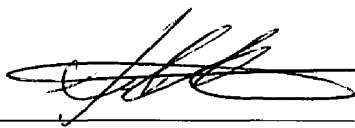


Hemingway in Turkey: The Influence of His Turkish Experiences on His Writing

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First Reader 

Second Reader 

Introduction

“My name is Ernest Miller Hemingway. I want to travel and write,” wrote Ernest Hemingway in his “Memoranda” notebook, as a junior high school student in 1916.^{*} Becoming a journalist and a writer later, he spent his life traveling and writing in consonance with his dreams. In fact, the constant practice of travelling and writing played a vital role in his development as one of the greatest American writers of all times as we have come to know and read him today. While the influence of his travels, experiences, and adventures in Italy, France, Spain, and Africa on his writing has been discussed, analyzed, and studied extensively by scholars, his visit to Turkey as a war correspondent to cover the Greco-Turkish War in 1922, has received very little focus and discussion despite the significance of his experiences in the Near East. In the early 1920s, Hemingway was in the process of developing his style as a writer before he published his first work, *In Our Time*, in 1924, and his visit to Turkey and the dispatches he wrote for the *Toronto Star* during this period had a significant impact on the formation of the style which has been regarded as characteristic of his writing. Through an analysis of his original dispatches and a synopsis of Turkey’s historical and political context when Hemingway arrived in the country, this study aims to demonstrate the deep impression that Hemingway’s visit to Turkey left on him as a writer, hence the contribution of his experiences in the Near East on his short stories. It is also amongst this paper’s goals to compile what constitutes the “little scholarly discussion” regarding his Near East duty for further references and research in its aim to indicate that his Turkish experience marks the beginning of his transition from journalism to a masterful authorship.

^{*}*Ernest Hemingway Exhibit*, the Hemingway Museum, Illinois, Chicago, 2013.



Turkey and the Near East at the Time of the Lausanne Settlement (Dobkin 5)

Chapter 1

The Historical Context of Hemingway's Experience in Turkey

"It's very hard to get anything true on anything you haven't seen yourself."

Hemingway, "Green Hills of Africa"

Ernest Hemingway arrived at the *Toronto Star* to work as a freelance journalist when he was twenty in January 1920. He had just gotten back from Europe where he served as an ambulance driver in Italy during World War I. By returning to journalism, he seized the opportunity to become a war correspondent in Europe for two years. Hemingway's journalism has been considered "the principal instrument of his literary apprenticeship" (Fenton xi), for he received the very seeds of his education as a writer with every opportunity presented to him as a young reporter. He amassed materials for his fiction and ceaselessly practiced writing. As he headed to Paris in 1921 with his first wife, Hadley Richardson, he had already become a prominent reporter for the *Star*. The years 1921-1923 were particularly significant, for it marked his transition from being a reporter to a successful writer.

Hemingway's first major assignment as a journalist was the Genoa Economic Conference in 1922, which was the first international assemblage since the 1919 peace talks at Versailles. George Seldes, a notable war correspondent, who helped Hemingway with his first major assignment and "gave him a quick course in cablese," with Lincoln Steffens, another fellow journalist, recognized his talent from the very outset. Seldes recalled that Hemingway had come in one day (while working on his report) and had said, "look at this cable: no fat, no adjectives, no adverbs—nothing but blood and bones and muscle. It's great. It's a new language." Seldes recognized the considerable change in Hemingway's writings especially after the 1922 Genoa Conference (Meyers 94). This change in his writing and the formation of his style was reflected

in the dispatches he was writing to cover the Greco-Turkish War in September 1922, which was his second important assignment *and* second experience of war after Italy.

John Bone, the managing editor of the *Star*, assigned him to go to Istanbul, as a conflict had erupted in the Near East. The Turkish troops had been trying to drive the Greeks from Anatolia since August 1922. The territory dispute had ended up in the occupation of Smyrna (now Izmir) by the Turkish army, and Mustafa Kemal Pasha was expected to occupy Istanbul soon. Hemingway, who was searching new adventures and new experiences to write about, was pleased with his new assignment; it was unlike his previous task in Genoa where he could not write creatively as much as he planned. He also signed a secret agreement with International News Service under the pseudonym John Hadley for financial reasons (Baker 97) before committing to his latest assignment, albeit his exclusive contract with the *Star*. Bone, who trumpeted and promoted Hemingway's work, demonstrating his achievements (Schiller) approved greatly of Hemingway's position to cover the conflict. Most of his dispatches were subtitled in sections by the editors while the reports mailed by other *Star* journalists were published as they were cabled. Indeed, he was not merely an international correspondent but "a feature writer that interpreted the events" (Meyers 91). The high quality of his writing and style was already recognized by the *Star*. A note was added by Bone to his first dispatch from Istanbul which was also subtitled as "special cable to the *Star*":

Mr. Hemingway, whose exclusive European articles have long been a special feature in The *Star*, will keep this paper informed of important developments in Constantinople by cable...Mr. Hemingway, who fought with the Italian army in the great war, is well equipped by his knowledge of the Balkans and the Near East to cover this latest assignment given to him by The *Star*. (TS 1922)

The hardship of the assignment for Hemingway had begun upon receiving Bone's cable before he even left for Istanbul. Hadley, concerned about his World War I nightmares, told him he should not go. As the tension between the two escalated, Hadley did not speak to him for three days. She later recalled that he had suffered a great deal, yet had left without speaking to her on September 25. In addition to his bitter departure with Hadley, the Corona typewriter he had packed in his suitcase was broken on his way to the train station. He eventually took the Orient Express down to Sophia, Bulgaria where he sent his first handwritten dispatch to Bone, and arrived in Istanbul on September 30, 1922 (Baker 97). He went to his hotel, the Hotel de Londres, (Buyuk Londres Hotel in Pera, Beyoglu) which was recommended to him by a Frenchman he had encountered on the train. He got his typewriter repaired and began to type an article which would be the first of the twenty dispatches he wrote for the *Star*.

The first cable he mailed on September 30 from Sophia was titled "British Strong Enough to Save Constantinople" and the last one, "Refugee Procession is Scene of Horror," dated November 14, was sent from Bulgaria again. His creative writer "self" along with his reporter self was always on the alert during this period; the war was not the only objective he experienced and interpreted. It was the first time he was exposed to Near Eastern culture, particularly the Turkish culture, politics, and cities, which he intently observed. Under this new cultural and political influence, the dispatches he wrote for the *Star* "together constitute some of his best formative works" (Lecouras 29), and they forged his new writing style that was later seen in three significant vignettes from his first published story collection, *In Our Time* (1924), which "were as good, stylistically, as anything he ever wrote" (Meyers 98). The subtexts that refer to his Turkish experiences are: the story, "On the Quai in Smyrna" (1930) from the same collection, "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," (1936) "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," (1933). The recession during

the Spanish Civil War in “The Old Man at the Bridge” (1938) also recalls the Greek retreat from Eastern Thrace, albeit subtler than the previous ones.

To analyze Hemingway’s experience in a cultural and political context, it is highly significant to state the major changes and developments in Turkey at the end of World War I to comprehend the cultural, political, and social context when Hemingway had his first and last experiences in Turkey in the early 1920s. The roots of the Greco-Turkish War in 1922 had its origin in World War I. The Ottoman Empire (later Turkey) whose legacy dated back to the 6th century began to fall apart right before World War I broke out. In 1914, its nationalist minorities had already rebelled against the Empire in Greece, Bulgaria and other areas, wearing down Ottoman resources (Smith 3). When the war started, the Ottoman Empire sided with Austria-Hungarian Empire, Bulgaria, and Germany, namely, the Axis Powers. Alliance with Germany proved to be catastrophic, for the Axis Powers were defeated harshly by the Allies, notably Britain, France, and Italy, which hastened the collapse of the Ottoman Empire. After defeating the Axis powers, the Allies’ next plan was to control the affairs of Turkey whose survival was at stake (Umunc 2-3). The best way to control Turkey was through Greece; during the war, by 1916, England and France had already manipulated the Greek government by using its main railroad as a strategic location against the Germans and Ottomans. In return, the control of Smyrna had been promised to Greece, “which provided for the aggrandizement of Greece at the expense of the Ottoman Empire in Asia as well as in Europe, to the seeming satisfaction of French and British interests” (Abbott 232). In 1918 when the war ceased, Turkey signed the Armistice of Mudros that granted Britain and France the authority to exert on Turkey drastically heavy sanctions including military occupation and invasion (Umunc 3). The Allies had no sooner signed the Mudros Agreement than they began the invasion of Turkey from the West, Istanbul and the straits from the Black Sea to Dardanelles. The Armenian troops prepared to fight on Turkey’s

Eastern border while Greece, enticed to the side of the Allies with the offer of Smyrna, disembarked within Western Anatolia on May 15, 1919. The occupation of Smyrna effected the immediate start of the Greco-Turkish War, which was the first stage of the Turkish War of Independence.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the leader of the Turkish Nationalist Movement, had been organizing the political, institutional, and military background to retain the cities of the Anatolian homeland and found a new republic independent of any control of the Allies. He was considered an Islamic commander; however, it was his tactic to be perceived thusly, as the Muslim citizens of the Empire would have reacted against his leadership. Kemal Pasha's long-planned mission was to abolish Shariah (the Islamic rule) and replace it with the Swiss legal code, revolutionize a multicultural conservative society, abolish the Sultanate that ruled the Ottoman Empire, end the religious power of the caliphate, introduce secular education, and later full political rights for women (Smith 3)—all of which he later achieved. With the revolutionary plans and missions in his political agenda, Mustafa Kemal emerged as the new leader and launched the Turkish War of Independence on May 19, 1919 after four days Greece officially began its invasion in Western Thrace. After the Armistice of Mudros that sealed the defeat of the Ottoman Empire at the end of the war, Britain and her allies aimed at procuring and protecting their own interests (Sonyel 129), for, on the contrary to the their expectations, Greeks failed to rule the Smyrna territory that the Allies had promised them. Britain and France decreased support for the sake of their economic and political gain leaving the Greeks on their own against the Turkish troops. The conflict between Turkey and Greece continued for four years until the most significant stage of the Turkish Independence War began on August 26, 1922 when Mustafa Kemal launched the Great Turkish offensive that drove the Greeks back to the Aegean Sea.

On September 9, Smyrna was recaptured by the Turkish forces, and the regions that were under Greek invasion were all cleared. On September 15, the infamous Great Fire of Smyrna began. The fire wiped out Smyrna's 'Frank' District, commercially and culturally the center of the city and also the Armenian and Greek quarters. All non-Muslim neighborhoods apart from the Jewish Quarter were destroyed along with three-quarters of the bustling port city (Kirli 27). The question of who started the fire was controversial then and is still controversial today; the history does not hold the record of who really burnt the city. According to the *London Morning Post*, it was the Turks that burnt the city. The famous dispatch from the paper written by a British reporter on September 16 reported:

What I see as I stand on the deck of the Iron Duke is an unbroken wall of fire, two miles long in which twenty distinct volcanoes of raging flames are throwing up jagged, writhing tongues to a height of a hundred feet . . .

The sea glows a deep copper-red, and worst of all, from the densely packed mob of many thousand refugees huddled on the narrow quay, between the advancing fiery death behind and the deep water in front, comes continuously frantic screaming of sheer terror as can be heard miles away. (qtd. in Kirli 25)

Some French and other British newspapers reported it was the Turks; some claimed it was the Greeks or Armenians. As the question of the Great Smyrna Fire remained unanswered, peace was made with the Mudanya Agreement signed on October 11. By its terms, the Greek army would move west leaving the Eastern Thrace to Turkey, and they only had three days to evacuate the territory. When the evacuation began, so did the tragedy of the refugees.

