

HEMINGWAY VS HEMINGWAY: FEMININITY AND MASCULINITY  
IN THE MAJOR WORKS

by  
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## ABSTRACT

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As the most famous American writer of the twentieth century, Ernest Hemingway inspired not only a generation of writers but a generation of critics. Within this matrix of composition and commentary, the Hemingway myth developed, with generous help from the author himself. This myth fostered a masculine ideal which eschewed women, courted death and danger, and depicted man as alone and as a loner in a hostile universe. This myth is now undergoing a re-evaluation.

As part of that re-evaluation, this study examines the confluence of femininity and masculinity in Hemingway's fiction by arguing that, contrary to popular belief, the masculine and feminine worlds are not as antithetical to Hemingway as many had previously supposed. In Chapter One, I discuss the importance of women in the short stories and argue that Hemingway was empathetic toward and desirous of the feminine world. In Chapter Two, I examine love and friendship as portrayed in The Sun Also Rises, and offer a

new and positive reading of this novel. With regard to A Farewell to Arms, I explore the possibility of romantic love as it exists between two sexual equals. Turning from romantic love to domestic bliss, I argue in Chapter Four that To Have and Have Not is Hemingway's feminist manifesto. Chapter Five traces Robert Jordan's abandonment of the macho ideal for a more personal, less code-oriented ethos in For Whom the Bell Tolls. In my final chapter, I argue that Hemingway's public and private selves correlate with his hypermasculine and submerged feminine selves as demonstrated in Across the River and Into the Trees and The Garden of Eden, respectively.

This Book is Dedicated  
to  
Charles C. Mish,  
Our Hero

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My father always said "do what makes you happy," and I did. They don't make them like that anymore. I hope you enjoy this.

Charles, I think you've heard it all before, but I mean it more than ever.

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## INTRODUCTION

### A MAN IS A MAN IS A MAN IS A MAN IS A MAN

The prevailing belief in Hemingway criticism depicts our most famous author in a limited fashion. We are told, for instance, that Hemingway is the "apotheosis of the purely forceful, tense and thrusting component of maleness" (Rosenfeld 149). We are told Hemingway is concerned with only two types of characters, the tyro and the tutor, and that these characters live by a rigid code which necessitates enduring pain, defying death, and living without the company of either men or women (Rovit). We have been told that the most significant event in Hemingway's life is the wound he received in 1918. And we have been told that Hemingway's female characters are "boring and unreal" (Kriegel 420).

We have seen Ernest Hemingway put into a critical strait-jacket. And though this was not the intention of Philip Young, Carlos Baker, Edmund Wilson and the other (mostly) male critics who made up the first board of directors in the Hemingway industry, it resulted in such. These critics for the most part share a belief in the male myth and see Hemingway as the embodiment of that myth. One readily



understands why. Hemingway himself cultivated a persona as "Hemingway the warrior, Hemingway the sportsman, Hemingway the bon vivant"; he was "the architect of his public reputation" (Raeburn 7), and that reputation corroborates the myth. Consequently, it seems natural for Philip Young to concentrate his psychological theories around one instance when Hemingway was testing his manhood; or for Malcolm Cowley in his "A Portrait of Mister Papa," to depict Hemingway as a much-scarred soldier, a boxer, and a man who "has taken risks and survived . . . so that the story of his life is engraved on his body" (44-45). Confined within the male myth, Hemingway is easily perceived, easily accepted, easily loved--and easily misunderstood.

Hemingway's suicide in 1961, and Carlos Baker's biography in 1968 respectively demanded and delivered a closer look at Hemingway's life, though neither the suicide nor the biography was, at the time, considered a criticism of or led to an investigation into the male myth. In the biography, Baker records in loving detail the "adventures" of a "complex and many-sided man" (1), but as his word choice indicates, Baker still sees Hemingway's life in terms of an "adventure," as though it were the envy of every boy. Baker tells us much, but questions little.

Even in the 1970s when feminist thought was successfully arguing for examining and dismantling the patriarchal system, few feminists were interested in Heminway. Those who were believed, ironically, what the male critics believed:

Hemingway's women were "childish" (Pearson 17), "destroyers of men" (Berknikow 260), and gleefully killed off by their creator (Fetterley). Though Simon de Beauvoir recognized Hemingway's women as equal, believable, and truthful (245), and other astute readers such as Linda Wagner and Joyce Wexler viewed Hemingway's female characters more positively, by and large Hemingway did not become a feminist rallying point even though his status as a male idol afforded ample opportunity for an inquiry into the male myth and its effect on women.

Critics did not begin to rethink Hemingway and his relationship with the masculine ethos until the publication of the posthumous works. Then a "new" Hemingway emerged. This Hemingway was concerned with bonding, artistic commitment, and subversion of the traditional male role. To Reynolds Price, this new Hemingway was

only the first indication . . . of how terribly Hemingway maimed himself as an artist by generally banishing such passionate tenderness and emotional reciprocity from the previous thirty years of his work. It is clear enough from A Moveable Feast, the Baker biography, and private anecdotes . . . that such responses and returns were an important component of his daily life.

(182)

A decade or so later, Jeffrey Meyers, one of three biographers who in the 1980s offers a fresh look at Hemingway, argues

that Hemingway suppressed his "soft" side in order to "cultivate a virile image . . . and to remember and recreate his father's world" (17). John Raeburn in Fame Became of Him argues that Hemingway purposefully hid his "soft" side in order to please an enormous audience who expected him rigidly to adhere to the male code. Some readers predict that the 1986 publication of The Garden of Eden will undo "many of the critical beliefs we have held about Hemingway until now" (Josephs, June 1986).

Though these new readings help to demythologize Hemingway by acknowledging a part of his psyche few before have acknowledged, they overemphasize his life at the expense of his fiction. The following chapters attempt to correct that balance.

By focusing on the texts, we can learn that from the earliest stories onward, Hemingway's attitude toward femininity and masculinity runs counter to popular belief. By questioning the common critical assumptions regarding Hemingway's attitude toward women in his fiction, and his ambivalence toward the masculine role, we attempt to uncover a truer Hemingway, one more man than myth. By reading the fiction chronologically, we discover a submerged feminine impulse which surfaces, from time to time, and significantly alters the long-established image of Hemingway as a macho man.

If we force ourselves away from the standard Hemingway myth as strenuously as that myth has been forced upon us, we see that the "new" Hemingway has been with us all along.



## CHAPTER ONE

### MEN WITH WOMEN: THE IMPORTANCE OF THE FEMININE IN HEMINGWAY'S SHORT STORIES

In 1952, toward the end of a literary career that took him into several wars, the wilds of Africa as well as the boxing and bullfight rings, Ernest Hemingway began a new work which Mark Spilka calls, "the most genuinely tender and personally revealing story Ernest ever wrote" (367). "The Last Good Country," so titled by his widow Mary and published posthumously, is a story about Nick Adams and his younger sister Littless who, while ostensibly escaping the game wardens lying in wait for Nick, also escape the proper and genteel world of early twentieth-century America. That Nick flees willingly with a female is a central and somewhat puzzling fact. Usually he goes it alone or, in such stories as "The Light of the World," travels with another footloose male companion. In "Big Two-Hearted River," an early story about escaping into the woods, Nick makes his retreat alone. In "Fathers and Sons," the last Nick Adams story published in Hemingway's lifetime, Nick is alone with his young son, whose mother is never mentioned. So accustomed are we to seeing Nick in a supposedly all-male world that when we

encounter him with a woman for any length of time, even if that "woman" is his kid sister, we are surprised. But we should not be. Women play a central role in the majority of Hemingway's short stories. Unfortunately, a glance at the criticism reveals that these women have suffered the same critical fate as their sisters in the novels: abuse or neglect.

Predictably the women who command the most critical attention are the so-called "bitches" like Margot Macomber who, according to Theodore Bardacke, shoots her husband Francis "rather than lose her dominating role" (Bardacke 349). Or Nick's mother, Mrs. Adams, one of those women who, in the words of Leon Linderth, "seem to be total corrupters of the men with whom they associate" (109). But even the women whom most readers find benign, troublesome at worst, can come under the critical lash. John Killinger regards Marjorie of "The End of Something" as a "bad" woman who constricts Nick's liberty (89). Helen in "Cross-Country Snow," though not physically present in the story, is accused by Pamella Farley of "letting down and trapping" Nick (51). Tiny in "Out of Season," contrary to what her name may suggest, is actually labelled an "ur-bitch character" by Arthur Waldhorn (45).

Fortunately such misrepresentations and distortions have not gone unchallenged. Alan Holder was one of the earliest critics to call attention to "the other Hemingway" by remarking that the simplistic categories of "bitch" and

"dream girl" are the products of a "masculine sensibility . . . jealous of its freedom, anxious to safeguard its virility" (153). This sensibility is not necessarily Hemingway's, Holder contends, and argues that in many short stories Hemingway has a positive and sympathetic attitude toward women. Holder calls "Up in Michigan" a "tale of the victimization of a young woman by an insensitive self-centered male"; likewise, "Hills Like White Elephants" represents "an advanced stage of the insensitivity to woman's needs" that Hemingway had depicted earlier in "Cat in the Rain"; and "An Alpine Idyll" contains "a grotesque version of the insensitive husband" (153, 155). Other, more recent critics expand both Holder's term and territory. For example, J. Nolan Jr. states that "through [Hemingway's] work up to the late thirties, there runs a strong sympathy for the plight of woman" (14). Mark Spilka calls To Have and Have Not "a novel notable for its sympathy for woman with integrity" (360).

It may seem strange that to a man like Hemingway, whose life has so often been defined by violence, killing, and war, sensitivity and sympathy would matter at all. Nevertheless, these qualities run throughout his work, and they are often embodied by or directed toward the feminine. Recognition of how central the feminine is in Hemingway's short stories is the beginning of a more balanced reading of the entire Hemingway canon.



In one of his essays about Hemingway, Philip Young cites the following dialogue from "Indian Camp" where the young Nick and his father discuss death:

"Why did he kill himself, Daddy?"

"I don't know, Nick. He couldn't stand things, I guess."

"Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?"

"Not very many Nick . . ."

They were seated in the boat, Nick in the stern, his father rowing . . . In the early morning on the lake sitting in the stern of the boat with his father rowing, he felt quite sure that he would never die.

(Young 147)

"Indian Camp" is that famous story from In Our Time (1925) where Nick's father performs a Caesarean section with a jackknife without anesthetic on an Indian squaw. The squaw has been in labor two days; and her husband, laid up with a foot injury and confined to the upper bunk, has had to listen to her screams. After the birth Dr. Adams climbs up the bunk to congratulate the father only to find that he has slit his throat. In this story Nick, perhaps a boy of ten, witnesses not only his first birth but his first death, and afterwards he and his father talk about it. Young quotes some of this dialogue, but omits an important section. The complete exchange is:

"Why did he kill himself, Daddy?"

"I don't know, Nick. He couldn't stand things I guess."

"Do many men kill themselves, Daddy?"

"Not very many, Nick."

"Do many women?"

"Hardly ever."

"Don't they ever?"

"Oh, yes. They do sometimes."

"Daddy?"

"Yes."

"Where did Uncle George go?"

"He'll turn up all right."

"Is dying hard, Daddy?"

"No, I think it's pretty easy, Nick.

It all depends."

(95)

To omit Nick's questions about women and suicide is to omit the central puzzle of the story. Obviously Nick is concerned and confused about the father's death and the reasons behind it. But it is also clear to Nick that the woman is the one suffering, the one who is in the greatest pain. The fact that Nick questions his father twice, the second time quite insistently, indicates that Nick knows something is askew. The central question in Nick's mind may not be why did the father kill himself, but why didn't the woman?

What Hemingway implies and what Young neglects to sanction by distorting the quotation is no less than the famous Hemingway code, "masculine virtues of courage, dignity and stoic endurance" (Lodge 194). Obviously it is the critic and not Hemingway who assigns gender to the code's attributes. For who really is the heroic one in this story? The mother, of course. What has she been going through? She has been in labor two days and "all her muscles are trying to get the baby born" (92). She needed "three Indian men" to hold her still when Dr. Adams, without anesthetic, cuts open and sews her up, and her sole act of protest during this ordeal is to bite Uncle George on the arm. The entire procedure "took a long time" and afterwards she was quiet. She compares favorably with other code heroes such as Manuel on the operating table at the end of "The Undefeated," and Jack Brennan in "Fifty Grand" who "was holding himself and all his body together . . . holding his body in where it was busted" (325).

Young is right when he says that all of Hemingway's themes can be traced back to this one early story, but by focusing on the negativity of these themes he overlooks one positive one. If one lesson Nick learns in this story is that dying is easy, he also learns that one can manage to survive. Because Nick is male and a potential father himself, he naturally wants to identify with the Indian father but knows this is risky, indeed deadly. Perhaps by identifying with the mother Nick can find a way to live.

Of course this process of identification is unconscious and inarticulate (Nick is only ten!), but it does explain his insistent questions to his father, an inquiry into the odds, as it were. If women "hardly ever" commit suicide, then they are the more proper role models if one wants to learn how to live.

In his education, Nick comes across many men who teach him how not to live. Among these are the resigned Ole Andreson of "The Killers," who passively waits in a rented room for his killing by hired gunmen; and the crazed boxer Ad Francis of "The Battler." Even his own father, himself a suicide, and so poignantly recreated in "Fathers and Sons," had neglected properly to instruct Nick in sexual matters. If the Hemingway code at its most basic is the ability to withstand pain without complaint, then Nick has had an early induction into the Hemingway universe with a woman as his guide.

The female is central to "Indian Camp" and by her physical presence serves as an example of how to suffer and survive. In other stories the woman's presence is not needed to command her central position.

"Fifty Grand," from Men Without Women (1927), is on one level a story about a boxer, Jack Brennan, who bets against himself, gets double-crossed, yet, while in extreme pain, sees the fight to its end and thereby wins his money. But if we incorporate Hemingway's iceberg theory into our reading<sup>1</sup>, what is most potent beneath the surface of this



story is the fighter's longing for his wife and home. His melancholy, his insomnia, are not caused entirely by the upcoming fight; Brennan accepts that his career is over and admits "I'm going to need a lot of luck with that boy," referring to Walcott, his stronger opponent (300). Jack knows he's too old and cannot win the bout, and that is why he bets against himself--a quick retirement fund! What weighs most heavily on his mind are domestic concerns and the fact he misses his wife. "I'd a damn sight rather be in town with the wife" (303), he complains. In response to what is the cause of his insomnia, Brennan replies, "I miss the wife . . . I worry about property I got in the Bronx, I worry about property I got in Florida. I worry about the kids. I worry about the wife" (304-305). When he's drunk it is the same refrain: "You know . . . You ain't got any idea how I miss the wife" (312).

Missing the wife is a theme foreign to most of Hemingway's short fictions since few of his characters are married. So it is remarkable that it surfaces here amid a flagrantly male context: the fighter's training camp and the mostly-male province of the boxing arena. Moreover, the two worlds of male and female are paradoxically brought together by virtue of their being apart: Brennan does not want his wife brought up to camp but he writes her every day! And she has never seen him fight but knows the boxing world and the stress it puts on her husband. He says of her at one point: "she knows . . . She knows all right. She knows. You bet

she knows" (312). What is at the heart of Jack Brennan's concerns is how he will provide for his wife and children now that his career is over. In this respect, as we will later note, he is closer to Harry Morgan in To Have and Have Not than to Manuel, the aging bullfighter in "The Undefeated." Whereas Manuel keeps fighting in order to preserve his Spanish honor, Brennan's motive is money, money that will enable him to leave the male-centered world of boxing and reenter the female world of family and home.

In "Fifty Grand" the feminine world, represented by marriage, exerts a tremendous pull which shifts the story's male center of gravity. A similar shift occurs in "In Another Country." In this story the all-male world is the world of war, and, more specifically, the rehabilitation ward of a hospital. Each day the wounded veterans come to the hospital to exercise on the machines. The narrator and the other men in the story have in common their various wounds and service medals, and "felt held together by there being something that had happened that they, the people who disliked us, did not understand" (269). Not a part of this group is an Italian major who comes daily to exercise his withered hand and to help the narrator Nick learn to speak Italian. The Maggiore is a noble but cynical gentleman. Once a great fencer, he "did not believe in bravery" and had no confidence his hand would get better. Yet he attended therapy regularly and sat at the machines in a proud and dignified manner. One day he talks to Nick about marriage.



"A man must not marry," the Maggiore exclaims, "He cannot marry. He cannot marry . . . If he is to place himself in a position to lose everything, he should not place himself in a position to lose that . . . He should find things he cannot lose" (271). Then the narrator learns that the Maggiore's young wife has suddenly died. Coming when this news does at the climax of the story, the loss of one's wife is clearly identified as the most insufferable wound of all, the one that is beyond rehabilitation. The medal the Maggiore wears for his particular wound is a simple "black band on the sleeve of his uniform," unlike the medals the other soldiers wear on their chests and that come complete with papers, "which were written in very beautiful language and full of fratellanza and adnegazione" (270). Common forms of male bonding such as drinking, boasting, walking three abreast through "the tough part of town" may alleviate or diminish the losses brought about by war, that most masculine of activities, but Hemingway seems to suggest that there is no antidote for the loss of the female world. As the Maggiore says, "I am utterly unable to resign myself," and breaks down with grief (272).

It is precisely this loss, or the potential of such a loss for himself that causes Nick Adams to have second thoughts about breaking off with Marjorie in "The Three-Day Blow." Though the stakes are not as high for Nick as they are for the Maggiore (Marjorie is in no danger of dying), the recognition of her possible loss is no less compelling.

The Maggiore, perhaps because he is an older, more mature man, is not afraid to articulate his reaction to loss, whereas the adolescent Nick, at first, shies away from it. Indeed, the story is structured around the avoidance of the subject, with three-quarters of its dialogue devoted to such "safe" topics as baseball, reading, fathers, and drinking. But once the love element is raised, Nick is anxious to talk. Though Nick and the Maggiore reach different conclusions by the end of their respective stories, each has benefited from talking about the absent female. For Nick the conversation with Bill early in the story is male chit-chat. It isn't until they begin discussing Marge that Nick "felt happy [that] nothing was finished. Nothing was ever lost" (124-125). Though the Maggiore is grieving and angry, we can assume that by articulating these emotions he begins his recovery from the loss of the female world, just as Nick finds strength to reenter it: as he muses at the story's end, he reminds himself "he could always go into town Saturday night. It was a good thing to have in reserve" (125).

It is understandable how in a story such as "Fifty Grand" "the wife" becomes just what the quotation marks indicate, something like "the missus," or "the little woman," something off to the side, something afforded a special (read irrelevant) status. The Hemingway myth demands the subordination of the feminine to the masculine, and much of what the critics say conveniently renders the

feminine world null. But that world was not null for Hemingway. Though it may be tempting to dismiss altogether those stories with no actual, speaking females in them as void of feminine influence, we must resist the temptation. It is a telling irony that half the stories in Men Without Women center around women or aspects of the feminine world. The Hemingway world, it turns out, is just like the real world: half of its population is female. When we turn our attention to those stories which contain actual, speaking female characters we see how diverse that population is.

A good place to start is with Liz Coates and "Up In Michigan." This early (1923) story of seduction--some say rape (Aldridge 28)--is often read as a sad tale of a passive woman who allows a brutish man to take advantage of her sexually. Looked at this way, Liz evokes only our pity and none of our esteem. But if we regard Liz as a woman fraught with ambivalence over the prospect of losing her virginity, we see her from a more admirable angle. The story now becomes one of sexual awakening, a story that depicts with modest realism how it really is for many women, a story of female initiation. Bound by the double standard, Liz is confused about the sexual feelings she has for Jim. Liz is, after all, a nice girl, the "neatest girl" Mrs. Smith, her employer, had ever seen, a girl who wears clean gingham aprons and whose "hair was always neat behind." But Liz also has "good legs" and, when Jim touches her, "her nipples were erect under his hands." What's a nice girl to



do? Caught in a dead-end job, too shy to bake Jim something special to take with him on his hunting trip, Liz looks out the kitchen window at the barges moving toward Boyne City. But Liz herself is not moving; she can only wait, indulge her thoughts of Jim, and when he finally makes his move, though she is terribly frightened, she thinks, "He's come to me finally. He's really come" (84).

Of course the lovemaking is a fiasco. Liz "wanted it," but "it hurt." Jim, who is drunk, ends up asleep and Liz ends up "cold, and miserable and everything felt gone" (85). Her last gesture, covering the passed-out Jim with her coat, is not one of self-pity or self-sacrifice so much as one of thoughtfulness, even tenderness, and acceptance of her fate. She now knows what other women know: the loss of one's virginity is not a momentous occasion; it is something mundane, maybe even sordid, but hardly, as one male critic says, "a traumatic moment in a woman's life" (Whitlow 86). As Liz's actions bear out, losing her virginity was something necessary, something whose time had come.

"Up In Michigan" has the potential for being a subversive story, a slant attack on the double standard, and this may explain the difficulty Hemingway had in getting it published.<sup>2</sup> We witness at close range a rather normal and predictable yielding to biological urges. But at the time Hemingway wrote this piece, these urges were seldom discussed in literature in relation to nice American girls; consequently, we see how daring this story is. Liz is not allowed the

sexual freedom of either little Trudy, the Indian girl with whom Nick Adams frolics in the woods, or the freedom of men her same age, who lose their virginity in the whorehouse then brag about it.<sup>3</sup> Liz's behavior is not expiated by either race or gender, but it doesn't need to be. Hemingway has arranged it so that we sympathize with Liz. His sensitivity to detail, his focused attention on Liz's unarticulated feelings, his sense of proportion, assure Liz our compassion. It is this last skill, a sense of proportion, that gives Liz her humble majesty. Liz may shed some tears and have to readjust her fantasies, and may even have to quit her job because of gossip, but she won't end up a whore or a suicide, fates other women in her situation have accepted.<sup>4</sup>

Liz, though clearly a homespun version, is Hemingway's initial example of the New Woman, a woman who claims sexuality as her right. Such women appear more frequently in the stories than many assume. Nick Adams is drawn to this kind of woman: Trudy in "Ten Indians" and "Fathers and Sons," and the aggressive Kate in the posthumous story "Summer People." Kate, though white and well-bred, is every bit as straightforward as Trudy in her sexual desire. She arranges the nocturnal visits to the woods and prefers to have intercourse en levrette. Even the prepubescent Littless in "The Last Good Country," though physically a virgin, is emotionally ready for almost anything. At one point in the story she claims she could be a whore's assistant, and later she offers to be Nick's wife. The fact that she's Nick's

sister does not inhibit her determination to be a "complete" woman for Nick and thereby aid him in his escape.

These women are no different in spirit from the New Women of the Progressive Era who thronged the cities and worked with and freely courted men. To assert themselves as female while still being "one of the boys" became their hallmark. That Hemingway here places his free spirits up in Michigan indicates how alert he was to his own autobiographical mirroring of social and sexual shifts.

Another female character who is strong and sexual is Marjorie in "The End of Something." Though the text suggests that she and Nick are lovers,<sup>5</sup> the story is not about the end of their sexual relationship, but about Nick's inability to accept Marjorie as his equal. Nick cannot accept that Marjorie knows as much as he does and so he breaks off the relationship. He says angrily, "You know everything. That's the trouble. You know you do . . . What don't you know, anyway?" (110). Though this dialogue refers specifically to Marjorie's knowledge of fishing and the outdoors, knowledge which she acquired from Nick, it resounds with deeper significance. Marjorie's knowledge of fishing, etc. is merely the objective correlative for Nick's nameless discomfort in accepting a woman, someone he sleeps with, as his equal. As the dialogue proceeds, we learn two things. One, besides knowing about Mother Nature, Marjorie also knows about human nature. She senses something is wrong with Nick and presses the issue until he admits their love affair



isn't "fun" anymore. And two, Nick has more difficulty accepting his decision to call it off than Marjorie does. She leaves the campsite composed and dignified and rows home; Nick, on the other hand, collapses: "Nick sat there, his head in his hands . . . Nick went back and lay down with his face in the blanket by the fire . . . He lay there for a long time" (111). Marjorie is one woman who does not fall to pieces when she is jilted. That she was expected to is made clear by Bill's entrance in the final half-page of the story. He comes upon the prostrate Nick and they have this exchange:

"Did she go all right," Bill said.

"Yes," Nick said, lying, his face on the blanket.

"Have a scene?"

"No, there wasn't any scene."

