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Hemingway: Insights on Military Leadership

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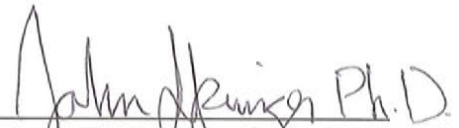
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Hemingway: Insights on Military Leadership


A THESIS

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The literature of Ernest Hemingway is rich with military lessons derived from his lifetime of proximity to war and his understanding of soldiers and leaders at all levels as presented through his characters. Hemingway wrote two significant military works that treat deeply the psyche and behavior of soldiers in war: *For Whom the Bell Tolls* presented a guerilla band led by an American professor named Robert Jordan, and exposed the different types of junior and senior leaders, as well as an ideal soldier in Anselmo, the old, untrained partisan. *Across the River and Into the Trees* was equally rich in military insights, at a much higher level of command, through the bitter musings of Colonel Cantwell. Hemingway's fiction represented and reproduced the detailed awareness he had of soldiers and leaders, good and bad. He was born with the natural instinct to lead, and through his proximity to men performing humanity's most vaunted of tests, he produced a body of fiction that can serve collectively as a manual for understanding soldiers, terrain, and military leadership. Hemingway recognized the combat soldier as the man onto whom the most pressure was placed, and he wrote through his characters and opinion of how the ideal combat soldier should behave, with "grace under pressure."

Acknowledgements

All good books are alike in that they are truer than if they had really happened and after you are finished reading one you will feel that all that happened to you and afterwards it all belongs to you: the good and the bad, the ecstasy, the remorse and sorrow, the people and the places and how the weather was. If you can get so that you can give that to people, then you are a writer

- *Ernest Hemingway*

The past year of work on this project has been challenging, trying, informative and rewarding. First I will always thank God for his guidance, my wife Amy for her support, and my kids for always making each day fun and rewarding, no matter how difficult. My thanks goes to Dr. Carrell for demanding that I take the *Works of Ernest Hemingway* course with Dr. Lewis. You were correct, it was an exceptional course that led to some great ideas, including the topic of this thesis. Dr. Petete and Dr. Springer, thanks for all of your instruction in literature and criticism classes, advice, feedback on the text, and for supporting the completion of this project. Finally, to Dr. Lewis, thank you for imparting expert knowledge, for getting us excited about “Papa,” and for your exceptional organization that led to the smooth completion of this thesis. I am forever grateful for your mentorship (even after your well-deserved retirement!), and your friendship. Thank you so much; without you, I could not have completed this thesis.

Dedication

This thesis is dedicated to Amy, who always provides me the feedback, encouragement, and time to work on any project. I love you.

Hemingway: Insights on Military Leadership

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Hemingway: Insights on Military Leadership

Preface

I started this project of a Master of Arts thesis after taking a course titled *Works of Ernest Hemingway* at the University of Central Oklahoma. My path to the pursuit of a Master of Arts in English Literature was much different than 99.9% of my peers in the graduate program. Even to start the program, I had to take four undergraduate literature courses just to establish a baseline of knowledge that would facilitate my success in an MA program. I had an undergraduate Bachelor of Science degree, nothing even in the vicinity of an English degree. For the eight years between my graduation from Cornell University in 2004, and my enrollment at the University of Central Oklahoma in 2012, I served in the United States Army as a Field Artillery Officer. After multiple deployments to Korea, Iraq, and Afghanistan, and faced with the knowledge that my time as a major would be notoriously dreary, and that I would work unrelenting hours with little sleep and even less thanks, I jumped at a rare and relatively unknown opportunity within the U.S. Army officer ranks. For a few of those years as a major, I could teach.

The United States Military Academy, West Point, contends in the top five undergraduate programs in the country every year, and much of that success stems from the excellent permanent faculty, both in and out of uniform, who impart expert knowledge to

young, high-achieving cadets. But in a mutually beneficial system, active duty majors are also selected as assistant instructors, after completing a master's degree in the requisite field. The highly-selective program incorporates a five year block of time for education and then utilization as an instructor at West Point. For selectees, it is a welcome break from the usual daily repetitive duties. But as a more important characteristic, these same instructors serve as distinguished role models for cadets who will one day join the officer ranks of the United States Army.

So I escaped the machine for a few years, and en route to West Point, the Army was courteous enough to fund my education in English Literature where I landed serendipitously in a Hemingway course and quickly realized there was more to his work than initially meets the eye. We read most of his short stories, about three-quarters of *Byline* (1967) and his major novels, notably *A Farewell To Arms* (1929), *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940), and *Across the River and into the Trees* (1950). Other novels were listed on the reading texts, but these were the most important for my purposes and interests, because I recognized the truth of Hemingway's words in the way he described soldiers, battles, terrain, malingering, civilians on the battlefield, and Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. While I may not have personal exposure to every one of the types of events he describes, if I have not seen them, I have heard of them from those who have.

My first four assignments in the army adequately indoctrinated me into the military culture in a variety of ways. I went to Officer Basic Course where I was around other Field Artillery officers as we learned our craft, I went through Airborne and Ranger Schools where I was exposed to the most hardcore of Infantrymen, and my first duty assignment was in Korea in a Cavalry Squadron, where I learned the nuances of mounted operations on board Bradley Fighting Vehicles. On my first weekend there, I was told we would be road

marching fifteen miles, to which I rolled my eyes. I was thinking, *really, we have to march that far on my first week here? I just got finished with that crap in Ranger School.* When the day of our road march came, I was the only one with a rucksack. Cavalry road marches were actually driven in military vehicles, and I came to understand the nuances later on as I looked back at how much heavier many of the armored soldiers were compared with the infantrymen who walked literally everywhere.

The point is, when Hemingway described combat, how soldiers think, talk and act, and the nuances of leadership described through his characters, I recognized stunningly true details that my fellow *Hemingway* classmates had no idea even existed. Certainly, they understood that Anselmo was a good guerilla fighter in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, but they did not understand how he incorporated every single value instilled by the army until I explained those values—loyalty, duty, respect, selfless service, honor, integrity, and personal courage.

Hemingway inherently understood soldiers. While he was a soldier for barely a month, he knew what combat wounds did to the body, mind, and even soul, as I have seen in many soldiers under my command who did anywhere from two to six deployments during the heaviest fighting in Iraq and Afghanistan. His portrayal of junior level leadership in Robert Jordan, and strategic level leaders like Colonel Cantwell, was spot on. He captured the terror, poverty, and hopelessness of civilians caught in numerous accounts of war, most poignantly from the Greece-Turkey war he covered for *The Toronto Daily Star* in 1922. I have seen leadership from the lowest levels as a lieutenant, to some exposure to high-level leadership during my time as a battery (company-level) commander in both the United States and in Afghanistan. I have seen selfless and selfish leaders. I have seen corrupt figures in the areas where I have deployed, and

the desperate and stricken population that resulted from corruption. I learned terrain in Ranger School, the best combat school the army has to offer, and Hemingway's depiction of terrain in its brutal essence is unbelievably accurate.

As a career army officer of ten years, I have led at every junior level, and I am currently promotable to major, which is called a field grade officer, meaning I will be at the battalion level of leadership. I have nearly completed my Master of Arts in English Literature at the University of Central Oklahoma, after which I will be teaching for several years in the Department of English and Philosophy at West Point. As my thesis advisor, Dr. Gladys Lewis, said early on in reference to my qualifications for this project, many hundreds and thousands of scholars have studied Hemingway, but very few have had a foot in both worlds, military and literature. That, I think, gives me a unique perspective into Hemingway's masterful presentation of warfare. His collective work, at least concerning combat operations, provides a truth that is undeniable; it can present a new framework for military soldiers and leaders to study, and it gives an insight into the real military for the outside civilian. One only needs to look a little deeper, read a little slower, and understand his comprehensive background to recognize the genius of Hemingway's tapestry of war.

Introduction

Military leadership can be defined by two perspectives, tactical and strategic, and both are described specifically in military manuals. Leadership in general concerns the process of “influencing others to accomplish the mission by providing purpose, direction, and motivation” (*Army Regulation 600-100*). *Tactical Leadership* provides purpose, direction and motivation to the battalion level and below, meaning leaders are in direct contact with those soldiers who will ultimately follow their orders for tactical movement on the ground. Synchronous pertaining to leadership, *Strategic Leadership* “occurs at the highest levels of civilian and military levels, whether in institutional settings stateside, or operational contexts around the world...strategic leaders face uncertainty, ambiguity and volatility. They must think in multiple time domains simultaneously as they deal with urgent crises worldwide...” (*Field Manual 22-100*). While they may visit soldiers on the front lines from time to time, generally these leaders are located in more comfortable surroundings and with the benefit of multiple echelons below them to buffer from the personal guilt that derives from making decisions that impact the lives of soldiers. It is not to say that strategic leaders are heartless; most in fact place the welfare of the soldier paramount when planning operations. But the distance from the battlefield often distorts

their viewpoint pertaining to capabilities versus demands, and what constitutes a good idea or a bad one.

Civilian leadership follows a similar, but more expansive treatment: “The action of leading a group of people or an organization; the state or position of being a leader; or the leaders of an organization, country” (*OED*, 3rd Ed.) Whether constituting the dignity, office, or position of a leader, ability to lead, or the position of a group of people leading or influencing others, leadership has both a rich and complex meaning that changes with time and in a given context. Hemingway was especially prescient with his representation of leadership through his characters as he projected the definition of leading that seems time-eternal. His characters in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* do not lead in the style of the World Wars, but rather are more similar to actions in future conflicts, fifty years into the future. Robert Jordan in essence behaves more like a Green Beret in Afghanistan than a professor from Montana involved in the sticky Spanish Civil War.

Within those broad definitions fall two distinctive types of leaders: those who lead through office or position, and those who lead through action and directly influence the direction of a groups’ undertaking. In order to lead men in combat, the second trait far outweighs the position of the first. Put simply, men must be willing to die in order to follow a leader on a mission to possible, probable, or certain death. A general may be able to lead as a matter of office, but a captain or a lieutenant must inspire, or fail.

What would have happened had Ernest Hemingway not been injured in battle? Would he still have chosen the profession of writer, had an Austrian trench mortar not exploded into him on July 8, 1918 at Fossalta di Piave, Italy? (Reynolds *First War* 5). He

lived for writing, a certainty, and often remarked casually to morbid onlookers about the methods of suicide he would use, should writing ever fail him. But writing as a career was not necessarily a foregone conclusion.

The childhood years he spent on the lakes and woods of Northern Michigan had disproportionately prepared him for a soldiering life. Long walks, cold meals, freezing conditions, and the hyper-alertness necessary for successful hunting were all skills, or acts of skill and perseverance, that would have served him well as a soldier.

In fact, he volunteered as a soldier, but was medically turned down; “Hemingway too [In addition to Ted Brumback] was disqualified for Army service by poor eyesight. So when the American Red Cross announced in February 1918 that it was looking for ambulance drivers, it gave both men new hope for joining the war effort” (Paul, “Drive,” 32). Volunteering for the ambulance corps was just a minor preface in a lifetime of risk in the name of adventure—and a good story. It was through his big-game sports and his time covering wars that Hemingway’s most poignant leadership qualities shone brightest. He was intelligent, competitive, and fearless. He had a knack for terrain, and the courage to shoot a charging lion, repel a German attack, and calmly eat a steak under direct artillery fire. He once saved his wife by inserting an Intravenous tube (IV) when a surgeon could not, jumped into the water with a knife to ward off a massive shark, and tried to hunt down German U-boats on a fishing vessel (Baker 373, 427, 436; Reynolds *Final Years* 148; Hendrickson 483). But he also had numerous mental and physical problems that could be attributed to a lifetime of courting danger. In between periods of adrenaline highs associated with the pressure of hunting and fishing, he drank excessively

and womanized, two characteristics of someone attempting to maintain an adrenaline high.

Hemingway was obsessed with the primal urges of man, and found matadors to be the most courageous of men, experts who possessed grace under pressure unlike anything outside of war. Because of his journalistic pedigree, he covered every major war in his lifetime, and saw soldiers reacting with complete fearlessness on a daily basis, while he observed and hated cowardice just as vehemently. What shines through his best lesson plans for leadership, his novels, is a deep understanding of the soldier and the non-commissioned, junior, and senior level officer. His characters portrayed every type of junior leader in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and the difference between good and bad generals in *Across the River and Into the Trees*. He painted the most accurate, courageous, and painful pictures of war through his reporting and his fiction, and he wrote about the horrors of war for civilians in numerous accounts that were both enlightening and chilling.

Unfortunately and naturally, fate intervened by way of Hemingway's instinct to prove himself always. What remained after the visit to that observation post in Italy was a shrapnel-ridden, discontented young man with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). Combined with a lack of sleep that likely signaled the onset of Bipolar Disorder in his teenage years, and his alcoholism as a form of self-medication, Hemingway was never again suitable for formal military service (Schwartz & Feeny 1). Despite these lifelong, enormous challenges, he was able to incisively explore humanity at its finest, and worst, through his examination of warfare's effect on the human spirit.

Ernest Hemingway was primarily a writer of fiction, but his presence is felt in World War I through *A Farewell To Arms*, the Spanish Civil War in *For Whom The Bell Tolls*, World War II in *Across The River And Into The Trees*, and the effect of war on man in *The Nick Adams Stories*. He was present during each war, and while his presence as a reporter qualifies him to teach observantly about warfare's effect on humanity, it does not qualify Ernest Hemingway as an expert on military leadership.

Instead, only through his fiction can we fully grasp the detailed awareness he had of soldiers and leaders, good and bad. He did not, at least formally, lead troops into battle. But he was born with the natural instinct to lead, and through his proximity to men performing humanity's most vaunted of tests, he produced a body of fiction that can serve collectively as a manual for understanding soldiers, terrain, and military leadership. Ernest Hemingway was born with the qualities inherent of a military leader, and had he been able to choose the military as a profession, through sheer determination, he would have been a general, had he not turned it down out of disgust at the pomp and circumstance.

Chapter 1

Hemingway, A Leader

According to many of his associates, Hemingway possessed the charismatic personality that made everyone around him naturally inclined to follow him. Edward Stanton traced Hemingway's travels throughout Spain. He interviewed a waiter named Antonio who served Hemingway periodically, comprising a casual acquaintanceship of a couple days each year. Antonio said, "He would have been a great general or guerilla leader. Even a politician, if he had not been a writer with the obligation to see many sides of a question. He had a way of inspiring loyalty that I have never seen in another man" (5). Though Antonio knew Ernesto merely as a waiter for a client, and was certainly without the credentials to judge Hemingway truly as a leader, his brief, periodic relationship with the man shows that Hemingway possessed a personality that was inspirational to both acquaintances and friends.

That charisma was evident in the interviews of those who knew the man, so it was no wonder biographers like Paul Hendrickson found evidence in plain view. In *Hemingway's Boat* he wrote, "To men whose self-doubt put them in need of formal respect from others, the ease with which Hemingway earned the informal respect of workaday men and women felt like an accusation" (21). This sounds similar to the

relatively rare phenomena of a “soldier’s general,” a term for a revered figure loved by the common soldier, despite their ability to make tough decisions that result in widespread death. For examples, think of Patton, Eisenhower, and MacArthur.

Hemingway had the ability to inspire the workingman and the soldier, a sign of the success of a high level leader. And like the generals, Hemingway exhibited the same political ability that allowed them to survive to attain the highest levels of command. Without the ability to know people—both quickly and intimately—and befriend the right ones, an officer has no chance of reaching a four-star level. Likewise, Hemingway possessed a honed sixth sense which enabled his understanding of humanity in social settings and warfare. Carlos Baker conducted innumerable interviews for his standard-setting biography *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story*. Baker is particularly trustworthy because Hemingway the distrusting conspiracy theorist, actually trusted him to portray the truth. Baker wrote, “His friends observed a special clairvoyance in his social relations, and Briggs called him the most perceptive person he had ever met...’In a group of people, if two of them were antagonistic to each other, Hemingway felt it at once, as accurately as if they wore printed placards” (376).

