REPRESENTATION OF THE SOCIAL CLASS
STRUCTURE IN THE FICTION OF
ERNEST HEMINGWAY

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REPRESENTATION OF THE SOCIAL CLASS STRUCTURE IN THE FICTION OF
ERNEST HEMINGWAY

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Every true novelist has a world of some kind, an imaginary vision of some sphere or scene of life and action which his individual experience has caused him to see, and which he re-creates in fiction. This is his equivalent of what, if he wrote philosophy, would be a system of ideas. He sees a kind of life against some background, and he tries to make it coherent and dramatic. He induces a reader to see it all through his eyes, and after this has been done, the reader asks himself questions about the breadth of the writer's vision and the depth of his perspective. He asks if this is a real world, one that can be recognized and accepted as true.

The pattern of Hemingway's coherence is plain, and for the most part dramatic. His vision and its texture make up his world. This world is the world of middle-class America, transformed first into the world of northern Michigan, later into various foreign countries; but it remains a consistent view of life. To Hemingway in his early twenties, the criticism of society had gone so deep that life seemed an abstraction; it was something one discounted by instinct and distrusted by habit. It was a sequence of violent actions and mechanical impulses: the
brutality of men in the Michigan woods, the Indian who cut his throat after watching his wife undergo a Caesarian with a jackknife, adolescent loneliness and exaltation, a punch-drunk boxer on the road. Hemingway's world is a place overlaid with a distorting respectability that forces an escape, which is an escape to pain. Then this place is itself transformed to a European battleground, where violence is organized on a grand scale into the formalized brutality of war.

Hemingway's world is a world of war either in the literal sense or figuratively as marked with violence. The people inhabiting this world are a curiously assorted company. Like Hemingway, his first hero, Nick Adams, was a doctor's son whose early life had been spent in a Chicago suburb sometimes described as the middle-class capital of the world. Nick's father's two passions in life were hunting and fishing, while his mother's main interests lay in religious and musical work. Both parents attempted to model the son after themselves.

As Nick's experiences became more universal, he encountered all classes of people of the world. He was transplanted into the European setting when he became a soldier in World War I. After Nick was wounded, he returned to the States to pursue his favorite sport, fishing in the high, cool country in the Northwestern woods that Hemingway had visited as a boy.

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1 Philip Young, Ernest Hemingway (New York, 1952), p. 213.
Other heroes in his fiction were soldiers, bullfighters, writers, all possessing that kind of valor which was the strength of mind in resisting fear and facing the danger of life with courage. To be classed as a hero from this standpoint of morality was to admit defeat, to be a good sportsman, to accept pain without an outcry, to adhere strictly to the rules of the game and to play the game with great skill. To be repugnant and contemptible was to violate any of these requirements. It was a sportsmanlike morality that extended its requirement into the region of manners and carriage: one must speak in clipped tones, avoid pretentious phrases, condense emotions into a few expletives or deliberately suppress them.

In his world, Hemingway had delineated a social class structure; however, it is not on the scale that different people inhabit separate planes of privilege and responsibility. This has not been necessary, because he is able to show his ideas and views of society in another way. The violence and the beauty of his world so carefully pictured are dramatized by the personality and actions of the people who inhabit it. The Indians classed as primitives who were found in his first stories possessed much courage and skill in facing the tasks of daily living. Those who remained good solid characters were those who lived within their class of people. Those who were cowards and dishonorable were those who had established contact with an outside society and had become corrupted by this association. The peasants found in his novels were admirable
people so long as they did not permit themselves to become corrupted by an outside society. Hemingway showed much respect for the people who worked hard and who made up the middle class. Like Nick Adams, most of the Hemingway heroes and heroines were admirable members of this class. People with whom he was the least sympathetic were the sophisticates of the upper class who had recently acquired new wealth and were without inviolable rules for "how to live holding tight."

In times of war, the people of Hemingway's world live under conditions of desperation, apprehension, emergency, stiff-lipped fear, and pleasures seized in haste. Their ordeals are by fire; manhood is attained under it, and womanhood is tested by its courageous acceptance. The old are scarred and have the wisdom of their wounds; the young are off somewhere learning and awaiting their turn. The brave are fair. In the background are the walking wounded, the special figures of those who have survived their ordeals, and come to adjustment. Less prominent behind them are those who did not survive and readjust. In his world, Hemingway has delineated members of all classes of our society reacting to the various pressures which confront them. Hemingway has given us pictures of individual members of society in the United States, in Africa and in Europe from the nineteen-twenties to the present time.

In order to present Hemingway's characters as a study in social structure, the following classes will be considered: primitives, peasants,

\[2\]Ibid.
middle class, upper class, aristocrats. Each class will be presented in a chapter, and emphasis will be placed upon its relationship with the Hemingway code.
CHAPTER II

PRIMITIVES

Hemingway was familiar with primitives, people who exist outside the social groups of the so-called realm of society. Primitives do not take a graduated social structure as their guide; they follow the precepts of nature and live in harmony with the land. By so doing, they have the strength and justice to be true to the Hemingway code of grace under pressure. They possess courage, honesty, and skill, which are important rules of the Hemingway code. There are primitives in every country. Hemingway's first experiences with primitives began when as a young boy he went with his father on fishing and hunting trips.

When he began writing his first short stories, Hemingway turned to the folklore of the Indians in the Northwest. His first and most personal hero, Nick Adams, falls in love, breaks his love affair, sees drunken Indians, and learns that not all primitives possess honesty, courage, and skill. In the story, "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife," Dick Boulton, who was a half-breed, had brought his son Eddie and another Indian, named Billy Tabershaw, with him to cut up logs for Nick's father. After seeing that there were several logs to work up, Dick deliberately angered the doctor by making false accusations, and the doctor
ordered him to leave. Dick turned to Eddie and Billy and said something in Ojibway which caused Eddie to laugh, but Billy Tabershaw looked very serious. Billy had not understood the English, but he had understood that a row was going on. The three Indians started off and walked past the cottage and out the back gate into the woods. Dick left the gate open. Billy Tabershaw went back to fasten it. The doctor, who understood Dick’s motives, told his wife that he had doctored the Boulton squaw for pneumonia; Boulton did not want to work to pay an honest debt.

The character analysis here is interesting in both Dick Boulton and Billy Tabershaw. Dick is the crafty half-breed, lazy and dishonest, who had lived on the fringe of society. He and his son laughed when he spoke their language, but Billy Tabershaw, the real Indian, did not. Dick usually settled his differences by fighting rather than by working. Hemingway pictured him as completely lacking in self-discipline or responsibility when he walked out the gate and left it open. Billy Tabershaw went back to close the gate. Hemingway admired the real Indian’s conduct, but he despised the half-breeds.

Many times in his fiction, Hemingway tests his character’s conduct in the face of death. His plots are directed to violent situations because of his concern with grace under pressure. One such story is "Indian Camp," in which a tragic view is given of the homes of the Indians. There one sees in a crude, one-room cabin the tragic circumstances under which this Ojibway family is living. Here Nick witnessed a violent
incident which brought him into contact with something that was perplexing and unpleasant. Nick's father delivered a baby by Caesarean section, with a jackknife and without anesthetic. The woman's invalid husband lay in a bunk above his screaming wife. Nick, a young boy, held a basin for his father, and a man and three women held the mother down until the child was successfully born. When it was over, the doctor looked in the bunk above and found that the husband had cut his head almost off with a razor. Rather than listen to the tortured cries of his wife, this Indian had taken the weakest way out. This suicide was a violation to Hemingway's concept of integrity because the Indian refused to live with courage against the odds of life. This and other similar experiences were Nick's initiation to violence and pain.

Hemingway shows keen appreciation of the primitives in The Green Hills of Africa. Although this book is classed as non-fiction, his fictional portraits of the natives are among the most substantial parts of the book. Hemingway's fine old gunbearer, M'Cola, plays Nigger Jim to the author's over-explosive Huckleberry Finn, an association between them which began in shared suspicion but developed into mutual respect and genuine friendship. M'Cola was an excellent tracker. Hemingway told Pop on several occasions that he himself could track as well as M'Cola, but on the last hunt when they were tracking the wounded sable bull, he had to confess that M'Cola's skill was greater than his.
M'Cola remained calm and unexcited on all the hunts. He was honest, and Hemingway learned that he could trust him on most occasions. There were only two occasions when Hemingway was really provoked with him. The first was when they were climbing a hill in dense undergrowth, M'Cola crawling after Hemingway. When M'Cola handed Hemingway his gun, he found that M'Cola had the safety off. This angered Hemingway because the gun could have gone off and killed him. M'Cola was reprimanded, and the incident was soon forgotten. Later, when they were in the Masai country hunting kudus, M'Cola neglected to clean Hemingway's gun. Hemingway again became angry with M'Cola's irresponsible conduct and stated: "So we sat there, he with his head bent . . . me leaning back and looking out through the slit, and we were no longer partners; no longer good friends." To Hemingway this showed M'Cola's lack of responsibility, which he considers essential in any person of any class. He would not trust him to clean his gun again, and this hurt M'Cola because he knew he had failed to fulfill his duties.

The relationship with M'Cola produced several degrees of comedy. Often the joke was on Hemingway. To M'Cola, bird shooting, whiskey drinking, and failure to hit a large target through excitement or bullheadedness, were all good jokes. Hyenas were farcical, low comedy dirty jokes. Between Hemingway and his wiry old companion the humor

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of character is tossed back and forth like a medicine ball.

Besides these full-length portraits, there are other quick line drawings of a variety of natives. One is the matchless tracker Droopy, wearing a red fez and little else but courage and enthusiasm. At first Hemingway distrusted Droopy's judgment. He felt that Droopy had misrepresented his country to them. Pop did not trust Droopy's sense of smell because he and M'Cola used snuff. Droopy was alert and fearless and a well-trained guide. He took the lead and went into the tall grass that was five feet above their heads while M'Cola stayed behind with P. O. M. Hemingway walked behind Droopy and admired his courage in the face of danger. Droopy still wanted to go farther on, and Hemingway told him that he would go as far as he. As they went on up the trail, Hemingway sensed more danger and changed to his big gun and kept the safety off and his hand over the trigger guard. By the time Droopy stopped and shook his head and whispered, "Hapana," they could not see one foot ahead. Hemingway and Pop felt good because they had made Droopy do the calling off. This did not lessen their confidence in him but increased their appreciation of his common sense.