Hemingway never reached all parts of Anatolia and Smyrna, nor did he ever see the Greek refugees fleeing Smyrna as the chronological order of his dispatches suggests. In fact, he arrived in Turkey after the Great Fire upon which the Turkish troops occupied the city, after the defeat

and evacuation of the Greek troops from Smyrna. When the peace armistice was signed on October 11 and Hemingway went out to Adrianople, he witnessed the refugees, for the first time, migrating to Thrace from the Turkish territory. Chronologically, he first reported the developments in Istanbul which was still under the occupation of Britain and her allies. He reported the conference of the armistice held in Mudanya, a city on the Marmara Sea, from Istanbul. Then he continued to report from Muratli, a small town in Eastern Thrace and lastly from Adrianople (now Edirne), not far from the Bulgarian and Greek frontier. Hemingway left Thrace on October 18 and after spending a month in Paris went on to Lausanne, Switzerland for the Lausanne Peace Conference, which would settle the territorial dispute between Greece and Turkey on November 22 (Baker 102). His Lausanne assignment can be construed as an extension of his Near East assignment, and he completed it with two articles from Lausanne, dated January 27, 1923 and February 10, 1923. The influence of his experiences in Turkey lasted not only until his time in Lausanne shortly after the war but throughout all his life, best reflected in his dispatches on which he based most of his early short fiction.

Chapter 2

The Dispatches for the *Star*

“There was so much to write. He had seen the world change; not just the events.”

Hemingway, “The Snows of Kilimanjaro”

Hemingway’s dispatches demonstrated his personal interpretation of the conflict between Turkey and Greece and the power wars of the Western countries. His approach was humanitarian and realistic, yet, he did not refrain from incorporating his creative and imaginative side into his news reporting. The dispatches were more of a personal commentary on the culture and politics of the territory as well as an account of his experiences in post-war Turkey. The flexibility the manager editor, John Bone, provided gave him the opportunity to experiment with new writing forms and techniques. This freedom extinguished Hemingway’s reservations regarding journalism to some extent, for he could create rather than reporting in a straight topical manner. “When you describe something that has happened that day,” Hemingway wrote in the 1930’s, “the timelessness makes people see it in their own imaginations. A month later that element of time is gone and your account would be flat and they would not see in their minds nor remember it.” He continued referring to Gertrude Stein’s lessons in writing, “...but if you make it up instead of describe it, you can make it round and whole and solid and give it life. You create it, for good or bad. It is made; not described” (qtd. in Fenton 179).

The dispatches were by no means made up; nor were they typical newspaper reports. Hemingway knew that the *Star* was already being supplied with topical and straight forward wire service cable that informed the readers of the updates; thus, he had the freedom to use his writing skills in his dispatches (Fenton 175). He observed what was happening closely in his best attempt

to write how “what he saw” made him feel. To prevent the “timelessness” from prevailing in his writing, he stylistically focused on small and precise details, sensory immediacy, and the tone of the dispatches, which was realistic, laconic, and conversational. These elements, which he was able to improve as he wrote his Greco-Turkish war dispatches, led to his style that carried the characteristics of simplicity and omission.

Fourteen of the twenty dispatches he wrote for the *Star* envisage his idiosyncratic writing technique while the other six articles are relatively shorter and are written quickly merely to inform the *Star* of the fast changing news. His first dispatch, “British Strong Enough to Save Constantinople,” followed by two subtitles (added by the editors), “Troops in Sufficient Force to Prevent Any Kemalist Invasion— City Packed With Uniforms and Rumors—Foreigners Book Up Trains for Weeks Ahead,” and “Angora’s Reply to Allied Terms Awaited,” appeared on the the *Star*’s front page (*TS* 1922). He wrote the first dispatch swiftly to describe the first impressions that Istanbul had left on him. The dispatch was only three paragraphs; even in such a brief cable, Hemingway achieved to create the effect of demonstrating the whole on the reader in an impressionistic manner by providing a vivid and informative portrayal of Istanbul’s war stringencies. He described the city with short but effective adjectives: “Constantinople is *noisy, hot, hilly, dirty, and beautiful*” (my emphasis). He continued to emphasize the extreme sense of tension and suspense that prevailed in the city: “It is packed with uniforms and rumors. Foreigners are nervous, however, remembering the fate of Smyrna, and have booked outgoing trains for weeks ahead. Everything awaits the answer of the Angora national assembly to the allied peace terms” (*TS* 1922). Istanbul under the occupation of Allies was purgatory; its citizens could not surmise the future of the city, hence the future of their lives. Hemingway defined the suspense and uncertainty in the city later in a letter to his friend, William D. Horne:

I got a cable from the *Star* to go to Constantinople and went and was with the Greek army in the big retreat-and three weeks in Constant itself-3 very fine weeks when just as it was getting light you'd all get into a car and drive out to the Bosphorus to see the sun rise and sober up and wonder whether there was going to be a war that would set the whole world on fire again— and there damn nearly was. (*Selected Letters* 86)

The first dispatch prepared the *Star* readers for the next two long dispatches, as it laid the background for those pieces which focused exclusively on the portrayal of Istanbul and the city's contradictory characteristics.

Hemingway typed and mailed the second dispatch on Istanbul, "Constantinople, Dirty White, Not Glistening, and Sinister," on October 1, and the *Star* published it on October 18 by adding the subtitles, "The Golden Horn Not Golden at All, But Just a Tangle of Shipping—Long Queues of Frightened Foreigners Seeking Authority to Leave." With its subtitles and length, the dispatch resembled a column rather than a simple report. The italicized editorial description under the headline indicated the significance that the *Star* had assigned to Hemingway's articles. The readers were not only following the Greco-Turkish conflict, yet Hemingway's survival and experiences were of high importance: "The dispatch was sent to Paris by aeroplane and re-mailed there. As a precaution Mr. Hemingway mailed a duplicate from Constantinople the next day (Oct. 2). Both original and duplicate reached The *Star* to-day, in remarkably fast time" (*TS* 1922). "Constantinople, Dirty White, Not Glistening and Sinister" consisted of four different sections, "All White is Dirty," "The Horn—Not Golden," "A Line-up For Passports," and "Afraid to Stay," all replete with vivid descriptions, dialogues, and analogies. Hemingway's tone was uncompromising and conversational. This long dispatch gave him the opportunity to write about his first impressions upon entering the city in detail, which he had probably written down but could not use in the first quick dispatch. Hemingway's objective in this dispatch was to

deconstruct the popular image of the city. “Constantinople,” he began, “doesn’t look like movies. It does not look like the pictures, or the paintings, or anything.” He went on to describe the city, as he observed it from the train through the popular and romantic perspective:

First your train comes winding like a snake down the sun-baked, treeless rolling plain to the sea. It rocks along the shore where kids are bathing and over across the blue water you see a big brown island and faintly beyond it bulks the brown coast of Asia. Then it roars in between high stone walls and when you come out you are passing crazy, ramshackle, wooden tenements. The train passes the old, reddish Byzantine wall and goes into a culvert again. (*TS* 1922)

His meticulous word choice, “sun-baked,” “faintly beyond,” “bulking the brown coast of Asia,” “crazy, ramshackle, wooden tenements” and use of similes, “train...winding like a snake and roaring” and imagery “treeless rolling plain,” “the shore where kids are bathing,” and “the old, reddish Byzantine wall” indicated his primary goal to eliminate the “timelessness” and “dullness” of the piece as he achieved to create a vivid portrayal in a literary manner. As the train came out, he got flashes of “squatting, mushroom-like mosques always with their dirty white minarets rising from the corners.” “Everything white in Constantinople,” he continued, “is dirty white. When you see the color a white shirt gets in twelve hours you appreciate the color a white minaret gets in four hundred years.” He used “the dirty whiteness” as a contrast to Istanbul’s romantic portrayal in the movies, as a symbol for the city’s political state, chaotic, suspended and awaiting the war, and religiously ambiguous state with Christians, Jews, and Muslims *attempting* to live together, frightened of one another. The “dirty whiteness” of the city was reinforced by the chaos that welcomed Hemingway after he left the train station:

In the station are a jam of porters, hotel runners, and Anglo-Levantine gentlemen in slightly soiled collars, badly soiled with white trousers, garlicized breaths, and hopeful

manners who hope to be hired as interpreters. There is a little something wrong with their passports, just enough to keep them from leaving Constantinople, and they turn their cuffs, clean their white shoes and hope that there will be tourists coming to town again.

Meantime they will do anything for a price, and their price is very low. (*TS* 1922)

The “whiteness” of the porters’ clothes contrasted with the dirty whiteness of the city representing their last hope for the city and their endeavor to remain “white” in “dirty white” Istanbul. As Hemingway called for a taxi next, one of the porters, “contorted with a smile,” approached him and accompanied him to his hotel, the Hotel des Londres. As the taxi drove through the Golden Horn, Hemingway continued to paint a picture of the turmoil taking over the city. The Golden Horn was surrounded by “a tangle of shipping on both sides,” to such an extent that, “you could only see patches of the water because of the way the boats were packed.” His descriptions contrasted with the name of the bridge; it was not *Golden* at all:

“What’s that? The Golden Horn?” I asked. It looked more like the Chicago River.

“Yes,” White pants [the porter] answered, “Those boats on the left go to the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, and those on the right are excursion boats for the Isle of Princes.

(*TS* 1922)

For Hemingway, Istanbul’s main conflict lay in the clash of the popular image of the city and its realistic circumstances and of the Christians, Jews, and Muslims. The city belonged neither to the East nor the West; there were both Western and Eastern elements to the city as the taxi driver drove him to Pera where his hotel, Hotel des Londres, was located. The signs of “shop windows, banks, restaurants, saloons” were printed in four languages. The streets were filled with “tram cars,” “British officers,” “French officers,” and men “in business clothes, wearing either fezzes or straw hats.” When he reached Pera after crossing the Golden Horn Bridge, he continued to describe the district through the perspective of a North American:

Pera is the European quarter. It is higher on the hill than Galata, the business quarter, and is all strung along the one narrow, dirty, steep, cobbled, tramcar-filled street. All the public buildings of Pera are uniform in their resemblance to the square, packing-case shaped Carnegie library, and would make anybody from the States would feel at home instantly as they are exact reproductions of the type of postoffice U.S small town congressmen get for their native city in order to assure their perpetual re-election.

