



# American Literature

Student Book

Unit 4



Alpha Omega Publications®

# AMERICAN LITERATURE LIFEPAC 4 THE MODERN AGE 1915–1946

## CONTENTS

<b>I.</b>	<b>THE MODERN AGE</b> .....	<b>1</b>
	<b>MODERN PROSE</b> .....	<b>7</b>
	<b>Ernest Hemingway</b> .....	<b>7</b>
	<b>F. Scott Fitzgerald</b> .....	<b>12</b>
<b>II.</b>	<b>MODERN POETRY</b> .....	<b>32</b>
	<b>Ezra Pound</b> .....	<b>32</b>
	<b>Carl Sandburg</b> .....	<b>33</b>
	<b>E. E. Cummings</b> .....	<b>35</b>
	<b>Wallace Stevens</b> .....	<b>38</b>
	<b>Robert Frost</b> .....	<b>40</b>
	<b>W. H. Auden</b> .....	<b>42</b>
<b>III.</b>	<b>OTHER MODERN AGE LITERATURE</b> .....	<b>47</b>
	<b>HARLEM RENAISSANCE—Langston Hughes</b> .....	<b>47</b>
	<b>DRAMA—Thornton Wilder</b> .....	<b>49</b>
	<b>RELIGIOUS WORKS—J. Gresham Machen</b> .....	<b>51</b>

**Author:**

**Krista L. White, B.S.**

**Editor:**

**Alan Christopherson, M.S.**

**Graphic Design:**

**Lauren Durain, A.S.T.**



Alpha Omega Publications®

804 N. 2nd Ave. E., Rock Rapids, IA 51246-1759

© MM by Alpha Omega Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

LIFEPAC is a registered trademark of Alpha Omega Publications, Inc.

All trademarks and/or service marks referenced in this material are the property of their respective owners. Alpha Omega Publications, Inc. makes no claim of ownership to any trademarks and/or service marks other than their own and their affiliates', and makes no claim of affiliation to any companies whose trademarks may be listed in this material, other than their own.

“In Another Country” by Ernest Hemingway, from *The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*. Copyright © 1987 Simon & Schuster. Reprinted by permission of Simon & Schuster

“In A Station of the Metro” by Ezra Pound, from PERSONAE. Copyright © 1926 by Ezra Pound. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp.

“in Just—”, copyright 1923, 1951, © 1991 by the Trustees for the E. E. Cummings Trust. Copyright © 1976 by George James Firmage, “r-p-o-p-h-e-s-s-a-g-r”, copyright 1935, © 1963, 1991 by the Trustees for the E. E. Cummings Trust. Copyright © 1978 by George J. Firmage., from COMPLETE POEMS: 1904–1962 by E. E. Cummings, Edited by George J. Firmage. Reprinted by permission of Liveright Publishing Corporation.

“Anecdote of the Jar” From COLLECTED POEMS by Wallace Stevens. Copyright 1923 and renewed 1951 by Wallace Stevens. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, a Division of Random House, Inc.

“The Unknown Citizen” From W. H. Auden: COLLECTED POEMS by W. H. Auden, edited by Edward Mendelson. Copyright © 1940 and renewed 1968 by W. H. Auden. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

“Trumpet Player” From COLLECTED POEMS by Langston Hughes. Copyright 1994 by the Estate of Langston Hughes. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, a Division of Random House, Inc.

## Alpha Omega Publications, Inc.

804 N. 2nd Ave. E., Rock Rapids, IA 51246-1759  
© MM, All rights reserved.

# AMERICAN LITERATURE LIFE PAC 4

## 1914–1946

### OBJECTIVES:

1. Gain an overview of the history and dominant ideas of the modern era.
2. Discern the influence of modernism upon religion and the arts.
3. Identify the elements of modernism in American literature.
4. Recognize Christianity's answers to modern problems.

### VOCABULARY:

**apparition** - a startling appearance  
**chaos** - confusion and disorder  
**culminate** - to end or stop at highest point  
**discontinuity** - a break or lack of connection  
**grave** - serious; important  
**inerrant** - without error  
**mundane** - ordinary  
**obstinate** - stubborn; unable to turn  
**preposterous** - absurd or ridiculous  
**replete** - filled abundantly  
**theology** - the study of God  
**unconventional** - not the norm; unusual  
**wanton** - without regard for what is right; senseless

## I. THE MODERN AGE

**The Modern Era.** Gertrude Stein, one of the most influential writers and thinkers of the modern era, said of her purpose and place in history, "I was there to kill what was not dead, the nineteenth century, which was so sure of evolution and prayers." The "modern temper" was uncertain and distrustful of science and religion. World War I proved that society had failed. Civilization, aided by its technological advances, seemed to destroy itself. For the first time, one man equipped with a machine gun could instantly send a dozen men to their eternal domain. War was no longer an exercise in honor and courage but a swirl of mass destruction where only the "lucky" survived. Life seemed meaningless and chaotic. In the face of such bloodshed and torment, people forgot, dismissed, and scorned God and His sovereign rule. In the period between World War I and World War II, writers like Stein searched for meaning in art. Their culminating rejection of biblical Christianity left society disoriented and fearful.

**"The War to End All Wars."** On July 28, 1914, the heir-apparent of Austria and Hungary, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, was assassinated by a Serb nationalist. The killing was the result of the growing nationalism within Europe. Nationalism was the intense desire to establish independent states within Europe based on ethnic origins. This movement favored democracy. The American and French revolutions were strong incentives to overthrow or put down the existing political and economic structures, which were based on imperial rule. The whole world was pushing toward change.

The war between Austria and Serbia soon became a worldwide struggle for political, economic, and military supremacy. The thirty-two nations involved were divided into two coalitions. The Central Powers consisted of Germany, Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria. Initially, the Allies consisted of Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy.

Both before and after the war, America was reluctant to involve itself in the affairs of the Old World. For most of the war, the United States acted as an arbitrator between the

two powers. President Woodrow Wilson labored for peace, but when Germany threatened to destroy Great Britain's shipping industry, the United States could no longer remain neutral. On April 6, 1917, Congress declared war on Germany and joined the Allied cause.

The United States' involvement in World War I elevated the nation to a position of world power. The large-scale loss of life witnessed by many writers caused a pessimism that would cloud the nation's conscience for years to follow. As William Dean Howells had pre-figured in his short story "Editha," modern war was not glorious. Conflict resulted in death and pain, not honor.

Feelings of discontentment with traditional manners and beliefs followed the war. America felt betrayed. The old had failed. Broken and wounded, the nation turned to a new order. Rising affluence, the pursuit of pleasure, and the deterioration of morality characterized the decade that followed World War I.

**The Jazz Age.** The 1920s were known as the Jazz Age, or the Roaring Twenties. Many forces contributed to the social upheaval experienced by the United States after World War I. Industrialization had moved people out of small rural communities and into the big cities of the East and Midwest. Within a short period of time, America became an urban nation colored with the cultures and lifestyles of immigrants from Eastern European nations. In addition to the changes in social structure were advances in communication and transportation.

The inventions of the nineteenth century—such as the record player, radio, and the motion picture—made their way into the lives of the average American. The advent of mass communication created a new culture called popular (or "pop") culture. Radio and film connected the centers of sophistication and wealth with the poorer, less advantaged parts of the nation. A farm girl in rural Kentucky could easily know the latest fashions in Hollywood or New York City by watching a motion picture at her local theatre. These new connections helped to spread the desire for social permissiveness and the pursuit of pleasure. During this time, fads in dress and behavior leaped into existence.

The automobile also had a profound effect on American society and culture. With its ability to move people far away from their roots, the automobile only added to the turbulence in society. By 1920, the automobile was affordable to most Americans, causing changes to both the workforce and urban development. Suburbs sprung up around the major cities. People preferring to live outside the city commuted into the cities for work each day. The demand for a more mobile lifestyle also created more jobs. Automobile plants, steel mills, highway construction crews, and gas stations provided the nation with new occupations.

The Eighteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution—the prohibition of the manufacture and sale of alcohol—had the effect of pushing America further toward the edge of decadence and disintegration. This well-meant attempt by social reformers and religious groups to control the unraveling of the nation's moral fabric only backfired. With the imposed restrictions, society seemed to enjoy the taste of intoxicating liquors even more and Victorian standards of behavior even less. Organized crime offered normally law-abiding citizens places to drink called "speakeasies." These illegal bars and taverns also exposed many people to the darker pleasures of the streets, namely, prostitution.

Some people sometimes viewed the gangster as a hero; other people viewed him as a villain. He provided the people with what they wanted, but his services also required acts of extortion and bloodshed. Warfare between gangs occupied the headlines of most major city newspapers. Police officers and other law enforcement officials who were unwilling to uphold the Eighteenth Amendment often turned a blind eye to gang activities. Prohibition was largely ignored. In 1933, it was repealed.

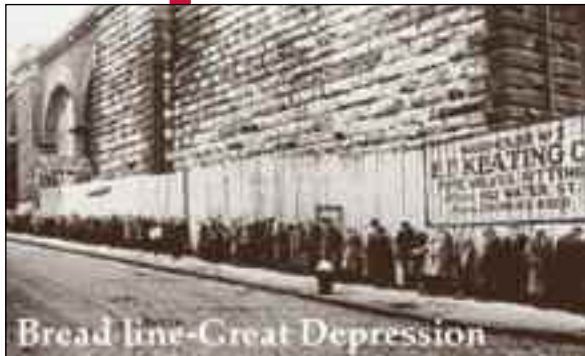
**"The New Woman."** The pursuit of pleasure was not limited to a swig of whiskey or a bottle of beer. During the 1920s, American society opened its arms to the "flapper," a woman

who behaved in a morally unrestrained manner. Her behavior was popularized by a dance called the Charleston. People across the nation watched as beautiful, scantily dressed women danced wildly across the movie screen. The movements of the Charleston were provocative and strikingly different from the ballroom dances of the past.



These changes in sexual behavior followed closely on the heels of the Nineteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. In August 1920, the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution was ratified giving women the right to vote. The women's suffrage movement, which found its roots in the revivals of the Second Great Awakening, had finally borne fruit. Political freedom opened the doors to occupational and educational independence. Women entered the workforce in places that were once reserved only for men. Seeking greater independence, they left the limits of home to become business executives, lawyers, doctors, and college professors.

**Science and Culture.** The impact of Darwinism and its reduction of man to a mere animal driven and controlled by desires continued to have an effect on society. Sigmund Freud (1856–1939), considered the father of psychology, introduced a view of man that reduced him to little more than the outworking of suppressed sexual desires. Freud theorized that all of man's problems stem from unsatisfied desires. He distinguished the conscious from the subconscious, the conscious being the thinking part of the human mind, while the subconscious being the desire-driven part of the mind. He taught that to be psychologically healthy, one should allow the subconscious to control their behavior. The satisfaction of lustful desires was justified as “needful” to one's sanity. Freud's antibiblical theories encouraged the decline of social and personal morality. One writer noted that people now had a “scientific” excuse for their sexual immorality.