Hemingway once shocked his friend Colonel Lanham with an unlikely battlefield premonition.

On the way back to the trailer in the jeep Lanham mentioned his doubts to Hemingway: in a day or two he might have to relieve the major. Ernest listened silently. ‘Buck,’ he said, after a moment, ‘you won’t ever have to relieve him.’ Lanham characteristically bristled. ‘Why?’ he asked. ‘He won’t make it,’ said Ernest. ‘He stinks of death.’ When the jeep reached the regimental command post ten minutes later, it was stopped by Lieut. Col. John F. Ruggles, the executive officer. ‘Colonel,’ said Ruggles, saluting, ‘the major has just been killed. Who takes the First Battalion?’ (Baker 434).

Around a profession that relies as much on intuitive instinct as intelligence, higher level leaders understandably took to Hemingway, like Colonel Buck Lanham, commander of the 22nd Infantry Regiment, 4th Infantry Division. Hemingway was not the typical burdensome reporter, not when he endeared an infantry colonel in the middle of the fight of his life, against well-fortified and organized Germans in the Hurtgenwald Forest. The two became best friends, sharing a command trailer during the ferocious and painful battle that taxed both men, where Hemingway served as a *de facto* advisor. In one instance, Hemingway helped save the Command Post (CP).

Lanham's command post in the forest clearing had been closely watched for two days by a German platoon hidden in a bunker a hundred yards away. On the morning of the twenty-second day, they came out shooting. Lanham's headquarters commandant, Captain Mitchell, was killed at once. Hemingway moved in fast with his tommy-gun. In the face of brisk small-arms fire, Decan valiantly tried to go to the aid of Captain Mitchell. The attack was soon repulsed, the surviving Germans were taken prisoner, and a troublesome mortar was knocked out of action—all by quick action in which Ernest had been an active participant (Baker, 436).

The action endeared him to the colonel and the soldiers, and belied the fact that he was a reporter. Reporters are often considered liabilities on the battlefield because of their prying questions and complicated presence as non-combatants who need protection. Hemingway proved an altogether different experience as an asset to "his" unit. Even ex-friends, the subjects of Hemingway's recurrent boiling and instantaneous wrath, often described him in heroic terms.

In an earlier letter to [Carlos] Baker, MacLeish had said, "It would be so abundantly easy to describe Ernest in terms, all of which would be historically correct, which would present him as a completely insufferable human being. Actually, he was one of the most profoundly human and spiritually powerful creatures I have ever known." The one other person he'd ever met who could suck up all the air in a room just by entering it was FDR" (Hendrickson 206).

He frequently demonstrated the ability to smooth over feathers, no matter how rough he treated his friends, simply by being his gregarious self. Through the observations of his friends, former friends, and biographers, Hemingway's leadership ability was clearly communicated by his presence, insightfulness, and personality.

With personal charisma a non-debatable part of his personality, Hemingway was obviously a leader at some level. Three specific character traits are often engendered in *successful* contemporary military leaders, and which Hemingway, not surprisingly, possessed as well: intelligence, competitiveness, and fearlessness.

Because Hemingway lived his life with a form of unlikely leadership, his words actually ring true; he possessed an understanding of leadership that paralleled some of the best war-time generals. Hemingway was an excellent leader, but he did most of his significant leading through his characters.

A Farewell To Arms has been examined in depth from a historical standpoint, and deemed almost perfect in terms of terrain, place and people. It is unbelievable, then, that Hemingway was not there, he never walked the ground, and he never knew the people. Michael Reynolds commented on Hemingway's impeccable accuracy in geography and place in his fiction.

Although Hemingway's experience in 1918 at Schio and Fossalta contributed to the first chapter of *A Farewell To Arms*, nothing that he had seen firsthand could have resulted in the geographic and military accuracy of the novel. When superimposed upon a map of the Italian front of 1915, Hemingway's description matches the existing terrain conditions with remarkable verity (Reynolds, *First War*, 88).

Reynolds examined the "specific places, times, conditions, and attitudes that permeate Book Three [*A Farewell To Arms*]. The sum of these references represents a total knowledge of the military situation in Northern Italy that is more detailed than any

one observer could have had at the time of the retreat” (*First War* 105). Through a well-developed sense of a terrain from hunting as a child, an eye for detail refined at *The Kansas City Star*, and an inclination to make things truer than the truth, Hemingway proved he was a natural prodigy for knowing any situation, a vital trait for a leader in business or in combat. He had an intelligence geared and honed specifically to survive. Once, in the middle of World War II, Hemingway narrowly saved himself, and others, with his palpable sixth sense.

Listening to a faint hum, Hemingway yelled, “Oh, God, jump!” The three went crashing face down into the muddy ditch, Ernest on top of Walton, while overhead they heard a plane stitching their jeep with its machine guns...They were alive only because Ernest recognized the aircraft motor from the Spanish Civil War” (Reynolds, *Final Years* 123).

People who knew Hemingway recognized that intrinsic leadership quality in him, a quality that was so inherent, he could lead almost by feel, by the skin of his teeth, whether in a roadside ditch, defending a command post, or fighting a charging lion.

Hemingway’s recognized minimalist approach helped spark the Modernist movement, a generation of artists, disenchanted by the tragedy of World War I. *The Sun Also Rises* is often cited as a Modernist source-text, and Hemingway’s journalistic observations of humanity at its worst were arguably more of a statement, a purposeful understatement to the hopelessness of humanity in the brokenness of the 1920s. He singularly possessed the eye for detail, the underlying anger, and the intelligence to produce some of the most powerful images of war, such as those in his *Byline* article “Refugees from Thrace.”

The Turk, he was a ragged, hungry-looking Turk farmer, fell out of the cart on to his face, picked himself up in terror and ran down the road like a rabbit. A Greek cavalryman saw him running, kicked spurs into his horse and rode the Turk down. Two Greek soldiers and the cavalryman picked

him up, smashed him in the face a couple of times, he shouting at the top of his voice all the time, and he was led, bloody-faced and wild eyed, not understanding what it was all about, back to his cart and told to drive on. Nobody in the line of march had paid any attention to the incident (59).

The terrors of war come to life to produce for the reader the same emotional response that is present in Hemingway, depicted by the helplessness of the refugee and the brutality of the soldiers.

Hemingway possessed high emotional intelligence that enabled him to describe battles more realistically than data of reality from textbooks, identify silent enemies in a social setting, save the lives of himself and others through the recognition of a mundane aircraft engine's hum, and choose the perfect images in a news article to get the world's attention on emerging atrocities. Add to his emotional intelligence a competitiveness bordering on extremism, and one has a definitive leader, albeit one with some negative traits.

Leaders are naturally competitive; it is engendered in their spirit. Hemingway was so competitive that friends would often dread what should have been amazing sporting events like big-game fishing, fowl hunting, or boxing because of his competitiveness. Regardless of the activity, Hemingway had to be the expert. J. Lawrence Mitchell's introduction to "Ernest Hemingway: In the Ring and Out," addressed Hemingway's personality and motivations in reference to Hemingway's lifelong claim to insider knowledge. His desire to join the war effort was an early indicator of his need to know, or "knowingness," as Morley Callaghan also referred to Hemingway's vital need to be the expert: "I was in the presence of that authority he evidently had to have to hold his life together. He had to believe he knew, as I found out later, or he was lost. Whether it was

in the field of boxing, or soldiering, or bullfighting, or painting, he had to believe that he was the one who knew” (Mitchell, 29-30).

Knowingness was an important concept with regard to Hemingway, providing insight into his semantic use of the little “t” truth, to search for the big “T” Truth, or his desire to present a deep understanding of humanity. Hemingway admitted that he was not always the most believable in a letter on his way to Paris to his friend Bill Smith. As Mitchell notes, “Hemingway added a postscript which gestures towards an awareness of his credibility problem: ‘You’ll have to get Hash to tell you about the bout. If I wrote it you’d think it was fiction’” (9).

Not only did he have to know, Hemingway also had to win. In response to an invitation to go on an African safari, two of his friends turned down the experience of a lifetime. “Both Strater and MacLeish had known better than to give in to repeated invitations. Hemingway was a friend you might not be able to live without—as MacLeish would one day say—but he also was a friend with whom you wouldn’t chance an extended shooting trip” (Hendrickson 47). Instead, Hemingway settled for Charles Thompson and his wife, both people he could dominate.

He did well in Africa, but Hendrickson compared the real life safari to the pages of *Green Hills of Africa*. The thinly-veiled Pop was the protagonist, while Hemingway liked to be called “Papa” in real life. Hendrickson said that the book was “the loosely factual account that came out of the safari, published in 1935, is almost naked on the page in portraying Hemingway’s jealousy at being largely outhunted by his easygoing friend Charles Thompson” (51). It became very clear why MacLeish and Prater refused the hunt. Hendrickson quoted from *Green Hills*: “Suddenly, poisoned with envy, I did not

want to see mine [Tendalla] again; never, never” (52). The reference was paralleled to Charles Thompson’s well-intentioned ability to consistently shoot bigger or better animals, driving seething jealousy within Hemingway.

While competitiveness is often introduced as a positive trait, Hemingway’s could be a negative characteristic, at least concerning his friends’ accurate assessment. Throughout his life, and often in synch with the probable depressive cycle of his manic bipolar personality, Hemingway did and said rash things that ruined lifelong friendships. From Hendrickson’s *Boat* comes an account in which Mike Prater, his lifelong painter friend from the early Paris years, caught a marlin while big-game fishing on the *Pilar*. Hendrickson writes, “What he didn’t tell Gingrich—or the readers of *Esquire*—was anything about grabbing the tommy gun at the critical juncture to begin reddening the waters. It was a jealous rage that made him do it, or so Strater would always believe. For the rest of his life he’d nurse this grudge” (301). Purportedly, Hemingway was shooting a shark, as he often did after acquiring his tommy gun, to protect the marlin. But through the eyes of onlookers, there was something obviously vengeful about the way he shot. Perhaps it was the number of rounds he fired, or the timing, but those on board generally agreed; Hemingway purposefully sabotaged Mike Prater’s marlin by drawing innumerably more sharks.

Most people are competitive, and, to knowingly embrace a stereotype for a moment, many men are super-competitive, and to draw from personal experience, most army officers are supremely competitive. In ways a negative trait that often puts them at odds with one another, competition is also a positive trait that signifies an inner drive necessary to succeed where others would give up. A soldier or officer without a

competitive spirit simply cannot make it through the U.S. Army Ranger School, the marquee army leadership school. Two months of pain and deprivation are purposefully put in front of Ranger candidates in order to make them quit. That drive to never quit derives from a competitive spirit that, if overly developed, could necessarily manifest itself in poor-sportsmanship.

Hemingway was undoubtedly on the supremely competitive end of the spectrum. But he was one of the most important novelists in American literary history, with a keenly developed hatred for book reviews and literary critics, *because* of his competitive streak. He also became an aficionado of bull-fighting, hunted every big-game animal in the American West and Africa, and mentored and flourished as a world-class fisherman in Caribbean waters.

Both Hendrickson and Baker alluded to how Hemingway successfully reengineered tuna fishing of Bimini. “But his theory of might-against-might did, [succeed] and it changed the rules for tuna. Simply stated, the theory was this: from the instant the fish is on your hook, you have to dominate it” (Hendrickson 309). There was no recorded rod-and-reel caught tuna off of Bimini until he did it; the sharks had always gotten there first. One cannot succeed in the sporting life without a competitive drive, and Hemingway succeeded in nearly everything he attempted, with the curiously notable exception of organized football. Had he been in the military for any lengthy period of time, Hemingway would have advanced quickly; his competitive spirit would have demanded that he perform better than his peers. Describe a man with a powerful personality, comfortable charisma, natural intelligence with a drive to know the most

always, and be the best, and one has just described a leader. The only element missing is the man's—the leader's—ability to deal with fear.

Bull-fighting, boxing, safari-hunting, and even big game fishing each has characteristics of danger. In fact, Hemingway shot himself through both legs on his first attempted trek to Bimini (Hendrickson 266). But none of these sports reaches the intensity of warfare, where the combination of deliberate, widespread killing, and the ominous presence of sheer luck undoubtedly brings out the true elements of a man's personality. The ability to *lead*, versus command from a desk, derives from the ability to cope with personal fear in such a way that subordinates can manage their fear by modeling the example of the leader at their head.

J. Glenn Gray—professor, veteran, author, and philosopher—produced an in-depth examination of men in combat based upon his four years in World War II. Referring specifically to “the type of soldier who considers death very real for others but without power over him,” Glenn goes on to say, “If such soldiers command men, as frequently happens, they have the capacity to inspire their troops to deeds of recklessness and self-sacrifice” (106). There are two asides to this notably positive statement about the ability to inspire. The first Gray wrote about pertained to those soldiers who actually lost any feeling of invincibility. Through personal injury, a soldier thus affected might result in the complete shutdown of the soldier who led every charge, a demoralizing event for the soldier and his peers and subordinates. The second was one that Hemingway lived through his personal life by consuming excesses in all areas of his life in attempt to always live on the edge. Invincible soldiers often behave in the same way, which

contributes to negative consequences in social life through the same personality traits that in combat are supremely positive.

Dr. Henry Cloud, renowned psychologist, leadership consultant, and author of *Boundaries*, and *Boundaries For Leaders*, described a scientific study about a stress levels in monkeys.

In this particular experiment, a monkey was put in a cage and exposed to a high level of psychological stress, including loud noises and flashing lights...Next, the researchers introduced one change into the experiment: *they opened the door and put a buddy, another monkey, into the cage.* That was it. They exposed the monkeys to the same loud noises and flashing lights, and then took another measure of stress hormones. They discovered that the level of stress hormones in the brain had dropped in half. The lone monkey was only half as good at handling stress as the pair was together (83).

In regard to soldiers, Gray's successful commanders, the ones who somehow shut out the fear, produced the same effect as adding a monkey; they reduced stress, while also rallying troops for a specific mission, no matter how reckless or self-sacrificing, and no matter how long lasting the impact of such feats were felt later on in life.

The first Gray quote about men without fear, arguably, describes Hemingway. The second provides a context with which he can be compared, both through reality and hypothetical interpolation, and to which his *characters* can be compared; fearless men inspire others in combat. Hemingway was not a military leader, at least not in a sustainable, continuous, and formal capacity. The argument, instead, questions if he possessed the traits of a leader and, through his fearlessness, if he would have been a successful combat leader. If the answer is yes, then further investigation for the positive answer traced through his inherent knowledge and personality, illustrates that he provided

an in-depth understanding of military leadership to his readers through fictional characters.

Looking at Hemingway apart from his actions during open warfare, several accounts of his bravery and heroism provided insight into his character. In *The Final Years*, Reynolds discussed his quick action and remarkable medical capability. Dying from a ruptured fallopian tube, he was told by the physician on duty to “say goodbye” to his wife, Mary. Having seen enough battlefield medicine in World War II, “Ernest ‘cleared the line by milking the tube down and raising and tilting’ until he got it flowing. With a fresh pint in her, Mary fluttered back to life, and Ernest told the surgeon to operate” (148).

While probably propelled somewhat by bravado—he had formerly made sexual advances toward his secretary, Nita—Hemingway acted instantly to save her from a probable shark attack while with a fishing group.

Nita gets up and dives off the stern and swims to shore. She sees a dark shadow in the green shallows and screams. Hemingway...jumps up, tears off his shirt and glasses. He puts his hunting knife between his teeth. He reaches Nita, places himself between her and the shadow, and together they swim very fast back to *Pilar* (Hendrickson 483).

Over the years it would become evident that in some ways, Hemingway was living the lives of his characters, much like a modern day adventurer pretending to be James Bond. But there was no doubting his fearlessness in any capacity, in any situation.

