sons and The Sun Also Rises outweigh the similarities. Fathers and Sons is written in the third person, The Sun Also Rises in the first. The narrator in Fathers and Sons vacillates between the omniscient author who addresses the reader directly, and an unnamed, faceless character who observes and translates events through a partial vision. In The Sun Also Rises the entire narrative is filtered through the consistent consciousness of Jake Barnes. By the time he got to the final draft of the novel, Hemingway had cut out almost all aspects of his narrator which earlier had him relate self-consciously to the reader. Turgenev ends his novel on a highly romantic note while Hemingway ends in ambiguity, the future unexplained and open to question. Turgenev describes his characters physically; Hemingway tells us only what they do and how they act. As mentioned earlier in this paper, Fathers and Sons contains a sub-plot which is comic and romantic in the classical sense. Young lovers are brought together; family life is re-affirmed. There is no healing of the generations in The Sun Also Rises.

On what basis then can the two novels stand further comparison? The historical connection between Jake Barnes and Yevgeny Bazarov, as romantic heroes of their times, has already been explored, as has the disconnection between generations in both novels. Noel Fitch, in her brief comparison of Hemingway and Turgenev notes that "Hemingway inherited his classical style of clear, lean prose detail as much from Turgenev as from any other writer."[6] One can agree with this and still admit that Turgenev's was, by choice, a more supple, lyrical prose; that Hemingway's was more compressed and restricted. One has a sense of symbolic outflowing in Turgenev's prose while Hemingway's characteristic style is inward seeking and pressurized. Significance comes directly out of this forced pressure on language itself. Hemingway, more

obviously than Turgenev, is attempting to control his language, to define meaning through control. This may be a correlative of Hemingway's inner battle to cope with a felt nihilism which Turgenev dealt with on a social, not personal level. In both cases though, it seems quite clear that style is a matter not so much of the conscious will, but of a compulsion to shape an inner voice. Language denotes the very breath of the living artist himself.

There are other obvious similarities, and Fitch has noted several of them. Hemingway, she says, would have "admired Turgenev's precise observation and his effort to call attention not to his language but to his material."[7] Philip Young notes that "When Jake Barnes read A Sportsman's Sketches in Spain he probably watched with some care how the Russian dealt with hunting and fishing scenes, and was struck with the acute awareness one has of the out-of-doors in the book--the sense of what Hemingway has called 'the places, and how the weather was,' which he insisted all good fiction must contain. And it is doubtful that he missed the simplicity, the brevity and intensity which Turgenev's prose has even in translation."[8] Similar comments could be made about the influence of Fathers and Sons.

Carlos Baker, writing in his book, Ernest Hemingway: The Writer As Artist, states that Hemingway's imaginative participation in Turgenev's rural scenes was a quality by which he judged his own success as a writer. As proof Baker quotes an aesthetic principle of Hemingway's from Green Hills of Africa: "where we go, if we are any good, there you can go as we have been."[9]

But what aesthetic choices common to both Hemingway and Turgenev make possible the creation of the sensuous physical worlds they both create in their fiction? For both, character is very rarely a function of introspection. People are made to live through their relation to real objects and events. Fitch notes that "Turgenev's economy is evident in his creation

of character, in which he bares the psyche of a character through action and landscape. . . ."[10] Hemingway's typical hero, from Nick Adams through to Jake Barnes and Frederic Henry, locates and defines himself in relation to the sensuous world. Bazarov, the nihilist, admits meaning only through empirical observation of the physical world. All else, he says, is illusion.

Carlos Baker was the first to observe the importance of the "mountain and the plain" symbolism in much of Hemingway's work, including The Sun Also Rises.[11] The mountain through which the Irati River flows, where Jake Barnes and Bill Gorton spend an idyllic week fishing away from the debauchery and degradation of the people in the plain below, becomes a central metaphor for human consciousness in the novel. Nature and landscape in The Sun Also Rises are extensions of, and "objective correlatives" for, the moral state of man and his consciousness. Jake Barnes describes the woods near the Irati River in a way which could just as easily define the clearing of a mind as it moves away from the confusions of a society gone mad:

> Beyond the fields we crossed another faster-flowing stream. A sandy road led down to the ford and beyond into the woods. The path crossed the stream on another foot-log below the ford, and joined the road, and we went into the woods.
>
> It was a beech wood and the trees were very old. Their roots bulked above the ground and the branches were twisted. We walked on the road between the thick trunks of the old beeches and the sunlight came through the leaves in light patches on the grass. The trees were big, and the foliage was thick but it was not gloomy. There was no undergrowth, only the smooth grass, very green and fresh, and the big gray trees well spaced as though it were a park.
>
> "This is country," Bill said.

For Hemingway as well as Turgenev, that which is natural and untouched is also good. And for both, there is the realization that this delicate natural state, whether embodied in the values of the Russian peasantry in

nineteenth-century Russia, or in the mountainous wilds of northern Spain, is under siege from the confused and unnatural state of man in society.

