A person engaged in as serious a quest as his identity would seldom be content with exploring one or two realms of experience. Hemingway spent his entire life investigating the significance of different experiences for he took the entire world as his field. The world of human beings is not too big a leap from the world of inanimate nature, in which I have already tried to trace the evolution of Hemingway's identity. After all man is a social being; and the existence of other human beings is essential for the growth of an individual's awareness of his own uniqueness because in interaction alone can he actualize his powers and experience a sense of being. The more intimate the relationship—as in love, friendship, parenthood—the deeper the awareness of the otherness of others and consequently the uniqueness of the self. In a formal relationship, the participants play pre-determined roles and their choice of being is not only restricted but at times reduced to no choice virtually. In such a relationship the individual uniqueness cannot come into full play; one's identity becomes submerged in the mass or group identity. Alternatively, where the relationship is voluntary and based on one's own free and deliberate desire to co-operate, there is much scope for the
individual to be what he is. In Martin Buber's terminology, it is the "I-Thou" relationship, which is "characterized by mutuality, directness, presentness, intensity, and ineffability," distinct from the "I-It" relationship, which is the primary word of experiencing and using. Buber is emphatic on this point: "... without It man cannot live. But he who lives with It alone is not a man."

Hemingway inherited from the Victorians the belief that love was "the most intrinsically valuable of human experiences ... and so long as love was possible, life could not be either meaningless or not worth living." Joseph Wood Krutch adds that Hemingway not only assumed the right to love but became concerned with something far more radical: "the value of love itself." He questioned the value itself and this quest compelled him to explore the whole gamut of inter-personal relationships.

II

Disillusioned with and alienated from his parents as Nick was it is logical as well as essential that he establish ties with persons unconnected with home. By its very nature Nick's sexual relationship with Trudy or Prudie,
the Indian girl, is temporary and she never rises in Nick’s consciousness from the level of “It” to the level of “Thou.” In other words, she is enshrined in Nick’s memory as an object that gave him pleasure and not as a person with whom he could develop a lasting liaison. Similarly, Nick nips his love for Marjouri in the bud. All we know is that he lost her but we are not told whether he regained her—most probably, he did not. And then he went to the Continent and plunged himself into war. The life near the front and in the barracks is such that soldiers can at best experience sex between two battles; there is no time or scope for love to bud, and then to bloom.

It is in this context that there is some justification for Leslie Fiedler’s charge that “Hemingway ... is much addicted to describing the sex act,” or for Philip Young’s contention that since Hemingway’s world is a world at war the heroes seize pleasure in haste. Andre Maurois goes to the extent of saying that in Hemingway there is no love and “sensuality seems to be the very essence of Hemingway’s heroes. Physical love, yes, but one mustn’t pay too high a price for it.” Other critics have said that in Hemingway sex—without responsibility—is a drug for blotting out the nightmarish experiences of the war and their unpleasant memories; and obviously, the ideal woman, from the Hemingway hero’s point of view, is the one who gives herself generously and makes no demands on him.
Then something transpired in the American hospital at Milan where Nick-Frederic-Jake went for treatment. Three fictional versions of this episode are available: "A Very Short Story," The Sun Also Rises, and A Farewell to Arms. In each of these he has ventured into a new direction to explore the nature and meaning of man-woman relationship. The emerging pattern is the Hemingway hero's progression from the early exploration of sex to an experience of genuine love.

The facts are briefly stated: "Luz stayed on night duty for three months. They were glad to let her.... There were only a few patients, and they knew all about it.... They [Luz and her soldier-lover; Nick, most probably] wanted to get married, but there was not enough time for the banns, and neither of them had birth certificates. They felt as though they were married, but they wanted everyone to know about it, and to make it so that they could not lose it." After the war he went back to the States to get a job so that they had something to live on after their marriage. In the meanwhile Luz changed her mind. She wrote to her lover that "theirs had been a boy and girl affair. She was sorry ... and she expected, absolutely unexpectedly, to be married in the spring [to an Italian major]. She loved him as always, but she realized now it was only a boy and girl love.... She knew it was for the best" ("A Very Short Story").
The first taste of love leaves a bitter taste in the mouth of the Hemingway hero and he carries the scars of this emotional debacle for the rest of his life. He becomes wary of all such snares that might expose him to such rude shocks. He, as a result, develops a protective shell of toughness so that the sensitive mind leads a sheltered existence. He grants himself the liberty to enjoy sex, pay a price for it, but is extremely cautious of getting involved emotionally. Even when he marries it is a marriage of convenience. He is indifferent to what the woman feels because one woman has not cared for his feelings. In other words, he has written off a genuine relationship from his life, and therefore, his search for identity through love is pre-ordained to fail from the very start. It is not surprising, therefore, that Krebs who liked the girls at a distance "did not like them when he saw them in the Greek's ice-cream parlour.... Vaguely he wanted a girl but he did not want to work to get her.... He did not want to have to do any courting. He did not want to tell any more lies. It wasn't worth it.... He wanted to live along without consequences.... When you were really ripe for a girl you always got one.... He had learned that in the army" ("Soldier's Home").

In "Hills Like White Elephants" the male could be the same character who is scared of being trapped "biologically." There is no genuine dialogue between the married partners in
"Cat in the Rain," or "Out of Season" for there is no genuine union. The male is indifferent to the feelings of the woman because having obtained what he wanted of her he has withdrawn into his protective shell. The sadness in these stories is due to the fact that the woman is a victim of the tragic circumstances which she does not understand and about which she can do nothing, at least for the time being. The tragedy is the failure of "I-It" relationship to become "I-Thou" relationship. Perhaps, only in romances love triumphs in the end; certainly not in Hemingway's world.