**The Great Depression.** In October 1929, the Roaring Twenties came to a sudden end. The jazz players exchanged their lively tunes for a solitary cry: “Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?” The stock market crash left millions of people jobless and hungry. As banks closed, thousands of people lost their farms, their homes, and their life's savings. By 1932, more than 25 percent of the nation's workers were unemployed.

The increasing number of bread lines trailing out of soup kitchens led many people to doubt the wisdom of capitalism. Some people, desperate for answers, turned to the economic

theories of Karl Marx, the father of communism. During the 1930s, communism enjoyed popularity among union workers and the intellectual elite. Members of the American Communist Party believed that industrial production in the hands of the worker would yield a more stable economic system. They blamed free enterprise for the turmoil of the 1930s and promised prosperity for all.

In 1932 Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected president. To avoid possible revolution that would bring America to its knees, he made radical changes to the nation's economic system. Favoring a more socialistic form of government, FDR implemented the New Deal. It provided welfare funds for the unemployed, promised social security for the old and disabled, and created millions of jobs in the public sector. The plan, however, was not as effective as people hoped. Not until the advent of World War II and the need for private industry to manufacture goods for the military did the economy truly improve.

**World War II.** The depression of the 1930s was felt worldwide. The social unrest in European countries created the opportunity for fascist leaders to rise to power. Adolf Hitler, propelled by a belief in Nietzsche's “superhuman,” sought to create a perfect race that would rule the world by force. Germans desiring supremacy followed his plan of attack and helped to exterminate millions of Jews. Benito Mussolini in Italy and Francisco Franco in Spain were also fascist dictators who promised to lead their people out of economic duress by leading them into war.

World War II began in 1939 and ended in 1945. As in World War I, two coalitions engaged in combat. The conflict involved air, land, and sea battles and was the most devastating in human history. Holding to its strong isolationist sentiment, the United States was reluctant to enter the war; but on December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, awakening the “sleeping giant.” Afterward, the United States joined the Allies—which included Great Britain, the Soviet Union, and France—and declared war on the Axis powers (Germany, Japan, and Italy). After several years of fighting, the war ended with Germany and Japan’s defeat and surrender.

**The Fundamentals.** Religious reactions to the modern era were varied. The debate between Protestants over the adaptability of the Christian faith to modern ideas and concepts was of particular significance. The controversy was divided into two camps. The modernists argued for a faith more compliant to the advances in modern science and the changing culture. The fundamentalists, on the other hand, were unwilling to compromise the orthodox beliefs of Christianity for the sake of becoming “relevant” to a godless society. The Bible was at the heart of the controversy. The fundamentalists, consisting mainly of conservative Baptists and Presbyterians, insisted upon the inerrancy and authority of Scripture. The modernists saw the Bible as just another religious book to be used for the general good of all people. They did not believe that it was the ultimate guide to faith and life.

Many liberals characterized the fundamentalists as ignorant and legalistic because of their unwavering stand and apparent disregard for science. However, some fundamentalists argued their position in very learned circles; one example, J. Gresham Machen (1881–1937) was a professor of New Testament theology at Princeton Seminary. In his book *Christianity and Liberalism*, Machen made a powerful case for the fundamentals of the faith by pointing out several flaws in the modernist/liberal attempt to reconcile scientific theory with Christian beliefs. He left the reader no room to doubt his assertion that their beliefs were “unscientific” and “un-Christian.” So thorough and logical was Machen’s work, that he even won the respect of H.L. Menken, a well-known critic of Christianity’s influence on America.

In the 1920s and 1930s, fundamentalism acknowledged the Bible as the remedy to society’s problems. As the Word of God, it did not need to be altered. Although modernists did not want to hear it, the Bible’s proclamation that God saves sinners was the message they needed to hear. Its offer of redemption and reformation was the only relevant answer to a world ripped apart by death and sin.

**Modernism.** In the aftermath of World War I, art began to reflect the pessimism and discontinuity of the age. The international movement in art called modernism rejected the appearance of order in favor of unrelated fragments and shapes. The artists believed this to be a true representation of the world. Reality, as they viewed it, was not neat and structured. Their works lacked the sense of resolution and harmony that had been present in the art of the previous century. The music, sculpture, painting, and literature of the time demonstrated the breakdown in the world’s economic, political, and social systems. “Modernism assumed that the world had moved into a post-Christian era,” noted one writer.

**The Lost Generation.** During the 1920s, American artists and writers sought aesthetic refuge in Paris. The expatriates thought that the American public was not appreciating their work. The group of artists hoped to enhance their abilities and thus lift American art and literature to a “higher level.” Almost every writer of significance traveled to Paris in search of the artistic support that was lacking at home. F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, E. E. Cummings, and Robert Frost were among the Parisian expatriates. One of the most influential expatriates was Gertrude Stein. Her apartment in Paris was a central meeting place. Of the group of writers that surrounded her, she once said, “You are all a lost generation.”



**Modern Prose.** Ernest Hemingway lived in Paris and was a member of the “lost generation.” He included Stein’s statement as an epigraph in his novel, *The*

*Sun Also Rises* (1926). Stein was one of Hemingway's mentors. She told him, "Begin over and concentrate." Hemingway's concentration brought him to create short stories and novels that reflect a writer striving to write the "truest sentence." His tight form of writing revealed an economy of words that was reflective of the modernist style to "compress emotion and narration."

Unlike the novels of the nineteenth century, which were expected to be long and directed by an authoritative narrator, modernism favored the short story with its economy of words and subjective point of view. In his novel *As I Lay Dying*, William Faulkner (not featured in this study) demonstrated the modernist technique of narration by telling the story from the point of view of each of the characters. The fragmented and dark tale is often amusing but demonstrates well the modernist concept that truth is a matter of interpretation.

**Modern Poetry.** "After one has abandoned a belief in God," Wallace Stevens wrote, "poetry is that essence which takes its place as life's redemption." Because of their concentrated passion, the poets of the modern era were highly influential in shaping modern literature. Modern American poetry contained elements of imagism or experimentalism, traditionalism and regionalism, all of which were later to be found in works of prose and drama.

T. S. Eliot's long poem *The Wasteland* (1922) captured the modern mood of skepticism and despair with penetrating precision. The work shows the marks of the influence of its editor, Ezra Pound. The poem contains elements of imagism. This movement that Pound started and encouraged rejected the romantic sentimentality of the nineteenth century. It used, as Pound described, "an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time." The intellectual aspect of the poetry was manifested in hard, concrete visual images. The emotional was the sound and rhythm of the poem. Imagism demanded the use of common language that suggested rather than completed statements.

**The Harlem Renaissance.** Jazz and blues were popular musical styles during the 1920s. The rhythm was rooted in the musical expression of blacks emerging from the South. Black writers from Harlem, a section of New York City, carried the beat over into various forms of literature and sought to establish a cultural center equal to that of the whites in Paris. The Harlem Renaissance started with the publication of Countee Cullen's "I Have a Rendezvous with Life (with apologies to Alan Seeger)" in 1921. Other writers and intellectuals quickly followed with works that captured the attention of the nation. Langston Hughes, Harlem's most popular poet, inspired blacks to be proud of their heritage. The concerted effort by black artists opened eyes to an America that had remained tucked away in the segregated corners of the nation.



**Answer true or false for each of the following statements.**

- 1.1 \_\_\_\_\_ The "modern temper" was uncertain and distrustful of science and religion.
- 1.2 \_\_\_\_\_ World War I proved that society had succeeded in bringing peace and happiness to everyone.
- 1.3 \_\_\_\_\_ World War I was a worldwide struggle for political, economic, and military supremacy.
- 1.4 \_\_\_\_\_ America was reluctant to involve itself in European affairs.
- 1.5 \_\_\_\_\_ The large-scale loss of life in World War I caused writers to be optimistic.
- 1.6 \_\_\_\_\_ After the war, Americans were content with traditional manners and beliefs.
- 1.7 \_\_\_\_\_ The 1930s were known as the Jazz Age.
- 1.8 \_\_\_\_\_ The advent of mass communication created a new culture.
- 1.9 \_\_\_\_\_ Popular culture helped to spread the desire for social permissiveness and the pursuit of pleasure.



- 1.10 \_\_\_\_\_ The automobile had little effect on American society and culture.
- 1.11 \_\_\_\_\_ The Eighteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was largely obeyed.
- 1.12 \_\_\_\_\_ The Nineteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution gave women the right to vote.
- 1.13 \_\_\_\_\_ Political oppression brought occupational and educational independence for women.
- 1.14 \_\_\_\_\_ Sigmund Freud theorized that all of man's problems stem from satisfied desires.
- 1.15 \_\_\_\_\_ In October 1929, the stock market crash left millions of people jobless and hungry.
- 1.16 \_\_\_\_\_ By 1932, more than 25 percent of the nation's workers were unemployed.
- 1.17 \_\_\_\_\_ During the 1930s, communism was popular among union workers and the intellectual elite.
- 1.18 \_\_\_\_\_ President Franklin D. Roosevelt made no changes to the nation's economic system.
- 1.19 \_\_\_\_\_ In the midst of the Depression, the New Deal provided welfare funds for the unemployed, promised social security for the old and disabled, and created millions of jobs in the public sector.
- 1.20 \_\_\_\_\_ The depression of the 1930s was felt worldwide, creating social unrest in Europe and the opportunity for the rise of fascist leaders.
- 1.21 \_\_\_\_\_ World War II was the most devastating war in human history.
- 1.22 \_\_\_\_\_ At the heart of the Fundamentalist/Modernist controversy was the Bible.
- 1.23 \_\_\_\_\_ Religious Modernists argued for a faith more compliant to the advances in modern science and the changing culture.
- 1.24 \_\_\_\_\_ Fundamentalists denied the inerrancy and authority of Scripture.
- 1.25 \_\_\_\_\_ After World War I, art began to reflect the pessimism and discontinuity of the modern age.
- 1.26 \_\_\_\_\_ Modernism assumed that the world had moved into a post-Christian era.
- 1.27 \_\_\_\_\_ Almost every writer of significance traveled to London in search of the artistic support that was lacking at home.
- 1.28 \_\_\_\_\_ An economy of words is reflective of the modernist style of prose.
- 1.29 \_\_\_\_\_ The modernist style compresses emotion and narration.
- 1.30 \_\_\_\_\_ In the modernist movement, truth was a matter of interpretation.
- 1.31 \_\_\_\_\_ Modern American poetry contains elements of imagism, traditionalism, and regionalism.
- 1.32 \_\_\_\_\_ Modern works of prose and drama do not have elements of modern poetry.
- 1.33 \_\_\_\_\_ Imagism rejected the romantic sentimentality of the nineteenth century.
- 1.34 \_\_\_\_\_ Black writers of the Harlem Renaissance carried the rhythm of classical music over into various forms of literature.
- 1.35 \_\_\_\_\_ The Harlem Renaissance was an attempt by black writers to establish a cultural center equal to that of the whites in Paris.