Droopy's antithesis is the evil-smelling Wanderobo, solemn as a stork and "useless as a blue jay." Kamau, the Kibuya driver, with a very ragged shirt, an old brown tweed coat some shooter had given him, and trousers heavily patched on the knees and then ripped open again, managed always to give an impression of great eloquence. But it was
an eloquence backed up with modesty, skill, and a pleasantness of demeanor which Hemingway very much admired. Hemingway thought how when they first were out, Kamau had nearly died of fever, and that if he had died it would have meant nothing to him except that they would be short a driver; while now, if he should die, Hemingway should feel very bad.

These natives possess the qualities and virtues which Hemingway considered worthy; however, when he was introduced to a new guide in the kudu country, he immediately developed a dislike for him because of his theatrical affectations. He named him David Garrick, and was disappointed when he drew him as a guide along with another one named Abdullah. Hemingway despised his ridiculous gestures, his loud voice, and his imitation of a former hunter, B'wana Simba. His behavior was a constant annoyance. Once he appeared wearing a large, very floppy, black and white ostrich plume headdress. Hemingway pretended to ignore him and remarked that someone sometime must have photographed him in it. He had come into contact with some outside people and had tried to imitate them. Hemingway deplores this action in any person who is not strong enough to remain himself. Garrick would pretend that he knew how to track when all the time it was Abdullah who could track. He made them believe he had been on a kudu hunt when he had never seen a kudu. He gave up easily and would cause distrust among the other guides. Hemingway said that only the law kept him from killing Garrick.
He thought that would have made the others hunt. Garrick was not popular and was simply poison to the entire group.

One of the happiest sections of the book is the group portrait of the merry Masai. Hemingway’s hunting party came upon the village on their last hunt. All of the group except Garrick were impressed by the Masai. They were tall, long-legged, brown, smooth-moving men who all looked to be of the same age. They wore their hair in a heavy club-like queue that swung against their shoulders as they ran. They came up to the car and surrounded it, all laughing and smiling and talking. Their teeth were white and good and their hair was stained a red brown and arranged in a looped fringe on their foreheads. They carried spears, and were very handsome and extremely jolly, not sullen, nor contemptuous like the northern Masai. When the car started, they ran easily alongside, keeping up a very fast pace. Hemingway understood their attempt to be friendly and remarked that

They had that attitude that makes brothers . . . that attitude you only get from the best of the English, the best of the Hungarians, and the very best Spaniards, the thing that used to be the most clear distinction of nobility when there was nobility. It is an ignorant attitude and the people who have it do not survive, but very few pleasanter things ever happen to you than the encounter of it.  

On their return after the hunt, Hemingway and the group were greeted again. This time the women and the children were out to meet them. Kamau delighted them with the klaxon, and Hemingway gave them

\[2\text{Ibid.}, \text{ p. 221.}\]
cold tinned mincemeat and plum pudding which they ate with relish. As the group left, Kamau kept entertaining them with the klaxon until they were out of sight. These were the happiest and strongest people that Hemingway had ever seen in any country.

In the kudu country, Hemingway and his group met an old man and two boys. They did not look anything like any Negroes he had ever seen. The old man looked to be about fifty, had thin lips, an almost Grecian nose, rather high cheekbones, and large, intelligent eyes. He had great poise and dignity and seemed to be very intelligent. He bore a sort of wrinkled and degenerate resemblance to the classic-featured owner of the shamba and Hemingway called him the Roman. He was very cordial in offering them a building of logs and saplings stuck in the ground and crossed with branches. He went with them to act as guide on the first afternoon's kudu hunt. They were very successful on the first afternoon out, and Hemingway was fully accepted into the blood brotherhood of the old-time hunters. On the last day's hunt, the Roman's brother acted as guide, while the Roman went to spy on sables. When Hemingway's group returned later in the day, the weather was threatening, so they broke camp immediately. The Roman was not back, and Hemingway felt bad to go off with no explanations to him. He liked the Roman very much and had a high regard for him.

Not all of Hemingway's primitives exemplify the same virtues. Some gypsies in For Whom the Bell Tolls may also be classed in the
primitive grouping; however, it is interesting to note that these people are not original inhabitants of any certain country and do not possess those virtues which Hemingway believes worthy. Anselmo said that the gypsy was truly worthless. He had no political development, no discipline, and could not be relied upon for anything. Robert Jordan and Anselmo were discussing some of the gypsies' strange beliefs one day. Anselmo said,

"Yes, the gypsies believe the bear to be a brother of man."
"So do the Indians in America," Robert Jordan said, "and when they kill a bear they apologize to ask his pardon. They put his skull in a tree and they ask him to forgive them before they leave it."
"The gypsies believe the bear to be a brother to man because he has the same body beneath his hide, because he drinks beer, because he enjoys music and because he likes to dance."
"So also believe the Indians."
"Are the Indians then gypsies?"
"No, but they believe alike about the bear."
"Clearly, the gypsies also believe he is a brother because he steals for pleasure." 3

Characters considered in this chapter are representative of that class of people which Hemingway identifies as primitives. Those who are native inhabitants of a country and who live close to the soil show qualities which Hemingway admires. The Indians, who showed honesty, courage and skill, were the true primitives. The half-breed, who was crafty, lazy, and dishonest, was not a true primitive. He did not belong

3Ernest Hemingway, For Whom the Bell Tolls (New York, 1940), p. 40.
because the other Indians refused to accept him as one of their own number.

Hemingway shows a particular fondness for the natives of Africa. He associated his respect for them with his love for the country of Africa. He was quick to praise the virtues that he found in them. He stated that Africa was a country where the natives lived in harmony with the country. He had much to say about the natives with whom he hunted. One native, Garrick, was a despicable character because he had come into contact with civilized hunters whom he tried to mimic. A corrupted primitive, he lied, boasted, and practiced all forms of dishonesty.

✓ By developing these contrasts in characters, Hemingway has shown the ones who held true to the code of grace under pressure. In various instances he recognized integrity, courage, responsibility, and loyalty as characteristic virtues of the true primitive.
CHAPTER III

PEASANTS

(The peasants found in Hemingway's fiction are hard-working people who live close to the soil and maintain a simple standard of living even under adverse circumstances.) Strong, courageous, and honest in their outlook on life, they possess the virtues one expects to find in those who live simple lives. Whether those people were involved in war or not, they kept some atmosphere of home life.

In For Whom the Bell Tolls, Anselmo, a member of this class, possessed all the true characteristics of a peasant hero. He was a short and solid man sixty-eight years old who wore a black peasant's smock, gray trousers, and rope-soled shoes. He was loyal to his belief in the Republic. Robert Jordan learned early in their acquaintance that Anselmo was a good man. Hemingway shows his feelings toward the peasants when Jordan said, "They are wonderful when they are good. There are no people like them when they are good."¹

Jordan also learned that Anselmo could be trusted and was capable of carrying out an order. When Anselmo was at the bridge the first day as an observer, he was tempted to leave late in the afternoon because it

¹Ernest Hemingway, For Whom the Bell Tolls (New York, 1940), p. 161.
was freezing at the time; however, he remained at his post, saying,
"All through this war we have suffered from a lack of discipline and
from disobeying orders and I will wait awhile still for the Inglis."² Not
even Robert Jordan had expected him to remain there.

Anselmo was quick to voice his opinion of the killing taking place
in that war. When Robert Jordan asked if he had killed, he gave an af-
firmative answer, but said he took no pride in it. He said that if he
lived long enough, he would try to live in such a way that it would be for-
given. Before the war, he had been a devoutly religious man. Now he
had lost faith in God. He missed his relationship with God. As a result
of his convictions, Anselmo’s idea of punishment for the enemy was to
make them work all the rest of their lives as his people had worked, so
they would see what a poor man is born to.

To kill them teaches nothing. You cannot exterminate them
because from their seed comes more with greater hatred.
Prison is nothing. Prison only makes hatred. That all our
enemies should learn.³

Anselmo felt that after the war there would have to be some great
penance done for the killing. If there was no form of religion after the
war, then he thought there must be some form of civic penance organized,
that all might be cleansed from the killing, or else they would never have
a true moral basis for living. As he watched the fascists at the bridge,
he could not feel that it was right to kill. They were the same in his eyes

²Ibid., p. 192.
³Ibid., p. 42.
as he and his group were. It was only orders that came between. The fascists were all but prisoners themselves because, should they desert, their families would all be shot. Anselmo was a good man, and whenever he was alone for long, and he was alone much of the time, this problem of killing returned to him.

Early in the story, Anselmo became angry with Pablo, who immediately sensed the danger that the blowing of the bridge would cause his people. Pablo preferred to protect himself rather than save the rest of humanity by blowing the bridge. Robert Jordan told Pablo that he had come to carry out the orders of a superior, and that if Pablo did not want to serve, he could refuse.

Pablo replied, "My duty is to those who are with me and to myself."

Anselmo replied, "To thyself, yes, but not until you had those horses. You are another capitalist."

Pablo was angry and said he used the horses for the cause; to which Anselmo said, "Very little in my judgment. To steal, yes. To eat well, yes. To murder, yes. To fight, no."

"You are an old man who will make trouble with thy mouth."

"I am an old man who is afraid of no one," Anselmo told him. "Also I am an old man without horses."

"You are an old man who may not live long."

"I am an old man who will live until I die," Anselmo said. "And I am not afraid of the foxes; nor of the wolves if thou art a wolf." 4

Anselmo had fought in Segovia, but he ran when the others did, not because of lack of courage, but because the futility of the cause seemed too real to him. Later, he told Jordan that he would do that to

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4Ibid., p. 16.
which he was assigned. But remembering the shooting in Segovia, he asked Jordan to make it very clear to him what he must do under all circumstances to avoid running. Anselmo was given exact instructions on blowing the bridge. Jordan ordered him to shoot the sentry. Then Jordan remarked, "I'm glad I remembered to make it an order. That helps him out. That takes some of the curse off." When the time came, Jordan shot his sentry first and Anselmo followed right through. He saw Anselmo scrambling down the steep cut to the far end of the bridge. When he reached Jordan in the center of the bridge, Jordan saw that tears were running down his cheeks through gray beard stubble. Later, while they were busy wiring the bridge, he noticed that Anselmo was not crying any more. In the crucial testing moments Anselmo was not afraid.

He was one with the bridge, and one with the charges the Inglis had placed. He was one with the Inglis still working under the bridge and he was one with all of the battle and with the Republic.

