CHAPTER V

Hemingway as Realist and Romanticist

Realism, in Philosophy, is the "belief in the real existence of matter as the object of perception".¹ In literature and art, its meaning of "fidelity of representation"² is an extension of its meaning in Philosophy. By "fidelity of representation" is meant putting down precise details of a piece of life. In literary criticism, we apply the term to those works which are "a scrupulous reproduction of life in all its aspects... Every fact, every detail of background, must be recorded without softening, or exaggeration, or incidental description, and without any care for style".³

Romanticism had tried to convey an idealised, unreal, and exaggerated beauty, varnished over by a light that never was on sea or land. Realism, on the contrary, stresses close resemblance to what is factual. It has a tendency to regard things as they exist. Romanticism had been marked by vagueness. Realism is marked by an accurate rendering of sights, sounds and colours. Realism cuts off all relationship with the unusual, the extraordinary, and the strange.

¹ A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (Oxford).
² Ibid.
³ The Oxford Companion to French Literature compiled and edited by Sir Paul Harvey and J.F. Heseltine, vide 'Realism'.
which had been the very life-blood of romanticism. Romanticism concentrated on inner experience. The poet looked into his own heart and wrote. Realism insists upon an objective view of things, as opposed to the subjective of romanticism. But the extremists deliberately selected and depicted the ugly and sordid side of life.

Realism, which is the result of reaction to romanticism, is due as much to the scientific outlook, philosophic influence, and documentary method in the study of history, as to the saturation point reached by romanticism in literature. Scientific Determinism cut an end to Free Will. Man was turned into a pawn in the hands of forces completely beyond his control — a victim of biological heredity, economic circumstances and social environment. Rationalistic philosophy gained ground. History was becoming more and more a matter of documentation and less of interpretation. Fiction followed suit and it bore the imprint of the new schools of thought.

Realism is the antithesis of idealism too. The true realist declines to select a subject, especially if it is beautiful. In his enthusiasm he may lean too far to the other side and select ugly subjects with even uglier details. Idealism had turned individuals into types; realism properly depicts individuals, even though they prove to be, often, very prosaic, commonplace and uninspiring specimens.
But is it possible for a writer to be a complete realist, in the sense that he describes only what he sees? Is it also possible to be objective, in the sense that an author can give a purely photographic picture of what he sees? Even if it is argued that the terms "realism" and "objectivity" are terms comparative and not absolute, the terms, as commonly understood, appear to question the process of artistic creation. "What all artists do is to take something from life — even if it be only a partial hint — and transfer it by the magic of their imagination and make a world of their own: the realists, e.g., Flaubert, Tolstoi, do it as much as anybody else. Each artist is a creator of his own world — why then insist on this legal fiction that the artist's world must appear as an exact imitation of the actual world around us? Even if it does so seem, that is only a skilful make-up, an appearance. It may be constructed to look like that — but why must it be? The characters and creations of even the most strongly objective fiction, much more the characters and creations of poetry live by the law of their own life, which is something in the inner mind of their creator — they cannot be constructed as copies of things outside." 4

Secondly, does 'reality' mean only that which one sees with one's physical eyes? All that at best can be said is

4. Letters of Sri Aurobindo, Third Series, pp.54-5.
that what a writer sees is true for that moment. It is a moment unique in every respect, for it is one which can never recur in Infinity. This point becomes clear if we take the instance of a painter. He may go out to paint in the early morning a tree. If he painted that tree a thousand times between morning and night on the same day, every picture of his would be different from every other picture. The play of light and shade on the tree as the sun traversed the heavens and the breeze blew would make every moment unique by itself. What the artist sees is 'real' for him, at that moment. He, too, may be under an illusion imagining that he sees something 'real'. Then he has to express it through a certain medium. When the novelist describes something as 'real', it is also possible that the words which he uses may mean one thing for him and another for the reader.

Then, again, are there not different levels of reality? "Sheer objectivity brings us down from art to photography; and the attempt to diminish the subjective view to the vanishing-point so as to get an accurate presentation is proper to science, not to poetry. We are not thereby likely to get a greater truth or reality, but very much the reverse; for the scientific presentation of things, however valid in its own domain, that of the senses and the observing reason, is not true to the soul, not certainly the integral truth or the whole vision of things, because
it gives only process and machinery and the mechanic law of things, but not their inner life and spirit. That is the error in the theory of realism. Realistic art does not and cannot give us a scientifically accurate presentation of life, because Art is not and cannot be Science. The heart can see what the eye may not, or even cannot. "Every thing visible need not be real and everything real may not be visible to the physical eye." All art worth the name must go beyond the visible, must reveal, must show us something that is hidden, and in its total effect not reproduce but create. We may say that the artist creates an ideal world of his own, not necessarily in the sense of ideal perfection, but a world that exists in the idea, the imagination and vision of the creator. More truly, he throws into significant form a truth he has seen.