(TS 1922)

The Pera district was home to the consulates and embassies; Hemingway used the “Carnegie Library” analogy to emphasize the Western elements and to illustrate the political Western hegemony within the city. He noted that the American embassy looked like a Carnegie library, the square yellow building of the allied police commission also looked like a Carnegie library, and the square yellow building of the British embassy, looked even more like a Carnegie library than the other, which referred to Britain’s hegemonic role in the war. Although he sporadically dealt with the hegemony question directly in the dispatches through symbols, images, and analogies nearly all in his dispatches including “Constantinople, Dirty White, Not Glistening and Sinister,” he reiterated his political stance in the Greco-Turkish war, which was that both the Greeks and the Turks, as well as the Armenians and Jews— who had always been “the Other”— were the victims of the Western hegemony in the East. While the consulates of the Western countries were like Carnegie libraries, the Romanian and Armenian consulates, the consulates of “the Other,” could “be distinguished from the others by the long lines of their citizens, stretched out like the ticket line waiting to get into a big hockey match at the Arena, who are trying to get passports or visas.” As the Allies had their officers freely wandering around the city, the civilians who belonged to the West’s “other” category suffered in their own land:

The Armenians, Jews and, Rumanians are clearing out of Constantinople. They are selling their property at any sacrifice and getting out. The government issues statements urging them not to be foolish, assuring them that all measures of protection for the inhabitants will be taken, that patrols are being reinforced, that there is no danger. But the Armenians, Jews and Jewish Rumanians have heard all that before. It is probably all true, they reason, but we aren't going to take chances... So they go. With a history of a thousand years of massacre behind them. It is hard for the racial fear to be quieted, no matter who makes them promises. (*TS* 1922)

The Greeks, however, according to Hemingway, had “a guilty national conscience.” Upon hearing the testimonies of American relief workers and Christians, he wrote that “the Greek army in its retreat across Anatolia laid waste and burnt the Turkish villages, burnt the crops in the fields, the grain on the threshing floors and committed atrocities.” This, in return, affected the Turkish army's response which included committing similar atrocities. Hemingway expressed his concern that, in Greece and Turkey, atrocities were always followed by counter atrocities, and it was always the innocent that suffered: “The victim of the revenge was rarely the perpetrator of the original outrage.” He ended the dispatch by stating the impossibility and unreality of the entire situation. “But,” he continued, “it was all very real to the people who were looking back at the city where they were leaving their homes and businesses, all their associations and their livelihoods, because they were afraid to wait and see what would happen when the brown-faced men in fezzes, their carbines strapped on their backs, riding their shaggy, short, mountain horses” (*TS* 1922).

Ten days later, on October 28, his dispatch, “‘Old Constan’ in True Light; Is Tough Town” was published. “Old Constan” elaborated more on the portrayal of life in Istanbul, from the chaotic life on the streets to the nightlife of the city. It was Hemingway's “precise catalogue of

the city, as orderly and comprehensive as a large scale map” (Fenton 177). He reiterated the difference between the romantic and realistic views of the city with a focus on the contradiction of the notion of the exotic East and the “real” East as he experienced it. Three subtitles were added to the piece: “Dust and Dirt, Mud and Immorality, Bad Meat and Worse Booze,” “Magic of the East,” “‘Tis But a Name—Kemal Pasha Has Sworn to Clean the City Up When He Gets In,” in addition to the three sections inserted by the editors, “Dust and Mud,” “Great Town for Holidays,” and “‘Strong’ Drink—Accent Strong.”

“In the morning,” Hemingway began in “Old Constan,” “when you wake and see a mist over the Golden Horn with the minarets rising out of it slim and clean towards the sun and the Muezzin calling the faithful to prayer in a voice that soars and dips like an aria from a Russian opera, you have the magic of the east.” He had caught malaria a few days after his arrival thus his experience was far from magical. He continued, as his tone became realistic and ironic:

When you look from the window into the mirror and discover your face is covered with a mass of minute red speckles from the latest insect that discovered you last night, you have the east. There may be a happy medium between the east of Pierre Loti’s stories and the east of everyday life, but it could only be found by a man who always looked with his eyes half shut, didn’t care what he ate, and was immune to the bites of insects.

(TS 1922)

His reference to the French author, Louis-Marie-Julien Viaud, who wrote under the pseudonym, Pierre Loti, and used the exotic Middle East as the settings of his novels, reinforced Hemingway’s notion that the East’s magic existed only within books and movies. There was no magic and exoticism, yet only “dust and mud” in the city: “If it doesn’t rain in Constan the dust is so thick that a dog trotting along the road that Parallels the Pera hill side kicks up a puff like a bullet striking every time his paws hit the ground. It is almost ankle deep on a man and the wind

swirls it in clouds. If it rains, it is all mud” (*TS* 1922). The “Dust and Mud” section constituted a brilliant metaphor for the city’s political and social turmoil. The dustiness and muddiness represented both the current and the future states of Istanbul. It did not matter who would usurp the city; either the British or the Turks, for sufficient amount of damage had already been done to both the citizens and “Constan” itself. Istanbul, Hemingway believed, would take a long time to recover. In addition to its political turmoil, the city was also culturally and socially “dusty and muddy,” due to its disorderly diversity:

There are one hundred and sixty eight legal holidays in Constan. Every Friday is a Mohammedan holiday, every Saturday is a Jewish holiday, and every Sunday is a Christian holiday. In addition, there are Catholic, Mohammedan and Greek holidays during the week, not to mention Yom Kippur and the other Jewish holidays. (*TS* 1922)

He added ironically that as a result of the amount of public holidays, every young Istanbulite’s life ambition is “to work for a bank.” His ironic tone got stronger as he wrote about the food by declaring turkey “the national dish of Turkey,” since the beef was bad. “The fish is good,” he added, “but fish is a brain food and any one taking about three good doses of a brain food would leave Constant at once-even if he had to swim to do it.” As an experienced drinker, Hemingway did not like the booze in Turkey either. “Turks,” he observed, “sit in front of the little coffee houses in the narrow, blind-alley streets at all hours, puffing on their bubble-bubble pipes and drink ink deusico, the tremendously poisonous, stomach rotting drink that has a greater kick than absinthe and is so strong that it is never consumed except with a hors d’oeuvre of some sort.” After providing insight into food and drink in the city, he took on the duty of a travelogue writer and explored the night life of the city when “no one who makes any pretense of conforming to custom dines...before nine o’clock at night, the theaters open at ten, the night clubs open at two, the more respectable night clubs that is, and the disreputable night clubs open at four in the

morning.” The city, according to what he heard from the acquaintances from the British military he had met in Constantinople, was “doing a sort of dance of death before the entrée of Kemal Pasha who has sworn to stop all booze, gambling, dancing, and night clubs.” While Hemingway postulated that all the cultural and social contrasts and contradictions increased the level of tension in the city, he also implied the paradoxes were reinforced and intensified by the covetousness of the Western powers to control the city. The fact that he mentioned that citizens who were of different religions were given their own religious holidays implied the lenience that could be sustained in the city without the interference of the superior powers who created and promoted the myth of cruel “brown-faced men in fezzes” to gain social and political hegemony.

In “Waiting for an Orgy,” dated October 19, he attempted to comprehend for the readers this level of tension that was taking over the city— again, with the goal of “giving the piece life.” He defined the “tight-drawn” and “electric” tension and atmosphere creatively for his North American readers:

Take the tension that comes when the pitcher steps into the box before the packed stands at the first game of world series, multiply it by the tension that comes when the barrier snaps up, the gong clangs and they’re off at the King’s Plate at the Woodbine [Toronto racetrack], add it to the tension in your mind when you walk the floor downstairs as you wait frightened and cold waiting for someone you love, while a doctor and a nurse are doing something in a room above that you cannot help in any way, and you have something comparable to the feeling in Constantinople now. (*DT* 230)

The tension in the city affected the Armenians, Greeks, and Macedonians who either could not leave or decided to stay. He indicated his landlord who was a Greek as an example, who stated passionately that he would fight against the Turks, the French and the British. Hemingway already had acquired a good judgment regarding the culture of both Turkey and Greece; he

commented that there were many Greeks arming, which increased the danger of trouble further, “because if some Greek in a nervous hysteria takes a potshot at some Turkish celebrators the whole pot will boil over in an instant.” “I would hate to be Kemal,” he added, “with all the dangerous prestige of a great victory behind me and all these problems ahead (*DT* 231).

He described Mustafa Kemal Pasha for the first time, with no reference to his name, as “a short, bronzed-faced, blond Turk with a seasoned army of 300.000 men and a united nation at his back” (*DT* 225), in his dispatch, “Balkans: A Picture of Peace, Not War,” which he penned on his way to Constantinople in the Orient Express. The characterization of Kemal Pasha was significant, for he was a key figure in the war. In “Turks Distrust Kemal Pasha,” published on October 24, he wrote:

Mustafa Kemal Pasha a few months ago was regarded as a new Saladin by the Moslem world. He was to lead Islam into battle against Christianity and to spread a holy war through all the East. Now the East is beginning to distrust him. (*DT* 235)

He did not appear to support Kemal Pasha’s strategy to start the Turkish Independence War as explicit in his analogy of the state of Ireland and Turkey. Mustafa Kemal was “in something of the position Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins (Irish patriots who fought for independence from Britain) occupied in Ireland just before their death.” He was now, according to the rumors Hemingway had heard, considering the offers the Allies were making to him and was “making what appear to the Pan-Islamites to be humiliating compromises, and trying to salt down his winnings—always planning to try for more when these are consolidated.” These rumors he had heard regarding Kemal Pasha from Islamists were that many of the Kemalists were atheists and French Freemasons rather than good Mohammedans. He did not leave out what the Jews thought of him and wrote sardonically that “the Jews claim that Kemal is a Jew. His thin, intense, rigid face does look Jewish. But the Jews also claim Gabriele D’Annunzio and Christopher Columbus

and a thousand years or so from now may even be claiming Henry Ford” (*DT* 235). In the rest of “Turks Distrust Kemal Pasha,” and some of the other dispatches, which will be analyzed later, the characterization of Kemal Pasha was incorporated into his political commentary. “The Kemalists,” he declared, “have a treaty and alliance with Bolshevist Russia. They also have a treaty and something very like an alliance with France...One of these alliances must go.

Whichever alliance Turkey drops clears the air very little, because one big aim of the Kemalists, the aim for which they are being criticized now in their own circles for not having fulfilled, the aim which does not appear in any published pacts but that everyone in the country understands is the possession of Mesopotamia” (236). However, it is palpable that Hemingway was stating his commentaries without prejudice; he was not ever biased in the dispatches against either Kemal Pasha or his strategy, as he stated objectively at the end of the dispatch that Turkey wanted Mesopotamia for oil, and so did Great Britain. He believed that “a writer...should not judge” but “should understand” (qtd. in Fenton 155). Thus, his account of the rumors and the news was merely an opportunity for him to practice writing as “an act of conversation, of capturing transient life on paper, making it immortal in print” (Beegel 1).

When the war ended on October 11, Hemingway, along with the other war correspondents, could not go to Mudanya to cover the Conference of Mudanya that ended the war, partly because he had malaria and partly because, as he noted mockingly in “Russia Spoiling the French Game,” “there were no newspapermen allowed to see the meeting because of the attitude of a certain lieutenant colonel in charge of the press, who still believes that what the army decides as to the fate of the world is none of the world’s business” (*DT* 233). The mockery, Fenton states, “enlivened the sobriety of his basic theme,” as it “would be well received in recently demobilized Toronto, where the resentment of the English officer caste was almost a municipal characteristic” (173). In this dispatch published on October 23, he, nevertheless, covered the conference with the

information he had received from the British acquaintances in the military. The pattern of string of adjectives that he used in his first dispatch, “Constantinople is noisy, hot, hilly, dirty, and beautiful,” is used here again to create an impressionistic image of Mudanya. He described the city as a “hot, dusty, badly battered, second-rate seaport on the Sea of Marmara,” where “the West met the East” (*DT* 233). He also extended his implications in “Constantinople, Dirty White, Not Glistening and Sinister,” that the Western powers were the responsible for the war and stated that the French had bought Kemal Pasha, supplied him with arms and money, and received, in return, some oil concessions in the Near East, and that Kemal “did not look like a good buy to the British” (*DT* 233) that supported the Greeks to have control in the territory. In his explanation as to why the Greeks— which he described as “half-hearted,” “poorly officered,” and “homesick conscript invaders”— had been defeated easily, he referred to the Western hegemony and the West’s manipulation of the marginalized countries. Greek artillery was, indeed, weak and poor in terms of the quality of ammunition and officers.

