

# Hemingway's Centennial: Influence and Influences Across the Century

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## I. Introduction

When I first came to Japan, I only had an MA in TESOL. After teaching for three years, I decided to go to somewhere in the British Isles or to the United States to do my Ph.D. in both modern British and American literature. I therefore sent requests for information to the English departments of several universities requesting information regarding the possibility of this double concentration. One letter from a university in Scotland particularly caught my attention because the dean of the department replied that of course English literature was offered as was Scottish literature; however, "America," he wrote, "does not have a literature. England, Scotland, and Ireland, of course, have a very rich literary tradition. Canada and Australia have a literature in English after a sort. Even India and Indonesia have been said to possess such a literature. If you wish to study any of these forms of literature, you will be most welcome to study them at our university. But I'm afraid America does not have a literature." And he signed his name. Needless to say, I did my Ph.D. in modern British and American literature elsewhere.

Recently a scholar of British and Irish literature asked me who I thought was the greatest American author of the twentieth century, and I answered quite without hesitation, "Ernest Hemingway." He replied equally without hesitation, "Oh! Certainly not!" He argued for Henry James to which I argued that Henry James was an American author by birth and formal education but certainly not in terms of his importance to American literature in general.

The important point here for both the dean of the English Department at the Scottish university and my literary colleague is that America (by which I am

referring specifically to the United States of America) does indeed have a literature, a very distinct literature with a unique literary tradition that goes back approximately to the Civil War. And Janus faced right in the middle of the door to this tradition is Ernest Hemingway. What Howells and Twain began, Hemingway has carried on into the twentieth century. It is now for writers like DeLillo to carry it on through the turn of this century and into the next just as writers like Crane, Frederic, Garland, and others carried it through the turn of the last century.

The important part of my colleague's question was the issue of Americanness. Hemingway is first and foremost an American author; and as we look at what influenced him and what he has accomplished and how he has affected those after him, we will get a better understanding of why he is great and why his contribution has been so important to Twentieth Century American literature.

## II. Precursors

As he does in *The Green Hills of Africa*, Hemingway was quite right to point his finger at Mark Twain and to name his novel *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* as the starting point of American literature. Numerous critics have criticized Hemingway for this seemingly reductive comment without realizing that in doing so, Hemingway was pointing his finger at much more than one novel. He was pointing his finger at the birth of a new tradition and a new story that started for the most part after the Civil War. Hemingway, as Stanley Corkin has pointed out, was a Howellsian realist, or at least within the lineage of post-Howellsian tradition. As Corkin writes, Hemingway's work "all but follows Howells vision of the novel" (161). Howells vision was to set forth a pattern that would take American literature out of the European camp and place it firmly in a new tradition. About Howells pivotal *Criticism and Fiction* Pizer makes the point that,

There is no doubt that *Criticism and Fiction* adversely reflects its original periodical publication. There are obvious transitional gaps and contrivances; the work lacks outward direction and focus; and there is much repetition. But this is not to say that the collection is deficient in a coherent, pervasive, and unified system of ideas which serves as an intellectual base for Howells's critical attitudes. (71)

What Pizer is trying to say after his own fashion, is that in spite of the criticisms he has received, Howells editorials and personal tutoring of writers during this period were of fundamental importance. He orchestrated the movement of art and American literature away from European styles toward work that would eventually move even further away from Howells own “smiling aspects of life” and become expressive of the harsh realities of a new world which was at the same time eager for a new definition of itself. This was a world bereft of the Judeo-Christian traditions and Greco-Roman myths that inform the foundations of European and Western civilization. In some ways it is not surprising then that our aforementioned dean at the Scottish university was unable to recognize American literature as literature. Twentieth Century American literature speaks a new language with new gods and new myths. Its concerns are different, and at heart, its structure is different as well.

It was then writers like Mark Twain who made the break in his novels *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* who served this function. The skill that Howells lacked as a writer of fiction, Twain more than made up for in this direction though Howells remained the helmsman at *Harpers*. In the former novel, Tom is the romantic still wedded to the European stories of his fathers, still living in the dream of words like honor and chivalry. For Hemingway words like that are tenuous at best. Words like love, mercy, hope, justice, faith, peace — words that beckon the reader into a world of speculation — have no meaning because they cannot be measured or quantified in any way. Hemingway was more comfortable with street signs and name plates, things that name or in some way identify specific measurable characteristics. Much like the war photographs during the Civil War, Hemingway wanted things that declared “That’s it. Right there.” harsh and clear without any ambiguity. We find the same thing in Huck who prefers a straight no nonsense approach to the language. Huck is the new American man wandering off into the Territories with the money held by the judge to make his fortune in the new American world where there are no European Dukes or Princes who are merely using language to lie and to deceive and to steal money from the poor to fill their own pockets.

