THE THEME OF VIOLENCE IN THE NOVELS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

ABSTRACT

THESIS SUBMITTED TO THE ALIGARH MUSLIM UNIVERSITY FOR THE AWARD OF THE DEGREE OF

Doctor of Philosophy

IN

ENGLISH

BY

REYASAT ALI KHAN

ALIGARH MUSLIM UNIVERSITY
ALIGARH
1989
ABSTRACT

Chapter I of the thesis deals with the social, political and literary situation obtaining in the 1920s in which Hemingway lived. It was an age of unprecedented violence, and Hemingway had a first-hand experience of it during World War I. Finding American cultural and artistic climate unsuitable for literary and creative pursuits most of the sensitive American writers migrated to France. They chose Paris as the homeland for their restless soul. Hemingway also sought refuge in Paris and wrote about the vagaries of a "lost generation." This was the world of Dada and Nada. The God-abandoned world of the 'twenties is reflected in works like *In Our Time* (1925), *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) and *A Farewell to Arms* (1929).

In Chapter II I have tried to trace the development of Nick Adams in *In Our Time* (1925). The world of *In Our Time* is replete with violence and horror. It is in the vignettes and short stories of this collection that the state of Nick Adams is taken out of innocence and initiated into the world of experience. And the experience, here, is that of violence, killings, suicide and death. The theme of violence delineated in these short stories is carried
forward in almost all the major novels of Hemingway. The significance of the violence - ridden consciousness of the boy, Nick Adams who, later on, becomes the Hemingway hero in his major creative works, is discussed at length. Thus *In Our Time* acquires salience in the artistic scheme of Hemingway. The plots of the major novels are variegated, and yet harmonized into a consistent and developing pattern. The unifying factor in this pattern is the theme of violence which Hemingway articulates in all his major novels in simple, lucid and colloquial prose.

Chapter III deals with *A Farewell to Arms* which is short thematically anticipated by the story "In Another Country." Hemingway had first-hand experience of War and it serves as raw-material for his fictional creations. His novel exposes the specious rhetoric of politicians concerning war. The war theme is intertwined with that of love to bring out man's helplessness in an immoral and hostile universe. Against the backdrop of the ravages of war occurs the death of Catherine which raises the novel to the intensity of great tragedy.

In Chapter IV I have discussed *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) and the aftermath of World War I. The novel reflects the hollowness of the war-torn generation. Here the major
characters are hedonists; they spend their time in eating, drinking, love-making, fishing and bull-fighting. All this is centred round nada. Jake Barnes, the hero of the novel, has been injured in such a way that he cannot lead a meaningful life with any woman. Barnes and Lady Brett Ashley love each other intensely but realize the futility of their love in sombre moments. In the context of this "lost generation" the theme of violence brings out the unappeasableness of the human spirit in its search for meaning.

Chapter V deals with To Have and Have Not (1937) and For Whom the Bell Tolls (1940). To Have and Have Not is a turning-point in the literary career of Hemingway. Prior to its publication his fictional world depicted the individual pitted against the violent forces of the world. For the first time in To Have and Have Not Harry Morgan realizes that an individual has no chance of survival in a society which is dominated by unscrupulous traders, politicians and bureaucrats. He makes his own laws and follows them. In this novel Hemingway explores the social and the environmental factors responsible for producing violent outlaws like Harry Morgan.

In many ways For Whom the Bell Tolls is an extension of To Have and Have Not, particularly in respect of the
social implications of violence. Robert Jordan, the hero of the novel, unlike Harry Morgan, takes up the struggle for the "pursuit of happiness" for the common man. Here Hemingway describes with objective detachment the atrocities committed by the Fascist as well as Loyalist forces. The longest chapter in this novel has been devoted to the violence committed by the loyalists against the fascists, though Hemingway's personal loyalties were with the loyalists. Robert Jordan is a leader of a guerilla group to whom has been entrusted the task of blowing up a bridge behind the enemy lines. The bridge, a focal point in the novel, has strategic importance from the military point of view. Jordan blows up the bridge, loses his life while covering the escape of his companions, and becomes immortal through this feat of self-sacrificing heroism.

He is headlong in love with Maria. His idea of love is opposed to what one finds in a materialistic society. To Jordan love springs out of a perfect union of soul and body. He thinks he will continue to live as part of Maria even after his death for the cause of freedom and democracy. In the circumstances in which he is placed violence becomes a necessity and has its own justification. Death for a cause becomes more important even than life.
Chapter VI deals with *Islands in the Stream* (1970), a posthumous novel. The first two sections of the novel were written before *The Old Man and the Sea*, and its final part almost simultaneously with the composition of the latter, which is the reason for discussing it before discussing *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952). The central figure in *Islands in the Stream* is Thomas Hudson, a middle-aged painter, who holds the three parts of the novel together. Some beautiful passages in part I (Bimini) of the novel anticipate *The Old Man and the Sea*. Hudson leads a lonely life after breaking away from one wife after another. He loves his children from the depths of his heart, but his nerves are shattered with the death of his sons. For the rest of his life he tries to overcome his terrible sense of loss. After the death of his sons he is engaged in painting in order to ward off the sense of anxiety and loneliness. The middle part of the novel, designated "Cuba," has weak as well as artistically effective passages and this may be accounted for by the fact that the novel was not published in Hemingway's lifetime. The last part of the novel, entitled "At Sea," is as good as *The Old Man and the Sea*. Here the hero plunges into violence with a sense of moral imperative and ends up as a wounded soldier thinking of
painting his fatal wound, which he never could.

In Chapter VII The Old Man and the Sea (1952) has been discussed. An undoubted masterpiece of Hemingway of this novel explores the limitless possibilities of human endeavour and the struggle of the human spirit against the forces of nature.

Man indulges in violence to affirm and justify his existence and emerges victorious even in the face of defeat. The skeleton of the marlin with whom the Old Man fights his existential battle is a trophy of such a victory. Violence in this novel acquires an existential reality. Thus the theme of violence seems to acquire a developing pattern in the novels of Hemingway. It is involved with the activity of the unappeasable human spirit in its quest for meaningful self-affirmation. Violence is also a mode of artistic revelation and intensification in Hemingway's fiction and this has been dwelt on at length.

It is pointed out in the concluding Chapter that the theme of violence in the fiction of Hemingway has been treated consistently, beginning with In Our Time (1925) to Islands in the Stream (1970). To begin with, violence seems to be something senseless and brutal but as
Hemingway proceeds in his artistic exploration of this theme he comes to discover, in his later fiction, that violence is an elemental and existential reality. This theme contributes to an intensification of fictional experience. Hence it is employed by him as an artistic device to create intensities of feeling and emotion and to discover possibilities of life in terms of felt experience. Hemingway's art is at its best when it reflects the states of mind pertaining to violence. Here it not only unifies Hemingway's total work in the field of fiction but also serves as a measure of its artistic intensity and greatness.

When my work was almost complete I got access to Hemingway's another posthumously published novel *The Garden of Eden* (1986). I have added a short note on it in the appendix.
THE THEME OF VIOLENCE IN THE NOVELS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THESIS SUBMITTED TO THE ALIGARH MUSLIM UNIVERSITY
FOR THE AWARD OF THE DEGREE OF
Doctor of Philosophy
IN
ENGLISH

BY
REYASAT ALI KHAN

ALIGARH MUSLIM UNIVERSITY
ALIGARH
1989
DEDICATED

TO

THE REVERED MEMORY

OF

PROFESSOR HAFEEZUL RAHMAN
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Pages</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>PREFACE</td>
<td>i - v</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS</td>
<td>vi</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER I : THE GOD-ABANDONED WORLD</td>
<td>1 - 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER II : THE NEED FOR PEACE</td>
<td>15 - 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER III : WAR AS HEMINGWAY SAW IT</td>
<td>41 - 65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER IV : THE AFTERMATH OF WORLD WAR I AND SEPARATE PEACE</td>
<td>66 - 101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER V : DEATH FOR A CAUSE</td>
<td>102 - 157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER VI : ISLANDS IN THE STREAM</td>
<td>158 - 190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER VII : THE GREAT HUMAN STRUGGLE</td>
<td>191 - 229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER VIII : CONCLUSION</td>
<td>230 - 240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>APPENDIX</td>
<td>241 - 248</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>249 - 259</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
E.M. Hemingway (1899-1961) attracted the attention of his readers by his pre-occupation in his works with violence. Violence, of which he had first-hand experience, had a peculiar fascination for him, and in almost all his novels and short stories there is a direct or indirect reference to it. Even his love stories, which are of great descriptive power and beauty, have violence as their substratum even in situations where everything apparently goes well it lurks in the background. Many of his novels read as eye witness accounts of human brutality. In his masterpiece, The Old Man and the Sea, it is the theme of violence that accounts for its greatness. I have traced the development of the theme of violence in Hemingway's novels, and its significance for his art.

The centre of Hemingway's World is "nada" a Spanish word used in one of his short stories meaning "nothingness." In such a world "things do not grow and bear fruit." They are broken into pieces sooner or later. Man with all his claims to greatness is only the quintessence of dust trampled upon by implacable forces beyond his control; like a trapped animal he is involved in a
frenzied but helpless struggle. Such a world, however, was not an invention of Hemingway; it was the world he inherited from his intellectual forbears in Europe. Darwin's *Origin of Species* published in the nineteenth century and the subsequent development of natural sciences had shaken the roots of man's faith in God and in His benevolence. In Hemingway's life-time World War I and the disillusionment it brought in its wake completely knocked off the ground from underneath the feet of sensitive intellectuals. He was not alone in using this violence-ridden world as raw material for his art.

His first significant collection of short stories *In Our Time* was published in 1925 (two years after *Three Stories and Ten Poems*). Its title was taken from the prayer: "Give us peace in our time O Lord." But the most striking thing about these stories is that there is no peace in life.

I have discussed *In Our Time* (1925) with the purpose of studying the effect of violence on the consciousness of a boy. The growth of this boy in the stories is in fact the growth of the Hemingway hero whose pattern of behaviour becomes perfectly intelligible in his consistent development
from the initial stages.

A detailed study of *A Farewell to Arms* (1929) is its sequel. There are two stories in this novel which run parallel to each other — those of war and love. They both end tragically leaving behind a sense of futility. Violence destroys human happiness in both and forms a sombre background to the grim development of an episodic plot which provides a fuller and better understanding of Hemingway's attitude to this recurrent theme.

The disillusionment that followed World War I was perhaps a traumatic experience. The world around the saddened intellectuals appeared to be a shelterless wasteland in more than one sense. Hemingway, like his illustrious contemporaries, lived through the debacle and wrote about it in *The Sun Also Rises* (1926).

*The Sun Also Rises* gave currency to what Gertrude Stein called a"lost generation." In Hemingway's scheme of things the "lost generation" consisted of men who had signed a "separate peace" and were not concerned with what was happening in the world. They were mostly injured men, either physically or mentally, and were almost hedonists
without any purpose in life. Violence overshadowed their course of action in life and lurked in the background even when they seemed apparently to be out of it.

Everything Hemingway wrote before 1940 reflected a world in conflict and with this his heroes had little or no sympathy. They were mostly caught in a vicious circle and could escape from it only after having been maimed. In *To Have and Have not* (1937) Hemingway glimpsed the truth that no man had a chance alone. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940) he made a deviation from his characteristic attitude and returned, as it were, to society and one's commitments to it. This novel, considered by many as Hemingway's masterpiece, embodies his preoccupation with violence but in a vastly different sense.

The last chapter has been devoted mainly to a study of *The Old Man and the Sea* (1952). An effort has been made to analyse the elements which made the novel one of the great ones in the twentieth century. Violence still lingers in a story of great human endeavour which had made man supreme in the world. Through the ages man had tried to impose himself on nature, fought against nature in order to assert and affirm his own existence, and painfully
and slowly built the world as we find it. In this fight he is not always victorious but the heroic struggle against the odds is in itself a kind of victory. Violence, as reflected in this novel, has existential overtones.

I hope to show that the theme of violence as used by Hemingway is a measure of his artistic greatness, not only because, with its consistent and developing pattern, it makes for the underlying unity of his works (similar to what Eliot has seen in the works of Shakespeare) but also because it makes for the artistic intensification and resonance of these works. Violence is both a central theme and an artistic device in Hemingway.

Reyasat Ali Khan
9 January 1989
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I started my work under the supervision of the late Dr Salamatullah Khan, Reader, Department of English, Aligarh Muslim University, Aligarh, who initiated me into the subject. Unfortunately the thesis could not be completed in his lifetime.

I gratefully acknowledge the wise guidance I received from him. I am greatly indebted to Professor A.A. Ansari, former Head, Department of English, A.M.U. for his unfailing help and constructive suggestions. I am equally under a heavy debt of gratitude to Mr. Z.A. Usmani, Reader in English, AMU for all the verbal and thematic changes that he suggested from time to time. I am no less thankful to Mr. S. Wiqar Husain, Reader in English, A.M.U. for his concrete and sound suggestions.

I am equally grateful to Professor Munir Ahmad for his kindness in extending good will and all possible help in all matters related to my work. I would be failing in my duty if I do not express my sense of gratitude to Professor Syed Jafar Zaki, Chairman, Department of English, A.M.U. for his constant encouragement and support. My thanks are also due to Professor Ziaul Hasan, Principal, University Polytechnic, A.M.U. for his help and encouragement to my work. I should also like to acknowledge the research grants I received from the Aligarh Muslim University, Aligarh and the American Studies Research Centre, Hyderabad.
CHAPTER I

THE GOD-ABANDONED WORLD

World War I completely destroyed the moral and traditional set-up of the war era. It brought about a total break-down of the values and ideas cherished by the pre-war generation. The younger generation of the nineteen twenties had genuine grievances against their elders who for them were responsible for the colossal destruction brought about by the War. Hence the total rejection of the values and morals which had been so dear to American society. Nobody was inclined to review them with sympathy and candour. Moreover, the new generation was not in a position to create its own value-system. They were faced with a dilemma. "The generation belonged to a period of transition from values already fixed to values that had to be created."1 This was the reason for complete break-down of the old order. The whole post-war generation had become rootless. "The most obvious aspect of change was the complete disintegration of the old order, the set of ideas which had dominated the American mind so effectively from the mid-nineteenth century until 1912."2 The post World War I dislocation was widely registered in the countries of Europe and in America. It was more widely felt than the sense of destruction wrought by World War II. The exploitation of technological equipment into war operations changed its entire complex. Men in general lost their
sense of identity and they were alloted numbers. "The dominating literature of violence in the twentieth century describes the gradual encroachment upon the human will of technological extensions of power. Technology has radically altered the relationship of assailant to victim, and has quite thoroughly upset the moral and social forces according to which man decides to commit violence or perhaps to suffer it." World War I caused the most devastating damage to the human will to live and think meaningfully according to moral and cultural absolutes. "A constant threat of death and the absence of any formal means of expecting and adjusting to it serve to destroy man's power to live meaningfully. Modern wars have therefore thrown the moral and literary economy very much off balance." Modern man's predicament is that he is forced to live in a perpetual state of tension. He owes allegiance to no specific ideology to cope with the tensions of life. Most of the novels of the twenties aim at demonstrating the pitilessness of war. The retreat at Caporetto is the finest example of the meaninglessness of war. It also exhibits the untold miseries inflicted on the youth of the nineteen twenties by the thoughtless elders with their high-sounding but empty slogans in support of war. That is why "much modern war literature offers a clutter of bodies and fragments of bodies as a grimly realistic reminder of the horror."
The two major novels of Hemingway, published in the nineteen twenties, are crowded with war, shock, tension, mud, incessant rain, gorings, injury beyond cure, nymphomaniacs, homosexuals, suicide and death: all this is the product of a kind of insanity implanted in human nature. War failed to bring peace for which they had fought so valiantly. Hence war is designated as a "monstrous hoax, an unendurable outrage committed by the elders, who were brutal, insensitive, and stupid; the war as a violent re-education of the soldier in the ugliness and the scatological realities underlying the surface of decorum." War was no longer the test of sacrifice, courage, and endurance for the young writers of the twenties, for they had nothing but contempt for it. It could not be glorified by the young writers of the twenties. They were unhappy with their elders because they were responsible for their introduction "to a world of violence, an irrational world in which vulgarity, filth, confusion, and unreason were the rule instead of the unpleasant exception. And yet, the Americans, even after April 1917 had a curious sense of isolation from the causes. The large underlying purposes of the war were not real to them, ..." This is what the world of A Farewell to Arms (1929) and The Sun Also Rises (1926) testify.
peace and congenial atmosphere, belonged to a generation which had suffered a lot as a result of World War I. War which was supposed to be fought for democracy and freedom of expression had brought only disillusionment in its wake. "They were a generation in the purest sense, ... the first real one in the history of American letters, and they had chosen to be a 'lost' generation, the specially damned and forsaken, lost from all others and themselves by the unique conviction of their loss, the conviction by which they lived, wrote, and perceived the life of their time."\(^8\) The life of the young man involved in war with a foreign country for which they had no sense of commitment was a "blend of tenderness and violence, innocence and numbness; its women with the shatter-proof hearts and the broken souls; its tough young men with the look of punch-drunk boxers and the fears of being left alone in the dark; all its sad and forsaken, beautiful and damned."\(^9\) The young writers were deprived of opportunities of education at schools and colleges, and growth of love for their country. They were not serious even in their love for their country of adoption. They were a lost generation in the sense of having lost faith in the traditional values. They could easily shift their allegiance from one object to another without incurring any sentimental loss. The irony was that their restless soul could not find peace even in the country of their choice, France. They continuously moved from one country to another in
order to escape from the realities of life, for they believed that the problems could be left behind when one moved from the place of his origin. It was true that America had no tradition of art and its life was dull for an artist. For them "life in America was tardy, cheap, colourless, and given over to the exclusive worship of wealth and machinery; that for a young writer to do his best work in such a society was impossible."  

At a symposium organized by Harold Stearns and in which thirty writers participated they arrived at the conclusion that an artist could not lead a meaningful life in the United States of America and if an artist was interested in maintaining and preserving his artistic talents he should leave the U.S.A. The symposium published its deliberations under the title; Civilization in the United States in 1922. The book "was a historical landmark of the post-World War I years, a curious document of disaffection, pointing to and reiterating the failure of culture, entertainment, family life, religion — of everything but science ..." Harold Stearns and hundreds of young writers left for France in order to preserve their artistic talents there. They criticised the commercialism of America and were sore about the spiritual loss of American life. In their opinion cultural development of the country was not possible in a society where everything was measured in terms of commercial
values. "The insistent refrain of criticism, both native and expatriate, was that America lacked taste, was crude, vulgar, pretentious; that it crushed the sensitive soul, rewarded the unscrupulous and the thick-skinned, drove its artists and writers into retreats on the margins of its prosperous cities and towns." The expatriates were termed a "lost" generation. But they were the representatives of their times. Their pervasive sense of loss was the loss of a generation; and this sense of loss was very much on the mind of the post-war generation. No sensitive artist could escape from the realities of his times. The temper of the age was described as "Byronic, by one nihilistic by another; many critics disdained to dignify it by any label except exhibitionist, escapist and defeatist." But no one can deny that they were spokesmen of the "lost" generation. They were also responsible for the production of a generation's literature. The predicament of heroes of Hemingway, in reality, was the predicament of his entire generation which had lost faith in war and its ideals. "For writers like Hemingway, Dos Passos, and Cummings, the experience of their generation — the bitterness, the monumental disbelief which the war had taught — was the only tradition. They had been uprooted from the world of their childhood with its unwavering ideals and trusts and plunged into the world of Sanoretto,
the Western front, 'the enormous rooms' of the war; and they had awakened from the war only to find themselves in another and even most fantastic world — that of Dada.... if they worshipped only the gods of sex, liquor, violence and art, it was because they had known nothing else." The Hemingway's young men had lost contact with their heritage and war had left them uprooted mentally as well as physically. They had no option but to rebel against the set of old beliefs and morals.

These culturally uprooted persons embraced Dadaism which was a powerful movement during nineteen twenties, and a sizeable number of writers were influenced by it. It openly expressed "gestures of rebellion ... aspects of civilized privacy, against the hush-hush reverence for art in conventional galleries, and against the purity of religion and morality." The Dada cult was deadly opposed to all shades of affirmation "Dada was a joke, an all-inclusive hoax played upon wartime and postwar Europe. It was against all systems, defied all logic and reason; full of sound and fury, it stressed the absolute significance of nothing." It proved to be a great stimulus to the writers of the age. The movement was responsible for taking out writers from the conventional genres and providing them with new and unrestrained techniques and subjects. It manifested the
restlessness of a generation convalescing from the psychic
shocks suffered in an unreasonable and unnecessary war.
The restless temper of the twenties was a cementing factor
for all the movements connected with the self-exiled
writers of the twenties. "Dada was everywhere; its ghost
in a hundred manifestations haunted the literature of a
decade. If Dada had no meaning; it had an infinite
capacity to suggest meaning." From Dada to nada was not
a big cry for Hemingway. The centre of Hemingway's world
is 'nada', a Spanish word used in "A Clean well lighted
Place." Hemingway's world-view centres round this word,
"nada." In such a world "things do not grow and bear
fruit"; they are broken to pieces sooner or later. Man,
with all his claims to greatness, is only the quintessence
of dust trampled upon by implacable forces beyond his
control and, like a trapped animal, he is seen involved in
a frenzied but helpless struggle.

World War I provided a major force which hastened
the process of change and gave a new perspective to the
writers of the nineteen twenties. The novelists of the
1920's had their literary ancestors in Theodre Dreiser,
Willa Cather and Gertrude Stein who were responsible for
bringing about a radical change in American fiction. The
influence of Sherwood Anderson can easily be seen in
Hemingway's A Farewell to Arms and For Whom the Bell Tolls,
though Hemingway never acknowledged this fact there is no
doubt that America had entered the blinding and the most devastating World War I, at its advanced stage though Malcolm Cowley in his *Exile's Return* has mentioned a dozen promising American writers who served as Ambulance drivers in the war in Europe and who were being paid, fed and clothed by a foreign country. The war had uprooted these people from their homes and they became, according to Gertrude Stein, the "lost generation". They were not even interested in the success or defeat of the country which they served and were completely unaware of the urgencies of war. They had been mercilessly thrown into the furnace of war and their lives were destined to be overshadowed by brutality and violence thereafter.

There is no doubt that the nineteen twenties was a very turbulent and distressful decade for Europe and the United States of America but at the same time it was a very fertile period for American literature. It was a renaissance second only to the greater and more famous one of 1850-55, during which a large number of literary masterpieces were written by Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville and Whitman. To this eventful period belong Sherwood Anderson, Earnest Hemingway, William Faulkner and Thomas Wolfe. There is a great deal of truth in the belief that a whole generation of writers, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald, Hemingway and Faulkner, brought up on the stale idealism of nineteenth century
America, came out of the war thoroughly disillusioned and embittered. They were disgusted by the complacencies of a world where there was nothing sacred, nothing certain and no truths worth acceptance except those one had tried and found valid for a little while.

The most representative novelist of the nineteen twenties is Earnest Hemingway, for the whole lost-generation conception of art and society reached its climax in him. His first important novel *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) was acclaimed immediately and his reputation since then has not declined. The hero of the novel is Jake Barnes who has been emasculated in the war. He has also broken away from society and the normal middle-class ways of living. He lives in Paris with an international group of expatriates, a dissolute collection of funny but aimless people who, in one way or another, have been blown off the paths of ordinary life by war. The action of the novel is taken up with drinking, fishing, going to the bull fights in Spain, and the promiscuous affairs of a lady, Brett Ashley. Ashley is deeply in love with Barnes but since he has been wounded their love leads nowhere. And a contented happy married life is almost an impossibility owing to the wound of Barnes inflicted on him in World War I.
War has deprived Barnes and Ashley of a happy married life. This is also the aftermath of the war. It is not only the portrayal of a pair, rendered physically unfit to lead a happy married life but also the portrayal of incapacitation of a generation that has been made homeless by war and that is the main point of the novel. Nothing leads anywhere. The message of the book is that life is without any specific purpose and, in its essence, is futile, at least for these people, who have been uprooted.

But before this stage of disillusionment is reached, they had to undergo untold miseries and horrors of the war, as Lt. Frederick Henry undergoes in *A Farewell to Arms* (1929). Lt. Frederick Henry falls in love with an English nurse while convalescing from his wound in an Italian hospital. This love is first superficial but grows in intensity and depth as the story proceeds. Henry returns to the front after his recovery a different man; he is full of bitterness against war. Soon after the Italian retreat from Caneroetto he finds himself adrift and is subsequently caught un in a situation where undeserved death is certain. He has no other alternative but to desert the army post and he plunges himself both figuratively and literally into the Tagliamento, and proceeds to Switzerland, with his beloved, Catherine Barkley, who is pregnant with his child. The great joy of emancipation
comes to him but this happiness, indeed, like human happiness in other novels of Hemingway, is only short-lived; Catherine dies in child-birth. Henry is left alone with nothing but the sense of futility and returns with a fresh, painful impact. Towards the close of the novel, Hemingway leaves us in no doubt that life, whether social or personal, is a blind struggle where one always loses in the end. This is the main idea which runs beneath the surface of the apparently disinterested attitude in both the love and the war stories. Man is trapped at the end of both. Both see man as a trapped and victimized creature. In the world of Hemingway the forces of nature are not friendly to man. They destroy the good as well as the evil without any distinction. "The world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially. If you are none of these, you can be sure that it will kill you too but there will be no special hurry."  

This view of life which Hemingway has presented in his novels and short stories is conditioned in the first
place by a world torn by war which he has depicted. The
urgencies of war and the rules of the game circumscribe and
limit such a view; the morality of the people who live in
this world is pragmatic: that is moral only which serves
one's purpose. Secondly, Hemingway belonged to that
generation of saddened intellectuals for whom the world was
a mere wasteland. *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*
represent more than any other novels of the period that sad
phase of world history.
REFERENCES


4. Ibid., p. 143.

5. Ibid., p. 472.


7. Ibid., p. 54.


9. Ibid., p. 6.

10. Ibid., p. 12.


12. Ibid., p. 34.

13. Ibid., p. 21.


16. Ibid., p. 209.


CHAPTER II

THE NEED FOR PEACE

Hemingway's two collections of short stories: Three Stories and Ten Poems (1923), and In Our Time (1925), deal with the effect of violence on the consciousness of the hero, a boy named Nick Adams. The growth and development of Nick in the stories reflects the growth of the Hemingway hero. The first edition of in our time was published in Paris, and comprised eleven stories and thirteen vignettes. Later on, Bonie and Liveright of New York published this book in 1925 adding four more stories to the first edition, raising the collection to fifteen stories. After the publication of 'The Sun Also Rises' (1926) by Scribner's Sons, New York, the publication rights of 'In Our Time' were acquired by them. It is significant that of the fifteen vignettes, twelve deal exclusively with violence, death, hanging, shooting and killing of bulls. The remaining three also deal with aspects of life which reflect a time devoid of peace and tranquility. While reviewing the first edition of the book Edmund Wilson commented thus: "His more important book is called In Our Time, and, behind its cool objective manner, it constitutes a harrowing record of the barbarities of the period in which we live: you have not only political executions, but hangings of criminals, bull-
fights, assassinations by the police and the cruelties and horrors of the war."

A careful analysis of the stories and the vignettes reveals the common theme of violence. The scenes may shift from one place to another, the types of brutality and violence may change but violence and death remain the overriding theme in the entire collection, culminating in a single effect of horror and violence. To quote Aldridge: "Each deals with a moment of extreme crisis, violence removed from all narrative context and given a maximum emotional charge; and together they may form a sequence of highly effective studies in death. The stories themselves concern apparently unrelated incidents in Nick's boyhood interspersed with glimpses of expatriate life abroad and one or two war anecdotes. Yet taken as a whole the vignettes and the stories add up to a single effect."

The stories and vignettes comprising *In Our Time*, Hemingway's early exercise in the art of writing, turned out to be the foundation on which he built his later novels. These stories contain the basic material which was to be utilized by him in his later works. The Hemingway world is thronged with persons who have been alienated and crippled by a violent, hostile and indifferent world. There is little peace in this world.
There are screams, gorings and desertions. No fruitful life is possible in the world envisaged by *In Our Time*. All the stories - beautiful renderings in a simple, direct and lucid prose point to a horrifying world.

The garden at Mons where the Germans get spotted as they climb over the wall; the absolutely perfect barricade jammed across an enemy bridge; the six cabinet ministers shot at half past six; Maera lying still, face in the sand, while the bull's horn gores him repeatedly; and Nick, hit in the spine, propped against a church-all represent the same awful moment. Story and vignette, sound and sight, blend perfectly, enclosed by the same deep stillness. It is the stillness of terrible truth, and it helps to make the collection the best written by an American in our century.

Nick Adams, like his creator, was brought up and nurtured "in the hemlock woods behind the Indian Camp" in Chicago, Northern Michigan, Switzerland and Italy. The Chicago woods were inhabited by Ojibway Indians. Nick's father, Dr. Adams, played an important role in the formative years of the child. From Nick's account in the stories emerges a very clear picture of Hemingway's father, Dr. C. Hemingway, in the story, "Fathers and Sons", in *Winner Take Nothing*. This story rests on a graphic description of the author's father: "The big frame, the quick movements, the wide shoulder, the hooked, hawk nose,
the beard that covered the weak chin, you never thought about — it was always eyes. They were protected in his head by the formation of the brows; set deep as though a special protection had been devised for some very valuable instrument. They saw much farther and much quicker than the human eye sees and they were the great gifts his father had." Nick's father has a tell-tale resemblance to Hemingway's father. Dr. Hemingway had also a passion for hunting and fishing. Nick's mother, like Hemingway's mother, was a Christian scientist interested in music. But Nick inherited the qualities of his father; his life seems to be closely related to that of Hemingway.

The first story in the book, "On the Quai At Smyrna", opens with screams of animals and ends with their broken forelegs. To quote, "The strange thing was, he said, how they screamed every night at midnight. I do not know why they screamed at that time. We were in the harbour and they were all on the pier and at midnight they started screaming. We used to turn search-light on them to quiet them. That always did the trick." The Hemingway characters almost always find it difficult to sleep in darkness. So is the case with the animals in the fictional world of Hemingway. They screamed soon after nightfall and they were quiet when searchlight gave them the much-needed light. The story ends with the horrible scene of the
mules with broken forelegs in the shallow water. The retreating Greek army committed this brutality on the innocent animals. "When they evacuated they had all their baggage animals they could not take off with them so they just broke their forelegs and dumped them into the shallow water. All those animals with their forelegs broken pushed over into the shallow water."

The cries, screams and the heart-rending cruelty perpetrated on the animals are pointers to the ruthless brutality which envelopes the world all around. This callousness is meted out not only to human beings but to animals also. In highlighting this barbarous attitude in such and similar situations Hemingway focuses his attention on one of the recurring themes of his short stories and novels.

The first story is followed by the famous story "Indian Camp" which introduces Nick Adams at the age of five to the horror and suffering which existed beyond his childhood world. In this story, Dr. Adams, father of Nick Adams, performs a Caesarian operation in the Indian Settlement in Chicago on an Indian woman. The terrifying aspect of the operation is that it is carried out without administering anaesthetics thus adding to the uncontrollable pain and misery of the woman. Her husband, lying in the
upper bunk with an injured foot, is unable to bear the suffering of his wife, and commits suicide by severing his throat. The gruesome condition of the husband has been portrayed in these words: "The Indian lay with his face towards the wall. His throat had been cut from ear to ear. The blood had flowed down into a pool where his body sagged the bunk. His head rested on his left arm. The open razor lay, edge up, in the blankets." Nick who sees the grim tragedy from behind the kitchen wall is initiated into the world of blood and human misery. The story, however, ends on a note of hope and reassurance to the child in the powerful and reliable personality of his father. They return from the tragic scene of birth and death and the return journey is described as follows:

They were seated in the boat, Nick in the stern, his father rowing. The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped, making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning. In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

The story is notable for the fact that it changes the pattern of experience of the future hero — Nick Adams — whose sensitive mind is awakened to the shocking realities.
of the world of grown-up people. The protected innocence of his childhood is exposed, for the first time, to painful experience which must inevitably come as the child grows up. This and similar experiences constitute the education of the Hemingway hero and make him what he becomes in the later stories and novels. It is this fact which makes "Indian Camp" a significant story. Hemingway is not describing the gruesome incidents for their own sake. His interest lies more in how these incidents register themselves on the consciousness of the child who has to face, in any case, the individual and organised violence in later life.