After the wiring was completed and each had taken his position to set the charges off, Anselmo did not show any strain or fear. He pulled the wires steadily just as Jordan had told him. After the blast, Jordan crossed over the road and saw that Anselmo was dead. As he looked at the small, gray man, he wondered how he had ever carried such heavy loads. Then he saw the shape of the calves and the thighs in the tights.

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5Ibid., p. 410.  
6Ibid., p. 443.
gray herdsman's breeches and the worn soles of the rope-soled shoes.

This hurt Jordan as much as any experience he had. He realized the job could not have been accomplished without the help of Anselmo. He knew Anselmo believed in the cause for which the Republic fought, and gladly gave his life for it.

Hemingway was just and sympathetic in his treatment of this simple, loyal peasant. His devotion to the cause showed Hemingway's feelings of admiration toward him. He was courageous in his conduct. He could visualize a new and better Republic for all the people. The one thing he cherished most was that he had worked well for the Republic. He had worked hard for the good that all would share later. Anselmo had done hard manual work all his life. In a sense, [Hemingway shows that it is the peasant class who suffer most in actual war] Anselmo's life might appear cheap to some, but not to Jordan, who learned to appreciate him.

Another admirable peasant, Santiago, the fisherman in The Old Man and the Sea, was a thin, gaunt old man who had made his living by fishing since he was a young man. His shoulders were strange, but powerful. 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 down the side of his face, and his hands had deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish.
Everything was old about him except his eyes, and they were the same color as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated. When he was asleep, he looked like a very old man. Santiago lived in a small shack made of the tough budshields of the royal palm which are called guano. In it there were a bed, a table, one chair, and a place on the dirt floor to cook with charcoal. On the brown walls of the flattened, overlapping leaves of the sturdy-fibered guano there were pictures in color of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Virgin of Cobre. These were relics of his wife. Once there had been a tinted photograph of his wife on the wall, but he had taken it down because it made him too lonely to see it; now it was on the shelf in the corner under his clean shirt.

Hemingway was kind in his development of this peasant who possessed all the admirable traits of the Hemingway hero. As did Anselmo, Santiago possessed physical characteristics that enabled him to endure without losing faith in the cause as well as in himself. Santiago admitted many times that he was a strange old man: "He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility. But he knew he had attained it and he knew it was not disgraceful and it carried no less of true pride."  

The old man was respected by other fishermen. Many evenings during those eighty-four days that he did not catch a fish, they would not ridicule him, but shake their heads and walk silently away. No one would steal from Santiago; however, he always took his gaff and harpoon into

his house because they were temptations to others, and he did not wish to be responsible for anyone's downfall.

Anselmo's chief sport was hunting, but Santiago's favorite pastime was reading about baseball. His favorite player was Joe Di Maggio. Hemingway does not present peasants as illiterate. They are good solid characters, who possess much pride. Of that, Santiago once said that first one borrows, then he begs. Santiago himself did neither.

Santiago's personality is developed in many ways through the eyes of his young friend, Manolin. The boy respected him much as a fisherman. Although Manolin was forbidden to fish with him, the old man always called him every morning, and they went to the boats together. Santiago wanted to catch the fish to prove himself strong for Manolin's sake.

Unlike the true Hemingway hero, neither Anselmo nor Santiago had physical injuries. Life had been hard for them and they bore many scars, yet they remained strong, calm, and fearless. One of Santiago's most humiliating weaknesses was a cramp in his arm. He blamed himself for that weakness because he had exercised the right arm most, causing it to be stronger.

Hemingway pictures this class of people as living close to nature. Both Anselmo and Santiago were observant and appreciative of every element of nature. Anselmo was constantly observing the sky, while Santiago studied the birds, the ocean, and the fish. He was sorry for the
birds because birds are so delicate and fine, and the ocean can be so cruel. "It [the ocean] comes so suddenly and such birds that fly, dipping and hunting, with their small sad voices are made too delicate for the sea."\(^8\)

Some fishermen spoke of the ocean as a contestant, or a place, or even an enemy; but the old man always thought of her as feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favors; and if she did evil or wicked things, it was because she could not help them. The moon affects her as it does a woman, he thought.

Unlike Anselmo, Santiago had never experienced a close relationship with God. He was lonely, and recognized that he needed extra strength. During the trying days and nights that he spent with the fish, he said,

"I am not religious. But I will say ten 'Our Fathers' and ten 'Hail Marys' that I should catch this fish, and I promise to make a pilgrimage to the Virgen de Cobre if I catch him. That's a promise."\(^9\)

He imagined the pain he felt in his hand and shoulder to be similar to the bone spur of his favorite baseball player, Joe Di Maggio. He felt he would earn Di Maggio's respect if he could endure his pain. He wanted to have the feeling of belonging again. By making this catch, he could prove himself again; yet Santiago realized man's position in relation to the great birds and beasts. He said, "Man is not much beside the great birds and beasts."\(^10\)

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\(^8\)Ibid., p. 32. \(^9\)Ibid., p. 71. \(^10\)Ibid., p. 75.
The old man fought the great fish for two days and nights, sustained by his courage, his respect for his foe, a few swallows of water, and a few mouthfuls of raw fish. Triumphant at last, but nearly finished himself, he lashed the enormous dead fish to the side of the boat and headed for home. Then came the hi-jacking sharks. At first the old man killed them as they came in to attack his catch; then, his harpoon lost in one, his knife broken in another, he gave in to the inevitable. What he brought in before dawn was a stripped skeleton, eighteen feet long, which astonished all who saw it when daybreak came. Warily the old man asked himself what had beaten him out there. He would make no excuses for his lack of foresight. He had gone out too far; he had not taken enough provisions; and he had gone alone. He felt he had violated his luck and said, "Luck is a thing that comes in many forms and who can recognize her?"

Before he reached the shore, he had begun to plan for the next trip out. He did not believe that man was made for defeat; one could be destroyed but not defeated. He returned to his shack to rest and return to his youth in his dreams.

All the qualities found in Santiago were noble. He was honest, humble, and courageous. Hemingway finds those qualities necessary to face life. They are the most admirable qualities of the peasant class.

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11Ibid., p. 129.
As in any class of people, not all members portray the same worthy traits. One finds in Pablo quite a contrast to Anselmo or Santiago. Pablo may be classed as a member of this group because he was an arroyero for many years. He had helped truck freight across the mountains with big carts before the camions came into use. Before the revolution he had worked for a horse contractor of Zaragoza, supplying horses for the bull rings as well as remounts for the army. Through his contacts with the people of Asturias, he had joined the movement for the Republic. At the beginning of For Whom the Bell Tolls, he was the leader of a guerilla band. Hemingway portrayed him as repulsive and arrogant from the first. He had a heavy, beard-stubbled face, almost round, and his head was round and set close to his shoulders. His eyes were small and set too wide apart, and his ears were small and set close to his head. He was a heavy man about five feet ten inches tall, and his hands and feet were large. His nose had been broken, and his mouth was cut at one corner and the line of the scar across the upper lip and lower jaw showed through the growth of the beard of his face. He was sullen, and in that sullenness there was a sadness.

By using literary flashbacks, Hemingway presents the past life of Pablo in order for the reader to understand his attitude and actions. In the beginning of the movement, Pablo had been brave. He was said to have killed more people than the bubonic plague. He had held his
band's respect, and led them into the mountains to carry on guerilla warfare. Anselmo had grown suspicious of his purposes in the movement, and told him that he no longer thought of the band nor the cause of the Republic. He used his horses to steal, to eat well, and to murder; but not to fight. Pablo had never had the cause of the Republic so much at heart as had Anselmo. Now, his sense of guilt still preyed on his mind and forced him to recount his earlier activities in gruesome details. He showed deep remorse at times for having been so barbarous in his own beginning against the fascists. The band lost faith in him, and he was no longer its leader. To make that fact more humiliating, Pilar, a woman, had taken over as leader.

Here Hemingway portrays all the weak, despicable traits in Pablo that might be found in any undesirable character of any class of people. He drinks badly, becomes violent, and is a problem for the group. He will not affiliate himself with Robert Jordan's cause, and Anselmo suspects that it was not for the sake of the group's safety. Jordan had to admit that he was intelligent, because he sensed the danger of blowing the bridge. He, too, knew that it could be disastrous. Pablo knew the mountain country better than anyone else, and they needed him to lead them after the bridge blowing. His character aroused much detestation when he betrayed Robert Jordan and the group. It is important to note here that Pablo was a peasant who had lived outside his class of people and on the fringe of another social class. Anselmo suspected
this because he called him a capitalist. In the end, however, Pablo returned. Pilar reminded Robert Jordan of Pablo's return when Jordan decided that he would not cover for Pablo at the bridge. Pablo had been at the bridge and carried out all his instructions; and, for that, Pilar felt that he had re-established himself as a leader. It was Pablo and Pilar who took Maria away into safety for Jordan at the end. Thus, Pablo, along with the remaining peasants, was finally true to the code of grace under pressure. After having betrayed his comrades, he returned because he said he could not stand the loneliness.

Pilar, the woman of Pablo, possessed a mountain of strength, kindness, and courage. She had some gypsy blood, but she was classed among the peasants because of her marriage to a bull fighter, Finito, in Valencia. Before the movement she had traveled many places with him to bull fights. Her association with Pablo grew out of their meeting at the bull fights.

Pilar was about fifty years old, almost as big as Pablo, almost as wide as she was tall, dressed in black peasant skirt and waist, with heavy wool socks on heavy legs, black, rope-soled shoes and a brown face like a model for a granite monument. She had big but nice-looking hands, and her thick curly black hair was twisted into a knot on her neck. She had fine gray eyes that Jordan noticed at first. Here again Hemingway showed his interest in the eyes which were in many ways mirrors of the character. As did Anselmo, she believed
in the cause for which they fought. When she was asked why she was with Pablo, she replied that in the early days of the attack, he was something.

She was superstitious and could read the palm. She never revealed what she saw in Robert Jordan's palm, but Anselmo warned him that Pilar had the fame of being advanced in such things. If she sensed the danger of Jordan's assignment, she showed no fear. She was eager to help him from the first. She felt that it was time to break that camp because there were too many in the mountains for safety. She believed that each one should help others, and she hoped that what she and the guerilla band were doing would lead to a safer and better place for others to live.

