

it but I would have admired him
he war or never have let it start.
r stopped it did not do it prettily.
and the Lord that taketh away I
herine away. He may have given
ldi the syphilis at about the same
at I do not know anything about
t our mess who has always loved
e that nothing will ever take God
wisdom, and how much is luck
you are not built that way? What
e? All you know then is that they
d perhaps that is the answer; that
mortal and believe in them are
with them while those that love
n die and are dead as the things
ld be a ~~very~~ fine gift and would
not true. All that we can be sure
will die and that every thing we
e more things with life that we
ie. So if we want to buy winning
of immortality; and finally they
orn loving nothing and the warm
never heaven and the first thing
nd the last thing was a woman
ld not want another but only to
ou are not so well placed and it
l from the start. But you did not
ood to talk about it either. Nor

Appendix II

The Alternative Endings

The following forty-seven passages are all of the preserved drafts of the ending for the novel. Unless otherwise noted they are contained in Item 70 of the Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library, Boston, Massachusetts.

The Nada Ending

1. Handwritten manuscript page. See Figure 5.

That is all there is to the story. Catherine died and you will die and I will die and that is all I can promise you.

2. Handwritten manuscript page with one edit.

That is all there is to the story. There is supposed to be something which controls all these things and ~~we read~~ not one sparrow is forgotten before God. It was probably

3. Handwritten manuscript page with three sentence fragments and some crossed-out words.

In the end it is better not even to remember things but I know that.

That was all gone now, the sunlight and the spring and

Nothing was gone.

The Religious Ending

4. Handwritten manuscript page numbered 323.

It is a mistake.

You learn a few things as you go along and one of them is never to go back to places. It is a good thing too not to try too much to remember very fine things because if you do you wear them out and you lose them. A valuable thing too is never to let anyone know how fine you thought anyone else ever was because they know better and no one was ever that splendid. ~~You see the wisdom of the priest at the mess who has always loved God and so is happy and no one can take God away from him. But how much is wisdom and how much is luck to be born that way? And what if you are not built that way?~~

5. Handwritten manuscript page numbered 324 with all of the text crossed out.

Also you will bore them and you learn that if you want to keep anything it is best to keep your mouth shut and not talk about it. At the start the nights are the worst times and they seem your worst enemies but in the end the nights are

At first the nights are the worst times. You learn the wisdom of the priest at the mess who has always loved God and so is happy and you are sure nothing can take God away from him. But how much is wisdom and how much is luck to be born that way? And what if you are not built that way?

One thing that you learn is that the night which at the start is a bad time and the worst lonely time gets to be a good time.

6. Handwritten manuscript fragment.

The thing is that there is nothing you can do about it. It is all right if you believe in God and love God.

7. Handwritten manuscript page

~~There are a great many more-
ing with an undertaker and all the
on with the rest of my life—whic
go on for a long time.~~

I could tell about the boy. He then except as trouble and God knows. Anyway he does not belong in this. It is not fair to start a new story; is the way it happens. There is no only beginning.

8. Handwritten manuscript page

In a little while the doctor when they had the baby came along the

"What about the baby?" I asked

"He's all right," he said. "We go"

"He's alive?"

"Of course he's alive. Who said

"The nurse."

"She's crazy. Of course he's alive"

"Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying to you. The baby

"Christ they shouldn't do things"

"He's a fine boy," the doctor said

"Good," I said. I had a son now believe it or not.

9. Handwritten manuscript page 1

"What's the matter with the baby"

"He's all right."

"Really?"

"Of course."

sunlight and the spring and

The Live-Baby Ending

7. Handwritten manuscript page. See Figure 6.

ious Ending

age numbered 323.

I go along and one of them is never
d thing too not to try too much to
se if you do you wear them out and
do is never to let anyone know how
was because they know better and
ou see the wisdom of the priest at
od and so is happy and no one can
w much is wisdom and how much
what if you are not built that way?

age numbered 324 with all of the

you learn that if you want to keep
mouth shut and not talk about it.
st times and they seem your worst
are
st times. You learn the wisdom of
ways loved God and so is happy
e God away from him. But how
s luck to be born that way? And
?

at the night which at the start is a
e gets to be a good time.

gment.

ing you can do about it. It is all
e God.

~~There are a great many more details starting with my first meet-
ing with an undertaker and all the business of burial and continuing
on with the rest of my life—which has gone on and will probably
go on for a long time.~~

I could tell about the boy. He did not seem of any importance
then except as trouble and God knows that I was better about him.
Anyway he does not belong in this story. He starts a new one story.
It is not fair to start a new story at the end of an old one but that
is the way it happens. There is no end except death and birth is the
only beginning.

8. Handwritten manuscript page labeled "insert page 641."

In a little while the doctor who had been in the room where
they had the baby came along the hall. He came over to me.

"What about the baby?" I asked.

"He's all right," he said. "We got him going."

"He's alive?"

"Of course he's alive. Who said he wasn't alive?"

"The nurse."

"She's crazy. Of course he's alive."

"Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying to you. The baby is alive."

"Christ they shouldn't do things like that to me," I said.

"He's a fine boy," the doctor said.

"Good," I said. I had a son now—I did not know whether to
believe it or not.

9. Handwritten manuscript page labeled "insert page 638."

"What's the matter with the baby?" I asked.

"He's all right."

"Really?"

"Of course."