In the second vignette Hemingway describes the horror of an evacuation by the Greek army from a Greco-Turkish front. The persistent and cheerless rain during the evacuation serves as a symbol of death and destruction, as indeed rain symbolizes disaster in A Farewell to Arms. The vignette also portrays a lady giving birth to a child during evacuation of the army. There is nobody to look after the lady during her labour pains except a girl. There is destruction as well as birth; and the birth takes place in the most horrifying circumstances. There is a moving exposition of the evacuation scene. "The Carts were jammed for thirty miles along with Koragath road. Water
buffalo and cattle were hauling carts through the mud. There was no end and no beginning.... The old men and women, soaked through, walked along keeping the cattle moving.... The women and children were in the carts, couched with mattresses, mirrors, sewing machines, bundles. There was a woman having a baby with a young girl holding a blanket over her and crying. Scared sick looking at it. It rained all through the evacuation."

In the vignette everything seems in motion. It is like screening the movement of an army of refugees in a caravan. The forces of nature are blissfully unmindful of the human condition. The act of birth which normally ushers in happiness brings trouble and misery in its wake. The woman is attended only by a girl, and is absolutely at the mercy of her circumstances. The Hemingway heroes find themselves pitted against all kinds of cruel odds in an alien and callously indifferent world. The tragic agony of their struggle in this world is a measure of the dauntlessness of their spirit.

"The End of Something" is an important story in so far as it anticipates the attitude of Hemingway heroes towards women in almost all his future novels. The heroes believe in a man-dominated world where women have simply to obey the command of their male partners. The story
reads like the chapter of a novel. Nick Adams is in love
with Marjorie. They go in for boating and fishing on a
moonlit night. There Nick snaps off his relations with
Marjorie abruptly. The break is as sudden and abrupt as
the beginning. He lets her leave quietly. Within minutes
of this abrupt ending we see her "afloat in the boat on
the water with the moonlight on it. Nick went back and
lay down with his face in the blanket by the fire. He
could hear Marjorie rowing on the water."11

The following story, "The Three Day Blow" is in
continuation of "The End of Something." Nick remembers
Marjorie and feels sorry for Marjorie and consoles himself
that the break in relations with her may not be irrevocable
and final. The reader is reminded in In Our Time repeatedly
that the growth of Nick in the stories is, in fact, the
growth of the Hemingway hero whose pattern of behaviour
becomes perfectly intelligible in the later works of
Hemingway, and Nick, a grown-up man, is the hero in the
later and more mature novels of the author. The sudden
ending of a love affair with Marjorie is a prelude to male
domination in Hemingway's two masterpieces, A Farewell to
Arms and For Whom the Bell Tolls.

Nick and Bill discuss the sudden finality of Nick's
relations with Marjorie in "The Three Day Blow." There is
an unmistakable sense of remorse on the part of Nick owing to the termination of his adolescent relationship with Marjorie. Nick says to Bill, "The big thing was never that Marjorie was gone and that probably he would see her again. He had talked to her about how they would go to Italy together and the fun they would have. Places they would be together. It was all gone now." Bill consoles Nick that it may not be an irrevocable termination of their relationship and in the same breath advises Nick that she was not a fit wife for a doctor's son. The attitude of male intransigence towards women is taken a step further in "Cat in the Rain." In this story the husband is busy in reading and has no time to spare for his wife. The wife wants to have a cat so as to pass her long hours in a hotel room.

Chapter V of the vignette is replete with violence and horrifying details of killing the six cabinet ministers. The nexus of the vignette is that one of the ministers condemned to execution is not in a position to stand on his feet, for he suffers from typhoid. "They shot the six cabinet ministers at half-past six in the morning against the wall of a hospital... One of the ministers was sick with typhoid. Two soldiers carried him downstairs and out into the rain. They tried to hold him up against the wall but he sat down in a puddle of water. The other five stood
very quietly against the wall .... When they fired the first volley he was sitting down in the water with his head on his knees."13 Everything is mechanical in the vignette. Even the sick soldier is not spared execution. The execution of the ministers is the description of a situation full of violence, death and horror.

"The Battler" which follows chapter V is a significant story, for it delineates a sudden and unprovoked violence which is let loose on Nick. He escapes a severe beating because of the timely intervention of Joe, a negro who 'blackjacks' Adolph Francis. Francis is attended by the gentle, soft spoken negro. Nick reads the history of Francis in his face. "In the firelight Nick saw that his face was misshapen. His nose was sunken, his eyes were slits, he had queer-shaped lips. Nick did not perceive all that at once, he only saw the man's face was queerly formed and mutilated. It was like putty in colour."14 And Francis talks to Nick in a language which was unknown to him. He says to Nick:

"I'll tell you yeller-livered Chicago bastard. You're going to get your own knocked off. Do you get that?"

Nick stepped back. The little man came toward him slowly, stepping flat-footed forward, his left foot stepping forward, his right dragging up to it.
"Hit me," he moved his head. "Try and hit me."
"I don't want to hit you."
"You won't get out of it that way. You're going to take a beating, see? Come on and lead at me." 15

Nick receives the greatest shock of his life owing to this uncanny and unreasonable mood of violence. He is an innocent boy and is abruptly introduced to the violent and evil world of "The Battler." Philip Young has summed up the theme of the story in an admirable manner: "Although Nick understands no more than that something is very wrong here, the reader may get the never-stated but potently suggested notion that it is not only Ad who is 'queer'. The theme which crops up in five other stories and in all but one of the novels, is normally used by Hemingway as it is used here—a kind of ultimate in evil." 16

Chapter VI vignette has a very far-reaching significance for Nick because it is about a wound suffered by Nick in war in his spine. Hemingway himself suffered a wound in his knee in the First World War, serving in the Italian Red Cross Corps. The wound is significant as most of the Hemingway heroes are injured men, and the one suffered by Nick in the spine sets the future course for all the Hemingway heroes. The wound is shifted to the knee of Lt. Frederick Henry in A Farewell to Arms. Nick
declares:

"You and me we've made a separate peace."
Rinaldi lay still in the sun, breathing with difficulty. "We're not patriots."
Nick turned his head away, smiling sweatily.
Rinaldi was a disappointing audience." 17

This wound and separate peace incident is incorporated into *A Farewell to Arms*. Even in that novel the declaration about separate peace is not as emphatic as in the vignette. Frederick Henry at no stage of his desertion from the Italian army, which led to a plunge into Tagliarmento, gives even a slight hint that "We are not patriots." It is evident from the vignettes and short stories that Nick's very careful development in *In Our Time* is in reality the development of Hemingway's hero in his subsequent and the best accomplished works of Hemingway's prose fiction.

"A very short story" appeared in the vignette form in the 1924 edition. It was developed to a full-length story in 1925 edition of the collection. The story is about an American soldier who is wounded dangerously on the Italian soil and was recuperating from his wound in an Italian hospital. There he falls in love with a naturalized American nurse in the hospital. They are deeply in love with each other. The soldier thinks about Luz when "he walked back along the halls he thought of Luz..."
They make plans to get married in America after Nick gets a suitable job. But Nick suffers an insurmountable shock when he receives a communication from Luz saying "that theirs had been only a boy and girl affair. She was sorry, and she knew he would probably not be able to understand, but might some day forgive her, and be grateful to her, and she expected, absolutely unexpectedly, to be married in the Spring. She loved him as always, but she realised now it was only a boy and girl love. She hoped he would have a great career, and believed in him absolutely. She knew it was for the best." This passage reminds us of Agnes Von Kurowsky's letter to Hemingway — the nurse with whom he fell in love in Italy.

The early love affair with the nurse has been utilized in A Farewell to Arms with a little change. Frederick Henry falls in love with Catherine, a nurse in an Italian hospital. Catherine does not reject him. They rather make a separate peace in order to have a normal husband and wife relationship far away from the uncertainties of war.

Chapter VII of the collection deals with the theme of Nick being nearly wounded in a bombardment by the Austrian artillery. The vignette anticipates the grievous wound sustained by Frederick Henry in A Farewell to Arms.
While the bombardment was knocking the trench to pieces at Fossalta, he lay very flat and sweated and prayed, "Oh Jesus Christ get me out of here. Dear Jesus, please get me out. Christ, please please, please, Christ. If you'll only keep me from getting killed I'll do anything you say" Nick does not remember his pledge to Jesus Christ the following morning the way Santiago forgets his promise to say hail Mary ten times after catching the marlin in *The Old Man and the Sea*. Hemingway heroes become religious in the face of awesome death; they cannot pray when they are normal as is the case with Krebs in "Soldiers Home."

Hemingway was fascinated by bull-fighting. His interest in the game took him to Spain several times. He has expressed his deep interest in bull-fighting through Nick and subsequently in *Death in the Afternoon*. There is a good deal of beautiful description of bull-fighting in the vignettes. In Chapter XII the bull roars with blood and the audience is full of admiration for Villalta, the matador for the exactitude and *finesse* with which he kills the bull. "Villalta became one with the bull and then it was over. Villalta standing straight and the red hilt of the sword sticking out dully between the bull's shoulders. Villalta, his hand up at the crowd and the bull roaring blood, looking straight at Villalta
and his legs caving." This graphic description of violence finds vivid reiteration in "The undefeated," The Sun Also Rises and Death in the Afternoon. Riau dancing recurs in The Sun Also Rises where it receives a fuller delineation and elevates Brett Ashley to the status of a goddess.

"My Old Man" is about a horse race. The jockey is thrown off the horse when he was on the verge of victory in the race and the boy, with all his innocence, is left to mourn the death of his father. The notion that the world is cruel, hostile and unfriendly to man has been reiterated in the story. A man can find meaning in an otherwise meaningless world only by the dignity of his struggle against the forces of violence in it. This theme recurs in almost all the subsequent novels of Hemingway. Death has been an obsession with most of the heroes of Hemingway and death and suicide have been discussed time and again in his works.

There is a vivid exposition of the feeling of a dying man in Chapter XVI of the book. "Mraera felt everything getting larger and larger and then smaller and smaller... Then everything commenced to run faster and faster as when they speed up a cinematography film. Then he was dead." One could have vicarious feeling of
death while reading about one who faces death. "Up in Michigan" reminds us of the sleeping bag scene in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. "Up in Michigan" takes us into the adolescent world of Hemingway. The locale of the story is Horton's bay. Jim Gilmore, a blacksmith, seduces innocent Liz in the Michigan woods and falls asleep after the seduction. Liz has a sense of emptiness afterwards and covers himself with her coat and walks back to the cottage alone. Liz belongs to a set of women who do not act as bitches for their men; instead, they surrender their individuality to men. Liz puts her coat on Jim to make him comfortable.

Gertrude Stein thought that it would be difficult for a publisher to publish the story because of its frankness. It has some frank and vivid delineation of love-making in Michigan woods:

"Don't, Jim," Liz said. Jim slid the hand further up.
"You mustn't, Jim. You mustn't." Neither Jim nor Jim's big hand paid any attention to her. The boards were hard. Jim had her dress up and was trying to do something to her. She was frightened but she wanted it. She had to have it but it frightened her.
"You mustn't do it, Jim. You mustn't.
"I got to. I'm going to. You know we got to."
"No we haven't, Jim. We ain't got to. Oh, it isn't right. Oh, it's so big and it hurts so. You can't. Oh, Jim. Jim. Oh."
The hemlock planks of the dock were hard and splintery and cold and Jim was heavy on her and he had hurt her. Liz pushed him, she was so uncomfortable and cramped."

The incident brings out sexual violence in all its crude intensity and the colloquial language serves only to reinforce it. It may be noted in passing that the theme of sexual violence also occurs in For Whom the Bell Tolls where it is placed in a larger context.

"Big Two Hearted River" is a two-part story. Nick goes on a fishing expedition to the northern Michigan. The story is the rendering of a masculine world. Nick is free to do whatever he likes because he has left all responsibilities and needs behind him. He "felt happy. He felt he had left everything behind, the need for thinking, the need to write, other needs. It was all back of him."

On the river he has to cook, eat, drink, and smoke all alone. This life in the wilderness is full of ceremonies and exorcism.

The country which he treks on his way to the river is a burned one. Fire has reduced it to stumps. If the story is considered in relation to the other stories of the collection one can strikingly note the effects of "Indian Camp," "The Outlaw," and "A very Short Story" on the consciousness of the boy. He is wounded, signs a
separate peace and is separated from his first love and
and suffers from insomnia. One can form a better idea of
the development of the consciousness of the boy who
figures in all these stories.

Nick looks at the river and appreciates its beauty,
continuity and freedom. The continuous flow of the river
strengthens the sense of the flowing stream of life and
regeneration. The river sustains humanity and it
smoothes the strained nerves of Nick who has been an
eye-witness to the world of violence, horror and death in
the stories of the collection. The innocence of the boy
is contrasted with the world of experience — of grown-ups.
He learns that life is full of violence. He needs the
river to cleanse himself of the scars of experience. He
collects grasshoppers for bait and enjoys a good sleep in
a grove of the pine trees. Near the river he fixes his
camp and enjoys the beautiful surroundings of the place.
Everything is done in a mechanical and monotonous routine.

"He crawled inside under the mosquito bar with various
things from the pack to put at the head of the bed under
the slant of the canvas. Inside the tent the light came
through the brown canvas.... Already there was something
mysterious and homelike. Nick was happy as he crawled
inside the tent. He had not been unhappy all day. This
was different though. Now things were done.... It had
been a hard trip. He was very tired. That was one. He had made his camp. He was settled. Every detail of fixing of the camp, protecting it from mosquitoes, the satisfaction over the completion of the day's work, has been described in the story. Nick feels happy and secure in the camp from all sorts of dangers. The camp serves as a refuge from the boundless darkness outside the camp. The security of the camp is juxtaposed with the pervading insecurities outside the camp. It is much akin to the "separate peace" of Frederick Henry in A Farewell to Arms.

The second part of the story begins with Nick making preparations for fishing. Both Nick and the river are fresh and he feels the freshness of the early morning. He wades through the river and feels cold water against his legs, hooks a trout which goes off the line, and catches another one and this time "tried to lead the trout towards the net, but he was gone, out of sight, the line bumping. Nick fought him against the current, letting him thumb in the water against the spring of the rod. He shifted the rod to his left hand, worked the trout up-stream, holding his weight, fighting on the rod, and then let him down into the net. He lifted him clear of the water, a heavy half circle in the net, the net dripping, unhooked him and slid him into the sack."
Such beautiful scenes of fishing and vivid details connected with the art of fishing remind the reader of Burguete fishing episode in *The Sun Also Rises* and "Now I lay me." In "Now I lay Me" the protagonist is afraid of dying while asleep, so he doesn't sleep and adopts different methods to keep himself busy and occupied to ward off sleep — "I had different ways of occupying myself while I lay awake. I would think of a trout stream I had fished along when I was a boy and fish its whole length very carefully in my mind; fishing very carefully under all the logs, all the turns of the bank, the deep holes and the clear shallow stretches, sometimes catching trout and sometimes losing them. I would stop fishing at noon to eat my lunch; sometimes on a log over the stream; sometimes on a high bank under a tree, and I always ate my lunch very slowly and watched the stream below me while I ate." The fishing keeps the protagonist awake in this story. In "Big Two-Hearted River" the fishing exercises/soothing effect on Nick. In both the stories actual fishing and the imaginary fishing keep the protagonists busy. The fishing episode found its way in *The Sun Also Rises* in a more significant form. The river in the novel is as real as in "Big Two-Hearted River" and each detail about fishing is as clear and minute as in the story. The only
difference with the protagonist, Jake Barnes, is that he is not alone but has companions who share his loneliness. The description is vivid and lucid.

"I did not feel the first trout strike. When I started to pull up I felt that I had one and brought him, fighting and bending the rod almost double, out of the boiling water at the foot of the falls and swung him up and onto the dam. He was a good trout, and I banged his head against the timber so that he quivered out straight, and then slipped him into my bag." 29

The river, the bait line and the fish offer verbatim details in the novel from "Big Two-Hearted River." The cold nights, the deep pool and the trouts waving their fins in the water work as a medicine for Nick and Jake Barnes alike. The river seems to be the same in the story as well as in the novel with just a change in name.

Nick avoids fishing in the swamp because it would be so risky. The river narrows at a point and turns into a vast swamp thereafter. He is very superstitious in a mystical atmosphere on the river and is afraid of fishing in the swamp, for it represents the dark and evil forces of nature. It is covered with a dark blanket and chaos and the fear of the unknown suggest death and hence he did not want to drift from the safe course. "Nick did
not want to go in there now. He felt a reaction against deep wading with the water deepening up under his armpits, to hook big trout in places impossible to land them. In the swamp the banks were bare, the big cedars came together overhead, the sun did not come through, except in patches; in the fast deep water, in the half light, the fishing would be tragic. In the swamp fishing was a tragic adventure. Nick did not want it. He did not want to go down the stream any further today." Nick is too suspicious of the swamp and that is why he did not like to undertake this adventurous task of crossing the safe point. From Nick to Thomas Hudson in The Islands in the Stream there is a major under-current of violence that runs in all his works. The later heroes can easily be identified with Nick. Jake Barnes, Lt. Henry, Robert Jordan, Col. Cantwell, Santiago and Thomas Hudson, had their early education, growth and experience in the indifferent world of Nick Adams. John Killinger has very aptly made this observation.

Nick does not appear by name in any of Hemingway's novels. But he passes through them all, wounded somehow in each. In The Sun Also Rises he is Jake Barnes, emasculated by the war. In A Farewell to Arms he is Frederick Henry, wounded by an exploding mortar in a fashion that reads almost verbatim like the account of Hemingway's own wounding as an ambulance driver. In For Whom the Bell Tolls he is Jordan,
reflecting on the Negro he had seen lynched when he was a child, and still thinking about being handed the gun with which his father had committed self-murder.

In Across the River and into the Trees he is Richard Cantwell, who bears his share of wounds,

And in The Old Man and the Sea there is still the protagonist who holds tight against pain. 32

And finally in The Islands in the Stream he is Thomas Hudson who believes in his profession, painting, though he is quite lonely, has divorced his wives, and has to bear the pain of his young sons' death.

Nick in In Our Time is very clear in his mind about the fact that life is hostile and cruel and the meaninglessness of life is counterbalanced by fighting till the end. He is active and determined, like later Hemingway heroes, in his ceaseless effort to come to terms with the circumstances of his life. The hero of the collection is a boy who believes in innocence uncorrupted by the experiences of modern living. But the hero is initiated, by and by, to the world of death, decay, desertions, wounds and horrendous acts of violence, which later on became a recurrent theme in the fictional world of Hemingway.
References

1. Edmund Wilson, The Shores of Light (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1952), p. 120.


5. Ibid., p. 439.

6. Ernest Hemingway, In Our Time (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925), p. 9 (All quotations are from this edition of In Our Time.)

7. Ibid., pp. 11-12.

8. Ibid., p. 20.


10. Ibid., p. 23.

11. Ibid., p. 41.

12. Ibid., p. 58.

13. Ibid., p. 63.

14. Ibid., p. 68.

15. Ibid., p. 71-75.


17. In Our Time, op. cit., p. 81.

18. Ibid., n. 33.

19. Ibid., n. 35.

20. Ibid., p. 67.

21. Ibid., p. 137.

23. *In Our Time*, *op. cit.*, p. 175.


31. *In Our Time*, *op. cit.*, p. 211.

CHAPTER III

WAR AS HEMINGWAY SAW IT

*A Farewell to Arms* (1929) brought immediate recognition to Ernest Hemingway as one of the greatest novelists of the United States. The novel is considered one of the best novels of Hemingway by some eminent critics. There are two stories in the book which run parallel to each other — war and love. They both end tragically, leaving a pervading sense of futility. Violence destroys human happiness in both and forms a sombre background to the grim development of an episodic plot. Many stories in *Men Without Women* (1927) and *Winner Take Nothing* (1933) are concerned with death, disfiguration and violence, and in this respect they have a thematic resemblance to *A Farewell to Arms*. "In Another Country" and *A Farewell to Arms* have similar openings. This is how the story begins:

In the fall the war was always there, but we did not go to it any more. It was cold in the fall in Milan and the dark came very early. Then the electric lights came on, and it was pleasant along the streets looking in the windows. There was much game hanging outside the shops, and the snow powdered in the fur of the foxes and the wind blew their tails. The deer hung stiff and heavy and empty, and small birds blew in the wind and the wind turned their feathers. It was a cold fall and the wind came down from the mountains.
And this is how the novel begins:

In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains.... Troops went by the house and down the road and the dust they raised powdered the leaves of the trees. The trunks of the trees too were dusty and the leaves fell early that year and we saw the troops marching along the road and the dust rising and leaves, stirred by the breeze, falling and the soldiers marching and afterwards the road bare and white except for the leaves.

The plain was rich with crops; there were many orchards of fruit trees and beyond the plain the mountains were brown and bare. There was fighting in the mountains and at night we could see the flashes from the artillery. In the dark it was like summer lightning, but the nights were cool and there was not the feeling of a storm coming.

Both the passages deal with war in the mountains: the common words "powdered", "cold fall", "nights were cool" in the short story as well as in the novel indicate a common setting for both.

The protagonist in the story as well as in the novel loses his wife unexpectedly. The story strengthens the observation that there is a continuity of the theme of violence and death in the short stories and novels from the publication of The Three Stories and Ten Poems (1923) to the posthumous printing of The Islands in the Stream (1970). The story is about a professional soldier
who is undergoing treatment, through machines, for his deformed hand. The central point of the story, among other things, is that the soldier has accepted his condition with dignity and fortitude. He takes the treatment for a certain period very enthusiastically though convinced that it would not do any good to his deformed hand. In the treatment room there are photographs of the persons who fully recovered after undergoing a similar treatment. But such an arrangement has no effect on the consciousness of the soldier because he looks "out of the window" while undergoing the mechanical physiotherapy. Though unreconciled to his deformity the Major cannot erase from his mind the far-reaching consequences of the death of his loving wife who dies of pneumonia after a brief illness. Life becomes a meaningless affair for him. In the hospital he enters into a dialogue with the unnamed narrator of the story about marriage and suggests to the narrator not to marry because he would experience the pangs of separation through the death of his wife one day and a man should have things in life which he cannot lose. And the Major makes a blunt statement in this regard:

"A man must not marry."
"Why Signor Maggiore?"
"Don't call me 'Signor Maggiore;"
"Why must not a man marry?"
"He cannot marry. He cannot marry," he said angrily. "If he is to lose everything, he should not
place himself in a position to lose that. He should not place himself in a position to lose. He should find things he cannot lose."

There is nothing permanent in life. One has to lose all mundane things at one stage or the other, even if one manages not to lose them during his life-time; he is bound to lose them after death. After his discussion with the protagonist about marriage he walks into another room to take the light treatment of massage. Every word of the Major suggests that he has met his doom like Lt. Henry. Their wounds are beyond repair and even the passage of time, though a great healer, cannot heal them. The theme of death gives way to the theme of pointless-ness of life.

"I am so sorry," he said, and patted me on the shoulder with his good hand. "I would not be rude. My wife has just died. You must forgive me."

"Oh—" I said, feeling sick for him. "I am so sorry."

"He stood there biting his lower lip. "It is very difficult," he said. "I cannot resign myself."

"He looked straight past me and out through the window. Then he began to cry. "I am utterly unable to resign myself," he said and choked. And then crying, his head up looking at nothing, carrying himself straight and soldierly, with tears on both his cheeks and biting his lips, he walked past the machines and out the door."
Both the wife of the Major, and Catherine Barkley in *A Farewell to Arms*, die suddenly, leaving their husbands stricken with a pervading sense of grief and meaninglessness of life and left to come to terms with the fact of life.

Similarities between another story, "A very Short Story" in the collection *In Our Time* and *A Farewell to Arms* are striking. This is a beautiful story of love between an unnamed wounded soldier and a nurse in an Italian hospital. Both Luz, the nurse, and Catherine look after their patients prepare them for the operation, are worried about their blabbing under the influence of an anaesthetic and finally choose their prospective husbands from among their patients. Both the lovers are wounded on the Italian soil, undergo an operation in hospitals in Italy, leave for the States to have a suitable job so as to marry the women they love. The story comes to an end abruptly with the letter of Luz telling the protagonist that theirs was only a boy-and-girl affair. The story leaves us contemplating his sad doom.

Chapter VI Vignette in *In Our Time* is significant in point of its resemblance to the novel. In the vignette Nick is wounded in the spine, confesses to
Rinaldi that he has signed "a separate peace." The vignette and the novel are crowded with autobiographical details. The central theme in these writings is one of violence which persistently recurs in the works of Hemingway. He has been an eye-witness to the most dreadful game in the annals of history: he has recorded its horrifying events with authenticity.

Catherine has already lost her lover and prospective husband in the "ghastly" and unreasonable war. The soldiers realise the ghastly nature of the war when they are wounded. A conversation takes place between Lt. Henry and a wounded soldier about war. The soldier asks him:

"How you like this goddam war?"
"Rotten."
"I say it's rotten. Jesus Christ, I say it's rotten."6

To both the soldier and Lt. Henry war is a rotten game. But war has been thrust upon them. The simple soldiers are convinced of destructiveness and futility of war but it is not in their power to stop it. Passini remarks to Lt. Henry "There is nothing as bad as war. We in the auto-ambulance cannot even realize at all how bad it is. When people realize how bad it is they cannot do anything to stop it because they go crazy. There are some people who never realize. There are people who are afraid of their officers. It is with them that war is
made." The soldiers do not believe in war; they hate it. Hemingway has made ample use of violence in *A Farewell to Arms*. Frederick Henry, the hero, has been injured seriously in the first part of the novel. The novel contains a vivid exposition of his traumatic injury. At first the war was like a war in movies for F. Henry. "Well, I knew I would not be killed. Not in this war. It did not have anything to do with me. It seemed no more dangerous to me myself than war in the movies. I wished to God it was over though. Maybe it would finish this summer. May be the Austrians would crack." The danger becomes real when his knee is blown to pieces.

Henry gives a moving account of how he got wounded:

I ate the end of my piece of cheese and took a swallow of wine. Through the other noise I heard a cough, then came the chuh-chuh-chuh-chuh—then there was flash, as a blast-furnace door is swung open, and a roar that started white and went red and on and on in a rushing wind. I tried to breathe but my breath would not come and I felt myself rush bodily out of myself and out and out and all the time bodily in the wind. I went out swiftly, all of myself and I knew I was dead and that it had all been a mistake to think you just died. Then I floated, and instead of going on I felt myself slide back. I breathed and I was back. The ground was torn up and in front of my head there was a splintered beam of wood. In the jolt of my head I heard somebody crying. I thought somebody was screaming. I tried to move but I could not move. I heard the machine-guns and rifles firing across the river and all along the river. There was a
great splashing and I saw the star-shells go up and burst and float whitely and rockets going up and heard the bombs, all this in a moment, and then I heard close to me some one saying, "Mamma mia! Oh, mama mia!" I pulled and twisted and got my legs loose finally and turned around and touched him. It was Passini and when I touched him he screamed. His legs were toward me and I saw in the dark and the light that they were both smashed above the knee. One leg was gone and the other was held by tendons and part of the trouser and the stump twitched and jerked as though it were not connected. He bit his arm and moaned, "Oh, mamma mia, mamma mia," then, "Dio ti solvi, Maria. Dio ti solvi, Maria. Oh Jesus shoot me Christ shoot me, Mama mia, mamma mia, oh purest lovely Mary shoot me. Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. Oh, Jesus lovely Mary stop it. Oh oh oh oh," then choking, "Mama mamma mia." Then he was quiet, biting his arm, the stump of his leg twitching.

"Portaferiti!" I shouted holding my hands cupped. "Portaferiti!"...There were three others to locate. I sat up straight and as I did so something inside my head moved like the weights on a doll's eyes and it hit me inside behind my eyeballs. My legs felt warm and wet and my shoes were wet and warm inside. I knew that I was hit and leaned over and put my hand on my knee. My knee wasn't there. My hand went in and my knee was down on my shin. I wiped my hand on my shirt and another floating light came very slowly down and I looked at my leg and was very afraid. "Oh, God," I said, "get me out of here." I knew, however, that there had been three others. There were four drivers. Passini was dead. That left three. Someone took hold of me under the arms and somebody else lifted my legs.

Henry experiences this horrible wound on the Fossalta front while enjoying cheese with his companions in a trench. He is severely hit by a trench mortar shell.
and one of his companions dies as a result of it. It is only a matter of chance that he is saved; a few inches close to Passini he would also have been surely killed. Violence reinforced by moral and social disintegration of such a magnitude convinces the hero of the futility of war. The hostility of the surrounding universe towards human beings doesn't stop at the excruciating wound that Henry receives; it is confirmed when Henry is shifted to a base hospital for better treatment and care. The hospital administration has not made proper arrangement for looking after the wounded soldiers as they are carried in the ambulance. The driver of the ambulance does not pay much heed to the protagonist's call for help to the soldier in the stretcher above the berth of Henry. He simply tells the protagonist that he is alone and, therefore, cannot help the falling wounded soldier and then continues his journey in an indifferent and mechanical manner. The whole incident is disgusting. And "we feel the blood of a dead soldier drip as 'from an icicle after the sun has gone.' It drips always on the same spot of our skin." The driver goes on to his destination without helping the wounded man. He believes only in a mechanical duty to haul up the wounded soldiers or their dead bodies at the base hospital, without having any touch of human sympathy and consideration.
While recuperating from his wound in a base hospital in Italy, Frederick Henry ponders over the futility and meaningless of war. A discussion takes place between the priest from Abruzzi and F. Henry. The priest has not undergone the physical and mental torments which the lieutenant has suffered from. Frederick Henry loses all interest in victory and defeat. The soldiers suffer the horrors of war and realize its grim realities. The shrewd politicians play with the sentiments of the innocent youth and stress the necessity and sanctity of war to save democracy and liberty of a war to end all wars. But in reality war mercilessly destroys the collective achievements of humanity. Henry makes his famous statement to clarify his position:

I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We had heard them, sometimes standing in the rain almost out of earshot, so that only the shouted words came through, and had read them, on proclamations that were slapped up by billposters over other proclamations, now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it. There were many words that you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity. Certain numbers were the same way and certain dates and these with the names of the places were all you could say and have them mean
Hemingway never believed in the efficacy of abstract words, the words separated from meaning had no reality for him. Place names were dignified for him because they had identities of their own. The abstract words like honour, courage and heroism out of which politicians make capital for their own ulterior ends did not appeal to him.

