‘The Silver Cord’: Male Labours in Hemingway

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Abstract

This thesis considers Hemingway's engagement with childbirth in three separate but interrelated ways. The first is imitation of the ordeal, which he most closely enacts in his ritual engagement with fishing. The second is the interaction of male characters with actual childbirth, and how male characters, specifically doctors and fathers, react to birthing mothers and try to control the event. By managing the pain and the consciousness birthing mothers feel, male interference distorts the significance of the event for the mother. The third chapter considers Hemingway's metaphorical identification as a birthing mother in his conception of his own writing process. Writers have traditionally referred to their books as 'brainchildren,' and using the method of examining colloquial metaphors proposed by George Lakoff and Mark Johnson in *Metaphors We Live By* (Lakoff [1980] 2003), we witness the extension of the metaphor to the writing and editing process by Hemingway. Fishing was more than an escape from writing for Hemingway – it was a vital part of his writing process. Fishing becomes a ritualistic engagement with the metaphor of birth, and birth becomes a metaphorical perspective of his writing process, and Hemingway engages continuously in both throughout his writing career.

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Introduction

During World War I, Ernest Hemingway volunteered to serve in the Red Cross. He spent only six weeks at the Italian front before an Austrian mortar shell hit a trench where he was distributing chocolate and cigarettes. While convalescing after his wounding, Hemingway, only 18, fell in love with one of his nurses, Agnes von Kurowsky. He was deeply in love with her, and seemed to believe that she would marry him once he returned the US and started working. She broke off their relationship by letter, which he received once he returned home to Oak Park. While much has been made of this rejection, little attention has been paid to the specific wording of her letter: 'So Kid (still Kid to me, & always will be) can you forgive me for unwittingly deceiving you? [...] I am now and always will be too old, & that's the truth, & I can't get away from the fact that you're just a boy—a kid' (Von Kurowsky 1989, 163).[1] Adding extra sting to the rejection was the fact that she was engaged to an officer. (Although Hemingway styled himself 'lieutenant,' the title was only honorary for Red Cross volunteers.) Having just returned from a war, the question must have lingered what, specifically, would he need to do to become more than a boy? As he loafed around Oak Park, continuing to wear the Italian officer's uniform he had purchased before returning home, he planned summer fishing trips and read voraciously. Hemingway was a lifelong fan of Rudyard Kipling, and he loved *The Jungle Book* in particular (Meyers 2000, 88).[2] When he specifically recommends that an aspiring writer read 'all the good Kipling,' (E. Hemingway 1967, 211), we must wonder which he considers inferior. *Captains Courageous* (Kipling 1896), the story of a teenage boy learning how to

[1] 7 March 1919

[2] Hemingway had thirteen books by Kipling in his library in Key West, as well as the nine volume *Works of Kipling*. (Reynolds 1981, 144-145)

become a man, is noticeably absent from Hemingway's lists of recommended reading, perhaps because he disagreed with the character's arc of maturation.

Harvey Cheyne Jr., the fifteen year old son of a millionaire, falls overboard a steamer and is saved from drowning by a fishing boat. The boat's captain, Disko Troop, offers him a spot on his crew so he can earn his keep until they return to port 10 months later. The hard labour slowly begins to transform young Harvey. He lands a 100-pound halibut and feels 'unspeakable pride' as 'every inch of his body ached with fatigue' (Kipling 1896, 34) and when the boils on his arms are lanced with a razor, he is initiated as a 'blooded Banker,' a fisherman of the Banks (Kipling 1896, 67). But at the end of the novel, he has only become a 'good boy' (Kipling 1896, 137) who 'can't do a man's work yet' (Kipling 1896, 134). Kipling allows for the possibility that 'the change might be permanent' (Kipling 1896, 134), but Harvey has years of growing up left to do – he needs to go to college and gradually acquire a formal education as he continues to mature. Hemingway's characters do not have the luxury of such timing. He demands dynamic transformations of a single trial. Instead of the social model of adulthood proposed by Kipling (Harvey can work for his father full-time once he is a 'voter' (Kipling 1896, 147)), Hemingway proposes a more biological model analogous to the transformation of childbirth. A woman becomes a mother when she has her child, and the child is physical evidence of this transformation. At the end of *Captains Courageous*, Harvey is only a 'fisher-youth' (Kipling 1896, 133), but Hemingway would have him be a fisher*man*. More importantly, if landing the fish were a sufficient struggle, Hemingway would have him be not just a fisherman, but more broadly a man.

As a writer, fishing was a source of psychological replenishment and creative nourishment for Hemingway. As a man, particularly in the big game fishing he would

eventually favour, it was a test of his physical limitations. The first chapter of this thesis engages with Hemingway's portrayal and use of fishing in his writing. By necessity, the chapter explores the many implications of fishing and its historical presentation. The first task is to demonstrate the significance fishing held for Hemingway. This chapter relies heavily upon his journalistic pieces on the subject, as well as supporting biographical context from Michael Reynolds *The Young Hemingway* (Reynolds 1987) and *Hemingway: The Final Years* (Reynolds 1999), as well as Kenneth Lynn's *Hemingway* (Lynn 1987). The recently published *Hemingway's Boat: Everything He Loved in Life, and Lost, 1934-1961* (Hendrickson 2012) by Paul Hendrickson was invaluable to this undertaking as he also examines the significance of fishing for Hemingway. Having considered Hemingway's personal experiences while fishing, the chapter then proceeds to investigate the language fishermen and Hemingway use to describe their actions. Hemingway often quoted Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler* (Walton [1653] 1847) as well as *Angling* (Yale 1896) were potential models for writing on the subject. In interpreting writing about fishing, Mark Browning's *Haunted by Waters: Fly Fishing in North American Literatur*e (Browning 1998) and Gregory Sojka's *Ernest Hemingway: Artist as Angler* (Sojka 1985) contributed vital linguistic and cultural interpretations to this argument. Additionally, Ben Stolzfus's '*The Old Man and the Sea*: A Lacanian Reading' (Stolzfus 1991) presents a psychoanalytic interpretation of Santiago's battle with his great marlin. The metaphors fishermen employ and the nature of their gestures reveal a surprising analogy: fishing, particularly big-game fishing, emerges in many ways as analogous to childbirth. The physical endurance and pain in attempting to reel in a large fish, the physical connection to another life, and the charged

language used by fishermen suggest and support this surprising analogy, particularly in Hemingway's descriptions.

Ernest Hemingway has the reputation of being one of the more accessible great American writers, and for this reason he remains a near-permanent fixture in secondary school English courses. Despite the best efforts of academics to alter public perception of Hemingway, 'in the popular imagination, Ernest the monovocally masculine bullfight aficionado, boxer, hunter, deep-sea fisherman […] looms large over the American literary horizon' (Eby 1999, 3). Continuing to cultivate this myth, special editions of Hemingway's work on specific themes have been released. There is a *Hemingway on Writing, Hemingway on War, Hemingway on Hunting,* and *Hemingway on Fishing*. These works lift passages with topical content from novels and short story collections and present them as a unified whole, which not only distorts and simplifies their meaning, but also contributes to the false perception that these endeavours – fishing, hunting, war, writing – were all separate activities for Hemingway, when in fact they are deeply interconnected throughout his career.

While it is well known that Hemingway was an avid fisherman, it often surprises people to learn he also had an informal obstetric education. He writes about childbirth most famously in 'Indian Camp' and *A Farewell to Arms.* Chapter two analyses these texts and their caesareans, particularly in the way attending doctors and husbands intervene in the moment of birth. These trials are just as horrific, if not more so, than any endured by male characters in Hemingway's fiction. Such feats of strength are assessed exclusively in the confines of male performance, and yet in Hemingway's fiction arguably the most intense test of strength and pain endurance is giving birth. Jeffrey Meyer's reinvigorated

analysis of 'Indian Camp' with his couvade theory (Meyers 2000), which offered a dramatically different interpretation of the Indian father's suicide. Instead of an act of cowardice, couvade refashions his actions into an act of sacrifice. This theory suggests a new integration of fathers into the delivery room and their desire to participate, and even control, the event of birth. This control is also a central concern in Richard K. Reed's *Birthing Fathers: The Transformation of Men* (Reed 2005). Citing the same impulse but emphasizing its consequences, Adrienne Rich's *Of Woman Born* (Rich 1995) and Anne Oakley's interviews with new mothers in *From Here to Maternity* (Oakley 1986) provide a crucial feminine perspective on the experience. The absence of anaesthesia in 'Indian Camp' and its presence in *A Farewell to Arms* complicate the meanings of these births. Hemingway's masculine code for his heroes is similarly inflicted on his female characters: enduring pain is a vital step in character determination. Most importantly for Hemingway as a writer, however, is the ability to remain cognizant of a painful experience and to have the narrative privilege to the event.

Childbirth tests the physical limitations of a woman while culturally and linguistically transforming her in into a mother. Both the physical act of childbirth and its metaphorical implications have consistently been historically linked to warfare and initiation for men. In Sparta, 'in addition to kings, only men who had died in battle or women who died in childbirth were permitted to have epitaphs' (Pomeroy 2002, 157). *Ponos*, 'work' or 'labour', was 'applied to all tasks that require painful exertion,' and was used in reference to 'the toil of soldiers, the labours of Herakles, and to women in childbirth' (Nagy 2001, 259). As Mary Douglas demonstrates in *Purity and Danger* (Douglas [1966] 2002), the transitional states in which boys are initiated into manhood and in which

women give birth are dangerous for the community: 'Danger lies in transitional states, simply because transition is neither one state nor the next, it is undefinable. The person who must pass from one to another is himself in danger and emanates danger to others' (Douglas [1966] 2002, 119). The dangers of childbirth are dramatically reinforced by maternal mortality rates. Whether the birth is natural or hospital, childbirth is intrinsically dangerous because the process itself is biologically traumatic. By comparison, male initiation rituals are specifically designed to be dangerous. Citing the fact that male initiation rituals are not so lethal as the language describing the event would suggest, Douglas infers that:

> We can be sure that the trumped-up dangers express something important about marginality. To say the boys risk their lives says precisely that to go out of the formal structure and to enter the margins is to be exposed to power that is enough to kill them or make their manhood… the initiates die to their old life and are reborn to the new. (Douglas [1966] 2002, 120)

Descriptions of male initiation rituals are often saturated with images of transformation and rebirth. If childbirth is the event that defines a woman, it is also the event that initially defines the male child as a product of his mother's trial. Male initiation rituals seek to replicate and replace that birth. In *Of Woman Born* (Rich 1986), Adrienne Rich theorizes that 'puberty initiation rites practiced by men […] are attempts to achieve the power inherent in the kind of inwardness which women have come by organically' (Rich 1986, 104).[3] In *Fathering the Unthinkable: Masculinity, Scientists, and the Nuclear Arms Race* (Easlea 1983), Brian Easlea builds on the concept of 'male uterus envy' – 'the desire to be able to create something miraculous out of male inventiveness' first proposed by Phyllis

[3] She cites Bruno Bettelheim, a child psychologist, and Esther Harding, a Jungian psychologist, in her analysis.

Chesler in *About Men* (Chesler 1978, 38). He proposes that male initiation rituals are performative attempts to demonstrate that 'while women can and do produce babies, only men can and do produce men out of boys' (Easlea 1983, 14). In the transformation from boy to man, there is every effort made to define the event as the boy's birth into manhood. It is, in a word, *man*birth.

This thesis proposes to consider Hemingway's engagement with childbirth in three separate but interrelated ways. The first is imitation of the ordeal, which I suggest he most closely enacts in his ritual engagement with fishing. The second is the interaction of male characters with actual childbirth, and how male characters, specifically doctors and fathers, react to birthing mothers and try to control the event. Chapter Three will consider Hemingway's metaphorical identification as a birthing mother in his conception of his own writing process. Writers have traditionally referred to their books as 'brainchildren,' and using the method of examining colloquial metaphors proposed by George Lakoff and Mark Johnson in *Metaphors We Live By* (Lakoff [1980] 2003), we witness the extension of the metaphor to the editing process by Hemingway and some of his contemporaries. In particular, Ezra Pound describes his editing of T.S. Eliot's 'The Waste Land' as a caesarean operation. Hemingway arguably extends the metaphor further to the inception of his writing, which he actively conceives.

In Chapters One and Two, pain is an incidental consequence of fishing and childbirth, but in Chapter Three it is considered instead as a precursor for the inception of writing. Throughout this thesis, pain will be considered as a metaphorical element creatively composed by Hemingway and used as a trope employed in his writing. The interpretation of pain, rather than its specific physiological genesis from a medical

perspective, has precedence in Elaine Scarry's *The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World* (Scarry [1985] 1987). Chapters Two and Three also draw heavily on *Male Fantasies* (Theweleit 1987; Theweleit 1989), Klaus Theweleit's psychoanalytical examination of the publications of the Freikorps, a proto-fascist group in pre-World War II Germany, who used pain as a primary element in training initiates. Julia Kristeva considers a similar function for pain in the very different context of childbirth in 'Stabat Mater' (Kristeva 1986a) and both of these theories further illuminate Hemingway's distinctive use of pain (and fishing) as a form of creative birth for his writing.

Chapter One: Fishing and Childbirth in Hemingway's Fiction

In the fall of 1940, Hemingway travelled to Idaho for a fishing vacation with his sons. Upon arrival he learned that the Railway Express had lost the footlocker of fishing tackle he had shipped in advance. The loss of his fly-fishing gear is glossed over by most biographers. There are so many more pressing concerns for those interested in his career and his troubled family relations. He had just divorced Pauline Pfeiffer, his second wife, and was now vacationing with his three sons and Martha Gelhorn, whom he hoped to marry soon. Hemingway's oldest son, Jack, remembers the profound significance of the footlocker. Paul Hendrickson details Jack's reminiscence:

> Peering inside the footlocker when you were a kid was like looking into King Tut's tomb. There were Hardy reels and silk leaders and any size hook and just boxes and boxes of flies… One of his rod cases had his name written on it in tiny black script: 'Ernest Hemingway. Hardy Brothers Ltd., Alnwick, England.' The custom-made rod itself was a thing of wonder… you lifted it out of its chamois-soft cloth rod sack, and jointed it up, and held it in front of you, and felt it quivering to your heartbeat. It was an indescribable thrill when your papa had picked you, over your brothers, to be the first one to get to open the King Tut trunk when that year's family vacation had finally commenced. (Hendrickson 2012, 293)

When the loss was discovered, Jack Hemingway, his voice catching, tells Hendrickson, 'I think it just broke his spirit for trout. He was stricken. He never really fished streams much after that' (Hendrickson 2012, 293). At this point, Hemingway had already purchased Jack his own Hardy Brothers rod, sent in a package complete with 'rod, worm flies, shrimps, and a reel and fly line' (E. Hemingway 1981, 492)[4] Jack Hemingway would be a devoted fisherman for his entire life, but curiously, despite the apparent awe evoked by his father's

[4] Hemingway informs Hadley in a letter dated 26 July, 1939 to tell Bumby that he has written to Hardy ordering the fishing gear (E. Hemingway 1981, 492).

fishing gear and the bodily connection he feels to the power of a Hardy's rod, 'quivering to your heartbeat,' he would later claim that his father was never directly involved in his passion for fishing, but instead let him discover the sport on his own. He wrote, 'I know he wanted me to love fishing and hunting, and I believe that he deliberately set about to make me want to do it on my own initiative' (Martin 2000).[5] After their vacation, Hemingway would express his wishes for his son's education to Hadley, Jack's mother:

> Think he'd appreciate college much more if stayed out one year and ½ fished and hunted with me and learned to really box, ½ worked at a job. War comeing [sic] so soon to kids that age good life first not wasted. A man might as well catch a steelhead [trout] in his life if there's only one life; if catching a steelhead is what a man wants in life up to that time. (E. Hemingway 1981, 520)[6]

Hemingway, who himself never went to college, seems eager to share in his son's education, specifically the experiences that he believed shaped him. The relationship between Jack and his father is unremarkable – Jack expresses a desire to cast himself as a self-made, self-taught man, while his father seeks to fashion son in his own image. If fishing were only a sport for these men, it would be easy to use dismiss fishing as a mere backdrop for their relationship, but fishing holds more significance for Jack, and even more for his father. As Jack Hemingway explains in the foreword to *Hemingway on Fishing* (E. Hemingway 2004b), 'in our family not only fly fishing but all sporting forms of fishing were a sort of religion' (E. Hemingway 2004b, *xi*). Hemingway fished and wrote about fishing throughout his life and career, and it became for him not only a way to replenish himself while writing, but more significantly, a way to determine and test his sense of himself.

[5] His daughter, Mariel Hemingway, continues to advance this contention. In an interview on February 14th, 2013 on the occasion of her attending *Fiesta* on stage at the Trafalgar Theatre, she claims: 'Ernest's school of parenting was to take my father to a whorehouse when he was 13,' says Mariel. 'He would also take him fishing but never let him fish — my dad had to watch' (Lampert 2013).

[6] Dated 26 December, 1940

Fishing, as a physical test, becomes a form of masculine initiation, which he shared with his sons and his many friends, and which carried over into the lives of his fictional characters. Much has been made of the loss of his manuscripts as a young writer in Paris, but those stories were finished products and drafts in progress. Fishing gear, by comparison, was the equipment used to ease the strain of writing and the gear to find new material. The loss of that footlocker was in many ways more devastating for Hemingway as a writer.

For Nick Adams in *In Our Time*, fly fishing is at first an antidote to the anxiety of mortality, and later to the trauma of war. After this initial, fictional portrayal of fly fishing as a psychic balm, the subject progress from fly fishing to deep sea fishing in his journalistic pieces. As the size of the fish increases, the significance and physicality of the activity also swells. Finally, in *The Old Man and The Sea* (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995) and 'Bimini,' a section of *Islands in the Stream* (1970), we witness a twelve year old boy struggle to reel in a marlin for eight hours and an old man battle a marlin for three days. The fishing in 'Bimini' echoes the caesarean of 'Indian Camp,' but it is a gentler, sanitized version of the birthing operation, with analogous characters serving similar roles. In both *The Old Man and the Sea* and 'Bimini,' the pain of the extended fishing enterprise creates an empathy and psychic connection with the fish that appeared only in glimpses in the earlier fly-fishing narratives.

Born into It: Growing Up in the Hemingway Household

On July 19th, 1911, Grace Hemingway-Hall gave birth to Carol Hemingway at Windemere, the family's lake house. Ernest was 12 and still hoping for a younger brother (Kert 1986, 39). Grace Hemingway told her children about her plans for the day of their new sibling's arrival. Each child had somewhere to go when the labour began, somewhere far from the

house. 'Ernest went to the lake to fish, Marcelline was sent on a picnic, and Ursula and Sunny were entrusted to the care of a baby-sitter' (Kert 1986, 39). The children were left for the entire day, and only when the sun was setting did the nurse come to fetch them back to the house to meet their baby sister.

Dr Hemingway oversaw the birth, just as he had since their first child was born when 'the attending doctor suffered a heart attack in the middle of the delivery' (Kert 1986, 26). He performed a high forceps delivery (with the benefit of anaesthesia). The doctor was clearly comfortable in the birthing room. He even offered to deliver Ernest's second child. In the exchange, Hemingway also expressed his hope that his wife, Pauline, would be able to give birth 'at the Loomis Cottage at Walloon Lake' (Kert 1986, 210). When pregnant with Sunny, Grace shared her 'little secret' with her young son that 'God was going to give us another little baby' (Kert 1986, 29). Interestingly, she uses a phrase that her son would revisit for the rest of his life in his fiction: 'He wanted to understand all about it' (Kert 1986, 26). The nameless 'it,' sometimes fear, sometimes the burden of living, sometimes death, would continue to appear in his writing. She does not write her explanation, and so the 'it' in this instance could have been only an explanation of pregnancy, or perhaps she went so far as to explain how childbirth worked. It is unknown with what understanding her son left the cottage with his fishing pole that day. Did he stay close enough to hear his mother in the house? Or did he stay far away, left only to his imagination and the distraction of fishing?

His imagination would have been more informed than most boys his age. Not everyone grew up with medical textbooks in their family library, and Ernest was always an avid reader. He was 'fascinated by the mysteries in his father's medical books, first the

pictures and later the texts' (Reynolds 1996, 113). Most importantly though, his father allowed him to assist in minor surgeries, and he even let him witness an operation. Reynolds reports that Dr Hemingway's practice was 'increasingly obstetric' (Reynolds 1996, 113), but I am not as comfortable as Takano Yasushi in assuming a young Hemingway witnessed a birth (Yasushi 2003, 20). According to Marcelline Hemingway Sanford:

> Daddy let Ernie help him in his office at times and watch while he dressed wounds, or when he treated the Ottawa Indians up at the lake. Once I remember it was a gunshot wound that Ernie watched being cleaned out, and another time Ernie helped while my father cleaned out a bad cut suffered by a young boy […] Later, Ernie watched an operation. Dressed in a white gown, he was permitted to stand at the top rear of the operating theater at the hospital where Daddy was on the staff as head of obstetrics. Ernie was interested, but he sat down when he felt faint and he did not go again. (Sanford [1962] 1998, 134)

In *The Body in Pain*, Elaine Scarry describes the role of weapons and implements in our ability to communicate pain. She describes the difficulty in creating a workable reference for pain as we experience it, and how people often use a vague approximation via weapons. For instance, a 'stabbing pain.' To borrow her example:

> Insofar as an actual agent (a nail sticking into the bottom of the foot) and an imagined agent (a person's statement, 'it feels as if there's a nail sticking into the bottom of my foot') both convey something of the felt experience of pain to someone outside the sufferer's body. (Scarry [1985] 1987, 15)

Without knowing the weapon, we cannot comprehend the wound, and if we do understand the wound, the pain it causes then lies similarly beyond our capacity to relate. In 'Indian Camp' Hemingway names tools that cause injuries without specifically describing the wounds. To catalogue the arsenal, there is an axe, a jack-knife, a razor, and teeth. The

husband and expecting father is in the room on the top bunk. 'He had cut his foot very badly with an axe three days before' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 16). We do not see the wound, but instead from the context we infer the method and severity of the injury. Hemingway similarly invites such conjecture with the bite. 'She bit Uncle George on the arm' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 17), and she must have broken his skin because the doctor offers to 'put some peroxide on that' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 18). Even the caesarean with a jack-knife proceeds without specific description. Nick Adams knows how a knife and axe cut a body, he knows how teeth bite. The injury that baffles him is the birth, and it is this pain that the doctor tries and fails to explain. 'The point here,' as Scarry indicates, 'is not just that pain can be apprehended in the image of a weapon (or wound) but that it almost cannot be apprehended without it' (Scarry [1985] 1987, 16).

Although Nick claims to 'know' why the pregnant woman screams, Dr Adams insists 'No, you don't know' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 16). The doctor translates the process into lay terms a boy might understand:

> What she is going through is called being in labor. The baby wants to be born, and she wants it to be born. All her muscles are trying to get the baby born. That is what is happening when she screams. (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 16)

The woman's body is making her scream. Operating involuntarily, 'her muscles' are 'trying to get the baby born' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 16). Unlike her husband's accidental self-injury, this turning of the body against itself is neither accidental nor deliberate. It is beyond her control. The birth does not offer a reference point to communicate the pain – there is no knife, no axe. Her body and her infant are the instruments of her agony, and Nick cannot understand. He does, however, hear her screams. In response to Nick's plea that she be given 'something to make her stop screaming' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a,

16), the doctor replies only that 'her screams aren't important,' and he does not have any anaesthetic anyway. He sets about his work.

Once he is finished, Hemingway permits a brief glimpse of the doctor's emotions: 'He was feeling exalted and talkative as football players are in the dressing room after a game' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 18). This line is frequently cited as evidence of the doctor's callousness and a general lack of empathy, but the sporting reference linked to the caesarean itself creates a sense of athletic competition. The doctor is pleased with the success of the procedure, which he sees as a victory. Using this sporting metaphor, the mother whose body turned against her is a failed athlete. Thomas Strychaz focuses primarily on the doctor and this analogy, but neglects the mother: 'throughout the operation, the doctor more or less consciously plays the quarterback, controlling the field of vision play with his vision and expertise.' (Strychacz 1989, 249). The doctor does not share this awareness with his son; it is his own conception of the event, and we must be careful to distinguish between the doctor's perspective and Nick's awareness. The doctor's attempt to redefine childbirth as a bodily contest like an athletic competition serves to approximate the female ordeal in terms of a male arena, in this case football. It both trivializes and distorts the emotional impact of the event. Sport resituates the mysterious and terrifying feminine contest in more manageable masculine terms. Dr Adams seeing even a complicated caesarean in terms of sporting rhetoric lowers the emotional scope of the encounter. Just as the significance of childbirth is lessened by its analogous relationship to sport, Hemingway attempts to promote fishing above its connection to sports as a game.

He seeks to elevate fishing above the same trivialization that threatens the childbirth narrative.[7]

Situating Hemingway: The Fisherman as 'Code Hero'

Philip Young foregrounds his qualification for a hero with the primary question of pain endurance: 'holding tight against pain […] is known as the Hemingway "code"' (Young 1972, 56). He elaborates that the 'code' is formed from the choice to resist adverse circumstances:

> It is made of the controls of honor and courage which in a life of tension and pain make a man and distinguish him from the people who follow random impulses […] (Young 1972, 63)

The fishermen characters in Hemingway's fiction are often considered to be 'code heroes.' As Gregory Sojka, author of *Ernest Hemingway: The Artist as Angler*, writes:

> Mentally or physically wounded, the Hemingway code hero aspires to a mode of life that will enable him to live meaningfully in a world of violence and struggle. Thus he must acquire a set of rules or routines that will enable him to achieve 'grace under pressure,' Hemingway's key to significant human existence. (Sojka 1985, 2)

For a generation Gertrude Stein so famously labelled 'une génération perdue,' the notion of an individually discovered code finds a more general subscription as a rulebook for sports. In *Sporting with the Gods: The Rhetoric of Game and Play in American Culture* (Oriard 1991), Michael Oriard highlights the rapidly growing popularity of professional sports in the United States at the turn of the twentieth century. He specifically cites the number of

[7] This same technique is used by Frederic Henry as he witnesses his wife dying during childbirth. He uses baseball as his metaphor: 'They threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you' (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997a, 327).

sporting analogies used in sermons to support his claim that athletic competition is symbolic of a uniquely American perspective on life and an individual's relation to society:

> Once one begins to take the 'game' seriously, it seems more and more to touch the bedrock of American culture. Sporting rhetoric seems to reflect a [...] belief that is fundamental to the American way of seeing things [...] Individuals believe themselves the arbiters of their own moral universes. In the absence of collectively held absolutes, the 'game' provides principles of order and signification. (Oriard 1991, 255)

Although professional sports only really began to establish themselves in the twentieth century in the United States, fishermen claim a much longer lineage for their game of 'order and signification.' Fishermen exhibit a desire to elevate their activity above consideration as 'sport' to a more meaningful activity, and within the community there exists a wealth of rich literature testifying to its significance.[8] The writers seek to educate the uninitiated in proper techniques as well as attitudes. For the veterans and enthusiasts, the readership participates in an introspective exchange of spiritually charged moments. Before tackling the latter, more ambitious claim, let us first consider the assertion that fishing is not simply a sport before recognizing its potentially spiritual elements. In *The Art of Trout Fishing*, W.B. Currie writes on the subject of 'playing trout':

> When will we ever learn that trout are not for feeding families, nor for selling to restaurants, nor for that matter for our own tables principally; they are for sport? (Currie 1963, 73)

'Jerking' (Currie 1963, 72) a fish right out the water wastes the trout, because 'trout can fight and that fighting back is the very core of the art of trout fishing.' (Currie 1963, 73) Sport is defined by the fisherman's ability to handle the struggling fish. More mystically,

[8] Mark Browning reports that 'the Library of Congress records over four hundred new titles catalogued under the main heading of 'fly fishing' since 1977. This figure does not reflect the hundreds of titles catalogued under myriad subheadings' (Browning 1998, 202).

while extolling the virtues of modern tackle and the ability to play out a fish longer, he claims fishermen 'absorb [the trout's] power' (Currie 1963, 73). From this stance, 'sport' must be distinguished from a game. The sportsman does more than merely exercise or try to win a match. If we look at the literature on fishing available during Hemingway's childhood, we find even bolder claims made. Currie's text exists within a longstanding tradition of zealous solemnity about the nature of the art and sport. Consider *Angling*, published in 1897 and part of Hemingway's library from childhood:

> The love of the art must be above the greed of prey. With the boisterous fisherman and the picnicker with a fishing-rod, we have no concern. But among actual sportsmanlike anglers […] he best realizes [the pleasures] whose rod is a divining wand, who has the widest sympathy with the outer world whether it touch him through his scientific insight, his artistic sensibility, or that nameless poetic feeling which longs for the sunshine, the wind, and the rain. (Yale et al. 1897, 4)

The sportsman does not sport, it seems. He does not play at what he considers an 'art.' It goes beyond mere food-collection or recreation. The purpose is not the fish out of the water; the point is to struggle with the fish in the water.

Of course, sportsmen do not deal in the media of painters and writers, and every text must in some way defend the fact that their game involves a physical being – an animal struggling on the end of the line. Fishermen are reluctant to acknowledge the consequences of their labours. They extol the muscles of the flesh, but refuse the nerve endings within. Fish are portrayed as bodies without pain. Calling something noble, claiming it as art, can fall to pieces in the face of experience and the first encounter with an animal fighting for its life. Yale asserts that:

> The fly does not mortally wound any fish, and as such may be returned to the water unharmed. Unharmed? Probably entirely so […] That the presence of a hook in the mouth of predatory

> fish causes little, if any pain becomes more probable the more their behaviour is watched. Their mouths being their only prehensile apparatus, we should expect these parts to be but slightly sensitive to pain; and such seems, from observation, to be really the case. (Yale et al. 1897, 24-25)

One wonders what a fish might have to do to intimate its pain, besides fighting against the hook until it is plucked, exhausted, from the water. (The question of whether fish feel pain remains a contentious matter even today (Braithwhaite 2010)). Yale 'observes' that an already hooked fish will continue to try for other flies; behaviour, he asserts, which indicates the pain is not too terrible. If the pain can be overcome, it must not have been too great.