Turgenev was an artist who consciously avoided over-description, whether of character or landscape. He counted on understatement to produce its own powerful effects. Hemingway's approach was similar. Both were artists of exclusion and carefully selected detail. Because of this the emotional currents which run through both The Sun Also Rises and Fathers and Sons very often remain unexpressed in a systematic or concrete way. The reader is left to infer from significant detail what the meaning of events is. Robert Cohn in The Sun Also Rises remains lost in the romantic illusions of a nineteenth-century world; he is out of touch with the meaning of events in the novel. As Mike Campbell says more than once: "Do you think you belong here among us. . . . Why don't you see you're not wanted, Cohn? Go away. Go away, for God's sake."[13] But Cohn will not go away, and Hemingway never explicitly tells us why he is "not one of us." But the implication is clear. Robert Cohn is not a part of the generation which was shaped and misfigured by the war; he opted for the literary life in America instead. His illusions and beliefs are frozen in pre-war attitudes which the other characters in the novel have rejected. Robert Cohn does not understand this, and the reader is never told as much. But Cohn, in his wilful blindness, and emotional immaturity is clearly equated with the old order of things, completely unaware of the inner emptiness which all the other characters must face in their own lives.[14]

The emotional tensions in both novels are often of this type. Casual phrases and descriptions carry significant psychological and social meaning. Pavel Kirsanov's shirt collars in Fathers and Sons define a social class and an attitude, and explain why he and Bazarov should despise one another on

sight. Jake Barnes swimming out to the raft in the ocean off San Sebastian is metaphoric of a slow healing process, of a coming back to self after the disastrous week in Pamplona. Both novelists demand that the reader be sensitive to the subtleties of indirect style, that he be able to fill the indeterminate gaps in the novels for himself. It is ironic that two such novelists, who placed such importance on clear, precise language should in the end come to depend for their powerful effects on indirection and that which is left unsaid. Hemingway defined this approach in a Paris Review interview with his famous iceberg metaphor: A writer can leave out any material which he truly knows because it will be embodied in the compressed language which the artist chooses to publish; this compression and exclusion will only add to the effect a writer is striving for. Concrete language becomes allusive of subtle emotional shades which are more real and powerful the less they are explained.[15] Both Turgenev and Hemingway work on the principle of meaningful silence which exists between the words of their prose. Turgenev stated his own version of this principle in terms both romantic and poetic: The writer, he said, "must know and feel the roots of phenomena, but he must represent only the phenomena themselves--in their blossoming or facing."[16]

There is one final thread of influence running through Fathers and Sons to The Sun Also Rises which must be dealt with at length here. This has little to do with either stylistic or thematic parallels between the two novels; rather it is a question of poetic stance or vision, that vision which informs an entire work with a certain mood, whether it be elegiac, romantic or tragic. From what has gone before in this chapter it should be clear that both Hemingway and Turgenev worked out of personal visions which had to confront the problem of nihilism in the modern world--the question of man's

place in a natural world without intrinsic meaning; the existential question of how man will make choices and define himself within a context that lacks apriori meaning. Turgenev was one of the important artists of the nineteenth-century to become aware of this condition and explore it in his art. Bazarov is an embodiment of the questions Turgenev was asking himself on this score. He is the man who realizes in the blood his insignificance and aloneness in the universe. To Arkady he reveals the following:

> The tiny space I occupy is so infinitely small in comparison with the rest of space, in which I am not, and which has nothing to do with me; and the period of time in which it is my lot to live is so petty beside the eternity in which I have not been, and shall not be. . . . And in this atom, this mathematical point, the blood is circulating, the brain is working and wanting something. . . . Isn't it loathsome? Isn't it petty?[17]

Here Bazarov is asking questions about human will, about a spirit which would expand into every corner of the universe if it could. He realizes the contingency of human existence--that which limits aspiration and makes human will insignificant--and is unable to face his fallen condition except with a bitter question.

Fifty years later Jake Barnes has pulled back from this position of romantic angst. He says only that "The bill always came. That was one of the swell things you could count on. . . . 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."[18]

Jake Barnes here speaks with the voice of the latecomer; the man who has already asked the questions Bazarov asks and, finding no answers, wants only to live in the physical world. Living in a world of sensation--touch, taste, sight, smell--without judging it has become Jake Barnes' way out of a world

which is terrible and terrifying if too many questions are asked of it. He says: "The world was a good place to buy in," but adds, ". . . . In five years, I thought, it will seem just as silly as all the other fine philosophies I've had."[19] Bazarov, too, knows the vanity of philosophies and the absolute authority of sensations. He says to Arkady:

> [I] take up a negative attitude, by virtue of my sensations. . . . Why do I like chemistry? Why do you like apples?--by virtue of our sensations. It's all the same thing. Deeper than that men will never penetrate.[20]

In an unpublished preface to A Farewell to Arms Hemingway wrote about his second novel: "The fact that the book was a tragic one did not make me unhappy since I believed that life was a tragedy and knew it could have only one end."[21] The same atmosphere permeates The Sun Also Rises. Although Jake Barnes chronologically comes first in Hemingway's oeuvre, he is in reality a depiction of what happens to Frederic Henry after Catherine's death and the end of the war. The two novels are inseparable chapters in a single story, first of a man who is scarred by war and loses the only thing he is able to love, and then later in Jake Barnes the same man made impotent by war, attempting to live in a world without intrinsic value or meaning.[22]

Bazarov has similar feelings about existence and its end. On his death bed he murmurs, "There's strength . . . everything's here still, and I must die! . . . An old man at least has time to be weaned from life, but I . . . Well, go and try to disprove death. Death will disprove you, and that's all!"[23] A short while later he tells Anna Sergyevna: "I'm under the wheel. So it turns out that it was useless to think of the future. Death's an old joke, but comes fresh to every one."[24] Stoicism in the face of defeat and death is a strong current which runs from Turgenev in Fathers and Sons to

Hemingway in The Sun Also Rises and A Farewell to Arms.