“Kemal whipped the Greeks, as everybody knows,” Hemingway began in “Russia Spoiling the French Game,” “but when you realize that he was fighting a conscript army whose soldiers hated the barren country they were fighting to gain, who had been mobilized for nine years, who had no desire as men to conquer Asia Minor, and who were thoroughly fed up and becoming conscious that they were going into battle to die doing a cat’s-paw job, it was not the magnificent military achievement that it is made out to be. Especially is that shown when you realize that Kemal’s troops were fanatical patriots, anxious to drive the invaders out of their country” (*DT* 233). Since the dispatch primarily concerned Russia’s involvement in the Near East, he conveyed his thoughts and comments about the role of Russia. Kemal Pasha’s tendency to ally with Russia, according to Hemingway, was the greatest danger to the peace of the world—next to the conflict between Christianity and Islam:

If Russia is the next dominant influence in Turkey, and every sign points to the fact that she will be, there will be a great curving horn of pro-Soviet countries with the Soviet Republic of Georgia and South Russia at the base curving along the Black Sea, crossing the straits and extending up into the heart of the Balkans with Bulgaria at its point, driving a wedge between Yugoslavia and Rumania. (*DT* 234)

Along with discussing the role of Russia in the Greco-Turkish War, he covered the crucial role of Afghanistan in the political relationship between Turkey and Britain. Afghanistan had a treaty of Alliance with Turkish Nationalists signed on March 1, 1921. Afghanistan, against British imperialism, “hoped to find common cause by appealing to Islamic solidarity and latched on to the Turkish nationalists who by 1920 had begun to demonstrate a staying power under the leadership of Mustafa Kemal in resisting the British” (Hurewitz 248) and the Western Powers. Unlike formal and informative political columns on the papers, his dispatch, “Afghans: Trouble for Britain,” dated October 31, dealt with the military culture and history of the country through different characters that altered the course of its history. Hemingway’s focus was on the British imperialism in line with the main theme of the rest of his dispatches on the desire of power of Britain. “I happen to know,” Hemingway began in a conversational tone, “something about inside history contemporary Afghanistan with its aims and hatreds” (*DT* 241). He had learnt about Afghan history from an acquaintance, Shere Mohamet Khan, who lived in Rome and met Hemingway there and was now minister for war in Afghanistan. In the story he told in the dispatch (through which he also explained the tradition of war in Afghan culture) he described the minister with powerful imagery: “Shere Mohamet... was tall, dark-haired, hawk-faced, as straight as a lance, with the bird-of-prey eyes and hooked nose that mark the Afghan. He looked like a man out of the Renaissance.” The former Amir (King) of Afghanistan, Abderahman Khan “all his life... hated the English” and “was a great man, was Abderahman, a hard man, a

farseeing man and an Afghan.” Abderahman “spent his life consolidating Afghanistan into a strong nation, and in training his son,” who, “was to carry on his work, to make war on the English” (*DT* 241). Hemingway “incorporated the techniques of personal verification, political realism, and careful dialogue, and vignettes” (Fenton 178). He wrote:

The old man died. The son, Habibullah Khan, became Amir. The English invited him to come down to India, on a state visit, and he went to see what manner of people these English were. There the English got him. First they entertained him royally. They showed him many delights and they taught him to drink. I do not say he was an apt learner. He was no longer a man and an Afghan. (*DT* 241)

Habibullah Khan was killed by the Afghans when he went back to Kabul, and a grandson of the old Amir, Aminullah, was chosen to be the king. Hemingway also stated that Kemalists were training Afghan troops, who had an alliance with Mustafa Kemal, to fight against Britain in their war for Mesopotamia. He completed the dispatch with a story Shere Mohamet had told him to illustrate the Afghan spirit:

When I came home to my house in Kabul from the council that decided on the last war, my wife and my daughter had my pistols and my sword and all my kit laid out for me.

“What is it?” I said.

“Your things for the war. There is going to be a war, is there not?” said my wife.

“Yes. But I am the minister of war. I do not go to this war. The minister of war does not go to the war itself.”

My wife shook her head. “I do not understand it,” she said very haughtily. “If you are the minister of war who cannot go to war, you must resign. That is all. We would be disgraced if you did not go. (*DT* 242-243)

The language and structure of the stories in his Afghanistan dispatch was by no means a coincidence. The clear and accessible language and the sentence structure and directness which Gertrude Stein called “the Kiplingesque quality” in Hemingway’s poetry (213) could readily be detected in the dispatch. Apart from forming the stories skillfully, he also indicated the difference between the Western war spirit and that of the East, and he concluded: “That is the spirit the Kemalists trained, and armed by Russians it makes another Eastern problem that does not look easy of solution.” He pointed at the recurrence of the Western powers’ manipulation of the marginalized countries; Britain used and manipulated Greece in the same way she had used the son of Amir. Britain’s manipulation and desire for power affected the tragic defeat of Greeks in Turkey, which, Hemingway determined and feared, would kindle a new world war.

Mustafa Kemal’s characterization occupied a larger amount of space in the rest of the articles, as the significance of his role in the war increased continuously. Although Hemingway was never able to meet him, he managed to interview Kemal Pasha’s representative in Constantinople, Hamid Bey. In “Hamid Bey,” dated October 9, he not only demonstrated his skills to blend interview into the story but also created an unlikely interview dispatch in which symbols and dialogues were incorporated smoothly into his characterization of Mustafa Kemal’s representative. His characterization of Hamid Bey, who was, “big and bulky, with gray moustache, wing-collared and with a porcupine haircut” (*DT* 220), was merely, as Charles A. Fenton notes, “a foreshadowing of what a Turkish occupation of Constantinople could imply” (179). His “tucked-shirts” symbol emphasized the social distinction in the Balkans and the Near East, as he described Hamid Bey through the same symbol:

Bismarck said all men in the Balkans who tuck their shirts into their trousers are crooks.

The shirts of the peasants, of course, hang outside. At any rate, when I found Hamid

Bey—next to Kemal, perhaps the most powerful man in the Angora government—in his Stamboul office where he directs the Kemalist government in Europe—his shirt was tucked in, for he was dressed in a gray business suit. (*DT 220*)

Even though the title of the piece was “Hamid Bey,” Hamid Bey himself was not the focus of the piece. He was a defining sample of the Kemalists. His implication that Hamid Bey was a crook, which meant the Kemalists were also crooks, were reinforced by the next information he had heard that Mustafa Kemal would prohibit the manufacture and selling of alcohol in the city:

Kemal has also forbidden cardplaying and backgammon and the cafes of Bursa are dark at eight o’clock. This devotion to the laws of the prophet does not prevent Kemal himself and his staff from liking their liquor, as the American who went to Smryna to protect American tobacco, found his eight bottles of cognac made him the most popular man in Asia Minor at Kemalists headquarters. (*DT 220-221*)

Hemingway implied in “Turks Distrust Kemal Pasha,” that Kemal Pasha’s call for a holy war and prohibition of alcohol and card playing was his tactic to gain the trust of citizens who still held the Islamic values and traditions of the Ottoman Empire which had just collapsed. Kemal Pasha merely had to put on a show as a new emerging leader. From this dispatch, however, whether Hemingway knew it was merely a strategy or not, it is inferred that he disapproved of it, and he conspicuously considered Kemal Pasha and his representative “crooks.”

All seven dispatches were written in Constantinople (except “Balkans: A Picture of Peace, Not War” that he wrote in Sofia, Bulgaria on his way to Constantinople), and their impact on Hemingway permeated for a long time his efforts to write. The influence of the Greeks leaving Thrace after the victory of the Turkish troops, however, was the most permanent, for he followed the Greek refugees and saw their real human suffering and misery. This, as he constantly stated, seemed “unreal and impossible” to him.

As a result of the Armistice of Mudanya signed on October 11, the Greek evacuation from Thrace began immediately. Hemingway wrote a dispatch promptly from Constantinople before he left for Adrianople (now Edirne), “Christians Leave Thrace to Turk” in which he stated that “thousands of Christians, many hungry and with all their earthly belongings packed in their bags, trudged out of Thrace today as the cross made way for the crescent” (*DT 226*).

From Adrianople, he cabled “A Silent, Ghastly Procession,” dated October 20 in which he described the ghastliness of the human tragedy he was witnessing:

In a never ending, staggering march, the Christian population of Eastern Thrace is jamming the roads towards Macedonia. The main column crossing the Maritza River at Adrianople is twenty miles long. Twenty miles of carts drawn by cows, bullocks and muddy-flanked water buffalo, with exhausted, staggering men, women, and children, blankets over their heads, walking blindly along in the rain beside their worldly goods.
(*DT 232*)

“It is a silent procession,” Hemingway continued by emphasizing the tension of the atmosphere of the evacuation, “Nobody even grunts. It is all they can do to keep moving. Their brilliant peasant costumes are soaked and draggled. Chickens dangle by their feet from the carts. Calves nuzzle at the draught cattle wherever a jam halts the stream. An old man marches under a young pig, a scythe and a gun, with a chicken tied to his scythe.” As he established the scene vividly, he ended the dispatch by showing the hopelessness of the entire situation, as the Bulgarian frontier was shut against the refugees. Macedonia and Western Thrace were the only places “to receive the fruit of the Turk’s return to Europe.” He continued to show his deep concern for the half a million refugees in Macedonia. “How they are to be fed, nobody knows,” he wrote, “but in the next month all the Christian world will hear their cry: ‘Come over into Macedonia and help us!’”

From Muradli, Eastern Thrace, around eighty miles to the west of Constantinople, he cabled his dispatch, "The Greek Revolt," dated November 3, in which he continued to portray the scene of evacuation and also explained the politics of the Greek cause. "All day," he wrote, "I have been passing them, dirty, tired, unshaved, wind-bitten soldiers hiking along the trails across the brown, rolling, barren Thracian countryside. No bands, no relief organizations, no leave areas, nothing but lice, dirty blankets, and mosquitos at night. They are the last of the glory that was Greece. This is the end of their second siege of Troy" (*DT* 245). He included an "inside story," as he had done in his Afghanistan dispatch. A captain Hemingway had met, Captain Wittal of the Indian Cavalry, who was attached to the Greek army in Anatolia as an observer during the Greek war with Kemal, told him "the intrigue that led to the breakdown of the Greek army in Asia Minor." Greeks' own leader, King Constantine, according to Captain Wittal's story, had betrayed them, as, when he "came into power all the officers of the army in the field were suddenly scrapped, from the commander-in-chief down to platoon commander." "These officers," Wittal continued to explain, "had many of them been promoted from the ranks, were good soldiers and splendid leaders. They were removed and their places filled with new officers of the Tino [Constantine] party, most of them had spent the war in Switzerland or Germany and had never heard a shot fired. That caused a complete breakdown of the army and was responsible for the Greek defeat" (*DT* 245). Peter Lecouras, in his article, "Hemingway in Constantinople" claims that Hemingway suggested that the Greek defeat and the tragedy they were going through were deserved, for it was "the result of poor and cowardly leadership and emotional weakness on the part of the Greeks that is its own betrayal" (30). Hemingway's tone, however, had been angry with the government and Western hegemony, not the Greeks themselves to whom he was sympathetic in the dispatches about the evacuation. In fact, he aimed to demonstrate the

victimization of the Greeks, soldiers and farmers, both by their own government and Britain rather than attempting to suggest that their fear and distress were deserved:

Might-have-beens are a sad business and the end of the Greek military power is sad enough as it is, but there is no blame for it to be given to the Greek common soldier... The army waited, not believing that their government would sign the Mudania convention, but it did, and the army, being soldiers, are getting out. (*DT* 244)

With the Greek evacuation dispatches, Hemingway completed his Turkey assignment on October 18 and wrote his last dispatch for the *Star* on his way to Paris while riding through Bulgaria, mailed it on October 23, and it was published on November 14. "Refugee Procession is Scene of Horror," consisted of three subtitles added by the editors, "Evacuation Carried Out Under the Supervision of Greek Soldiers," "Not Very Gentle," and "Roads are Filled With Carts and Sadder, Fleeing People." The dispatch was the last detailed account of his experiences and the horror during the evacuation and was published under four sections: "'Shot' Burning Village," "An Endless Procession," "A Motley Throng," and "Are All Alike." His melancholy, bleakness, and sadness were explicit; pretending "to a retrospective softening of the horror" (Fenton 184), he began:

In a comfortable train with the horror of the Thracian evacuation behind me, it is already beginning to seem unreal. That is the boon of our memories. I have described the evacuation in a cable to the *Star* from Adrianople. It does no good to go over it again. The evacuation still keeps up. No matter how long it takes this letter to get to Toronto, as you read this in the *Star* you may be sure that the same ghastly, shambling procession of people being driven from their homes is filing in unbroken line along the muddy road to Macedonia. A quarter of a million people take a long time to move. (*TS* 1922)

Neither in “A Silent, Ghastly Procession” nor in “The Greek Revolt” did he describe Adrianople; the city itself, for his focus was on the evacuation. In “Refugee Procession is Scene of Horror,” he created a portrayal of the city in his pattern of eliminating the timelessness of the piece. The chaos in Adrianople was much worse than in Constantinople: “Adrianople itself,” he wrote, “is not a pleasant place. Dropping off the train at 11 o’clock, I found the station a mud hole crowded with soldiers, bundles, bedsprings, bedding, sewing machines, babies, broken carts, all in the mud and drizzling rain. Kerosene flares lit up the scene. The stationmaster told me he had shipped fifty-seven cars of retreating troops to Western Thrace that day. The telegraph wires were all out. There were more troops piling up and no means to evacuate them” (*TS* 1922). The scene was full of horror, but, as Fenton states, it was ghastlier from being lit only with kerosene flares; it was one of those “very simple things,” as Hemingway explained later, which he attempted to make “permanent,” (185): a simple image that changed the whole image of the scene. “The mud” and “the drizzling rain” also added political dimension through the underlying context of the entire evacuation, which was the obscurity of the future of the refugees. In a “mud hole,” which created chaos, the opposing images, “Babies” and “soldiers” and “sewing machines” and “broken carts” became intertwined. The scene summed up the entire theme of the evacuation for Hemingway, which was injustice to the innocent.

Upon the stationmaster’s warning that the only place to stay around was Madame Marie’s, “a big, slovenly Croatian woman,” Hemingway reached her place “through mud puddles and... sloughs that were too deep to go through.” He was told by a Frenchman, who answered the door bare feet, that there was no room but he could sleep on the floor if he had his own blankets. A car came in just then from Rodosto on the Sea of Marmara with two cameramen who offered Hemingway one of their cots to sleep on. He brilliantly created a sketch of these men, one of who was a “moving picture operator”; through their dialogue and characterization, he dealt with the

general indifference towards the tragic human suffering. In the big picture, Shorty's indifference represented the rest of the world's disregard of refugees' cry for help and thus of the fundamental values of humanity in terms of cognizance for the marginalized:

The taller of the movie men, who was called 'Shorty,' told me they had had an awful trip... "Got some swell shots of a burning village today." Shorty pulled off the other boot. "Shoot it from two or three directions and it looks like a regular town on fire. Gee. I'm tired. This refugee business is hell all right. Man sure sees awful things in this country." In two minutes he was snoring. (*TS* 1922)

Unlike Shorty, Hemingway who was physically weak as well as mentally and emotionally could not sleep throughout the night. "I woke up about one o'clock with a bad chill," he recalled, "part of my Constantinople acquired malaria, killed mosquitos who had supped too heavily to fly away from my face, waited out the chill, took a big dose of aspirin and quinine and went back to sleep. Repeated the process along toward morning." When he woke up and the first sight was Shorty's film box and the cots which were "crawling with lice," he stated:

I have been lousy during the war, but I have never seen anything like Thrace. If you looked at any article of furniture, or any spade on the wall steadily for a moment you saw it crawl, not literally crawl, but move in greasy, minute specks. (*TS* 1922)

He, then, returned to the procession. The two cameramen were leaving for Rodosto and Constantinople, and Hemingway rode with them "along the stone road past the procession of refugees into Adrianople. "Outside it was drizzling," he wrote, "at the end of the muddy side street we were on I could see the eternal procession of humanity moving slowly along the great stone road that runs from Adrianople across the Maritza valley to Karagatch and then divides into other roads that cross the rolling country into Western Thrace and Macedonia." Along the procession, he observed an intriguing scene in which the Greeks soldiers, who were controlling

the evacuation, cruelly bullied Turkish peasants who were riding the carts back to Thrace “against the main current:” “The Turks looked sullen and very frightened. They had reason to be.” When a Turkish peasant turned his cart into the main road instead of turning into the right as pointed out by the Greek soldier, the Greek soldier “stood up and smashed him in the small of the back with his rifle butt.” “The Turk,” he continued, “he was ragged, hungry looking Turk farmer, fell out of the cart on to his face, picked himself up in terror and ran down the road like a rabbit. A Greek cavalryman saw him running, kicked spurs into his horse and rode the Turk down. Two Greek soldiers and the cavalryman picked him up, smashed him in the face a couple of times, he shouting at the top of his voice all the time, and he was led, bloody-faced and wild-eyed, back to his cart and told to drove on” (*TS* 1922). Lecouras interprets this scene as Hemingway’s suggestion that the Turks were the victims. “More important,” he postulates, “by pointing out to this example of cruelty perpetuated by Greeks against Turks, Hemingway ignores the moral claims of half-million Greeks who are displaced of war” (33). The horrible scene Hemingway portrayed, however, proves his unbiased stance; he was neither on the side of the Greeks nor of the Turks in the Greco-Turkish war. He merely wrote what he saw and how he felt about the things he saw in a humanitarian approach, overtly bleak and ashamed on behalf of humanity. Although the Kemalists won Thrace back, it was always the innocent that was the victim. He showed that the Turkish civilians suffered, too, along with the Greek civilians.

Hemingway completed his last dispatch with a conversation with Madame Marie, the owner of the motel. Since all the wires were cut in Adrianople, he found an Italian colonel who was going back to Constantinople and secured his promise to mail his cable for Hemingway the following day. While following the procession, his fever got high, and he went back to Madame Marie’s. As he was drinking “a bottle of sickly sweet Thracian wine” that she had brought for him to take his quinine with, Madam Marie, “sitting in her great bulk down at the table and

scratching her chin,” said that she would not care when the Turks came (*TS* 1922) Hemingway’s conversation with Madame Marie contributed to his characterization of her and her indifference towards the war: an indifference that was different from that of the two cameramen. Her indifference represented the same sort of indifference the Greeks and the Turks and everyone else who was involved in the conflict had. It was the sort of indifference that resulted from exhaustion of the whole conflicted history and from getting accustomed to the recurrent conflicts between the two countries:

“They’re all the same. The Greeks and Turks and Bulgars. They’re all the same.” She accepted a glass of wine. ‘I’ve seen them all. They’ve all had Karagatch.’”

“Who are the best?” I asked.

“Nobody. They are all the same. The Greek officers sleep here and then will come the Turk officers. Someday the Greeks will come back again. They all pay me.” I filled up her glass.

“But the poor people who are out there in the road.” I couldn’t get the horror of that twenty-mile-long procession out of my mind, and I had seen some dreadful things that day.

“Oh well.” Madame Marie shrugged, “It is always that way with the people. *Toujours la meme chose*. The Turk has a proverb, you know. He has many good proverbs. ‘It is not only the fault of the axe but of the tree as well. That is his proverb.’

That is his proverb all right. (*TS* 1922)

The procession was difficult to watch; it was a rough and vivid portrayal of human tragedy. In 1922, its horror had not been recognized internationally yet; Hemingway was one of the few journalists who experienced it and entailed recognition of the shockingly terrifying human misery. His overall experience in Turkey was not pleasant, for he had to endure the war

atmosphere and its stringencies. His misery, however, increased with his contact with malaria. “After I picked up the fever I felt very depressed about my work and when I felt too bad to go on the destroyer to Mytilene everything looked black,” he wrote in a letter to John Bone on October 27 (*The Letters of Ernest Hemingway* 357). Even though his duty as a war correspondent was rendered more challenging due to his fever, Hemingway had to see the tragedy himself, as wars were the only places where he could see life and death (*Death in the Afternoon* 2), and tragedy and death inspired him. “I was trying to learn to write,” he wrote recalling the period after 1920s, “commencing with the simplest things, and one of the simplest things of all and the most fundamental is violent death” (2). If his Turkish experience had been a pleasantly comfortable one, it would not have been intriguing for him; nor would it have inspired him to continue to write.

Chapter 3

The Political, Cultural, and Social Reflection of Hemingway's Experience in Turkey in His Short Fiction

“Now he would never write the things that he had saved to write until he knew well enough to write them.”

Hemingway, “The Snows of Kilimanjaro”

Hemingway's experience and knowledge of war and tragedy assumed a new dimension in Turkey; some things he did not include in his dispatches but saved for his fiction. “In his creative work,” Fenton states, “he made far more use of what he learned from the military catastrophe; he told Malcolm Cowley, in fact, that he ‘really learned about war’ in the Near East” (183). Although he had been in Italy during the Great War, he had not seen or experienced such tragedy of human suffering as he did in Adrianople, Turkey in 1922. He believed he captured the “timelessness” in his reports; however, it was harder to manage in the stories:

In writing for a newspaper you told what happened and, with one trick or another, you communicated the emotion aided by the element of timelessness which gives a certain emotion to any account of something that has happened that day; but the real thing, the sequence of motion and fact which made the emotion and which would be as valid in a year or in ten years or, with luck and if you stated it purely enough, always, was beyond me and I was working very hard to try to get it. (*DIA 2*)

He wrote “On the Quai at Smyrna” and three vignettes in *In Our Time* as his first response to the Greco-Turkish war. Later, “The Snows of Kilimanjaro,” “Old Man at the Bridge,” and “God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen,” too, were written, under the influence of his Turkish experience,

reflecting his principle of getting “the real thing,” which, “made the emotion.” He was able to explore his motives and objectives of his writing style through the dispatches:

I was trying to write then (referring to when he was back from his duties as a war correspondent) and I found the greatest difficulty, aside from knowing truly what you really felt, rather than what you were supposed to feel, and had been taught to feel, was to put down what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced. (*DIA 2*)

Hemingway had, what Gertrude Stein defined as, “the intellectual passion for exactitude in the description of inner and outer reality” while writing his dispatches, and in his short fiction he achieved the “simplification” of the language and of the narration “by this concentration...as a result of the destruction of associational emotion” (211). When he was back to Paris after the Greco-Turkish war, he spent a great amount of time with Stein when she was instructing her writing principle that emphasized “the way of seeing what the writer chooses to see, and the relation between that vision and the way it gets down.” The incomplete vision, as only the writer had it, lead to flat and simple words, and there was no way to be mistaken about “getting it down real” (Stein 214). It was around this time, when Stein promoted her writing principles, Hemingway started to write the short stories that were compiled in *In Our Time*.

