Chapter V

I SIGNED UP ALL RIGHT

Hemingway’s quest for identity took different forms and one of them is reflected in the Hemingway hero’s relationship with society—distinct from inter-personal relationships. His final stand, which of course did not emerge until the early forties, is forcefully stated in his "Introduction" to *A Farewell To Arms*, written in 1948:

It is the considered belief of the writer of this book [AFTA] that wars are fought by the finest people ... but they are made, provoked and initiated by straight economic rivalries and by swine that stand to profit from them.1

Naturally, "the finest people" are soldiers of fortune like Hemingway himself and the swine are politicians and financiers. Again, "the finest people" are dependent upon the "swine" for providing them with opportunities to unfold their fineness. War, let it be emphasized, is an acknowledgement of the moral rottenness in society, which in peace-time remains concealed. So long as there is stability in society—economic, political, technological—the finest people go on accepting the
the mores of their society; the desire to belong is strong enough to coerce them into surrendering their virgin individuality, and thus gain the approval of the society. Of course, they can rebel but then the society can invoke painful sanctions. In other words, in Hemingway's view the relationship between an individual and his society is basically one of conflict. Commenting on the necessity of a conflict in Hemingway's novels William Gifford remarks that he "avoided those conflicts which remind of moral issues which we cannot settle with ourselves and with our society, and sought those which pit us all against enemies outside society entirely." Gifford is certainly right because with the exception of a parody, **TOS**, and a chaotic novel **THAN**, Hemingway has shied at dealing with the American society in his longer fiction.

It would not be fair to say that he did not understand the problems of his society because as a journalist he reveals a depth of understanding of the social issues "in our time"; and as Ray B. West suggests **IOT**, **TSAR** and **AFTA** "deal with the same subject: the condition of man in a society upset by the violence of war." Perhaps, Hemingway could visualize no clear-cut solutions to the problems confronting society and he, consequently, became more concerned with the individual. He has consistently refused to become an instrument in the hands of a society that treats man no better than fodder for the
cannon, a mere thing. The Hemingway hero is trapped biologically: he signs a separate peace, and as an aftermath he suffers from a feeling of truancy. Nick would be quite contented fishing all by himself in the big two-hearted river but subconsciously he knows that he will have to return to society and civilization eventually.

The Hemingway hero, whose best specimen is Hemingway himself, has actively participated in war but as soon as it is over his inclination is to retreat into aestheticism, which is a sort of dam erected against disillusionment with war as a means of settling social and human problems:

If you serve time for society, democracy, and the other things quite young, and declining any further enlistment make yourself responsible only to yourself, you exchange the pleasant stench of comrades for something you can never feel in any other way than by yourself. That feeling I cannot yet define completely but the feeling comes when you write well and truly of something....

(— GHA : 126)

Kandisky asks Hemingway,

"Do you think your writing is worth doing—as an end in itself?"
"Oh, Yes." [Replied Hemingway.]
"You are sure?"
"Very sure."

(— GHA : 29)

But this sureness is as uncertain as it is emphatic, because in the mid-thirties the Hemingway hero is again actively engaged
in the Civil War in Spain. The years between the end of the First World War and mid-thirties may be regarded as a period of gestation, which led to an intense soul searching:

Let those who want to save the world if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly. The thing to do is work and learn to make it.

(-- DITA : 262)

Since he cannot see the world "clear and as a whole," he has no desire to seek fulfilment in the societal frame. He seeks escape from the confused world of economic and political pressures into the secure world of art which he, as an individual, can make according to his own design. He acknowledges its incomplete nature, but it is more secure. At this stage, in the evolution of his identity, even a part that he can make secure is a better bet than the insecure whole. He wistfully hopes that the part will represent the whole. Kandisky, on the other hand, had experienced "a feeling of belonging, of being a part of," in his mental life, by reading a magazine to which Hemingway had contributed poems and stories in the twenties. Now Hemingway is contemptuous of group identity: "I did not wish to destroy anything this man had, and so I did not go into those brilliant people in detail" (GHA : 23).

Creative work, however, brilliant, cannot give the Hemingway hero a sense of integration, especially if it is
being used as a drug. A mature Hemingway hero like Thomas Hudson has learnt to live by himself painting but even he admits:

"You can't run away from everything all the time" (ITS : 72).

The lure of a full life is too powerful to be resisted. This confirms West's interpretation of AFTA that

You cannot escape the obligations of action--you cannot say "farewell to arms"; you cannot sign a separate peace. You can only learn to live with life, to tolerate it as "the initiated" learn to tolerate it.5

Before the mid-thirties and even after that the Hemingway hero has exercised his freedom to choose how he will be engaged with society. This freedom has often been misinterpreted as failure to grasp the issues of the times.6 It has often been said that he seeks escape from the chaotic conditions in society into toughness and individualism. Mere individualism obstructs the self from interacting with the nowness and hereness of his existence--the precise moment in the history of his society--and his potentialities for a corporate life will remain locked up within him. The life of a recluse is, evidently, incomplete; therefore, he suffers from a feeling of existential guilt. The times may not be good--they were not good ever--but one has to act in a given situation.