Pilar did not neglect the duties of a woman. She kept good meals cooked for the band and provided a home atmosphere in the cave. The men respected and even feared her, but they knew her acid tongue and bitter words were not so severe. When the camp was disbanded, she managed to take a few things along with her to make a new camp. One is impressed by Hemingway's treatment of this peasant character. She was a strong force in helping Robert Jordan carry out his orders. She did not play a passive part as do some of his women characters of other social classes. She was intelligent, and realized the importance of time. She gave strength to the other peasants and was truly admirable in her self-discipline. Unlike Pablo, she was not afraid to die, and she never faltered in her decisions.
Another strong peasant character is El Sordo, the leader of another band in the mountains who worked with Pablo's band. He had comported himself well in former activities and was willing to assume his responsibilities to help Jordan, toward whom he was silent and very polite. His manners impressed Jordan because he was truly unselfish, a characteristic of the peasant class which Hemingway greatly admired.

El Sordo possessed all the noble virtues of the true Hemingway hero when faced with death. He made it just as costly for the enemy as possible. He took advantage of the ignorance of the fascist officers and showed himself much wiser than they.

Other members of this group are the bullfighters and peasants found in *The Sun Also Rises*. The peasants only came into the town when the fiesta began. To them, money had a definite value in hours worked and bushels of grain sold. Dressed in peasant smocks, they gathered in masses and attended church services.

Hemingway admired the strength and physique of the young bullfighter Pedero Romero. He had that superior air of being altogether alone which Hemingway admires in one. In the ring, he gave perfect performances. With his cape, he could control and work the bull smoothly and suavely without wasting his strength. He was graceful in movement and saved his bulls for the last, when he wanted them not winded and discomposed but smoothly worn down. He always worked
them close to him without making any contortions. Always his movements were straight, pure, and natural in line. Hemingway recognizes poise in anyone under strain. Romero's bullfighting gave real emotion, because he kept the absolute purity of line in his movements and always quietly and calmly let the horns pass him close each time. Romero had the old virtue, holding his purity of line through the maximum of exposure.

Characters presented in this chapter are representative of all the peasants found in Hemingway's fiction. They took active parts in war, on fishing trips, and at bull fights. Their conduct was commendable upon most occasions. Hemingway tests the mettle of many of his heroes in these types of situations. Any class would be honored by members like Anselmo and Santiago. Anselmo always had faith in the cause for which he served. He had no fear of death, and when death came, he died honorably.

Hemingway praised the humility of the peasants. They did not expect an easy life, and they were willing to serve a cause that would help to make a better world for others.

Hemingway presented the peasants as a more religious class than the primitives. All that they themselves could not understand or solve, they were willing to trust to another Power. Through any uncertainty, they trusted God. Pilar taught Maria how to pray, just before the bridge was blown. Anselmo had had faith in God so long that now he missed God and His presence. Santiago recognized the need for a greater strength than his own.
The peasants showed admirable discipline at the bull fights. There, they were happy and were enjoying their one holiday. They associated with members of the same class, and their merriment formed a holiday atmosphere for the fiesta. They remained loyal to their church on their holiday. They became angry with Romero when he began to associate with those outside his class. They realized that their happiness was found among members of their own class.

The peasants were honest, hard-working people. Santiago was respected by other men because of his honesty. He blamed only himself for his misfortune, because he realized he had gone out too far. He had failed to seize luck as it came by him. Hemingway shows that man was not made for defeat. He should take stock of his causes for failure, and look toward the future with a greater determination to succeed.

It was interesting to note the position of woman in this group. Pilar was a very strong and important character. She had a mind of her own, and was capable of making decisions. In her earlier life, she had been married and had lived a happy life. Through Maria, she could relive that past happiness. Hemingway's women in other classes are passive and dependent upon the male characters. Pilar possessed much more than just physical strength. Hemingway admired the peasant woman's courage, self-sacrifice, and loyalty to the Republic. Through Pilar's character, Hemingway shows that this class suffers greatly in
time of war; yet they remain steadfastly true to the cause which has
won their allegiance.

Hemingway admired the physical characteristics of this class.
They have lived and worked close to the soil in the open air. They have
sound, sturdy bodies that can endure much hardship and pain. (They
have done much manual labor, and their bodies are muscular and strong.
He admires both their physical and their moral strength.)

In Anselmo, in Pilar, and in Santiago, all true peasants, Heming-
way has created three of his finest characters, characters who exem-
plify those qualities which Hemingway considers virtuous and noble.
As with the primitives, it is the peasant who has been corrupted by
contacts outside his social class who lacks the virtues Hemingway re-
spects.
CHAPTER IV

MIDDLE CLASS

Most of the people that Hemingway chose to portray as heroes and heroines belong to the middle class. These people are living outside their class, however, and have formed their own personal rules of behavior. Heroes and heroines are typically writers, army officers, nurses, and others who have some middle-class professional affiliations. The heroes are all pragmatists, and the function of their thought is, in the end, to serve as a guide for actions. They are brawny, tough, outdoor men who possess both physical and psychological wounds.

One finds much criticism of society in his fiction, because Hemingway has responded to every pressure of moral atmosphere of the time as it is felt at the roots of human relations. His preoccupation with the struggles of this class of people has its meaning. Whatever is done in the world, political as well as social, depends on personal courage and strength. There is a definite code by which characters are judged and by which they judge each other that often provides the basis of the conversation. It is important to recognize that the code is relevant, and only relevant, to a definite period of time and to a special region.
of society. (Courage, honesty, skill are important rules of the code.
To be admirable, from the standpoint of this morality, is to admit de-
feat, to be a good sportsman, to accept pain without an outcry, to ad-
here strictly to the rules of the game, and to play the game with great
skill.) To violate any of these requirements is to be repugnant and con-
temptible. Hemingway expresses the terrors of modern man in danger
of losing self-control.

Nick Adams was Hemingway's first hero, and his relationship to
what is called "the Hemingway code" is intimate. He was a sensitive
American adolescent; without, however, the typical traits of most lit-
erary adolescents. His father was a brawny, bearded doctor whose two
passions in life were hunting and fishing. His mother was a dominating,
religious woman, who, along with his father, attempted to model her
son's thoughts and actions. Nick grew up in Michigan, where his most
pleasant memories were the early excursions that he and his father made
into the woods of that region. The stuffy, stale atmosphere of his home
remained vivid in his mind. Unhappily, he remembered occasions on
which his mother questioned him about where he was going, and the
stench of the fire in which, during a fit of housecleaning, she destroyed
the collections of snakes and other specimens treasured by his father.
He learned to regard pretenders and fakes with contempt.

Beyond Nick's home, he met a prize-fighter, and Indians whom his
father called on. Later, the sight of that living corpse, Ole Andreson, and
the longing to leave his home to go into another mysteriously alluring world of boxers, killers, soldiers helped Nick to escape the war. Of his youthful impressions, there remained the memories of his first discoveries and a liking for sound, simple people.

Quite abruptly Nick was plunged into the horrors of war. The war scenes were placed directly against the Michigan woods, and this new world of battle, suffering, and death became very real to Nick. Thus, while the early Nick was in the midst of his life, however casual it may have been, the later Nick, in the midst of extreme tension, had to withdraw. While the young Nick was functioning, if only to read and drink and hunt, the older Nick was watching. This was a terrible sort of watching, and after Nick was wounded, he returned to the same Northwestern woods where he fished as a boy to find the peace he had once known. The same experiences of Nick's childhood, adolescence, and young manhood which shaped him have also fashioned Jake Barnes, Lieutenant Henry, Robert Jordan, and others.

Jake Barnes, the hero of The Sun Also Rises, was a protagonist who had broken with society and with the usual middle-class ways; he made this break because of his emasculating wound. He had very little use for people, including many of his so-called friends; at times he had little use for himself. He existed on the fringe of the society he had renounced; as a newspaper reporter, he worked just enough to make money to eat and drink well. He spent the remaining part of his time in cafes,
or fishing, or watching bull fights. Though it was not highly developed, he and those few he respected had a code. Jake complained very little, although he suffered much physical and mental anguish. There were certain things that were done and many that were not. Barnes could not tolerate a weakling; therefore, he felt utter disgust for some of his companions because of their behavior at times. The code is pointed out more clearly by Robert Cohn, the boxing, maladroit Jew of the same novel, who so completely lacked the code. One example of his despicable behavior occurred when he fought with Romero, the young bullfighter. After Cohn had severely beaten up Romero and Romero did not give in, Cohn cried, wretchedly proclaimed his love for Brett Ashley, and tried to shake Romero's hand. He got that hand in his face, an act which was approved as appropriate comment on his behavior.

Jake's home was just any hotel in Paris or Madrid where he happened to be. He was happiest when fishing in Burguete. Again the hero could fish only when he was away from the society of which he found himself a part. There he felt clean and close to nature; without his associates, he could be himself again.

Hemingway does not portray his stronger heroes as religious men; yet, when they met crises which they could not work out for themselves on the spot, they displayed some affirmative belief in a stronger power. Both Jordan and Frederick Henry felt the need for that power, and Jake Barnes, who is portrayed as a weaker character, exemplified that need.
and good than to all the others. To them it brought only the remorseless devaluations of nature which bore away their hopes, emotions, and ambitions. The end of the road was blank disheartenment, despair for life and civilization and mankind.

Catherine Barkley is Hemingway's ideal woman. Essentially a womanly woman, Catherine is passionate but never dominating, submissive and fulfilled in love. The effect of love on Catherine is to destroy her as a separate personality: "I want what you want. There isn't any me any more. Don't make up a separate me." 10 And this complete subjection is the core of Hemingway's conception of the ideal woman.

Catherine's hair, in contrast with Maria's cropped hair, is extremely long, and this abundance of long blonde hair is symbolic of her womanhood. In speaking of her first love during her first conversation with Lieutenant Henry, Catherine told him that after the news of her former fiance's death, she had wanted to cut off her long hair. However, the love-loss was not shocking enough because Catherine kept her tresses and was still capable of falling deeply and completely in love with Frederick Henry. At first their love skirmishes were merely a game. Restricted grimly by the urgencies of war, they lived by the code: "What is moral is what you feel good after." 11 Catherine, at that time, was an escapist in the sense that she was trying to pretend that Henry was

10 Ibid., p. 85.

her first love returned. When she admitted this pretense and regained her composure, she told Henry that he, too, no longer needed to pretend. After Henry was wounded, he discovered that he was really in love. Because Catherine could make a "home" of any room she occupied, a quality that Henry several times alluded to, Catherine naturally moved into association with ideas of home, love, and happiness. This love, in spite of Catherine's submissive role, surrounded, enveloped, and isolated Henry; and, at the end of the book, it became his tragedy.