Then there is the narrative about Caporetto retreat, — which many critics regard as unparalleled in war literature. The retreat appears fatalistic for those who have joined this mass movement from the frontier areas towards the heartland of Italy like a funeral procession. "The passage dealing with the Italian retreat from river to river, from the mountains beyond the Isonzo along rain-washed narrow roads to the plains of the Tagliamento, is one of the few great war stories in American literature ..."12 The procession seems to be the image of a whole world moving from the hills to the plains13:

In the night many peasants had joined the column from the roads of the country and in the column there were carts loaded with household goods; there were mirrors projecting up between mattresses, and chickens and ducks
tied to carts. There was a sewing machine cart ahead of us in the rain. They had saved the most valuable things. On some carts the women sat huddled from the rain and others walked beside the carts keeping as close to them as they could. There were dogs now in the column, keeping under the wagons as they moved along. The road was muddy, the ditches at the side were high with water and beyond the trees that lined the road the fields looked too wet and too soggy to try to cross. I got down from the car and worked up the road a way, looking for a place where I could see ahead to find a side-road we could take across country. I knew there were many side-roads but did not want one that would lead to nothing. I could not remember them because we had always passed them bowling along in the car on the main road and they all looked much alike. Now I knew we must find one if we hoped to get through. No one knew where the Austrians were nor how things were going but I was certain that if the rain should stop and planes come over and got to work on that column that it would be all over. All that was needed was for a few men to leave their trucks or a few horses to be killed to tie up completely the movement on the road.

This passage reminds the reader of the Greek evacuation from the Greco-Turkish border. The rain, the disorderliness, the machines and mattresses and the road leading to "nothing"—all have an echo of the vignette in In Our Time. The constant and later on intermittent rain serves as a symbol of destruction. It adds to the misery and plight of men, women and children. Theirs is a journey that takes place in the dark; it has no end and
no beginning. The army as well as the civilians are not certain of their future and the protagonist is afraid of the side-roads as they may lead nowhere. Human predicament is worsened by the hostile order which encompasses on all sides. However, Frederick Henry decides to take a side-road which becomes bumpy and muddy after a few miles. He orders the two sergeants of the retreating Italian army to cut bush so that the vehicles may move out of the muddy passage of the road. The two sergeants started to run instead of coming for help to get the stranded vehicles out. Frederick Henry shoots the sergeant. It is an unexpected outburst of violence.

"Come on," I said. "Cut some brush."
"We have to go," one said.
"Get busy," I said, "and cut brush."
"We have to go," one said. The other said nothing. They were in a hurry to start. They would not look at me.
"I order you to come back to the car and cut brush," I said. The one sergeant turned.
"We have to go on. In a little while you will be cut off. You can't order us. You're not our officer."
"I order you to cut brush, I said. They turned and started down the road.
"Halt," I said. They kept on down the muddy road, the hedge on either side. 'I order you to halt,' I called. They went a little faster. I opened up my holster, took the pistol, aimed at the
one who had talked the most, and fired. I missed and they both started to run. I shot three times and dropped one. The other went through the hedge and was out of sight. I fired at him through the hedge as he ran across the field. The pistol clicked empty and I put in another clip. I saw it was too far to shoot at the second sergeant. He was far across the field, running, his head held low. I commenced to reload the empty clip.
Bonello came up.

"Let me go and finish him," he said. I handed him the pistol and he walked down to where the sergeant of engineers lay face down across the road. Bonello leaned over, put the pistol against the man's head and pulled the trigger. The pistol did not fire.

"You have to cock it," I said. He cocked it and fired twice. He took hold of the sergeant's legs and pulled him to the side of the road so he lay beside the hedge. He came back and handed me the pistol."

The killing of one of the sergeants by F. Henry amply reflects the inadvertitious violence of war. It was none of the business of Henry to kill the running sergeant. Bonello, one of the driver-companions of Frederick Henry, completes the cold-blooded act of violence. The retreating army kills and gets killed in utter confusion and disorder. The situation takes such a grim turn that Aymo, one of the companions of Henry, is killed by the Italian army and Bonello prefers to be taken prisoner. This war is a struggle in the dark when the fighting armies are unable to make a distinction between friend and foe. The situation reminds us of the
one in Mathew Arnold’s "Dover Beach" with the difference that the metaphorical struggle in those lines becomes literal here in the novel:

And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night. 16

Frederick Henry watches with utter perplexity and dismay the madness of the retreating Italian army and the carabiniere when they summarily shoot their own officers on mere suspicion of their being Austrians in Italian uniform. Thus Henry is forced to give up arms and take a plunge into the flooded Tagliamento:

I looked at the carabinieri. They were looking at the new-comers. The others were looking at the colonel. I ducked down, pushed between two men, and ran for the river, my head down. I tripped at the edge and went in with a splash. The water was very cold and I stayed under as long as I could. I could feel the current swirl me and I stayed under until I thought I could never come up. The minute I came up I took a breath and went down again. It was easy to stay under with so much clothing and my boots. When I came up the second time I saw a piece of timber ahead of me and reached it and held on with one hand. I kept my head behind it and did not even look over it. I did not want to see the bank. There were shots when I ran and shots when I came up the first time. I heard them when I was almost above water. There were no shots now. The piece of timber swung in the current and I held it with one hand. I looked at the bank. It seemed to be going by very fast. There was
much wood in the stream. The water was very cold. We passed the brush of an island above the water. I held on to the timber with both hands and let it take me along. The shore was out of sight now.

The "separate peace" was forced upon Henry and he was left with no other option to save his life from the unjust and bad death sentence pronounced by the Summary Court. The Court did not appreciate the problems of the retreating army. "We stood in the rain and were taken out one at a time to be questioned and shot. So far they had shot every one they had questioned. The questioners had that beautiful detachment and devotion to stern justice of men dealing in death without being in any danger of it. They were questioning a full colonel of a line regiment. Three more officers had just been put in with us." The officials of the Court served as dealers in unreasonable and unjust death and violence but they kept themselves at a safe distance. Frederick Henry realized the meaninglessness of violence and war and consequently took refuge in the only possibility — love — Catherine. Certain critics erroneously have sought similarities between "arms" of war and "arms" of love. The word "arms" suggests only the arms used in a war and not human arms in love. The meaning in the latter sense seems to be far-fetched and laboured.

The two stories of war and love go together in
the novel and they are admirably fused so as to suggest
the futility of war. Henry heaves a sigh of relief after
his desertion from the army but his happiness in the
company of Catherine will also be short-lived. "If
people bring so much courage to this world the world has
to kill them to break them, so of course it kills them.
The world breaks every one and afterward many are strong
at the broken places. But those that will not break it
kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the
very brave impartially. If you are none of these you can
be sure it will kill you too but there will be no special
hurry."19 This is symptomatic of the entire novel which
depicts terrible destruction of human happiness. The
violent world doesn't spare even the good and the noble:
it grinds good as well as bad alike and with mechanical
impartiality.

At moments the moral and religious sensibilities
of Frederick Henry and Miss Catherine Barkley are high-
lighted. Catherine does not believe in a formal religion;
her lover Frederick Henry is her substitute for religion.
His happiness is her happiness. But there are certain
passages in the novel which suggest the moral stance of
Frederick Henry and Catherine Barkley. Lieutenant Henry
is planning to go on a furlough to visit the famous centres
of modern culture and civilization in Italy. The priest asks him to visit Capracotta, the hometown of the priest in Abruzzi. The priest feels convinced of his insistence that "you would like the people and though it is cold it is clear and dry. You could stay with my family. My father is a famous hunter." Dr. Rinaldi interrupts and suggests that they should go to a whorehouse. It is ironical that Frederick Henry visits every important place in Italy but ignores Abruzzi.

I had gone to no place where the roads were frozen and hard as iron, where it was clear cold and dry and the snow was dry and powdery and hare-tracks in the snow and the peasants took off their hats and called you Lord and there was good hunting. I had gone to no such place but to the smoke of cafes and nights when the room whirled and you needed to look at the wall to make it stop, nights in bed, drunk, when you knew that that was all there was, and the strange excitement of waking and not knowing who it was with you, and the world all unreal in the dark and so exciting that you must resume again unknowing and not caring in the night, sure that this was all and all and all and not caring. Suddenly to care very much and to sleep, to wake with it sometimes morning and all that had been there gone and everything sharp and hard and clear and sometimes a dispute about the cost. 21

This passage is of central significance in the earlier part of the book, for it anticipates the future course of events. The hero has discarded the clear dry country path
and instead treads along a shady path which leads him nowhere though at the back of his mind is the path to Abruzzi. The passage reveals unmistakably the drab and unreal night life in the hotels and cafes. Everything seems to be business-like and without any feeling of affection.

Death is wide-spread and is continuous. Seven thousands die of cholera in the beginning of the novel. The impersonal death and suffering becomes a personal disaster for Frederick Henry in the denouement of the novel. The hero undergoes a horrifying experience of death in the killing of Passini by a mortal shell. Aymo is killed by the war-weary and desperate Italians. Catherine gives birth to a dead boy. She is "biologically trapped." "Now Catherine would die. That was what you did. You died. You did not know what it was about. 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."22 The passage unmistakably reflects human helplessness in the face of heavy naturalistic odds. He finds himself placed in an inimical world where Nature is always waiting to rob him of his happiness and contentment.
Carlos Baker has rightly summed up the manifold irony of the human situation. "Frederick Henry's ruminations simply go to show that if he and Catherine seem star-crossed, it is only because Catherine is biologically double-crossed, Europe is war-crossed, and life is death-crossed."\(^{23}\)

In the end the novel is a tragic tale of Frederick Henry and Catherine who have no one to help them in their predicament. Catherine is almost shattered owing to her labour pains. The doctors, nurses and Frederick Henry are all helpless since she is a biological cripple. "Poor, poor dear Cat. And this was the price you paid for sleeping together. This was the end of the trap. This was what people got for loving each other .... Catherine had a good time in the time of pregnancy. It wasn't bad. She was hardly ever sick. She was not awfully uncomfortable until toward the last. So now they got her in the end."\(^{24}\) Nature destroys their happiness in the end by trapping them in a fatal net.

Frederick Henry makes a successful escape from the shooting of Italian carabiniere but he loses to death which takes away Catherine. He rightly compares his plight with that of ants on the log in the parable. His helplessness is not different from that of ants.
Once in camp I put a log on top of the fire and it was full of ants. As it commenced to burn, the ants swarmed out and went first towards the centre where the fire was, then turned back and ran towards the end. When there were enough on the end they fell off into the fire. Some got out, their bodies burnt and flattened, and went off not knowing where they were going. But most of them went toward the fire and then back toward the end and swarmed on the cool end and finally fell off into the fire. I remember thinking at the time that it was the end of the world and a splendid chance to be a messiah and lift the log off the fire and throw it out where the ants could get off onto the ground. But I did not do anything but throw a tin cup of water on the log, so that I would have the cup empty to put whisky in before I added water to it. I think the cup of water on the burning log only steamed the ants.

Frederick Henry had a good chance to be a "messiah" for the ants but he did not take up that role. Instead he put water on the fire and it steamed fire with great vigour and caused flames. The parable points to his own predicament in the circumstances into which he has been put. He does not help the ants off a burning log. He doesn't act as a "messiah" and has also no "messiah" to help him in his predicament. The episode is also a symbolic reflection of the predicament of the human beings suffering helplessly "like the ants" the cruel practical joke of some callous and indifferent fate. Violence seems to be inflicted by this Supreme Power.
thoughtlessly and without reason. He makes a vigorous struggle to escape from the military police; he has still the strength to struggle in his life but the death of Catherine leaves him completely shattered. He is rendered utterly lonely. His world is limited to that of Catherine, and is a little different from that of Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises*. Jake certainly tries to adjust himself to the circumstances of his life. He cries in the night for he cannot sleep and Frederick Henry prays to God for the life of Catherine. "I knew she was going to die and I prayed that she would not. Don't let her die. Oh, God, please don't let her die. I'll do anything for you if you won't let her die. Please, please, please, dear God, don't let her die. Dear God, don't let her die. Please, please, please don't let her die. God, please make her not die. I'll do anything you say if you don't let her die. You took the baby but don't let her die — that was all right but don't let her die. Please, please, dear God, don't let her die." In spite of this heart-felt prayer Catherine dies and Frederick Henry is left alone without any companion in this world. "But after I had got them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. It was like saying good-bye to a statue. After a while I went out and left the
hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain."²⁷

The death of Catherine to Henry is loss of a life, of a love, of a home."²⁸
References


4. Ibid., p. 271.

5. Ibid., p. 272.


7. Ibid., p. 43.

8. Ibid., p. 33.


11. *A Farewell to Arms, op. cit.*, pp. 143-144.


13. Ibid., p. 45.


15. Ibid., pp. 158-159.


18. Ibid., pp. 175-176.


20. Ibid., p. 11.

22. Ibid., p. 252.


25. Ibid., p. 252.

26. Ibid., p. 254.

27. Ibid., p. 256.

CHAPTER IV

THE AFTERMATH OF WORLD WAR I
AND SEPARATE PEACE

The Sun Also Rises (1926) was the first serious novel of Ernest Hemingway and serially the third if we consider the manuscript of the novel lost in a train journey by Hadley Hemingway, the first wife of Hemingway. With the publication of this novel Hemingway came to be recognized as a serious novelist in the mid-nineteenth twenties. It was instrumental in establishing his literary reputation and maturity all over the world. It was acclaimed by eminent critics as one of the most authoritative documents on the social, literary and "moral history of the 1920's." Hemingway never intended it to be read as a classic of the "lost generation" : he rather opposed the contention of the critics to read it as a social history of such a generation.

Hemingway has prefaced the 1926 edition of the novel with the following quotations from Gertrude Stein and the Bible respectively. This edition of the novel carries Gertrude Stein's comment: "You are all a lost generation."

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth forever... 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, there they return again. Ecclesiastes

Despite Stein's comment the theme of "lostness" has been admirably dealt with in the novel. Carlos Baker, supporting Hemingway, considered it a novel which had nothing to do with the futility of the existence of the "lost generation" and the casual attitude of the characters to the life around them. They seemed to live in the present as they had lost faith in the past and had no future prospects owing to the failure of the promises made to them by their ancestors about the blessings of the war. The War had failed to deliver them the promised goods. The novel derives its title from the Ecclesiastes. The claim of Hemingway and Carlos Baker about the abiding earth as the hero of the novel is not supported by the text of the novel. Carlos Baker considers the abiding earth as the hero of the novel and comments that "the point of the book for him as Ernest Hemingway wrote to Perkins, was that 'the earth abideth forever.' He had 'a great deal of fondness and admiration for the earth, and not a hell of a lot for my generation,' and he cared 'little about vanities.' The book was not meant to be 'a hollow satire, but a damn tragedy with the earth abiding forever as the hero.' He is further misguided by Hemingway's letter to Perkins in respect of the hero. Baker goes on to comment: "Another conspicuous irony was
that most readers found Brett and her little circle of drinking-companions so fascinating as to overshadow the idea of the abiding earth as the true hero of the book." Carlos Baker's assertion in regard to the abiding earth as the hero of the novel is very inaccurate and misleading. There is a lot of evidence against the statement made by Baker. The novel supports the identity of Jake Barnes as the hero of the novel. It is through him that events are set forth and it is through his disclosures that the plot progresses. Jake Barnes is the central figure of the novel through whom the novel should be read. W.M. Frohock has aptly remarked "that Jake's physical disability is in large part a symbol for the general feeling of frustration and pointlessness of life, that if Jake were physically qualified to possess Brett it would make very little difference, that Brett's nymphomania is really unimportant because if she ever managed to overcome it she would be accomplishing the eradication of a symptom without doing anything for the sickness of the soul." 

At the outset of the novel we are informed of a violent sport which sheds light on the character of Robert Cohn:

Robert Cohn was once middleweight boxing champion of Princeton. Do not think that I am very much impressed by that as a boxing title, but it meant a lot to Cohn.
He cared nothing for boxing, in fact he disliked it, but he learned it painfully and thoroughly to counteract the feeling of inferiority and shyness he had felt on being treated as a Jew at Princeton. There was a certain inner comfort in knowing he could knock down anybody who was snooty to him, although, being very shy and a thoroughly nice boy, he never fought except in the gym. He was Spider Kelly's star pupil. Spider Kelly taught all his young gentlemen to box like featherweights, no matter whether they weighed one hundred and five or two hundred and five pounds. But it seemed to fit Cohn. He was really very fast. He was so good that Spider promptly overmatched him and got his nose permanently flattened. This increased Cohn's distaste for boxing, but it gave him a certain satisfaction of some strange sort, and it certainly improved his nose.

The narrative deals with the boxing career of Cohn, a friend of Jake Barnes, the hero of the novel but it is quite suggestive of the violent sports and the underlying violence characterizing the early career of Robert Cohn. Though it is a short paragraph dealing with his career involving violence and taken up to overcome his inferiority complex, it doesn't indicate his preoccupation with boxing as an art. The above quoted paragraph is central to a critical judgment of Robert Cohn's personality which sheds light on his subsequent development. It serves as an antithesis of the code hero and the clan to which he belongs and which is represented by Jake's Barnes, Brett, Count Mippipopoulos and Pedro Romero. Violence involved
in boxing always attracted Hemingway who subsequently wrote of war in the light of his first-hand experience of violence. Hemingway's fascination for violence is brought out in characters from Nick Adams in In Our Time (1925) to Thomas Hudson of The Islands in the Stream (1970). In his long, arduous and fruitful literary career he has persistently dealt with this theme. W.M. Frohock has rightly said: "From the beginning the thing that stirred him most was violence, and the emotions of which he wrote were those stimulated by pain and killing - war, and bullfighting, and big game hunting, and fishing to kill rather than for sport, and love conceived as something in itself very akin to violence."\(^8\)

Mark Spilka considers Pedro Romero the hero of the novel in his masterly essay "Death of Love in The Sun Also Rises." His contention is that Pedro Romero's health, vigour, unspoiled youth and devotion to his craft is sufficient ground for him to be considered the hero of the novel. But Pedro Romero appears to be a symbol of strength, courage and dignity. W.M. Frohock regards him also as a "symbol for integrity".\(^10\) However, he is not a fully drawn character and appears towards the end of the novel. On the other hand Jake Barnes has a central position and to minimize it would be disastrous for a sound critical assessment of the novel. While Robert Cohn has been
sentimental and immature; he is childish, ill-mannered and selfish throughout the novel.

Jake and Robert Cohn are good friends and both are novelists by profession and have a taste for good-fishing and an abiding interest in being on a ceaseless holiday. Despite these similarities they are diametrically opposed to each other so far as the forbearance, tolerance and faithfulness to the code is concerned. Robert Cohn has no self-respect at all: he is despised by almost all other characters while Jake is respected by all as all of them turn to him for sincere advice in the hour of need.

Jake Barnes is a reliable narrator and the most conspicuous thing about him as a narrator is that he puts his personal problems at a discount. Instead, he attends to the tensions of his friends; it is only in the calm and stillness of the night that he weeps and this brings relief to him. Jake Barnes always tries to come to terms with the dilemma of his life in spite of the devastating wound, which accounts for his vagaries and also for his humiliation in the eyes of Brett. The incapacitating wound always sticks to his mind. The dialogue quoted below is important in understanding the underlying tensions and violence in the novel. There is an attempt to find some basis for his relationship with Brett:
"Don't touch me," she said. "Please don't touch me."
"What's the matter?"
"I can't stand it."
"Oh, Brett."
"You mustn't. You must know. I can't stand it, that's all. Oh, darling, please understand!"
"Don't you love me?"
"Love you? I simply turn all to jelly when you touch me."
"Isn't there anything we can do about it?"

Jake Barnes is always at pains to establish some working relationship with Brett in order to make their lives meaningful. It may be noted that the lives of the characters of *The Sun Also Rises* have been dislocated by war. They happen to be the most appropriate representatives of the war-torn population of Europe, completely uprooted as they are.

There is no possibility for Jake Barnes to have a meaningful relationship with Brett because of having been wounded seriously. And the wound made him impotent. The impotence acquires symbolic significance and it is not a mere accidental reference to Jake's devastating wound. It is the impotence of a generation. It may also have a symbolic significance in the context of the dislocation of Western life and culture. It looks ironical that the two intensely who love each other and seriously are prevented from leading a happy and fruitful life like Woolsey and Krum.
who symbolize normal human beings. The above-quoted dialogue is a vivid expression of the violence which places Jake Barnes and Brett in an uncomfortable position.

Jake Barnes offers sound advice to his friends and makes realistic comments on human situation in the context of the novel. He is very well aware that the problems of the war-crippled generation can be solved on the basis of the moral strength of character and there is no use shying away from the responsibilities of an organised and well-established society which they have voluntarily discarded.

"Listen, Jake," he leaned forward on the bar. "Don't you ever get the feeling that all your life is going by and you're not taking advantage of it? Do you realize you've lived nearly half the time you have to live already?"
"Yes, every once in a while."
"Do you know that in about thirty-five years more we'll be dead?"
"What the hell, Robert," I said: "What the hell."
"I'm serious."
"It's one thing I don't worry about," I said. "You ought to."
"I've had plenty to worry about one time or other. I'm through worrying."
"Well, I want to go to South America."
"Listen, Robert, going to another country doesn't make any difference. I've tried all that. You can't get away from yourself by moving from one place to another. There's nothing to that."

The post-war generation tried to find momentary relief in
moving from one place to another in order to ward off their boredom. They want to have/maximum enjoyment of life. Pedro Romero with his youthful vigour is in a better position to enjoy life which Barnes miserably cannot.

The prostitute whom Jake Barnes invited to dine with him, "looked up to be kissed." As Barnes put away her hand she asked:

"What's the matter? You sick?"
"Yes."
"Everybody is sick. I'm sick, too."

Georgette, the prostitute, epitomizes the sickness of the whole of her generation in her abrupt and spontaneous comment. Men were unable to enter into any responsible, meaningful and lasting relationship, and family life was beyond their access. Since normal relationships are denied to the survivors of the post-war generation it gave rise to multiple kinds of violence. The statement of the prostitute in The Sun Also Rises is terse but refers patently to the sickness of a whole generation. Jake Barnes and Brett are the most representative characters of this war-shattered generation. It is a realistic comment on the human condition in general and on the lives of the expatriates in particular. If we take an objective
view of the human lot during the 1920's we are convinced of the fact that probably everybody had a taste for war neurosis. The oft-quoted and perhaps the harshest comment comes from Bill Gorton on the expatriate clan of The Sun Also Rises:

"You're an expatriate. You've lost touch with the soil. You get precious. Fake European standards have ruined you. You drink yourself to death. You become obsessed by sex. You spend all your time talking, not working. You are an expatriate, see? You hang around cafes."

The terse and laconic sentences speak volumes about life which had been rendered a wasteland for the expatriates who had left their homeland to come to terms with the then existing circumstances. They lived only in the present-moment and had neither past nor future for themselves. The most realistic pronouncement about the "lostness" of the "Lost generation" in The Sun Also Rises reads thus: "For the war, which has unmanned Barnes and his contemporaries, has turned Brett into the freewheeling equal of any man. It has taken her first sweetheart's life through dysentery and has sent her present husband home in a dangerous state of shock. For Brett these blows are the equivalent of Jake's emasculation; they seem to release her from her womanly nature and expose her to the male prerogatives of drink and promiscuity." The whole population in
The Sun Also Rises tends towards hedonism; it is a world where the old value-system has lost its importance and the new value-system is too powerless to come up. It is a hellish world. The centre of this world is nada.

An ironical situation, bringing in the perversion of morals, has been depicted in the novel when a "crowd of young men, some in Jersys and some in their shirt-sleeves, got out. I could see their hands and newly washed, wavy hair in the light from the door. The policeman standing by the door looked at me and smiled. They came in. As they went in, under the light I saw white hands, wavy hair, white faces, grimacing, gesturing, talking. With them was Brett. She looked very lovely and she was very much with them." The above quoted passage and the dialogue between Barnes with Georgette, the prostitute, juxtaposed, communicate the futility of human relations of the war-crippled generation. All this is admirably portrayed in the novel. Jake Barnes is injured in such a manner that he cannot make use of his manly virility and strength, finds the company of a prostitute, and Brett Ashley, nymphomaniac heroine enjoys the life with a disgruntled band of homosexuals. It is an ironical situation in which the war-shattered generation has been placed. These predilections of the two communicate
with a greater degree of intensity of the immoral situation. This abnormal situation is not limited to these two; by implication, it is intended to be a general comment on the human condition which had become sterile in the wider sense of the word as a result of the gruesome war and the senselessness of the violence let loose on the Western people. The war and the consequent violence did not only destroy human life and Western civilization; it also took away the sense of loss of its survivors and this resulted in the casual attitude of the guest fighters, like Americans, who joined the Italian fighting machinery by way of adventure.

There were important poets and novelists like Hemingway and Steinbeck who joined the Italian Military Transport Corp. They were looked after by an alien government to which they did not owe any allegiance. They developed an irresponsible attitude which led to their maladjustment to the post-war conditions. The war also exploited human beings, as it did other war material, for its fighting machinery. The human factor was used in the order to achieve/desired responses from the soldiers and others associated with the war machine. In war nothing is so important or sacred as to win it. Thus human beings and lost their intrinsic importance were reduced to the position of mere war fodder.
While going through *The Sun Also Rises* we should not forget that Jake Barnes and Brett Ashley are the product of that social order which brought untold miseries to the survivors of the World War one. And it goes to the credit of Ernest Hemingway that along with making it a document of social history of the times his novel is also a great work of art. Barring a few exceptions the Hemingway critics have been quite uneasy about Brett Ashley and have failed to appreciate the background of her nymphomania and her attitude to life. She has lost her true love during the war and the present husband with whom she is on the verge of breaking-point makes her sleep on the floor while he sleeps with a loaded revolver. Despite her weaknesses she is the most important figure after Jake Barnes and almost all the characters turn to her, time and again, for love and affection. In spite of her nymphomania the charm of her personality cannot be denied. She is different from Hemingway's other women characters like Maia in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and Catherine in *A Farewell to Arms*, for she lacks submissiveness but, at any rate, she is not so venomous as Margot Macomber in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Jake Barnes, with all his moral fibre, feels helpless before her and is forced to act as a pimp. Robert Cohn is madly in love with her and is always ready
to bear the hate of his friends and foes alike but never accepts the fact of his affair with Brett. Pedro Romero too finds himself one fine morning in the company of her swarming lovers. He is ready to serve his lady with as much docility as Jake Barnes and Robert Cohn; he is inclined, like Campbell, to marry her despite her past affair with various lovers. It is only because of her moral stamina that Padro Romero is saved and she didn't choose to be a bitch to mar the careers of promising artists.

In juxtaposition to these characters Hemingway portrays Mr and Mrs Braddock. They lead a normal marital life and their only ambition in life is to own a small car and a house in the countryside. They are very curious to know ways of life of the expatriates who live on The Left Bank of The Seine and hang around cafes that remain open till late into the night.

Occasionally Jake laughs at his wound: "I had probably considered it from most of the various angles, including the one that certain injuries or imperfections are a subject of merriment while remaining quite serious for the person possessing them."
This idea recurs in the novel time and again, and specially in regard to Jake. The passage referred to above is a vivid comment on the wound and the attendant violence which has shattered the protagonist's normal life and he remarks ironically that such a wound is a matter of amusement to disinterested persons, for they cannot realize its implications for those who sustain it. Barnes tries to exercise restrain upon himself in the company of his friends and Brett Ashley too follows suit; they bear the misfortunes inflicted on them by the inimical forces of nature without having any sense of self-pity. But at night they have a feeling of a terrible isolation; they cannot sleep well because when they are alone they tend to take an objective view of their life. The meaninglessness of life causes insomnia, ennui and melancholy in their otherwise care-free life. "I lay awake thinking and my mind jumping around. Then I couldn't keep away from it, and I started to think about Brett and all the rest of it went away. I was thinking about Brett and my mind stopped jumping around and started to go in sort of smooth waves. Then all of a sudden I started to cry. Then after a while it was better and I lay in bed and listened to the heavy trams go by and way down the street, and then I went to sleep." The mental tension portrayed
in the passage reflects not only the hero's individual sense of strain and exhaustion, but the problem of the whole post-war generation. The mental tension and the experience of failure of love by the protagonist has been described in such an admirable way that it acquires universal tones in the given situation. Hence it becomes impossible for them to find a meaningful basis for corporate living. War has dislocated their lives. This dislocation has been mediated in a vivid and deliberately simple prose. Hemingway is at his best when he conveys the feelings and emotions of his characters involved in violence and thereby achieves his greatest effects. On the other hand, whenever he tries the untrodden paths he falters as he does in Across the River and Into the Trees. They are quite conscious of the fact that the past is dead and the future still unborn. Living in the present moment the characters try to wrest as much happiness out of their circumstances as possible through the use of their time and money, conscious of the pointlessness of their life as they are. Jake goes on to comment: "of course in a little, I felt like hell again. It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night it is another thing." It is evident from the text of the novel that Jake Barnes tries well to adjust himself to the consequences of his incapacitating wound
only in daytime. Sometimes he tends to ignore his problems and brings his sound judgment to bear on his lapses but his hopeless situation is always at the back of his mind particularly in the stillness of night. At that time he is apt to review his relationship with Brett Ashley and others. The prayer of Barnes and Ashley touches upon the momentary enjoyment of life and hence lacks the sincerity of personal involvement. The behaviour of Jake Barnes in the church is abnormal and cynical:

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 ...  

The very tone of the prayer concerns impersonal objects and sounds mechanical and forced: hence he feels "sleepy" during the course of the prayer.

The text of the novel doesn't support the viewpoint of Carlos Baker to the effect that "It ought to have been plain to discerning readers that Jake Barnes, Bill Gorton, and Pedro Romero were solid - if slightly beat-up citizens of the republic. They were not lost."
They refused to surrender to neurosis like those which beset Robert Cohn, Brett Ashley, and Mike Campbell. And three lost neurotics do not make a lost generation.\(^{25}\)

The discerning reader is bound to conclude that all the characters — with a few exceptions — are lost and have surrendered to the dislocation which war brought to them. Jake Barnes at times accepts the most dubious roles for the sake of Brett Ashley without any justification offered in the novel. Bill Gorton has a very limited role to play in the novel and can safely be placed with the minor characters. Pedro Romero too appears towards the end and is saved from falling a victim to the neurosis and ennui.

The fishing and picnicing at Burguete serves as a happy interlude like that of "Big Two-Hearted River" has a soothing effect on the shattered nerves of Barnes.\(^{26}\)

The involvement of Jake Barnes and Bill Gorton in the pursuit of fishing makes them unmindful of the worries of life; they feel relaxed. Every incident of the fishing trip on the river has been offered very carefully in order to communicate to the reader an idea of the nerve-soothing fishing, eating, drinking and a care-free adventurous life of Barnes detached from the tensions of life.\(^{27}\) The intimate details of the life of men without women at
Burguete are also available and the idyllic surroundings of the Irati River are in no way less charming than "Big Two-Hearted River." "We stayed five days at Burguete and had good fishing. The nights were cold and the days were hot, and there was always a breeze even in the heat of the day. It was hot enough so that it felt good to wade in a cold stream, and the sun dried you when you came out and sat on the bank. We found a stream with a pool deep enough to swim in. In the evenings we played three-handed bridge with an Englishman named Harris;... He was very pleasant and went with us twice to the Irati River. There was no word from Robert Cohn nor from Brett and Mike."28

The absence of Robert Cohn, Brett Ashley and Mike Campbell is conspicuous. At the moment they are in the idyllic surroundings of the Irati River which invigorates and braces up its visitors and makes them free of the tensions and worries which the presence of Brett Ashley and her friends bring in.

Towards the end of the novel the pointlessness of life is unmistakable. The big tense moments have been packed in an equally tense language. The fiesta celebrants want to enjoy their life and have an experience of ecstasy.
But this undue merry-making sometimes also leads to bickering, enmity and violence of the worst kind.