My sense of being is not my capacity to see the outside world, to size it up, to assess reality; it is rather my capacity to see myself as a being in the world, to know myself as the being who can do these things.7
And even an artist has certain obligations toward society, as Albert Camus reminds us:

Artists of the past could at least keep silent in the face of tyranny. The tyrannies of today are improved; they no longer admit of silence or neutrality. One has to take a stand, be either for or against.8

II

The ivory tower to which Hemingway retired had been invaded by the forces of darkness because they could not be kept at bay any longer. THAN is Hemingway's first direct reaction to the American society which, as it is portrayed in the novel, stands on the edge of an abyss. In this chaotic world we see Harry Morgan struggling for economic survival. The individualist Harry has successfully kept the wolf from the door despite the Depression. Mr. Johnson's treachery makes him desperate and his frantic cry is; "I've got to carry something Frankie. I've got to make some money" (THAN : 27). He is driven to smuggling men and rum. He gets shot in the arm and he loses his boat but he is still resolute: "... my kids ain't going to have their bellies hurt and I ain't going to dig sewers for the government for less money than will feed them.... I don't know who made the laws but I know there ain't no law that you got to go hungry" (THAN : 77). Necessity drives him into more desperate ventures and finally he is killed.
The novel dramatizes this necessity effectively. It is a severe indictment of a society that cannot obviate this necessity. The supreme individualist Harry, who has always believed in his cojones, becomes a convert to collective action just before his death. Herein lies the clue to the weakness of the novel: the message—"No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody chance" (THAN: 178)—is grafted onto the hero who has never thought in terms of collective action. It is the message of the author as a remedy for the all round collapse of the American society. It is the author speaking, not the protagonist of the novel. The disorganized form of the novel, perhaps, represents the uncertainty in the mind of an agnostic while entering a church. The message may be one of the commandments for the future but it hardly emerges from the events in the book; and one is usually sceptical of death-bed utterances. Chapter XVI gives a lurid description of the American dream becoming a nightmare; it is a monument to the grand crack-up but Harry's message to the world does not emanate from the contrast between his lingering death and the complacency or the neurotic pastimes of the rich. Nowhere has Hemingway shown what collective action can achieve against the moral chaos known as the dollar civilization. Carlos Baker is certainly right when he says that Harry's "dying words on the hopeless situation of 'one man alone' ring the knell of nineteenth century frontier individualism," but when he adds
that "fascism and communism, like the greed of irresponsible capitalism, are more formidable enemies, too powerful for one man alone to withstand," he justifies Hemingway's making fascism a scapegoat.

Fascism and communism were not so significant threats to the American society as the ills of capitalism. Hemingway's avowed anti-fascism is really a scapegoat for his inability to confront boldly the issues at home. America, he has affirmed in GHA, is in a mess; and now instead of escaping to Africa to hunt kudu bulls and lions, he crosses the Atlantic to hunt Fascists in Spain. Philip Young says that there is an anguish that pervades THAN, "rich or poor makes no difference in the very end"; and the world (especially, American society) is a "very rough place indeed."10

The message in THAN, despite its redundancy in or super-imposition on the novel, is quite unambiguous; it is no longer possible for society to run on the basis of bootless freedom of the individual. The individual consciousness is a product of society through all history and in turn it helps shape society or contribute to its growth. Individual freedom does not mean the end, or the meaninglessness, of society, history or mankind. According to Sidney Finkelstein,
The individual and society can move hand in hand. A flourishing, progressive society is one that also holds individual life precious. And there are people whose mode of life and thought intensifies the awareness of the tie between their own "determinate" and mortal being, and the continued life of society, of the "species" to which they have made their contribution. The greater a person's depth of understanding and fellow-feeling with other human beings, the richer the content of his own individual feeling.11

In other words, by collective effort when the individual is freed from dire economic needs and the exploitation of one class by another is ended he perceives new opportunities in life to develop his powers. The aim should be to create such conditions in society that enable people to live in brotherhood and thus enrich their individual existence as well. It is with this end in view that Philip "will go alone, or with others who go there for the same reason I go" (TPC: 93). His unqualified commitment to the Loyalist cause in Spain is a drug for he can do nothing about his own society12; so, he will fight against fascism:

We're in for fifty years of undeclared wars and I've signed up for the duration. I don't exactly remember when it was but I signed up all right.

(— TFC: 90)

Philip also confesses to Max, his political mentor, "My time is the Party's time" (TPC: 73), and his commitment to the party-line is meaningful because they hope that no one will ever be hungry. You do it so men will not have to fear ill health or old age; so they can live and work in dignity and not as slaves.