Whenever the alliance is based on anything but love it is doomed. Notice how pregnant with satire are Hemingway's comments on the Macombers:

They had a sound basis of union. Margot was too beautiful for Macomber to divorce her and Macomber had too much money for Margot ever to leave him.

(— "Macomber")

Or, when a man allows himself to be acquired by a woman—like Harry in "The Snows," after being "already over"—he gathers "fat" on "his soul." His existence is based on lies, not on love. His capacity for love may be taken as synonymous with his capacity for creative work. "It is this inability to love which is his real sickness, and it is aggravated by the deception which he practices—and practices successfully—upon his wife.... Life without love is death-in-life; this is the real moral of
the story.... It is significant that Harry's disintegration as a writer began at the moment he felt himself incapable of love: when he stopped loving he stopped creating. 7 Harry's own self-assessment is remarkably penetrating and accurate:

It was strange, too, wasn't it that when he fell in love with another woman, that woman should always have more money than the last one? But when he was no longer in love, when he was lying, as to this woman, now, who had the most money of all ... it was strange ... that he should be able to give her more for her money than when he had really loved.

("The Snows")

It hardly matters whether the woman in such an alliance is condemned as a "rich bitch," or as "the hardest, the cruellest, the most predatory," or "simply enamelled in ... American female cruelty" because when the partners in an alliance do not act in "good faith" charges and counter-charges are natural. And when the relationship fails to make one realize its meaning and experience happiness, the relationship is vitiated. Helen Gordon who in her sincerity and innocence had believed that "love was the greatest thing" gives the most bitter and damaging verdict on befouled love:

Love is just another dirty lie. Love is ergoapiol pills to make me come around because you were afraid to have a baby. Love is quinine and quinine and quinine until I'm deaf with it. Love is that dirty aborting horror that you took me to. Love is my inside all messed up. It's half catheters and half whirling douches. I know about love. Love always hangs up behind the bathroom door. It smells like lysol. To hell with love. 8

("THAW : 146")
And women like Dorothy Hollis who have married money have spelt their own ruin. They are bitches because having got tired of their husbands they have taken lovers, who again cannot satisfy them. Befouled love is no remedy for alienation; as a matter of fact, it accentuates alienation. Nor is self-realization possible for the selfish and the head-strong because they are incapable of maturing and meeting the demands love makes on them:

She [Hudson's second wife] was a delightful and charming woman who had never altered a plan that she made in her life. Her plans were always made in secret, like those of a good general, and they were rigidly enforced. A compromise might be effected. But never a basic change in a plan whether that plan was conceived in a sleepless night or on an angry morning or on a gin-aided evening.

(— ITS : 12)

For this and similar other reasons Hudson had been compelled to separate from her.

Since few relationships in Hemingway are lasting, Atkins argues that "Hemingway prefers the man to overpower the woman and not vice versa. Or if 'prefer' is too positive a word, let us say that he finds the happy love affair issues out of male dominance." And he goes on to generalize; "Whether women like it or not, submission is the basis of love." 9 Atkins has gone wrong in his analysis because neither "dominance" nor "submission" is the true basis of love; both these traits characterize a symbiotic relationship in which
the participants because of their arrested growth fail to realize their uniqueness. For a successful love respect for each other's integrity is the true basis, and "the possibility of acceptance by and trust for another human being is a necessary condition for the 'I-am' experience.... the acceptance frees him to experience his own being." Love must give one self-esteem which is different from what others think of him or her. Lack of self-esteem leads to rigid moralism and social conformity which instead of de-alienating an individual lead to further alienation. Hudson's first wife whom he has loved all his life tells him on their reunion:

[You] think making love to a woman is enough. You never think about her wanting to be proud of you. Nor about small tendernesses.... couldn't you be more needing and make me necessary and not be so damned give it and take it and take it away I'm not hungry.

(--- ITS : 276)

Coming to the second version of the Milan hospital episode it may be recalled how Jake met Brett: "She was a V.A.D. in a hospital I was in during the war" (TSAR : 34). Jake also throws light on the cause of his present troubles: "Probably I never would have had any trouble if I hadn't run into Brett when they shipped me to England. I suppose she only wanted what she couldn't have" (TSAR : 29). That they are deeply in love with each other is established convincingly in the novel but their tragedy is that Jake was hit in the genitals and now he cannot consummate his love. As a conse-
quence Brett becomes a modern Don Juan turned bitch and Jake watches her adventures sometimes with impotent rage and sometimes with stoic resignation. In retrospect he tells us:

I had been having Brett for a friend. I had not been thinking about her side of it. I had been getting something for nothing. That only delayed the presentation of the bill. The bill always came. That was one of the swell things you could count on.

(-- TSAR : 114)

The price he has to pay is his misery of being in love without the power to consummate it. "It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in daytime, but at night it is another thing" (TSAR : 31).

The obvious conclusion is that love without sex—as in the case of Jake—and sex without love—as in the case of Brett—lead nowhere. Jake has realized that war has debarred him from entering into man-woman relationship and his search for meaning in life must inevitably take some other direction. Similarly, Brett must go back to Mike who is her own kind and lead a miserable existence for the rest of her life. Brett represents that aspect of Jake's life which he is unwilling to reject but eventually he has to. This forced renunciation is worse than the death of the beloved because Jake's existence before the renunciation is like death-in-life. And in Brett's case nymphomania is a sickness of the soul. Both have reached a dead end so far as love is concerned.
Robert W. Lewis thinks that in Jake's love for Brett there is a growth of agape. "Like the polite bartender of last chapter, they must exercise some devotion to each other by simple acts of kindness. Such is the skeptical but not nihilistic conclusion of Hemingway's first novel." In the first place, Jake's last words, "Isn't it pretty to think so?" imply a rejection of Brett's suggestion: "we could have had such a damned good time together"; secondly, it reflects Jake's bitterness rather than the growth of agape. Lewis seems to either miss or ignore the irony in Jake's words. Agape as the way out may be the ultimate solution but this conclusion does not emerge from the novel.

