CHAPTER II

The Evolution of Hemingway's Personality

How does one reconcile Tolstoi's great spirit and his innumerable love affairs, Edgar Wallace's generous nature and his refusal to recognise his mother, Byron's love of liberty and love of incest, Beethoven's idealism and his meanness of spirit, Lawrence Sterne's allowing his mother to die of starvation and driving his wife to madness through infidelity on the one hand and his being a clergyman and the author of A Sentimental Journey on the other? The author's work and his personal life and character together form his personality. These conflicting characteristics are different aspects of one man. There can be no discrepancy between the author and his work. But, even these apparent incongruities are not to be found in Hemingway. Few writers have been more personal or more revealing than Hemingway. The adventures of Nick were mostly the adventures of Ernest. The thoughts and feelings, and in many cases even the actions of Lt. Henry, Jake, Philip, Jordan and Santiago were those of Hemingway himself. In Death in the Afternoon and Green Hills of Africa the guise of fiction has been entirely discarded. The love Philip and Jordan have for Spain is the love of Hemingway for that country. The bitterness which Col. Cantwell expresses towards some of the American generals is the bitterness of Hemingway towards them. The heroes of Hemingway do not suffer anything which
Hemingway himself had not undergone in some form or another. Hemingway's heroes are not more heroic than he is. A note written by John Groth gives a first-hand account of the incredible courage of Hemingway: "On the way back to the farmhouse, we stopped at a regimental command post. The colonel was briefing his officers at dinner. With more men and material coming up, the outlook was good. There was warm food; they had been on K rations. It was pleasant inside. Pictures — taken by Kimbrough, and showing men of the Fourth Division entering the Siegfried Line — had been brought by Hemingway, and they were being passed around when an explosion battered through the window, breaking it, and cutting loose the lamp from the ceiling. Eighty-eights were coming in. When candles were lighted, we were all — officers and correspondent — on the floor, making ourselves small, and groping for helmets. All, that is, except one: Hemingway was still seated at the table, his broad back to the window, helmetless, eating.\footnote{1} No hero of his, brave as they all are, shows such cool indifference to danger. The writer and his heroes share common ideals.\footnote{1: Ernest Hemingway: The Man and His Work, ed. by John K. K. McCaffery, pp. 15-16.}
Ernest Hemingway was born on July 21, 1899, of parents who, in their own way, were unusual. Dr. Clarence Edmunds Hemingway and Grace Ernestine Hall were both bred up at Oak Park in the Victorian traditions of respectability, church missionary work and fine arts. Oak Park, on the edge of Chicago, was described as "the point where the saloons ended and the churches began". When Dr. Hemingway had been young, he had been subject to strict Christian discipline. It is narrated how as a young boy he was severely beaten in his own home, in the presence of his mother, by a bully, without being permitted to hit back, since that would have been un-Christian-like. Whether it was strict observation of the Christian principles or cowardice which was responsible for his behaviour as described in his son's story, "The Doctor and the Doctor's wife", it is now difficult to say. But Ernest anyway appeared to have seen it as sheer cowardice. It would not be surprising if, in his boyhood, he associated the one with the other.

Mrs. Hemingway was a gifted musician, who sang at the First Congregational Church. She was a devout lady who named all her four daughters after saints. She always felt

that she had sacrificed a great musical career in getting married. When Ernest was about five, Mrs. Hemingway’s father died and left her enough money to build a house to suit her tastes. The new house included a thirty-by-thirty-foot music room in which she gave performances to select audiences. She insisted that her children practise music too. She gave Ernest a cello. She even took him away from school for a year to study music.

While Mrs. Hemingway’s love was music, her husband’s was Nature. Their conflicting interests appear to have been only the outward symptoms of a basic incompatibility of temperaments. He curbed his missionary zeal to settle down and build up a successful practice at Oak Park itself.

There was always an atmosphere of conventional morality at home. Ernest was forced to chaperon his elder sister Marceline - an arrangement distasteful to both. He was not permitted to use "naughty" words. Most of what he did was disapproved as wild and adventurous.

The community in which he was brought up was equally conservative. "The wonder to me," said one of his teachers many years after Hemingway’s departure, "and to a lot of other Oak Parkers, is how a boy brought up in Christian and Puritan nurture should know and write so well of the devil and the under-world." 3

Walloon Lake in Northern Michigan, about three hundred miles from Oak Park, was the favourite sport spot of the Hemingways. A love of sport was in the family. His grandfather Anson Tyler Hemingway had more interest in outdoor living than in making money. Dr. Hemingway was a positive lover of sport and Mrs. Hemingway did not dislike it. It was here that Ernest fell in love with outdoor sport, especially fishing. By the time he was three, his father had given him a fishing-rod, and a shot-gun by the time he was ten.

Hemingway had to make a choice between his mother and father and what each stood for. Ultimately the masculine interests won. He developed a positive dislike for his mother and the things she was interested in. He disliked her for the way she bullied her husband. He disliked the music for which he said he had absolutely no talent. He does not appear to have shown any love for churchgoing, perhaps because his mother was intimately connected with it.

Hemingway's early experience of life had done nothing to instil in him a faith in religion. His trust in physical violence as a suitable reply to, and proper solution of, many problems in life appears to have been ingrained in him quite early. Once when he was still a boy and returning home early after a successful outing of birdhunting, he was surrounded by a group of countryboys and knocked down flat.
by one of them before he could take his jacket off - something in which there was neither God's justice, nor Christian mercy.

Under these circumstances it was, perhaps, natural that he violently reacted to his mother's faith in religion.

When he was still at school, twice he ran away from home and worked at all kinds of odd jobs like farming, dishwashing and professional boxing. He rode the rails and acted as a sparring partner. He came into contact with roughs.

To this was added the prevailing atmosphere in America. To the oppressively orthodox and religious atmosphere at home was added the secularism that hovered in the air. Abstruse theories never appealed to the American. He has generally mistrusted the doctrinaire. "Although sin and the Devil persisted in formal confessions of faith, in fact both were banished from the popular consciousness..." Religion was a real part of his life, though not theology. The word religion is used vaguely to mean any generous emotion, especially about social or political reform, and not its mysteries, sacraments, other-worldliness or spirituality. Membership of a particular church was mostly a matter of convenience. "With most Americans, religion

---

4- The American Mind by R.E. Commager, p.29.
allegiance was not unlike political allegiance: inherited rather than assumed, dictated, often, by geography or by interest rather than by intellectual conviction, it was embraced without solemnity, changed without spiritual travail, abandoned without pain. The essentially pragmatic mind of the American found no necessary conflict between science and religion.

All these circumstances — his reaction to his mother’s religion, his personal experience of the violence of life, and the prevalent nonreligious air — promoted in Hemingway a Nihilistic frame of mind.

(b)

Reaction and Excess Nihilism.

Nihilism is a term “somewhat loosely used, generally by the opponents of a system, to designate its supposed tendencies, namely, to destroy existence, truth, or knowledge. In its stricter sense it means the belief that nothing is, and hence no knowledge is, possible; or that truth in knowledge and obligation in morality have no objective reality.” This “doctrine of the void” (Sunya-vada) considers all phenomena as a delusion. Nagarjuna, the greatest teacher

5. Ibid., p. 188.
of this school, writes: "There is neither being, nor cessation of it; there is neither bondage, nor escape from it". (Mahayamika - Karika, XVI, 8.) But this is so considered only from the ultimate standpoint. "The doctrine grants a sort of reality (Samvriti - Satya) to the subject as well as the object; and they are held to be real, relatively to the activities of everyday life. It does not deny that we know, feel, and act; only it holds that the final significance of it is nothing, because all is void". 7(a)

According to some of the realistic schools of Indian philosophy, reality consists of three aspects. (1) Matter (achit: inconscient), (2) Consciousness (chit: individual or local consciousness), and (3) God (Ishwar). Denial of any one of these aspects would result in the denial of the whole scheme of reality since these three constitute inseparable aspects of but one reality. Those that believe in matter alone as reality miss the higher types of experience and values that go with them. Those that believe only in the highest aspect negate the other two. In either case, it is incomplete and amounts to negation or Nihilism. For a full development of a man's personality, faith, knowledge and action, in accordance with this metaphysics of Matter, Consciousness and God, are essential. This is the main argument of Ramanujacharya's commentary on the Gita and also of Bala Gangadhar Tilak's work, Gita Rahasya.

7. Quoted in The Essentials of Indian Philosophy by M. Hiriyanna, p. 82.
7(a). The Essentials of Indian Philosophy by M. Hiriyanna, p. 82.
Nihilism, therefore, could take one of two forms: (1) it may deny the physical reality of life (and consequently the values derived from it); (2) it may negate the values of life, the life of the spirit, while accepting in some way the physical aspect of life. In the first case, since there is no future for man and his life, pessimism would be the result. In the second, it would be a denial of all responsibility.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (Oxford) defines Nihilism as "total rejection of current religious beliefs or moral principles". Lt.-Henry declares: "I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious and sacrifice". From the rejection of moral principles the transition is easy to a total disregard of all moral obligations. This is exactly what happens to Lt.-Henry. He has the national consciousness of Americans for political freedom. He has the crusading spirit, but he is not clear about what he is fighting for. He is a cynic in love, a hedonist in the pleasures of the flesh, and a romantic in politics. His obligation is washed away with the waters of the Tagliamento. He has made a separate peace.

He is a pessimist too. The utter helplessness of human beings in the hands of indifferent Fate reminds him of a log full of ants which were burnt when he put the log on

8. A Farewell to Arms, p.143.
The top of the fire. He would easily have removed the leg from the fire and saved the ants, but with supreme indifference he empties a cup on the log to put whisky into it. The water only steamed the ants. Catherine, too, feels that life is a dirty trick. One is always trapped biologically.

Hemingway always referred to A Farewell to Arms as his Romeo and Juliet. "The fact that the book was a tragic one did not make me unhappy since I believed that life was a tragedy and knew it could only have one end."  