(111)

By raising the "Have a scene?" question and then answering it in the negative, Hemingway once again debunks a female stereotype, in this case, female hysteria. Marjorie's behavior refutes the image of women taking to their beds after a failed romance, the image of the mad woman in the attic who is too much trouble to the men around her, or the spinster, the maiden aunt who, scorned once, stops living in the sexual world. Marjorie is none of these. She leaves the story certainly hurt, certainly jolted, but she leaves as a strong woman, one we have no doubt will be

able to take care of herself. She is as dignified as Liz Coates.

Time after time, the women in these Hemingway stories are strong, resourceful, vibrant individuals who are better equipped for life's demands than many of his male characters. Hemingway's women, with few exceptions, are more sexually healthy than his male characters. They are generally without the masochism we often note in his male figures. Female self-mutilation is absent from the stories, but, as "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" bears out, male self-mutilation is not. Women tend to take responsibility for their sexuality better than many of their male counterparts. The man in "Hills Like White Elephants" abjures his part of Jig's pregnancy. He tries to manipulate her into an abortion by speaking of it in first-hand terms. His insistence that "It's perfectly simple" suggests he knows all about abortion and by extension pregnancy, and therefore, what it's like to be female. He speciously identifies with a woman so he can escape his responsibility as a man. We should remember that Jig does not ask him to marry her but only that he support her in her decision to have his baby and to acknowledge that a relationship which includes the child is not only possible but healthy.

Even those women who abuse their sexual relationships, like Margot Macomber and the woman in "A Sea Change," admit to their indiscretions, which is more than their male companions do. For Wilson, the big-game hunter in "The Short

Happy Life of Francis Macomber," sexual liaisons with wealthy wives are mere windfalls of his profession. To the gentleman in "A Sea Change," his own bisexuality is something unspeakable, but, as his lover points out, it has set the precedent for her own behavior. Debating whether the woman's need to have a female lover is a "vice" or a "perversion," the couple argue until she reminds the man that "There's no necessity to use a word like that." When he insists "that's the name for it," she reminds him, "You've used it well enough." He then replies on the defensive, "You don't have to say that again." "Because that explains it to you." "All right," he said, "All right" (400). His acquiescence supports the contention that his own sexual experimentation predates his partner's.

Though revenge and sexual experimentation are not the most admirable reasons for disrupting the sexual unit, they are reasons openly and honestly declared by women who are willing to risk their consequences. For Hemingway, whose most basic belief as a writer is to "tell the truth," such declarations have a hallowed ring to them.

So far, my interpretations may seem to suggest that Hemingway's female characters are impeccable, but such is not the case. Hemingway is particularly hard on mothers. Mrs. Adams in "The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife" is a notable example. Though Mrs. Adams' part in the story is small, it is clear she is a force from which both Dr. Adams and Nick wish to flee. Her faults are numerous: she is naive



about the work-a-day world of men and self-righteous about her beliefs; she is given to evidently hypochondriac headaches and has a frail constitution; she is demanding. If body language is any gauge of personality (and we've seen that it is in the case of Liz and Marjorie), Mrs. Adams enjoys commanding from a supine position, a position suggestive of royalty. Another mother, Mrs. Krebs in "Soldier's Home," is a conventional woman ignorant of the extent of her son's shell-shock. Worse than Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Krebs seems intent on running her son's life. Her interference escalates from the small and pesty, "I wish you'd put down the paper a minute Harold," to the metaphysical: "Have you decided what you are going to do yet, Harold? . . . God has some work for everyone to do . . . There can be no idle hands in His Kingdom" (150-151). She seems to enjoy inflicting guilt on her son as she extracts from him an answer to her question, "Don't you love your mother, dear boy?" (151). Knowing how guilty her son feels for making her cry she gets him to kneel in prayer with her, thus exacting her pound of flesh. Such verbal manipulation usually takes place between lovers or husband and wife; by extending it to the family Hemingway exposes it at its source. Mrs. Krebs is a woman who enjoys control, and in this last respect she is identical with the mother in "A Canary For One" who boasts of destroying her daughter's love affair.

But not all mothers in Hemingway are monsters. The Adams family's neighbor, Mrs. Garner, in "Ten Indians," is a kind, jolly, solicitous woman who behaves lovingly toward Nick. In the story she represents the healthy attitude toward budding sexuality. She kids Nick about his crush on young Prudence, and openly snuggles and whispers with her husband in front of her own sons and Nick. In contrast, Nick's father deliberately tells his son he saw Prudie "threshing around" in the woods with another boy and does nothing to comfort Nick when this news brings on his tears. Madame Fontan in "Wine of Wyoming" is both earth mother and bootlegger, providing food, drink, and conversation for the men in the vicinity of Clear Creek. What these women have in common and what sets them apart from the monster-mothers is their ability to relinquish control and to put emotional distance between themselves and their surrogate sons.

As time and circumstance put distance between Hemingway and his own mother, his maternal characters softened. Though Hemingway berated his mother all his life, the impulse to do so in print abated. Joseph M. Flora points out that, beginning with the stories in the second half of Winner Take Nothing (1933), a major theme of celebrating and longing for the security of family tradition is established (259). Two stories, "A Day's Wait" and "Fathers and Sons," seem to suggest that Hemingway himself enjoyed being a father. In both, the mother is absent altogether as a present-tense character and the father assumes the nurturing role. These

two stories exhibit a tenderness toward the familial which belies the popular notion that Hemingway shunned everything but the manly arts of war and hunting. The early story "My Old Man" may have foreshadowed the father-son theme, but the later stories have more of the ring of truth about them. They are certainly much less dramatic, but truer in depicting what real parenting involves.

In his depiction of the monster-mothers, Hemingway attacks the prudish Victorianism which he found repulsive in his own mother. He could not stomach hypocrisy, and his speedy and seemingly painless conversion to European "bohemianism" attests to his hatred of American middle-class mores. But Hemingway was also quick to attack the weaknesses of more "modern" life-styles. Given greater breadth in To Have and Have Not (1937), Hemingway's criticism of the marital and financial scandals of the rich began a year earlier in the two magnificent stories "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro."

Though both stories depict the ruthless behavior of rich, married couples, they are not, I submit, primarily about marriage. They are about the debilitating effects of fear, fear of the hunt, and fear of writing, fears which, in 1936, were very close and real to Hemingway. In one story, Hemingway depicts the female bitch par excellence in the shape of Margot Macomber. Though the text remains ambiguous as to whether or not she purposefully killed her husband, there is no denying she purposefully and publicly



humiliated him. And though some critics argue sympathetically in her behalf,<sup>6</sup> she is not a sympathetic character. Hemingway transfers some of Margot's bitchiness to his male character Harry Walden, the dying writer, in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." Stretched out on his cot, waited on by wife and servant, Harry is curiously analogous to Mrs. Adams lying down in her darkened room with one of her headaches. He's every bit as verbally vicious to his wife as Margot Macomber is to her husband. And like Margot, he goes out of his way to belittle his spouse's positive attributes--her wealth, for instance. Of course Harry has an excuse for his behavior--he's a dying man, a hallucinating man. But when compared to other critically ill men, Cayetano in "The Gambler, The Nun, and the Radio," for example, he wholly lacks the "masculine virtues of courage, dignity, and stoic endurance" (Lodge 25).

And this is exactly the point: are there masculine and feminine virtues for Hemingway? Or are there simply virtues, modes of behavior, generic to both sexes? According to the evidence, the stories themselves, the latter is the case. In fact, in all the stories only two behaviors are gender-determined: bullfighting and prostitution.<sup>7</sup> Certain other behaviors generally assumed to be masculine are not entirely that. We have already seen how the male world of boxing is eclipsed by the female world of wife and home in "Fifty Grand." In another boxing story, "The Battler," a man is wife and homemaker. Bugs assumes the role of the wife,

cooking and shopping and emotionally protecting the "retired" Ad Francis.

Bugs speaks quietly, politely, and formally to Ad, even to the point of addressing him as "Mister Adolph Francis." Yet when Ad "gets that way," Bugs does not hesitate to knock him cold. In this "marriage," physical violence is acceptable, even necessary. The story, then, is a real mix: two men adopt the roles of husband and wife but the "wife," who happens to be solely supported by the "husband," physically dominates him, often "for his own good." Whether intentional or not, this domestic arrangement illuminates the masculine world of boxing with a distinctly feminine light.

In "The Gambler, The Nun, and The Radio," there are two gamblers: the Mexican and the nun, one male, one female. They are foils to each other by virtue of personal style (Sister Cecilia is flighty, Cayetano silent), but collectively they are a foil to Mr. Frazer, the story's existential focus. Sister Cecilia believes in prayer, Cayetano believes in luck, but Mr. Frazer believes in nothing but listening to the radio. Here he has his choice which role model to emulate--the man or the woman. In "On the Quai at Smyrna," and "A Natural History of the Dead," two war stories, the most unforgettable sights are those concerning women. In the first, "The worst . . . were the women with dead babies. You couldn't get the women to give up their dead babies" (87). And from the second:

We found and carried to an improvised mortuary a good number of these and, I must admit, frankly, the shock it was to find that these dead were women rather than men. In those days women had . . . hair cut short . . . and the most disturbing thing . . . was the presence and, even more disturbing, the occasional absence of this long hair. I remember that after we had searched quite thoroughly for the complete dead we collected fragments. Many of these were detached from a heavy, barbed-wire fence . . .

(442)

Hemingway's ability to embrace human conduct without dividing it into gender-specific behavior indicates more than just an author's skill in creating character; it indicates an androgynous imagination. Regardless of how gender-specific Hemingway's personal life was, much of his fiction is not. His struggle with his own androgynous impulses affected both his life and his work. It accounts for his obsession with the length of women's hair as well as his curious aversion to vaginal births. It explains why he sometimes takes a female point of view, and why he writes about such women's issues as abortion, rape and pregnancy. Biographically, it can also account for his chronic marital dissatisfaction.



Hemingway wrote most openly about androgyny in The Garden of Eden (1986), and The Sun Also Rises (1926). As the publication dates of these novels indicate, it was a subject which spanned his career. The Garden of Eden details cross-dressing, spouse-swapping, and inversion of the sex roles. Though recently edited and posthumously published, The Garden of Eden spent a good while tucked away in the vault, and one cannot help but wonder if its interment was prompted by the fear of Hemingway losing his reputation as a writer or by the fear of his losing his reputation as a "man." The last half of the 80s, the androgynous decade, is a politically favorable time in which to expose to public scrutiny this side of Hemingway.

But we don't have to vandalize vaults to find a story which exhibits Hemingway's androgynous impulses. Such a story is "The Last Good Country." Written nine years before his death, this story can be read as a tedious and clumsy tale of the outdoors. Plot-wise, it is simply about the young Nick Adams using his woodsmanship to flee the game wardens, only this time he's encumbered by his younger sister, Littless, a girl with a vivid imagination. But looked at in a different manner, this story becomes a statement of Hemingway's belief in the equality of the sexes and an affirmation that true compatibility between the sexes is possible; in this story the two androgynous halves meet.

The story's movement is simple, and with the exception of a middle section where the point of view shifts to the

two game wardens, straightforward. Nick Adams is guilty of shooting a deer out of season and catching and selling illegal trout. Two game wardens are at his home so he heads into the woods. He asks his younger sister Littless to help him get a pack ready; and when she tells him she's running away with him, Nick does not strenuously object. Littless is approximately twelve years old and Nick not much older. They spend the day going through rough territory, spend the night deep in the forest, and set off to pick berries the next day. The story closes.

From the outset, Littless is clearly Nick's equal. She is instrumental in his escape. She gathers intelligence; she sneaks out food and supplies; she sabotages the game warden's whiskey; she sets up camp; she knows how to move around in the dark; and she knows how to keep the dogs from barking. But her concern for Nick is not solely in these practical matters. Throughout the story she acts as a speaking, living conscience to Nick. Nick would like to kill the game wardens but Littless forbids him to commit such an act. She says, "But you're not going to kill people and that's why I'm going with you" (74). Later she successfully discourages Nick from killing a bird they do not really need for supper. Both Littless and Nick accept her function as moral governor; it is an implicit part of their relationship. When, toward the end of the story, Nick again expresses his wish to kill the wardens, Littless speaks out and Nick concludes, "That's why she came along, Nick thought. That's why she's here.

I can't do it while she's along" (129). Her persistence pays off when a little later Nick tells her "there isn't any killing nor every going to be any" (131).

Littless serves as moral governor not because she's a woman and women are guardians of virtues, but because, in her words, she wants to be a "useful and good partner" (86) and is willing to share Nick's journey with him. And though Nick has reservations about his younger sister tagging along, he clearly needs her company. Afraid of being lonely without each other, Littless and Nick escape the world of family ("They always thought everyone else in the family as the others" 71)--the world of written laws. They forge through swamp and slashings to go where "nobody gets in . . . the last good country there is left" (87, 89). Like Catherine Barkley and Frederic Henry, they make a separate peace.

The last good country is a place where ordinary male-female interaction is transcended and new behaviors are possible, a compelling yet innocent spiritual and sexual bonding. Nick and Littless agree not to fight since that is what the "others" do. As they make this commitment to each other, they enter the deep forest and share a religious-like experience:

His sister put her hand in his and walked close to him.

"I'm not scared, Nickie. But it makes me feel very strange."

"Me, too," Nick said. "Always."

"I never was in woods like these."



"This is all the virgin timber left around here."

"Do we go through it very long?"

"Quite a way."

"I'd be afraid if I were alone."

"It makes me feel strange. But I'm not afraid" . . .

"I'm not afraid because I'm with you. But I know I'd be afraid alone. Did you ever come here with anyone else?"

"No. Only by myself."

"And you weren't afraid?"

"No. But I always feel strange. Like the way I ought to feel in church."

(89)

After sharing this spiritual moment in the forest, Nick and Littleless become even more intimate by sharing sexual fantasies. While Nick is away fishing, Littleless cuts her hair, thereby freeing herself from any pre-established sex role. "It's very exciting . . . Now I'm your sister but I'm a boy, too" (112). Nick does not seem threatened by this behavior and listens attentively to Littleless's sexual fantasy about being a whore's assistant at The Royal Ten Dollar Gold Piece Inn and Emporium. In the morning Littleless exclaims that she wants to be Nick's "common-law wife," and they will live according to the "Unwritten Law."

On one level this kind of talk is child talk, pretend talk. But on another level it is the essence of love talk. And if such is the case, what were Hemingway's intentions?

I do not believe that Hemingway intended this story to be incestuous, though it certainly carries that coloration. I believe Hemingway used the sibling pair because he needed to write about love without the burden of sexual differentiation that sexual behavior innately incurs. If a man and a woman cannot engage in sex because they are brother and sister, then the greatest sexual distinction is removed and the matter of acting as a man or acting as a woman becomes a moot point. The specific sex of the characters is not erased but it no longer is the deciding factor in how they behave. Littleless instinctively seems to know this--that her being a "boy" will make it easier on Nick. So she's at least willing to look and act like one. Likewise, Nick knows that his sister's awakening sexuality needs to be acknowledged in a safe way by a male with whom she feels comfortable. Even though "she loved him too much" (119), he listens to her sexual fantasies and allows her pats and kisses. But in so doing he becomes more open and candid about his own feelings. By the end of the story he tells her how afraid he is and that he overlooked the possibility that the warden's son may be able to track them to their camp. Resigned to the fact that they may be caught sooner than expected, Nick reads aloud to Littleless from Wuthering Heights.

Late in his life Ernest Hemingway returned to the themes so evident in his early stories: how to live as a man or as a woman, how to balance the two worlds, how to merge the two

worlds. Why so late in his life he chose to talk about these themes in terms of a sibling relationship remains ambiguous, though certain facts are illuminating. First, Hemingway's sexual prowess was declining. Though he enjoyed good sex with his last wife, Mary, he suffered from bouts of impotence (Kert 492). Considering his physical condition, the medicine he was taking for high blood pressure, plus the vast amount of alcohol he consumed in his final years, there's a good chance his impotence was severe and long lasting. Second, for many years he had been in love with Adriana Ivancich, a young Italian beauty. They never consummated their love, though Hemingway sexually longed for her. At the same time, however, he thought of her as the daughter he never had. The sexual ambivalence of desiring a daughter coupled with the physical incapacity to satisfy his wife may have triggered in Hemingway the need to create a "safe" yet exciting love relationship.

But there are other possibilities. For Hemingway to return to Nick Adams this late in life is a significant gesture because it resurrects Hemingway's original conception of the male. Originally that proto-male was alone, but now he is joined with the feminine. Nick Adams is no longer the lone, isolated twentieth-century youth of the earlier stories; he has connected. But more important than this connection of one author's character is the significance of the joining itself. Not only are Nick and Littleless compatible, they are related; they share the same source, and now in their exile,



they will share the same fate. They are a modern-day Cathy and Heathcliff, Adam and Eve, the two halves of the ancient myth.

The joining together of male and female in this late and beautifully written story is the culmination of Hemingway's lifetime interest in male-female relationships. The fact that the two sexes come together and seek an Eden for themselves should once and for all put to rest the notion that Hemingway was a woman hater. "The Last Good Country" is a story without malice, irony, or bitterness--traits the author used at command in many other stories. Instead, it is a story of possibilities, the possibility that the two sexes can live in harmony with one another and with nature.

## CHAPTER TWO

### LOVE/FRIENDSHIP, MALE/FEMALE IN

#### THE SUN ALSO RISES

It would be naive to say that The Sun Also Rises is a joyous book, or even a hopeful one; it is, of course, neither. Most often interpreted as a picture of post-war aimlessness and anomie, Hemingway's 1926 novel is usually said to be the bible of the Lost Generation, a modern-day courtesy book on how to behave in the wasteland Europe had become after the Great War. However valid this interpretation may be, it is limiting and unduly pessimistic. It necessitates a particularly negative reading of the characters in the book and undervalues Hemingway's intuitive awareness of cultural and historical forces and the impact they have on personal relationships. Most damaging of all, the consensual interpretation fosters the harmful propagation of sexist stereotypes and ignores Hemingway's knowledge of and respect for the New Woman. Instead of reading The Sun Also Rises as the death of love, as Mark Spilka does, we can read it as a story about the cautious belief in the survival of the two most basic components of any human relationship: love and friendship. Examined this way, the novel is a rather extraordinary document that unites the two separate sexual spheres of the nineteenth

century and in so doing breaks away from the moral imperatives of the Victorian age while demonstrating the possibility of love's survival in the more realistic but nihilist twentieth century.

The coaxial themes of love and friendship inform this book in such subtle ways that they are easily overlooked, even though they are the forces which motivate the characters' behavior. In the case of Jake Barnes and Lady Brett Ashley, they form the basis of their relationship. Too often this relationship is laid waste by stereotypical thinking. The cliché runs like this: Jake, unmanned in the war, is not only physically but spiritually impotent and allows himself to be debased by Brett, that non-woman, that purely destructive force. Such critical abuse is understandable when we realize that Brett is considered part of that long American tradition of the dark-haired, bad woman. She must be termed "promiscuous" and a "nymphomaniac" if her sexual behavior is to be explained at all. The mainspring of such a tradition is that "nice girls don't do it." But we've already seen in the short stories that Hemingway refuses to bind his female characters to such strictures. His women do "do it," and with relish.

Hemingway seems to take for granted that Brett is a sexually active woman. And though he did not consciously set out to create the New Woman, Hemingway's Brett is a fine example of one. Before examining Brett's character in terms



of the love/friendship theme of the novel a brief examination of the milieu from which she emerged is in order.

The modern woman did not suddenly rise up from the rubble of 1918. On both sides of the Atlantic, Brett's predecessors had for some time rebelled against personal circumstances and societal restrictions. Though the so-called New Woman emerged as a type during the "naughty nineties," as William Wasserstrom points out, "After 1860 Americans of even the straightest gentility preferred girls with spunk" (27). It was well-known in Europe how independent and free-wheeling American girls were; Henry James founded his literary career on such types. By European standards American ladies had great freedom of movement. Frances Kemble remarked on the gangs of unescorted teenage girls "lounging about in the street of New York" (Banner 79). Before 1860 chaperonage of unmarried women was neither enforced nor required, and though this practice was reintroduced in 1880, it was popular only with the upwardly mobile (Banner 132).

In both America and England the rise of industry and business brought men and women into close proximity. Though American women entered the clerical occupations before their British sisters, by the end of the nineteenth century the business office had been sexually integrated in both countries. The combination of more women leaving the home and women working closely with men moved to create a different mode of female behavior--women were perceived as beginning to "act like men." As K. G. Wells remarked in 1880, "Instead of

grace, there has come in many women an affectation of mannishness as is shown in hats, jackets, long strides, and a healthful swinging of the arms in walking" (820-21). More radical behavior included smoking, drinking, living alone ("latch-key girls"), and sexual activity. The dissemination and use of birth control increased. Though such "liberated" activity was often frowned upon, it was alluring for many people, at least on an unconscious level. Trilby, George Du Maurier's 1894 novel, was wildly popular and took America by storm. Leading a bohemian existence, earning a living as an artist's model, dressing like a man when she felt like it, the title character defied the stupidity and insidiousness of Victorian propriety. Five years later in London, the 1889 premiere of Ibsen's A Doll's House ushered in the decade of the New Woman with a more somber but nonetheless resounding bang. The New Woman had entered the imagination of Western society.

Nonfictional modes of female behavior which had a liberating effect swept over America in the form of the British Blondes, a burlesque troupe which began its American tour in the 1870s. These British imports struck a new standard of feminine beauty. Even so proprietary a critic as William Dean Howells admired the "new buxom image of beauty they represented" (Banner 132). By the 1890s, this buxomness, a lower class trait, softened, elongated, and moved up to a more respectable rung of the social ladder and became the Gibson Girl. By 1913 the "hipless, waistless, boneless"

(and, we must not forget, breastless) flapper appeared (Banner 166). It seems, indeed, that women were becoming "mannish," as the de-emphasis of breasts implies.

But more important than how female these women looked was how they behaved. All three types of women, the British Blondes, the Gibson Girl, and the flapper, had the ability to be "pals" with men, to sustain friendships as opposed to courtships. This ability helped to break down long existing gender boundaries. Actresses and dancers, because they travelled with male actors and musicians, were not bound to conventional, sexually-segregated behavior; their necessarily intimate living conditions worked against the Victorian fetish for modesty. Though such Broadway behavior earned actresses the reputation of being loose, it also promoted a free and easy exchange between male and female, a healthy demystification of "the opposite sex." In the case of the Gibson Girl, her behavior was more circumspect but still high-spirited and modern. She was more elegant than voluptuous, very athletic and healthy, progressive and college-educated. Though not overtly sexual, she was not without sensuality. The Gibson Girl was the representative woman for the novelists of the Progressive Era (Banner 171). She was not dependent on men, yet valued their friendship; she would not hesitate to marry the "right one."

The flapper, by 1913 "the preeminent model of female appearance" (Banner 176), not only looked but behaved like a man. She smoked, drank, drove, slept around, and earned a



living. Her arrival coincided with "sex o'clock in America" (McGovern 358n). Her behavior was "assertive, and independent, she experimented with intimate dancing, permissive favors, and casual courtships and affairs. She joined men as comrades, and the differences in behavior of the sexes were narrowed" (McGovern 350). Her live-for-today attitude was announced in Owen Johnson's 1914 novel The Salamander and later immortalized by F. Scott Fitzgerald. She was destined to become part of Hemingway's lost generation.<sup>1</sup>

As expected, the push for female freedom, whether advanced by fashion, birth control, or the vote met with strong opposition. As women became more militant in their demands for equality, what were once only implications of female inferiority, became flat pronouncements. While the British Blondes were showing their legs, male obstetricians virtually took over the birth process in America.<sup>2</sup> By pronouncing "the truth" about women's bodies, men attempted to effect control over those bodies. In 1873, Anthony Comstock successfully lobbied Congress to prohibit the dissemination of birth control information. A year earlier Comstock founded the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, an organization successful in shutting down Broadway productions and banning selected novels from the mails. The extent of Comstock's influence is best gauged by remembering that in 1914 then President Wilson appointed him as delegate to an International Purity Conference. It is a measure of how virulent and persistent the original Moral Majority was when we recognize

that Comstock's campaign against vice spanned those same years in which women made the greatest strides in sexual and political freedom.

Of course, any loosening of the social strictures for women represented an assault on male omnipotence. The nineteenth-century demarcation of gender roles was fiercely guarded. The myth of the self-made man conspired with the Cinderella myth to make women hostages of the home and men absentee husbands and fathers pursuing the higher calling of business. A book such as The Awakening is a good index of how ignorant many men probably were of the inner lives of women.