Similarly, Sheridan Baker who regards TSAR as a variation on "The Grecian Urn" theme has failed to understand Jake's suffering. In fact, the novel unmistakably points to the conclusion reached by Robinson:

In The Sun Also Rises, we encounter a first-person narrator, who is, in a sense, forced to recognize, by the fact of his emasculation, that human love cannot serve as a means of transcending the meaninglessness of his world.... Jake ... suffers tragic consequences because he refuses to accept his condition—physical estrangement from Brett Ashley and also spiritual estrangement from the world in which he lives and searches for meaning.
AFTA opens before the Milan episode to give the reader, as it were, the feel of what it was like before and how the romance started. Lieutenant Frederic Henry serving with the Italian Red Cross ambulance unit goes on leave during the winter to the "centres of culture and civilization" (AFTA: 11), and the anonymity of

the smoke of cafes and nights where the room 'whirled and you needed to look at the wall to make it stop, nights in bed, drunk, when you knew that that was all there was, and the strange excitement of waking and not knowing who it was with you and the world all unreal in the dark and so exciting that you must resume again unknowing and not caring in the night, since this was all and all and all and not caring.... I tried to tell about the night and the difference between the night and the day ... I could not tell it; as I cannot tell it now. [Underlining mine.]

(-- AFTA: 14-15)

The young lieutenant tells us in retrospect how he was lost in the exciting drunkenness of a life of the senses which, he knows now, leads nowhere. It must be resumed again and again but he did not care then. The war and his early life had taught him that the senses were the only reliable guide in life. One discerns a profound sadness in the first-person narrator's account of his life of booze and brothels because there is a distinct awareness in him of the difference between a life of the senses and a life enriched by love.)
Rinaldi introduces him to Catherine Barkley, again a V.A.D., who is distraught with grief at the death of her fiance, and remorse for her failure to give him sex. Naturally, the first meeting is very formal but Frederic gathers the impression that she prefers him to Rinaldi. At the third meeting he makes his moves like an experienced chess player and wins. She lets him kiss her. From the very start Catherine aims at permanence in their relationship—"You will be good to me, won't you?"—whereas Henry is annoyed by this demand because his reaction is "what the hell." Whether it is feminine intuition or the narrator's later interpolation one cannot tell but she knows that "we're going to have a strange life" (AFTA : 25).

On the third day when Frederic calls at the villa, in which the British hospital is located, he makes it clear beyond an iota of doubt that he is not in love with Catherine:

She looked at me. "And do you love me?"
"Yes."
"You did say you loved me, didn't you?"
"Yes," I lied. "I love you." I had not said it before.

(— AFTA : 27)

And he later adds; "I thought she was probably a little crazy. It was all right if she was. I did not care what I was getting into. This was better than going every evening to the house
for officers.... I knew I did not love Catherine Barkley nor had any intention of loving her" (AFTA : 27-28). Even she knows that Frederic does not love her:

"You don't have to pretend you love me...."
"But I do love you."
"Please let's not lie when we don't have to.... And you don't have to say you love me."

(— AFTA : 28-29)

The recurrent game metaphor also underscores Frederic's lack of total involvement in the affair. The fact that he is alienated from society and self which is manifest in his life of the senses is reinforced by his uninvolved in war and other human relations. He is a classic example of the lonely outsider.)

In Chapter VII when he thinks of calling on Catherine after supper his fancy is let loose. A dream-like quality permeates his reverie in which he imagines himself and Catherine visiting some pleasant places he has already been to. He fails to see her after supper, and the chapter closes with these words:

I went out the door and suddenly I felt lonely and empty. I had treated seeing Catherine lightly. I had gotten somewhat drunk and had nearly forgotten to come but when I could not see her there I was feeling lonely and hollow.

(— AFTA : 36)

The next day he succeeds in seeing her but only for a minute before "leaving ... for a show up above Plava," and she gives
him a Saint Anthony for protection. He promises to see her the next day and she refuses to bid him good-bye. That day he is wounded in that "show."

His uninvolve ment is explicit in what he chooses to tell us. After the accident "... all that was happening was without interest or relation" (AFTA : 52). He gave up going to the whore house because it is better to kill the tedium of a meaningless existence in the company of a charming young woman. Even Rinaldi has perceived this tedium but he prefers to find consolation in drink and work.

So much for the pre-hospital stage.

Frederic's feelings for Catherine are elevated from a purely sensual desire for her to love, whatever it may mean at this stage, when they are united in the hospital at Milan. But for their earlier acquaintance she would not have slept with him at the first possible opportunity. He has had sexual intercourse before but now it is different: "Catherine sat in a chair by the bed. The door was open in the hall. The wildness was gone and I felt finer than I had ever felt" (AFTA : 75). This is his first taste of love and the miracle has transformed his life completely:

God knows I had not wanted to fall in love with her. I had not wanted to fall in love with anyone. But God knows I had and I lay on the bed in the room of the hospital in Milan and all sorts of things went through my head....

(-- AFTA : 75)
Frederic's dream of "how it ought to be" (AFTA : 34) has come true. Since he has started caring for her he lies for her sake so as not to hurt her. Catherine, on her part, is willing to do what he wants her to. "I want what you want. There isn't any me any more" (AFTA : 84).