Hedonism considers happiness or pleasure as the supreme end of life. Psychological Hedonism holds it as a psychological fact that men do seek pleasure. Ethical Hedonism believes that men ought to seek pleasure always. Some take it that man seeks or ought to seek his own pleasure. This is called Egoistic Hedonism. There are others who think that man seeks or ought to seek the happiness of all beings—which is called Universalistic Hedonism. Hemingway in his early stages is a hedonist but the motives indistinctly hover between Egoistic and Universalistic Hedonism. His eagerness to participate in World War I might appear to be Universalistic Hedonism, but it was really excitement that he was after. In April 1918, when he was working with the Kansas City Star, the office received a story over the wires.

in connection with the need of the American Red Cross for
volunteers for driving ambulances on the Italian front. It
is said both Hemingway and his friend Theodore Brumback
cabled their applications even before the Star had used the
item. When they reached Paris, Hemingway literally pursued
excitement by pressing the taxi-driver to take them where­
ever shells were falling thickest. That they did not get
blown to bits was no fault of Hemingway's. When they reached
Milan he scribbled a postcard to his friends in America:
"Having a wonderful time!!! Had my Baptism of fire my first
day here when an entire munitions plant exploded".10

His love for the nurse he met in Italy shows his
hedonism. It was at Milan that he met Agnes Von Kurowsky,
a nurse who was working for the American Red Cross. They had
a very happy time together going out for walks and to races.
He fell in love with her violently, but, she refused to marry
him, turning down his proposal on the ground that he was
younger than she, in favour of an Italian officer. Hemingway
was obviously much hurt. Writing to another friend he said
that he hoped when Agnes returned to the States, she would
trip on the gang plank and burst all her goddam teeth. The
officer never married her. He later admitted to a friend
that he felt terrible over her unhappiness but had tried to
burn out the memory of her with booze.

10. Ibid., p.42.
His early flirtation with her is well depicted in *A Farewell to Arms*. Lt.-Henry's contact with Catherine starts purely as a war-time flirtation. The story which is narrated in the first person has the advantage of being quite frank about the hero's feelings, especially about wine and women. Catherine has lost her fiancé and she is at loose ends with herself. To Lt.-Henry it is all a game: "I was angry and yet certain, seeing it all ahead like the moves in a chess game". Dr. Rinaldi's statement, "You have that pleasant air of a dog in heat", is nothing more than the truth. To him visiting Catherine is a pleasant change after visiting the bawdy-house reserved for officers. When he is transferred to the front he is seriously injured, and is transferred to the hospital where Catherine is now working. Now he falls genuinely in love with her. But the love is frankly sensual. To claim that it is anything more would not fit the facts. Even when Count Groffi tells him that love is a religious feeling, he finds it difficult to believe him. Like all physical satisfactions, it shows signs of satiety. Catherine wishes to cut her hair short after delivery to make herself a new woman to retain his love for her.

It is the hedonistic aspect of life that is stressed. Lt.-Henry feels that he was made to eat, drink and sleep with Catherine and not think.

12. Ibid., p. 25.
But above all it is the attitude of the characters to religion and the spiritual values it represents, that is significant. The Major declares, "All thinking men are atheists". The characters, except the priest, do not believe in God. The priest is a target of laughter: "Where are all the good old priest-baiters? Where is Cavalcanti? Where is Brundi? Where is Cesare? Do I have to bait this priest alone without support?" Or again:

"What will you say in confession?" Gypo asked. "I'll say, bless me, father, I killed a sergeant". The saints are not spared either:

"Right away. We'll drink once more for your liver's sake". "Like Saint Paul".

Catherine has no religion. At the hospital "she said she had no religion and the woman drew a line in the space after that word". She does not want a formal marriage which does not mean anything to her. When Lt. Henry tells her that he would marry her the day she wanted, she retorts, "Don't talk as though you had to make an honest woman of me, darling". She does not want to see a priest even on deathbed.

13. Ibid., p.11.
15. Ibid., p.162.
17. Ibid., p.240.
18. Ibid., p.91.
She had been wearing a St. Anthony round her neck. She gives it to Lt.-Henry for luck. She calls it "useful".

Lt.-Henry does not believe in it either and he wants to put it into his pocket, but, on the advice of the driver of the ambulance, wears it round his neck. He is wounded. "Someone probably got it at one of the dressing-stations", perhaps for the gold.

Lt.-Henry is not as definite about his views regarding religion as Catherine is. The priest tells him, "You understand, but you do not love God".

"No".

"You do not love Him at all?" he asked.

"I am afraid of Him in the night sometimes".20

He prays for Catherine when she is ill. When the newly born child dies he says wistfully: "I had no religion but I knew he ought to have been baptized".21

Courage is a value on which Hemingway lays great stress. But with the death of Catherine, Lt.-Henry reaches that extreme point of nihilism when he believes that even a good thing can bring about disaster. Courage is a good thing but if people bring too much of it, the world kills them.

19. Ibid., p.38.
20. Ibid., p.60.
This same mood of a violent impact of disappointment and tragic disillusionment marks the heroes of the early stories. The birth of a child in "Indian Camp" is preceded by a Caesarean with a jackknife on its mother and is followed by its father's death who has cut his own throat from ear to ear with a razor. An adolescent love affair comes to an end in "The End of Something". "A Battler" has been packed with violence — a demented boxer, a polite negro, a young boy who has been knocked off a moving train, all warming themselves in uncomfortable company around a fire by a swamp.

"The Soldier's Home" could be a continuation of the story of A Farewell to Arms — the shocked hero's return home to find that things have changed so much (or he has) that he cannot continue to stay there.

Married life is fraught with disappointments no less. The woman, in "Cat in the Rain", "wants to eat at a table with her own silver and she wants candles. And she wants it to be spring and she wants to brush her hair out in front of a mirror and she wants a kitty and she wants some new clothes". But her husband does not heed her. Mr. and Mrs. Elliot are terribly disappointed because they have no children. But, in "Cross-Country Snow", is miserable because his wife is going to have one.

If we take into consideration the chronology of the events described, A Farewell to Arms (1929) precedes The Sun Also Rises, which was published in 1926.

The Sun Also Rises is apparently the story of the "Lost Generation". Jake's emasculation is the symbol of a disillusioned generation of young Americans who had volunteered during World War I. "Whenever there is a widespread mood of disillusionment caused by an event as catastrophic as a World War, that mood is bound to be nihilistic and rather adolescent in character unless it serves as the basis for a radical and progressive political orientation that aims to change and better the world". The ideals for which they believed they had been fighting were none too clear even to themselves. The enchantment was illusory, the bitterness real. Personal values had to take the place of political and sociological values. A code of conduct became the measure of persons and things. All the characters in the novel, except Romero, suffer from a sense of frustration. The novel opens with a description of the character of Robert Cohn who suffered from "domestic unhappiness with a rich wife". This "domestic unhappiness with a rich wife" is a common theme in Hemingway — some of the characters in To Have and Have Not, Harry of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro",

and Col. Cantwell of *Across the River and Into the Trees* have all been the victims of rich wives, to whom wealth and pleasure meant almost everything. This sense of frustration in life Hemingway achieves in portraying quite successfully by casually mentioning a number of things with rich promises and miserable results. Cohn had been once the middle-weight boxing champion of Princeton but had come to nothing. The Arts Review which he had backed was left only with himself as the sole editor. Cohn's first marriage was on the rocks. Frances' attempts to marry him came to nothing. Jake is sick and so is the girl whom he picks up to keep him company: "Everybody's sick. I'm sick, too". The only quality that had survived in Cohn was his boxing ability, and ironically enough it was this ability which brought him to a sorry end when he beat up Romero.

Jake is contrasted with Cohn and others. Jake does sufficient work to keep himself well supplied. The pleasure-loving set of Mike, Brett, Cohn and others is a set of parasites, the first two in a state of habitual intoxication and perpetual liquidation. Cohn's desire to escape to South America is influenced by Hudson's *Purple Land*. It is a nihilistic attitude in the sense that instead of recognising and realising the values of life irrespective of material circumstances, he tries to escape to a land of never-have-beens. It is an attempt to escape the responsibilities of

life, while Jake's journey to Spain is to have more of life. To the English edition of the novel, Hemingway gave the title *Fiesta*. "Fiesta" in Spanish means "fair" or "holiday", as well as "religious festival". To Jake the journey to Pamplona is not merely a holiday, which it is to others, but a religious festival with profound significance. "Nobody ever lives their life all the way up except bullfighters". Cohn, Brett, and Mike go to Pamplona, but sports like fishing and bullfighting, which have a special significance in Hemingway, leave them untouched. To some sport is as serious as life, but to these life is a meaningless activity. Both these sets come together at Pamplona. Bullfighting is something sacred to Jake and to others of his type: "He (Montoya) smiled again. He always smiled as though bullfighting were a very special secret between the two of us; a rather shocking but really very deep secret that we knew about. I always smiled as though there were something lewd about the secret to outsiders, but that it was something that we understood. It would not do to expose it to people who would not understand". To others it is nothing more than a part of the festival which again was an excuse for them for further dissipation. The profound significance of the bullfight is further brought out by the way the characters react to it.

26 Ibid., p.10.
27 Ibid., p.99.
Cohn hopes he won't be bored. "He's got this Jewish superiority so strong that he thinks the only emotion he'll get out of the fight will be being bored". To Brett it is just a spectacle. She is more interested in the handsome bull-fighter. Her sensibilities have been too coarsened to appreciate the significance of a bullfight, and her intelligence too soosed to understand the purity of Romero's style. But he has a code of conduct to fall back upon. Romero does for Brett what no mere bullfight, however aesthetically perfect, can -- arouse in her a sense of self-respect. Brett cannot help: "being in love with Romero. For the first time after her affair with Romero she gives thought to the consequence of an action to somebody else: "I'm not going to be one of these bitches that ruins children". The novel ends on a heart-rending note. Jake, at her request, has returned to Pamplona to take her back to Paris:

"Ch, Jake", Brett said, "we could have had such a damned good time together".

Ahead was a mounted policeman in khaki directing traffic. He raised his baton. The car sloshed suddenly tossing Brett against me.

"Yes", I said. Isn't it pretty to think so?"