It would be easy enough to read The Sun Also Rises and Bazarov portions of Fathers and Sons as bleak transcriptions of the emptiness at the core of modern existence. There is a long critical tradition which faults both Hemingway and Turgenev for the unrelieved darkness of their themes--unhappy love, sexual tension, social alienation, death. In answer to this criticism it may be helpful to remember Henry James' comments on the morality of art. The only gauge of morality one can apply to art, he says, is the amount of "felt life" the author is able to convey.[25] Both Hemingway and Turgenev were responding to the pressures of their times, and if the pictures they painted were bleak, then so too were the events of their times.

Irving Howe, writing in The New Republic at the time of Hemingway's death, tried to understand the profound effect Hemingway's vision had on his generation. Howe writes:

> Hemingway struck straight to the heart of our nihilism through stories about people who have come to the end of the line, who no longer know what to do or where to turn: nihilism not as an idea or a sentiment, but as an encompassing condition of moral disarray. . . . There is a truth which makes our faith in human existence seem absurd. . . . Nick Adams, Jake Barnes, Lady Brett, Frederic Henry . . . all are at the edge, almost ready to surrender and be done with it, yet holding onto whatever fragment of morale, whatever scrap of honor, they can.[26]

A few pages later Howe notes the following:

> His [Hemingway's] great subject . . . was . . . the panic that follows . . . upon the dissolution of nihilism into the bloodstream of consciousness, the panic that finds unbearable the thought of the next minute and its succession by the minute after that.[27]

This is the territory which Turgenev began to chart in a social sense in his novel Fathers and Sons, and the subject Hemingway takes up from the Russian novelist and transforms into a vision of personal emptiness in his art fifty years later. But neither artist can be accused of creating a poetic vision of unrelieved fatalism or negativity. Death and dissolution are givens of both poetic stances taken up by these artists, but they are only parts of a larger cyclical pattern of nature which includes rebirth as well as death. It is the individual ego which perishes, not the human project. Hemingway himself commented that those who saw The Sun Also Rises as solely a pessimistic work were missing a large part of his intent.[28]

Ultimately, it is a common vision of man's organic place within nature, rather than his alienation from social self, that reveals most clearly the pattern of influence existing between Turgenev and Hemingway. Turgenev concludes his great novel where Hemingway begins his. Brooding over Bazarov's tomb, the narrator offers the following consolation, perhaps redemption:

> However passionate, sinning, and rebellious the heart hidden in the tomb, the flowers growing over it peep serenely at us with their innocent eyes; they tell us not of eternal peace alone, of that great peace of "indifferent" nature; they tell us, too, of eternal reconciliation and of life without end.[29]

The echo of this vision is heard in the epigraph to The Sun Also Rises:

> One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever . . . The sun also riseth, and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose. . . . All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.[30]

In both conclusion and beginning one is made aware of the endless return of life; of individual will set against the forces of nature, forces which

can be both implacable and murderous, and at the same time healing of the sicknesses of man. Both Hemingway and Turgenev make us aware, once again, that each man has a part to play before he re-enters the grander design of nature at his end.

Notes to Chapter Four

[1]Ivan Turgenev, Fathers and Sons, trans. Constance Garnett, (New York: Airmont, 1967), p. 157.

[2]Ibid., p. 171.

[3]See Frederic Joseph Svoboda, Hemingway and The Sun Also Rises: The Crafting of a Style (Lawrence: The University Press of Kansas, 1983), p. 107. This is a reprint of Hemingway manuscript item 202c-2 housed in the J. F. Kennedy Library in Princeton, Mass.

[4]Ibid., p. 108. Hemingway manuscript item 202c-3.

[5]Ibid., p. 107.

[6]Noel Fitch, "Ernest Hemingway - C/O Shakespeare and Company," Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual 1977 (Detroit: Gale Research Company, 1977), p. 166.

[7]Ibid., p. 166.

[8]Philip Young, Ernest Hemingway: A Reconsideration (University Park: The Pennsylvania State University Press, 1966), p. 185.

[9]Ernest Hemingway, Green Hills of Africa (New York: Scribner's, 1935). Reprinted 1963, p. 109.

[10]Fitch, op. cit., pp. 166-167.

[11]Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer As Artist, 4th ed., (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1972); see especially Chapter 5, "The Mountain and The Plain," pp. 94-116.

[12]Ernest Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises (New York: Scribner's, 1926). Reprinted 1954, p. 117.

[13]Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, op. cit., p. 177.