“On the Quai in Smyrna,” the opening story of the collection, was not included in the 1925 edition of *In Our Time*. When the book was republished in the 1930 Scribner’s edition, it was inserted as the first story. Both “On the Quai in Smyrna” and the vignettes were created in the style of his dispatches, overtly under the influence of his reporting and Stein’s theories of “simplicity” and “the destruction of the emotion.” As Hemingway used the events he had both witnessed and heard of in the Greco-Turkish war, he developed and practiced his new elliptic and

aesthetic style by deliberately omitting the historical and political context that he had provided in his dispatches:

If a writer of prose knows what he is writing he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them. The dignity of movement of an iceberg is due to only one-eighth of it being above the water. A writer who omits things because he does not know them only makes hollow places in his writing. (*DIA* 192)

According to Hemingway's prominent iceberg theory, what is omitted in good fiction strengthens the story. Susan F. Beegel in her book *Hemingway's Craft of Omission* writes:

Hadley Richardson's germinal concept does not mention omission, but describes an invisible structural element—"the scheme behind any subject," "the form back of the material,"—which, "like icebergs," gives depth and support to the visible fiction.

Hemingway carries Hadley's idea one step further by defining this structural element, the underwater part of iceberg, as an omission. The thing eliminated that gives a story its "dignity movement" can be "anything" the writer knows. (89)

His minimalistic style was also a reflection of how he felt about the war. As he emphasized in the dispatches several times that he had never seen anything like Thrace, his vision of both the Greco-Turkish and Great War as concepts which cannot be faced directly was reflected in the stories. As Jim Barloon states:

War, Hemingway seems to be suggesting—if only by omission—cannot be...rendered in a direct, sustained narrative...The stories offer only oblique, passing glimpses at the horrific reality that underlies so much of the collection. Hemingway's famous "minimalist" approach as from his apprehension—conscious and otherwise—of war as something too large, terrible, and mentally overwhelming to grasp in its entirety.

Perhaps all one can do in the modern wasteland the Great War has wrought is to shore up fragments against one's ruin" (6).

The omission of events and emotions helped Hemingway stick to the general principles introduced by Stein by also letting him write authentically in his own way. His unique war experiences were the consummate materials for his stories on which he imaginatively worked. The Great Fire of Smyrna, for instance, was amongst the things he never extensively mentioned in his dispatches but used later in his stories. He did not include the Great Fire of Smyrna into any of his dispatches, mostly because the incident had occurred a few weeks before he reached Turkey. He never experienced it, nor did he ever go to Smyrna. He only incorporated the fire into his last dispatch, "Refugee Procession is Scene of Horror," which was situated under the editor's subtitle, "Shot' Burning Village," in which he briefly mentioned there was a city burning; he added no specific details regarding the incident. Thus, the fire of Smyrna and the stories he heard from the British soldiers he had met appear to be some of the materials he saved particularly for his short fiction, as "On the Quai in Smyrna" deals with the aftermath of the fire with no specific reference to its historical context.

The story begins with the narrator who frames the story introducing the speaker, "he," to the reader; both the narrator and the speaker, a British senior officer, remain anonymous. It is only twice that the reader is reminded there is a narrator apart from the speaker within the story. There is no larger context than the "immediate events" the speaker refers to, as Jeffrey Meyers notes, "in order to achieve a concentration and intensity of focus—a spotlight rather than a stage" (98), which was the crucial part of Hemingway's new style. The horrifying images and the ironic tone that the British officer maintains throughout the story convey the terror of the moment by focusing on the damage the war had brought upon the civilians as well as the helpless soldiers. The terrifying image of people screaming every night at the beginning of the story contrasts with

the sardonic tone of the speaker as he continues in a casual manner: “I do not know why they screamed at that time. We were in the harbor and they were all on the pier and at midnight they started screaming. We used to turn the searchlight on them to quiet them” (*IOT* 9). The officer does know why they screamed at night. The officer’s past war experiences, however, force him towards a denial in irony for his own emotional comfort with Hemingway applying the “destruction of emotions” principle to the story.

The historical context Hemingway omitted was the Great Fire that began around September 13 and lasted for two days. Not many refugees could make their way onto the Allied ships in the harbor the whole time. Neither Britain nor France, the Allies who supported Greece at the beginning of the war, helped the refugees who had some relief only when the first Greek ships arrived in the harbor to help the passengers on September 24. Virtually 250,000 refugees crammed the waterfront and were forced to remain there under barbaric and inhuman conditions as well as under the constant threat of brutality and violence for nearly two weeks. Britain, which merely cared for its own political benefits, could not care any less about the refugees, for it could not risk losing its political and economic foothold in Turkey to France— or to other western powers (Stewart 67). Thus, the British officers who were in the harbor had the order not to help the refugees. The British officer in the story, too, only witnessed the horror and the shame and could do nothing to save the victims of the tragedy, which was exactly Hemingway’s emotions when he reported the evacuation in the *Star*, as the tone and mood of his dispatches suggested: helpless and desperate. The things the British officer in the story witnessed appear to have surpassed his perception, and in a surreal way death and misery looked casual to him:

The worst, he said, were the women with dead babies. You couldn’t get the women to give up their dead babies. They’d have babies dead for six days... Then there was an old lady... We were clearing them off the pier, had to clear off the dead ones, and this old

woman was lying on a sort of litter. They said, ‘Will you look at her, sir?’ So I had a look at her and just then she died and went absolutely stiff. Her legs drew up and she drew up from the waist and went quite rigid... You didn’t mind the women who were having babies as you did those with the dead ones. They had them all right. Surprising how few of them died. You just covered them over with something and let them go to it. They’d always pick out the darkest place in the hold to have them. (*IOT* 10)

In fact, the officer seems to have witnessed a lot more than he could handle, and irony becomes a tool for him to hide from both his conscience and from the things he had seen and would continue to see. The officer goes on to talk about an incident when a Turkish officer complained about a made-up insult from another British officer. He lies to the Turkish officer and tells him “the man would be most severely dealt with. Oh most rigorously” (10). The Turkish officer feels “topping about it,” and the British officer states that they were “great friends.” Through this episode, Hemingway demonstrates the nonsense and the randomness of war as well as the fake relationship of the countries. This section, as Peter Smith suggests, “illustrates the absurdity of how people are chosen for pain and punishment—seemingly at random and without regard for guilt or innocence. Although the innocent gunner’s mate will not actually be punished by the British officer, this is also due to a random chance. Had another man been senior officer at the time, or had the Turkish officer been given a chance to punish the man himself, the fate of the gunner’s mate might have been quite different” (161). The gunner’s mate, to reinforce Hemingway’s perspective in the war as suggested in his dispatches, symbolizes the innocent civilian Greeks and Turks. Those who die are babies, children, and old women, “casualties of war, or of life,” not soldiers and officers killed in action (Barloon 12). The innocent had been at the mercy of the Western powers, victimized by the competition of hegemony in the Near East throughout history. To take this view of Hemingway on the Greco-Turkish War further, he

illustrates how even the soldiers and officers were victimized by their powerful superiors through the story of a Turkish officer who had “fired a few blank charges” at the speaker’s ship. “Kemal,” he says, “came down and sacked the Turkish commander. For exceeding his authority or some such thing. He got a bit above himself” (*IOT* 11). War, both the Greco-Turkish War and war in general, “in his time,” was simply about the war of political and economic hegemony. “The Greeks were nice chaps too,” the officer prepares to end the story, “when they evacuated they had all their baggage animals they couldn’t take off with them so they just broke their forelegs and dumped them into the shallow water. All those mules with their forelegs broken pushed over into the shallow water” (11-12). He completes it, stating sardonically: “it was all a pleasant business. My words yes a most pleasant business” (12). This irony, as Smith suggests, “reflects what the officer has learned about how one should respond to” the war’s brutality: “through stoic suppression of one’s emotions” (162). The last image of the story, animals with broken legs dumped into the shallow water, was an image that haunted Hemingway: “I had just come from the Near East, where the Greeks broke the legs of their baggage and transport animals and drove and shoved them off the quay into the shallow water when they abandoned the city of Smyrna” (*DIA* 2). The refugees were no different from those animals, indeed; Turkey forced them to evacuate the place they had called “home,” the Allies withdrew their promised support, the Bulgarian frontier was shut against them, and their future was nothing but obscure. They were being treated like baggage animals dumped in shallow water after their forelegs were broken by their own government. Those who witnessed this tragedy including Hemingway hid behind the control of their emotion and irony in order not to have a break down. Hemingway’s own use of irony as an emotional defense as seen in the dispatches is reflected in the British officer and the narrator in “On the Quai at Smyrna,” as both characters overtly refrain from admitting how the outcome of the fire and evacuation affected them.

This stoic emotional control prevails in the vignettes as well; “Chapter II,” the most powerful Greco-Turkish vignette, is primarily based on the *Star* article, “Refugee Procession is Scene of Horror.” In this short chapter, Hemingway portrays the horror of the evacuation vividly through an unnamed narrator, who, like the British officer in “On the Quai in the Smyrna,” controls his emotions and recalls the incident with a distance in a reportorial way so as not to lose control. Every single detail in the story, from the minarets to the carts, derives from Hemingway’s own observations that reinforce the image of horror and inhumanity. “Minarets stuck up in the rain out of Adrianople across the mud flats,” the narrator begins, “the carts were jammed for thirty miles along Karagatch road. Water buffalo and cattle were hauling carts through the mud. There was no end and no beginning. Just carts loaded with everything they owned” (*IOT* 23). “Rain,” “Mud flats,” “Jammed Carts,” symbolize the terror and misery of the evacuation as well as providing a solid background for the atmosphere of the horror. “Minarets,” which are symbols of purity and religion, blend into the scene of mud and dirt and lose the inculpability they represent. As in “On the Quai,” Hemingway deliberately omits the historical context in this vignette; the only explicit evidence that this could be an outcome of a war or of a military conflict is when the narrator says, “Greek cavalry herded along the procession.” His use of the word, “herded,” in the Greek cavalry line, “underscores the dehumanizing effect of war, where human beings, mostly ‘old men and women’ and children are herded like cattle” (Barloon 12). The core of the vignette is, again, the victimization of civilians, with the images of “old men and women” soaking through and walking along keeping the cattle moving, “young women and “children...in the carts, crouched with mattresses, mirrors, sewing machines, bundles,” and “carts” all “jammed solid on the bridge with camels bobbing along through them” (*IOT* 23). In the midst of the chaos, the narrator sees “a woman having a baby with a young girl holding a blanket over her and crying,” and he states,

“scared sick looking at it. It rained all through evacuation.” In “Refugee Procession is Scene of Horror,” Hemingway writes with similar images and in the same reportorial way:

I walked five miles with the refugee procession along the road, dodging camels, that swayed and grunted along, past flat-wheeled ox carts piled high with bedding, mirrors, furniture, pig tied flat, mothers huddled under the blankets with their babies, old men and women leaning on the back of the buffalo carts and just keeping their feet moving, their eyes on the road and their heads sunken, ammunition mules, mules loaded with stacks of rifles, tied together like wheat sheaves... Thracian peasantry, plodding along in the rain, leaving their homes behind. (*DT* 251)

In the dispatches in which he practiced the simplicity of language more, he did not refrain from revealing his emotions about the tragedy; in his fiction he blended the simple language with the destruction of emotions. “Chapter II,” however, includes an implication of emotion, with the line, “Scared sick looking at it.” Hemingway inserts the emotion in the vignette in such a subtle way (without a subject) that the reader tends to surmise it may be either the young girl who was “scared sick looking at it,” or the narrator himself. Nevertheless, through this ambiguity, the narrator still withholds himself and conceals behind the feelings of the young girl, as he actually explains how he feels about the entire evacuation: “Scared sick looking at it.” This line, Barloon states, “disrupts the uninflected surface of the prose and strikes a discordant minor chord that continues to reverberate beyond the conclusion of the piece” (12). The last line, “it rained throughout the evacuation,” Barloon argues, “modulates” the story “back to the major strain” (12), which demonstrates the narrator’s attempt to recover from his admittance and acknowledgement of this emotional cost of what he had seen and experienced.