## MODERN PROSE

**Ernest Hemingway (1899–1961).** Ernest Hemingway is one of the most remembered writers of his time. He was known for his lifestyle as much as for his writing. He lived far from the control and influence of his Methodist roots. He wrote without the words that reminded him of “sacred” things. A tragedy of religious perfectionism, Hemingway announced somberly near the end of his life, “I live in a vacuum that is as lonely as a radio tube when the batteries are dead and there is no current to plug into.”



Hemingway was born and raised in Oak Park, Illinois, a “stronghold of conservative politics and morality.” His grandfather, Anson Hemingway, was a close friend of Dwight L. Moody and the general secretary of the Young Men’s Christian Association (YMCA). Hemingway’s maternal grandfather was also a powerful religious figure in his life. Called “Abba” by his grandchildren, Ernest Hall, led the family in prayer and Bible lessons, speaking of God and to God as if he knew Him intimately. Hemingway’s own father, a successful physician, once aspired to serve as a missionary.

Despite these examples of piety, Hemingway decided to walk down another road. Disappointing his parents, he refused to attend college after high school and got a job as a reporter for the *Kansas City Star*. At the outbreak of World War I, Hemingway wanted to fight, but he was unable to serve in the United States Army because of a boxing injury to his left eye. Instead, he joined the Red Cross ambulance corps. Within three weeks of entering service in Italy, he was severely wounded by shrapnel. He spent several months recovering in a hospital in Milan. His novel *A Farewell to Arms* (1926) was based on these experiences.

Hemingway returned home a decorated hero, but his exposure to war only solidified his feelings of betrayal and disillusionment. Restless within the confines of his parents’ home and beliefs, Hemingway retreated to the family cottage in northern Michigan to write, but success continued to elude him. At the age of twenty-one, he married Hadley Richardson, a wealthy older woman. The two moved to Paris to further Hemingway’s career as a writer. The couple settled into the expatriate community of artists and writers, joining them in their lifestyle and attitudes. Among those who helped Hemingway hone his craft and see his works put into print were Gertrude Stein, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Sherwood Anderson.



In 1925 he published his first book of short stories, *In Our Time*. Shortly after, he published his first novel, *The Sun Also Rises* (1926). It clearly shows his desire to “write one true sentence.” The novel is about a group of American and British expatriates living in Paris. While devoid of innocence and traditional mores, they try to feed their hunger for stability and meaning by creating their own set of rules. Finally, they are still left with only disillusionment and bitterness.

As an international celebrity, Hemingway traveled the world hunting wild game and socializing in famous bars. He married four times and practiced an overindulgent lifestyle. The passing years brought only a more intense thirst for adventure and danger. During the Spanish Civil War, he became a war correspondent and became passionately involved in the conflict. His novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940) is an earnest plea for the overthrow of the fascist dictator Generalissimo Franco.

Gertrude Stein once told Hemingway to “begin over and concentrate.” And he did. His writing style is clear and precise, an adaptation of his journalistic experience. He avoided adjectives and focused on the “weight” of his nouns. At times, his words can seem choppy

as if you are reading a telegraph. This effect stemmed from his desire to recreate reality by forsaking ideas and words like “*sacred, glorious, and sacrifice.*” To him, they were just products of sentimental and weak individuals; they did not exist. Life was only bitterness and pain. He guided himself by saying, “Write the truest sentence you know.”

In 1954 Hemingway was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in recognition of his short novel (called a novella) *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952). William Faulkner described the Pulitzer Prize-winning work and the significant change in Hemingway’s writing thus: “Hemingway has discovered God the Creator. Until now, his men and women had made themselves, shaped themselves out of their own clay. But this time he wrote about pity: about something somewhere that made them all and loved them all and pitied them all.” Hemingway was never able truly to forget his religious upbringing.

Hemingway frequently suffered from bouts of despair. He blamed his mother for his father’s suicide and refused to speak to her. During the latter part of his life, Hemingway was hospitalized several times for manic depression and paranoia. In 1961 shortly after being pronounced well, he pressed a gun to his head and destroyed himself. He never understood what it was to have peace with God.



**Fill in each of the blanks using items from the following word list:**

truest	ambulance	conservative
Spanish Civil War	clear	reporter
depression	hunting	socializing
Milan	nouns	adjectives
Paris		

- 1.36 Ernest Hemingway was born and raised in a stronghold of \_\_\_\_\_ politics and morality.
- 1.37 After high school, he took a job as a \_\_\_\_\_ for the *Kansas City Star*.
- 1.38 He joined the Red Cross \_\_\_\_\_ corps during World War I.
- 1.39 Hemingway spent several months in a hospital in \_\_\_\_\_ recovering from shrapnel wounds.
- 1.40 Hemingway moved with his wife to \_\_\_\_\_ to further his career as a writer.
- 1.41 An adaptation of his journalistic experience, Hemingway’s writing style is \_\_\_\_\_ and precise.
- 1.42 Hemingway avoided \_\_\_\_\_ and focused on the weight of his \_\_\_\_\_.
- 1.43 He told himself to “write the \_\_\_\_\_ sentence you know.”
- 1.44 As an international celebrity, Hemingway traveled the world \_\_\_\_\_ wild game and \_\_\_\_\_ in famous bars.
- 1.45 During the \_\_\_\_\_, he served as a war correspondent.
- 1.46 Hemingway frequently suffered from bouts of \_\_\_\_\_.

## What to Look For:

Hemingway's short stories are typical of modernist literature. His characters often display the confusion and frustration of modern life, and his stories often lack resolution. As you read the following selection, look for elements of modernism. Do the characters have hope? Is there a sense of honor or patriotism among the wounded? In what does the doctor encourage them to put their trust? Does the story have a definite ending?

# In Another Country

"In Another Country" Copyright © Simon & Schuster –reprinted with permission

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

We were all at the hospital every afternoon, and there were different ways of walking across the town through the dusk to the hospital. Two of the ways were alongside canals, but they were long. Always, though, you crossed a bridge across a canal to enter the hospital. There was a choice of three bridges. On one of them a woman sold roasted chestnuts. It was warm, standing in front of her charcoal fire, and the chestnuts were warm afterward in your pocket. The hospital was very old and very beautiful, and you entered through a gate and walked across a courtyard and out a gate on the other side. There were usually funerals starting from the courtyard. Beyond the old hospital were the new brick pavilions, and there we met every afternoon and were all very polite and interested in what was the matter, and sat in the machines that were to make so much difference.

The doctor came up to the machine where I was sitting and said: "What did you like best to do before the war? Did you practice a sport?"

I said: "Yes, football."

"Good" he said. "You will be able to play football again better than ever."

My knee did not bend and the leg dropped straight from the knee to the ankle without a calf, and the machine was to bend the knee and make it move as in riding a tricycle. But it did not bend yet, and instead the machine lurched when it came to the bending part. The doctor said: "That will all pass. You are a fortunate young man. You will play football again like a champion."

In the next machine was a major who had a little hand like a baby's. He winked at me when the doctor examined his hand, which was between two leather straps that bounced up and down and flapped the stiff fingers, and said: "And will I too play football, captain-doctor?" He had been a very great fencer, and before the war the greatest fencer in Italy.

The doctor went to his office in a back room and brought a photograph which showed a hand that had been withered almost as small as the major's, before it had taken a machine course, and after was a little larger. The major held the photograph with his good hand and looked at it very carefully. "A wound?" he asked.

"An industrial accident," the doctor said.

"Very interesting, very interesting," the major said, and handed it back to the doctor.

"You have confidence?"



“No,” said the major.

There were three boys who came each day who were about the same age I was. They were all three from Milan, and one of them was to be a lawyer, and one was to be a painter, and one had intended to be a soldier, and after we were finished with the machines, sometimes we walked back together to the Café Cova, which was next door to the Scala. We walked the short way through the communist quarter because we were four together. The people hated us because we were officers, and from a wineshop some one would call out, “*A basso gli ufficiali!*” as we passed. Another boy who walked with us sometimes and made us five wore a black silk handkerchief across his face because he had no nose then and his face was to be rebuilt. He had gone out to the front from the military academy and been wounded within an hour after he had gone into the front line for the first time. They rebuilt his face, but he came from a very old family and they could never get the nose exactly right. He went to South America and worked in a bank. But this was a long time ago, and then we did not any of us know how it was going to be afterward. We only knew then that there was always the war, but that we were not going to it any more.



We all had the same medals, except the boy with the black silk bandage across his face, and he had not been at the front long enough to get any medals. The tall boy with a very pale face who was to be a lawyer had been a lieutenant of *Arditi* and had three medals of the sort we each had only one of. He had lived a very long time with death and was a little detached. We were all a little detached, and there was nothing that held us together except that we met every afternoon at the hospital. Although, as we walked to the Cova through the tough part of town, walking in the dark, with light and singing coming out of the wine-shops, and sometimes having to walk into the street when the men and women would crowd together on the sidewalk so that we would have had to jostle them to get by, we felt held together by there being something that had happened that they, the people who disliked us, did not understand.

We ourselves all understood the Cova, where it was rich and warm and not too brightly lighted, and noisy and smoky at certain hours, and there were always girls at the tables and the illustrated papers on a rack on the wall. The girls at the Cova were very patriotic, and I found that the most patriotic people in Italy were the café girls—and I believe they are still patriotic.

The boys at first were very polite about my medals and asked me what I had done to get them. I showed them the papers, which were written in very beautiful language and full of *fratellanza* and *abnegazione*, but which really said, with the adjectives removed, that I had been given the medals because I was an American. After that their manner changed a little toward me, although I was their friend against outsiders. I was a friend, but I was never really one of them after they had read the citations, because it had been different with them and they had done very different things to get their medals. I had been wounded, it was true; but we all knew that being wounded, after all, was really an accident. I was never ashamed of the ribbons, though, and sometimes, after the cocktail hour, I would imagine myself having done all the things they had done to get their medals; but walking home at night through the empty streets with the cold wind and all the shops closed, trying to keep near the street lights, I knew that I would never have done such things, and I was very much afraid to die, and often lay in bed at night by myself, afraid to die and wondering how I would be when I went back to the front again.



The three with the medals were like hunting-hawks; and I was not a hawk,

although I might seem a hawk to those who had never hunted; they, the three, knew better and so we drifted apart. But I stayed good friends with the boy who had been wounded his first day at the front, because he would never know now how he would have turned out; so he could never be accepted either, and I liked him because I thought perhaps he would not have turned out to be a hawk either.

The major, who had been the great fencer, did not believe in bravery, and spent much time while we sat in the machines correcting my grammar. He had complimented me on how I spoke Italian, and we talked together very easily. One day I had said that Italian seemed such an easy language to me that I could not take a great interest in it; everything was so easy to say. "Ah, yes," the major said. "Why, then, do you not take up the use of grammar?" So we took up the use of grammar, and soon Italian was such a difficult language that I was afraid to talk to him until I had the grammar straight in my mind.

The major came very regularly to the hospital. I do not think he ever missed a day, although I am sure he did not believe in the machines. There was a time when none of us believed in the machines, and one day the major said it was all nonsense. The machines were new then and it was we who were to prove them. It was an idiotic idea, he said, "a theory, like another." I had not learned my grammar, and he said I was a stupid impossible disgrace, and he was a fool to have bothered with me. He was a small man and he sat straight up in his chair with his right hand thrust into the machine and looked straight ahead at the wall while the straps thumped up and down with his fingers in them.