This emotional segregation of women and men had obvious consequences. It accounts for the intense relationships between female friends as well as the sad and deplorable conditions of many Victorian marriages (Rosenberg-Smith). It burdened women with the preservation of all morals and manners, while it forced men to do homage to the unbending demands of progress. It safeguarded the male ego by denying that "nice" women had erotic drives, thereby insuring male sexual adequacy. It interpreted any change in female behavior as a threat to male dominance; the new mannish behavior was particularly threatening because it called into question heretofore supposedly self-evident gender distinctions. Fear of women was, as Peter Gay points out, an international preoccupation of the nineteenth century (197).

But however fearful and discouraged at first, this mannish behavior of women had positive results. It helped to bring the two worlds of men and women closer together. And such bringing together had to be undertaken by women and actualized through a transformation of their behavior because it is less frightening for a woman to be masculinized than it is for a man to be feminized. Theron Ware discovered that the emergence of a man's sensual nature leaves him open to emotional and physical collapse, but Brett Ashley's deviant temperament gives her strength, determination, and resilience. The genius of Brett Ashley lies not in Hemingway's ability to create the Great American Bitch but in his ability to create Woman as Friend.

The Sun Also Rises reflects the changing sex role patterns prevalent in Western society during the thirty years before its publication. In many ways this first novel is Hemingway's good-bye kiss to the Victorian ethos under which he was raised. As an expatriate, as a World War I veteran, as a young husband and father, and as an artist, Hemingway, since the age of eighteen, had lived an unconventional life. Living as he did in Europe, he saw first-hand the shifting social structures that transformed the old order into the new. His sensibilities were equally attuned to both pre- and post-World War I mores. He was not so ignorant as to believe that 1918 had changed everything; it certainly had not changed Robert



Cohn, the traditional, romantic, chivalric, and backward-looking character we meet when the book opens.

Cohn, of course, is a bridge figure. He lives in the wasteland but does not adhere to its values. He represents the dual concepts of manly adventure and romantic love so important in the nineteenth century.<sup>3</sup> When we meet him he is engaged to Frances Clyne, a woman with "the absolute determination that he [Cohn] should marry her" (5). Though he wants to venture to South America and asks Jake Barnes, the book's narrator, to go with him, he physically silences Jake when Jake suggests in front of Frances that he and Cohn take a weekend trip to nearby Strasbourg. Frances, it seems, is the jealous type.

By focusing the first two chapters on Cohn and the dual concerns of romantic love and adventure, Hemingway establishes a backdrop against which the rest of the book is played. That backdrop becomes, as Cohn's daydream of South America fades, the conventional theme of courtship and marriage; in other words, the typical theme of the Victorian novel. Of course, conventional marriage does little to erode the rigid boundaries between men and women, and Robert and Frances act out scenes which accentuate, in a progressively negative manner, the worst attributes of both sexes. She becomes a nasty woman tremendously afraid of not being married, and he becomes a chump willing to take her verbal abuse lest he break into tears, as he habitually does whenever they "have a scene." The demise of this relationship is nothing less than a wicked

parody of the engagement/marriage ritual itself. Fifty pages into the novel we see already that the old way offers nothing but anger and humiliation.

In Chapter II, another Victorian ritual is enacted but with a twist: Jake gets a prostitute but does not sexually use her; as he explains, "I had picked her up because of a vague sentimental idea that it would be nice to eat with some one" (16). Jake's motive is not sexual fulfillment or an escape from a dull marriage bed, but companionship. Prostitute or not, Georgette is recognized by Jake as a fellow human being, not as a mere commodity to buy and discard. But however kindly Jake treats Georgette, his actions still reflect the rigid gender roles of the nineteenth century. The underbelly of the conventional Victorian marriage was, after all, prostitution; the erotic restrictions placed on wives encouraged husbands to use whores for sexual release, experimentation and erotic delight. Coming as it does after the parody of Victorian marriage that Robert Cohn and Frances Clyne represent, this chapter enacts the inevitable decline of such a relationship were it to go on. When Jake introduces Georgette to some acquaintances as his "fiancée," the connection between marriage and prostitution becomes unmistakable.

So far the male-female relationships fall within the scope of the typical Victorian ethos of courtship/marriage, and customer/prostitute. With the entrance of Lady Brett Ashley the focus shifts. Brett's arrival in Chapter III trumpets a new set of relationships. Since Brett is neither

a wife nor a prostitute, it is fitting that she emerge from an environment alien to these two opposites; hence she arrives with a group of homosexual men. Her mannishness is thus established through this group, but since she quickly leaves that group and bonds with Jake, we learn that her inclinations are orthodox and acceptable. We know that she is not a lesbian, and that her association with male homosexuals, instead of being a detriment, enhances her attractiveness.

As soon as Brett and Jake begin talking, we realize theirs is no conventional relationship. Their dialogue bristles with familiarity. Jake asks, "Why aren't you tight?" and Brett answers by ordering a drink. The jabs continue:

"It's a fine crowd you're with Brett."

"Aren't they lovely? And you, my dear, where did you get it?"

(22)

The "it," of course, refers to Georgette. As this exchange indicates, Brett and Jake share a public language (remember that Cohn is with them) that includes mild insult and sarcasm. It is a language in which the indefinite pronouns need not be identified. The verbal volley continues on the dance floor and in the taxi, where, alone at last, Brett confesses to Jake, "Oh, darling, I've been so miserable."

What we know so far about Brett's and Jake's relationship is this. First, as the dialogue reveals, Jake and Brett are



friends. No matter what else their relationship may be, it has a solid base in friendship; such benign verbal ribbing only takes place between friends. Secondly, they share a history. Reference to Brett's drinking habits and how out of character it is for Jake to pick up a whore indicate a more than superficial knowledge of each other's habits. Thirdly, Brett has control. She neatly declines two dances with Cohn and instigates her's and Jake's departure. And fourthly, there seem to be two languages operating for them: public and private. It is by the latter that the truth is revealed.

And the truth isn't pretty. They are in love with each other but because of Jake's wound that love cannot be sexually fulfilled. They have tried making love but failed; ("I don't want to go through that hell again" (26)). Love is "hell on earth," but they continue to see each other. There is a sense of things being out of control; at the end of the taxi ride Brett is shaky, and later when Jake returns alone to his apartment he cries himself to sleep. When Jake leaves Brett, it is at another bar and in the company of another man.

This pattern of public/private behavior shapes Brett's and Jake's relationship in an important way. Jake accepts Brett's need for public display, her need to breeze around Paris with as many men as possible. He also accepts her need to tell him about it privately. After she interrupts his sleep to recap her night's adventure with the Count, Jake comments to himself, "This was Brett, that I had felt

like crying about" (34). Though there is probably disgust in his voice at this point, there is also resignation, resignation that the woman he loves acts in such peculiar and unstable ways.

The ability to listen, the capacity to care, are not faculties belonging to Jake alone. Brett is also tender and solicitous in private moments. During her second visit to Jake with Count Mippipopolous, when she sees that Jake is a bit shaky, she sends the Count off to get champagne. As Jake lies face down on the bed, Brett gently strokes his head. "Poor old darling . . . Do you feel better, darling? . . . Lie quiet" (55). Though her actions are kind and genuine, Brett does not allow this moment to blunt the truth. When Jake, perhaps succumbing to her touch, to her motherly devotion, asks, "Couldn't we live together, Brett? Couldn't we just live together?" she answers the only way she knows how: "I don't think so. I'd just tromper you with everybody. You couldn't stand it."

"I stand it now."

"That would be different. It's my fault, Jake.

It's the way I'm made."

(55)

When the Count returns with the champagne, all three go out and Jake and Brett talk once more in their public manner until out on the dance floor. Brett, in the privacy of Jake's arms, recites again what is fast becoming her litany: "Oh, darling, I'm so miserable," thus closing Book I.

These two small scenes are interesting for what they tell us about how easily Brett and Jake merge the traditional sex roles. The two qualities of granting freedom and lending ears that Jake exhibits in the first scene clash with the stereotypical image of the muscle-bound, closed-mouth husband/boyfriend who "doesn't want to hear about it." If Jake's attentiveness and meekness in the face of Brett's galavanting seem in some ways feminine (Jake as the suffering wife?), then in the second scene Brett reenacts a particularly masculine ritual, namely, "I love you babe, but I can't stay tied to one woman. I'm just that kind of man." This "line," coming from Brett's mouth, is not delivered with any hint of bravado or cruelty as it has been delivered by men to countless women in books and movies, but as an assessment of, almost as an apology for her personality. What is striking about these role reversals is how easily and naturally they appear and reappear throughout the couple's interactions. Brett's behavior, especially, flows back and forth between being soft and caring, and hard and straightforward. Jake has the ability to snap back after a painful relapse. Such flexibility is unthinkable in traditional relationships where sex roles are rigid. Robert Cohn and Frances Clyne do not have this kind of flexibility. One reason Brett leaves Romero at the end of the novel is because he demands that she conform to the rigid traditional female role.

If I overemphasize that Jake's and Brett's departure from stereotypical male-female behavior is a positive dimension of



their relationship, I do so because so many critics judge the couple's behavior in a negative way when measured against those stereotypes. Mark Spilka is one critic who is most ungenerous. In his essay "The Death of Love in The Sun Also Rises," Spilka sees Jake as emotionally impotent, as an emotional adolescent, and as a man of little integrity: according to Spilka, Jake has defaulted on his maleness. Brett fares no better. She is "the freewheeling equal of any man" who engages in the "male prerogatives of drink and promiscuity." She is a woman who allows her "natural warmth" to be replaced with "masculine freedom and mobility." Under such conditions, "there can be so serious love" (20). Obviously Spilka identifies "serious love" with traditional male-female gender roles. Though he acknowledges the general damage to love wrought by World War I, he points specifically to the damage done when woman "steps off the romantic pedestal [and] moves freely through the bars of Paris, and stands confidently there beside her newfound equals" (20). Such narrowminded thinking not only oversimplifies a very complicated novel but blinds the reader to what demonstration of "serious love" there is in the book.<sup>4</sup>

Hemingway has a much broader definition of love than Spilka does, and he examines it in many types of relationships and under many different conditions. Such early stories as "The End of Something," "My Old Man," and "The Battler," indicate that Hemingway was less concerned with the outward form of a relationship and whether it conformed to the

standard perception of a love relationship--heterosexual love that ends in marriage--than with the inner workings of such relationships. "The Battler" especially supports the suspicion that for some years before he wrote The Sun Also Rises Hemingway was interested in couples who deviated from the standard sex roles. Generally perceived as a story about homosexuality, as of course it is, "The Battler" is also a story about marriage roles, therefore a story about male-female behavior.

There is no reason why Brett's and Jake's behavior should be gauged by traditional gender roles since those roles have been modified to suit the couple's needs. Brett is, after all, the New Woman and her claim to sexual freedom, though irksome to the critics, is both attractive and perplexing to her fellow characters. Jake cannot be the traditional man because he has lost his penis. Freed from the pressure to prove his worth through sexual intercourse, Jake must develop other means of asserting his personality.

Both Brett and Jake expect little of each other and have a relationship in which they agree to accept each other as they are. Early in the book Jake describes Brett's two worst habits to Robert Cohn: "She's a drunk" (38), and "She's done it twice" (39), referring to Brett marrying men "she didn't love." Brett gives a clear self-assessment when she speaks of her upcoming marriage to Mike: "He's so damned nice and he's so awful. He's my sort of thing" (243). Because Jake accepts Brett as she is, he has been able to maintain their

relationship for as long as he has. We should remember that Cohn and Pedro Romero do not accept Brett as she is and therefore lose her. Brett, too, accepts Jake as he is. His penis will not grow back; they can never be completely, physically united, and for a woman as sexually alive as Brett this loss is deep and sad.

At the end of Book I the boundaries have been drawn. Brett and Jake, the New Woman and the shattered veteran, conduct a relationship based on the honest assessment of each other's failings. In any other arms, Brett's lament of "darling I'm so miserable" could pass for a comment on the progress of a particular night's activities, but in Jake's arms it is properly received for what it is: a statement on Brett's soul. This kind of emotional shorthand conveyed in private moments through a private language is the backbone of Jake's and Brett's relationship and a testament to its strength. Though imperfect, their friendship is imbued with the survival mechanisms of honesty, shared histories, and serious love.

Book II begins by depicting male-male friendships, first in Paris and then in Spain. In many aspects Jake's friendship with Bill Gorton is similar to his with Brett. Though they are frequently separated, the two men can quickly restore intimacy. Bill's retelling of his experiences in Vienna is not only some of the best dialogue Hemingway ever wrote, but a wonderful example of that familiar speech we first heard between Jake and Brett. For instance, there is the shared



knowledge of each other's drinking habits:

"How about Vienna?"

"Not so good, Jake. Not so good. It seemed better than it was."

"How do you mean?" I was getting glasses and a siphon.

"Tight Jake, I was tight."

"That's strange. Better have a drink."

(70)

Then there's the flippant talk about values: "Simple exchange of values. You give them money. They give you a stuffed dog . . . We'll get one on the way back" (72); and the personal litany, in this case Bill's "Never be daunted. Secret of my success. Never been daunted. Never been daunted in public" (73).

Once Bill and Jake leave Paris, they become more intimate; the pastoral Spanish setting invokes an even more private speech which allows them to discuss religion, literature, and personal problems such as Jake's impotency. (Though Jake's problems are not discussed at any length, and though his answers are frequently evasive or noncommittal, the subject is mentioned often enough in a number of dialogues to warrant being designated a topic of conversation.) Physical closeness is established by the freedom of movement between each other's rooms and by Jake's watching Bill shave and dress. At one point, Bill even declares his love for Jake:

"Listen. You're a hell of a good guy, and I'm fonder of you than anybody on earth. I couldn't tell you that in New York. It'd mean I was a faggot."

(116)

Other examples of intense male interaction are the scenes with Wilson-Harris, the English angler Bill and Jake meet in Burguete, and with the aficionados in Pamplona. Wilson-Harris is very candid about how much he likes Bill and Jake. The sheer joy of buying his friends drinks almost overcomes him. At one point he says, "I say Barnes. You don't know what this all means to me," (129). When Jake and Bill leave to return to Pamplona, Wilson-Harris gives them each a present, a valentine of hand-tied fishing flies.

Not all male-male friendships are as successful as this. Once the characters are in Spain, Robert Cohn's presence grates on both Jake and Bill. Jake, of course, has reason to dislike Cohn because he recently vacationed with Brett. Jake is very forthright about his resentment:

I was blind, unforgivingly jealous of what had happened to him. The fact that I took it as a matter of course did not alter that any. I certainly did hate him.

(99)

Bill's dislike seems rooted in prejudice: "Well, let him not get superior and Jewish" (96). But even Jake and Bill cannot

hold on to their hatred of Cohn for too long. Bill says to Jake:

"The funny thing is he's nice, too. I like him. But he's just so awful."

"He can be damn nice."

"I know it. That's the terrible part."

(101)

This assessment of Robert Cohn is so similar to Brett's assessment of Mike, ("He's so damned nice and he's so awful," (243)), that the parallel should not be overlooked. Appearing when they do, these assessments frame the events at Pamplona. They remind us that friendship holds both the promise of betrayal as well as of forgiveness.

Carlos Baker and others often divide the novel's characters into two groups: those who are solid, and those who are neurotic. Baker puts Jake, Bill, and Romero in the former category, and Cohn, Brett, and Mike in the latter. As fair as this division may seem on the surface, it belies the truth of human interaction and negates the web of friendship in which all the characters, at one time or another, are enmeshed. And what a complicated web it is. Throughout the fiesta the characters form new pairs or groups as they partake of the festivities. Everyone at one time or another shares the other's company. Of all the characters, Brett seems most in control of choosing her companions. She maneuvers it so that, with one exception, she is never alone with Cohn. In



contrast, she frequently asks Jake to go off with her alone, by now a rather predictable action.

Though Brett may behave consistently with Jake, she demonstrates new facets of her personality while interacting with others in the group. When we first see her in Pamplona, she seems to have lost all patience with Cohn. "What rot . . . what rot . . . what rot" (134) she keeps repeating in response to his self-aggrandizement. She is sufficiently irked to put aside the charm that was so evident in Book I. A few pages later, however, she's protecting Cohn from Mike's drunken barbs. "Come off it, Michael. You're drunk . . . shut up, Michael. Try and show a little breeding" (141). The next day at dinner Brett once again runs interference between Cohn and Mike; this time her refrain is, "Pipe down Mike . . . Oh, pipe down, Mike, for Christ's sake!" (177). But even Brett has her limits as, a few pages later, she purposely scorns Cohn in order to make him go away: "For God's sake, go off somewhere. Can't you see Jake and I want to talk . . . If you're tight, go to bed. Go on to bed" (181). Knowing that such an outburst is out of character, Brett checks with Jake to see if she's done the impolite, but necessary thing: "Was I rude enough to him . . . My God! I'm so sick of him!" (181).

Jake says at one point to Brett, "Everybody behaves badly . . . Give them the proper chance" (181). Not only does this foreshadow Jake's own bad behavior when he arranges for Brett to meet Romero, but it explains everyone else's bad

behavior as well. However, it does not excuse that behavior. When critics such as Baker define the moral norm of the novel as "the healthy and almost boyish innocence of spirit . . . carried by Jake Barnes, Bill Gorton, and Pedro Romero" (82) he conveniently releases these three, already identified as the "solids," from responsibility for their actions. But if we look at the histories and current behavior of Jake, Bill, and Romero, we see that it is anything but boyish and innocent. There is nothing boyish about being in war and being wounded; nothing innocent about picking up whores, being blind drunk in Vienna, and defiling the code of the bullfighters by running off with an engaged woman. It is, however, boyish to think that one can get away with such things. But even boys discover there are consequences to such actions. Jake, for instance, suffers for pimping for Brett. Bill, who is good at bailing out strange boxers, is nowhere in sight when Cohn knocks out Mike and Jake. And it is doubtful that Pedro Romero can ever completely earn back Montoya's respect. Keeping these facts in mind, one reasonably concludes that the so-called "neurotics" behave in a better manner because they do not uphold false values and then act against them. Instead, they are consistent: Mike is consistently a drunk, so awful, no nice; Brett consistently exercises her right to sleep with whomever she wants and remains open and honest about it; and Cohn consistently acts like a "wounded steer," a sobriquet he earned early in the novel.

The separation of the group into two factions creates barriers if not as visible, surely at least as damaging as those erected between the sexes. Such barriers highlight how friends betray but not how they forgive one another. And in Brett's case, because she is grouped with the neurotics, she suffers under a double onus: she becomes the neurotic female, the "bitch," the "nymphomaniac." Clearly, it is the double standard and nothing else that permits the critics, both male and female, to criticize Brett for sleeping with Cohn and Romero while not criticizing Cohn and Romero for the same act. But Hemingway is not interested in erecting barriers but in destroying them. He does not see behavior as either male or female. Nor does he see passion as something solely inter-sexual. In The Sun Also Rises, bonding and passion occur in mysterious ways. There is no difference in the intensity of what Wilson-Harris feels for Jake and Bill and what Brett feels for Romero. Brett, however, is allowed the sexual expression of her intensity whereas Wilson-Harris is not, even if his feelings were sexual. The bond that Jake establishes with Montoya is special because it is validated both by intensity and physical touch. Though this touch is not overtly sexual, it certainly suggests sexuality because it is the symbol of a shared passion, just as the touching of sexual partners represents mutual passion.<sup>5</sup>

The above relationships, considering their brevity, their passion, and the intensity of mutual attraction between their participants, are rather like one-night stands or casual



affairs, were they to exist in the sexual dimension. I am not suggesting that we belittle the effects of sexual union, or that Brett's escapade with Romero is as inconsequential as Wilson-Harris's fishing trip. What I am suggesting is that there are parallels between male bonding and heterosexual bonding which should not be overlooked, and that both forms of bonding are as easily established as they are destroyed. By removing the sexual barriers which unduly place the burden of bad behavior on sexually active women (as Jake points out the woman pays and pays and pays), we see that Brett's transgression is no worse than Jake's; in fact, Brett's may have fewer repercussions. We can assume with good reason that Mike will take Brett back after her fling with Romero, but we are not as certain about a reconciliation between Jake and Montoya. True to form, Hemingway remains aloof in making clear any moral certainties. But one thing for certain is that Hemingway wants us to look at all the characters' behavior and not just Brett's. The structural parallels in the novel are too clear to ignore.

What seems to be more important than who does what to whom and why is the acceptance of the mysteries of behavior, and of bonding in particular. Those characters who survive the best are the ones who have cultivated a certain sense of negative capability. The ability to accept simultaneously two opposing ideas or modes of behavior becomes a means of survival. Those characters who do not have this capability end up exiled from the web of relationships established at

Pamplona. Hence it is Cohn and Romero, those representatives of the traditional male role, who are ultimately excluded from any relationship with Brett, the object of their desires. Rigidity of values and, since these two men were Brett's lovers, a corresponding rigidity of erectile tissue, are not what keeps Brett. Jake, it seems, wins again.

Book III opens with Jake's observation that "it was all over" (227). Ostensibly referring to the fiesta, Jake's statement is also an assessment of the condition of the web of relationships woven in the previous two hundred pages. It is in shreds. Brett has taken off with Romero, Cohn has left in disgrace, Jake is blind drunk for the first time in the novel, and Mike, as we presently discover, is penniless. Book III is, initially, a book of departures, but by the close of the book Jake and Brett have reunited, thus reconstructing the web. Jake and Brett have no parting scene; her departure with Romero, like Cohn's, took place under cloak of night. We do see, however, the partings of Mike and Bill. Each has a different destination: Mike for Saint Jean de Luz, Bill for Paris and points west, and Jake for San Sebastian. We have no clue as to when these gentlemen will meet again, if at all.

Both Bill and Jake are visibly irritated at Mike for deceiving them into thinking he had money. When he learns that Mike is broke, "Bill's face sort of changed" (229). And after learning from Mike that Brett paid his hotel bill, Jake questions him repeatedly about Brett's financial well-

being: "She hasn't any money with her . . . Hasn't she any money with her?" (230). Clearly, Mike has become persona non grata. We're less sure on what terms Bill and Jake part. Their relationship has always been catch-as-catch-can, each going his separate way then reuniting in a burst of intimacy. Their parting words still exude that good-old-boy camaraderie first heard during their reunion at the beginning of Book II, but something is curiously missing from this final good-bye. As they part in private, neither of them knowing when they will meet again, neither man mentions past events. Bill, who very consciously encourages Jake to get drunk at the end of Book II in order to "get over your damn depression" (223), now has nothing to say. No words of encouragement, compassion, or advice from Bill, though he knows full well the extent of Jake's involvement with Brett and therefore the pain he must be suffering. Clearly, Bill makes no attempt at intimacy as a departing gesture. Unfortunately, Hemingway is predictably silent about how Bill's behavior impresses Jake. We are not told, either overtly or by facial expression, how Jake feels when Bill tells him "I have to sail on the 17th" and will not be in Paris when Jake returns. We are not told if Jake or Bill waves as the train pulls out, only that "Bill was at one of the windows" (231). We cannot know if this scene represents the ordinary way two male friends say good-bye, or if it represents a deeper rent in their friendship. What we do know, however, is that once Jake is alone his thoughts turn to friendship. He likes France because money will buy



friends: in France "No one makes things complicated by becoming your friend for any obscure reason" (233).

But we also know by now that such thoughts are only partial truths. Jake, perhaps more than any other character, knows how obscure and unfathomable friendship can be. He knows that few situations and even fewer relationships offer up a fixed set of truths; as he states halfway through the book: "I did not care what it was all about. All I wanted to know was how to live in it" (148).

In San Sebastian, Jake takes long, solitary swims, and hides behind irony and sarcasm in an attempt to recover from the events at Pamplona. We realize how damaged Jake has been by these events through his attitude towards others. Not only does he put friendship on a monetary basis by deciding which waiters he wants for "friends," but he discourages any form of bonding with men of his own station. He purposely snubs the bicycle team manager. This uncharacteristic but telling action is a good measure of Jake's suffering when we recall how easily and eagerly he bonded with Wilson-Harris and Montoya. Now, not even the purely masculine comradeship between fellow sportsmen appeals to Jake.