The Live-Baby Ending

7. Handwritten manuscript page. See Figure 6.

~~There are a great many more details starting with my first meeting with an undertaker and all the business of burial and continuing on with the rest of my life—which has gone on and will probably go on for a long time.~~

I could tell about the boy. He did not seem of any importance then except as trouble and God knows that I was better about him. Anyway he does not belong in this story. He starts a new one story. It is not fair to start a new story at the end of an old one but that is the way it happens. There is no end except death and birth is the only beginning.

8. Handwritten manuscript page labeled "insert page 641."

In a little while the doctor who had been in the room where they had the baby came along the hall. He came over to me.

"What about the baby?" I asked.

"He's all right," he said. "We got him going."

"He's alive?"

"Of course he's alive. Who said he wasn't alive?"

"The nurse."

"She's crazy. Of course he's alive."

"Don't lie to me."

"I'm not lying to you. The baby is alive."

"Christ they shouldn't do things like that to me," I said.

"He's a fine boy," the doctor said.

"Good," I said. I had a son now—I did not know whether to believe it or not.

9. Handwritten manuscript page labeled "insert page 638."

"What's the matter with the baby?" I asked.

"He's all right."

"Really?"

"Of course."

"You better go back in with Madame," I said.

I sat down on the chair in front of a table where there were nurses reports hanging on clips from the side and looked out of the window. I could see nothing but the dark and the rain falling across the light from the window. So he was all right. I had a son now. I didn't give a damn about him. All I cared about was Catherine.

The Funeral Ending

10. Handwritten fragment on same manuscript page as version 6.

When people die you have to bury them but you do not have to write about it. You meet undertakers but you do not have to write about them.

11. Handwritten fragment on a manuscript page with version 12.

After people die you have to bury them but you do not have to write about it. You do not have to write about an undertaker nor all the business of burial. You do not have to write about that day nor the next night of the day after and the night after, and the progress from numbness into sorrow nor all the days after and all the nights after for a long time. In writing you have a certain choice that you do not have in life.

12. Handwritten fragment on a manuscript page with version 11.

After people die you have to bury them but you do not have to write about it. You do not have to write about an undertaker nor the business of burial in a foreign country. Nor do you have to write about that day and the next night nor the day after and all the nights after while numbness turns to sorrow and sorrow blunts with use. In writing you have a certain choice that you do not have in life.

The Alternative Ending

The Morning-After

13. Handwritten manuscript page

~~After Catherine died that night~~
back to the hotel where Catherine
the room and undressed and went
I was so tired. To wake in the morn
window and ~~there was a minute b~~
~~pened. That little time~~

~~There was a little time/moment~~
~~may have been only a second. I do~~
~~not know if it was a minute or~~
~~and or a minute. It was probably~~
the sunlight coming in the window ;
after the rain before I realized what
that came before the other time that

14. Handwritten manuscript page
numerous edits.

~~That is all there is to the~~
~~I walked home that night in the~~
~~It was raining outside and I walk~~
~~They said there was nothing for~~
It was raining outside and I wa
the hotel where Catherine and I had
along the driveway and in the revol
ter and rode in the elevator and wall
room where we had lived and undres
~~went to sleep~~ slept, I suppose becaus
the sun was coming in the open wind
~~ing in~~ spring morning after the rain a
ably it was only a second, before I
happened.

15. Handwritten manuscript page
on the back of version 14.

Madame," I said.

front of a table where there were
on the side and looked out of the
the dark and the rain falling across
was all right. I had a son now. I
I cared about was Catherine.

al Ending

ne manuscript page as version 6.

bury them but you do not have to
ers but you do not have to write

manuscript page with version 12.

bury them but you do not have to
write about an undertaker nor all
have to write about that day nor
the night after, and the progress
the days after and all the nights
u have a certain choice that you

manuscript page with version 11.

bury them but you do not have
e to write about an undertaker
gn country. Nor do you have to
night nor the day after and all
ns to sorrow and sorrow blunts
ain choice that you do not have

The Morning-After Ending

13. Handwritten manuscript page with many crossed-out lines.

~~After Catherine died that night.~~ I walked that night in the rain
back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went up to
the room and undressed and went to bed and slept finally because
I was so tired. To wake in the morning with the sun shining in the
window and ~~there was a minute before I realized what had hap-~~
~~pened. That little time~~

~~There was a little time/moment between when I woke and. It~~
~~may have been only a second. I do not know whether it was a sec-~~
~~ond or a minute. It was probably not more than a second.~~ I saw
the sunlight coming in the window and smelled the spring morning
after the rain before I realized what had happened. That last time,
that came before the other time that started then.

14. Handwritten manuscript page with several false starts and
numerous edits.

~~That is all there is to the~~
~~I walked home that night in the rain.~~
~~It was raining outside and I walked~~
~~They said there was nothing for me to do at the hospital.~~

It was raining outside and I walked along the streets back to
the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went in the gate and
along the driveway and in the revolving door. I spoke to the por-
ter and rode in the elevator and walked down the hall into ~~our~~ the
room where we had lived and undressed and got into bed. Finally, I
~~went to sleep~~ slept, I suppose because I was so tired. When I woke
the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the ~~rain dry-~~
~~ing in~~ spring morning after the rain and there was a moment, prob-
ably it was only a second, before I realized what it was that had
happened.

15. Handwritten manuscript page with single sentence written
on the back of version 14.

That moment was the last time like that I can ever remember.