"What will you do when the war is over if it is over?" he asked me.

"Speak grammatically!"

"I will go to the States."

"Are you married?"

"No, but I hope to be."

"The more of a fool you are," he said— He seemed very angry. "A man must not marry."

"Why, Signor Maggiore?"

"Don't call me 'Signor Maggiore.'"

"Why must not a man marry?"

"He cannot marry. He cannot marry," he said angrily. "If he is to lose everything, he should not place himself in a position to lose that. He should not place himself in a position to lose. He should find things he cannot lose."

He spoke very angrily and bitterly, and looked straight ahead while he talked.

"But why should he necessarily lose it?"

"He'll lose it," the major said. He was looking at the wall. Then he looked down at the machine and jerked his little hand out from between the straps and slapped it hard against his thigh. "He'll lose it," he almost shouted. "Don't argue with me!" Then he called to the attendant who ran the machines. "Come and turn this darned thing off."

He went back into the other room for the light treatment and the massage. Then I heard him ask the doctor if he might use his telephone and he shut the door. When he came back into the room, I was sitting in another machine. He was



wearing his cape and had his cap on, and he came directly toward my machine and put his arm on my shoulder.

“I am *so* sorry,” he said, and patted me on the shoulder with his good hand. “I would not be rude. My wife has just died. You must forgive me.”

“Oh—” I said, feeling sick for him. “I am *so* sorry.”

He stood there biting his lower lip. “It is very difficult,” he said. “I cannot resign myself.”

He looked straight past me and out through the window. Then he began to cry. “I am utterly unable to resign myself,” he said and choked. And then crying, his head up looking at nothing, carrying himself straight and soldierly, with tears on both his cheeks and biting his lips, he walked past the machines and out the door.

The doctor told me that the major’s wife, who was very young and whom he had not married until he was definitely invalided out of the war, had died of pneumonia. She had been sick only a few days. No one expected her to die. The major did not come to the hospital for three days. Then he came at the usual hour, wearing a black band on the sleeve of his uniform. When he came back, there were large framed photographs around the wall, of all sorts of wounds before and after they had been cured by the machines. In front of the machine the major used were three photographs of hands like his that were completely restored. I do not know where the doctor got them. I always understood we were the first to use the machines. The photographs did not make much difference to the major because he only looked out of the window.



**Answer true or false for each of the following statements.**

- 1.47 \_\_\_\_\_ The narrator goes to the hospital every afternoon.
- 1.48 \_\_\_\_\_ At the hospital, patients are hooked up to machines to heal their wounds.
- 1.49 \_\_\_\_\_ The narrator says that he received his medals because he was a brave soldier.
- 1.50 \_\_\_\_\_ After reading the narrator’s papers for his medals, the boys treat him with great honor.
- 1.51 \_\_\_\_\_ The major advises the narrator to get married.
- 1.52 \_\_\_\_\_ The narrator’s wife dies.
- 1.53 \_\_\_\_\_ The major waited to marry his wife until he was out of the war.
- 1.54 \_\_\_\_\_ When the major returns, photographs of wounds that had been cured by the machines hang on the wall.
- 1.55 \_\_\_\_\_ The narrator doubts the photographs because he was one of the first patients to use the machines.
- 1.56 \_\_\_\_\_ Hopeful of full recovery, the major stares at the photographs of the cured hands.
- 1.57 \_\_\_\_\_ At the end of the story, both the narrator and the major are confident that life has meaning.

**F. Scott Fitzgerald (1896–1940).** The 1920s were a time of reckless desire and lasting dissatisfaction. F. Scott Fitzgerald knew the period all too well. He wrote about it, observed it, and lived it. His novels are filled with glamorous people and material acquisition. But like society, his characters are troubled by an emptiness that they cannot fill.

Fitzgerald was born and raised in St. Paul, Minnesota. He was named after a famous relative, his full name being Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald. His father was a businessman who did not attain much success. His mother was from a Southern family of wealth and importance. Although his father could provide no more than a middle-class living, the Fitzgeralds desired the company and status of people far above their means.



Fitzgerald was sent to a private boarding school in New Jersey and later attended Princeton University in 1913. Although he was successful in literary and dramatic activities, he never graduated. In 1917, he joined the Army and was stationed in Montgomery, Alabama, where he met and fell in love with a Southern belle named Zelda Sayre. She would not marry him unless he could provide her with the high standard of living to which she was accustomed. Fitzgerald left the Army and returned home to win her. He reworked a novel, *This Side of Paradise*, that he had begun in college and published it in 1920. The novel was an instant best seller, making Fitzgerald rich. Zelda married him a week after the book hit the stores.



Scott and Zelda spent their days and nights among the rich and glamorous. They lived in New York City and Europe, entertaining and being entertained. It was an endless pursuit of pleasure that quickly diminished Fitzgerald's earnings and health.

However, Fitzgerald continued to write. In 1921 Fitzgerald published *Flappers and Philosophers*. The collection of short stories was followed by another in 1922, *Tales of the Jazz Age*. His novel *The Beautiful and the Damned* was also published in 1922. In 1926 he wrote his most popular novel, *The Great Gatsby*. It is the story of a self-made man who abandons a strong work ethic to find fulfillment in wealth and social status. His misguided pursuits, lead him to disillusionment and death. Fitzgerald himself had become disheartened by the high-class society of which he had for so long wished to be a part.

The Great Depression of the 1930s brought change to not only the country but also those who had drunk deeply from the wells of avarice and wanton pleasure. The Fitzgeralds were no different. Zelda suffered several nervous breakdowns and was placed in a mental institution in 1930, where she stayed until the end of her life in 1947. In 1937 Scott, an alcoholic with financial difficulties, moved to Hollywood to pursue a career in screenwriting. With his earnings, he paid his debts and Zelda's medical bills.

Frustrated and unappreciated by Hollywood film-makers, he turned again to writing fiction. He wrote many more short stories and another novel, *Tender is the Night* (1934). He began another novel, *The Last Tycoon*, a story about a film mogul, but he never finished it. Fitzgerald died of a heart attack at the age of forty-four.



**Fill in each of the blanks using items from the following word list.**

pleasure	emptiness	Army
finished	Zelda's	Hollywood
mental	screenwriting	

- 1.58 Fitzgerald's characters are troubled by an \_\_\_\_\_ that they cannot fill.
- 1.59 Fitzgerald fell in love while stationed at an \_\_\_\_\_ base in Montgomery, Alabama.
- 1.60 Fitzgerald wrote *This Side of Paradise* to win \_\_\_\_\_ hand in marriage.
- 1.61 The couple's endless pursuit of \_\_\_\_\_ quickly diminished Fitzgerald's earnings and health.



- 1.62 In 1930 Zelda was placed in a \_\_\_\_\_ institution, where she stayed until the end of her life.
- 1.63 In 1937 Fitzgerald moved to \_\_\_\_\_ to pursue a career in \_\_\_\_\_.
- 1.64 His final novel, *The Last Tycoon*, was never \_\_\_\_\_.

### What to Look For:

Fitzgerald's characters are often troubled by an emptiness that they cannot fill. Their pursuit of material wealth and sensuality leaves them disillusioned and wanting something more. Before you read the following story by Fitzgerald, read and reflect upon Proverbs 5 and 7. As you read, think of the ways in which Dexter could have avoided trouble. Although Dexter does not die physically, in what ways is he willfully led "to the chambers of death?"

## W

### inter Dreams

Some of the caddies were poor as sin and lived in one-room houses with a neurasthenic cow in the front yard, but Dexter Green's father owned the second best grocery-store in Black Bear—the best one was "The Hub," patronized by the people from Sherry Island—and Dexter caddied only for pocket-money.

In the fall when the days became crisp and gray, and the long Minnesota winter shut down like the white lid of a box, Dexter's skis moved over the snow that hid the fairways of the golf course. At these times the country gave him a feeling of profound melancholy—it offended him that the links should lie in enforced fallowness, haunted by ragged sparrows for the long season. It was dreary, too, that on the tees where the gay colors fluttered in summer there were now only the desolate sand-boxes knee-deep in crusted ice. When he crossed the hills the wind blew cold as misery, and if the sun was out he tramped with his eyes squinted up against the hard dimensionless glare.

In April the winter ceased abruptly. The snow ran down into Black Bear Lake scarcely tarrying for the early golfers to brave the season with red and black balls. Without elation, without an interval of moist glory, the cold was gone.

Dexter knew that there was something dismal about this Northern spring, just as he knew there was something gorgeous about the fall. Fall made him clinch his hands and tremble and repeat idiotic sentences to himself, and make brisk abrupt gestures of command to imaginary audiences and armies. October filled him with hope which November raised to a sort of ecstatic triumph, and in this mood the fleeting brilliant impressions of the summer at Sherry Island were ready grist to his mill. He became a golf champion and defeated Mr. T. A. Hedrick in a marvellous match played a hundred times over the fairways of his imagination, a match each detail of which he changed about untiringly—sometimes he won with almost laughable ease, sometimes he came up magnificently from behind. Again, stepping from a Pierce-Arrow automobile, like Mr. Mortimer Jones, he strolled frigidly into the lounge of the Sherry Island Golf Club—or perhaps, surrounded by an admiring crowd, he gave an exhibition of fancy diving from the spring-board of the club raft...Among those who watched him in open-mouthed wonder was Mr. Mortimer Jones.

And one day it came to pass that Mr. Jones—himself and not his ghost—came up to Dexter with tears in his eyes and said that Dexter was the—best caddy in the club, and wouldn't he decide not to quit if Mr. Jones made it worth his while, because every other caddy in the club lost one ball a hole for him—regularly—

"No, sir," said Dexter decisively, "I don't want to caddy any more." Then, after a pause: "I'm too old."

“You’re not more than fourteen. Why the devil did you decide just this morning that you wanted to quit? You promised that next week you’d go over to the State tournament with me.”

“I decided I was too old.”

Dexter handed in his “A Class” badge, collected what money was due him from the caddy master, and walked home to Black Bear Village.

“The best—caddy I ever saw,” shouted Mr. Mortimer Jones over a drink that afternoon. “Never lost a ball! Willing! Intelligent! Quiet! Honest! Grateful!”

The little girl who had done this was eleven—beautifully ugly as little girls are apt to be who are destined after a few years to be inexpressibly lovely and bring no end of misery to a great number of men. The spark, however, was perceptible. There was a general ungodliness in the way her lips twisted, down at the corners when she smiled, and in the—Heaven help us!—in the almost passionate quality of her eyes. Vitality is born early in such women. It was utterly in evidence now, shining through her thin frame in a sort of glow.

She had come eagerly out on to the course at nine o’clock with a white linen nurse and five small new golf-clubs in a white canvas bag which the nurse was carrying. When Dexter first saw her she was standing by the caddy house, rather ill at ease and trying to conceal the fact by engaging her nurse in an obviously unnatural conversation graced by startling and irrelevant grimaces from herself.

