

Hemingway At War

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要約

戦場での悲劇作者：従軍記者としてのヘミングウェイ

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ヘミングウェイの前線からの特電は、単に新聞記事の基準で判断するとしても、極めて高い水準にある。それらは戦争をもたらす興奮と、司令官や将官達によって展開される軍事作戦についての巧みな報道を読者に伝えている。しかし彼の戦争報道は、悲劇作者としてのヘミングウェイを理解する際に、より重要なものとなる。それらは従軍記者としての様々な経験が、現実の人間生活の悲劇について彼に何を教えたのかを示しているのである。彼は戦争における虐殺や破壊が、人間生活における悲劇や不幸と同様に不可避であることに気付いた。彼に最も強い印象を与えたのは、立ちはだかる恐ろしい窮地に対する兵士達の反応であった。彼らは、勇敢な精神、大胆さ、そして英雄的行為を示し、この積極的な光景が悲劇を綴る芸術家としてのヘミングウェイの理想となったのである。

Ernest Hemingway had an ambivalent attitude towards his journalistic writings. On the one hand he felt that they were, by their very nature, ephemeral. On the other hand, he came to realize that his experience in writing them were of help to him later as a creative writer. I think it is reasonable to suppose that journalism offered him an opening which he later used for launching himself into a career as a creative writer. After his graduation from high school, he decided against his father's advice to follow the family tradition of going to Oberlin and went instead to *Kansas City Star* as a cub reporter. He worked successively at *Toronto Daily Star* and *Star Weekly*. But it was his association with *Toronto Daily Star* that gave him the 'literary break' which had a profound influence on his career as a literary artist. In 1921 the paper sent him across the Atlantic as its European Correspondent. While his "wide and rather exotic European experiences of bullfighting, hunting and fishing in continental forests and streams, skiing the Alps . . . became the subject of stories filed during the fall of 1923" (Stephens 11), Hemingway also took advantage of the artistic ambience of Paris of the time. He met several expatriate writers (mainly American, like Pound and Gertrude Stein) there and he felt both inspired and encouraged to write his own fictional pieces and poems: his *Three Stories and Three Poems* was published in the summer of 1923 and *in our time* in January 1924. From then on he wrote both journalistic articles and fiction throughout his career, though of course in his later life he was predominansly a writer of fiction. He is also on record as saying that he felt that newspaper work had helped his style as a writer: "On the *Star* you were forced to learn to write a simple declarative sentence. This is useful to anyone. Newspaper work will not harm a young writer and could help him if he gets out of it in time" (Baker 25). And he had advised his brother Leicester "to work for newspapers to learn to write fluently" (Stephens 7).

However, soon after he established himself as a creative writer, Hemingway developed a suspicion that his journalistic writings might have an adverse effect on the evaluation of his literary achievement and reputation. It was a measure of his growing literary standing that as early as in 1931, Louis Henry Cohn was preparing a bibliography of Hemingway's works. But the writer was against the proposal on the ground that it would also involve the disinternment of his ephemeral journalistic pieces: "If you have made your living as a newspaperman, learning your trade writing against deadlines, writing to make stuff up, timely rather than permanent, no one has a right to dig this stuff up and use it against the stuff you have written to write the best you can" (Fenton 178).

But despite this realization, and the feeling that he would rather spend his time writing serious fiction, Hemingway continued to write for journals and magazines. The reasons for this were mainly financial, and perhaps partly personal in that often he felt emotionally involved in the subjects of his 'despatches.' This was particularly true of his 'war-reportage' relating, first to the Spanish Civil War, and then to World War II. He had become increasingly concerned about the spread of fascism, and he seized the opportunity

of writing about it when the North American Newspaper Alliance (N.A.N.A.) engaged him to report on the Spanish Civil War. The proposition was financially attractive too:

In January, 1937, Hemingway contracted with John Wheeler, president of N.A.N.A., to do a three-month series of cable and mail reports on events in Spain. The fee would be \$500 per cable despatch of 250-400 words and \$1000 for mail despatches of 1200 words, with a maximum of \$1000 per week. (Stephens 21)

And during the Second World War, Hemingway was much sought after by magazine publishers. So much so that most of his writings during this period tended to be non-fictional. When Ralph Ingersoll, a former editor of *Fortunate*, decided to launch a new journal called *P.M.*, he asked Hemingway to go to the Far East and report on what countries like China and Japan were up to in the Pacific. His reputation as a war-correspondent also led to his being invited by Crown Publishers to edit an anthology of war writings. This resulted in the publication of *Men at War* in 1942. Subsequently, he went, for *Collier's*, in 1944 to report on the Normandy Invasion.

