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The Hemingway Mystique: The Inward Terrain

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a missionary church? His reply: the church is called to witness as a "sacramental symbol of mankind's salvation" (p. 84). Is this symbolical representation or sacramental symbolism accurate and adequate to define and describe the missionary nature of the Church?

In a concluding chapter on the problems of cultural adaptation and the indigenization of the church, Father Hillman is provocative and persuasive. He deplores the fact that "many missionaries are forced to function like the members of private clubs...[and] lavish Apostolic Delegations — places for Roman proconsuls — are a disconcerting symbol of the church's 'official' approach to the evangelization of the poor" (p. 137).

The author distinguishes between the Church of Christ and the "Italian tribal cult", warning that the church in mission lands must not end up "the way it appears to be in Rome: ornate cathedrals turned into museums with a surplus of robed curators whose 'full-scale live reproductions of the pageantry of the Renaissance Court' provide one of the unique tourist attractions of the twentieth century" (p. 138).

In conclusion, Father Hillman proposes an "ever-widening cultural ecumenism," that will keep the church moving faithfully, according to her own original intention. He recounts how the effort of Ricci and de Nobili might well have transformed the whole subsequent history of the world. "But the effort was foiled by the provincialism of the Church's European princes and proconsuls...the Roman keepers of Europe's religion...Until the recent Council, the practices of the church in Italy have been generally regarded as normative for the rest of the world" (pp. 151-152). "The Judaizers," he says, "have long since been replaced by Europeanizers. But the *oikoumene* remains; and it is still, for the most part, untouched by Christianity" (p. 158).

GERALD H. ANDERSON

THE HEMINGWAY MYSTIQUE

HEMINGWAY: THE INWARD TERRAIN. By Richard B. Hovey.
Seattle and London: University of Washington Press, 1968. xxiv,
248 pp.

The reaction to Hemingway's death has been not unlike the reaction to the explosion of a bomb: there is a shocked silence for a few seconds, followed afterwards by an uncontrollable loosening of tongues. Hemingway's suicide in 1961 produced as profound a shock as has

been felt over the death of a writer. But the silence lasted only a few months. It has now given way to a seemingly uncontrollable flow of printed words.

To be fair, the flow of words has not been entirely inane. Though much of what is written is irrelevant or impertinent, a few of the books have been of high quality; some have been deeply moving; and one is a masterpiece. This last is Hemingway's own book, posthumously published, about his young manhood in Paris. It is entitled *A Moveable Feast*.

The book under review is an attempt to assess Hemingway's entire literary output, free from the preconceptions engendered by the orthodox image of Hemingway. In this reviewer's opinion, the attempt is a success—provided one makes allowance for a too great readiness to see Freudian symbols of sex. (Is it really necessary to see a phallic symbol in every log or an allusion to the female principle in every lake?)

Making allowance for this penchant (and it is a large allowance to make), one can be grateful to Mr. Hovey for his perceptive analysis of the early stories and the early novels. He is aware (as is every one else) that there is a widely accepted Hemingway legend—a legend that was very largely fostered by Hemingway himself. He was a much publicized, much photographed celebrity. Almost everything he did was done under the glare of the cameras. From this "relentless publicity", there emerged the self-made image of "the bronzed god of the moderns; the big, strong, romping fighter, soldier, sportsman, lover, drinker, bon vivant, and conqueror of fear; the artist unswervingly dedicated to his calling; a man with the courage to be himself and the daring to live life as he chose."

That image has begun to be replaced by another, much less attractive. If we are to believe the revelations made by his friends or acquaintances, Hemingway must have been a crude, cruel, selfish man. He typified the worst qualities that are ordinarily associated with many Americans living abroad: opinionated, dogmatic, self-engrossed, arrogant, and contemptuous of others—except that, in Hemingway's case, he was not contemptuous of the foreigner; he reserved his contempt for fellow-Americans.

While all this may seem irrelevant to the study of a man's writings from a literary point of view, Mr. Hovey has shown that Hemingway's stories were in fact affected by his personality and his personal problems. As someone has put it, Mr. Hovey has demonstrated that "a writer can be morbid and major at the same time".