Violence, death, suffering and tension are all interwoven into the texture of the novel. The protagonist suffers the worst kind of violence in order to serve the needs of the scheme of the novel. The meaninglessness of the life of the expatriates is best illustrated in the death of a youth from Tafalla in Spain during the course of the fiesta. Jake Barnes happens to be an eye-witness of the horrible death of the youth. The dialogue between Jake Barnes and the waiter of a cafe is suggestive of the futility and meaninglessness of the life of those who participated in it. The sense of horrible violence, though unexpressed is implicit in the dialogue:

"Anything happen at the encierro?"
"I didn't see it all. One man was badly cogido."
"Where?"
"Here." I put one hand on the small of my back and the other on my chest, where it looked as though the horn must have come through. The waiter nodded his head and swept the crumbs from the table with his cloth.
"Badly cogido," he said. "All for sport. All for pleasure."

... ... ... ...

"Badly cogido through the back," he said. He put the pots down on the table and sat down in the chair at the table. "A big horn wound. All for fun. Just for fun. What do you think of that?"
"I don't know."
"That's it. All for fun. Fun, you understand."
"You're not an aficionado?"
"Me? What are bulls? Animals. Brute animals." He stood up and put his hand on the small of his back. "Right through the back. A cornada right through the back. For fun — you understand." 30

Understatement is characteristic of Hemingway's narrative. The words "cogido", "badly cogido", "big horn wound" and "cornada" suggest the grimness of the situation. The waiter's comment on the human condition in the 1920's is packed with laconic and terse language; owing to his simplicity he is unable to appreciate the tensions involved in the game. To him it's mere fun. In a way he is correct. Here the unrecorded statement is more important than the recorded one.

This episode, deceptively trivial in its presentation, is a measure of Hemingway's control over dramatic irony with which the novel is narrated. Girones' death is the single event of absolute human importance in the entire novel. All the infidelities, quarrels, and carousals of the principal characters fade into insubstantiality in comparison with the man who 'lay face down in the trampled mud.' Even the courage and dexterity with which Romero performs in the ring becomes a theatrical gesturing in contrast to the finality and absurdity of this immutable death. 31
Girones also leaves behind his young wife and two children to mourn their bread-winner for the rest of their lives and bear the unfavourable consequences of his death in a hostile world. Symbolically, the funeral procession of Girones is not only that of one man alone but of the whole post-war generation. Man, with all his claims to greatness, is a quintessence of dust in the face of death. The details of the procession and the apathy and indifference of the forces of nature are significant:

The next day his wife came in from Tafalla to be with the body, and the day after there was a service in the chapel of San Fermin, and the coffin was carried to the railway-station by members of the dancing and drinking society of Tafalla. The drums marched ahead, and there was music on the fifes, and behind the man who carried the coffin walked the wife and two children. Behind them marched all the members of the dancing and drinking societies of Pamplona, Estella, Tafalla, and Sanguesa who could stay over for the funeral. The coffin was loaded into the baggage-car of the train, and the widow and the two children rode, sitting, all three together, in an open third-class railway-carriage. The train started with a jerk, and then ran smoothly, going down grade around the edge of the plateau and out into the fields of grain that blew in the wind on the plain on the way to Tafalla.

Through the death of Girones, the theme of violence is used to reveal and intensify the misery and helplessness of the human situation and the ironical indifference
of the cosmic elements to it. It is used functionally in so far as it goes to create artistic effects. In a way all the major characters of the novel are injured mentally, physically and spiritually. "In some figurative manner these artist... writers, and derelicts have been rendered impotent by the war. Thus, as Barnes presents them, they pass before us like a parade of sexual cripples, and we are able to measure them against his own forbearance in the face of a common problem. Whoever bears his sickness well is akin to Barnes, whoever adopts false postures, or willfully hurts others, falls short of his example. This is the organizing principle in Book I, this alignment of characters by their stoic qualities. But, stoic or not, they are all incapable of love, and in their sober moments they seem to know it."33

At the end of the novel owing to the frenzy of the fiesta the tensions of the characters are also heightened. During the course of the novel they have been persistently trying to ignore the terrible loss. But it sticks to their unconscious mind. The death of Girones is central to the structure of the novel, for it symbolizes the death of all the other characters. They are neither of any use to themselves nor to others. As a consequence of this sense of purposelessness in life they
resort to violence.

The fiesta, at the end of the novel, is at its height and its depth and intensity corresponds to the tensions of the participants in it. The fiesta goes on night and day. When the fiesta is in full swing, Robert Cohn beats Mike Campbell, Jake Barnes and Pedro Romero. The description of violence committed against Barnes has been delineated thus:

"I'll make you tell me" — he stepped forward — "you damned pimp."

I swung at him and he ducked. I saw his face duck sideways in the light. He hit me and I sat down on the pavement. As I started to get on my feet he hit me twice. I went down backward under a table. I tried to get up and felt I did not have any legs. I felt I must get on my feet and try and hit him. Mike helped me up. Some one poured a carafe of water on my head. Mike had an arm around me, and I found I was sitting on a chair. Mike was pulling at my ears. 34

The assault on Romero is related by Mike Campbell to Bill Gorton:

"It seems the bull-fighter fellow was sitting on the bed. He'd been knocked down about fifteen times, and he wanted to fight
some more. Brett held him and wouldn't let him get up. He was weak, but Brett couldn't hold him, and he got up. Then Cohn said he wouldn't hit him again. Said he couldn't do it. Said it would be wicked. So the bull-fighter chap sort of rather staggered over to him. Cohn went back against the wall. 35

Both the assault episodes palpably define inadvertitious violence. Cohn makes use of his training at boxing against both the victims. The incidents are significant in relation to the theme of violence. The whole atmosphere is horrifying. Frederick J. Hoffman aptly observes "In Pamplona the tensions which are for the most part lost in the Paris scenes are intensified. Hemingway's portrayal of these tensions, of their causes and their culmination in violation, is masterful. It is all very ugly. The violence and the drunkenness come as an unsatisfactory adjustment to a situation that is desperately unhappy."36

No justification for the assault against the gentle victim is offered but the incident very clearly serves the needs of the plot. The description of these incidents is magnificent. The tension is heightened/the demands of the structure of the novel. The behaviour of Robert Cohn is disapproved by everybody: he remains an abandoned and isolated man in the end. Owing to his sheer folly,
Robert Cohn is made to undergo the agony that can be realized only by a careful reader of the novel. He considers Brett Ashley his world but his heart is broken by her unfeeling attitude. Robert Cohn is second only to Jake Barnes who experiences the all-pervading darkness after the departure of Brett Ashley with Pedro Romero, the bull-fighter. Jake Barnes, Brett Ashley, Robert Cohn and Pedro Romero happen to be the most important constituents of the structure of the novel which is very skilfully developed by the author.

In Book III we become acquainted with Pedro Romero's precision and clarity of thought and his skill and devotion to his art. All this is contrasted with the poor performance of Belmonte in the bull-ring during the festivities of the fiesta:

Also Belmonte imposed conditions and insisted that his bulls should not be too large, nor too dangerously armed with horns, and so the element that was necessary to give the sensation of tragedy was not there, and the public, who wanted three times as much from Belmonte, who was sick with a fistula, as Belmonte had ever been able to give, felt defrauded and cheated, and Belmonte's jaw came further out in contempt, and his face turned yellower, and he moved with
greater difficulty as his pain increased, and finally the crowd were actively against him, and he was utterly contemptuous and indifferent. He had meant to have a great afternoon, and instead it was an afternoon of sneers, shouted insults, and finally a volley of cushions and pieces of bread and vegetables, thrown down at him in the plaza where he had had his greatest triumphs. His jaw only went further out. Sometimes he turned to smile that toothed, long-jawed, lipless smile when he was called something particularly insulting, and always the pain that any movement produced grew stronger and stronger, until finally his yellow face was parchment color, and after his second bull was dead and the throwing of bread and cushions was over, after he had saluted the President with the same wolf-jawed smile and contemptuous eyes, and handed his sword over the barera to be wiped, and put back in its case, he passed through into the callejon and leaned on the barera below us, his head on his arms, not seeing, not hearing anything, only going through his pain. When he looked up, finally, he asked for drink of water. He swallowed a little rinsed his mouth, spat the water, took his cap, and went back into the ring.

In contrast to the description in the aforesaid passage there is the masterly performance of Pedro Romero which people were stunned to see: the skilfulness of the young bull-fighter:

The bull was squared on all four feet to be killed, and Romero killed directly below us. He killed not as he had been forced to by the last bull, but as he wanted to. He profiled directly in front of the bull, drew the sword out of the folds of the muleta and
sighted along the blade. The bull watched him. Romero spoke to the bull and tapped one of his feet. The bull charged and Romero waited for the charge, the muleta held low, sighting along the blade, his feet firm. Then without taking a step forward, he became one with the bull, the sword was in high between the shoulders, the bull had followed the low-slung flannel, that disappeared as Romero lurched clear to the left, and it was over. The bull tried to go forward, his legs commenced to settle, he swung from side to side, hesitated, then went down on his knees, and Romero's older brother leaned forward behind him and drove a short knife into the bull's neck at the base of the horns. The first time he missed. He drove the knife in again, and the bull went over, twitching and rigid. Romero's brother, holding the bull's horn in one hand, the knife in the other, looked up at the President's box. Handkerchiefs were waving all over the bull-ring. The President looked down from the box and waved his handkerchief. The brother cut the notched black ear from the dead bull and trotted over with it to Romero. The bull lay heavy and back on the sand, his tongue out. Boys were running toward him from all parts of the arena, making a little circle around him. They were starting to dance around the bull. 38

His performance in the bull-ring enhances his reputation as a bullfighter. Though "the fiesta was going on" but it was meaningless for Barnes. Jake Barnes, the real hero of the novel, lost his only love — Brett Ashley and her sudden departure from Pamplona for Madrid with Pedro Romero brings an incredible shock to him, almost like the shock of his incapacitating wound. "I went out
the door and into my own room and lay on the bed. The bed went sailing off and I sat up in bed and looked at the wall to make it stop. Outside in the square the fiesta was going on. It did not mean anything. Later Bill and Mike came in to get me to go down and eat with them. I pretended to be asleep."^39

Though the fiesta was still on, it did not mean anything to Jake Barnes and his friends. The expatriates made a sort of family, and the unifying tie for all of them was the wound. Jake Barnes suffered the physical wound and the rest of them sustained spiritual wounds. Their working family relationship was destroyed by an ill-conceived decision on the part of Brett Ashley; one of the most important bonds in life was broken by her who was the beloved and confidant of Jake Barnes, and the fiance of Mike Campbell, and in whom Bill Gorto had an undefined interest.

At the end of the novel Jake Barnes "washes his hangovers in the ocean"^40 and there is no one to listen to his painful story; he is left alone in the world. In order to remove his hypertension and boredom he spends his time in eating, drinking and swimming. Words are too inadequate to communicate his sense of utter isolation and
loneliness after the fiesta. Brett Ashley was his world and Jake Barnes lost his world in Pamplona. After her departure it meant nothing to him and her absence shook him to his roots. Jake Barnes loved her in the depths of his heart and wanted to evolve even a working relationship with her. He wanted to go on loving Brett Ashley though with no hope of reciprocity. His all-absorbing love for her was his only ray of hope in his desolate life. With her departure with the bull-fighter his love fell in ruins.

After the departure of Brett Ashley, Bill Gorton and Mike Campbell Jake Barnes lives in a hotel in San Sebastian alone and goes for swimming and after swimming he comes across a "boy and girl were at the other end. The girl had undone the top strap of her bathing-suit and was browning her back. The boy lay face downward on the raft and talked to her. She laughed at things he said, and turned her brown back in the sun." [141] The boy and the girl and their laughing and talking together remind us of Jake Barnes. They are capable of leading a normal and meaningful life. And this for Jake Barnes is an impossibility. He is destined to lead a lonely life. This loneliness is terrible, for it is born of his disillusionment with organized society which is responsible for war,
violence and destruction. He has been permanently exiled from the world of happiness of a normal life.

Jake Barnes's retirement to San Sebastian and dividing his time in eating, playing and fishing is a way of signing the separate peace as Lt. Henry did in *A Farewell to Arms*. He does learn a bitter lesson to the effect that the society in which his lot has been cast cannot bring him any solace. Jake Barnes's search for meaning in the post-war world is by implication the quest of a generation. On the point of his adjustment to the circumstances of his life a telegram comes from Brett Ashley seeking his help in her troubled life and this urges him to make his harshest comment: "Send a girl off with one man. Introduce her to another to go off with him. Now go and bring her back. And sign the wire with love." 42

Brett Ashley releases Pedro Romero from her clutches and feels satisfied with her great sacrifice:

"You know it makes one feel rather good deciding not to be a bitch."
"Yes."
"It's sort of what we have instead of God."
"Some people have God," I said, "Quite a lot."
"He never worked very well with me." 43

While disbelieving the benevolence of God she forgets her own rigid and inflexible attitude to life which is
beyond any reform. "He wanted me to grow my hair out. Me, with long hair. I'd look like/hell."^4 The statement indicates that it is not possible for her to change her abnormal life-style. It also, in so many words, contradicts the opinion of Carlos Baker. "If she had not lost her 'true love' in the late war, or if Jake's wound had not permanently destroyed his ability to replace the lost lover, Brett's progressive self-destruction would not have become the inevitable course it now appears to be."^45 In this connection Ihab Hassan has quite appropriately and tersely remarked: "In this waste-land, the Fisher King is fated.Were his physical wound to heal miraculously, nothing would really change."^46

The final dialogue in the novel is very significant. It implies the final verdict that even without the wound of Jake Barnes and Brett Ashley's a meaningful and fruitful life would not have been possible for them:

Brett moved close to me. We sat close against each other. I put my arm around her and she rested against me comfortably. It was very hot and bright, and the houses looked sharply white. We turned out onto the Gran Via.

"Oh, 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 slowed suddenly pressing Brett
against me.
"Yes," I said. "Isn't it pretty to think so?"

The question "Isn't it pretty to think so" is quite significant. For Ihab Hassan "Hemingway compresses the terror of his novel into that ironic question. The terror has no reason and no name; it is simply the presence of an absence; and the only recourse of the characters is to discover a rhythm, a style, of endurance." Jake Barnes's comment is clear in its implications. The life of the whole post-war generation was dislocated and fragmented by war. The mounted policeman is symbolic not only of the violence of authority but also of the negative forces that deny the fulfilment of human aspirations. The fulfilment remains a perpetual possibility in the world of the might-have-been. And this amounts to an affirmation of human aspirations and also of the tragic dignity of the human spirit. Like all great tragedy the novel does not imply any pessimism. It is, on the contrary, life-enhancing.
References


2. Ibid., p. 77.

3. Ibid., p. 80.

4. Ibid., p. 81.

5. Ibid., p. 82.


7. Ernest Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926), p. 3. (All quotations are from this edition).


13. The Sun Also Rises, op. cit., p. 11.


15. Ibid., p. 115.

16. "The Death of Love in The Sun Also Rises" in Hemingway and His Critics, op. cit., p. 83.

17. The Sun Also Rises, op. cit., p. 20.


21. The Sun Also Rises, op. cit., p. 27.

22. Ibid., p. 31.

23. Ibid., p. 34.

24. Ibid., p. 97.


26. "The Death of Love in The Sun Also Rises" in Hemingway and His Critics, op. cit., p. 86.


28. The Sun Also Rises, op. cit., p. 125.


30. The Sun Also Rises, op. cit., pp. 197-198.


32. The Sun Also Rises, p. 198.

33. "The Death of Love in The Sun Also Rises" in Hemingway and His Critics, op. cit., p. 81.

34. The Sun Also Rises, op. cit., pp. 190-191.


38. Ibid., p. 220.

39. Ibid., p. 224.

42. *Ibid.*, p. 239.
47. *The Sun Also Rises*, *op. cit.*, p. 247.
CHAPTER V
DEATH FOR A CAUSE

Hemingway published *To Have And Have Not* in 1937. Prior to its publication he was regarded as a writer of considerable ability and capable of writing convincingly in support of the socialist movement. To many progressive critics it, however, occurred that he was merely wasting his time in fishing, big game hunting and bull-fighting. They thought that a writer of his stature and genius should devote his time and energy to the socialistic struggle of mankind against the fascist forces that were menacing the world. The socialist critics thought that the Hemingway characters lacked the sense of social reality. The severe depression of 1930s in America convinced many a serious writer, including Hemingway, that no artistic freedom would be possible in a world dominated by fascists. In such a world it was not possible for Hemingway to keep himself aloof from contemporary politics and the war which was being waged between the democratic and the fascist forces. It was time for him to say good-bye to the world of Jake Barnes and Lt. Henry and "separate peace". At this stage Hemingway thought that a man was not an island in himself.

Originally, *To Have And Have Not* (1937) comprised
two short stories, later a third one was added and all three were published in the format of a novel entitled *To Have and Have Not*. This novel was composed in the social climate of the depression in America in 1930s. American depression was very much on the mind of the politically motivated critics and writers of America.

The novel revolves round the central character of Harry Morgan, a fisherman, who earned his livelihood by making fishing trips in his boat from Key West to Cuba. A rich man engages him and doesn't pay him two weeks' chartering charges. Harry is forced to join the world of criminals. He has no option but to kill a Chinaman in order to avoid killing twelve men. In the course of smuggling rum he is severely wounded, loses an arm and the police confiscate his boat. He still provides for his wife and daughters. He enters into a contract to take Cuban revolutionaries to Cuba after a bank robbery. The Cubans kill his assistant. In his turn Harry Morgan kills them but sustains a fatal bullet injury in his abdomen.

The opening paragraph of the novel tells us about the bizarre atmosphere in which the novel is set:

You know it is there early in the morning in Havana with the bums still asleep against the walls of the buildings; before even the ice wagons come by with ice for the bars?
Well, we came across the square from the dock to the Pearl of San Francisco Cafe to get coffee and there was only one beggar awake in the square and he was getting a drink out of the fountain. But when we got inside the Cafe and sat down, there were the three of them waiting for us.

To a discerning reader the social milieu is unmistakable here. And the "bums" and "beggars" are an unhappy product of the depression-stricken society. Harry Morgan, the hero of *To Have and Have Not* emerges against this social backdrop.

He is a determined protagonist "because of his individualism, his cold courage, his resourcefulness, and his self-reliance." He has capacity for timely action, adventurous nature and versatility of a high order. He charters his boat with illicit liquor between Cuba and Key West. The reader is constantly reminded of the tone of depression underlying the body of the novel. Harry Morgan commits violence and is wounded in turn, but despite the loss of his arm he is resourceful enough to earn his livelihood:

"Look at me. I used to make thirty-five dollars a day right through the season taking people out fishing. Now I get shot and lose an arm, and my boat, running a lousy load of liquor that's worth hardly as much as my boat. But let me tell you, my kids ain't going to have their bellies hurt and ain't going to
dig sewers for the government for less money than will feed them. I can't dig now anyway. I don't know who made the laws but I know there ain't no law that you got to go hungry." 4

Again, the determination to fight till the end against the odds reminds us of the great tragic struggle of Santiago in *The Old Man and the Sea*. "The hell with my arm. You lose an arm, you lose an arm. There's worse things than lose an arm. You've got two arms and you've got two of something else. And a man is still a man with one arm or with one of those." 5 The resolve to struggle to the end even with one arm reflects an undaunted spirit and the loss of an arm is insignificant to a hero who acquires tragic proportions. The preoccupation with violence in the subconscious of the hero is self-evident.

*To Have and Have Not* reminds us of the brilliantly rendered short story: "The Snows of Kiliamaijaro" (1936). It is a story by a writer who was destroyed by the temptations of his wife's wealth and power. It is a vivid comment on the general situation in American life wherein wives are the dominant element in family life. The protagonist in the story laments over his unfinished work. He is sorry for taking his artistic aspirations to his grave and having deprived humanity of what he could write. Hemingway was skeptical of the wealth and power
which was responsible for destroying many a talented writer in America. He seriously considered the predicament of an artist in a money-dominated world of the depression period.

Baker regards *A Farewell to Arms* as a "study in doom". This description may as well be applied to *To Have and Have Not*. *To Have and Have Not* was an outcome of the political and economic conditions which prevailed in the inter-war period. Although it is comparatively a weak novel but the author has very admirably depicted in it the contemporary social conditions of the first half of the twentieth century which had witnessed the unprecedented and brutal death of one hundred million peoples in the two world wars.

Harry Morgan is named after a famous pirate who hates the laws of society: he hates fascism as well as communism. He becomes an outlaw and a victim of the circumstances of life like Jake Barnes and Lt. Henry. The loss of hope among all the classes in the established society is evident from the behaviour of the characters in *To Have And Have Not*. Morgan refuses to remain a passive onlooker, for he is a man of action and believes in achieving his goal by any means, even by taking up the law in his own hands.
He is pitted against barbaric and slavery-oriented bureaucracy. He is the most important person in the novel. He "has a combination of social courage and personal integrity precisely suited to his character. The same qualities are notably absent among the leisure-class wastrels and other ne'er-do-wells by whom he is surrounded and with whom he is contrasted. He shows a 'vital power' in putting his possessions to use. To have what Harry has in the way of self-reliance, self-command and self-knowledge is qualitatively superior, one would judge, to the strictly economic forms of having."  

Some eminent critics dismissed the novel as an artistic failure. They failed, however, to notice the heroic qualities with which Harry Morgan is endowed. He represents a decadent social order. The moral norms of an established society are difficult to apply to the case of Harry Morgan. A normal human being will find it difficult to survive in a decadent social system against which the protagonist is pitted. Though Harry Morgan has been assigned the role of a pirate one should not overlook the circumstances under which he has taken up piracy. Not a pirate in the ordinary sense of the word he is forced to take up that role by the Haves and worst representative of
these Haves is Johnson who is instrumental in depriving Harry of his boat which is his only means of livelihood. After the confiscation of the boat by the police he is left on the shore to starve. Since he is a tough man, strong in point of conviction, he acts in time, quite effectively too, to save his family from starvation. It is another thing that he is fatally wounded during the process of his illegally acquiring bread and butter for his wife and daughters. He learns his painful lesson, one which is quite significant in relation to a Hemingway hero:

"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. 9

Violence and murders, done in a cold-blooded spirit, are very frequent in this novel. When the circumstances demand the protagonist commits unnecessary violence without any moral justification. The killing is quite impersonal; he has to kill in order to avoid getting killed. He is self-assertive "and all his life he has fought violence with violence." 10 Harry Morgan commits the most heinous crime, quite unmindful of the murderous consequences of his violence. The passage is worth quoting
in full:

Christ, what I'd give for another one. Well, there isn't any other one now. He reached his left hand up, unhooked the length of belting, put his hand around the trigger guard, pushed the safety all the way over with his thumb and pulled the gun out. Squatting in the engine pit he sighted carefully on the back of the boy's head where it outlined against the light from the binnacle.

The gun made a big flame in the dark and the shells rattled against the lifted hatch and on to the engine. Before the slump of the boy's body fell from the stool he had turned and shot into the figure on the left bunk, holding the jerking, flame-stabbing gun almost against the man, so close he could smell it burn his coat; then swung to put a burst into the other bunk where the man was sitting up, tugging at his pistol. He crouched low now and looked astern. The big-faced man was gone out of the chair. He could see both chairs silhouetted. Behind him the boy lay still. There wasn't any doubt about him. On one bunk, a man was flopping. On the other he could see with the corner of his eye, a man lay half over the gunwale, fallen over on his face.

Hemingway has successfully contrasted the characters of Harry Morgan and Harry Gordon, a writer in the novel. Harry Morgan maintains good relations with his wife, and his wife and daughters remember him quite affectionately because of his amiable nature as the head of the family. Harry Gordon, on the other hand, is a miserable
failure and his wife bitterly complains against his evil nature. One is amazed to read the horrible strictures against love from a writer of beautiful love stories and novels like The Sun Also Rises and A Farewell to Arms. Helen Richard Gordon rebukes her husband thus:

"Not really. Not in the church. You wouldn't marry me in the church and it broke my poor mother's heart as you well know. I was so sentimental about you I'd break anyone's heart for you. My, I was a damned fool. I broke my own heart, too. It's broken and gone. Everything I believed in and everything I cared about I left for you because you were so wonderful and you loved me so much that love was all that mattered. Love was the greatest thing, wasn't it? Love was what we had that no one else had or could ever have? And you were a genius and I was your whole life. I was your partner and your little black flower. Slop. Love is just another dirty lie. Love is ergonipl pills to make me come around because you were afraid to have a baby. Love is quinine and quinine and quinine until I'm deaf with it. Love is that dirty aborting horror that you took me to. Love is my insides all messed up. It's half catheters and half whirling douches. I know about love. Love always hangs us behind the bath-room door. It smells like lysol. To hell with love. Love is you making me happy and the going off to sleep with your mouth open while I lie awake all night afraid to say my prayers even because I know I have no right to any more. Love is all the dirty little tricks you taught me that you probably got out of some books. All right. I'm through with you and I'm through with love. Your kind of picknose love. You writer."
It is a tragic as well as a funny situation. In fact, love lost its soothing effects for a generation which reflects depression arising out of class struggle and tense social situation. It is nothing but a disgusting mockery of love. The theme of violence operates not only in the strife-ridden and depression-clouded society but also in love-making which is akin to violence. It reminds us of love-making in "Up in Michigan" and the sleeping-bag scene in For Whom the Bell Tolls.

The theme of violence finds its expression in an admirable manner in the fatal wound sustained by Harry Morgan during his action on the sea/broad a boat:

As he stood up, holding the Thompson gun in his left hand, looking around before shutting the hatch with the hook on his right arm, the Cuban who had lain on the port bunk and had been shot three times through the left shoulder, two shots going into the gas tank, sat up, took careful aim, and shot him in the belly.

Harry sat down in a backward lurch. He felt as though he had been struck in the abdomen with a club. His back was against one of the iron-pipe supports of the fishing chairs and while the Cuban shot at him again and splintered the fishing chair above his head, he reached down, found the Thompson gun, raised it carefully, holding the forward grip with the hook and rattled half of the fresh clip into the man who sat leaning forward, calmly shooting at him from the seat. The man was down on the seat in a heap and
Harry felt around on the cockpit floor until he could find the big-faced man, who lay face down, felt for his head with the hook on his bad arm, hooked it around, then put the muzzle of the gun against the head and touched the trigger. Touching the head, the gun made a noise like hitting a pumpkin with a club, Harry put down the gun and lay on his side on the cockpit floor. 13

Harry is a key character and the novel centred round him. In his internal monologue towards the end he expresses what he learnt from a life perilously exposed to all sorts of risky adventures undertaken by him courageously in a violence-ridden life. The society with which he had to deal was marked by disorder and strife. In such a situation he proposes his rules and regulations for coping with the terrible situation. He turns out to be a very significant hero in the Hemingway fictional world—a world dominated by escapists who seek refuge in liquor and women for keeping the trouble off their doors in a violent world.

There are some striking features inherent in the character of Morgan which bring him close to Robert Jordan in For Whom the Bell Tolls. But Robert Jordan uses his indomitable courage and missionary zeal for the good of society while Harry Morgan utilizes his inherent qualities to provide bread and butter to his wife and daughters. With one arm left his heroic struggle brings him, in a limited sense, near to Santiago in The Old Man and the Sea.
who wages a relentless battle against the giant marlin, single-handed, for three days and nights on the Gulf-stream off Havana.

It is significant that despite the role of a bandit assigned to him in the novel the sympathies of the reader are with him. It is so because he is pitted against social and economic injustice for which the capitalists are responsible. Injustice may be uprooted by indulging acts of in/violence and bloodshed. It is rightly said in Ernest Hemingway's Nobel Prize Citation that 'he is one of those who, honestly and undauntedly, reproduces the genuine features of the hard countenance of the age.' Despite its weakness as a work of art the novel remains a hallmark in respect of revealing the ugly part played by the unscrupulous traders who are responsible for the corruption during the depression of the thirties in America.

Harry Morgan, like Jake Barnes in The Sun Also Rises, is a victim of the circumstances of his life. First, he is defrauded by the outlaws and later, forced by the economic and social pressures, he takes up the role of a smuggler. Thereafter he came to legislate his own laws. Harry Morgan is the product of a bad social order which is responsible for smuggling, violence and bloodshed.
"We are the only true revolutionary party," the boy said. "We want to do away with all the old politicians, with all the American imperialism that strangles us, with the tyranny of the army. We want to start clean and give every man a chance. We want to end the slavery of the guajiros, you know, the peasants, and divide the big sugar estates among the people that work them. But we are not communists." 14

At the end of the novel the daughters and wife of Harry Morgan sincerely weep for him. And their loss cannot be compensated by any amount of words. The sense of isolation of Marie is acute:

And if I live now twenty years what am I going to do? Nobody's going to tell me that and there ain't nothing now but take it every day the way it comes and just get started doing something right away. That's what I got to do. But Jesus Christ, what do you do at nights is what I want to know.

How do you get through nights if you can't sleep? I guess you find out like you find out how it feels to lose your husband. 15

With all Hemingway characters it is true that their sense of isolation and fear is deepened at night. They are insomaniac. The author himself had such an experience and this perhaps accounts for its gripping intensity in his fictional creations. He could not sleep without light on for six months after the wound in the knee inflicted on him on an Italian front during the first World War. The
reader in the end is obviously sympathetic to Harry Morgan, his wife and daughters. The pain of their tragedy is dissolved in the beauty of the morning seascape and the everfresh rhythms of life.

Outside it was lovely, cool, sub-tropical winter day and the palm branches were sawing in the light north wind. Some winter people rode by the house on bicycles. They were laughing. In the big yard of the house across the street a peacock squawked. Through the window you could see the sea looking hard and new and blue in the winter light.

A large white yacht was coming into the harbour and seven miles out on the horizon you could see a tanker, small and neat in profile against the blue sea, hugging the reef as she made to the westward to keep from wasting fuel against the stream.16

Hemingway published *For Whom the Bell Tolls* in 1940. It is in many ways an extension of *To Have and Have Not*, particularly in respect of the social implications of the theme of violence. The theme of violence and death is seldom absent from Hemingway's work. "War made Hemingway see death without disguise or heroic illusions, and, gazing at its grim face, he began to treat organized death as a social phenomenon inherent in the world that surrounded him. It was at the front that Hemingway got to know the harsh world that wants to solve all conflicts by war, a world of wolves where everyone wars on everyone else."17
The novel is considered a masterpiece among the Hemingway novels by many eminent critics. Its sale was almost unprecedented in the United States of America and three editions had to be published in one week alone because of the public demand. Eminent critics tried to see political overtones in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. But Hemingway maintains in this novel artistic impartiality and balance in order to tell the truth. A careful reader finds it evident that the propaganda has not been allowed to mar the greatness of the novel. One of the finest examples of Hemingway's power of observation and objective detachment is obvious in devoting the longest chapter to the murders of fascists in a village by the loyalists.

Hemingway was seriously disturbed by the plight and massacre of the Spanish people. The fascists were the greatest menace to democracy and democratic institutions. Hemingway was also perturbed because of the military intervention of fascist Italy and Germany in Spain. He had had a thorough knowledge of war strategy and therefore thought that the Republicans could easily win the war without foreign intervention. He was greatly perplexed in view of the foreign military involvement in the absolutely internal affairs of Spain. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* "is a study of the betrayal of the Spanish people — both by what lay within them and what had been thrust upon them — and it is
presented with that special combination of sympathetic involvement and hard-headed detachment which is the mark of the genuine artist. One could not rightly call the novel partisan. Yet it is partisan in a larger way than the modern use of the term ordinarily suggests. Its partisanship is in the cause of humanity." 18

The story "Old Man at the Bridge" symbolizes the loneliness and plight of the Spanish people. The old man at the bridge is worried for his pets. He is a true symbol of the plight of the innocent, helpless and downtrodden men and women of Spain. The man "without politics" 19 had to pay dearly for the politics of the fascists. The Spanish people were uprooted and became refugees in their own homeland because of the Civil war.