In response to the Secretary of the Navy’s call for an auxiliary patrol, Hemingway did more than run reconnaissance patrols. According to Reynolds, he intended to engage a German U-Boat.

From his reading about World War I Q-ships, Ernest saw immediately the possibilities for an armed auxiliary boat the size of the *Pilar* patrolling as a

fishing craft. If such a secretly armed ship could lure a German submarine to the surface, it might be able to get in the first shot, crippling the raider (Reynolds *Final Years* 59).

While his goal certainly was a possibility, though remote and extremely dangerous, Hemingway fully believed he could take down a U-Boat, and suffered not at all from fear of alternate consequences.

Combine these actions with widespread accounts of running with the bulls, shooting elephants and lions in Africa, challenging “any comer” to boxing matches aboard *Pilar*, and asking “to be transferred to the canteen operation along the more active Piave river front [where he was blown up]” (Reynolds *First War* 5), there remains little doubt that Hemingway was a brave, even fearless man. But how does this acknowledgement translate to a real shooting war, to leading soldiers in combat?

His journalistic placement in World War II provided the opportunity for Hemingway to prove himself in open-war, something he was not afforded in World War I. And, thanks to a shoddy Inspector General’s investigation, he was never brought up on charges for ignoring the Geneva Convention; while serving as a journalist, he took off his credentials, was armed, and even led French Irregular troops in combat action (Baker 409).

While serving as journalist and *de facto* advisor to Colonel Buck Lanham, Hemingway endeared himself to the men of the regiment with his fearless roving of the battlefield in a lone jeep, along with his quick action to save the headquarters in Hurtgenwald Forest. But none stands out more than an incident in which he completely refused to take cover when his “welcome back” steak dinner came under attack, a story recounted by both Reynolds and Baker. Reynolds wrote in *The Final Years*:

Another shell came through the wall. He [Hemingway] continued to eat. We renewed the argument. He would not budge. Another shell went through the wall. I told him to put on his goddamned tin hat. He wouldn't so I took mine off... We argued about the whole thing but went on eating. He reverted to his favorite theory that you were as safe in one place as another as far as artillery fire was concerned unless you were being shot at personally. I pointed out that was precisely what was being done (112-3).

Reynolds asserted that Hemingway's actions were not necessarily suicidal; he had been in good spirits. He may have, in fact, been suicidal, or he might have simply believed his philosophy on artillery. Reynolds continued, "He continually took risks that amazed and worried the 22nd's riflemen" (113). Regardless of the reason he took the risks, Hemingway's behavior established him as an almost mythical figure among battle-hardened soldiers. He was fearless.

Gray furthered the description of the "fearless" soldier in his writing about men in battle.

These soldiers cherish the conviction that they are mysteriously impervious to spattering bullets and exploding shells. The little spot of ground on which they stand is rendered secure by their standing on it... Since such soldiers are freed from anxiety, they are frequently able to see the ridiculous and amusing aspects of combat life and provide much priceless cheer and humor for their comrades (106).

The mythical figure, Ernest Hemingway, was complete in the eyes of the soldiers. By the accounts of those who knew him and studied him he was charismatic, competent, intelligent, highly competitive, and fearless. When he led French Irregulars to secure Rambouillet after the D-Day invasion when he was supposed to be functioning as a correspondent, he disregarded the Geneva Convention, and orders from military leaders who were in charge. However, he was not a military officer. He was only *acting* as such; if he were regular military, he would have, at the very least, been considered a maverick.

As was obvious from his commanding of the *Pilar* sub-hunting expeditions as “captain,” from an understanding of the tactical necessity to react immediately when the enemy ambushed Lanham’s Command Post, and from his actions as a leader at Rambouillet, Hemingway understood command, and he possessed the capacity in his personality to lead men in combat. While he possessed the characteristics and traits similar to a successful combat leader, he also possessed an uncanny ability to take charge, organize, and lead groups throughout his life, in a multitude of endeavors. As a young teenager, he organized numerous long camping trips, including the one described by Hendrickson, the summer before his sophomore year of high school, when he wrote, “Hemingway and an Oak Park schoolmate named Lewis Clarahan got their parents’ permission to go on a hiking and camping trip in Michigan” (374).

And so it went throughout his life; Hemingway was the ringleader, or the leader, and if he could not lead, or in some respects dominate, then he would destroy friendships. Stanton wrote of the first sojourn to Paris, the first of many, and the one during which Hemingway fell in love with the country, much like his likeness, Jake Barnes, did in *The Sun Also Rises*.

Stanton wrote, “At a Paris restaurant one day in the spring of 1923, Hemingway began to promote the idea of a trip to Spain with some friends. He felt perhaps that life there would be more exciting and less artificial than in Paris. Also, Spain and Portugal were the only Latin countries in Europe he could not boast of knowing from the inside” (13) Also indicative in Stanton’s research were implied key phrases like “excitement” and “knowing,” ideal to understand the Hemingway code.

During the Spanish Civil War, Hemingway made his rounds as a journalist, often right at the edge of the battle areas. In fact, he was often in range of Fascist artillery, specifically at the *Telefonica Hotel* in Madrid. Baker wrote: “The morning after his return from the north, Ernest was awakened by the scream and boom of a shell in the square outside. In bathrobe and slippers, he hurried down to see a middle-aged woman being helped into the lobby, bleeding from a wound in the abdomen” (304). Whether through uncanny unluckiness—he had an astonishing list of lifetime injuries—or because of his desire for excitement, Hemingway was always in harm’s way.

Perhaps it was purposeful, as happened in the first months and years of World War II; if he knew that idleness inevitably lead to his “black ass” (Reynolds *Final Years* 157), as he called his extreme anger and depression, he often took steps to find excitement. Even in the beautiful and peaceful Caribbean, he was able to organize a couple of dangerous operations. In response to the call from the Secretary of the Navy, Hemingway established the *Pilar*, as an auxiliary naval craft. Simultaneously, making more evident his gift for organization, he scraped together an intelligence cabal. Both endeavors portrayed Hemingway as a natural leader, able to establish and execute plans with an astonishing degree of attention to detail, while also maintaining the eccentricities that placed him in the Hoover files.

Hemingway assembled a crew of eight, including an executive officer and a master gunner. He ordered armament that included machine guns and grenades, and code named the scheme, *Friendless*, after his cat. Baker further described the preparation and organization that Hemingway put into *Operation Friendless*, including endless training, reminiscent of how a real-life naval officer would conduct himself.

These, [boating trips] of course, were practice runs which could at any moment of day or night have decoyed the enemy into range. Ernest held occasional drills, demanded regular field-stripping and cleaning of the guns, and sometimes permitted the lobbing of grenades at bits of flotsam. He was quite prepared to sacrifice his beloved vessel in exchange for the capture or the sinking of an enemy..." (375).

Meanwhile, when on "shore leave," he ran a veritable spy club which he nicknamed the "Crook Factory". Reynolds described it, quoting liberally from Ambassador Braden's account *Diplomats and Demagogues*.

Until the FBI could find the right men for the Havana station, Braden recruited Hemingway to organize a makeshift intelligence service, which Ernest set to enthusiastically. As Braden remembered it, Hemingway enlisted bizarre combination of Spaniards: some bar tenders; a few wharf rats; some down-at-heel pelota players and former bullfighters; two Basque priests; assorted exiled counts and dukes; several Loyalists and Francistas. He built up an excellent organization and did an A-One job (*Final Years* 60).

Hemingway's activities, like so many in his life, were all-consuming. While he was running a spy operation and commanding a ship (like some character from his novel), his third wife Martha gradually, and then permanently, disappeared from the picture. J Edgar Hoover also started to compile files on Hemingway's actions, which served as a sort of twisted compliment; the director of the FBI was concerned with his activities, which in a way lent the operations credibility.

Later, finally unable to stay out of the war, Hemingway performed admirably as a reporter, a rear guard for Colonel Lanham, and a guerilla leader at Rambouillet. He would continue to organize, even into his later years. Hemingway meticulously planned hunts in Idaho and Montana, fishing expeditions, and African safaris, and his lists were reminiscent of Dr. Hemingway's lists before camping trips to Michigan and for medical coverages, decades before. Reynolds wrote in his book *The Young Hemingway*, "With his

meticulous list, he left explicit instructions for collecting on the [insurance] policies...In 1917, before undergoing surgery to correct a hernia, Dr. Hemingway left a similar list of insurance policies and instructions” (84). Hemingway continued the manic practice before all trips and major events.

Hemingway was even appointed a game warden in Africa for a time, a position which, much like his “Crook Factory” and *Friendless* duties, he took extremely seriously. Reynolds compared the experience with the Rambouillet experience in World War II.

In his new role of honorary game warden, Ernest was quick to recreate an African version of Rambouillet. If elephants grazed through a shamba’s cornfield, he was there to make sure they kept moving on. If a lion was killing Masai cattle, Ernest and his rifle were on the case. When natives appeared in the middle of the night with some emergency, it was never too inconvenient for him to attend to it...Hemingway was in command of native game scouts and numerous informers reporting on poachers, a marauding leopard, and potential intrusions of Mau Mau (*Final Years* 271).

He took great pleasure anytime he was placed in charge, and he took his responsibilities seriously. This was true with the sub-hunting, “Crook Factory”, Rambouillet, and hunts in the American West.

And then, of course, were all the bad things about Hemingway, the incidents, mood swings, violent outbursts, and bouts of manic depression that get in the way of so many would-be Hemingway admirers. In making the case for Hemingway, leader of men, a man with an instinctual insight into the human condition under the utmost stress, necessity dictates an examination of the “black ass” and becomes even ironically informative of the moods.

Hendrickson noted a curious fixation with sleep when Hemingway was still young, even before the war by writing, “But I’ve come to think that some kind of deep

worry about sleep was inside Ernest Hemingway well before the war—which then got magnified to nightmarish degrees by what happened to him during the war. He seems very glad to say in his camping journal that he'd slept well" (377). Lisa Schwartz and Norah Feeny conducted a study on Bipolar spectrum disorder (BP) specifically in youth. A major indicator of Bipolar disorder is a lack of sleep, specifically in youth: "Bipolar spectrum disorders occur in up to 1% of youth and are associated with significant impairment. Individuals with BP are often characterized by a decreased need for sleep or disregulated sleep-wake schedules" (BP 1).

To take the Nick Adam's stories as a quick study in self-biography, Margaret Sempreora produced a compelling insight into Hemingway's psychology by looking at several short stories. Specifically, in "Now I Lay Me," she analyzed the effect of Nick's mother's symbolic emasculation of his father, and the father's unanswerable question, "Why did you burn my stuff?" Sempreora continues, "Perhaps Nick's compulsive lists are a grown boy's continuing attempt to answer the question asked by the father in that primal scene: 'What's this?' Nick's present war wound triggers the symptoms of his earlier trauma" (28). Sempreora continued about Nick's lack of sleep after the battlefield wound, *but also before*.

If Hemingway was writing semi-autobiographically, as was his tendency, then two motifs run through both his stories and his life behaviors, from childhood through adulthood: his compulsive lists, and his lack of sleep. Given his self-described "black ass" moods, which came in broad bell-curve waves throughout his writing career, the indications point to Bipolar disorder. Possibly, a full-onslaught was triggered when he was injured in Fossalta, complete with mania and insomnia. Schwartz and Feeny wrote,

“Bipolar spectrum disorders (BP) affect about 1-4% of the population and are chronic mood disorders characterized by fluctuating states of depression and mania often resulting in significant impairment (Kessler, Chiu, Demler, & Walters, 2005)” (1).

Hemingway’s father kept obsessive lists, a pattern that Hemingway would take on throughout his life, especially in preparation for big game fishing expeditions, which is a definitive symptom of Bipolar disorder, along with extreme highs and despairing depressions. Hemingway’s father and grandfather suffered extreme depression, and patriarchal suicide had become a grim family history, one which Hemingway would eventually continue. With the relatively recent discovery of Bipolar disorder and its prevalent hereditary commonality, it is likely both his father and grandfather had the disorder without knowing it. But by current standards, Hemingway certainly did, which Reynolds discussed in *The Paris Years* by saying, “Hadley was beginning to understand or at least recognized the erratic cycles of elation and depression that could change Ernest before her eyes into someone she barely knew” (194). Further, Reynolds delved in-depth into the cycle. From *The Final Years*:

Gradually, however, Hemingway’s emotional life began to even out, following what was now a familiar cycle: a black-ass depression bottoming out in a wallow irrational behavior that slowly ebbed as he moved back within the range of normal; his emotional temperature would continue to rise, reaching a manic peak, then gradually falling back into the normal range and from there deepen into black-ass behavior...Frequently when the curve moved upward, he was writing well, followed by depression with a book’s publication (235).

Hemingway was living out the conditions of bipolarism [BP] without any way to know why he was the way he was; persons with the condition have difficulty recognizing their situation, especially considering, “only in the early 1970’s were laws enacted and standards established to help those afflicted [with BP], and in 1979 the National

Association of Mental Health (NAMI) was founded” (Caregiver, 2). The laws and the understanding were a decade too late for Hemingway. His manic periods produced phenomenal work and left him on an emotional high; upon publication, he crashed emotionally, and usually only found his way out of the depression with filler parallel to writing, such as a hunting or fishing expedition.

With an undercurrent of probable BP, Hemingway’s wounding at Fossalta also produced recognizable indicators of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). Baker recounted the injury that would haunt him for life.

‘I tried to breathe,’ wrote Ernest afterwards, ‘but my breath would not come...The ground was torn up and in front of my head there was a splintered beam of wood. In the jolt of my head I heard somebody crying...He had covered fifty yards [badly injured] when a round from a heavy machine gun tore into his right leg at the knee...He stumbled and fell with the man on his shoulder (44-45).

Interestingly, Nick Adams in “Big Two-Hearted River” from *The Nick Adams Stories* and Jake Barnes from *The Sun Also Rises* were both wounded characters, but primarily psychologically. Their injuries are never described in detail. Perhaps remembering it, in an autobiographic sense, was simply too hard for Hemingway. He spared no details in his journalistic accounts of disastrous events for others and gave detailed horrors in Pilar’s story in *For Whom The Bell Tolls*.

Reynolds alluded to night terrors and insomnia, primary symptoms of Bipolar but also for PTSD. He wrote, “They had to carry him back, his right leg a bloody mess. In one month at the front he learned all he would ever need to know about war. One did not need years in the trenches to know fear, to dream residual nightmares...” (*Paris Years* 56). Hendrickson also referred to his insomnia, with a quote from Hemingway’s Lieutenant Frederic Henry, from *A Farewell To Arms*. “He says, ‘I slept heavily except

once I woke sweating and scared and then went back to sleep trying to stay outside of my dream” (339).

Post Traumatic Stress Disorder did not keep Hemingway from action. He covered three major wars *after* his wounding, and he did it voluntarily. But there remains no doubt that he was affected by the things he saw in war, participatory or not. In “A Natural History of the Dead,” he wrote, “Regarding the sex of the dead it is a fact that one becomes so accustomed to the sight of all the dead being men that the sight of a dead woman is quite shocking. I first saw inversion of the usual sex of the dead after the explosion of a munition factory...” (*Short Stories* 441).

The things he saw in war produced shock, especially the underlying horror felt through reading the understated account of his short story, based on true events, “On the Quai at Smyrna.” “The worst,” he said, “were the women with dead babies. You couldn’t get the women to give up their dead babies. They’d have babies dead for six days. Wouldn’t give them up. Nothing you could do about it. Had to take them away finally” (*Short Stories* 87).

The outrage is there, too, just under the surface. Colonel Cantwell showed Hemingway’s rage at the atrocity of war well, through his bitterness in *Across the River and Into the Trees*. But perhaps the best account was in another short story, “A Natural History of the Dead,” the parody of a historical article. The underhanded richness portrays both strategic idiocy, and the grotesque and innocent soldier-victims of an illogical battle, in one brief passage.