When Frederick Henry discovered the intellectual deception of war and the unheroics of retreat, he escaped to the one affirmative thing he had found, his love for Catherine. Together they retreated into the never-never land of a neutral zone. There they lived completely by their own accepted moral code, awaiting the birth of their child. The world caught up with them; Catherine died in childbirth, leaving Frederick Henry in a meaningless world of irrational rules whose only end is death. Thus, through Catherine's death, even this very affirmative love relationship ended in tragedy. Although his ideal of love had not been proved false, Lieutenant Henry was, nevertheless, hurt by it, for its past completeness had left the world only more empty and meaningless.

Another member of this grouping, Harry Morgan, in To Have and Have Not, who was strong, courageous, and ruthless, was a man to whom things were done. Hemingway presented him as one of the victims
of economic circumstances, one who believed himself strong enough to meet the world single-handed. In the beginning of the story, Harry Morgan owned and operated a pleasure fishing boat. Previously he had carried liquor on his runs, but he quit handling liquor in order to establish a more reputable business for himself and his family. He had bought expensive gear to equip the craft and was successfully accommodating fishing parties until he encountered Mr. Johnson, a luxurious idler. By despicable negligence and contemptible behavior, Mr. Johnson let the fishing tackle go overboard. That expense plus eighteen days he spent taking Johnson out fishing totaled a sum of over eight hundred and twenty-five dollars. Johnson agreed to return the following afternoon to settle with Morgan; however, he took a plane out and Morgan never saw him again. This financial reversal threw Morgan back to his former days of smuggling. That association led to others, and from that reversal, Harry Morgan was forced by circumstances to become the man-against-the-world. In contrast with the hollow joy riders, sham artistic and literary cripples, and other luxurious idlers in the story, Harry Morgan presented to those outside as hard a surface as any of Hemingway's gangster killers; but honesty and courage lay underneath. He was a heroic individual who was risking his life and pitting his wits against circumstance. He was like Lieutenant Henry in that he stood alone and fought for himself and his own; but he was unlike him in that his mood was not one of passive isolation but one of struggle.
In this novel, the sophisticated characters reject all responsibility. The simple and ignorant, the instinctive and unreflective like Albert Tracy, were defeated because they did not understand. Hemingway respected them, but he noted that their strength was not enough. Yet their virtues were precisely those which the sophisticated had lost. Hemingway's satire on this pleasure-seeking group is bitter; he denounces these spiritual failures who contrast with the strength, tenderness, courage, ingenuity, and manhood of Harry Morgan. Harry Morgan held to his belief in his own strength until he lay, shot through the stomach, on his deathbed, where he mumbled, "No man alone has a chance."12

Almost all of the Hemingway heroines were developed objectively except Maria Morgan, who was treated subjectively. Although she played a rather minor role in the novel, she remained a major force in determining Harry Morgan's decisions in life. She did not possess the simple and true beauty of Robert Jordan's Maria or of Catherine Barkley. Her beauty was a hard, cold, artificial appearance. She had had dark hair that she had made blonde shortly after she had met her husband. Before she had met Morgan, she had known many men; however, she realized that she had never met a person like Harry. She admired in him the virtues that she had not found in others. Her ability to recognize these virtues placed her above many of her associates.

12 Ernest Hemingway, To Have and Have Not (New York, 1953), p. 155.
Others of her kind did not possess the ability to change as she did. Although she maintained a comfortable home within Harry's income, she did not possess the feminine characteristics of the true heroine.

When Harry died, Maria was lost but remained strong. Her love for him became such a force that she was able to transcend the immediate moment. With the memory and the spirit that Harry had bequeathed to her, she faced her future saying,

"I guess you find out everything in this life... You just go dead inside and everything is easy. You just get dead like most people are most of the time... I guess that's what happens... Well, I've got a good start... All right, I got a good start then. I'm away ahead of everybody now."

The women found in this class in Hemingway's fiction possess many of the character traits of the middle-class hero. They are women who have become members of this class by choice of husbands, or who belong in this class because of former associations. They are individuals who are pitted against specific odds; however, the strongest of this class always manage to accept fate with the firm realizations of their own reasons for failure.

Hemingway's objective treatment of his heroines creates a pattern of attitudes and symbols that are more completely crystallized and revealing than his more complicated subjective treatment of his protagonists. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, one meets Maria, who is young, submissive, and without individual personality. Hemingway had

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13Ibid., p. 179.
no antagonism toward her, and one may call her his first wholly affirma-
tive heroine. Since Maria was the daughter of the proletariat who
became the mayor of the town, she may be placed in this grouping.
When Robert Jordan first saw Maria, she reminded him of an awkward
colt. Her skin, cropped hair and eyes were all of the same golden
tawny brown, and her smooth skin was pale gold on the surface with a
darkness underneath. Her teeth were white, and she had high cheek-
bones, merry eyes, and a straight mouth with full lips. Maria was liv-
ing with the peasants, and Jordan was immediately impressed by the
fact that she did not belong to this class. She had qualities which set
her apart from them. Through conversations with the peasants, Jordan
learned how she came to be one of them. She bore the outward scars
of punishment inflicted upon her by the fascists. When Maria's father
and mother had been killed by the fascists, she was taken prisoner.
While she was being transported by train to another prison, Pablo
and his band dynamited the train. Later, they found Maria hiding,
and dragged and carried her back to their cave. At first she was emo-
tionally so upset that only Pilar could talk with her. In the three
months she had been there, Pilar had rebuilt her faith in life by telling
her, "Nothing is done to oneself that one does not accept."14 Maria
was intelligent and eager to learn to serve others. Her bitterness had
been partially erased, and she looked forward to a new and better way of life.

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14 Ernest Hemingway, *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (New York, 1940), p. 73.
Maria, as the daughter of the proletariat instead of the destructive rich, was allowed a complete affirmativeness of character. The love relationship between Maria and Robert Jordan was not only completely satisfying but strengthening. Her love for Jordan lived as a part of the society in which they found themselves. Early in their acquaintance, Maria had sensed Jordan's need for a firm resolution in the cause for which he served. Jordan had served for a long time on dangerous front assignments, but he had had no real sense of satisfaction in his service. He had believed himself to be educated, yet he thought:

Educated . . . I have the very smallest beginnings of an education. . . . There is no such thing as a shortness of time, though. You should have sense enough to know that, too. He had learned more about life in those four days than in all the other time. . . . I wonder if you keep on learning or if there is only a certain amount each man can understand. I thought I knew about so many things that I know nothing of.  

At the conclusion of the novel, neither Jordan's love nor his convictions are betrayed by Maria. Unlike Catherine Barkley, whose love story is independent of Lieutenant Henry's war story, and who is therefore a negative heroine, Maria is an affirmative heroine, because her love story is structurally an integral part of Robert Jordan's war story.

With the courage and strength of a true affirmative heroine, Maria listened as Jordan told her:

That [meaning death] people cannot do together. Each one must do it alone. But if thou goest then I go with thee. It is

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15 Ibid., pp. 380, 381.
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... You must do your duty now.\textsuperscript{16}

Maria had realized that her part in actually helping Jordan with his assignment had been small; yet, when he impressed upon her that it was her duty to go, she stood up slowly, crying, and with her head down. With Pilar and Pablo supporting her, she left with Jordan shouting, "I am with thee. I am with thee now. We are both there. Go!"\textsuperscript{17}

Through an objective treatment of Maria, Hemingway has expressed many attitudes and symbols that are meaningful to this class of people. Maria had remained strong and courageous outside her class. She had also gained much strength from her association with the peasants. Maria was not corrupt or disloyal as a result of her life outside her class. Without Maria, Jordan would never have achieved his true meaning of life.

One of the most important middle-class characters is Robert Jordan, whom Hemingway treated with unreserved affection and admiration. In many ways, Jordan stands in direct contrast with other members of this grouping as representative of the ideal American. Although Jordan is outside his native country and living on the fringe of society, it is interesting to note that, as a soldier and hero, he comes very close to being the accepted American ideal. Through Jordan's

\textsuperscript{16}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 463. \hspace{1cm} \textsuperscript{17}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 465.
character development, Hemingway has shown how the spirit of man becomes quickened by a challenging crisis to an intensification of itself. Aware of the significance of the spirit's struggle, human nature declares its character with dramatic emphasis.

Jordan, a young American teacher of Spanish, who appears early in the novel, had gone to Spain to fight with the Loyalists. He was tall and thin, with sun-streaked hair, and a sun-burned face. He wore a sun-faded flannel shirt, a pair of peasant's trousers, and rope-soled shoes. He had learned that one must trust his guide on some types of assignments; however, he only trusted himself in judgment, thus making him a true Hemingway hero. Jordan was on a mission to blow up a bridge, at the beginning of the attack on Segovia. Behind the fascist lines he sought the help of the guerilla band of Pablo's, and found among them a microcosm of the Loyalist world in which all of its attitudes, its loyalties, and its fears were vividly portrayed.

Jordan was a man of disciplined sensibility for a completely altruistic and idealistic purpose. When he was questioned about his nationality by Pablo, he said he could not help it if he were a foreigner; if he had had his choice, he would have been born in Spain. He had had previous assignments as dangerous and important as the present one; yet he felt just a little guilty with himself because he recognized the danger that he was subjecting Pablo's band to and thought: "You were fighting against exactly what you were doing and being forced into doing
to have any chance of winning. "18 Jordan had no politics. Warm in
blood but cool in head, he became the interpreter of the struggle as he
felt growing within him the deep, sound, and selfless pride of complete
identification with these common people and with the impulse that made
them fight.