Hemingway's Journalism: First Overtures on Fishing

In Hemingway's reflection on his own progression from fly fishing for trout to deep sea fishing for tuna and marlin, we can find all of the themes previously discussed: an awareness of the history of fishing, a continual consideration of the identity of the activity (is it a sport, or is it not? Is it more?), and even the question of pain experienced by the fish and the overall fairness of the entire enterprise. His rhetoric and the scope of meaning expand to accommodate the size of his quarry. His initiation into fishing was with artless worms for bait rather than the sophisticated flies praised by anglers. 'When we first fished, as boys, we did not believe in flies… we used angle worms' (E. Hemingway 1991, 257). The fishing lasts a matter of moments: 'the trout struck, if they struck instantly, then you swung the long pole back, it bent and you felt the line fighting heavily… and it seemed you could not move him' (E. Hemingway 1991, 257). He admits:

> This way of fishing I learned to look down on and it was not until long afterward that I knew it is not the duration of the

> sensation but its intensity that counts. If it is of enough intensity it lasts forever no matter what the actual time was and then I knew why it was that I had loved that fishing so. Because in no other fishing was there anything finer than that first sudden strike […] And you lifted with all your might and… the trout did not give at all […] the pole would hardly lift him with that life and death all of him swinging side to side heavy on the line. (E. Hemingway 1991, 258)

The best fish is immovable; Hemingway relishes the moment of equal contest, in which the fish does not budge and neither does he. This could be written off as a simple game, a variation on arm wrestling or some other competition (albeit with a fish), except for the final image of 'life and death […] swinging' (E. Hemingway 1991, 258) on the line. Here we begin to see the first complications of the nature of a fishing line, which connects the fisherman to life, the fish's life, but also guarantees the fish's death. It is a tether linking both.

He begins to move to quarry larger than trout in Spain. The fishing rod is thicker, the fish are heavier, and the experience promises more to the fisherman:

> It is a back-sickening, sinew-straining, man-sized job even with a rod that looks like a hoe handle. But if you land a big tuna after a six-hour fight, fight him man against fish when your muscles are nauseated with the unceasing strain, and finally bring him up alongside the boat, green-blue and silver in the lazy ocean, you will be purified and be able to enter unabashed into the presence of the very elder gods and they will make you welcome. (E. Hemingway 1967, 35)[9]

Here we are introduced to the result of hours of pain. At the end of the ordeal, purification awaits the fisherman, but only after 'back-breaking, sinew-straining' work, which he already sets aside in the masculine domain as a 'man-sized' job.

[9] A reference to Valhalla, the hall of Asgard in Norse Mythology. In a short story called 'Orpen,' a British soldier becomes delirious when wounded by an artillery shell and imagines he is in a Valhalla populated by famous military leaders and explorers (Lynn 1987, 131).

Paul Hendrickson credits Hemingway with inventing a new form of deep sea fishing, which he calls the 'might against might' method. It is a technique that Hemingway first attempted to try and reel in a tuna whole. Fishermen had been hooking tuna without any trouble, but they could not reel the tuna in before sharks started attacking their prize. Hemingway's new tactic enabled him to haul in a 381 pound tuna, 'Bimini's first recorded unmutilated tuna' (Hendrickson 2012, 234). The story made page 2 of *The New York Times* (Hendrickson 2012, 234). Having tried out his new method several more times, he writes in July, 1949 for *Holiday* magazine:

> You are suddenly harnessed so that you feel their speed, their force and their savage power as intimately as if you were riding a bucking horse. For half an hour, an hour, or five hours, you are fastened to the fish as much as he is fastened to you and you tame him and break him the way a wild horse is broken and finally lead him to the boat. (E. Hemingway 1967, 380)

He calls this 'convincing' the fish. He tries to convince himself, too, of the significance of the event. At times he wavers, considering the pain the fish might experience: 'If the fish is hooked in the bony part of the mouth I am sure the hook hurts him no more than the harness hurts the angler,' but he also admits (with a note of humour) 'of course, it could never be considered an equal contest unless the angler had a hook in his mouth, as well as the fish. But insistence on that might discourage the sporting fishermen entirely' (E. Hemingway 1967, 380). In the end though, he settles on fishing as a fight, an equal contest between two sparring opponents:

> Fighting a really big fish, fast and unaided, never resting, nor letting the fish rest, is comparable to a ten-round fight in the ring in its requirements for good physical condition. Two hours of the same, not resting, not letting the fish rest, is comparable to a twenty-round fight. Most honest and skilful anglers who lose big fish do so because the fish whips them, and they

> cannot hold him when he decides, toward the end of the fight, to sound and, sounding, dies. (E. Hemingway 1967, 383)

It is a boxing match, a change in sport which insinuates parity. Boxers are divided by weight classes. By claiming fishing is a boxing match, he is elevating himself to the weight and strength of the fish, implying again that it is an equal contest (despite having already joked that it was not). Hendrickson describes how Hemingway would:

> Show up at the dock close to midnight in a jubilant drunk to find his 514-pound giant Bluefin tuna that he'd fought for seven hours (sweating off something like a pound an hour), and pound his fists over and over again into the strung-up raw meat in moonlight the way prizefighters in the gym slam at the heavy bag. (Hendrickson 2012, 182)

In these three accounts, we see the signs of things to come (or perhaps we more clearly see what has been there all along): respect and admiration mixed equally with a desire to master and destroy, a belief in the usefulness of pain, in that it purifies paired with an equal reluctance to admit he is the cause of pain.

Hemingway's Fictional Fisherman: Prize Fights and their Prizes

In the following passages, the characters identify readily with their catch; their emotion extends primarily to awe, rather than full empathy, in imagined observation of the fish. In *Islands in the Stream*, Thomas Hudson 'tried to picture how it would be down there where the swordfish was swimming. It was dark, of course, but probably the fish could see as a horse can see. It would be very cold. […] Was he only rising a little, steadily, […] docilely to ease the unpleasant tension that held him?' (E. Hemingway 1970, 116). Similarly, Santiago imagines his prize catch:

> He could picture the fish swimming in the water with his purple pectoral fins set wide as wings and the great tale slicing through the dark. I wonder how much he sees at that depth,

> the old man thought. His eye is huge and a horse, with much less eye, can see in the dark [...] 'If you're not tired, fish,' he said aloud, 'you must be very strange.' (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 67)

Thomas Hudson downplays the significance of the hook and drag on the line as merely 'unpleasant tension,' just as Santiago allows for the fish to feel only weariness. It is as though there were no hook on the end of the line, and the fisherman and the fish were both grabbing opposite ends of the rope and pulling against each other in a contest. One method of refuting torture is to deny that the instrument used is an implement for pain. A weapon of torture, as described by Elaine Scarry, 'has two ends,' which is vital for the torturer:

> In converting the other person's pain into his own power, the torturer experiences the entire occurrence exclusively from the nonvulnerable end of the weapon. If his attention begins to slip down the weapon toward the vulnerable end, if the several attributes of pain begin to slip back to their origin in the prisoner's sentience, their backward fall can be stopped, they can be lifted out once more by the presence of the motive. (Scarry [1985] 1987, 59)

The fishermen do not resist 'slipping toward' the fish; they actively imagine the fish, and even try to look through its eyes. They skip over the body, however, or perhaps more accurately, they pass through the body directly to the mind, denying the flesh and its specific wounding by the hook. There is no hook. The fish has muscles that function more like a machine than flesh – they only tire, but do not bleed. Pain belongs to the fisherman, and his pain seems at first an accepted consequence of fishing; the pain is a symptom of the struggle to reel in the fish. On closer inspection, the specific pain of fishing becomes the purpose of reeling in the fish.

The strain of a fishing pole exacts a distributive pain across the shoulders and back. The fishing pole remains relatively stationary, and it is up to the fisherman to keep it so.

The fish does not inflict the pain; the fisherman is his own torturer. Scarry accounts for the debilitating awareness of this fact:

> The person in great pain experiences his own body as the agent of agony. The ceaseless, self-announcing signal of the body in pain […] contains not only the feeling 'my body hurts' but the feeling 'my body hurts me.'…This unseen sense of betrayal in pain […] is also objectified in forced exercises that make the prisoner's body an *active* agent, an actual cause of pain. (Scarry [1985] 1987, 47)

Santiago battles his marlin for two nights and three days, during which his left hand cramps so badly he cannot open it. 'I hate a cramp, he thought. It is a treachery of one's own body' (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 61-62). His body slowly turns against him. He holds the line in his hands because he does not own a fishing pole, and if he lashes the line to the boat, the fish might suddenly jerk forward and snap his tether (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 45). He spends most of the three day battle in the same tortured position, with slight variations. He 'was almost comfortable. The position actually was only somewhat less intolerable; but he thought of it as almost comfortable' (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 47). The line stretches across his back, the cord passing from his left hand and fed out to the fish as necessary by his right. 'The cord across his back had almost passed pain and gone into a dullness that he mistrusted (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 74). These pains are the aches of an old man who has fished all his life. He has proven his character before, but this, his last battle, is his greatest test.

The Old Man and the Sea was initially planned as the fifth of the 'Land, Sea, and Air' book, as Hemingway referred to the longest of his manuscripts he worked on the last decade of his life. The first book, 'Bimini,' would later be posthumously published as the first part of *Islands in the Stream* (E. Hemingway 1970). In 'Bimini,' we witness a similarly

gruelling battle with a marlin, but this time the fisherman is not a man but a boy hoping to prove himself to himself and to his audience, his father, his brothers, and his father's friends.

Initiation: Learning to Fish

Thus far, this thesis has only presented fishing as a solitary exercise, but every fisherman has a beginning. As Nick Adams describes in 'Fathers and Sons,' every fisherman has to be given a fishing pole and taught how to fish.

> For someone has to give you your first gun or the opportunity to get it and to use it, and you have to live where there is game or fish if you are to learn about them, and now, at thirty-eight, he loved to fish and shoot exactly as much as when he first had gone with his father. It was a passion that had never slackened and he was very grateful to his father for bringing him to know it. (E. Hemingway 1993a, 370)

The passion for fishing pulls Nick Adams; it has never 'slackened,' and regardless of all his father's faults, he is grateful for his introduction to the experience. Hemingway loved teaching people how to fish. Biographers may disagree about his motivations for doing so, whether this habit was born of a need to show off or intimidate or was driven more purely by a hope to share something he loved, but the fact remains that he regularly taught people how to fish. Walter Houk despairs that this tendency is often overlooked when assessing Hemingway's character:

> The whole idea was to be instructional. He was trying to teach me something. People don't tend to know what a great teacher he was. He was always teaching you something, one way or another. (Hendrickson 2012, 302)

Hemingway taught him how fish at sea. Earl Rovit and Gerry Brenner in *Ernest Hemingway* (Rovit and Brenner 1986) divide Hemingway's heroes into two categories: tyros and tutors.

They 'refer to the Nick Adams hero as the tyro (a novice) and to the "code-hero" as the tutor,' and in relationships between these characters, the tyro 'admires the deliberate self-containment of the tutor (a seemingly much 'simpler man') who is seemingly not beset with inner uncertainties' (Rovit and Brenner 1986, 39). Rovit and Brenner suggest that the tyro is based more closely on Hemingway himself. While these categories are not nearly so cleanly divided as they suggest, the tutor's desire to educate and the tyros hope to find a model for living is a theme that Hemingway frequently returns to. However, Nick Adams as a father is both tyro and tutor, as I would offer all of Hemingway's more successful characters are. Thomas Hudson shares this quality with Nick Adams. In 'Bimini,' however, he needs the assistance of Eddy, his cook and friend, as well as the help of Roger Davis, to help his son, David, try to reel in his first big fish. Fly fishing is a solitary enterprise, and a young fisherman learning needs only one tutor to stand nearby as he learns. Deep sea fishing is a joint enterprise. The fisherman needs someone on hand to help gaff the fish when it is brought in close the boat, and he needs someone to pilot the boat and assist in keeping the appropriate tension on the line by adjusting the position of the boat depending on the movements of the fish.

In David's battle with his fish, Eddy tends to his bodily needs, rubbing his shoulders with alcohol and giving him water. Roger Davis stands close and talks him through the ordeal, shouting orders up to Thomas Hudson who pilots the boat. Thomas Hudson looks down for most of the ordeal from the flying bridge of the boat, above the scene. This physical and emotional distancing has perplexed biographers. In the initial drafting of *Islands in the Stream*, the children were originally Roger Davis's sons. During the editing process, Hemingway made the decision to switch the paternity, but he kept their positions

in the scene. He was committed to Hudson being the pilot, responsible for the mechanical maintenance of the ship, and he leaves the bodily and emotional tending to Roger and Eddy. Rovit and Brenner offer no explanation for this editorial decision, and instead criticize Hudson's parenting: 'Hudson is also strangely derelict in his duties as the boy's father. His hands-off role here does not match with his professed love of and anxiety over the boys (Rovit and Brenner 1986, 170). Rose Burwell sees the blurring of Hudson and Davis's roles as a 'marriage-like merging of the two personalities' and that 'Roger is treated as another parent' (Burwell 1996, 62-63). She claims:

> Hemingway had made George [Thomas Hudson's original name in the manuscript] keenly aware that a kind of behavioural cross-dressing is necessary – old maidish habits that support an ultra-masculine, exclusively male lifestyle – if existence is not to degenerate into the barenness of the cold house with an empty larder [...]. (Burwell 1996, 63)

This casting of Hudson in the more maternal role does not bear out on closer examination of the behaviours of Davis and Hudson during David's battle with his fish. Hudson chooses to operate the boat, a machine, and thematically more masculine occupation. Davis, by comparison, has the role of talking David through his ordeal. 'Mouthing' is bad luck for a fisherman, but *talking* is a violation of the masculine code of stoic suffering in silence. Hudson, removed from the scene, is unable to communicate with his son in any meaningful way. He can explain basic technical procedures, but he refuses to share his personal beliefs and hopes with his son. This was a conscious decision by Hudson, made with a bit of sadness:

> He wanted David to get everything he could from Roger, who was as beautiful and sound in action as he was unbeautiful and unsound in his life and in his work. David was always a mystery to Thomas Hudson. He was a well-loved mystery. But Roger understood him better than his own father did. He was

> happy they did understand each other so well but tonight he felt lonely in some way about it. (E. Hemingway 1970, 126)

Thomas Hudson looks on, the father unable to properly communicate with his son, loving him from afar. Roger Davis, thematically maternal, is able to say what Hudson cannot. In the last lines of the chapter in which David fights his fish, the distance is confirmed:

> 'Thank you very much, Mr Davis, for what you said when I first lost him,' David said with his eyes still shut.
>
> Thomas Hudson never knew what it was that Roger had said to him. (E. Hemingway 1970, 125)

Hudson teaches his sons to how synchronize the engines of the boat, to listen to the sound of the motor and adjust by instinct, but interactive verbal communication is beyond his capacity. He is his son's father, but not his tutor.

Fishing as a hospital birth of a fisherman

The scene also translates loosely as a metaphorical hospital delivery ward. David sits in 'the backless fighting chair… his feet braced against the stern' (E. Hemingway 1970, 104) which acts as the hospital bed and stirrups in the delivery room.[10] Thomas Hudson acts as the supervising doctor, while Roger and Eddy serve as attending nurses, monitoring the progress of the fight. They readjust the harness and they give him sips of water. Eddy 'wiped the boy's face and now was dipping the handkerchief in the glass of ice water,' a process which he repeats over the course of the six hour battle. Looking on, the attendants permit some pains, but all are concerned about David's head and his abdomen. His arms might hurt, but 'that's natural… that'll make a man out of you. What we don't want is for

[10] 'The employment of the flat dorsal birth position (circa 1834) is attributed to William Potts Dewees, the third chairman of obstetrics at the University of Pennsylvania' (Dundes 2003, 59).

you to get no sunstroke nor bust any gut' (E. Hemingway 1970, 102). Eddy repeats the mantra hours later:

> Your hands and your feet don't mean a damn thing. They hurt and they look bad but they are all right. That's the way fisherman's hands and feet are supposed to get and next time they'll be tougher. But is your bloody head all right? (E. Hemingway 1970, 117)

Pain is an integral part of the experience. The peripheral dialogue elevates the significance of the activity from recreation to an identity-forming act. David and his brothers, like their father, do not play 'ball games' (E. Hemingway 1970, 95) – '"the hell with games!"' (E. Hemingway 1970, 103). All David 'wants to do is read and fish and shoot and tie flies' (E. Hemingway 1970, 103). Fishing and shooting are elevated as more scholarly enterprises by their association with reading, and they are also distinguished from competitive sports, or 'ball games' (E. Hemingway 1970, 95). They were preparations for this main event. This is David's test. His father admits the test did not have to be fishing. It would have been 'the same as if he had to paddle against a stiff current […] or if he had to keep going up a mountain or stick with a horse after he was awfully tired […] there is a time boys have to do things if they are ever going to be men. That's where David is now' (E. Hemingway 1970, 115). He has to suffer for the moment to mean anything, but there is a very real danger that it might be too much for him to endure.

In *The Squire* (Bagnold [1938] 1988), Enid Bagnold describes a middle-aged woman approaching the due date of her fifth child. She is referred to throughout the novel as 'the Squire,' and as she approaches this fifth birth, she shares her philosophy of the nature of the pain of childbirth with her childless younger friend, Caroline:

> 'Pain is but a branch of sensation. Perhaps childbirth turns into pain only when it is fought and resisted? [...] there comes a

> time, after the first pains have passed, when you swim down a silver river like a torrent, with the convulsive corkscrew movement of a great fish, threshing from its neck to its tail. And if you can *marry* the movements […] then I believe the pain […] becomes a flame which doesn't burn you.'
>
> 'Awful!' said Caroline, shuddering.
>
> 'It's not awful. The thing's progressive. And when you are right *in* the river to marry the pain requires tremendous determination, and will, and self-belief. You have to rush ahead into it, not pull back against it.' (Bagnold [1938] 1988, 101)

The Squire's advice is to bodily embrace the pain – 'to *marry*' the experience and submerge herself in the river of pain and swim down it like a fish. Her advice runs almost opposite to that of Eddy and Roger, who encourage David to ignore his hurts, to remain clear-headed and focus mentally on the task while ignoring his bodily awareness of his ordeal. The feminine advice for the birthing experience is to embrace the pain metaphorically like a fish. The fishermen's advice for the male initiation is to resist the body, resist the fish, and forcibly, literally pull the fish forth from the sea. The Squire's portrayal of the birth is one of a forward-rushing movement, but by comparison the male fishing experience is one tension and slack, strain and relief, with the constant question of whether or not the trial should be abandoned. The possibility of quitting is an option not afforded to women delivering a child naturally and outside of a hospital. Once labour has begun, the event culminates in the birth of the child. In the hospital setting, however, there is always the option of a surgical intervention. The analogous possibility of taking over for David or cutting the line preoccupies the male attendants.

Looking on, the attendants deliberate about whether or not they should intervene, much in the way an obstetrician tries to assess whether or not a woman can give birth naturally, or if a forceps delivery or a caesarean is necessary. Tom, the older brother, voices

the most concern: '"If he gets in really bad shape, Mr Davis ought to take the fish or you take him"' (E. Hemingway 1970, 100). His father dismisses his fears at first, but Tom presses on as the battle continues with an implied accusation against the adults, '"I know this must be good for him or you wouldn't let him do it"' (E. Hemingway 1970, 109). Thomas Hudson passes off the responsibility to his friends, Roger and Eddy, raising the question of the damage ending the ordeal prematurely might cause:

> 'The trouble is, Tommy, what would it do to him if we made him give up. Roger and Eddy know everything about what they're doing and I know they love him and wouldn't have him do what he can't do.' (E. Hemingway 1970, 109)

They love him and want him to succeed, but David crosses a threshold that scares them. Eddy tries to offer him a way out, telling David '"I've seen a grown man… yellow-out and quit on half the work that you've put into him"' (E. Hemingway 1970, 112). The fish breaches, bursting forth from the ocean like the crowning of an infant, but it returns and the fight starts over again. The ocean, the womb of the landscape, 'was flat and empty where he had jumped but the circle made where the water had been broken was still widening' (E. Hemingway 1970, 107). The fisherman is both mother and midwife, pulling the fish forth from the ocean – delivering and receiving both. The fish is too much for David's frame to bear. The physicians tending to him begin vying for a cessation of the labour. They want him to give the rod to someone else. '"Do you want me to take him? [...] it wouldn't be quitting now," Roger said. "It would just make sense […] he's giving you an awful beating and I don't want him to hurt you"' (E. Hemingway 1970, 117). They do, though. They let him fight until his feet are chafed to bleeding, and the blisters on his hands have opened. They let him because they believe in what catching the fish might mean for David.

The onlookers each react differently to the scene unfolding before them. Eddy is most focused on the fish, and he spends the next several days telling everyone about the enormous broadbill, and fighting anyone who does not believe him. The significance of the feat was lost with the fish for Eddy. It needed to be pulled out of the water, weighed and officially recorded, even documented with a photograph so everyone would know. For Thomas and Roger, the painter and the writer, wanted David to succeed in order to share in the feeling and shift in awareness that they believe such a feat would provide. They want to paint and write about it. Thomas Hudson even tries to paint the fish anyway. The fish is not his to paint, though. It could only be David's, and he desperately wants David to have it as much as he clearly wishes for his own broadbill to battle and reel in. His lays his hopes bare to his son Tommy: '"Please know I would have stopped this long ago except that if David catches this fish he'll have something in him for all his life and it will make everything easier"' (E. Hemingway 1970, 115).

The Mouth of Narration

When the fish finally throws the hook and disappears from sight, the characters begin the narration of the event. The story is born once the action has finished, and the characters now openly wish it had a different ending. In attempting to comfort David, they take turns making claims to fame by association with what would have been his great feat. 'We'd have been famous as your brothers,' (E. Hemingway 1970, 124) and they define their participation in relation to David: Roger as 'friend,' Thomas Hudson 'because he steered' and Eddy 'because he gaffed him' (E. Hemingway 1970, 124). Now that the event is only a story, it is safe to discuss openly. During the battle, however, what the characters discussed and how was as vital a concern as their actions. They were not meant to discuss the

possibility of catching the fish, a rule that Andrew violates repeatedly. Looking back on this behaviour, Thomas Hudson is filled with revulsion: 'Then he had not liked the way that Andrew had behaved, although he knew that Andrew was a little boy and that it was unfair to judge him' (E. Hemingway 1970, 126). Andrew's mistake was to repeatedly ask about the fish as if he were already caught. This is action is referred to as 'mouthing the fish':

> 'Will we gaff him when he comes up this time?' Andrew asked.
> '*Oh keep your mouth off him, please*,' David said.
> 'I wasn't trying to mouth him.'
> 'Oh just shut up, Andy, please. I'm sorry.' (E. Hemingway 1970, 104)

After climbing up to join his father, Thomas Hudson sees that he has been crying. Without looking at his father, Andrew says, 'now if he loses him he'll think I mouthed him' (E. Hemingway 1970, 105). Andrew made the same mistake when David first set the hook in the marlin's mouth:

> 'Nobody in our family's ever caught a broadbill,' Andrew said.
> 'Oh keep your mouth off him, please,' David said. 'Don't put your mouth on him.' (E. Hemingway 1970, 97)

When Andrew persists and specifically asks his father, 'Papa, do you think he can *really* get him?' it is finally explained: 'It always seems bad luck to talk that way. We got it from the old fishermen. I don't know who started it' (E. Hemingway 1970, 105).

If Thomas Hudson is unclear on where the practice originates, it is equally difficult to find a source for this phrase. Mary Hemingway places the saying in the context of Hemingway's other superstitions: 'if something menaced us, man, beast, or nature, he was apt to say, 'Don't put your mouth on it,' which sounded very Key West to me and implied that identifying the source somehow strengthened its power' (M. Hemingway 1976, 305). Key West may very well have been where Hemingway first heard the phrase. John Dos

Passos, who introduced Hemingway to Key West, uses the term in *Century's Ebb* (Dos Passos 1975): 'Don't put your damn mouth to this Echevarria business' (Dos Passos 1975, 82). Hemingway uses the phrase in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, which was largely based on his experiences reporting on the Spanish Civil War and written after his move to Key West. In the context, the main character, Robert Jordan, is lectured by Pilar for discussing plans for after the destruction of the bridge, which is his mission: 'Keep thy mouth off of what we must do when thy business is finished' (E. Hemingway [1940] 1993, 150). There certainly is an element of superstition in the phrase, but Hemingway imbues the saying with more significance in *To Have and Have Not* (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004), whose hero is Harry Morgan, a fisherman of Key West. In a conversation with a corrupt lawyer who is referred to as 'Bee-lips,' Harry is alarmed by Bee-lips' frankness:

> 'I got cojones. Don't you worry about my cojones. But I'm figuring on keeping on living here.'
> 'I'm not,' Bee-lips said.
> Jesus, though Harry. He's said it himself. (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004, 77)

Bee-lips only says two words – 'I'm not,' but they imply that he is not planning on living in Key West anymore, but also, given Harry's vague phrasing 'here,' the understated implication is that Bee-lips is not planning on living at all anymore. It scares Harry:

> There's a smart kid who had a good chance once. He's a good lawyer, too. But it made me cold to hear him say it himself. He put his mouth on his own self all right. It's funny how a man can mouth something. When I heard him mouth himself it scared me. (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004, 78)

This instance of mouthing goes beyond discussing the future. It is a confession of bleak desire, and Harry objects to both the confession itself, that Bee-lips is not planning on living, but also the indecency of sharing such sentiment. Harry only thinks these things; he

does not voice them. The act of mouthing, of giving voice to hopes or fears, is a confession, and a betrayal of 'the code,' a standard further emphasized by the nickname, 'Bee-lips,' as if they are bee-stung, swollen and feminine.

Hemingway seems to have incorporated this saying into his larger framework of mental repression. Characters throughout his stories repeatedly insist on not talking and not *thinking* about certain subjects. For instance, in 'The Killers,' Nick Adams admits to George that he can't stand thinking about Ole Anderson's impending murder:

> 'I can't stand to think about him waiting in the room and knowing he's going to get it. It's too damned awful.'
> 'Well,' said George, 'you better not think about it.' (E. Hemingway 1993a, 81)

In *The Green Hills of Africa* (E. Hemingway [1935] 1963), Pauline's character, 'P.O.M,' accidentally tells another hunter that he can hunt at the salt lick in the morning (despite Hemingway's character having drawn the position by lots). When she apologizes, the phrase is repeated four times in their conversation:

> 'I got mixed up. Let's not talk about it.'
> 'I won the damned thing by lots. You can't go against lots. That's the only way the luck has the chance to even up, ever.'
> 'Don't let's talk about it.' (E. Hemingway [1935] 1963, 168)

They continue, haltingly, not talking about the gaff and asking one another to 'please stop talking about it' twice more. In *The Garden of Eden* (E. Hemingway [1986] 2003c), when David Bourne's character first encounters his wife's new experiments with sexuality on their honeymoon (which will be discussed fully in Chapter Three), he begs her: '"Let's lie very still and quiet and hold each other and not think at all," he said and his heart said goodbye Catherine goodbye my lovely girl goodbye and good luck and goodbye' (E. Hemingway [1986] 2003c, 18). Most significantly, Nick Adams employs this mental

repression through 'Big Two-Hearted River: Part I' and in 'Part II.' While fishing alone, Nick Adams fixates on simple processes – opening cans, boiling coffee, pitching a tent – but his gaze repeatedly slips towards a swamp downstream:

> He wished he had brought something to read. He felt like reading. He did not feel like going into the swamp. He looked down the river […] Beyond that the river went into the swamp. Nick did not want to go there now […] in the fast deep water, in the half light, the fishing would be tragic. In the swamp fishing was a tragic adventure. Nick did not want it. He did not want to go down the stream any further today. (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 155)

Philip Young uses this passage to support his 'wound theory' (Young 1966, 63) because he interprets the swamp as a metaphor for Nick Adams' wounding on the Italian front, which he refuses to visit in his own psychic landscape. (Other scholars interpret the swamp more simply as a general memory of war (Adair 1991, 586)). Regardless of the reasons for his repression and the subject of this refusal, in the context of 'mouthing,' this is an example of the wilful attempt to avoid a subject. Nick refuses to name his fears. Hemingway blends the fisherman's superstition of fearing to name specific hopes (landing a fish) with a refusal to name a fear. The latter's power is more terrifying – naming a fear makes it real.

Nick Adams is also a writer. He is the Hemingway triptych – veteran, fisherman, and writer. In 'Fathers and Sons,' Nick Adams remembers his father's attempts to teach him how to fish and to hunt and also to educate him about sex. He values the fishing and hunting lessons almost as much as he appreciates how poor his father's counsel on sex turned out to be. Working over his memory, he considers the worth of memory itself, and the role of writing:

> Now, knowing how it had all been, even remembering the earliest times before things had gone badly was not good remembering. If he wrote it he could get rid of it. He had gotten

> rid of many things by writing them. (E. Hemingway 1993a, 371)

In 'On Writing,' an unpublished draft originally part of 'Big Two-Hearted River' that Philip Young published as part of his anthology of Nick Adams' stories, the same power of writing as expurgation appears:

> The movies ruined everything. Like talking about something good. That was what had made the war unreal. Too much talking. Talking about anything was bad. Writing about anything was bad. It always killed it. (E. Hemingway 1972, 237)[11]

As a fisherman, talking before you land a fish kills your chances of actually doing so. As a writer, telling a story (or talking about anything meaningful), gradually serves to kill that story. Vocalization before and vocalization after are both lethal. Holding words within – words of hope, words of fear, beliefs of meaning – keeps those things alive. Once a personal belief or hope is exposed to the world, it becomes vulnerable. For a writer, once a story is shared, it becomes static and unalterable, an unworkable material for the artist. This conception of keeping a story alive and internal will be examined more closely in Chapter Three, but this chapter is concerned first with the voice of the fisherman and the power of his own mouth. For the fisherman (and the hunter) the only time when it is acceptable to speak freely is immediately after a conflict.