The harmony of the spirit and the matter creatively expressed in such a way that the word meets and collides with the wordless experience may be called the true realism of the artist. The true realist apprehends "something stable behind the instability of word and deed, something that is a reflection of the fundamental passion of humanity for something beyond itself, something that is a dim fore-shadowing of the divine urge which is prompting all creation

5. The Future Poetry by Sri Aurobindo, p.47.
6. Ibid., p.8.
to unfold itself and to rise out of its limitations towards its Godlike possibilities.\(^7\)

It was Courbet, a French painter, who first introduced realism into Art. Later, this was introduced into literature. Champfleur, a French novelist, wrote Le Realisme (1857), a manifesto of the new theory. The movement reached its climax in the second half of the nineteenth century. Flaubert and the Goncourt brothers conscientiously practised realism, but Zola was the first and greatest practitioner of realism/naturalism.

Not that there had been no realism in literature before Zola. All the literatures of the world had elements of realism. But we have to take the conception of the work of art as a whole before we can classify it as belonging to a particular genre.

Closely allied with, and often used as a synonym of, realism is naturalism. Naturalism holds to the philosophy of Determinism. "I would classify as naturalistic that type of realism in which the individual is portrayed not merely as subordinate to his background but as wholly determined by it — that type of realism, in other words, in which the environment displaces its inhabitants in the role of the

\(^7\) New Ways in English Literature by James Cousins, quoted in The Future Poetry by Sri Aurobindo, p.11.
hero. But the difference between realism and naturalism is usually one of degree. Naturalism is more inclusive and less selective. The naturalists even claim the monopoly of truth in art ignoring that there are two types of realism. Depicting things as they are is one type of realism. The other is the art of making anything that may be imagined look real. The realists and naturalists were concerned with only the "reportorial" type of realism. Omitting nothing, selecting nothing and idealising nothing is not a very advisable precept for fiction-writing. An accumulation of unselected details of an unattractive type of vice and depravity, surrounded by squalor in an atmosphere of ugliness, cannot be a very good model. The naturalists entirely forgot that artistic truth is different from factual truth. And by being different, it is more true than truth. Real men and women have no doubt served as models for figures of fiction. Dr. Primrose in The Vicar of Wakefield, Parson Adams in Joseph Andrews, and some of the characters in Meredith, Dickens, Tolstoi, Balzac and Stendhal had their originals in real persons of the author's acquaintance. The same thing holds true with plots. Pamela was an artistic development of an actual incident. But neither characters nor incidents taken straight from life can be very convincing in a novel.

A work of art has to be an imaginative reconstruction. It is real because it is true. It is ideal because it is not actual. When, therefore, the naturalists insisted upon unadulterated facts and claimed the monopoly of truth, they were only claiming the monopoly of monotony.

The crude actuality of life is not often beautiful. But even more important is the fact that the purely external treatment of a subject naturally excludes the search for values. A reaction naturally set in and naturalism and extreme realism lost much of their popularity, though realism still remains the dominant mood of modern fiction.

The movement of realism in the U.S.A. was influenced by European writers, particularly the English, the French, and the Russian. But it was not entirely an alien movement. Realism had been hovering in the air until European influence created for it a perch. Whitman, by his zest for experience and the frank treatment of sex, Melville, by making the voyage, the captain, the ship and the sailors realistic in spite of the metaphysical inquiry, Mark Twain, with his colloquial style, and Sarah Orne Jewett and Mrs. Stowe, with their interest in local colour, had sowed the seeds of realism in American literature. E. W. Howe's *The Story of a Country Town* (1883) fore-shadowed the naturalistic tradition.
Howells was the first conspicuous American novelist who consciously made realism a creed. But he disliked the utter candour of the French realists, and preferred the realism of Spain, Italy and Russia. His was a realism, which was not incompatible with the Victorian "gentle" tradition. It is almost amusing to remember that when Corky docked at New York with a woman who was not his wife, he raised his voice in protest. Stephen Crane's Maggie (1893) has all the sordidness and squalour of which Zola might have been proud. Norris, Jack London, Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson introduced new types of realism into American literature.

But they are not all pure realists or naturalists, since they have non-realistic elements in their works. Jack London and Upton Sinclair were "the most boyish and romantic writers of the time"; Norris had a strong vein of mysticism, and so had Sherwood Anderson; Sinclair Lewis had satiric elements in his fiction which do not go well with objectivity. The American character is primarily optimistic. Crude realism and naturalism do not thrive in a romantic atmosphere. The realistic/naturalistic school has never been in America the success it has been in France.