(— TFC: 76)
That the Hemingway hero is unsure of the solution to the American problems becomes very clear from the way he shies at the thought of a revolution in America. "Revolution, Mr. Frazer thought, is no opium. Revolution is a catharsis; an ecstasy which can only be prolonged by tyranny" ("The Gamber, the Nun and the Radio"). The tyranny and bloodshed implicit in a revolution send a shudder down his spine. He glibly proclaims that he wants "a minimum government" but the truth is that Philip-Robert Jordan-Hemingway does not know where he is going. He has aligned himself with the Loyalist cause to escape the dilemma of his position in his own society. Robert Jordan's words remind us of Philip:

He was serving in a war and he gave absolute loyalty and as complete performance as he could give while he was serving.

(--- FWBT : 132)

The question arises why has he suspended his judgment or thinking, or why has he identified himself with a cause so completely? Eric Hoffer gives us a probable answer: the Hemingway hero has become a "true believer," one who is ready to die for a cause. It does not matter what the cause is so long as it provides an escape from the true self. The cause is the last hope of a deeply frustrated individual, a lost soul, "a spiritual derelict." His identification with a mass movement -- religious or political--becomes a vehicle for regaining a bigger or better self and thereby a sense of purpose or meaning.
Out of such a need are born political ideologies like Nazism and social systems like the one portrayed in George Orwell's *1984*.

Even if it is granted for a moment that Robert is fighting for the good of the Spanish people he is remarkably muddled about their virtues and vices:

> And what wonderful people. There is no finer and no worse people in the world. No kinder people and no crueller. And who understands them? Not me.  

(-- *FWBT* : 336)

The confusion in *FWBT* has been strongly underlined by D'Agostino, among others:

> Jordan-Hemingway is the old tormented individualist divided between his need for community and the scorn and fear it excites in him. And the novel is not so much imbued with history as impregnated by the confused attitude of no-man's party to which Hemingway belongs.

I strongly suspect that Robert was resolving a private psychological conflict in his personality and that he was using his allegiance to the Loyalist cause as a mask to conceal his own troubles. He is an anti-fascist of ten-year standing but when Pilar asks him whether he has faith in the Republic "Yes," he says, "hoping it was true" (*FWBT* : 89). Again, he firmly believes that "all people should be left alone and you should interfere with no one" (*FWBT* : 158), but he does not leave Pablo and his band alone. He argues that "there was nothing to be gained by leaving them alone" because two squadrons of Fascist
cavalry can wipe them out in a week (FWBT: 158). He loves these people yet they are instruments for him to be used:

"Neither you nor this old man [Anselmo] is anything. You are instruments to do your duty" (FWBT: 45). Why isn't he concerned about his own society as much as Spain? These people are expendable, even though he is fighting for them—he wishes "there should be no more danger and so that the country should be a good place to live in" (FWBT: 158). The sentiment is high-sounding but it is "trite." Einstein's views on the subject are highly pertinent:

The man who regards his own life and that of his fellow creatures as meaningless is not merely unhappy but hardly fit for life.17

Although he has accepted the communist discipline yet he is non-committal regarding a planned society: "That was for the others to do" (FWBT: 158). He believes, as a true American, in Life, Liberty and Pursuit of Happiness but this crusade "gave you a part in something that you could believe in wholly and completely and in which you felt an absolute brotherhood with the others who were engaged in it.... You gave such an importance to it that your own death seemed of complete unimportance" (FWBT: 226). The purity of feeling he initially expected to have in the fighting vanished "after the first six months" but he goes on fighting. He has "put many things in
Abeyance to win a war" (FWBT : 289).

I have fought for what I believed in for a year now. If we win here we will win everywhere. (— FWBT : 440)

All this is, in fact, empty sloganeering because his political ideology cannot stand a thorough scrutiny. Why has he found fault with "everybody else's battles, from Agincourt down" (FWBT : 194)? Why does he want to fight on his own? Why has he "read and studied the art of war ever since you were a child" (FWBT : 317)? After Pablo's betrayal he knows for certain that he cannot take both the posts and destroy the bridge with the resources at his disposal; why does he still persist in his madness? When Pablo returns with five more guerrillas so that the operation succeeds he guesses what Pablo is going to do with them after the bridge is blown. He keeps his mouth shut: "Thank God I do not know these man" (FWBT : 380). How does he propose to adjust this butchering in his love of the Spanish people? What happens to the concept of the brotherhood of man? Why is he scared of thinking, and he an intellectual?

You better not think at all, he told himself. Soon you will be with Maria and you won't have to think.... When you have been concentrating so hard on something you can't stop and your brain gets to racing like a fly-wheel with the weight gone. You'd better just not think. (— FWBT : 321)
Perhaps in this "something," that he does not want to think about, lies the clue to the mystery of these innumerable contradictions. This something is his own private life and his own culture from which he has sought escape in Spain. Two events have been mentioned—the suicide of his father and the lynching of a negro—which speak volumes for a culture.