In 'The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber' (E. Hemingway 2003b), Macomber is a grown man who has proven himself to be a coward because he runs from a wounded lion. Eventually, he learns to master his fear and hunt like his guide, Robert Wilson. Witnessing

[11] This is a variation on the advice Hemingway have his son, Gregory, when he heard him boasting of his accuracy in a dove shooting competition: 'Gig, when you're truly great at something, and you know it, you would like to brag about it sometimes. But if you do, you'll feel like shit afterwards. Also, you never know how a thing really felt if you talk about it too much.' (Hendrickson 2012, 396)

the transformation, Wilson forgets his own code and gives voice to his beliefs. Macomber, newly initiated, similarly has trouble restraining his voice. Macomber says he is no longer afraid of being killed by a lion because, 'after all, what can they do to you?' (E. Hemingway 2003b, 150). Wilson eagerly agrees, and shares a favourite Shakespearean quotation. He becomes bashful immediately afterwards: 'He was very embarrassed, having brought out this thing he had lived by, but he had seen men come of age before and it always moved him. It was not a matter of their twenty-first birthday' (E. Hemingway 2003b, 150). Macomber, trying to understand his own transformation, questions Wilson:

> 'Do you have a feeling of happiness about what's going to happen?' Macomber asked, still exploring his new wealth.
> 'You're not supposed to mention it,' Wilson said, looking in the other's face. 'Much more fashionable to say you're scared. Mind you, you'll be scared too, plenty of times.'
> 'But you have a feeling of happiness about action to come?'
> 'Yes,' said Wilson. 'There's that. Doesn't do to talk too much about all this. Talk the whole thing away. No pleasure in anything if you mouth it up too much.' (E. Hemingway 2003b, 151)

In the flush of the moment, it is acceptable to transgress the expected silence and mouth all the feelings that they would otherwise keep to themselves. It is a sacred moment, and having shared the experience, they share their words, voicing their own narration of the significance of themselves. They are hunters though, and are distant from their quarry. A fisherman is connected in these moments not only to the fisherman who helped him to land the fish, but to the fish as well. This extra element adds another dimension to the fisherman's experience that transcends that of the hunter. David Hudson admonished Andrew not to mouth the fish during his fight, but once the fish has gone, everyone listens as David speaks and mouths his own sentiment. It is only safe to do so in the immediate

aftermath. To speak too soon or carry on too long after exposes the hopes and pride of the speaker, leaving them vulnerable.

Confession: The Instruments of Connection

Bizarrely, fishermen *care* for the fish they are catching. The line acts as an extended embrace. For Santiago in *The Old Man and the Sea,* '"The fish is my friend too," he said aloud. "I have never seen or heard of such a fish. But I must kill him […] It is enough to live on the sea and kill our true brothers"' (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 75). David reflects on the struggle and tries to explain that 'in the worst parts, when I was the tiredest, I couldn't tell which was him and which was me […] I began to love him more than anything on earth' (E. Hemingway 1970, 125). In pulling the fish forth from the waters, David is drawing the experience of the fish into himself. That moment will be 'in him for all his life.' By pulling in the fish, David becomes more fully himself. He impregnates himself with the memory of the moment and the power of the fish, his child and foe.

The bodily connection that David feels to the fish, to himself, and to his experience could not have been established without such pain. The pain ruptures the character's identity, creating a distortion of consciousness and identification. Julia Kristeva would identify this experience as a 'certain privileged moment of symbolic transgression' (Chadwick 2009, 111). Incapable of experiencing such a moment alone, a man requires an instrument, a subject complement. Traditional, Freudian psychoanalysis would quickly identify a fishing pole as a phallus. However, Luce Irigaray refashions the phallus as an attempted umbilical cord: 'The phallic erection could, then, be a masculine version of the umbilical bond. It would, if it respected the life of the mother – of the mother in all women,

of the woman in all mothers – reproduce the living bond with her' (Irigaray 1988, 420). Irigaray reconsiders the fear of castration at the hands of the father which forms the foundation of Freud's oedipal triangle, and which, according to Kristeva, scares a child into language. The psychological threat of castration reminds the child of a physical wounding, the severing of its ties to the mother: 'The unavoidable and irreparable wound is the cutting of the umbilical cord. When his father or his mother threatens Oedipus with a knife or with scissors, he or she forgets that the cord has already been cut, and that is enough to take note of the fact' (Irigaray 1988, 418). It is this wound that drives sexual and spiritual desire. Intercourse is a brief moment of interconnectedness for the redefined phallic male, 'with detumescence evoking the end, mourning, the ever-open wound. This would be a preliminary gesture of repetition on the man's part, a rebirth allowing him to become a sexuate adult' (Irigaray 1988, 420). The act of fishing becomes an attempt to connect and feel oneself, 'for man needs an instrument to touch himself: a hand, a woman, or some substitute' (Irigaray 1991, 58). The fishing pole serves not only to connect to oneself, but re-establish that first physical and psychological bond. Hemingway's fiction offers a litany of failed attempts to establish this merging of identity, and the fault lies in the solid boundary of the male subject-identity.

In the traditional mode the phallus, the male agent, thrusts at his opponent and partner seeking to penetrate. In what amounts to psychoanalytical physics, two bodies in motion collide, seeking union, but with the force of impact, rebound instead. The physical motion of fishing distinguishes itself. Rather than lunge toward the object of desire, the fisherman pulls back and away, as does the fish at the end of the line. Connected thus, the two figures move closer. It is an action of inverse results. A point which would have

appealed to Hemingway, who enjoyed explaining his theory of 'double *dicho*' to A.E. Hotchner as 'a saying that makes a statement forward or backward […] Man can be destroyed but not defeated… man can be defeated but not destroyed' (Hotchner 1966, 73). By pulling back, the fisherman moves closer to his quarry.

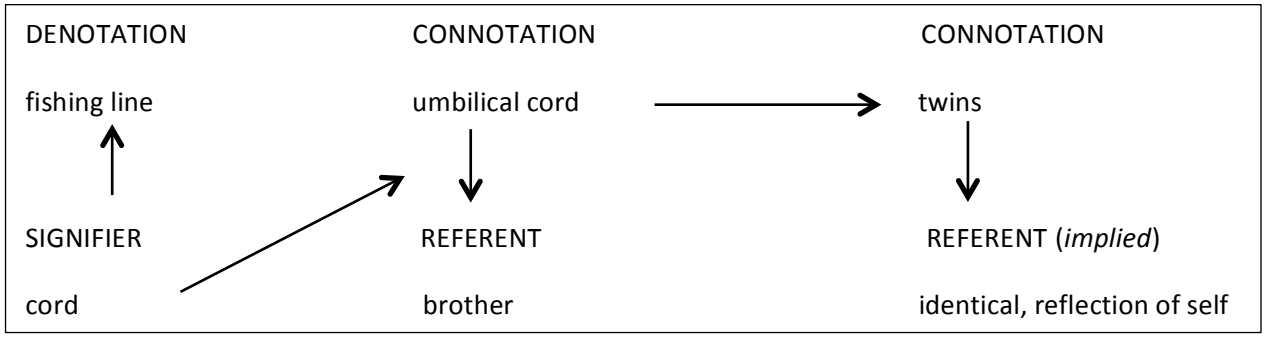
Although the posture of a fisherman standing, grasping a lengthy pole strapped firmly between his legs seems like a textbook example of a phallic signifier, the motion and gesture do not align with traditional phallic modes. The straining of tension and the gesture are distinctly non-sexual. In *Ernest Hemingway: Machismo and Masochism* (Fantina 2005), Richard Fantina works closely with *The Sun Also Rises* (E. Hemingway [1926] 2003d), in which he finds incidents of masochistic shame for Jake Barnes, the wounded hero whose 'penis had been lost and his testicles and spermatic cord remained intact' (E. Hemingway 1981, 745).[12] In this context, Fantina utilizes Kaja Silverman's conceptualization of 'phallic divestiture' (Fantina 27).[13] Fantina concludes that 'Hemingway negates the phallus in sexual relationships and clearly depicts this negation in his work' (45). It is an instance of 'non-phallic eroticism.' To use Hemingway's notion of the 'double *dicho*' in regards to the fishing pole, we should consider the inversion: the possibility of *phallic non-eroticism*. Jake Barnes, who no longer has a phallus but retains the sexual impulse to penetrate, is the inverse of the fishermen we focus on now, who hold the very phallic fishing pole in their hands, and yet strain to resist penetrating the water, and pull the pole in the opposite direction.

[12] In a letter to Thomas Bledsoe, dated 9 December 1951, Hemingway describes Jake's wound. (E. Hemingway 1981, 745)
[13] Silverman describes this theory originally in 'Masochism and Subjectivity,' (Silverman 1980, 2) and again in *Male Subjectivity at the Margins* (Silverman 1992, 389).

Ben Stolzfus offers a remarkably clear Lacanian reading of *The Old Man and the Sea*, in which he argues that 'the marlin Santiago kills is both the Other in himself and the law. On one level the marlin is his brother, while on another he is the law of the father that Hemingway would supplant' (Stolzfus 1991, 198). As Stolzfus explains:

> The reader constructs this referential meaning by establishing figural and symbolic traces based on metaphorical and metonymical relationships of condensation and displacement. Condensation (or metaphor) is paradigmatic, going from a sign present to those that are absent. (Stolzfus 1991, 192)

Using this example, we can revisit the marlin as Santiago's 'brother,' connected by the 'cord' he uses for fishing:



As explained by Fantina, the 'pursuit of the ever elusive union with the self is conducted through sexuality. In Freud (and Lacan) this sought after unity has affinities with the desire to be one with the mother, to return to a pre-birth state, or even the desire for a sibling' (Fantina 2005, 48-49) Stolzfus distinguishes Lacan's perspective:

> For Lacan, the Other […] is the split of the self from the child that is repressed and becomes the subconscious. […] Santiago and the marlin sail together, and always have, since the fish is that invisible Other that has been accompanying him since infancy, the repressed self that swims in the depths, present

> but unseen, until it rises to the surface (of consciousness). (Stolzfus 1991, 196-197)

Once we appreciate the umbilical connotations of 'cord,' we then see the marlin as more than a sibling. He is Santiago's twin, his mirror reflection on the other end of the line. With Santiago's identification of the sea, the familial bond becomes even stronger:

> He always thought of the sea as la mar which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her. Some of the younger fishermen […] spoke of her as el mar which is masculine. They spoke of her as a contestant or a place or even an enemy. But the old man always thought of her as feminine […] the moon affects her as it does a woman. (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 29-30)

The sea is not simply feminine. Since it is the host to the umbilical bond, the sea becomes mother, whose mercurial moods ('she did wild or wicked things because she could not help them' (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 30)) are emphasized by menstruation. The water is feminine, and the water is mother. Reflecting the full moon conjures images of unfertilized reproductive capacity. When Santiago stabs his brother, the marlin, he ends the life, an action foreshadowed by the allusion to menstrual blood and a lost chance for life. The umbilical bond as a fishing line brings death rather than life. Its connection promises death when it is severed. From the instant Santiago connects to his brother, the marlin is consigned to die. The mirror of the water reflects both ways. Just as Santiago looks down at fish in the depths, the fish looks up at Santiago against the sky. Both give birth to each other. Both are mother. Both are brothers. They are each other, bound by blood.

Blood and Water: Cleaning the Guts

In an article titled, 'The Religious Implications of Fishing and Bullfighting in Hemingway's Work,' Agori Kroupi chronicles every symbol and action that might find an analogous

partner in the Christian religious practice. It is certainly a fascinating exercise, and it is interesting to see fishermen recast as monks and bullfighters as saints (Kroupi 2008, 114). According to Kroupi, since the 'matador fights artfully against a wild beast' then 'the bull should represent man's 'beastly' side, his fallen nature and all of those passions (lust, anger, egotism, vanity, despair) that man must uproot as he strives for apathy (Col. 3:5)' (Kroupi 2008, 116). The ritual offers a symbolic struggle between the participants and their flaws of character. On the physical level though, the contest creates a very real confrontation with flesh and bodily fluids. As Hemingway himself observes, 'death that you know is in the horns because you have the canvas-covered bodies of the horses on the sands to prove it' (E. Hemingway [1932] 2004d, 182). (There are several stages to a bullfight, and in the first, picadors ride horses and stab the bull with spears in the sides. The bull often charges and gores the horses). Sand may absorb the blood, but the stain remains, and has to be covered up quickly with canvas.

The canvas curtain is too little, too late to cover the spectacle of blood. In the inter-chapter vignette, 'Chapter X,' 'the horse's entrails hung down in a blue bunch and swung backward and forward as he began to canter… blood pumped regularly from between the horse's front legs. He was nervously wobbly.' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 88). Even more troubling than the death of a horse, which Hemingway insists is 'comic,' is the goring of a matador, which is referred to as *cogido*. Maera dies in the ring before the onlooking crowd:

> Maera lay still, his head on his arms, his face in the sand. He felt warm and sticky from the bleeding. Each time he felt the horn coming… the doctor came running from the corral where he had been sewing up picador horses. He had to stop to wash his hands. (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 131)

A doctor washes his hands before and after touching blood, a cleansing that serves a medical purpose for sanitation, but also is a metaphorically religious act. It is a mistake to use a Protestant interpretation of this spiritual cleansing as a form of baptism, as Hemingway identified as a Catholic (although he was raised Protestant).[14] Mark Browning makes this misguided inference in *Haunted By Waters: Fly Fishing in North American Literature.* Jake metaphorically has Romero's blood on his hands because he brought Romero into his circle of friends, knowing full well the corruptive influence they would have. He also betrayed himself by offering Romero to Lady Brett. Citing Michael Reynolds' keen eye for the many instances of bathing and water in *The Sun Also Rises*, he picks up where Reynolds left off:

> Jake dives deep in green, dark water, but no amount of water can wash away the week in Pamplona. The symbol reminds us of the purification of baptismal water, the holy water that washes the soul clean of original sin (Reynolds cited in Browning 1998, 94) […] but the irony of the novel, read in Hemingway's entire corpus, is that the ritual does work in modern times, but Jake doesn't understand how. (Browning 1998, 97)

Browning is a believer, seemingly both in fishing and in Christ, and he sees only the sins dirtying Jake's soul rather than the blood from fishing on his hands. He looks to find religious meaning in intangible, fleshless concepts rather than grapple with the physical flesh and blood of the fish and on the hands of the fisherman. Hemingway, though, approaches blood from the clinical standards of a physician: blood as a contagion. A surgeon washes his hands before an operation to protect a patient from infection, and then

[14] Catholics have decidedly different attitude towards Christ's blood, which itself has cleansing properties. In the Eucharist, communicants drink 'the blood of Christ,' (wine transubstantiated by the sacrament into the blood of Christ (Nicholaus 2005, 54)). More importantly (although this is a contentious point among scholars as he converted to Catholicism in part so he could marry his second wife, Pauline), I would agree with H.R. Stoneback, that 'Hemingway was a Catholic, most of his life, and we will have to accept and understand that' (Stoneback 1991, 122).

he washes afterwards to prevent spreading the patient's potential infections elsewhere. Similarly, trout fisherman must be wary of touching fish with their bare hands. When Nick catches a small trout, we learn:

> He had wet his hand before he touched the trout, so he would not disturb the delicate mucus that covered him. If a trout was touched with a dry hand, a white fungus attacked the unprotected spot. (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 149)

Nick is careful with his patients, and only makes a surgical incision when his catch is senseless. 'Holding him near the tail, hard to hold, alive, in his hand, he whacked him against the log… Nick laid him on the log in the shade and broke the neck of the other fish the same way' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 155).

He takes out his knife and 'cleans' the fish, the traditional term for gutting used by fishermen. Fish are conveniently dissimilar to humans and other animals. Their flesh does not look like other meat. A horse's entrails spill out in a 'blue bunch' with 'blood pumping,' but a fish is more considerate of Nick's sensibilities:

> Nick cleaned them, slitting them from the vent to the tip of the jaw. All the insides and the gills came out in one piece. They were both males; long gray white strips of milt, smooth and clean. All the insides clean and compact, coming out all together. Nick tossed the offal ashore for the minks to find. (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 155)

With his knife, he 'cleans' what is already 'clean,' and then he 'washed the trout in the stream' again for good measure. There are no veins, no arteries and blood. The messiness of mammals and the meat that makes our forms are nothing like the pale, grey strips of tidy meat of the fish. Even the terms make the discussion of the dissection of guts more palatable: 'milt,' not meat; 'Offal,' not specific organs. Then, almost like Dr Frankenstein trying to animate his monster, as Nick washes the trout in the stream, he observes that

'when he held them back in the water they looked like live fish. Their color was not gone yet' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 155). He washes his hands, and then he cleans the knife which cleaned the fish (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 155).

Santiago's great marlin shares this clean property with the trout. After the sharks attack the fish lashed to the side of his skiff, Santiago pulls off a piece and eats it, noting 'it was firm and juicy, like meat, but it was not red. There was no stringiness in it and he knew that it would bring the highest price in the market' (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 106). The meat is white, unlike our red flesh. Though the fish bleeds, it bleeds into the sea, 'first it was dark as a shoal in the blue water that was more than a mile deep. Then it spread like a cloud,' (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 94) but Santiago is sailing, and he leaves the blood in his wake. Slowly, the fish turns into a silver statue. 'The fish had turned silver from its original purple and silver, and the stripes showed the same pale violet as his tail,' but after the sharks begin to attack, the marlin is drained completely until Santiago 'did not want to look at the fish now. Drained of blood and awash he looked the colour of the silver backing of a mirror' (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 110). When he finally makes it into the harbour, all that's left for the other fishermen to measure is 'the skeleton' (E. Hemingway [1952] 1995, 122).

Fishing uniquely permits the fisherman to simulate a sanitized childbirth. Water is readily at hand to wash away the blood, and the fish itself does not scream or speak – it mutely struggles, making any recognition of pain impossible. Pain may destroy language, but without a scream, there is no pain. And that is only once the fish has surfaced. For the majority of the battle, the fisherman stands alone, pulling on a rod connected to some unseen something, something but yet unknown. Once pulled forth from the water, he

quickly slices open the fish and guts it. Thus with one activity a man experiences a prolonged labour, is attached to struggling life, delivers the creature, and then cuts the cord and performs a surgery on his victim. In one afternoon, he is mother and doctor, delivering a life and aborting life in a single operation.

'Exodus:' Helene, Condemned Men, and All Those Hanging from the Silver Cord

In the progression from fly fishing to deep sea fishing, the initial and dominating element was the connection to life – the feeling of being connected to something immovable.[15] As the size of the fish progressed, the connection to life was compounded by the pain of the labour of the action. For Hemingway, childbirth progresses in the reverse direction. The first dominating element is the pain which then culminates in the awareness of a connection to a life after the child emerges (and before the umbilical cord is cut). In this moment (in 'Indian Camp,') the Indian woman is silent. After the procedure, 'his father picked the baby up and slapped it to make it breathe and handed it to the old woman,' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 17). After stitching up the incision, Dr Adams checks on her and for one sentence only the limited omniscient narration provides a glimpse of her thoughts: 'She did not know what had become of the baby or anything' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 18). We do not know what her thoughts are. We only what she is *not* thinking, just as we infer she is no longer in pain because 'she was quiet now and her eyes were closed.'

In the JFK Library, there is an unpublished draft for 'Chapter II' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 21) with the working title 'Exodus' (E. Hemingway, Hemingway Collection, Exodus). A vignette appear on the title page of each chapter, and therefore scholars such as

[15] 'You felt the line fighting heavily pulling the trout in the water and it seemed you could not move him' and 'you lifted with all your might and the strong bamboo pole bent and the trout did not give at all but you felt him going deeper' (E. Hemingway 1991a, 257-258).

Wendolyn Tetlow choose to refer to them by chapter number. Some of the original drafts have working titles. In this thesis I will refer to the published version as 'Chapter II' and the unpublished draft as 'Exodus.' In this vignette Hemingway describes a woman giving birth from her point of view. As Milton Cohen suggests in his brief article on the fragment, it may have had 'autobiographical links,' (Cohen 2002, 107) but does not comment on these sources. He does mention that on the back of the fragment there are notes on the political conference 'that led to the evacuation' (Cohen 2002, 107).

From Hemingway's letters and reports as a journalist, the woman giving birth is meant to be a Greek refugee fleeing from Thrace before the Turkish army occupies the region. In a letter to Ezra Pound, Hemingway explains how the vignettes will relate to each other: 'When they are read altogether they all hook up. It seems funny but they do' (E. Hemingway 1981, 91).[16] He primarily relies on ironic juxtaposition. For 'Exodus,' he explains 'the refugees leave Thrace, due to the Greek ministers, who are shot [...] it has form alright' (E. Hemingway 1981, 91). He was working as a journalist for the *Toronto Star* when he was sent to cover the Genoa Economic Conference of 1922, and then on to report on the Greco-Turkish War, and 'in 1923 he was in Lausanne covering the Greco-Turkish peace talks' (Weber 1990, 15). In 'A Silent, Ghastly Procession Wends Way from Thrace,' printed 20 October, 1922, Hemingway reports:

> It is a silent procession. Nobody even grunts. It all they can do to keep moving. Their brilliant peasant costumes are soaked and draggled. Chickens dangle by their feet from the carts. Calves nuzzle at the draught cattle wherever a jam halts the stream. An old man marches bent under a young pig, a scythe and a gun, with a chicken tied to his scythe. A husband spreads a blanket over a woman in labor in one of the carts to keep off the driving rain. She is the only person making a sound. Her

[16] 5 August 1923

> little daughter looks at her in horror and begins to cry. And the procession keeps moving. (E. Hemingway 1985, 232)

Kenneth Lynn believes that this moment had a lasting impact on Hemingway:

> 'In a subsequent rumination on the art of writing, he would come up with a second variant, saying this time that he himself had tried to help the woman. Somehow, he couldn't stop thinking about the incident, and his inability to do so deeply affected his creative imagination.' (Lynn 1987, 182)

Whether or not Hemingway was 'deeply affected' is impossible to know, but his attempt to revisit this moment in the first person demands close consideration.

We know very little about the woman besides that her name is 'Helene,' and 'so rigorously does Hemingway restrict narrative perspective here, that the first paragraph mostly describes what Helene sees, looking straight ahead' (Cohen 2002, 107). Most notably, and a point that Cohen does not remark upon, there is no specific mention of a baby or birth. We infer this from comparison with the published 'Chapter II:' 'There was a woman having a kid' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 21). Even with the perspective of Helene's sight, Hemingway does not describe the child in any way. Instead, he focuses on her pain and nausea:

> The pain started again and she took hold of the side of the cart and lay back against the grain sacks. … Helene leaned over the side of the cart and vomited. The vomit belched and then dribbled away slowly... she shut her eyes as the pain came again and pressed her feet against the base of the table in the cart in front of her. (E. Hemingway Exodus TS 701)

Her pain is a separate entity that comes and then leaves, but it has no referent. Her pain has no substantive form. According to Elaine Scarry:

> Physical pain – unlike any other state of consciousness – has no referential content. It is not of or for anything. It is precisely because it takes no object that it, more than any other

> phenomenon, resists objectification in language. (Scarry [1985] 1987, 5)

In instances of violence in other inter-chapter vignettes, Hemingway cites specific objects as the implements of pain. It is the horn of the bull that kills Maera in the bullring in 'Chapter XIV' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 131) and German soldiers are shot in 'Chapter III' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 29) just as Nick is 'hit' in spine in 'Chapter VI' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 63). For Helene, the pain has no focal point in the description offered by Hemingway. The pain is a presence that comes and goes, and as Scarry observes, 'the most crucial fact about pain is its presentness' (Scarry [1985] 1987, 9). Although the pain goes unexplained, at Helene's side 'an old man walked along. He carried a scythe and a shot gun over one shoulder and a live chicken hung down from the scythe' (E. Hemingway Exodus TS 701). We assume the chicken is hanging by a cord of some sort, as it 'slowly spun one way and then the other' and the 'draggle feathered chicken spinning from the scythe crook.' The scythe invokes the reaper and death, but the image of hanging functions with slightly more nuance. On the surface, the hanging chicken resonates with the hanging of Sam Cardinella in 'Chapter XV' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 143). Sam has to be carried to the scaffold, and he loses 'control of his sphincter muscle,' and since he cannot stand, he is 'strapped tight' to a chair, which also resonates with Helene vomiting and pressing 'her feet against the base of the table.'[17] If we link 'Exodus' to 'Three Shots' (E. Hemingway 1972, 14), we see that the scythe functions in relationship to the life hanging from the cord.

[17] Pressing her legs against the table also resembles David bloodying his feet from the friction against the deck as he fights his marlin in *Islands in the Stream* (E. Hemingway 1970, 114).

Hemingway cut the 'first eight pages of his draft of 'Indian Camp',' (Johnston 1978, 102), which Philip Young published as 'Three Shots' in *The Nick Adams Stories*. Young connects unpublished fragments that contributed to *In Our Time* with stories Hemingway published in later volumes that feature characters who could potentially be Nick Adams. 'Three Shots' describes the night before the caesarean, when Dr Adams and his brother, George, leave Nick alone in the tent as they go off fishing. 'If any emergency came up,' he was to 'fire three shots with a rifle' (E. Hemingway 1972, 14). Sitting alone in the tent:

> Suddenly he was afraid of dying. Just a few weeks earlier at home, in church, they had sung a hymn, 'Some day the silver cord will break.' While they were singing the hymn Nick realized that some day he must die. It made him feel quite sick […] last night in the tent he had the same fear. (E. Hemingway 1972, 14)[18]

In 'Exodus,' Hemingway experimented with placing an animal hanging from a cord next to a scythe, a symbol for death. The severing of the cord also symbolizes death, and Nick explicitly associates the breaking of a 'silver cord' with dying. Nick witnesses childbirth and death in the cabin, and they were both acts of surgical severance. The Indian father slices his own throat with a razor, and Dr Adams performs the caesarean with a jack-knife. The night before this confrontation, Nick grapples with the realization that 'some day he must die.' And yet, as his father rows across the lake, away from the camp, Nick does not fear death anymore:

> The sun was coming up over the hills. A bass jumped, making a circle in the water. Nick trailed his hand in the water. It felt warm in the sharp chill of the morning. 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. (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 19)

[18] 'Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break' (Crosby [1894] 1904, 212).

He believes he no longer fears death, which in *In Our Time* is also a fear of childbirth, but this thought only occurs to him as he watches a 'bass jump' and he trails 'his hand in in the water' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 19). In these early manuscripts and drafts, we witness Hemingway beginning to formulate the ritual of fishing as a cure for the fear of death which he will continue to develop throughout his career. The fisherman assumes power over his own silver cord, the metaphor of which materializes as a fishing line in his hands.

Seventeen days before Hemingway committed suicide, he wrote a letter to his friend George Savier's nine-year-old son, Frederick, nicknamed Fritz. George Saviers was a close friend and hunting companion of Hemingway's. Fritz had a congenital heart defect, and his prognosis was not promising. The letter seems very casual and up-beat, but Fritz's brother, Pierre, sees more in the descriptions of fishing than the casual reader might find: 'Hemingway? He knew he was done. And he knows Fritz is done. But he still wants to save him, even as he wants to save himself' (Hendrickson 2012, 465). The words may support such heavy implication:

> The country is beautiful around here and I've had a chance to see some wonderful country […] saw some good bass jumping in the river. I never knew anything about the upper Mississippi before and it is really a very beautiful country and there are plenty of pheasants and ducks in the fall. But not as many as in Idaho and I hope we'll both be back there shortly and can joke about out hospital experiences together […] Best to all the family. am feeling fine and very cheerful about things in general and hope to see you all soon.
>
> Papa (Hendrickson 2012, 465).

For Hemingway, fishing was never simply a matter of catching a fish. While this chapter has endeavoured to explore the literary tradition of fishing, as well as the many literary, physical and psychological implications of fishing – fishing as a test of character, as a

masculine ritual imitating birth, as a creative act of psychological rupturing – it is necessary to return to in the end to its simplest and most direct purpose: it was an aid for his writing, and very much an intrinsic part of the process.

Writing to Maxwell Perkins 21 April, 1928, Hemingway first proudly informs him of how hard he is working and how well his book is progressing: 'Have been going very well. Worked every day and have 10,000 to 15,000 words done on the new book [*A Farewell to Arms*]' (E. Hemingway 1981, 276). He then reassures his editor that 'the fishing keeps my head from worrying in the afternoons when I don't work,' before he proceeds to tell Perkins all about the different fish he is catching ('tarpon, barracuda, jack, red snappers') and what fishing tackle he is using and how much the fish weigh (E. Hemingway 1981, 277). To Waldo Pierce, he simply lists the number of pages he has written each day and how many fish he has caught:

> Worked and fished as follows.
> 1st day – worked four pages, fished with Bill Horne caught 12.
> 2nd day – worked 4 ½ pages, fished with two girls caught 2.
> 3rd day – worked zero, fished by self alone, caught 30 – limit. (E. Hemingway 1981, 282)[19]

And again to Maxwell Perkins, back in Key West in 1929, he comforts his editor that he has 'been working 6-10 every day' but that he also has 'fished every Sunday,' and he 'got a 8 ft. 6 inch sailfish a week ago' (E. Hemingway 1981, 292).[20] Seven years later, he writes in a enthusiastic letter to Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings:

> As for being Sportsman being Artist. I always fished and shot since I could carry a canepole or a single barrelled shotgun; not to show off but for great inner pleasure and almost complete satisfaction. Have not been writing as long but get the same pleasure, and you do it alone. […] If I did nothing else (no fish,

[19] 9 August 1928
[20] 8 January 1929

> no shoot, no drink) would probably go nuts with the difficulty, the times in between when you can't do it, the always being short of what you want to do, the rest of it all with all of which you have probably lived some time and various places.
> Am working like hell on a book. Good hunting country was burned out here last fall. Fishing was ruined by a road that lets cars in. Now we'll see whether I can still write or whether I can still write. No choice. (E. Hemingway 1981, 449-450)

Now, looking out his window at the Mayo clinic, it is Hemingway who is burned out and ruined, staring at 'beautiful country.' If he could just catch one more fish – they are out there, jumping. 'The country is beautiful,' 'wonderful country,' 'it is really a beautiful country,' he insists again and again, as if casting a line out over and over, hoping to find a more inspired line, hoping to find inspiration.