This is as tragic as the fact of Cohn's mediocre abilities having gone to seed is pathetic.

28. Ibid., p.123.
29. Ibid., p.186.
30. Ibid., p.189.
Hemingway has placed the words of Gertrude Stein, "You are all a lost generation", on the inscription page and countered it with a significant passage from the *Ecclesiastes*:

"One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth for ever... The sun also ariseth and the sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose. The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north: it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits. All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." Hemingway never meant it to be a novel about a "lost generation", for, according to him, there was no such generation. "I used a phrase by one writer, Gertrude Stein, who was complaining about the generation being lost. I didn't believe it was lost at all...", said Hemingway later. This is a novel about the indispensability of certain values in life. Indomitable courage, absence of tricks and mystifications in one's relationship with life, and stoicism are indispensable. With these get mixed up false standards, like an ability to drink heavily without passing out, or not betraying one's genuine feelings, especially if they are of the sentimental type.

* Gertrude Stein's words and the passage from the *Ecclesiastes* are not in the English edition of *Fiesta* (Pan Books, London, 1956.)

31. Quoted in *Ernest Hemingway* by A.G. Aronowitz and Peter Hamill, p.82.
Jake begins where Lt.-Henry left off. Lt.-Henry was not good at prayer though he prayed sincerely enough at the time of the death of Catherine. Jake is not much better at prayer but he goes to church, which Lt.-Henry did not do. Jake goes to church a few times during his short trip to Spain. There are no references to his going to church when he was in France in the midst of a group of people who had "sold themselves to the devil so cheaply and got so little satisfaction out of it." The first time he tries to pray there is a touch of inexperience in his praying: "I knelt and started to pray and prayed for everybody I thought of, Brett and Mike and Bill and Robert Cohn and myself, and all the bull-fighters, separately for the ones I liked, and lumping all the rest, then I prayed for myself again, and while I was praying for myself I found I was getting sleepy, so I prayed that the bull-fights would be good, and that it would be a fine fiesta, and that we would get some fishing. I wondered if there was anything else I might pray for, and I thought I would like to have some money, so I prayed that I would make a lot of money, and then I started to think how I would make it, and thinking of making money reminded me of the count, and I started wondering about where he was, and regretting I hadn't seen him since that night in Montmartre, and about something funny Brett told me about.

him, and as all the time I was kneeling with my forehead on the wood in front of me, and was thinking of myself as praying, I was a little ashamed and regretted that I was such a rotten Catholic, but realized there was nothing I could do about it, at least for a while, and may be never, but that anyway it was a grand religion, and I only wished I felt religious and may be I would the next time...

The reference to Jake's being a Catholic has an interesting significance. Lt. Henry had been a Protestant. Why is Jake a Catholic?

Ernest and Hadley were divorced in March 1927. The same year he married Pauline Pfeiffer, a wealthy and beautiful fashion writer in the Paris Office of the Vogue. Pauline was a Catholic and she insisted that Hemingway share that faith. But there is another story about his becoming a Catholic. He told Perkins that once when he had been caught in a fierce bombardment on the Italian front in 1918, he had prayed that "If the Italians' God spared him, then he would take that God as his own. He wasn't wounded, or he wasn't, that is, until several days later, and so he considered himself bound by his oath. Later, when he returned to Oak Park after World War I, he told his father about his battlefield vow and asked if he should keep it ... his father advised him

33. *Fiesta*, pp. 73-4.
that he should keep his word and become a Catholic. He was converted just before his marriage to Pauline. Then he published *The Sun Also Rises* in 1926 he was probably aware that he would become a Catholic. He made his protagonist a Catholic before he himself became one.

Jake could not pray well when he went to church on the occasion referred to above. That was before the plaza. But, the bullfight rouses such a feeling of intensity that Jake goes to church on quite a few occasions and the implication is that he did pray well as contrasted with Brett who could not. Brett was "damned bad for a religious atmosphere," as she herself declares. Jake prays after watching a bullfight and Brett tries to (even if she fails) after her love-affair with a bullfighter. For them — and for Hemingway by implication — a bullfight does not remain a mere sport even if it begins as one. The effect is profound.

Jake is a man without a woman and this fact supplies the title and the subject-matter of most of the stories in his *Men Without Women* (1927). Two of the best stories of Hemingway, "The Undefeated" and "Fifty Grand", deal with two men who observe the code of the Hemingway hero. "The Undefeated" is Manuel Garcia, the bullfighter who, back from the hospital, engages himself straightaway to fight a bull.

---

34. *Ernest Hemingway* by A.G. Aronowitz and P. Hamill, p. 166
35. *Fiesta*, p. 159.
for the pittance of three hundred pesetas. In spite of his abilities he is wounded by the bull. But he refuses to give up and in spite of excruciating pain kills the bull in the approved manner. In "Fifty Grand", a boxer bets fifty thousand dollars on his opponent. But he is doublecrossed and the opponent gives him a very severe blow below the belt. He refuses to admit that he has been hit and he himself gives the opponent a foul blow to get disqualified and so lose the fight and win the bet.

In the stories where the women come in, they do not come in to complete the picture of domestic felicity. In "Hills Like White Elephants" the young man persuades his girl to resort to abortion. In "Ten Indians" Nick learns that Prudie is going about with somebody else. In "A Canary for Cna" the husband and wife are travelling to Paris to set up separate residences. These and other stories have a pessimistic air which is one of the characteristics of Nihilism.

In "The Killers" and "A Pursuit Race" are given two pictures of men who have come to the end of their tether. William Campbell declares, "They haven't got a cure for anything"36 ("A Pursuit Race"). If to these two stories we add "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" (one of the stories of Winner Take Nothing, published in 1933) we get an extended view of the nihilism of the Hemingway of that period.

The old man wants to stay a little longer in the cafe, late though it is. The young waiter wants to close and go home. The old waiter, who is more understanding and sympathetic, knows why the old man likes to stay late. The young waiter bids goodnight and goes. The old waiter continues to explain to himself why it is really necessary to keep the cafe open late. It is an exposition of "nada" or nothingness:

'What did he fear? It was not fear or dread. It was a nothing that he knew too well. It was all a nothing and a man was nothing too. It was only that and light was all it needed and a certain cleanliness and order. Some lived in it and never felt it but he knew it all was nada y pues nada y nada y pues nada. Our nada who art in nada, nada be thy name thy kingdom nada thy will be nada in nada as it is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and nada us our nada as we nada our nadas and nada us not into nada but deliver us from nada; pues nada. Hail nothing full of nothing, nothing is with thee. He smiled and stood before a bar with a shining steam pressure coffee machine.'

"What's yours?" asked the barman.

"Nada". 37

37. Ibid., pp. 480-81.
The Hemingway hero had fought and lost. He had been in a world where man had no chance of committing a second mistake. "You never had time to learn. They threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you. Or they killed you gratuitously like Aymo. Or gave you the syphilis like Rinaldi. But they killed you in the end. You could count on that. Stay around and they would kill you". 38 The world is a heap of shambles around his head. The only thing he has salvaged is his courage. He wants to test it. Now he is in search of a world where both parties observe the rules. He found these ideal conditions in a bullfight. Bullfighting is a matter of life and death, but unlike in life itself, life (man) has a fair chance against death (the bull). It gave the spectator, too, a "feeling of life and death". 39

Death in the Afternoon (1932) has been praised as a work of art, but Hemingway himself has been the object of criticism for its subject-matter. These critics have missed the point that for Hemingway a perfect bullfight, fought according to rules by all the participants, is a symbol of

38 A Farewell to Arms, p. 252.
39 Death in the Afternoon, p. 11.
the conflict of life. The bullfight for him is not merely
a professional struggle between two animals of different
orders, but a work of art. If the matador has not the skill
and courage, and the bull the necessary bravery, the result
will not be what it should be. The emotion is provided by
the bravery of the bull on the one hand, and the danger the
man runs on the other. The bullfight is a tragedy, a Greek
tragedy (since the result is predetermined in all cases
except where the characters do not play their part well)
divided into three Acts. The first Act, where the bull
charges the picadors, is the opportunity for the bull to
display his bravery or cowardice. The second Act, the Act
of the banderillas, is meant to complete the work of
"slowing up the bull and regulating the carriage of his
head which has been begun by the picadors; so that his
attack will be slower, but surer and better directed".40 It
also serves the purpose of tiring his neck muscles and
correcting any tendency to hook to a particular side. In
the third Act, only one man faces the bull, dominates him
and kills him from the front, "going in over the bull's
right horn to kill him with a sword thrust between the arch
of his shoulder blades".41

40. Ibid., pp. 95-6.
41. Ibid., p. 97.
To Hemingway the bullfight is an art: "I know no modern sculpture, except Brancusi's, that is in any way the equal of the sculpture of modern bullfighting"; or again, "On such a bull the bullfighter can play to the extent of his artistic ability as an organist can play on a pipe organ."

For an artistic performance a brave bull is the prime necessity. "A completely brave bull, if he is in perfect condition, will never open his mouth, will not even let his tongue out, during the course of the entire fight and, at the finish, with the sword in him, will come toward the man while his legs support him, his mouth tight shut to keep the blood in. Max Eastman has been acidic about this statement, which he says, "is not juvenile romanticism" but "child's fairy-story writing".

But he has missed the spirit of Hemingway's writing and the essence of the bullfight. Hemingway may or may not be literally correct. But there is no doubt about the heroic role the bull has to play in the tragedy. For an artistic production, that the bullfight is meant to be, (and artistic productions are none too common), the bull is

---

42. Ibid., p. 97.
43. Ibid., p. 144.
44. Ibid., p. 121.
Hemingway is not alone in his appreciation of the pure bravery of the bull. A great philosopher like George Santayana has something equally admirable to say about it: "It has never been my good fortune to see wild beasts in the jungle, but I have sometimes watched a wild bull in the ring, and I can imagine no more striking, simple, and heroic example of animal faith; especially when the bull is what is technically called noble, that is, when he follows the lure again and again with eternal singleness of thought, eternal courage, and no suspicion of a hidden agency that is mocking him. What the red rag is to this brave creature, their passions, inclinations, and chance notions are to the heathen. What they will they will; and they would deem it weakness and disloyalty to ask whether it is worth willing or whether it is attainable. The bull, magnificently sniffing the air, surveys the arena with the cool contempt and disbelief of the idealist..."  