Hemingway belongs to the mingled tradition of realism and romanticism. He is a bundle of contradictions. Romantic by temperament, he is a realist by conviction. He is objective in technique, but he is always his own hero. He began as a nihilist, and ended as an altruist. An apparent pragmatist, he is an idealist to the core. Hedonism was replaced by humility. Hedonism gave way to humanism.

The subject-matter of his books, fiction and non-fiction alike, is based on facts. There is more fact than fiction in his fiction. The incidents and situations, from which his short stories and novels were developed, were either autobiographical or historical. Whatever he has invented, he has invented in terms of his own experience. All the short stories are autobiographical and most of the others are only disguised autobiography. His father, mother, and all his wives find a place in his books. Incidents in their lives are fictionalised. He did not glorify the incidents or the characters. He was realist enough to paint them as they were. His father had been a giant of a man with "large, bushy eyebrows and black, tiny, piercing eyes." He was a good shot, but apparently had not much of moral courage. His relationship with his wife, Grace Hall, a lover of music and religion, appears

to have been none too happy. This relationship and his cowardice are described in the short story, "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife". His father's lack of courage apparently hurt him so much that he refers to his father's suicide in 'Fathers and Sons' and again in The Hell. His most satisfying adolescent sex experience finds expression in 'Fathers and Sons'. His first wife's first pregnancy, when they were living in Paris, and his consequent dismay find expression in 'Cross-Country Snow'. That his being upset was a fact may be verified by reference to Gertrude Stein's The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. In 1933, when he was on a safari to Tanganyika, he was stricken with amoebic dysentery. He ignored the illness as long as he could but he became so ill that he had to be flown four hundred miles past Mount Kilimanjaro to Nairobi for treatment. This incident he developed into one of the most successful stories he has ever written — "The Snows of Kilimanjaro". We get in the story a very unflattering picture of his second wife, Pauline Pfeiffer, or, possibly, of the wife of Scott Fitzgerald.

"The Revolutionist" is from an actual journey which Hemingway made in Italy. Sometimes he gets the idea for a story when he sees a person. A very good example of this is 'Hills Like White Elephants', the idea for which he got from meeting "a girl in Prunier where he'd gone to eat oysters before lunch. He knew she'd had an abortion. He
went over and they talked, not about that, but on the way home he thought of the story, skipped lunch, and spent that afternoon writing it". 11

While serving as a volunteer ambulance driver on the Italian front during World War I, he was very severely wounded by a trench mortar bomb. The surgeon removed two hundred and thirty-seven pieces from his legs. This experience he passes on to his hero, Lt. Henry, in A Farewell to Arms. Lt. Henry's love for Catherine was autobiographical too. They had fallen in love but it had not worked out. She had left him, but in the novel she dies of a Caesarean operation. During the time he was writing the first draft, his second son Patrick was delivered in Kansas City by Caesarean section.

Because of his wound he could not sleep during daytime. Nor could Nick. "Big Two-Hearted River", in which we are told of Nick's recovery, is based on an actual expedition which Hemingway once made to Michigan's northern peninsula.

Hemingway had once declared about soldiering: "you've got to see it, feel it, smell it, hear it". 12 He had witnessed the Greek retreat at Smyrna and he was so

profoundly affected by it that he used this knowledge at least four times (apart from referring to it in To Have) — in the short story called 'On the Quai at Smyrna', in "Chapter II" (in In Our Time), 'A natural History of the Dead', and in a Farewell, for the description of the Italian retreat at Caporetto. But before he described the retreat at Caporetto he had gone over the battle-field and had studied military maps and histories of the action.

Most of the characters in The Sun Also Rises were historical persons. Cohn was Loeb, Mike Campbell was Guthrie, Brett was Duff Twysden, and Jake was Hemingway's spokesman. Most of the fiesta scenes were based on the visit that Hemingway made to Pamplona with his friends in 1925. Many of the incidents described were "approximations of actual events, and Loeb, of course, thinks they were too approximate".13

The shooting of ducks and snipe which he describes in Across was from his personal experience in an expedition to Torcello, an island in the lagoon north-east of Venice. The hero of Across has got too many things in common with Hemingway to be mistaken. The age of Col. Cantwell, his high blood pressure, the torments of wrecked marriages, and his habit of calling Renata 'daughter' apply quite accurately

13 Ernest Hemingway by G. Aronowitz and D. Hamill, p.59.
to Hemingway. "In Papa's language," said John Hemingway "any pleasing female person is called 'Daughter', regardless of age." There was a sound reason for the novel being so personal. Hemingway had been seriously ill and it is reported that he stopped writing a long novel to write *Across*. Probably he meant this novel to be his "last words" if he passed away. Even *The Old Man and the Sea* is an imaginative reconstruction of one of his adventures while fishing off Bimini.