...A withdrawal having been forced and an advance later made to recover the ground lost so that the positions after the battle were the same as before except for the presence of the dead...If left long enough in the heat the flesh comes to resemble coal-tar, especially where it has been broken

or torn, and it has quite a visible tarlike iridescence. The dead grow larger each day until sometimes they become quite too big for their uniforms, filling these until they seem blown tight enough to burst...The surprising thing, next to their progressive corpulence, is the amount of paper that is scattered about the dead (*Short Stories* 443).

Hemingway saw enough warfare to capture the atrocity of it, to show the outrage in his minimalist way. But it had to affect him deeply, and perhaps contributed to his uncontrolled anger, insomnia, and depression. Combined with probable Bipolar disorder, it is easy to see why Hemingway was a tortured man. And, like many victims of PTSD, of depression, and of Bipolar, Hemingway self-medicated with alcohol.

In *Papa Hemingway*, A.E. Hotchner recounted having seven double daiquiris with Hemingway on their first night out together. Baker observed the Cuban Ambassador's shock at the amount of drinking and wrote, "They were nearly overcome by the abundance and variety of the drinks. Ernest commonly began with absinthe drops. Besides red and white table wines, there was always much champagne at dinner, and...an endless succession of Scotch highballs...Ernest sometimes rounded it [the evening] off with more absinthe (376).

Ernest Hemingway was, at times, a bully, a womanizer, and a lifelong alcoholic. He behaved terribly towards his friends for no reason at all, other than he had the "black-ass." He lived his adult life battling with depression, untreated Bipolar Disorder, PTSD, and the damage from an astonishing array of injuries, from shrapnel to gunshot wounds, repeated concussions and diabetes. It is no wonder, then, that he turned to alcohol in order to soothe his pain until it became too much to bear. Astonishingly, given these challenges, he was able to produce work that arguably changed the course of American

fiction. Like his ex-friend MacLeish said, he was both insufferable and powerfully spiritual.

The point, then, is not whether Ernest Hemingway was a good military leader. By some accounts, he did do a good job leading irregular troops for a time in France. But he was not a morally clean man. He did not lead by example in his own life, with his behavior towards women and with substance abuse. He had too many physical and psychological problems to have survived as an army officer, had he been admitted.

But he was not an officer, nor did he have to behave as one in order to take something about leadership away from his work. He had the knowledge, competitive spirit, and fearlessness to understand, in his own being, what it took to be a soldier and a leader in battle, even if he was not a soldier. Through all of his drawbacks, Hemingway was able to write from the mind of a leader when he needed to do so. He was a part-time leader and a part-time drunken, mentally-ill bully, and being a part-time military tactician was all that was necessary to illustrate through his characters a measure of his extreme military competence

Hemingway's lengthy proximity to major wars, journalistic eye, and *understanding* of what was going on around him created a viewpoint that allowed his readers to experience war first hand. By understanding Frederic Henry, Nick Adams, Colonel Cantwell, Robert Jordan, Pablo, El Sordo, Pilar, Anselmo, General Golz, and Admiral Marty, a reader can understand good and bad leaders at all levels of command. Hemingway created a tapestry of war that touched on humanity, tactics, terrain, and people. And his characters, his created archetypal people, educate in the nuances of military leadership.

Chapter 2

Hemingway, An Artist of Humanity

Ernest Hemingway was an *aficionado* of grace under pressure. Through his observations of human beings under pressure, whether in sports, bull fighting, big-game hunting or warfare, he was a participant and a learned observer to the extent that he was able to capture the pressure and emotion through his characteristic understated eloquence. Bullfighting was perhaps his most famous love, but also through hunting and fishing, and obviously warfare, he learned, and later portrayed through writing, what it meant to be a man. He left no doubt what he thought of toreros who danced with shaved-horn bulls, and in his later years, he hated the commercialism that took away the gamesmanship from big-game hunting and fishing. Something primal existed in Hemingway, something deep inside him that drove him on bizarre escapades in search of real danger that brought with it the intense pressure loved by the greatest athletes in the last moments of games and the hunter and fisherman in the last seconds before the kill.

While he was not always the best sportsman at events he tried, he *was* the best sports writer of hunting, fishing and bullfights, even if his reporting consisted of half-truths or fiction. That which was portrayed to the reader was real, the truth, even if it meant fictionalizing some details in order to make an ideal example of what drives a

primal man. A few men uphold so well under pressure that, in big game sports, they face real danger calmly, almost peacefully. In warfare, grace under pressure creates the same peace, but often with young teenagers following an unshakeable leader directly into the chaff.

On his first trip to Spain, Hemingway realized his earlier preconceptions underestimated the *corrida*, the bullfight. Stanton quoted Hemingway comparing it directly to war. He said, “The animal was unearthly, wonderful, and horrifying...In fact, sitting in a *barrera* at a bullfight was ‘just like having a ringside seat at the war with nothing going to happen to you’” (15). He instantly admired the matadors’ “grace and courage, [and] Hemingway recognized the kind of admirable physical conduct he had been seeking” (16). From the beginning of his fascination with the bull ring, he connected the danger of the fights with that of war, the blood and entrails evoking a primal, sublime feeling. He captured that essence in a short story vignette: “The horse’s entrails hung down in a blue bunch and swung backward and forward as he began to canter...The picador kicked in his spurs, leaned forward and shook his lance at the bull. Blood pumped regularly from between the horse’s front legs” (*Short Stories* 165).

With time, Hemingway would realize the art of bullfighting was in technique and practice. There was something about the way the matadors pirouetted with a thousand pound animal bearing down on them, hardly sweating, bending the animal to their will. When describing an account of a third and final matador that was forced to deal with all five bulls due to the injuries of the other two matadors, Hemingway showed his maturity gained from studying the sport until he knew it inside and out, as was his way. He wrote in *Byline*:

The bull turned like a cat and charged Algabeno and Algabeno met him with the cape. Once, twice, three times he made the perfect, floating, slow swing with the cape, perfectly, graceful, debonair, back on his heels, baffling the bull. And he had command of the situation. There never was such a scene at any world's series game. There are no substitute matadors allowed. Maera was finished. His wrist could not lift a sword for weeks. Olmos had been gored badly through the body. It was Algabeno's bull. This one and the next five (108).

While the sport was an art form, the appeal was in the very real danger that Algabeno and other matadors faced daily. And, like soldiers, many crumbled from the pressure over time, losing their nerve or drinking away their skill. But those magnanimous moments that were better than any world series kept Hemingway coming back to Spain for his entire life. Eventually, he would move on from Spain, to focus on fishing on his beloved *Pilar*, after the bullfighting grew old for a season. But as his health was failing him in his last years, Hemingway did not go fishing, he went back to Pamplona when he turned sixty.

As described by Baker. "The crowd saluted him [the matador] with a sea of waving handkerchiefs, but there was no official recognition of the performance until Ernest rose, faced the President and solemnly waved one of his own. At once the President [of Spain] complied, awarding Segura both ears of his bull" (546). His *tour de force* on the bullfighting circuit lead him across Spain over a summer, and worsened his failing health. But, like the wars that always beckoned for him, Hemingway had to return. His life was stocked full of thrill-seeking through women, the bottle, the wars, and sports. He always sought danger, from the time he volunteered to go to the front in WWI. Bullfighting was an outlet from an injured mind after WWI, because it taught him about grace under pressure. It made sense of man's role in the wilderness, with his basic, innate humanity. Big game fishing, too, had a mystique that intrigued him, and probably

because there was legitimate action with a little bit of danger. At the bull fights, as tense as they were, Hemingway was merely a spectator. He was emotionally involved and personally known to many matadors, but he was still a spectator, not an actor in the age-old primal drama. Fighting a thousand pound fish though, became Hemingway's new link with nature in his highly masculine way.

Flush with cash borrowed against his next novel, after the success of *A Farewell To Arms (AFTA)*, 1929, Hemingway bought *Pilar* for \$7,495 in 1934, quite a bit of money (Hendrickson 94). Hendrickson included an excerpt from a letter to Gingrich, who loaned Hemingway a \$3,000 down payment, in which Hemingway bragged about his new macho toy. He wrote, "The boat is marvelous. Wheeler, 38 footer, cut down to my design. 75 horse Chrysler, and a 40 h. Lycoming. Low stern for fishing. Fish well, 300 gal gas tanks. 100 gal water. Sleeps six in the cabin and two in the cockpit. Can turn on its own tail..." (95). The boat was a Hemingway's dream, and as he would soon prove, a perfect boat for trophy fishing. Within his first two years of fishing for marlin, Hemingway was already an expert, and Hendrickson continued, "A big-game fisherman might have counted himself blessed to have landed two or three good-size marlin in a season's fishing. In one month alone, May 1932, right after he'd begun, Hemingway had landed nineteen marlin on a rod and reel" (194). The key to his success was technique. Instead of setting the hook instantly, he let the fish run with the bait before he hit it.

Hemingway portrayed the basic nature of marlin fishing through his Pulitzer Prize-winning account of Santiago's epic fishing expedition with a hand-line on a tiny skiff. The narrator says from *Old Man and the Sea*:

One hundred fathoms down a marlin was eating the sardines that covered the point and the shank of the hook where the hand-forged hook projected

from the head of the small tuna. The old man held the line delicately, and softly, with his left hand, unleashed it from the stick. Now he could let it run through his fingers without the fish feeling any tension (41).

Eventually, the old man would set the hook, and thus be dragged east of Cuba, all the while fighting a marlin from a skiff. Importantly, it shows both the expertise Hemingway had for fishing the preeminent trophy fish and the intensity and danger of fishing for thousand pound behemoths. Delirious from malnutrition and lack of sleep, hands cut, hand cramped, and back creased from the weight of the line, Santiago realized his three day journey was real: “Now he knew there was the fish and his hands and back were no dream. The hands cure quickly, he thought. I bled them clean and the salt water will heal them”(99). Santiago was his own form of grace under the pressure for three days and, especially, during the shark attack. He was humble, religious, and was satisfied with having caught the fish, whether or not there would be anything left after the *galagos*. In him, Hemingway wrote truly of the interaction between man and dangerous nature. Besides the back-breaking marlin, Santiago had to deal with innumerable sharks from a tiny boat.

In *Islands and the Stream*, Hemingway also dealt with the danger of marlin fishing. When Thomas Hudson’s son hooked a marlin, as was Hemingway’s code, the boy was not allowed to give the rod to anyone else, because it was his fish. The catch had to be pure: “Eddy helped David back into the fighting chair, holding him around the waist so that a sudden lurch by the fish would not pull the boy overboard” (130).

The pain, too, was real, based upon an actual fight that one of his sons had with a marlin. From *Islands in the Stream*, he fictionalized a true fishing story. “‘Now listen, Davy,’ Eddy told the boy, looking close into his face. ‘Your hands and your feet don’t

mean a damn thing. They hurt and they look bad but they are all right. That's the way a fisherman's hands and feet are supposed to get and next time they'll be tougher. But is your bloody head all right?" (133). Marlin fishing for Hemingway was a pure sport. The pressure was not typically from sudden danger, like in the bull ring, but from the stamina required for a sustained fight that left the fisherman bloody, aching, and on the verge of passing out. The danger of fishing was in the long slow fight of endurance; hunting, on the other hand, was definitively more dangerous.

As usual with his fiction, Hemingway based it on real life events or techniques. In "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Macomber," the lion hunt was realistic. "'You may have killed him,' Wilson went on . 'We'll have to wait a while before we go in to find out'" (*Short Stories*, "Francis Macomber" 16). The premise of the safari story was that Macomber gut-shot a lion that escaped into the tall grass. Hemingway's hatred for cowardice came out in the way Macomber was eventually humiliated and cuckolded by his wife for running away when the lion charged. At the end, though, he faced his fears and went after a wounded elephant, to his eventual demise. The contrast, along with the title, showed everything necessary to understand what Hemingway valued in life, in manhood. Humiliation was attached to running from a charging lion—hardly an easy reaction to avoid—and Macomber gained happiness when he redeemed himself as a man, when he faced his fears gracefully, even though it led directly to his demise, just like fearless bullfighters or soldiers whose conditioning for pressure in battle leads to trouble in civilian life.

Ultimately, big game hunting, trophy fishing, and even bull fighting are controlled sports. There are varying elements of danger, but generally speaking, man stacks the deck

against animal. The hunter is armed with a rifle, the fisherman with a gaff, and the torero with a sword. Warfare adds an entirely new element of danger: people shooting back. It is relatively easy to remain graceful under pressure due to danger when the odds for getting hurt are so low. It is entirely different to deliberately climb a hill, charge a machine gun, or invade a beach under overwhelming enemy fire.

Hemingway understood the difference, and he even lived it at times. When he sat eating a steak with shells crashing through the bunker walls, he portrayed a complete lack of instinctual self-preservation. When he charged the German platoon as they launched an ambush on Lanham's Command Post he did the only thing possible to survive an ambush—be even more aggressive and charge *them*. Even though he was not a soldier, besides that month in World War I, he understood soldiers. He was around them, he watched their sacrifices, and he captured their heroics, their grace under pressure.

Reynolds discussed what Hemingway valued in *Final Years*.

After his wounding in World War I, Hemingway viewed armed combat as the most central experience of his century. Here a man could see his species stripped down to a primal level; here he could test his own emotional resources. This [World War II] was Hemingway's fifth war since 1918... Years of hunting in broken fields and rough terrain, facing dangerous game in tight places, all of it was good practice for the hedgerows of France and the forest at Hurtgen... His familiarity with weapons, his proficiency in French, and his ability to shut down the normal response of fear made him invaluable to officers like Buck Lanham... (104-5).

While he was a source of worry to officers and absolute frustration to other reporters, Hemingway was idolized by the soldiers. The feeling was mutual. In his article for *Colliers*, "War in the Siegfried Line," included in *Byline*, Hemingway reported on how "the Infantry cracked the Siegfried Line" (392). For the last half of the account he used the words of Captain Howard Blizzard.

Maybe that is as much as you can take today. I could write you just what I Company did, what the other two battalions did. I could write for you, if you could take it, what happened at the third bunker and the fourth bunker and at fourteen other bunkers. They were all taken...I will be glad to tell you sometime what it was like in those woods for the next ten days; about all the counterattacks and about the German artillery. It is a very, very interesting story if you can remember it (400).

Like any Hemingway piece, word choice and understatement provided a deeper understanding of human emotion. The report was full of the everyday heroics expected of soldiers. For example, charging across an open field towards enemy machine guns was considered rather ordinary; it was, after all, an attack. But to conceptualize the human emotions on such a day, as bodies of friends fall, and pathetic, malnourished kids are taken prisoner, truly puts Hemingway's—Blizzard's—words into perspective. "It is a very, very interesting story." The rest was left to the imagination of *Colliers* readers. Additional specific accounts survived to help spotlight the horrors of combat in order to place a soldier's grace under pressure in perspective.

Reynolds' account of storytelling about Hemingway's and Lanham's experiences in *Final Years* revealed greater understanding of the two in battle: "On November 26, eleven days into the death factory, the 22nd Regiment finally reached their second-day objective: the village of Grosshau. The next two days were a horror show: infantry crossing an open field caught in murderous fire from entrenched Germans. Baker Company stalled...losing fifty-four out of seventy-nine soldiers" (122). That setting places the following account in perspective: "Suddenly, in one of those selfless acts that sometimes happen in battle, Private First Class Marcario Garcia went into the woods alone to destroy the enemy machine gunners with hand grenades and his rifle. Wounded in his assault, he nevertheless wiped out a second machine-gun pit, allowing what

remained of his company to reach the woods” (122). The only choice the soldiers had was how hard to fight; they did not have a choice whether or not to fight. By living with the regiment and its combat-fatigued commander, Hemingway was a literal member of the unit in a human sense. For those reasons, for the soldiers, he grew deeply bitter with military politics. “The disparity between the infantrymen dying in the splintered, dripping forest and the military politics [Lanham was in a rift with the commanding general] going on at division headquarters left a permanently bitter taste in Ernest’s mouth” (121).