Chapter Two: Outside Looking In

On January 14, 2013, Dennis Storm and Valerio Zeno, of the Dutch TV show *Proefkonijnen* (*Guinea Pigs*) aired a segment in which they visited a birthing centre in Amsterdam in order to experience a simulated birth (*Proefkonijnen*, Season 2, episode 1, BNN, 14 January 2013). The procedure involved placing electrodes on their abdominal muscles with the intention of creating contractions, and the pain they cause, in an attempt to approximate the experience of giving birth. As they approached the building, they took turns explaining 'de pijn van een bevalling is de allerergste pijn die er is, als we de vrouwen mogen geloven' (*The pain from childbirth is the very worst pain there is, if we are to believe women*). Attended by a midwife and a physiotherapist, the two hosts attempt a two-hour-long simulated labour. Valerio struggled badly, and although he was given nitrous oxide to cope with the pains, he quit before the end. The midwife was very impressed by how realistic their reactions were to the shocks. While the stunt was just another addition to their repertoire of shock comedy (and was even more popular than an episode in which the two ate a piece of each other's flesh prepared by a chef), the experiences fascinate almost as much as their introduction to the episode. 'If we are to believe women,' suggests that birth is a collective narrative accessible only to men second-hand, with the narrative privilege resting solely in the first-hand domain of the intrinsically gendered accounts. They seemingly wish to penetrate this inaccessible and exclusively female realm, and then to speak with the authority of experience in the first person.

This chapter will focus first on the experiences of men witnessing birth, as attending physicians, concerned husbands, and other observers, but at the core of this analysis the question of who has the right to tell the event remains. The reliability of the narrator is

determined by his or her ability to cope with pain. When the subject, in this case both medically the patient as well as linguistically the subject, succumbs to pain, he or she is compromised, and loses the right to ownership of the experience. Experience is claimed through an act of voice. As we will see, characters in Hemingway's fiction are empowered or disempowered with the right to self-narration by virtue of their vocality. If we believe these characters, as the shock-jockey 'Guinea Pigs' believe women, then it follows that a person's cognitive reasoning, and by extension their humanity and identity, become a question of verbal argument.

The previous chapter focused primarily on identifying a masculine experience that would approximate childbirth, offering fishing as a physically and emotionally suitable ritual. However, fishing, particularly the Bimini episode, was an entirely male experience unattended by and separate from women. The birthing scenes that appear in Hemingway's fiction are not so segregated, and the focus of this chapter will be on the direct relationship between male figures and delivering mothers in birthing scenes. There are two traditional roles for the male: the doctors (who in Hemingway's fiction are exclusively male), and the expecting fathers. The three episodes Hemingway offers complicate this cast. In 'Indian Camp,' criticism is divided over the paternity of the child, and in *A Farewell to Arms* (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b), the father assists in the delivery in what becomes a unique role. Frederic Henry, as a Red Cross volunteer, bridges the divide between the two very different figures who seek to control the birth – the doctor and the father. We witness the ways in which the two figures oppress the birthing mother and seek to control her experience, and though Hemingway seems to wish to create a sympathetic male figure between the two, instead he creates a uniquely problematic father. The central concern of

this chapter is the voice of the birthing mother, particularly her voice while in the pain of delivery and how (or if) she is heard. The first mother in question is the victim of the caesarean in 'Indian Camp', and the next section will focus on Catherine Barkley in *A Farewell to Arms*. The most crucial distinction between the two women is not only the treatment of their voice but the presence of anaesthesia. Whether or not anaesthesia is available is a determining factor in the actions of the doctors, fathers, and other male figures in the room. Comparing these scenes to other contemporary portrayals of birth and surgery, as well as considering instances in Hemingway's writing of patients of operations and casualties in war, it is possible to infer how Hemingway's style and craft creates an outlet for a voice in pain while simultaneously condemning a speaker.

Indian Camp: Couvade

Jeffrey Meyers provided a new reading of 'Indian Camp' using the ritual of *couvade*, a 'sympathetic pregnancy' in which men 'suffer from physical symptoms related to their partner's pregnancy' (Sullivan-Lyons 1998, 234). Before Meyers, some critics debated the possibility that Uncle George is actually the father of the child. Popularized in the 60s, this interpretation extrapolates exponential meaning from the gesture of Uncles George smoking cigars and offering cigars to those present (Tanselle 1962, Item 53). By comparison, 'the real father, lying in a bunk and smoking a *pipe,* is not accepting the role of father – or, more specifically, the white man's symbol of paternity and all that it implies' (Tanselle 1962, Item 53). Whether or not the cigars conclusively demonstrate Uncle George's paternity, critics agree that Uncle George's actions compared to the behaviour of the Indian husband, as well as the nature of the caesarean operation, imply a tidy racial (nearly colonial) morality to the story: the white invaders have once again entered the

domain of the natives. The Indian mother has been lost in the critical litany of examples of oppression. Not satisfied with just questioning the brave's paternity, some critics have evaluated his general prowess as a craftsman. Because the father cut himself with an axe, some suggest he is psychologically castrated (Eby 1999, 55; Watson 1995, 33). The Native Americans are found wanting in other ways, such as the way they paddle the canoe with 'quick, choppy strokes' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 15). And of course the caesarean becomes a necessary intervention only when traditional native birthing methods fail, another instance of Indian inadequacy in the face of the superior white technology (Helstern 2000, 65).

As Meyers cites Charles Winnick's definition, 'the father asserts his paternity through appearing to share in the delivery […] the father simulates the wife's activities in order to get all the evil spirits to focus on him rather than her' (Meyers 2000, 17). The history of anthropological fascination with the ritual dates as far back as 1557, but it was publicized internationally by Sir James Frazer's, *The Golden Bough*.[21] Meyers provides a detailed history of the book's reception in 1890, as well as its impact on Hemingway's community and contemporary writers. Hemingway is likely to have encountered an essay in the *Friday Literary Review*, a supplement of the *Chicago Evening Post* (Howe, Irving [1951] 1996, 58) before he ever went to Paris and met Ezra Pound, who shared an enthusiasm for the book with T.S. Eliot.[22] Moreover, as Reynolds indicates from his study of Hemingway's personal library, Hemingway owned two abridged copies of Frazer's book, as

[21] Jean de Lery, a French missionary, observed the behavior among the Tupinamba, and recorded his findings (Reed 2005, 9).

[22] From *At the Hemingways*: 'The Youth's Companion, St. Nicholas Magazine, the National Geographic, the Outlook, the Ladies Home Journal, Harper's World's Work, the Atlantic Monthly and Good Housekeeping we grabbed the minute they arrived: we even paged through Dad's Medical Association magazine.' While the Saturday Evening Post is not listed here, Hemingway was certainly a fan later in life according to Mary Hemingway's account of his reading (M. Hemingway 1976, 428).

well as Freud's *Basic Writings*, which includes Freud's explanation for the *couvade* ritual in *Totem and Taboo* (Meyers 2000, 15).[23] I would like to further corroborate Meyer's evidence with the likelihood of Dr Clarence Hemingway also having been familiar with couvade. Dr Hemingway was very familiar with local Native American culture. 'He was a meticulous collector of Indian artefacts and took particular pride in a nickname, Ne-teck-ta-la (Eagle Eye), that Indian friends had given him celebrating his skill as a marksman' (Mellow 1992, 28). Additionally, Dr Hemingway increasingly specialized in obstetrics. He delivered over 3,000 babies in his lifetime, and though he began as a general practitioner, he eventually became the head of obstetrics at the Oak Park Hospital (C. King 1989, 117). Considering his profession and his personal enthusiasms, it is more than likely that Dr Hemingway would have been at least aware of couvade and potentially described the phenomenon to his son before he ever read *The Golden Bough* or met the American modernists in the expatriate community of Paris in the 20s.

Having substantiated the claim that Hemingway would have been aware of this extreme ritual of sympathetic pain, pantomimed or not, the Indian husband's suicide becomes slightly more accessible. He remains something of an enigma, largely because he is only briefly described. Only four sentences involve him before the discovery of his suicide at the end of the story:

> In the upper bunk was her husband. He had cut his foot very badly with an axe three days before. He was smoking a pipe. (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 16)

And later:

[23] Frazer, James George. *The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion*. Abridged ed. New York: Macmillan, 1947 as well as *The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion*. London: Macmillan, 1949 (Brasch and Sigman 1981, 151).

> The husband in the upper bunk rolled against the wall. (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a 16)

Without couvade, the timing of his death proves problematic. If he knew that Uncle George was the father and that provided enough motive, why would he wait through the entire pregnancy, two days of difficult labour, and the beginning of his wife's caesarean before slitting his own throat? As for the suggestion that he is 'teaching the whites' a lesson and shaming them for the oppression of his people and the 'ravaging' of his land, a silent suicide is far too ambiguous. The final explanation, offered by Nick's father, was that he 'just couldn't take it, I guess' – meaning, we infer, that he could not stand his wife's suffering. This is perhaps the most sympathetic explanation, and one of the few to acknowledge that a woman was suffering in excruciating labour for two days before a brutal operation, and that this would have been disturbing for concerned parties. However, again, the timing simply does not make sense. Why would he wait until the doctor arrived to save his wife before he killed himself? If the Indian had simply been 'unable to bear it,' his act would have been one of personal cowardice and self-motivated. Instead, if we trust that Hemingway was aware of couvade, the Indian husband becomes an example of paternity in the delivery room. As Dr Adams points out, in a potential reference to couvade:

> 'Ought to have a look at the proud father. They're usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs,' the doctor said. 'I must say he took it all pretty quietly.' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 18)

The 'proud father' is almost entirely passive in the event, and tries to sympathize with the pain of his wife to point of replication and suicide. Compared to him, Uncle George appears more than callous. Uncle George shows the Indian mother no sympathy at all. 'Uncle George and three Indian men held the woman still,' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 17), and

when she resists, he doubly-derides her as the 'damn squaw bitch.' She manages to bite him, and this outburst may be more out of anger than pain, a distinction that could explain why he enjoys a line of dialogue while the woman's voice is only alluded to. After the operation, 'Uncle George looked at his arm,' (19) distracted and absorbed by his own injury so much so that he has to be asked by Dr Adams to take Nick out of the tent once they discover the suicide. Dr Adams deliberately shows Nick the caesarean, but the corpse of a suicide he considers too much. Implied male pain is horrific, whereas plainly evident female agony does not have any impact.

If we allow the possibility that Uncle George is the father, this only strengthens the significance of the pantheon of role models for fatherhood. Before Nick stand three examples of paternity – the Indian, Uncle George, and finally, his father, Dr Adams. Dr Adams sees only the operation, and lacks any awareness of the emotional devastation the ordeal visits upon the Indian husband and his own son. ('Her screams are not important. I do not hear them because they are not important.') These are all potential role models for Nick in their reaction to crisis at hand, defined not necessarily by the birth, but by the voice of the mother in pain. The locus of the story is the issue of the mother's mouth, not her womb, and it is the only object not directly addressed in any way. Her voice is communicated by a composite negative of reactions.

This style subscribes to Ezra Pound's theory of imagism, which Pound gradually evolved into vorticism. When Hemingway arrived in Paris, he eagerly wrote to Pound, in response to his suggested changes to the stories that would eventually be published as *In Our Time*:

> I will do the hanging. Have redone the death of Maera altogether different and fixed the others [...] they should each

> one be headed Chapter 1, Chapter 2, etc. When they are read altogether they all hook up. Seems funny but they do. (E. Hemingway 1981, 91)[24]

He goes on to explain how each episode connects to the next. The intention to establish patterns in the form is clear, and well in keeping with Pound's theories. Pound defined an image as 'an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time' (Pound 1968, 4; Hickman 2010, 290). Pound had been a part of the Imagist movement in London in 1910, but by 1914 he already started moving beyond the 'hard light, clear edges' (Wees 1965, 57) of the movement in favour of his conceptualizing of the vortex:

> THE IMAGE IS NOT an idea. It is a radiant node or cluster; it is what I can, and must perforce, call a VORTEX, from which, and through which, and into which, ideas are constantly rushing. In decency one can only call it a VORTEX. (Pound 2005, 289)[25]

Pound intended vorticism to apply to all forms of art as a geometric system of order. 'Indian Camp' does not match the pace of imagery crafted by Pound in his *Cantos*, but it does satisfy the expectations nonetheless. The story acts almost a like a machine – the parts are not operating smoothly. The 'Indians rowed with quick choppy strokes' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 16). The Indian woman has been unable to give birth. Her husband has cut himself. Then the Doctor appears and operates, almost like a mechanic sorting out the timing belt on an engine. Things flow smoothly from that point forward. Conversation properly flows again, where before it was halting – what was blocked before now flows.

The synecdochic images of the husband's pipe, the big kettle and basin, the Indians holding down the mother with Uncle George, Nick looking on holding the lantern, these specific details form a 'radiant node or cluster,' the locus of which is the mother's voice in

[24] 5 August 1923
[25] First published as a collection of essays in *Pavannes and Divisions* (1918).

pain. Her cries are silent because they are unformed by any description. 'Just then the woman cried out,' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 16) passes without any elaborating adjective. We cannot dismiss this absence as an example of Hemingway's unadorned style of writing because he uses adjectives to describe other objects and actions: 'The Indians rowed with quick, choppy strokes,' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 16) and 'the basin of hot water' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 17) 'his father washed his hand very carefully and thoroughly' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 17). How does she scream, and for how long? His cry is followed by Nick begging 'can't you give her something to make her stop screaming?' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 16). Between the cry and his complaint, it is possible she is screaming repeatedly or continuously, but for the reader, her cries are silent, inhabiting only imagined concern. This silent void echoing with the spectre of screams becomes the axis around which the action rotates. The story begins 'At the lake shore there was another rowboat drawn up. The two Indians stood waiting' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 15), suggesting that when the story began Nick and his father were in motion, moving towards the lake and the shanty on the far side. It finishes with the departure across the same water. The symmetry of the story hinges on the operation, the specifics of which are not mentioned.

The incision itself remains unseen and undescribed. Afterwards, we get a glimpse of the Indian woman and her condition: 'she was quiet now and her eyes were closed. She looked very pale. She did not know what had become of the baby or anything' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 18). As for the incision and her reaction, we know almost nothing besides that 'it all took a long time' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 17). There is a break in continuity just before the operation which a difficulty for a reader trying to

visualise the scene. After the doctor washes his hands, he asks for the quilt to be pulled back. (The quilt is already established as the covering on the Indian woman: 'She lay in the lower bunk, very big under a quilt' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 16)). We know nothing of the examination:

> 'Pull back that quilt, will you, George?' he said. 'I'd rather not touch it.'
>
> Later when he started to operate Uncle George and three Indian men held the woman still. (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 17)

This may be another example of discomfort and aversion to the female body, a problem which Klaus Theweleit explores in *Male Fantasies*. In his study of the misogyny of the proto-fascist Freikorps in pre-World War II Germany, he focuses on the language of propaganda that fixates on 'floods' and fluidity, and all things soft, especially the bodies of women. Pulling back the quilt, it is possible that Uncle George revealed the mother's figure, as well as any number of bodily fluids released during her difficult labour. The concealment of bodily fluids appears elsewhere in *In Our Time*. Hemingway employs the quilt in other episodes in *In Our Time* to shield the viewer's gaze from bodily fluids. From 'On the Quai at Smyrna,' another birthing reference:

> You didn't mind the women who were having babies as you did the dead ones. They had them all right. Surprising how few of them died. You just covered them over with something and let them go to it. They'd always pick the darkest place in the hold to have them. (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 12)

Similarly, the birth in the 'Chapter II' vignette: 'There was a woman having a kid with a young girl holding a blanket over her and crying. Scared sick looking at it' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 21). Not only births are covered, though. In the 'Chapter IX' vignette, in which a young matador is exhausted from killing five bulls: 'He sat down in the sand and

puked and they held a cape over him while the crowd hollered and threw things down into the bull ring' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 83). Theweleit focuses on the revulsion induced by bodily fluids, especially blood, as being feminine, at the suggestion of the Freikorps propaganda in 1918 and 1919 Germany, which portrays idealized men as erect pillars of marble (Theweleit 1987, 249). Denying flesh rejects femininity. That Hemingway pushed birth into the 'darkest place in the hold,' and covers it with a quilt does not precisely endorse the reduction of women to 'the bloody mass' (Theweleit 1987, 195) that victims of the Freikorps become.

Instead of the Indian mother's womb, Hemingway offers her teeth when she bites Uncle George. In attacks on 'rifle women,' who were Marxist women armed to fight for their cause and especially hated by the Freikorps, the Freikorps specifically targeted their mouths in some instances. Theweleit, via Freud, suggests 'mouths can symbolically represent the vagina, and the spittle pouring out, the secretions,' (Theweleit 1987, 192). More elaborately:

> Men who fear vaginas must really be afraid of the… vagina's ability to take the male member into itself (to devour it, to swallow it up). For whatever it can take in, it can easily keep for itself. With the fiction of the 'vagina dentata,' men have given concrete expression to that fear, in a horrifying perversion of the very attribute that lends the vagina its potency. (Theweleit 1987, 201)

Unable to describe the Indian woman's vagina, Hemingway instead flashes her teeth, which bite Uncle George rather than any of the other Indian men restraining, which lends more credence to the potential of his paternity, as well as following the symbolic substitution suggested by the Freudian mouth. Theweleit further considers the '"animallike [sic]" qualities' ascribed to the female victims, who are described by the Freikorps as 'human

beast[s]', 'bestial enem[ies]', with 'fingers like claws,' who emit a 'howling that sounds as if it comes from the throats of a thousand animals' (Theweleit 1987, 192). Again, we find a similar portrayal in Indian Camp, with the woman's screams in the room that 'smelled very bad' (Indian Camp 16), and then too, her bite invites the Doctor's concern: 'I'll put some peroxide on that, George' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 18). If she bites intentionally, her actions are 'animallike,' but there also exists the possibility that she is so immersed in her own pain that she is unaware of her actions and is acting fully on instinct, therefore becoming more fully animal than merely 'animallike.' She does not use her mouth to speak, but instead to bite. All of these elements support the analysis of patriarchal, white, misogynistic and racial violence visited upon the Indian mother in this story, and if we only considered this short story, that is as far as the analysis could go. If we consider the evolution of Hemingway's portrayal of violence, mouths, and the voice in pain, the suicide of the Indian husband becomes much more significant.

The suicide of the Indian husband should not be dismissed as a bizarre example of couvade. While Meyers' consideration of the ritual informs his actions, it does not completely explain the suicide. If for some reason the husband had hoped to symbolically recreate his wife's caesarean, then the cut should have been across his own belly. If it is an extreme sacrifice intended to help his wife, or if that was how Hemingway intended us to interpret the action, then the suicide would have been presented in the active voice with the husband as the agent of his own demise. Hemingway describes the death with the passive voice instead: 'his throat had been cut from ear to ear' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 18), as if the emotional pain of the caesarean did the slitting. His body, separate from his mind, by contrast, remains an active subject: 'the blood had flowed down into a

pool where his body sagged the bunk' (E. Hemingway [1925, 2003a, 18). If we place the masculine ideal of enduring pain and maintaining a rational voice as the centre of a spectrum, full immersion into the pain of experience in the manner of a woman in childbirth occupies one end set against the opposing alternative, suicide to escape pain entirely. The rational voice, the functioning Cartesian mind dominant over bodily pain, becomes the standard, and deviating from that is movement away from humanity. Rejecting life through suicide is an act of rejecting one's own voice, which becomes inseparable from humanity and identity. The husband abandons his privilege of self-narration. He slits his throat – the source of the voice he chooses not to use. If it is a symbolic act, it is a gesture of silencing. Unable to stop his own wife's screams, the most extreme method of which would have been grabbing her throat, he slices his own, ending his life and silencing her voice permanently. The other characters are left to guess at his motivations for doing so, as is the reader, because he said nothing. The fact that he was so quiet merits a remark from Dr Adams: 'Ought to have a look at the proud father. They're usually the worst sufferers in these little affairs,' the doctor said. 'I must say he took it all pretty quietly' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 18).

The passive voice qualifies interpreting the act as heroic, but the fact that he 'took it all pretty quietly' does satisfy the demands of a Hemingway 'code hero'; he suffered in silence. These specific details indicate a sign of things to come. When characters suffer pain, they either speak out or 'take it' in silence. This first choice relegates them to the role of hero or victim. The heroes, such as Frederic Henry, Robert Jordan, Santiago, Colonel Cantwell, all refuse to speak out when in pain, but for their pains are maintained as heroes of the code and actively determine their own fates. They were of interest in the previous

chapter, but for this chapter they are useful only for comparison. They are all white and male. Those characters who fail the test of enduring in silence become passive participants in the management of their condition. These characters are almost entirely female or of a racial minority, and in the instances of the latter their femininity is emphasized. Interestingly, Hemingway cultivates a unique character who is sympathetic. This character stands between two opposing forces: sympathy without reason, in this case family members or people who are religious, and reason without sympathy, exemplified by doctors.

In the 'The Snows of Kilimanjaro,' we witness one such middle-ground character. The story features several flashbacks as the narrator, Harry, slowly dies from gangrene on a safari. He does not share these memories with his distressed wife, despite the fact that they are all stories he wished he had written and now realizes he will never be able to do so. He keeps them internal, in silence. He recalls one episode from the trenches in World War I, in which he witnesses a casualty:

> Caught in the wire, with a flare lighting him up and his bowels spilled out into the wire, so when they brought him in, alive, they had to cut him loose. Shoot me, Harry. For Christ sake shoot me. They had an argument one time about our Lord never sending you anything you could not bear and some one's theory had been that at a certain time the pain passed you out automatically. But he had always remembered Williamson, that night. Nothing passed out Williamson until he gave him all of his morphine tablets that he had always saved to use himself and then they did not work right away. (E. Hemingway 2003b, 24)

Here the tension again comes between doctors and the voice of their patient, but in this instance Harry is much more sympathetic. Two opposing but similarly apathetic responses are suggested, the first religious, the other medical – 'our Lord never sends you anything

you could not bear' and 'after a certain time the pain passed you out automatically' – but both mean nothing to Harry as he listens to Williamson beg to be shot. He gives him his morphine tablets instead, and even they are slow to kill Williamson and end his suffering. Acting on sympathy, this character of medical compromise treats the pain rather than the wound. Specifically, he acts in response to the sounds of pain, rather than on a visual recognition of a wound and imagined pain.

The same dilemma appears in 'A Natural History of the Dead,' a section of *Death in the Afternoon,* only this time there is no character to offer the aforementioned medical compromise. A casualty with a crushed skull has been laid out in a cave with dead soldiers, and his breathing in the darkness distresses those assigned to the medical unit as well as other soldiers nearby. They approach the doctor in command of the unit:

> 'We don't like to hear him in there with the dead.'
> 'Don't listen to him. If you take him out of there you have to carry him right back in.'
> […] 'Why don't you give him an overdose of morphine?' asked an artillery officer who was waiting to have a wound in his arm dressed.
> 'Do you think that is the only use I have for morphine? Would you like me to operate without morphine? You have a pistol. Go out and shoot him yourself.' (E. Hemingway [1932] 2004b, 121)

Again the opposing forces are passive sympathy and medical apathy. The soldiers cannot stand to *hear* the casualty breathing, but they refuse to take any action directly. The doctor sees only a patient still alive, and has no trouble not listening to the casualty, as he suggests to those questioning him. The medical compromise of an overdose is seen as a waste by the doctor; they should use a bullet instead. This does not suit the soldiers in question. The artillery officer draws his pistol to threaten the doctor, and the doctor blinds him with iodine. He then instructs those present to restrain the now blinded artillery officer and to

ignore his screams so he can treat the wound. This entire episode has been coloured by the ready supply of the particularly strong painkiller, morphine, and the decision whether or not to use it. Hemingway plays with several layers of irony – soldiers are demanding a mercy killing that would waste medicine they themselves may soon need, and are unwilling to use bullets which are of course designed only to kill, a doctor who wounds as much as he heals and has regard for life but not the living – each player refuses to fulfil what would seem to be their primary function. The problem lies in the ambiguity created by the effectively anaesthetized patient. The brain-dead casualty does not tidily fit into any category. He is not dead, nor is he living. Being senseless, he is a body without a mind. From the behaviour of this doctor, as well the treatment of patients in a similar condition and in the medical perspective that Hemingway engages, the man has lost his personhood until he regains communicative consciousness.

Takano Yasushi is one of the few critics to directly address anaesthesia in Hemingway's writing. While I disagree with his final conclusions, his initial assessment still proves valuable to this analysis. He uses both the previously discussed scene from *Death in the Afternoon* and the assisted death in 'Snows of Kilimanjaro' as examples of what he believes is a zeitgeist of the times in regards to anaesthesia. Yasushi concludes from Williamsons' death 'that pain is linked to life itself, the evidence that one is certainly alive, and the essential sensation one has to cling to' (Yasushi 2004, 3). As for the artillery officer, Yasushi feels the doctor is a model for survival through detachment: being a 'doctor-like observer rather than a positive participant during the war is the only way to save oneself from psychic damage,' and so 'morphine should thus be administered not to the dying

soldier but to the officer's mind.' (Yasushi 2004, 4) Using all of these sources, Yasushi makes a bold psychoanalytic inference about Hemingway's motivation for writing:

> The fear of non-sensation, the fear of numbing his perception obsessed him and led him to the description of paralyzed characters in order to distance himself from his contemporaries trapped in the limbo between life and death. (Yasushi 2004, 2)

This oversimplifies Hemingway's descriptions of pain and consciousness, but it does recognize Cartesian values shared by Hemingway and the medical community.

The connection between consciousness and human identity is a fundamental Cartesian principle. In seeking explanation for the disregard of couvade in modern medical literature, Richard Reed suggests that 'this ignorance can, in part, be understood as a result of the Cartesian dualism that came to separate science and the practice of medicine from holistic perspectives' (Reed 2005, 66). In the Cartesian conceptualization of a person, there is a division between the mind (originally conceived as the soul) and the body. This dualistic pair has an inherent hierarchy in which the mind maintains primacy over the body. 'Descartes's mind/body dualism laid the conceptual groundwork for the masculine rational transcendence of the feminine irrational' (Berg 1994, 249). In *Volatile Bodies*, Elizabeth Grosz asserts that 'patriarchal oppression… justifies itself, at least in part, by connecting women much more closely than men to the body… women are somehow *more* biological, *more* corporeal, and *more* natural than men' (Grosz 1994, 14). Grosz argues that the mind has been traditionally associated with 'positive terms such as reason, subject, consciousness, and masculinism' whereas 'the body has been associated with passion, object, unconsciousness, exteriority and feminism' (Grosz 1989, *xiv*). In identifying

Hemingway's devaluing of numbness and lack of sensation, Yasushi has actually discovered examples of Hemingway's observance of Cartesian values.

In moments of physical wounding, Hemingway's protagonists attempt to become active participants in the assessment of their injury, either assisting an attending doctor or mimicking medical observation. Pain can manage to sever the body from the mind, by the detachment is hierarchical; the detached mind is elevated above the body as opposed to the alternative response to pain, in which the body in pain overpowers rational thought and subsumes the mind. To give over to pain and lose rational thought is consistently portrayed as feminine or racially other. In *To Have and Have Not*, Harry Morgan has been shot while running liquor. His deckhand, a black man named Wesley, has also been shot. Wesley wants a doctor, but Harry wants to dump their contraband liquor first. He claims to have already assessed their injuries as well as any doctor could: 'What's a doctor going to do that I ain't done for you?' (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 53) While Wesley lies on the deck complaining of his wounds, Harry continues to work, despite the fact that Wesley acknowledges Harry has the worse injury:

> 'You're shot worse,' the nigger said, 'But I ain't never been shot […] I don't want to be shot.'
> 'Take it easy, Wesley,' the man told him. 'It don't do any good to talk like that.' (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 53)

Wesley continues to cry out and makes little sense. Harry dismisses his voice because he considers Wesley's thoughts irrational, and it does not 'do any good to talk like that.' Irrational voices are dismissed as inferior. Wesley is so immersed in his own pain and beyond (or, in this context, beneath) reason, he goes so far as to threaten to cut out Harry's heart with a whetstone. Because Harry continues to work despite his pain, Wesley accuses him of 'not being human,' with the implication being that Harry is more superhuman than

sub because his fault is being too emotionless and logical. In this way, he is similar to the Doctor in 'Indian Camp,' who does not let his emotions slow him down. In this instance, Harry does him one better – he lets neither his own physical sensation of pain nor his emotional awareness of his friend's pain distract him from the task at hand. When Wesley apologizes for not being able 'to help dump that stuff,' Harry understandingly replies, 'Ain't no nigger any good when he's shot. You're a [sic] alright nigger, Wesley' (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 62). This further emphasizes their racial differences and the implied values witnessed repeatedly as the scene unfolds. This point is particularly clear in the description: 'the nigger blubbered with his face against a sack. The man went on slowly lifting the sacks of liquor and dropping them over the side' (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 54). Wesley mimics the role of the patient and forces Harry into the position of attending doctor. By becoming passive and consigning himself to the pain of his wound, Wesley rejects responsibility for himself, which Harry must now assume. This act of passive submission feminizes him in contrast to the masculine assessment of Harry. Because the pain does not incapacitate Harry and he continues to function rationally, he remains a 'man.' 'Blubbering' and unable to assist in finding a way out of their circumstance, Wesley is described with pejorative 'nigger,' hierarchically less than male.