Hemingway spares no adjectives in describing the aesthetic beauty of a bullfight — "supremely beautiful.

46. Death in the Afternoon, p.112.  
supremely dangerous, and supremely arrogant." The purity of the art is to be preserved at all cost. The spectators will get what they deserve: "A bullfighter will not be better than his audience very long." It is, therefore, the bounden duty of the spectators to keep up the standard, as they are in a sense direct participants in the drama.

The end of a bullfight is death, but there is no manoeuvre, which has, as object, an infliction of pain on the bull. The pain that is inflicted is incidental, not an end. Describing one matador's slow and admirable action of killing, Hemingway says that Zurito killed "like a priest at benediction". All life ends in death. Victory over the fear of death is a victory over death itself.

In bullfighting certain rules are observed, which safeguard the life of the bullfighter. For example, a bull which has participated in a bullfight once will not be used for a second fight as it will be able to distinguish between the man and the cape. Thus, the danger which the bullfighter runs is comparatively less. If the bullring is a testing ground for cojones and a training ground for developing them, then hunting may be said to be a stiffer test and a more advanced training for the same.

49. Ibid., p.156.
50. Ibid., p.244.
Green Hills of Africa (1935) has been the least appreciated of Hemingway's books and undeservedly too. "And in The Green Hills of Africa and Death in the Afternoon Hemingway has written upon this subject some of the unhealthiest pages in our literature. He has romanticized killing; he has obliged himself to find a moral meaning in it; he has prated horribly about killing as an art. He has been "taken in" by these things far more completely than any sentimental old maid of the Friendship Village school was ever "taken in" by moonlight and roses. Surely if one cannot live without illusion, if one must romanticize something, it is better to romanticize beauty than ugliness, healthier to romanticize life than death and the things that make for death. The theory of the "struggle for existence" was popular with Jack London, Dreiser and others. Commager considers Hemingway to belong to the same category. Violence - which is an integral part of this theory - is no doubt there, but the need for violence for Hemingway is more psychological than biological.

Maxwell Geismar thinks this to be a proof of Hemingway's withdrawal from experience and denial of human responsibility. But it is neither isolationism nor denial

52. The American Mind by H. S. Commager, p. 120.
of responsibility. These writers have not given due credence to the psychological necessity of Hemingway's absorption in bullfighting and hunting. Hunting is an art to be taken seriously and without limits as painting or writing. Like all artistic creations it has its own catharsis. The intense pain of killing is not a feeling you share with others. That it is not merely a love of bloodshed is clear from: "Now I had wounded him and lost him... I felt a son of a bitch to have hit him and not killed him. I did not mind killing anything, any animal, if I killed it cleanly, they all had to die and my interference with the nightly and the seasonal killing that went on all the time was very minute and I had no guilty feeling at all. ... But I felt rotten sick over this sable bull. ... I was a son of a bitch to have gut-shot him."

In the preface to the book Hemingway wrote, "The writer has attempted to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action, can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination". He has eminently succeeded in his aim. He has described how he hunted kudu, the wild buffalo, the sable, the rhinoceros and the lion. He tells us he sometimes shot more accurately than he intended, and how badly sometimes he missed the easiest of targets. He describes the members of

the safari, how they look and how they sleep — "P.-O.-K. was sleeping. She was always lovely to look at asleep, sleeping quietly, close curled like an animal, with nothing of the being dead look that Karl had asleep."  55 he discusses the problem of selecting boots; he tells with justifiable pride how he can smell elk in the rutting season before he has seen them, or smell clearly where an old bull has lain in the forest, because he does not smoke. His all too human jealousy when Karl always shoots a bigger animal, his evident pleasure when Kandisky remembers having read the early poems of Hemingway, his frank opinion of American writers, his strictures on Emerson and others, and his admiration for Mark Twain — are all there. His love for Africa is so plainly and beautifully expressed that any embellishment would have sounded like hypocrisy: "I loved this country and I felt at home and where a man feels at home, outside of where he's born, is where he's meant to go."  56 Nowhere else do we find a passage more full of admiration and love for the physical perfection of the Masai: "It was a very large village and out of it came running long-legged, brown, smooth-moving men who all seemed to be of the same age and who wore their hair in a heavy clublike queue that swung against their shoulders

55. Ibid., p.50.
56. Ibid., p.193.
as they ran. They came up to the car and surrounded it, all laughing and smiling and talking. They were the tallest, best-built, handsomest people I had ever seen and the first truly light-hearted happy people I had seen in Africa. Finally, when we were moving, they started to run beside the car smiling and laughing and showing how easily they could run and then, as the going was better, up the smooth valley of a stream, it became a contest and one after another dropped out of the running, waving and smiling as they left until there were only two still running with us, the finest runners of the lot, who kept pace easily with the car as they moved long-legged, smoothly, loosely, and with pride. Or again: "I understood finally; he was asking if we had one of those, and I pressed the button of the klaxon. The children ran screaming, the warriors laughed and laughed, and then as Kamau, in response to popular demand, pressed the klaxon again and again, I watched the look of utter rapture and ecstasy on the women's faces and knew that with that klaxon he could have had any woman in the tribe."  

Hemingway's life has been as romantic as fiction and his fiction as realistic as life. Green Hills has all the characteristics of a romantic novel by Sir Walter Scott, except that the hero does not go about saving damsels in

57. Ibid., pp. 150-151.
58. Ibid., p. 195.
distress, although we do get a beautiful picture of a negress: "I watched the most freshly brideful wife who stood a little in profile so that I saw her pretty rear-shaped breasts and the long, clean niggery legs and was studying her pleasant profile most profitably until her husband spoke to her suddenly and sharply, then in explanation and quiet command, and she moved around us, her eyes down, and went on along the trail that we had come, alone, we all watching her".59

Two incidents that happened in connection with this safari are interesting. "Ernest’s most exciting moments, he told me later, were after he had wounded a Cape buffalo and then went into dense cover after him. The buff charged, and Ernest dropped him when he was almost close enough to touch", 60 writes Leicester Hemingway. "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" (1936) deals with the problems of a man who loses his courage in a crisis and recovers it when there is no time for his imagination to work and make him a coward. Macomber, a rich man, and Mrs. Macomber, a beautiful woman, have gone to Africa to hunt. "Macomber suddenly loses nerve when a wounded lion charges, and wildly runs away. Mrs. Macomber, who had been unfaithful to him on earlier occasions, shares the bed that night with

59. Ibid., p.170.
60. My Brother, Ernest Hemingway by L. Hemingway, p.142.
Wilson. This she does with impunity and without the least regard for her husband's feelings. She is not the one to wait long when she has an advantage. But next morning Macomber recovers his courage and shoots three buffaloes beautifully. "For the first time in his life he really felt wholly without fear. Instead of fear he had a feeling of definite elation". His wife cannot face him, nor face herself. "Her face was white and she looked ill". When Macomber is taking aim at a buffalo which is about to charge him, and which he is fully capable of facing, she shoots him dead under the pretext of shooting at the buffalo.

In this story we get a clear statement of Hemingway's idea of courage. In matters of cowardice it is the imagination which is the real culprit. "A sudden precipitation into action without opportunity for worrying before hand" had made a hero of Macomber. "Hadn't had time to be afraid with the buff. That and being angry too... Fear gone like an operation".

Courage is possible not only through familiarity with danger, but through reason, though reason alone may not suffice. Macomber says that he would like to hunt another

61. The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway, p.130.
62. Ibid., p.130.
63. Ibid., p.132.
64. Ibid., p.132.
lion: "I'm really not afraid of them now. After all, what can they do to you?" Wilson replies, "That's it. Worst one can do is kill you. How does it go? Shakespeare. Damned good. See if I can remember. Oh, damned good. Used to quote it to myself at one time. Let's see. 'By my truth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death and let it go which way it will he that dies this year is quit for the next.' Damned fine, eh?" The first part is the emotional conquest of the fear of death; the second, the rational acceptance of death.

The other incident was an attack of amoebic dysentery that Hemingway suffered from. His condition became so serious that he had to be flown from the camp, past Mount Kilimanjaro, to Nairobi four hundred miles away. He recovered but this experience he transformed into "The Snows of Kilimanjaro", considered by many to be the finest story of Hemingway. Harry's aesthetic talents have gone to seed because of his wife's wealth. Hemingway here lays great stress on artistic integrity.

65. Ibid., p.131.
66. Ibid., p.131.
The period 1928-35 in Hemingway's life has been called a period of "isolationism and apoliticality" by Dr. Philip Young. This decade which he spent at Key West was not a period of "escapism" but a tentative trial of strength. The athletic activities and his behaviour, which, to outsiders, appeared more like those of a regular playboy who intended to catch the public eye than the mere exuberant expression of abundant animal spirits, were really a psychological necessity. It should have better been called a period of inner conflict which, Hemingway, with a spirit of bravado and the stoic habit of whistling when in great pain, tried to mask by his exploits as a fisherman, boxer and hunter. He had become a Catholic and married Pauline Pfeiffer. But he had showed interest in Catholicism even earlier. As casually as his usual comment on the weather, Ernest mentioned that he had been to Mass that morning and was due at a bullfight that afternoon and that he wished Father would come along. Since both Ernest and Hadley had been brought up as Protestants, the comment upon Mass was not taken casually by our parents. He had named his boat, which he had got constructed according to his own specifications, Pilar, after the Spanish shrine. Later he divorced

67. Ernest Hemingway by Dr. Philip Young, p.113.
68. My Brother, Ernest Hemingway by L. Hemingway, p.98.
Pauline and Leicester Hemingway writes, "He was having difficulty with his own personal code of ethics. He had finally decided that he needed to make a clean break with Pauline and with the Catholic Church. Neither move would be an easy one. As Ernest once said, 'Once you've really loved someone, you never stop ... completely'.\(^69\) But it is not known whether he definitely became a Protestant again. A.G. Aronowitz writes, "... despite his marital tangle, (he) has been considered at least nominally a Catholic ever since".\(^70\) He appears never to have lost his interest in Catholicism.