General Raymon Barton sent a psychiatrist in an attempt to gain a reason to remove Lanham. That same psychiatrist had a run in with Hemingway. Reynolds quoted fellow journalist, Bill Walton, about Hemingway’s reaction to being told by the psychiatrist that all were doomed.

‘Every damn one of you is going to break sooner or later...Including you, Hemingway!’ Hemingway exploded. He flushed deep red and pounded on the table so hard the wine bottle jumped around...The captain was an ignoramus, an uneducated fool, a pervert, an enemy spy, and anything else unpleasant he could think of. ...Something that was very deep in him had been touched. He couldn’t forget it (121-2).

What had been touched? The psychiatrist had called courage and cowardliness false values. These were the bedrock values of Hemingway’s faith in manhood, in humanity, in men being able to hold up under machine gun fire or a lion’s charge.

Soldiers did their job, and their job was thankless and dangerous, but generally straightforward. On the other side, the leaders made an impact on tactics and the outcome of battles. Hemingway knew soldiers, and it came out in his writing and his careful selection of reported details to *Colliers*. He felt most at home among the men. Baker quoted Ehrenburg who talked about how Hemingway felt in World War II, that he was “‘attracted by danger, death, great deeds.’ He was daily seeing men who refused to

surrender. 'He was revived and rejuvenated.'...He had spoken in *Green Hills of Africa* about the 'pleasant, comforting stench of comrades,' the happy interdependence of a brotherhood in arms..." (307).

Hemingway also knew leaders. He was a phenomenal judge of character due to his incredible ability to read human emotions. Under stress, true personalities emerge, and Hemingway observed closely in combat. He loved Colonel Lanham who rallied troops and put himself in harm's way. He hated General Barton who made decisions from the safety of his command post that made the 22nd's mission even harder, as difficult as that was, considering their casualty rates. Junior officers are either good or bad; they generally do not have the time to correct deficiencies. Certainly that was the case in World War II when, as Reynolds wrote, "Replacements pouring into the staging area are frequently dead men before ever reaching their platoons. Battalion commanders disappear at an unsustainable rate; lieutenants go down like birds in a shooting gallery" (119). But it is also clear from selections in *For Whom The Bell Tolls* that Hemingway understood the importance of good junior officers. Robert Jordan, the protagonist, was the equivalent of a lieutenant or captain, but an entire division was counting on his small mission to blow a bridge. Hemingway's selective quotations of men like Captain Blizzard also exhibits a partiality to the junior officer. Hemingway likened himself to a colonel, and most colonels love their junior officers. He probably felt the same way, as he was like Buck Lanham's twin in the Hurtenwald Forest.

Senior officers, though, fall into two categories in the Hemingway canon. They love themselves, or they love their men. The latter have the ability to inspire, the former get even more soldiers killed. The Spanish Civil War was particularly interesting in that

the leaders on the Republican/Loyalist side, the one supported by Hemingway against the Fascists, were not professional soldiers.

Like the Confederacy in the American Civil War seventy years earlier and a continent apart, the leadership was selected from unlikely candidates by necessity. Hemingway particularly liked the former artists of Spain who became leaders. Baker wrote, "Like Luis Quintanilla, [Colonel Gustavo] Duran was an artist turned soldier, and Ernest soon began to speak of him as one of his heroes" (309). He had a place in his heart for artists as if the rest of the world, at least most generals and politicians, was full of blowhards, while artists told the truth, frankly and without holding back. In *Across the River and Into the Trees*, his opinion became clear through his alter ego, Colonel Cantwell, who said, "After a man gets one star, or more, the truth becomes as difficult for him to attain as the Holy Grail in our ancestors' time...Now Captains...they know the exact truth and they can mostly tell it to you. If they can't, you reclassify them" (145).

Craig Carey's article, "Mr. Wilson's War," discussed the President's pragmatic reversal and entry into the war that "violated the sanctity of words and the purity of youthful ideals" (6). Carey contended that much of Hemingway's biting, understated, sarcastic style emerged from the disenchantment he had with European and American political wavering over World War I. This deep resentment derived from a basic hatred of warfare, and politicians by association. Baker quoted liberally from excerpts of letter to his father in World War I.

There are no heroes in this war...All the heroes are dead...Dying is a very simple thing. I've looked at death and really I know. If I should have died, it would have been...quite the easiest thing I ever did...And how much better to die in all the happy period of undisillusioned youth, to go out in a blaze of light, than to have your body worn out and old and illusions shattered (52).

With years and experience, Hemingway was able to discern the need for war, but to know it for what it was: a chess match between politicians and generals in which innocent civilians and soldiers died. The disillusionment in the letter would never change, as his later writing would uphold, specifically, his attitude concerning villainous politicians and generals. His opinion of heroes would evolve based on his experiences in the Spanish Civil War and World War II, but the negative attributes that stood out in senior leaders would only be reinforced by General Barton. And, “Ernest’s greatest hatred was reserved for Andre Marty, commander of the International Brigades...” (Baker 310).

Colonel Cantwell served as Hemingway’s muse to insult those who sat safely above the great divide between soldier and general, between front lines and corps headquarters. He said, “When you are a general you live in a trailer and your Chief of Staff lives in a trailer, and you have bourbon whisky when other people do not have it” (136). And if Cantwell was a muse, Marty was an archetype.

Baker discussed Admiral Marty, the real life commander of the International Brigades in the Spanish Civil War. Hemingway detested him.

Ehrenburg found Marty ‘imperious, very short-tempered, and always suspecting everyone of treason.’ Regler stated flatly that Marty covered his inadequacy as a soldier ‘with an unforgivable, passionate spy-hunt.’ He quarreled publicly with many of his subordinates who disagreed with his neurotic or even psychotic decisions...” (310).

Marty was represented by his same name in *For Whom The Bell Tolls*, which shows the depth of Hemingway’s hatred. He arbitrarily made decisions based on his finger on a map, with no regard for the topography on the ground. For a man who had been there and seen the infantry’s nearly impossible missions, Marty’s incompetence was unforgivable to Hemingway.

Though he was often forced to take up arms personally, or so he would claim, Hemingway's interest in war was primarily humanitarian. He went to report the truths of what was happening on the ground, to troops and civilians. By profession, he thumbed the eyes of politicians and generals, worldwide. There was no more profound, or profane, example of his motivations than the *Byline* story, "King Business in Europe." Other accounts included "Mussolini: Biggest Bluff in Europe," based on his interview with the notorious Fascist, and "Genoa Conference," in which he satirized the Russian delegation, and the international leaders at the conference that stood by as the Russians irreverently established diplomatic dominance.

As for the Spanish Civil War, Hemingway believed outside support was necessary to stop the advance of Fascism, and correctly predicted the world war that would result from unchecked aggression. In a speech he gave at a Hollywood fundraiser, Hemingway spoke of the civilian casualties resulting from unrestrained warfare in population centers. Baker wrote, "He spoke of the death of such friends as Lucasz and Heilbrun, the indiscriminate bombing of civilian populations, the killing and maiming of children, and the sufferings of the troops" (316). He saw the two sides to war, the soldier side and the civilian side.

Those targeting and ordering missions seemed indiscriminate at times, on both sides of the battle. Baker reported, "Franco's artillery on Garabitas Hill bombarded Madrid daily. Granite dust and the acrid fumes of high explosive lay everywhere. The morning after his return from the north, Ernest was awakened...In bathrobe and slippers he hurried down to see a middle-aged woman being helped into the lobby, bleeding from a wound in the abdomen" (304). All-out war is a terrible thing, and like Hemingway said

on his way into Italy in the World War I, the worst part for soldiers was seeing women and children dead.

Much of his fiction and non-fiction touched on the effect of war on humanity, not on the soldiers, necessarily, but on the people of a country at war. Baker's account of the arrival of Hemingway and the 22nd Infantry into Paris, one of the most refined capitals in the world, was chilling: "The target area this time was an apartment house said to contain a sinister group of Orientals. But it was only one small Tonkinese laundryman, whose shoulder had been grazed by a bullet. Marshall and Westover bandaged him. They also prevented a Frenchwoman from being shorn by a crowd of her compatriots who accused her of consorting with the Germans" (416). The breakdown of civilization was reminiscent of the scene in *For Whom The Bell Tolls*; Maria's hair was shaved directly before a gang rape.

For Whom The Bell Tolls (FWTBT) shows his expertise in military tactical strategy, while also being sensitive to and invested in humanity. It merged various accounts seen in non-fiction *Byline* pieces in order to tell the truth about war's effects. Hemingway's words on his war subjects contextualized his texts.

In stories about the war I try to show *all* the different sides of it, taking it slowly and honestly and examining it from many ways. So never think one story represents my viewpoint because it is much too complicated for that . We know war is bad. Yet sometimes it is necessary to fight. But still war is bad and any man who says it is not is a liar. But it is very complicated and difficult to write about truly...In the war in Italy when I was a boy I had much fear. In Spain I had no fear after a couple of weeks and was very happy. Yet for me not to understand fear in others or deny its existence would be bad writing, It is just that now I understand the whole thing better (337).

This is another example of Hemingway's desire to tell the truth, no matter how painful, and some of his most moving and powerful pieces were based on true events. "The Old

Man and the Bridge” portrayed an elderly man who could not walk any further in the face of Turkish aggression. Everything he knew, to include the animals he cared for, was gone. When he had reached a breaking point, he simply sat down and waited for the artillery to reach him. Hemingway’s insight into the validity of that moment spoke tragically; it was a picture of war destroying life for a man, an innocent man. It was inhumane.

More graphically in “On the Quai At Smyrna,” the British officer described the donkeys drowning with broken legs and the mothers smothered with the stench and helplessness of dead newborns in their arms. “Refugees From Thrace,” and “A Silent Ghastly Procession,” both drew a similar picture, as women gave birth in ox carts, with nothing but a blanket to cover their pains. Without a mass exodus triggered by the outbreak of hostilities, those atrocities would not have occurred.

Hemingway revered the courage and grace under pressure that revealed itself in warfare, but he did not admire war. He was around it too often and saw too many bad things happen to innocent people. His desire seemed two-fold through an interpretation of his work. First, he always sought to tell the truth. According to Baker, “although the volume, *Men At War*, contained both fiction and nonfiction; Ernest’s chief criterion was always verisimilitude; he wished the selections to show what war was really like rather than how it was supposed to be” (377).

Second, he wanted to depict graphically the atrocity of war. He could not fill pages with carnage and expect to get published. Partially out of his undeterred pessimism, and partially from necessity, he developed the understated, stoic prose that resonated like echoes in a cavern, without ever revealing the exact details. The details,

often, were more horrific in the mind of the reader. By redefining how to write American prose, he also got across the message of disillusionment with society, with war, with what insufferable politicians and generals could do to humanity.

A similar event in Gray's book described the same breakdown in humanity that Hemingway often described.

Inexperienced and fearful in a strange land, higher headquarters soon put out stern orders that all garbage was to be buried forthwith. Then began the hideous spectacle of unwilling soldiers forced to push back the women and children while garbage cans of food were dumped in freshly dug pits. Other soldiers hastily shoveled the wet dirt of the meat, bread, and vegetables... More than once we saw the despairing children and women break through the lines and scabble in the rain and mud to rescue dirty pieces of food before the soldiers could seize them and push them away. (7).

The account was a kind of sum for all atrocities Hemingway saw and immortalized in print: stupid orders from higher headquarters, starving women and children, and soldiers forced to dehumanize the already-broken civilians around them while they ate heartily for the coming fight.

When Hemingway created Pilar's account of the massacre in her town in *FWTBT*, at the hands of Pablo, her husband, he created realism. It was fiction, but the understated emotion, the powerful feelings generated by the sight of a mob massacre of former neighbors and friends illustrated how war really was. The setting could not have been more apt in Spain, and as Stanton described the Spanish "with their tragic feeling of life on the one hand, their fiesta sense on the other, Spaniards may live more intensely than any other Western people. Because they have lived at the periphery of Europe, enjoying centuries of contact with Eastern races, they still possess the old, cyclic, or mythic sense of time..." (177). Their passion for life and their sense of fiesta made the Spanish even

more fallible and tragic as the victims of a bloody and enraging civil war on par with the American Civil War; it split lovers, friends, and families, forever, based on such trivialities as geography or political beliefs.

The Spanish guerrillas in the mountains symbolized the elements of Spain that made it good, bad, beautiful and ugly. Robert Jordan often mused about the Spanish capacity for being the greatest people on earth, and the most evil. Those Hemingway thoughts expressed through his protagonist exhibited his very deep understanding of the human psyche; it is easy to picture a hated enemy as being capable of atrocity, but to picture friends and neighbors in a jovial Spanish society, complete with bull fights, drinking from wine bags, and dancing at the fiesta, to picture them slaughtering each other is to challenge faith in humanity. It was not the culture of the Spanish that made his novel so powerful; it was the contrast between the various components within it.

Through his personal experience after World War I, Hemingway represented an often forgotten factor of war: the aftermath. After World War I, he experienced shell-shock, or Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). Reynolds addressed Hemingway's post-war status in *The Paris Years*. He wrote, "One did not need years in the trenches to know fear, to dream residual nightmares, to remember always one's brief test of nerve, to smell again the sweet odor of one's own blood. No matter how he wrote it down, his ghosts refused to rest" (56). Hadley knew it well, comforting him during the nightmares in which he was chased by Germans. He went back to the place of his injury to find relief, but did not; the effects of war do not fade that easily. They last for a long time in the subconscious of both man and society.

Hemingway's fictionalized personality Nick Adams often experienced PTSD. He had nightmares, night-sweats, insomnia, and irrational anger. His other post-war character, Krebs, did not see action, but even the transition between civilian to military, and military to civilian worlds scrambled his personality. In an excerpt from "Soldier's Home," he purposefully upset his mother. "'Don't you love your mother, dear boy?' 'No,' Krebs said. His mother looked at him across the table. Her eyes were shiny. She started crying. 'I don't love anybody,' Krebs said. It wasn't any good. He couldn't tell her, he couldn't make her see it. It was silly to have said it. He had only hurt her'" (151-2). The story captured the ecstasy of coming home, and then the emptiness that quickly followed. A reader can easily see Hemingway behaving the same way towards his mother; their relationship was always challenging. But more significantly, other boys without a troubled relationship with their mothers could also be changed horrifically by the war. Nick Adams and Krebs represented them, too.

A perusal of *By-Line* shows the fundamental ways in which countries were changed by war, specifically World War I, when Hemingway served as a European reporter and correspondent for the *Toronto Daily Star*. "German Inn-Keeper" discussed the Germanic anger and uncertainty following World War I, "German Inflation" and "Inflation and the German Mark" portrayed the effect of war on economy, and "Getting Into Germany" exhibited the difficulties in travel post-war on a continent known for extensively interdependent tourism through travel. "King Business in Europe" and "Genoa Conference" identified, satirically, the dysfunction that would eventually lead to World War II. Perhaps most poignantly, "War Medals For Sale" showed the destitution of veterans post-war. The medals earned by soldiers giving up their bodies—and even

their lives—were not even valuable enough to sell to pawn shops. Even worse, they were not cared for by governments that caused the war; if they were, there would have been no need to sell the medals. The underlying theme looms as the value of the soldier in war is nothing, and his altered life following the war is hopeless.

A passage in “A Natural History of the Dead” sums up the pointlessness of war when Hemingway wrote that “a withdrawal having been forced and an advance later made to recover the ground lost so that the positions after the battle were the same as before except for the presence of the dead” (443). He acknowledged that war was often necessary, most notably in the case of the Spanish Civil War to prevent the spread of Fascism. But he also captured the horror of its impact on leaders who lost men, soldiers who lost comrades, men who lost their purpose to PTSD, and countries and societies crippled by inflation, families ripped apart, and cruelties perpetrated on the innocent.