"Old Man at the Bridge" can be read as a prelude to For Whom the Bell Tolls. The story sums up the predicament of the old man at the age of seventy six who had to cover a distance of twelve kilometers all alone in search of shelter and peace. His plight is evident from the revelations he makes to the narrator of the story:

"And you have no family?" I asked, watching the far end of the bridge where a few last carts were hurrying down the slope of the bank.
"No," he said, "only the animals I stated. The cat, of course, will be all right. A cat can look out for itself, but I cannot think what will become of the others."

"What politics have you?" I asked.
"I am without politics," he said. "I am seventy-six years old. I have come twelve kilometers now and I think now I can go no further."

"Did you leave the dove cage unlocked?"
I asked.
"Yes."
"Then they'll fly."
"Yes, certainly they'll fly. But the others. It's better not to think about the others," he said.
"If you are rested I would go," I urged.
"Get up and try to walk now."
"Thank you," he said and got to his feet, swayed from side to side and then sat down backwards in the dust.

The story and the novel resemble in respect of the exile, loss of home and effects of the war on the Spanish people.

Whatever Hemingway wrote prior to 1940 exhibited a hopeless situation. The only chance of survival in a hostile world lay in the personal struggle of the heroes to resolve the tangles of their lives. In The Sun Also Rises the situation was beyond the control of almost all the major characters of the novel with the possible exception of Pedro Romero. There was no hope for them. They wasted their time and had no mission in life. But the deviation from this hopeless situation is evident in
To Have and Have Not (1937). In this novel we come across a hero who tries to provide for his family in a wicked world of the haves. The role assigned to the hero is limited in many ways in that novel.

For Whom the Bell Tolls carries the burden of the famous passage from John Donne:

No man is an Island, intire of it selfe; every man is a piece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Manner of thy friends or of thine owne were; any mans death dimishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee.

The passage upholds the subject of the novel — mankind. It is quite suggestive of the Universal element underlying the issues involved in the Spanish Civil War, its appeal goes beyond the Spanish frontiers as the novel involves the whole humanity in the struggle for freedom, "equality," and democracy.

The opening paragraph and the last paragraph of the novel look almost identical. This is how the novel begins:
He lay flat on the brown, pine-needled floor of the forest, his chin on his folded arms, and high overhead the wind blew in the tops of the pine trees. The mountainside sloped gently where he lay; but below it was steep and he could see the dark of the oiled road winding through the pass. There was a stream alongside the road and far down the pass, he saw a mill beside the stream and the falling water of the dam, white in the summer light.

And this is how it ends:

Robert Jordan lay behind the tree, holding onto himself very carefully and delicately to keep his hands steady. He was waiting until the officer reached the sunlit place where the first trees of the pine forest joined the green slope of the meadow. He could feel his heart beating against the pine needle floor of the forest.

The common words "forest", "trees" and "sunlight" which occur in both the passages clearly indicate the similarity of the situation in the beginning and at the end of the novel. The situation which appears to be optimistic in the midst of the altruistic struggle of the dedicated protagonist turns into a tragic one. But let us note that in his death Robert Jordan becomes immortal.

The bridge is the focal point in the novel. This is the bridge to which every road leads. It is of central significance in the novel not only for the guerilla group but also for the reader. Robert Jordan's monologue takes
into account the significance of the bridge and his duty to blow it up at any cost. "There are necessary orders that are no fault of yours and there is a bridge and that bridge can be the point on which the future of the human race can turn." General Golz mentions the strategic importance of the bridge to Robert Jordan. "That is the only road on which they can bring up reinforcements. That is the only road on which they can get up tanks, or artillery, or even move a truck toward the pass which I attack. I must know that bridge is gone. Not before, so it can be repaired if the attack is postponed. No. It must go when the attack starts and I must know it is gone."  

Some critics see a parallel between the bridge in the novel and the Spanish bull-ring which was for Hemingway the constant focus of interest. Carlos Baker has rightly pointed out that the novel "follows an architectural plan comparable to that of Spanish bull-ring, which is constructed in a series of concentric circles, so arranged that from any point one can watch the action taking place at the centre."  

*For Whom the Bell Tolls* seems to embody a philosophy of life: one has to die for a cause. Death is as important as life and one should not hesitate to kill in
order to prevent a greater amount of bloodshed/in the
offing. Robert Jordan dies for the good of humanity and
has important stakes at the front.

Robert Jordan is the hero who is deeply in love
with the people of Spain, hates killing but does it quite
willingly for the survival of democracy. His recourse to
violence is a temporary phase. After winning the war he
would engage himself in such a manner as would put an
end to any possibility of violence in life. But to achieve
democratic freedom it is a religious imperative to blow up
the bridge and destroy all those who were associated with
the demolition project of the bridge behind the line of
fascist forces. He loves Maria but their love is a commingling
of material and spiritual love. His idea of love does not
correspond to a materialistic society's general concept of
love. He ponders over the miserable human situation
prevalent in the nineteen-twenties in Spain:

Never. And you never could have. You're not a real Marxist and you know it. You believe in Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. You believe in Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. Don't ever kid yourself with too much dialectics. They are for some but not for you. You have to know them in order not to be a sucker. You have put many things in abeyance to win a war. If this war is lost all of those things are lost.

But afterwards you can discard what you do not believe in. There is plenty you do not believe in and plenty that you do believe in. 26
The hero does not subscribe to any philosophy of violence as a way of life but there are moments in life when violence becomes meaningful and realistic in a world where there is a Darwinian struggle for existence. Robert Jordan is basically a pragmatic protagonist who believes in "fraternity" but doesn't hesitate to take up arms; he participates wholeheartedly and vehemently in order to win the war but resolves to give up arms later on in order to lead a peaceful life afterwards.

Robert Jordan is perturbed over the sullenness of Pablo; his shady behaviour is conspicuous. Robert Jordan notes with concern: "But I don't like that sadness, he thought. That sadness is bad. That's the sadness they get before they quit or before they betray. That is the sadness that comes before the sell-out."27 Pablo, the renegade, is quite a clever character in the novel. In the beginning of the revolution he has been its very active supporter and killed a large number of fascists. But Pablo knows the dangers of blowing up of the bridge. Pablo reflects on the death of Kashbeen: "That is the way we will all finish."28 Pablo is cautious but his shrewdness and caution must be frowned upon in a military code. He questions the wisdom of the demolition of the bridge in a militarily sensitive area. "If it is in this country, it
is my business. You cannot blow bridges close to where you live. You must live in one place and operate in another. I know my business." He killed more people in the beginning of the movement than "cholera", "typhoid" and "bubonic plague" but later on he was afraid of death and violence; he became a little mellowed and moderate.

Despite occasional differences of opinion and quarrelling there is a tacit understanding and love between Pilar and her husband Pablo. Pilar likes him but doesn't trust him. The minor characters have been treated with great care. The reader can know immediately that Rafael, the gypsy, is reliable and good-natured but worthless like all gypsies.

Pilar is a gypsy woman and an important character of the novel. She knows the Spanish people warns Robert Jordan that many Spaniards would not be interested in the blowing up of the bridge since there will be no money, as it was on the train, in the destruction of the bridge. This indicates their native lethargy and covetousness.

Tension and violence in the character of Pablo has been mediated through the use of the dialogue in a straightforward narrative. The use of civilized English language at times is replaced by strong words suited to the
atmosphere of the dialogue. Augustine hits hard at Pablo who is in a state of drunkenness:

"Cobarde," Augustin said. "No words either," Pablo said and made a swishing noise rinsing the wine in his mouth. He spat on the floor. "I am far past words."

Agustin stood there looking down at him and cursed him, speaking slowly, clearly, bitterly and contemptuously and cursing as steadily as though he were dumping manure on a field, lifting it with a dung fork out of a wagon.  

Pilar becomes impatient and says to Pablo: "Go and obscenity in the milk of thy cowardice." And the most sarcastic remark comes from Pablo for the whole guerilla group:

"I have thought you are a group of illusioned people," Pablo said. "Led by a woman with her brains between her thighs and a foreigner who comes to destroy you."

"Get out," Pilar shouted at him. "Get out and fist yourself into the snow. Take your bad milk out of here, you horse exhausted maricon."

Time plays an important part in the action of the novel and the protagonist has only seventy hours at his disposal to complete his mission—the destruction of the bridge. At about a dozen times Jordan ponders over the prospects of his life which he has to live meaningfully.
within the seventy hours allotted to him. In that stretch of time he has to love and fight with equal devotion and intensity. The reader, with Robert Jordan, feels the shortness of time for the couple. "Don't get cynical. The time is too short and you have just sent her away. Each one does what he can. You can do nothing for yourself but perhaps you can do something for another. Well, we had all our luck in four days. Not four days. It was afternoon when I first got there and it will not be noon today. That makes not quite three days and three nights. Keep it accurate, he said. Quite accurate." Time is not important to the fated characters of *The Sun Also Rises*. But in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* time and the bridge are of the utmost importance. The bridge is to be blown at any cost and that too at a particular time, neither before nor afterwards. Jordan has to live his whole life meaningfully during the seventy hours left at his disposal. The entire action of the novel is to be gone through within this limited time. One gets the idea that all time has been gathered into the present moment which will turn, if the blowing up of the bridge is successfully accomplished, into eternity.

At the close of the third day we see that the hero
has loved and killed and is prepared to be killed without fear or terror of death. The greatest achievement of the hero in the novel is that he can sleep well, enjoy life with gusto seek meaning and value, has causes "worth dying for" and, above all, conquer fear and terror of death. Death becomes more meaningful than life if one loses it in the cause of humanity. Violence and death assume new meanings in the scheme of the novel. The development of the theme of violence is highly significant. Violence becomes a philosophy of life. Sometimes it is better and more meaningful to welcome death valiantly for a cause than to live purposelessly so as to provide an opportunity to the wicked people to exploit mankind. The meaningless violence in *A Farewell to Arms* is horrible and disquieting but the violence in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* assumes significance and meaning by being related to a certain cause. The survival of democracy depends upon the altruism and self-sacrifice of Robert Jordan. In war personal concerns are kept in abeyance. Jordan also keeps his personal things away during the period of war and even embraces death so that others may live happily in the world. One's mission in life is all-important; personal likes and dislikes do not matter. It is a significant development in contrast to the senseless violence in the previous major novels of Hemingway. There are causes "worth dying for" — death becomes mystical if
life is sacrificed for such causes and man lives eternally through his good deeds and meaningful death.

The successful execution of the duty assigned to Robert Jordan has moral implications. In being a man with a mission he is distinctly different from Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises* who is without any aim or mission in life. Jordan knows from the very beginning of his assignment — the blowing up of the bridge — that he will die — knows that his death will be more significant and meaningful if he could ensure the survival of freedom and large-hearted tolerance in a world dominated by fascism, anarchism, nepotism and despotism. The fulfilment of his mission is the main passion of his life. The earlier works of Hemingway depicted the purposelessness of violence, but *For Whom the Bell Tolls* reveals meaning in violence, bloodshed and death.

Death has been used as the door leading to life on a higher plane in the novel. El Sordo, Anselmo and Robert Jordan, after their heroic struggle and instantaneous death against unsurmountable odds, have attained eternal life. It is a significant shift in the employment of violence that it is justifiable in a particular context.
"From the beginning he has been concerned less with the relations between human beings than with the relations between himself, or some projection of himself, and a harsh and mainly alien universe in which violence, suffering, and death are the rule, and which, in terms of what the human being expects of it, stubbornly refuses to make sense. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* cannot be said to enlarge this fundamental pattern."

The violence or "death trap" in which his earlier heroes were caught was a sort of elemental violence. They had no choice but to suffer and the only possible escape from such a world was sure death in one form or another. Or they strictly adhere to the Hemingway code of stoic endurance. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls* one finds that the use of violence has been made with a difference. "It seeks to give violence a context, assign to it a public motive. From the title, which argues after John Donne that no man is an island entire of itself, to the ending, which denies Jordan the relief of suicide so long as he possesses enough life to serve others, the book declares itself for human solidarity."

Anselmo is a humane, devout Christian and a guide to Robert Jordan. He seeks an ethical basis for the use of force and violence for serving the cause of the Republic.
He is not fully convinced of the tricky game invented by politicians in the name of freedom and democracy and the deceptive terminology used by politicians to fight a war to end all wars. In a way he is correct that the political cliches and catch phrases offer no justification for the inadvertitious spectacle of death and horror. The most sophisticated weapons are provided to the unscrupulous politicians by unsuspecting scientists and this results in their reducing the achievements of human civilization to dust and ashes. Anselmo puts a conscientious question to Jordan:

"You like to hunt?"
"Yes, man. More than anything. We all hunt in my village. You do not like to hunt?"
"No," said Robert Jordan. "I do not like to kill animals."
"With me it is the opposite," the old man said. "I do not like to kill men."
"Nobody does except those who are disturbed in the head," Robert Jordan said. "But I feel nothing against it when it is necessary. When it is for the cause." 37

At the end of the novel later Anselmo is obliged to shoot the guard much against his wishes in the wider interests of humanity:

I hated the shooting of the guard and it made me an emotion but that is passed now. How could the Ingle's say that the shooting of a man is like the shooting of
an animal? In all hunting I have had an elation and no feeling of wrong. But to shoot a man gives a feeling as though one had struck one's own brother when you are grown men. And to shoot him various times to kill him. Nay, do not think of that. That gave thee too much emotion and thee ran blubbering down the bridge like a woman. 38

For Whom the Bell Tolls is a novel which describes the ecstasy of fighting for a cause and the war horrors have also been narrated admirably. It is also a tale of the hard life of a soldier at the battle front:

You learned the dry-mouthed, fear-purged, purging ecstasy of battle and you fought that summer and that fall for all the poor in the world, against all tyranny, for all the things that you believed and for the new world you had been educated into. You learned that fall, he thought, how to endure and how to ignore suffering in the long time of cold and wetness, of mud and of digging and fortifying. And the feeling of the summer and the fall was buried deep under tiredness, sleepiness, and nervousness and discomfort. But it was still there and all that you went through only served to validate it. 39

Mountains, the symbol of health in A Farewell to Arms, are visited in For Whom the Bell Tolls by the sinister fascist bombers and they come in "threes and threes." They wipe out El Sordo and his valiant companions. El Sordo fought till the end of his life; he lost in the face of superior enemy air power.
Robert Jordan, with all his admirable involvement in the Spanish Civil War on the loyalist side is a real artist; he is a teacher of the Spanish language and is in love with the Spanish people. He has certain conspicuous qualities which seem to be a reflection of Hemingway himself. He is a conscientious writer like Hemingway and has brought out a book on Spain. Like Hemingway he loves freedom of expression and sincerely believes in the Republican government which will be a representative of sane, simple and innocent people of Spain. Jordan, like Hemingway, hates fascism, doesn't like communism but fights on the Spanish soil with the communists in order to thwart the evil designs of the fascists. They both have immense physical strength and he believes in the simple and very significant statement that comes from Robert Jordan during the course of a monologue. "If we win here we will win everywhere." They clearly see the fascist danger to all the nations of the world.

The revelations made by Pilar to Jordan and Maria about the atrocities committed by loyalists on the fascists are disgusting. Hemingway wrote the lengthiest chapter on these atrocities. It goes to the credit of Hemingway that, being a true artist, he did not ignore these. Pilar says:
"From a balcony some one cried out, 'Que Pasa, cobardes? What is the matter, cowards?' and still Don Benito walked along between the men and nothing happened. Then I saw a man three men down from where I was standing and his face was working and he was biting his lips and his hands were white on his flail. I saw him looking towards Don Benito, watching him come on. And still nothing happened. Then, just before Don Benito came abreast of this man, the man raised his flail high so that it struck the man beside him and smashed a blow at Don Benito that hit him on the side of the head and Don Benito looked at him and the man struck again and shouted, 'That for you; Gabron,' and the blow hit Don Benito in the face and he raised his hands to his face and they beat him until he fell and the man who had struck him first called to others to help him and he pulled on the collar of Don Benito's shirt and others took hold of his arms and with his face in the dust of the plaza, they dragged him over the walk to the edge of the cliff and threw him over and into the river. 41

The abominable violence committed by Pablo against the fascists generates a peculiar psychic tension. Violence appears worth condemnation if we are victims of it and if it is used against our enemies, we just ignore it. We rather rejoice in their misery. It is seen now as killing forced on us, for the good of the Republic.

The inhuman and barbaric attitude of those who believed in the Republic is admirably exposed by Hemingway,
and it quite naturally grows out of the action of the novel. The atrocities are a grim pointer to the fact that the barbarians are considered capable of governing a state. W.M. Frohock does not approve of the description of atrocities on the fascists in the novel. "The fact of the matter is that the uprising is a wonderful invitation to write about particularly shocking violence for its own sake, and one which Hemingway cannot resist. I am not here questioning its quality as a detached piece of writing; the point is that it should have been physically detached from For Whom the Bell Tolls and included in an appendix."[42] The description of the atrocities should be viewed in the perspective of the structure and design of the novel. Such horrible atrocities are a blot on humanity. Since the atrocities have been used to intensify the desired effects there is no harm in making it a part of the body of the novel; their inclusion in an index would not have served the artistic purpose. Thus the viewpoint of Frohock is inaccurate.

Hemingway does not approve of violence as mediated through his fictional works but he had scars of war on his body and mind: so he cannot forgive those who are guilty of using force without any moral justification.
Hemingway had to work in a given war situation and exploited the experiences gained therein. He was firmly convinced that solution for the international disputes and conflicts did not lie in violence and use of force. The theme of violence and the emotions connected with it have been persistently employed by Hemingway in his fictional writings. No discerning reader can escape the sense of disgust and revulsion regarding the cold-blooded murders committed by the loyalists. Hemingway has quite rightly exposed the ignoble and inhuman violence of the Republicans. After the brutal murder of Don Benito, Don Ricardo etc., the mad mob ignores the heart-rending cries of the wife of Don Guillermo:

"Then some drunkard yelled, 'Guillermo!' from the lines, imitating the high cracked voice of his wife and Don Guillermo rushed toward the man, blindly, with tears now running down his cheeks and the man hit him hard across the face with his flail and Don Guillermo sat down from the force of the blow and sat there crying, but not from fear, while the drunkards beat him and one drunkard jumped on top of him, astride his shoulders, and beat him with a bottle. After this many of the men left the lines and their places were taken by the drunkards who had been jeering and saying things in bad taste through the windows of the Ayuntamiento.

"... But after Don Guillermo I felt a feeling of shame and distaste, and with the coming of the drunkards and the worthless ones into the lines, and the abstention of those who left the lines as a protest after Don
Guillermo, I wished that I might disassociate myself altogether from the lines, and I walked away, across the square, and sat down on a bench under one of the big trees that gave shade there. 44

The merciless beating and killing of the fascists creates pandemonium in the Hall. Their wrath didn't spare even the innocent priest. The irony of the situation is depicted in the yelling of a drunkard from among the mob of the murderers gone mad, "Long live me and long live Anarchy." Pilar goes on to describe the unabated brutalities of the loyalists thus:

"The window was open and up the square from the Fonda I could hear a woman crying. I went out on the balcony standing there in my bare feet on the iron and the moon shone on the faces of all the buildings of the square and the crying was coming from the balcony of the house of Don Guillermo. It was his wife and she was on the balcony kneeling and crying.

"Then I went back inside the room and I sat there and I did not wish to think for that was the worst day of my life until one other day." 46

If one takes an objective view of the barbaric and primitive violence let loose on the fascists by the Republicans one may get the impression that the self-made reformists forgot that they were dealing with human beings, and not with animals. Such harrowing violence and cold-blooded murders are not allowed even on animals in civilized societies.
The violence, in turn, committed by the fascists against the Republicans is left over by Pilar and is related by Maria toward the end of the novel. Maria speaks of the violent acts against men, women and children:

"Nay, I speak of thy own pride which it is necessary to have in thy wife. And another thing. My father was the mayor of the village and an honourable man. My mother was an honourable woman and a good Catholic and they shot her with my father because of the politics of my father who was a Republican. I saw both of them shot and my father said, 'Viva la Republica,' when they shot him standing against the wall of the slaughterhouse of our village.

"My mother standing against the same wall said, 'Viva my husband who was the Mayor of this village,' and I hoped they would shoot me too and I was going to say 'Viva la Republica y vivan mis padres,' but instead there was no shooting but instead the doing of the things.

"But what she had said, she had said very loud, like a shriek and then they shot and she fell and I tried to leave the line to go to her but we were all tied. The shooting was done by the guardia civil and they were still there waiting to shoot more when the Falangists herded us away and up the hill leaving the guardia civiles leaning on their rifles and leaving all the bodies there against the wall. We were tied by the wrists in a long line of girls and women and they herded us up by the hill and through the streets to the square and in the square they stopped in front of the barbershop which was across the square from the city hall. 47
She was stiff and cold in his arms and she said, "Nay. I will never talk more of it. But they are bad people and I would like to kill some of them with thee if I could. But I have told thee this only for thy pride if I am to be thy wife. So thou wouldst understand."

"I am glad you told me," he said. "For tomorrow, with luck, we will kill plenty."

The clipping of hair, the gang-rape of girls, the shooting by the wall of the slaughterhouse and chasing helpless men and women from street to street all these may not exactly communicate in full measure the sense of madness and doom in Spain during the Civil War. The violence committed by the loyalists in the beginning of the movement and the violence let loose on the Loyalists by the Fascists equally deserve condemnation. The narrative deals with the theme of violence in simple, clear and vivid prose. Anselmo is humane the only citizen of the Republic who is and well meaning in his discourses on democracy, the civic affairs and the non-violent approach to the problems faced by the Spanish people during the Revolution. "I hope I am not for the killing, Anselmo was thinking. I think that after the war there will have to be some great penance done for the killing. If we no longer have religion after the war then I think there must be some form of civic penance organized that all may be cleansed from the killing or else we will never have a true and human basis for living. The killing
is necessary, I know, but still the doing of it is very bad for a man and I think that, after all this is over and we have won the war, there must be a penance of some kind for the cleansing of us all."  

Violence and death are in the air in the novel. Pilar, an important member of the guerrilla group and a fortune-teller, reads approaching death in the palm of Robert Jordan. Pilar describes the sureness of death in his palm in such a manner that it causes no terror. From Nick Adams, Lt. Henry, Richard Gantwell, Robert Jordan to Thomas Hudson the Hemingway heroes face potentially fatal death, valiantly, but they do not cease to love life. Apart from death in the lines of the palm of Jordan, there are so many events in the novel which manifestly point to the coming void for him — out of season snowfall, the defection of traitor Pablo and stealing of vital dynamite-material by him at the most crucial hour the morning set for the blowing up of the bridge, the tragic end of El Sordo and his faithful companions. The wiping out of El Sordo and his entire band acquires tragic proportions in as much as they fought heroically in self-defence till the last moment of their lives. They possessed portable light weapons with which they could not strike the powerful enemy planes. El Sordo lay fatally wounded among the dead bodies of his companions but killed Captain of the fascist
cavalry with full determination and was instantaneously killed by the enemy air force against which his rifle was too inferior a weapon. Robert Jordan, Pilar and other members of the band heard the bombardment on El Sordo band, helplessly, for they could not fight a regular battle with the fascists.

Sex is in a way very closely related to violence. It dominates Hemingway fiction from the beginning of his career. The story, "Up in Michigan" describes the love making scene elaborately. Frederic Henry and Catherine in A Farewell to Arms become Hemingway's Romeo and Juliet. In Green Hills of Africa the hunter would almost always like to have a woman after each hunting trip. Col. Richard Cantwell, in Across the River and Into the Trees, at the age of fifty, makes love with a nineteen year old girl, Renata.

In For Whom the Bell Tolls love-making seems justifiable because Robert Jordan has only three days at his disposal to fulfil his mission and the earth moves in the frenzy and excitement of love-making. At that moment the time past and the time future are fused into the ever-present now:

Then they were together so that as the hand on the watch moved, unseen now, they knew
that nothing could ever happen to the one
that did not happen to the other, that no
other thing could happen more than this;
that this was all and always; this was what
had been and now and whatever was to come.
This, that they were not to have, they were
having. They were having now and before and
always and now and now and now. Oh, now, now,
now, the only now, and above all now, and
there is no other now but thou now and now is
thy prophet. Now and forever now. Come now,
now, for there is no now but now. Yes, now.
Now, please now, only now, not anything else
only this now, and where are you and where
am I and where is the other one, and not why,
not ever why, only this now: and on and
always please then always now, always now,
for now always one now; one only one, there
is no other one but one now, one, going now,
rising now, smiling now, leaving now,
wheeling now, scaring now, away now, all the
way now, all of all the way now; one and one
is one, is one, is one, is one, is still one,
is still one, is one descendingly, is one
softly, is one longingly, is one kindly, is
one happily, is one in goodness, is one to
cherish, is one now on earth with elbows
against the cut and slept -on branches of the
pine tree with the smell of the pine boughs
and the night; to earth conclusively now, and
with the morning of the day to come. Then he
said, for the other was only in his head and
he had said nothing, "Oh, Maria, I love thee
and I thank thee for this."

"Maria said, "Do not speak. It is better
if we do not speak."

"I must tell thee for it is a great
thing." 50

The passage quoted above contains definite mystical overtones,
Jordan tries to understand life in the larger physical
mysteries of the world. He attains this knowledge through
his all-embracing love for Maria and the existence of the
perpetual "now."
In this context Jordan's monologue is significant:

"I am no mystic, but to deny it is as ignorant as though you denied the telephone or that the earth revolves around the sun or that there are other planets than this."\(^{51}\)

There is a significant change in Robert Jordan's attitude to life and the wonders connected with the body and soul of Maria. In the last moments of his life Jordan realizes that Maria and he himself are actually one and comments thus: "As long as there is one of us there is both of us."\(^{52}\)

There are numerous statements in the novel made by Robert Jordan which clearly point to the availability of an experience beyond the comprehension of the life of the senses. The physical existence of the hero in future will depend on the life of the heroine; he will live in her. The physical life of both of them assumes a spiritual colouring.

This passage reminds us of Donne's poem "The Canonization."

The death of the hero will not destroy him completely but lead to his survival in the future. Thus Robert Jordan not only overcomes the fear of death and physical destruction of the body but conquers death by attaining to eternal life.

Robert Jordan, like Hemingway, is fully aware of the use of various weapons and their upkeep and also knows,
like a good hunter and a true soldier, everything about their efficacy in hitting the target so that the greatest number of the soldiers from the enemy side may be killed by the minimum number of shots. He gives instructions to Anselmo like a professional soldier at the time of blowing up of the bridge:

"When thou fir'st," Robert Jordan said, "take a rest and make very sure. Do not think of it as a man but as a target, de acuerdo? Do not shoot the whole man but at a point. Shoot for the exact centre of the belly — if he faces thee. At the middle of the back, if he is looking away. Listen, old one. When I fire if the man is sitting down he will stand up before he runs or crouches. Shoot then. If he is still sitting down shoot. Do not wait. But make sure. Get to within fifty yards. Thou art a hunter. Thou hast no problem." 53

The climax of the dramatic action is achieved in the precision and exactitude with which the bridge is blown up. Robert Jordan master-minded the project of the blowing up of the bridge. The reader remains in constant tension till the bridge is gone with a great explosion and the sudden rising up of the bridge in the air is like the giant marlin which rises from the depths of the sea into the air in The Old Man and the Sea.

Then he heard the truck coming down the road and he saw it over his shoulder just
coming down the road and he saw it over his shoulder just coming onto the long slope and he swung his wrist once around the wire and yelled to Anselmo. "Blow her!" and he dug his heels in and leaned back hard onto the tension of the wire with a turn of it around his wrist and the noise of the truck was coming behind and ahead there was the road with the dead sentry and the long bridge and the stretch of road below, still clear and then there was a cracking roar and the middle of the bridge rose up in the air like a wave breaking and he felt the blast from the explosion roll back against him as he dove on his face in the pebbly gully with his hands holding tight over his head. His face was down against the pebbles as the bridge settled where it had risen and the familiar yellow smell of it rolled over him in acrid smoke and then it commenced to rain pieces of steel. 54

The reader, along with Robert Jordan, feels relaxed when the bridge is gone. All members of the guerilla group offer cooperation in the blowing up of the bridge-task; each one performs his duty conscientiously; even Pablo acts with his earlier skill and determination. Anselmo paid with his life during the demolition operation and "lay face down behind the white marking stone. His left arm was doubled under his head and his right arm was stretched straight out. The loop of wire was still around his right fist. Robert Jordan got to his feet, crossed the road, knelt by him and made sure that he was dead." 55 Fernando, his brother, and Eladio are also killed in the action at the bridge. The
blowing up of the bridge scene reminds us of the Burguete episode in *The Sun Also Rises*. The intensity of emotions and sense of dedication to work — essential ingredients of all Hemingway heroes — are obvious in both incidents and so is the feeling of relaxation and pleasure that ensures after the work is done. The difference between Jake Barnes and Robert Jordan is that while Jake Barnes keeps a "men-without-women" company Robert Jordan is accompanied by women. He is very much involved in Maria, his sweetheart. Pilar happens to be an important figure among the guerilla group. She has all the qualities of a woman and her breasts are like the goodly earth which sustains mankind. She is a "big, brown-faced woman with her kind, widely set eyes and her square, heavy face, lined and pleasantly ugly, the eyes merry, but the face sad until the lips moved." Her presence is felt throughout the novel. She dominates the events in the novel and cooperates whole-heartedly in the blowing up of the bridge even at the risk of her own life. She kicks off her husband — the unreliable, drunkard Pablo when he comes in the way of the demolition of the bridge. Her tender treatment to Maria is conspicuous though at times she becomes jealous of her lovers.

Robert Jordan was planning to cross a road from the
mountains' ridge in order to reach a safe place, and was covering the escape route of the guerilla group with his rifle. When he himself was crossing the road he was fatally wounded by the enemy fire. Maria cries and cannot withstand the pain and suffering of Jordan. He pleads to her to go with Pilar and leave him alone. Maria requests him to let her stay with him. Jordan knows that the consequences of her stay with him would be disastrous for her because the enemy soldiers would do greater violence to her than she suffered in the beginning of the movement at the hands of the fascists. He pleads to Maria:

Then she started to cry.
"No, guapa, don't," he said. "Listen. We will not go to Madrid now but I go always with thee wherever thou goest. Understand?"

She said nothing and pushed her head against his cheek with her arms around him. "Listen to this well, rabbit," he said. He knew there was a great hurry and he was sweating very much, but this had to be said and understood. "Thou wilt go now, rabbit. But I go with thee. As long as there is one of us there is both of us. Do you understand?"

"Nay, I stay with thee."

"Nay, rabbit. What I do now I do alone. I could not do it well with thee. If thou goest then I go, too. Do you not see how it is? Whichever one there is, is both."

"I will stay with thee."

"Nay, rabbit. Listen. That people cannot do together. Each one must do it alone. But if thou goest then I go with thee. It is in that way that I go too. Thou wilt go now, I know. For thou art good and kind. Thou wilt go now for us both."
"But it is easier if I stay with thee," she said. "It is better for me."
"Yes. Therefore go for a favour. Do it for me since it is what thou canst do."
"But you don't understand, Roberto. What about me? It is worse for me to go."
"Surely," he said. "It is harder for thee. But I am thee also now."
She said nothing.

He looked at her and he was sweating heavily and he spoke now, trying harder to do something than he had ever tried in all his life.

"Now you will go for us both," he said. "You must not be selfish, rabbit. You must do your duty now."
She shook her head.
"You are me now," he said. "Surely thou must feel it, rabbit."
"Rabbit, listen," he said. "Truly thus I go too. I swear it to thee."
She said nothing.
"Now you see it," he said. "Now I see it is clear. Now thou wilt go. Good. Now you are going. Now you have said you will go."
She had said nothing.