"Evolution depends, of course, on the passing from one generation to the next of something which will determine the character which that following generation will develop".\(^71\) Hemingway's personality develops towards Cosmic Humanism. Humanism has been defined as "a philosophy of joyous service for the greater good of all humanity in this natural world and according to the methods of reason and democracy".\(^72\) It believes not in the supernatural. Against religion, humanism contends that this world is our chief interest and perfection of humanity our one ideal.\(^73\)

\(^{69}\) Ibid., p.221.
\(^{70}\) Ernest Hemingway by A.G. Aronowitz and P. Hamill, p.166.
\(^{72}\) The Philosophy of Humanism by Corliss Lamont, p.9.
\(^{73}\) An Idealist View of Life by Radhakrishnan, p.48.
It also presumes that man has the potential power to guide his future course of action and that he is the master of his own destiny. Reason and the scientific method are the means by which the welfare of all humanity is to be achieved. There is a hierarchy of values which extends from simple physical comforts to the enjoyment of the highest aesthetic, intellectual and creative achievements, and ranges from personal comforts to the happiness of all mankind. According to this hierarchy of values, Humanism may be discussed in the following forms: (1) Sociological, (ii) Political, and (iii) Ethical and Religious.

Sociological and Political Humanism are not watertight compartments. They are so called only for the sake of convenience though the classification is not without a basis. Sociological Humanism lays greater stress on the welfare of the community, while political Humanism would stand for the establishment of democracy throughout the world. On the social side, service of one's fellowmen is the ultimate goal.

(1)

**Sociological Humanism**

Sociological Humanism has been defined as "the tendency to extend ideals, such as love, loyalty, kindness, service, honesty, which normally prevail in primary or
intimate groups to guide conduct in non-primary or impersonal groups." It tries to lessen suffering and increase the welfare of human beings by social and economic reforms.

It was the fury of Nature which brought back Heningway to a sense of social consciousness. On September 3, 1935, a fierce hurricane hit the Florida Keys cutting all communications between Key West and the mainland, destroying the Matecumbe work camps and drowning more than two hundred of the World War I veterans. Heningway was so wild that he wrote for The New Masses an article, "Who murdered the vets?", in which he charged the administration of negligence and sending the veterans to the Florida Keys to be drowned.

The conquest of fear and acceptance of death, which is achieved in conflict with bulls and wild animals, the Heningway hero now applies to life's problems.

*To Have and Have Not* (1937) has received the most diverse and diametrically opposite of opinions. Elliot Paul declared, "And of the novels I think the new one *To Have and Have Not* is by far the best—style, subject matter, dialogue, and all." Delmore Schwartz is even more firm

75. *Ernest Heningway: The Man and his Work* ed. by J. McCaffery, p. 94.
and emphatic: "To Have and Have Not is a stupid and foolish book, a disgrace to a good writer, a book which should never have been printed".  

It could be appropriately said that almost everything about To Have is new as far as Hemingway's writing is concerned. It is the first book of his with an obvious social purpose. Harry Morgan's last words are a message to society, "No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody chance". The book does not end with the nihilistic Lt.-Henry's walking out into the rain, nor with the wistful sigh of The Sun Also Rises but with an idealistic note for a social purpose which marks the first important step in a war for humanity. It is not a fight against Nature. It is against the evils of man-made society. The self-centred individualist, Lt.-Henry, has given place to a socially conscious person, and the emasculated Jake to a virile man. He is a primitive with a sense of justice and a feeling of pity for the miserably poor. He has a loving family for whom he has to provide. He has a good boat and one Mr. Johnson, who has rented it, jumps payment. Morgan loses about a thousand dollars and he has no go but to risk himself and his boat in rum-running and illegal transportation of the Chinese. Hemingway is hinting that it is

77. To Have and Have Not, p.178.
the dishonesty of the rich that has turned this poor and honest man into a smuggler.

The novel is made up of three stories — Spring, Autumn and Winter — rather a jaded and ancient example of pathetic fallacy. In "Harry Morgan — Spring" the trick of a base capitalist forces him to take as a load for transport a dozen Chinks. "You carry anything?" Frankke asked. "Sure," I said. "I can't choose now." He plays a foul game with Mr. Sing as Mr. Johnson had done with him. He had a conscience until the Chinks got on board: "Ever since I'd seen the Chink and taken the money I'd been worrying about the business. I don't think I slept all night." He plays a foul game with Mr. Sing as Mr. Johnson had done with him. He had a conscience until the Chinks got on board: "Ever since I'd seen the Chink and taken the money I'd been worrying about the business. I don't think I slept all night." He plays a foul game with Mr. Sing as Mr. Johnson had done with him. He had a conscience until the Chinks got on board: "Ever since I'd seen the Chink and taken the money I'd been worrying about the business. I don't think I slept all night." He plays a foul game with Mr. Sing as Mr. Johnson had done with him. He had a conscience until the Chinks got on board: "Ever since I'd seen the Chink and taken the money I'd been worrying about the business. I don't think I slept all night." He plays a foul game with Mr. Sing as Mr. Johnson had done with him. He had a conscience until the Chinks got on board: "Ever since I'd seen the Chink and taken the money I'd been worrying about the business. I don't think I slept all night.

After receiving cash he breaks the neck of Mr. Sing and orders the twelve Chinese to get off the boat into shallow water so that they can wade ashore, instead of carrying them to some spot near Tortugas as agreed. A capitalist has outwitted him; he has to out-wit somebody else. That is that. That is "Spring".

In "Harry Morgan — Autumn", Harry, with the help of a nigger, tries to do some rum-running, but loses his hand and the load which has to be cast over-board. The boat is attached by the police. This activity too, we are bold.

78. Ibid., p.28.
79. Ibid., p.34.
is forced upon Morgan, the cause this time being not an individual but the economic depression. "He'd put a second engine in her when he went back to running liquor when the depression had put charter boat fishing on the bum". 80

In "Harry Morgan — Winter" he tries to recoup his fortune by agreeing to transport some Cubans who, he does not know, intend to hold up a bank. Harry undertakes to do it, because, again he has no choice. Hemingway is laying on the moral side of it rather thick: "One bunch of Cuban government bastards cost me my arm shooting at me with a load when they had no need to and another bunch of U.S. ones took my boat. Now I can give up my home and get thanks. No thanks. The hell with it, he thought. I got no choice in it". 81 Albert, Harry's assistant, is shot by a Cuban, and Harry shoots them all, but he himself receives a bullet in the belly. The boat drifts along until it is sighted by a plane and is brought back to port by the police. Before he dies, Morgan makes his final statement, "A man," said, looking at them both. "One man alone ain't got. No man alone now". He stopped. "No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody chance". He shut his eyes. It had taken him a long time to get it out and it had taken him all of his life to learn it". 82

80. Ibid., pp. 70-71.
81. Ibid., p. 117.
82. Ibid., p. 178.
To this simple incident Hemingway has added a lot of material regarding the rich, their ill-gotten wealth, their lack of cojones, their unsatisfactory sex life, their unscrupulous exploitation of others and their lack of religion. Mrs. Gordon tells her husband, "You wouldn't marry me in the church and it broke my poor mother's heart as you well know." She has no religion, but she had one once and she was going to have one again. All these things are rather crudely contrasted with the domestic happiness of the Morgans.

Pity has been gaining greater importance in the books of Hemingway. The pity which Hemingway shows for a wounded animal in Green Hills, the unmistakable pity for those who died of cholera, though masked under irony, in Farewell, Morgan's pity for the wounded nigger and Mrs. Morgan's for a nummy at a time when she herself has lost her husband, mark significant stages on the road to understanding and sympathy. "What the hell do I care about his revolution... To help the working man he robs a bank and kills a fellow works with him and then kills that poor damned Albert that never did any harm. That's a working man he kills. He never thinks of that"

83. Ibid., p.146
84. Ibid., p.132
The rich have never received shorter shrift than in this novel at Hemingway’s hands. Nothing that they do is right, nothing that they think is correct. Gordon is a writer without integrity, changing his politics to suit the fashion. Wallace Johnston with his “special pleasures,” Carpenter who has to commit suicide, because “the money on which it was not worthwhile for him to live was one hundred and seventy dollars more a month than the fisherman Albert Tracy had been supporting his family on at the time of his death three days before,” a tax-evading rich businessman who learns too late that it would have been much better to have paid the taxes without any jugglery, and the young man asleep leaving his mistress to seek pleasure in masturbation — are all pictures drawn with exaggerated satire and therefore, less effective than they might otherwise have been. These characters are meant to be a contrast to Morgan and Mrs. Morgan, always to the disadvantage of the former.

It should be conceded that this book of Hemingway with a social purpose is not an artistic success.

(ii)

**Political Humanism**

What may be called Political Humanism has the democratic way of life as its declared object. As Aristotle

85. Ibid., p.183.
86. Ibid., p.183.
said long ago, man is a political animal and "the most pressing ethical need of our time is the establishment of higher standards of action in the fields of politics and economics". The Civil War in Spain upset Hemingway much. His two books, The Fifth Column (1938) and For Whom the Bell Tolls (1940), are guided by political ideology.

The Fifth Column, as a play, is a flop. It has good talk, clever, witty and cynical, but that is all that can be said about it. Neither the hero nor the heroine is convincing. But Hemingway is more outspoken about what he stands for: "Safe's not quite the word; but safety's hardly a thing people go in for any more"; "There's only one thing about duty. You have to do it. And there's only one thing about orders. THEY ARE TO BE OBEYED"; and "To us to whom dreadful things have been done, kindness in all possible things is of great importance". Hemingway has no respect for politicians, though he would die for democracy. Antonio declares, "I have seen a politician on the floor in that corner of the room unable to stand up when it was time to go out. I have seen a politician walk across that floor on his knees and put his arms around my legs and kiss my feet. I watched him slobber on my boots when all he had

87. The Philosophy of Humanism by Corliss Lamont, p. 192.
89. Ibid., p. 21.
90. Ibid., p. 96.
to do was such a simple thing as die. I have seen many die, and I have never seen a politician die well. The hero has overcome his sense of political aloofness. Pleasures no longer hold a predominant place in his values of life. Philip refuses to marry Dorothy, for, duty comes first.