When Maria gradually and painfully recounted her terrifying ex-
periences with the fascist soldiers, Jordan was made to realize how peo-
ple actually were made to suffer. He was filled with hatred for the fas-
cists and was pleased with the thought that there would be killing in the
morning at the bridge, but he remembered that he must not take pride
in any of it personally. As he asked himself how he could keep from it,
he thought:

I know that we did dreadful things to them, too. But
it was because we were uneducated, and knew no better.
But they did that on purpose and deliberately. Those who
did that are the last flowering of what their education had
produced. 19

Through the character development of Robert Jordan, (Hemingway
has shown the understanding one must have of a great conflict if he is to
retain his courage and integrity.) Jordan recognized that there were no
finer and no worse people in the world. He felt the unprejudiced feeling
that one must have toward an enemy. His first impulses were to enjoy
killing every one of the fascists he could; then he realized that one must

18 Ibid., p. 162. 19 Ibid., p. 355.
try to understand the true causes of this crisis, which resulted from the fact that,

The people had grown away from the church because the church was in the government and the government had always been rotten. This was the only country that the Reformation never reached. They were paying for the Inquisition now, all right.\(^{20}\)

Being a true Hemingway pragmatist, Jordan resolved to work out his values for himself on the spot. With the courage of a true hero, he accepted his fate after he was successful in blowing the bridge. When his final test of courage in the face of death came, he reflected that, "You can do nothing for yourself but perhaps you can do something for another."\(^{21}\) Robert Jordan's personal courage and strength characterized him as a soldier and a hero. He did his duty, sustained by the belief that every individual was a part of a social whole, as a peninsula is a part of a continent.

Thus Jordan admitted the reason for his defeat, yet he did not violate the Hemingway code. Harry Morgan also lived by the code and was destroyed. Jake Barnes existed as a passive onlooker because of physical mutilation. Lieutenant Henry had seen and reflected and tried to stand aside, but had been caught, by his very humanity, within the trap. Morgan was almost as simple and nonreflective as Santiago, and, like him, he was undefeated because he was not broken.

\(^{20}\) Ibid.  
\(^{21}\) Ibid., p. 466.
These middle-class heroes and heroines are the central characters in most of Hemingway's novels. Their world is one in which things do not grow and bear fruit, but explode, break, decompose, or are eaten away. Courage is the chief virtue in their hierarchy of values. Hemingway disdained people who would not strike out for themselves, and those who could not retain their identity outside their class were defeated.
CHAPTER V

UPPER CLASS

Hemingway portrayed only a handful of people who belonged to the upper class that constitutes another plane in the hierarchy of the social world in his fiction. These people may be classed as those who have obtained new wealth through some economic success or through marriage. Some have learned the use of manners as an attempt to control their disorderly emotions within. They are mostly individuals who follow random impulses, let down their hair, and are generally messy, perhaps cowardly; they live without inviolable rules for "how to live holding tight." Proud of their sophistication, they refuse to acknowledge the aimlessness of their lives.

The two short stories, "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," are both clearly rituals, one a ceremonial triumph over fear, the other a rite in which a part of self is destroyed. Hemingway displayed a hypercritical attitude toward his protagonists of this class. In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Harry had become a member of the upper class by marriage. He had been a writer, and although his present life did not include writing, he had future plans to write. When he consoled himself for taking so long to get at it, he
said, "... you said that you would write about these people; about the very rich; that you were not one of them but a spy in their country; that you would leave it and write of it and for once it would be written by someone who knew what he was writing."  

This had been Harry's plan when he married Helen, a rich widow, who had found other men boring and dull. Yet his plan had not materialized. Each day of not writing, of comfort, of being a person whom he despised, dulled his ability, and softened his will to work; so that, finally, he did no work at all. The people he knew now were much more comfortable when he did not work. For this indifference and mental laziness, he blamed his wife. It is almost as though Hemingway were saying that through Harry's association with this class, he had lost his industry and even his integrity.

As Harry's illness progressed and Helen attempted to comfort him, he became more bitter and intolerant toward her class. She asked him, "Do you have to kill your horse, and your wife, and burn your saddle and your armour?"

"Yes," he said, "your money was my armour."  

All Helen's efforts to console him were met with his sarcastic remarks that she was only bragging. Then as she began to cry, a weakness that he thoroughly detested, Harry slipped back into the familiar

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lie that eased his conscience and made his life tolerable in his own eyes.

None of the more representative heroes or heroines of the middle class would have reacted as Harry and Helen did in this situation. Neither found any solution to his problem. Harry's only reaction to death was to hurt others as he faced it. When Helen lamented the fact that they had left their luxurious life in Paris only to meet with defeat here, he remarked, "Your bloody money."\(^3\)

Helen replied that he was not being fair, because the money had always been as much his as hers. She had left everything, and they had gone every place he had wanted to go; yet this submissiveness in her character was provoking rather than admirable. When they thought back over their years together, Harry could think of nothing but bitterness and regret.

As Helen attempted to justify in her own mind why this infection had happened to him, one suspects that she could easily apply the infection symbolically to the decadence of both their lives. Harry gave her plausible reasons for the infection, and seeing that she was not pleased with the reasons, he looked at her and asked, "What else?"

"I don't mean that."

"If you hadn't left your own people ... Westbury, Saratoga, Palm Beach people to take me on."\(^4\)

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\(^3\)Ibid.

\(^4\)Ibid., p. 153,
With that last remark, one notices the familiar Hemingway note of "not belonging" as a reason for infection and decay.

Harry lacked the code of holding tight in life. He recognized these weaknesses at last; however, he did not accept any of them as his own personal faults. Someone else was at fault where his mistakes were concerned. His defeat was shown when he realized that he would never write again about the rich or anyone else because he had traded his initiative and integrity for a security that Helen's wealth represented. He would never write about the rich because they were dull, and they drank too much.

Helen did not possess the beauty or simplicity of Maria or Katherine Barkley; yet she was a good-looking woman. She read enormously, was a good conversationalist, liked to ride and shoot, and certainly she drank too much. She had the most money of all the rich women with whom Harry had found it convenient to fall in love. She had had a husband and children, had taken lovers and been dissatisfied with them, loved Harry dearly as a writer, as a man, as a companion, and most of all as a proud possession. Through marriage to Harry, she had traded away her old life for a new adventure with him.

Neither Helen nor Harry possessed the true traits of the Hemingway hero in the face of death. Helen did not understand Harry's attempt to describe death to her. He remained curious in the face of it; yet he did not accept it. Since he had lived the life of the escapist that he was,
he did not die the death of the heroes in the middle class. His death
came as a dream which was almost an attempt to escape the reality of
it. Helen did not possess the intuition of Catherine or Maria because
she had moved Harry inside his tent completely unaware that death had
become his companion. He was unable to speak to tell her to make
death go away, so it crouched heavier, and he could not breathe. At the
end, he dies, and she returns, in her dreams, to memories of her
earlier life with her family.

In the story, "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," Franc-
cis Macomber triumphs at last over his fear, only to lose his life at the
hands of his wife, Margot. They were extremely wealthy and, in time,
would be much wealthier. Macomber knew about many things, including
hanging on to his money. They had been married for years, and, all
in all, they were known as a comparatively happy married couple.
They had made the newspaper columns three times in the past for di-
orce, but each time the rift had been patched up. Margot was too beau-
tiful for Macomber to divorce her, and Macomber had too much money
for Margot ever to leave him.

Early in the story, patterns for the behavior of both are drawn,
patterns which are characteristic of many members of this class. Wil-
son, the guide, had met other women of her class, and he remarked
that they were the hardest, the cruelest, the most predatory and the
most attractive women in the world. Very early in the story, Wilson's
hatred for the white, international, fast, sporting set was substantiated
by Macomber's conduct. Wilson had noted that as the women became harder, the men of this group had softened and gone to pieces. Wilson was thoroughly grateful that he had gone through his education with this class.

Fear became an obsession with Macomber the first day of the hunt when he saw his first lion charging. Macomber had shown bad sportsmanship by not killing the lion clean. His behavior became more despicable when he suggested not searching for the wounded lion. As Macomber walked before Wilson and the gun bearers, he sighted the wounded animal and ran wildly in panic in the open. This cowardice was observed with disgust by Wilson, the gun bearers, and Margot, who was waiting in the car. Later in camp that afternoon, he attempted to joke about it, which was very bad taste. When he attempted to apologize, Wilson reminded him that the code in Africa was "No woman ever misses her lion, and no white man ever bolts."  

Margot's character was developed much through her behavior at this point. Openly before Macomber, she displayed her affections for Wilson, and defied her husband in any request that he made. This lack of control over her was in Wilson's opinion one of Macomber's weakest traits. Macomber developed an outright hatred for Wilson; however, he did not worry about Margot's leaving for long because she could not find anyone else to better herself with.

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5 Ibid., p. 106.
Macomber purged himself of fear on his buffalo hunt. He made a good shot, and, for the first time in his life, he really felt wholly without fear. Instead of fear he had a feeling of elation. This happiness gave him enough confidence until he remarked, "You know, I don't think I'd ever be afraid of anything again." This change was viewed with mixed admiration by his two most severe critics, Wilson and Margot. Wilson was always impressed when he saw men of courage. With this change, Wilson respected him and Macomber began to belong; however, Wilson cautioned him against talking about his new happiness because, "No pleasure is anything if you mouth it up too much." Wilson sensed Margot's anxiety over Macomber's newly found life. She knew she could no longer rule him by fear. As Macomber aimed for his last shot in his triumph over fear, Margot shot him on the pretense of shooting the buffalo. Wilson knew why she had shot because he remarked, "That was a pretty thing to do. He would have left you, too." The ending implies that, after achieving personal integrity, Macomber could no longer live as one of the upper class.

The professional hunter, Wilson, possesses the middle-class virtues, but lives among primitives, whom he respects, and upper-class sophisticates, whom he despises.

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6Ibid., p. 131.  
7Ibid., p. 132.  
8Ibid.
Lady Brett Ashley, Hemingway's heroine in his first important novel, The Sun Also Rises, may be classed as one of the most deadly females in his fiction. By marriage to an Englishman who was a member of the upper class, she had acquired her title and membership in this group. Her character was developed through her relations with Jake Barnes and her other associates. She is the embodiment of what Hemingway conceived as the post-war woman living on the fringe of the society of which she was not a real member. Although not possessive and honorless like Helen, she had been emotionally stunted by a shallow world without spiritual meaning, and had become a woman devoid of womanhood. She had experienced two loveless marriages, the first with a man who died of dysentery during the war, and the second with an officer in the British Navy who returned from the war suffering from shock. Her love life, a kind of war casualty in itself, had decayed into alcoholism and a series of casual sex relations. She was engaged to marry Mike, a writer in this group, who was economically bankrupt at the time, but who expected to amass a fortune on his books. The sexual level of their relationship is indicated by the hotel-brothel where they stayed in Paris.