Hemingway's non-fictional writings about war are of great significance not only as evidence of accurate and expert report on what was happening in the theatres of war but also because they throw light on Hemingway as a literary artist and his creative process. Like many other writers of his generation, Hemingway's literary personality was profoundly influenced as well as shaped by his war experiences, both as a participant and as a war-correspondent. He explained this in his Introduction to the 1948 edition of *A Farewell to Arms*, a novel which is conventionally regarded as one that is concerned with themes of love and war:

Some people used to say: why is this man so preoccupied and obsessed with war, and now, since 1933 perhaps it is clear why a writer should be interested in the constant, bullying, murderous, slovenly crime of war. Having been to too many of them, I am sure I am prejudiced, and I hope I am very prejudiced. But it is the considered belief of the writer of this book that wars are fought by the finest people that there are, or just say people, although the closer you are to where they are fighting, the finer people you meet.

(X)

It is my contention that this realization about war, that while war is a "bullying, murderous, slovenly crime," it also brings out the heroic qualities in the men who get involved in it, can help us to understand how Hemingway came to develop the tragic vision of life which he projected through his fictional work. The most memorable expression of that vision is to be found perhaps in *The Old Man and the Sea*, in which the battered though not subdued old man, Santiago, claims that "A man can be destroyed but not defeated." There is reason to believe that man's ability to withstand the forces of destruction and failure with courage and fortitude, to show "grace under pressure," was what fascinated Hemingway both as a man and a writer right from the very start. It was for this reason that he actively and determinedly sought war experiences, whether

personally or vicariously. The fighting soldier who revealed his “finer qualities” as he faced the senseless cruelties and the horrible brutalities of war became, for Hemingway, the symbol of the tragic hero. As an ambulanceman in the First world War, and subsequently as a war-correspondent, Hemingway personally experienced this human capacity for achieving tragic grandeur. The actual, firsthand experience of this unique phenomenon—“the closer you get to where they are fighting, the finer people you meet”—made his tragic ideal something real and not a mere abstraction. And this was something very important for him because the inexorable process of life is such that, generally, man learns the positive aspects of tragedy only after the event. Marlow, in Conrad’s *Heart of Darkness*, lamented:

Droll thing life is—that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself—that comes too late—a crop of unextinguishable regrets. (71)

Just as Marlow could appreciate what the protagonist Kurtz himself did not realize—“It was an affirmation, a moral victory paid for by innumerable defeats, by abominable terrors, by abominable satisfactions, but it was a victory!” (72)—Hemingway saw the soldiers of war displaying their courage and finer spirit even though they themselves perhaps did not fully realize the extent of their heroism and bravery. In other words, Hemingway (vicariously) felt the ‘reality’ of human fortitude even though he himself may not have experienced it himself.

Against this background it is apparent that his writings despatched from the war-front are of special significance for a better appreciation of Hemingway as a tragedian. He appears in them as the incipient writer of tragic fiction who is actually on the scene of carnage as well as triumph. By being on the scene Hemingway learnt at least three lessons from war: that it involves inhuman cruelties, that it is a part of the universal nature of the human experience and that it can inspire man to react to his predicament with courage, often heroism.

As a veteran of the First World War, Hemingway had known the ‘reality’ of war before he went on to report on the Spanish Civil War: he knew that the ‘reality’ consisted of initial enthusiasm for war efforts which was followed by feelings of grief and outrage caused by the suffering of war. His first report, “The First Glimpse of War,” records the initial enthusiasm of the soldiers that he witnessed with a journalist’s eye for details:

Walking four abreast, arms linked, they were singing, shouting, playing accordians and guitars. Pleasure boats in Alicante harbor were packed with couples holding hands, taking their last rides together, but ashore, where long lines formed in front of jammed recruiting stations, the atmosphere was one of wild celebration (Hemingway, *By-Line*, 258)

But the piece as a whole is shot through with the writer’s recognition of the ‘reality’ of war which makes his description both ironical and prophetic: the couples, holding hands in their boats, did not know that they were “taking their *last* rides together” (italics

added). Later on in the story, it became clear that the writer to whom the wounded in their "shoddy uniforms" made "war seem real," knew that "it wasn't an Italian wedding they were celebrating" (258). Sure enough, in less than a month's time, Hemingway was reporting on the 'reality' of war in the streets of Madrid: under the heading 'The First Glimpse of War,' his dispatch recorded the following distressing scene that he had recently witnessed:

They killed an old woman returning home from market, dropping her in a huddled black heap of clothing, with one leg suddenly detached, whirling against the wall of an adjoining house.