But the habit of loving is a most difficult one to break. Though Jake responds to Brett's telegram with his by now characteristic sarcasm, he nonetheless reserves a seat on the Sud Express and whisks off to Madrid. Their reunion exhibits all the tenderness and caring one wishes Bill had exhibited at his departure. Jake not only physically comforts

Brett by holding and kissing her, but he solicits her words: "Tell me about it," he says. And when Brett rambles on with her story despite her refrain of "Oh, let's not talk about it," Jake is still attentive and caring. Though his answers are one word responses, this response does not necessarily indicate a lack of concern on Jake's part, but rather an instinct that less is more. When one friend is hurting, sometimes the best thing another friend can do is listen. Jake does exactly this. But not without a price.

Involvement, of course, means pain. Jake could have just as easily wired Brett some money; he knew already she was broke. But their friendship cannot be measured in monetary terms. Later at the bar and the restaurant, Jake begins to show the effects of his rescue mission. When Brett once more brings up the matter of Romero, he responds, "I thought you weren't going to ever talk about it" (245). The amount of food and alcohol he consumes seems to keep his mouth full so he won't have to talk, to speak what's on his mind. When Brett admonishes him that he doesn't have to get drunk, Jake replies, "How do you know" (246). She backs off, he finishes one more glass and they go for a taxi ride.

In effect, they are back at the beginning when they took their first taxi ride together. But however similar the two scenes seem, something has changed. The web has begun to mend. Friendship is renewed. Jake, by rescuing Brett, reaffirms his love for her, and Brett, by recognizing her own faults and deciding not to be a bitch, recognizes the danger



of passion for passion's sake. This realization, taking place as it does outside the narrator's scope of vision, can only be measured by its after effects. Brett's tears, her trembling, her sudden smallness, her hesitation in feeling proud for deciding not to be "one of these bitches that ruins children" (243), are completely believable, as is her heretofore uncharacteristic refusal of alcohol at dinner. Her concern at dinner that Jake not get drunk is genuine, almost motherly, what any good friend would do.

Hemingway has said that the more applicable epigraph for his novel is the one from Ecclesiastes and not the one attributed to Gertrude Stein. We must take the author's word on some things; the very title bears this out. If this novel exhibits traits of Stein's lost generation, it also exhibits the cyclical nature of friendship, its rhythm of disintegration and renewal. Brett's and Jake's relationship may have been dealt a cruel blow by fate or the First World War, but it is anything but lost, sadistic, and sick. It and the bullfights are the only lasting things in the book. Contrary to what many readers believe, Brett Ashley is a positive force, a determined yet vulnerable woman who makes an attempt to live honestly. Her struggle in choosing to marry one man while loving another strangely coincides with Hemingway's own dilemma. For a year before the novel's publication he wrestled with whether or not to divorce Hadley Richardson, his first wife, and marry Pauline Pfeiffer.



Hemingway broke with convention by creating a brilliant example of the New Woman and dismantled nineteenth-century gender lines by uniting love with friendship. His masculine ego did not suffer one iota in the process. He, unlike many of his critics, believes as Jake Barnes does: "In the first place, you had to be in love with a woman to have a basis of friendship" (148).

## CHAPTER THREE

### EQUALITY, MATURITY AND INTIMACY IN

#### A FAREWELL TO ARMS

If Annette Kolodny is correct when she says that readers appropriate meaning from a text according to what they need (11), then there are many readers, both male and female, who need to disbelieve in Hemingway's conception of love as it is portrayed in A Farewell to Arms. The romance of Catherine Barkley and Frederic Henry has been called "fearsomely limited," and "curiously suspect." Frederic Henry has been called a "dumb ox."<sup>1</sup> Catherine Barkley especially irritates the critics. At various times she has been called "a hard-to-believe dream girl," a "sort of inflated rubber woman," "hardly . . . a human being," and insane.<sup>2</sup> For two groups of readers in particular, the male critics who vigorously uphold the belief that Catherine Barkley is bereft of personality, and the feminist critics who hate Catherine Barkley because they insist that Hemingway hates all women, this irritability is paramount. Judith Fetterly, in her essay "A Farewell to Arms: Hemingway's 'Resentful Cryptogram'" concludes her argument by stating that for Hemingway "the only good woman is a dead one" (71). She argues that

Catherine's and Frederic's romantic love is an "idealization which serve[s] to disguise hostility," and that Frederic Henry, that "perfect chauvinist," unconsciously needs to kill Catherine "lest she kill him" (47, 55, 53). Another feminist, Ruth Pullin, argues that Hemingway's male-female relationships are "invariably destructive," and that he writes in "a secret language of hate" (184). Many male critics are just as ungenerous in their opinions of the novel. Certain of them describe Catherine this way: she is an "adolescent daydream"; a "false ideal"; a "mindless, soft, subservient" woman; a "lyric abstraction."<sup>3</sup>

All critics do not look upon Catherine and Frederic with disfavor. In fact, the majority of reviews written within a year of the novel's publication are positive toward the lovers.<sup>4</sup> Catherine is neither singled out as a nonentity, nor is Frederic scolded for his passivity. These early reviewers seem to accept the possibility of tragic romance, whereas our more contemporary critics find this romantic ideal repulsive. Perhaps they are so accustomed to Hemingway's isolated males or hard-boiled lovers that they cannot adjust to anything as fragile and sentimental as Catherine's and Frederic's relationship. Or perhaps in their respective crusades to establish Hemingway as a woman-hater and Catherine Barkley as a "divine lollipop" (Hackett 33), they discount any but the most negative readings of the novel. This is unfortunate for it prevents them from appreciating that part of Hemingway's imagination which is concerned with connection,



hope, and love. One way to view Catherine and Frederic more fairly is to look at them as a couple which, in the words of E. M. Forster, necessitates "the absence of personality which is the prelude to love" (24). Once we do this, we can better appreciate how brave and mature their love really is.

Though Frederic starts out thinking his relationship with Catherine is a "game," for Catherine it is serious business. In the early stages of the affair, Catherine exhibits a maturity lacking in Frederic. She doesn't like to engage in small talk and when Frederic insists that they "drop the war," she rightly points out "there's no place to drop it" (26). Catherine's war experience is more extensive than Frederic's. Through her fiancé's death, she has vicariously experienced "real" war, not the "picturesque" Italian front that Frederic knows; through her fiancé's death she has experienced grief. She is, as Joyce Wexler says, "a shell-shocked victim" (114). In matters of war, love, and loss, Catherine will act as Frederic's model as he discovers these truths for himself.

Frederic attempts to abort Catherine's seriousness by seducing her, but to Catherine, sex is no more a game than war is. Frederic's kiss results in Catherine having "a very fine little show" (31), a grief swoon in which she addresses Frederic as her dead fiancé, but she soon recovers. Frederic plays along with her "craziness," because it is "better than going every evening to the house for officers where the girls climbed all over you and put your cap on backwards as a sign

of affection between their trips upstairs with brother officers. I knew I did not love Catherine Barkley, nor had any idea of loving her. This was a game" (30). Frederic soon realizes, however, that Catherine is much more than an amusement. In an unguarded moment, at the front and away from her, Frederic discovers how important Catherine is becoming to him. The method of discovery is a daydream:

After supper I would go and see Catherine Barkley. I wish she were here now. I wished I were in Milan with her. I would like to eat at the Cova and then walk down the Via Manzoni in the hot evening and cross over and turn off along the canal and go to the hotel with Catherine Barkley. Maybe she would. Maybe she would pretend that I was her boy that was killed and we would take off her cap . . . We would get in the elevator . . . she would step out . . . I would put the key in the door and open it and go in and then take down the telephone and ask them to send a bottle of capri bianca in a silver bucket full of ice and you would hear the ice against the pail coming down the corridor and the boy would knock and I would say leave it outside . . . Because we would not wear any clothes because it was so hot and the window open and the swallows flying over the roofs of the houses and . . . the very

small bats . . . and we would drink the capri  
and the door locked and it hot and only a  
sheet and the whole night and we would both  
love each other all night in the hot night in  
Milan. That was how it ought to be. I would  
eat quickly and go see Catherine Barkley.

(38)

This daydream is significant for a number of reasons, not the least of which is that it comes true. It is not primarily a sexual fantasy but a romantic one which reveals Frederic's unrehearsed readiness for an intimate relationship. It also separates him from Rinaldi and the other officers who still frequent the whore by focusing on the private aspects of sexuality. In its concern for physical detail, it parallels the description of the Abruzzi, the priest's homeland where love is still sacred. Most importantly, it alerts Frederic's consciousness to a world outside the world he knows of men and war. This fantasy occurs at the end of a long musing on the war and Frederic's chances of surviving it. He thinks about the places he would like to go: "I wanted to go to Austria without war. I wanted to go to the Black Forest. I wanted to go to the Hartz Mountains. Where were the Hartz Mountains anyway? They were fighting in the Carpathians. I did not want to go there anyway . . . I could go to Spain if there was no war . . . After supper I would go and see Catherine Barkley" (37). Catherine represents a haven, a female alternative to war. Not until he is



actually wounded and learns firsthand the pain of war, does Frederic openly acknowledge his need for Catherine and the feminine world she represents. When she comes to him in Milan, where he is recuperating from his wound, Frederic admits that "I was in love with her" (91).

A combination of destiny and surprise makes their first sexual union a "madness," a "wildness." Though Catherine knows that Frederic is not her dead fiancé, his wounding affords her the opportunity to give to a man what circumstance had earlier prohibited her from giving. She enters this affair with enough love and energy for two men. Frederic is swept away by surprise; he is, after all, one who "did not love." Since this is a war-time romance, certain courting rituals are either dropped or accelerated, and before long, the couple settles into a peaceful domestic life of eating, drinking, sleeping together, and watching bats from the balcony of Frederic's hospital room.

The early stage of this romance is marked by maneuver, surprise, and acquiescence. The settling-in stage is marked by sexual activity and burgeoning intimacy. The relationship is kept in balance mostly by Catherine's ability to perform simultaneously on two levels--the professional and the personal. Her ability to balance love and work is coupled with an instinct for understanding male psychology. A less intelligent woman would not be able to satisfy Frederic, who by now is entrenched in a hospital bed, and get on with her nursing duties. Nowhere are these dual capabilities of

Catherine's more evident than in Chapter XVI when she prepares Frederic for his operation by giving him an enema. She converts this otherwise unpleasant procedure into a form of foreplay. She flirts with him ("You've such a lovely temperature"); she feigns jealousy ("I don't want anyone else to touch you"); and she flatters his sexual ego ("You sleep like a little boy with your arm around the pillow and think it's me. Or is it some other girl? Some fine Italian girl?"), all as a way of deflecting the unpleasantness of what she is doing physically in his anal-genital region.

But Catherine is not solely concerned with Frederic at this moment. She shrewdly raises the issue of sex and other women for a personal reason. As a sexually nascent woman herself, Catherine is naturally curious about that area of life she is just beginning to experience and understand. Her questions about prostitution, therefore, are examples of her forthright sexual curiosity. These questions are important because, for Catherine, who is the traditional woman, prostitutes are the only source of sexual knowledge since they are the only socially sanctioned members of the female population who are overtly allowed any sexual expertise. When Catherine says to Frederic, "I'll say just what you wish and I'll do what you wish and then you will never want any other girls, will you?" she is not dissolving before our very eyes; she is simply engaging in sexual fantasy and sexual freedom. After all, "she looked at [Frederic] very happily" (105). Her enthusiasm at discovering this new freedom--acting/talking

like a whore--is soon rendered in physical terms. Here is the entire scene:

"What would you like me to do now that you're all ready?"

"Come to the bed again."

"All right. I'll come."

"Oh, darling, darling, darling," I said.

"You see," she said. "I do anything you want."

"You're so lovely."

"I'm afraid I'm not very good at it yet."

"You're lovely."

"I want what you want. There isn't any me any more. Just what you want."

"You sweet."

"I'm good. Aren't I good? You don't want any other girls, do you?"

"No."

"You see? I'm good. I do what you want."

(106)

If taken out of its erotic context, the statement "There isn't any me any more" sounds more ominous than it really is. Many critics cite this speech as an example of Catherine's lack of self, or as an example of Hemingway's inability to create "real" women. But both arguments are off the mark. If anything, this dialogue shows Catherine's command of self and her ability to experiment with alternative selves in the pursuit of knowledge. Though she feigns naivete, she is very



much in control. Her questions are really statements; "Aren't I good?" transforms into "I'm good." Frederic's breathless and repetitive responses confirm Catherine's statements; his visible excitement is proof of how good (read sexually accomplished) she is.

It is important for Catherine to play the whore, just as it is important for Frederic to be made love to by a woman other than a whore. As a once-engaged woman, Catherine has had practice being a wife, at least in the preparatory stages, but since wives are not sexual creatures per se, she must adopt another initiative model now that she has become sexually active. The role she adopts, of course, is temporary. For Frederic, the two available male role models are Rinaldi and the priest, both unacceptable because of their extreme behavior toward women. In order to create a role model suitable to his needs, Frederic combines the religiousness of the one with the ribaldry of the other, just as Catherine combines the wife with the prostitute. This combination affords both sexual excitement and emotional commitment, the components of mature love. The lovers thus create their own example.

Certain readers complain that Catherine's and Frederic's love does not mature beyond an adolescent infatuation founded on sexual fulfillment. John Stubbs in his article "Love and Role Playing in A Farewell to Arms" insists that Frederic and Catherine never achieve intimacy because they never move beyond certain roles that they choose for themselves throughout

the book. These roles are a "bond," a protection against "the overwhelming aspects of the knowledge of human mortality that the war brings them"; but because of these roles, real intimacy is unattainable. According to Stubbs, the lovers "try to leap over recognition of their fears into the direct construction of a new sense of order"; it is this forced sense of order that prohibits intimacy; real intimacy would come about by admitting that the world has no design and is indifferent to the hopes of men (278, 281).

Such an argument nullifies Catherine's and Frederic's relationship because it denies them even the possibility of love and intimacy. Their love does mature and become more intimate precisely because they do not, as Stubbs argues, "leap over recognition of their fears." Instead, Catherine and Frederic share their fears and face their circumstances.

The maturity of the love affair is indicated in different ways. One way concerns a shift in how the progress of the love affair is presented. Instead of giving a dramatized, detailed, and dialogic account of their lovemaking, Frederic relies on statement to convey the relationship's accumulating solidness. He speaks directly to the reader when he says such things as, "I loved her very much and she loved me" (100); "If we let our hands touch, just the side of my hand touching hers, we were excited" (122); ". . . if we could only touch each other we were happy" (114). These sentences, delivered in the tone of flat statement, are confidential and intimate in themselves; we believe them as readily as we believe the

first sentence of the book, another flat, factual statement: "In the last summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains."

Another measure of the maturity of the love affair is Frederic's readiness to publicly acknowledge the relationship. Frederic not only confides to the reader the progress of the relationship, but he confies to other characters as well. "Will you come to our wedding, Fergy?" Frederic asks of Ferguson, another nurse at the hospital (108). The relationship, then, is public knowledge, and everyone in the hospital, with the possible exception of Miss Van Campen, approves of it. At night, Frederic helps Catherine with her rounds: "I went along the hall with her on the crutches and carried the basins and waited outside the doors, or went in with her, it depending on whether they were friends of ours or not" (113-114). If Frederic desired Catherine merely as a sexual object it's doubtful he would help her while she works, or let their affair be publicly acknowledged.

As lyrical or idyllic as their relationship seems, it is not free from tension, and it is during these moments of tension that the lovers define and test their commitment to each other. Since these moments focus on fears and difficulties one or the other lover is feeling at the time, intimacy is established because the sharing of fears is intimate behavior.



The first of these moments takes place in Chapter XVIII. This scene is conveyed through dialogue. Frederic leads up to it by telling the reader that, "We said to each other that we were married the first day [Catherine] had come to the hospital . . . I wanted to be really married but Catherine said that if we were they would send her away . . . I wanted us to be married really because I worried about having a child . . . but we pretended to ourselves we were married, really" (114-115). As the dialogue begins, however, the tension mounts. Frederic makes it clear he would like to get married, but Catherine argues against it: "They'd send me away . . . They'd send me home and then we would be apart until after the war . . . What good would it do to marry now? We're really married. I couldn't be any more married . . . There isn't any me. I'm you. Don't make up a separate me" (115). Catherine's reasoning is based on many things: her knowledge of red tape, her belief in the relationship as it stands now, and, finally, her personal experience: "You see, darling, I had one experience of waiting to be married" (115). When she brings up the subject of her dead fiancé, Catherine touches a nerve in Frederic. Instead of agreeing with Catherine's reasons or calmly hearing them out, Frederic refuses to listen: "I don't want to hear about it." Once Frederic's jealousy is unveiled, his reasons for wanting to be married become clear. By cloaking his jealousy with his concern over marriage, Frederic finds a way of letting Catherine know how insecure he is. Since Catherine "did love

someone else before," she may fall in love with someone else again. Couple this fear with his impending orders to "go back to the front pretty soon," and we understand part, if not all, of Frederic's insecurity:

"Couldn't we be married privately some way?

Then if anything happened to me or if you had a child."

"There's no way to be married except by church or state. We are married privately. You see, darling, it would mean everything to me if I had any religion. But I haven't any religion."

"You gave me the Saint Anthony."

"That was for luck. Some one gave it to me."

"Then nothing worries you?"

"Only being sent away from you. You're my religion. You're all I've got . . . Aren't you happy?"

"But you won't ever leave me for some one else."

"No, darling. I won't ever leave you for some one else."

(116)

Catherine is aware of his fears and assuages them with reason and with a reaffirmation of her emotional commitment. She repeats the words she used earlier in an erotic context: "There isn't any me"; but here, in the context of marriage, a sacrament, they take on added significance. They indicate the depth of her emotional commitment and the strength of her belief in their love. It is also significant that this

dialogue closes with a reference to Catherine's recently cured craziness. As a way of recapitulating her argument, she offers an example from her own experience. "I haven't been happy for a long time and when I met you perhaps I was nearly crazy. Perhaps I was crazy. But now we're happy and we love each other" (116). She offers herself as living proof of the recuperative powers of love, and implies by her own example that love can also have recuperative powers for Frederic. He helped heal her, and now she asks that he accept her help in healing him. Of course, as his fears and jealousy suggest, he has not yet embraced as fully as Catherine the belief in their love, and when Catherine relates her fears to Frederic, his response is, unfortunately, cautious and callous. When Catherine tells Frederic that she fears the rain "because sometimes I see me dead in it . . . And sometimes I see you dead in it," Frederic protests by saying "I don't want you to get Scotch and crazy to-night." Catherine begins to cry and Frederic "comforted her and she stopped crying" (126). Though Frederic is not as skilled or even as willing as Catherine is in responding to his lover's fears, he does comfort her physically; and though Frederic seems verbally cold and distant and even curt, Catherine needs and accepts what he has to offer.

These two exchanges are important because they broaden the lovers' relationship beyond the sexual. By expressing fear and giving comfort, the lovers establish nonsexual intimacy. These scenes also reiterate what momentarily has



been forgotten or repressed, namely, the outside world, and in particular, the continuing war. After such a trouble-free, domestic living arrangement as the hospital (Frederic calls it "home"), it is difficult for both Catherine and Frederic to reenter the greater world. Frederic dislikes Ettore and his friends outside the hospital as much as Catherine dislikes being part of the horse racing party. It is no wonder that Catherine feels "much cleaner" alone with Frederic when their choice of companions runs from braggarts to ex-cons.

The greatest intrusion for the lovers, however, is one of their own making--Catherine's pregnancy. Pregnancy forces the lovers to deal with the outside world because a baby impinges on their relationship as an embodied "other." The pregnancy will, for Catherine, create "a separate me," because it is an irrevocable reminder of how "non-Frederic" she is. For Frederic, the pregnancy is a fear come true. Both lovers suffer over this moment of truth. Much of Catherine's suffering is done outside the scope of the narrative, but we can infer what her comment "I did everything. I took everything . . ." (130) means. It is not easy for Catherine to tell Frederic she's pregnant, nor is it easy for him to be told. She is irritatingly self-deprecating, and he feels "trapped." She at least can rely on the comforting fact that having babies is "a natural thing." Frederic, on the other hand, has only the male world to fall back on and that world means his return to war and possible death. Catherine is hurt by Frederic's response of feeling "trapped"

and he offers to "cut off [his] tongue" (139). This bit of sarcasm works to bring the lovers "together again [with] the self-consciousness gone" (139), and they agree not to fight. Though this bit of bantering does nothing to endear the reader to the couple, it does serve a purpose. It enables the lovers to vent some fear and hostility in a safe manner while reminding themselves that they "mustn't misunderstand on purpose" because "there's only us two and in the world there's all the rest of them" (139). In order to sustain a belief in their specialness, Frederic and Catherine engage in a dialogue of mutual convincing. They neither verbally nor physically comfort each other during this conversation, but rely instead on verbal trading to cement their commitment and head off their fears. This verbal manipulation has the effect of making their shared words more meaningful and potent; it is no coincidence, then, that their most frequently traded word is "brave." In the space of a page, it is used seven times (140).

However touching this act of mutual support is, it cannot make the real world go away; in fact, the real world becomes a menace. The lovers' last night together before Frederic returns to the front is a dark sequel to the romantic fantasy he had about Catherine before his wounding. However, unlike that fantasy night, this night is cold and rainy. The lovers do get to ride down the Via Manzoni, but instead of going to the Hotel Cavour, they end up in an anonymous "place" across from the train station. They have their bottle of Capri, but in a room that makes Catherine feel "like a whore." On their



way to the hotel, the lovers stop off at a gun shop so Frederic can buy a pistol; in this replay of his fantasy, Frederic is armed.

But however unpleasant the real world may be for the lovers, it does further their intimacy. Contrary to what John Stubbs argues, the more the real world intrudes upon Frederic and Catherine, the less likely they are to fantasize or take on roles. Catherine's reaction to their hotel room exemplifies this nicely. The hotel room with its red plush curtains and many mirrors makes Catherine uncomfortable; she is sad and unhappy. When asked what is wrong, she responds, "I never felt like a whore before" (152). These seven words measure the distance the lovers have travelled from sexual "madness" to mature intimacy. Whereas earlier Catherine acted and talked like a whore, she never "felt" like one. In her earlier behavior, she consciously adopted a role; but now, in the hotel room with its mirrors and her newly bought nightgown still in its wrapper (plain, brown?), conditions outside herself make Catherine feel like a whore. Her choice of adverbs tells us she has never felt this way "before." What she now experiences is not of her own choosing. There is a great difference between voluntarily acting like a whore, and involuntarily being made to feel like one. Since sexual love is only one kind of intimacy which these lovers have developed in their self-sanctioned "marriage," anything which debases that "marriage" is disruptive. However, Catherine successfully shrugs off these uncomfortable



feelings, and soon warms to the evening's irony by remarking: "Vice is a wonderful thing . . . The people who go in for it seem to have good taste about it. The red plush is really fine. It's just the thing. And the mirrors are very attractive" (153).

If Catherine longs for romance during this daydream come to life, Frederic intentionally dismisses his previous fantasy in favor of present concerns. These concerns include: "Where will you have the baby?"; "How will you arrange it?"; "How often will you write?"; "How do you feel, Cat?" (154-156). Frederic needs assurance before leaving for the front that the person(s) he loves will be all right. His parting imperative to Catherine is, "Take good care of yourself and young Catherine" (157). This farewell remark is Frederic's first mature response to Catherine's situation. If Frederic responded before to Catherine's pregnancy with belligerence, he now responds with tenderness and solicitude.

Once Frederic is back at the front and reunited with the male world, Catherine takes on new dimensions. She occupies that mental space of dreams and fantasy so active in Frederic when he is away from her. She becomes a sacred object; Frederic vows "not to think about Catherine except at night before I went to sleep" (166), as though she is fit subject only for his prayers. Frederic refuses to discuss her with his friend Rinaldi which prompts Rinaldi to reply, "All my life I encountered sacred subjects. But very few with you. I suppose you must have them too" (169).

Once the retreat begins, Catherine becomes part of Frederic's dreams. Exhausted from driving, Frederic begins to free associate on Catherine and soon talks to her in his sleep:

If there were no war we would probably all be in bed. In bed I lay me down my head. Bed and board. Stiff as a board in bed. Catherine was in bed now between two sheets, over her and under her, which side did she sleep on? Maybe she wasn't asleep. Maybe she was lying thinking about me. Blow, blow, ye western wind . . . Christ, that my love were in my arms and I in my bed again. That my love Catherine. That my sweet love Catherine down might rain. Blow her again to me . . . "Good-night, Catherine," I said out loud. "I hope you sleep well. If it's too uncomfortable, darling, lie on the other side," I said. "I'll get you some cold water. In a little while it will be morning and then it won't be so bad. I'm sorry he makes you so uncomfortable. Try and go to sleep, sweet."