16. Handwritten manuscript page.

It was raining outside the hospital and I walked in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went in the gate and ~~along~~ up the driveway and in through the revolving door. I spoke to the porter ~~and~~, got the key, ~~and then~~ rode up the elevator, ~~and went~~ walked down the hall ~~and~~, unlocked the door and went in to the room where we had lived and there undressed and got into bed. Finally I slept; I suppose because I was so tired. When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and there was a moment, probably it was only a second, before I began to realize what it was that had happened.

17a. Handwritten manuscript page.

And then I knew that that was all gone now and that it would not be that way (ever) any more.

17b. Handwritten fragment on back of page with version 17a.

that Catherine I was alone.

18. Handwritten manuscript page.

I walked that night in March nineteen hundred and eighteen in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went up to the room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally because I was so tired to wake in the morning with the sun shining in the window. I saw the sunlight coming in the open window and smelled the spring morning after the rain before I realized what had happened.

19. Typewritten manuscript page with two slightly different versions of the waking scene.

When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the

The Alternative En

trees in the courtyard and in that way it had been and there was no light still on in the daylight by the where I had left off last night and th

20. Typewritten manuscript page with variations of the waking scene.

When I woke the sun was coming I smelled the spring morning after the trees in the courtyard. In that moment it had been and nothing was gone and was that way; then I saw the electric the head of the bed and I was back and that is the finish of the story.

21. Typewritten manuscript page with

When I woke the sun was coming I smelled the spring morning after the trees in the courtyard and in that way it had been and nothing was gone still on in the daylight by the head of

22. Typewritten manuscript page with

then as I woke completely I had saw the electric light still on in the daylight and I was back where I had left off last the story.

23. Typewritten manuscript page with additions.

It was raining outside and I walked to the hotel where Catherine and I went up the driveway and in through the gate and up the driveway and in through to the porter. He gave me the key and stepped out, shut the door, and walked

ne like that I can ever remember.

age.

ospital and I walked in the rain back
I had lived and went in the gate and
rough the revolving door. I spoke
~~and then~~ rode up the elevator, and
unlocked the door and went in to
I there undressed and got into bed.
I was so tired. When I woke the sun
and I smelled the spring morning
moment, probably it was only a sec-
at it was that had happened.

age.

as all gone now and that it would

back of page with version 17a.

ge.

nineteen hundred and eighteen in
Catherine and I had lived and went
nd got into bed and slept finally
the morning with the sun-shining
coming in the open window and
he rain before I realized what had

e with two slightly different ver-

oming in the open window and I
the rain and saw the sun on the

trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking it was all the way it had been and there was nothing gone; then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the end of the story.

20. Typewritten manuscript page with two slightly different versions of the waking scene.

When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard. In that moment of waking it was all the way it had been and nothing was gone and that was the last time it ever was that way; then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the finish of the story.

21. Typewritten manuscript page with versions 21 and 22.

When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking it was all the way it had been and nothing was gone then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed.

22. Typewritten manuscript page with versions 21 and 22.

then as I woke completely I had a physically hollow feeling I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the end of the story.

23. Typewritten manuscript page with handwritten emendations and additions.

It was raining outside and I walked in the rain from the hospital to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went in the gate and up the driveway and in through the revolving door. I spoke to the porter. He gave me the key and I rode up in the elevator, stepped out, shut the door, and walked down the hall and unlocked

the door and went into the room where we had lived and there undressed and got into the bed. Finally I slept; I suppose because I was so tired. When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and for that moment everything was the way it had been, then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I knew ~~and started again to realize what it was that had happened that I was alone from then on.~~ that that was all gone now and it would not be that way anymore.

24. Typewritten manuscript page numbered E 322 with handwritten edits.

I walked in the rain that night in March nineteen hundred and eighteen from the hospital to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went in the gate and up the driveway and in through the revolving door. I spoke to the porter; he gave me the key and I rode up in the elevator, stepped out, shut the door, walked down the hall and unlocked the door and went into the room where we had lived and there undressed and got into the bed. Finally I slept; I must have slept because in the morning I woke. When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking everything was the way it had been; then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I knew what it was that had happened and that it was all gone now and that it would not be that way anymore.

25. Typewritten manuscript page numbered 322 with handwritten edits.

~~It was raining outside and~~ I walked in the rain from the hospital to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went in the gate and up the driveway and in through the revolving door. I spoke to the porter; he gave me the key and I rode up in the elevator, stepped out, shut the door, walked down the hall and unlocked the door and went into the room where we had lived and there undressed and got into the bed. Finally I slept; ~~I suppose because I was so tired.~~ I must have slept because I woke. When I woke the sun was

coming in the open window and I saw the rain and saw the sun on the trees. At that moment ~~everything~~ it was all the way the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed. I knew again ~~and started to realize a~~ and it would not be that way anymore.

(The En

26. Two handwritten manuscript pages; the entire first part is crossed out.

They

~~I walked~~

They said there was nothing I could do.