Jake, who was genuinely in love with Brett and not a member of this class, was kept from her by an impotency that was the result of a war wound rather than any deficiency in his personality. Since his life had been marked and frustrated, the wound established him as a
sympathetic observer of Brett’s search for sexual meaning. As a result of her loss of womanliness and in spite of her promiscuity, Brett had become desexed. She was introduced in the novel with a group of homosexuals living on the fringes of society outside their class, and she is very much one of them. This company, her clothes, her mannish felt hat and short bobbed hair, all are indications of the loss of her true sexuality. Jake wondered if her love for him was not merely a longing for the unattainable. Her very capacity to love as a woman was questionable. I dare say (noted) from Hemingway her real self was known.

However, during the fiesta in Spain when reality was tempered by ritual and celebration, and the fear of consequences disappeared, Brett became infatuated with the young matador, Romero. Neither Cohn, the shallow sentimentalist, nor Mike understood the importance of this emotional experience for Brett. Jake did, and was willing to face the anger of his friends, the scorn of the hotel owner, the hatred of Romero’s crowd, and the possible destruction of young Romero, in order to arrange Brett’s meeting with Romero. Until this relationship, all persons who came into contact with Brett were destroyed.

After Brett’s union with Romero, when she left her crowd and went away with Romero, Hemingway pictured her as a changed woman. Later, she went with Jake to church and tried to pray. Once before she had gone to the church but was not permitted to go inside because she was not wearing any headdress. This time she entered, but her attempts
to pray failed. Just as her praying was unsuccessful because it came too late, Brett found her relationship with Romero was doomed. She realized that she was too old, too much the person that the modern world she knew had made her; and it was too late for her to make the change. Although Romero offered her the complete and satisfying relationship she had always sought, she could not accept it because it was too late for her to respond completely. This impossible change back to womanliness was symbolized by Romero's wanting her to let her hair grow. Realizing that remaining with this young lover would only destroy him, Brett left, and in so doing preserved the only decent thing left to her, her self-respect. This was the only heroic gesture which the sophistcicates was capable of making. She returned to Mike and his world of shallowness and alcohol because that was the only world she knew. "He's so . . . nice, and he's so awful. He's my sort of thing."  

Robert Cohn, another escapist of the sophisticates of this class, helped form the little clique who were attempting to accept the ills of their life. He was the son of one of the richest Jewish families in New York, and through his mother he was descended from one of the oldest families there. In the early part of the story, one learns that he had been unhappily married for five years, was the father of three children, and had lost most of the fifty thousand dollars his father had left him.

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9Ernest Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises (New York, 1926), p. 196.
Cohn's character was despicable from the first. He would have left his wife before she humiliated him by going off with a miniature-painter, but he did not have enough courage. Hemingway shows his disgust with the marital relations of this group by saying that after the divorce was arranged, Robert Cohn went out to the coast. In California, he fell among the sophisticates and intellectuals because he still had a little of the fifty thousand left. He had entertained the idea that he possessed literary talents, and had backed a review of arts publication; however, when the magazine became so expensive, he had to give it up.

He repeatedly fell in love with every woman he met. The last one who had taken him in was Frances Clyne, who went along for the trip to Paris. While they were in Paris, they met Lady Brett Ashley's group, and Robert Cohn, even though considered an outsider, remained with them because of his dog-like love for Lady Brett Ashley. Unlike the others, he was unable to drown his feelings in banalities, small talk, and new spectacles. Cohn's difference from the others is one of the central points of the novel. This contrast is stated overtly when Lady Brett says that Cohn is "not one of us,"¹⁰ and when Jake thinks that Cohn has behaved badly by pursuing Lady Brett. Focused against Cohn's misconduct, Jake's simple, stoical attitude was emphasized strongly.

Some of Hemingway's bitterest satire may be found in the character development of Richard Gordon. He possessed every weakness and

¹⁰Ibid., p. 144.
failure that could be attributed to any member of any class. Most evi-
dent in Hemingway's satire is his disrespect for a fake writer. Gordon
was shoddily following the latest literary fashions by writing a novel
about a strike in a garment factory. In the beginning of the book, he
had begun the story, but there was no mention of his attempt to write
at any later time. Gordon's greatest interest lay in his pleasure-seek-
ing adventures among those just like himself in his own class. Early
in the story, he left Helen, his wife, to go to tea with a wealthy nympho-
maniac. He made no attempt to control any emotion. Their conduct
was repulsive and disgusting. Richard Gordon and those like him were
the messiest and most contemptible people found in Hemingway's fiction.
Through the development of Gordon and others of his group, Hemingway
exhibited his greatest feeling of rejection against those people who pro-
fessed to be writers but had nothing to write about. Gordon just passed
from one bar to the next. Hemingway's disgust with him reached its
peak when Helen denounced him and told him she was through with him.
When last seen, he was staggering down an alley attempting to find his
way home. He was indeed a hollow man living without any code in a
gray world of doom.

In direct contrast with the rich pleasure-seekers found in the two
preceeding stories, Colonel Cantwell presents a striking comparison.
Many of the qualities of the true Hemingway hero are found in him.
Richard Cantwell was fifty years old and a Colonel of Infantry in the
Army of the United States. Like Lieutenant Henry and Robert Jordan, he was a foreigner fighting with Italian forces. He had been wounded thirty years before, and early in the story, one learns the futility with which he battled time. Every activity that he pursued, he reminded himself, could well be the last one. He described his own physical appearance as an old, and beaten, and worn body; yet, with the exception of his heart, his muscles remained firm, and he was still thin and straight. He always walked with an exaggerated confidence and tried to be an amiable man, young and handsome.

Cantwell was bitter against a society that would tolerate war, a subject that nobody shared with anybody. His sarcasm was scathing against the upper brass that made and directed war. He was ashamed of some campaigns the leaders had ordered, and remembered them technically as something to learn from. He himself had been a good soldier, had respected other good soldiers, and was loyal to the memory of the fine people who were living and dead. Cantwell had remained in combat through many battles and had killed enemy soldiers, yet he never hated them, nor could he have any feeling about them which was in keeping with Anselmo's philosophy of war.

Cantwell was back in Italy, a country that he loved and the place where he had lived most. He was visiting the places that had meant the most in his life, and was pursuing his favorite sport, hunting. He trusted the inhabitants of the village because they were good, simple
people; however, he often expressed with contempt his feelings about the post-war rich of Milan. They had no manners and no taste; their behavior was contemptible; and they stared at his uniform as if it reminded them of some unpleasant memory of their past. He realized his antagonism toward them, and he thought, "I try always to be just, but I am brusque and I am brutal, and it is not that I have erected the defense against brown-nosing my superiors and brown-nosing the world. I should be a better man with less wild boar blood in the small time which remains."  

Hemingway permitted the Colonel to have other characteristics of the true hero. The high, dry, clear cold was still meaningful to him. In his room, he kept the windows open and kept the cold, dry temperature in his room. He chose the high, dry, cold plains of Italy. Cantwell did not pretend as others in this class. He liked a simple life, and he held a high respect for truth. One basic criticism he held against the generals was that "after a man gets one star, or more, the truth becomes as difficult for him to attain as the Holy Grail was in our ancestors' time." 12 Cantwell felt that many had amassed part of their fortunes by willfully stealing in war.

Cantwell's association with Renata placed him within the aristocracy of Milan. There was a careful distinction made between Renata's


12Ibid., p. 155.
wealth and the wealth of the members of the upper class. Renata asked him, "Did you think I was a snob because I came from an old family? We're the ones who are not snobs. The snobs are what you call jerks, and the people with all the new money."\(^{13}\) Cantwell had viewed both types of wealth often, and he respected the family heritage of the inherited wealth rather than the new wealth. The new rich bore a fruit one could not eat, and built decay. They rode in Cadillacs and Buick Roadmasters. He had no desire to partake of their social life. In Renata's face he could trace the noble lines of her fine blood. Her beauty was one that would go on forever unblemished.

Cantwell possessed much pride, and always retained his identity. When Renata offered him her inherited stones, he said he must of honor return them. She insisted that he take just one stone, and he replied, "I would accept a horse from you if I was poor and young and riding very well. But I could not take a motor car."\(^{14}\) He took pride in emphasizing the fact that he retained his own identity at all times. Several times within his own thoughts he would say, "I'm me. For better or for worse."\(^{15}\)

Cantwell expressed best his philosophy of life when he said, "I guess the cards we draw are those we get. They only deal to you once, and then you pick up and play them."\(^{16}\) He accepted the fact that he had

\(^{13}\)Ibid., p. 274.  
\(^{14}\)Ibid., p. 273.  
\(^{15}\)Ibid., p. 179.  
\(^{16}\)Ibid., p. 190.
already had three strikes, and the next one was the last one. He had satisfied his last desires to return to his favorite country, to hunt ducks again, and to tell Renata goodbye. When they were parting for the last time, Renata began to cry. The Colonel reminded her that "they didn't install shock-absorbers in this vehicle meaning life we ride in now." He cautioned her to take life just as easy as she could "in the vehicle without shock-absorbers."\(^{17}\) Later, when the fourth strike came, he voiced the same opinion as did Jordan and Harry Morgan, "Death is one thing we do alone."\(^{18}\)

There are other satiric pictures of this class of people found in Hemingway's fiction. There are musicians, yachtmen, wives of movie directors, and others who live just as despicably. Hemingway has distinguished clearly between the code of the upper class and the code of the middle class. In the men and women of the upper class, the new rich, the sophisticates of modern society, one finds the best examples of Hemingway's personal contempt and his strongest social satire.

The mood and attitude of most of the members of this upper-class group is that of people on a pleasure-mad vacation. They set their own codes by which they live, standards which Hemingway despises. These sophisticates reject all responsibility except that of self-indulgence. The virtues of the simple and ignorant, the instinctive and

\(^{17}\)Ibid., p. 288.  
^{18}\)Ibid., p. 239.
un-reflective virtues, are precisely what the sophisticates have lost. Hemingway's satire on the sophisticates is bitterer when they are contrasted with the strength, courage, and ingenuity of other characters outside their world. They are desperate people whose lives are void and desolate.
CHAPTER VI

ARISTOCRATS

In order to complete the hierarchy of the social class structure in Hemingway's fiction, two characters who were true aristocrats will be considered. Each had broken his social barrier to associate with members outside his class. The people forming this class in Hemingway's fiction are those who have inherited their social position and wealth directly from their immediate family. They do not class themselves as snobs, because snobs are those persons of new wealth who constitute the members of the upper class. In all societies, the aristocrats deplore publicity and infamous conduct on the part of any member. By focusing one's attention to the conduct and the relationship of Count Mippipopolous and Renata with other characters outside their class, Hemingway has formed a picture of this group's code and conduct.