He had a very keen desire to describe things and persons and sensations as they were. e.g., when he would get back from the gymnasium he would write the sensations down. "A writer's job is to tell the truth," he declared in 1942. When in the late twenties he was asked by Samuel Putnam for a definition of his aim, the answer was: "Put down what I see and what I feel in the best and simplest way I can tell it." Besides, he was always very careful to select his material from the present, from what is purely contemporaneous. "Books should be about the people you know, that you love and hate, not about the people you study up about." Hemingway had gone in search of war and experience to the farthest corners of the globe with the

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14. Quoted in Ibid., p.171.
15. Introduction to *Men at War*, ed. by Hemingway, quoted in Hemingway: The Writer as Artist by Carlos Baker, p.64.
16. Quoted in Ibid., p.54.
17. Quoted in Ibid., p.197.
religious fervour of a crusader. "He liked action," said Peto Wellington in 1951. "He always wanted to be on the scene himself." 18

There is reason to believe that the source of much of his work has been his personal experience, not merely because it provided material for artistic creation, but because it was a psychological necessity. It is usual and natural for a young writer to fall back upon his own life for the subject-matter of his first novel. Even great novelists like Dickens and Flaubert were no exceptions. But in the case of Hemingway it has been a case of writing down the horrible things he had suffered to get them off his chest. As he once humorously expressed it, his psychoanalyst was his Corona type-writer. 19 When some one asked him if he always wrote about himself, he quipped: "Does a writer know any one better?" 20

Hemingway is not a sociological realist intent upon diagnosing society, as Galsworthy is. He does not interest himself in painting the seamy side of life, as Tolstoy does. He and his heroes were caught in the turmoil of war and his realism consists in recording the feelings of the hero and his companions under fire and the consequent evil effects of war on individuals.

19 Vide Ernest Hemingway by Philip Young, p. 136.
The material of a novel is the world of human beings, their actions, emotions, and their mutual relationship. The realist intends to reproduce the world as it is. But there are two different sorts of realism: "There is that which produces as close a likeness as may be of the life we see around us, and there is a realism which gives the semblance of reality to an imagined version of life". The first produces a photograph, the second a picture, the greatness of the picture depending upon the creative imagination of the artist. The novel, therefore, is a result of an author's experience and imagination.

Hemingway's aim was to be purely objective. One of the precepts of Lionel pigoul Moise, who profoundly influenced Hemingway, was: "Pure objective writing is the only true form of storytelling". He took his own experiences, heroic, amorous, common-place and sometimes non-complimentary, and told the truth about them with the minimum of bias or prejudice. The interesting people he met have walked into his novels with a minimum of concealment or disguise. Naturally, some, like Leob, did not feel flattered. When Hemingway's violent likes and dislikes came into play, his objectivity went by the board. Then

Gertrude Stein called him 'yellow' he attacked her in his book *Green Hills of Africa*; ... he doesn't have to read books written by some female he's tried to help get published saying how he's yellow... she never could write dialogue... she learned how to do it from my stuff.23

In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" he calls Harry's wife a "rich bitch".24 Whether it was meant to be a picture of his own wife or Scott Fitzgerald's, it was a harsh picture of some woman he knew. He gave in *Across the River* an equally brutal picture of Sinclair Lewis. Martha Gellhorn, his third wife, appears as Dorothy in *The Fifth Column*.

One of the characteristics of a realistic novel is the depiction of characters who are individuals and not types. In Hemingway they are marked by one or two important characteristics. They are usually not 'round' but 'flat'. They are almost 'humorous'. Even the hero does not change between the covers of a novel. There is an imperceptible but definite change in his character, but the change has taken place between the books. The hero, therefore, unless we look at him before and after, appears to be a shallow creature, a caricature almost, with one or two chief traits.


The interest in the study of psychology of a character grew and the early decades of this century produced a number of novels where the main interest is a penetration into the subconscious. The movement reached its peak with James Joyce and Virginia Woolf. The word 'subjective' may be used in two senses: (i) where the author intrudes into the story (as against the dramatic ideal) and (ii) in the sense of being concerned with the states of mind of the characters. Hemingway is not subjective in either sense. He very rarely, if ever, comes on the scene. Analyzing the states of the minds of the characters is also not common, though he sometimes does it. In *A Farewell*, there is a famous passage, which critics are very fond of quoting, about Lt. Henry's being "always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice". As he grew older, this subjective characteristic grew upon him. But still it is not something common in Hemingway. Compared with the characters of Proust, or Henry James, or Dostoevski, Hemingway's characters would appear to be masses of protoplasm, with merely physical responses to stimuli. The physical actions are described and the emotions severely left alone. The characters rarely indulge in introspection.