~~Afterwards I walked back to the hotel that night and went upstairs to the room where we had lived and there undressed and got into bed and finally I slept. All sorts many of things have happened since that night in the rain back to the present. I had lived and went upstairs to the room and into bed and slept finally, because in the morning with the sun shining in the window I realized what had happened. I could tell you about my first meeting with an undertaker for a burial in a foreign country and what I did that morning is the end of the story.~~

27. Item 64, handwritten manuscript page with emendations and parts crossed out.

It seems she had one hemorrhage and died. I went into the room and saw her. She was unconscious all the time and long to die.

om where we had lived and there
 Finally I slept; I suppose because I
 in was coming in the open window
 g after the rain and saw the sun on
 or that moment everything was the
 electric light still on in the daylight
 w and started again to realize what
 was alone from then on: that that
 not be that way anymore.

ge numbered E 322 with hand-

it in March nineteen hundred and
 hotel where Catherine and I had
 to the driveway and in through the
 ter; he gave me the key and I rode
 ut the door, walked down the hall
 into the room where we had lived
 o the bed. Finally I slept; I must
 I woke. When I woke the sun was
 smelled the spring morning after
 trees in the courtyard and in that
 s the way it had been; then I saw
 light by the head of the bed and I
 ned and that it was all gone now
 anymore.

e numbered 322 with handwrit-

lked in the rain from the hospital
 I had lived and went in the gate
 gh the revolving door. I spoke to
 I rode up in the elevator, stepped
 the hall and unlocked the door
 e had lived and there undressed
 ept; I suppose because I was so
 woke. When I woke the sun was

coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after
 the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and for that
 moment ~~everything~~ it was all the way it had been, then I saw the
 electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and then
 I knew again ~~and started to realize again~~ that that was all gone now
 and it would not be that way anymore.

(The End)

The Original Basis for the Scribner's Magazine Ending

26. Two handwritten manuscript pages, the first numbered 322,
 the entire first part is crossed out.

They

~~I walked~~

They said there was nothing I could do at the hospital that night
~~Afterwards~~ I walked back to the hotel ~~where~~ in the rain that
 night and went upstairs to the room ~~where we had lived~~ and
 undressed and got into bed and finally I slept because I was so tired.

~~All sorts many of things have happened~~ It is a long time since
 March nineteen hundred and eighteen ~~that night~~ when I walked
 back that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and
 I had lived and went upstairs to the room and undressed and got
 into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired—to wake in the
 morning with the sun shining in the window, then suddenly to real-
 ize what had happened. I could tell what happened that day ~~and all~~,
 about my first meeting with an undertaker and all of the business of
 burial in a foreign country and what has happened to me since but
 waking up that morning is the end of this story.

27. Item 64, handwritten manuscript numbered 650-52 with
 emendations and parts crossed out.

It seems she had one hemorrhage after another. They could not
 stop it. I went into the room and stayed with Catherine until she
 died. She was unconscious all the time and it did not take her very
 long to die.

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker and the business of burial in a foreign country and continuing with the rest of my life—which has gone on and ~~will probably~~ seems likely to go on for a long time. I could tell how Rinaldi ~~recovered from~~ was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique required in wartime surgery is ~~rarely employed~~ not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in ~~Fascism~~ that organization. I could tell how I ~~made a fool of myself by going back to Italy~~. I could tell ~~what~~ the kind of singer ~~what his name~~ became. I could tell about how Piani ~~became~~ got to be a taxi driver in New York. But they are all parts of something that was finished. Piani was the least finished but he went to another country. I do not know exactly where but certainly finished. Italy is a country that every man should love once. I loved it once and lived through it—you ought to love it once or at least live in it. It is something like the need for the classics. There is less loss of dignity in loving it younger, or, I suppose, living in it.

I could tell what I have done since March nineteen hundred and eighteen when I walked that night in the rain ~~alone, and always from then on alone, through the streets of Lausanne~~ back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept, finally, because I was so tired—to wake in the morning with the sun shining; then suddenly to realize what it was that had happened. I could tell what has happened since then but that is the end of the story.

End

Many things have happened. Things happen all the time. Everything blunts and the world keeps on. You get most of your life back like goods recovered from a fire. It all keeps on as long as your life keeps on and then it keeps on. It never stops. It only stops for you. Some of it stops while you are still alive. The rest goes on and you go on with it. On the other hand you have to stop a story. You stop it at the end of whatever it was you were writing about.

28. Item 64, three-page handwritten manuscript numbered 650 bis-52.

There are a great many more meeting with an undertaker and a foreign country and going on with the on and seems likely to go on for a

I could tell how Rinaldi was c find that the technique learned in practical use in peace. I could tell to be a priest in Italy under Fascism a fascist and the part he took in th Piani got to be a taxi driver in Nev Simmons became. Many things ha and the world keeps on. You get n recovered from a fire. It all keeps and then it keeps on but you do n It only stops for you. Some of it st rest goes on and you go on with it.

I could tell what I have done and eighteen when I walked that ni where Catherine and I had lived a and undressed and got into bed and tired—to wake in the morning with then suddenly to realize what it was what has happened since then but t

29. Typewritten manuscript with h

There are a great many more meeting with an undertaker, and all eign country and going on with every I could tell how Rinaldi was cured c that the technique learned in wartim tical use in peace. I could tell how t be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I c fascist and the part he took in that c ~~became~~ happened to Bonello and o have done since March, nineteen hi walked that night in the rain back to I had lived, and went upstairs to our into bed and slept finally, because I w

details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker and all the business of burial in a foreign country and going on with the rest of my life—which has gone on and on for a long time. I could tell how I got the syphilis and lived to find that wartime surgery is rarely employed in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how the part he took in Fascism that organization of myself by going back to Italy, and what his name became. I could tell how I got to be a taxi driver in New York. But that was finished. Piani was the least of my country. I do not know exactly where my country that every man should love enough it—you ought to love it once like the need for the classics. There is a younger, or, I suppose, living in it. Since March nineteen hundred and eight in the rain alone, and always the streets of Lausanne back to the hotel where I lived and went upstairs to our room and slept, finally, because I was so tired in the morning with the sun shining; then I suddenly realized what it was that had happened. I could tell what the end of the story.

and things happen all the time: Every-
on. You get most of your life back
It all keeps on as long as your life
never stops. It only stops for you.
ill alive. The rest goes on and you
you have to stop a story. You stop
you were writing about.