The influence of the political context of the Greco-Turkish War appears in the same horrific manner in “Chapter V” where a narrator witnesses the shooting of “six cabinet ministers at half-

past six in the morning against the wall of a hospital” (*IOT* 63). Unlike the previous two pieces, in this vignette, Hemingway does not offer any clues as to what the incident could be about, except that it is a military operation. His focus is on the emotional impact of the incident, which is told, in the same vein as “On the Quai” and “Chapter II” in a reportorial and clear way.

The shooting incident in “Chapter V” really occurred in 1922 following the defeat of Greeks. As to how it happened, however, accounts differ. As Turkey defeated Greece and drove the Thracians out of the country, a national crisis broke out in Greece ruled by King Constantine. Colonel Plastiras and Gonatas who led a revolutionary committee of officers took on the powers of the royal ruling. As King Constantine left the country, the throne passed to his son, George, King George II, on September 17 (Campbell and Sherrad 127). In November, at nearly eleven in the morning, King’s former prime ministers, Demetrious Gounaris, Petros Protopapadakis and Nicholas Stratos; former ministers, George Baltatzis, Nicholas Theotokis, and former commander in chief in Ionia, George Hadjanestis were arrested and executed. They had just been removed from the prison where they got the death verdict, as they were adjusted guilty of high treason and responsible for the debacle in the Near East (Hagemann 196). The narrator in Hemingway’s story recounts:

One of the ministers was sick with typhoid. Two soldiers carried him downstairs and out into the rain. They tried to hold him up against the wall but he sat down in a puddle of water. The other five stood very quietly against the wall. Finally the officer told the soldiers it was no good trying to make him stand up. (63)

Hemingway stayed true to the incident; one of the former Prime Ministers, Gounaris, was sick with typhoid indeed, and had to have support to stand up against the wall. Hadjanestis stood at attention, and the six ministers were shot from a distance of six meters and they were immediately buried by their families in a cemetery in Athens (Hagemann 196). Hemingway, once

again, proves his ability to re-create actual incidents; basing his stories on actual incidents and “giving them life” with imagination is Hemingway’s practice in “Chapter V,” as well as in the other *In Our Time* pieces. He completely omits the name of the ministers and the historical context, for Hemingway practices preventing incidents and the material being “the cause of emotion” and “even the emotion itself from being the cause” of his fiction (Stein 211) In line with Stein’s principle, the cause of emotion and the focus in “Chapter V” is “an exact reproduction” of reality—the immediacy and honesty of the narration, which Hemingway provides with imagery and descriptions in the vignette: “There were wet dead leaves on the paving of the courtyard. It rained hard. All the shutters of the hospital were nailed shut” (63). The descriptions of the hospital at the beginning of the story with “rain,” “shutters all closed tightly,” “water,” mud,” and “wet dead leaves,” reflect the perniciousness of the moment and stir emotions in the reader, not the incident itself. The ending line of the vignette also becomes a metaphor for life and death in the big picture: “when they fired the first volley he [the minister who was sick] was sitting down in the water with his head on his knees” (63). Grounaris could not stand up against the wall, yet he was not “sitting down in the water with his head on his knees,” either (Hagemann 196). Hemingway’s use of the image of someone who is about to die sitting with his head on his knees evokes the image of an unborn baby in the womb. The image of the officer being killed in the same position as he was born reiterates the paradoxical yet fundamental relationship between life and death and innocence and injustice, which he witnessed in the Near East.

In Our Time opens with “On the Quai in Smyrna” and ends with “L’evoi,” “Chapter XVI,” the last vignette in the collection, which is also the third chapter written under the influence of the politics of the Greco-Turkish War. It is an account of an unnamed narrator’s encounter with a king whose name is omitted. The narrator recalls in “Chapter XVI”:

The king was working in the garden. He seemed very glad to see me. We walked through the garden. "This is the queen," he said. She was clipping a rose bush. We sat down at a table under a big tree and the king ordered whisky and soda. "We have good whiskey anyway," he said. The revolutionary committee, he told me, would not allow him to go outside the palace grounds. 'Plastiras is a very good man, I believe,' he said, 'but frightfully difficult. I think he did it right, though, shooting those chaps. If Kerensky had shot a few men things might have been altogether different. Of course, the great thing in this sort of an affair is not to be shot oneself. (IOT 213)

The king whose name Hemingway omits in the chapter is King George II of Greece, and the queen is his wife, Elizabeth of Romania. After a royalist coup d'état had been suppressed in October 1923, George felt compelled to leave Greece on December 19 with his wife, Elizabeth upon Plastira's request, the commander who had started the revolution. In March 1924, King George was unseated when the Greek National Assembly voted the end of the monarchy and a republic was proclaimed (Sulzberger 302). Hemingway never met the King or the Queen; however, the cameramen he had met in Adrianople at Madame Marie's (Shorty Wornall whom Hemingway mentions in "Refugee Procession is Scene of Horror") told him about his encounter with the royal couple. Hemingway wrote a dispatch for the *Star* about Shorty's experience on September 15, 1923. When Hemingway ran into his "old pal" Shorty a year after his Near East duty, Shorty showed Hemingway the invitation letter he had received from King George:

"Say," said Shorty, "that George is a fine kid."

"What George?" I asked

"Why, the king," said Shorty. "Didn't you meet him? You know who I mean. The new one."

"I never met him," I said.

“Oh, he’s a wonderful kid,” said Shorty... “Why, you know I went out there in the afternoon with my camera. We drove into the palace grounds past a lot of these big tall babies in ballet skirts with their rifles held at salute. I got out and he came walking down the drive and shook hands and said: “Hello. How have you been, Mr. Wornall?” We went out for a walk around the grounds and there was the queen clipping a rosebush. “This is the queen,” said George. “How do you do?” she said... The king was glad to have somebody to talk to. We had whiskey and soda at a table under a big tree. The king said it was no fun being shut up there. They hadn’t given him any money since the revolution, and wouldn’t let any aristocracy visit him. They wouldn’t let him go outside the grounds.” (*DT* 295-96)

Later, Shorty told Hemingway that he had only stayed in the palace for a couple of hours and that the king had said they might meet in the States sometime, and like all the Greeks, he wanted to get over to the States.

Hemingway found Shorty’s encounter to be intriguing material for a vignette; he not only bases the story on that of Shorty but also uses Shorty’s exact words. He also refers to the ministers that were shot in “Chapter V”: “shooting those chaps,” which, given the historical context, connects the two chapters. The story, in the face of being clearly based on Shorty’s story, is still truly “Hemingwayan” and distinct from the story he typed in his article with his emphasis on the immediacy of the event to achieve concentration and intensity. When the background that has been left out is recognized, the details become complete like puzzle pieces fitting together. The exclusion of some information helps Hemingway “achieve the effect of immediate experience” (Meyers 99). The minimization of the details and omission of the historical context strengthens the story with the ironic statement of the last line of the story: “It was very jolly. We talked for a long time. Like all Greeks he wanted to go to America” (213). Shorty’s conversation

with the king, in reality, was “frightfully dull,” but Hemingway’s king does not appear to be displeased, and the narrator’s attitude towards the entire encounter renders the chapter ironic, for he finds the conversation about the exile and the ministers who were shot “jolly.” Anyone would think exile would be awfully dull; Hemingway makes the same statement, but in his distinctly sardonic way. He changes Shorty’s story into an artistic piece that completes his collection of stories masterfully with the “timelessness” theory; Hemingway’s story, packed with irony, renders the historical exile of King George more interesting, as he uses irony as a way to omit the tedium. Paul Fussell notes that Hemingway writes “compellingly of how irony pervades the collective memory of those who participated in the ‘satire of circumstance’ that was World War I,” (qtd. in Beegel 91). Fussell suggests that “now the mythos of irony has come to replace redemptive tragedy for the postwar world.... Irony, of course, is another technique of omission, dependent on the reader’s recognition that the experience expressed in the text is at odds with other, omitted experience.” Hemingway, after his first experience in Italy in the Great War and the second experience of the Greco-Turkish War, wrote through an “ironic world view” that he shared with his generation. In the story collection, from “On the Quai in Smyrna” to “L’evoi,” he demonstrates the scope of the politics of war and how far its damage can stretch through its effect on the innocent civilians, ministers being shot, and even on the kings sent to exile in “their” time.

In 1936, Hemingway recapitulated his views on war in “Old Man at the Bridge,” by alluding to the Greek procession. The story is narrated by an unnamed soldier whose duty is to watch the bridge through which the refugees are fleeing the Fascist army. As he watches the townspeople evacuate, he encounters an old man “with steel rimmed spectacles and very dusty clothes sat by the side of the road” (*CSSEH* 57). The old man who sits by the bridge, without any political agenda, is concerned about his animals that he has left behind while everybody else is evacuating the town. The setting and time is entirely different than that of Greco-Turkish War; it is the

Spanish Civil War and the late 1930's yet, the victims of another war do not alter. Hemingway's descriptions of this tragedy are primarily based on the descriptions of the procession in "Chapter V" in *In Our Time*:

The mule-drawn carts staggered up the steep bank from the bridge with soldiers helping push against the spokes of the wheels. The trucks ground up and away heading out of it all and the peasants plodded along in the ankle deep dust. But the old man sat there without moving. He was too tired to go any farther. (57)

Old men and women and children on carts are leaving their "homes" and "lives" behind in this story too; once again, it is the innocent people who suffer as a consequence of the war. As the soldier talks to the old man, he finds out that he is "without politics," "can go no further," since he is exhausted, has nowhere to go, and is concerned about the animals he was taking care of—in the midst of the war:

"And you have no family?" I asked, watching the far end of the bridge where a few last carts were hurrying down the slope of the bank.

"No," he said, "only the animals I stated. The cat, of course, will be all right. A cat can look out for itself, but I cannot think what will become of the others." (58)

The old man at the bridge represents the innocent and exhausted civilians whose lives have been extirpated by wars, albeit "without politics." The bridge, like the Maritza Valley division into Western Thrace and Macedonia across Adrianople, becomes a crossroad for the refugees who move on to the obscure; sitting at the bridge, the old man refuses to leave. This struggle evinces the power of war to drive those affected by it insane:

"If you are rested I would go," I urged. "Get up and try to walk now."