The way Catherine has merged her identity with that of her lover points to symbiosis. She had been shattered completely by the news of her fiance's death and was unable to stand alone when she met Frederic. She is so completely dependent on her lover to regain her sanity and balance that he becomes indispensable. Here is the opinion of a practising psychologist:

It is always the inability to stand the aloneness of individual self that leads to the drive to enter a symbiotic relationship with someone else. It is not a relationship based on the independence and integrity of the two persons involved; the seeds of destruction of such a relationship lie buried within it. Frederic is in love with Catherine but he has not realized his responsibility toward her:

I wanted to be really married but Catherine said that if we were they would send her away and if we merely started on the formalities they would watch her and would break us up.... I wanted us to be married really because I worried about having a child ... but we pretended to ourselves we were married ... and I suppose I enjoyed not being married, really. [Underlining mine.]

(-- AFTA : 90)

Frederic is worried about her having a child and he does not want to marry her really. On Catherine's part she is
not worried about being not married; she is worried about being sent away from him. So idolatrous is her love that she declares, "You are my religion. You're all I've got" (AFTA : 91).

Here is a situation in which a woman has raised secular love to the status of faith which, in Paul Tillich's opinion, is "the state of being ultimately concerned." It is an error of judgment to raise a worldly relationship to the ultimate level, to the exclusion of everything else. Frederic has also cut out everything from his life: "I knew many people in Milan but was always anxious to come back home to the hospital" (AFTA : 93).

No amount of submission or domination is enough to give the participants a sense of identity or integration and "the ultimate result of these passions is defeat." 15

However, the security of love has cured Catherine of her craziness; she is restored to sanity. By the time she discloses her pregnancy to Frederic she has got over her initial dependence on him. "... life isn't hard to manage when you've nothing to lose" (AFTA : 108). It is not despair but courage to face life as it comes. "You mustn't worry," she tells her lover. "I'll fix everything to be together if you pick out a place for us to go. It ought to be lovely in October" (AFTA : 109).

It is Frederic who feels trapped biologically, not Catherine. Both the lovers are very happy but it is a love that excludes many other activities of life; this cocoon-like existence has immense dangerous possibilities:
"We have such a fine time," Catherine said. "I don't take any interest in anything else, any more. I'm so very happy married to you."

(— AFTA : 122)

Frederic too has invested so heavily in Catherine that when he returns to his unit "it did not feel like a home-coming" (AFTA : 127) because, as Baker says, his home is where Catherine is. The dream-sequence in which poetry gets mixed up with reality reveals how deeply involved he has become in her:

Blow, blow, ye western wind.... It rained all night.... Christ, that my love were in my arms and I in my bed again. That my love Catherine. That my sweet love Catherine down might rain. Blow her again to me....

(— AFTA : 153)

In the retreat, Frederic loses everything—his ambulances, his equipment, the mechanics, and finally his group identity. And when he is going to lose his life he deserts.

He is out of the war and he feels no obligation toward the life that is over for him; his obligation is to Catherine. In Stresa they experience the epitome of love, something very different from their earlier symbiotic relationship:

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.... But we were never lonely and never afraid when we were together.16

(— AFTA : 192-193)
Their togetherness cannot obliterate the guilt-consciousness of Frederic: "I feel like a criminal. I've deserted from the army" (AFTA : 194). His isolation is broken by a fishing trip on the lake in the company of the barman, or a game of billiards and a talk with Count Greffi but he wishes to return to his room in the hotel, for Catherine has become a substitute for every social activity:

"My life used to be full of everything," I said. "Now if you aren't with me I haven't a thing in the world."

(— AFTA : 198)

And when Catherine teases him, "Othello with his occupation gone," the truth is too close to the bone not to be painful. They are social beings and they cannot ignore the existence of the social order. There are many things--the social order, the country to which one belongs, and mankind--and all these make demands on the individual; a cocoon-like existence is bound to meet its natural end. When Count Greffi asks Frederic, "What do you value most?" he replies, "Someone I love." The count politely adds, "With me it is the same. That is not wisdom" (AFTA : 202). There are so many facets of life that one must establish relationships with, if life is to be abundant and significant. To circumvent all these demands they escape into Switzerland, and like all palliatives their escape too must end.
Catherine's death is full of pathos but its real function in the novel is to register in the consciousness of the Hemingway hero that there can be no farewell to arms, if arms may be taken to stand for all engagements and commitments that life demands. Frederic-Catherine love is love at its best but it is not enough. "If we consider her death in relation to Frederic's intention to escape the meaninglessness of his world, however, we can entertain the notion that here death points up the death of an illusion which has run its course." Love may not be an illusion but an idyllic existence like theirs is certainly inadequate for the modern man. For a fuller life it has to be love plus other human activities. For Glasser, the real tragedy is the awareness within Frederic "of his fault ... and the betterment not of circumstances but of man himself." For Frederic the whole purpose of narrating his experience is to examine what meaning is there in such a total commitment to man-woman relationship. AFTA is another milestone in the growth of the Hemingway hero; having found sex without love inadequate, he now writes off love, even at its best, if it isolates man and incapacitates him for other encounters in life. A quest for universal meaning in a limited experience like love is doomed because it is liable to all the accidents of a world in which human beings are like the ants running back and forth on a log burning in a camp-fire." It may not be out of place to point out that a loveless life in Hemingway is also incomplete,
and therefore, it can hardly give one a feeling of integration.

In "The Snows," Harry laments the loss of his creative powers and traces the loss to his separation from his first wife whom he loved. In THAW, Harry Morgan's happy married life is in sharp contrast to the psycho-pathological cases of men and women who have befouled love. He sincerely believes in what he is doing but he dies on his way to Cuba due to an error of judgment in ignoring the existence of a social order to which he belongs, whether he likes it or not.