Written manuscript numbered 650

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker and all the business of burial in a foreign country and going on with the rest of my life—which has gone on and seems likely to go on for a long time.

I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in that organization. I could tell how Piani got to be a taxi driver in New York and what sort of a singer Simmons became. Many things have happened. Everything blunts and the world keeps on. You get most of your life back like goods recovered from a fire. It all keeps on as long as your life keeps on and then it keeps on but you do not know about it. It never stops. It only stops for you. Some of it stops while you are still alive. The rest goes on and you go on with it.

I could tell what I have done since March nineteen hundred and eighteen when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept, finally, because I was so tired—to wake in the morning with the sun shining in the window; then suddenly to realize what it was that had happened. I could tell what has happened since then but that is the end of the story.

29. Typewritten manuscript with handwritten emendations.

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker, and all the business of burial in a foreign country and going on with everything that has happened since. I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in that organization. I could tell what became happened to Bonello and of to Piani. I could tell what I have done since March, nineteen hundred and eighteen, when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived, and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired. When I woke the

sun was coming in the open window and I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking it was all the way it had been and I did not know that it was all gone; then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the end of the story.

30. Typewritten manuscript page numbered 322 with handwritten edits and deletions.

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker, and all the business of burial in a foreign country (~~that I do not want to write about.~~) and going on with the rest of my life—which has gone on and seems likely to go on for a long time.

I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part that he took in that organization. I could tell how Piani got to be a taxi driver in New York and what sort of a singer Simmons became. ~~Many things have happened. Everything blunts and the world keeps on. You get most of your life back like goods recovered from a fire. It all keeps on as long as your life keeps on, but you do not know about it. It never stops. At the end it does not. It only stops for you. Some of it stops while you are still alive. The rest goes on and you go on with it. Finally you get most of your life back like goods recovered from a fire. In the end certain things you can remember only at night.~~

I could tell what I have done since March, nineteen hundred and eighteen, when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired—to wake in the morning with the sun shining in the window; then suddenly to realize what had happened. ~~I could tell what has happened since then, but that is the end of the story. write what has happened since then but I do not have to. In writing you have a certain choice that you do not have in life.~~

31. Item 66, setting copy. What (conclusion to *A Farewell to .* *tiques of Four Major Novels* 75. See Figure 7.

It seems she had one hemorrh. stop it.

I went into the room and stayed. She was unconscious all the time, and to die.

There are a great many more meeting with an undertaker, and all eign country and going on with the on and seems likely to go on for a l

I could tell how Rinaldi was cured that the technique learned in wartime use in peace. I could tell how the priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell h the part he took in that organization. a taxi driver in New York and what s Many things have happened. Everyt on. You get most of your life back lik all keeps on as long as your life keeps it. It never stops. It only stops for you still alive. The rest goes on and you g

I could tell you what I have done. I was nineteen hundred and eighteen, when I walked the hotel where Catherine and I had room and undressed and got into was so tired—to wake in the morning window; then suddenly to realize what has happened since then but t

The End

32. Typewritten manuscript page v

low and I smelled the spring morn-
 on the trees in the courtyard and
 s all the way it had been and I did
 en I saw the electric light still on in
 ed and I was back where I had left
 of the story.

ge numbered 322 with handwrit-

ore details, starting with my first
 all the business of burial in a for-
 to write about.) and going on with
 one on and seems likely to go on

cured of the syphilis and lived to
 n wartime surgery is not of much
 ll how the priest in our mess lived
 sm. I could tell how Ettore became
 k in that organization. I could tell
 : in New York and what sort of a
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 ou get most of your life back like
 keeps on as long as your life keeps
 It never stops. At the end it does
 of it stops while you are still alive.
 ith it. Finally you get most of your
 m a fire. In the end certain things

e since March, nineteen hundred
 night in the rain back to the hotel
 l and went upstairs to our room
 and slept finally, because I was so
 th the sun shining in the window;
 d happened. I could tell what has
 re end of the story. write what has
 have to. In writing you have a cer-
 in life.

31. Item 66, setting copy. What Carlos Baker called the original conclusion to *A Farewell to Arms* (Ernest Hemingway, *Critiques of Four Major Novels* [New York: Scribner, 1962]), 75. See Figure 7.

It seems she had one hemorrhage after another. They couldn't stop it.

I went into the room and stayed with Catherine until she died. She was unconscious all the time, and it did not take her very long to die.

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker, and all the business of burial in a foreign country and going on with the rest of my life—which has gone on and seems likely to go on for a long time.

I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in that organization. I could tell how Piani got to be a taxi driver in New York and what sort of a singer Simmons became. Many things have happened. Everything blunts and the world keeps on. You get most of your life back like goods recovered from a fire. It all keeps on as long as your life keeps on. ~~but you do not know about it.~~ It never stops. It only stops for you. Some of it stops while you are still alive. The rest goes on and you go on with it.