Baker quoted Taylor Williams, a hunting buddy of Hemingway, about the hunting qualities Hemingway possessed. Baker wrote, “He was the easiest man to travel with that [Taylor] Williams had ever met, never complaining, planning every move and working out every detail like a very alert infantry officer, liking equally the lingo, the regularity, and the responsibility. The rougher and harder it was, the better he seemed to like it” (368). He admired soldiers and what they did, even while as an observant journalist, he categorically documented atrocity after atrocity.

Hemingway “still believed that fear was the best catharsis, especially if a man could control the dosage” (Baker 280). But he hated that fear was necessary at all, and would have preferred it came at a bull fight, in a boat, or on a safari. Increasingly through

the years, especially in World War II, what he termed Mr. Roosevelt's war that he "paid for," according to Reynolds (45), Hemingway was bitter and delayed in going.

He always went, always knew that he had to be where the action was. But after a lifetime of observing human suffering, starting with his own in World War I, he tired of it. The evidence is in his writing. *FWTBT* provided a relatively apolitical story about a guerrilla band centered around the Spanish people, culture, and earth. There were some references to atrocity, but Robert Jordan, Hemingway's semi-autobiographical protagonist, knew they were inevitable, and he recognized himself as rather cold and unfeeling about killing. Jordan became the specimen under his writer microscope as Hemingway wrote about humanity, the Spanish, soldiering, loyalty, and grace under pressure.

A decade later and after another horrible war, Hemingway's protagonist, Colonel Cantwell, turned bitter, almost preachy in his contempt for superior officers, politicians, and warfare in general. *Across the River and into the Trees* was biographical in Hemingway's own bitterness for the politics of war and for the disregard of human life. He was writing from experiences at a strategic level, from his time with Buck Latham, from the brigade and division viewpoint of the battlefield while still looking down on the action of soldiers, sergeants, lieutenants and captains. Colonel Cantwell told his young lover, "Maybe you make wrong decisions. Christ knows I've made a few and too many men are dead from when I was wrong" (94). He was a distant commander, and hated himself for it, hated himself for the natural occupational disregard for human life from his level of command. While it was not his command, Hemingway too felt some of the loathing for the loss of life, whether or not he blamed himself.

But during the Spanish Civil War, he was not yet completely jaded. The later knowledge exposed the bitterness of overexposure to war; the earlier conflict portrayed a mature tactical mind at work, experienced from World War I and the writing of *A Farewell to Arms*. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* came at the ideal time in Hemingway's lifelong exposure to war and writing about war. He was like a lieutenant colonel at the peak of his battalion command, able to know the individual soldiers, terrain, and tactics, and not yet embittered by the distance from the ground and reality represented by colonels and generals.

Hemingway's lengthy proximity to major wars, his journalistic eye, and his *understanding* of what was going on around him created a viewpoint that allowed his readers to experience war first hand, and at the peak time in his writing arc, at least concerning war. In his introduction to *Ernest Hemingway: The Critical Reception*, Robert Stephens said of reviewers: "With a 'sense of relief and...celebration,' most reviewers welcomed Hemingway's new novel of 1940 as 'fulfillment of the long-delayed promise and one of the major American books of the century' (xxiii). Contrasted with his next novel, *Across the River and into the Trees* which was critically reviled, it can be argued that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was his climactic peak, even considering his later publication of *Old Man and the Sea* which won him the Nobel Prize.

By understanding Frederic James, Nick Adams, Krebs, Colonel Cantwell, Robert Jordan, Pablo, Pilar, Anselmo, General Golz, and Admiral Marty, a reader is able to understand good and bad leaders at all levels of command. Hemingway wove a tapestry of war that touched on humanity, tactics, terrain, and people. And the characters become archetypal people that educate on the nuances of military leadership.

Chapter 3

Hemingway's Fiction: Lessons in Military Leadership

The United States Army Field Manual 6-22, with a latest publication date of October 2006, is titled *Army Leadership: Competent, Confident and Agile*. The title of the preeminent leadership manual for the world's strongest 21st century military power makes Hemingway seem especially prescient when considering his characterization of Spanish guerrillas in the late 1930s. In a military-age of trench warfare, chemical weapons, and mass bombardment, he foresaw the leadership and soldiers' qualities necessary for the successful 21st century warrior; it simply takes an examination of his characters and their transnational, timeless characteristics to see his vision. Though he did not define Pilar, Pablo, or Robert Jordan in terms of their explicit values, through their actions he painted the tapestry of the internal values that drove them, much as they drive current warriors.

The seven core Army Values as defined by FM 6-22 include: loyalty, duty, respect, selfless service, honor, integrity, and personal courage. These values are instilled from the beginning of a soldier's career, starting in basic training. By ensuring that new recruits adopt a set of values, the institution is able to develop a set of principles that "apply to everyone, in every situation, anywhere in the Army" (4-2). The end result is an

institution with over a million members in which individuals generally make the right decision in any situation.

In *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Robert Jordan's band of guerillas serves as a microcosm of the components of military leadership in that they each possessed a majority of the same values that were formally designated as vital characteristics by the U.S. Army fifty years after Hemingway's novel was published. The fighters also portrayed, in nearly every instance, what FM 6-22 defines as a Warrior Ethos: "I will always place the mission first / I will never accept defeat / I will never quit / I will never leave a fallen comrade" (4-10). Even Hemingway's anti-hero, Pablo, defined the warrior ethos, albeit the antithesis, when he murdered the other fighters to ensure he would survive and have the horses to flee; his actions were in direct opposition to that of a leader who possesses the selfless characteristics of the warrior ethos.

While the Army values form a foundation for leadership, at the most fundamental level, the lowly soldier must understand and incorporate those values in order for the whole to function properly. Hemingway understood this; Anselmo is the proof. His prowess was demonstrated in the opening pages of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*; "The climbing now was steeper and more difficult, until finally the stream seemed to drop over the edge of a smooth granite ledge that rose above them and the old man waited at the foot of the ledge for the young man to come up to him" (3).

Anselmo lived every one of the same Army values current soldiers are required to memorize and internalize. He demonstrated loyalty by shooting the guard at the bridge under Jordan's orders, even though he detested killing. He did his duty when he stayed at the look-out post in the snow, freezing, even though he was certain Robert Jordan would

have wanted him to come back instead of freeze to death. Anselmo respected his superior's tactical ability, understanding that he knew the terrain, people, and country, but he did not know the tactics of soldiering like Robert Jordan did. His selfless service was evident in how he focused always on the mission, often volunteering for the most thankless, hardest tasks in support of the overall mission to blow the bridge.

Honor is the moral compass that guides an individual to fulfill duties in the name of a cause. Anselmo's involvement in the war came because he believed in the Republican cause and he detested what the Fascists were doing to his beloved country. His integrity was evident in the truthfulness of his words and the practical, no nonsense advice he gave to the foreign saboteur. Mix in a sprinkling of remorse over the killing he had done and Anselmo's conscience was another indicator of his honorable personality. He was conflicted about killing, a natural human tendency, and even after he had done it through a sense of duty, he felt the need to atone. As for personal courage:

He did not feel afraid now at all and he had not been afraid all the day...[the killing] is over, he told himself, and thou canst try to atone for it as for the others. But now thou hast what thou asked for last night coming home across the hills. Thou art in battle and thou hast no problem. If I die on this morning now it is all right (385).

But there was a problem, and Anselmo knew it. Thanks to Pablo's theft of the initiators, Anselmo knew he was too close to the bridge to be safe. The excerpt provides enormous contextual evidence to Anselmo's honor, his loyalties, and his characteristic soldier qualities. He did not like killing, but he did it for a cause he believed in. Even though killing in the midst of war was regarded as necessary, he felt an inner pang of conscience that he would need to atone for his sin, regardless of necessity. He agreed to the dangerous mission to help wire the bridge, and ultimately blow it from a position of

danger, yet he showed no fear of death. Anselmo was a soldier for a cause he believed in, had to do things that were against his nature in order to do his duty, and ultimately he died without fear by blowing the bridge, hopeful that his part in the mission would support the broader Republican fight.

While Anselmo represented the qualities of a perfect soldier, even as an old man, there were also four different junior leaders, all arguably equal in rank due to the ambiguous nature of guerrilla warfare. Between Robert Jordan, Pilar, Pablo, and El Sordo, each portrayed an emphasis on different leadership traits which made them distinct in the way they led and influenced others.

FM 6-22 defines leadership as “the process of influencing people by providing purpose, direction, and motivation while operating to accomplish the mission and improve the organization” (1-2). To achieve the desired standards as a leader, many of the attributes listed in the following table must be met.

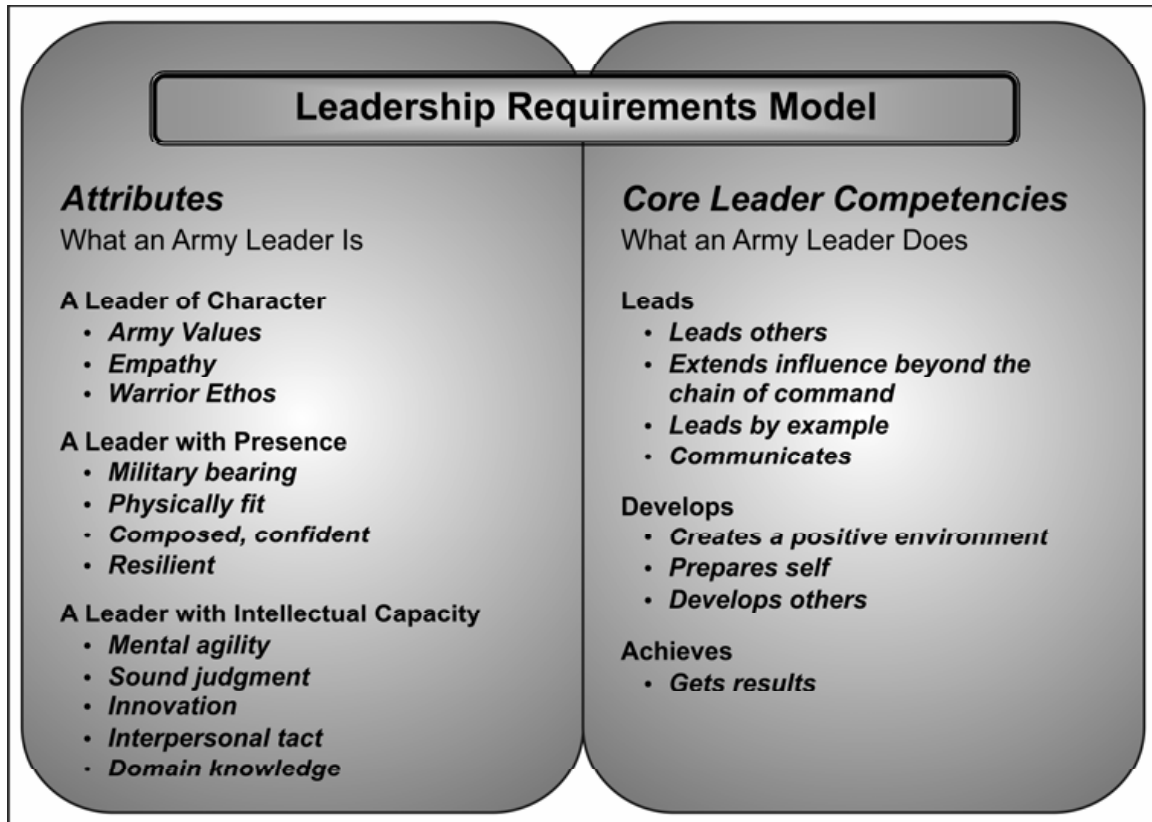


Figure A-1. The Army leadership requirements model

Fifty years before the publication of the latest FM 6-22, Hemingway's characters were successful leaders, with the same traits as contemporary leaders, because he understood military leadership from all aspects and angles. Some were better than others based upon their mix of characteristics and emphasized traits, but each one was a leader at a small unit level.

Robert Jordan was a composed and confident leader, probably the most completely developed. Though he was an outsider, he began to establish control early on in the three days he spent with Pablo's guerilla band. While he possessed most of the values of a good soldier and leader, and he certainly had the warrior ethos to get anything done, he lacked empathy. Jordan had a soft spot in his heart for Anselmo, but he did not feel remorse when killing or sending others to their possible deaths based upon his

orders. Take the following excerpt for example, and note the opposing viewpoints of Anselmo and Jordan:

“No,” said Robert Jordan. “I do not like to kill animals.” “With me it is the opposite,” the old man said. “I do not like to kill men.” “Nobody does except those who are disturbed in the head,” Robert Jordan said. “But I feel nothing against it when it is necessary. When it is for the cause” (34).

Anselmo’s character is very clearly not that of a professional soldier. But Robert Jordan also had no formal military training; he was a professor in Montana before the war. Robert Jordan proved himself a good and fearless leader, but he also lacked empathy until he fell in love with Maria, which affected him deeply. Still, his ability to direct the men and women regardless of consequences, blow the bridge to the detriment of Anselmo, and even sit as a rearguard in ambush just as he was dying proved he had a warrior ethos, a mettle to do anything for the good of the mission. He had to be innovative and resilient because Pablo stole the initiators and physically fit to move in and around the mountains with a pack filled with explosives. He used good judgment when he sent Andres as a messenger to General Golz, and he had to use strong interpersonal skills even to reach the guerilla band in the first place. On the action side of the FM 6-22 leadership chart, he was capable of leading, influencing, communicating, and achieving results. He grew as a person when he learned to love, and he developed the skill and ability of subordinates, notably Anselmo, the untrained peasant fighter.

The only detraction from Jordan as a leader was when he grew indecisive about the mission and the actions he must take because of his love for Maria. His character grew perhaps the most of any in the novel because in the beginning he was so callous and non-empathetic, a drawback to contemporary leaders who rely on interpersonal relationships to influence and motivate subordinates. In the case of the guerilla band,

though, Jordan could lack empathy and still be effective, because he was using them for a very short time and for a limited mission. Except for his love of a young girl, he would have had no more reason to care or to live before the next combat action.

His love affair did affect his judgment, making him a better person but a worse combat leader. In chapter thirty-nine he admonished himself, “But listen, you must not think of the girl all day ever. You can do nothing now to protect her except to keep her out of it, and that you are doing” (344). In thinking of her, and admonishing himself, he had already admitted a distraction on the day of the mission, a sign of humanity that is also a sign of military weakness. The commander cannot afford distraction. Luckily, he had Pilar to keep him focused.

In its arbitrariness, the leadership chart portrays the difficulty in attaining a balance between quality leadership and effectiveness in combat. If each quality were the end-point of a linear spectrum that met at a middle, to be considered unachievable perfection, then Jordan occupied both sides, at times, of the spectrum just a step from the center-oriented perfection. In the beginning Jordan lacked empathy, therefore he was just short of the perfect leader because he was effective in combat, yet cared too little for subordinates. After the affair with Maria, he hopped the fence, becoming nearly the perfect leader, caring deeply for Maria, Pilar, Anselmo and the band of guerillas as people rather than instruments. In that sense, he lacked the complete distance from subordinates necessary to give unflinching lethal orders, but caring more for the individuals.

Had circumstances allowed him to stay on with the band for another mission, it is likely that he would have had difficulty making tough decisions concerning the possible

mortality of his subordinates, but that he would have grown in terms of likeability and influence, inspiring great loyalty among the band. As will be shown, Robert Jordan was not the only junior leader that was close to perfection, but specifically because he developed empathy, he grew the most and became the roundest, fullest character. Because of that, he provided the most truth, for junior leaders do often walk a line when they become close with the soldiers they command; on one side, they need to be likable to inspire unflinching loyalty, and on the other hand they need to be able to send a man to his death for the accomplishment of a mission ordered by higher headquarters.