The sociological motif is referred to in The Fifth Column. Dorothy has purchased a cape of a dozen fox-skins, each skin costing twelve hundred pesetas. Philip retorts: "That's one hundred and twenty days' pay for a man in the brigades. Let's see. That's four months. I don't believe I know any one who's been out four months without being hit — or killed." 92

Hemingway's love for Spain and democracy have produced one of the finest novels of the twentieth century. For Whom the Bell Tolls is, without doubt, the finest that Hemingway has written.

It is a tragedy built on classical lines, and Hemingway leaves us in no doubt about it. From the opening scene where we find Robert Jordan lying full length on the "pine-needle floor of the forest", until the last line where we again find him facing death with "his heart beating against the

pine-needle floor of the forest—we know that he has been foredoomed. The contrast between the rose of Jordan which hints at death, and the pine-needles, the sunlight, earth and water which stand for the perpetuation of life in Nature, is quite apparent. The particular episode of blowing up the bridge was expected to have important practical advantages. But the Fates had decided otherwise—The Loyalist attack which was meant to be a surprise was no surprise at all to the Fascists. The secret had leaked out and the Fascists were ready for it. It is finally seen that blowing up the bridge was nothing more than a source of trouble to the Loyalist guerillas. Anselmo, the old man who is the Chorus in the novel, is killed. This, too, perhaps is in the fitness of things, since commonsense, humanity and balance are the first casualty of war.

The classical idea of pre-destination recurs throughout the novel like the burden of a song. Pilar reads the hand of Jordan, but does not say what she reads there. Her silence then and denial later on that she saw anything there, are equally expressive. There is the owl too, the traditional omen of evil. "As they spoke, the owl flew between the trees with the softness of all silence, dropping past them, then rising, the wings beating quickly. . . ." 93 The Fates of classical drama are present

93. For Whom the Bell Tolls, p. 61.
in the winged instruments of death flying in V formation
in mystic numbers of threes and nines. The sheer pig-headed
folly of Massart who had gone to seed with time, dis-
appointment, bitterness both domestic and political, and
thwarted ambition", combined with Pablo's desertion, only
adds the human flaw to the whole project.

The novel is full of classical echoes of incident. The
love of Robert and Maria reminds us of the love of Hector
and Andromache, both of them victims of an evil of which
they were not the cause. And like Hector, Robert goes forth
to do his duty and loses his life leaving behind Maria to
face the future alone. With the end of Jordan, The Bell, as
with that of Hector, the Iliad, comes to an end, though it
is clear that the Spanish War and the Trojan War, continue
beyond the covers of these books. But the deaths of Jordan
and Hector are the beginning of the end. The same Iranian
atmosphere pervades both the books: "All plans are nullified
by death. You know that death is waiting so you know that
hope is a mirage. Even those people who win their hopes are
frustrated in the end for once you have got the thing you
want you wish to keep it and that is impossible".

The language is more romantic and natural. If the
subject-matter has a ring of the classics, the style has

94. Ibid., p.392.
95. The Art of Ernest Hemingway by John Atkins, pp.175-6.
a number of Shakespearian echoes about it, e.g., "We must think much about the manner of our going", or: "I suppose it is possible to live as full a life in seventy hours as in seventy years", or: "Not seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth but seeking the solution to the problem in yonder bowl". There is even a piece of comic writing:

"What cat has eaten thy tongue?"

"No cat", Robert Jordan said.

"What animal then?"

"No animal" Robert Jordan told her.

"You swallowed it yourself, oh?", which is clearly unmistakable as an echo of Shakespeare's

"What man dost thou dig it for?"

"For no man, sir".

"What woman, then?"

"For none, neither".

"Who's to be buried in it?" (Hamlet, V.i.120-5)

Hemingway's love for Spain is unquestionable. "France is always strange and different, but in Spain, you feel as if you were born there", he declared once.

96. For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.148.
97. Ibid., p.161.
98. Ibid., p.223.
99. Ibid., p.151.
100. Quoted in Ernest Hemingway by A.G. Aronowitz and Peter Hamill, p.139.
Civil War was declared, he said, "I've got a lot of friends fighting on both sides. I don't know whether they are still my friends. Most of my writing friends are on the Madrid side and the bullfighters with General Franco. But people are still human beings, even when they stop looking like it by fighting over their politics". 101

Jordan is a teacher of Spanish. Nothing is more conducive to identification with a foreign people than a good knowledge of that language. He has completely identified himself with them. "That I am a foreigner is not my fault. I would rather have been born here", 102 says Jordan.

The focal point of the story is the blowing up of a tactically important bridge by Robert Jordan — an American and instructor in Spanish in Spain and a Loyalist guerrilla with a band under Pablo. Pablo had been an able leader and he had killed "more than the bubonic plague". 103 That, riches, and drink have ruined him, but his mistress, Pilar, is still loyal to the cause. They have with them Maria, a girl who had been illtreated by the Fascists. Maria and Robert are irresistibly drawn towards each other. It is a regular instance of the

101. Ibid., p.143.
102. For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.19.
103. Ibid., p.28.
romantic "love at first sight". Every time Robert Jordan looked at her he could feel the thickness in his throat. Pilar almost physically pushes her into Jordan's sleeping-bag, for she knows that it is good for her psychologically. Humanism does not consider sex emotions in themselves evil. On the contrary it believes "that sex love, a value that transcends class, racial and national barriers, is not to be assessed less highly than intellectual achievement, artistic creation or any other recognized good". Later, when he is injured and has to be left behind, he persuades Maria to go, "As long as there is one of us there is both of us".

The bridge is to be blown with dynamite, but Pablo deserts the band and treacherously removes the exploder and the detonators and throws them into the river. But he recovers his courage and returns to camp. A grenade has to be used for detonating the dynamite. Meanwhile, Filarmo, another guerrilla leader, and his band are destroyed by the Fascists. There is a movement along the road and the surprise attack which the Loyalists have planned, is a surprise to many Loyalists, but not to the Fascists. Jordan despatches a member of the band to the headquarters to inform them of the futility of the supposed surprise

---

104. The Philosophy of Humanism by Corliss Lamont, p.212.
105. For Whom the Bell Tolls, p.436.
attack. The whole thing is bungled by the natty officers and the message reaches the headquarters too late. Jordan, as he receives no reply, blows up the bridge. Anselmo is killed by a flying piece of metal. The rest of the band try to make their way to a different resort. But the heroic Jordan is pinned below his falling horse which has been hit. His thigh-bone is broken and has to be left behind. Jordan waits alone for the Fascists who have to pass about twenty yards below where he had concealed himself. "He was waiting until the officer reached the sunlit place where the first trees of the pine forest joined the crest slope of the meadow. He could feel his heart beating against the pineneedle floor of the forest." 106

To Jordan democracy is not merely a political theory to wax lyrical about but a way of life. He is no philosopher interested in ultimate values with his eyes conveniently closed to immediate problems. He feels that fascism will cut at the roots of a democratic way of life. Pilar bitterly points out the economic inequality that existed in Spain, "In this country where no poor man can ever hope to make money unless he is criminal like Juan March, or a bullfighter, or a tenor in the opera... In a country where the bourgeoisie overeat so that their

106. Ibid.\textsuperscript{*}, p. 444.
stomachs are all ruined and they cannot live without bicarbonate of soda and the poor are hungry from their birth till the day they die. "The right answer to Fascism is right education. "But we can educate the people so that they will fear fascism and recognise it as it appears and combat it", says Robert Jordan. While admitting that there are many abuses, he tells them certain good things about America and democracy; '...most land is owned by those who farm it. Originally the land was owned by the State and by living on it and declaring the intention of improving it, a man could obtain title to a hundred and fifty hectares'. "Tell me how this is done", Agustín asked. "That is an agrarian reform which means something". Robert Jordan explained the process of homesteading. He had never thought of it before as an agrarian reform.

"That is magnificent", Primitive said. "Then you have a communism in your country?"

"No. That is done under the Republic".

"For me", Agustín said, "everything can be done under the Republic. I see no need for other form of government".  

107. Ibid., p.178.  
108. Ibid., p.201.  
ArtGeXmo gives his ideas of a perfect government, "That we should win this war and shoot nobody. That we should govern justly and that all should participate in the benefits according as they have striven for them. And that those who have fought against us should be educated to see their error." Philosophers have not expressed Humanistic ethics better.

Jordan hates Communism and has hated it from the day he understood it. But for fighting against the Fascists Communists will be most helpful since they offer the best discipline. As men, however, the Fascists are no better and no worse than the Loyalists. The worst outrage probably was perpetrated, not by the Fascists, but by the Loyalists at Avila. But inhumanity is not the monopoly of any particular political party. Man is worse than a brute when he is a brute. Jordan narrates how a negro was hanged to a lamp-post in America.

Anselmo is the Chorus of the novel. He had not prayed even once since the movement. "He missed the prayers but he thought it would be unfair and hypocritical to say them and he did not wish to ask any favours or for any different treatment than all the men were receiving." But later, on the day previous to the blowing up of the bridge, he prays,

110. Ibid., p.272.
111. Ibid., p.191.
"Help me, O Lord, to comport myself as a man tomorrow in the day of battle. Since I have asked this aid of thee, please grant it, knowing I could not ask it if it were not serious, and I will ask nothing more of thee again." 112

This is a slow and sure return to religion.