After the Civil War, America takes on a new direction. Its attitude toward itself changes enormously. The North had looked upon itself in much the same way as England always has, as merely a group of misbehaving children in rebellion against a perhaps too tolerant parent. It had always been busy trying to live up to the

“standards” of what the 'old country thought was right and proper behavior and expression. At the same time, the South had always been even more fully wedded to old world values. Her children had been educated in Europe. Her art was the art of Europe. Her architecture, music, clothing, everything was a shadow of the old country. The pre-Civil War literature of the south is filled with letters exchanged between husbands and lovers overseas for education or on business. The Atlantic Ocean was a mere obstacle between two shores of the same country. But the Civil War largely changed all of this. The Civil War forever severed this relationship, and Americans began to look to themselves for a new story: a new tradition and a new mythology. There was a keen sense of this new severance between the New World and the Old.

The brutality of the Civil War — in which hundreds of thousands were killed on both sides and still hundreds of thousands more were maimed and seriously injured and an even greater number were killed from disease and exposure to the elements — had an enormously sobering effect on the survivors, both North and South. Those who were not themselves directly involved in the war effort were for the first time in history exposed to it in actual photographs of the dead and dying. Where safe and antiseptic drawings had filled the pages of newspapers and magazines a decade before the war, during the war, photography flourished in a way that brought home the reality of man's inhumanity to man and set it on everyone's diningroom table for all to see. It was right there. It was real and it was brutal. Carefully sanitized drawings could no longer hide the truth. Brother had been fighting against brother. There were no foreign monsters to blame here. These were people with the same last names, the same eye, hair, and skin color... people who spoke the same languages.

A literature was called for which admitted the truth and which would reflect the brutality of this reality. Many were tired of being lied to in romantic novels about the Christian brotherhood of man when all the evidence pointed to our own capacity for behavior that had previously been relegated to brute animals. For many, this brought Darwin further into the picture. Numerous scholars have been quick to point out that *The Origin of the Species* was published in Europe in 1859 and that the common man had never heard of Darwin at the time of the Civil War only five years later. This is largely true, but by the eighteen seventies the common man was effected by it none the less because his pastor had read it and was involved in a life

and death struggle with it and would remain so from Wilberforce to the end of the century.<sup>1</sup> Furthermore, they were more than ready to embrace a universe without the traditional God of Europe.

After the Civil War, the church was playing a markedly lesser role as spiritual guide in the United States. What this amounts to is not simply a passive rejection of European values, but a violent one. Some have argued that this was due to an embarrassment caused by the incredible brutality of the war. Others have argued that the rejection of the church was brought about by the need to rebuild. But as with any violent upheaval — such as the American Revolution which was a physical rejection of Europe followed much later by the post-Civil War upheaval which was much more of a spiritual, intellectual, and emotional rejection of Europe — a vacuum was left behind. It was writers like Howells and Twain who worked to fill the gap with a new art and a new way of looking at the world and with the call to face life as it is and not attempt to fill it with fake values.

In Howells' *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, it is the minister, who Howells designates Mr. Sewell (rather than Reverend Sewell), who outlines the realist approach to the novel:

...those novels with old fashion heroes and heroines in them... are ruinous. ... The novelists might be the greatest possible help to us if they painted life as it is, and human feelings in their true proportion and relation, but for the most part they have been and are altogether noxious. (187)

Howells minister can do this because it is unclear whether he believes in God or not. He never addresses the issue. And when he is called upon for spiritual guidance in the relationship between Penelope and the young Corey, he appeals to common sense rather than the Word of God.

But once we get passed Howells, ministers and rabbis are generally dealt with in a much less kind light. In *Huck Finn* for example, Aunt Sally's husband is a minister and completely incompetent in the things of the world. If it weren't for his industrious wife, his family would have starved. This pattern is consistent in realist fiction. It isn't until Frederic's Theron Ware shrugs off his Christianity and Greco-Roman fantasies that he is able to wander off into the world of business and politics. Clyde's major failing in Dreiser's *An American Tragedy* is that he the product of a

Christian upbringing. In Cather's *The Song of the Lark*, Thea's father is a Christian minister and is thus equally inept in the face of worldly demands; and once again the Kronberg family's only salvation is his strong wife who is able to make ends meet. In *The Rise of David Lavinski* by Abraham Cahan, David's success is precipitated by his willingness to let go of his Jewish faith and use his own people, paying them miserably poor wages, on his way to success. In Anzia Yezeirska's *Bread Givers*, the rabbi father uses his daughters to his own ends and remains a useless burden in the New World. The list goes on and on. Those who cling to Judeo-Christian traditions or Greco-Roman myths in any way are always perceived in American literature as failing to face life as it is. They are weak, incompetent, ignorant, and generally in the way of the social and economic progress of all those with whom they come into contact.