The mystical connotations in the dialogue are unmistakable as there are innumerable lines about the experience of complete union of the lovers. Here in the above dialogue there is constant use of the idea of oneness of Robert Jordan and Maria. Jordan is convinced that physical death is now at hand and he will continue to live in her, and wherever she goes he will pursue her.

Jordan requests her to go and she, in turn, wants to stay with him. He knows that in war such situations are not new. It is again a mark of the selflessness of Jordan
that he doesn't want others to suffer. He suffers of his own free will to make this world a place where "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness" will flourish. Robert Jordan "dies because his conscience has told him that the way of violence is the way which a decent man must take. Violence thus occupies a new place in the scheme of values.... We live with him in the dramatic present, joining him at his crisis and seeing him through it; he faces destruction with a certain dignity and decorum." Maria knows that it was Robert Jordan who got her rehabilitated in the world of love. In leaving him her world would again be a world without hope, and in that world it would be impossible to lead a meaningful life. She begs of him to stay with him. But Robert Jordan's convincing arguments impress upon her the fact that love and death are one, for he has already attained complete communion with Maria through his love, on a higher spiritual plane. Ihab Hassan does not appreciate this fusion of physical love with spiritual love and considers the natural dialogue between the lovers superficial. "The novel becomes trivial or prolix whenever it becomes explicit; the thoughts of Jordan can be ludicrous. Yet there is no contradiction in the art of this fiction, only redundancy, only sentimental superfluity." This
statement is not supported by the text of the novel. It is a well-written dialogue between Robert Jordan and Maria. The intensity and coherence which characterize it is admirable. The language is simple and most natural. Whatever Jordan says to Maria comes from the depths of his heart. Maria, in turn, insists persistently, in her affectionate, loving manner to nurse him in his hour of need. The dialogue cannot be called redundant and superficial; it is as well-organized as the blowing up of the bridge. The novel discovers the value of love through which the lovers find some meaning in the world of violence and death. The dialogue is a masterly evocation of the emotion associated with selfless love in an otherwise selfish world. Maria persuades herself, though reluctantly, to fulfil the last wish of Robert Jordan. He lies sweating and feels great pain owing to his wound and unburdens himself in this way:

I have fought for what I believed in for a year now. If we win here we will win everywhere. The world is a fine place and worth the fighting for and I hate very much to leave it. And you had a lot of luck, he told himself, to have had such a good life. You've had just as good a life as grandfather's though not as long. You've had as good a life as any one because of these last days. You do not want to complain when you have been so lucky. I wish there was some way to pass on what I've learned, though. Christ, I was learning fast there at the end.
This monologue reflects the assurance with which he prepares himself to face death heroically so that his sacrifice for freedom and "the pursuit of happiness" for others may not go in vain, and if his men win here, on the Spanish soil, they "will win everywhere." The realization, at the end, that there are causes "worth the fighting for" is significant in respect of his conviction that dying for a good cause is an act of nobility.

Though he couldn't pass on his hard-earned experience in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Hemingway would, through the old man, pass it on to the boy, Manolin in *The Old Man and the Sea*. Unlike Lt. Henry in *A Farewell to Arms* and Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises*, Jordan acts and kills and overcomes the fear of unsurmountable odds, and death. Almost all the major characters in *The Sun Also Rises* are lost with the possible exception of Pedro Romero but all the characters of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* display both resolution and determination. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls* "through the whole character of each other blows a gusty, invigorating love of life. The relations of such people toward one another and toward their cause produce the first kind of drama in which sensibility, thought, and humor reveal themselves against tragic the background of man's plight." Anselmo just before
his death looks forward to hope and confidence thus:

But there was no lift or any excitement in his heart. That was all gone and there was nothing but a calmness. And now, as he crouched behind the marker stone with the looped wire in his hand and another loop of it around his wrist and the gravel beside the road under his knees he was not lonely nor did he feel in any way alone. He was one with the wire in his hand and one with the bridge, and one with the charges *Ingles* had placed. He was one with the *Ingles* still working under the bridge and he was one with all of the battle and with the Republic. 64

Robert Jordan once desired to live a long life with Maria. To grow old acquires meaning in the larger context of the world which offers immense opportunities including the all-pervading love for Maria in which he felt "the earth move." But at the end of his life he ponders over the various problems of his life, including the possibility of suicide in order to avoid suffering because of the wound, but then he decides against it, unlike his cowardly father, who committed suicide. He remembers his valiant grandfather who fought with courage and determination during the American Civil War. He waits for the enemy forces to come so that he may deal with them in a befitting manner. Maria and other members of the guerilla group may thus have enough time to reach a safe place and he may, by implication,
live in her spiritually and thus they both may become immortal. His endurance is remarkable; he is all alone, without any one to nurse him, and with his fatal wound. His courage and determination is similar to that of the old man in *The Old Man and the Sea*:

> He grinned at that sweatily because the leg, where the big nerve had been bruised by the fall, was hurting badly now. Oh, let them come, he said. I don't want to do that business that my father did. I will do it all right but I'd much prefer not to have to. I'm against that. Don't think about that. Don't think at all. I wish the bastards would come, he said. I wish so very much they'd come. 65

Robert Jordan is feeling unbearable pain and his wound is hurting him very badly, but despite his great suffering his solicitude for Maria and his associates-in-arms is remarkable. "And if you wait and hold them up even a little while or just get the officer that may make all the difference. One thing well done can make —."66

In the opening lines of chapter forty-three — the last chapter of the novel, Robert Jordan watches the bridge:

> Robert Jordan lay behind the trunk of a pine tree on the slope of the hill above the road and the bridge and watched it become day-light. He loved this hour of the day always and now he watched it; feeling it gray within him, as though he were a part of the slow lightening that comes before the
rising of the sun; when solid things darken and space lightens and the lights that have shone in the night go yellow and then fade as the day comes. 67

The "rising of the sun" is symbolic of Robert Jordan's becoming immortal and it shall always continue to rise and give light to all after his mortal body is gone. Jordan will be a beacon light to future freedom-fighters against tyranny, injustice and fascism. Here in his last moments the past, present and future are fused into time eternal. He attains immortality in his death; he will endure in the heart of those who believe in Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."68
References


2. Ernest Hemingway, To Have and Have Not (London: Jonathan Cape, 1937), p. 9. (All quotations are from this edition of the novel).


4. To Have and Have Not, op. cit., pp. 97-98.

5. Ibid., p. 98.


9. To Have and Have Not, op. cit., p. 220.


11. To Have and Have Not, p. 168.

12. Ibid., pp. 183-184.


15. Ibid., p. 255.

16. Ibid., pp. 255-256.


20. Ibid., pp. 79-80.

21. Ernest Hemingway, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1940), p. 1. (All quotations are from this edition of the novel.)

22. Ibid., p. 471.

23. Ibid., p. 43.

24. Ibid., pp. 5-6.


26. *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, *op. cit.*, p. 305.

27. Ibid., p. 12.


29. Ibid., p. 11.


31. Ibid., p. 214.

32. Ibid., p. 215.

33. Ibid., pp. 215-216.

34. Ibid., p. 466.


37. For Whom the Bell Tolls, op. cit., p. 39.
38. Ibid., p. 442.
39. Ibid., p. 236.
40. Ibid., p. 467.
42. The Novel of Violence in America, op. cit., p. 191.
43. For Whom the Bell Tolls, op. cit., p. 115.
44. Ibid., pp. 118-119.
45. Ibid., p. 122.
46. Ibid., p. 129.
47. Ibid., pp. 350-351.
48. Ibid., p. 353.
49. Ibid., p. 196.
50. Ibid., p. 379.
51. Ibid., p. 380.
52. Ibid., p. 463.
53. Ibid., p. 410.
54. Ibid., p. 445.
55. Ibid., p. 446.
56. Ibid., p. 38.
57. Ibid., p. 463-464.
58. Ibid., p. 305.
60. The Dismemberment of Orpheus, op. cit., p. 105.
61. *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, op. cit., p. 467.


64. *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, op. cit., p. 443.


Hemingway's posthumously published novel "Islands in the Stream" (1970) consists of three parts: "Bimini," "Cuba" and "At Sea." Hemingway started writing a long novel on sea in late 1940s "while he was still deeply engaged with Santiago and his marlin, and well before he had decided to attempt the sea-chase story, he had spoken of his sea book as a trilogy and given titles to the parts. The first, Hudson and his sons on Bimini, would be called The Sea When Young; the second, Hudson on holiday in Havana, would be The Sea When Absent; and the third, on Santiago, would be called The Sea in Being." But before the posthumous publication of the novel Charles Scribner Junior suggested to Mary Hemingway, the widow of Ernest Hemingway, that the three parts of the novel should be entitled as "Bemini," "Cuba," and "At Sea." islands and the Stream centres round the life of a middle-aged painter, Thomas Hudson, who has divorced his three wives and leads a self-disciplined life of an artist at his home in Bimini. He enjoys drinking, eating, painting, deep sea-fishing and hard work. The book is written in direct, simple and smooth prose. Here is the opening paragraph of the novel that describes the ideal
location of Hudson's house which is perfectly suited to leading a lonely but devoted life to art and free of all the noise of a crowded and dense locality. Hudson's house reminds us of Hemingway's Finca Vigia in Cuba:

The house was built on the highest part of the narrow tongue of land between the harbour and the open sea. It had lasted through three hurricanes and it was built solid as a ship. It was shaded by all coconut palms that were bent by the trade wind and on the ocean side you could walk out of the door and down the bluff across the white sand and into the gulf stream. The water of the stream was usually a dark blue when you looked out at it when there was no wind. But when you walked out into it there was just the green light of the water over that floury white sand and you could see the shadow of any big fish a long time before he could ever come in close to the beach.  

The novel is, in many respects, a fictional autobiography of Hemingway. The author impersonates Hudson but despite being openly autobiographical it is a significant work of art and truly reflects the loneliness, sorrows and wounds suffered by Hudson. Hudson, not unlike Hemingway, has always at the back of his mind, the image of the first wife whom he had ardently loved and lost because of his folly and could not efface memories and associations of her for the rest of his life. "I only really loved one woman and then lost her. I knew well enough why." Hudson, like Hemingway, has three sons whom he loves and is fond of
Cuba, has a good taste for eating, drinking, love-making, swimming, deep-sea-fishing and chasing German-submarines. Hudson likes the world to be free of women intruders who make life a hell and wants to devote himself to his craft in the midst of his busy time-schedule. He is as devoted to his art as Romero in *The Sun Also Rises*. He is deeply involved in his work which is sacrosanct to him. The true character of Hudson emerges from the following passage:

He had been successful in almost every way except in his married life, although he had never cared, truly about success. What he cared about was painting and his children and he was still in love with the first woman he had been in love with. He had loved many women since and sometimes someone would come to stay on the island. He needed to see women and they were welcome for a while. He liked having them there, sometimes for quite a long time. But in the end he was always glad when they were gone, even when he was very fond of them. He had trained himself not to quarrel with women anymore and he had learned how not to get married. These two things had been nearly as difficult to learn as how to settle down and paint in a steady and well-ordered way. But he had learned them and he hoped that he had learned them permanently. He had known how to paint for a long time and he believed he learned more every year. But learning how to settle down and how to paint with discipline had been hard for him because there had been a time in his life when he had not been disciplined. He had never been truly irresponsible; but he had been undisciplined, selfish, and ruthless. He knew this now, not only because many women had told it to him; but because he had finally discovered it for himself. Then he had resolved that he would be selfish only for his
painting, ruthless only for his work, and that he would discipline himself and accept the discipline. 6

The above passage vividly highlights the character and interests of Hudson; he is a devoted painter and is deeply involved in his work. Though women think that he had been "undisciplined, selfish, and ruthless" but he doesn't care for their opinion about himself. He is much too involved in his art to be comprehended by them. He has very carefully regulated his life so as to spend it on painting and swimming on the clear and blue Cuban waters of the Sea. Like all Hemingway heroes he takes a good amount of liquor and food and also always remembers his first wife with love and affection.

Booby the barman, a friend of Hudson, suggests to Hudson to paint a vision of "the End of the World" with all the horrors occurring amidst the pandemonium, and the devil being very busy that day as if the whole show was arranged so that he might be able to/key role. In fact the vision of Hell which Booby wants to be painted has been the central theme in Hemingway's fiction. The narrative is so powerful and significant that it is worth quoting in full:

"... Hell is just opening. The Rollers are rolling in their church up on the ridge and all speaking in unknown tongues. There's a devil forking them up with his pitchfork
and loading them into a cart. They're yelling and moaning and calling on Jehovah. Negroes are prostrated everywhere and morays and crawfish and spider crabs are moving around and over their bodies. There's a big sort of hatch open and devils are carrying Negroes and church people and rollers and everyone into it and they go out of sight. Water's rising all around the island and hammerheads and mackerel sharks and tiger sharks and shovel-nose sharks are swimming round and round and feeding on those who try to swim away to keep from being forked down the big open hatch that has steam rising out of it. Rummies are taking their last swigs and beating on the devils with bottles. But the devils keep forking them down, or else they are engulfed by the rising sea where now there are whale sharks, great white sharks, and killer whales and other outsized fish circling outside of where the big sharks are tearing at those people in the water...."

"Bad heat begins to come out of the hatch and the devils are having to drag the people toward the hatch because they've broken their pitching forks trying to fork in some of the church people. You and me are standing in the center of the picture observing all this with calm. You make a few notes and I refresh myself from a bottle and occasionally offer you refreshment. Once in a while a devil all sweating from his work will brush by us hauling on a big churchman that's trying to dig into the sand with his fingers to keep from being put into the hatch and screaming to Jehovah and the devil will say, 'Beg pardon, Mr. Tom. Beg pardon, Mr Bobby. Very busy today.'"

This reminds us of the pool of boiling pitch in the Eight Circle of Dante's Hell. The description of the hell is a creation of Bobby's imagination and is an image of the human situation in a world of violence, death and the resultant confusion and disorderliness. Towards the end
the narrative becomes bizarre as the churchman struggles
to get out of the grip of the devils.

The first part "Bemini" and the last part,
the "At Sea" are undoubtedly better sections of the novel. The
middle part "Cuba" certainly contains some weak passages.
Since the novel was not published in Hemingway's life-time
an allowance may be made for its weak passages. In the
first part there is unexpected and inadvertitious violence
which reminds us of "The Battler" in *In Our Time*. "Thomas
Hudson didn't know what the man expected to happen when he
got up on the dock. No one said anything and there were
all those black faces around him and he took a swing at
Roger and Roger hit him in the mouth with a left and his
mouth started to bleed. He swung at Roger again and Roger
hooked him hard to the right eye twice. He grabbed hold of
Roger and Roger's sweatshirt tore when he dug the man in
the belly hard with his right and then pushed him away and
slapped him hard across the face backhand with his open
left hand." 8

Hemingway always loved the freshness of the early
morning sun and the mystical small hours of the
morning. 9 He is good at describing the beauty of the
rising sun and the emotions evoked by it. "When Thomas Hudson
woke there was a light east breeze blowing and out across the flats the sand was bone-white under the blue sky and the small high clouds that were travelling with the wind made dark moving patches on the green water. The wheel of the wind charger was turning in the breeze and it was a fine fresh-feeling morning."

Hudson looks forward to the visit of his three sons who spend their vacation with him. He enjoys life during their short stay with him and there is recurrence of eating and picnicing and fishing with them.

Hudson always anxiously waited for his sons' vacation and his children were always expected to be with him then. He enjoyed being with them and worked well during their stay with him. Their stay with the painter lessened his loneliness though earlier he couldn't sleep at night because of it:

Thomas Hudson was happy to have them there and he did not want to think about them ever going away. He had been happy before they came and for a long time he had learned how to live and do his work without ever being more lonely than he could bear; but the boys' coming had broken up all the protective routine of life he had built and now he was used to its being broken. It had been a pleasant routine of working hard; of hours for doing things; places where things were kept and well-cared for; of meals and drinks to look forward to and new books to
read and many old books to reread. It was a routine where the daily paper was an event when it arrived, but where it did not come so regularly its nonarrival was a disappointment. It had many of the inventions that lonely people use to save themselves and even achieve unloneliness with and he had made the rules and kept the customs and used them consciously and unconsciously. But since the boys were here it had come as a great relief not to have to use them.

This beautiful passage written in simple and terse prose comes out of the heart of the painter who has learnt the hard lesson to come to terms with his terrible loneliness which is likely to engender violence and uncanniness. He has discovered the possible alternatives to confront his all-pervading loneliness: this is hard work—doing things properly and precisely and painting vividly the realities of life and making his art true to life around him and loving his routine. Similar feelings have been realistically communicated in another paragraph commenting on the loneliness of Hudson; the central figure in the novel. "His life was built solidly on work and on the living by the Gulf Stream and on the island and it would stand up all right. The aids and the habits and the customs were all to handle the loneliness and by now he knew he had opened a whole new country for the loneliness to move into once the boys were gone. There was nothing to do about that, though. That would all come later and if it was coming there was no good
derived from any fearing of it now. The two passages aptly sum up the life and hard work of Hudson.

The painter, along with his sons, his friend Roger and his Cook Eddy go for under-water and deep-sea-fishing. David hooks a one-thousand pound broadbill and the ordeal of David during the course of his struggle with the giant broadbill on the sea reminds us of Santiago's struggle with the giant marlin in The Old Man and the Sea. But the old man's struggle is carried on single-handed, without food and sleep and with no one to help him while David has within his access the counsel of his father and brother and the moral help of Roger besides Eddy's generous hospitality. David inflicts violence on the fish and in turn has to suffer alone. He sustains multiple physical and mental injuries which remind us of the bleeding palm and back of Santiago. Like Santiago he is firmly resolved to fight to the end. The dialogue in the two novels, in respect of the struggle against the fish and the determination to kill the fish even if it means the death of the hunter, is identical: "I'm all right," David told him. "I hurt bad in the shoulders and the arms is all."

The way the coming-up of the fish has been described is admirable: "Then, astern of the boat and off to the starboard, the calm of the ocean broke open and the great
fish rose out of it, rising, shining dark blue and silver, seeming to come endlessly out of the water, unbelievable as his length and bulk rose out of the sea into the air and seemed to hang there until he fell with a splash that drove the water up high and white."

The first-hand experience of the author in deep sea-fishing is reflected in the technique of fishing in the novel. A perceptive reader can catch all the thrilling details of a tight fishing line, reeling and pumping, the strength of the fisher tipped against the power of the fished:

On the next circle the fish gained a little line again. On the circle after that he gained too. But the boy still had almost half the line on the reel. He was still working the fish exactly as he should and delivering each time Roger asked him to do something. But he was getting very tired and the sweat and salt water had made salty blotches on his brown back and shoulders.

This part of the novel is magnificent and so is the reflection of the violence by which David was victimized. The bleeding hand and feet and aching back of David remind us of the injuries suffered by Santiago in The Old Man and the Sea. Even at the height of the violence to which David fell a prey he loves his adversary:

"I don't care if he kills me, the big son of a bitch," David said. "Oh hell. I don't hate him. I love him."
The protagonist's determination in both the novels to fight to the end remains unshaken: "I'll stay with him," David said. "I'm sorry I called him the names. I don't want to say anything against him. I think he's the finest thing in the world." The dialogue is remarkably convincing, superb and terse. The prose reminds us of the biblical simplicity and purity of The Old Man and the Sea, with its evenly-balanced sentences and note of restrained lyricism.

Carlos Baker quite erroneously considers David, the son of Thomas Hudson, as the hero of Islands in the Stream; it is strange that a critic of Baker's stature forgets that Thomas Hudson is the central consciousness of the novel and hence the true hero of the novel. To ignore his towering personality in the novel means a fallacious reading of it. The novel opens with the description of his house and his interests and proceeds with the revelation of his personality in the context of his actions. It is the colourful and charismatic personality of Thomas Hudson that holds together the three almost autonomous parts of the novel, in its design and structure. Baker remarks: "Taken together, the two fishing episodes represent stages in the boy's progress into maturity, and his conduct in both instances goes far toward
making him the true hero of the novel. Indeed, the fight with the broadbill, which requires all his courage and staying power, reads almost like a dress rehearsal for Santiago's lonely struggle with the marlin, which in 1946-1947 had not yet been written." Hudson makes his presence felt in the novel all along as the events are narrated from his point of view. The events in the novel unfold themselves around the activities of Hudson. He is as important in the structure and design of the novel as Santiago is in *The Old Man and the Sea* or Robert Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* or Lieutenant Henry in *A Farewell to Arms*. The motif of the novel is the disclosure of the agony in the heart of Hudson. With the development of his personality the novel progresses in accordance with the intention of the novelist. David appears in the first section of the novel and dies before the first part ends while Hudson plays a dominant role as an artist, painter and commander throughout the novel. Despite the strength brought out by him in his struggle against the fishes and the endurance displayed by him he is not really comparable to Santiago — the greatest Hemingway hero as he makes man supreme among the creatures of God on both land and sea. Santiago/against the fish all alone while David is accompanied by a sizeable number of his supporters. Thus by no stretch of the imagination
can David be considered the hero of the novel.

The setting of Part II is in Cuba. It is the weakest part of the novel. Inadvertitious events take place and these in no way contribute to its significance. A large number of cats have been introduced in this part of the novel and Hudson, like Hemingway, is greatly attached to the cats. The cats share and lessen the loneliness of Hudson in the large and spacious house that he lives in.

In Hemingway's world the moments of happiness are only a few and short-lived; they are always broken by violence and sorrow as in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," the moment Francis Macomber gains manhood and happiness, his adulterous wife shoots him. She wants only a husband-slave and is afraid of a husband who would not permit her to lead an immoral life. The moments of happiness in the life of Hudson are also brief as is evident towards the end of the first section of the novel where he received the news that his two sons, David and Andrew along with their mother, have been killed in a car "accident near Biaritz." In the rest of the novel he tries to overcome his sense of grief knowing fully well that if sorrow is overcome, it is not true sorrow.

In the middle part of the novel "Cuba" Hudson
receives blow after blow; he receives the news of his lone surviving son's death and cannot escape facing it:

"There's only one thing really wrong with him."
"What's that?"
"He is dead."
"Now don't be morbid, Tommy. You must think of Tom as he was. Of his gaiety and his radiance and his wonderful promise. There's no sense being morbid."
"None at all," Thomas Hudson said. "Let's not be morbid."
"I'm glad you agree. It's been splendid to have a chance to talk about him. It's been terrible to have the news. But I know you will bear up just as I will, even though it is a thousand times worse for you being his father." 20

Though the major part of the dialogue about Tom's remembrance has been put in the mouth of Ignacio Natera Revello, a common acquaintance of Hudson and the deceased, yet it obviously reflects the grief-stricken Hudson. He tries to bear the news of his son's death, stoically, in the manner of other Hemingway heroes, but at times he is given to brooding over the pointlessness of his life in spite of seeking refuge in his work and art. Hudson loved his sons whole heartedly. "I've been very happy with women. Desperately happy. Unbearably happy. So happy that I could not believe it; that it was like being drunk or crazy. But never as happy as with my children when we were all happy together or the way I was early in the morning." 21 Hudson takes a realistic view of the circumstances of his life; he is a doomed man: "Get it straight. Your boy
you lose. Love you lose. Honour has been gone for a long time. Duty you do."  

In this part of the novel Hudson meets his first wife and keeps the news of their son's death a secret because it would be terrible for the mother. Even after divorce they love each other passionately as is evident from the dialogue between Hudson and his first wife:

"I wanted you so damned much and I was selfish and stupid."
"You weren't selfish. We always loved each other. We only made mistakes."
"I made the worst ones."
"No. We both made them. Let's not fight any more ever, though." Something was happening to her and then finally she cried and said.
"Oh, Tommy, all of a sudden I just can't stand it."
"I know", he said. "My sweat good lovely beauty. I can't stand it either."
"We were so young and stupid and we were both beautiful and Tommy was damned beautiful —"
"Like his mother."
"And now there'll never be any visible evidence."  

Their talk brings out the tendernesses of love between the divorced husband and wife and a painful remembrance of their son whom they shall never meet in this world. They have to adjust to the fact of their terrible loss which is a permanent one.

Despite this being the weakest section of the novel
there are certain remarkably beautiful passages which remind us of the candour of The Sun Also Rises, A Farewell to Arms, For Whom the Bell Tolls and The Old Man and the Sea:

Now it was getting daylight and Thomas Hudson, who had not been able to sleep, watched the light come and the gray trunks of the royal palms show in the gray of the first light. First he saw only the trunks and the outline of their tops. Then, as the light was stronger, he could see the tops of the palms blowing in the gale and then, as the sun began to come up behind the hills, the palm trunks were whitish gray and their blowing branches a bright green and the grass of the hills was brown from the winter drought and the limestone tops of the far hills made them look as though they were crested with snow.

The passage exhibits Hemingway's power of perception: he doesn't miss even the minutest detail of the locale. The grandeur of tall palm trees, the striking of the hurricane against the trees and the sun in the backdrop of the hills, all add to the magic of the early morning scene. It is a vivid and definite presentment of the objects contained by the immediate surroundings. Hemingway reflects the beauty of the early morning in almost all the great novels with distinct success each time; the repetition does not in any way make it drab.

Carlos Baker commenting, on parts I and II of the novel, fails to appreciate the unity of the novel for lack
of a theme: "These episodes, along with the others that make up the first two novels, might have attained greater unity and force if Hemingway had been able to impose upon them or discover in them a strong and consistent theme. The only one that emerges is Hudson's loneliness." Here Baker misses the point that there is a consistent theme of violence in *Islands in the Stream* as in other major novels and innumerable short stories of Hemingway. The life of Hudson and the events he is involved in have been consistently explored in the novel. It is with the interests, thoughts, misfortunes and action of Hudson that the narrative progresses. The centrality of Hudson is so dominantly felt in the novel that it always remains at the back of the reader's mind; it is like the central position assigned to the bridge in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* or Santiago's in *The Old Man and the Sea*. Hudson's personality is very colourful; he is a man of many parts; he is a painter of eminence, a seasoned fisherman, a reliable friend, a successful and an impressive military commander and man of action, a loving and self-respecting father but a failure as a husband. He receives blow after blow in his life but this recurrence of violence does not kill the real man in him. Almost all the major characters in the novel are subjected to inadvertitious violence and the survivors
drift away from the ordinary course of life. Honest Lil, a prostitute, is as honest to her profession as Hudson is devoted to his art or Romero is attached to bullfighting in _The Sun Also Rises_. She is as objective as is the prostitute whom Jake Barnes picks up with the romantic idea to eat with someone. Her name itself is meaningful. She consoles Hudson in his bereavement and helps him overcome his grief. Hudson's sentimental feelings towards Lil are striking. He narrates anecdote after anecdote to her and in this way tries to overcome his sense of grief. This narration somehow or other lessens his load to some extent.

The whole atmosphere of the chase-story can be caught from the tonality of the opening paragraph of the pursuit story: "There was a long white beach with coconut palms behind it. The reef lay across the entrance to the harbour and the heavy east wind made the sea break on it so that the entrance was easy to see once you had opened it up. There was no one on the beach and the sand was so white that it hurt his eyes to look at it." The next paragraph describes something significant: the wiping out of the shacks. "The man on the flying bridge studied the shore. There were no shacks where the shacks should have been and there were no boats anchored in the lagoon that he could see." The destruction of the shacks should be mysterious
enough to the protagonist who is supposed to be the connoisseur on the coast off Cuba in war time.

Part III of the novel is as superb as *The Old Man and the Sea*, in its treatment of the theme of violence. From the opening pages of the novel to the end there is not a single superfluous or weak sentence. A perceptive reader cannot help admiring Hemingway's power of narrative in dealing with the theme of violence. The atmosphere of the sea-chase story is packed with violence, charged with an intensity of feeling and a well-contrived suspense. The novel is written in Hemingway's characteristically inimitable style. The multiple and complex layers of meaning are hidden under the surface of the biblical simplicity of the novel.

In the third part, "At Sea" Hudson chases a stranded German submarine the crew of which has massacred the poor fishermen on the island and ran away with the turtle-boats, belonging to the fishermen, in a vain bid to board a ship from Havana to their home-country. The task which is assigned to Hudson was successfully performed by Hemingway in the Caribbean during the second World War but Hemingway never encountered any enemy submarine. Hudson is instructed to arrest the German crew of the submarine. The hot chase
involving quick action results in a gunbattle; Hudson loses Peters, his translator, and he is himself fatally injured in the leg. In spite of his best efforts he fails in arresting the German sailors alive; they are killed in the battle. The sea-chase drama is very intensely narrated and covers the minutest details of the locale and this is part of Hemingway's first-hand knowledge. He is very much aware of the Keys, their inhabitants and almost all kinds of birds there. And he writes about beautiful birds like an expert ornithologist. He gives a graphic description of their colourful wings and their majestic flight and this adds to the beauty of the Keys: undoubtedly a precious gift of the Islands and a feast for a bird-lover:

Thomas Hudson had walked the beach and gone back inland behind the lagoon. He had found the place where the flamingoes came at high tide and he had seen many wood ibis, the cocoas that gave the key its name, and a pair of roseate spoon-bills working in the marl of the edge of the lagoon. They were beautiful with the sharp rose of their color against the gray marl and their delicate, quick, forward-running movements, and they had the dreadful, hunger-ridden impersonality of certain wading birds. 28

The description of the birds reminds us of the hunting expedition of Colonel Cantwell in Across the River and Into the Trees.

Hemingway always delineated the beauty and majesty
of wild life with a keen eye on details. In *Death in the Afternoon* and *The Sun Also Rises* there are passages that bespeak his expertise in such matters. In *Islands in the Stream* the beauty of birds soothes the strained nerves of Hudson and his companions: "Then he saw a flight of flamingoes coming from the left. They were flying low over the water, lovely to see in the sunlight. Their long necks were slanted down and their incongruous legs were straight out; immobile while their pink and black wings beat, carrying them toward the mud bank that was ahead and to the right. Thomas Hudson watched them and marvelled at their downswept black and white bills and the rose color they made in the sky, which made their strange individual structures unimportant and still each one was an excitement to him." The excitement of bird-watching and Hudson's involvement in it serves as a relief to the violence of the battle which is reinforced by the attack of mosquitoes and sandflies on their body. The birds innocently search their food on land and water and are far away from the strange ways of men, of battles, violence and greed. They neither commit violence nor bear up the consequence of violence and bloodshed. By way of contrast the references to birds evoke associations of tenderness (Cf. the references to bird-life in *Macbeth*, a play dealing with violence in the
scene before Macbeth's castle; in the dialogue between Lady Macduff and her son before the murderers come upon them (Act I Sc. VI; Act IV, Sc. II). Being an eminent hunter Hemingway had first-hand experience of the habits of birds. He could smell some animals and birds if they happened to be within a distance of one hundred yards. But the hunting instincts never blurred his vision of their magnificence. So it is always a pleasure to read the graphic delineation of beautiful birds. The description of birds and bird-life evokes associations of tenderness which intensify the sense of violence by way of contrast.

Hudson's devotion to his art is striking in the novel though he feels at times ruined as a father and lover. But from the beginning of Islands in the Stream to the end he never feels ruined as an artist. Even the heart-rending grief of the loss of his children does not blur his vision as an artist. He remains every inch a devoted and successful artist interpreting the mysteries of life through his art. Hudson, like Hemingway, wants to use his wounds and sorrows, though he is on deathbed, as material in his works of art. He is completely devoid of melancholy or self-pity.