(iii)

Renaissance Humanism

Renaissance Humanism had been "a revolt against the other-worldliness of mediaeval Christianity ... Renaissance writers ... gave eloquent voice to this new joy in living and to the sheer exuberance of existence". 113

In February 1949, while shooting ducks near Venice, Hemingway was struck in the eye by a fragment of gun-shot wadding. It was too tiny to be noticed, but after a few days it was discovered that blood poisoning had set in. The infection developed so fast that even the doctors gave him only a short time to live. But Hemingway did recover. He wrote Across the River and into the Trees (1950), the theme of which he had just thought out in his sick bed. It is the least successful of Hemingway's novels, but it was the one

112 Ibid., p.310
113 The Philosophy of Humanism by Corliss Lament, p.16.
The nearest his heart. "Hemingway ... was his own version of the multi-purpose Renaissance man". He then perhaps meant this novel to be his last testament.

The book suffers from two complexes — the death complex and the daughter complex. Death is hovering in the air throughout the novel and waits like a gentleman until Col. Cantwell had had all his pleasures and put his house in order. All the worldly pleasures that the Hemingway hero loves — food, drink, hunting, and woman — are enjoyed just short of satiety. We cannot think of the Hemingway hero without thinking of his physical pleasures. But at no time does the flavour of food or the bouquet of wine or the beauty of a face become so important. Every little item of food has its own aroma: "The scaloppine with Marsala, and the cauliflower braised with butter. Plus an artichoke vinaigrette if you can find one". The wine has fine qualities other than those of taste: "... it (wine) was pale and cold like the wines of Greece, but not resinous, and its body was as full and as lovely as that of Renata". The marvellous description of hunting ducks has never been bettered. But there is no unalloyed pleasure for the Colonel. The memory of the past haunts...

114. Ernest Hemingway by A.G. Aronowitz and P. Hamill, p. 117
115. Across the River and into the Trees, p. 103
116. Ibid., p. 102
him like an evil dream. The obliableness of the present beloved only makes bitter the wilfulness of his late wife who "had more ambition than Napoleon and about the talent of the average High School Valedictorian". From the title page to the last para when his heart conks out like a Fiat engine, the impending gloom of the tragedy is rarely lifted. The tired out old engine of the boat, the boatman with his pole who reminds us of Charon who carries the souls of dead persons across the Styx, the frequent references to Dante — all remind us of the immediacy of death. The Colonel is in love with life which is so sad and yet so beautiful. Happiness is precious because it is so transient.

Friendship with the boatman, waiters and bartenders, an ability to fight, a talent for facing an unexpected situation, and a capacity for pity and love mark the Colonel. He has fought with his enemies bravely and well, but has never hated them. He has even a broadminded sympathy and understanding for them:

"Did you like many Germans?"
"Very many. Ernest Udet I liked the best".
"But they were in the wrong".
"Of course. But who has not been?"
"When we have killed so many we can afford to be kind".

117. Ibid., p.173.
118. Ibid., p.105.
Ethical and Religious Humanism

Humanism takes supernaturalism as myth. It is free from religiosity. Auguste Comte's doctrine is that Humanity rather than God or Nature is the Great Being worthy of worship. If we take Santiago as a representative of Humanity, then Humanity would indeed be worthy of worship. His courage, endurance, stoicism and humility mark him out as an outstanding representative of much that is great in human beings. That he is meant to be something more than a mere individual is clear. Even a simple thing such as the way he is addressed makes it obvious. In *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell*, the heroes are called by their first names, namely, "Jake" and "Henry". In *The Bell*, it is "Robert Jordan". In *The Old Man and the Sea* he is always referred to as "the old man". It is only Manolin who calls him Santiago. From the first name to the full name and from the full name to no-name, is a progress from intimacy to respect, and from respect to abstraction.

*The Old Man* is an elongated short story. The old man had gone eighty-four days without taking a fish. The boy who had been with him for the first forty days had been transferred to another boat by his father as the old man was unlucky. The sail, which he had, had been patched with flour sacks and "furled, it looked like the flag of
permanent defeat". But he has an element of timelessness with him. Other fishermen feel sorry for him, but it is only Manolin, the young boy, who has faith in him. The old man treats the boy as his equal in spite of the difference in their ages. They address each other by their first names. Manolin stands drinks to Santiago as if they are equals.

Courage and humility are two of the outstanding characteristics of Santiago. "He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no loss of true pride." He loves the sea, the fish and the birds as much as the boy. "He always thought of the sea as la mar which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her". The experience of finding Nature full of wonder and fascination even when it directly threatens human life leads us to the threshold of religious mysticism. According to Santiago no man is ever alone on the sea. What Santiago speaks is not the dark wisdom and pregnant philosophy of the whalers in Moby Dick but an enlightened knowledge of wisdom and humanity. The hills of

119. The Old Man and the Sea, p.5.
120. Ibid., pp.9-10.
122. The Philosophy of Humanism by Corliss Lament, p.152.
The Bell symbolise the intellectual height of Jordan and the ocean of The Old Man the vastness and absence of the narrowness of a warped mind.

It is the eightyfifth day. The sun rises thinly. He sails with the current. He is the finest of fishermen, even if he is too humble to think so. He kept his lines straighter than any one else. Others let them drift, but not he. He is proud of his ability. He prefers it to luck: "It is better to be lucky. But I would rather be exact. Then when luck comes you are ready." When he catches a fish he hits him on the head for kindness. He feels sorry for the fish that live six hundred feet down in the cold water in the dark. He feels pity for the great fish that he has hooked: "I wish I could feed the fish, he thought. He is my brother." He has great admiration for its strength: "He took the bait like a male and he pulls like a male and his fight has no panic in it." He heeds at noon on the eightyfifth day and the fight continues until the noon of the eightyseventh. The contest is an equal one between two rivals worthy of each other - the one in his strength of muscle and magnitude of size, and the other in endurance and the magnificence of spirit.

123. The Old Man and the Sea, p.29.
124. Ibid., p.57.
125. Ibid., p.46.
The old man has no respect for weakness. He looks down in contempt at his left hand which was cramped: "What kind of hand is that?", he said. "Cramp then if you want. Make yourself into a claw. It will do you no good". 126

The old man had been known as the Champion. He had defeated the great negro from Cienfuegos at the hand game in a match which had started on a Sunday morning and ended on a Monday morning. The marlin is much tougher, "but, thank God, they are not as intelligent as we who kill them; although they are more noble and more able". 127

The old man recognises that divine help is also necessary to catch this giant fish. "I am not religious", he said. "But I will say ten Our Fathers and ten Hail Marys that I should catch this fish, and I promise to make a pilgrimage to the Virgen de Cobre if I catch him. That is a promise". 128

Religious Humanism does not consider belief in a deity vital to religion, but it does not necessarily deny its existence or the practical value of such a belief. 129

Santiago had in his cottage a picture in colour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and another of the Virgin of Cobre.

126. Ibid., p.56.
127. Ibid., p.61.
128. Ibid., p.63.
129. Dictionary of Philosophy by Runes.
He is the first of Hemingway's heroes who prays consciously, for he feels he is in need of help. He conquers a fish but he loses his fight against the sharks. Nothing ultimately can be achieved without Divine Grace.

When the old man starts for the shore, the sharks attack the marlin which is being towed behind since it is too big to be loaded on the skiff. He harpoons and kills the first shark but loses the harpoon. He attacks the rest with a knife and later with a rudder but the fight is a useless one. Soon enough nothing is left, except the skeleton. He reaches the shore. He removes the rudder and, in carrying it, falls down. He finally drags himself weakly home.

The Old Man and the Sea — if we take it as a work of art complete by itself (which Hemingway claimed was only a part of something much bigger) — is rather slim by the side of Moby Dick, with which a comparison is illuminating. The Old Man is slight but perfect; Moby Dick is imperfect but great.

On the lower level Moby Dick appears to be merely an exemplification on an epic scale of the "struggle for existence" as the law of life. In Hemingway, too, Nature serves as a trial of strength but Santiago recognises a unity in Nature. Melville is interested in the struggle between good and evil, and Hemingway in the necessity for
man of stoicism from within and Divine Grace from above. *Moby Dick* is an extraordinarily miscellaneous picture of violent adventure, symbolism open to different interpretations, "thrilling pictures of the sea in every mood, sly mirth and cosmic ironies, real and incredible characters, wit, speculation, humour, colour". 130

All great books are open, and even unwillingly subject to interpretation. Hemingway protested against the search for symbols in his books. In his interview given to George Plimpton he said, "I suppose there are symbols since critics keep finding them. If you do not mind I dislike talking about them and being questioned about them. It is hard enough to write books and stories without being asked to explain them as well. Also it deprives the explainers of work. If five or six or more good explainers can keep going why should I interfere with them? Read anything I write for the pleasure of reading it. Whatever else you find will be the measure of what you brought to the reading". 131 Melville also did not mean his *Moby Dick* to be symbolical. In his letter dated January 3th, 1852, to Mrs. Hawthorne he wrote, "At any rate, your allusion for example to the "Spirit Spout"

first showed to me that there was a subtle significance in that thing — but I did not, in that case mean it. I had some vague idea while writing it, that the whole book was susceptible of an allegorical construction, and also that parts of it were — but the speciality of many of the particular subordinate allegories were first revealed to me after reading Mrs. Hawthorne's letter, which, without citing any particular examples, yet intimated the part-and-parcel allegoricalness of the whole. As Newton Arvin has pointed out, the story has been made concrete and dramatic through "a group of basic, primary symbols (the sea, the quest, the great "fish", the ship, the watery tomb) and of incidental or secondary symbols (the sword-mat, the monkey-ropes, the sharks, and others) that are both immediate and primordial, both local and archetypal, both journalistic and mythopoetic."

Ahab is a magnificent creature but everything else in him is submerged under his egoism which tolerates no delay and brooks no difficulty in achieving its object. He piles upon the whale's white hump "all the general rage and hate felt by his whole race from Adam down."

132. Herman Melville by E.M. Metcalf, p.131.
133. Herman Melville by N. Arvin, p.154.
Stubbuck tells him, "Moby Dick seeks thee not. It is thou, thou, that madly seekest him." He becomes less and less human even towards himself in his monomaniac search for the whale. He first gives up his pipe. He wants to "neither shave, sup, nor pray" till the whale is destroyed. "He cared not to consort, even for five minutes, with any stranger captain, except he could contribute some of that information he so absorbingly sought." Corn, triumph and fatal pride mark his relationship with Moby Dick. He behaves like a heartless wretch when the captain of the Rachel beseeches him to search for his son, "Captain Gardiner, I will not do it. I von now I lose time. Good-bye, good-bye." There are few instances in literature surpassing this in utter ruthlessness unless it be Dante's turning his back upon Fra Alberigo and ignoring his request to brush away the ice from his eyes so that he could weep.