Count Mippipopolous was one of Lady Brett Ashley's admirers. He did not possess the spineless character of Robert Cohn or Mike Campbell. He was not persistent in trying to impress Brett. To him, she was a fascinating study in behavior, and he was attracted by the recklessness with which she lived. He told Jake Barnes that she was the only lady he had ever known who was as charming when she was drunk.
as when she was sober. Yet, he found her conversations confusing. The count remarked,

"I should like to hear you really talk, my dear. When you talk to me you never finish your sentences at all."

Brett replied, "Leave 'em for you to finish. Let any one finish them as they like."

"It is a very interesting system," the count answered. "Still I would like to hear you talk some time."¹

This incoherence of Brett's speech puzzled as well as interested him.

The count was an excellent connoisseur of wines, and he was extravagant with his money, which pleased Brett and her group. When Jake suggested that he should write a book on wines, he replied that all he wanted out of wines was to enjoy them.

Those people who had inherited wealth and social position did not place so much emphasis on having them as did persons of the upper class. The count assured Jake that "It [a title] never does a man any good. Most of the time it costs you money."² Lady Ashley did not agree because she had found her title useful at times, but the count remained negative in his attitude. Later in their conversation when the count observed Brett and said, "When you're divorced, Lady Ashley, then you won't have a title."

"No, what a pity."

"No," said the count. "You don't need a title. You got class all over you."³

¹Ernest Hemingway, The Sun Also Rises (New York, 1926), p. 46.
²Ibid., p. 44.
³Ibid.
One quality which Brett and Jake both found more amusing than admirable was the count's sincerity. He told Brett that he never joked with people because joking always made people your enemies. Brett agreed with him, but grew rather bored with the topic as he pursued it.

When the count remarked that he had been around very much, Brett greeted his remark with sarcasm. It is interesting to note that the count had never known the code by which Jake lived. The count exhibited his scars, which he said were arrow wounds. He had Brett examine them, and when she asked when and how he got them, he told her that he had been in Abyssinia on a business trip. Throughout the entire conversation, Jake remained observant, and he must have looked upon this type of conduct with amusement, especially when Brett turned to him and remarked, "I told you he was one of us." 4

The satire of the conversation reaches its peak when the count remarked, "You see, Mr. Barnes, it is because I have lived very much that now I can enjoy everything so well. Don't you find it like that?" 5

As the count explained his knowledge of the sense of values, Brett and Jake are again amused. His values had a place for everything, and one is inclined to agree with Brett when she told him, "You haven't any values. You're dead, that's all." 6

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4Ibid., p. 48.  
5Ibid.  
6Ibid.
Throughout the evening, the count remained happy, but it is quite obvious that he would have been happy anywhere. He had never really lived as Jake and the others had. Hemingway implies that people of this class do not know the struggles and anxieties of living outside their own world.

Another description of this privileged class was given by the Italian countess, Renata, who was nineteen years old and in love with Colonel Cantwell, who was fifty. Renata's father had been killed by the Germans, and their villa on the Brenta was burned. Her wealth and social position had been inherited from her grandmother. Renata had lived a lonely sheltered life, and she took no pride in wearing her emeralds, which were not valued at more than a quarter million, because "it was not the same to wear stones that come from dead people." 7 Renata had always lived in a palace with many servants. She mentioned her mother on several occasions; however, no importance could be attached to those references.

Hemingway presented her with the usual feminine qualities of his most affirmative heroines. She was beautiful, had long hair, and possessed that submissive quality of Maria and Catherine Barkley. However, Renata's lack of education in life was evident on all occasions because she was constantly asking the Colonel to furnish her with

information with which to finish her education. This attitude leads one to believe that her attraction to the older man was that of an adolescent rather than an adult.

Renata lived by the code that established her as one of Hemingway's heroines. This code, "What you do to give pleasure to another whom you love is most honorable,"⁸ might well have been stated by Maria or Catherine Barkley. She never cared what any one thought, and she had never done anything she regretted, except for the few lies she told as a child and some unkind acts to people.

A quality that she thought admirable was her ability to make decisions. Once she had made one, she did not believe it could be wrong. She told the Colonel, "I can hold a decision."

The Colonel replied, "Daughter, sometimes you don't just hold. That is for stupids. Sometimes you have to switch."⁹

Renata's reaction to the fact that the Colonel was near death was immature. She did not become obsessed with the fact; however, in her acceptance of it, she seemed almost unemotional. When they said goodbye in their last meeting and the Colonel assured her that life had no shock-absorbers, her reactions are those of one who has just grown up.

The bitterness that Hemingway exhibited for the pleasure lovers of the new rich was not exercised against the aristocrats. There is an almost sympathetic treatment of both characters. Their lives had been

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⁸Ibid., p. 112. ⁹Ibid., p. 173.
so protected that they were unaware of the struggles which people outside their class faced. They had never come face to face with life situations; therefore, their reactions and codes were not those that the true hero or heroine lived by. Both Count Mippipopolous and Renata are characterized without satire. Clearly, aristocrats are better people than the sophisticates of the upper class. Yet these aristocrats are just barely short of being true Hemingway heroes or heroines. The count lacks the stoic self-containment of the true hero, and Renata is still too young to have acquired through experience the depth of understanding possessed by women like Maria and Catherine Barkley.
CHAPTER VII

CONCLUSION

The purpose of this study is to present the social class structure in Hemingway's fiction. Although Hemingway has not been primarily interested in delineating a class structure wherein different people inhabit separate planes of privileges and responsibilities, he has portrayed very effectively five social classes. The most representative members of each class have been presented in relationship to their class's virtues and skills.

The primitive group is composed of people existing outside the social groups in the so-called realm of society. They are people who are native inhabitants of a country and who live close to the soil. In Hemingway's first short stories are found the Indians of the Northwestern woods whom he had become acquainted with as a boy. At an early age he had begun to form a code by which he judged the conduct of others. He had seen both the good and the bad in those first primitives. The true Indian exhibited honesty, courage, and the skills necessary for life. He had retained his identity even when he had been outside his class. Those who did not conform to this code were the half-breeds and others who had become contaminated through outside associations. They
were crafty, lazy, arrogant, and dishonest. By losing their identity, they no longer belonged to their own class and were forced to live on the fringe of another society.

Other primitives belonging in this grouping were the natives of Africa. Hemingway showed a particular fondness for those who were worthy of praise. He admired the group harmony that they were able to maintain among themselves. Again the true primitives were honest and trustworthy. Their lives remained simple, and they lived in harmony with the country. But even among these natives were individuals who had lost their identity through an association outside their class. One despicable individual was a guide who tried to mimic white hunters he had met. He lied, boasted, and practiced all forms of dishonesty that were in violation to the Hemingway code. By contrasting both types of members of this class, Hemingway has shown that as a class these people hold true to the code of grace under pressure. They possess the courage, integrity, common sense, and responsibility that are necessary virtues in any society.

The peasants were one of the most interesting classes found in Hemingway's fiction. In every society this class of people can be found. They work hard, and live simple lives; yet they possess much strength, courage, and honesty. Many times this entire class formed a chorus that commented upon the tragedy of the heroes. Hemingway pictured them in war, on hunts, and on fishing trips. They had lived close to
The soil and had become well versed in the laws of nature. This class of people suffered most from war. If their assignments required giving up their lives in battle, they remained loyal and true to the cause for which they died. Hemingway pictures this class as the salt of the earth on which all other classes must depend. The primitives looked up to them for protection; the classes above looked down to them for help. Hemingway praised the humility of the peasants. They did not expect an easy life, and they were willing to serve a cause that would help to make a better world for others.

By contrast again, Hemingway showed the bad members of this group along with the good. (The bad were those who had learned dishonesty and deceit from others living on the fringe of another society.)

They could not retain their identity and integrity and had become corrupted. Members of their own group no longer respected them, nor were they able to earn the respect of another group.

This class of people was more religious than the primitives. All they could not work out for themselves, they were willing to trust to another power for help. Through this class, Hemingway has shown that man was not made for defeat. The most admirable peasants took stock of their causes for failure and looked toward the future with a greater determination than before.

Almost all the Hemingway heroes and heroines were members of the middle class. They were professional people who had to work to
make a living. The heroes were all pragmatists who were brawny,
tough, outdoor men who possessed either a physical or psychological
wound. There is much criticism of society in this grouping, because
through them Hemingway has responded to every pressure of moral at-
mosphere of the time as it is felt at the root of human relations. Hem-
ingway’s preoccupation with the struggles of this class has an important
meaning. (Whatever is done in the world, political as well as social,
depends upon the courage and strength of this group.) The code by which
the middle class lives is relevant to a definite period of time and to a
special region of society. Often their world is one in which things do
not grow and bear fruit, but explode, break, decompose, or are eaten
away. (Of this group, courage is the chief virtue which they possess.
Hemingway disdained those who would not strike out for themselves,
and those who could not retain their identity outside their class were
defeated.)

Hemingway is most bitter in his criticism of the members of the
upper class who are new rich or snobs. They are idle pleasure-seekers
who are generally messy and who drink too much. This class of people
does not occupy a very great part in his fiction. Usually they are so
busy entertaining themselves that they have no time to be concerned for
others. Since they have not possessed their wealth long, they are not
accepted by the aristocrats, and they no longer wish to remain with the
middle class. Therefore, they seek others like themselves and form
small social cliques. Some have learned the use of manners as an attempt to control their disorderly lives; however, they are without inviolable rules for how to live holding tight. They reject responsibility and espouse self-indulgence. The virtues that are evident in the primitives and peasants are precisely what the sophisticate has lost. Hemingway's satire of this class is bitterer when they are contrasted with the strength, courage, and ingenuity of other people in other classes.

Hemingway has little to say of the true aristocrats, people who have inherited their wealth and social prestige through family membership. Hemingway has treated this group objectively, and it is only through their associations outside their class that one sees them. One senses that they have lived such sheltered lives that they have not really experienced life at all.

Hemingway knows and understands the people whom he writes about and the world they occupy. It is a world marked everywhere with violence, potential or present. It is not a world one would choose to inhabit; however, one cannot deny the reality of it. To Hemingway, truth and beauty are generally to be found in the natural rather than the artificial. He most obviously admires active virtues like courage, or what the Spanish call "pundonor," which means honor, probity, courage, self-respect, and pride.

Although Hemingway has represented all classes from the lowest to the highest, and has portrayed examples of both vice and virtue, the typical Hemingway virtues remain the same in all classes.
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