25. *A Farewell to Arms*, p. 143.
But we nevertheless got the impression that the characters are in the "round." In *A Farewell* and *The Sun Also Rises* it is because the stories are first person narratives. But even in *The Bell*, which is told in the third person, the events are seen through the eyes of the hero. As a result there is a serious lapse in realism in *Filar's* description of the brutal murder of the local Fascists by the Loyalists. Again, Hemingway is not "seeing the thing through his character's eye, but the character is seeing it through Hemingway's".26

The originals of some of the characters in Hemingway were real men and women; the picture of the life of the members of the "lost generation" in Paris may be historically accurate. But more important is it that the heroes, the heroines, the bull-fighters, the nurses, the butlers, the guerrillas, the smugglers and the drunks are characteristic of the world of Hemingway. The Paris, the Venice and the Key West of Hemingway may not be meticulously accurate pictures of those places -- Paris appears to be nothing but bars, Venice nothing but gondolas and Key West nothing but shootings, smugglers and motor-boats. But they are nevertheless true to the picture of Hemingway's world. The same is the case with the description of the restaurant of the short story.

"The Killers". Leicester Hemingway tells us that there was a restaurant in Chicago which Hemingway used to haunt regularly. The counter, the stools, and the serving window came to be known later on to readers around the world. This restaurant served as the model for the restaurant scene in the story.

The naturalists handled details in a documentary way, which is noted for amassing of details, significant and insignificant alike. The realists preferred to some extent the amassing of only significant details. Hemingway does not give circumstantial details to achieve verisimilitude, but achieves his purpose with a few characteristic details, e.g., describing the village, in which Lt. Henry and the others were living, he says: "Troops went by the house and down the road and the dust they raised powdered the leaves of the trees". Or again: "The doctors were working with their sleeves up to their shoulders, and were red as butchers". Or: "He broke off the cork and the end had to be shoved down into the bottle". Or: "... the driver had to honk, and slow up, and turn out to avoid running into two donkeys that were sleeping in the..."

27. My Brother, Ernest Hemingway by Leicester Hemingway, p.70.
28. A Farewell to Arms, p.7.
29. Ibid., p.48.
30. Ibid., p.58.
inflicted rounds to avoid going into battle and there is a gem of a description of eating spaghetti: "That night in the mess after the spaghetti course, which every one ate very quickly and seriously, lifting the spaghetti on the fork until the loose strands hung clear, then lowering it into the mouth, or else using a continuous lift and sucking into the mouth..." Hemingway has cut down details to the very minimum—where description is necessary, he has given it, but it is short. Above all, it is true to character. In "Big Two-Hearted River," Nick sees and does a number of trifling things. By themselves they are not at all important. But for him every detail he observes and every movement he makes serve a definite purpose—they are a step towards his recovery. His slow and deliberate actions and his careful observations give him moments of relief from something he is suffering from. But Jake and Bill (of The Sun Also Rises) were not ill as Nick was. Therefore, when they fish, the description has a different tone altogether. Or, again, Jake and Bill are travelling or a bus on their way to Burguete. There is a description of the scenery on both sides of the road from the top of the bus: "The bus climbed steadily, up the road. The country

31. Fiesta, pp. 70-1.

32. A Farewell to Arms, p. 10.
was barren and rocks stuck up through the clay. There was no grass beside the road. Looking back we could see the country spread out below. Far back the fields were squares of green and brown on the hillsides. Making the horizon were the brown mountains. They were strangely shaped. As we climbed higher the horizon kept changing. As the bus ground slowly up the road we could see other mountains coming up in the south. Then the road came over the crest, flattened out, and went into a forest. It was a forest of cork oaks, and the sun came through the trees in patches, and there were cattle grazing back in the trees. We went through the forest and the road came out and turned along a rise of land, and out ahead of us was a rolling green plain, with dark mountains beyond it. These were not like the brown, heat-baked mountains we had left behind. These were wooded and there were clouds coming down from them. The green plain stretched off. It was cut by fences and the white of the road showed through the trunks of a double line of trees that crossed the plain toward the north. As we came to the edge of the rise we saw the red roofs and white houses of Burguete ahead strung out on the plain, and away off on the shoulder of the first dark mountain was the grey metal-sheathed roof of the monastery of Roncalles. The bus is moving. Naturally the

33. Fiesta, pp.82-3.
landscape is changing. Secondly, there is no time for
detailed observation of the scene. You can see the brown
and green fields, the cattle's grazing and the sun's
coming through the trees in patches. But there is no time
for minute details. On the other hand, when Jordan and his
companion are climbing the hill, greater details are
observed: "They skirted the edge of the little meadow and
Robert Jordan, striding easily now without the pack, the
carbine pleasantly rigid over his shoulder after the heavy,
sweating pack weight, noticed that the grass was cropped
down in several places and signs that picket pins had been
driven into the earth. He could see a trail through the
grass where horses had been led to the stream to drink and
there was the fresh manure of several horses". Because
Jordan is on foot, climbing up a mountain, and in addition
free from the burden of the pack and consequently lighter
in mind, small and even apparently unimportant things are
observed. Jordan observes not only the places where the
grass was cropped close and the existence of manure of
several horses, but even notes the condition of the manure
— it is "fresh".