Harry's death confirms the conclusion arrived at in AFTA, that is to say, "no man alone" can paddle his canoe for long in opposition to the social current. The manner of his death, like that of Catherine, is unimportant; it is a matter of detail. The significant fact remains that Hemingway, the artist, does not let an insulated love survive for long, however regrettable the fact may be. Love, for Hemingway, is not an end in itself; it is a vehicle for human fulfilment; therefore, in the service of this value other values cannot be sacrificed. Nor should love be sacrificed for a cause, however noble in itself, as Philip does in TPC. Hemingway points out in the "Preface" to The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories that

if it has a moral it is that people who work for certain organizations have very little time for home life. There is a girl in it named Dorothy but her name might have been Nostalgia.

(— TPC : 6)
"Nostalgia" literally means wistful longing for something past, and it implies sadness. Philip is sad because he loves Dorothy for what she is and wants to marry her but doesn't. It is a decision of the head, contrary to the wishes of the heart, and his sadness is due to the need for such a decision. And whatever he may contribute to the happiness of the Spanish people he will suffer from nostalgia for the rest of his life. It is a lonely existence indeed!

In his next novel, Hemingway is once again engaged in exploring the nature of man-woman relationship because the pursuit of love is an absorbing occupation for the Hemingway hero, and love occupies a very prominent place in his value hierarchy. Robert Jordan, like Philip, is committed to the Loyalist cause in Spain. In the course of one of his assignments to blow up a bridge he unexpectedly meets Maria and, equally unexpectedly, he finds her in his sleeping bag. During their first night together he regards this encounter a brief and lucky affair. Doing what he is doing, like Philip again, he cannot afford to have a love-affair, at least he thinks so. He is not averse to enjoying this windfall but he will take her to a home for destitute women after the termination of his assignment. The dream-like quality of this encounter lingers with him for long:

Such things don't happen. Maybe it never did happen, he thought. Maybe you dreamed it or made it up and it never did happen. Maybe it is like the dreams you have when someone you have seen in the cinema comes to your bed at night and is so kind and lovely. He'd slept with them all that way when he was asleep in bed. He could
remember Garbo still, and Harlow.... Maybe it was like those dreams.

(--- FWBT : 133)

The experience is reminiscent of Nick's sexual intercourse with Prudie in "Fathers and Sons" because in both these encounters he is experiencing sex at the sensory level. The priest's ideal of love—care for, responsibility to and service of the beloved—is a far cry yet.

The second encounter on the crushed stalks of heather is a memorable experience indeed because time stops and he feels "the earth move out and away from under them" (FWBT : 155). Robert senses that there is magic in Maria's body and his tenderness toward her gives birth to the early stirrings which have the seeds of love but which are not strong enough to run in double harness with his ideology. When Maria asserts that she is his forever he is clear in his mind that he does not love her for he emphatically replies, "Nay." He is at the same stage of development at which Philip gave up Dorothy; that is to say, love is taking birth but it is being smothered for a cause.

As love is creative in Hemingway, his brain is very clear and he makes a good plan for demolishing the bridge. Love and work go hand in hand. His duty stands in the way of his happiness which is not sensory. At the sensory level he is more than pleased with Maria but he is as yet not fully
identified with Maria and the guerrilla band:

You have no responsibility for them except in action. The orders do not come from you. They come from Golz. And who is Golz? A good general.... But should a man carry out impossible orders knowing what they lead to?...

Yes. He should carry them out because it is in the performing of them that they can prove to be impossible....

No, he would carry out the orders and it was bad luck that you liked the people you must do it with. [Underlining mine.]

(— FWBT : 157-158)

Obviously, there is a struggle going on in his mind: on the one hand he wants to believe in what he is doing and to be convinced that people may be sacrificed for a cause, and on the other hand he is reluctant to do so because he likes them. It is the age-old question of ends and means. At this juncture Maria's love causes a revolution within him: it shakes his belief that a cause is superior to love. And if he can make mistakes, he wonders, how can the party-line be infallible? Maria's love has caused a few breaches in the citadel of his ideology:

Maria was very hard on his bigotry. So far she had not affected his resolution but he would much prefer not to die. He would abandon a hero's or a martyr's end gladly. He did not want to make a Thermopylae, nor be Horatius at any bridge, nor be the Dutch boy with his finger in that dyke. No. He would like to spend some time with Maria. That was the simplest expression of it. He would like to spend a long, long time with her.

(— FWBT : 159-160)

The birth of love and the rebirth of heresy in Robert's mind are simultaneous occurrences. He is no longer sure; therefore, he is no longer bigoted. It is at this stage
that he is aware of the possibility of his death in this
venture and this awareness heightens the possibility of a
full life "in seventy hours as in seventy years" (FWBT : 161).
So far he had cherished a love for Spain and the Spanish people
at an abstract level; with the advent of Maria's love it has
become an experienced reality. He regards himself lucky to
have Maria's love and know its value:

So if you love this girl as much as you say you do, you
had better love her very hard and make up in intensity
what the relation will lack in duration and in continuity.

(— FWBT : 163-164)

And he reminds himself; "A good life is not measured by any
biblical span" (FWBT : 165).

Robert has not submerged his identity in that of
another. The security given by love has liberated him to do
what he wants to do with greater confidence and vigour; he
certainly does not want Maria to submit to him and to lose her
identity:

"Since we are different I am glad that you art Roberto
and I Maria. But if thou should ever wish to change I
would be glad to change. I would be thee because I love
thee so."

"I do not wish to change. It is better to be one and
each one to be the one he is." [Underlining mine.]