Unlike Wesley, and in a calm, unemotional manner similar to Harry, Robert Jordan assesses his injury at the end of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* with surgical precision and awareness:

> He felt with his fingers on the left thigh and it was all right. The bone had not punctured the skin and the broken end was well into the muscle now. The big nerve must have been truly smashed when that damn horse rolled on it, he thought. (E. Hemingway [1940] 1993a, 468)

He does not directly feel the wound itself, but instead feels the wound via the indirect touch of surgeon's hands. Robert's mind processes his finger's touching his body rather than feeling the wound itself. His consciousness is objective and above his body and pain. As his condition worsens, he maintains psychological distance from the wound: 'the leg, where the big nerve had been bruised by the fall, was hurting badly now' and again 'His leg was hurting very badly now.' (E. Hemingway [1940] 1993a, 469) His leg hurts him; the pain is external and he processes it indirectly. He is unable to stop the pain, and in this way he is passive, but he maintains control of the situation by distancing himself from the wound. His conception of his body is fractured by what functions properly and responds to his desired control (his hands, for example) and what is now useless flesh (his wounded leg). Instead of gradually being enveloped by the pain, his mind begins to separate and rise above his wounded body:

> All right, he said. And he lay very quietly and tried to hold on to himself that he felt slipping away from himself as you feel snow starting to slip sometimes on a mountain slope. (E. Hemingway [1940] 1993a, 471)

Hemingway uses the same imagery of separation of the mind from the body in *A Farewell to Arms*. When Frederic Henry is hit by a trench mortar shell, he feels himself separate from his body. 'Himself' in this instance, just as previously in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, is exclusively his mind, or perhaps more figuratively but accurately for the situation, his soul, which comprises his identity exclusively from his body, which simply houses and anchors his soul:

> I felt myself bodily rush out of myself and out and out and out and all the time bodily in the wind. I went out of myself, all of myself, and I knew I was dead and that had all been a mistake to think you just died. Then I floated, and instead of going on I felt myself slide back. (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 54)

Hemingway's conception of this moment is in accordance with Cartesian values. He emphasizes objective, critical assessments of bodies and experiences. This passage, which describes his awareness of his own consciousness, is nearly clinical, and focuses on feeling as sensation rather than emotion. By numbing sensation, painkillers inhibit a patient's ability to assist the doctors in assessing their own condition. General anaesthesia therefore threatens the identity of the individual because it is an assault on consciousness. When fully unconscious, the patient is only an unthinking body until the surgery is over. Local anaesthesia does not present the same hazards. In a draft for a new chapter in *A Farewell to Arms*, Hemingway describes a doctor assessing Frederic Henry's wounds:

> He took out a number of small steel splinters from my thigh with ~~a great~~ delicacy and refined distate. He used a local anaesthetic called something or other snow which froze the tissue until the probe, the scalpel or the forceps got below the frozen portion. The anaesthetized area was clearly defined by the patient […] (E. Hemingway 2012, 298)[26]

The implication is that the patient calls out or otherwise indicates when the doctor has probed beyond the numbness of the drug. For Hemingway, the voice of a person in pain is crucial. If the patient is able to communicate a thought coherently, he has mastered the pain, by virtue of the fact the pain has not overwhelmed him. The patient demonstrates a cognitive awareness of the body's condition. Superiority is given to the reason and vocalized rational thought, but even screams indicate a functioning mind connected to the body. This preference is not shared by John Dos Passos, another Red Cross volunteer who uses similar themes but comes to very different conclusions. For Dos Passos, communication of pain relies on touch rather than sound.

[26] Hemingway struck out 'a great.'

Dos Passos and Ambulances: Carrying Pain

Hemingway's first encounter with battlefield medicine was as a Red Cross volunteer on the Italian front, where he was part of the ambulance corps. Ambulances were already a relatively new innovation in military strategy, and motorized ambulances even more so. Drivers served a new function in warfare – the evacuation of wounded soldiers away from the front lines to a hospital. Initially, the wounded were ferried to a holding station before being transported to the hospital, but this system troubled the other soldiers at the front who were disturbed by the sounds of the wounded. Ambulance drivers applied only the most rudimentary first aid, and painkillers were only dispensed by officers in the medical corps. In the years leading up to World War I, military strategists began instructing soldiers in basic first aid techniques, and 'physicians and surgeons chose to administer morphine liberally to quiet the wounded' (Haller 2011, 105). The experience of ferrying wounded to the hospital potentially contributed to Hemingway's creation of the intermediary character in the operating theatre, the role of the male nurse. John Dos Passos depicts the same scenes of transportation of wounded, but he focuses on empathy with the wounded and the importance of physical touch rather than the more objective, observational perspective which Hemingway consistently employs. In the following scenes, we witness the same ideological contrast between doctors and midwives – but while the stance of Hemingway's narrator is clinical and detached, Dos Passos' narrator is emotionally embroiled in his charge's suffering.

One of Dos Passos' earliest works, *One Man's Initiation: 1917,* is centred on the experiences of Martin Howe, a young Red Cross volunteer. Although told in the third person, Dos Passos consistently exposes Howe's mind-set. While transporting one wounded soldier, Martin physically embraces the man and his pain:

> Martin is kneeling on the floor of the car, his knees bruised by the jolting, holding the man on the stretcher, with his chest pressed on the man's chest and one arm stretched down to keep the limp bandaged leg still […]
> Martin, his every muscle taut with the agony of the man's pain, is on his knees, pressing his chest on the man's chest, trying with an arm stretched along the man's leg to keep him from bouncing in the broken stretcher. (Dos Passos 2003, 55)

Martin perfectly mirrors the patient beneath him. His muscles, originally intended to ease the man's suffering by keeping him still, instead become a conduit for empathy. In an embrace that seems physically, perhaps even sexually charged, his body strains against the man – 'his chest pressed on the man's chest.' But then his body strains against the man's pain itself: 'his every muscle taut with the agony of the man's pain' (Dos Passos 2003, 55). For Dos Passos, pain is tangible. It is a physical encounter, and a sharable experience through mirrored action and emotion. Where Hemingway emphasizes psychological distancing, Dos Passos cultivates emotional bonding. It is the same division between obstetricians and midwives. Doctors remain aloof, recognizing their patient's pain as a symptom that needs to be treated. The ideology of midwives, of shared experience, rejects the objectivity of doctors.

To further emphasize this difference, we witness the same active, physicalized empathy in a later episode, in which Martin runs to the aid of a just-wounded prisoner:

> In a child's soft voice the prisoner was babbling endlessly, contentedly. Martin kneeled beside him and tried to lift him, clasping round the chest under the arms […] sweat dripped

> from Martin's face, on the man's face, and he felt the arm-muscles and the ribs pressed against his body. […] The effort gave Martin a strange contentment. It was as if his body were taking part in the agony of this man's body. At last they were all washed out, all the hatreds, all the lies, in blood and sweat. Nothing was left but the quiet friendliness of being alike in every part, eternally alike. (Dos Passos 2003, 69)

Here Dos Passos considerations could not be further from Hemingway's. Hemingway consistently refrains from describing not only pain, but nearly all feelings and emotions. Michael Kowaleski extends Hemingway's self-professed theory of omission (also known as the 'Iceberg Theory,' first proposed in *Death in the Afternoon*) from plot considerations to character portrayals. In 'Now I Lay Me,' Nick Adams remembers the only time he ever tried to bait a hook with a salamander. Because 'he had tiny feet that tried to hold on to the hook' (E. Hemingway 1993b, 227) he never used one for bait again. From this, Kowaleski concludes:

> He [Hemingway] knows that our awareness of the salamander's pain will be heightened the more the representation of that pain does not declare itself – or rather, the more the reader, in the very motions of his response, is himself made to 'declare' it […] the more the descriptive omissions here pose a resistance to our reading efforts, the harder we work to overcome them. (Kowaleski 1993, 151)

In a similar ambulance scene in *A Farewell to Arms*, in which Frederic Henry is transported as a casualty, he lies in the back of the ambulance as blood drips down onto him from the wounded man above him:

> I felt something dripping. At first it dropped slowly and then regularly, then it patterned into a stream. I shouted to the driver, 'The man on the stretcher above me has a hemorrhage.'
>
> 'We're not far from the top. I wouldn't be able to get him out alone.'[…]

> The stream kept on. After a while the stream from the stretcher above lessened and started to drip again and I heard and felt the canvas above move as the man the stretcher settled more comfortably.
>
> 'How is he,' the Englishman called back. 'We're almost up.'
>
> 'He's dead I think,' I said. (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 61)

The characters are connected only by their voices and through intermediary objects acting as agents of contact – the blood and the stretcher. There are no cries of pain and neither sympathy nor identification, which leaves the reader space to inhabit the scene.

Dos Passos leaves no room for the reader. He limits the significance of the event by describing the pain of the patient and Martin's reaction to it. Martin moralizes the event, and the pain that would linger in imagination filling the space of omission instead disappears in the significance of the epiphany proposed by Martin. The pain that enables his identification is 'washed out' and forgotten. That Dos Passos needs to bluntly tell his reader the meaning of the scene strongly indicates that the scene was unsuccessful. Consider the progression of actions. In the previous embrace, Martin presses directly against the man beneath him and empathy is formed through replication. Martin is in mild pain ('his knees bruised by the jolting') and his patient is in severe pain ('the man's breath comes with a bubbling sound, now and then mingling with an articulate groan. "Softly [….] Oh, softly, oh—oh—oh!"' (Dos Passos 2003, 55)) and in their embrace, the man's pain nearly becomes Martin's pain – he is almost in the pain of the other.

In this second passage, the shift from erotic to maternal embrace achieves an even greater empathic bond. The first gesture was a pressing-down action, a containing motion of downward pressure countering upward force. This second motion pulls upward and inward. The wounded prisoner is infantilized. Where the first man can emit an 'articulate

groan,' this prisoner is beyond coherent thought and rational communication. He 'babbles endlessly, contentedly' in a 'child's soft voice.' The prisoner loses his identity with his loss of faculties. Rather than *his* arms and chest, Martin feels 'the' arms and chest against his body. The physical communication of this instance penetrates deeper than the surface contact earlier in the ambulance. Martin internalizes the prisoner's pain, which is neither verbalized nor gestured – it exists entirely in Martin's conceptualisation of the other: 'It was as if his body were taking part in the agony of this man's body.' The agony is localized to the prisoner's body; he is divorced from his mind, which has ceased functioning in any intelligible way. Martin participates in the experience, but in this moment he is not in pain himself – far from it; instead he feels 'contentment.' Body to body, they become identically alike. Without replicating the pain of the wound or finding an approximate sensation, Martin 'takes part' in the prisoner's pain through basic touch and proximity. There are too many leaps from too few details for the reader to see Martin's contentment without being specifically told he is content.

In the greater context of *One Man's Initiation: 1917,* this moment of physical communication serves as a contrast to the endless conversations between characters with different political beliefs and opinions of the war. Verbal communication creates divisions and discord, but touch, a simple embrace, creates unity. Rejecting intellectualism and the tangles of political ideology and theory, Dos Passos favours the bodily communication as a maternal and peaceful alternative that is inferior but preferable to the more rational, combative and masculine method. To continue the awareness of Cartesian portrayals of bodies and thought, Dos Passos aligns himself somewhat condescendingly with feminine bodies over masculine thought.

Michael Clark cites a passage from 'In a New Republic' published first in 1921 (and then republished as part of *Orient Express* in 1927) as evidence of Dos Passos's participation in American literary traditions. The passage, titled 'Bees' in its later publication, is supposedly drawn from a conversation with 'the secretary of the commission for schools' in Russia:

> All education is to be done by work, nothing without actual touch; […] the children must cultivate gardens, raise rabbits, bees, chickens, learn how to take care of cattle […] everything they must learn by touch. […] You see, nothing by theory, everything by practice. (Clark 1987, 97)

Clark sees this as an emphasis on nature, and that 'the structure of *Manhattan Transfer* resulted from Dos Passos's continuing appreciation of nature – appreciation that he had already frequently associated with Walt Whitman' (Clark 1987, 99). As suggested by Clark, Dos Passos values a 'pragmatic approach to life (an emphasis on touch and work rather than on theory)' (Clark 1987, 99), but I would argue that Dos Passos is doing more than rejecting intellectualism and theory in favour of appreciating nature. He is promoting a holistic mode of communication of knowledge and experience. Troublingly, he finds himself making the written claim that touch communicates knowledge more effectively than words. If touch leads to identification, refusal to touch creates isolation and character confusion.

The empathetic touch is noticeably absent in Dos Passos's depiction of a hospital delivery ward in *Manhattan Transfer* (Dos Passos [1925] 1986). Additionally, it should be evident that the text does not support Clark's claims of nature as a positive force and alternative to the urban chaos of Manhattan. In this scene, one of the main characters, Ellen, has just been born:

> The nurse, holding the basket at arm's length as if it were a bedpan, opened the door to a big dry hot room with greenish distempered walls where in the air tinctured with smells of alcohol and iodoform hung writhing a faint sourish squalling from other baskets along the wall. As she set her basket down she glanced into it with pursed-up lips. The newborn baby squirmed in the cottonwool feebly like a knot of earthworms. (Dos Passos [1925] 1986, 15)

It is an assault of adjectives, adverbs, metaphors and similes the use of which go against almost all the principles of imagism proposed by Ezra Pound. 'Imagism,' so described in 'A Retrospect,' should, 'use no superfluous word, no adjective which does not reveal something' (Pound 1968, 4).[27] The excessive descriptions clutter the action and the primary concern of the scene – the nurse keeps the baby as far away from herself as possible. The reader finds the entire scene unpleasant and becomes falsely sympathetic to the nurse. It is false sympathy because the nurse does not balk at the hospital smells or the temperature; she only disapproves of the baby. She holds the basket 'at arm's length,' and only gives the infant a cursory, disapproving glance with 'pursed-up lips' (Dos Passos [1925] 1986, 15). She rejects everything about the child. Its cries do not invite concern, but are instead repugnant. The whole scene is dominated by rot: the babies' cries, their 'sourish squalling,' hang in the air as if their sound were solid. The nurse holds the basket as if it were a bedpan, building the trope of excrement and repulsion, and finally the 'newborn baby squirmed […] like a knot of earthworms' (Dos Passos [1925] 1986, 15). Michel Clark claims that a major theme in *Manhattan Transfer* is the consequences of New Yorkers' growing distance from nature and agrarian lifestyles (Clark 2012, 98), but if the intention is to argue that urban environments are cut off from nature, surely the imagery used wouldn't

[27] Originally published in March 1913 in *Poetry*.

evoke images of natural rotting. What can be inferred is the absence of touch, and what this absence indicates.

The father of the new-born did not witness the birth. He appears afterwards, bearing flowers. He immediately finds the hospital disquieting: 'the smell of drugs caught at his throat,' and he 'tried to steady his voice' (Dos Passos [1925] 1986, 17). Voices, specifically vocalized desire, are consistently ignored in the hospital environment. In the periphery of the scene, 'the closing of a door cut off a strangled shriek' (17). Susie is forced to whisper her opinion of the attending nurse to her husband. He ignores her:

> 'I hate her,' whispered Susie. 'She gives me the fidgets that woman does; she's nothing but a mean old maid.'
> 'Never mind, dear, it's just for a day or two.' Susie closed her eyes. (Dos Passos [1925] 1986, 18)

When the nurse brings their child for them to see, Susie believes that the nurse has stolen their baby because the new-born does not have a label:

> Susie stretched her arms out above her head and shrieked: 'It's not mine. It's not mine. Take it away… that woman's stolen my baby.'
> 'Dear, for Heaven's sake! Dear, for Heaven's sake!' He tried to tuck the covers about her.
> 'Too bad,' said the nurse, calmly picking up the basket. 'I'll have to give her a sedative.'
> Susie sat up stiff in bed. 'Take it away,' she yelled and fell back in hysterics, letting out continuous frail moaning shrieks.
> 'O my God!' cried Ed Thatcher, clasping his hands. (Dos Passos [1925] 1986, 18-19)

Ed clasps only his own hands. He does not touch his wife, and he does not defend her. He tries to restrain her when 'he tried to tuck the covers in about her.' His voice objects to hers – 'for Heaven's sake,' siding with the nurse's opinion of the situation. Again, the baby goes unnamed. The nurse only picks up 'the basket' rather than 'the baby' (Dos Passos [1925] 1986, 19). Susie stretches her arms out, but no arms gather hers in an embrace. Her cries

are a problem, and they will soon be silenced with a 'sedative.' The pain of the wounded soldiers did not require any communication. Martin Howe embraced their experience. Here Ed Thatcher rejects his wife. He leaves her and heads to a bar to celebrate with a man he meets in the stairwell. In *One Man's Initiation* and *Three Soldiers*, Dos Passos bears out the theme of men struggling to maintain their identities against the mechanization of war, and in doing, occasionally embracing one another.[28] In *Manhattan Transfer*, the great machine is humanity, and instead of the tanks and uniforms robbing individuals of their sense of self, Dos Passos composes a chaos of people failing to embrace each other in any meaningful way as they rush about in their very separate, but often intertwined lives. The individual pains of characters pass unnoticed in the city in ways they would never be by ambulance drivers on a battlefield.

Hospital Births and Fathers

Ed Thatcher willingly leaves his wife behind, but true to the times, he would have been unwelcome even if had wished to stay. In *Birthing Fathers: The Transformation Of Men In American Rites Of Birth,* Richard Reed makes the claim that 'as mothers moved into maternity wards in the twentieth century, fathers were left in the waiting room' because hospitals were 'dominated and defined by the models and ideologies of medicine' (Reed 2005, 82). Reed overstates the case, but he is not alone in doing so. The hospitalization of childbirth was a gradual trend. The shift to hospitals was largely concentrated in urban centres in the North, and the patients were generally very low-income or wealthy expecting mothers. Middle class families continued to have births at home, attended by male

[28] Hemingway once wrote to Fitzgerald that war was 'the best subject of all,' and he cites *Three Soldiers* as an example of a book made great by the subject: 'What made 3 soldiers a swell book was the war.' 15 December, 1925 (E. Hemingway 1981, 176)

physicians, an alternative to both midwives and hospitals (Leavitt 1986; Wertz and Wertz [1977] 1989; Thomasson and Treber 2008).[29] In the 1960s, fathers began petitioning hospitals for admission to the delivery room, but there are no official records before this time of the attendance of fathers during births (Blackshaw 2009; Burgess 1997; Leavitt 2009; Wolfkind 1981,).[30] We infer from these trends that as hospital births became more frequent, fathers were excluded from the delivery room.

Leavitt and Reed both agree that fathers in these circumstances are traditionally portrayed as a comedic figure (Reed uses the phrase 'knaves in waiting'), but the husband has the potential to upset the hierarchy of the delivery room. The opinions of mothers in childbirth are often discounted because of the intensity of their experience, but the presence of their husbands creates an additional witness to the event. This holds doctors more accountable for their actions. More importantly, the husband is forced to choose between his wife and the doctors if they are at odds. This tension is further complicated by the availability of painkillers.

The ability of painkillers to control a patient's awareness of surgical procedures being performed on them revolutionized surgery. On October 16, 1847, William Thomas Green Morton performed surgery on an anaesthetized patient in what has become known as the 'Ether Dome,' an amphitheatre in the Bulfinch Building at Massachusetts General Hospital. Immediately after, the debate began as to whether it was ethical to numb patients

[29] 'As late as 1900, half of all the children born in a given year in the United States were delivered with the help of a midwife attendant. By 1930, midwife-attended births dropped to less than 15 percent' (Borst 1995, 1) 'In 1900, only 5% of all births occurred in hospitals, compared to nearly 75% of urban births and half of all births by 1935' (Wertz and Wertz 1989, 133).

[30] During home births, fathers had more of a choice in the matter, although midwives were encouraged to deliver the child in 'confinement,' (The Mid-Wife's Pocket-book, 1920 84-85). Midwifes were also warned to acquire written consent from fathers to permit doctors to perform any emergency operations before labour begins in case they become alarmed at the conditions of their wives and 'drown their anxiety at a neighbourhood tavern' (Berkeley, A Handbook of Midwifery, 1920 480-481).

to pain. Where before pain was an unavoidable consequence of surgery, now there was a choice. Surgeons in opposition to painkillers argued that pain served a purpose. In *What a Blessing She Had Chloroform* (Caton 1999), Donald Caton concludes from the opinion of a contemporary surgeon, Nicolai Pirogoff, 'that to a surgeon steeled by courage, judgement, and experience to disagreeable and unwelcome screams of his patients, an operation performed on a person robbed of feeling and consciousness is bound to be repugnant' (Caton 1999, 28). He also makes the claim that 'surgeons relied on the reactions of their awake patients to guide surgery' (Caton 1999, 28). The concern was that without patients being conscious and able to scream in pain, doctors might cause more harm than good during surgery (Wolf 2009, Glucklick 2001, Brubaker and Dillaway 2008).

This debate carried over into obstetrics on January 19, 1847, when James Simpson first 'administered diethyl ether to facilitate delivery of a child to a woman with a deformed pelvis' (Caton 1999, 3). Simpson became a vocal proponent for anaesthesia in obstetrics, asserting they gave doctors 'the proud power of being able to cancel and remove pains of torture that would otherwise be inevitable' (Caton 1999, 78). With his many pamphlets, Simpson is credited with beginning the shift of awareness of childbirth from a natural occurrence to a medical procedure (Caton 1999, 107). Expectant mothers as well as their husbands favoured the use of anaesthesia to not only blot out the pain but also any knowledge of the experience, which was originally conceived as an additional benefit of the use of drugs. Several literary and historically notable figures shared this opinion. Charles Darwin wrote on the delivery of his son:

> I was so bold during my wife's confinement which are always rapid, as to administer chloroform, before the Dr came & I kept her in a state of insensibility of 1 & 1 ½ hours & she knew

> nothing from first pain till she heard that the child was born. (Caton 1999, 81)[31]

Charles Dickens also wrote of his wife's anaesthetized birth that the painkillers 'spared her all pain (she had no sensation, but of a great display of sky rockets) […] I am convinced that it is as safe in its administration, as it is miraculous and merciful in its effects' (Caton 1999, 149).[32] The enthusiasm for anaesthetics and the hope of sparing their wives any awareness of their own experience maintained a culture of medical interventionism despite these alarming trends. Between 1900 and 1920, 'when infant mortality plunged 42 percent, maternal mortality rose 27 percent' (Wolf 2009, 75). Dorothy Reed Mendhall wrote in 1917 that antiseptics and anaesthesia, which 'should make childbirth safer,' were actually endangering mothers because they permitted surgical recklessness. 'Given anaesthesia, forceps no longer caused women severe pain during application. Thus even doctors untrained in the use of forceps readily used the device, thereby increasing the incidence of post-partum infection' (Wolf 2009, 75).

In 1914, an additional drug became popular. 'Twilight Sleep,' the common name given to scopolamine, was not a pain-killer in a traditional sense – it caused amnesia. Women only given scopolamine injections would feel all the pain of the event, but would be unable to remember it afterwards (Leavitt 1986). Perhaps because explicitly-described birth scenes in fiction are fairly uncommon, the few that do exist are frequently cited by texts addressing trends in birthing culture. Hemingway's 'Indian Camp' is cited repeatedly, and so is the following scene from the Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar* (Plath [1963] 2000):

> Later Buddy told me the woman was on a drug that would make her forget she had any pain and that when she swore and

[31] Letter to John Henslow, 15 January 1850
[32] Letter to William Macready, 2 February 1849

> groaned she really didn't know what she was doing because she was in some kind of twilight sleep.
>
> I thought it sounded just like the sort of drug a man would invent. Here was a woman in terrible pain, obviously feeling every bit of it or she wouldn't groan like that, and she would go straight home and start another baby, because the drug would make her forget how bad the pain had been, when all the time, in some secret part of her, that long blind, doorless, windowless corridor of pain was waiting to open up and shut her in again. (Plath [1963] 2000, 66)

Here Plath describes scopolamine, and objects most strongly to its damage to memory. The doctors see and know what has happened to their patients, but the women themselves, being unconscious, forfeit the privilege of narration. The male doctors become the primary sources for the event. Women could thus only access their own deliveries through the second-hand accounts of their doctors. From a linguistic and Cartesian perspective, these new drugs not only dulled sensation, but also the ownership of the narrative. A fully conscious woman gives birth even when attended by a doctor, but as pain-killers and anaesthetics are introduced, the doctor becomes the subject and the primary actor in the event; he delivers the baby. Her labour becomes his work.

Anaesthesia and Catherine Barkley

Having introduced the medical developments of anaesthesia, for the purpose of this thesis, both chloroform and ether will be referred to as anaesthesia, and will be distinguished from pain-killers, such as morphine or alcohol. This distinction is drawn from the purpose of the medication – anaesthesia is intended to render the patient unconscious, whereas pain-killers numb the pain but the patient remains awake. An anaesthetized patient loses all agency and individual identity because they are unconscious or incapable of rational communication. Without a mind aware of the experience, patients are reduced to being

mere bodies. The tension between awareness of pain and the force of medical interventionism is the most starkly portrayed in Hemingway's depiction of Catherine Barkley's hospital delivery in *A Farewell to Arms*. As a character, Catherine Barkley has proved divisive amongst critics since the book was published in 1929. In 1939, Edmund Wilson divided Hemingway's female characters into groups – 'submissive infra-Anglo-Saxon women that make his heroes the perfect mistresses' and 'American bitches of the most soul-destroying sort' (Spanier 1990, 76). Catherine is generally placed by critics in the former category (Bardacke 1950; Fetterly 1976; Oates 1988) with varying degrees of sympathy and condemnation, but scholars occasionally attempt to vindicate her character and search for evidence that she is instead heroic in her own right (Benson 1969, Wexler 1981). These scholars commit themselves predominantly to Frederic Henry's courtship of Catherine, and follow the arc through his convalescence post-wounding to his eventual desertion from the army and their joint flight to Switzerland.

When Catherine first enters the hospital, she fully participates like any other wounded male character previously discussed. She is objective and clinically assesses her own condition:

> 'I'm having fine pains now,' she said […]
>
> 'That was a big one,' Catherine said. I saw it on her face. (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 314)

She continues to describe her contractions as 'big ones' or 'real ones,' and she anaesthetizes herself at first, calmly smiling and telling the doctor when she would like the ether:

> 'I want it now,' Catherine said […]
> 'I want it again,' Catherine said. She held the rubber tight to her face and breathed fast […] then she pulled the mask away and smiled. (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 317)

But as the pains grow worse, she loses her composure. The pain starts to overwhelm her, although she still makes an effort to demonstrate her mental functioning. She sends the doctor away to have lunch, suggesting 'couldn't my husband give me the gas?' (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 317). After a brief demonstration, the doctor leaves Frederic Henry to continue administering the ether:

> 'I want it now,' Catherine said. She held the mask tight to her face. I turned the dial to number two and when Catherine put down the mask I turned it off. It was very good of the doctor to let me do something. (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 317)

Frederic Henry is nicely out of his comfort zone of battlefield medicine. Although a deserter, he still clings to hierarchy, and he fully defers to the doctor as the authority in the hospital. He is grateful for everything in the beginning, such as the chance to assist, and most importantly, for the gas: 'Thank God for the gas, anyway. What must it have been like before there were anaesthetics?' (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 320). But this rumination ends with Frederic realizing for the first time that Catherine could die – 'But what if she should die?' he asks himself five different times in an internal monologue. After an examination, the attending doctor recommends a caesarean. During the preparation, Frederic continues to administer the gas, but it stops having any effect (an accurate problem with nitrous dioxide (Reynolds 1996, 123)):

> I'm almost done, darling. I'm going all to pieces. *Please give me that*. It doesn't work. *Oh it – doesn't work*! [...] oh I so wanted to have this baby and not make trouble, and now I'm all gone to pieces and it doesn't work. Oh, darling, it doesn't work at all. I don't care if I die if it will only stop. Oh, please, darling, please make it stop. *There it comes. Oh oh oh*! (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 322)

Hemingway is holding Catherine up against the masculine values he emphasizes everywhere else in his work – the stoic, 'hard-boiled' ability to endure pain without

breaking. She breaks when her voice breaks: 'oh oh oh' signifies the inability of her mind to control her body. She cannot manage the pain nor master her body.

When she starts to fail, Frederic Henry intervenes. His role has been conflated with that of the doctor. (Seeing a reflection of himself, he even describes himself as 'a fake doctor with a beard' (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 272)). Where in 'Indian Camp' the Indian brave lies mute and passive on his bunk and Uncle George explicitly follows the doctor's instructions, here Frederic makes choices on behalf of the doctor. He is implicated in responsibility for Catherine's experience because she defers to him directly as an extension of the attending doctor. He gives her all the gas he can: 'I'll make it work. I'll turn it all the way.' (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 322) Like Frederic, her mind separates briefly from her body. When he turns off the gas, 'she came back from a long way away.' He warns her to 'be brave,' but Catherine has given up. 'I'm not brave any more, darling. I'm all broken. They've broken me. I know it now' (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 323). These lines signal the death of her character, which precedes her death as an individual. Although she makes the claim 'I won't die, I won't let myself die,' her vocalized surrender precipitates her narrative demise. After the caesarean, Catherine haemorrhages repeatedly, falls into unconsciousness, and dies. She may or may not have been the hero of the story, but primacy in the narrative is reserved for the narrator, Frederic.