When Hemingway wants to describe action, he does it in
a strictly chronological order. "The fat woman who ran
the inn came out from the kitchen and shook hands with us."

34. For Whom the Bell Tolls, p-16.
She took off her spectacles, wiped them, and put them on again. Or again: "I paid for the cartridges and the pistol, filled the magazine and put it in place, put the pistol in my empty holster, filled the extra clips with cartridges and put them in the leather slots on the holster and then buckled on my belt."

The realists had to record incidents and other facts "without any care for style". If this were the only test, then Hemingway would have been the least realistic of artists. Hemingway has been extra-ordinarily scrupulous about his style. Gertrude Stein advised him to concentrate. Ezra Pound cut out most of the adjectives from the stories which Hemingway had referred to him. Anderson, Fitzgerald and a host of others influenced him. But he owed most to his own industry.

The social background of the stories is realistic, especially when they deal with the American background. Hemingway does not aim at being a social historian. But in many stories he depicted things as he saw them with his own eyes and the result was a fairly accurate and un-exaggerated depiction of America in the third and fourth decades of the twentieth century. The ills that came in

36. *A Farewell to Arms*, p.117.

the wake of industrialisation and undreamt of wealth. the
growing popularity of drink, sex irregularities, tensions
that bring people to the end of their tether, gangsters
who respected nothing including life, and smugglers who
would deal in anything were common. In the only novel he
wrote about America, To Have and Have Not, he used a number
of scenes he had witnessed at Key West.

Hemingway does not disdain a few topical references
to give a historically realistic touch, for example, in
The Sun Also Rises there is a reference to a popular song
of the twenties: "The Bells Are Ringing for Him and Tal."
The song had been composed by George V. Meyer in 1917 and
it was popular immediately. There is also a reference to
a bicycle race, the Tour du Pays Basque.

But, more than all these, is the realism in dialogue
which has received unstinted praise from many critics.
To quote a piece from The Sun Also Rises:
"You are a rotten dancer, Jake. Michael's the best dancer
I know."
"He's splendid."
"He's got his points."

38. Fiesta, p. 86.
39. Ibid., p. 179.
"I like him", I said. "I'm damned fond of him".
"I'm going to marry him", Brett said. "Funny. I haven't thought about him for a week".
"Don't you write him?"
"Not I. Never write letters".
"I'll bet he writes to you".
"Rather. Damned good letters, too".
"When are you going to get married?"
"How do I know? As soon as we can get the divorce. Michael's trying to get his mother to put up for it".
"Could I help you?"
"Don't be an ass. Michael's people have loads of money".
The music stopped. We walked over to the table. The count stood up.
"Very nice", he said. "You looked very, very nice"
"Don't you dance, count?" I asked.
"No. I'm too old".
"Ch, come off it", Brett said.
"My dear, I would do it if I would enjoy it. I enjoy to watch you dance".
"Splendid", Brett said, "I'll dance again for you some time, I say".40

40. Ibid., p.49.
The dialogue has a deceptive appearance of superficiality. Charles Morgan has pertinent remarks to make about, and a distinction to point out between, conversation and dialogue. By conversation, he means the talk of men and women in ordinary life, and by dialogue, the talk of characters in novels and plays. "... it is not the purpose of dialogue to reproduce conversation naturalistically but rather, in the guise of conversation, to supply conversation's deficiencies — to be amusing where conversation is dull, to be economic where conversation is wasteful, to be articulate and lucid where conversation is mumbling or obscure". 41 It was not Goldsmith alone about whom it could be said that he talked like poor Boll, even though he wrote like an angel. In real life most men neither write nor talk well. Charles Morgan continues: "The method is, of course, the method of all art: intensification by selective discipline and order; and the application of this method by a great master has always, in whatever convention, tragic or frivolous, the same reward — the reward of all art — the discovery, through appearances, of a reality, an essence, underlying them". 42 The very spirit of the characters in Hemingway is reflected in the dialogue which is marked by a characteristic intonation and rhythm.

42. Ibid., p. 105.
The dialogue between Manolo who has just been discharged from hospital and is forced by circumstances to offer to fight any bull under adverse circumstances, and Ketana, an unscrupulous businessman, is typical of the characters. It has a touch of universality about it:

"You don't look well", Retana said.

"I just got out of the hospital", Manuel said.

"I heard they'd cut your leg off", Retana said.

"No", said Manuel. "It got all right".

Retana leaned forward across the desk and pushed a wooden box of cigarettes toward Manuel.

"Have a cigarette", he said.

"Thanks".

Manuel lit it.