“Well, it’s certainly a nice day, Hilda,” Dexter heard her say. She drew down the corners of her mouth, smiled, and glanced furtively around, her eyes in transit falling for an instant on Dexter.

Then to the nurse:

“Well, I guess there aren’t very many people out here this morning, are there?”

The smile again—radiant, blatantly artificial—convincing.

“I don’t know what we’re supposed to do now,” said the nurse, looking nowhere in particular.

“Oh, that’s all right. I’ll fix it up.”

Dexter stood perfectly still, his mouth slightly ajar. He knew that if he moved forward a step his stare would be in her line of vision—if he moved backward he would lose his full view of her face. For a moment he had not realized how young she was. Now he remembered having seen her several times the year before in bloomers.

Suddenly, involuntarily, he laughed, a short abrupt laugh— then, startled by himself, he turned and began to walk quickly away.

“Boy!”

Dexter stopped.

“Boy——”

Beyond question he was addressed. Not only that, but he was treated to that absurd smile, that preposterous smile—the memory of which at least a dozen men were to carry into middle age.

“Boy, do you know where the golf teacher is?”

“He’s giving a lesson.”

“Well, do you know where the caddy-master is?”

“He isn’t here yet this morning.”

“Oh.” For a moment this baffled her. She stood alternately on her right and left foot.

“We’d like to get a caddy,” said the nurse. “Mrs. Mortimer Jones sent us out to play golf, and we don’t know how without we get a caddy.”

Here she was stopped by an ominous glance from Miss Jones, followed immediately by the smile.

“There aren’t any caddies here except me,” said Dexter to the nurse, “and I got to stay here in charge until the caddy-master gets here.”

“Oh.”

Miss Jones and her retinue now withdrew, and at a proper distance from Dexter became involved in a heated conversation, which was concluded by Miss Jones taking one of the clubs and hitting it on the ground with violence. For further emphasis she raised it again and was about to bring it down smartly upon the nurse’s bosom, when the nurse seized the club and twisted it from her hands.

“You darn little mean old thing!” cried Miss Jones wildly.

Another argument ensued. Realizing that the elements of the comedy were implied in the scene, Dexter several times began to laugh, but each time restrained the laugh before it reached audibility. He could not resist the monstrous conviction that the little girl was justified in beating the nurse.

The situation was resolved by the fortuitous appearance of the caddymaster, who was appealed to immediately by the nurse.

“Miss Jones is to have a little caddy, and this one says he can’t go.”

“Mr. McKenna said I was to wait here till you came,” said Dexter quickly.

“Well, he’s here now.” Miss Jones smiled cheerfully at the caddy-master. Then she dropped her bag and set off at a haughty mince toward the first tee.

“Well?” The caddy-master turned to Dexter. “What you standing there like a dummy for? Go pick up the young lady’s clubs.”

“I don’t think I’ll go out to-day,” said Dexter.

“You don’t——”

“I think I’ll quit.”

The enormity of his decision frightened him. He was a favorite caddy, and the thirty dollars a month he earned through the summer were not to be made elsewhere around the lake. But he had received a strong emotional shock, and his perturbation required a violent and immediate outlet.

It is not so simple as that, either. As so frequently would be the case in the future, Dexter was unconsciously dictated to by his winter dreams.



---

## II

**N**OW, OF COURSE, the quality and the seasonability of these winter dreams varied, but the stuff of them remained. They persuaded Dexter several years later to pass up a business course at the State university—his father, prospering now, would have paid his way—for the precarious advantage of attending an older and more famous university in the East, where he was bothered by his scanty funds. But do not get the impression, because his winter dreams happened to be con-

cerned at first with musings on the rich, that there was anything merely snobbish in the boy. He wanted not association with glittering things and glittering people—he wanted the glittering things themselves. Often he reached out for the best without knowing why he wanted it—and sometimes he ran up against the mysterious denials and prohibitions in which life indulges. It is with one of those denials and not with his career as a whole that this story deals.

He made money. It was rather amazing. After college he went to the city from which Black Bear Lake draws its wealthy patrons. When he was only twenty-three and had been there not quite two years, there were already people who liked to say: “Now there’s a boy—” All about him rich men’s sons were peddling bonds precariously, or investing patrimonies precariously, or plodding through the two dozen volumes of the “George Washington Commercial Course,” but Dexter borrowed a thousand dollars on his college degree and his confident mouth, and bought a partnership in a laundry.

It was a small laundry when he went into it but Dexter made a specialty of learning how the English washed fine woolen golf-stockings without shrinking them, and within a year he was catering to the trade that wore knickerbockers. Men were insisting that their Shetland hose and sweaters go to his laundry just as they had insisted on a caddy who could find golfballs. A little later he was doing their wives’ lingerie as well—and running five branches in different parts of the city. Before he was twenty-seven he owned the largest string of laundries in his section of the country. It was then that he sold out and went to New York. But the part of his story that concerns us goes back to the days when he was making his first big success.



When he was twenty-three Mr. Hart—one of the gray-haired men who like to say “Now there’s a boy”—gave him a guest card to the Sherry Island Golf Club for a week-end. So he signed his name one day on the register, and that afternoon played golf in a foursome with Mr. Hart and Mr. Sandwood and Mr. T. A. Hedrick. He did not consider it necessary to remark that he had once carried Mr. Hart’s bag over this same links, and that he knew every trap and gully with his eyes shut—but he found himself glancing at the four caddies who trailed them, trying to catch a gleam or gesture that would remind him of himself, that would lessen the gap which lay between his present and his past.

It was a curious day, slashed abruptly with fleeting, familiar impressions. One minute he had the sense of being a trespasser—in the next he was impressed by the tremendous superiority he felt toward Mr. T. A. Hedrick, who was a bore and not even a good golfer any more.

Then, because of a ball Mr. Hart lost near the fifteenth green, an enormous thing happened. While they were searching the stiff grasses of the rough there was a clear call of “Fore!” from behind a hill in their rear. And as they all turned abruptly from their search a bright new ball sliced abruptly over the hill and caught Mr. T. A. Hedrick in the abdomen.

“By Gad!” cried Mr. T. A. Hedrick, “they ought to put some of these crazy women off the course. It’s getting to be outrageous.”

A head and a voice came up together over the hill:

“Do you mind if we go through?”

“You hit me in the stomach!” declared Mr. Hedrick wildly.

“Did I?” The girl approached the group of men. “I’m sorry. I yelled ‘Fore !’”

Her glance fell casually on each of the men—then scanned the fairway for her ball.

“Did I bounce into the rough?”

It was impossible to determine whether this question was ingenuous or malicious. In a moment, however, she left no doubt, for as her partner came up over the hill she called cheerfully:

“Here I am! I’d have gone on the green except that I hit something.”

As she took her stance for a short mashie shot, Dexter looked at her closely. She wore a blue gingham dress, rimmed at throat and shoulders with a white edging that accentuated her tan. The quality of exaggeration, of thinness, which had made her passionate eyes and down-turning mouth absurd at eleven, was gone now. She was arrestingly beautiful. The color in her cheeks was centered like the color in a picture—it was not a “high” color, but a sort of fluctuating and feverish warmth, so shaded that it seemed at any moment it would recede and disappear. This color and the mobility of her mouth gave a continual impression of flux, of intense life, of passionate vitality—balanced only partially by the sad luxury of her eyes.

She swung her mashie impatiently and without interest, pitching the ball into a sand-pit on the other side of the green. With a quick, insincere smile and a careless “Thank you!” she went on after it.

“That Judy Jones!” remarked Mr. Hedrick on the next tee, as they waited—some moments—for her to play on ahead. “All she needs is to be turned up and spanked for six months and then to be married off to an old-fashioned cavalry captain.”

“My gosh, she’s good-looking!” said Mr. Sandwood, who was just over thirty.

“Good-looking!” cried Mr. Hedrick contemptuously, “she always looks as if she wanted to be kissed! Turning those big cow-eyes on every calf in town!”

It was doubtful if Mr. Hedrick intended a reference to the maternal instinct.

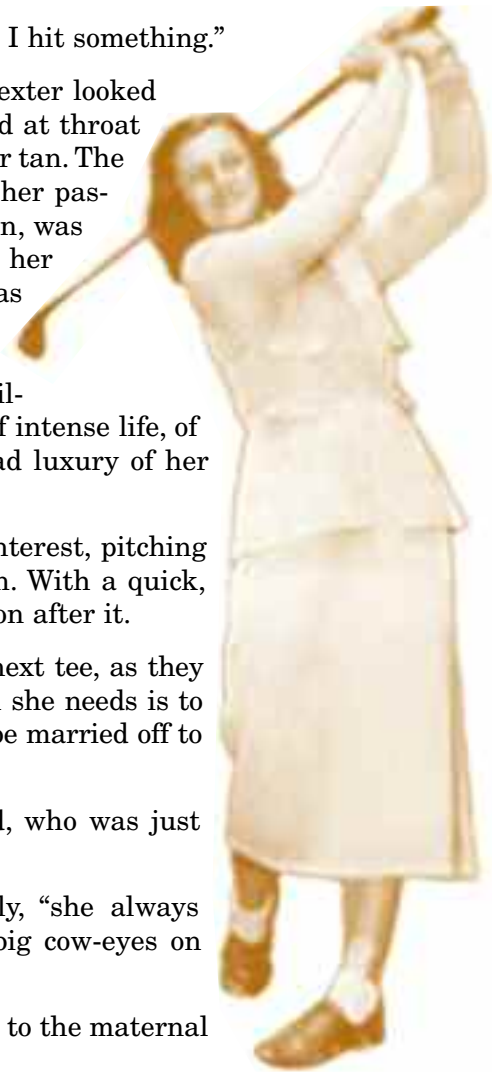
“She’d play pretty good golf if she’d try,” said Mr. Sandwood.

“She has no form,” said Mr. Hedrick solemnly.

“She has a nice figure,” said Mr. Sandwood.

“Better thank the Lord she doesn’t drive a swifter ball,” said Mr. Hart, winking at Dexter.

Later in the afternoon the sun went down with a riotous swirl of gold and varying blues and scarlets, and left the dry, rustling night of Western summer. Dexter watched from the veranda of the Golf Club, watched the even overlap of the waters in the little wind, silver molasses under the harvest-moon. Then the moon held a finger to her lips and the lake became a clear pool, pale and quiet. Dexter put on his bathing-suit and swam out to the farthest raft, where he stretched dripping on the wet canvas of the springboard.



There was a fish jumping and a star shining and the lights around the lake were gleaming. Over on a dark peninsula a piano was playing the songs of last summer and of summers before that—songs from “Chin-Chin” and “The Count of Luxemburg” and “The Chocolate Soldier”—and because the sound of a piano over a stretch of water had always seemed beautiful to Dexter he lay perfectly quiet and listened.