Pablo was an exceptionally interesting character because he was previously a very strong leader, even though his tactics were not ideal, and then he lost his nerve. He was unconstrained by formal military tactics and instead lead through the installation of terror, but he let fear take over, which emasculated him in the proud, masculine Spanish culture. Jordan observed after meeting him, “I don’t like that sadness, he thought. That sadness is bad. That’s the sadness they get before they quit or before they betray. That is the sadness that comes before the sell-out” (11). He was defiant because Jordan’s task would bring the Fascists to the countryside; the safety the band had gained through simple inaction had made Pablo comfortable because he had no fight left in him.

Pilar explained her husband’s former prowess in the tale about the massacre in the *Ayuntamiento*. He incited and managed a massacre of former neighbors and townspeople who happened to side with the Fascist political cause. Ironically, in their discussion that night over dinner, Pablo had told Pilar that he was disillusioned with how the priest died because he was a Spanish priest, and “a *Spanish* priest should die very well” (112). Years

later, Pilar lost all respect for Pablo because *he* was now cowardly, and they were not even under duress.

Pablo was not a good leader in terms of values or empathy; however, he formerly had the warrior ethos to make very hard decisions, the confidence and resilience to take over a town and kill the soldiers meant to uphold Fascist rule, and the undeniable innovation that led the townspeople to become willing accomplices to the mob-slaughter of civilians. His sociopathic tendencies made him an effective combat leader when conditions were favorable, but ultimately those same characteristics proved him a coward when he could no longer control the circumstances and level of safety as the war progressed.

While it seems he may have regained his vigor once more for the fight at the bridge, Pablo's motivation was purely selfish, as opposed to the admirable leadership quality of selflessness.

“Did you shoot them all?” Agustin asked. Robert Jordan was thinking, keep your mouth shut. It is none of your business now. They have done all that you could expect and more. This is an inter-tribal matter. Don't make moral judgments. What do you expect from a murderer? You're working with a murderer. Keep your mouth shut. You knew enough about him before. This is nothing new. But you dirty bastard, he thought. You dirty, rotten bastard. (396)

The group had a shortage of horses, but Pablo solved the problem very efficiently, in cold blood. Robert Jordan's internal conflict derived seemingly from his status as a foreigner, though he knew as a quality leader that Pablo's actions were unforgivable, regardless of any internal tribal conflict or moral dilemma.

The only point at which Pablo was portrayed favorably was when he arrived with several guerillas and horses; most likely, though, his actions in atonement for throwing

away the detonators were a way to satisfy his pride. He could not bear to be the sole cause of failure for the mission, so instead he summoned the reinforcements as a way to save some of his pride as a man and a Spaniard. Despite being a cancerous member of the troupe, Pablo's characteristics actually made him an exceptional leader. In his own way, at the best of times, he was bold, fearless, decisive, highly-motivated, and inspirational. But he lost one trait that threw the rest out of balance. Tongue in cheek, perhaps Hemingway could have made Pablo a division commander after the war, as the only necessity he lacked was bravery, and that was not necessary to command so far from the front, as Hemingway portrayed in his later novel centered on Colonel Cantwell.

Pablo was the anti-thesis of Robert Jordan, who learned to care more for Pablo's band than Pablo himself. Pablo had many leadership characteristics, but without the values associated with selflessly leading men, he failed completely to inspire, and only succeeded in saving himself.

El Sordo was the prototypical guerilla leader, and he lacked nothing as a tactician, small unit leader, unlikely ambassador, and eventual martyr. He was old, grizzled, deaf, and pragmatic when he learned of blowing the bridge—he knew the entire countryside would be rendered unsafe. El Sordo's character was truest when he and Jordan talked of the reinforcements he could provide. First he acquired and shared whiskey, a high delicacy known to be enjoyed by the English and the Americans, both termed Ingles. The diplomacy was as much a leadership custom dating back centuries as well as a significant part of the Spanish culture.

While Jordan believed there were dozens or even hundreds of fighters available, El Sordo could have capitalized on that assumption by committing as many men as

possible in order to project the power he wielded as a guerrilla leader. He did not, though, instead promising to supply Jordan with only quality men, the sign of true leadership, not leadership derived from vanity.

“Anselmo told me there were over a hundred here in these hills.”

“No good.”

“You said thirty,” Robert Jordan said to Pilar. “Thirty of a certain degree of dependability.”

“What about the people of Elias?” Pilar shouted to Sordo.

He shook his head. “No good.”

“You can’t get ten?” Robert Jordan asked.

Sordo looked at him with his flat, yellow eyes and shook his head. “Four,” he said and held up four fingers. (127)

El Sordo obviously understood the vitality of the mission and provided only as many men as he could trust, a signifier of the civil war that was being waged in which trust was not necessarily a given fact even among friends and family. Pilar’s story of the town divided predated the meeting with El Sordo and provided that painful context as well.

Santiago, El Sordo’s real name, was significant to Hemingway who also used the name as the protagonist for *Old Man and the Sea* (1952). Both had similar characteristics: humility, wisdom, competence, and a graceful elderly nature. Proving honorable to his pledged duty, El Sordo stole the requested horses, even when the snow would certainly lead the enemy back to his headquarters in a cave. Then, in another gesture of personal courage, selfless service, and tactical expertise, he led the attackers where his band established a last stand to the death rather than risking Robert Jordan’s mission by giving up Pablo and Pilar’s band.

El Sordo showed the values and ethos of a decisive leader and warrior; under duress, he made decisions and took actions that decimated the Fascist attackers, and he showed resilience when he and the last of his men fought to the end. With the loyalty he

commanded in those last moments of life, it was clear that El Sordo's men had the loyalty to die for him, a quality only inspired by true leaders who show fearlessness, empathy, and investment in their subordinates as people. El Sordo seemed very similar to one of the leaders without a fear of death portrayed by Glenn Gray in his *Reflections*, and the El Sordo's last stand provided an illustration of the way Gray wrote of how fearless men inspired the greatest of feats.

El Sordo proved his loyalty to the Republican cause at the risk of his safe haven in the hills, and eventually the deaths of himself and his men at the hands of the Fascists, by doing his perceived duty to the cause represented by the Ingles' request. Probably the only distinction that kept El Sordo from achieving the Holy Grail as a perfect military leader was his humility. As Hemingway saw firsthand, the International Brigades were severely lacking in leadership; had Hemingway given El Sordo a little more motivation and pride, he might have achieved a much higher level of leadership and command.

But, rather, more realistically, he created in the minor character a major Spanish representation of satisfaction with the pleasures of the current life rather than a more Western grasp for ever-greener grass. El Sordo could have commanded many men with his boldness, inventiveness, decisiveness and tactical competence, but he was comfortable living his life in a cave with a few minor amenities like whiskey and an afternoon with the Ingles visitor who needed some help. He lacked the pride necessary to become a hierarchy-climbing general, but through that humility El Sordo was able to achieve the unrelenting devotion of his men, even in death. Had he been focused more on self and career, they likely would have done the same individually, resulting in a much easier defeat at the hands of a couple Fascist lieutenants. Where Robert Jordan achieved

the closest thing to a perfect leader from a Western standpoint, through the little subtleties, El Sordo proved the Spanish version of the same pursuit of perfection.

The last of the four tactical level leaders that Hemingway explored in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was Pilar, the motherly, crass gypsy who was in charge of the band as the *de facto* leader in the absence of the cowardly Pablo. Early on, she asserted control over the sulky Pablo, while deferring to Robert Jordan. In this way, she had the presence to serve the role of an executive officer between commanders, like the lieutenant upholding sanity in the absence of orders. Robert Jordan is told of her reputation even before meeting her in the cave; He asks, “And how is she, the *mujer* of Pablo?” “Something barbarous,” the gypsy grinned. “Something *very* barbarous. If you think Pablo is ugly you should see his woman. But brave. A hundred times braver than Pablo” (22). Pablo had lost his nerve, but his *mujer*, had the warrior ethos to keep up the fight.

Pilar’s *de facto* leadership held the band together long enough for Robert Jordan to take over and make use of the manpower, and she influenced the band to side with him rather than her own husband. She had the personal courage not to give up the Republican cause, even though Pablo had, and understood her duty was to support Robert Jordan’s mission to further the cause, even though blowing the bridge would trigger the dangerous relocation of the band. Even after Robert Jordan was firmly in charge, she kept teaching and training him with her stories and advice, educating him on the ways of the Spaniards through background like Pablo’s massacre. She did her cooking duties while she helped keep Pablo in line, she respected Jordan’s inherent authority, and she made the controversial but honorable decision to pair Maria with Jordan.

Pilar had an aura of leadership and an attitude of competence that contrasted starkly with Pablo's ill-temper and hopeless demeanor. While Hemingway decorated her character with a gypsy-gift of reading hand lines, she was actually quite logically pragmatic in her actions. She infamously gave Maria to the Ingles like a Madame, but it was because she recognized two truths as soon as he arrived; the mountains would not be safe following the bridge mission, and Maria's only hope of avoiding further Fascist abuse was to escape with Jordan. While Hemingway was criticized for his treatment of Maria, his character, Pilar, actually used extraordinary judgment when she sealed Maria's fate like a tactician giving orders to subordinates that would have lasting consequences. Interestingly, the cold-blooded decision derived from her empathy as a mother figure for Maria.

She continued her role as the executive officer to a degree that the mission likely would have failed without her presence. Her sense of responsibility and integral participation was most pronounced when Pablo made off with the detonators in the middle of the night, much to her misery. "I have failed thee and I have failed the Republic," she told Robert Jordan, who was a strong enough leader not to hold the grudging anger he felt over Pilar (317). Pilar held the band together, led the way to El Sordo, and even held the tactical flank in the bridge battle.

Her non-emotional logic was very masculine in nature, and perhaps showed the influence of the Spanish blood that Hemingway so admired. She held the flank like a good lieutenant during the fight for the bridge. "Desist from thy lecture. I have seen terrain in my time," she said of Jordan's supervision of her mission (390). Pilar also understood what her matchmaking had done; it derived from her empathy for Maria after

all, and made an effort to comfort Maria during the battle when she yelled that the *Ingles* was safe.

Hemingway's novel examined and exposed different types of tactical level leaders, their motives, strengths, and weaknesses. Pablo was an undisputed guerilla leader for as long as he had the *cojones*, was motivated by hate, led effectively through fear and terror, and was ultimately the only member of his band to survive because he killed them before returning to the horses. He was the unapologetic anti-hero, the man from whom one learns what actions to avoid. El Sordo was a foil for Pablo. Where Pablo was a pig, El Sordo was a gracious, diplomatic host. Pablo was bitter and angry from a loss of bravery, while Santiago was deaf, continued to fight a losing fight, and remained stoic and resilient for the Republic. Pablo killed his men so that there were enough horses for his escape. El Sordo led the expedition to steal horses that was certain to result in the death of his band. Pablo survived, and El Sordo died, but he died as a continuing inspiration to his men who died surrounding him.

Pilar and Robert Jordan also played off each other in ways that resembled the relationship between a commander and his first sergeant or executive officer. Pilar took care of the needs of her commander by providing Maria, an action with multiple motives. She ensured Jordan's comprehension of Pablo, the band, and the Republican cause. She rallied the troops, looked out for his interests, and was sick with regret for allowing Pablo to sabotage the plan.

Robert Jordan had to rely upon his subordinate, Pilar, to accomplish the mission, much like any lieutenant relies upon noncommissioned officers and soldiers. He personally directed many of Anselmo's actions, but acquiring power over the band took

buy-in from Pilar, the *de facto* leader. She served as his guide and go-between with El Sordo to acquire more assets in horses and men. She also served two important roles during the battle; obviously she held the tactical flank, but the lesser role was more important regarding the relationship between Maria and Robert. Calming Maria was not a mission-specific necessity; instead, it derived from her understanding of Robert Jordan's motives. Maria was especially important to him because he had finally learned to care about life, to have empathy for people, to love. Without Maria, the mission would have been a highly-exciting but ordinary task. Before he met the band, fighting was all Robert Jordan did, existed for, thought about. After loving Maria, his eyes were opened to living life. That was what Pilar's words meant when she focused Jordan away from her terrain that was under control, and away from Maria. By calling out to Maria, she was implicitly saying that she had Robert Jordan's back even while he focused on the fighting. It signified how deeply the two had bonded in three days.

Through his tactical level leaders, Hemingway produced a framework to understand the personality traits that make up different types of leaders. Pilar represented the loyal subordinate, willing to do anything to make the mission happen, understanding the big picture even while dealing with the mundane daily tasks necessary for the survival of the guerilla band, such as the cooking duties. Pablo exhibited the dangers of a petty, selfish personality with unlimited power. While Hemingway wrote Pablo into extremism as a mass murderer, the details of his personality—self-pity, anger, high emotion, selfishness—are not unheard of in the military occupation where there is a certainty of power through progressive rank.

El Sordo and Robert Jordan both portrayed strong leadership qualities, though El Sordo was more demonstrative of the Spanish culture, while Robert Jordan grew from an efficient young leader without empathy to an empathetic commander capable of effective command. While he certainly would have had struggles issuing potentially lethal orders in the future to those in the band he had grown too close to, he died before those problems could come to fruition. Therefore Robert Jordan was the most positive leader poised for emulation, for he was balanced; he inspired loyalty by the competence he possessed and the compassion he had for his soldiers, while at the same time he was able to make tough, efficient combat decisions in order to accomplish the mission without the necessary safeguards due to Pablo's betrayal.

From a completely different angle, Hemingway produced an authentic work that uncloaked the intricacies of higher level command, in *Across the River and Into the Trees* (1950), through the bitter recollections of an aging, dying colonel. Due to the heavy influence of Colonel Buck Lanham during World War II, it would seem easy to replace Lanham with Cantwell and move on with the story. However, as this investigation has described, Hemingway was not the average by-standing news reporter; he was injured in World War I, watched the horror of civilian displacement in the war between Greece and Turkey, covered indiscriminate bombing in Madrid during the Spanish Civil War, and was an infantry colonel's sidekick during some of the bloodiest World War II campaigns. Lanham was an obvious model for the fictional Colonel Cantwell, but because of his lifelong proximity to war, and the sentiments that came through in his coverage of the individual soldier's bravery versus the division headquarters that were out of touch with

reality, many of Cantwell's bitter lamentations bear the mark of authenticity because of the identity of their creator.

In the way Cantwell described his men fighting, Hemingway was able to convey the heavy heart with which good men commanded. Cantwell says, "But you always had to count and count fast after the bombardment to know how many shooters you would have" (33). He also intelligently intertwined a discussion of immortality in a way that described its fleeting, powerful nature, both for soldiers and commanders. Cantwell muses, "No one of his other wounds had ever done to him what the first big one did. I suppose it is just the loss of the immortality, he thought. Well, in a way, that was quite a lot to lose" (33). Hemingway the ambulance driver got his first big one in Italy; for the rest of his life, he would watch others earn theirs, which produced a two-pronged pragmatism that he overlaid on Colonel Cantwell's character. First, Hemingway took pride in the bravery of fighting, and was equally disgusted when faced with cowardice. Second, he detested the ambiguous lethality of war, as seen through Cantwell's self-reproach over past decisions made in error, or even worse, forced upon him by higher headquarters.

Speaking to the Gran Maestro, a military friend and concierge at Cantwell's vacation hotel, the two discussed the methods with which malingering was possible, including sharing gonorrheal pus, injecting paraffin under kneecaps, and covering the limb to be purposefully shot with a sand bag to prevent tell-tale powder burns. "But you know, in our army, they don't even shoot for self-inflicted wounds," Cantwell observed to his friend (59). The passage was far from pro-military, as Cantwell's thoughts categorized the stupidity of military orders and offensives that he characterized as "stupid

butchery” (60). But their melancholy reminiscence took on the tone of reservation, that they had to do what was necessary, the sergeant and the lieutenant in long ago conflicts at Paubio, Grappa, and the Piave. The contrast between courageously fighting through the stupidity, and using brilliant schemes to avoid the war left no question about Hemingway’s opinion; once again, he hated war, but he treated it as if membership among the troops was the only true way to prove one’s manhood.