I could tell you what I have done since March, nineteen hundred and eighteen, when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired—to wake in the morning with the sun shining in the window; then suddenly to realize what had happened. I could tell what has happened since then but that is the end of the story.

The End.

32. Typewritten manuscript page with minor edits by hand.

There are a great many more details starting with my first meeting with an undertaker, and all the business of burial in a foreign country and going on with everything that has happened since. I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in that organization. I could tell what they did to Bonello in Imola and how Piani came to Chicago and became a taxi driver.

I could tell what I have done since March, nineteen hundred and eighteen, when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Catherine and I had lived, and went upstairs to our room and undressed and got into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired. When I woke, the sun was coming in the open window and I smell[ed] the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking it was all the way it had been and nothing was gone and that was the last time it ever was that way; then I saw the electric light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the finish of the story.

(The End)

33. Typewritten manuscript page with handwritten "(space)" at top of page. This is the version that was used as the ending in the serialized version published in *Scribner's Magazine* in September 1929.

There are a great many more details, starting with my first meeting with an undertaker, and all the business of burial in a foreign country and going on with everything that has happened since. I could tell how Rinaldi was cured of the syphilis and lived to find that the technique learned in wartime surgery is not of much practical use in peace. I could tell how the priest in our mess lived to be a priest in Italy under Fascism. I could tell how Ettore became a fascist and the part he took in that organization. I could tell what they did to Bonello in Imola and how Piani came to Chicago to be a taxi driver.

The Alternative E

I could tell what I have done and eighteen, when I walked that night where Catherine and I had lived, and undressed and got into the bed so tired. When I woke the sun was. I smelled the spring morning after trees in the courtyard and in that way it had been and nothing was gone ever was that way; then I saw the light by the head of the bed and I was night and that is the finish to the story.

(The End)

The Fitzgerald

34. Handwritten manuscript page

~~Everyone who lived through the war~~
You learn a few things as you go along world breaks everyone and afterward you are in different places. But those that will The kills the very good and very gentle and you are none of these you can be sure will be no special hurry.

35. Two typewritten manuscript pages 323.

It is a long time since March 1918 when I walked that night in the rain Catherine and I had lived and went upstairs and got into bed and slept finally, but in the morning with the sun shining to realize what had happened. I could tell about my first meeting with an undertaker and burial in a foreign country and all the rest since but you have to end a story so

details starting with my first meet-
the business of burial in a foreign
ything that has happened since. I
d of the syphilis and lived to find
rtime surgery is not of much prac-
ow the priest in our mess lived to
I could tell how Ettore became a
at organization. I could tell what
d how Piani came to Chicago and

ie since March, nineteen hundred
night in the rain back to the hotel
l, and went upstairs to our room
and slept finally, because I was so
coming in the open window and I
er the rain and saw the sun on the
moment of waking it was all the
gone and that was the last time it
e electric light still on in the day-
was back where I had left off last
story.

End)

e with handwritten "(space)" at
ion that was used as the ending
lished in *Scribner's Magazine* in

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ie business of burial in a foreign
thing that has happened since. I
f the syphilis and lived to find that
urgery is not of much practical use
t in our mess lived to be a priest
how Ettore became a fascist and
on. I could tell what they did to
me to Chicago to be a taxi driver.

I could tell what I have done since March, nineteen hundred
and eighteen, when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel
where Catherine and I had lived, and went upstairs to our room
and undressed and got into the bed and slept finally, because I was
so tired. When I woke the sun was coming in the open window and
I smelled the spring morning after the rain and saw the sun on the
trees in the courtyard and in that moment of waking it was all the
way it had been and nothing was gone and that was the last time it
ever was that way; then I saw the electric light still on in the day-
light by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last
night and that is the finish to the story.

(The End)

The Fitzgerald Ending

34. Handwritten manuscript page.

~~Everyone who lived through the war had~~

You learn a few things as you go along and one of them is that the
world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the bro-
ken places. ~~But those that will~~ Those it does not break it kills. It
kills the very good and very gentle and the very brave impartially. If
you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too but there
will be no special hurry.

35. Two typewritten manuscript pages, the second numbered
323.

It is a long time since March nineteen hundred and eighteen
when I walked that night in the rain back to the hotel where Cath-
erine and I had lived and went upstairs to the room and undressed
and got into bed and slept finally, because I was so tired, to wake
in the morning with the sun shining in the window; then suddenly
to realize what had happened. I could tell what happened that day,
about my first meeting with an undertaker and all the business of
burial in a foreign country and all the things that have happened
since but ~~you have to end a story somewhere~~ the story is finished.

You can stop your life the way you stop a story but you do not do it and afterwards you are not sorry. It stops for a while by its-self and then it goes on again. You learn a few things as you go along and one of them is never to go back to places. It is a good thing too not to try too much to remember things you want to remember because if you do you wear them out and you lose them. A valuable thing too is never to let anyone know how fine you thought anyone else ever was because they know better and no one was ever that splendid. But in the nights you know. In the nights they do not fool you.