The conflict of Frederic telling his own story creates a difficulty in situating him against the Hemingway code of stoicism. He tells the story afterward. The narration appears in the past tense. Of course this is a traditional method of narration for a novel, but in the context of the vitality of voice in assessing a character's identity, we must reorient our evaluation of Catherine. Is she an active or passive agent in her own fate? F. Scott

Fitzgerald approached this question when offering feedback of a draft of the novel for Hemingway in a psychoanalytically pointed and temporally baffling analysis:

> You're seeing him in a sophisticated way as now you see yourself then, but you're *still* seeing her as you did in 1917 thru nineteen yr. old eyes. In contrast unless you make her a bit fatuous occasionally the contrast jars. (Lockridge 1988, 170)

The disparity between the sophistication of the narrators is as much a symptom of unbalanced description as it is an issue of narration. Catherine writes herself in the present tense but she is confined by the past tense of Frederic's narration, who crafts their story with benefit of hindsight. As Michael Reynolds points out:

> Telling his own story, Frederic is temperamentally incapable of making himself a hero of the action. If the reader accepts Catherine as the heroine of the novel, it is because Frederic is always aware of her sacrifice and her death. Frederic's insights into the nature of bravery do not, ultimately, apply to his own action. (Reynolds 1976, 254)

Frederic is not simply narrating after the fact – he is specifically engaged in the act of writing. In the forty-seven existing drafts of the ending, we see Frederic actively writing their story. In some variations he may be telling or writing, he is aware that what he has created is a story: 'That is all there is to the story' appears in 'The Nada Ending,' (passages 1, 2, 3 in *A Farewell to Arms: The Hemingway Library Edition* (E. Hemingway 2012, 303)). In 'The Funeral Ending' (passages 10, 11, 12 (E. Hemingway 2012, 306), Frederic is writing: 'When people die you have to bury them but you do not have to write about it. You meet undertakers but you do not have to write about them' and 'in writing you have a certain choice that you do not have in life.' He writes (with some variation) 'I could tell what has happened since then but that is the end of the story' four different times (passages 26, 27, 28, 31 (E. Hemingway 2012, 311-315)). Slightly similar, the last line, 'then I saw the electric

light still on in the daylight by the head of the bed and I was back where I had left off last night and that is the end of the story' completes passages 29, 32, 33 (E. Hemingway 2012, 311-317). The 47th passage ends with indecision about the privilege of the narrator: 'You can ~~not~~ stop your life the way you stop a story ~~except by~~ but you do not do it and afterwards you are not sorry. It stops for a while by its-self and then it goes on again' (E. Hemingway 2012, 322). Frederic affords himself only one choice ('in writing you have a certain choice' passages 10, 11, 12 (E. Hemingway 2012, 306)) and it would seem that that one choice is when to end the story, which exclusively for the narrator, is separate from suicide. The narrator lives on beyond the full-stop of the last line. The one choice he has, as the creator, is where to place that full-stop.

Catherine and her baby threaten Frederic's role as a narrator, and tidily enough, they both die. However, in three draft versions of the ending, the baby lives (passages 7, 8, 9 (E. Hemingway 2012, 305-306) and Frederic is forced to grapple with awareness of a competing narrator:

> Anyway, he does not belong in this story. He starts a new one ~~story~~. It is not fair to start a new story at the end of an old one but that is the way it happens. There is no end except death and birth is the only beginning. (Passage 7, E. Hemingway 2012, 305)
>
> I had a son now – I did not know whether to believe it or not. (Passage 8, E. Hemingway 2012, 305)
>
> I had a son now. I didn't give a damn about him. All I cared about was Catherine. (Passage 9, E. Hemingway 2012, 306)

Although without a functioning capacity for reason, a new-born infant becomes human by virtue of having a voice. Drawing breath and making a first cry establishes a child's independent identity, and assumes the right to the beginning of its own story, which begins

with its birth. Although passive in the process, a child's birth is its own. But Frederic's son never cries out; he is choked by the umbilical cord and born dead: (from a nurse) 'They couldn't start him breathing. The cord was around his neck or something' (E. Hemingway 2012, 270). Frederic ruminates on this fact:

> So that was it. The baby was dead [...] I had no religion but I knew he ought to have been baptized. But what if he had never breathed at all. He hadn't. He had never been alive. Except in Catherine. I'd felt him kick there often enough. But hadn't for a week. Maybe he was choked all the time. Poor little kid. I wish the hell I'd been choked like that. No I didn't. (E. Hemingway 2012, 279)

If the Indian father did indeed sacrifice in an effort to save his wife and his child, he would certainly find Frederic wanting in this instance. He cannot even offer his life in his child's stead for any longer than a brief thought, and then he immediately takes it back. Frederic is a deserter of all things but his narrative responsibility. Catherine also briefly threatens his primacy. In her last moments before slipping into final unconsciousness, she tells Frederic 'I meant to write you a letter to have if anything happened, but I didn't do it' (E. Hemingway 2012, 282). The letter would have been just as dangerous for Frederic as a living baby. Catherine would have been able to take the last word for herself. The written word supersedes dialogue just as a fully-functioning voice supersedes a voice compromised by pain. Catherine speaks, but only Frederic writes. Her last moments are spent being repeatedly hushed by the hospital staff: 'you must not talk so much' (E. Hemingway 2012, 282), 'you are talking too much' (E. Hemingway 2012, 283) and 'you cannot talk' (E. Hemingway 2012, 283). Frederic even claims insight into her experience: 'It was very hard for her to talk' (E. Hemingway 2012, 282), although he offers no evidence to support this conclusion. We have to take him at his word.

Frederic Henry enjoys the ability to help spare his wife pain (and silence her, for his own peace of mind), but thematically this assists in her defeat. Hemingway casts Catherine in the same masculine theatre of character determination that Robert Jordan and others were tested. Catherine was a victim of the same Cartesian values and demands – she was desperate to remain calm and cognizant during her birth, and by failing that she considered herself a failure. Hemingway's influence on popular perceptions of male character determination has often been commented on, but rarely are the values he promoted considered with regard to their impact on the evaluation of the character of women. Despite being a radically different arena, patriarchal values of stoicism have crossed over into what was formerly the entirely feminine domain of childbirth. The experiences of women are now determined by their willingness to subscribe to these values.

Today, women face the decision between the value of a 'natural' birth and a 'medical' birth. This choice often comes down to 'the absence or presence of analgesia or anaesthesia', and 'women often regard this decision […] as the only choice they have in the hospital birth setting' (Brubaker and Dillaway 2008, 221). Robbie E. Davis-Floyd splits these women into three main groups: Technocratic, Wholistic, and Natural (Davis-Floyd 1992). In favour of entering the hospital, the technocratic group is defined by 'complete and unquestioning acceptance of physician's authority and hospital routine' (Davis-Floyd 1992, 189). In the alternative, 'wholisitic' model, women 'tend to see their birth as a natural aspect of their womanhood, which they […] wish to unfold without technological interference' (Davis-Floyd 1992, 199). The third group, the 'natural model,' seeks to find harmony between the two, in which a holistic methods are used first at the hospital, but technological intervention is readily available should the need arise (Davis-Floyd 1992,

175-176). The use of pain medications is the primary factor that distinguishes these three models from each other.

Similarly concerned with the interference of pain medication and medical intervention, Brubaker and Dillaway's study, although published in 2008, resonates with the same themes of Ann Oakley's *From Here to Maternity*, published in 1985. The women in Oakley's survey can also be divided into the same groups. An advocate for the natural method, Sharon Warrington is happy when her epidural does not work, and she is able to fully experience the birth:

> I was pleased to say I had it [an epidural] but it didn't work, that I took the full brunt of it, whereas these people who had it said they couldn't feel a thing. Well to me that isn't having a baby. What's the point? I said it was awful. But it's not awful really. What you suffer for an hour or two is all gone.' (Oakley 1985, 94)

For this speaker, pain anchors her to the reality of the experience. She knows that she had a baby because she felt it, and it hurt. The pain vanished, but the certainty it provided remains. Having endured a birth similarly without 'any drugs or anything,' Louise Thompson succinctly summarizes the significance of the ordeal: 'It was amazing. It was like a miracle. It could be a religious experience. Now I know it's superior to be a woman.' This may be what Frederic as a narrator and what doctors with their anaesthetics fear the most – that women are capable of enduring an experience entirely beyond masculine comprehension, and that they will know it, and claim the story as their own.

In 1923, Edith Summers Kelley, and American writer and a friend of Upton Sinclair, published *Weeds* (Kelley [1923] 1996), a novel about an impoverished woman trying to raise a family on a working farm. She wrote a sixteen-page description of a birth, but her editor cut the passage from the novel. Kelley felt that her description was truly innovative:

> I had never read in the works of a woman novelist – *obviously a woman is the only one who could do it justice* – an adequate description of childbirth, so I concluded that the job was waiting to be done by me. (Kelley [1923] 1996, 361) [emphasis mine]

Enid Bagnold held similar convictions about her portrayal of birth in *The Squire*, but her hopes are even more pointed about the masculine control of birthing narratives: 'If a man had a child and he was also a writer we should have heard a lot about it … I wanted *The Squire* to be exactly as objective as if a man had had a baby' (Bagnold [1938] 1988, *xxi*). By experiencing birth and remembering it, women give birth to themselves. But before *The Squire* (Bagnold [1938] 1988),[33] childbirth was controlled as a subject by male narratives. Compared to *Anna Karenina* (Tolstoy [1877] 2002), Hemingway has advanced farther into the birthing experience than Leo Tolstoy attempts in his description of a birth.[34] During Kitty's prolonged labour, Levin risks only glimpses of his wife and her agony, but this brief sight of her and the sound of her screams are enough for him to wish both his wife and child would die; 'he only wished for an end to this terrible suffering' (Tolstoy [1877] 2002, 715). Hemingway approaches closer to the source, bringing his readers fully into the delivery room in 'Indian Camp' and *A Farewell to Arms,* and yet the true source, the perspective of the birthing woman, to whom narrative privilege of the event rightfully belongs, remains unheard.

[33] The excised birth scene from *Weeds* was not published until 1972.

[34] Hemingway mentions in a letter to Archibald MacLeish (20 December 1925) that 'War and Peace is the best book I know' (E. Hemingway 1981, 179). Anna Karenina is one of many titles on his list of books he 'would rather read again for the first time […] than have an assured income of a million dollars a year' (E. Hemingway 1967, 183). He also lists Anna Karenina as one of the books a '"a writer should have to read"' in 'Monologue to Maestro' (E. Hemingway 1967, 210-211).

Chapter Three: The Writer's Mind, The Writer's Body

On June 29, 2008, Thomas Beatie gave birth to his first child, Susan Juliette. Beatie is a transgender man who has had 'chest reconstruction and testosterone therapy but kept [his] reproductive rights' when selecting which surgeries for his transition to becoming legally male (Beatie 2008a). He always identified as a male, and continued to do so throughout his pregnancy. In regards to filling out his daughter's birth certificate, he wanted to be listed as the father:

> I wanted to be listed as the father, even though I was giving birth. I did not at all feel like what I was doing was maternal. I was not going back to being female in any way – I was not toggling between genders… I was a man before the pregnancy, and I would be a man after the birth, which made me the baby's father. (Beatie 2008b, 252)

His pregnancy perplexed doctors, lawyers, insurers, and advocacy groups, but while professionals were debating the nuances of his parental rights, the opinion frequently posed by the general public was 'that's not a man having a baby; that's a woman having a baby'[35] (Trebay 2008). In Beatie's case, we witness the physical realization of a metaphorical image frequently employed by men. In *Metaphors We Live By*, George Lakoff and Mark Johnson analyse the way metaphors permeate the language of everyday use, and construct a theoretical framework demonstrating the basic, implied values which form the foundations upon which we build metaphors. One of the frameworks they identify for ideas is the metaphorical construct of ideas as people:

> The theory of relativity gave birth to an enormous number of ideas in physics. He is the father of modern biology. Whose brainchild was that? Look at what his ideas have spawned. Those ideas died off in the Middle Ages. His ideas will live on

[35] Quote Eve Kosofsky Sedgewick, professor at the City University of New York, who was interviewed for the Trebay's article.

> forever. Cognitive psychology is still in its infancy. (Lakoff and Johnson [1980] 2003, 47)

Building on this premise, it is possible to combine the metaphor of 'ideas are people' with the more complex metaphor of 'creation is birth:'

> The metaphors used are THE OBJECT COMES OUT OF THE SUBSTANCE, THE SUBSTANCE GOES INTO THE OBJECT, CREATION IS BIRTH, and CAUSATION (of event by state) IS EMERGENCE (of the event/object from the state/container). (Lakoff and Johnson [1980] 2003, 75)

Combining 'ideas are people' and 'creation is birth,' we arrive at a metaphor often employed by writers. If ideas are people, and the act of creation is birth, then bringing forth ideas is an intellectual childbirth. By extension, the act of creative writing is an intellectual labour that brings forth an intellectual birth, and the child born is the writer's novel or poem. This pervasiveness of this metaphor is particularly interesting in its usage by men, considering that the act of birth, with the exception of cases like Thomas Beatie's, can never actually be experienced by men. Lakoff and Johnson make the point that 'basic ontological metaphors are grounded by correlates within our own experience […] we typically conceptualize the nonphysical in terms of the physical' (Lakoff and Johnson [1987] 2003, 59). Unanchored by a direct physical relationship, male writers can access the metaphor and employ it to represent selected properties while excluding others. How writers use this metaphor offers insight into their conceptualization of their writing process. In chapter one, birth was considered in relation to male initiation rites and character determination, particularly in ways in which male physical conflict mimics childbirth. Chapter Two considered male interventionism in the feminine birthing process. Building on both of these examinations, this third chapter will consider the way Hemingway and his contemporaries identified themselves as writers as metaphorically pregnant women in

regards to their creative writing process. Because Hemingway was initially writing in the Parisian modernist community largely influenced by Ezra Pound, Pound's conceptualization of writing and metaphorical pregnancy becomes a useful reference point and backdrop from which we may distinguish Hemingway's unique theories of writing as childbirth.

Hemingway conceives of novels as living entities. He makes this point the most clearly in 'Monologue to the Maestro: A High Seas Letter,' which appeared in Esquire in October, 1935. The piece is written as a dialogue between 'Y.C' – your correspondent, and 'Mice,' the nickname for Arnold Morse Samuelson, who had hitchhiked from Minnesota seeking out Hemingway to 'ask a few questions about writing' (E. Hemingway 1967, 206). ('Mice' was an abbreviation of the nickname 'Maestro' (E. Hemingway 1967, 206).) Hemingway hired him as a deckhand on his newly delivered boat, *Pilar*, and he set out to mentor Samuelson in fishing as well as writing (Baker 1969, 264; McIver 1993, 37). In the conversation, Hemingway first introduces the concept of a living creation when drawing the distinction between 'true writing,' which is born from experience but ultimately the product of the writer's imagination, as compared to 'reporting:'

> If it was reporting they would not remember it… but if you made it up instead of describing it you can make it round and whole and solid and give it life. You create it, for good or bad.
> (E. Hemingway 1967, 209)

He extols solidity and unity – that the writing is 'whole,' but the further emphasis that the subject has 'life' given by the author makes the writing the author's child. It is his creation. He elaborates on the metaphor by compounding the act of creation with images of motion and fluidity:

> Writing in pencil gives you three different sights at it […] first when you read it over; then when it is typed […] and again in the proof […] it also keeps it fluid longer so you can better it easier. (E. Hemingway 1967, 209)

When the writing is finished and published, it is then solid and whole, and he hopes it lives for the reader. Until that time, the writing process is fluid, and it is alive; in fact it is this fluidity which determines its living quality. By comparison, the writer needs to remain solid.

In contrast, Hemingway revisits the topic of a writer's identity in an unpublished typescript (E. Hemingway 1991b), and here his tone is much darker and more pessimistic. It has been cited by several critics but not closely examined (Reynolds 1980, 196; E. Hemingway 1991b, 3-5; Tavernier-Corbin 1991, 19). Because on the back of the page Hemingway has written 'To start new again I will try to write truly about the early days in Paris,' a phrase he returns to in *A Moveable Feast*, I tentatively date the typescript to around 1957. (Hemingway began working on *A Moveable Feast* in July of 1957 (Tavernier-Corbin 1991, *xix*).) This rambling piece addresses the ethics of writing, whether writers are good or bad or liars, and assaults the reader with a barrage of metaphors for writers and writing. One theme that emerges from the almost incoherent essay is the metaphor of the writer as a mine:

> Actually a writer is both the mine from which he must extract all the ore until the mine is ruined… and the artisan and artist who must work that metal into something of enduring worth… All he finds in life is that if he has the mine within him and can extract the gold he must exhaust the mine each time or he will sicken and die. (E. Hemingway 1991b, 3-5)

The writer is solid, and he mines into himself to extract the story, creating a cavity in search of his own writing material, his story within. It is a critical procedure, an operation to

remove the story within lest he 'sicken and die.' (This could also be considered a metaphorical emergency caesarean). Here the writing is metal, which is shaped by artisan and artists, and, like metal, it is only malleable when fluid. When finished, it is solid. Solidity is one of Hemingway's favoured compliments and positive adjectives. When his writing is sound (another metaphor for solid construction), it is solid. On *In Our Time*, he writes: 'I've tried to do it so you get the close up but absolutely solid and the real thing' (E. Hemingway 1981, 123).[36] Referring to his hopes for his stories, Hemingway writes: 'Christ knows I want to write them a hell of a lot better but it [*The Sun Also Rises*] seemed to move along and to be pretty sound and solid' (E. Hemingway 1981, 217).[37] Hemingway believed a story 'has to be solid and true' (E. Hemingway 1981, 237).[38] The writer must be solid, and the writing, once it is ready for publication, must be solid, too. Until that time, it is fluid. [39]

Returning to the 'Monologue to Maestro,' and carrying on with the image of forward motion and fluidity, Hemingway emphasizes restraint:

> Always stop while you are going good and don't think about it or worry about it until you start to write the next day. That way your subconscious will work on it all the time. But if you think about it consciously or worry about it you will kill it […] (E. Hemingway 1967, 209)

Not only is the writing fluid, but it is also alive by virtue of the fact that it could die. Over-planning and worrying will kill the book in a kind of infanticide. After another round of questions about planning, and worrying, and trying *not* to worry, Hemingway again cautions:

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[36] Letter to Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas, 15 August 1924
[37] Letter to F Scott Fitzgerald, 7 September, 1926
[38] Letter to Maxwell Perkins, 6 December 1926
[39] In *Hemingway's Fetishism*, Carl Eby constructs a theory on Hemingway's creation of 'phallic women' around his repeated comparison to his wives as being hard as rock. Originally noticed by Carlos Baker: 'When things were going well, [Hemingway] spoke of his wives in a standard phrase: they were happy, healthy, hard as a rock, and well-tanned' (Eby 1999, 44).

> And remember to stop while you are still going good. That keeps it moving instead of having it die whenever you go on and write yourself out. (E. Hemingway 1967, 210)

Life is fluidity and death is a cessation of motion. The writing is alive, and precariously so, and if it is successful writing, it feels like life for the reader. It is a bodily process sourced from within the writer – you can 'write yourself out,' leaving emptiness where the source for the writing once was. Maxwell Perkins may have suggested this image three years before 'Monologue to the Maestro' was published. Describing the sensation of reading *Death in the Afternoon*, Perkins writes, 'it gives the impression of having grown rather than having been planned. – And that is the characteristic of a great book' (Lynn 1987, 397). The book develops naturally like a living organism rather than passive being constructed to fit a premeditated plan, and this is the mark that distinguishes a 'great book,' and which Hemingway tries to live up to, while also adopting Perkins' image.

The metaphor of motion is linked to the concept of the living brainchild. The writer travels with his text, allowing the story to develop naturally, almost as if he were a passenger in the process, and the book were nearly sentient. This is implied by the repeated warnings not to plan the direction of the story in the long term, but instead only think about what happens immediately after the most recent bit of writing: 'stop when you are going good and when you know what will happen next' (E. Hemingway 1967, 209). Having cautioned against over-planning, here Hemingway allows for planning at most (and at least) the next step in the story. He compares the daily conflict of writing to an armed conflict, claiming, 'it is as cowardly to worry about whether you can go on the next day as it is to worry about having to go into inevitable action. You *have* to go on.' (E. Hemingway 1967, 210). The writer, very much alive, is tied to the life of his work. They move forward

together as the writing continues. With the awareness of this perspective of the living writing, Hemingway's letters to Maxwell Perkins, his editor and lifelong friend, change slightly. When Hemingway writes that things 'Have been going very well' and 'it won't be awfully long and has been going finely' (Bruccoli and Baughman 2004, 79),[40] the meaning of the verb phrase shifts to a more active role for the text. The writing itself, metaphorically, is actively (in an almost sentient way) moving forward. *He* is not writing well, but instead *the writing* is going well.

Compounding the conceptualization of writing as life, Hemingway implies that the finished writing is a cohesive unit. (This image was previously introduced with the descriptions 'solid' and 'whole' before.) Once the work is underway, he recommends commencing each morning of writing by reading the entire draft before continuing on:

> The best way is to read it all from the start, correcting as you go along, then go on from where you stopped the day before. When it gets so long that you can't do this every day read back two or three chapters each day; then each week read it from the start. That's how you make it all of one piece. (E. Hemingway 1967, 210)

The story is 'all of one piece,' and once the drafting is complete, the editing process becomes an act of cutting away extraneous writing not integral to the final story. Editing is often visualized as an act of cutting, and in this instance the editor's pen becomes a scalpel. Writing to John Dos Passos in 1929 as he finished *Death in the Afternoon*, he asks for advice about further editing while describing the changes he has already made:

> I will work hard on my proofs and try to cut the shit as you say – you were damned good to take so much trouble telling me. (E. Hemingway 1981, 355)

[40] To Maxwell Perkins, 21 April, 1928

> Am working hard. Cut a ton of crap a day out of the proofs and spread it around the alligator pear trees[41] which are growing to be enormous. (E. Hemingway 1981, 356)

Here Hemingway uses, as Dos Passos first suggested, the metaphor of excrement for bad writing first suggested by Dos Passos. Hemingway creates a mixed metaphor that implicitly demands a unique instrument. Bad writing, which is equated to shit, would seemingly require a shovel for removal. However, shovels would not be used for a precise 'cut,' which would indicate a more precise tool, such as a scalpel, for the editor to cut away 'crap' to reveal the good writing beneath. The faeces are not cohesive – they are extraneous words and pages that can be spread around like fertilizer (as the metaphor is extended) as opposed to the solid piece of writing that the editing reveals. Hemingway's own notion of the writing as living spills into Dos Passos's analogy of shit: 'Am just going over the typed mss. of this last abortion am trying to excise the larger gobs of shyte' (Lynn 1987, 397). He may call the cut material 'shyte,' but the action continues the motif of the living writing – the editing is an abortion. He is cutting the 'gobs' away in an attempt to reveal the story, which visually lies beneath. Hemingway maintains this theme of life, but he also engages in the metaphor of editing as a surgical operation. Hannah Sullivan consolidates the metaphor in *The Work of Revision* (Sullivan 2013), in which she which examines the principles and practices of revision among modernist authors:

> Critics who praise excisive revisers are prone to claiming first that the original version […] was aiming to become the final version […] and second that the original version contained or embodied the final version, as if the long, baggy original were pregnant with its condensed alternative. (Sullivan 2013, 119)

[41] Hemingway's name for avocados.

Having established theme of Hemingway's writing as living within the writer and needing bodily nourishment leads to the consolidated metaphor of the writer as 'pregnant' with a text. It follows that editing becomes a caesarean to birth the story, a metaphor actively cultivated by Ezra Pound.

During the process of editing 'The Waste Land,' Ezra Pound wrote T.S. Eliot a comedic poem in addition to suggested revisions. Wayne Koestenbaum uses this letter in conjunction with selections from Eliot's poetry to psychoanalytically infer reproductive anxiety and fear of the growing influence of literary women. The letter is rich with implications:

> *Sage Homme* [sic]
>
> These are the Poems of Eliot
> By the Uranian Muse begot;
> A Man their mother was,
> A Muse their sire.
>
> How did the printed Infancies result
> From Nuptials thus doubly difficult?
>
> If you must needs enquire
> Know diligent Reader
>
> That on each Occasion,
> Ezra performed the caesarean Operation.
> E.P. (Pound [1951] 1982, 626)

Koestenbaum focuses on the term 'Uranian Muse,' which he cites as a reference not only to 'Milton's muse, but to the Uranian poets, avowedly homosexual, of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries' (Koestenbaum 1988, 123).[42] Koestenbaum examines the homosexual paternity of the poem, that 'the substance of Pound's dirty joke is that Eliot has

[42] Koestenbaum cites Timothy d'Arch Smith (Smith 1970). James Miller confirms this reading: 'In the latter part of the nineteenth century, 'Uranian' was one of the candidates, along with 'sexual inversion' and 'homosexual,' to signify same-sex love' (Miller 1998, 4).

been impregnated by Pound' (Koestenbaum 1988, 124), which is supported by the following stanzas which describe 'rotting clothes' and other stenches and finished with '*Vates cum fistula*,' which means 'poet with reed-pipe; it also means poet (or seer) with an ulcer in his bowels' (Koestenbaum 1988, 24). Both the ulcer and the need for a caesarean are symptoms of internal distress. While Koestenbaum pursues the paternity of the poem, he neglects the implications of Pound's 'operation.' Editing is often an act of 'cutting,' but in this instance the metaphor of cutting becomes again a surgeon's scalpel, removing the final form of a poem that would not have been birthed naturally. By extension, writing is a natural, bodily process of creation, but in Eliot's particular case, his progeny could not be born naturally and instead required physical intervention. 'His poetry has not been brought successfully to term, as Pound insists, but rather has emerged in bloody inchoate pieces' (Hauck 2003, 224).[43] Moreover, this is a repeated occurrence – 'On each Occasion, Ezra performed the caesarean Operation,' which suggests that all of the poems needed the surgical intervention of Pound. Pound, as the surgeon, privileges the life of the foetus, the poem, over Eliot. He'll cut the work out of him.

While critics familiar with Pound's 'Sage Homme' poem dismiss it as a simple joke, it becomes more difficult to ignore when considered in the context of letters exchanged between Pound and William Carlos Williams at the time. In response to Pound's request to contribute funds for his 'Bel Esprit,' his nickname for Eliot, Williams replies, 'what the hell do I care about Elliot? [sic]' but he does contribute money in the end:[44]

[43] Before ether and the innovation of a lateral incision for caesareans, troubled deliveries were often terminated to save the mother's life by removing the fetus in pieces.

[44] Hemingway annoyed Pound by referring to Eliot as 'Major Eliot' when seeking out contributions to the fund (Flora 2012, 75). Joseph Flora believes this was intended to mock Eliot, who did not serve in the war, and to discourage any donations.

> The twenty five dollars I enclose were paid me by a Jew named Katz. His wife had a baby last week. They own a steam laundry here. This is her third son. She leaned on the bed post and screamed enough to wake the saints – it was a Sunday afternoon. Before the baby came I made her go to bed. She shit on the bed. Then she bled all over the sheet. It leaked through the mattrass [sic]. When a child is born, the scrotum is – a male child – swollen and loose: like yours on a hot day at Lago de [sic] Garda. This child has an unusually full bag. Woe unto Christianity. The woman's breasts weigh (estimated) five pounds each. She stinks like hell – the same to you.
>
> Bill (Pound 1996a, 56)[45]

The female body is presented as an assault on the senses – 'she screamed enough to wake the saints,' and 'she stinks like hell' and visually she leaks 'shit' and bleeds are over the sheets, and the two fluids combine to soak through the mattress. By comparison, the body of her male son is empowered by his sex organs. The mother has just given birth, the most succinct testament to reproductive capacity, and her breasts are excessively heavy with milk ('five pounds each'), and yet the letter praises only the 'swollen bag' of her new born son. 'Woe unto Christianity' because of his potential virility. Moreover, his scrotum resembles Ezra Pound's.

Pound makes similar claims in regards to his own potency. In the last stanza of 'Sagge Homme,' Pound composes a stanza devoted to 'balls' and 'sperm'[46]. It suggests that 'Pound, Eliot's male muse, is the Sire of The Waste Land' (Koestenbaum 1988, 123). Koestenbaum goes on to consider other references Pound makes to his sperm, but more

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[45] March 29, 1922

[46]
> Balls and balls and balls again
> Can not touch his fellow men.
> His foaming and abundant cream
> Has coated his world […]

In relation to the first stanza's caesarean, the unnamed Muse reveals himself to be Pound. It was Pound's sperm that 'coated his world.'

important than these examples on their own is the distinction between male fluids and female fluids. Where 'leaking' female bodies are disparaged as foul, male fluids are exempt from such dismissal. Male potency is praised, whereas female reproduction is scorned. Kristeva divides bodily fluids into two types: 'menstrual and excremental.' However, 'neither tears nor sperm, for instance, have any polluting value' (Kristeva 1982, 71). In consideration of Pound's descriptions, sperm is more than a non-pollutant; it is almost purifying. Sperm is superior to and set directly against female fluids, excrement and most of all, menstrual blood. When Pound replied to Williams' letter, he wrote that he was 'not expecting to give birth to an infant, at least I have shown no symptoms of pregnancy' (Pound 1996a, 59).[47] Male birth, even in jest, has its own symptoms separate and privileged to those of female birth. To call the poem comic would miss the mark. Although perhaps intended to be funny, the joke seems to be a better example of infantilism.

In Freud's lectures on psychoanalysis, he identifies become aware of faeces and birth as a vital step in the transition through the anal-sadistic phase of childhood development. He claimed that 'from the very outset children unite in believing that the birth of the child takes place through the anus; that the child therefore appears as a ball of faeces' (Freud 2012, 271).[48] Hemingway uses the same comparison to dismiss the exploits of childbirth in one of his own letters to Pound, two years after the exchange with William Carlos Williams. At the time, Hemingway was a subeditor for the English Review, and working under Ford Maddox Ford. Hemingway attacks Ford's wife, Stella, for her tendency to tell the story of her protracted delivery of her daughter, Julie:

[47] 21 May 1922
[48] From Freud's 'Twenty-First Lecture' at the University of Vienna, his lecture series from 1915-1917.

> On the slightest encouragement when dining out she will start on the tale of her 50 hour confinement that produced Julie. I am going to interrupt sometime with the story of the time I plugged the can in Kansas City while living at Ed Mayer's so that the plumbers had to be sent for with a turd produced after 5 hours of effort and no peristaltic action over a period of 9 days. If we must go in for recounting these Homeric physical exploits leave us all go in for it. (E. Hemingway 1981, 115)[49]

The most basic reading still must be stated: Hemingway compares childbirth to a bowel movement, and by extension dismissed feminine reproductive capacity as the production of shit. (Which again could also be considered an instance of infantile development, that of anal retention.) Here it must be said that while Hemingway may consider his writing alive, he would consider the process of creating his brainchild and bringing it forth into the world a more pure and superior act. If there is a male pregnancy for a writer, it is vastly different the bloody mess of the live birth from a living woman.