Robert Jordan's associations with his grandfather's .32 pistol with which his father had terminated his life were so painful that he had dropped it in a lake hoping that his act would wipe out the memory of his father's shameful act. He is ashamed of being his father's son and this shame gives birth to the need for identifying himself with his grandfather instead of his father:

[Underlining mine.]

(— FWBT : 319-320)

It is his father's cowardice and pre-occupation with himself that have embarrassed him. His father becomes, in his private myth, a symbol for individualism that is inconsiderate of the feelings of others, that has not taught its proponents how to live in harmony with others and how to sacrifice and suffer for the sake of a greater good than their private little world. In
his private myth his grandfather represents the anti-thesis of individualism: he had fought bravely for a cause beyond the self. Therefore, Robert's identification with his grandfather is understandable:

Maybe he sent me what little I have through the other one that misused the gun.... I could have learned from him what the other one never had to teach me.... And maybe the good juice only came through straight again after passing through that one.

(-- FWBT 320)

The Civil War in Spain has given him an opportunity to prove to himself that he has inherited "the good juice," and that he is not a coward; in short, he wants to become more like his grandfather so that his shame is obliterated. He cannot wait for another Civil War in America so that he may justify his self-image. The Spanish Civil War is a godsend; that is why he is there, fighting his own private battles, synchronising them with the historical events in Spain. In his private myth his father stands for selfishness, which in his judgement is synonymous with individualism; his grandfather for heroism and collective effort. Robert's participation in the Loyalist movement is a compulsive, rather than a voluntary, action because it helps him establish his lineage. It has the semblance of a voluntary effort, of co-operation with others in a cause beyond the self. That is why the bridge becomes a pivot around which the fate of man may turn and that is why he must persist in his efforts despite the realization that
his endeavour is a leap in the dark, more likely to fail than to succeed. This also explains why Golz's orders are being treated as sacrosanct; this stand, enables him to suspend his own powers of judgment and initiative.

III

The conflict between collectivism (the Promethean principle) and individualism (the principle of the fox), in Robert Jordan's mind, is projected on-to the concrete situation in which he finds himself. Very early in the novel the thesis and the antithesis are neatly put forward.

Thesis: Now we come here for something of consummate importance and thee, with thy dwelling place to be undisturbed, puts thy fox-hole before the interests of humanity. Before the interests of thy people.

Antithesis: I live here and operate beyond Segovia. If you make a disturbance here, we will be hunted out of these mountains. It is only by doing nothing here that we are able to live in these mountains. It is the principle of the fox.

(-- FWBT: 15)

The novel is an attempt to make these two view-points interact and assess the value of each.

Robert Jordan is disturbed by Pablo's sullenness because "that's the sadness they get before they quit or"
they betray. That's the sadness that comes before the sell out" (FWBT 16). The arch-individualist Pablo bluntly asks Robert,

> Now if you blow a bridge here, we will be hunted. If they [the Fascists] know we are here and hunt for us with planes, they will find us ... and we must go. I am tired of all this.... What right have you, a foreigner, to come to me and tell me what I must do?

In his right senses he cannot extend his support to Robert in the latter's stupid venture; for him no orders come from above. When Robert proposes to Anselmo that they do it alone, without Pablo's help, he emphatically puts his foot down: "Thou wilt blow no bridge here" (FWBT 53). Pilar tilts the balance in Anselmo's favour but her support has been given more as a matter of faith than in the full realization of the implications of her decision. Pablo regards the venture as outright stupidity:

> You treat a man as coward because he has tactical sense. Because he can see the results of an idiocy in advance. It is not cowardly to know what is foolish.

Pablo's isolation in the band compels him to make a tactical retreat and he lets Pilar command but he has not given up his resistance. The unseasonal snow-storm makes him comment, "Thy offensive goes, Ingles," and his hawk-eyed keennes is on the lookout for any weakening of Robert's determination to blow up the bridge. When others decide that he be liquidated he withdraws into drunken silence "to spend his time with fools ... the illusioned ones" (FWBT 207). As a desperate
man he steals the exploding device during the third night as a last ditch battle to protect his fox-hole. He throws away the stolen equipment so as to prevent Robert from carrying out his suicidal plan. When he returns with five other guerrillas, significantly, he comes to the cave alone to see how the wind blows; he will bring the men in only if the offensive is still on, despite his best efforts to the contrary. "To me, now, my duty is to those who, with me and to myself" (FWBT 19), he had stated unambiguously much earlier in the novel. His loyalty to his group remains unaffected as his destruction of these five men, later on, proves convincingly. He joins in a bid to save as much of his small band as he can, even if the fox-hole is to be given up. There is no high-flown or flaunting loyalty to the Republic. "I have thought much since the thing of the Sardo. I believe if we must finish we must finish together. But thou, Ingles. I hate thee for bringing this to us" (FWBT 368). His loneliness is separation from his band, not from mankind. His ultimate loyalty is to the group, a small number of people, whom he knows intimately; there is no love in his heart for the abstract ideal of the brotherhood of man, or even of the Spanish people. He is no modern Prometheus. He shoots those five guerrillas because what they have done for the Republic is not enough; he needs their horses for carrying his band and their belongings to the Grádos. "I have to look after thy interest and that of the band," he tells Agustín; the men he has killed "were not of our band" (FWBT 429).
In contrast Anselmo is against all killings: "To me it is a sin to kill a man. Even Fascists whom we must kill.... I am against all killing of men" (FWBT: 42). His sense of brotherhood includes even the Fascists; they are one people. "It is only orders that come between us" (FWBT: 187), he believes. His vision of the future rests on the brotherhood of men:

I think that after the war there will have to be some great penance done for the killing. If we no longer have religion after the war then I think there must be some form of civic penance organized that all may be cleansed from the killing or else we will never have a true and human basis for living.

(== FWBT: 190)

When Robert calls him "a Christian" he pays the highest compliment to his own ideal of collective living that he is striving to live up to—the Promethean principle. The ideal of human brotherhood is fully brought out by Anselmo:

But one thing I have that no man nor any God can take from me and that is that I have worked well for the Republic. I have worked hard for the good that we will all share later. I have worked my best from the first of the movement and I have done nothing that I am ashamed of.

[Underlining mine.]

(== FWBT: 191)

He has worked unselfishly for the Republic and for the people. If he has killed he has done so as an unavoidable necessity and with immense sorrow. Killing has always been subordinate to the main goal, the good of the people, Fascists as well as
Loyalists, and all those who belong to no party.

Robert Jordan, on the other hand, is not sure of his loyalty to the Republic. Moreover, he does not mind killing. "Admit," he tells himself, "that you have liked to kill like all who are soldiers by choice have enjoyed it" (FWBT: 273). Even before the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, he had been preparing himself for his small battle; the good of the people is lip service to the Promethean principle. One is forced to come to the inevitable conclusion that Robert Jordan is an individualist like Pablo; hence his failure to achieve de-alienation. As a matter of fact, Anselmo and Pablo are two aspects of Robert Jordan—what he would like to be and what he has been in the past. Now he stands on a crossroad and he must decide which way to go.

So, his desire to demolish the bridge is a psychological necessity, the outcome of a desire to satisfy an inner need rather than what the concrete situation demands. With the demolition of the bridge he has established in his private court that he has "the good juice," and that it has come to him from the grandfather, and that he is not a coward like his father. He has at last obliterated the shame of his father's suicide. In the achievement of this personal victory he has sacrificed the grand old man, Anselmo, and along with him the lofty ideal of the brotherhood of man, a truly Christian
society. More important still, Pablo, the fox, has survived.

But something has been happening since his arrival in these hills. Once the need for compulsive action is over he is free to emerge from his shell of individualism and let his psyche be exposed to the influences that have been operating on him. Before his arrival in Pablo's cave there was no Maria, no Pablo, no Anselmo and no Pilar. These guerrillas were essential to liberate him from his self-created prison. The events of the last three days flood his mind now and he realizes how altruistically the band has worked for him, the band whose leader recognizes no loyalty beyond the members of the band, and how despite their mutual differences the common danger has welded them into a well-organized team. Even Pilar who decreed that Pablo be liquidated now pleads with him to provide cover for his retreat. "Pablo did thee a wrong but he returned" (FWBT: 420). He is filled with hate for those who let him down and with sorrow for Anselmo:

And then, not suddenly, as a physical release could have been but slowly and from his head he began to accept it and let the hate go out.... Once you saw it again as it was to others, once you got rid of your own self, the always ridding of self that you had to do in war. Where there could be no self. Where yourself is only to be lost. Then, from his losing of it, he heard Pilar say, "Sordo-"

(— FWBT: 420-421)

He loses his old self as soon as the bridge is destroyed.

He has come out of a dark alley of the mind called individualism,
and found a new self, like Sordo, which awakens to his responsibility to those guerrillas. It is the newly awakened self that tells Pillar: "Forget it. I was wrong. I am sorry, woman. Let us do this well and all together" (FWBT: 421).

[Underlining mine.]