The tune the piano was playing at that moment had been gay and new five years before when Dexter was a sophomore at college. They had played it at a prom once when he could not afford the luxury of proms, and he had stood outside the gymnasium and listened. The sound of the tune precipitated in him a sort of ecstasy and it was with that ecstasy he viewed what happened to him now. It was a mood of intense appreciation, a sense that, for once, he was magnificently attune to life and that everything about him was radiating a brightness and a glamour he might never know again.

A low, pale oblong detached itself suddenly from the darkness of the island, spitting forth the reverberate sound of a racing motor-boat. Two white streamers of cleft water rolled themselves out behind it and almost immediately the boat was beside him, drowning out the hot tinkle of the piano in the drone of its spray. Dexter raising himself on his arms was aware of a figure standing at the wheel, of two dark eyes regarding him over the lengthening space of water—then the boat had gone by and was sweeping in an immense and purposeless circle of spray round and round in the middle of the lake. With equal eccentricity one of the circles flattened out and headed back toward the raft.

“Who’s that?” she called, shutting off her motor. She was so near now that Dexter could see her bathing-suit, which consisted apparently of pink rompers.

The nose of the boat bumped the raft, and as the latter tilted rakishly he was precipitated toward her. With different degrees of interest they recognized each other.

“Aren’t you one of those men we played through this afternoon?” she demanded.

He was.

“Well, do you know how to drive a motor-boat? Because if you do I wish you’d drive this one so I can ride on the surf-board behind. My name is Judy Jones”—she favored him with an absurd smirk—rather, what tried to be a smirk, for, twist her mouth as she might, it was not grotesque, it was merely beautiful—“and I live in a house over there on the island, and in that house there is a man waiting for me. When he drove up at the door I drove out of the dock because he says I’m his ideal.”

There was a fish jumping and a star shining and the lights around the lake were gleaming. Dexter sat beside Judy Jones and she explained how her boat was driven. Then she was in the water, swimming to the floating surfboard with a sinuous crawl. Watching her was without effort to the eye, watching a branch waving or a sea-gull flying. Her arms, burned to butternut, moved sinuously among the dull platinum ripples, elbow appearing first, casting the forearm back with a cadence of falling water, then reaching out and down, stabbing a path ahead.

They moved out into the lake; turning, Dexter saw that she was kneeling on the low rear of the now uptilted surf-board.

“Go faster,” she called, “fast as it’ll go.”

Obediently he jammed the lever forward and the white spray mounted at the bow. When he looked around again the girl was standing up on the rushing board, her arms spread wide, her eyes lifted toward the moon.

“It’s awful cold,” she shouted. “What’s your name?”

He told her.

“Well, why don’t you come to dinner to-morrow night?”

His heart turned over like the fly-wheel of the boat, and, for the second time, her casual whim gave a new direction to his life.

---

### III

**N**EXT EVENING while he waited for her to come down-stairs, Dexter peopled the soft deep summer room and the sun-porch that opened from it with the men who had already loved Judy Jones. He knew the sort of men they were—the men who when he first went to college had entered from the great prep schools with graceful clothes and the deep tan of healthy summers. He had seen that, in one sense, he was better than these men. He was newer and stronger. Yet in acknowledging to himself that he wished his children to be like them he was admitting that he was but the rough, strong stuff from which they eternally sprang.

When the time had come for him to wear good clothes, he had known who were the best tailors in America, and the best tailors in America had made him the suit he wore this evening. He had acquired that particular reserve peculiar to his university, that set it off from other universities. He recognized the value to him of such a mannerism and he had adopted it; he knew that to be careless in dress and manner required more confidence than to be careful. But carelessness was for his children. His mother’s name had been Krimlich. She was a Bohemian of the peasant class and she had talked broken English to the end of her days. Her son must keep to the set patterns.

At a little after seven Judy Jones came down-stairs. She wore a blue silk afternoon dress, and he was disappointed at first that she had not put on something more elaborate. This feeling was accentuated when, after a brief greeting, she went to the door of a butler’s pantry and pushing it open called: “You can serve dinner, Martha.” He had rather expected that a butler would announce dinner, that there would be a cocktail. Then he put these thoughts behind him as they sat down side by side on a lounge and looked at each other.

“Father and mother won’t be here,” she said thoughtfully.

He remembered the last time he had seen her father, and he was glad the parents were not to be here to-night—they might wonder who he was. He had been born in Keeble, a Minnesota village fifty miles farther north, and he always gave Keeble as his home instead of Black Bear Village. Country towns were well enough to come from if they weren’t inconveniently in sight and used as footstools by fashionable lakes.

They talked of his university, which she had visited frequently during the past two years, and of the near-by city which supplied Sherry Island with its patrons, and whither Dexter would return next day to his prospering laundries.

During dinner she slipped into a moody depression which gave Dexter a feeling of uneasiness. Whatever petulance she uttered in her throaty voice worried him. Whatever she smiled at—at him, at a chicken liver, at nothing—it disturbed him that her smile could have no root in mirth, or even in amusement. When the scarlet corners of her lips curved down, it was less a smile than an invitation to a kiss.

Then, after dinner, she led him out on the dark sun-porch and deliberately

changed the atmosphere.

“Do you mind if I weep a little?” she said.

“I’m afraid I’m boring you,” he responded quickly.

“You’re not. I like you. But I’ve just had a terrible afternoon. There was a man I cared about, and this afternoon he told me out of a clear sky that he was poor as a church-mouse. He’d never even hinted it before. Does this sound horribly mundane?”

“Perhaps he was afraid to tell you.”

“Suppose he was,” she answered. “He didn’t start right. You see, if I’d thought of him as poor—well, I’ve been mad about loads of poor men, and fully intended to marry them all. But in this case, I hadn’t thought of him that way, and my interest in him wasn’t strong enough to survive the shock. As if a girl calmly informed her fiancée that she was a widow. He might not object to widows, but—

“Let’s start right,” she interrupted herself suddenly. “Who are you, anyhow?”

For a moment Dexter hesitated. Then:

“I’m nobody,” he announced. “My career is largely a matter of futures.”

“Are you poor?”

“No,” he said frankly, “I’m probably making more money than any man my age in the Northwest. I know that’s an obnoxious remark, but you advised me to start right.”

There was a pause. Then she smiled and the corners of her mouth drooped and an almost imperceptible sway brought her closer to him, looking up into his eyes. A lump rose in Dexter’s throat, and he waited breathless for the experiment, facing the unpredictable compound that would form mysteriously from the elements of their lips. Then he saw—she communicated her excitement to him, lavishly, deeply, with kisses that were not a promise but a fulfillment. They aroused in him not hunger demanding renewal but surfeit that would demand more surfeit...kisses that were like charity, creating want by holding back nothing at all.

It did not take him many hours to decide that he had wanted Judy Jones ever since he was a proud, desirous little boy.

---

#### IV

**I**T BEGAN like that—and continued, with varying shades of intensity, on such a note right up to the dénouement. Dexter surrendered a part of himself to the most direct and unprincipled personality with which he had ever come in contact. Whatever Judy wanted, she went after with the full pressure of her charm. There was no divergence of method, no jockeying for position or premeditation of effects—there was a very little mental side to any of her affairs. She simply made men conscious to the highest degree of her physical loveliness. Dexter had no desire to change her. Her deficiencies were knit up with a passionate energy that transcended and justified them.

When, as Judy’s head lay against his shoulder that first night, she whispered, “I don’t know what’s the matter with me. Last night I thought I was in love with a man and to-night I think I’m in love with you——” —it seemed to him a beautiful



and romantic thing to say. It was the exquisite excitability that for the moment he controlled and owned. But a week later he was compelled to view this same quality in a different light. She took him in her roadster to a picnic supper, and after supper she disappeared, likewise in her roadster, with another man. Dexter became enormously upset and was scarcely able to be decently civil to the other people present. When she assured him that she had not kissed the other man, he knew she was lying—yet he was glad that she had taken the trouble to lie to him.

He was, as he found before the summer ended, one of a varying dozen who circulated about her. Each of them had at one time been favored above all others—about half of them still basked in the solace of occasional sentimental revivals. Whenever one showed signs of dropping out through long neglect, she granted him a brief honeyed hour, which encouraged him to tag along for a year or so longer. Judy made these forays upon the helpless and defeated without malice, indeed half unconscious that there was anything mischievous in what she did.

When a new man came to town every one dropped out—dates were automatically cancelled.

The helpless part of trying to do anything about it was that she did it all herself. She was not a girl who could be “won” in the kinetic sense—she was proof against cleverness, she was proof against charm; if any of these assailed her too strongly she would immediately resolve the affair to a physical basis, and under the magic of her physical splendor the strong as well as the brilliant played her game and not their own. She was entertained only by the gratification of her desires and by the direct exercise of her own charm. Perhaps from so much youthful love, so many youthful lovers, she had come, in self-defense, to nourish herself wholly from within.

Succeeding Dexter’s first exhilaration came restlessness and dissatisfaction. The helpless ecstasy of losing himself in her was opiate rather than tonic. It was fortunate for his work during the winter that those moments of ecstasy came infrequently. Early in their acquaintance it had seemed for a while that there was a deep and spontaneous mutual attraction that first August, for example—three days of long evenings on her dusky veranda, of strange wan kisses through the late afternoon, in shadowy alcoves or behind the protecting trellises of the garden arbors, of mornings when she was fresh as a dream and almost shy at meeting him in the clarity of the rising day. There was all the ecstasy of an engagement about it, sharpened by his realization that there was no engagement. It was during those three days that, for the first time, he had asked her to marry him. She said “maybe some day,” she said “kiss me,” she said “I’d like to marry you,” she said “I love you”—she said—nothing.

The three days were interrupted by the arrival of a New York man who visited at her house for half September. To Dexter’s agony, rumor engaged them. The man was the son of the president of a great trust company. But at the end of a month it was reported that Judy was yawning. At a dance one night she sat all evening in a motor-boat with a local beau, while the New Yorker searched the club for her frantically. She told the local beau that she was bored with her visitor, and two days later he left. She was seen with him at the station, and it was reported that he looked very mournful indeed.

On this note the summer ended. Dexter was twenty-four, and he found himself increasingly in a position to do as he wished. He joined two clubs in the city and lived at one of them. Though he was by no means an integral part of the stag-lines at these clubs, he managed to be on hand at dances where Judy Jones was likely to appear. He could have gone out socially as much as he liked—he was an eligible young man, now, and popular with down-town fathers. His confessed devotion to Judy Jones had rather solidified his position. But he had no social aspira-

tions and rather despised the dancing men who were always on tap for the Thursday or Saturday parties and who filled in at dinners with the younger married set. Already he was playing with the idea of going East to New York. He wanted to take Judy Jones with him. No disillusion as to the world in which she had grown up could cure his illusion as to her desirability.

Remember that—for only in the light of it can what he did for her be understood.

Eighteen months after he first met Judy Jones he became engaged to another girl. Her name was Irene Scheerer, and her father was one of the men who had always believed in Dexter. Irene was light-haired and sweet and honorable, and a little stout, and she had two suitors whom she pleasantly relinquished when Dexter formally asked her to marry him.