[14]It is interesting to note that Robert Cohn stands as a parodic double of Jake Barnes, the man who does understand the meaning of events but is powerless to shape them. For an interesting discussion of parodic doubles in Fathers and Sons see David Lowe, Turgenev's Fathers and Sons (Ann Arbor:

Ardis, 1983), pp. 52-53. Sitnikoff, while professing the same nihilistic principles as Bazarov, serves only to make the reader aware of the unbridgeable gap which exists between a man who lives his principles and a man who dons principles with the shifts of current social fashion. One is admirable and self-aware; the other is ridiculous and blind to significance.

[15] See George Plimpton, "An Interview with Ernest Hemingway," in Hemingway and His Critics: An International Anthology, ed. Carlos Baker, (New York: Hill and Wang, 1961). Reprinted in 1966, p. 34.

[16] Turgenev letter to Konstantin Nikolaevitch Leontiev, 3 October, 1860. Turgenev's Letters: A Selection, ed. Edgar H. Lehrman, (New York: Knopf, 1961), p. 11.

[17] Turgenev, Fathers and Sons, op. cit., pp. 119-120.

[18] Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, op. cit., p. 148.

[19] Ibid., p. 148.

[20] Turgenev, Fathers and Sons, op. cit., p. 122.

[21] See Bernard Oldsey, Hemingway's Hidden Craft: The Writing Of A Farewell to Arms (University Park: Pennsylvania State University, 1979), p. 5. This is catalogued as Item 75 in the Hemingway Collection, J. F. Kennedy Library, Princeton, Mass.

[22] The chronology of his first two novels leads one to suspect that Hemingway had to put the distance of time between himself and 1918 before he could face war-time events and begin to transform them in his art.

[23] Turgenev, Fathers and Sons, op. cit., p. 180.

[24] Ibid., p. 184.

[25] Henry James, Preface to The Portrait of A Lady, ed. Robert D. Bamberg, (New York: Norton, 1975), p. 6.

[26] Irving Howe in the "New Republic," 145, 24 July 1961. Reprinted in Hemingway: The Critical Heritage, ed. Jeffrey Meyers, (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1982), p. 431.

[27] Ibid., p. 432.

[28] See Ernest Hemingway, Selected Letters 1917-1961, ed. Carlos Baker, (New York: Scribner's, 1981), p. 229; and Svoboda, op. cit., p. 108.

[29] Turgenev, Fathers and Sons, op. cit., p. 190.

[30] Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises, op. cit., (epigraph - unpaginated.)

CHAPTER FIVE

The Return of the Dead

> The individual, the great artist when he comes, uses everything that has been discovered or known about his art up to that point . . . and then . . . goes beyond what has been done or known and makes something of his own.
>
> (Hemingway, Death in the Afternoon)

I have already written of a shared cultural and masculine vision which runs from Turgenev through to Hemingway. It is a vision of the latecomer, the romantic hero who realizes, but can never fully accept, his insignificance in the endless repetition of history and fate. The pages of both writers are filled with an unspoken loss, a pathos and yearning for a past which may never have existed.[1] In Turgenev this sense of loss is embodied in the image of the ruined country house--the passing of an old order which has never coalesced into a national culture, a cultural death before any real maturity has been reached. For Hemingway a similar pathos is most clearly expressed in the antithesis of the mountain and the plain--the eternal beauty of natural forms contradicted by the degradation of human society which is blind and unawakened. For both writers, coming as they did from provincial cultures, the definitions provided by tradition were largely absent. The emptiness of culture translates into the emptiness of the romantic hero who is a product of that culture. Pathos is borne out of the contradictions which exist between a

yearning for self-definition and the realization of its social impossibility.

This is a pattern of influence which finds such clear expression in Byron, and extends from Pushkin, through Lermontov to Turgenev, and finally crosses over a continent to Hemingway and his American heroes, Jake Barnes, Nick Adams and Frederic Henry. Why should this vision have such a hold on writers of the nineteenth and early twentieth-century? Part of the answer, particularly for American and Russian writers, must lie in the observation that the alienated young man figure occurs as a character when a country reaches a certain level of cultural maturity--when the need for a man of action is undermined by a sophisticated level of awareness and irony. But on a much broader level this question is inextricably tied to the romantic tradition as a whole. Georg Lukács in The Theory of the Novel has defined the novel in the following way:

> The inner form of the novel has been understood as the process of the problematic individual's journeying towards himself, the road from dull captivity within a merely present reality--a reality which is heterogeneous in itself and meaningless to the individual--towards clear self-recognition.[2]

This is a view growing out of late romanticism; it is also a view which describes the realities out of which both Hemingway and Turgenev created their own self-searching protagonists. And these are no more than late outgrowths of the greater tradition which includes the writers named earlier on this page. Goethe, himself, at the beginning of the nineteenth-century, wrote that young men of every generation face a period when "free and natural instinct[s]" must accommodate themselves to "the narrow limits of an antiquated world."[3] In the twentieth-century Northrop Frye writes that there is only one story told in the novel: "The story of the loss and regaining

of identity is . . . the framework of all literature."[4]

The question has been with us in western culture at least since Rousseau and the French Revolution. In this cultural vision a man's life and his progress toward self-definition becomes a critique of the society in which he lives. The terms of this vision are set early on--self as alienated from social context and therefore incapable of fully realizing itself; individual spirit as separate from natural landscape; man as the latecomer, half aware of, and yearning for, a greater, inegrated past which perhaps has never existed.