"Smoke?" he said, offering the match to Retana.

"No", Retana waved his hand, "I never smoke".

Retana watched him smoking.

"Why don't you get a job and go to work?" he said.

"I don't want to work", Manuel said. "I'm a bull-fighter".

"There aren't any bull-fighters any more", Retana said.

"I'm a bull-fighter", Manuel said.

"Yes, while you're in there", Retana said.

Manuel laughed.

Retana sat, saying nothing and looking at Manuel.

"I'll put you in a nocturnal if you want", Retana offered.
"When?" Manuel asked.

"Tomorrow night."

"I don't like to substitute for anybody", Manuel said. That was the way they all got killed. That was the way Salvador got killed. He tapped with his knuckles on the table.

"It's all I've got", Retana said...

"How much do I get?" Manuel asked. He was still playing with the idea of refusing. But he knew he could not refuse.

"Two hundred and fifty pesetas", Retana said. He had thought of five hundred, but when he opened his mouth it said two hundred and fifty.

"You pay Villalta seven thousand", Manuel said.

"You're not Villalta", Retana said.

"I know it", Manuel said.

"He draws it, Manolo", Retana said in explanation.

"Sure", said Manuel. He stood up. "Give me three hundred, Retana."

"All right", Retana agreed. He reached in the drawer for a paper.

"Can I have fifty now?" Manuel asked.

"Sure", said Retana. He took a fifty-peseta note out of his pocket-book and laid it, spread out flat, on the table. 43

43 The Undefeated, vide The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway, pp. 334-6.
When he came to write *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the dialogue takes on an exquisite beauty and a poetic glow.

Hemingway's declared aim of objectivity, however, is undermined by his innate romantic temperament. He is a romantic individualist in love with the exotic. Allergic to the humdrum nature of ordinary existence, he ran away from home twice when he was at school to work as a dish-washer, a farmhand, a labourer, and at a variety of other jobs. When he grew up he pursued war with the same single-minded purpose with which he hunted kudu in Africa. When there were no wars being fought, he went to witness bullfights in Spain. When they became stale he went to Africa to hunt lions. As stated earlier, all his books are thinly disguised autobiographies. This romantic need for confession was one which he never overcame. On the contrary, as he grew older this need grew with him.

His hero is a Superman, and grows more so, as time passes. In *A Farewell to Arms* Henry rows a boat single-handed twenty-five kilometres; in *The Sun Also Rises* Jake shows magnanimity regarding Lady Brett and Sombrero; in *The Bell*, Jordan takes a course of action which, he knows quite well, will end in his death; and in *The Old Man and the Sea*, Santiago's achievement is really superhuman. But while these achievements may appear extra-ordinary and romantic, it is a salient point to remember that none of his heroes
achieves anything of which Hemingway himself was not capable. His own achievements were more heroic than those of his heroes. Few writers have more completely captured the public imagination than Hemingway. But it would be interesting to debate whether it was through his personal adventures or his literary skill that he did it. In Italy at Fossalta di Piave, after being hit seriously by a trench-mortar bomb, he carried on his back a wounded companion a hundred yards, all the while pursued by search-lights and a machine-gun. He was hit again in the knee and ankle but he reached the dug-out. His plan to destroy enemy submarines with the help of his boat, Pilar, off the coast of Cuba bordered on the suicidal. His active participation in World War II in France has become a part of history. His physical strength and courage were simply phenomenal. He learnt boxing in spite of a broken nose on the first day. He has boxed against the strongest. He has hooked some of the biggest fish: "At Bimini he boated the first unmutated tuna — a 310 pounder — ever caught in those waters on rod and reel". He knew bullfighting and got gored. He was one of the best shots and as late as 1959 he could shoot lighted ends of cigarettes held in the mouth — "at the party unromio held cigarettes in his mouth for me to shoot the ashes off.

He did this seven times with the shooting gallery's tiny rifles and at the end he was puffing the cigarettes down to see how short he could make them. Finally he said "Nono, we've gone as far as we can go. The last one just brushed my lips". He could consume more liquor than most of his friends. Once when he came across two ferocious dogs tearing at each other, he put his arms round one of them and tossed it over a wall.

But he never paraded his achievements. When he returned to Oak Park from World War I, it was not his idea to wear the uniform. Cowley tells us how in World War II, because of his impressive figure, the French were convinced that he must be a general, but Hemingway told them that he was only a captain. A guerrilla asked him, "How is it that a man so old and wise as you and bearing the stars of honourable service is still a captain?"

"Young man", Hemingway answered on this occasion, and on many others, "the reason is simple and it is a painful one. I never learned to read and write".