(197)

This dream née fantasy, like Catherine's reaction to the hotel room in Milan, measures the distance Frederic has travelled in his relationship with Catherine. His earlier fantasy about their night in Milan is romantic hype; the sheets in the first fantasy are an erotic device ("only a

sheet the whole night and we would both love each other all night in the hot night in Milan" 138), whereas now they are a symbol of protection, something to keep Catherine and the baby warm, something to take Frederic's place; paternal instincts have replaced romantic ones.

His need for Catherine and his concern over her well-being are now so firmly rooted in both Frederic's conscious and unconscious mind that after his desertion, being with her becomes as essential as food and water: "I was not made to think. I was made to eat. My God, yes. Eat and drink and sleep with Catherine" (233). Even the lack of punctuation in that last series indicates Catherine's equality with life's basics. She is so basic to Frederic that he risks his life and the ignominy of his fellow soldiers by escaping with her and their child to Switzerland.

The first four books of A Farewell to Arms concern the gradual merging of the two sexes and the temporary abandonment of the male for the female world. But now, in Book Five, the focus shifts and delineates those forces which work to divide that newly-merged world. Understandably, Catherine's pregnancy is the most divisive. Despite the lovers' declarations to the contrary, Frederic and Catherine are two distinct people. Both Catherine and Frederic are conscious of conducting their lives according to gender distinctions; she gets her hair waved, and he goes to the cafe to read about the war; she is a pregnant woman, and he is an expectant father. Catherine, of course, is content being pregnant. As she says



to Frederic, "I'm having a child and that makes me contented not to do anything" (297). She is, however, aware of how excluded Frederic feels and urges him to seek male companionship. She even urges him to grow a beard, a hormonal activity that, like pregnancy, reaps visible results. He does, because it "will give me something to do" (298).

But Frederic's uneasiness concerns more than whether or not to shave. His problem is how to reenter the male world now that biology has curtailed his involvement with the female world. The reentry process is slow and a bit removed. No longer physically at the front, Frederic, instead, reads about the war. But the war per se is not Frederic's most pressing concern; his worries are of a more personal nature. At Catherine's gentle insistence, Frederic admits that he is concerned "about Rinaldi and the priest and lots of people I know. But I don't think about them much. I don't want to think about the war. I'm through with it" (298). He may be through with the war as military maneuvering, but he is not through with the love or concern he feels for his male friends. Just as he thought of Catherine after his desertion, Frederic thinks of his male friends now that he is safe with Catherine. His concern over Rinaldi's syphilis parallels the concern he felt over Catherine's well-being during the retreat. Unable actively to do anything for Rinaldi, Frederic can at least mentally and emotionally remain his friend.

This ability to separate the men he loves from the world of men he has recently abandoned allows Frederic to reenter

the male world. Knowing he cannot be Catherine, especially now that she is pregnant, he grows the beard, the outward sign of his gender, and reestablishes, at least marginally, contact with other men. Two telling congruent sentences make clear this transition: "Catherine bought the things she needed for the baby, up in the town. I went to a gymnasium in the arcade to box for exercise" (310). He goes on to say, ". . . it was pleasant in the gym. There was good air and light and I worked quite hard, skipping rope, shadow-boxing, doing abdominal exercises lying on the floor . . . and occasionally scaring the professor when we boxed . . . I wanted to take off the beard as soon as I started boxing but Catherine did not want me to" (310). Back in the world of men, Frederic is willing to replace the visible form of masculine identity with the more personal and private world of the male gym.

For those readers who criticize the lovers' behavior in this section of the book because it typifies, "a consciousness of gender that becomes almost obsessive (Friedrich 527), they should be reminded that pregnancy is, by its very nature, a gender-distancing phenomenon. Catherine's concern about her hair, her figure, and her sexual desirability are as natural and predictable as Frederic's boredom and vague worry. We should not be misled by their behavior and think, as Robert W. Lewis has, that Frederic is secretly happy over Catherine's death (49), or that Frederic's love for Catherine has changed now that he's been removed from the male world. As in the

earlier sections of the book, the information Frederic gives the reader tells the true story. We have nothing to gain by disbelieving him when he says, "We had a fine life . . . We were very happy" (306), or ". . . we never had a bad time" (311).

As divisive as the pregnancy is, it does, however, bring the lovers together for one last solid affirmation of their mutual love and commitment. The tragedy of this last encounter is that it recapitulates everything Frederic has left behind in the male world of war. Whereas in the war Frederic fought for those "sacred words" he disavows after making his separate peace, the fight for Catherine's life involves the one word Frederic did not disavow--love, a value Frederic still believes in. Like the war, Catherine's labor "runs better" without him, the technological apparatus does not work, and a hemorrhage is still fatal whether it occurs in an Italian war ambulance or in a Swiss hospital room. To Frederic, Catherine's Caesarean opening is a "great long . . . thick-edged wound" (325), a term more native to the battlefield than to the delivery room. Only one thing makes a difference, and this is Catherine. As long as she is alive, Frederic can react, he can speak, he can help, he can comfort, he can attend. Catherine, in her bravest moment, allows him this.

As tragic as Catherine's death is, and as dark as the final pages of the novel are, A Farewell to Arms is not about the death of love, but about learning to love and surviving its loss. Throughout its pages, the novel celebrates many



positive ideals, among them physical love, simple fortitude, determination, and the quest for private values (Waldhorn 129-30). Frederic Henry learns that nothing is as important as love, but he also learns that the price of commitment is loss. To call this love immature, adolescent, or hateful demeans not only the love but the lesson. In this age of great separation between the sexes, great suspicion, and great animosity, A Farewell to Arms can act as a true flag, a bit of common ground upon which men and women may reinvestigate the power and mystery of love, and put aside the differences which, sadly, have already made love so difficult to achieve.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT: STRUCTURAL UNITY AND DOMESTIC BLISS

To Have and Have Not (1937) is generally read as a working class story of a man who tries to maintain his dignity in the face of economic crisis. Its style is as hard-boiled as its protagonist, Harry Morgan. For many readers, the novel signals a turnabout in Hemingway's career: a turn away from the egocentric and exotic writing of Death in the Afternoon (1932) and Green Hills of Africa (1935), and a turn toward the social and political writing of the Depression years. To Have and Have Not was most heartily welcomed by the American left as an indication that Hemingway's "separate peace" was only temporary. However, critical interest in the book decreased soon after its publication, and among all of Hemingway's novels, To Have and Have Not has generated the least amount of critical attention.<sup>1</sup>

This critical neglect is explained partly by the novel's blatant political message, and partly by its structure. Most critics recognize and concur with the novel's call to brotherhood, while arguing that the novel's structure does little to support and further this message. Praising the message

while criticizing the method became the stock reading of To Have and Have Not, and few critics strayed from this accepted position. But such critical steadfastness is unfortunate, for as politically cogent as this novel may be, to read it solely as a political statement is to read it superficially. Despite its working class toughness, its political acuity, and its emphasis on masculine ways of bucking the system, To Have and Have Not is in many respects a domestic novel, a book concerned with feminine, indeed, feminist issues. Approached from this angle, the book presents a message more compatible with its structural method.

To those readers who, either through habit or indoctrination, overlook the importance of the feminine in Hemingway's work, establishing its importance in this particular novel may seem to require a leap of faith. Fortunately, Hemingway lessens the danger of such a leap by creating a thematic and structural network of insinuation, repetition, symbol, and foils which brings the masculine and feminine worlds close together. To Have and Have Not intensifies the integration of these two worlds, an integration only briefly realized in A Farewell to Arms. However, unlike Frederic Henry who learns to accept and value the feminine by learning to love Catherine Barkley, Harry Morgan already embraces the feminine world of wife, daughters, and home: a happy and satisfactorily-fed family is his central concern. Harry Morgan's education, if we may call it that, occurs not because he has rejected the feminine world, but because he has valued it all along. If



Harry's deathbed realization that, "No matter how a man alone ain't got no bloody fucking chance" (225) represents a sincere but tragically short-lived awakening to the necessity of brotherhood, its originating impulse is his connection with the feminine world. In other words, Harry's commitment to his wife and family is so strong that he resorts to smuggling in order to provide for them. It is during this illicit activity that Harry comes to value cooperation among his fellow men.<sup>2</sup>

The connection between Harry's home life and his actions away from home can be easily overlooked. After all, Harry is a doer, not a thinker; understatement is the style of such a protagonist. Harry does not brood about his decisions the way, for example, Robert Jordon does. But in a series of strategically-placed interior monologues, Harry's thoughts provide enough evidence to enable the reader to discern his motives. After being cheated out of \$800, Harry tells us that ". . . I was damned if I was going home broke and starve a summer in that town. Besides I've got a family" (28). After his capture by the Cuban bank robbers he muses, "Wonder what that Marie's having for supper. I guess she's plenty worried" (164). While dying he thinks, "I wonder what Marie will do? She'll get along I guess . . . I wish I could do something about Marie" (174). Other characters are equally aware of Harry's motives. For instance, Captain Willie, another boat-for-hire, refuses to help a government official arrest Harry for smuggling liquor on the grounds he's "got a

family and he's got to eat and feed them" (21). Statements such as these, coming from Harry and other characters, reinforce the importance of the domestic and embed it in the very structural and thematic pattern of the novel, which is a mingling of different points of view and well-paced parallel actions.

The structure of this novel, often criticized for its disjointedness,<sup>3</sup> allows Hemingway to juxtapose the female world of home and stability with the male world of crime and adventure. One way he does this is by closing chapters or entire narrative sections with domestic scenes. The scene which concludes the sixty-four, action-packed pages of Part One is a variation on the hearth scene, that most representative set-piece of domesticity:

That night I was sitting in the living room smoking a cigar and drinking a whiskey and water and listening to Gracie Allen on the radio. The girls had gone to the show and sitting there I felt sleepy and I felt good. There was somebody at the front door and Marie, my wife, got up from where she was sitting and went to it.

(64)

This scene, concluding as it does his first-person account of his double-crossing, dirty-dealing, and cold-blooded murder, reinforces and substantiates Harry's motives. It is for times like this when he feels "good" that Harry

breaks the law. The domestic scene also represents an alternative to Harry's criminal life style. By refusing to see the rummy Eddie Marshall, who has come to the door, Harry chooses his wife and her world over the masculine world of drinking and danger which Eddie represents. Harry chooses to tell us about his evening at home because it is important to him. Home is a resting point, a calm harbor after the rough sea of masculine adventure.

But not all sections conclude in domestic bliss. Later in the novel, Albert Tracy's wife is angry and accusatory when Albert comes in after being with Harry. Albert explains:

I go on in and I haven't got the door open before my old woman is giving me hell for staying out and drinking and being late to the meal. I ask her how I can drink with no money and she says I must be running a credit. I ask her who she thinks will give me credit when I'm working on the relief and she says to keep my rummy breath away from her and sit down to the table. So I sit down. The kids are all gone to the diamond ball game and I sit there at the table and she brings the supper and won't speak to me.

(104)

Hemingway was wise not to romanticize the domestic lives of all of his poor fishermen. Such contrasting portraits not



only highlight how exceptional Harry's and Marie's marriage is, but also how emasculating poverty can be.

As the novel continues, juxtaposition is used more frequently and not solely for closure. For instance, Chapters Fourteen and Fifteen offer contrasting portraits of marriage. In Chapter Fourteen, Marie Morgan is the steadfast, loyal, and helpful wife; she loads Harry's machine gun for him and says a tearful good-bye as she watches him leave for what turns out to be his last boat ride. Her loyalty is based on many things, first and foremost, the satisfying and trusting sexual relation she has with her husband, which is depicted a few pages earlier in Chapter Twelve. By contrast, Chapter Fifteen depicts a world in which insults, adultery, and drunkenness define the characters' marital relations. In this chapter, when Helen Gordon says good-bye to her husband, Richard, she does so knowing he intends to be unfaithful to her. Positioned back-to-back, these two chapters form a bridge over the exact middle of the novel which allows the reader to cross from one set of characters, the so-called Have Nots, to the other, the Haves.

Just as Marie and Harry are the focus couple in the first half of the book, Helen and Richard Gordon take over that function in the last half. Just as the domestic scenes serve as thematic and structural punctuation to Harry's deepening involvement in the world of smuggling, the anti-domestic, as embodied by the Gordons and their various infidelities, punctuates Harry's last and fatal adventure.

By placing the domestic and the anti-domestic in opposition, Hemingway successfully unifies the two halves of the novel while creating another level of irony. For it is impossible to overlook the deliberate irony that the Morgans' marriage ends in death while the Gordons' unhappy one does not. The notion of "to have and have not" is now no longer a mere economic designation but an emotional designation, and what the Morgans have, i.e. emotional commitment, is lost beyond all hope. Placed in the larger, bleaker context of sudden death, grievous loss, and social injustice, domestic unhappiness becomes a situation, a set of values, against which we can measure the blind disregard of the universe. As is the case with Frederic Henry and Catherine Barkley, love offers the Morgans little protection and therefore is more precious because of its fragility.

Hemingway maintains the integrity of the domestic theme in many ways, all of which juxtapose the Gordons' marriage with the Morgans'. For example, Harry always seems to be moving toward Marie, whereas Richard Gordon engages in activities which take him away from his wife. Hence, we see him "on his way to the Bradley's big winter house" (150), where he will be unfaithful; or, "the next morning in Key West on his way home from a visit to Freddy's bar" (176); when he is home he argues so viciously with his wife that he leaves again, this time to go back to Freddy's for what turns out to be a Walpurgisnacht. We then see Richard Gordon "lurching down the street until he was out of sight in the

shadow from the big trees whose branches dipped down to grow into the ground like robots" (221). While Richard is roaming from indiscretion to indiscretion, getting drunker and drunker, Harry, in alternating chapters, is fighting for his life and losing. The image of Richard Gordon staggering alone through the night contrasts with that of Harry, bullet-ridden and dying, afloat on the Gulf Stream. Harry, at least, is coming home, even if the boat he is on is his funeral bier; Richard Gordon, on the other hand, is exiled and alone; he cannot go home again.

This moving back and forth between a man like Richard Gordon, a charlatan who justifies his adultery on the grounds that as a writer he needs to experience everything, and Harry, the strong, monogamous individual whose approach to life is tight-lipped and pragmatic, is just one method Hemingway uses to weave the alternating pattern of domestic/anti-domestic throughout the novel. This method involves large narrative units, but Hemingway also creates the same tensions in smaller units. Nowhere is this technique better shown than in the novel's two love scenes.

When Harry and Marie make love, the result is mutual satisfaction, whereas for Richard Gordon and Helène Bradley the result is subjugation and humiliation. Both scenes, however, have a little "kink" in them. In the Morgans' case, it is Marie's fascination with Harry's "flipper," or what remains of his amputated arm. She invests it with erotic possibilities, directing Harry how to use it to her



satisfaction: "Go ahead now. Put the stump there. Hold it there. Hold it. Hold it now. Hold it" (114). Harry, of course, obliges. Harry and Marie also like to engage in what could be called "sex talk"; for example, "Listen, did you ever do it with a nigger wench? . . . Who's the best you ever did it with?" (113). These particulars, however stimulating, seem superficial when placed in the larger context of making love and what that means to the Morgans. For the Morgans, making love is not only a way to achieve sexual satisfaction, but a way to achieve intimacy. Lest we think that Harry and Marie are sexual bionics, Hemingway aptly reminds us they are quite human and fallible. Harry worries about his arm: "Listen, do you mind the arm? Don't it make you feel funny?" (113); and Marie worries about her desirability: "I'm old . . . I've had that thing" (113-114). Regardless of how coarse this dialogue may seem to some readers,<sup>4</sup> it reveals that the couple's sexuality is part of a larger emotional intimacy. At the end of their lovemaking, they are both satisfied and reassured. Consistent with Hemingway's technique, this scene ends with an interior monologue, Marie's:

I'm lucky . . . I know what I've got and what I've had. I've been a lucky woman. Him saying like a loggerhead. I'm glad it was a arm and not a leg . . . It's funny though, I don't mind it. Anything about him I don't mind . . .  
There ain't no other men like that. People ain't

never tried them don't know. I've had plenty of them. I've been lucky to have him. Do you suppose those turtles feel like we do? Do you suppose all that time they feel like that? Or do you suppose it hurts the she? I think of the damndest things. Look at him, sleeping just like a baby. I better stay awake so as to call him. Christ, I could do that all night if a man was built that way.

(115)

For Harry, his "good" place is the hearth, feet up, listening to the radio. For Marie, it is the post-coital marriage bed.

In the sexual incident between Helène Bradley and Richard Gordon, there is neither shared intimacy nor pleasure. Helène speaks either in desperate urgency, "You must," or in commands, "Get out of here" (189-190). The problem, of course, is that Helène's husband, Tommy, has entered the bedroom, and though this intrusion does not disturb Helène, it incapacitates Richard Gordon. Although willing to be a partner in adultery, Richard Gordon is unwilling (and unable) to be a partner in voyeurism. Helène responds to Gordon's reluctance by slapping him across the face and ordering him out.

The contrasting sexual ethos of these two couples is masterfully represented in their respective dialogues. What is clearly missing from the Bradley-Gordon exchange is any sense of mutual concern, the bedrock of intimacy. On the other hand, Harry and Marie have great sex because they have

great intimacy. Too few critics recognize this connection, attributing the sexual success of the Morgans instead to Harry's supermasculine potency.<sup>5</sup> The depiction of intimacy rescues the Morgan scene from being merely an example of fetishism, whereas the lack of intimacy in the other couple's scene heightens the perversity of voyeurism. Under other circumstances, however, voyeurism can be a sexual enhancement.<sup>6</sup>

Hemingway contrasts these scenes and all that they stand for in another small, yet masterful way. On the day Harry leaves for his last adventure, and while Marie is up in the attic getting his machine gun, Harry has these thoughts:

He sat at the table and looked at the piano, the sideboard and the radio, the picture of September Morn, and the pictures of the cupids holding bows behind their heads, the shiny, real-oak table and the shiny real-oak chairs and curtains on the windows and he thought, what chance have I to enjoy my home? Why am I back to worse than where I started?

(127)

What is so telling about this description is how easily the erotic merges with the domestic. The picture of the young, nude woman and the cupids are not in opposition with the table, chairs and radio; they are not even isolated in a separate grammatical unit. Instead they exist side-by-side as equal noun phrases. To Harry, they are all of a piece; they are



his home. At Helène Bradley's, all reference to the domestic is gone; the cupids, however, remain: while begging Richard Gordon to continue his lovemaking, she observes "the white ceiling with its cake-frosting modeling of cupids, doves and scroll work" (188-189). These cupids, though, are out of reach, up above, decorative, not functional. However slight the repeated images of these cupids may be, they work in concert to connect the erotic with the domestic. The second image, appearing sixty-two pages after the first, though but a faint echo of the original, certainly measures how deeply anti-domestic in theme the novel has become.

The contrast between Harry Morgan and Richard Gordon is so intrinsic to the novel that we still feel its repercussions after Harry effectively vanishes from the narrative. For all intents and purposes, Harry exits from the novel in Chapter Eighteen when he receives his mortal wound; whenever he appears after this point, he is either babbling or unconscious. When Harry's adventure is over, Richard Gordon's begins. The latter's behavior continues to support the novel's anti-domestic theme, but that theme broadens beyond specific male, marital behavior to include male behavior in general and male attitudes toward women. With the ascendancy of Marie Morgan in the novel's final third, the novel makes a feminist statement that, hitherto, was only suggested.

Richard Gordon's adventure takes him from Helène Bradley's bed to the all-male world of Freddy's bar on veterans' night.

In this world no one is successfully married. One drunk veteran says of his wife,

"Would you guess I got the finest little wife in the world? . . . And that girl is nuts about me. She's like a slave . . . She's carried away with me. If I got a whim, it's her law."

(211)

But another vet sees through this fantasy and asks, "Only where is she?" For such men, wives have either departed or never existed, or, worse yet, exist as "maybe Ginger Rogers," fantasy wives who keep "the home fires burning" (212). For these wifeless men, life conforms to a code of behavior which fosters drunkenness, brutality, and chaos, upholding the principle that friendship between males is a sadomasochistic game of I-can-take-it. For them, life is a meaningless, emotional starvation in which domestic, heterosexual pleasure has been replaced by the practice of pissing into the beards of Bowery bums (207). With the help of Professor MacWalsey, Richard Gordon successfully extricates himself from this world, but without learning anything. By further refusing MacWalsey's help, Richard Gordon reveals how disconnected he is, and his future alienation is foreshadowed by his parting image as a solitary man stumbling through the dark.

Richard Gordon's inability to connect with his fellow man is closely related to his attitude toward women. This attitude is expertly delineated in Chapter Nineteen. In this chapter, Richard Gordon sees a woman who, as Hemingway needn't

have told us, is Marie Morgan. Gordon's assessment of her is so wrong that it warrants an extended quotation:

Riding his bicycle, he passed a heavy-set, big, blue-eyed woman, with bleached-blond hair showing under her old man's felt hat, hurrying across the road, her eyes red from crying. Look at that big ox, he thought. What do you suppose she does in bed? How does her husband feel about her when she gets that size. Who do you suppose he runs around with in this town? Wasn't she an appalling looking woman? Like a battleship. Terrific . . . He sat down at the big table in the front room. He was writing a novel about a strike in a textile factory. In today's chapter he was going to use the big woman with the tear-reddened eyes he had just seen on the way home. Her husband when he came home at night hated her, hated the way she had coarsened, and grown heavy, was repelled by her bleached hair, her too big breasts, her lack of sympathy with his work as an organizer. He would compare her to the young, firm-breasted, full-lipped little Jewess that had spoken at the meeting that evening. It was good. It was, it could be easily, terrific, and it was true. He had seen, in a flash of perception, the whole inner life of that type of woman.



Her early indifference to her husband's caresses. Her desire for children and security. Her lack of sympathy with her husband's aims. Her sad attempts to simulate an interest in the sexual act that had become actually repugnant to her. It would be a fine chapter.

(176-177)

The best example of dramatic irony in the novel, this chapter reveals Gordon's inability to penetrate below the surface. His ideal of the feminine is so stereotypical, "young, firm-breasted, full-lipped," that he is unable to see real beauty when it passes before him. Ironically, this admiration for only one kind of woman diminishes his capacity for sexual pleasure; since only one kind of woman sexually excites him, Gordon rejects his wife, who is rather clean-cut, in order to pursue Helène Bradley, who, in turn, degrades and humiliates him. We can also argue that Gordon insists his wife remain childless because of his negative feelings about the "desire for children and security," feelings which may be motivated by a selfish concern that his wife not lose her figure. We do know that Helen Gordon has had "that dirty aborting horror" (186), and that she did so to comply with her husband's wishes. Gordon's inability to look favorably upon Marie's body also hinders his ability to assess her personality; as the reader knows, Marie is anything but indifferent to Harry's caresses and aims. To Gordon, Marie is merely a body and an ugly one at that. That

she inspires him to include her in his "proletarian" novel is another ironic instance of Gordon's poor judgment and lack of artistic vision.

What is striking about this passage is how it simultaneously lowers the reader's estimation of Richard Gordon while elevating the stature of Marie Morgan. Without saying a word, she moves through this chapter modestly yet heroically. Silent and grieving, she reminds one of Faulkner's Lena Grove, or Eliot's

ancient women

gathering fuel in vacant lots.

There is no doubt that she is transformed in this chapter, that she steps into the position Hemingway intended for her all along, the representative of mature womanhood: full-grown, fertile, sexual, forceful, and dignified. Marie, then, as female icon, becomes the final and best method of contrasting Harry with Richard Gordon; what Harry likes about Marie, Gordon views with disgust: her size, her hair, her "terrific"-ness, her coarseness, her too-big breasts, her sexuality, and her fertility. These particulars, and each man's response to them, measure Harry's and Gordon's respective sexual maturity. Harry's ability to embrace a real woman, as opposed to a male fantasy of one, contributes to his overall individuality and manliness; Gordon's facile approach to sexuality pales by comparison.