Hudson has a key role to play in the drama of
chasing the occupants of the German submarine at the
great risk to his own life and of his companions.
He is determined to bring to the book the killers of
innocent shack dwellers. He is horrified to have witnessed
the inadvertitious violence:

"Somebody burned the shacks," he said.
"Somebody tried to put them out and there are
bodies in the ashes. You can't smell them from
here because of the wind."
"How many bodies?"
"We counted nine. There could be more."
"Men or women?"
"Both."
"Are there any tracks?"
"Nothing. It's rained since. Heavy
rain. The sand is still pitted with it."
The wide-shouldered Basque whose name
was Ara said, "They've been dead a week
anyway. Birds haven't worked on them but
the land crabs are working on them."30

The dialogue is marked with overtones of violence; it is
ironical that the poor fishermen have been massacred without
any fault of their own. There is no explanation for such
murders and the bodies of fishermen offer a feast to the
birds and are soiled by mud and rain. This reminds us of
the mutilation of the dead bodies of the soldiers in "The
Natural History of the Dead." The murderers have been making
a desperate attempt to go scott free from the heinous crime.
Punishment is, however, coming closer and closer. But the
course of pursuit is hard and long; it is as arduous as
Santiago's solo pursuit against the marlin. Hudson "steered all that night and he had Ara on the flying bridge with him until midnight and then Henry. They were running with a heavy beam sea and steering was like riding a horse downhill, he thought. It is all downhill and sometimes it is across the side of a hill."  

All night steering is like a downhill as well as uphill task but the rigours of struggle have not crushed the humane aspect of his personality. He treats an arrested German sailor like a brother, offers him a drink and wants him to "die easy."  

Hudson relentlessly continues his pursuit under a directive from Guantanamo. The signal orders him to "continue searching carefully westward;" it is a moral imperative for Hudson.  

The rain has been obliquely used as a symbol of destruction and ruin as also in *A Farewell to Arms* and in *Islands in the Stream*. There is intermittent rain during the chasing expedition. The rain adds to the misery of Hudson and his companions. "It was raining so hard now that it was hard to see the ship as they came around the point. The squall had moved out toward the ocean and it was so violent and the rain so heavy that trying to see the ship was like looking at an object from behind a fall. Her tanks will fill like nothing with this, Thomas Hudson
thought. She'll probably be running off through the galley faucets and the head right now." The rain continues during the chasing of the submarine. It is an ominous sign in Hemingway fiction. Catherine in *A Farewell to Arms* sees herself "dead in the rain." Hudson possibly will also die. Rain has been used as a symbol of death, decay and misery but is not as manifest as it is in *A Farewell to Arms*. Page after page in the novel heavy rain strikes the reader/that the steering becomes difficult in the heavy and intermittent downpour. Though rain normally is associated with life, fertility and regeneration but in Hemingway it brings death instead of regeneration. The violence of the natural world worsens the plight of Hudson and his associates in the pursuit race.

"That night there was heavy lightning and thunder and it rained until about three o'clock in the morning. Peters could get nothing on the radio and they all slept hot and muggy until the sand flies came out after the rain stopped and wakened them, one after the other. Thomas Hudson pumped flit down below and there was coughing and then less restless moving and slapping."

The pursuit continues for six days which are packed with action and hot chase. Death may come any moment to the fighters. But to Hudson it doesn't matter
though he meditates over many final things in the world. "Going away can be final. Walking out the door can be final. Any form of real betrayal can be final. Dishonesty can be final. Selling out is final. But you are just talking now. Death is what is really final.\(^{36}\) Hudson knows that he will die. Ara and Willie have sustained injuries, Peters is killed but the determination of the skipper remains steady and firm to get the murderers arrested alive.\(^{37}\)

Hudson is a great military strategist and the way he gives instructions to Henry and Gil to keep the weapons ready to fire when needed reminds us of Robert Jordan's instructions to Anselmo and his other companions to shoot at a specific point in the body of the victim. Hudson steers and orders Henry: "We may get jumped in this channel. Have your .50's ready to fire from either bow and abeam. Keep behind the shield and watch for the flashes and pour it onto them."\(^{38}\) He instructs Gil to take proper caution to hit the enemy like a trained soldier. "Put your glasses away. Take two frags and straighten the pins and put them there in the rack by my right hand. Straighten two pins on those extinguishers and then put your glasses away. They'll probably hit us from both sides. That's how they ought to."\(^{39}\) The feelings are heightened as the whole atmosphere becomes charged with action and the discerning reader is bound to
think that violence and death are in the offing. Hemingway's mastery over the description of such violent situations is unparalleled in contemporary fiction. Even the greatest imitators fail and appear to be tame when they try to imitate his dialogues and rhythms.

Under instructions "Gil lay on the floor with the two fire extinguishers that were loaded with dynamite and a booster charge and were fired by the detonating assembly of regulation frag, with its charger hacksawed off at the juncture of the fuse and a dynamite cap fitted and crimped on." Hemingway acquired a great deal of knowledge and skill about the most sophisticated weapons and their use during World War II and used it while dealing with situations connected with attack and self-defence. Even the trained soldiers cannot find fault with Hemingway's description of the latest weapons and the technique of their use and upkeep. He knew what weapon should be used in a particular situation.

At the end of the novel the ambush scene at the narrow channel when Hudson is probably fatally wounded is admirably delineated:

Just then they opened on him. He did not see the blinking flash and he was hit before he heard the stutter of the gun and Gil was on his feet beside him.
Antonio was firing tracers where he had seen the gun flash.
"Where the tracers are going," Thomas Hudson said to Gil. Thomas Hudson felt as though someone had clubbed him three times with a baseball bat and his left leg was wet.

Now the Key is booming with the tracers, crabs and guns firing relentlessly. The smoke, breaking of the branches of the trees, the burning of the leaves have all been narrated very accurately and perceptively. The Thompson guns are roaring. The enemy is also fighting a battle for survival with great determination but the endurance of Hudson even after his fatal wound is without a parallel. The bravery, courage, strength and determination to fight to the end honourably make him the hero of the novel. He goes on directing his companions though his wound is giving him much pain. This part of the battle deserves quoting in full:

He watched the frags go and then hit the deck. He did not know whether he hit the deck or the deck hit him because the deck was very slippery from the blood that had been running down his leg and he fell hard. At the second burst he heard two fragments tear through the canvas. Others hit the hull.
"Help me up," he said to Gil. "You threw that last one close enough."
"Where are you hit, Tom?"
"A couple of places."
Ahead he saw Willie and Ara coming up the channel in the dinghy.
He spoke in the tube to Antonio and asked him to hand up a first aid kit to Gil. Just then he saw Willie drop flat in the bow of the dinghy and start firing into the mangroves on the right. He could hear the dat-dat-dat of his Thompson gun. Then there was a longer burst. He put in both his motors and headed for them with all the speed the channel would allow. His idea of this speed was not completely accurate because he felt very sick. He felt sick into his bones and through his chest and his bowles and the ache went into his testicles. He did not feel weak yet but he could feel the first onslaught of weakness. 

The wound is very painful and he feels sick of it. Much blood has gushed out of the wound and even then he continues to discharge his duties as a commander of great endurance, courage and precision; his stoic endurance is exemplary. Hudson "could not see any of the wounds. All he saw was the colour of the blood and it was dark so he did not worry. But there was too much of it and he felt very sick." Hudson still wants to take the enemy prisoner when he is alive. His presence of mind, despite the terrible wound, is remarkable. Looking at a German soldier coming with his hands up he orders Ara to stop firing but Ara had opened the fire and the soldier is instantaneously killed. He got a chance to take a prisoner and lost it. It is only at the end of chapter twenty, the last but one chapter, that "for the first time he had time to realize that he was probably going to die."
The last moments of Hudson's life remind us of the death-bed interior monologue of Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Hudson lay fatally wounded like Jordan. Jordan knew that he would not go to Madrid accompanied by Maria now, so Hudson realizes that now "he would never paint." But he is satisfied with the effort he had made to do his duty conscientiously as a commander. He addresses himself thus:

"Think about after the war and when you will paint again. There are so many good ones to paint and if you paint as well as you really can and keep out of all other things and do that, it is the true thing. You can paint the sea better than anyone now if you will do it and not get mixed up in other things. Hang on good now to how you truly want to do it. You must hold hard to life to do it. But life is a cheap thing beside a man's work. The only thing is that you need it. Hold it tight. Now is the true time you make your play. Make it now without hope of anything. You always coagulated well and you can make one more real play. We are not the lumpen-proletariat. We are the best and we do it for free."

The affirmation at the end of the novel lies in Hudson's disinterested pursuit of his art. He wants to hold on to life for the sake of painting. He realizes that life itself "is a cheap thing besides a man's work." The only thing is that one needs life to create one's artistic vision. And one must do it "without hope of anything."
References

2. Ibid., p. 384.
3. Ibid., p. 384.
5. Ibid., p. 93.
6. Ibid., pp. 8-9.
8. Ibid., p. 38.
10. Islands in the Stream, op. cit., p. 47.
11. Ibid., p. 90.
12. Ibid., p. 91.
13. Ibid., p. 110.
15. Ibid., p. 117.
16. Ibid., p. 126.
17. Ibid., p. 126.
20. Ibid., pp. 248-249.
21. Ibid., p. 269.
22. Ibid., p. 307.
23. Ibid., pp. 300-301.
24. Ibid., p. 205.
26. Ibid., p. 311.
27. Ibid., p. 311.
28. Ibid., p. 373.
29. Ibid., pp. 391-392.
30. Ibid., p. 313.
31. Ibid., p. 324.
32. Ibid., p. 341.
33. Ibid., p. 345.
34. Ibid., p. 358.
35. Ibid., p. 378.
36. Ibid., p. 420.
37. Ibid., p. 422.
38. Ibid., pp. 424-425.
39. Ibid., p. 425.
40. Ibid., p. 425.
41. Ibid., p. 426.
42. Ibid., pp. 426-427.
43. Ibid., p. 428.
44. Ibid., p. 430.
45. Ibid., p. 435.
46. Ibid., pp. 433-434.
CHAPTER VII

THE GREAT HUMAN STRUGGLE

The Old Man and the Sea (1952) is the masterpiece of Ernest Hemingway. He never wrote about an experience unless he himself had undergone it. It is the considered opinion of Hemingway critics that he very successfully transformed his personal experiences of deep-sea fishing, hunting, bull-fighting, hunting and big-game into works of art:

One reason that Hemingway's stories are crammed with technical details about fishing, hunting, bull-fighting, boxing and war—so much so that they often read like manuals [Death in the Afternoon is considered the best manual on bull-fighting in the world and it is read as a text book by almost all the students of bull-fighting in Spain] on these subjects—is his belief that professional technique is the quickest and surest way of understanding the physical processes of Nature, of getting into the thing itself. Men should study the world in which they are born as the most serious of all subjects; they can live in it only as they succeed in handling themselves with skill. Life is more than an endurance contest. It is also an art, with rules, rituals, and methods that, once learned, lead on to mastery.

Hemingway's great passion for fishing is very well known to all his critics. He had a mechanized personal fishing boat and regularly employed it in his fishing expeditions like a professional fisherman. He was good at fishing and knew all the technicalities of it like a
seasoned fisherman. Hemingway is an artist of great stature and the autobiographical element is fused with his novels with such dexterity that to separate the two would be disastrous. He wrote untiringly and with distinct success about the emotions evoked by violence and death. The theme of violence runs through from *In Our Time* (1925) to *Islands in the Stream* (1970). It is epitomized in *The Old Man and the Sea*.

Various interpretations of *The Old Man and the Sea* have been offered since its publication. The Hemingway critics have grappled with the novel to discover the meaning lying at its centre. Philip Young over-emphasizes the "traumatic wound" which Hemingway sustained in his knee at Fossalta, Italy, in 1918. According to the theory propounded by him the wound remained an obsession with Hemingway for the rest of his life. His initial opinion about the novel is:

The action is swift, tight, exact; the construction is perfect, and the story is exciting. There is the same old zest for the right details. And there is the extraordinary vividness of the background — the sea, which is very personal to Santiago, whose knowledge of it and feeling for it, bring it brilliantly and lovingly close. Again there is the foreign speech translated — realistic, fresh and poetic all at once. In short, *The Old Man and the Sea*, in manner and meaning, is
unmistakable Hemingway. But where characteristic methods and attitudes have on rare occasion failed him in the past, or have been only partly successful, this short novel is beyond any question a triumph. 2

It is strange that a critic of Philip Young's eminence drastically revised his opinion later:

The autobiographical element unfortunately triumphs again: it wasn't Into the Caribbean but Across the River where somebody felt he went out too far. Hemingway, taking a view of that failed novel which occasionally overrode his concern for his sea story, went way out and hooked his great prize, a book to keep a man all winter, but then the critics ate away at it until there was nothing left. Not as strong as he had been once, he felt that he was still the master of many tricks and still up to bringing in the big one— which, in his opinion, may have been the same small book that was the allegory of his vicissitudes. 3

Young misse the greatness of the novel when he calls it "the allegory of his vicissitudes." He fails to note the underlying theme of the novel which makes it one of the masterpieces in the twentieth century. It is a story of great human endeavour which made man supreme in the world. The two statements of Philip Young involve a contradiction. He seems to be correct regarding the first one but biased regarding the second. The truth is that Hemingway is at his best in this novel which explores the grim human
condition in the world. In facing the implacable odds of nature Santiago becomes a potent symbol of mankind. The language is precise and appropriate to the occasion and reminds us of the simplicity of the biblical narrative.

Robert P. Weeks is as wrong as Philip Young in criticising the novel for certain factual details:

It is hardly surprising that Santiago's clairvoyance also enables him to be an uncanny meteorologist. While he is being towed by his fish, he looks at the sky, then soliloquizes: 'If there is a hurricane you always see the signs of it in the sky for days ahead, if you are at sea. They do not see it ashore because they do not know what to look for.' Scientists on land, sea, and in the air equipped with delicate pressure-sensing devices and radar cannot duplicate the powers that Hemingway off-handedly — and unconvincingly — gives to Santiago. According to the Chief District Meteorologist of the United States Weather Bureau in Miami, Florida, Gordon E. Dunn, 'It is usually impossible to see signs of a tropical storm for more than two days in advance and on occasion it is difficult to tell for sure that there is a tropical storm in the vicinity for even a day in advance.'

It is ridiculous to criticise a work of art on such scientific grounds. Hemingway was not producing a treatise on meteorology. His product of creative imagination. Secondly, it is common knowledge that fishermen have their own time-honoured knowledge of storm-sensing. They acquire it through their experience at the sea. Chinese peasants can sense the coming
of an earthquake by observing certain signs in the behaviour of animals much before the scientific instruments of Seismologists make any prediction. Again at the end of his paper he writes: "The honest, disciplined quest for finally 'the way it was'/ran down. The Old Man and the Sea stands as an end point of that quest. Yet it is not without greatness. To call it an inferior Hemingway novel still leaves it standing well above most other novels of our time. But some of its greatness is that of a monument serving to remind us of earlier glories." The statement is absolutely wrong. Truth lies the other way round.

The novel has a significant thematic link, as critics like Young and Baker have pointed out, with an earlier short piece entitled: "On the Blue Water: A Gulf Stream Letter." The theme of perpetual heroic struggle is not limited to The Old Man and the Sea but runs through some short stories of great descriptive beauty such as "The Undefeated" and "Fifty Grand". In "The Undefeated" Manuel Garcia is an aging bull-fighter. As with Santiago his old age has not affected his courage in any way. Even in his old age he wants to retain his coleta at the cost of his life. To him it is an insignia of honour and dignity; it is
more precious than life. He is reminded of his old age by his friend, Zurito, the picador, but the old man is not prepared for superannuation:

"Zurito looked at him. "You know when I get going I'm good," Manuel said. "You are too old," the picador said. "No," said Manuel. "You're ten years older than I am. With me it's different."
"I'm not too old," Manuel said. 7

The stamina with which Manuel Garcia fights the powerful bull reminds us of the determination of Santiago to possess the fish and both old men are conscious that "a man can be destroyed but not defeated." Manuel Garcia attacks the bull:

There was a shock, and he felt himself go up in the air. He pushed on the sword as he went up and over, and it flew out of his hand. He hit the ground and the bull was on him. Manuel, lying on the ground, kicked at the bull's muzzle with his slippered feet. Kicking, kicking, the bull after him, missing him in his excitement, bumping him with his head, driving the horns into the sand. Kicking like a man keeping a ball in the air, Manuel kept the bull from getting a clean thrust at him. 9

The description is very exciting. Manuel is determined to kill the bull at any cost but owing to his old age he loses his grip on his sword. He does not submit to the naked power of the bull. Not even possessed of a sword
he continues to fight in self-defence and ends up in the hospital.

Manuel lay back. They had put something over his face. It was all familiar. He inhaled deeply. He felt very tired. He was very, very tired. They took the thing away from his face.

"I was going good," Manuel said weakly. "I was going great."

Retana looked at Zurito and started for the door.

"I'll stay here with him," Zurito said.

Retana shrugged his shoulders.

Manuel opened his eyes and looked at Zurito.

"Wasn't I going good, Monos?" he asked, for confirmation.

"Sure," said Zurito. "You were going great."

The doctor's assistant put the cone over Manuel's face and he inhaled deeply. Zurito stood awkwardly, watching.

Garcia displays courage and optimism consistently throughout the story. His physical strength seems to be diminished by advancing years but his inner strength remains in tact. It is remarkable. Like Santiago he too is "a strange old man." "Fifty Grand" is a funny story. Jack Brennan knows that he will lose to Walcott and so he bets fifty thousand dollars on Walcott, his adversary. He suffers a blow and is in a position to retaliate but in that case he will lose fifty thousand dollars. Hence he overcomes his anger and undergoes pain and suffering. He makes a lapse intentionally in order to lose the game but wins the bet money. Even in his old age Jack Brennan, the hero, takes
up the fight with great courage and dignity. He beats Walcott with confidence and skill: "Walcott was sore as hell. By the time they'd gone five rounds he hated Jack's guts .... He certainly was treating Walcott rough." At the end of the story Brennan is bone-deep tired.

Once we get inside the dressing-room Jack lay down and shut his eyes:

"We want to get to the hotel and get a doctor," John says.
"I'm all busted inside," Jack says.
"I'm sorry as hell, Jack," John says.
"It's all right," Jack says.
He lies there with his eyes shut.

The similarity in theme in "The Undefeated", "Fifty Grand" and The Old Man and the Sea is striking. The heroes of these pieces are old men but they do not submit to the process of getting old. Old age fails to diminish the courage and determination of Manuel Garcia, Jack Brennan and Santiago. They fight the battle all alone. To them each day is a fresh beginning even if they prove their courage and skill a thousand times. The display of courage, stamina and endurance against their adversaries in the past continues. And they manifest it on each occasion. The past performance doesn't matter for moment-to-moment accountability is what matters in life. By this the
Hemingway heroes live and justify themselves.

The Old Man and the Sea begins with the situation that Santiago has been without catching a fish for eighty four days. A boy named Manolin has been with him for the first forty days. As Baker observes the novel develops through three stages. In the first stage Santiago hooks a marlin towards the noon of the first day of his fishing trip. The giant marlin tows the skiff of the Old Man with great speed in the northwest direction against the current for the rest of the day and the next night and throughout the following day. During the course of his ordeal Santiago sustains severe cuts in the palm of his hand. He gets cramped in his left hand. He shifts the burden of the heavy cord to his back. He has to eat raw tuna to keep up his strength. In this grim battle of survival he is determined to fight to the end. Both the adversaries are equally powerful and resolved to win the fight.

In the second stage towards the afternoon of the second day the Old Man with great struggle and hard work at the fish-line is able to glance at the fish. "The hunter and the hunted" face each other and continue the battle of their nerves, the fish determined to break the line or throw away the hook from her mouth and the Old Man determined to bring her dead on the surface of the blue water from the depth of
the ocean, no matter what happens to him. His words echo in one's memory: "and pain matters not to a man." Do or die is the motto of Santiago during the course of the protracted struggle. The whole atmosphere is enveloped by violence at this stage. The fish continues to tow the skiff resolutely without showing any sign of weakness till the morning of the third day. On the morning of the third day she turns to swim towards the east with the current and begins making circles. It means that she is exhausted and has almost lost the battle to the "strange old man." He handles the fish-line desperately and with caution and strength in order to bring her to the surface of the sea. He brings her on the surface of water and lashes her with the skiff.

Now the third stage begins. The Old Man, like Odysseus, starts his homeward journey. The robber sharks attack the fish and deprive him of his hard-won prize.

The first shark which attacks the Marlin is Mako Shark and takes forty pounds of the fish meat. With the smell of the scent of the injured marlin Scavenger sharks attack. The Old Man clubs them, lunges at them and in the process loses his harpoon. Santiago is very tired and faints now and then but continues the heroic battle against
the sharks whom he calls *aguan mala* (whores). He loses his harpoon, club and other fishing tools. All the flesh is eaten away by the sharks and Santiago returns to harbour the third night of his trip with the bare skeleton of the fish.

It is with great difficulty that he walks to his shack with the mast on his shoulders. He feels deeply tired. He has to sit down at least five times on his way to his shack owing to fatigue and pain. He falls asleep on his face with outstretched palms of his hands. The Old Man falls in deep sleep and dreams of lions playing like young cats.

The boy whose presence is strongly felt throughout the novel looks at the miserable condition of the Old Man and weeps and cries. He brings coffee and food for him. They make future plans for fishing, for he has to learn many things from the Old Man. The boy appears in the beginning as well as at the end of the novel.

The novel is considered Hemingway's best performance. Santiago is a "strange old man" who fishes alone. He has not been able to catch a single fish for the first forty days. The boy's parents considered the Old Man "a salso-the worst form of the unlucky." So they ordered the boy
to go for fishing with another fisherman. The boy considers Santiago the greatest fisherman and much against his wishes goes for fishing with another fisherman who fishes near the coast like an ordinary fisherman. But the boy looks after the Old Man like a son. Santiago is alone. His wife is no more in the world and he is issueless. Manolin provides him food and some fishing material. We see from the very beginning that there is a father-son-relationship between the Old Man and the boy. Since he was five years old, the boy had been learning the art of fishing from Santiago. The description of the Old Man in the novel mystifies the reader. He is not an ordinary old man:

The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of the neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosion in a fishless desert. 16

The above passage is significant as it notes the signs of multiple acts of violence perpetrated against the innocent Old Man. An atmosphere of violence is established at the initial stage of the novel. We are informed that the Old Man is "gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of the neck." Also the uncanny "blotches ran well down the sides of his
face." Santiago suffers from the ravages of time and destiny. The novel is truly a long short story comprising one hundred and twenty seven pages and unfolds and highlights human predicament in an admirable way.

The boat of the Old Man is considered by the fishermen of the gulf stream in Cuba a bearer of "the flag of permanent defeat." But the constant bad luck and the scars on his hands have not diminished his courage, endurance and skill. He "is almost a classical symbol of the dignity of humanism."

Santiago's remarks in the beginning of the novel are significant:

"I am a strange old man."
"But are you strong enough now for a truly big fish?"
"I think so. And there are many tricks."

The question of the boy touches on the crux of the situation but the Old Man has confidence in his capabilities and is equipped with "many tricks" and is an added qualification to fish "beyond all people in the world." Manolin offers his advice to this effect:
"Keep warm old man," the boy said. Remember we are in September."
"The month when the great fish come," the old man said. "Anyone can be a fisherman in May." 21

The Old Man is determined to distinguish himself by hooking a truly big fish in off-season. The reader is absorbed in the personality of the "strange old man" from the beginning of the novel:

When the boy came the old man was asleep in the chair and the sun was down. The boy took the old army blanket off the bed and spread it over the back of the chair and over the old man's shoulders. They were strange shoulders, still powerful although very old, and the neck was still strong too and the creases did not show so much when the old man was asleep and his head fallen forward. His shirt had been patched so many times that it was like the sail and the patches were faded to many different shades by the sun. The old man's head was very old though and with his eyes closed there was no life in his face. The newspaper lay across his knees and the weight of his arm held it there in the evening breeze. He was barefooted. 22

The dark and disgusting atmosphere of the shack in which the Old Man lived, his patched clothes, and the fading of the patches of different colors, all indicated the dire poverty and hard life the fishermen at Havana in Cuba had to lead. Hemingway had very carefully watched the life of the fishermen who had to toil hard and had, as if of necessity, to start their work early in the morning sometimes even two
hours before day-break. Under similarly hard conditions Harry Morgan in *To Have and Have Not* is made to resort to violence in order to earn his livelihood.

It is significant that the novel is without a heroine. Among all the Hemingway novels *The Old Man and the Sea* is the only novel which is without a heroine. As widely remarked the relationship between the Old Man and the boy, Manolin, is that of a father and son or of a teacher and a student. The Old Man has to teach a lot to the boy. Thus he would be able to hand over his hard-earned skill and experience to the forthcoming generation who would further improve the craft. The generations of men have made the world as we find it today:

"And the best fisherman is you."
"No, I know others better."
"Que Va?" the boy said. "There are many good fisherman and some great ones. But there is only you."
"Thank you. You make me happy. I hope no fish will come along so great that he will prove us wrong."
"There is no fish if you are still strong as you say."
"I may not be as strong as I think," the old man said. "But I know many tricks and I have resolution." 23

The Old Man's resolution is significant. He would
certainly prove it in the novel. Like a son the boy wants to please the Old Man. His over-confidence and resolution would bring violence to the fish as well as to himself physically as well as spiritually. The Old Man dreams of lions who are a symbol of power and strength. He dreams of these before his fishing trip:

He was asleep in a short time; he dreamed of Africa when he was a boy and the long, golden beaches and the white beaches, so white they hurt your eyes, and the high capes and the great brown mountains....

He no longer dreamed of storms, nor of women, nor of great occurrences, nor of great fish, nor fights, nor contests of strength, nor of his wife. He only dreamed of places now and of the lions on the beach. They played like young cats in the dusk and he loved them as he loved the boy. 24

Such dreams recall his youth and the strength with which youthfulness is associated.

The portrait offered by Hemingway reminds us of some great suffering and heroic human personages. Christ is foremost among them. Carlos Baker has made out an admirable exposition of the novel by tracing the events which are associated with the life of Christ. 25 But the novel does not bear the burden of Carlos Baker's interpretation. Baker forgets that Christ makes a self-sacrificial struggle against
evil and that the situation of the Old Man is entirely different from that of Christ.

Man struggles against the forces of nature with all the strength at his command in order to assert his existence. Santiago's words betraying determination echo in our memory:

"Fish," he said, "I love you and respect you very much. But I will kill you dead before this day ends." (p. 52)
"I'll kill him though," he said. "In all his greatness and his glory."
Although it is unjust, he thought. But I will show him what a man can do and what a man endures.
"I told the boy I was a strange old man," he said. "Now is when I must prove it."
The thousand times that he had proved it meant nothing. Now he was proving it again. Each time was a new time and he never thought about the past when he was doing it. (p. 64)
"He is good for the night so am I." (p. 72)

But the reader is also touched by the pain and suffering of the Old Man.

Life at sea is exciting and the condition of a bird is remarkably described in the novel. It signifies that all creatures in the world are alone and have to fight it all alone:

A small bird came toward the skiff from the north. He was a warbler and flying very low over the water. The old man could see that he was very tired.
The passage underlines the loneliness of the bird as well as of the Old Man. Santiago sympathizes with the bird, for like him he, too, is alone. He has no one to talk to. In the face of danger all creatures have to fight their war of survival. But in the end only the fittest survive. And the Old Man thinks that they only survive who are capable of daring. The bird is weak and there are hawks on the sea and many other birds of prey. This bird has to undertake adventure on the sea in search of food. The bird as well as Santiago are engaged in a noble quest out of sheer necessity. They have to wage a relentless war for their survival. The situation of the bird suggests that there is
something elemental in the Old Man's struggle for existence.

During the course of his ordeal on the sea Santiago suffers from hunger, receives deep cuts in his hands and puts his hands in the sea water to cure them. "It was only a line burn that had cut his flesh. But it was in the working part of his hand." But the determination to continue the relentless fight never ceases: "If he will jump I can kill him. But he stays down for ever. Then I will stay down with him for ever." Santiago desperately rubs his left hand to let the cramp go. He is awfully lonely. "He looked across the sea and knew how alone he was now. But he could see the prisms in the deep dark water and the line stretching ahead and the strange undulation of the calm." The sense of isolation pervasive in the novel is very touching. Man is doomed to take "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" all alone. The boy could be a helping hand to the Old Man but he is not there.

Santiago is very keen to know as to what sort of fish is opposed to him. The coming of the fish at noon of the second day for a moment is marvellously described by Hemingway and deserves to be quoted in full:

The line rose slowly and steadily and then the surface of the ocean bulged ahead of the boat and the fish came out. He came out unendingly and water poured from his sides. He was bright in the sun and his head
and back were dark purple and in the sun the stripes on his sides showed wide and a light lavender. His sword was as long as a baseball bat and tapered like a rapier and he rose his full length from the water and then re-entered it, smoothly, like a diver and the old man saw the great scythe-blade of his tail go under and the line commenced to race out.

The fish and the Old Man face each other only for a flash of the moment and the fish goes down again into the dark and deep waters of the sea. The Old Man's troubles and suffering remain unabated:

He settled comfortably against the wood and took his suffering as it came and the fish swam steadily and the boat moved slowly through the dark water. There was a small sea rising with the wind coming up from the east and at noon the old man's left hand was uncramped.

"Bad news for you, fish," he said and shifted the line over the sacks that covered his shoulders.

He was comfortable but suffering, although he did not admit the suffering at all.

Santiago's forbearance is remarkable. He suffers and endures sleeplessly for three days and nights. He suffers as well as inflicts physical and spiritual violence on others during his stupendous struggle. But his stubborn will persists:

The thousand times that he had proved it meant nothing. Now he was proving it again. Each time was a new time and he
never thought about the past when he was doing it.
I wish he'd sleep and I could sleep and dream about the lions, he thought. Why are the lions the main thing that is left? Don't think, old man, he said to himself. Rest gently now against the wood and think of nothing. 32

He has been suffering the greatest pain, he does not want to think about but endures. And the endurance with bleeding hands is remarkable. The fish continues to tow the skiff.
"The speed of the line was cutting his hands badly but he had always known this would happen and he tried to keep the cutting across the calloused parts and not let the line slip into the palm or cut the fingers."33 Santiago desperately shifts the fish line from the cuts so that they are not further deepened and worsened. But he is determined to kill the fish.

Towards the morning of the third day the fish starts circling but by now Santiago's suffering is also unbearable:

You are killing me, fish, the old man thought. But you have a right to. Never have I seen a greater, or more beautiful, or a calmer or more noble thing than you, brother. Come on and kill me. I do not care who kills who.
Now you are getting confused in the head, he thought. You must keep your head clear. Keep your head clear and know how to suffer like a man. Or a fish, he thought. 34
Santiago certainly cares to save himself and kill the fish. He undergoes mental and spiritual agony in the process. We have seen that he tortured his body to the utmost limit but is determined to kill the fish. The statement comes from Santiago at the culminating point of the struggle.

The old man felt faint and sick, he could not see well. But he cleared the harpoon line and let it run slowly through his raw hands and, when he could see, he saw the fish was on his back with his silver belly up. The shaft of the harpoon was projecting at an angle from the fish's shoulder and the sea was discolouring with the red of the blood from his heart. First it was dark as a shoal in the blue water that was more than a mile deep. Then it spread like a cloud. The fish was silvery and still and floated with the waves.

In the process of killing the fish, his brother, Santiago almost kills himself too, and his heart bleeds "with the red blood from his—the marlin's heart". In such moments of violence and suffering the tension is heightened to utmost limits.

At the end of the novel sharks attack Santiago's fish. Many wild speculations about the symbolic significance of the sharks have been made. Hemingway, being a supreme artist, symbols in his novels grow from the text and radiate multiple meanings. The Old Man and the Sea is
a complex novel. Despite its apparent simplicity *The Old Man and the Sea* is, multi-dimensional in its significances.