They killed three people in another square, who lay like so many torn bundles of old clothing in the dust and rubble when the fragments of the '155' had burst against the curbing.

A motor came along the street stopped suddenly and swerved after the bright flash and roar and the driver lurched out, his scalp hanging over his eyes, to sit down on the sidewalk with his hands against his face, the blood making a smooth sheen over his chin.

(Hemingway, *By-Line*, 259)

It is a measure of Hemingway's skill as a reporter that despite his knowledge about the terrible 'reality' of war, he could be matter-of-fact in a journalistic way. Such an unimpassioned, almost detached, account of war's cruelties is typical of many such reports that he sent to the newspapers and magazines from the various theatres of war.

However, it would be wrong to conclude from the above that Hemingway had betrayed his insensitivity to human suffering on such occasions. As I have pointed out, the journalist in him had to be factual and unsentimental. On the other hand, so far as the creative writer in him is concerned, we must realize that by witnessing such experiences, he steeled himself against war's atrocities. At the same time, he began to realize that they were inevitable, that one had to accept them as one has to accept the tragedies of life. Such a recognition had come to him, of course, from his own personal experiences as a military ambulanceman in the First World War in which he was severely wounded.

But he also knew, again from his own experiences, that in the initial stages of war, when soldiers and civilians saw the other maimed casualties, they harboured the "illusion" that they themselves would somehow be exempted from the cruelty, suffering and death of war. He saw it happening again in Madrid. He describes how he was awakened in his hotel room by a bursting shell. When he looked out of the window he saw a man and a woman, both of whom had been wounded, running down the street. And there was "a single dead man, his torn clothes dusty" (262). A policeman who came to the dead man covered "the top of the trunk, from which the head [was] missing" (263). But Hemingway also noticed that the survivors, the policeman and the charwoman, or the people who gathered round the breakfast table "joked" about the incident, quite satisfied that they themselves were not the victims of the burst shells: "Someone makes a joke about missing teeth and someone else says not to make that joke. And everyone has the feeling that characterizes war. It wasn't me, see? It wasn't me" (263). Hemingway himself

had gone through similar experiences in his first war. In the Introduction (written in 1942) to his anthology, *Men at War*, he explained how as a young man he had the illusion that war would not affect him though it might destroy others. But soon he was jolted into a recognition that wars involved injury and death which spared nobody:

When you go to war as a boy you have a great illusion of immortality. Other people get killed; not you. It can happen to other people; but not to you. Then when you are badly wounded the first time you lose that illusion and you know that it can happen to you. After being severely wounded two weeks before my nineteenth birthday I had a bad time until I figured it out that nothing could happen to me that had not happened to all men before me. Whatever I had to do men had always done. If they had done it then I could do it too and the best thing was not to worry about it. (xii)

In other words, he came to view war as an universal experience for the twentieth-century man. He knew that its atrocities could not be avoided, but he also knew that just as people before him had no choice but to face them, he too would have to confront them as a matter of course. So the best thing for him to do was to take the experiences as they came and not to worry too much about them. Not only this, he tried to adopt a more positive attitude towards wars and all that they entailed. He quoted, with approval, the Shakespearean lines:

*By my troth, I care not: a man can die but once: we owe God
a death . . . and let it go which way it will, he that dies this
year is quit for the next.*

And he went on to add that this was “probably the best thing that is written in this book and, with nothing else, a man can get along all right on that” (Hemingway, *Men at War* xii). Thus, for Hemingway, war is not an isolated experience that is confined to a certain group of people at a given time but an universal phenomenon which affects people at large. This being so, he felt that writers should respond to the human implication in a war situation. He believed that the best writings of war, such as the ones he had collected in *Men at War*, could teach its readers universal truths “about the human heart and the human mind” (xviii).