Werther, Manfred, Harold, Onegin, Pechorin, Bazarov, Barnes and Henry all become historical players in this cultural vision of romanticism. Like generations in a family, one character grows naturally out of the other, exists as an extension of, and an opposition to, its forebears. And, as Harold Bloom has argued, the lâtecomer novelist such as Hemingway suffers immense anxieties of influence, which he must deny, in usurping the position of earlier members of his literary family. In this extended cultural novel Turgenev and Hemingway are blood relations in the first filial extension. Our reading of The Sun Also Rises or A Farewell to Arms influences our historic relationship to earlier novels such as Fathers and Sons. T. S. Eliot was the first to explore this literary reality. Speaking of the relationship which exists between past classics and new fictions he writes in 1917:

> The existing monuments [art works] form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the "whole" existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art towards the whole are readjusted; and this is conformity between the old and the new.[5]

Much later, Harold Bloom introduces a new term into the vocabulary of literary influence: aprophades, or the return of the dead. In his final period the living poet is finally poetically strong enough to hold his poetry open to the dead poets, "and the uncanny effect is that the new poem's achievement makes it seem to us, not as though the precursor were writing it, [as would have been the case in the poet's youth] but as though the later poet himself had written the precursor's characteristic work."[6] As Eliot had observed, the existing order of literature is seen to be altered by our perception of a new work of art, "and the past . . . [is] altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past."[7] With this said, what is the future of the romantic's poetic stance? John Aldridge, writing in the 1950s, offers the interesting if largely unaccepted view that American literature in the decade following World War II lapses into the empty gestures of a generation attempting to use old forms to describe a new and more complex reality.[8] At least Hemingway, he says, gives evidence of "the single mind working out its own consciousness in its own terms"; he creates a style at once terse, laconic and tender in the unspoken meanings which lie beneath its surfaces "like a counterpoint of ruin."[9] Aldridge's thesis is that this same style, and same poetic stance, is taken up by post World War II writers, but with the difference that the style and stance now become methods for avoiding the personal ambiguities faced in a time of social upheaval. Even though Hemingway's descendants "are writing with much the same material, [they] have failed to infuse it with his lyricism, depth, and conviction. . . . The surface resemblance is there, but the life is not. The life can belong only to Hemingway; for it is part of a world he created out of experience which he saw for the first time when it was fresh and new and which he endowed with a meaning that was true for him alone."[10] Writing of the difference

between Hemingway's war generation and the generation which finds its voice after World War II, Aldridge, in his own terms, comes very close to describing Bloom's concept of the modern poet as latecomer:

> The sad but intensely excited men who came to modern war for the first time and found in it a frame for the magnificent tragedy of their youth have given way to the tired young men who lived through it all a second time and who write of it now with a deepening futility and a muffled anger.[11]

Here Aldridge is speaking about the necessary effects of literary influence, which ultimately is cultural influence, on writers who fall below the level of the first rank and are not able to reformulate a new poetic stance in relation to common material. These are writers who have not misread their precursors strongly enough. Perhaps the entire movement in American literature in the past twenty years toward a deconstructive fiction bound by formal concerns alone can be explained as an attempt to misread and transform the romantic stance which found fresh voice in Hemingway and Fitzgerald but blocked the development of their descendants. The literary past and its influence will be thrown off in each generation, and the success of that generation will be defined by the extent to which past literature is first absorbed and then transfigured.

Very little has been said in this study about the relative statures of Hemingway and Turgenev as artists. Whatever else one finds in these writers, whether it be the poetic lyricism of Turgenev's marvelously atmospheric prose, or the compressed brilliance and unvoiced tenderness of Hemingway's own work, it seems safe to say that young men of every generation will continue to respond to the vision presented in both artists' work, to test those visions against their own lives if only to ultimately reject them. Both authors were

concerned with a young man's reality--first love, romantic Byronism, nihilism, questions of how to be in the world--the process of self-definition is central to both their worlds.

It is significant that both Turgenev and Hemingway seemed to do their best, most mature work in their early stories, and often in their later work appeared to be less sure of themselves, less in control, in total more adolescent. This criticism, if it is a criticism, applies particularly to Hemingway. If there is any work which will never be made smaller at the critics' hands it is to be found in the 1920s--the early stories and the first two novels. After Hemingway moves out of his own twenties he begins to become a public figure, and at times a self-parody. His books become uneven, and he suffers strange lapses of style and sensibility. There is a confusion of art with a man's life as art in Hemingway beginning as early as the 1930s. It may be difficult or impossible now to have more than an intimation of the feeling Hemingway's work of the 1920s produced in the literary community. There is a kind of faultlessness about everything he wrote during this time, a sense that he had found perfect pitch. But Hemingway did not progress from his early achievements, either stylistically or in terms of personal vision. A young man's post-war nihilism which so perfectly expresses the mood of that time becomes a pale imitation of itself as the century moves to its mid-point; and as the man moves toward his own middle age.