(— FWBT : 251)

For Robert love occupies an important place in life but he
cannot let it become the be-all and the end-all of his existence.
So, when there is work to be done he has neither the time nor even the courtesy to tell Maria that he loves her. Everything, for him, has its time and place; and he is guided by his inner dynamics. 21 He is now as deeply involved in love as in the struggle against Fascism. Significantly, the public statement that he will marry Maria comes when he is sitting in the blind and waiting for the Fascist cavalry. His love for Maria has transcended the "purely materialistic conception of society" in which "there isn't supposed to be any such thing as love" (FWBT : 289). The feeling of "taking part in a crusade" is matched by the mystical experience in love. Both these experiences have been raised to the level of a religious experience; and at this stage they merge into a single entity in Robert's mind. Most people do not believe in love because they are not lucky enough ever to have it. You never had it before and now you have it. What you have with Maria ... is the most important thing that can happen to a human being. There will always be people who say it does not exist because they cannot have it. But I tell you it is true and that you have it and that you are lucky even if you die tomorrow.

(— FWBT : 289)

On the third night he promises to marry her but for her, as for Catherine Barkley, marriage is a formality that she can dispense with. She tells her lover that she will marry him if he so wishes. "But since we no longer have the Church I do not think it carried importance" (FWBT : 326). Later that night he tells her, "I marry thee now. Thou art my wife" (FWBT : 335). For Maria too it is a permanent alliance for she
wants to bear his children. In love, she has gained enough confidence to exorcize her psychic injury from her consciousness by telling Robert of her rape and be restored to her virginity and innocence. She is totally free from any fear of alienating her lover. Robert on his part confesses:

I am no mystic but to deny it is as ignorant as though you denied the telephone or that the earth revolves around the sun or that there are other planets than this.

(— FWBT : 359)

Having attained the acme of love he transcends death:

He knew he himself was nothing and he knew death was nothing. He knew that truly, as truly as he knew anything. In the last few days he had learned that he himself, with another person, could be everything.... That cannot be taken away nor lost.

(— FWBT : 371)

In Hemingway, as a matter of fact, nothing exists beyond the last barrier, death. Robert may hopefully tell Maria, "As long as there is one of us there is both of us" (FWBT : 436), but this assurance is false because he tells himself, "Try to believe what you told her" (FWBT : 439). He has deliberately told a lie for her sake and in love, according to Hemingway, it is highly moral.

Love in FWBT does not deplete the hero; it enriches his existence and it is enriched by his love of man. Maria's love not only liberates him from the hide-bound dogmatism of his earlier beliefs but awakens in him love for all mankind.
The Fascists are no longer evil personified; they are human beings and it is regrettable that he has to kill them. He is still opposed to Fascism but not to human beings who believe in it. With Anselmo he might have said that they ought to be educated to see their mistake. **FWBT** embodies Hemingway's fullest and most mature expression of the meaning and place of love in human life. It is a meaningful experience only when it co-exists with man's love for his fellow men, his love for nature, his duty i.e. what he is born to do. Erich Fromm tells us:

> Love is in the experience of human solidarity with other fellow creatures, it is in the erotic love of man and woman, in the love of the mother for the child, and also in the love for oneself, as a human being; it is in the mystical experience of union. In the act of loving, I am one with All, and yet I am myself, a unique separate, limited mortal being. Indeed out of the very polarity between separateness and union, love is born and reborn.23

So one might conclude that love, in Hemingway, is a mode of being in the world, an attempt to extend a hold on the world in its entirety through a particular woman.24 It is a perfect relationship in which sex, duty, marriage, bearing of children—all merge. When Renata asks Colonel Cantwell whether he feels better to be loved, he answers in his characteristic style:

> Yes. ... I feel as though I were put on some bare-assed hill where it was too rocky to dig, and the rocks all solid, but without jutting, and no bulges, and all of a sudden instead of being there naked, I was armoured. [Underling mine.]

(— ART : 101)
The metaphorical use of the word "armour" implies that he is ready to do battle and he still feels protected. Love cannot ask for bidding farewell to arms and still survive.

IV

Since the publication of THAN many a critic has noted and commented on Hemingway's swing to the Left and ascribed to this development the change in his attitude toward love. Theodore Bardacke's views will serve as a typical example:

In Hemingway's early stories and novels the complete and satisfying relationship, even when attained, is antagonistic to the modern world, and is destroyed at the first opportunity. As a result, the lovers are left doubly wounded, because their love has made them more vulnerable. It is only after 1935, when Hemingway discovers an affirmative political view, that love becomes a force that can transcend the immediate moment and even death. At her husband's death Marie Morgan is lost but strong, and Marie carries away the memory and spirit that He [sic] has bequeathed to her.... Dorothy Hollis is the female crystallization of the sexual decay and meaninglessness of the rich. Her sleep depends on drugs and her sexual satisfaction on masturbation. For Hemingway she is the result of a way of life [obviously, Capitalist in America] rather than a vicious personality....

It is true that in the early Hemingway there are few "complete and satisfying" relationships but not precisely for the reason given by Bardacke. As indicated earlier, either they are sex experiences without love, like Brett's affairs which obviously cannot last because they lead nowhere, or they are so insulating like Catherine-Frederic love that they cauterize other healthy
and necessary relationships. After 1935, it is not Hemingway's political development but the fact that the Hemingway hero has come of age, and he has realized that love is only one of the many linkages that man establishes with the world. Love cannot make him happy if it isolates him from the rest of the world. It transcends "the immediate moment and even death," if it ever does, when it co-exists with man's love for fellow men and not because of his sympathies for the Loyalist cause in Spain, or his sympathies for the veterans who suffered in the Florida hurricanes. At the moment of truth Robert Jordan discovers that his politics are "none." Nor does Marie Morgan carry away the spirit of her husband because firstly, she does not know what his last words were and secondly, she has still to find out how she is going to live without him. Dorothy Hollis' misfortune is the lack of good faith because she has married for money.