With Harry out of the way, and Richard Gordon's fate sealed by his unawareness, Hemingway turns his attention to

the four female characters who dominate the final third of the novel: Helen Gordon, Mrs. Albert Tracy, Dorothy Hollis, and Marie Morgan. Mrs. Tracy, who is the simplest of these four, need not occupy much of our attention. Her hysterical display of grief over her husband's death is what one expects from a woman who nagged and criticized her husband when he was alive. The remaining three demand more serious consideration. Hemingway takes them more seriously than Mrs. Tracy, whose antics supply the novel's one instance of comic relief. Unlike Mrs. Tracy, who is seen either through the eyes of Albert or some unnamed narrator, the characters of Helen, Dorothy, and Marie are presented through their own voices, either by dialogue or interior monologue. The subject of their speeches, not surprisingly, is male-female relationships. Each speech is a response to an instance of betrayal inherent in such relationships, as well as an articulated remedy against subsequent betrayals. Helen Gordon decides to leave her husband because of his infidelities. As a way of severing her marriage, she delivers this harangue:

"Everything I believed in and everything I cared about I left for you because you were so wonderful and you loved me so much that love was all that mattered. Love was the greatest thing, wasn't it? Love was what we had that no one else had or could ever have . . . Slop. Love is just another dirty lie. Love is erogapiol pills to make me come around because you were afraid to have a baby.



Love is quinine and quinine and quinine until  
 I'm deaf with it. Love is that dirty aborting  
 horror that you took me to. Love is my insides  
 all messed up. It's half catheters and half  
 whirling douches. I know about love. Love always  
 hangs up behind the bathroom door. It smells  
 like lysol. To hell with love."

(185-186)

In what Philip Young calls the "most spectacularly abusive speech in American literature (Young 48), Helen makes clear that her dissatisfaction with love is really dissatisfaction with her husband. She is tired of his kind of masculinity, or what she calls his "picknose love." She wants instead a man who is "kind . . . charitable and . . . makes you feel comfortable," a man more feminine and nurturing, a man like her "father" (187). Like Harry Morgan, Helen Gordon looks beyond sexual stereotypes in her search for a compatible mate. Both Helen's and Harry's rejections of such stereotypes suggest that Hemingway himself recognized that such pursuits lead inevitably to emotional dead ends.

In Dorothy Hollis's case, the betrayal she suffers is less emotional than physical. She is not disturbed by adultery; she is, herself, involved in an extra-marital affair, and her status as a Hollywood wife suggests an acceptance of a relaxed value system. She does not have to choose between either a husband or a lover since, to her, both men are equally "sweet." What she does need is a man who can properly

stimulate her clitoris. Sexual unfulfillment, not vanity, as many male critics claim, is the cause of her insomnia.<sup>7</sup> Dorothy's interior monologue represents a scene not unfamiliar to many women, the sad ritual of finishing off what an ignorant or lazy lover began. Her guilt over masturbation is sad but not unusual for pre-1960s American women. Her concern that she will "end up a bitch" reflects the fear many women have of communicating their sexual needs to men. Her lover is "so sweet" but "tight as a tick"; once is enough for him, but Dorothy wants "a lot of it" and muses that "there must be men who don't get tired of you or of it. There must be. But who has them?" (245). Since Dorothy does not have a man who fulfills her needs, she must fulfill them herself, and as she does so, her focus shifts from concern for her would-be partner ("oh, he is sweet") to concern for herself ("I'm sweet, yes you are"). What follows is an amazing depiction of a woman growing to love herself: ". . . you're lovely, oh, you're so lovely, yes, lovely . . . he is sweet, no he's not, he's not even here. I'm here, I'm always here and I'm the one that cannot go away, no, never. You sweet one. You lovely. Yes you are. You lovely, lovely lovely, oh, yes, lovely. And you're me" (246). Few readers associate Hemingway with female consciousness-raising through masturbation, but this scene indicates that such associations are not as ludicrous as they seem.

The reader, of course, mentally responds to Dorothy's question of where are the men "who don't get tired of you

or of it," by supplying the name of Harry Morgan. Harry also has certain qualities Helen Gordon seeks in a man: respect for the domestic, faithfulness, and acceptance of fatherhood. Harry seems the answer to every woman's prayer, a shadowy dream man who, if the novel ended here, would become an apotheosis. But Marie's final monologue puts Harry in proper perspective: he is dead and gone, and Marie is alone. She has been betrayed by death, and though she at least has known true love, this is small consolation for a woman so grief-stricken she cannot attend her husband's funeral. Marie's sorrow over the disruption in her domestic life contrasts with the activity going on outside her house:

Outside it was a lovely, cool, sub-tropical winter day and the palm branches were sawing in the light north wind. Some winter people rode by the house on bicycles. They were laughing. In the big yard of the house across the street a peacock squawked.

(262)

The transients will continue their nomadic pursuit of pleasure, preening like peacocks, living their lives out of rented houses or off yachts, while Marie learns "how it feels to lose your husband," and "go dead inside" (261), how it feels to be "a empty house."

Hemingway's decision to end here among empty houses, widows, and sleepless nights does more than suggest the importance of the domestic in this novel, it solidifies it.



If Harry's dying remarks represent a universal truth, that truth dies with him. But the truth Marie learns, and the one the reader is left to ponder at the novel's end, though more diurnal and housebound, is significantly greater. As is the case in all of Hemingway's fiction, it is always easier to die than to live. Harry has vanished, but his widow keeps on. The happy home, the marriage bed, the physical and emotional union of man and wife are rent. If life continues, it is carried on by women like Marie who instinctively know that "I got to get started doing something no matter how I feel" (257), the familiar cry of all Hemingway heroes.

Never again will Hemingway be as successful at uniting the male and female worlds through marriage, sex, and commitment as he is here with his one-armed pirate and his fat, blond wife. Marie Morgan, it seems, is not the only one who lost something at the end of To Have and Have Not.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### THE QUEST FOR THE BADGE: ROBERT JORDAN AS GOOD BOY SCOUT

Throughout his life, Ernest Hemingway was extremely proficient in amassing trophies, awards, wives, badges of various sorts which testify to his accomplishments in many areas. He was competitive with other persons, even more so with himself. And though never a Boy Scout in his youth, Hemingway went about earning these badges with a zest which belies that fact. His writing career charts the tendency to experiment with different styles in an attempt to outdo his last creative effort. The stories, for instance, along with The Sun Also Rises, are wonderful renderings of limited people in limited situations. Their small circumference is expanded, however, in A Farewell to Arms, the novel in which Hemingway maturely handles the two great themes of love and war. Moving beyond the novel, Hemingway tried his hand at other narrative forms; Death in the Afternoon and Green Hills of Africa are not only experiments in form, but experiments in apotheosis. In To Have and Have Not, the self-aggrandizing impulse is contained in order to concentrate on social and domestic themes; the content earned Hemingway kudos, but the

style was an embarrassment. It took the epic-like For Whom the Bell Tolls to earn Hemingway the title of master.

For many readers, this book is Hemingway at his best, his fullest, his most committed, his most positive, and his most expressive on what it means to be a man. This last point is important and illuminating since Hemingway spent most of his off-writing hours between 1924 and 1940 establishing his special brand of American masculinity. By now, of course, this brand of masculinity is a cliché, but cliché or not, it is so encoded in the American consciousness that when we group guns, booze, broads, bullies, war, self-deception, suicide, and impotence, we not only get a portrait of Papa, but one of a million other men as well. More than any other writer of his time, Hemingway set out to establish two reputations, one as a writer, and one as a man. John Raeburn catalogues nine roles Hemingway assumes in Death in the Afternoon: sportsman, manly man, exposé of sham, arbiter of taste, world traveler, bon vivant, insider, stoic and battle-scarred veteran, and heroic artist (44). Hemingway assumed these roles in real life also, along with a few others, namely, husband, lover, father, and braggart. Between each book, Hemingway was creating the perpetual narrative of Hemingway the celebrity. It is no wonder, then, that at the height of his power both as a writer and as an American male, Hemingway creates such a character as Robert Jordan. For like Hemingway, Jordan is also obsessed with getting another badge, with adhering to a set of principles which simplify



life to a dangerous degree. However, unlike his creator, Jordan is capable of modifying his behaviors and beliefs, thereby learning a skill for which there is no tangible badge.

The Boy Scouts of America was founded in 1910, six years after America's most macho president, Theodore Roosevelt, took office. Jeffrey P. Hantover calls the Boy Scouts "the largest and most prominent male youth organization in the twentieth century" (286). Hemingway was never a member, and nothing in his biography suggests that he regretted this. Perhaps the Hemingways did not believe that scouting was necessary for their son since the summers spent in Michigan gave Ernest ample chance to learn the principles of hunting, fishing, and woodsmanship. Perhaps Hemingway's sisters, though female, provided him with a nice little troop of their own, an "environment in which boys could become 'red blooded' virile men" (Hantover 287). The fact that Hemingway learned his virility in a largely female environment is one of the sweeter ironies of his life. As a boy, at least, Hemingway thrived in such an environment and his sisters were often his boon companions in the wilderness. However, for at least 358,573 other American males and their attendant 15,117 scoutmasters, such was not the case (Hantover 287). They wanted to flee female influence, and scouting was a popular, organized structure which encouraged such an escape.

In the fifty years preceding World War I, changes in American society and institutions made it increasingly

difficult for males to express and maintain their masculine roles. The traditional masculine script was being rewritten. With the frontier closed and the Civil War over, men could not conveniently validate their masculinity through war. Theodore Roosevelt took on heroic proportions because he was the link between the real frontier and the mythologized frontier of the modern era.

Business became the new testing ground for the American male; the Gilded Age was fueled by male fantasies (Habegger 227). Female control over males increased, especially at home and at school. The new bourgeois mother, relieved from household drudgery, had more time to preen her sons. Public schools had more female teachers and female students. Literary examples of genteel males in such novels as John Halifax, Gentleman (1856) and Little Lord Fauntleroy (1886) influenced child-rearing practices. Indeed, one student has remarked that literature by and about females dominated American letters until the 1870s, at which time the cult of the bad boy took over in obvious reaction to female dominance and a need once again to "give a sympathetic representation to male aggression" (Habegger 208).

In his essay, "Victorian Keys to the Early Hemingway: Part II--Fauntleroy and Finn," Mark Spilka argues that Hemingway was raised by his mother to be Fauntleroy and by his father to be Finn. To Dr. and Mrs. Hemingway this dual cultivation seemed logical and natural since both parents grew up in a time when men could be both Fauntleroy and Finn.

Hemingway's maternal grandfather, Ernest Hall, with whom he lived for the first six years of his life, was such a man, both a soldier and a gentleman, a paragon of the Victorian concept of muscular Christianity. But this ideal was short-lived; the world of Ernest Hall and his children gave way to the world of his grandchildren, the children of the lost generation. Theirs was a world of rapid change, big business, rising technology, and vast social/sexual integration which unsettled the male ego. Who could blame them if they lit out for the territory, or, later, Europe? As Spilka rightly points out, in the battle between Fauntleroy and Finn, Huck wins.

In response to the demasculinization of the American male, the Boy Scouts created a quasi-military organization which blatantly recruited a specific type of man:

The REAL Boy Scout is not a "sissy." He is not a hothouse plant, like little Lord Fauntleroy. There is nothing "milk and water" about him; he is not afraid of the dark . . . Scouting . . . wanted REAL live men--red blooded and right-hearted men--BIG men . . . No Miss Nancy need apply.

(Hantover 295, 296)

The epitome of this masculine model was, of course, Theodore Roosevelt. An ex-wimp turned Rough Rider, an inveterate sportsman and naturalist, a President, Roosevelt was the



embodied symbol of masculinity to which many American males aspired. He was the man in the uniform, and the Boy Scout uniform was but a diminutive echo of the Rough Rider's khaki. Scouts were Roosevelt clones, and the Roosevelt/Boy Scout ethos had no trouble infiltrating the American imagination especially in Oak Park. Biographer Michael Reynolds points out that the young Hemingway saw newsreels which proclaimed Roosevelt "the most dominant figure since Napoleon" and that as a boy, Hemingway wore a safari costume modeled after Roosevelt (25, 28).

The program launched by the Boy Scouts to create REAL men of physical and moral courage merely repackaged some commonplace nineteenth-century beliefs. First, the all-male membership assured the separation of the sexes and provided boys, as well as adult men, with a "sphere of masculine validation" (Hantover 296). Secondly, the intense focus on the accumulation of skills through group activities attests to the persistent strength of that most virulent Victorian phobia, fear of masturbation. Scouts were urged to do "anything rather than continue in dependent, and enfeebling, and demoralizing idleness" (Hantover 294). To the nineteenth-century mind, idleness, reverie, and solitude were the breeding grounds for self-abuse; the good scout sublimated all sexual desire and concentrated on good deeds and outdoor skills. Lastly, a good scout had a stern sense of duty, duty to his fellow scouts, duty to the scouting code, and duty to the scouting style of clean living. Individualism was an

impediment; group-think was not. This sense of duty was a social adhesive and taught males how to measure their performance against other males, thus preparing them for the arch pursuits of the twentieth century, war and Wall Street. The pack instinct applied equally well in both locales. The old-boy network, impenetrable by outsiders even today, had its origins in the male military, civic, Ivy League, and business organizations of the late nineteenth century. These organizations created an environment in which men could exercise what Alfred Habegger calls the "male risk." Only three things could permanently disbar a male from the network: business failure, homosexuality, and death. Ironically, death was perhaps the surest means of enshrining one's manhood; to die a brave death in battle was the apogee of masculinity.<sup>1</sup>

Of course, Hemingway's early fiction disavowed this in-group philosophy. His portraits of lone fishermen, confused adolescents, military deserters, and sexually mutilated veterans suggest that Hemingway was acutely aware of the failings of male groups. His early fictional males either bonded with females or stayed to themselves. Rarely does one of Hemingway's male characters join with other men, but when he does it is with a transitory friend, such as Bill Gorton in The Sun Also Rises, or with a stranger or mere acquaintance who shares the same love as the protagonist for a solitary avocation; the Britisher Harris in The Sun Also Rises and the barman from Stressa in A Farewell to Arms are

two such examples. Hemingway cared little for the machinations of social structures and never once wrote about the American businessman, unless one considers Harry Morgan an aspiring entrepreneur. Yet as distant as his early fiction seems to be from the dominant American ethos of climbing to the top, Hemingway could not entirely escape its influence. By the 1930s, the theme of the struggling male proving his masculinity began to surface in his work. Three works from this decade foreshadow Robert Jordan and his Boy Scout ethos in For Whom the Bell Tolls. They are Death in the Afternoon (1932), Green Hills of Africa (1935), and The Fifth Column (1938). Each of these works measures the progressive tendency of Hemingway's characters to be part of a male group. In the first two, Hemingway appears as a member of a specialized in-group, bullfighters and big-game hunters, respectively. In The Fifth Column, Hemingway recreates himself as Philip Rawlings, war correspondent. These three self-characterizations suggest that during this phase of his life, Hemingway felt a strong urge to externalize and dramatize his need for male grouping.

In Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway meditates on an all-male ritual performed by a few select supermen. He details the decline of some of these men and their subsequent loss of status as members of the in-group. The bobbing of a bullfighter's pigtail is the equivalent of a soldier being stripped of his chevron; either way, the badge is revoked. Green Hills of Africa recounts the fierce and pigheaded



male-on-male competition inspired by the quest for big-game trophies. The badges won on this safari are rhino, water buffalo, and kudu. A cast of Negro guides and trackers provide ritualistic and sometimes comic interludes, thereby creating a sense of continuity between the more primitive and modern manifestations of male grouping. Philip Rawlings of The Fifth Column is a double-agent during the Spanish Civil War, ingratiating himself with both sides in order to do his job. But in the course of being faithful to his job, Rawlings becomes unfaithful to his own nature. Choosing duty to the job instead of a domestic arrangement with Dorothy Bridges, the woman he loves, Rawlings remains employed but emotionally dead at the end of the play.

Philip Rawlings and Robert Jordan are closely connected. They both are intelligent, committed, brave Americans who risk their lives for a political cause in a foreign country. Jordan, of course, is of a finer metal. In the intervening years between the play and the novel, Hemingway's response to his war-time experience matured. Consequently, Rawlings' physical swagger transforms into Jordan's introspection; and Anita, the Spanish tart, transforms into Maria, the Spanish loyalist who lives in a cave and fights the fascists. But if Jordan is an advanced Rawlings, a more mature and emotionally integrated male, he is still, in many respects, nothing more than a big Boy Scout, a grown man who depends on an external structure to define his emotional priorities.

However, as soon as Jordan enters the guerrilla's camp, this structure begins to crumble.

Those traits which, in the words of Dwight MacDonald, make Robert Jordan "a perfect scout,"<sup>2</sup> are easily identified. First and foremost is Jordan's avowed separation from women. He explains to General Golz that "there is no time for girls . . . I have enough to think about without girls" (7, 8). Second is Jordan's appraisal of other men in terms of the scouting ethos: Anselmo is a superb tracker and woodsman and can therefore be trusted; he is one of the group and follows orders. Pablo, on the other hand, is sottish and not one of the group; he will not follow orders. Third is the display of badges and the male-on-male competition such a display generates. Jordan has "papers" and the valuable dynamite, tangible evidence of his merit. He also has absinthe, to the mountain band a somewhat magical drink; later he has Maria. Pablo has horses and, as he tries to convince Jordan, the respect of the guerrillas. Jordan, however, matches Pablo's knowledge of horses and immediately usurps Pablo's position of authority. Fourth is Jordan's compulsive belief in duty. Besides dying, Jordan claims his only fear is "not doing my duty as I should" (91). But since duty is the most important but least tangible principle of the scouting ethos, it is the one most at risk. As long as Jordan keeps this sense of duty intact, he is safe; he can honestly declare, "I come only for my duty" (15). This duty, however, is immediately and forcefully challenged by

what every Boy Scout is least prepared for--women.

Both Maria and Pilar have a profound effect on Jordan. His reaction to Maria is immediate and explosive; he "looked at the girl . . . and his throat felt too thick for him to trust himself to speak" (25). He soon finds himself "suddenly and very much" in love with her. Pilar's effect on Jordan is not physical but cerebral. She subverts Jordan's value system by presenting him with a new set of realities which are superstitious, intuitive, nonauthoritarian, and rooted in individual response, all of which are alien to him.

Pilar's goals for Jordan are wisdom and pleasure, and since she sees death in his future she works quickly to create an environment in which these goals can be achieved. She challenges Jordan's sense of decorum by insisting he make love to Maria in the meadow, thereby impeaching his sense of duty with the most un-American practice of letting sexual pleasure interfere with daytime business. But this interlude does Jordan more good than harm. Not only does it afford him physical pleasure, but it triggers the process of self-examination which Jordan pursues for the rest of the novel. Making love to Maria concretizes what was once abstract and exterior. Now, duty is no longer an abstraction channelled through the chain of command; it has names and faces. In the lengthy interior monologues which punctuate the text from this point on, Jordan wrestles with this changing concept of duty, but as much as he equivocates and tries to retrieve its original, impersonal shape, he cannot:



He was walking beside her but his mind was thinking of the problem of the bridge now and it was all clear and hard and sharp . . . He saw the two posts and Anselmo and the gypsy watching . . . He was where he would place the two automatic rifles . . . and then he started to think of all the things that could . . . go wrong. Stop it, he told himself. You have made love to this girl and now your head is clear . . . Don't worry. You mustn't worry . . . You went into it knowing what you were fighting for . . . so now he was compelled to use these people whom he liked as you should use troops toward whom you have no feeling at all . . . So you say that it is not that which will happen to yourself but that which may happen to the woman and the girl . . . You must not think in that way. You have no responsibility for them except in action. The orders do not come from you. They come from Golz . . . But should a man carry out impossible orders knowing what they lead to? . . . Yes. He should carry them out because it is only in the performing of them that they can prove to be impossible . . . Pablo was a swine but the others were fine people and was it not a betrayal of them all to get them to do this? Perhaps it was . . . No . . . Think about Maria . . . So far she

had not affected his resolution but he would much prefer not to die . . . He would like to spend some time with Maria . . . You ask for the impossible . . . I did not know that I could ever feel what I have felt, he thought . . .

"I love you rabbit," he said to the girl.

(162-170)

As honest, passionate, and ennobling as Maria's love for Jordan is, to argue, as many have, that she is the sole reason for his transformation constricts the meaning of the text.<sup>3</sup> The underlying premise of such an argument is that the love of a good woman assuages the fear of death and has the power to transform one's life. Though such an argument may aid in interpreting A Farewell to Arms, it is too simplistic when applied to For Whom the Bell Tolls. In the earlier novel, Frederic Henry deserts the world of men to embrace the world of women. But such a bilateral world does not exist in the Spanish novel. In this novel the female and male worlds do coexist; to enjoy and profit from the one, it is not necessary to abandon the other. Unlike Frederic Henry and Catherine Barkley, Jordan and Maria do not have to battle the world or put it aside in order to love one another. Given their circumstances, Jordan and Maria become rather settled. Once under way, their love affair is taken for granted and meets no resistance from the other guerrillas. Maria is a sure thing for Jordan's sleeping bag every night.

Compared to Frederic Henry, Jordan does not have to give up as much in order to love his woman. In fact, he gives up nothing; instead, he consolidates, shifts, finds new applications for old concepts. He slides into new beliefs, whereas Frederic Henry turns his back on all beliefs. The abstract, sacred words which embarrass Frederic Henry work for Jordan once he personalizes them, attaching them to someone for whom he cares. Consequently, he can express his love to Maria in terms unthinkable to Frederic Henry:

"I have worked much and now I love thee and . . .  
I love thee as I love all that we have fought  
for. I love thee as I love liberty and dignity  
and the rights of all men to work and not be  
hungry. I love thee as I love Madrid that we  
have defended and as I love all my comrades that  
have died."

(348)

Robert Jordan is not the first Boy Scout to have a girl friend. Though his love for Maria changes his original concept of duty, it does not make him want to flee the world of men. Jordan, as a good Boy Scout, needs the world of men because masculinity is not defined in terms of male-female interaction, but in terms of male-male interaction. Falling in love with Maria is no test of Jordan's masculinity, but rethinking his role as a soldier is.

Jordan's sense of duty and his sense of maleness are safe as long as he is with men like Golz, men who follow



orders and wear the uniform well. But once he is with men like Pablo and Anselmo, gypsies like Rafael and Pilar, a woman who in her own words "would have made a good man," these fundamentals are in jeopardy. Jordan's reaction to his new environment is unsettling. After just a day, he feels he's on a

merry-go-round . . . a wheel that goes up and around . . . no one would choose to ride this wheel. You ride it each time and make the turn with no intention ever to have mounted. There is only one turn; one large, elliptical, rising and falling turn and you are back where you have started. We are back again, he thought, and nothing is settled.

(225)

This sense of being out of control, of being in motion without covering any distance, reflects, on a small scale, Jordan's indecisiveness over whether or not to kill Pablo; but on a larger scale, it reflects Jordan's confusion about certain changes in himself. Unlike his relationship with Maria, which assures and validates his masculinity through sexual intimacy, Jordan's relationship with Pablo and his men, since it distorts Jordan's expectations of masculine behavior, throws him off-center. The Boy Scout ethos has not prepared Jordan for Pablo, who is dangerously defiant; or Rafael, who is dangerously carefree; or Agustin, who is dangerously cynical. Only Anselmo, who is a good scout, a good soldier,

a man who "can do anything that I am ordered" (43), makes Jordan feel at home. But even this relationship proves troublesome to Jordan.

As a man skilled in scouting and deeply devoted to duty, Anselmo reassures Jordan of his mission and his masculinity as none of the other guerrillas can. Yet he undercuts that reassurance by disagreeing with Jordan on a fundamental issue: killing. Anselmo has no trouble killing animals, but hates to kill humans; with Jordan it is the other way around. Jordan "liked to kill as all who are soldiers by choice have enjoyed it at some time whether they lie about it or not" (287). This difference in opinion is actually a difference in self-definition. Jordan defines himself as a "soldier by choice," whereas Anselmo is a soldier by necessity. Unlike Jordan, whose sense of self is explicit, titular, and controlled by the tasks he does (he is the "bridge blower"), Anselmo's sense of self is implicit, unspoken, and internal. Jordan is first a soldier, but Anselmo is first a man, a human being who, because of the circumstances of the Spanish Civil War and the force of his beliefs regarding that war, must sometimes be a soldier and must sometimes kill other humans. Anselmo is the man most respected by Jordan, the man who causes Jordan a "rare happiness . . . the happiness of finding that even one of your flanks hold" (199), and because of this Jordan takes seriously Anselmo's example of conduct and belief. Jordan's respect for Anselmo vivifies the lesson Jordan learns from him: question one's actions, be more

than the uniform, let duty be an extension of a man not his raison d'etre.