In another moment of reminiscence Hemingway’s double, Colonel Cantwell, thought of the place where he earned his first big one, presumably, because it occupied a prime place in his dreams. He said in *Across the River and Into the Trees*, “The massif of Grappa with Assalone and Pertica and the hill I do not remember the name of on the right. That was where I grew up, he thought, and all the nights I woke sweating, dreaming I would not be able to get out of the trucks” (121-2). It was a maturity by fire that he described underhandedly, and not a pleasant one, but the implication is that Hemingway thought it was a *necessary* maturity. He was also making a key point about warfare and its arbitrariness.

Especially in an all-out war like he described, whether it was World War I or II, survival much of the time depended upon luck, meaning that skill often played no part. He wrote, “We live by accidents of terrain you know. And terrain is what remains in the dreaming part of your mind” (*Across the River* 123). So to be put into a place where death was often instantaneous and unforeseen, taking away all control, and given that there were a variety of methods for avoiding the fight through malingering, Hemingway was reinforcing the courage it took to be a soldier. Beyond the physical, warfare made an

emotional impact on the fragile egos of young men; it took away the feeling of immortality.

Though much of war is luck, the soldier still takes the necessary steps to be in control when possible, and self-preservation holds a special position of primacy. Cantwell recalled the habit formed by always staying on guard; “They were at their table in the far corner of the bar, where the Colonel had both his flanks covered, and he rested solidly against the corner of the room” (115). Any person who has been in combat, or police officer who has patrolled the streets, is likely to prefer to stand with his back against the wall.

Despite his grudging support for war against the Fascists, Hemingway took the most liberty of attacking the military order through the persona of the bitter Colonel Cantwell. First, he started with Cantwell himself, and in this respect, since Hemingway did not command troops, it was likely a reflection of Colonel Lanham’s regret over decisions that led to dead subordinates.

‘Maybe you make wrong decisions. Christ knows I’ve made a few and too many men are dead from when I was wrong.’

‘I’d like to know about them.’

‘They’d bore you,’ the Colonel told her. ‘They beat the hell out of me to remember them. So what would they do to some outsider?’ (94).

Cantwell’s self-effacement is a sign of strength. Given his position as a regimental commander in World War II, as Lanham’s fictional double, it was impossible to hold himself to a record of perfect decision-making. Hemingway, then, was not describing an incompetent commander; instead, he was describing a troop-centered commander who took each death personally, as opposed to a career-centered commander who walked on the backs of his collective troops to attain rank and prestige. “It is always disheartening as

hell. But you are not supposed to have a heart in this trade,” Cantwell told the girl, in remembering the atrocity of war (135). The fact that he was a Colonel and was remembering the painful images of war meant he was a humane leader, as opposed to heartless. Cantwell’s character was so deep because he was embittered because of the losses of war, the soldiers and the thoughtless butchery, instead of being embittered at his loss of rank.

Because of those losses and the necessary hierarchy behind the military institution, Hemingway used Cantwell to proclaim his conflicted and usually negative view of the highest military headquarters. Many of those sentiments would be reflected at an outpost in present day Afghanistan, for it was not the war, but the military system that was structurally logical but lacking in reason. While Hemingway and Colonel Lanham fought the bitter battles that would become the source of Colonel Cantwell’s memories, his fictional-but-realistic headquarters served as the perfect setting to prove his point.

When you are a general you live in a trailer and your Chief of Staff lives in a trailer, and you have bourbon whisky when other people do not have it. Your G’s live in the CP. I’d tell you what G’s are, but it would bore you. I’d tell you about G1, G2, G3, G4, G5 and on the other side there is always Kraut-6. But it would bore you. On the other hand, you have a map covered with plastic material and on this you have three regiments composed of three battalions each. It is all marked in colored pencil.
(136)

Cantwell went on to explain, and expound upon, his point that the decision-makers were too far from the fight. In his understated way, Hemingway wrote that the orders came from above or “from Corps,” he translated, unlovingly, *cuervo d’Armata*, “they tell you what you must do, and then you decide how to do it. You dictate the orders or, most often, you give them by telephone. You ream out people you respect, to make them do what you know is fairly impossible, but is ordered” (137).

Here Hemingway brilliantly captured what a lifetime of military service creates in a good leader. The bad ones are able to compromise their way out of moral responsibility, living under the protection that they were ordered to do this or that, and that there was no way to do anything differently. Regardless of the reason, or even good intentions, colonels and generals are capable, and often likely, of forgetting what it was like near the bottom.

Cantwell remembered his time as a lieutenant in World War I very clearly in his conversations with Grand Maestro, and his reminiscence and regret when speaking with Renata. While he stated that generals were essentially liars, captains, he said, “they know the exact truth and they can mostly tell it to you” (145). His character was not able to hold up under the stress, then, when he was placed in the impossible position of ordering men he cared for to their deaths through impossible missions based upon the decisions of men so high above the fray that they simply did not care about the consequences of their orders.

Hemingway illustrated the indignation he and Lanham had to feel for General Bartlett back at his command post with the recollection of a tracking expedition Cantwell and his best friend spent scouting forward. “‘We’re pretty far up for people of our exalted rank George,’ he said to his best friend. ‘Ahead of the point, General’” (293). An earlier description of SHAEF, or Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force, provided the contrast for the higher levels of command. “Figures of course mean nothing to civilians. Nor to the characters from SHAEF we never saw ever in these woods. Incidentally, and of course these occurrences are always incidental at the SHAEF level, the regiment was destroyed. It was no one’s bloody fault, especially not the fault of the

man who commanded it” (250). The gap in the realities of different levels of command that Hemingway portrayed was especially poignant because of the similarities between his realities and Cantwell’s remembrances. In much the same way he treated those who participated in bloody combat as unlucky members of an exclusive men’s club, Hemingway provided insight into high-level leaders as undeniably out-of-touch. It was the nature of war; to win the war, casualties must be accepted, even in wholesale slaughter, and the captains and colonels who still cared deeply for the men to be killed in ill-advised missions, many of them solely terrain-based, were caught between the paradox of military leadership. Those who cared only for the mission lacked the empathy required to lead their troops effectively in the long-term, like the young Robert Jordan, but those who cared too deeply for their subordinates would eventually lack the will to accomplish their mission because of an abundance of empathy. Colonel Cantwell, or Buck Lanham, seemed to strike a strong balance, which left Lanham embittered and full of regret. Such was the unmerciful toll of war on the good man.

The text implies that Cantwell lost his general star due to his inability to deal with the moral impasse in which he found himself, reflective certainly of Lanham’s feelings in the real war. Admiral Marty is displayed so despicably in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* because he made incompetent decisions that led to the deaths of lowly men through his indiscriminate finger on a map, undeterred by actual terrain. And Hemingway’s understanding of the arbitrary nature of decisions, orders, warfare, and death was illustrated very clearly in the previously mentioned passage from “A Natural History of the Dead,” with the ground unchanged by warring ownership except for the dead bodies left behind.

Furthermore, looking at the varied definitions of leadership, the values like integrity, honor, loyalty, and selfless service apply when leading troops. Typically the tactical-level junior commanders need only concern themselves with upholding their integrity while leading troops, and accomplishing assigned missions. Strategic-level commanders have an additional facet to deal with, however, and Hemingway captured it brilliantly through one ironic, sarcastic, and subtle Cantwell thought: “If a man has a conscience, the Colonel thought, he might think about air-power some time” (224). He had just remembered the bombing of his friendly position due to shifting smoke, but that line does not imply Army-Air Corps incompetence, it implies the immorality of air bombardment regardless of the target.

Conclusion

To account for Ernest Hemingway's creative genius necessitates going beyond the usual "tortured artist" explanations. He was tortured, and in a multitude of ways. He suffered from insomnia starting as a teenager, which was potentially the start of symptoms from Bipolar Disorder. From that affliction he went through severe manic stages, offset by extreme depressive states, what he called "black ass" in his letters. He carried shrapnel around for life from his seconds at the observation point in World War I, and had night sweats, more insomnia, and nightmares as the result of shell shock, which is now called Post Traumatic Stress disorder. Add in the enormous list of injuries sustained through his life—many to the head like the accident in Britain before he went across to Normandy—and a lifetime of covering bloody wars and distressing massacres, then it was no wonder Hemingway drank. His multiple concussions, PTSD and Bipolar Disorder afflicted him mentally, and the alcoholism he used to medicate himself led to a quick and painful physical decline. Yet, at the time of his death at the age of sixty-one, through suicide, a family patriarchal tradition dating to his grandfather, he left such an immense body of work that he would be considered one of the best writers of his century, and a game-changer with his modernist, understated style. He left life early, but behind him, among the turbulence of physical and social problems, the four wives and estranged, damaged children, he left a legacy that forever changed American fiction.

All of that constitutes the life of a tortured writer, much like Edgar Allan Poe or Herman Melville; what separates Hemingway was the way he dug not just into the psychology of good and evil, but rather what man does under the pressure of good versus evil. He loved the phrase “grace under pressure,” and for him it derived from the primal essence of manliness, that deep- down place that either made a hero or a coward. He lived it, studied it, and wrote about it throughout his life. From the bullfights of Pamplona to the tuna of Bimini, from plucking Marlin from the “great blue river” to shooting lions in Africa, Hemingway understood the essence of courage, and fear. He found no better place to study man at his finest under pressure than in the trenches in World War I and the forests of World War II.

But first, to get close enough to the fighting to even study combat soldiers, Hemingway had to become one in an idealistic sense. Famously, reporters hated him in World War II because of his access to the front, primarily through Colonel Buck Lanham. His access was not through press credentials, but who he was as a man. Taylor Williams, a former Infantryman said of Hemingway, “[he was] never complaining, planning every move and working out every detail like a very alert infantry officer, liking equally the lingo, the regularity, and the responsibility. The rougher and harder it was, the better he seemed to like it” (Baker 368). Hemingway’s feats of courage were legendary, including the time he saved a staff car from being shot because he recognized the plane engine noise, or when he finished his steak while artillery rounds repeatedly breached the bunker wall.

Hemingway had the charisma to charm any hardened soldier, he had the premonition about the battalion commander dying that came true—an uncanny and rare

gift often possessed by the best military commanders like Patton—and he became a true soldier when he helped repel the attack on Lanham's command post. Hemingway had the type of complete fearlessness that inspires men to reckless deeds, but he combined that fearlessness with intelligence, knowledge of terrain, care for the men, and a fierce competitiveness that often got him into trouble in the civilian world. In short, Hemingway was more like an infantry officer than a reporter, which gained him access to the front lines, and the best material.

That which set Hemingway apart was his combination of the warrior's life combined with the talent of an artistic prodigy. He ran the anti-U boat operations from the *Pilar*, and the spy-shop nicknamed the *Crook Factory*, with a degree of military precision that suggested he really did know what he was doing, even without formal military training. Utilizing his inside knowledge, Hemingway was able to write entire novels that rang true as if he had lived in them as an actual member of the military. Reynolds suggested that his knowledge of terrain in *A Farewell To Arms* was unbelievable because he had not actually walked the ground. And his description of the retreat, full of complete chaos, was absolutely realistic when compared with history books.

Hemingway's most significant accomplishments regarding the life of a soldier and an officer during combat came from *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and *Across the River and Into the Trees*. The former tale of an American guerilla leader behind the lines in the Spanish Civil War was extraordinarily realistic in how it captured both the war and the soldiers and leaders at every level. Anselmo was the perfect soldier who fulfilled all of his duties, directly in line with the current U.S. Army core values; Hemingway wrote

about the timeless values that it took leaders at all level of the army to capture and put to paper, fifty years later, in order to mold the perfect characteristics of a soldiers: loyalty, duty, respect, selfless service, honor, integrity and personal courage. Anselmo demonstrated those values to the end because Hemingway understood what it meant to have personal courage—even in the blast radius of explosives—because the mission dictated the action.

Through Robert Jordan, El Sordo, Pilar, and even the horrendous character Pablo, he denoted the most important characteristics of junior leaders, both the good and the bad. Robert Jordan portrayed the mission-oriented commander that grew a conscience as he became close to his men. El Sordo was an old man that fought like he had nothing to lose, and in so doing inspired his band to fight to the death. Pilar was the prototype for an executive officer, always making sure the logistics were smooth, and leading in between commanders after Pablo lost his courage and before Jordan arrived. And Pablo represented the most heinous of leaders, but many of his characteristics are realistic based upon the personalities of military leaders. Among ultra competitive, high-strung military officers, there can be instances of jealousy, rage, sabotage, and cowardice; Hemingway recognized the presence of these traits, even while he demonstrated the danger of those characteristics in real-life military leaders.

To some degree he also touched on high level leaders in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, specifically the good, General Golz, who was a strategic level leader with a conscience, and the notorious Admiral Marty. Based upon a real Admiral Marty in the Spanish Civil War, he would issue orders based upon where his finger landed on a map, with no knowledge of terrain, condemning thousands of men to unnecessary death (Baker 310).

Hemingway's real masterpiece regarding high level leaders was *Across the River and Into the Trees*, through the musings of the autobiographical Colonel Cantwell, who also resembled Colonel Lanham's likeness. Cantwell was a bitter retired colonel and former general who lost his star for untold reasons. However, through his narrative steeped with regret over lost soldiers, Cantwell illustrated for Hemingway that the senior level officer can have a heart and a conscience, though the combination is simply much more difficult. His detest for the senior commanders at division, set way back from the fight, produced the effect that Cantwell had to execute orders from generals sitting in the safety of their headquarters, and causing immense casualties on the ground. While the narrative was slanted negatively against higher headquarters—real generals rarely lose complete touch with reality—the decisions from higher authorities had a tremendous effect on Cantwell because he saw the real casualties on the ground. Part of Hemingway's narrative was driven by a real-life spat between Colonel Lanham and General Barton, his commanding officer, and probably taints the narrative negatively. The important take-away is that the higher the officer, the further the general is from the action; but the distance does not have to mean negligence, and if the narrative is based in reality, then it is clear that Colonel Lanham carried the weight of his lost soldiers for life as a result of his character, because he never forgot what it was like to fight himself.

On the one hand Hemingway was charismatic, intelligent, competitive, and fearless, and he managed to get the most out of life, while on the other he was haunted by his various afflictions and a personality disorder. In living a life full of primal pursuits, he was able to distinguish the essence of manliness while he demonstrated fearlessness against sharks and lions, and handled pressure in combat. He recognized the combat

soldier as the man onto whom the most pressure was placed, second only to those who lead men in combat, and he wrote the script for how the ideal combat soldier should behave. At times he lived life as a soldier, even leading French irregulars in World War II, and Hemingway used his fiction as a map for how to understand terrain, civilians on the battlefield, soldiers under fire, leading troops into action, directing combat from a cushy command post, PTSD, courage charging a machine gun, and the regret of losing soldiers.

Because of his personal habits, through which he showed the shadow side of living constantly under pressure, Hemingway probably could not have been a very successful career officer. But in his momentary flashes of brilliance he understood life as a soldier. The babies in “On the Quai at Smyrna”, the terrain in “A Natural History of the Dead,” Krebs and returning home, Nick Adams and his river, Frederic Henry’s dilemma with the sergeants, Robert Jordan’s stolen initiators, Anselmo’s reckless help under the bridge, El Sordo’s last stand, Colonel Cantwell’s mistakes, and Admiral Marty’s inexcusable treachery all weave together to create a tapestry of grace under pressure, and the actions taken by those in combat.

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