“Thank you,” he said and got to his feet, swayed from side to side and then sat down backwards in the dust. “I was taking care of animals,” he said dully, but no longer to me. “I was only taking care of animals.” (58)

The old man’s concern for his animals also evokes a contrast with the image of Greek’s breaking the forelegs of their baggage animals and dumping them into the water during the evacuation, as mentioned earlier, an image that continued to haunt Hemingway long after he left Adrianople. Hemingway often wrote about the carts replete with miserable people, yet for the first time, his focus is on an old lonesome civilian during an evacuation. While, for Greeks, there was more to care for than animals, their wives and children, his animals are all the old man has. Hemingway may be taking a step further from the Greco-Turkish War and implying the dismantlement of family as a result of war and evacuation through the old man whose family is, perhaps, long gone; all he has is “two goats and a cat” and “four pairs of pigeons” as a replacement for his family. This subtle difference between the two evacuations demonstrates the worsening condition of world peace and its retrogressive and incendiary effect on the innocent. The story appears to be reinforcing the shame Hemingway felt on behalf of humanity during the Greco-Turkish War. The old man’s exhaustion and hopelessness further symbolize Hemingway’s own hopelessness for peace of the world after all the suffering he had witnessed.

In “God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen” from the story collection, *Winner Take Nothing* (1933), Hemingway alludes to his Turkish experiences in a more paradoxical way than “Old Man at the Bridge.” The story centers on a young boy in Kansas who desires to be castrated for being obsessed with sex. As the Jewish doctor, Doc Fisher, refuses his wish and assures him that “there is nothing wrong” with him, the young boy mutilates himself with a razor on Christmas Day. The nature of “God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen” has confounded both readers and critics since it was published, for there was a self-mutilated boy and a Jewish doctor in a story titled after a

Christmas carol, “God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen.” Further, the fact that the setting of the story, Kansas City, is compared to Constantinople, only contributed to the complexity of the piece and rendered the analysis of the beginning of the story more perplexing. “In those days,” the story begins, “the distances were all very different, the dirt blew off the hills that now have been cut down, and Kansas City was very like Constantinople” (*WTN* 43). The narrator, Horace, recognizes the perplexity and incredibility of this comparison as he continues: “You may not believe this. No one believes this; but it is true.”

Hemingway’s choice of Constantinople for the introduction has raised many questions; that his choice was deliberate is particularly significant, for it shows the strength of the influence of his Turkish experience, as his conception of Constantinople “as a benchmark for understanding Kansas City evolves in significant ways” (Levitzke 22) in the story. Hemingway revised “God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen” extensively, especially the opening paragraph before its publication in 1933. Even the earliest versions of the piece demonstrate the intermediacy of Constantinople reference; in the first draft, he refers to Constantinople very briefly, which proves that the reference was a significant part of the story from the beginning. The second draft, however, contains details that are not extant in the published version, as he refers to the Pera Palace and the Galata Bridge in Constantinople. The second draft begins:

In those days, Kansas City was a strange and wonderful place, and, later, ~~The New Union Station was a wonderful building~~ (above this scratched-out line he placed four words) ~~the finest in America.~~

You came to the Union Station from the Fifteenth Street Police Station across a long viaduct that later was the Galata Bridge and on the viaduct were the pawnshops with shotguns and banjos and field glasses in the windows and many kinds of watches and sort of jewelry and fur coats on (racks) on the sidewalk and the proprietors always

outside the door to make a sale... There were lunch wagons too off the viaduct lit up at night and warm inside ~~but the warmest places and the best to be in were saloons~~ and as you crossed the viaduct trains passed underneath and you would see ahead a cloud of smoke and steam puffing up on each side of the viaduct as an engine passed... The new Union Station was ~~built~~ all of marble inside and high and vaulted in different corners were drug stores and restaurants and a book store and the waiting room was back out of sight and what was in sight was great space with an information bureau in the center with a roll of white paper and an instrument that did automatic writing in purple ink.

(qtd. in Levitzke 20-21)

The Union Station is being likened to the Pera District where Hemingway stayed in Istanbul. In the final version of the story, however, there is not even the slightest implication of any of the similarities drawn between the station in Kansas and the district in Istanbul, for Hemingway decides to omit the descriptive part of the introduction. The comparison makes sense once it is recognized that the context of Kansas City likened to Constantinople derives from his dispatch, "Constantinople, Dirty White, Not Glistening, and Sinister": "I stood on the dusty, rubbish-strewn hillside of Pera... and looked down at the harbor, forested with masts and grimy with smoky funnels and across the dust-colored hills" (*DT* 229). The purpose of the Constantinople reference in the story is to set the atmosphere of Kansas City through a different perspective. Although the romantic and exotic perception of Istanbul painted by the romantic writers and movies were destroyed for Hemingway, Istanbul was still the exotic land that connected the West and the East for many Westerners. Scholars Nancy Comley and Robert Scholes state that Kansas City is "something quintessentially American, something provincial, something historically insignificant," and Constantinople is "the exotic, the cultures, the significant" (qtd. in Levitzke 78-79). They further state that "the point of these similes must lie in their very strangeness."

Since Hemingway knew Constantinople's representation of "the exotic," as the movies depicted it, would be readily perceived by readers, he omitted the discernible descriptions and connected Kansas City and Constantinople through the unknown, the "real" side of the city, with chaos and the dusty hills, as he emphasized in both his *Star* dispatches "Old Constant" and "Constantinople, Dirty White, Not Glistening, and Sinister." The chaotic and dusty hills of Constantinople, representing confusion and obscurity, prepared the background for the unprecedented plot and for the setting, Kansas City, that led the young boy in the story to castrate himself.

Unlike "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" in which use of Istanbul renders the story intricate, in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Hemingway overtly refers to his own experiences in Turkey through his character, Harry, a writer from the war generation, trapped on Mountain Kilimanjaro in Africa. Harry waits for his death with his rich wife by his side, as he suffers from gangrene. The significance of the story regarding Hemingway's Near East duty lies in his literary practice of smoothly incorporating his memories into the imaginative incidents and the rumors he had heard in Turkey. He presents them through two italicized flashbacks, as Harry loses consciousness and delves into his memories:

Now in his mind he saw a railway station at Karagatch and he was standing with his pack and that was the headlight of the Simplon-Orient cutting the dark now and he was leaving Thrace after the retreat. That was one of the things he had saved to write, with, in the morning at breakfast, looking out the window and seeing snow on the mountains in Bulgaria. (*CSSEH* 42)

After the memory of leaving Karagatch, Adrianople (Karaagac in Edirne) for Paris as an introduction to his experiences, Harry's flashbacks chronologically follow Hemingway's schedule. Harry's second and more elaborate flashback begins in reference to Hemingway's quarrel with Hadley before he left for Constantinople:

He thought about alone in Constantinople that time, having quarreled in Paris before he had gone out. He had whored the whole time and then, when that was over, and he had failed to kill his loneliness. (48)

As Harry's flashback brings him to Istanbul, Hemingway inventively situates a fight scene in Rumeli Hisari and Pera Palace, the places he actually visited. He exaggerates the fight scene he created with "a hot Armenian slut" whom he stole away "from a British gunner subaltern after a fist fight:

They [Harry and the Armenian girl] got into a taxi and drove out to Rimmily Hissa along the Bosphorus, and around, and back in the cool night and went to bed and she felt as over-ripe as she looked but smooth, rose-petal, syrupy, smooth-bellied, big-breasted and needed no pillow under her buttocks, and he left her before she was awake looking blousy enough in the first daylight and turned up at the Pera Palace with a black eye, carrying his coat because one sleeve was missing. (48)

Next, Harry's memories move on to Anatolia through the transition to the stories Hemingway had heard of. Amongst the materials he kept for his fiction were the stories he had heard from Captain Wittal whom he mentioned in "The Greek Revolt" and from Major Johnson (Fenton 181), an observer in Anatolia, who witnessed the Greek evzones, dressed in their traditional uniform, accidentally massacred by their own artillery men and deliberately slaughtered (as the officers shot their own during their futile retreat from the superior Turkish forces in August 1922) (Meyers 107):

That was the day he'd first seen dead men wearing white ballet skirts and upturned shoes with pompons on them. The Turks had come steadily and lumpily and he had seen the skirted men running and the officers shooting into them and running then themselves and he and the British observer had run too until his lungs ached and his mouth was full

of the taste of pennies and they stopped behind some rocks and there were the Turks coming as lumpily as ever. (*CSSEH* 48-49)

Through the end of the flashback, which is the end of Hemingway's duty as a war correspondent in Turkey, Harry recalls returning to Paris after Turkey; here Hemingway uses Anatolia as a stupendous contrast to Paris. "Anatolia" serves the same purpose as "Constantinople" in "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," yet, in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Hemingway does not connect Paris and Anatolia through a similarity but sets a contrast between Anatolia and Paris to indicate the immense gap between two countries:

So when he got back to Paris that time he could not talk about it or stand to have it mentioned. And there in the cafe as he passed was that American poet with a pile of saucers in front of him and a stupid look on his potato face talking about the Dada movement with a Roumanian who said his name was Tristan Tzara, who always wore a monocle and had a headache. (49)

The contrast between the misery in Adrianople and the resplendent life in Paris aggravated Hemingway's memories in reality, and the lives of the refugees evacuating Smyrna and of the immigrants in Paris created a disturbing disparity, which resonates in the story.

Hemingway had had many experiences witnessing the tragedy of war as he was writing "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," including the Great War and the Spanish Civil War, save for the Greco-Turkish War. That he prefers his Greco-Turkish experiences for Harry's flashbacks on his "death-bed" illustrates the extent of the entire episode's impact on him. Harry subconsciously associates the horrifying memories with death; as a writer, Harry is also concerned that he has not written those memories he saved to write yet, which evinces the value of Hemingway's experiences as a significant material for his writing and the symbiotic relationship between his experiences and writing.

Conclusion

Hemingway's Turkish experiences influenced him on two different levels: emotional and literary. He questioned the war in terms of morals and humanism and the relationship between life and death philosophically and subliminally. All his memories and questions were also invaluable materials for his fiction. Hemingway, like Harry in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," feared that he would not write the memories he had saved to write; however, unlike his character, he was able to successfully translate his Greco-Turkish War experiences into his short fiction, since "he knew enough to write them well" (*CSSEH* 41). Hemingway achieved to "write them" because his duty in Turkey taught him real misery and tragedy; thus, he genuinely understood and felt the pain. Through his dispatches, he learnt how to analyze the social, political, and historical aspects of the war thoroughly and to reflect on paper "the actual things" which "produced" the emotion he had experienced. The war provided him with "true," "honest," and "raw" materials; he crafted them in his dispatches to learn them—merely to be able to write them well in a literary fashion rather than in a topical manner. As he practiced getting "the real thing" on paper as a young reporter, he began his transition from journalism to creative writing and improved his principles about writing—simplicity and omission as a result of the focus on the "sequence of the motion and fact which made the emotion"—in his early short stories. His early short fiction became the platform in which he shaped his Greco-Turkish War experiences and memories through his minimalism and omission theories which marked his fiction for the rest of his career. Although he did not spend more than a few weeks in Turkey, the intensity of the Greek evacuation and of his exposure to Near Eastern culture was sufficient for him to be influenced by the whole experience for the rest of his life. As he said thirty years later: "I remember coming home from the Near East...absolutely heartbroken at what was going on and in Paris trying to decide whether I would put my whole life into trying to do something about it or

to be a writer” (qtd. in Fenton 183). Hemingway had always wanted to be a writer (Hemingway, *HAHC* 24). His Turkish experiences, however, played a pivotal role in leading him to other experiences and adventures, hence to the first stage of his exceedingly successful career, for the tragedy and horror he witnessed in the Greco-Turkish war urged him to write. After returning to Paris from Turkey, he knew authorship was his calling; it was his way to put his whole life into trying to do something about not only the heartbreaking catastrophe in the Near East but other human tragedies and wars that were to follow.

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