You see we slept when we were tired and if we woke the other one woke too so one was not alone. Often a man wishes to be alone and a girl wishes to be alone too and if they love each other they are jealous of that in each other, but I can truly say we never felt that. We could feel alone when we were together, alone against the others. It has only happened to me like that once. I have been alone while I was with many girls and that is the way that you can be most lonely. But we were never lonely and never afraid when we were together. I know that the night is not the same as the day; that the things of the night cannot be explained in the day because they do not exist, and the night can be a dreadful time for lonely people once their loneliness has started. But with Catherine there was almost no difference in the night except that it was an even better time. If people bring so much courage to this world the world has to kill them to break them, so of course, it kills them. The world breaks everyone and afterwards many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can be sure it will kill you too but there will be no special hurry.

The End.

36. Handwritten manuscript fragment numbered 323.

Finally

But in the nights you know. In the nights they do not fool you.

The Alternative

The

37. Three handwritten manuscript fragments numbered 3, 4, and the third numbered 3.

~~Late that night I walked barefooted on the roof. I was wet when I came in and we~~

~~Late that night I walked barefooted on the roof. Catherine was dead and it was~~

I stood

Outside in the hall I spoke to her. "Can you do tonight?"

"No. There is nothing to do tonight."

"No thank you. I am going to bed."

"I know there is nothing to do tonight."

"No," I said. "There's nothing to do tonight."

"Good night," he said. "I can't do anything."

"No thank you."

He went down the hall. I went to the door of the room and opened it. One of them came to the door.

"Just a moment," she said. "I'm coming in."

"I'm coming in," I said. "You can't come in."

"The rules are—" she said.

"I do not care about the rules. I am going to stay here for a while. They went out and I shut the door. The window was open and I could hear the rain. It wasn't any good. She was gone. I waited a while I said goodbye and went to bed. But I did not want to go to bed. Blessed was still raining hard. Blessed was a thought. Why was that? I went to bed. I think. It wasn't any good. I know."

you stop a story but you do not
orry. It stops for a while by its-self
arn a few things as you go along
back to places. It is a good thing
ber things you want to remember
out and you lose them. A valu-
one know how fine you thought
know better and no one was ever
u know. In the nights they do not

re tired and if we woke the other
lone. Often a man wishes to be
e too and if they love each other
her, but I can truly say we never
we were together, alone against
to me like that once. I have been
and that is the way that you can
er lonely and never afraid when
night is not the same as the day;
be explained in the day because
an be a dreadful time for lonely
tarted. But with Catherine there
ht except that it was an even bet-
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so of course, it kills them. The
ards many are strong at the bro-
ot break it kills. It kills the very
very brave impartially. If you are
ill kill you too but there will be

nd.

gment numbered 323.

the nights they do not fool you.

The Ending

37. Three handwritten manuscript pages, the second numbered 2 and the third numbered 3.

~~Late that night I walked back to the hotel. It was raining and I was wet when I came in and went up the~~

~~Late that night I walked back to the hotel. It was raining and Catherine was dead and it was all over now.~~

I stood

Outside in the hall I spoke to the doctor, "Is there anything I can do tonight?"

"No. There is nothing to do. Can I take you to your hotel?"

"No thank you. I am going to stay here a while."

"I know there is nothing to say. I cannot tell you—"

"No," I said. "There's nothing to say."

"Good night," he said. "I cannot take you to your hotel?"

"No thank you."

He went down the hall. I watched him go. Then I went to the door of the room and opened it. There were two nurses in the room, one of them came to the door.

"Just a moment," she said. "You cannot come in now."

"I'm coming in," I said. "You can come back later."

"The rules are—" she said.

"I do not care about the rules. ~~You will come out and I will go in.~~ I am going to stay here for a while."

They went out and I shut the door and turned off the light. The window was open and I ~~could~~ heard it raining in the courtyard. ~~It wasn't any good. She was gone. What was there was not her.~~ After a while I said goodbye and went away. It was like saying goodbye to a statue. But I did not want to go. I looked out the window. It was still raining hard. Blessed are the dead that the rain falls on, I thought. Why was that? I went back. Goodbye, I said. I have to go I think. It wasn't any good. I knew it wasn't any good.

38. Handwritten manuscript page with deletions.

But after I had gotten them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. ~~She was not there. It was~~
~~was trying to be a last time alone~~
~~She was not there. It was like saying goodbye to a statue~~
 I thought if we were alone we would still be together. But it was not like that. There was not anything. She wasn't there. It was like being saying goodbye to a statue. After a while

39. Handwritten manuscript page.

I thought if I could get them all out and we could be alone we would still be together. But it wasn't any good (~~not like that~~). It was like saying goodbye to a statue.

40. Handwritten manuscript page with emendations and deletions.

But after I had gotten them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. ~~I had not known I had thought if~~
~~I could get them out and we were alone we would still be together~~
~~But it was not~~
~~There would still be something~~
 But It was like saying goodbye to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain.

41. Handwritten manuscript page. See Figure 8.

He went down the hall. I went to the door of the room.

"You can't come in now," one of the nurses said.

"Yes I can," I said.

"You can't come in yet."

"You get out," I said. "The other one too."

But after I had gotten them out and ~~shut~~ shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. It was like saying goodbye to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain.

Miscellaneous

42. Handwritten manuscript page

That was in March nineteen l
 many other dead for the rain to fa
~~time for that to make any difference~~
~~to me.)~~ and for plenty of months
 see if that makes it any better.