The injury inflicted on Ahab by Moby Dick is a vital one. It has cost him one of his legs and has also resulted in his castration. The whale represents something more than the indifferent forces of Nature — the cosmic force which is of immense benefit to humanity in supplying it.

135. Ibid., p.488.
136. Ibid., p.422.
137. Ibid., p.208.
138. Ibid., p.456.
with food, fragrance and light. But it wreaks havoc too, though sometimes it may be unintentional. If Ahab is "Godlike", ("His whole high, broad form, seemed made of solid bronze, and shaped in an unalterable mould, like Cellini's cast Perseus"), Moby Dick is no less magnificent and awe-inspiring. But to him Moby Dick is the symbol of all evil. His hatred of Moby Dick is a tragedy apart from his own death. As Carl Van Doren points out, "But Melville, exhibiting Ahab's hatred of evil, reveals a profound truth: that men, hating too much, become what they hate. In the end it is Ahab that is evil, not the white whale going about his business in the order of his nature".140

The Parsee plays in Moby Dick the role which the witches do in Macbeth. He leads on Ahab with his quibbling prophecies as the witches do Macbeth. But just like the witches, he is not entirely responsible for the tragedy that follows. Macbeth had meditated the crime before he had ever met the witches. Ahab has sailed forth with the avowed intention of destroying the whale. The witches and the Parsee merely express the desires and intentions of Macbeth and Ahab.

139. Ibid., p.107.
140. The American Novel by Carl Van Doren, p.96.
The Old Man has the characteristics of a Greek tragedy in its dramatic action and inevitable end, while Moby Dick has the qualities of epic poetry. There are many things in Moby Dick which hold up the story — chapters which deal with "The whale as a fish", "The blanket", "The sperm whale's head", the anatomy of the whale and such zoological questions as "Does the whale's magnitude diminish? — will he perish?" Melville describes the members on board the Pequod — Ahab, Starbuck, Stubb and others — as Homer did the names and numbers of the hosts of the Achaians and the Trojans in The Iliad. The equivalent of the chariot-races which were a part of the funeral games on the occasion of the death of Patroklos, is the serious rivalry between the "Sea-horses" of the Pequod and the German whaler Jungfrau. One finds epic similes in Moby Dick, some of which have a Homeric ring about them, e.g., "As marching armies approaching an unfriendly defile in the mountains, accelerate their march, all eagerness to place that perilous passage in their rear, and once more expand in comparative security upon the plain; even so did this vast fleet of whales now seem hurrying forward through the straits; gradually contracting the wings of their semi-circle, and swimming on in one solid but still crescentic centre".

141

On the contrary, The Old Man moves on rapidly without let or hindrance. The sharks are not dissected for our scientific benefit nor extraneous material added to give it a sense of substantiality. Hemingway was a voracious reader but he did not swim through libraries (as Melville said he did) for putting the material bodily into The Old Man.

If there is not much in common in the construction of The Old Man and Moby Dick, there is even less in common between their protagonists. Except a thorough knowledge of their profession and a proficiency in it, there is nothing common between Ahab and Santiago. Santiago's toil and travail only make him a better man, a greater humanitarian and a truer Christian. He is sorry for the fish that has to suffer from cold and hunger a few hundred fathoms down. His heart is filled with love and admiration for the beauty and strength of the fish. He kills it without hatred. He is, above all, humble. Christian humility is the opposite of pride. Ahab is as proud as Lucifer. Santiago has no reason to love the sharks any more than Ahab has to love the whale, but he does not close his eyes to their beauty: "... everything about him was beautiful except his jaws. His back was as blue as a swordfish's and his belly was silver and his hide was smooth and handsome".142

142. The Old Man and the Sea, p.100.
Moby Dick, however, has a character who has many similarities with Santiago. Melville writes of Queequeg:

"... there was a certain lofty bearing about the Pagan, which even his uncouthness could not altogether maim." 143 Melville repeats it lest we forget: "I'll try a pagan friend, thought I, since Christian kindness has proved but hollow courtesy." 144 Santiago is a Christian who has not lost his pagan virtues.

But the most important distinction is in what may be called the pervading atmosphere of Moby Dick and The Old Man. In Moby Dick it is a dark and destructive atmosphere that envelops man and makes him slay his own brother. The very basis of existence appears to be irrational, inhuman and meaningless. It has been pointed out how the imagery of armies and warfare is a recurrent one in Moby Dick. It has a pessimistic air, titanic in its breadth and abysmal in its depth, though a note of saving grace is given by the Epilogue where Ishmael, who has been able to preserve his capacity for love, is saved.

Of Moby Dick, J. C. Powys writes, "But the symbolic grandeur of this brooding and sombre masterpiece, in which the fathomless American reserve, and the fathomless American pessimism, and the fathomless American occultism

143. Moby Dick, p. 48.
144. Ibid., p. 49.
are all embodied, finds its consummation in the figure of the White Whale himself. By the side of this mammoth whale Santiago's marlin appears to be but a tadpole.

The Old Man, too, is susceptible to allegorical interpretations. The description of the old man's carrying the rudder up the hill and his lying on the bed "face down on the newspapers with his arms out straight and the palms of his hands up" so irresistibly reminds us of Christ's carrying the Cross and His Crucifixion. The fish has always been a symbol of Christ. The fish and the old man may be considered to be two figures for Christ, the man for the spirit and the fish for the flesh. The spirit is victorious even if the flesh is destroyed.

The small bird that rests itself on the line reminds us of "I have beheld the Spirit descending as a dove out of heaven; and it abode upon him". (St. John, I, 32). Christ wanted his apostles to be "fishers of men". And Christ was a rare fisherman indeed. Manolin tells Santiago, "There are many good fishermen and some great ones. But there is only you".

Santiago had been on the sea for eightyfour days without a catch. For the first forty days Manolin had been

145 The Pleasures of Literature by J.C.Powys, p.520.
146 The Old Man and the Sea, p.122.
147 Ibid., p.19.
with him. The next forty days, days of toil and travail, remind us of the forty days and nights when Christ fasted and the devil tempted him. Then come two crucial days: "Ye know that after two days the passover cometh, and the Son of man is delivered up to be crucified". (St. Matthew, XXVI, 2) Finally comes, "After three days I rise again". (St. Matthew, XXVII, 63) It was the eighty-fifth day that the old man and the giant marlin "are joined together".148

The bleeding face of the old man reminds one of the crown of thorns which Christ had to wear. Again, when the old man sees the sharks he makes "a noise such as a man might make, involuntarily, feeling the nail go through his hand and into the wood".149

The Old Man is a splendid little classic which can stand by itself without being propped up by allegorical interpretations. As Dr. Philip Young has judiciously remarked, "To pin them down by naming equivalents they do not have would be to limit and decrease, vulgarly and gratuitously, the power of what Hemingway has written".150 But the veiled references in the tale to Christ's life are so many that allegory may not be ignored.

148. Ibid., p.48.
149. Ibid., p.107.
150. Ernest Hemingway by Dr. Philip Young, p.99.
Ahab wants to penetrate the mystery behind the mask of the whiteness of the whale which to him is "outrageous strength, with an inscrutable malice sinewing it". It is not blasphemous to demand an answer, "Who's over me? Truth hath no confines". He is still in search of his soul. Santiago has comprehended not only the brotherhood of men but of Man and Nature.

In the spiritual journey of every man's soul, The Old Man marks a stage much ahead of Moby Dick. Ahab is a victim to his own vengeful nature, which cannot understand and forgive. He cannot see the unity of life as Santiago can. He has still to travel a long way on the arduous path of humanitarianism and love, while Santiago is the Great Lover.

But Humanism is not without its limitations. Social reform, political liberty and altruism are splendid things, but "we cannot forget that in essence religion is spiritual redemption and not social reform". By the time Hemingway came to write The Old Man he appears to have recognised that Naturalism and Humanism were not sufficient. Hence the allegorical significance of the tale. He seems to agree:

that "a religion whose centre is man and not God is never a strong one". No creative work (except some excerpts from *The Dangerous Summer in Life* in 1960) of the last years of his life has been published. But from some of the things he said and did, we can arrive at certain tentative conclusions. He accepted the Nobel Prize for literature award with humility. When the medal and the money reached him, "he gave the medal to the shrine of the Virgen de Cobre in eastern Cuba, remarking that nobody ever really had a thing until it was given away". He used to attend Mass at a Roman Catholic church every Sunday and read regularly a periodical called the *Southern Jesuit*. Hemingway was a man of such utter sincerity that he would have not attended Mass if he had not completely believed in it. Shamming was the last thing he ever did in his writing or his life.

If he had faith in God and religion, why then did he commit suicide? There can be no final answer. We can only surmise. He was just a tired old man who had to face hypertension, incipient diabetes and the accumulated effects of a long life of injuries, illnesses and drinking. The frail remnants of a once gigantic body found it too much. "All stories", Hemingway had once said, "if continued

154. Ibid., p.56.
far enough, end in death". On July 2, 1961 the end came: "The next morning around seven, he took the final positive action of his life. Like a samurai who felt dishonoured by the word or deed of another, Ernest felt his own body had betrayed him. Rather than allow it to betray him further, he, who had given what he once described as the gift of death to so many living creatures in his lifetime, loaded the weapon he held and then leaned forward as he placed the stock of his favourite shotgun on the floor of the foyer, and found a way to trip the cocked hammers of the gun".157

So did this restless and tired spirit venture forth to seek in the beyond the peace that had been denied it here.

156* Quoted in Ernest Hemingway by A.G. Aronowitz and P.Hamill, p.220*
157* My Brother, Ernest Hemingway by L.Hemingway, p.233*