Similar comments can be made about Turgenev. His protagonists are fixated on a particular kind of woman who demands love but is not able to return it. Other women, capable of making emotional commitments, are most often disappointed by their male counterparts in Turgenev's novels. Turgenev restlessly creates a series of superfluous men who reach out for personal satisfaction and love but rarely are able to grasp anything

to themselves. They are confused, and often out of touch with the workings of their own minds. The tension between passion and responsibility is never resolved one way or the other. And finally, Turgenev in his writing is fixated on a failed past, on a nostalgia associated with youth and possibility rather than achievement.[12]

Perhaps the early achievements of both writers can be explained in terms of the young man's reality which concerned both so much. When Turgenev and Hemingway were young themselves this mode came naturally to them, fitted them, and grew naturally out of their living experience; but in middle age and later the topics of adolescence and youth verge, at times, on the ridiculous. They have given us a literature of youth and young men on the verge of maturity but neither was fully able to map out the territory on the other side.[13]

Notes to Chapter Five

[1]This idea, and that which follows in the next sentence, was originally suggested to me in conversation with Professor Jerry Zaslove at Simon Fraser University.

[2]Georg Lukács, The Theory of the Novel (London: The Merlin Press, 1978), p. 80.

[3]See Henry Gifford, The Hero of His Time: A Theme in Russian Literature (London: Edward Arnold, 1950), p. 15. Mr. Gifford quotes Goethe in connection with his argument.

[4]Northrop Frye, The Educated Imagination (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1964), p. 55.

[5]T. S. Eliot, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," Points of View, ed. John Hayward, 4th ed., (London: Faber and Faber, 1957), p. 26.

[6]Harold Bloom, The Anxiety of Influence, 2nd ed. (New York: Oxford University Press, 1975), p. 16.

[7]Eliot, op. cit., p. 26.

[8]See John Aldridge, After The Lost Generation: A Critical Study of the Writers of Two Wars, 2nd ed., (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1958), pp. 107-116 in Chapter 7, "The Neo-Hemingways and the Failure of Protest."

[9]Ibid., p. 109.

[10]Ibid., p. 113.

[11]Ibid., p. 116.

[12]Some of Turgenev's greatest moments as an artist grow out of an awareness of a failed past.

[13]There are notable exceptions to this rule. Turgenev, in Fathers and Sons, deals brilliantly with the older generation, and Hemingway's portrayal of Santiago in The Old Man and the Sea reveals a depth of understanding about old age.

EPILOGUE

The Russians

> you could live in the wonderful world the Russian writers were giving you.
>
> (Hemingway, A Moveable Feast)

This study began with a quotation from Hemingway's A Moveable Feast in which he acknowledged the Russians as his first masters. Hemingway wrote: "At first there were the Russians; then there were all the others. But for a long time there were the Russians."[1]

The foregoing thesis has attempted to say why one of those Russians, Ivan Turgenev, should have come "first" in Hemingway's literary education. Of necessity the other names Hemingway mentions time and again in his judgements of great artists--Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov--have been noted only in passing. There is an untouched field of study here awaiting someone with the necessary personal interest in comparative literature, the Russians and Hemingway. For it was into the world of Russian literature that Hemingway was introduced with a shock in the early 1920s at the point when he was about to make his own place in literary tradition. This brief epilogue is intended to note what Hemingway actually had to say about the "other" Russians, and to mark out possible avenues for further critical comparison between Hemingway and the Russians.

About Anton Chekhov, Hemingway wrote:

> In Toronto, before we had ever come to Paris, I had been told Katherine Mansfield was a good short-story writer, even a great short-story writer, but trying to read her after Chekov was like hearing the carefully artificial tales of a young old-maid compared to those of an articulate and knowing physician who was a good and simple writer. Mansfield was like near-beer. It was better to drink water. But Chekov was not water except for clarity. There were some stories that seemed to be only journalism. But there were wonderful ones too.[2]

Hemingway did not say it, but Chekhov, with his careful selection of detail and subtle evocations of muted realities within the short story form, becomes the direct lineal descendant of Turgenev's lyric art. In his best stories Chekhov presents emotional reality through indirection and silence--an approach which directly prefigures Hemingway's concept of "the thing left out." The tensions which exist in the Russian's art between the human ideal and the mundane, often disgusting realities of human motivation, are also echoed in Hemingway's art. Most importantly Chekhov was a consummate craftsman who believed that precise formal arrangement could directly transcribe complex emotional states. Sheldon Grebstein, in his book, Hemingway's Craft has noted some of the affinities which exist between Chekhov and Hemingway as artists:

> Indeed, Hemingway's method can perhaps best be inferred from Chekhov's dictum that in both scene and character the selection of significant details, grouped so as to convey an image, is the vital thing. Above all, Chekhov warned against the depiction of mental states except through action. . . . Hemingway probably learned from Chekhov the effectiveness of using brief passages of nature description to set or to counterpoint tone, mood, or psychological action. Hemingway may also have been influenced by Chekhov's technique of the "zero ending,". . . . The whole point of the zero ending is "irresolution"--to leave the reader suspended among the apparently unconnected lines of character and action, consequently forcing him back upon his own resources of insight and imagination.[3]