Henry James' absorption of his friends and mentors — Turgenev, Flaubert, Zola, Daudet, and others — excludes him from this important school of American authors. As Sherwood Anderson assured the young Hemingway before Hemingway and his first wife Hadley first moved to Paris, an American can move to Paris and still remain an American author (Kennedy 83). It was very important to Hemingway as it had been to Anderson that he remain an American writing what he knew. Hemingway's mentors included Anderson, Pound, and Stein. And he grew together with men like Fitzgerald. This is not to say that he was not at all influenced by those like his good friend James Joyce, but his primary influences were Americans, not Europeans.<sup>2</sup>

In American literature we move out of the comfort of the drawing room and into wide open spaces. Howells' call was toward a realism that called things by what they were, using ordinary people in ordinary believable situations speaking the ordinary language that the people spoke with. For Howells, women's literature was suspect because there is so often in women's literature an *inviting in* to a known world. In this new world of American literature, there is no inviting in. There is an emerging world, but there is no known world. The protagonist is a stranger exploring an unknown landscape. He (and usually he is a he) is etching out a new story in a world in which he must show his fitness to survive. Discussing this same issue, Kazin observes that,

With his gift for locating the most symbolic place for himself, Hemingway was bound to end up [at the end of his life] in Idaho. And not just for hunting and

fishing. At every stage of his life he found himself a frontier appropriate to his fresh needs as a sportsman and his ceremonial needs as a writer. ... James even in his sacred Europe never went very far. He certainly never sought the last possible frontier. (357)

And American literature is intimately tied to the notion of frontier, but not as an impetus to journey. Rather, like the wandering forth of Huck Finn or Theron Ware who at the end of Harold Frederick's *The Damnation of Theron Ware* is looking off into the horizon ready to embrace the gods of corporate capitalism. American literature is a call to wander forth into the unknown and make a new world of one's own.

### III. The End of Western Myths and Traditions in America

The "fake European standards" decried by Twain, Hemingway, DeLillo and others in American literature from the Civil War to the present are those that relate most closely to Judeo-Christian traditions and Greco-Roman myths which are the very foundations of European culture and civilization. Civello writes that,

The crisis in faith initiated by Darwinism reaches its apogee with the cataclysm of World War I. This war, centered in predominantly Christian Europe, seemed to indicate undeniably the inefficacy of the Church and its ideals, their obsolescence in the modern world of the twentieth century. As in the wake of Darwinism, the aftermath of the war presented humanity with a material universe stripped of the comforting moral and spiritual order with which Christianity had formerly imbued it. (67)

But the problem with this contention is that *The Origin of the Species* and *The Descent of Man* had been written long before. And their impact was indeed enormous as Civello goes on to contend, but what we are talking about here was a paradigm shift of the greatest magnitude, a cultural explosion that as Henry Adams has pointed out manifested itself in the Chicago Exhibition of 1893; and even before that Adams writes in his chapter "Darwinism 1867-1868" that "Politics, diplomacy, law, art, and history had opened no outlet for future energy or effort, but a man must do

something, even in Portland Place, when winter is dark and winter evenings are exceedingly long” (224). Even those who had never heard of these texts were infected by them like an airborne disease. Paul Civello has further pointed out the value of acknowledging Hemingway's naturalism. As he explains:

To Hemingway the natural world was ... largely Darwinian, a world of material force devoid of a moral and spiritual order and therefore of an ostensible purpose or meaning. He was, however, working off a new conception of humanity. The rise at the turn of the century of the psychological and social sciences, of both pragmatic and Nietzschean philosophy, and of a new “modern” aesthetic, all pointed toward the efficacy of the human consciousness in confronting and ordering an otherwise meaningless universe. ... Hemingway, in assimilating this modern view of humanity into his work, would transform the naturalistic novel by depicting a distinctly modern response — one in which the self creates its own order and meaning — to the naturalistic world of force. (67)

On the other hand, Walcutt has pointed out that, “The categories which have been set forth for the analysis of naturalism do not apply very effectively to the work of Ernest Hemingway” (270). Classifying someone like Hemingway as strictly a writer of the naturalist camp contains more problems than answers.