Out of the debris of the bridge a new Robert Jordan arises who is no longer using others as instruments; he is fighting for his friends, or the members of his family. His hatred is transferred to the mechanised doom in the sky, the Fascist planes. He is glad that he is alive; human life is not to be thrown away. Robert Jordan who had accepted the certainty of his death in this assignment of the bridge awakes to the new possibilities of the self stretching before him. He has lived in the unreality of his non-being for so long that he cannot easily accept the reality of what is now with him (FWBT: 425); the "pleasant stench of comrades," the love for a small number of people who have been together in a crisis. Agustin asks Pablo, "Did you shoot them all [the five guerrillas]?" The paragraph continues:

Robert Jordan was thinking. Keep your mouth shut. It is none of your business now. They have done all you could expect and more. This is an inter-tribal matter. Don't make moral judgments....

"Go ahead," Agustin was saying. "Why do you not say you shot them?"

"Shut up," Pablo said. "I have fought much today and well. Ask the Ingles."
"And now get us through today," Robert Jordan said. "For it is thee who has the plan for this."

"I have a good plan," Pablo said. "With a little luck we will be all right."

(— FWBT : 428-429)

Agustin's indictment of Pablo becomes a moral judgment for Robert Jordan; murder of one's comrades, "an inter-tribal matter." Robert has shut the door on the new possibility of developing love for all mankind; naturally, from the resultant existential guilt he seeks escape into the arms of Maria. In other words, by condoning Pablo's action he has accepted Pablo's morality: "They were not of our band"; hence, expendable. Anselmo's love of man, incidentally, was catholic enough to embrace the Fascists as well, against whom he has fought as bravely and as determinedly as anybody else.

If we say that there are three stages from rugged individualism to absolute identification with mankind, then Robert Jordan has stopped at the half-way house called group loyalty. So, when he is hurt (Is it the same old wound in the leg?) he decides to stay back to cover up the escape of the band to safety; and Lieutenant Berrendo must be killed. Hemingway adds that "he was completely integrated now" (FWBT : 443), but this is all the integration he has been capable of: group loyalty, not love for mankind. He has done his best, and the individualist doing his best is lost. This is the verdict of Hemingway, the artist, on the British and American embargo on
the supply of arms to the Loyalists in Spain. With Stalin's betrayal of the Republic, and with Italian and German support to Franco, no prophet was needed to tell which way the balance would tilt.

There is poignancy in Robert's death and it is an artist's expression of sorrow at the loss of a noble cause in Spain. Here in this book the values of creativity and humanity have attained a balance which is characteristic of great art. This is Hemingway's "gift to the future." In the words of Edgar Johnson,

Those who might believe that this was no very great achievement would be wrong. For the important thing about Hemingway is that he has earned his philosophy, that he has struggled to reach it, overcome the obstacles to attaining it. That is why Hemingway's affirmation means more than the affirmation of a whole bandwagon of sociological novelists.... Incapable of their facile leap, Hemingway has had to fight his way through to affirmation, fight in his blood and fight in his brain. He has earned the right to reject rejection.19

FWBT epitomises Hemingway's closest contact with society and it is the expression of partial fulfilment of the Hemingway hero. He has certainly emerged from his pre-occupation with self but he has failed to identify himself with the oppressed and humiliated of the entire world. Hemingway has been inexplicably reticent about the American problems, like the conditions of life of the black minority, the American participation in the Korean war, etc., etc. Hoffman is certainly right when he says:
The death of Jordan is very different from the wound suffered by Lieutenant Henry; it is not unexpected; Jordan is not unprepared for it; most important, it is given a specious meaning by Jordan's love for Maria and by his dedication to a cause. After the Civil War in Spain Hemingway once again retreats to his duties as a writer and claims absolute freedom to criticize both sides as a writer's privilege. To evolve a coherent philosophy is beyond his genius; there is safety in retreat:

Too much ideology, said Ernest, was a ring in the brain like a ring through the nose-gristle of a bull. If the leftists wanted to go on thinking that the Loyalists never killed anybody let them bask in their illusions. As for himself he had accepted the Communist discipline because it was "the soundest, and sanest for the prosecution of the war." Now that it was over he had reverted to being a writer—not a Catholic writer or a Party writer or even an American Writer, but only a writer trying to tell the truth as he had personally learned it.

Robert Jordan's attempt to find meaning in life by pinning his hopes in the brotherhood of man is, at best, only partly successful. Farquhar argues that with Pablo's return and his revelation that he was lonely without the band "the thematic climax [of the novel] is reached. For here the major conflict of the novel is resolved; Robert's faith in mankind and human brotherhood is confirmed and the ultimate success of his quest for meaning in life is rendered predictable."
think that it is a distortion of the facts because Pablo returns to save the group from committing suicide, rather than motivated by any humanitarian zeal. Similarly, Mark Schorer's contention that "the real theme of the book is the relative unimportance of individuality and the superb importance of the political whole" is no more than wishful thinking because Schorer has ignored Donne's words--"any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankind"--prefixed to the novel. Robert is still committed to killing Lieutenant Berrendo, and not to loving all men. The intellectuals in the Loyalist ranks have admitted that they were simply defending "the bad against the worst," naturally, the outcome cannot be more than partial integration.