Bad writing, as Dos Passos shares with Hemingway, is 'shyte,' and shit is in many ways indistinguishable from a feminine birth. By this same token, good writing is the product of and testament to male virility, inseminated and delivered in a male creative birth. As we shall see, female writing is abjected as excrement. In reading the letters exchanged between Eliot, Pound, and their common friend and poet, John Quinn, who also assisted Eliot with 'The Waste Land,' Koestenbaum notes their shared tendency to the compare the writing of female authors and poets to excrement. Ezra Pound clashed in particular with Amy Lowell, who helped found the Imagist movement. He had originally hoped to simply use her as a financial backer, and was disappointed to discover she was both a shrewd businesswoman and a poet:

[49] 2 May 1924

> Re/Amy. I DON'T want her. But if she can be made to liquidate, to excoriate, to cash in, on a magazine . . .THEN would I be right glad to see her milked of her money, mashed into moonshine, at mercy of monitors (Bradshaw 2011, 53)

She becomes a disembodied breast to be pumped for money, and once empty, ground up into mash for moonshine whiskey. The continual reference to liquids suggests that the most offensive representation of women is that of fluidity. Bodily discharges are made further repulsive with addition of scent. A specific example from Quinn to Pound drives home the stench of the analogy:

> Without being personal, I think of female literary excrement; washy urinacious menstruations; with the mental stink but without the physical hardihood of the natural skunk [...] a feeling of stale urine exuded in the place of the cream of the jest. Putrid ignorance, imbecile brazenness, banal pretense- that make the sight of a squatting bitch dachshund pouring a sheet of urine into a ditch a poetic, if not a pitiful, sight. (Koestenbaum 1988, 120)

Quinn aggressively attacks the intelligence of female authors, as well as comparing them unfavourably to dogs and to skunks, and even attacks their 'stink' for *lacking* the intensity of such creatures. The 'sheet of urine' pouring forth from the 'bitch dachshund' is the female authors' writing on sheets of paper, and both are made to be 'putrid,' and, more importantly, 'pitiful.' Here he mixes pollutants that Kristeva keeps separate in her theory of abjection. Kristeva divides 'polluting objects' into two categories, 'excremental' and 'menstrual.' The primary distinguishing factor between the two is their source as a threat:

> Excrement and its equivalents (decay, infection, disease, corpse, etc.) stand for the danger to identity that comes from without […] menstrual blood, on the contrary stands for the danger issuing from within the identity. (Kristeva 1982, 71)

Menstrual blood is by far the more dangerous of the two, threatening pollution but beyond cleansing because its source is internal. But menstruation is more than simply

contamination; it is also wasted opportunity. In the medical model of the body as a source for reproduction, menstruation is a failure of production. 'Menstruation not only carries with it the connotations of a productive system that has failed to produce, it also carries the idea of production gone awry, making products of no use […] unsalable, wasted, scrap' (Martin 1987, 46). Adrienne Rich describes the retention of this metaphor today:

> In biological motherhood, as in these other activities, woman was not merely a producer and stabilizer of life: there, too, she was a transformer. Menstrual blood was believed to be transformed into the infant (an idea which still persists – I recall my own mother, an intellectually curious and well-read woman, the wife of a physician, tell me that menstrual blood was 'wasted baby') and into the milk which flowed from the mother's breasts. (Rich [1976] 1995, 101)

For T.S. Eliot, menstruation held a particular, personal horror. Vivien Eliot's menstrual cycle was 'irregular and over-frequent' (according to her mother (Koestenbaum 1988, 118)). 'Eliot was evidently virginal when he married, and thus the bloody honeymoon must have underscored for him the primal connection between blood and female sexuality' (Brooker 2004, 138), which makes his personal association of his writing with menstruation all the more surprising. When Conrad Aiken wrote to Eliot after the publication of *Poems, 1909-1925,* Eliot replied with a page ripped out of the Midwives' Gazette:

> Eliot had underlined the words Model Answers, which came at the top of the column which was describing various forms of vaginal discharge. He had also underlined the words 'blood, mucus, shreds of mucus and purulent offensive discharge. (Hauck 2003, 223)

Christina Hauk uses this bizarre reply in conjunction with Pound's analogy of editing as a caesarean operation to suggest Eliot's consideration of his own poetry as failed reproduction. His writing is born dead, even with Pound's surgical intervention. Medically,

of course, menstruation is not linked to failed birth or miscarriage. The connection is a conceit socially maintained, and it is a metaphor that Eliot is subscribing to.

This preoccupation is borne out in 'The Waste Land' as well. The poem itself enters the world despite the struggling (creative) reproductive capacity of its author (Eliot as mother), and it is likewise filled with images of reproductive failure and anxiety. In section II, 'A Game of Chess,' the question is posed 'What you get married for if you don't want children?' to an anxious Lil, who 'took pills' to abort a pregnancy and since then has 'never been the same' (Eliot 1963, 58). In the following section, 'The Fire Sermon,' we witness Tiresias, 'throbbing between two lives, Old man with wrinkled female breasts,' whose age and implied lack of reproductive ability is reiterated again, 'I, Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs' (Eliot 1963, 61). Set against one another, the former implies continuous bleeding, while the latter suggests the opposite.[50] Instead of being full and capable of lactation, Tiresias's breasts are 'wrinkled' and dry. Even the youth is afflicted – 'the young man carbuncular, arrives' (Eliot 1963, 61). The young man is analogized to a swollen, pus-filled sore, perhaps displaying symptoms of a sexually transmitted disease, which would further jeopardize successful procreation. In the troubled landscape of 'The Waste Land,' as well as elsewhere in Eliot's poetry, there is a recurring theme of failed reproduction.

If Hemingway were a major poet, further consideration of 'The Waste Land' and Eliot's influences on his writing would be essential to this analysis, but as such Eliot and his work are primarily useful as a point of comparison, valued more for the clear differences

[50] 'Vivienne suffered from a disorder which caused profuse vaginal bleeding,' although the precise nature of her condition is still debated (Brooker 2004, 137).

than possible similarities.[51] Where Eliot sees a wasteland, Hemingway sees a fertile landscape. He conceives of his writing as a sign of his own virility. To contextualize the 'Monologue to Maestro,' Hemingway had published *Death in the Afternoon* in 1932, in which he not only describes bullfighting, but also attacks many of his contemporary writers (Lynn 1987, 398). At this point in his life, he is emotionally and geographically far removed from Paris and his friends and mentors such as Ezra Pound and Gertrude Stein, and now intellectually he seems to wish to distance himself as well. 'Monologue to Maestro' is called a monologue to emphasize the subordinate position of Mice beneath Hemingway, his mentor. Mice serves the function of a diligent questioner, but is otherwise silent in the article. Paul Hendrickson suggests that Samuelson reminded Hemingway of Nick Adams, his 'alter-ego, Midwestern self,' but he settles for Hemingway's explanation that he hired Samuelson because he was serious about writing (Hendrickson 2012, 112). While Samuelson may have been remarkable in his own right, his seeking out Hemingway for mentorship arguably was his greatest attribute for Hemingway. Samuelson's presence was its own form of validation, bolstering Hemingway's self-identification as a mentor and an intellectual.

While *A Farewell to Arms* had been met with mostly positive reviews, the critical reception of *Death in the Afternoon* was much more hostile. The criticisms extend beyond the quality of writing to personal attacks against Hemingway's character. This is the period which forms the mould for most subsequent Hemingway criticism. Max Eastman famously

[51] Joseph Flora explores Hemingway's possible indebtedness to Eliot in 'Ernest Hemingway and T.S. Eliot: A Tangled relationship' (Flora 2012), and while there are certainly some similarities in their writing, they exist primarily in Hemingway's *In Our Time*.

attacks Hemingway's masculine pose in his 'Bull in the Afternoon,' which finishes the now famous accusation of false chest hair:

> But some circumstances seem to have laid upon Hemingway a continual sense of the obligation to put forth evidences of red-blooded masculinity. It must be made obvious not only in the swing of his shoulders and the clothes he puts on, but in the stride of his prose style […] this trait of his character has […] begotten a veritable school of fiction-writers – a literary style, you might say, of wearing false hair on his chest. (Eastman 1933)[52]

This accusation of performativity hit home for the writer who insisted on being authentic and 'true.' Archibald MacLeish attempted to defend Hemingway with a letter to the *New Republic*, which was not printed, but he sent a copy to Hemingway as well. MacLeish protests the 'psychoanalytic hocus-pocus' which has produced the theory that 'Mr. Hemingway believes himself unvirile' (Lynn 1987, 399). He testifies to witnessing Hemingway in 'positions of considerable danger once at sea, once in the mountains, and once on a Spanish street,' but his closing argument goes straight to Hemingway's reproductive capacity:

> Of those more personal evidences of virility to which Mr. Eastman so daintily and indirectly refers I have no personal knowledge. I refer him however to the birth records of the cities of Paris and Kansas City where he can satisfy his curiosity in secret. (Lynn 1987, 399)

MacLeish offers Hemingway's sons as evidence of his virility. Hemingway takes the insult further, and clouds the distinction between his writing ability and his virility. Hemingway had been living in Key West since 1928, and in the interim years his wife Pauline had two sons via caesarean, and Hemingway's father had committed suicide. He adopts the

[52] Years later, Hemingway started a physical altercation with Eastman in Maxwell Perkin's office. He began the encounter by opening his shirt with the intention of comparing his hirsuteness to Eastman's. (Hemingway Slaps Eastman in Face).

nickname 'Papa,' and begins referring to himself in the third person as such. He uses it when he complains of Eastman's attack and other criticisms of *Death in the Afternoon*:

> Every word I wrote about the Spanish fighting bull was absolutely true and result of long and careful and exhaustive observation… and it is commonplace that I lack confidence as a man—What shit… You see what they cant get over is 1 that I <u>am</u> a man (2) that I can beat the shit out of any of them 3 that I can write. The last hurts them the worst. But they don't like any of it. But Papa will make them like it. (Brucoli and Baughman 1996, 164)

This is a watershed moment for Hemingway in his professional development and his own self-awareness. In the *Sun Also Rises*, Jake Barnes was an impotent war hero. Frederic Henry is a deserter in *A Farewell to Arms*. But in *Death in the Afternoon*, we witness Hemingway writing himself as a character into his writing. He becomes his own creation as a writer. At his insistence, 'he is a man' and 'he can write.' If MacLeish finds evidence for his physical virility in Hemingway's children, then his intellectual virility, his productive capacity as a writer, must be evidenced by his writing, his brainchildren. 'Papa' becomes his new identity. Nancy R. Comley and Robert Scholes provide an exhaustive analysis of every permutation of 'Papa' in *Hemingway's Genders: Rereading the Hemingway Text*. They cite 'the birth of a son and that son's entry into manhood' as 'two stages in the death of the father; two intimations of the father's death' (Comley and Scholes 1994, 12). This may be true for most fathers, but Hemingway is not a normal man. He is a writer and a man, as he so vehemently insists himself. Subverting the question, 'how can a boy become a man without becoming a father like one's own father,' Comley and Scholes ask the same from the female point of view: 'how can one become a woman without also, fatally, becoming a mother?' (Comley and Scholes 1994, 19). For Hemingway as a man, he has become father,

but in his commitment to life of his writing and his production of brainchildren, he is mother, also.

Conception of the Brainchild

In response to criticism from William Carlos Williams about the bitterness of his poems, Ezra Pound replies that they are not expressions of his belief, but instead 'dramatic lyrics,' the 'poetic part' of a drama otherwise left to the reader's imagination (Pound [1951] 1982, 3).[53] He selects particular moments of life and creates a life in full:

> I catch the character I happen to be interested in at the moment he interests me, usually a moment of song, self-analysis, or sudden understanding or revelation. And the rest of the play would bore me and presumably the reader. I paint my man as I *conceive* him. (Pound [1951] 1982, 3)

Pound uses 'conception' in this way a total of three times, with the two previous instances referring to his conception of the 'spirit' of 'decadence' and to 'the spirit breathed in Villon's own poeting' (Pound [1951] 1982, 3). According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, the two primary definitions of conceive are 1) 'To conceive seed or offspring: with extensions of this sense' and 2) **'**To take into, or form in, the mind.' In the case of an author creating a character, the two definitions metaphorically converge. The transitive denotation, 'to receive (seed) in the womb; to become pregnant with (young)' applies to women as well as to the male author, who *conceives* a life in his mind. Pound 'conceives' his 'man;' he is born entirely of Pound's creativity.

Moments that inspire such conception, using Pound's criteria, on first glance appear to be simply moments of excitement, but the phrase 'sudden understanding or revelation' demands closer scrutiny. Hemingway prescribes close inspection of these moments for a

[53] 21 October 1908

writer. As part of the training he suggests to Mice in 'Monologue,' he encourages active observation with intense self-awareness:

> Watch what happens today. If we get into a fish see exactly what it is that everyone does. If you get a kick out of it while he is jumping remember back until you see exactly what the action was that gave you the emotion. Whether it was the rising of the line from the water and the way it tightened like a fiddle string until drops started from it, or the way he smashed and threw water when he jumped… Find what gave you the emotion; what the action was that gave the excitement. Then write it down making it clear so the reader will see it too and have the same feeling you had. (E. Hemingway 1967, 212)

The writer receives the emotion; it is given to him. It comes from the senses, from the sensation of the experience itself. If the image is his conception, it is simultaneously both his action creative and passive reception of this sight, and he focuses on the exact source of his mental impregnation in order to pass on the image to the reader. He is the maternal recipient and paternal progenitor of this living moment. Pound describes these moments as 'dramatic lyrics,' but Hemingway goes further with his claims in *Green Hills of Africa* that such writing is beyond poetry. In another dialogue, for which 'Monologue to Maestro' could very well have been a rehearsal of material, Hemingway discusses great writing with 'Kandinsky of the Tyroler pants.' Hemingway claims 'there is a fourth and fifth dimension' that can be gotten 'if anyone is serious enough and has luck' (E. Hemingway [1935] 1963, 26-27). Kandinsky objects, 'but that is poetry you are talking about.' Hemingway insists it is much more difficult. The mention of a 'fourth and fifth dimension' should be received as hyperbolic praise for especially realistic writing, to be distinguished from flat, two-dimensional characters and landscapes. The claim becomes an assertion that prose can be more vivid than poetry.

Whether or not the writing created is prose or poetry is irrelevant in consideration of the shared source. The source of poetry, as suggested by Kristeva in *Revolution in Poetic Language* (Kristeva [1974] 1986a) is the semiotic chora, 'a modality of significance in which the linguistic sign is not yet articulated as the absence of an object and as the distinction between real and symbolic' (Kristeva [1974] 1986a, 94). The semiotic chora is 'maternal' and set against the patriarchal symbolic order. Dividing the two is the thetic barrier, which 'posits the gap between the signifier and the signified as opening up towards every desire but also every act' (Kristeva [1974] 1986a, 101). Artists and poets transgress this boundary to create, conceiving their art from the source of the chora and situating it in the symbolic order. As Elizabeth Grosz summarizes the process, 'the avant-garde maintains a fine balance between coherence (obedience to the symbolic) and transgression (the overflow of the semiotic)… the artist problematizes the symbolic and therefore his own position as a subject in order to harness the pre-oedipal pre-signifying elements in signification' (Grosz 1989, 58-59). According to S.K. Keltner, 'Kristeva's interest lies in the process of the thetic's production,' (Keltner 2011, 27), and while her broader theories of childhood development and the structure of language are relevant to any attempt to explain the process of creating poetry and art, for this consideration of Hemingway's conception of the subject matter, her most pertinent text is *Stabat Mater* (Kristeva [1977] 1986b).

In *Stabat Mater*, ('stands' or 'was standing mother') Kristeva addresses the myth of the virgin mother, Mary, but inset within the text are clips of prose poetry describing her own experiences of birth. She sets her own experience within and against the social narrative of the birthing mother. The pain of *Stabat Mater* is actually Mary's anguish as she

observes Jesus as he is dying on the cross. Kristeva sets the pain of her experience of birth, pain at becoming a mother, against the pain of socially being a mother. The mother lives and physically creates what the avant-garde only engage in intellectually:

> The signifier is always meaning, communication or structure, whereas a woman as mother would be, instead, a strange fold that changes culture into nature, the speaking into biology. Although it concerns every woman's body, the heterogeneity of that cannot be subsumed in the signifier nevertheless explodes violently with pregnancy (the threshold of culture and nature) and the child's arrival [...] (Kristeva [1977] 1986b, 182)

This violent explosion is partially determined by pain. The complex awareness of a maternal identity separate and yet unified with the child within also contributes to a rupturing of language immersed in a bodily communication that defies the symbolic order, the pain of childbirth as catalyst for this rupturing illuminates Hemingway's conception of his writing process. As Kristevea writes, 'the pain, its pain – it comes from inside, never remains apart, other, it inflames me at once […] one does not birth in pain, one gives birth to pain,' and it is this pain that ruptures her identity, allowing for the transgression into the semiotic chora. Her 'symbolic shell cracks and a crest emerges where speech causes biology to show through,' (Kristeva [1977] 1986b, 185). The most extreme instance of thetic transgression is childbirth, but similar transgressions can also be experienced in moments of 'illness, of sexual-intellectual-physical passion, of death,' (Kristeva [1977] 1986b 185). These are the subjects that Pound identifies as suitable topics for dramatic lyrics, and to which Hemingway devotes careful observation.

This rupturing of identity has historically been employed by military units, but instead of art, the cadets in question refashion themselves into soldiers. This is the subject of the second volume of Theweleit's *Male Fantasies* (Theweleit 1989). Theweleit identifies

the same rupturing of self in moments of pain previously discussed by Kristeva. For cadets, this state is identified as a blackout:

> The blackout does appear momentarily to unite two normally antagonistic elements within the soldier; his body armor, as 'masculine' repressor, merges with the repressed – his incarcerated 'feminine' interior. Full consciousness – all the man; perceptual functions- is flooded and submerged precisely because the flow cannot be allowed to escape further. (Theweleit 1989, 166)

Explained by Theweleit, 'fainting, or any related state, was no accident; it appears to have been a planned element within training,' citing Magnus Hirschfeld (*Sittengeschichte des Weltkrieges, vol 2* 180):

> The phenomena that have come to be known as 'twilight states' (*Dämmerzustände*) can probably be interpreted as acute psychotic reactions to the miseries of the soldier's existences. They involve drowsiness, accompanied by special and temporal disorientation and loss of memory. (Theweleit 1989, 165)

These states nearly destroy the cadets. In one instance, a cadet collapses into a coma, but 'when he awakens from this process of transformation, he has becomes physically and psychically another, a new man.' (Theweleit 1989, 169). In battle, the newly formed soldier advances beyond this state, further into dissolution of consciousness and body (Theweleit 1989, 177). Running into and surrounded by explosions, they enter a birth-like state of creation. In the words of Ernst von Salomon:

> Before his very eyes, the breath of creation was descending on the world and remaking it in a new and different form… in a moment it must surely seize him and send him spinning cloud-high, fragmenting into atoms, himself and all around him, all no more than lumps of clay, their heart their molten center, the seeds of future. (Theweleit 1989, 179)

This explosion is forcibly reminiscent of Hemingway's own wounding on the Italian front. Philip Young's 'wound theory' refers to the same incident (Young 1966), in which he suggests that Hemingway's writing is a continuous form of therapy hoping to 'master the terrifying, primal scene of his wounding' (Beegel 2006, 275). Allen Josephs describes this same instance as an 'out of body experience,' a 'transcendent psychic phenomenon' (Josephs 1983, 11), but he also considers Hemingway a passive victim of his own experience. While Hemingway clearly returns to scenes of explosions, both literal and of bodily consciousness, this decision should be considered the active decision of an author revisiting the source of creation, which he uses to create his fiction and to create his characters. Kristeva identifies the space his consciousness enters in this moment, and which he provides for the characters he conceives, as a feminine space, the semiotic chora. Regardless of the name – 'out of body experience,' semiotic chora, psychic wounding – soldiers, writers, and birthing women experience a similarly rupturing of identity. While the experiences are vastly different, their impact on the subject is similar. This rupture is the source that Hemingway conceives his brainchildren, the living characters that he fashions into his writing. He does this actively rather than passively. To suggest, as Young does, that this revisiting is entirely subconscious is to deny Hemingway any craft or artistry, as well as refusing his careful editing and revision. Hemingway cultivates his writing, seeking out promising experiences and then forming them into fiction.

The Brainchild's Gestation: Pregnancy Cravings

Hemingway did not conceive of writing as a continuous exercise. It had ebbs and flows, a rhythm that needed to be delicately maintained. For insight into Hemingway's writing habits, we may consider his journalism pieces discussing writing, such as 'Monologue to

Maestro,' and we also have his autobiographical novels, *Green Hills of Africa* and the posthumously published *A Moveable Feast* (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009). *A Moveable Feast* elaborates on many of the ideas previously postulated in 'Monologue' and *Green Hills*. He builds on the image of his internal, creative well, only this time he explains how he actively finds way to replenish the waters within. While working on a story, he would take breaks to read the works of other writers and 'to get exercise, to be tired in my body, and it was very good to make love to whom you loved. That was better than anything. But afterwards, when you were empty, it was necessary to read in order not to think or worry about your work until you could do it again' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 58). The temporal clause 'when you were empty' floats after the vague 'afterwards,' allowing for the question of which activity 'empties' the writer – the exercise or the love making (or even the first bout of writing) – and which, then, is the most important to be able to do again. This emptiness is dangerous:

> It was necessary to read in order not to think or worry about your work until you could do it again. I had learned already not to empty the well of my writing; but always to stop when there was something there in the deep part of the well, and let it refill at night from the springs that fed it. (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 58)

He places the well initially in his 'subconscious', where he would leave his unfinished writing 'until I started again the next day'. To try and carry on would make him 'impotent to do it'. The 'springs' that 'feed' the well are at first his own experiences. Facing a fire in the hotel room where he worked (albeit for only three weeks, although in the retelling the room becomes a regular office) and munching on mandarines (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 22) because he was always hungry (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 65). Hemingway resolves, 'up in that room I decided that I would write one story about each thing that I knew about'

(E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 22). The motif of hunger and emptiness here becomes entwined with the well of creativity. The emptiness in his belly helps to draw forth ideas from the well of his mind, a cannibalistic loop in which hunger feeds on the ideas drawn forth from the waters, which are all at once personal experience, brainchildren, and known truths, plucked like fish and gutted. And afterwards, the well, now nearly empty, must be allowed to replenish as the physical body finds other activities to empty itself into order to become hollow and hungry again. Hunger is positive emptiness, it is active and temporary as it seeks its own filling. Hollowness, by comparison, is stagnant, passive emptiness, lacking specifically the ability to create.

Hunger, he claims, 'sharpens all of your perceptions' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 82) and as he writes hungry, his characters have 'very strong appetites and a great taste and desire for food, and almost all of them were looking forward to having a drink' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 82). He thinks this 'wholesome, unoriginal thought' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 82) because he manages to stave off the desire 'to go out to the races' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 83), and because he managed to walk past their (his and Hadley's) regular restaurant. Glancing at the menu, he sees 'that the plat du jour was cassoulet' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 81) just the name of which makes him 'hungry' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 81). The written word inspires hunger which then makes writing possible. He longs for a drink, and then moments (and a page later) he is drinking. Hemingway as a character fills his stomach as Hemingway, the writer, continues the story. He draws his hungry self from the well and satiates his thirst, but of course this process leaves the well near empty once again. This desire manifests itself in the culmination of the

cycle of hunger and creativity and his wish to be connected to a landscape his loves. His most successful days of writing occur when he is near fisherman on the Seine:

> I would walk along the quays when I had finished work or when I was trying to think something out. It was easier to think if I was walking […] or seeing people doing something they understood […] the fisherman […] fished expertly. They always caught some fish […] and I could eat a plateful. (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 37)

He eats what they catch; what they pull forth from the river fills him until he can return to plumb the depths of his creative well the next morning. Despite the claims of 'travel writers,' this fishing is 'serious and productive' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 38), and Hemingway would happily participate, but he 'did not have the tackle' and he is saving money for Spain (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 38). But it makes him 'happy that there were men fishing in the city itself' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 38). He feels the need to validate the fishing. If it were just crazy men filling idle hours with recreational fishing, his observation of the enterprise would be even more of a waste of time. More importantly, he addresses not only the abundance of fish, but also the purpose. These are not mere sport fisherman passing the time – they are 'taking a few fritures home to their families' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 38). Their efforts have value for they are feeding their families, just as Hemingway's 'catch' (he hopes) will bring in the money to put food on the table. Food and interesting company encourage the creative process, but not all activities are beneficial. Horse racing, we learn, does not restore in the way exercise or sexual intercourse manages to.

At first, the horse racing provides the necessary release from the strain of writing. On a spring day, they head to the track with a picnic for an afternoon of races to be followed by an evening at a restaurant. They 'wanted a long shot' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 42)

and they find one. Watching their horse with odds 'eighteen to one' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 42) barely win the race, Hadley asks, 'did you see that horse come up on him?' Hemingway's character replies, 'I can still feel it inside of me' (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 42). He has internalized the experience; the fear of losing and the hope of winning has filled the emptiness in his belly and sated his hunger. Only he stays full. Horse racing distracts from creativity. The experience is too filling:

> When I stopped working at the races I was glad but it left an emptiness. By then I knew that everything good and bad left an emptiness when it stopped. But if it was bad, the emptiness filled up by itself. If it was good you could only fill it by finding something better. (E. Hemingway [1964] 2009, 52)

The writing well empties and refills, and his appetite can be satisfied for a time, but the cycle of writing demands empty spaces to be filled. Those things that are bad linger and keep the writer full when instead he needs space to expand into, an internal cavity to fill as he empties his memory.

There are two forms of hunger for a writer: creative hunger, which is active, and produces further writing with the internalization of experience, and hollowness, which is a static emptiness. It is the antithesis to hunger. In *Hemingway on Love*, Robert W. Lewis describes the negative implications of hollowness in Frederic Henry:

> After his escape from the battle police he feels 'hollow and sick,' 'lonesome inside and alone,' seeing things 'clearly and emptily.' (Lewis 1965, 48-49; E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 243, 247-248)

Hemingway uses the term hollow repeatedly, but only particular scenes. 'Hollowness' is often the worst kind of sick feeling, or a symptom of anxiety of things to come. 'Hollowness' is an incurable 'emptiness;' 'emptiness' implies the potential to be filled again, an empty jug

or an empty room could be refilled or repopulated. A 'hollow' is a missing piece, a structural absence. It is a contained negative space.

Marc Seals creates his own trauma theory around Hemingway's repeated use of the destruction of a writer's manuscripts. Seals find the source in the theft of Hemingway's manuscripts when he was a young writer in Paris. His wife, Hadley, had brought all of his, carbon copies included,[54] to surprise him so he could work on his fiction while on vacation from his newspaper work. Destruction of a writer's manuscripts feature strongly in Hemingway's posthumous novels, most strikingly in *Islands in the Stream* (E. Hemingway 1970) and *The Garden of Eden* (E. Hemingway [1986] 2003c). In *The Garden of Eden*, the manuscripts are not lost but deliberately destroyed. Catherine, David Bourne's wife, has burned them. Upon her hearing her confession, 'David stood looking at her. He felt completely hollow. It was like coming around a mountain and the road not being there and only a gulf ahead' (*The Garden of Eden* [1986] 2003c, 216-217). In the posthumously published 'The Strange Country,' (which was originally part of the 'Miami' section of *Islands in the Stream*), Roger reluctantly tells his lover about the loss of his early manuscripts, which Marc Seals claims is almost identical to Hemingway's personal experience:

> I felt almost as though I could not breathe when I saw that there really were no folders with originals, nor folders with typed copies, nor folders with carbons and then I locked the door of the cupboard and went into the next room, which was the bedroom, and lay down on the bed and put a pillow between my legs and my arms around another pillow and lay there very quietly. I had never put a pillow between my legs before and I had never lain with my arms around a pillow but now I needed them very badly. I knew everything I had

[54] In a 23 January 1923 letter to Ezra Pound, Hemingway wrote: I suppose you heard about the loss of my Juvenalia [sic]? I went up to Paris last week to see what was left and found that Hadley had made the job compete by including all carbons, duplicates [...] (E. Hemingway 1981, 77)

> ever written and everything that I had great confidence in was gone. (E. Hemingway 1993b, 647–648)

The 'hollowness' felt by Roger is only implied by his need to fill the space between his legs and to hold something between his arms. Wrapping his body around these, Seals suggests that he has been infantilized and is attempting to return to the comfort of the womb as he curls up in a foetal position (Seals 2005, 6). Instead of viewing Roger's gesture of hugging his arms around a pillow as foetal, we should instead consider the motion as one of maternity, specifically a mother mourning a miscarriage or even a forced abortion. The living writing that they were carrying within has been forcibly taken, leaving only a hollow space behind.

Metamorphosis and Hemingway's Tiresias

In Hemingway's writing process, ideas are conceived through physical action or exhilarating observation, and then the ideas are nurtured in a lengthy gestation fuelled by hunger, rest, or more action. The writer feels the process move forward, but does not actively plan, and instead allows the story to grow naturally. However, the importance of 'love making' distinguishes itself from other activities that encourage creativity. Procreation is most significant for Hemingway because love-making permits psychological transgression. It serves as a more dangerous, but also more potent, source for further writing. Hemingway clearly prided himself on his status as a father and his implied virility, a fact made obvious by his adoption of the nickname 'Papa.' Critics are generally content to dismiss his pride in his virility as macho strutting, but a closer inspection of two characters who are writers and the connection between their writing and their love-making demonstrates that sex is a vital activity for the conception of ideas. The first character to

consider is the comedic character, 'Humbert Elliot,' from 'Mr and Mrs Elliot,' a story from *In Our Time*. The other character, in many ways Humbert's counterpart, is the previously discussed David Bourne.