There is another prevailing misconception regarding the Hemingway heroines originally propounded by Edmund Wilson and perpetuated by others. Philip Young's view on Maria may serve as an example. Young thinks that Maria is "too good to be true." He goes on to add:

The hero's whole attitude toward woman is curious. It is frequently either warlike or sentimental.... More than Catherine, though less than Reneta, Maria is just too ethereal for the world she is in--is submissive and devoted beyond credibility and to the extinction of her own character. She does not like to drink (that's for men); she
exists for her lover alone and she has no other interest or function in all life or the world but to serve him. Although she is for a while a very lovely vision, as we get to know her she becomes more and more a vision until she ceases to be a person at all.28

Leo Gurko echoes more or less the same sentiment:

Maria is unrevealed, underdeveloped, and unrealized. She is seen not in her own right but only fitfully through the eyes of Jordan and Pilar.... Maria does not have, as Catherine does, even those small mannerisms that fill out the edges of a character. She is blank both at the center and at the periphery of her visible self. Yet this embryonic figure is expected to generate, express and sustain a great passion. The result is disastrous.29

Linderoth has defended the weak delineation of Maria's character on the ground that her role in the novel does not demand a strong personality. "Although she was raped by 'various,' Jordan is the first man she has ever loved. It is somewhat easier to accept her acquiescent personality and unquestioning love of the American if the reader remembers this."30 This argument accepts that she is a weak character and hardly does justice to her creator's art.

By comparing Maria or Catherine or Reneta to real-life women critics have fallen into what might be called the realistic fallacy. Hemingway himself is partly responsible for this because by claiming to be a realist he threw critics off the scent. Many of the characters, in fact, are projections of certain states of mind of their creator and the dynamic nature of their relationships cannot be measured by the laws of this
world. In a Kafka novel one does not ask why this happened or how that occurred, or say this is unrealistic and that is too good to be true. Hemingway has underscored Maria's dream-like nature: she is an idealization, a symbol:

I love thee as I love all that we have fought for. I love thee as I love liberty and dignity and the rights of all men to work and not be hungry. I love thee as I love Madrid that we have defended and as I love all my comrades that have died. And many have died. Many. Many.... But I love thee as I love what I love most in the world and I love thee more.... I have never had a wife and now I have thee for a wife and I am happy.

(-- FWBT : 329)

She is also his daughter and his sister. It is only at the level of a symbol that she can carry so much meaning. How does one expect "liberty" or "dignity" of man to be life-like? Or does one expect the national flag to be realistic? Similarly, Renata can be a beloved as well as a daughter. They are idealizations, as the code heroes are idealizations, and their code is love. That partly explains why they are erotic dream-girls who remain young for ever--ideally, going to be nineteen.

When this ideal fails, the pendulum swings to the other extreme and they are portrayed as bitches--idealizations of inconsiderate, promiscuous, demanding, ruthless women. Critics like Leslie Fiedler who complain that Hemingway does not portray normal people engaged in routine affairs of life are free to indulge in their own alchemy and prepare whatever mixtures they like out of ideal goodness and extreme evil. Hemingway is not
interested in the middle colours of the spectrum.

Another misconception ensues from the supposed submissive nature of the typical Hemingway heroine; namely, the parallel between Hemingway's views on love and those of the existentialists. Killinger quotes extensively from Sartre, Marcel and Simone de Beauvoir to establish this point. According to Killinger,

On the man's side, Sartre defines love as an attempt to absorb the Other, to make the Other dependent on and amenable to oneself, or to enslave the Other in order to be free oneself. Love is the wish to be loved, to become all in all to the other and thus assimilate his freedom into mine.31

And in Marcel's terminology, he adds:

The woman should be "available" to the male and capable of losing her self in the being of his self.32

Here is Robert Jordan's reply to such false parallels. He tells Maria:

It is better to be one and each one to be the one he is.

(— FWBT : 251)

Colonel Cantwell tells Renata, the so-called most ethereal of Hemingway's heroines:

I want you, Daughter. But I don't want to own you.

(— ART : 80)

Renata confirms this view of self: "I want to be like me only much, much better and I want to have you love me" (ART : 112).
She decides to accept the colonel's love but not to marry him and monopolize him.

Simone de Beauvoir, speaking from a woman's angle, confesses that she has not come across "a great lover" because men "never abdicate completely; even on their knees before a mistress, what they still want is to take possession of her...."33 When she adds, "For the women ... to love is to relinquish everything for the benefit of a master," it becomes quite clear that hers is a description of a symbiotic relationship. María wants to bear children because only thus can she unfold her potentialities as a woman, and she wants children so that the fight against Fascism may go on until it is finally overcome. Simon de Beauvoir completely misinterprets Catherine's statement in Wuthering Heights: "I am Heathcliff." It simply means that she has penetrated to the being of her lover and not that she is assimilated into Heathcliff. Simone de Beauvoir's whole argument (and incidentally Killinger's too) is fallacious because it betrays a case of arrested growth. For a person in search of his identity a restricted view of love, like Simone de Beauvoir's, is a depleting agent. Erotic love must develop into what Fromm calls productive love in order to be a meaningful experience. He adds:

To love a person productively implies to care and to feel responsible for his life, not only his physical existence but for the growth and development of all his human powers. To love productively is incompatible with being passive, with being an onlooker at the beloved person's life; it implies labor and care and responsibility for his growth. 35
This ideal of service is first propounded by the priest in AFAA and Colonel Cantwell "demonstrates the selflessness of his love by expressing it as best as he can—-as if he had heard the priest in A Farewell to Arms saying to Lieutenant Frederic Henry 'When you love you wish to do things for. You wish to sacrifice for. You wish to serve.'" 36

The theme of service to the beloved is carried forward in Hemingway's posthumous novel ITS, whose protagonist, Thomas Hudson, is, as it were, resurrected Harry of "The Snows." On his reunion with his first wife, after the death of their son, he is careful to break the news of their son's death very gently so as not to hurt her. He lies for her sake and then asks himself,

Why did I lie? Why did I do that breaking it gently thing?... How do you tell a mother that her boy is dead when you've just made love to her again?