This lesson may operate on a subconscious level when Jordan twice hesitates about killing Pablo, but it surfaces in all its conscious force after he kills the fascist cavalry scout. Though the "scarlet . . . formalized device" the boy wears on "the left breast of his khaki blanket" identifies him as the enemy and necessitates Jordan's shooting him, the personal papers in his pockets identify him as an individual, and predicate Jordan's reactions to the boy's death:

From examining his military papers [Jordan] knew the boy was from Tafalla in Navarra, twenty-one years old, unmarried, and the son of a blacksmith . . . I've probably seen him run through the streets ahead of the bulls at the Feria in Pamplona, Robert Jordan thought. You never kill any one that you want to kill in a war, he said to himself. Well, hardly ever . . . I guess I've done my good deed for today, he said to himself. I guess I have all right, he repeated . . . All right . . . I'm sorry if that does any good. It doesn't, he said to himself. All right then, drop it . . . But it would not drop that easily. How many is that you have killed? . . . Do you think you have a right to kill any one? No. But I have to. How many of those you have killed have been real fascists? Very few. But they are all the



enemy to whose force we are opposing force.  
But you like the people of Navarra better than those of any other part of Spain. Yes. And you kill them. Yes . . . Don't you know it is wrong to kill? Yes. But you do it? Yes. And you still believe absolutely that your cause is right? Yes.

It is right, he told himself, not reassuringly, but proudly. I believe in the people and their right to govern themselves as they wish. But you mustn't believe in killing . . . You must do it as a necessity but you must not believe in it . . .

Listen, he told himself. You better cut this out. This is very bad for you and for your work . . . no man has a right to take another man's life unless it is to prevent something worse happening to other people. So get it straight and do not lie to yourself.

But I won't keep a count of people I have killed as though it were a trophy record or a disgusting business like notches in a gun, he told himself. I have a right to not keep count and I have a right to forget them.

This monologue signals a reversal in Jordan's thinking, and is the first conscious step he takes in redefining himself. No longer will he keep count, no longer will he proudly wear the insignia of an action he now knows is wrong. Jordan has begun divesting himself of the badge worn by soldiers and earned through killing.

Another attempt at redefinition takes place the night before the bridge is to be blown. In an effort to minimize his doubts that the attack will be cancelled, and to assuage his fear that he could end up like El Sordo, decapitated by the fascists, Jordan reactivates, through memory, past military role models. Against their standard of behavior, Jordan now measures himself. First he thinks of Duran, a man "who never had any military training and . . . is now a damned good general" (335). If Duran, who was a "composer and lad about town" before the war, can succeed in a military venture, then Robert Jordan "an instructor in Spanish at the University of Montana" (335) can also. Duran is an example of what is possible in the present.

Jordan next remembers his grandfather. Like Jordan, he has fought in wars and feared decapitation: "The Indians always took the scalps when Grandfather was at Fort Kearny after the war" (336). With his collection of

arrowheads spread out on a shelf, and the eagle feathers of the war bonnets that hung on the wall, their plumes slanting, the smoked buckskin smell of the leggings and the shirts and the feel

of the beaded moccasins . . . the great stave of the buffalo bow . . . and the two quivers of hunting and war arrows.

(336)

Jordan's grandfather symbolizes a frontier which is closed to Jordan and a system of warfare safe from the "mechanized doom" El Sordo's men could not escape. The grandfather's trophies, such as his saber, confer a certain nobility on warfare, whereas the severed heads, the trophies from Jordan's war, confer nothing but anguish and inhumanity. Jordan's grandfather is an example of a nineteenth-century ideal, a man who expressed his masculinity through battle and the pursuit of manifest destiny. His chief value to Jordan now rests in the fact that he survived his battles, and that fact comforts Jordan.

Though thinking of his grandfather comforts Jordan, it also disturbs him, for he cannot think of his grandfather without also thinking of his father who, as a coward and a suicide, is not a survivor. Jordan's father is the failed soldier, the man who could not withstand the enemy, which in his case was his wife, "that woman [he] let . . . bully him" (339). Though Jordan understands his father's suicide, and will later consider suicide himself, he does not "approve" of it. Nor does he approve of the other male who comes to mind, General George Custer, a man who in the remembered words of the grandfather was "not an intelligent leader of cavalry . . . not even an intelligent man" (339). Custer is all image and



no substance; he is remembered by Jordan as "the figure in the buckskin shirt, the yellow curls blowing, that stood on that hill holding a service revolver as the Sioux closed around him in the old Anheuser-Busch lithograph that hung on the poolroom wall in Red Lodge" (339). Such posing gets troops killed and Jordan does not want to emulate Custer. In fact, after this exercise in memory Jordan concludes that "I don't want to be a soldier . . . I know that . . . I just want us to win this war" (339).

As this declaration suggests, the importance of being a soldier, either real or ideal, has lost its validity in Jordan's mind. He has cast off the last vestiges of scout-hood; he breaks the idols. Though he continues to act like a soldier and succeeds in blowing the bridge, he no longer defines himself as one. He has witnessed many examples of manhood, both actual and remembered, and learns that manhood transcends a given title, a specific badge, or hyped image. The men of the guerrilla band have become more to Jordan than fellow scouts, or instruments to carry out his duty:

Anselmo is my oldest friend . . . Augustin, with his vile mouth, is my brother, and I never had a brother.

(381)

Jordan eventually even accepts Pablo and is soothed by the fact that a man as competent as Pablo is leading the surviving guerrillas to safety: "Pablo must have a sound plan or he would not have tried it. You do not have to worry about

Pablo" (466). Jordan replaces the male role models of his past with the real, live men he has come to accept as individuals.

Jordan's last act as a member of the guerrilla band is to stay alive long enough to delay the fascists so the others may safely escape. Struggling with pain and thoughts of suicide, Jordan steels his courage not by thinking abstractly about his duty as a soldier, but by thinking about "them":

Think about them being away, he said. Think about them going through the timber. Think about them crossing a creek. Think about them riding through the heather. Think about them going up the slope, Think about them O.K. tonight. Think about them travelling all night. Think about them hiding up tomorrow. Think about them. God damn it, think about them. That's just as far as I can think about them, he said.

(470)

For the benefit of others whom he has come to accept as individuals, Jordan suffers the individual fate of painfully waiting for his own death. He has come to trust and believe in the little individual gestures that define one's manhood instead of large, impersonal systems which require abstract dedication to duty. This is what makes him so heroic and so recognizably human.

Robert Jordan's ability to disassociate himself from the nineteenth century ideal of aggressive masculinity suggests that Hemingway himself was aware of the inherent danger in the quest for the badge. However, such awareness was seemingly short-lived. After 1940, Hemingway escalated his quest for new badges; before him lay a new war, a new wife, a new affair, and more hunting and drinking, activities which supported the macho image Hemingway created in the last twenty years of his life and strove so hard to maintain. In his published writings after 1940, Hemingway abandoned the sexually-integrated world of For Whom the Bell Tolls, and instead devoted himself to writing that investigated hyper-masculine activities. Hemingway's World War II dispatches, his articles about hunting and fishing, his fable The Old Man and the Sea, and his bullfighting book, The Dangerous Summer, are examples of this kind of writing. In the one published novel of this period, Across the River and Into the Trees, Hemingway created a male character who, as the title suggests, was inspired by Stonewall Jackson, a Confederate general.

But, if we look beyond the published writings, we see that Hemingway's abandonment of Robert Jordan is neither as sudden nor as complete as once suspected. What has come to light in the last decade with the publication of some of his posthumous works counterbalances the macho mystique Hemingway maintained for public view. Such works as "Three Shots," "The Last Good Country," and The Garden of Eden are portraits of lost, afraid boys, men who play at being women, and boys



who flee civilization to recreate the Garden either with siblings or with lovers. These males want nothing to do with cliché masculine endeavors. The existence of these writings, and the seriousness with which Hemingway worked on them, suggests that Hemingway, out of sight of the public eye, was concerned with another side of masculinity, the side which divests itself of the badge and the uniform. In this light, Robert Jordan's abandonment of the Boy Scout ethos is especially important because it is Hemingway's only public statement concerning a male in transition, a male who, in the context of other males, tests old concepts of masculinity and adopts new ones. Through Robert Jordan, Hemingway takes out of the drawer his own fears and wishes about being a man. Why Hemingway felt compelled to put these fears back in the drawer will perhaps be answered by future biographers who are willing and able to look beyond the male mystique Hemingway created for himself. As for now, we can only speculate on what Hemingway's life would have been like had he adopted as his public stance Jordan's example of masculinity. One thing is certain, though--Hemingway's pursuit of the badge led him to a more desolate death than his alter-ego, ex-Scout Robert Jordan.

## CHAPTER SIX

### ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE GARDEN: ALTERNATIVE MANHOODS, THE SOLDIER AND THE WRITER

In his book Hemingway: The Inward Terrain, Richard Hovey asks what drove Hemingway in his forties back into battle if he did not have to go? One possible answer is that Hemingway believed it to be the manly thing to do, and since he seldom balked at manly behavior, Hemingway gladly donned the uniform and returned to war. But unlike the Hemingway of the First World War who was soldier first and writer second, for the Hemingway of the Second World War these roles were reversed. Hemingway's official status as war correspondent for Collier's prohibited him from carrying arms and influencing or conducting military activities. Never one to listen to those he called "liars," "phonies," and "ballroom bananas" (Baker, Life 543), Hemingway succeeded nevertheless in fighting at Rambouillet, the Hurtgen Forest, and the suburbs of Paris. Only homesickness and an investigation by the Inspector General of the Third Army into possible violations of the Geneva Convention kept Hemingway from fighting more (Baker, Life 544). Once out of action, however, Hemingway missed the soldier's life, and on more than one

occasion wrote to his comrade in arms, Colonel Charles T. (Buck) Lanham, to express his annoyance: "The old bad thing is I don't give a damn about writing and would rather be back with you." Another time he wrote, "I work hard too but writing is dull as hell after what we used to do." Once he told Buck that he wished he were a soldier like him instead of a "chickenshit writer" (Baker, Letters 586, 639, Yalom 488).

These are strong words coming from a man who had emphatically stated that his deepest desire in life was to write as truly as he could, and they should give us pause. They suggest a conflict of identity between Hemingway the soldier, the active, destructive, masculine male, and Hemingway the writer, the passive, isolated, feminine male. The two outstanding results of this identity conflict are the novels Across the River and Into the Trees (1950) and posthumously The Garden of Eden (1986).

Identity conflict was nothing new to Hemingway. The process of changing from one thing to another ran throughout both his life and his fiction as though it were a natural impulse; yet the conflict between Hemingway the soldier and Hemingway the writer was especially troublesome. Though Robert Jordan exemplifies the peaceful juncture of these two impulses, other Hemingway characters have a difficult time linking creativity and experience in such a positive manner. For Harry, the writer in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," the link between experience and creativity is a source of anguish and



self-hatred. In order to experience life, Harry compromises his writing talent and consequently regrets that he will never create the one great book he's capable of writing. Though the story is partly a response to F. Scott Fitzgerald's well-chronicled abuse of talent, which infuriated Hemingway, its protagonist represents Hemingway more than Fitzgerald. Harry is the shadow side of Hemingway. He betrays Hemingway's nervousness about the role and responsibility of the artist, and had Hemingway's experience in the Spanish Civil War not been so personally and literarily satisfying, Hemingway could have become Harry--not only the passive writer, but, because of a gangrene infection, the incapacitated writer. For accident-prone Hemingway, Harry was both a warning and a presentiment.<sup>1</sup>

Though not incapacitating, World War Two did take its toll on both Hemingway's body and his mind. In 1943, he wrote to Archibald MacLeish that "I think we will be at war for the rest of our lives. That may seem silly but I could argue it at a pinch" (Baker, Letters 545). When we couple this dismal projection with Hemingway's remark that nobody could write anything good in wartime unless he was a superman (Baker, Life 486), we begin to appreciate the immense pressures he must have been under during the last eighteen years of his life. In four years alone Hemingway withstood what would render many persons helpless: 1944-45, two auto accidents, one serious; 1945, divorce from Martha Gellhorn; 1946, marriage to Mary Welch and her near-fatal ectopic pregnancy; 1947,

son Patrick's concussion and recuperation; and 1947-48, the death of seven friends.<sup>2</sup> Considering this stress, we can understand why Hemingway would create the figure of the passive writer as a release from pressure. But the release was temporary and out of public view. In 1949 Hemingway seemed cleansed of the ambivalence which had plagued him a few years earlier; once more he united the pen with the sword.

With the publication of Across the River and Into the Trees in 1950, Hemingway fictionally resurrects himself as a soldier. And what a soldier he is! Colonel Richard Cantwell is a career military man; his "sale métier" is death and war, and he loves it. His stamina is beyond belief. He has had three heart attacks, ten concussions, and drinks an unconscionable amount of alcohol without ill effect. He can go without food, suffer cold and cramped space in a duck blind and still shoot straight. He's good with his hands, both as a fighter and as a lover. He is not handsome, but "the gut is flat" (180). He has scars, a slight limp, and a mangled hand. He talks tough, hates to say "please," and is cautious to the point of paranoia. He reserves his admiration for those who have been wounded or mutilated. And like any Monday night quarterback, he would have won the game if he had been given the chance to play. His big gripe is that he was demoted from General to Colonel while lesser men than he were allowed to continue making policy and affecting battle strategy. He confesses his own

mistakes but is also fiercely proud of his "wild-boar truculence." He admires in himself and his friends what he feels lacking in most others, especially the American high command: bravery, truth, and beauty. He himself is not afraid of death and in the best written passage of the novel says this about it:

Death is a lot of shit, he thought. It comes to you in small fragments that hardly show where it has entered. It comes, sometimes, atrociously. It can come from un-boiled water; an un-pulled-up mosquito boot, or it can come with the great, white-hot, clanging roar we have lived with. It comes in small cracking whispers that precede the noise of the automatic weapon. It can come with the smoke-emitting arc of the grenade, or the sharp, cracking drop of the motor.

I have seen it come, loosening itself from the bomb rack, and falling with that strange curve. It comes in the metallic rending crash of a vehicle, or the simple lack of traction of a slippery road.

It comes in bed to most people, I know, like love's opposite number. I have lived with it nearly all my life and the dispensing of it has been my trade. But what can I tell this girl



now on this cold, windy morning in the Gritti  
Palace Hotel?

(219-20)

Like the character of Cantwell himself, the novel's style is more hype than substance. But even if we don't like Richard Cantwell, we must pay attention to what he divulges about his creator. For regardless if Cantwell is Hemingway in thin autobiographical disguise, or a portrait of friend Chink Dorman-Smith (Meyers 470), he fulfills a crucial function by allowing Hemingway once more the opportunity of recreating and then destroying the supermale.

For all of his prowess, Colonel Cantwell is, as Sidney A. Knowles, Jr. asserts, a portrait of "psychological exhaustion" (196). Though he is verbally irascible, he is physically rather passive, and his "wild-boar truculence" is activated more from habit than from impulse or principle. In a flashback, we learn that the fifty-year-old Cantwell with his serious cardiac condition, knocks unconscious with his bare hands two young sailors who have whistled at his lover, Renata; but in the present action he merely faces off with two insulting fascists by spitting on the sidewalk. Wistfully commenting, "It is a pity they weren't ten against one . . . They might have fought" (187), Cantwell goes on his way. With Renata, he is just as passive. Though they do not have sexual intercourse because she is menstruating,<sup>3</sup> Cantwell succeeds in manually stimulating her to climax more than once when they are in the gondola; but there is nothing

in the text to suggest that he asks the same of her. Up in his hotel room, he seems content to have her play with the buttons on his uniform rather than with something else.

This backing off from action, though up until now uncharacteristic of Hemingway's heroes, suits the book's tone, which is ruminative and bitter. More importantly, it reflects the siege mentality Hemingway exhibited in the last decade of his life. Like Hemingway, Cantwell enjoys nothing better than examining the past in order to justify his belief that it in some way has betrayed him. Suspicious of all newcomers, he surrounds himself with old friends, drinks old wines, and travels around in old boats. Cantwell ridicules people like his G.I. chauffeur Jackson and the American writer who sees Venice according to Baedeker, but he is also frightened of them. After all, they stand to inherit the world Cantwell and Co. risked their lives to preserve. Only Renata is worthy of inheriting Cantwell's world, and this explains its long, oral history which Cantwell passes on to her.

If, as Alfred Kazin suggests, Across the River and Into the Trees is held together by blind anger rather than by lyric emotion (114), then some of that anger is vented when Cantwell chooses Renata instead of Jackson to be the repository of his knowledge and his mistakes. At the end of his career, indeed at the end of his life, Cantwell breaks the chain of command by entrusting a civilian rather than a soldier, a woman rather than a man, with the secrets of his trade. His reluctance to entrust his masculine heritage to Jackson measures Cantwell's



deep mistrust of the "new man," a man who "was in no sense a soldier, but only a man placed, against his will, in uniform, who had elected to remain in the army for his own ends" (22). Jackson is the man who is more likely to read Superman comics (301) than attempt to be a superman himself.<sup>4</sup> He functions as an ironic and diminished foil to his namesake, Stonewall Jackson, the great Civil War general. Renata, on the other hand, embodies those traits Cantwell most admires; she is "good, brave [and] lovely" (201). Her induction into the secret Order (of which Cantwell's friend the head waiter is the Gran Maestro), though conducted at dinner after many drinks, represents more than a drunken gesture on Cantwell's part. Just as Renata's gift of her family emeralds symbolizes a deep and lasting trust in Cantwell to keep safe her heritage, membership in the Order symbolizes Cantwell's faith in Renata to safeguard his. Since both know that Cantwell will soon die, this exchange of trust ennobles a relationship most critics choose to mock instead of admire. Compared with new-man Jackson, Renata, with her Venetian sophistication and saintly patience, is the wiser choice as Cantwell's inheritor despite her sex, which confers on her the status of outsider.

Cantwell's actions are subversive since they disrupt the superstructure which has served him through three wars. But since that structure has lost its validity and Cantwell is weary of its demands, he can personally justify his behavior. He knows he has one last chance to do things his way; therefore, he performs a ritualistic evacuation of his



bowels on "the exact place where he had determined, by triangulation, that he had been badly wounded thirty years before" (18); shoots his last duck hunt; and says farewell to the woman and the city he loves above all others.

There's more than one farewell, however, informing this novel, more than one subversive act prompted by anger, weariness, and disappointment. At this point in his life, Hemingway wanted his own way too. He had grown angry at and weary of the celebrity status he had so carefully orchestrated since 1929 when A Farewell to Arms rocketed him to international fame. As John Raeburn masterfully details in Fame Became of Him, Hemingway for the most part enjoyed his reign as popular idol. For a while at least, he did nothing to discourage his reputation as the tough, hard-living, non-intellectual macho man of the nonfiction articles and letters which first appeared in such "male" magazines as Ken and Esquire but soon found a wider audience in Time, Life, and Newsweek.<sup>5</sup> Though Hemingway never completely abandoned his celebrity status, by 1945 he began retreating from the demands of his public personality. Raeburn attributes this retreat to two causes: others were willing to generate publicity for Hemingway, so he did not have to work as hard himself; and Hemingway was having problems writing. He was producing little fiction and began complaining in letters that he was tired of the publicity. He felt his creative energies waning (120, 122).

But there's another reason for this retreat, one less

obvious than the two Raeburn mentions, but nonetheless compelling. Hemingway was tired of sustaining the male image his public had come to expect; he was tired of being the man his fans wanted him to be. Jeffrey Meyers suggests this tiredness when he remarks that ". . . Cantwell's confession of failure, his revelation of a certain hollowness at the core, his demotion from the highest rank, was perhaps Hemingway's admission of disappointment with his own novel and his declining powers after an impressive career" (470). But Hemingway was concerned with more than just a career; he was concerned with how to mitigate the pressures of his (mostly) self-created male myth while adjusting to the realities of the aging, troubled man he actually was. By extending Meyers' phrase "declining powers" to its fullest meaning, i.e., when we let it function as sexual metaphor, we see how necessary it must have been for Hemingway to create Colonel Cantwell not only as a defense against the pressures of maintaining his public personality, but as a safety valve against the expectations of his fans. For in Cantwell, Hemingway has it both ways: he creates a man who simultaneously gives the impression of power and sexual potency while being impotent with anger and self-disgust. In Cantwell, the Hemingway myth both lives and dies. Cantwell conveys to Hemingway's readers the message that the demands of the male myth can be deadly.

Although Hemingway publicly boasted that with Across the River and Into the Trees "I think I've got Farewell beat"



(Ross 24), the novel is basically a compromise book. It is Hemingway's last stand as a soldier, a tough guy, before he purposefully transforms himself into the Old Man, into Papa, into a safe, asexual sage. This transformation allowed Hemingway to continue satisfying the expectations of his fans, especially since his white-bearded persona modified those expectations. But in order to preserve his private self and to enable him to explore an alternative manhood his public would find too controversial, indeed unforgivable, Hemingway, like DeLillo's Bucky Wunderlick, another hostage to fame, had to go underground.

When we ask the question what is left after the soldier dies, after Hemingway kills the superman, the man of three wars, three wives, and three heart attacks, the answer is, as Hemingway's posthumous novels tell us, the artist. As early as 1946, in seeming contradiction to the complaints he made to Buck Lanham, Hemingway wrote about the artist. That year Hemingway commenced both Islands in the Stream and The Garden of Eden. Both books focus on career artists; the first on Thomas Hudson, a famous American painter, and the second on David Bourne, a young, up-and-coming writer. Both books are a strange mix of wish fulfillment and autobiography, and grossly reflect Hemingway's inability to separate himself from his material. Though we currently have no way of knowing the editorial strategies used to transform the 200,000 word manuscript into the 65,000 word "finished novel," we do know that Hemingway consistently and intensely composed The Garden



of Eden over a fifteen year period. Like Islands in the Stream, The Garden of Eden reveals Hemingway's attitude toward the artist, but it is the better book.<sup>6</sup> And since its protagonist is a writer, and its plot is so sexually imbued, it offers a psychological vantage point from which we can examine Hemingway's impulses toward an alternative manhood.

Nowhere else in his writing has Hemingway created such a man as David Bourne. Not even Jake Barnes, sexual wound and all, approximates Bourne's level of passivity. The only other character of Hemingway's who is as passive as Bourne is William Campbell in "A Pursuit Race." But even Campbell, who hides beneath his bed sheet because he is tired of life, is not a fair comparison because he is a drug addict and, therefore, not responsible for his own passivity. David Bourne bears more resemblance to one of Jean Rhys' female characters in her Paris novels, the only difference being that, unlike Rhys' women, who trade solely on their physical talents, Bourne has an artistic talent which acts as a form of salvation.

With his hair bleached silver and his odd sex habits, David Bourne is so distant from Colonel Cantwell it is difficult to believe that they are products of the same imagination and time frame. But they are. That Hemingway kept Bourne's story under wraps and yet worked on it for a number of years suggests that he could neither expose nor abandon this creation. It also suggests that Hemingway was

a good judge of his public's tolerance. Unlike the post-hippie decades, the Forties and Fifties were not a time of experimentation, especially sexual experimentation. The Organization Man dictated conformity and strict separation of gender roles: the vets came back into the workplace, and their women went home to bear babies. David and Catherine Bourne would threaten this stability; she is crazy and sterile, and he is passive yet sexually avant garde. It is difficult to imagine the public's response had Hemingway completed and published The Garden of Eden while still alive.

Even more than Across the River and Into the Trees, The Garden of Eden reveals how much Hemingway needed to express something other than the stereotypical image of masculinity. Bourne, if read as an allegorical figure, represents the burden of the male role, the limits of that role, as well as the release from that role through rebirth. Stereotypical male behavior collapses in on his character; the feminine impulse to receive and create takes over. He becomes an exaggerated foil to the all-powerful, nonstop Hemingway of the public personality, losing all resemblance to the man except for his delight in food and drink and his occupation as a writer.

With the exception of his writing, Bourne's passivity suffuses his every action. Not only does he put up with his wife Catherine's sexual manipulations, but he endures her public humiliations as well. The difference between husband

and wife is announced early in the novel and establishes its twin tensions:

"I have these flashes of intuition," he said.

"I'm the inventive type."

"I'm the destructive type," she said. "And I'm going to destroy you."