The parallels between Chekhov and Hemingway are many and obvious; with a writer like Dostoevsky they are less so. Even Hemingway, it appears, had some trouble explaining the powerful effects Dostoevsky achieved. In A Moveable Feast he notes that there were things believable and not believable in Dostoevsky, "but some so true they changed you as you read them; frailty and madness, wickedness and saintliness, and the insanity of gambling. . . ."[4] But after admitting this Hemingway goes on to recount a discussion he had with Ezra Pound on the subject:

> I remember asking Ezra once . . . what he really thought about Dostoyevsky.
> "To tell you the truth, Hem," Ezra said, "I've never read the Rooshians."
> It was a straight answer and Ezra had never given me any other kind verbally, but I felt very bad because here was the man I liked and trusted the most as a critic then, the man who believed in the "mot juste"--the one and only correct word to use--the man who had taught me to distrust adjectives as I would later learn to distrust certain people in certain situations; and I wanted his opinion on a man who almost never used the "mot juste" and yet had made his people come alive at times, as almost no one else did.[5]

This is an illuminating admission on Hemingway's part--confusion about the effects another writer achieves. Dostoevsky's approach, which is one of psychological saturation, is antithetical to Hemingway's aesthetic on many levels. But Hemingway could always overcome his own stylistic prejudices if a work could be made "real" by whatever means, and force him to know that he "had lived there." For Hemingway the final criterion of judgement was whether or not a writer could locate action and desire within a landscape which embodied human emotion. At this Dostoevsky was a master; landscape (in Dostoevsky's case "the city") and human personality become indistinguishable in his best work. Instead of the "mot juste" Dostoevsky

found an objective correlative in the fecundity of words and emotions which could transcribe the teeming emotional life of modern man alone in the crowd. This was not Hemingway's path but he could appreciate it in the Russian author.

Hemingway's relationship to Tolstoy is a curious one. Tolstoy becomes a kind of symbol of "the great writer," and yet there is the sense that Hemingway holds him at arm's length and is less affected by his art than by that of his lesser peers. Carlos Baker's comment that Hemingway wanted to imitate "not the texture" but "the stature of the great books" seems particularly applicable to his relationship with Tolstoy.[7] Here was an artist whose achievements, both in quality and sheer length, added up to an unassailable reputation in world literature. Hemingway could measure himself against this stature even if he did not always feel comfortable with the "texture" of the Russian's work. As early as 1925, in the same letter where he calls Turgenev an "artist," Hemingway writes that "Tolstoi was a prophet."[8] In 1940 though, when he was going over the proofs of For Whom the Bell Tolls, a novel he must have seen as a modern answer to War and Peace, Hemingway wrote to Maxwell Perkins about editing out unnecessary material: "I can write it like Tolstoi and make the book seem larger, wiser, and all the rest of it. But then I remember that was what I always skipped in Tolstoi."[9]

Ultimately though, Hemingway took two things from Tolstoy's art--an awareness of how the Russian described and made "real" the subject of war, and a feeling for terrain and landscape which is in all of Tolstoy's work. Early in Green Hills of Africa Hemingway describes himself reading Tolstoy's Sevastopol Sketches as he rests beneath a tree during the heat of the day:

> It was very hot climbing back up the sandy ravine and I was glad to lean my back against the tree trunk and read in Tolstoi's Sevastopol. It was a very young book and had one fine description of fighting in it, where the French take the redoubt and I thought about Tolstoi and what a great advantage an experience of war was to a writer. It was one of the major subjects and certainly one of the hardest to write truly of and those writers who had not seen it were always very jealous and tried to make it seem unimportant, or abnormal, or a disease as a subject, while, really, it was just something quite irreplaceable that they had missed.[10]

This too will be Hemingway's subject, the event against which a man can measure the full extent of himself, purchasing self knowledge which can be gained in no other way. Hemingway refers to the Sevastopol Sketches a short while later in Green Hills of Africa, but this time it is not the handling of war which impresses him; instead it is Tolstoy's ability to make the Russian landscape "real":

> I still had the Sevastopol book of Tolstoi and in the same volume I was reading a story called "The Cossacks" that was very good. In it were the summer heat, the mosquitoes, the feel of the forest in the different seasons, and that river that the Tartars crossed, raiding, and I was living in that Russia again.[11]

The ability to situate character in a landscape which comes alive, standing for itself and at the same time illuminating human consciousness, was the one ability by which Hemingway measured all writers. In A Moveable Feast he speaks of knowing "the landscape and the roads in Turgenev, and the movement of troops, the terrain and the officers and the men and the fighting in Tolstoi. Tolstoi made the writing of Stephen Crane on the Civil War seem like the brilliant imagining of a sick boy who had never seen war. . . . Until I read the Chartreuse de Parme by Stendhal I had never read of war as it was except in Tolstoi. . . ."[12]

The Russian influence on Hemingway did not end with the nineteenth-century. In the 1920s Isaac Babel was writing his cycle of war stories, Red Cavalry, at the same time Hemingway was attempting to make sense of war and the effects it has on human personality. Hemingway apparently did not read Babel until the late 1920s, but in his work he saw the same compression of detail, the same concern for exact phrasing, and the same tensions between human ideals and degradation of the human soul. For both writers violence and nihilism were the givens through which a man could feel himself to be painfully alive and begin to know himself.