Such a broad universal vision of human life enabled Hemingway to sympathize with the human predicament of even the enemy soldiers, despite the fact that he was solidly partisan and patriotic in the wars in which he had participated and about which he had sent reports to the journals and magazines back home. For instance, after transcribing Captain Howard Blazzard’s account of the destruction of the German defences in the Siegfried Line, Hemingway added a postscript in which he expressed his regret over the German rout, his sympathy for the German generals and soldiers whom he saw as the victims of their own misguided aggression:

The only thing that will probably be hard to get properly in the picture is the German SS troops, their faces black from the concussion, bleeding at the nose and mouth, kneeling in the road, grabbing

their stomachs, hardly able to get out of the way of the tanks, though probably the cinema will be able to make this even more realistic. But a situation like this is the fault of the engineers who, when they designed these concussion-proof doors, did not expect to have 105-mm Wump guns come up and fire point-blank at them from behind.

That was not provided for when the specifications were laid down. And sometimes, observing such elaborate preparations gone wrong, I have a feeling that it would have been better for Germany not to have started this war in the first place.

(Hemingway, *By-Line* 400)

And characteristically, he praised the Germans for stubbornly defending themselves until the very last moment:

It had been a frontal assault in broad daylight, against a mined beach defended by all the obstacles military ingenuity could devise. The beach had been defended as stubbornly and as intelligently as any troops could defend it. But every boat from the Dix had landed her troops and cargo. No boat was lost through bad seamanship. All that were lost were lost by enemy action.

(Hemingway, *By-Line* 355)

I say "characteristically," because the clearer Hemingway's vision of war as symbol of human tragedy became the more eager he was to discover signs of human fortitude, bravery and courage in the lives and actions of fighting soldiers (and this included enemy soldiers too) as well as the civilians who were engulfed in the war.

The various civilian chauffeurs that Hemingway had in Madrid presented different responses to war (Hemingway, *By-Line* 268-274): the first one, Tomas, proved to be a coward and was promptly sent back to Valencia, the second one, who was certified as "the bravest chauffeur in the whole department," was, in fact, a thief who decamped with gasoline, and the third one, David, struck Hemingway more for his foul-mouth than anything else. It was, however, the fourth chauffeur, Hipolito, who impressed Hemingway most. Hipolito, a trade unionist, who "looked carved out of a granite block" had fought bravely at the taking of Montana barracks. It was he who made Hemingway realize why Franco had succeeded in taking over Madrid. He was, unlike the Anarchists, a doer rather than a talker:

Hipolito and the others like him would have fought from street to street, and house to house, as long as any one of them was left alive; and the last ones left would have burned the town. They are tough and they are efficient. They are the Spaniards that once conquered the Western World. They are not romantic like the Anarchists and they are not afraid to die. Only they never mention it. The Anarchists talk a little bit too much about it, the way the Italian do.

And when Hemingway encountered the French guerillas on the road to Paris he shared

his chauffeur Archie's admiration for their carefree indifference to death:

'They are a good outfit,' Archie said. "Best outfit I have been with. No discipline. Got to admit that. Drinking all the time. Got to admit that. But plenty fighting outfit. Nobody gives a damn if they get killed or not. *Compris?*"

To this, Hemingway's response was "Yeah!" He could not say anything more because he was overwhelmed as he looked at his beloved city of Paris for whose freedom these brave, insouciant guerrillas had made their contribution in their own ways:

I couldn't say anything more then, because I had a funny choke in my throat and I had to clean my glasses because there now, below us, gray and always beautiful, was spread the city I love best in all the world. (Hemingway, *By-Line* 383)

Hemingway's encounter with such 'ordinary' people who showed toughness or breezy imperviousness in the face of death brought to him the measure of positive qualities that men are capable of revealing when they are faced with tragic situations. Earlier, he had sought this ideal in bullfighting, but he was disappointed on discovering that the matadors' supposed heroism could have been brought about by fraudulent manipulation of the bulls concerned—the bulls could be tampered with before the fight. But now in Spain he felt that there there was nothing fake about the bravery of those ordinary men who were fighting for a cause they believed in.

Equally, perhaps more, impressive was Hemingway's observation, from close quarters, of soldiers who showed such remarkable qualities of human resilience in the battlefield that he found them almost incredible at first. His meeting a wounded American, Jay Raven, in a hospital near Madrid (Hemingway, *By-Line* 262–267) opened his eyes to the kind of human grit and determination which became his ideal in his tragic fiction. When Hemingway first met him, Raven was lying on a bed, "a man with a very gray face" receiving blood transfusion from "the gurgling bottle and moaning in a very impersonal way." Raven had been blinded and burned by grenade blasts but he wanted to know about the progress of the Loyalist cause in the Spanish War, and when Hemingway tried to comfort him by telling him that the government was "going to win the war," Raven's reply was:

'I'm awfully glad,' he said. 'You know I wouldn't mind any of this if I could just watch what was going on. I don't mind the pain, you know. It never seemed important really. But I was always awfully interested in things and I really wouldn't mind the pain at all if I could just sort of follow things intelligently. I could even be some use. You know, I didn't mind the war at all. I did all right in the war. I got hit once before and I was back and rejoined the battalion in two weeks. I couldn't stand to be away. Then I got this.'