(5)

Catherine's need to experiment with sexual roles does not destroy Bourne, though it does lay the foundation for later forms of domination, notably financial and imaginative, which eventually culminate in Catherine's destroying Bourne's stories. Catherine begins her physical domination the same way men lay claim to women, by entering them:

He had shut his eyes and he could feel the long light weight of her on him and her breasts pressing against him and her lips on his. He lay there and felt something and then her hand holding him and searching lower and he helped with his hands and then lay back in the dark and did not think at all and only felt the weight and the strangeness inside and she said, "Now you can't tell who is who can you?"

"No"

"You are changing," she said. "Oh you are. You are. Yes you are and you're my girl Catherine. Will you change, and be my girl and let me take you?"



And the next night:

During the night he had felt her hands touching him. And when he woke it was in moonlight and she had made the dark magic or the change again and he did not say no when she spoke to him and asked the questions and he felt the change so that it hurt him all through and when it was finished after they were both exhausted she . . . whispered to him, "Now we have done it. Now we really have done it."

(17, 20, emphasis added)

Though Hemingway is vague as to exactly what goes on in bed between Catherine and Bourne, the text suggests some form of anal penetration, the only way Catherine can literally perform as a man.<sup>8</sup> Also, by being penetrated, Bourne's identification with the feminine is more complete than Catherine's verbal assertions that she is "Peter" and Bourne is "Catherine."

Bourne's difficulty in saying "no" is not confined to the bedroom. At times he seems to be Catherine's puppet, his movement controlled by her hand: Catherine wants his hair bleached, so he complies twice (82, 176); Catherine tells him to kiss Marita, and he does so (110). When Catherine, Marita, and Bourne are settled into their ménage à trois, Catherine instructs Marita on how to be wife-for-a-day by saying of Bourne, "If he ever says no about anything, Marita, just keep right on. It doesn't mean a thing" (188). This,

of course, is said in Bourne's presence.

Bourne's passivity is explained in part by his love for Catherine, and in part by his fear that she is going crazy. Both reasons compel him to be extremely tolerant and protective. In order to discover the whereabouts of the stories Catherine has burned, Bourne talks to her more like a patient father or an understanding therapist than an incensed husband:

"Did you burn them with the clipping?" David asked.

"I won't tell you," Catherine said. "You talk to me like a policeman or at school."

"Tell me, Devil. I only want to know."

"I paid for them," Catherine said, "I paid the money to do them."

"I know," David said. "It was very generous of you. Where did you burn them, Devil?" . . .

"In the iron drum with holes that Madame uses to burn trash . . . I poured on some petrol . . . It made a big fire and everything burned. I did it for you, David, and for all of us."

"I'm sure you did . . . I'll just go out and have a look," David said.

(220-21)

Only after he checks the rubble and learns that nothing of his manuscript can be salvaged does Bourne lash out at

Catherine by saying, "All I want to do is kill you . . . And the only reason I don't do it is because you are crazy" (223). His aggression, though, is solely verbal, delivered in his familiar posture, sitting at the bar and pouring himself a drink. The only impulsive and explosive act of emotion in the entire novel, other than Catherine's act of destruction, occurs beyond the narrative frame when the hotel owner, Aurol, gives his wife a black eye for insulting him (243). In this instance, Aurol's action represents one possible kind of spousal behavior we might expect from a husband as wronged as Bourne.

The only activity to which Bourne brings any passion is his writing. Falling in love with Marita may seem like an act of Bourne's own volition, but it is not. Bourne floats into that relationship, just as he floats in the Mediterranean. There is nothing in Marita's character to suggest she is other than an opportunist, though perhaps a benign one; nothing in her personality suggests that she will stay with and benefit Bourne, just as there is nothing in Bourne's character to suggest that the feelings he has for Marita will not, some time in the future, disappear as quickly as they appeared. Both Bourne and Marita are emotional drifters, emotional passives. They are boring and stiff, and once Catherine leaves for Paris, they become another conventional couple, lacking the edge and verbal sparkle for which other Hemingway couples are noted. But if Bourne's and Marita's relationship is conventional, the story Bourne creates is not.



The story of the elephant hunt is the vehicle of resurrection, the moment of rebirth. If Colonel Cantwell represents the overwhelming sense of professional failure Hemingway felt after World War Two, David Bourne represents the possibility of professional success, for as he tells Marita after Catherine leaves for Paris, "We are the Bourne's" (243). The very name connotes life and perpetuation. Unlike Harry's in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Bourne's is an optimistic portrait of the artist. The novel ends with Bourne rising from the ashes of Catherine's destruction in a rebirth of creativity:

David wrote steadily and well and the sentences, that he had made before came to him complete and entire . . . Not a sentence was missing and there were many that he put down as they were returned to him without changing them. By two o'clock he had recovered, corrected and improved what it had taken him five days to write originally. He wrote on a while longer now and there was no sign that any of it would ever cease returning to him intact.

(247)

What the elephant story tells us about Bourne is less important than what it tells us about Hemingway and his attitude after 1945 toward masculinity. For the story serves as another release from the chains of gendered behavior

Hemingway seems to have felt so constricting during this time in his life.

The elephant story takes us to familiar Hemingway terrain, the male world of African big-game hunting, a terrain well explored both in his fiction and nonfiction. But, unlike other hunting stories, this one involves a young boy who does not embrace the hunting ethos of other males. Davey, as the story's protagonist is called, identifies with everything but the masculine code of his father. Most importantly he identifies with the great bull elephant, the object of the hunt, the victim of male pursuit. He also identifies with Kibo, the dog, who shares with Davey the sense of awe the elephant engenders. Lastly, he identifies with the moon, the female principle. By her light, Davey and Kibo first see the great bull.

As much as Davey wants to please his father, to carry the big, heavy gun, to keep up with the adults during the tracking--to be a man--the pull of identification away from such activities is too strong for him to resist. Davey ends up feeling he has "betrayed" the elephant by telling his father where he saw him; after the elephant is killed, Davey says, "Fuck elephant hunting" (181). He reasons in an adult manner that "My father doesn't need to kill elephants to live" (181). To Davey, the male world of his father and the guide Juma is one in which they "looked as though they had a dirty secret" (180). In a passage reminiscent of Sherwood

Anderson's "I Want to Know Why," Davey vows not to be a part of the adult male world:

My father doesn't need to kill elephants to live, David thought. Juma would not have found him if I had not seen him. He had his chance at him and all he did was wound him and kill his friend. Kibo and I found him and I never should have told them and I should have kept his secret and had him always and let them stay drunk with their bibis at the beer shamba. Juma was so drunk we could not wake him. I'm going to keep everything a secret always. I'll never tell them anything again. If they kill him Juma will drink his share of the ivory or just buy himself another god damn wife. Why didn't you help the elephant when you could? All you had to do was not go on the second day. No, that wouldn't have stopped them. Never, never tell them. Try and remember that. Never tell anyone anything ever. Never tell anyone anything again.

(181)

Davey's story resembles in many respects the early story, "Indian Camp." Both are rite-of-passage stories; both involve a young boy watched over by two adult males, one of whom is his father; both stories involve death and the act of witnessing that which is not easily understood by young boys. But, whereas "Indian Camp" ends with Nicky as part of the older,



male order and feeling secure in that membership, Davey's story ends by his rejecting the male world, by vowing never to become a part of it. Such a decision as Davey's would seem incredible to the Hemingway of 1924, a healthy, young man for whom the masculine ideal seemed as attainable as writing his perfect, clear sentences must have seemed. But as the creation of the old and ailing Hemingway, the weary and besieged Hemingway, Davey's decision seems credible--and very necessary. Equipped now with the 20/20 vision of hindsight, Hemingway creates a world in which the passive, feminine male imagines an alternative world--one of creation, not destruction.

Though The Garden of Eden connotes a grave dissatisfaction with the hypermasculine world as symbolized by big game hunting, both young Davey and middle-aged Hemingway know there is no turning back from the masculine pursuit of blood and death; yet both yearn for a reprieve from its demands. Young Davey seeks a mystical communion with the big bull elephant silhouetted against the rising moon; Hemingway longs for the passive, creative, feminine life his character, the grown David Bourne, appears to have achieved. Unfortunately, what is unattainable in fiction is even more elusive in real life. Young Davey can no more escape the male ritual of stalking and killing the elephant to which he is emotionally attached than Hemingway can escape living his life by the terms of the masculine ethos with which he is so closely identified. Yet we must not devalue the impulse

because it never properly translates into actual behavior; for the writer, the imagined world is as valid as the actual. If Hemingway can imaginatively recreate himself as Colonel Cantwell in Across the River and Into the Trees, he can just as validly recreate himself as David Bourne in The Garden of Eden. The soldier and the writer: one kind of male is as good as the other, is he not? It will be a measure of the intelligence and humanity of future Hemingway critics if their answer is a resounding YES.

## CONCLUSION

### HOW DO YOU LIKE IT NOW, GENTLEMEN?

Like most myths, the Hemingway myth served a social purpose: for a number of years it kept in public view an image of manhood many, if not most, American males emulated. The age demanded an image and Hemingway provided it with one. But the myth and its corresponding images are now changing. In what has gone before, I offer a new reading of Hemingway which, I hope, will accelerate that needed change.

Dismantling the myth does not mean destroying the man. It means reorganizing the boundaries between the two; it means redefining the boundaries between the sexes so that human impulses are no longer strictly perceived as gender-distinct. It means recognizing the fluid boundaries between our needs as cultural consumers and the ever-widening boundaries of what we mean by text:

A text has meaning for us only against a backdrop of beliefs we hold and assumptions we make about literature and about the world, and when these beliefs and assumptions change, the meaning of our texts, the texts themselves, change too.

(Michaels 784)



When we look beyond the boundaries of the Hemingway myth, when we question the beliefs and assumptions that created that myth, we discover a new Hemingway, one who does not hate women, does not blindly accept the demands of the traditional male role, and does not happily triumph in fulfilling that role as a public idol. Hemingway's stories are too full of intelligent, independent, and sympathetic women to have been written by a woman hater. Jake Barnes and Frederic Henry refuse to give up the women they love, thereby defying that part of the "Hemingway code" which demands male characters live alone without the cumbersome baggage of emotional commitment. Both Harry Morgan and Robert Jordan learn that true manhood entails intense, personal, and domestic involvement, not blind obedience to a predetermined role. And Colonel Cantwell's death and the posthumous transformation of the Hemingway hero into the passive artist connote Hemingway's awareness of the limitations of the male myth.

To re-read Hemingway is to re-read masculinity, a process not without its irony. For what could be more ironic than discovering in Hemingway--the quintessential male--traits so long disdained in more ordinary males? But isn't this exactly what Hemingway has done--developed a way of rediscovering the ordinary? Hemingway invented a new way of describing physical experience and the physical world; he made us see a world both ordinary and spectacular, concrete

yet timeless. In return for this we, as readers, owe Hemingway our clearest, truest, and most human vision of the man and his works.

## NOTES

### Chapter One

<sup>1</sup>Hemingway's iceberg theory is mentioned in Death In the Afternoon (1932). It goes like this: "If a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things that he knows and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer had stated them. The dignity of movement of an iceberg is due to only one-eighth of it being above water" (192). For Hemingway, less was always more.

<sup>2</sup>Carlos Baker's biography is a good place to find the history of this story. Gertrude Stein found it inacprochable; when the story appeared in Three Stories and Ten Poems, Edmund Wilson did not like it. Liveright would not publish it in its edition of In Our Time. Even in 1938 when Max Perkins brought out The First Forty Nine Stories he felt uneasy about it (still).

<sup>3</sup>In the posthumous "Night Before Landing," Nick boasts he's been with whores: "I've been with them in houses" (142).

<sup>4</sup>I'm thinking of Edna Pointillier, Stephen Crane's Maggie, certain of Jean Rhys' women, Joanna Dunn in Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Iris Storm of The Green Hat.



<sup>5</sup>In a short dialogue exchange Nick explains, "It isn't fun any more . . . It isn't fun any more. Not any of it." And Marjorie replies by asking, "Isn't love any fun?" Nick's emphasis on "Not any of it" implies they had been lovers. "The End of Something" (110).

<sup>6</sup>See Anne Greco; John J. Seydow; K. G. Johnston; Virgil Hutton; and Warren Beck.

<sup>7</sup>Of course this is my impression. Hemingway knew there were male prostitutes, but he never wrote about them. Likewise for female bullfighters. When he does write about prostitutes and matadors, as he does in "The Light of the World," and "The Undefeated", respectively, the main characters are heightened in their gender distinctions. The whores are huge women, soft women, caricatures of the feminine; similarly, Manuel is hard, stoic, unbending and bull-headed, a male caricature.

## Chapter Two

<sup>1</sup>Ernest Earnest makes a nice argument that the novelists of the nineteenth century did not truthfully depict the American woman and therefore these novels have misrepresented what real women were like before World War I. "They were vastly more lively, able, full blooded, and interesting human beings than we have been led to suppose" (270) in the novels. If this is the case, it is easy to understand how shocked the reading public must have been at the flapper's lifestyle, though in reality she was nothing unusual.

<sup>2</sup>G. J. Barker-Benfield, a well-documented history of nineteenth-century gynophobia.

<sup>3</sup>According to Martin Green, the two main types of novels in the nineteenth century were the domestic novel, which focused on romantic love, and the adventure novel which justified imperialism and national expansion.

<sup>4</sup>Spilka, fortunately, has been challenged. Some of the critics who have given The Sun Also Rises a more positive reading include the following: Richard B. Hovey, "The Sun Also Rises: Hemingway's Inner Debate"; Robert W. Lewis, Jr., Hemingway On Love; Linda Wagner, "The Sun Also Rises: One Debt to Imagism"; Roger Whitlow, Cassandra's Daughters, The Women in Hemingway; Delbert E. Wylder, "The Two Faces of Brett: The Role of the New Woman."

<sup>5</sup>"Men would come in from distant towns and before they left Pamplona stop and talk for a few minutes with Montoya about bulls. These men were aficionados . . . When they saw that I had aficion, and there was no password, no set questions that could bring it out, rather it was a sort of oral spiritual examination with the questions always a little on the defensive and never apparent, there was this same embarrassed putting the hand on the shoulder, or a 'Buen hombre.' But nearly always there was the actual touching. It seemed as though they wanted to touch you to make it certain" (132).

Chapter Three

<sup>1</sup>Richard Hovey, Hemingway: The Inward Terrain (76); Millicent Bell (114); Wyndham Lewis.

<sup>2</sup>Robert W. Lewis, Jr. (53); Bell (114); Pullin (184); Roger Whitlow insinuates throughout his chapter on Catherine Barkley that she is insane. She is psychologically "frail," not "normal," bordering on insanity, and "clinging . . . to the last few shreds of sanity" (18). Methinks he doth protest too much.

<sup>3</sup>Friedrich (520); Fiedler (306); Wilson (242).

<sup>4</sup>In Robert O. Stephen's Ernest Hemingway, The Critical Reception, there are twenty-five reviews of A Farewell to Arms written between 1929 and 1930. The overwhelming majority of these reviews look favorably on Catherine and Frederic and their love affair. Here are some examples: ". . . the girl, Catherine, has a fine courage and a touch of nobility" (69); the love story is "poetic, idyllic, tragic" (73); the love story is "a high achievement in what might be termed the new romanticism" (73-74); in the book we hear "not the note of hopelessness . . . so much as the undertone of courage . . . the principle instrument of this change is Catherine" (77); "A Farewell to Arms is . . . a modern love story . . . so true it is like an intense personal experience" (78); "A Farewell to Arms is an erotic story, shocking to the cold, disturbing to the conventional who do not like to see mere impersonal amorousness lifted into a deep, fierce love, involving the best in both man and



woman" (80); "Resisting the tendency in literature to malign love as a romantic distortion . . . Hemingway shows it as an honest blend of desire, serenity, and wordless sympathy" (81); "They fall in love in a simple, healthy manner, make love passionately . . . and when Catherine dies the reader is quite well aware that he has passed through a major tragic experience" (83).

#### Chapter Four

<sup>1</sup>Linda Wagner's Reference Guide shows the fewest citations for To Have and Have Not of any Hemingway novel, a total of thirty-three. Of that thirty-three, twenty-seven appeared before 1940, two in 1940, none between 1941 and 1968; two appeared in 1968, and then two more in 1974. Little has been written about To Have and Have Not since 1974.

<sup>2</sup>The connection, of course, is not as simple as this implies. Complications arise which continue to make smuggling very attractive to Harry. After losing his arm and his boat, Harry's chances of finding honest work are nil; there are few jobs for a one-arm fisherman. Pride also plays a part in his decision; Harry is too dignified to work for wages which will not adequately feed his family. Finally, we must consider the novel's political message. The dramatic distance, and therefore the dramatic force, between the Haves and Have Nots would not be as effective had Harry played by the rules. The contrast between the slothful, greedy rich, and the hard-working, independently-minded Key West natives driven to crime

in order to feed their families makes Harry's legal infractions more understandable. But our understanding has limits; we do not understand why Harry kills Mr. Sing, nor do we understand why he feels no remorse over it. Certain actions are beyond the influence of the domestic, reflecting a side of Harry's personality which has nothing to do with being a good husband and provider.

<sup>3</sup>Most readers of the novel criticize its structure. Most agree that it does not cohere, and attribute this to the fact that the Harry Morgan sections were originally short stories. Carlos Baker in Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story gives a good account of the novel's composition. In Hemingway the Writer as Artist Baker calls To Have and Have Not a "novel divided against itself" (205). E. M. Halliday refers to Hemingway's "technical irresponsibility" in shaping the novel (178).

<sup>4</sup>Edmund Wilson is especially hostile to the lovemaking between Harry and Marie. In his essay "Hemingway, Gauge of Morale," Wilson compares Harry to Popeye the sailor and complains that "Popeye Morgan is shown gratifying his wife with the same indefatigable dexterity which he has displayed in his other feats" (248). He calls Marie Mrs. Popeye. He ridicules the Morgan's sexual pleasure when he writes that Harry satisfies "his wife on the scale of a Paul Bunyan" (254).

<sup>5</sup>Readers need to keep in mind that there is nothing exceptional in a man knowing how to sexually satisfy his wife. As the love scene between Harry and Marie demonstrates, they have learned to communicate their sexual needs to one

another, and this, as much as anything, accounts for Harry's success in pleasuring Marie. Also, as much as Harry talks about his cajones, he uses that word in a very broad way to mean bravery, spunk, courage. Also, he only uses that word when he talks to other men, never when he talks to Marie. He doesn't have to prove anything to her.

<sup>6</sup>In the short story "Fathers and Sons," a middle-aged Nick Adams remembers his youthful sexual encounters with Trudy, the Indian girl, and suggests that her brother Billy was part of their escapades. These are fond memories.

<sup>7</sup>Arthur Waldhorn's comment on Dorothy's "sexual solipsism" (158), sums up this attitude nicely. In Robert W. Lewis's book, one finds this index entry: "Hollis, Dorothy . . . sexual aberration, 138-39" (244). There is nothing in Hemingway's writing to suggest that he shares this opinion of Dorothy. In fact, I would argue that the inclusion of Dorothy's monologue indicates Hemingway was sophisticated and knowledgeable about female sexuality and anatomy.

## Chapter Five

<sup>1</sup>The male network did not include all males in America. Blacks, of course, were not part of this network, as were not most recent immigrants and most Jews. White, Anglo-Saxon males controlled this aspect of American life as they did most others. Alfred Habegger discusses the importance of male grouping in correlation with business success. He is most cogent in his discussions on Howells and James. The



latter was not part of any male network, and Habegger traces James' need of placing his narrators outside the story's action to this fact. Howells, on the other hand, knew how male networking worked but was drawn more to the examples of its failures than its successes; notice that Silas Lapham "retires" to the world of women after his business collapses.

<sup>2</sup>Dwight Macdonald (262). Other authors who consider Jordan in terms of a scouting or military code include Edwin Berry Burgun, Gary D. Elliott, and Michael J. B. Allen.

<sup>3</sup>See Collin S. Cass, and Creath S. Thorne.

## Chapter Six

<sup>1</sup>Hemingway did not often write about writers, but when he did, he did so with nervousness. Harry in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Hemingway's most famous portrait of the artist, served as a corrective, a reminder of what to avoid; "don't get sloppy" was the message Harry sent to Hemingway in the 1930s. Year later in Islands in the Stream, Hemingway created Roger Davis, a writer who has sold out his talents to Hollywood, has become an alcoholic, and still punishes himself for not rescuing his younger brother from drowning. He seems to be a portrait of failure, but whether he functions as a warning or represents an imaginative depiction of the facts is impossible to determine.

<sup>2</sup>This list of life stresses appears in Sidney Knowles' article (197). In his biography, Jeffrey Meyers includes a three-page appendix listing Hemingway's accidents and

illnesses throughout his life (573-75). The list is overwhelming.

<sup>3</sup>There is some debate concerning this issue. Peter Lisca believes Renata is menstruating (236), but Robert W. Lewis, Jr. believes she is pregnant (186). The latter is highly unlikely. For one thing, pregnancy would not prohibit intercourse, whereas the menstrual flow might. Also, it is highly unlikely that a girl of Renata's social standing would be so nonchalant if she were pregnant; after all, she cannot and will not marry Cantwell because he is divorced. It is more reasonable to assume that Renata is having her period and that her "disappointment" has more to do with impaired intercourse than with pregnancy.

Hemingway, it seems, had a matter-of-fact approach to menstruation. In The Garden of Eden, Catherine Bourne must go up to her room "Because I'm a god damned woman. I thought if I'd be a girl and stay a girl I'd have a baby at least. Not even that" (71). Here Hemingway expresses the not infrequent feelings of many women about their monthly "visitor."

<sup>4</sup>If Jackson were not such an uneducated, insensitive boob, his choice of reading matter would be inconsequential. His boobishness is best summed up by his bambini theory of Italian art (15). Jackson tries the patience of more than just Cantwell.

<sup>5</sup>Raeburn estimates that by 1936, Hemingway's readership reached 1.5 million (46). Unlike the sophisticated and

burgeoning academic audience of the novels, Hemingway's magazine audience cared less about his level of ideas and more about his lifestyle. To this audience, Hemingway was the "galvanic man of action" (2), not the superb stylist or the existential writer he was to his smaller, more educated audience.

<sup>6</sup>Regarding The Garden of Eden being the better book I agree with John Updike. Islands in the Stream, Updike says, "was a thoroughly ugly book, brutal and messy and starring a painter-sailor whose humanity was almost entirely dissolved in barroom jabber and Hollywood heroics" (85). On the other hand, The Garden of Eden "as finally presented, is something of a miracle, a fresh slant on the old magic, and falls just short of the satisfaction that a fully intended and achieved work gives us" (86). How much of "the old magic" is Hemingway's or Tom Jenks's, the young editor Scribners hired to convert the original two hundred thousand word manuscript into a sixty-five thousand word novel, will remain unknown until someone conclusively compares the manuscripts with the novel. For now, The Garden of Eden has entered the Hemingway canon and, as Updike suggests, offers "a new reading of Hemingway's sensibility" (86).

According to Baker, the composition of these two books is as follows:

<u>Islands in the Stream</u> : Bimini section	- 1946-47
Cuba section	- 1950
At sea section	- early 1951



Hemingway curtailed work on the second part to write Old Man and the Sea during January and February 1951 (Writer 379, 381).  
The Garden of Eden: began early 1946; 1,000 longhand pages  
 by mid-July

1947 - 100 pages in typescript

1958 - began rewriting (Life 477, 583, 684).

<sup>7</sup>It is interesting to speculate why The Garden of Eden was edited and published in 1986, but one possible reason is that the public climate would be receptive to the book. Widespread acceptance of homosexuality, cross-dressing, sexual experimentation, and the apotheosis of the human ass (both male and female), have come about since the so-called sexual revolution and serve as subjects for numerous books, both fiction and nonfiction. In a day when anyone from a Hollywood he-man to an anti-communist demagogue has a potential publicity-worthy sexual secret, it is economically productive to suggest the same in regard to America's most masculine writer.

<sup>8</sup>In Mary Hemingway's How It Was she writes this imaginary conversation between Hemingway and an interviewer. The contents suggest that anal lovemaking was not unheard of for Mary and her husband.

Reporter: "Mr. Hemingway, is it true that your wife is a lesbian?"

Papa: "Of course not. Mrs. Hemingway is a boy."

Reporter: "What are your favorite sports, sir?"

Papa: "Shooting, fishing, reading and sodomy."

Reporter: "Does Mrs. Hemingway participate in

these sports?"

Papa: "She participates in all of them."

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