I do not wish to argue necessarily that Hemingway's work does not contain naturalist elements but rather more in Walcutt's direction that to try to label Hemingway at such a critical cultural juncture with one tiny label or another would be unhelpful to the overall perspective. Hemingway was and is and has been a critical cultural recorder of enormous cultural import. He has spanned and hovered above more than a hundred years of American literary output as no other author has in American literature.

#### **IV. Looking through Hemingway**

Just a brief look through the work of Hemingway reveals the agonizing care and technical pains that Hemingway went to in order to try to arrive at the level of precision that he hoped would convey one thing correctly and honestly. His passion to find one true word to give proper expression to experience led him to hone down



and cut away at the devious expressions that we use so easily without regard to the lies they inevitably tell and false perspectives and conclusions that they often lead the reader to.

In *The Sun Also Rises*, Jake enters the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Pamplona and essentially prays to himself. In the single paragraph that describes his prayer inside the Cathedral, he uses the personal “I” thirty-three times, “myself” four times, “me” three times, “my” two times for a total of forty-two times. Not once does he mention the words God, Jesus, Christ, Lord, nor does he make any reference to God or any of the Saints at all. The entire prayer for the American is to himself and himself alone. This is not an accident. Hemingway is emphasizing the American’s spiritual absence in a culture steeped in tradition. Jake’s claim that he is a Catholic is shown to be meaningless; his claim to Catholicism is a mere form like returning to an old clubhouse to which one belonged in one’s junior high school years but to which one’s dues have long since lapsed.

We see this attitude of indifference in Hemingway’s short stories as well. At the end of “Soldier’s Home”, for example, Mrs. Krebs thinks nothing of using religion as a weapon to manipulate her son to her will. She uses guilt to try to make him kneel and pray; and when he is unable to pray, she prays for him. But this is all too much pure strategy to be taken seriously on her part. The text reads,

“God has some work for everyone to do,” his mother said. “There can me no idle hands in His Kingdom.” (151)

These are Calvinist clichés that the young Methodist Krebs was raised on. But then after Krebs denies that he is in “His Kingdom,” his mother gives the lie to her commitment to any faith in God:

“We are all in His Kingdom.” (151)

Her religiosity is intended as entrapment pure and simple because from a Methodist point of view, this is complete heresy. No good Methodist would try to claim that everyone is in the Kingdom of God. Certain steps are necessary, but Krebs is without forgiveness or redemption.

In *A Farewell to Arms*, Frederick, who is the narrator of this memoir, is looking

back and struggling to find the right expressions with which to convey his loss after the death of Catherine. Much of his struggle is with a nameless priest who we meet at the beginning of the novel and occasionally thereafter and who in a sense prophesies that Frederick will someday find love. However, while Frederick does find love with Catherine, he does not find any connection with the Christian God of the priest. Instead his most religious experience is the tangible one that he finds in his love for Catherine; and the only nails to be found in his universe are not the ones that hold Christ to the cross, but are rather the ones in his and Catherine's boots that keep them from falling on the ice at the beginning of Part Five of the novel.

These first two major novels seem to be most busy about rejecting Judeo-Christian traditions which Hemingway saw as a necessary rejection in the establishment of his new American man, a man free to form his own destiny in a world of dark forces. But Hemingway was not obsessed with the dark forces. While the dark forces that Civello and others have discussed are indeed there, man is not entirely the victim if these forces. Hemingway could not have written *Sister Carrie*, or if he had... Hurstwood would have shoved the money in the back of a drawer and given it to his employers in the morning with some lame excuse. But he certainly would not have run off with Carrie.

*For Whom the Bell Tolls* is the first of Hemingway's attempts to deal seriously in fictional form with the ancient myths as well as the Judeo-Christian traditions that underlie Western Civilization. The focus of the novel is Robert Jordan's confrontation with European myths and traditions. The focus is not the Spanish Civil War, and it is not war in general though both of these side issues are also strongly dealt with. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is a novel of cultural struggle, Western myths and traditions under attack by the rebel forces of a new age. This fact explains Milton Wolff's disappointment with Hemingway's novel in Denis Brian's *The True Gen* where he complains, "It's not so much what he did but what he didn't do. He could have made a tremendous contribution to left wing literature and antifascist literature" (127) ...but he didn't. And most of the left-wing intellectuals at the time understood this. Although in fairness, he did contribute to the struggle against fascism in the form of straight journalism. He was strongly anti-fascist; however, he was not a communist either. But in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the fascists control both sides of the bridge just as they defend both Christian traditions and Greco-Roman myths throughout the novel. For them, "the road going up the far mountain", the road leading into the

realm of the ideal, is open. It is only natural then that the American man, the unbeliever, would see it as a threat to his more pragmatic world view and want to destroy it.