The Russians did create "a wonderful world" in which Hemingway could live. Collectively, they provided him with his first intimation of the kind of remarkable achievement which was possible for the writers of a young national literature without centuries of tradition behind it. This was Hemingway's reality as an American, and he found himself overwhelmed by the fresh literary sensibilities of the Russians. He took from each writer something different: from Turgenev a romantic theme, a stylistic approach, and a stance in relation to nature; from Chekhov the uses of precision, silence and understatement; and from Dostoevsky and Tolstoy the prophetic vision which works itself out in the subjects of war and man's alienation from self and society. The Russians offered a literature which often was tragic and almost always sombre, but there was a vigour and searching in this new literature which always implied the possibility of human transformation even in the midst of suffering and defeat. This acted on the pulse of Hemingway's own desires, and he transformed what he read and felt in his art.

Notes to the Epilogue

[1]Ernest Hemingway, A Moveable Feast (New York: Scribner's, 1964), p. 134.

[2]Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, op. cit., p. 133.

[3]Sheldon Norman Grebstein, Hemingway's Craft (Carbondale: Southern Illinois Press, 1973), p. 2.

[4]Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, op. cit., p. 133.

[5]Ibid., p. 134.

[6]Ernest Hemingway, Green Hills of Africa (New York: Scribner's, 1935). Reprinted in 1963, p. 108.

[7]Carlos Baker, Hemingway: The Writer As Artist, 4th ed., (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1972), p. 186.

[8]Ernest Hemingway, Selected Letters 1917-1961, ed. Carlos Baker, (New York: Scribner's, 1981), p. 179.

[9]Ibid., p. 514.

[10]Hemingway, Green Hills of Africa, op. cit., pp. 69-70.

[11]Ibid., p. 108.

[12]Hemingway, A Moveable Feast, op. cit., p. 133.

APPENDIX A

An inventory of Hemingway's reading of Turgenev. Reprinted from Michael S. Reynolds, Hemingway's Reading 1910-1940, An Inventory (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1981), pp. 193-194.

Inventory of Hemingway's Reading

2108. Turgenev, Ivan. A Desperate Character and Other Stories, 1929.
SOURCE: SB*
COMMENT: Purchased copy.

2109. Turgenev, Ivan. The Diary of a Superfluous Man, 1929.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Purchased copy.

2110. Turgenev, Ivan. Dream Tales and Prose Poems, 1929.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Purchased copy.

2111. Turgenev, Ivan. Fathers and Children, 1925, Dec.
SOURCE: SB; EH-FSF; KW-55
COMMENT: EH:not his best. More exciting when first written. Hell of a criticism for a book.

2112. Turgenev, Ivan. A House of Gentlefolk, 1925, Dec.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Purchased copy in 1929.

2113. Turgenev, Ivan. The Jew and Other Stories, 1929.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Purchased copy.

2114. Turgenev, Ivan. Knock, Knock, Knock and Other Stories, 1926, May.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Trans. Constance Garnett. Rtrnd. Nov. 2, 1926. Purchased copy 1929.

*SB--Sylvia Beach, Records from Shakespeare and Co. bookstore.
All dates refer to when books first came into Hemingway's possession.

2115. Turgenev, Ivan. A Lear of the Steppes, 1925.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Trans. Constance Garnett. Purchased copy 1929.

2116. Turgenev, Ivan. Memoires d'un Seigneur Russe.
SOURCE: KW-55*
COMMENT: Two copies.

2117. Turgenev, Ivan. On the Eve, 1926.
SOURCE: SB; KW-55
COMMENT: Borrowed May 10, 1926; returned Sept. 10, 1926.
Borrowed Sept. 27, 1929; no record of return.

2118. Turgenev, Ivan. The Plays of Ivan S. Turgenev, 1929.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Purchased copy.

2119. Turgenev, Ivan. Rudin, 1929.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Purchased copy.

2120. Turgenev, Ivan. Smoke, 1929.
SOURCE: SB; KW-55

2121. Turgenev, Ivan. A Sportsman's Sketches, 1926. Sept.
SOURCE: SB

2122. Turgenev, Ivan. A Sportsman's Sketches, 1925, Oct.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Oct. 22 - Nov. 16.

2123. Turgenev, Ivan. A Sportsman's Sketches, 1929, Sept.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Purchased copy 1929.

2124. Turgenev, Ivan. The Torrents of Spring, 1928, Feb.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Feb. 8 - Mar. 3. Purchased copy 1929.

2125. Turgenev, Ivan. The Torrents of Spring, 1925, Oct.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Oct. 27 - Nov. 16. Trans. by Constance Garnett.
Purchased copy 1929.

2126. Turgenev, Ivan. The Two Friends, 1926, May.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: May 10 - Sept. 10. Purchased copy 1929.

2127. Turgenev, Ivan. Virgin Soil, 1929.
SOURCE: SB
COMMENT: Purchased copy.

*KW-55--Key West Inventory.

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