Summer, fall, winter, spring, another summer, another fall—so much he had given of his active life to the incorrigible lips of Judy Jones. She had treated him with interest, with encouragement, with malice, with indifference, with contempt. She had inflicted on him the innumerable little slights and indignities possible in such a case—as if in revenge for having ever cared for him at all. She had beckoned him and yawned at him and beckoned him again and he had responded often with bitterness and narrowed eyes. She had brought him ecstatic happiness and intolerable agony of spirit. She had caused him untold inconvenience and not a little trouble. She had insulted him, and she had ridden over him, and she had played his interest in her against his interest in his work—for fun. She had done everything to him except to criticize him—this she had not done—it seemed to him only because it might have sullied the utter indifference she manifested and sincerely felt toward him.

When autumn had come and gone again it occurred to him that he could not have Judy Jones. He had to beat this into his mind but he convinced himself at last. He lay awake at night for a while and argued it over. He told himself the trouble and the pain she had caused him, he enumerated her glaring deficiencies as a wife. Then he said to himself that he loved her, and after a while he fell asleep. For a week, lest he imagined her husky voice over the telephone or her eyes opposite him at lunch, he worked hard and late, and at night he went to his office and plotted out his years.

At the end of a week he went to a dance and cut in on her once. For almost the first time since they had met he did not ask her to sit out with him or tell her that she was lovely. It hurt him that she did not miss these things—that was all. He was not jealous when he saw that there was a new man tonight. He had been hardened against jealousy long before.

He stayed late at the dance. He sat for an hour with Irene Scheerer and talked about books and about music. He knew very little about either. But he was beginning to be master of his own time now, and he had a rather priggish notion that he—the young and already fabulously successful Dexter Green—should know more about such things.

That was in October, when he was twenty-five. In January, Dexter and Irene became engaged. It was to be announced in June, and they were to be married three months later.

The Minnesota winter prolonged itself interminably, and it was almost May when the winds came soft and the snow ran down into Black Bear Lake at last. For the first time in over a year Dexter was enjoying a certain tranquility of spirit. Judy Jones had been in Florida, and afterward in Hot Springs, and somewhere she had been engaged, and somewhere she had broken it off. At first, when Dexter had

definitely given her up, it had made him sad that people still linked them together and asked for news of her, but when he began to be placed at dinner next to Irene Scheerer people didn't ask him about her any more—they told him about her. He ceased to be an authority on her.

May at last. Dexter walked the streets at night when the darkness was damp as rain, wondering that so soon, with so little done, so much of ecstasy had gone from him. May one year back had been marked by Judy's poignant, unforgivable, yet forgiven turbulence—it had been one of those rare times when he fancied she had grown to care for him. That old penny's worth of happiness he had spent for this bushel of content. He knew that Irene would be no more than a curtain spread behind him, a hand moving among gleaming tea-cups, a voice calling to children...fire and loveliness were gone, the magic of nights and the wonder of the varying hours and seasons...slender lips, down-turning, dropping to his lips and bearing him up into a heaven of eyes...The thing was deep in him. He was too strong and alive for it to die lightly.

In the middle of May when the weather balanced for a few days on the thin bridge that led to deep summer he turned in one night at Irene's house. Their engagement was to be announced in a week now—no one would be surprised at it. And to-night they would sit together on the lounge at the University Club and look on for an hour at the dancers. It gave him a sense of solidity to go with her—she was so sturdily popular, so intensely "great."

He mounted the steps of the brownstone house and stepped inside.

"Irene," he called.

Mrs. Scheerer came out of the living-room to meet him.

"Dexter," she said, "Irene's gone up-stairs with a splitting headache. She wanted to go with you but I made her go to bed."

"Nothing serious, I——"

"Oh, no. She's going to play golf with you in the morning. You can spare her for just one night, can't you, Dexter?"

Her smile was kind. She and Dexter liked each other. In the living-room he talked for a moment before he said good-night.

Returning to the University Club, where he had rooms, he stood in the doorway for a moment and watched the dancers. He leaned against the door-post, nodded at a man or two—yawned.

"Hello, darling."

The familiar voice at his elbow startled him. Judy Jones had left a man and crossed the room to him—Judy Jones, a slender enamelled doll in cloth of gold: gold in a band at her head, gold in two slipper points at her dress's hem. The fragile glow of her face seemed to blossom as she smiled at him. A breeze of warmth and light blew through the room. His hands in the pockets of his dinner-jacket tightened spasmodically. He was filled with a sudden excitement.

"When did you get back?" he asked casually.

"Come here and I'll tell you about it."

She turned and he followed her. She had been away—he could have wept at the wonder of her return. She had passed through enchanted streets, doing things that were like provocative music. All mysterious happenings, all fresh and quickening hopes, had gone away with her, come back with her now.

She turned in the doorway.

“Have you a car here? If you haven’t, I have.”

“I have a coupé.”

In then, with a rustle of golden cloth. He slammed the door. Into so many cars she had stepped—like this—like that—her back against the leather, so—her elbow resting on the door—waiting. She would have been soiled long since had there been anything to soil her—except herself—but this was her own self out-pouring.

With an effort he forced himself to start the car and back into the street. This was nothing, he must remember. She had done this before, and he had put her behind him, as he would have crossed a bad account from his books.

He drove slowly down-town and, affecting abstraction, traversed the deserted streets of the business section, peopled here and there where a movie was giving out its crowd or where consumptive or pugilistic youth lounged in front of pool halls. The clink of glasses and the slap of hands on the bars issued from saloons, cloisters of glazed glass and dirty yellow light.

She was watching him closely and the silence was embarrassing, yet in this crisis he could find no casual word with which to profane the hour. At a convenient turning he began to zigzag back toward the University Club.

“Have you missed me?” she asked suddenly.

“Everybody missed you.”

He wondered if she knew of Irene Scheerer. She had been back only a day—her absence had been almost contemporaneous with his engagement.

“What a remark!” Judy laughed sadly—without sadness. She looked at him searchingly. He became absorbed in the dashboard.

“You’re handsomer than you used to be,” she said thoughtfully. “Dexter, you have the most rememberable eyes.”

He could have laughed at this, but he did not laugh. It was the sort of thing that was said to sophomores. Yet it stabbed at him.

“I’m awfully tired of everything, darling.” She called every one darling, endowing the endearment with careless, individual comraderie. “I wish you’d marry me.”

The directness of this confused him. He should have told her now that he was going to marry another girl, but he could not tell her. He could as easily have sworn that he had never loved her.

“I think we’d get along,” she continued, on the same note, “unless probably you’ve forgotten me and fallen in love with another girl.”

Her confidence was obviously enormous. She had said, in effect, that she found such a thing impossible to believe, that if it were true he had merely committed a childish indiscretion—and probably to show off. She would forgive him, because it was not a matter of any moment but rather something to be brushed aside lightly.

“Of course you could never love anybody but me,” she continued. “I like the way you love me. Oh, Dexter, have you forgotten last year?”

“No, I haven’t forgotten.”

“Neither have I! “

Was she sincerely moved—or was she carried along by the wave of her own acting?

“I wish we could be like that again,” she said, and he forced himself to answer:

“I don’t think we can.”

“I suppose not...I hear you’re giving Irene Scheerer a violent rush.”

There was not the faintest emphasis on the name, yet Dexter was suddenly ashamed.

“Oh, take me home,” cried Judy suddenly; “I don’t want to go back to that idiotic dance—with those children.”

Then, as he turned up the street that led to the residence district, Judy began to cry quietly to herself. He had never seen her cry before.

The dark street lightened, the dwellings of the rich loomed up around them, he stopped his coupé in front of the great white bulk of the Mortimer Joneses house, somnolent, gorgeous, drenched with the splendor of the damp moonlight. Its solidity startled him. The strong walls, the steel of the girders, the breadth and beam and pomp of it were there only to bring out the contrast with the young beauty beside him. It was sturdy to accentuate her slightness—as if to show what a breeze could be generated by a butterfly’s wing.

He sat perfectly quiet, his nerves in wild clamor, afraid that if he moved he would find her irresistibly in his arms. Two tears had rolled down her wet face and trembled on her upper lip.

“I’m more beautiful than anybody else,” she said brokenly, “why can’t I be happy?” Her moist eyes tore at his stability—her mouth turned slowly downward with an exquisite sadness: “I’d like to marry you if you’ll have me, Dexter. I suppose you think I’m not worth having, but I’ll be so beautiful for you, Dexter.”

A million phrases of anger, pride, passion, hatred, tenderness fought on his lips. Then a perfect wave of emotion washed over him, carrying off with it a sediment of wisdom, of convention, of doubt, of honor. This was his girl who was speaking, his own, his beautiful, his pride.

“Won’t you come in?” He heard her draw in her breath sharply.

Waiting.

“All right,” his voice was trembling, “I’ll come in.”

---

## V

**I**T WAS STRANGE that neither when it was over nor a long time afterward did he regret that night. Looking at it from the perspective of ten years, the fact that Judy’s flare for him endured just one month seemed of little importance. Nor did it matter that by his yielding he subjected himself to a deeper agony in the end and gave serious hurt to Irene Scheerer and to Irene’s parents, who had befriended him. There was nothing sufficiently pictorial about Irene’s grief to stamp itself on his mind.

Dexter was at bottom hard-minded. The attitude of the city on his action was of no importance to him, not because he was going to leave the city, but because any outside attitude on the situation seemed superficial. He was completely indifferent to popular opinion. Nor, when he had seen that it was no use, that he did

not possess in himself the power to move fundamentally or to hold Judy Jones, did he bear any malice toward her. He loved her, and he would love her until the day he was too old for loving—but he could not have her. So he tasted the deep pain that is reserved only for the strong, just as he had tasted for a little while the deep happiness.

Even the ultimate falsity of the grounds upon which Judy terminated the engagement that she did not want to “take him away” from Irene—Judy, who had wanted nothing else—did not revolt him. He was beyond any revulsion or any amusement.

He went East in February with the intention of selling out his laundries and settling in New York—but the war came to America in March and changed his plans. He returned to the West, handed over the management of the business to his partner, and went into the first officers’ training-camp in late April. He was one of those young thousands who greeted the war with a certain amount of relief, welcoming the liberation from webs of tangled emotion.

---

## VI

**T**HIS STORY is not his biography, remember, although things creep into it which have nothing to do with those dreams he had when he was young. We are almost done with them and with him now. There is only one more incident to be related here, and it happens seven years farther on.

It took place in New York, where he had done well—so well that there were no barriers too high for him. He was thirty-two years old, and, except for one flying trip immediately after the war, he had not been West in seven years. A man named Devlin from Detroit came into his office to see him in a business way, and then and there this incident occurred, and closed out, so to speak, this particular side of his life.

“So you’re from the Middle West,” said the man Devlin with careless curiosity. “That’s funny—I thought men like you were probably born and raised on Wall Street. You know—wife of one of my best friends in Detroit came from your city. I was an usher at the wedding.”

Dexter waited with no apprehension of what was coming.

“Judy Simms,” said Devlin with no particular interest; “Judy Jones she was once.”

“Yes, I knew her.” A dull impatience spread over him. He had heard, of course, that she was married—perhaps deliberately he had heard no more.