Hemingway felt annoyed by those who mistakenly suggested that sharks in the novel symbolize critics who sat in judgment on the writer's creations. In this connection Hemingway wrote to Edmund Wilson: "You know I was thinking about actual sharks when I wrote the book and had nothing to do with the theory that they represented critics." In another letter he made it clear to Bernard Berenson: "There isn't any symbolysm (mis-spelled). The sea is the sea. The old man is an old man. The boy is a boy and the fish is a fish. The shark are all sharks no better no worse. All the symbolism that people say is shit. What goes beyond is what you see beyond when you know."

Bernard Berenson holds a balanced view about the thematic possibilities of the novel. For him the novel is "An idyll of the sea, as sea, as un-Byronic and un-Melvillian as Homer himself, and communicated in a prose as calm and compelling as Homer's verse. No real artist symbolizes or allegorizes —/Hemingway is a real artist — but every real work of art exhales symbols and allegories. So does this short but not small masterpiece."

The most significant aspect of the novel is that
Hemingway uses the theme of violence in the most sophisticated manner — the tensions registered in the fight against the marlin and the sharks — though in the process the Old Man comes to suffer from mental as well as spiritual torture. The simple and beautiful prose of the description reminds us of the clean and realistic narrative of the Burguete episode in The Sun Also Rises and "Big Two-Hearted River." In the three narratives the prose is vivid, the narrated events/are authentic and the involvement of the author in the craft of fishing is unmistakable. The details in the text remind us that they are given by a professional fisherman.

Despite being so short the novel contains multiple levels of meaning. "This novella is probably Hemingway's most evocative construction, tense and clean on the surface, but suggesting myriad layers of meaning just out of reach in the murkey levels fathoms beneath."  

Santiago is tired but has not submitted to the violence of the sharks. The first shark which attacks the marlin is Mako Shark. "He hit it with his blood-mushed hands driving a good harpoon with all his strength. He hit it without hope but with resolution and complete malignancy." The most striking and oft-quoted utterance
in the novel is "But man is not made for defeat," he said. "A man can be destroyed but not defeated." \[41\]

Santiago opposes and kills the sharks with all his bodily strength but, I think, is sure of his loss — of their devouring of the marlin. He meditates:

> It is silly not to hope, he thought. Besides I believe it is a sin. Do not think about sin, he thought. There are enough problems now without sin. Also I have no understanding of it.

> I have no understanding of it and I am not sure that I believe in it. Perhaps it was a sin to kill the fish. I suppose it was even though I did it to keep me alive and feed many people. But then everything is a sin. Do not think about sin. It is much too late for that and there are people who are paid to do it. Let them think about it. You were born to be a fisherman as the fish was born to be a fish. San Pedro was a fisherman as was the father of the great DiMaggio. \[42\]

In his unprecedented struggle with the sharks to save his prize — the marlin Santiago completely merges his personality with that of the marlin, the sharks and the objects in the cosmos. He thinks of his violence against the marlin for a moment and then reconciles himself to the ineluctable fate:

> Besides, he thought, everything kills everything else in some way. Fishing kills me exactly as it keeps me alive. The boy keeps me alive, he thought. I must not deceive myself too much. \[43\]
The saga of Santiago has been delineated in a complex manner and communicates more than one level of meaning. The tragic note is unmistakable. It is in accordance with the order of nature that all living beings feed on one another. "Hemingway retracts from a limit of experience he had previously attained, from a deeper knowledge of violence and evil. He composes a noble fantasy of old age after tasting from the bitter cup of Lear. The sharks devour the fish and defeat Santiago — the sharks out/in the sea. Their evil seems entirely external. Yet Hemingway knows that sharks also inhabit the mind. If the agents of destruction are merely adventitious the fate of man is merely absurd. Yet Hemingway knows that violence engages both freedom and necessity that true terror corresponds to void within."  

Santiago is a marvellous "architect" who symbolizes mankind in its struggle to wrest freedom from the violent forces of nature. To create meaning by asserting his existence man does the "squaring and hewing" of nature as in Marvell's poems. 

Violence is an existential necessity. It is inherent in the human make-up. Man has a soul and the soul wants to create meaning. And this implies violence as in Marvell's
vision:

What but a Soul could have the wit
To build me up for Sin so fit?
So Architects do Square and hew,
Green Trees that in the Forest grew. 45

"Squaring" and "hewing" of nature is man's necessity as well involves the exercise of as/his animal instinct. He must do it in his superior wisdom in order to make the world a happy, comfortable and aesthetic place to live in. Santiago symbolizes man over against nature. Pitted against nature Man has got to assert himself and create meanings for himself. For this purpose he acts upon nature and does what Karvell calls "squaring" and "hewing." This involves violence on both sides, for man not only acts but is also acted upon. We often does not know that in doing violence to nature he is doing violence to himself inasmuch as he is a part of nature. It is in this light that the Old Man's calling the marlin "brother" becomes meaningful. The Old Man must kill this brother even if it means getting himself killed. Thus in The Old Man and the Sea violence is seen as something elemental and existential. It does not matter who wins and who loses, or who kills whom. The violent struggle is the thing by which everybody's existence is defined.
It would be illuminating to refer to a Persian poem of Iqbal: Mahawara ma bain Khuda wa Insan (Dialogue between man and God). In this poem God accuses man of transforming nature by acting upon it with violence. In replying to this accusation man says that he has made God's creation more beautiful and meaningful:

God: I fashioned this world out of one and the same clay; You made Iran, Ethiopia and Tartary. From mere earth I made steel, pure and without alloy; You fashioned sword and arrowhead and musketry. You made the axe, with which you felled trees grown by Me, And fashioned cages for My singing birds born free. 46

(Translation by Hadi Hussain)

Man: Thou created the night, I the lamp; Thou created the clay, I the vase! Thou created the jungle, mountains and deserts, I created gardens, orchards and flower-plots! It is I who make glass out of stone, It is I who extract elixir out of poison. 47

(Translation by K.G. Saiyidain)

The sharks continue to attack the marlin and aggravate the misery and agony of the Old Man. The Mako, dentuso and shovel-nosed attack the fish.

As the Old Man was eating a piece of meat from the marlin a shark attacked the marlin. Santiago cries:
"Ay," he said. There is no translation for this word and perhaps it is just a noise such as a man might make, involuntarily, feeling the nail go through his hands and into the wood. 48

The Old Man again cried "Ay" when the galanos shark attacked the fish. Santiago cried like a very miserable man but continued to fight the sharks with his harpoon, his gaff, his tiller and his club and the sharks either took away or blunted these weapons. With almost all this equipment gone he contemplates: "Now they have beaten me, he thought. I am too old to club sharks to death. But I will try it as long as I have the oars and the short club and the tiller." 49

The loneliness and isolation of the Old Man is acute. He thinks that he has no family to worry for him because of such a long absence from the coast. He consoles himself that the boy would worry for him beside a few fishermen. The fight between the old man and the sharks continues but his determination to fight is remarkable:

"Fight them," he said. "I'll fight them until I die."
But in the dark now and no glow showing and no lights and only the wind and the steady pull of the sail he felt that perhaps he was already dead. He put his two hands together and felt the palms. They were not dead and he could
bring the pain of life by simply opening and closing them. He leaned his back against the stern and knew he was not dead. His shoulders told him. 50

above
The passage quoted/manifestly describes the extent to which the Old Man is tired. His injuries give him the greatest pain and suffering. He opens and closes his palms to know whether he is alive or dead, but his injured palms and bleeding shoulders increase his pain though he continues to be conscious of life within him. Life itself is defined in terms of pain and agony suffered through violence. He feels sorry for himself and for the fish and says: "I ruined us both. But we have killed many sharks, you and I, and ruined many others. How many did you ever kill, old fish? You do not have that spear on your head for nothing." 51

Now half the fish is eaten away by the sharks and Santiago is fighting a losing battle. He contemplates:

He lay in the stern and steered and watched for the glow to come in the sky. I have half of him, he thought. Maybe I'll have the luck to bring the forward half in. I should have some luck. No, he said. You violated your luck when you went too far outside. 52

He trespassed into the forbidden territory of nature and went "beyond all people in the world" 53 for fishing. He goes far outside not only because of his pride but also
because only in this way can he assert his existence and create meanings for himself. Fighting with the sharks the Old Man felt helpless and disgusted: "He spat into the ocean and said, "Eat that, Galanos. And make a dream you've killed a man." S

Santiago is nearly killed by the sharks but he is victorious in his defeat. His violent struggle defines his existential situation as man. His tiredness can be felt only in the book, for otherwise it is indescribable. He could reach the harbour late into the night. He beached the boat and left for his shack. The words are really inadequate for communicating his sense of exhaustion and suffering:

He started to climb again and at the top he fell and lay for some time with the mast across his shoulder. He tried to get up. But it was too difficult and he sat there with the mast on his shoulder and looked at the road.

Finally he put the mast down and stood up. He picked the mast up and put it on his shoulder and started up the road. He had to sit down five times before he reached his shack.

Inside the shack he leaned the mast against the wall. In the dark he found a water bottle and took a drink. Then he lay down on the bed. He pulled the blanket over his shoulders and then over his back and legs and he slept face down on the newspapers with his arms out straight and the palms of his hands up.
The marlin, worth three hundred dollars and which were enough to provide for the Old Man for the whole winter season, has been eaten away by the sharks and the Old Man returns without the flesh on the skeleton of the marlin:

The old man loses the battle he has won. The winner takes nothing but the sense of having fought the fight to the limits of his strength, of having shown what a man can do when it is necessary. Like many of the rest of us, he is undefeated only because he has gone on trying. There is no need for the corrupting forces of moth and rust: thieves have broken through Santiago's lines of defence and made off with all there is. As for the mariner himself, he has reached a condition of absolute physical exhaustion as well as, on the moral plane, an absolute but not an abject humility. Both have cost him very little less than everything, which is of course the price one must always finally pay. Santiago's victory is the moral victory of having lasted without permanent impairment of his belief in the worth of what he has been doing. 56

And the skeleton is there not merely for what it is worth in itself but also for the fact that it is a token and a trophy of the marvellous adventure of the Old Man. Critics have failed to take note of its significance.

The quest of Santiago that Hemingway has portrayed is fairly complex and many-faceted. To him it is the struggle and not the victory which is more important. Man does not
always succeed in his endeavour but it is his ceaseless and continuous struggle which really matters.

During the course of his struggle the Old Man returns to the thought of the boy time and again and recalls his strength of the youthful days which gave him self-confidence. Thus the boy acts as a "sustaining image" in relation to the heroic consciousness of Santiago. There are three other such images, which the Old Man employs to revive his strength. There is DiMaggio, the son of a fisherman, who continues to fight despite a painful bonespur. Then there is Santiago's image "of himself in his prime, hand-wrestling with the great negro dockworker from Cienfuegos." But in addition to these images there is another one — that of the lions haunting the mind of Santiago and recurring not only in his wakeful consciousness but also in his dreams — "He only dreamed of places now and of the lions on the beach they played like young cats in the dusk and he loved them as he loved the boy." All the four "sustaining images" have been rightly underscored by Carlos Baker.

But it is the image of the boy to which the Old Man refers time and again. It is repeated in the novel in
about a dozen places. The boy and the Old Man figure in the novel from the beginning to the end and Santiago keeps the boy always in mind:

"I wish I had the boy," the old man said aloud." (p. 42)
Then he said aloud, "I wish I had the boy. To help me and to see this." (p. 45).
"I wish the boy was here," he said aloud and settled himself against the rounded planks of the bow and felt the strength of the great fish... " (p. 48)
Aloud he said, "I wish I had the boy." (p. 49)

Towards the end the Old Man remembers the boy with some touch of poignancy. "Now the old man has somebody to whom he can hand down his experience and his craft, and in this sense the book opens into the future. Hemingway seems to return to his starting point, but in quite a new way. 'One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; yet not the earth alone abides but also man's work, both as work performed and as craftsmanship handed down from generation to generation.'60

At the end of the novel Santiago and Manolin make plans for future expeditions together, for the boy learns a lot from the experiences of the Old Man. The Old Man remains undefeated like Manuel Garcia in "The Undefeated." He looks forward to the future in which he will carry on
the great human struggle:

"Now we fish together again."
"No. I am not lucky. I am not lucky any more."
"The hell with luck," the boy said "I'll bring the luck with me."
"What will your family say?"
"I do not care. I caught two yesterday. But we will fish together now for I still have much to learn."
References


5. Ibid., p. 40.


10. Ibid., pp. 265-266.


12. Ibid., p. 326.

14. The Old Man and the Sea, op. cit., p. 84.
15. Ibid., p. 5.
16. Ibid., pp. 5-6.
17. Ibid., p. 5.
20. Ibid., p. 48.
21. Ibid., p. 10.
24. Ibid., pp. 21-22.
27. Ibid., p. 55.
28. Ibid. p. 58.
29. Ibid. p. 58.
30. Ibid., p. 60-61.
32. Ibid., pp. 64-65.
33. Ibid., p. 82.
34. Ibid., p. 92.
35. Ibid., p. 94.
37. Ibid., p. 780.
38. Ibid., p. 785 (Quoted by Hemingway)

40. The Old Man and the Sea, op. cit., p. 102.

41. Ibid., p. 103.

42. Ibid., pp. 104-105.

43. Ibid., p. 106.


49. Ibid., p. 112.

50. Ibid., p. 116.

51. Ibid., p. 116.

52. Ibid., p. 117.

53. Ibid., p. 118.

54. Ibid., p. 120.

55. Ibid., p. 122.


57. Ibid., f.n. 281, p. 305.

58. The Old Man and the Sea, op. cit., p. 22.


CHAPTER VIII

CONCLUSION

Violence is the recurring theme in the major novels and most of the short stories of Ernest Hemingway from the beginning of his literary career with *In Our Time* (1925) to *Islands in the Stream* (1970). The theme enjoys a kind of centrality in his works. To critics it has been made casual references but no serious and systematic study of it has been made so far. Even violence is not present on the surface of Hemingway's works it yet lurks in the background.

Hemingway is perhaps at his best when he reflects the feelings and states of mind pertaining to violence. He miserably fails in *Across the River and Into the Trees* (1950), for he narrates the fantasy of an old man suffering from a rheumatic heart. This novel does not deal with the theme of violence. One would think that Hemingway's forte is violence and death which moulded his artistic consciousness. With the publication of the novel *Across the River and Into the Trees* Hemingway critics considered that the "papa" is finished now, but nobody knew in 1950 that he would write his masterpiece, *The Old Man and the Sea*, two years later. It is significant that *Across the River and Into the Trees* (1950), supposed to be inferior work of
art, is not built up round the theme of violence. Hence it seems that he is at his best when he deals with violence.

Hemingway assimilated the temper of the age, characterized by violence and grotesqueness, in which he lived and worked. The two world wars in the first half of the twentieth century were the most shocking occurrences in human history. Men were used like other material in the war machinery. Man lost his human status and dignity. The impersonal war machinery consumed human beings as its fuel and killed the good and the bad indiscriminately. The sacrosanct values of the past lost their significance for the survivors of the wars. War cut the ground underneath the feet of the sensitive writers and intellectuals of the twentieth century.

Violence, death, loneliness and isolation are themes for the creative writers of the age to which Hemingway belonged. Dos Passos, Steinbeck, Faulkner and other illustrious contemporaries of Hemingway wrote on the theme of violence but no one dealt with it as successfully as Hemingway did. He was an acutely perceptive artist and gave primacy in his novels to the phenomenon of violence, death and holocaust which had been brought on by unscrupulous politicians. The politicians
preached to the people that the war was being waged to end all wars and the world would be a fine place to live in thereafter. But after the War the situation worsened.

Hemingway's life is reflected in his fictional works and often the famous Hemingway hero is Hemingway himself. One great reason why his delineation of violence looks so real and convincing is that he writes from first-hand, personal (as also "technical") experience of violence that he has himself gone through. His life and his works form a unified whole and self-revelatory.

So far as the theme of violence in the fiction of Hemingway is concerned the initiation of the hero, in *In Our Time* leads on to *Islands in the Stream*. Here the hero is characterized by spirit of endurance, insatiable quest for perfection and attachment to his art. Whether he wins or loses his prize hardly matters—what counts is the untiring quest and struggle in which he engages himself. This is evidenced by the short stories included in *In Our Time*, - "Today is Friday," "The Undefeated," "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "Big Two-Hearted River." Certain stories bring out the fact clearly that the hero is alone in the world. His loneliness and isolation is terrible. The old man in "A Clean Well-Lighted Place" is
all alone. He has to sit in the cafe late into the night—
till 3 O'Clock, to efface the sense of loneliness. Only
the old waiter could realize the old man's situation. In
"Soldier's Home" when Krebs tells his mother that he is
not in the Kingdom of God, the shock of his sense of
alienation sends a shiver down the reader's back.

Hemingway utilized certain uncommon symbols such as
cholera and rain in *A Farewell to Arms* in order to express
the awareness of the futility of war. A discerning reader
feels the sense of disgust and horror with which the
Italian Carabieneri in the novel deals with the soldiers
and treats them as traitors and summarily executes them.

The unprecedented violence of World War I was a
harrowing experience for sensitive writers of Europe, and
Hemingway had been an eye-witness to this holocaust.
There is a continuous development of the theme of violence
in his fiction from *In Our Time* (1925) onwards. Nick
Adams comes across the unnecessary and inexplicable
violence in the short stories. In *A Farewell to Arms* (1929)
the violence is depicted on a larger scale in comparison
to what we find in *The Sun Also Rises*. In *A Farewell to
Arms* (1929) cholera and rain combine with man-made forces of
destruction. The pervasive violence is perhaps the result
of World War I. The war machinery kills all indiscriminately.

Ironically enough, the rain which is generally the symbol of life and regeneration figures here as a symbol of death and destruction. In T.S. Eliot's *The Wasteland* owing to lack of rain the land has gone sterile. But in *A Farewell to Arms* it falls incessantly and brings in its wake destruction instead of regeneration of life. Frederick Henry signs "separate peace." He eats, drinks and sleeps with Catherine. This happiness is, however, short-lived. The heroine dies in child-birth and thus the "winner-take-nothing" theme comes in.

Violence in *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) seems to be meaningless. There is a remarkable reflection of the meaninglessness of life in respect of most of the characters in the novel. They have been crippled in one way or the other and cannot lead a fruitful life. Owing to disillusionment caused by World War I a sizeable number of sensitive American writers left for France. Many of them were expatriates and made Paris the centre of their literary activities. Hemingway had lived through and recorded the aftermath of the war in *The Sun Also Rises*. The novel reflects the consciousness of the whole of the post-war world of Europe. The characters have been injured in such a manner that it is not possible for them to lead a happy and meaningful life. Such are Jake Barnes
and Lady Brett Ashley. We find in Hemingway's writings a
muscularity, peculiar toughness and / . He employs the colloquial idiom
of the derelicts, boxers, matadors and hunters for purposes of
bringing out the intensity of violence.

To Have and Have Not (1937) is a minor novel of
Hemingway but it is important in that it is a turning-point
in his artistic career. The violence reflected
in the life and doings of Harry Morgan is that of a smuggler
who is forced to do smuggling by the circumstances of
his life. He has to earn his livelihood through the barrel
of a gun in order to provide bread and butter to his wife
and daughters. There is a magnificent portrayal of social
violence in the novel.

In A Farewell to Arms the violence constitutes the
inevitable fate of the soldiers. But in For Whom the Bell
Tolls (1940) the hero is actively and intently involved
in violence. Violence and the tender feelings of love are
juxtaposed. The artist explores the meaning of life through
the themes of love and violence. Robert Jordan treats
violence as a worthy ideal. He fights for freedom from the
shackles of the fascists and for the pursuit of happiness
for all. He inflicts violence indiscriminately and embraces
death. He sacrifices his life so that others may live
happily. Violence thus acquires a contextual meaningfulness.

Despite the blowing up of the bridge and the sacrifice of the hero the fascists win the war. So violence for a cause, as depicted here, is meaningful from the point of view of the hero's millineal aspirations. But let us not forget that these aspirations are undermined by the irony of the hero's situation. Pablo kills, in the beginning of the revolution, a large number of innocent men, women and children also, erroneously considering them to be fascists. But most of them were not fascists. In For Whom the Bell Tolls the hero elects to die of his own free will. In the given circumstances death becomes meaningful. But in the death of Robert Jordan Maria loses her love, her prospective family and her whole world.

The Old Man and the Sea (1952) is a long way from In Our Time (1925). Now Hemingway is a mature artist. Santiago feels love and compassion for the marlin and calls it his brother but "will kill him dead before this day ends." The struggle of Santiago is a dignified and noble affair. This is conveyed through simple but sensitive prose. Violence is a necessity as well as a proof of the Old Man's manliness. Santiago inflicts violence upon the marlin and the predatory
sharks, but in turn violence is inflicted upon him also by the forces of nature. He is, in a way, both "the hunter and the hunted." In his case violence, is not I should think amenable to any moral or religious interpretation. It is essentially the violence of a man who wants to assert himself and make his life meaningful in a violent world. It is elemental, existential violence. Hemingway was not a philosopher like Kierkegaard, Nietzsche or Camus but he, nevertheless, pondered over the dilemma of life. His philosophy of life amounts to facing death heroically. In the event of failure there should be no regrets. An acceptance of life and a struggle against odds that come one's way are important traits of all Hemingway heroes.

Out at sea every creature is engaged in violence in order to sustain and assert itself. The existence of Man is jeopardised unless he asserts himself against the odds. Man lives and defines himself by violence. Santiago's struggle involves an affirmation of the dignity and greatness of the human spirit. Man is seen against a tragic perspective in this novel. The Old Man attains dignity and honour in his defeat. Santiago symbolizes the essential man: he wins and loses and is victorious in his defeat.
Man's courage, endurance and heroic struggle are important traits of Hemingway heroes. Manuel Garcia in "The Undefeated" is an example of man's courage and grim struggle which is waged in old age. So is Santiago who is engaged in a struggle of life and death and is "alive in the midst of death." His words reverberate in one's memory. "Man is not made for defeat. A man can be destroyed but not defeated." This statement reflects the dignity of the human struggle which acquires elemental and existential proportions. Such determination adds depth to the meaning of Hemingway's fiction and enhances its appeal.

Hemingway's prose-style in his fictional writings is pellucid and persuasive. He wrote out of personal experience and is able to transform it into self-justifying literary artifacts. He was a serious writer and a careful and conscientious craftsman. His quest for identity is an exploration of his own self.

Violence is an important ingredient in Hemingway's artistic vision and accounts for its intensity. Through exploiting violence he discovers those intensities of possible experience which are beyond mere conceptual visualization. Thus he is able to communicate the incommunicable and this
is what a great artist always does. Hemingway's basic concerns are death and violence, man's encounter with meaninglessness and incomprehensibility in a world became chaotic and mad. Man defines his existence in such a world through his heroic struggle.

Thus we see that the persistent and developing theme of violence is in evidence in the novels of Hemingway from *The Sun Also Rises* (1926) to *Islands in the Stream* (1970). Violence seems to be their unifying thread. Man-made violence is sometimes intensified by violence of the forces of nature as in *A Farewell to Arms* (1929). An ironical situation caused by the aftermath of World War I is in evidence in *The Sun Also Rises* (1926), and it takes a dramatic turn in *To Have and Have Not* (1937). The hero comes to the conclusion that a single man cannot face the odds of nature. He needs society and therefore returns to its commitments and is involved in social violence. The natural and obvious step then is to have recourse to violence for a cause as in the case of Robert Jordan, Anselmo and others in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. And finally Hemingway turns to elemental and existential violence in *The Old Man and the Sea*. In that novel everything is killed by everything else. Violence seems here to be a cosmic principle.
In *The Old Man and the Sea*, his masterpiece, Hemingway seems to have reduced all experience to basic human feelings. The world is to be seen "feelingly," as Lear puts it. It corresponds to a reduction and intensification of language itself in metonymic counters. This theme requires simple and precise language and his language becomes purged of rhetoric and turns into an almost biblical simplicity and precision. Through it the intensities of experience are concretized beyond the reach of ordinary diction. Every great artist communicates the incommunicable, and it is in the region of violence that Hemingway does so. In delineating violence he becomes a great artist, and the intensity of the violence he delineates is a measure of the intensity of his artistic greatness. For these reasons *The Old Man and the Sea* is his greatest novel. The eternal message of the novel continues to inspire the future generations of man: "Man is not made for defeat. A man can be destroyed but not defeated."
APPENDIX

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

The Garden of Eden (1986), Hemingway's second posthumously published novel, is one of his most subtle and complex works of fiction. It evokes paradisal associations in its celebration of happiness, untainted with labour and anxiety. The story opens at Le Grau du Roi in the south of France and part of it is set in Spain. It is dated in the 1920s. David Bourne and Catherine, the newly married couple, are on a long honeymoon spending time in eating, drinking, fishing, picnicing and love-making. The hotel in which they are putting up at located in Le Grau du Roi in France is pleasant physical surroundings. The novel was originally rather / and the editors made drastic cuts in order to publish the best stuff. Hemingway wrote to Maxwell Geismar, an eminent American critic, that in the "meantime [he has] been working on same book [probably The Garden of Eden] I was on when I saw you. Getting very big but I cut the hell out of it periodically .... and am going for a change of climate and start biteing [sic] on the nail again."¹

David Bourne, like Hemingway, is a fiction-writer. His wife Catherine is one of the most complex heroines of Hemingway.
She has strong bisexual tendencies. She likes and enjoys being a girl and a boy both and has similar expectations from Bourne as well. In her quest to find new possibilities of happiness in life for which the generic name is the Garden of Eden she changes her physical appearance every now and then. Carlos Baker, who read the novel in manuscript form, misses the significance of the "Garden of Eden" and of its loss in relation to some purposeful and creative activity which is possible only after the loss has occurred. Baker remarks: "The Garden of Eden, Ernest's long and emptily hedonistic novel of young lovers in the old days at Grau-du-Roi and the Costa Brava; page after page of their talk was filled with inconsequential commentary on the color and condition of their hair, the food and drink they were always consuming, and the current state of their suntanned skins." In a state of paradisal happiness this ritual in the lives of the lovers is quite natural. It is very meaningful, too, in relation to the paradisal state which the novelist wants to communicate.

This jovial, adolescent mood exhibits the couple's freedom from the agony of the world of experience, evidence in which is in the novel towards the end. The paradisal happiness of lovers also reminds us of the similar kind of happiness available to the lovers in A Farewell to Arms and For Whom the Bell Tolls.
Most of Hemingway's heroines are docile and submissive like Catherine in *A Farewell to Arms* or like Maria in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. But Catherine in *The Garden of Eden* is a different sort of person. Hers is a complex, restless and individualistic spirit and she has the knack of convincing her companions to toe her line of action. Being a restless soul she is always trying to realize some satisfying pattern of conjugal happiness.

First, Catherine plays the boy for Bourne and then seeks out another pretty girl Marita for him and for herself. She loves her and sleeps with her and wants Bourne also to love and sleep with Marita. Bourne resents the arrangement at first but later on accepts it and enjoys having Marita as an additional wife. This tripartite relationship of love-making is presented as an amoral state of happiness which is designated as the "garden of Eden." Bourne receives a letter, along with the clippings of Journals, telling him that his second novel has been a great success. Catherine, who has a sophisticated taste in literature and works of art, hates this commercial approach. She wants Bourne to
write a "constructive narrative" about their love life which in her opinion would be the best subject for his novels.

Bourne was engaged in writing stories based on his childhood experiences of hunting in Africa. His father, who is a ruthless, ambitious and adventurous hunter, figures in these stories. Catherine abhors the elephant-hunting stories and his "heartless and bestial" father/it figures them. She is so much annoyed at Bourne's grovelling in the dirt and the flies and the cruelty associated with them that she burns them. Violence is thus brought to a climax. She would approve of Bourne's fictional writing only "when it's constructive and has some valid purpose." The stories are "worthless" because in them Bourne indulges in violence for its own sake.

Catherine makes the most significant point as far as art criticism is concerned: the artist must treat violence as a means and not as an end in itself. The end is the discovery of the possibilities of life. Violence, which deals with some value-charged, crucial moments and brings about a concentration and intensification of experience, must be a means to this end. Hemingway's novel,
The Old Man and the Sea, like other great works of art, this view distinctive testifies to; indeed, the treatment of the theme of violence is a measure of the greatness of Hemingway's fictional art.

Coming back to The Garden of Eden, Bourne's indulgence in violence for the sake of violence is an imaginative counterpart of his purposeless indulgence in the state of "the Garden of Eden." But in order to create genuine art, to write something which is, as Catherine puts it, "constructive and has some valid purpose" he must lose the innocence of the "Garden of Eden." Hemingway himself describes this happiness as "the happiness of the Garden that a man must lose." Genuine art begins with "the beginning of the knowledge of loneliness." The story of elephant-hunting that Bourne struggles to complete reaches completion when this knowledge dawns on him.

Catherine estimates Bourne's stories as "worthless" and burns them whereas Bourne would rather murder her for burning them. She leaves him — and very much for good. For after losing his "Garden of Eden," Bourne who has only Marita to settle with, is able to recall and rewrite the
Then, awake, he knew he was in a strange bed and he saw Marita lying sleeping by him. He remembered everything and he looked at her lovingly and covered her fresh brown body with the sheet and then kissed her very lightly again and putting on his dressing gown walked out into the dew-wet early morning carrying the image of how she looked with him to his room. He took a cold shower, shaved, put on a shirt and a pair of shorts and walked down to his working room. He stopped at the door of Marita's room and opened it very carefully. He stood and looked at her sleeping, and closed the door softly at her went into the room where he worked. He got out his pencils and a new cahier, sharpened five pencils and began to write the story of his father and the raid in the year of the Maji-Maji rebellion that had started with the trek across the bitter lake.

He found he knew much more about his father than when he had first written this story and he knew he could measure his progress by the small things which made his father more tactile and to have more dimensions than he had in the story before. He was fortunate, just now, that his father was not a simple man.

David wrote steadily and well and the sentences that he had made before came to him complete and entire and he put them down, corrected them, and cut them as if he were going over proof. Not a sentence was missing and there were many that he put down as they were returned to him without changing them. By two o'clock he had recovered, corrected and improved what it had taken him five days to write originally. He wrote on a while longer now and there was no sign that any of it would ever cease returning to him intact.
Effective fiction writing involves evocation of broad sympathies, and violence may be one of the means of such an evocation. Through the story of elephant-hunting Bourne evokes imaginative sympathies with the elephant who becomes, instead of his father his hero. Through the story that he rewrites after losing the "Garden of Eden", he finds that he knows much more about his father than he did before. Secondly, successful fiction writing also involves the fact that things should "come alive," and give a sense of intensification and complexity of life. Thus Bourne made the elephant "come alive" in the elephant-hunting story. Now, in the story he rewrites, he is able to make his father "more tactile and to have more dimensions than he had in the story before." In art various elements interanimate in a dialectical pattern, and it is by this pattern that each element is raised to the first intensity.
References


6. Ibid., pp. 246-247.
SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY

Primary Sources: Works by Ernest Hemingway

A. Fiction


*The Sun Also Rises*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1926.


*To Have and Have Not*. London: Jonathan Cape, 1937.

*For Whom the Bell Tolls*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1940.


B. Other Writings

Hemingway, Ernest.


Hemingway, Ernest.


Hemingway, Ernest.  


---


---


**Secondary Sources: Critical Studies**

Aldridge, John W., ed.  


---


---


---

Alvarez, A.  


---

Atkins, John.  


---

Baker, Carlos.  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Publisher</th>
<th>Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Publisher and Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Publisher and Date</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Author</td>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Publisher/Place</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------</td>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------------------</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


Journals


Thorn, Creath S. "The Shape of Equivocation in Ernest Hemingway's For Whom the Bell Tolls." American Literature, 51 (January 1980), 520-535.


Miscellaneous