This rejection of European values while acknowledging the necessity of respecting them as someone else's becomes fully realized in *Across the River and Into the Trees*. In this novel, Hemingway examines the depth of appreciation and love that one can have for Judeo-Christian traditions and Greco-Roman myths without becoming part of them. One of the most obvious comparisons made by scholars is between Renata and Botticelli's, "Birth of Venus." It is a comparison that the Colonel makes in his description of Renata; thus, we see Venus / Venice rising from the Adriatic Sea. And the portrait of herself that Renata gives the Colonel is reminiscent of the portrait: Venus rising from the sea with dry hair flowing down over her shoulders. Thus, Renata becomes universalized as one of the most European of European towns. Baker argues quite rightly in my view that Renata, "The Countess is more than Nostalgia, though the sense of the past is one of the gifts she brings to the Colonel." However, I must depart from him when he continues as others have done by saying that, "She is the figurative image of the Colonel's past youth, still living in the vision-city he once saw from a distance when he fought for Italy on the plains of the Veneto long ago" (283). On the contrary, Renata is Venice — and by extension all of the innocence of Western Civilization still clinging to Judeo-Christian traditions and Greco-Roman myths — protected and sheltered by the efforts of the pragmatic individual albeit tired American who must watch what he says so as not to hurt the tender thoughts which are at the foundations of that structure.

Hemingway's literature is not simply a literature reflecting a particular style. It is a literature which declares loudly that American literature is a literature without the trappings of European and Western Civilization. It has a character all its own which reflects the character of its people. As Henry Adams has pointed out, America is a world of new gods and new myths. James felt that what he called the "texture of American life" was lacking in fundamental ways, by which he included the character of Americans themselves. Had he stayed in America and ventured out of the comforts of New England into the country itself, he might better have been able to judge for himself. What Hemingway understood and what James lacked, was a fundamental understanding of what Americans are all about.

Hemingway's travels into Europe were not exercises in assimilation. They did,

however, give him an informed contrast to what he had left in the United States. He could see at first hand the culture that he was no part of. And while he did not approve of the crassness of American society and culture, he continued to return to it again and again, finally ending his days by his own hand in Idaho. Ultimately, Hemingway was an American telling uniquely American stories from a uniquely American point of view. With no other story to tell after the end of Western Civilization, the only story left is a new one of the land and its inhabitants. Here we have the Nick Adams stories.

In the novels we have stories of Americans abroad, stories whose Americans like those of Twain and James, do not fit in or belong. But unlike the Americans of Twain or James, Hemingway's Americans more carefully show their estrangement from the culture itself. They show their uniqueness and expose hints of something new.

## V. Hemingway's Legacy

In my view, the best contemporary example of Hemingway's influence is found in Don DeLillo. However, we must go slow in saying this because the waters are full of treacherous holes and underwater pathways headed off in different directions. Like Hemingway, DeLillo uses parataxis almost to madness sometimes. His use of sentences eviscerated to the bone, often very stark and spare, are reflective of Hemingway's style; however, his plot shifts are very unlike Hemingway. They leave the reader hypnotized in a universe of fading reference points. Where Hemingway was declaring his lack of faith in all but street signs and weights and measures, DeLillo takes Hemingway's declaration one step further and points out the untrustworthiness of all points of reference. In *End Zone*, names and especially the Europeanness of names, or as Anatole Bloomberg refers to it, the "Europicity" of names, serves only to cloud their meaning, especially for the American. Here again the Issue of Americanness is fundamental. Bucky Wonderlick's girlfriend in *Great Jones Street* desires to get beyond language altogether to unite only with the sound that Bucky creates.

DeLillo's characters are in active dialog with Hemingway's. They are followers of the same corporate gods who have been creating the same hallowed shrines from the dynamos that Henry Adams spoke of to the computers of Bill Gates. The worshipers of Hemingway's day were uneasily wedded to their new found deity; so

also, DeLillo's characters are equally uneasy. The difference is that DeLillo's characters are somewhat more at ease when they are inside the corporate temple. Outside of it, they merely interfere and create chaos.