43. Handwritten manuscript page

That was in March nineteen
 men were killed that month and
 died. But I have not found that l
 that they are any help to you in p

44. Handwritten manuscript fragment and 43.

Nothing was changed then ex
 had an ~~strange~~ physically empty f

45. Handwritten manuscript page with some edits.

~~I was too numb to realize it.~~ It
 feel at first because the shock has
 I knew that she was gone and
 as in a wound the numbness did r
 I was ~~still~~ so numb that all I co
 taking her without realizing that s
 later in the night and then it mad
 done it but only that she was gone

46. Handwritten manuscript page

ge with deletions.

out and shut the door and turned
~~he was not there~~ It was

ing goodbye to a statue
 uld still be together. But it was not
 She wasn't there. It was like being
 a while

ge.

all out and we could be alone we
 n't any good (~~not like that~~). It was

ge with emendations and dele-

ut and shut the door and turned
~~had not known I had thought if~~
~~alone we would still be together~~

g

e to a statue. After a while I went
 ed back to the hotel in the rain.

ge. See Figure 8.

t to the door of the room.
 of the nurses said.

ner one too."

out and ~~shut~~ shut the door and
 good. It was like saying goodbye
 and left the hospital and walked

Miscellaneous Endings

42. Handwritten manuscript page with versions 42 and 43.

That was in March nineteen hundred and eighteen. There were many other dead for the rain to fall on in that month (~~But try some-~~
~~time for that to make any difference. They did not mean anything~~
~~to me.~~) and for plenty of months thereafter. But try sometime and see if that makes it any better.

43. Handwritten manuscript page with versions 42 and 43.

That was in March nineteen hundred and eighteen. Plenty of men were killed that month and I am sure a great many women died. But I have not found that because things happen in general that they are any help to you in particular.

44. Handwritten manuscript fragment on back of versions 42 and 43.

Nothing was changed then ~~except that~~ as I woke completely I had an ~~strange~~ physically empty feeling.

45. Handwritten manuscript page with several false starts and some edits.

~~I was too numb to realize it.~~ It was like a wound that you do not feel at first because the shock has made you numb but the

I knew that she was gone and I was too numb to realize it but as in a wound the numbness did not last very long and by

I was ~~still~~ so numb that all I could ~~do~~ think was to hate them for taking her without realizing that she was really gone but that came later in the night and then it made no difference who or what had done it but only that she was gone.

46. Handwritten manuscript page.

Maybe you have never been alone. ~~Maybe you do not know what it means to be alone from then~~

See Naples and die is a fine idea. You will live to hate its guts if you live there. Perhaps there is no luck in a peninsula.

47. Handwritten manuscript page with a false start and some edits.

~~Your life does not stop the way a~~

You can ~~not~~ stop your life the way you stop a story ~~except by~~ but you do not do it and afterwards you are not sorry. It stops for a while by its-self and then it goes on again.

Appen

List of

Possible titles for the novel are list 76 and 76a in the catalog of the H. F. Kennedy Library, Boston, Mass. The most titles clearly associated with the title of the handwritten manuscript (Item 76) are "Nights and Forever." Two additional titles appear in a handwritten manuscript on an inserted typewritten page and "The Hill of Heaven" (added

1. Item 76, handwritten page with a false start and some edits. The underlines and corrections are in the writer's hand as well as the corrections.

Love In War
Sorrow For Pleasure
A Farewell to Arms
Late Wisdom
The Enchantment
If You Must Love
World Enough and Time
In Praise of His Mistress.
Every Night and All
Of Wounds and Other Causes
The Retreat from Italy.
As Others Are.

alone. ~~Maybe you do not know~~
~~en~~
ea. You will live to hate its guts if
luck in a peninsula.

ge with a false start and some

ya
way you stop a story ~~except by~~
ds you are not sorry. It stops for
on again.

Appendix III

List of Titles

Possible titles for the novel are listed on two pages, which are Items 76 and 76a in the catalog of the Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library, Boston, Massachusetts. In addition, the earliest titles clearly associated with the book appear on the first page of the handwritten manuscript (Item 64): "The World's Room" and "Nights and Forever." Two additional titles appear later in the same manuscript on an inserted typewritten page: "A Separate Peace" and "The Hill of Heaven" (added in Hemingway's hand).

1. Item 76, handwritten page with lists of possible titles for the book. The underlines and crossed-out titles are all in Hemingway's hand as well as the comment "Shitty titles."

Love In War
Sorrow For Pleasure
A Farewell to Arms
Late Wisdom
The Enchantment
If You Must Love
World Enough and Time
In Praise of His Mistress.
Every Night and All
Of Wounds and Other Causes.
The Retreat from Italy.
As Others Are.

Love is one fervent fire
 Kindlit without Desire
 A World to See
 Patriots Progress
 The Grand Tour
The Italian Journey
 The World's Room
 Disorder and Early Sorrow
 An Italian Chronicle
 The Time Exchanged
 Death once Dead.
 They who get shot.
The Italian Experience
 Love in Italy
Love in War
The Sentimental Education
 I have committed Fornication but that was In Another Country
and Besides the wench is dead.
 Education of the Flesh
 The Carnal Education
 The Sentimental Education of Frederick Henry

2. Item 76a, second handwritten page of possible titles.

Thing That Has Been.
 Nights and Forever.
 In Another Country
 Knowlege Increaseth Sorrow.
 The Peculiar Treasure.
 One Event Happeneth To Them All.
 One Thing For Them All.
 Nothing Better For A Man.
 Time of War.
 The World's Room.
One Thing is Certain.
 The Long Home.

Acknowledgments

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