(-- ITS : 277)

Their loss is irreparable but in their love they have found a new security, a new confidence to face the bleak future. On his next voyage he might die, so he makes a pocket will bequeathing the finca to her. He has permitted her to take whatever she likes from his house in Havana. With the security of love within him he goes to perform his duty for his country. He no longer needs the giant-killer to drown his grief. Love that does not come in the way of one's duty is highly integrative
for Hudson, as for Robert Jordan. But then Death strikes and he is fatally wounded. "If two people love each other there can be no happy end to it" (DITA : 116), believes Hemingway.

In this hour of death Colonel Cantwell has nothing to bequeath to his beloved except his love. "But how do you send it? And how do you keep it fresh? They can't pack it in dry ice" (ART : 225). The proximity of death makes the Hemingway hero realize that love is a worldly joy and one meets death alone. Renata asks her lover, "What happens to people that love each other?" He reaffirms the truth that Hemingway had known subconsciously all his life:

I suppose they have whatever they have and they are more fortunate than others. Then one of them gets the emptiness for ever.

(— ART : 210)

Hudson also has realized this sad truth in his life:

He had loved many women since [his separation from his first wife].... He needed to see women and they were welcome for a while. He liked having them there, sometimes for quite a long time. But in the end he was always glad when they were gone, even when he was fond of them.

(— ITS : 13)
Hudson has succeeded in replacing everything in his life by work, except his children. This interpersonal relationship has not been fully explored by Hemingway except in ITS.

He had always loved his children but he had never before realized how much he loved them and how bad it was that he did not live with them. He wished he had them always....

(— ITS : 89)

This realization comes to him when he has enjoyed their companionship for five weeks. They have not only dispelled his "lonesomeness" but also made his innovations for killing loneliness seem superfluous.

The three boys had moved into a big part of him again that, when they moved out, would be empty and it would be very bad for a while.... The aids and habits and the customs were all to handle the loneliness and by now he had opened a whole new country for the loneliness to move into once the boys were gone. There was nothing to do about that, though. [Underlining mine.]

(— ITS : 88)

While the boys are still with him he realizes how two of them—David and Andrew—have drifted away from him and he can perhaps sense how Tom too will drift away eventually. He is, however, not sure whether they have gone a long way from him or it is he himself who "had gone away from them" (ITS : 128). All through Hemingway there is a strong tendency to write off
every relationship which has run its course; so the two boys
who went a long way away from him first are gratuitously killed
in a car accident; and later on Tom is fatally hit by enemy
fire while flying a plane.

It is an artist's device for terminating a symbiotic
relationship because a symbiotic relationship by its very nature
impoverishes rather than enriches human existence; and
Hemingway, the writer, who was searching for the meaning of
his existence, has to kill them. Parental love begins in oneness
and must lead to separateness for only in separation lies the
health and happiness of parents as well as of children. Hemingway
failed to learn this psychological truth; hence the need
to destroy the children.

Similarly, friendship, however intimate, must be
written off because friends have their separate identities
which they must seek by themselves. In a mature friendship,
ideally speaking, one relates oneself to other human beings as
they are, and one grows in the process of helping others to
grow. It is an active attitude; it is productive and healthy.
It is neither exploitative nor domineering; it is by no means
submissive. It is an active outreaching effort born out of
strength rather than weakness. It grows stronger as others
grow more independent. So, when Roger Davis leaves Hudson,
the latter is once again lonely. He is written off from the rest of the novel. Bill Gorton in *TSAR* has to go back to the States and Jake must find his own solution to his problems. Rinaldi and the priest disappear from the book once Frederic parts company with them. According to Rovit, the characters mostly "move through their self-propelled orbits ... and although some of the later fictions chronicle with delicacy a relationship of mutual respect between persons (Robert Jordan and Anselmo, especially), the evidence suggests that Hemingway was not a man inclined to expose himself to the trust that friendship requires."

Such an important human potency remains unexploited in Hemingway, the writer. He writes off almost all meaningful linkages with the human universe as means of self-realization. The quest for meaning in intimate human relationships, despite occasional transports, ends disastrously for him. The exploration has been carried out in all seriousness, certainly not in a libertine spirit but the conclusion arrived at is not too happy. Even when love attains a mystic or religious level of awareness, death nihilates it. The truth that is casually stated in "Ten Indians"—"Girls never got a man anywhere"—may be elaborated into "Girls, friends, children--in short, all human contacts--never got a man anywhere."
The difference between the existentialists' view and Hemingway's position is of degree and not about the basic truth. For the former all relationships between people are a form of conflict and real love is an impossibility. What an individual wants of another person is more existence which he can give him by admiring him; so all relationships at best are a bargain. A man left completely alone would not be aware of his psychic existence. For Hemingway love exists and it is highly meaningful but it does not last. Its transitoriness is due to the human condition which is our lot after being expelled from the Garden of Eden, and we can do nothing about it, for the time being at least, except to find things that we cannot lose.

You've given them up and they're gone. You should not have loved them so damn much in the first place.... Listen to the whisky talking. [Underling mine.]

(-- ITS : 175)