Hemingway wrote to Kashkeen, the Russian critic, "I cannot be a communist because I believe in one thing: liberty. First I would look after myself and do my work. Then I would care for my family. Then I would help my neighbor. But the state I care for nothing.... I believe in the absolute minimum of government.... A true work of art endures for ever; no matter what its politics." Hemingway's views expressed here support my conclusion.

This stand, incidentally, refutes Killinger's conclusion that Hemingway shared the Existentialists' position that man does not live alone; he is a member of a society. For Hemingway
the acceptance of any discipline other than that of art amounts to a denial of freedom of thought and action, which are very dear to him (GHA : 25). Collectivisation when backed by brutal regimentation and a mystique of the state can easily lead to 1984. Hemingway, therefore, retreats to his individual freedom after his brief flirtation with "causes." No wonder, he has shied at the subject of American society.

As a matter of fact, Hemingway was faced with the same dilemma which confronted many other creative artists in the thirties: should he, as an artist, confine himself to art, or should he fight for "causes" to ameliorate the condition of man by trying to alter the structure of the society? The testimony of the contributors to Richard Crossman's The God That Failed\textsuperscript{26} supports my point of view to a great extent. Each one of them, according to their own affirmation, was disillusioned by Communism; and finally, the "causes" as a means of giving meaning to life proved a mirage. Their solution, like Hemingway's, lay in retreat from "causes." In the light of this conclusion the quotation from Donne—"No man is an Island"—becomes highly ironic.

The Hemingway hero really never thought in terms of political solutions of the problems facing human society in general and the American society in particular. The truth that escaped his understanding is that each individual while evolving
his own hierarchy of values must share with the community a certain number of values. This condition is necessary for the survival of any human society. Extreme individualism, in the absence of any social constraint, may lead to the law of the jungle. At a theoretical level, at least, a social set-up is possible which gives the individual that minimum of freedom which is essential for the unfoldment of his potentialities, including the right of dissent, and ample opportunities to co-operate with others for the realization of common objectives. The Hemingway hero did not go beyond "the neighbor"; the true identity of an individual can emerge only when he experiences the same love toward a stranger as toward a "neighbor."

IV

In ART, we see another attempt to deal with fascism—a war far more complex than the Spanish Civil War—and the result is far from satisfactory. As Cooperman has pointed out the central problem in ART is how to face old age and death. In terms of human brotherhood, only two individuals—Colonel Cantwell and Gran Maestro—succeed in establishing contact; "both men and brothers in their membership in the human race, the only club that either one paid dues to" (ART: 46). The colonel, who is purged of his bitterness toward his end, in
his bitterness, feels true tenderness and love for those who have received "the baptism of fire," including German soldiers (ART: 58).  

It is true that Thomas Hudson puts aside his painting to contribute to the common effort against fascism and that he has recognized his duty toward society. It is also true that he does not let his love for his first wife (with whom he is reunited), or his grief over his son's death, interfere with his duty toward society. But what may be lost sight of is his love for painting which cannot be pursued if fascism succeeded in its quest for world domination. What he is defending is his private citadel which is threatened by Nazi fanaticism (ITS: 397). So, his aim is to remove a threat to his way of life that has given him a sense of meaning and purpose. In his hour of death he is full of regret for an unlived life:

He looked up and there was -- loved and he looked across the great lagoon that he was quite sure, now, he would never paint....  

(ITS: 398)

Leicester Hemingway's defence of his brother--"he was absolutely dedicated to the belief that talent in the fine arts was not enough. It must be used to make the world a better place in which to live, and that included fighting for human freedom wherever it was threatened"--is not supported by Hemingway's writings. The Hemingway hero
is a creature pre-eminently devoted to himself, and his actions, however heroic, are performed "before the court of his own private judgment and, preferably, quite literally in private. If he shares it at all it is with a very few intimates who instinctively understand his values and never vulgarize them by describing them and thus associating them with the common values."\textsuperscript{31}

Temperamentally, the Hemingway hero is a solitary bird who regards mass-society with distrust. He feels as if he were to guard himself against the impalpable masses, the ant-colony of human beings. The pleasant stench of comrades is rejected in favour of a lonely existence, or at best, the membership of a small band of the elite who share a common code.\textsuperscript{32} This mentality shuts out an important aspect of life which helps an individual realize his potentialities.

All men are in need of help and depend upon one another. Human solidarity is the necessary condition for the unfolding of any one individual.\textsuperscript{33}

The Hemingway hero learns to kill his loneliness in drinking and merry-making, love and pursuit of happiness, work, and occasionally in the service of man but as he draws closer to the end the basic truth that man is alone registers itself indelibly on his consciousness. TOMS epitomizes this truth:
No one should be alone in their old age, he [Santiago] thought. But it is unavoidable.