There are a number of facts that any literary critic should take into account in assessing Hemingway's works. The first and the

most important fact was his youth — a fact not sufficiently emphasized (or perhaps not sufficiently realized) by Mr. Hovey: "The 1920's was Hemingway's best decade", he says. He forgot to add that in the 1920's, Hemingway was also still in his twenties. He was born in 1898; he was only 22 years old when his first book of short stories was published; he was 26 when his first novel appeared: *The Sun Also Rises*. He was 31, when he published *A Farewell to Arms*. It is amusing to see so many students (and even professors of literature) seeking to find in Hemingway's early works profound insights into life, love, war, and death. As someone has said, only in a young country like America is wisdom supposed to be a distinctive prerogative of the young.

A second fact (and this is well brought out in Hovey's treatment) is that Hemingway's youth had not been placid: it had been deeply scarred, by traumatic experiences both at home and in the war. This fact will help to explain the morbid view of love and of death that (as Mr. Hovey so well explains) appears in Hemingway's works.

There are points however that perhaps do not come out very clearly in Mr. Hovey's book. One is the fact that, though morbid, and though undoubtedly one-sided, Hemingway's view is nevertheless, to that extent, valid. This would account for the unending fascination that Hemingway exercises over his readers.

Another fact is that, though crude, cruel, and selfish (as we have mentioned), Hemingway was also deeply vulnerable. This vulnerability is behind the nostalgic pathos of a book like *A Moveable Feast*. It is the appreciation of this vulnerability that gives depth to a book of reminiscences like Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway*.

There is a third point: have the critics really done justice to the profundity of a little masterpiece like *The Old Man and the Sea*?

One final point: have the critics also done justice to another of Hemingway's virtues—his wonderful insight into what might be called (for there is surely such a thing) the inner essence of a place?

Let us take two examples. *Across the River and into the Trees* may not be a great novel, and its view of morality (or rather the lack of it) may not be commendable. But what a wonderful insight into Venice! Like Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* the real hero of Hemingway's novel is not the tired colonel or the permissive mistress, but that incomparable city built—not on the hills, as Rome is; or on a mountain, as Jerusalem is—but in the sea.

Similarly, the real hero of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is not any one man or woman. It is a book, not so much about Leftist Spain,

as about Spain—the real Spain of the lower classes: uneducated, unchurched, unprincipled, misguided, yet not divorced from basic humanity.

MIGUEL A. BERNAD

LOCAL MYTHS AND LEGENDS

OUTLINE OF PHILIPPINE MYTHOLOGY. By F. Landa Jocano. Manila: Centro Escolar University Research and Development Center, 1969. xii, 161 pp.

Dr. Jocano here presents a lively collection of Philippine myths and legends that “may serve as an introduction for laymen to this highly interesting phase of our people’s culture” (Foreword, p. viii).

After the author’s instructive Introduction (1-7) there follow seven chapters that treat respectively of the coming of the gods, the world’s creation, the peopling of the earth, the great flood, wanderings of the divinities, native heroes, and legends of places, plants, and animals. In each chapter is found a selection of myths or legends that the author has himself recorded or, as he says, “borrowed and stolen” (vi) from the writing of others (of the 17 or so authors mentioned in the footnotes as sources, eight are Americans, five are Filipinos, three are Spaniards, and one (Povedano 1578) is almost certainly spurious (see W. H. Scott, *Prehispanic source materials for the study of Philippine history* [Manila: UST Press, 1968], 125-28, 136).

Dr. Jocano tells a good story. The book is to be read and enjoyed. Let the scholar who comes to it put aside notions of comparative analysis — details such as the exact provenience of the materials and the dates they were recorded are not given, nor is there an index. Rather, let the scholar savor this sampler and he may be moved to join the ranks of Francisco Demetrio, S.J., Juan Francisco, E. Arsenio Manuel, and others, Jocano included, who are working toward that encyclopedic work on Philippine mythology so desired by Benito Legarda, Jr., who contributed the book’s Foreword.

The director, officers, and members of the CEU Research Center are to be congratulated for this, their first publication. By their part in it they have made a contribution to our understanding of Philippine life.

FRANK LYNCH