Courage above a certain level is the characteristic of a romantic. A realist and a practical man would think of safety first. Who would continue taking boxing lessons

45. The Dangerous Summer, vide Life, Sept., 12, 1960, p. 76.
with a broken nose? Who would have a plan to haul enemy submarines when the result of such an action was a foregone conclusion? Who would think of carrying a wounded comrade on his back in the glare of search-lights and pursued by bullets, instead of diving for the nearest fox-hole? Only an incurable romantic.

Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson thought Hemingway to be yellow. The story of the real Hemingway, they felt, would be more interesting than the fiction he wrote. They could not have been more wrong about the courage of Hemingway. His autobiography, if he had written one, would have been, if anything, more adventurous, thrilling and breath-taking than many of the adventure novels of Sir Walter Scott or Alexander Dumas.

Idealism had depicted man in glowing colours in his humanistic and religious garb, but realism was interested in removing the garb and showing the animal below. The basic instincts of survival and sex became important for the realistic novelist. But as far as women are concerned, Hemingway has never ceased to be an adolescent. He has never been able to portray them with any objective realism. He sees them through the adoring eyes of a young man on the first night of a dance. Like the heroines of chivalric romances his women are beautiful but bloodless,pliant and pale. Or they are outright vampires. In either case, they
are not normal human beings. The first are beautiful projections of adolescent dreams; the latter, grotesque exaggerations of women he did not like.

Hemingway's love of passion and violence unmistakably stamps him as a romantic. The smuggling adventures of Morgan are as romantic as those of pirates. Jordan is a romantic idealist. Santiago's struggle with the fish is no less thrilling.

Symbolism is the language of poetry and romanticism. Symbolism jumps distances to point out similarities. It is a matter of heightened imagination. Realism is least related to symbolism, though symbolism cannot be ruled out of a work of realism. We find both in Hemingway.

Hemingway once wrote a friend: "I want titles that are poetic and mysterious." He makes his titles poetic as well as significant. A Farewell to Arms is apparently a farewell to the weapons of war, but it is also a farewell to the arms of his beloved whom he loses in childbirth. When the novel was published in German, it was under another title: In Einen Andern Land. Dr. Philip Young has pointed out the significance of the title by pointing out

the allusion to Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta*:

Thou hast committed -
Fornication: but that was in another country,
And, besides, the wench is dead.
He thinks it a "terrible commentary" on the story.\(^{48}\)

But it is possible that the second title has some other significance. The final farewell to the arms of his beloved has become less painful because of the passage of time and Hemingway has bid good-bye to Italy. Time and distance are good healers. This is borne out by the title he gave his first novel, *The Sun Also Rises*, when it was issued in England — he called it *Fiesta i.e. The Festival*. The original title had been appropriate albeit an unconscious comment on the "lost generation". Hemingway of course always asserted that the point of the book was "that the earth abideth for ever", and that the book was not meant to be "a hollow or bitter satire, but a damn tragedy with the earth abiding forever as the hero".\(^{49}\) But as time passed, the sharpness of the mental torture, which Jake had undergone, waned. Bleeding wounds healed. Bitterness was forgotten. Looking back, Hemingway could remember only the festivities, the joy and the laughter.

\(^{48}\) Ernest Hemingway by Philip Young, p.31.

\(^{49}\) Hemingway's letter to Perkins in 1920, quoted in *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist* by Carlos Baker, p.81.
So *Fiesta* would appear to be the more appropriate title when it was reissued.

*To Have and Have Not* is a more tantalising title. It would not at all be surprising if, with his sense of irony, Hemingway meant by the "Haves", not "those with wealth", but, "those with cojones", and by "Have Nots", "those without cojones" and not "those without wealth". For, in the book the people with wealth have no cojones and those with cojones have no wealth.

For Hemingway's next novel John Donne supplied the title, "And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls: It tolls for thee". The title is a hint of the tragic end of the hero. The loss of Jordan is a real loss to mankind, for he loved Man without losing his love for Men.

The phrase "across the river" (the title of Hemingway's next novel) is, according to Dr. Philip Young, an echo of the last words of Stonewall Jackson as he lay dying. Such allusions have a romantic appeal which the romantic novelists might well try to rival.

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51. Ernest Hemingway by Philip Young, p.87.
The next title, The Old Man and the Sea, is seemingly simple. The first impression is of an old man, weak in body and mind, struggling against the inexhaustible might of the ocean. But we find that the sea is the old man's friend and he is defeated, not by the sea, but, by the sharks which are a symbol of evil. The sea, with supreme impartiality, has bred both the sharks and the fish, the one to test and the other to sustain him.

Thus the romantic temperament of Hemingway has overcome the conscious purpose of realism and objectivity to a certain extent. Perhaps that is begging the question. It is the mixture of realism, romanticism, hedonism, and humanism that have made his works what they are. As Lubbock says: "The best form is that which makes the most of its subject — there is no other definition of the meaning of form in fiction." 52