(— TOMS: 40)

Before Santiago sets out on his fateful voyage he has done away with most of his illusions—love, friendship, luxury or comforts, and even the consolation of religion. He is reduced to the barest individual resources—will-power, hope, courage, fortitude and his strange dream of lions on an African beach. In a moment of weakness he reflects, "Perhaps I should not have been a fisherman," but the very next instant he reminds himself: "that was the thing that I was born for" (TOMS: 43). Only in doing what he is born for does he realize what he is; and significantly, he achieves it all by himself. The odds that he has to face are a priori condition for his self-realization:

"Fish," he said softly, aloud, "I'll stay with you until I am dead."

(— TOMS: 45)

This is the code of the fisherman. He has to kill the fish, as Wilson the white hunter has to kill a wounded lion, whatever be the cost. The question whether killing the fish is a sin is irrelevant if the stake is as high as self-realization. "You were born to be a fisherman as the fish was born to be a fish" (TOMS: 94). He kills the grand fish out of pride and because he is a fisherman. On his return he shares his prize with Pedrico and Manolin; the former gets
the head of the fish "to use in fish traps" and the latter gets the spear. It is a small group of friends, the elite, who deserve to share the fish but in his quest he is all alone:

His [the marlin's] choice had been to stay in the dark deep water far out beyond all snares and traps and treacheries. My choice was to go there and find him beyond all people. Beyond all people in the world. Now we are joined together and have been since noon. And no one to help either one of us. [Underlining mine.]

(-- TOMS : 43)

The old man's absence will be a cause for anxiety for the boy and some older fisherman. "I live in a good town," he reflects but this feeling of solidarity is possible, significantly, in a rural setting where the blight of industrialization has not corrupted human relations. It is a small community of fishermen where everybody knows everybody else. It may be pointed out that he wishes for the company of the boy often enough not to be lost sight of but the way he juxtaposes "the boy" and "salt" in the sentence, "I wish the boy were here and that I had some salt," brings out the role of the boy in his life.

Burhans has argued that TOMS is "the culminating expression of Hemingway's mature view on" the relationship between individualism and interdependence. "... the ultimate tragic irony of man's fate [is] that only through the isolated individualism and the pride which drive him beyond his true place in life does man develop the qualities and the wisdom which teach him the sin of such individualism and pride and
which bring him the deepest understanding of himself and of his place in the world. Bickford Sylvester refuting Burhans' argument asserts that TOMS implies the dependence of the many upon one, of the passive community upon a potent individual redeemer who, in his dependence upon a principle basic to universal order, is independent of all men. This is the implication of the Calvary illusions.... The majority was not born to be like him and yet dependent on him, it has its place in the world. Thus, I suggest, we can account for Santiago's compassionate understanding of the shallow water fisherman, without forcing ourselves to ignore the positive emphasis upon exceptional achievement pervasive in the story.

To suggest that Santiago suffers from remorse for indulging in isolated activity is to miss the point of the novel for Santiago lives life at its intensest when he is farthest from the shore, when he pierces his lance into the heart of the fish, when he feels "the pain of life by simply opening and closing" his hands (TOMS: 105). Hemingway seems to be saying, "Behold! Here is a Man!" and this status Santiago achieves without the benefit of politics or economics or a trade union of fishermen.

In his growth along the lines suggested above Hemingway has been preceded by Aldous Huxley. Anthony Beavis, in Eyeless in Gaza, veers round to the viewpoint "that life can be bettered only by the assumption of individual responsibility, that there is no escape through systems of collective action, either from the threat of war
which overshadows his world or from insecurity in daily living." Peace for individuals and nations can come only through the individual exercise of love and compassion. This gives Huxley's and Hemingway's characters a kind of faith by which they can live meaningfully in life. Benson also emphasizes the same point in Hemingway:

In the final analysis, man stands alone, terrifying alone, cut off from God and men. He is not a member of a spiritual or temporal society wherein any reciprocal benefits are bestowed; if a man contributes to society in any sense at all, he does so only by fighting and by winning his own battle.38

Robert Jordan not only wins his own battle but is prepared to die with the consciousness "you can do nothing for yourself but perhaps you can do something for another" (MWBT : 439). The trouble with individuals or small combines seeking their own salvation is that they do not realize that with the best of intentions individual, or group, interests may clash and that in mutual destruction there can be no sense of identity. Unless man is filled with anguish, for in choosing for himself he is choosing for mankind (as Sartre is, for example), there can be no salvation. The delicate question that baffled the Hemingway hero seems to be: how should he strike the balance between individual freedom and participation in social activity that gives maximum scope for the growth of all individuals? That he failed in his quest is obvious but it was a valiant effort. One cannot doubt the
sincerity of the effort as one cannot help feeling sorry for the Hemingway hero whose journey ended halfway. Unless human society becomes one big "Gemeinschaft," or what Fromm calls "the sane society," there is no hope for man.