Biographers and critics alike have assumed from the title of the short story that Hemingway was satirizing T.S. Eliot (Baker 1969, 133; Lynn 1987, 247-248; Tetlow 1992, 15).[55] Ezra Pound had apparently freely discussed Eliot's marital concerns, and so it is likely Hemingway was aware of Vivien's frequent menstruation and Eliot's conflicted feelings about sex with his wife. Whether or not the story specifically satirizes Eliot, the character in question is cast as an impotent man and a poor writer. Humbert Elliot cannot conceive a child. This much is repeatedly emphasized by how many times they try to have a child, and how many times they fail. The story begins 'Mr. and Mrs. Elliot tried very hard to have a baby,' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 85) but Hemingway repeats 'try' five different times, and writes that on their wedding night 'they were both disappointed' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 86). The implication is that the sex itself was unsuccessful, and 'having a baby' merely a euphemism. Of equal concern is Humbert's ability as a poet, and what inspires his poetry. That element of the satire has been neglected. When his wife, Cornelia, finally falls asleep, Humbert paces the halls of their hotel and 'as he walked he saw all the pairs of shoes, small shoes and big shoes, outside the doors of the rooms. This set his heart to pounding and he hurried back to his own room but Cornelia was asleep' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 87). Hemingway derides Humbert for being aroused by 'shoes' (seeing 'small shoes and big shoes,' the many pairs suggest that their owners are paired together as well in the rooms within) rather than by his wife, which in his consideration of activities that

[55] The work was originally titled 'Mr. and Mrs. Smith,' apparently intending to mock Chard Powers Smith. The title change, some biographers suggest, was a way to insult both men (Tanimoto 2012, 89).

will assist in conceiving stories or in assisting in their production is a more worthy subject. Humbert's inability to engage in more inspiring activities is further exaggerated when a young girl named Honey moves in with them at Cornelia's insistence. Cornelia and Honey take to sleeping together while Humbert occupies himself elsewhere – 'He wrote a great deal of poetry during the night and in the morning looked very exhausted' (E. Hemingway [1925] 2003a, 88). Instead of availing himself of restorative sex with his wife, he writes and is exhausted. His bed is occupied by not one but two women, and still he chooses to be elsewhere writing.

Standing on its own, 'Mr and Mrs Elliot' provides little else to the consideration of the importance of sex for a writing attempting to conceive a healthy story. But this basic structure of a writer living with two women is revisited by Hemingway in *The Garden of Eden*. When David first sleeps with Catherine, she mysteriously changes into a boy, and he into a girl:

> He had shut his eyes and he could feel the long light weight of her on him… he lay there and felt something and then her hand holding him and searching lower and he helped with his hands and lay back in the dark 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?'[56]
> '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?'
> 'You're Catherine.'
> 'No. I'm Peter...'
> At the end they were both dead and empty but it was not over.
> (E. Hemingway [1986] 2003c, 17)

[56] 'lower' was added to the scene by one of the editors, Tom Jenks, but changing prepositions do not effect this consideration of the allusion to Rodin (Eby 2005, 78).

This reversal of identities has inspired an entire new arena of Hemingway criticism that considers this another example of what has been considered Hemingway's troubled gender identity. David and Catherine proceed to become twins, 'brothers' over the course of the story, cutting their hair and dying it identically and wearing the same men's clothing. However, the heavily edited published edition is missing some of its original dialogue. Brought to light in *Hemingway's Genders*, Nancy R. Comley and Robert Scholes find in the original manuscript:

> When she and David start to make love in the evening to inaugurate this 'new' Catherine, she asks him (in the manuscript version) if he remembers the sculpture in the Rodin museum.' He does, and she expects him to know what she wants him to do: to change, 'like in the sculpture,' which she refers to as The Metamorphosis. (Comley and Scholes 1994, 53-54)[57]

The statue in question was created by Rodin, and is called, 'The Metamorphosis of Ovid' (Burwell 1996, 102; Comley and Scholes 1994, 54). It shows two lovers lying and embracing together. Their features are not pronounced, and the amorphous bodies blend into one another. The modernist movement frequently alluded to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, particularly in the works of Pound and Eliot. Pound 'was perhaps the earliest advocate of Ovid,' and in his letters incessantly urged Ovid upon his friends' (Ziolkowski 2009, 456). Pound specifically recommended, 'Ovid for transformations, one energy passing through gods and men, everything connected with everything else, many stories woven into a single tale' (Kearns 1976, 175).

[57] Comely and Scholes cite TS 422.1 /1,20,21 (E. Hemingway, TS 422.1).

Ed Madden reiterates this point that the *Metamorphoses* was Pound's primary interest in Ovid. At the centre of his interest is the figure of Tiresias, the blind seer who had lived both as a man and a woman. In Ovid's portrayal of Tiresias:

> The origin of Tiresias's power combines sexual experience, sexual difference, and sexual knowledge, and it has come to signify, in the Western tradition, the connection of sexual transgression or sexual knowledge with a transcendent level of insight. (Madden 2008, 35)

Tiresias is key figure in both Pound's 'Cantos' and in Eliot's 'Wasteland.'[58] Eliot believes Tiresias is, 'the most important personage in the poem, uniting all the rest' (Eliot 1963, 61). His Tiresias is old and withered: 'I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives, / Old man with wrinkled female breasts' (Eliot 1963, 61). He is beyond any reproductive capacity. Despite being a symbol for transformation, he remains a static combination of the two sexes.[59] The living 'Metamorphosis,' David and Catherine, transform into Peter and Catherine, a living Tiresias. They are potent and dangerous in their transgression. They merge in the night and divide in the day, and this transformation, which terrifies David, conceives his writing.

In David Bourne, Hemingway moves beyond metaphorical appropriation of feminine creative identity and creates a character who becomes mentally and bodily female. He becomes his own muse, and is impregnated by his lover, now the sire of his

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[58] 'I sat to keep off the impetuous impotent dead,
Till I should hear Tiresias,' Canto I (Pound [1930] 1996b, 4)

[59] From Eliot's own end-note in reference to line 218 of the poem: "Tiresias, although a mere spectator and not indeed a "character," is yet the most important personage in the poem, uniting all the rest. Just as the one-eyed merchant, seller of currants, melts into the Phoenician Sailor, and the latter is not wholly distinct from Ferdinand Prince of Naples, so all the women are one woman, and the two sexes meet in Tiresias. What Tiresias sees, in fact, is the substance of the poem. The whole passage from Ovid is of great anthropological interest." (He goes on to provide the poem in Greek.) Hannah Sullivan points out that although 'Hesiod told the story of Tiresias' sex change before Ovid [...] Ovid was a far more important source for Medieval and Renaissance English writing' (Sullivan 2011, 174). Sullivan believes this would have appealed to Eliot's 'broader beliefs about literary tradition' (Sullivan 2011, 174).

brainchild. The same metaphorical conceit Pound and Eliot joked about with one another becomes much more serious in *The Garden of Eden*. Though the editors offer a happy, false ending for David, Hemingway's manuscripts indicate he may have intended a much bleaker resolution for the writer. 'In the provisional ending that Hemingway wrote in May 1950, Catherine returns to David after some time in a Swiss asylum (422.2-10)' and they decide to commit suicide together if she becomes mad again (Burwell 1996, 105).

That Final Miracle: Trouble with Finishing

In his last years, Hemingway wrote in two directions – he wrote the last days of aging characters, and he wrote his first days as a young writer. We begin with what may have been the catalyst for Hemingway's drafting of his four separate manuscripts, *Islands in the Stream*, *A Moveable Feast, Garden of Eden*, and his 'African Novel' (later published as *True at First Light*), as well as his reluctance to publish. The critics had massacred *Across the River into the Trees*, which he had believed to be his best work yet (Reynolds 1999, 212). For example, in *The Kenyon Review* in 1951, Rosenfeld viciously tore into the text to try and wound the author beneath:

> It is not enough to say that *Across the River and Into the Trees* is a bad novel, which nearly everyone has said (the fact is, a good deal of it is trash), or to ascribe its failure to Hemingway's playing Hemingway […] It seems to me that no writer of comparable stature has ever expressed in his work so false an attitude toward life. (Rosenfeld 1951, 147)

His sentiment was echoed by others, who find fault as much in Hemingway as they did in his work. There may have been a band of happy supporters enthusiastically reviewing him (perhaps more than the book) with declarations such as Hemingway is 'the most important author living today, the most outstanding author since the death of Shakespeare (O'Hara

1950, 1),' but mostly it was panned as 'embarrassing,' 'egregiously bad,' 'his worst novel; it is a synthesis of everything that is bad in his previous work' (Reynolds 1999, 228). The fact that the book sold out its first printing and was a bestseller was little comfort, and although he saved and read all of his reviews, we later learn in *A Moveable Feast* that the positive reviews make him almost as uncomfortable as the negative, for 'in Oak Park, where Ernest grew up, they said that, "praise to the face was open disgrace"' (Reynolds 1999, 53). The reviews shook him badly, but his confidence in the merit of the book remained sound. Ben Stolzfus, in a comparative analysis of Hemingway and Proust, contends that 'Hemingway's frustration at not being understood stemmed from the fact that in his final years, his subjects of war, love, and remembrance were "all explorations into death's fusion with a creative consciousness"' (Listoe 1997, 94).

This poetic sentiment puts us on the right course to understanding the perspective Hemingway had on his own writing ability. This thesis contends that he feared he was losing his talent. He was terrified that he would not be able to write in the future as well as he had managed to write in the past. Mortal death, at least, would be final. What he feared was the death of his creative ability, the loss of which he would have to endure as he continued to live. He once claimed he would only write his memoirs 'when I can't write anything else' (E. Hemingway 1981, 388).[60]

Reynolds writes that Hemingway did not enjoy drafting the death of Robert Jordan, citing a letter to Maxwell Perkins that, 'after living with Robert Jordan for seventeen months, he hated like hell to kill him off' (Reynolds 1999, 23).[61] From this, Reynolds sees the creative process as a minor death of a piece of Hemingway: 'Hemingway killed off, one

[60] Letter to Janet Flanner, 8 April 1933
[61] 13 July 1940

more, a piece of himself. That's how he felt about his writing: each book a little death, another story he could never again write' (Reynolds 1999, 23). Instead of death, though, the process has more in common with birth, and rather than post mortem depression, we should instead consider postpartum depression to be Hemingway's mind-set after producing his text. In the previously discussed unpublished introduction for a text on writing for students, in which Hemingway describes a writer as a 'mine,' and his work as the ore extracted and refined, Hemingway describes the death of a writer as necessary in order for his book to live:

> The writer carries his death in him and the death is his book. His physical body may survive several books. But each time whatever is within him will be killed by the book if the book is to have a life of its own […] something must always die but no matter what else dies the writer must die if his book is to live. (E. Hemingway 1991b)

The writer sacrifices his life for his writing. Hemingway blends maternity with martyrdom. He compounds the notion of writing as living with his insistence that the book must live at the cost of the mother/writer. Like the Indian mother in 'Indian Camp,' the child must live whatever the cost. He insists that this is preferable, at once making writing a more physically debilitating act, but it also one of passive submission – the mother sacrificing herself that her children might live.

In actuality, though, Hemingway could not himself play such a role. Rather than dying that a child could live, he lived and could not conceive. Hemingway would later find himself in a similar position. Late in life, he wished he could have a daughter, but both Martha and Mary were unable to bear children. Years after writing *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, he learned that Martha, his third wife, was unable to conceive because 'of complications from an abortion several years earlier' (Burwell 1996, 47). She told Charles Scribner of her

condition, but Hemingway was unaware of it until he was ruining his fourth marriage, and Charles Scribner unwittingly told Hemingway what he thought he already knew. He was trying to reason with Hemingway as he came to terms with the fact that Mary, too, could not 'conceive after an ectopic pregnancy in 1946' (Burwell 1996, 47). In contrast to Reynolds' association between death and the completion of the writing process, Burwell sees these two-fold revelations of sterility as 'the source of his identifying his texts with his offspring' (Burwell 1996, 47).

On the subject of 'Childbirth, War, and Creativity in A Farewell to Arms,' Charles Whittier closely analyses the fatal caesarean performed on Catherine Barkley, and infers:

> A dictum favoring male creativity over female procreativity: a man may have 'brainchildren,' artistic accomplishments because a woman can have children in the flesh. In *A Farewell to Arms*, a more sinister version of the cultural myth occurs: a man must write his story because a woman cannot give birth. (Whittier 1992, 262)

Applied to this stage in Hemingway's life, we see that he faces the writer's equivalent to menopause in the creative realm as he additionally learns that his wife's sterility will prevent him having another child. Hemingway fears he can no longer produce a story that would sublimate his desire for progeny, specifically a daughter. Colonel Cantwell, the hero of *Across the River into the Trees*, compounds his love for Renata with the paternal affection of a father. He calls her 'daughter' and whispers 'into her ear as gently as he knew how to whisper, […] "I love you only, my best and last and only and one true love"' (E. Hemingway [1950] 1998, 78). As Burwell points out, 'Renata' means 'reborn' (Burwell 1996, 131). If we were to view the creation of her character as a direct result of Hemingway's longing for a daughter, she would require another name. The rebirth for which she is titled belongs to Cantwell; she rejuvenates the dying man whose heart is slowly failing as he overdoses on

medication to enjoy the physical excitement of her company. Most importantly, she is birthed from the ocean. In the portrait she gives to Cantwell, her '"hair is twice as long as it has ever been" and she looks, "as though [she] were rising from the sea"' (E. Hemingway [1950] 1998, 85). Stolzfus sees this as a reference to Botticelli's 'Venus Rising from the Sea' (Stolzfus 1991, 26). Venus, in some myths, is born when Kronos severs Ouranos's member and throws it out into the ocean.[62] Born from the merging of water and male virility, she is the wedding and consummation of the landscape. She is the perfect symbol for Hemingway's conception of male rejuvenation both physically and creatively – she is born from castration, and yet she emerges to provide a full redemption of the flesh. Vitally, as the embodiment of love, Venus (and Renata) promise future procreation also.

*Men*opause and the Final Miracle

Drafting *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway locates the well of his writing clearly within himself, but earlier in his career, the well was external, both physical and metaphorically situated elsewhere. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* the well becomes Maria's sexualized topography:

> Maria lay close against him and he felt the long smoothness of her thighs against his and her breasts like two small hills that rise out of the long plain where there is a well, and the far country beyond the hills was the valley of her throat where her lips were. (E. Hemingway [1940] 1993a, 341)

The well could be her navel; it could also be her vagina, her womb, or herself entire. We lose her definitive features as her body spreads across the terrain. Functioning as a metonymy for the landscape that could only be held a patch at a time, Robert embraces her

[62] '[Gaia] plotted with her son Kronos to overthrow his father. He then castrated Ouranos with a long jagged sickle. The blood produced the Furies, the Giants and the ash-tree nymphs; the severed genitals themselves floated out to sea, and from the foam around them rose the beautiful goddess of love, Aphrodite' (Wender 1973, 16).

entirely. He visits her well to escape his fears of the mission with which he has been tasked. Robert is not a creator, but a destroyer. He knows how to break other creations apart, and does not seek the well for creative purposes. He wishes to soothe his fears. Love, both carnal and ideological, is defined by the link between hunger and the well, a connection more clearly explained in *Green Hills of Africa*:

> I was happy as you are after you have been with a woman that you really love, when, empty, you feel it welling up again and there it is and you can never have it all and yet what there is, now, you can have, and you want more and more, to have, and be, and live in, to possess now again for always, for that long sudden-ended always […] so if you have loved some woman and some country you are very fortunate […] being in Africa, I was hungry for more of it […] I had loved country all my life; the country was always better than people. (E. Hemingway [1935] 1963, 72-73)

He begins loving a woman, but she becomes the land. Her body spreads to the horizon as he investigates further, wanting 'more and more' in an attempt to 'have' her, and the land, entirely. He feels empty after having 'been with' a woman, but the emptiness is filled with 'hunger,' which wells up within him. The negative capacity fills the negative space; he's 'hungry for more of it' – more love, more land. The desire for possession is a need to establish a physical connection. Like sex, however, even staying in a place is 'sudden-ended' always. Grammatically, Hemingway continues the sentence, avoiding the termination of the full-stop and prolonging the moment for connection for as long as possible. The sentence is fluid like the river and musical like the chaotic chora, and lives until it is terminated in the cessation forced by the full-stop, the unavoidable collision with formal language. The embrace can only ever be temporary. Terry Tempest Williams observes that 'biologists, geologists, writers are lovers engaged in an erotics of place. Loving the land. Honouring its mysteries. Acknowledging, embracing the spirit of a place'

(Williams 1994, 84). Hemingway's love is erotic. He embraces the land carnally rather than spiritually. He seeks a physical as much as a spiritual connection.

A Writer's Bodily Concerns: (Re)productive anxiety

Hemingway's character in *A Moveable Feast* is intensely introspective and occupies an interior, mental space. By comparison, Harry Morgan, the 'code hero' in *To Have and Have Not*, is entirely physical and considered superficially. Hemingway specifically denies Harry the ability to think. He struggles with planning: 'I got to think. All I've done is think one thing out and I got it thought out and now I got to think out something else.' (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 85). It is a mechanical process. He shifts the thoughts like blocks, removing them one at a time from within. He tells Bee-Lips, 'I got to think. All I've done is think one thing and I got it thought out and now I've got to think something else' (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 85). The same brainstorm brews away later at Marie's kitchen table: '"Aw Honey, you feel bad," Marie said. "No," said Harry. "I'm just thinking"' (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 89). And again, he reiterates, '"leave me alone […] I got to think'" (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 89). Harry is a man constructed of parts. Hemingway assembles him sinew by sinew beneath the gaze of Marie:

> Tall, wide-shouldered, flat-backed, his hips narrow, moving, still, she thought, like some kind of animal, easy and swift and not old yet, he moves so light and smooth-like […] she saw him blond, with the sunburned hair, his face with the broad mongol cheek bones, and the narrow eyes, the nose broken at the at the bridge, the wide mouth and the round jaw. (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 90)

He's an assemblage of parts in motion. 'Moving, still' conveys not only that he is still moving like an animal despite the anticipation of aging, but also that even when he is still, he

moves. His existence depends on his physical capacity for motion. This passage raises two distinct comparisons of form. The first, and most obvious, is that to animals. The second comparison is raised by omission. We do not see Harry's lips, which are the most prominent feature on one his primary foils, 'Bee-lips' the lawyer.

In considering animals, Harry feels embarrassed because of his amputated arm. The stump, he claims, is 'like the flipper on a loggerhead.' This seemingly innocuous simile hides considerable innuendo in addition to the anxieties of Hemingway. As Marie points out, 'you ain't no loggerhead. Do they really do it three days? Coot for three days?' (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 80). Sea turtles are traditionally associated with virility in the Caribbean. As Hemingway slowly approached his fiftieth birthday, he started receiving injections of testosterone to reinvigorate his sex drive and taking Oreton-M, a steroid to 'maintain male sex characteristics' (Reynolds 1999, 301). 'White turtle eggs' he claimed 'were better' than both. According to Reynolds, Hemingway claims in a letter to Pete Viertel that 'after eating them plentifully in Bimini, he would walk about with such an erection that natives, passing in the street, would salute it' (Reynolds 1999, 173).

A desperate fantasy to be sure, but one that he exposes through Marie as she watches the slumbering Harry. She has already pointed out that he is not a loggerhead, but as she distances men from association with the turtles, she reveals a more favourable comparison for women:

> I'm glad it was an arm and not a leg. I wouldn't want him to have lost a leg […] do you suppose those turtles feel like we do? Do you suppose all the time they feel like that? Or do you suppose it hurts the she? [...] Christ, I could do it all night if a man was built that way. I'd like to do it and never sleep. Never, never, no, never. No, never, never, never. (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 81)

'Never' rebounds and echoes back upon itself, redoubling the wish to never sleep while admitting that a man will *never* be 'built like that.' His fragile construction already falls apart so easily. Marie might not mind being poked with his 'flipper,' but if he loses a leg, that's another matter entirely. Reading Havelock Ellis in 1920, the youthful Hemingway was thrilled, as Michael Reynolds summarizes, when 'Ellis confirmed what Ernest suspected: women enjoyed sex as much as he did' (Reynolds 1987, 120). Now his aging haunts him. He once joked about a rejuvenation procedure that sensationalized the science community and capture the imagination of an amused public. In the 20s, the science of rejuvenation revolved around the revolutionary procedure of transfusions, specifically injections taken from testicular material of dead bodies and even monkeys. Scientists operated under the theory that male sex glands initiated puberty, and therefore 'If sex glands became active to produce a man, they must have become inactive to produce an old man' (Hirshbein 2000, 290). At the time, Hemingway laughed at old men who were buying into the process, perhaps not realizing how much they believed they stood to lose without such a procedure. 'The rejuvenators encouraged men to believe that it was important for them to be able to perform sexually late in life, and that declining sexual power might be an important sign of approaching old age' (Hirshbein 2000, 292). When a man's testicles failed to function properly, he slowly turned into a woman, or so the doctors believed. His character became suspect along with his prowess. Hemingway wrote a poem mocking the whole endeavor:

> There's a little monkey maiden looking eastward toward the sea,
> There's a new monkey soprano a'sobbing in the tree,
> And Harold's looking very fit the papers all agree.
>
> It was quite an operation

> But it may have saved the Nation
> And what's one amputation
> To the tribe? (E. Hemingway 1981, 350)[63]

A millionaire, one Harold McCormick, had undergone rejuvenation therapy in New York. Meanwhile, a doctor in Paris began publicizing another rejuvenaiton procedure that involved the transplant of monkey glands (Reynolds 1989, 65). Now 48, the once cocky young man now crafts a character slowly falling to pieces, and acutely aware of the importance of each piece:

> The hell with my arm. You lose an arm, you lose an arm. There's worse things than lose an arm. You've got two arms and you've got two of something else. And a man's still a man with one arm or one of those. (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 69)

Strutting about and declaring the possession of two testicles here becomes an uneasy awareness of the precariousness of such a standard for masculine identification. He's already lost one arm. He could just as easily lose one (or both) testicles. It's a mere rearranging and separating of parts. Flesh falls to pieces. When Harry finally dies, death enters his mouth:

> He could feel a cold rubber hose that seemed to have entered his mouth and now was coiled, big, cold and heavy down through him. Each time he took a breath the hose coiled colder and firmer in his lower abdomen and he could feel it like a big, smooth-moving snake in there, above the sloshing of the lake. (E. Hemingway [1937] 2004a, 126)

This is Harry's moment of final dissolution. Before, his mouth was denied in favor of his jaw. Having been shot in the abdomen, he slowly bleeds to death, and the flesh that once was a 'great body' reveals a hollowness within. Death enters his mouth, a hose that

[63] Letter to Ezra Pound, August 1922.

becomes a snake that becomes more corporeal as Harry's body empties. What started as an empty hose fills with the flesh and bones of a snake, entering through his mouth, femenizing and inverting his previously upright heteronormative masculinity as he is laid low, knees up by his head. The snake coils in his lower abdomen, both intercourse that will not end and a pregnancy that will never be brought to term. When analyzing T.S. Eliot, critics often rely on Kristeva and abjection to illuminate the many motifs of rancid bodies and vulgar flows. Theweleit finds the same imagery in his inspection of the Freikorps, and both theorists can be useful in understanding Hemingway's works. Hemingway's flesh and fluid bodies are abject, since fluidity implies a permeability of bodily borders that remind one of one's mortality. However, writers conceptions of themselves are diametrically oppposed to this fear of fluidity. Writers fear that the flow of their writing and creativity might someday cease. When asked about where his ideas come from for his writing, Kurt Vonnegut replied with some exasperation, 'Where do I get my ideas from? [...] I was goofing around in Indiana, and all of a sudden this stuff came gushing out' (Vonnegut 2008). For Hemingway, who so vehemently insisted 'I am a man' and 'I can write,' faced the problem of both identities failing. Writing and revising his manuscripts for four posthumous projects, he feared his ability to perform what he once referred to as the 'unperformable miracle,' as he once described it in a letter to Archibaled MacLeish in 1936.[64] When finishing *A Farewell to Arms*, he wrote to Maxwell Perkins that he needed 'time to cool off well before rewriting' but he was confident everything would work out because 'it is such a fine healthy life and the fishing keeps my head from worrying in the afternoons when I don't work' (Brucoli and

[64] 'Have been work very hard on this book. She pretty near over. All that remains now is to perform the unperformable miracle you have to do at the end' (E. Hemingway 1981, 453).

Baughman 2004, 80). When finishing *Death in the Afternoon*, he writes to his in-laws to update them on his writing and on Pauline's health:

> There is no way a woman can be more completely and utterly ruined than by not being careful for eight weeks after a baby is born. Until the placental site is healed. They ought all to be shown, in school, or when their minds are at an impressionable age women who have so ruined their bodies so it would be impressed upon them. (E. Hemingway 1981, 350)

The same can be said for his concerns about his own writing ability. The period after writing a book was vital for him as a time to replenish. He had written to Maxwell Perkins comparing himself favorably to Fitzgerald after *A Farewell to Arms* that he 'had an idea for his next book,' but expressed concerns about his concerns about his debilitating process:

> Then too you have to use up your material – You never use Anything you save. I thought I'd used up everything in In Our Time – Should always write as though you were going to die at the end of a book – (This doesn't seem to go with what's before but it's a good idea too!). (Brucoli and Baughman 2004, 97)

Finally connecting these thoughts into a coherent philosophy for Hemingway's conception of his own writing, the metaphor of childbirth links with fishing, the psychic well of creative replenishment, and a final fear of creative death. With his many injuries and serious medical conditions, he cannot fish the way he used to, and we can infer he could not make love in the same way, either. Even if he could, Mary could not conceive. And so every method he relied on to conceive new stories have failed him. Where before he was actively a father, fathering (and mothering) his stories, now his procreative and creative identity has become a static title, Papa.

Conclusion

The title of this thesis, 'The Silver Cord,' specifically alludes to the the hymn 'Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break,' which scares the young Nick Adams so badly in 'Three Shots,' the excised beginning to 'Indian Camp.' The many tropes of a cord are sustained throughout the various perspectives of Hemingway's considerations of fishing, childbirth and writing. 'The Silver Cord' is at once the soul, the vocal cords enabling the individual to speak and to sing ('Some day the silver cord will break, and I no more as now shall sing'), as well as an umbilical cord and finally a fishing line. Part of the artistry of a sport fisherman is his ability to land a heavy fish on a line intended for a much smaller and lighter catch. There is a certain pride among fishermen in their ability to surpass expectations and anticipated physical limits. Fishing line is sold based on the 'test' strength of the line; a six-pound test line will hold at least six pounds of tension, but anything beyond that brings the risk of the line breaking. When David Bourne lands his sea bass in the beginning of *The Garden of Eden*, his feat is impressive primarily because of the difference between the size of the fish and the strength of the tackle. As Andre, the waiter who attends David during the feat, explains: 'no one ever caught such a fish on such tackle' (E. Hemingway [1986] 2003c, 10). A fisherman could simply use a metal line (which would be much less likely to snap), called a 'meat line' (E. Hemingway 1967, 143) by Hemingway, but Hemingway himself admits, 'the use of wire line, our meat line, is a deadly way of fishing, and no fish caught that way could possibly be entered as a sporting record' (E. Hemingway 1967, 148).

Tensile testing, the mechanical test for assessing the ability of a material to withstand tension, is a destructive test – the sample material is bent or pulled until it breaks. In 'Hymn of Breaking Strain' (Kipling [1935] 1994, 396-397), Rudyard Kipling

compares engineers building a bridge and knowing the strength of their materials to the human condition of *not* knowing our own metaphorical tensile strength:

> We only of Creation
> *(0h, luckier bridge and rail)*
> Abide the twin damnation-
> To fail and know we fail.
> (Kipling [1935] 1994, 397)

This 'twin damnation' comes as a result of failing the test, of breaking. However, it is not possible to pass the test. An actual tensile test continues until the material breaks. Metaphorically, this principle extends for individuals, particularly for Hemingway. If a test did not break you, you could have endured more. In analysing medical intervention in childbirth with anaesthetics, the same fear and hope for limitations becomes apparent. Beneath the male gaze of doctors and husbands, we witness men assessing for women whether or not they are capable of enduring their own test of personal limitations. Whether through the condescending benevolence of the father or the callous impatience of the attending doctor, the introduction of chloroform and ether to the delivery room denied birthing mothers the privilege of risking their own failure, and finding 'twin damnation' for themselves.

Before fleeing to Switzerland, Frederic Henry considers Catherine and his own beliefs regarding bravery:

> If people bring so much courage to this world the world has to kill them to break them, so of course it kills them. The world breaks every one and afterward many are strong at the broken places. But those that it will not break it kills. (E. Hemingway [1929] 1997b, 249)

This again only allows for degrees of failure: those strong enough not to break are killed, and those who survive were less courageous and also broken. Hemingway refuses the conclusion to Kipling's 'Hymn to Breaking Strain,' which ends with hope:

> In spite of being broken
> *Because of being broken*
> May rise and build anew
> *Stand up and build anew.*
> (Kipling [1935] 1994, 397)

While this thesis considered the larger context of fishing literature to which Hemingway contributed, as well the medical context of childbirth and the metaphorical identification of writers as pregnant women, ultimately the focus must return to Hemingway and this paradoxical philosophy. Just as in physical tests of strength, success allows for the possibility that the attempt could have been improved upon. Failure proves personal limitations. Each act of creation necessitates the author's recreation; just as a child is born, so too is a mother born. For Hemingway, each book was also a creative death, his brainchild created from within. His ability to continue writing proved he had failed to give his last brainchild enough of himself. As a writer, he wrote as if each book would be his last, and seemed to simultaneously both hope and fear that it would be.

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