“Awfully nice girl,” brooded Devlin meaninglessly, “I’m sort of sorry for her.”

“Why?” Something in Dexter was alert, receptive, at once.

“Oh, Lud Simms has gone to pieces in a way. I don’t mean he ill-uses her, but he drinks and runs around “

“Doesn’t she run around?”

“No. Stays at home with her kids.”

“Oh.”



"She's a little too old for him," said Devlin.

"Too old!" cried Dexter. "Why, man, she's only twenty-seven."

He was possessed with a wild notion of rushing out into the streets and taking a train to Detroit. He rose to his feet spasmodically.

"I guess you're busy," Devlin apologized quickly. "I didn't realize——"

"No, I'm not busy," said Dexter, steadying his voice. "I'm not busy at all. Not busy at all. Did you say she was—twenty-seven? No, I said she was twenty-seven."

"Yes, you did," agreed Devlin dryly.

"Go on, then. Go on."

"What do you mean?"

"About Judy Jones."

Devlin looked at him helplessly.

"Well, that's, I told you all there is to it. He treats her like the devil. Oh, they're not going to get divorced or anything. When he's particularly outrageous she forgives him. In fact, I'm inclined to think she loves him. She was a pretty girl when she first came to Detroit."

A pretty girl! The phrase struck Dexter as ludicrous.

"Isn't she—a pretty girl, any more?"

"Oh, she's all right."

"Look here," said Dexter, sitting down suddenly, "I don't understand. You say she was a 'pretty girl' and now you say she's 'all right.' I don't understand what you mean—Judy Jones wasn't a pretty girl, at all. She was a great beauty. Why, I knew her, I knew her. She was——"

Devlin laughed pleasantly.

"I'm not trying to start a row," he said. "I think Judy's a nice girl and I like her. I can't understand how a man like Lud Simms could fall madly in love with her, but he did." Then he added: "Most of the women like her."

Dexter looked closely at Devlin, thinking wildly that there must be a reason for this, some insensitivity in the man or some private malice.

"Lots of women fade just like that," Devlin snapped his fingers. "You must have seen it happen. Perhaps I've forgotten how pretty she was at her wedding. I've seen her so much since then, you see. She has nice eyes."

A sort of dulness settled down upon Dexter. For the first time in his life he felt like getting very drunk. He knew that he was laughing loudly at something Devlin had said, but he did not know what it was or why it was funny. When, in a few minutes, Devlin went he lay down on his lounge and looked out the window at the New York sky-line into which the sun was sinking in dull lovely shades of pink and gold.

He had thought that having nothing else to lose he was invulnerable at last—but he knew that he had just lost something more, as surely as if he had married Judy Jones and seen her fade away before his eyes.

The dream was gone. Something had been taken from him. In a sort of panic he pushed the palms of his hands into his eyes and tried to bring up a picture of the waters lapping on Sherry Island and the moonlit veranda, and gingham on

the golf-links and the dry sun and the gold color of her neck's soft down. And her mouth damp to his kisses and her eyes plaintive with melancholy and her freshness like new fine linen in the morning. Why, these things were no longer in the world! They had existed and they existed no longer.

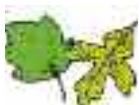
For the first time in years the tears were streaming down his face. But they were for himself now. He did not care about mouth and eyes and moving hands. He wanted to care, and he could not care. For he had gone away and he could never go back any more. The gates were closed, the sun was gone down, and there was no beauty but the gray beauty of steel that withstands all time. Even the grief he could have borne was left behind in the country of illusion, of youth, of the richness of life, where his winter dreams had flourished.

"Long ago," he said, "long ago, there was something in me, but now that thing is gone. Now that thing is gone, that thing is gone. I cannot cry. I cannot care. That thing will come back no more."



**Answer true or false for each of the following statements.**

- 1.65 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter first meets Judy when he is fourteen and a caddie at the golf course.
- 1.66 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter's winter dreams were concerned with the attainment of "glittering things."
- 1.67 \_\_\_\_\_ After college, Dexter bought a partnership in a gas station and lost all of his money.
- 1.68 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter sees Judy again while playing golf with the men for whom he used to caddie as a boy.
- 1.69 \_\_\_\_\_ Judy introduces herself to Dexter while he is relaxing on a raft on the lake and soon after invites him to dinner at her house.
- 1.70 \_\_\_\_\_ After she kisses him, Dexter realizes that he does not want to be around her.
- 1.71 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter is forced to see Judy in a "different light" when she disappears in a roadster with another man.
- 1.72 \_\_\_\_\_ Judy did not have "many youthful lovers."
- 1.73 \_\_\_\_\_ Just before his twenty-fourth summer, Dexter realizes that Judy will marry him.
- 1.74 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter remains obsessed with Judy even after he is engaged to Irene Scheerer.
- 1.75 \_\_\_\_\_ Judy can't understand why she can't be happy.
- 1.76 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter regrets breaking his engagement with Irene for a one-month relationship with Judy.
- 1.77 \_\_\_\_\_ Devlin can't understand why a man like Lud Simms could fall madly in love with Judy.
- 1.78 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter's image of Judy is shattered because she is no longer a "glittering" beauty.
- 1.79 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter's winter dreams had flourished in the "country of illusion."
- 1.80 \_\_\_\_\_ At the end of the story, Dexter is more alive than in his youth; he is able to care and to feel as never before.



Review the material in this section in preparation for the Self-Test, which will check your mastery of this particular section. The items missed on this Self-Test will indicate specific areas where restudy is necessary for mastery.



## SELF-TEST 1

**Answer true or false for each of the following statements** (each answer, 2 points).

- 1.01 \_\_\_\_\_ World War I proved that society had succeeded in bringing peace and happiness to everyone.
- 1.02 \_\_\_\_\_ The large-scale loss of life in World War I caused writers to be optimistic.
- 1.03 \_\_\_\_\_ After the war, Americans were content with traditional manners and beliefs.
- 1.04 \_\_\_\_\_ The 1930s were known as the Jazz Age.
- 1.05 \_\_\_\_\_ Popular culture helped to spread the desire for social permissiveness and the pursuit of pleasure.
- 1.06 \_\_\_\_\_ The automobile had little effect on American society and culture.
- 1.07 \_\_\_\_\_ The Eighteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was largely obeyed.
- 1.08 \_\_\_\_\_ Political oppression brought occupational and educational independence for women.
- 1.09 \_\_\_\_\_ Sigmund Freud theorized that all of man's problems stem from satisfied desires.
- 1.010 \_\_\_\_\_ In October 1929, the stock market crash left millions of people jobless and hungry.
- 1.011 \_\_\_\_\_ During the 1930s, communism was popular among union workers and the intellectual elite.
- 1.012 \_\_\_\_\_ In the midst of the Depression, the New Deal provided welfare funds for the unemployed, promised social security for the old and disabled, and created millions of jobs in the public sector.
- 1.013 \_\_\_\_\_ The depression of the 1930s was felt worldwide, creating social unrest in Europe and the opportunity for the rise of fascist leaders.
- 1.014 \_\_\_\_\_ At the heart of the Fundamentalist/Modernist controversy was the Bible.
- 1.015 \_\_\_\_\_ Religious Modernists argued for a faith more compliant to the advances in modern science and the changing culture.
- 1.016 \_\_\_\_\_ After World War I, art began to reflect the pessimism and discontinuity of the modern age.
- 1.017 \_\_\_\_\_ Modernism assumed that the world had moved into a post-Christian era.
- 1.018 \_\_\_\_\_ Almost every writer of significance traveled to London in search of the artistic support that was lacking at home.

**Fill in each of the blanks using items from the following word list** (each answer, 2 points).

depression	Zelda's	emptiness
conservative	socializing	clear
screenwriting	Hollywood	Paris
hunting	mental	adjectives
nouns		

- 1.019 Ernest Hemingway was born and raised in a stronghold of \_\_\_\_\_ politics and morality.
- 1.020 Hemingway moved with his wife to \_\_\_\_\_ to further his career as a writer.
- 1.021 An adaptation of his journalistic experience, Hemingway's writing style is \_\_\_\_\_ and precise.

- 1.022 Hemingway avoided \_\_\_\_\_ and focused on the weight of his \_\_\_\_\_.
- 1.023 As an international celebrity, Hemingway traveled the world \_\_\_\_\_ wild game and \_\_\_\_\_ in famous bars.
- 1.024 Hemingway frequently suffered from bouts of \_\_\_\_\_.
- 1.025 Fitzgerald’s characters are troubled by an \_\_\_\_\_ that they cannot fill.
- 1.026 Fitzgerald wrote *This Side of Paradise* to win \_\_\_\_\_ hand in marriage.
- 1.027 In 1930 Zelda was placed in a \_\_\_\_\_ institution, where she stayed until the end of her life.
- 1.028 In 1937 Fitzgerald moved to \_\_\_\_\_ to pursue a career in \_\_\_\_\_.

**Answer true or false for each of the following statements** (each answer, 3 points).

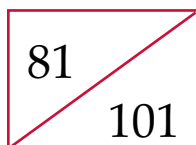
- 1.029 \_\_\_\_\_ In the short story “In Another Country,” hospital patients are hooked up to machines to heal their wounds.
- 1.030 \_\_\_\_\_ The major waited to marry his wife until he was out of the war.
- 1.031 \_\_\_\_\_ Hopeful of full recovery, the major stares at the photographs of the cured hands.
- 1.032 \_\_\_\_\_ In “Winter Dreams,” Dexter’s winter dreams were concerned with the attainment of “glittering things.”
- 1.033 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter is forced to see Judy in a “different light” when she disappears in a roadster with another man.
- 1.034 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter remains obsessed with Judy even after he is engaged to Irene Scheerer.
- 1.035 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter’s image of Judy is shattered because she is no longer a “glittering” beauty.
- 1.036 \_\_\_\_\_ Dexter’s winter dreams had flourished in the “country of illusion.”

**Underline the correct answer in each of the following statements** (each answer, 3 points).

- 1.037 An economy of words is reflective of the (traditional, biblical, modernist) style of prose.
- 1.038 The modernist style (expands, compresses, exaggerates) emotion and narration.
- 1.039 In the modernist movement, truth was a matter of (biblical standard, historical record, interpretation).
- 1.040 Black writers of the Harlem Renaissance carried the rhythm of (jazz and blues, baroque, classical) music over into various forms of literature.
- 1.041 The Harlem Renaissance was an attempt by (black, Hispanic, Italian) writers to establish a cultural center equal to that of the whites in Paris.

### For Thought and Discussion

Read Proverbs 5 and 7 with a parent or a teacher. Explain Dexter Green’s life and his relationship with Judy Jones in Fitzgerald’s short story “Winter Dreams.” Discuss the similarities between the woman in Proverbs 5 and 7 and Judy Jones. Be sure to talk about how Dexter went down to the “chambers of death” and the ways in which he could have lived a happier life.



Score \_\_\_\_\_  
 Teacher check \_\_\_\_\_  
 Initial \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_