Then Raven went on to give details of the circumstances that led to his terrible injuries:

'Well, there were some troops that were routed and we went over to sort of reform them and we did and then we had quite a fight with

the fascists and we beat them. It was quite a fight, you know, but we beat them and then someone threw this grenade at me.'

Though Hemingway felt pity for Raven's injuries and wounds, he did not "believe a word" of Raven's because he did not seem to be "the wreckage of a soldier somehow." This impression was confirmed for Hemingway when he learnt that, far from being a professional soldier, Raven had been a social worker from Pittsburgh who had literary ambitions. He had wanted to meet Hemingway apparently because he had known his reputation as a writer, and he was thrilled when Hemingway promised to bring Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis when they came to Spain—"Gee, that will be great," he said. "You don't know what that will mean to me." However, when Hemingway met Jock Cunningham, Raven's commanding officer from Glasgow, who himself had been badly wounded—"he had three fresh rifle wounds through his upper left arm (I looked at them, one was septic) and another rifle bullet under his shoulder blade that had entered his left chest, passed through and lodged there,"—Hemingway began to think differently about Raven. When Cunningham told him that Raven's story was indeed true, Hemingway began to realize that he had learnt something new about war, about the capability of fighting men, professional or otherwise, something he had not known before:

"Raven was in the same show," he [Cunningham] said. "I didn't know he'd been hit. Ay, he's a good mon. He got his after I got mine. The fascists we'd cut off were very good troops. They never fired a useless shot when we were in that bad spot. They waited in the dark there until they had us located and then opened with a volley fire. That's how I got four in the same place."

We talked a while and he told me many things. They were all important but nothing was as important as what Jay Raven, the social worker from Pittsburgh with no military training, had told me was true. This is a strange new kind of war where you learn just as much as you are able to believe.

Hemingway's 'education' in this manner of the human determination in the face of death and destruction was most valuable to him as an artist. He encountered another man called Evan Biddle Shipman whose life and action showed how even a least promising candidate could be capable of displaying extraordinary courage and valour. When Hemingway first met him, Shipman was a raunchily dressed twenty-year old scion of a wealthy family from Plainfield, New Hampshire. Shipman's "excuse for hanging around Paris was that a magazine called *The American Horse Breeder* had asked him to serve as its European Correspondent" (Lynn 236). But Shipman decided to volunteer as an ambulance driver on the Loyalist side in the Spanish Civil War. When the State Department refused to validate his passport for Spain, Shipman took, apparently with Hemingway's help, the smugglers' route and soon found himself

... in the battle of Brunete, one of the fiercest fought of all that war. He fought all through the battle with exemplary courage, staying with the Franco-Belge battalion to whom he had been attached as

an interpreter and runner, and fighting in the fine stand they made against orders which prevented a rout at the very most critical time, and on the last day was severely wounded.

(Hemingway, *Men at War* xxv-vi)

When Hemingway met him, Shipman was "pale, ragged, limping and profoundly cheerful" (xxvi). He thanked Hemingway for making it possible for him to have that experience:

"Hem, I can never thank you enough for having brought me over here. I was very upset that you might be worried about me. I want you to know that being in Spain is the happiest time I have ever had in my life. Please believe me, Hem, you must really believe me absolutely. (xxvi)

It is experiences such as these that had a profound influence on Hemingway's tragic vision of life. In the theatre of war, he saw ordinary men being transformed into ideal characters, very much in the manner Yeats saw Irish freedom fighters achieving tragic dignity ("a terrible beauty is born") during the Easter Rising. Hemingway, of course, had to work hard in order to give artistic and imaginative conviction to such a vision in his fictional work. But the aim was there right from the very beginning of his career as a writer. He finally achieved it most triumphantly in *The Old Man and the Sea*: "It's as though I had gotten finally what I had been working for all my life" (Hormel 11). His war-experiences and his writings as a war-correspondent are particularly important in that they clearly show how Hemingway's tragic vision of life was grounded on actual, real experiences: it did not start as a mere idealistic abstraction.

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