Lyle and Pammy Wynant in *Players* are the perfect example of the yuppie couple with everything: corporate membership, education, each other to a degree. But when the foundations of both of their worlds are shaken, then the words and symbols that they have always lived by no longer possess the power to hold them up. Words seem to turn against them. After the suicide of one of her homosexual employers, Tammy loses all sense of lexical reference and,

Lyle calmed her down eventually. He summarized what had happened in short declarative sentences. This seemed to help, breaking the story into coherent segments. It eased the surreal torment, the sense of aberration. To hear the sequence restated intelligibly was at that moment more than a small comfort to her. It supplied a focus, a distinct point into which things might conceivably vanish after a while, chaos and divergences, foes of God. (200)

The point here is also that Lyle and Pammy are in a movement back toward their corporate center. Part of the succinctness is found in this movement. At their very core, they belong on Wall Street and nowhere else.

This is the inevitable direction of all of Hemingway's characters. They are, at their heart, all capitalists, living off money earned at home while they drink the wines of Paris and decry the crass values of their parents. While there is no connection between Hemingway's work and Kerouac's, one does see this again in Kerouac's novels *On the Road* and *Dharma Bums*. But the enormous difference is that while the main characters of both Kerouac novels are capitalists at heart, they produce nothing. While they decry capitalist values, they are extremely self-serving and simply live off the labor and efforts of others.

Even Harry Morgan who is probably more down on his luck than any other Hemingway character, has a keen sense of working for what he gets, even if it is not exactly legal. The problem is that Harry Morgan, too, is outside the corporate structure. His end is death, but for Hemingway it is more honorable in the effort he makes than any of Kerouac's characters which to my mind come off as more of a reversion to Tom Sawyer refusing to face up to the realities of life.

## VI. Conclusion

After the Civil War, the United States was swept up into a new nationalism. As the husbands and sons returned to their towns and villages and told stories of the diversity that they found along with the sameness, regions began to take on a special pride in their identity as Americans from a particular region. The movie images of small village schools were more often started by women in their own homes while their husbands worked in the fields. Although things were changing, we were still largely agrarian and small townships were numerous. In late 1865 and again in 1869 the federal government approved grants to each state to set up and begin colleges. Out of these colleges sprang small newspapers and magazines that further deepened the sense of local belonging and the drive to create not simply a local identity but a national one as well.

The sense that we were something other than an extension of Europe was strong. Architecture moved toward a stark utilitarianism that spoke loudly of this insistence. Contrary to some popular misconceptions, the ludicrous extremes of the Gilded Age were not a part of everyone's life. They were more often laughed at than anything else.

William Dean Howells led the way, though timidly, in the direction of this new sensibility. I agree with Amy Kaplan's observation that American literary realism fails as a pure literary movement. Agreed. As Kaplan says, "Realism simultaneously becomes an imperative and a problem in American fiction" (8-9). I would also argue that if taken as a basic direction both as social context and literary form as she suggests, borrowing from Sundquist, that it is a fundamental aspect of American fiction and Hemingway is its most important twentieth century representative.

Hemingway's language points back to believable portraits of things as they are, using ordinary believable people who use ordinary language in ordinary situations. Hemingway writes uniquely American stories. And while his European characters may embrace the God and mythology of European Civilization, Hemingway declares its loss for the American. For Jordan and for the Colonel, Judeo-Christianity and the ancient myths of Greece and Rome are a non-issue. For Jake they are little more than a vague memory, like a childhood dream. For Frederick they are easily shrugged off like his Italian uniform.

## Notes

1. See, Jon H. Roberts (32-63) for an argument to the contrary. Roberts argues that while the magazines and news sources that he examined in the eighteen seventies show evidence of discussions of Darwinian influence, they also show an enormous faith in science to one day disprove Darwin's work. I would argue two points: first, that the arguments he notes show that there was something to be argued about in the first place; and second, that there were an equal and even greater number of articles with arguments to the contrary if he had not chosen the particular magazines with the biases that he was looking for.
2. Hemingway, who read voluminously in French and Spanish, owned twenty-eight volumes of Balzac's *Collected Works* (approximately 52 altogether) in French (Brasch and Sigman 20). His notes in the margins attest to how much he enjoyed and admired the French realist; but this does not make him a French style realist any more than his friendship with Joyce makes him a stream of consciousness writer. Hemingway was not turning to Joyce or Balzac for influence in the same way that James looked to Flaubert and Turgenev for guidance.

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