“BECAUSE I THINK DEEPER”:
ERNEST HEMINGWAY AND THE BURDEN OF CONSCIOUSNESS

by

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Abstract

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My project examines the role of consciousness in the works of Ernest Hemingway. Although Hemingway has been excluded from studies of consciousness and cognition in fiction, my study argues that Hemingway's sensitivity to the interiority and mental state of his characters is undervalued. By examining canonical psychological novelists, psychologists, philosophers, and cutting edge studies in the philosophy of mind, my dissertation demonstrates the centrality of Hemingway's characters' consciousness to a proper interpretation of his fiction. Although critics have been distracted by the sensational elements on the surface of Hemingway's work, the tension in Hemingway's fiction rests in the subtle interplay between the inevitability of thought and the external exigencies of the situation that the character faces. A Hemingway protagonist is generally in either a psychological crisis that hinders action, a physical crisis that impairs rational thought, or both. We see the man of thought in action, and the man of action in thought. Topics in consciousness such as the perception of time, habit, perception, memory, the self, imagination, and the stream of consciousness all are central components in the drama of Hemingway's fiction.

My study treats Hemingway as a surreptitious psychological novelist, as invested in consciousness as his predecessors and contemporaries who are more readily categorized as "psychological novelists." This dissertation demonstrates that a proper interpretation of Hemingway's fiction depends on a thorough understanding of topics in consciousness, in philosophical, psychological, and scientific terms. Through close readings of representative texts, a new portrait of Hemingway emerges, a figure that represents an innovative slant on the notion of a psychological novel. With William James, Henri Bergson, and Freud as its foundation, but supplementing their work with contemporary

studies, this project devotes chapters to major Hemingway works ("Big Two-Hearted River" and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*), as well as those long dismissed as simplistic (*The Old Man and the Sea*) or inept (*Islands in the Stream*).

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To Antonio and Linda D. Cirino (1941-2007). For everything.

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
If it be now, 'tis not to come;
If it be not to come, it will be now;
If it be not now, yet it will come:
The readiness is all.

The priest in A Farewell to Arms teaches us all:

“When you love you wish to do things for. You wish to sacrifice for. You wish to serve.”

for Kristen

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ABBREVIATIONS OF HEMINGWAY TEXTS

ARIT - Across the River and Into the Trees

BL - By-Line: Ernest Hemingway: Selected Articles and Dispatches of Four Decades

CP - Complete Poems

CSS - The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway: The Finca Vigía Edition

DIA - Death in the Afternoon

FTA - A Farewell to Arms

FC - The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories

FWBT - For Whom the Bell Tolls

GOE - The Garden of Eden

GHA - Green Hills of Africa

IITS - Islands in the Stream

MAW - Men at War: The Best War Stories of All Time

AMF - A Moveable Feast

NAS - The Nick Adams Stories

OMS - The Old Man and the Sea

SL - Selected Letters, 1917-1961

SS - The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway

SAR - The Sun Also Rises

Facsimile - The Sun Also Rises: A Facsimile Edition

THHN - To Have and Have Not

TOS - The Torrents of Spring

UK - Under Kilimanjaro

Chapter One: Hemingway and the Life of the Mind

"This is what I enjoy. This is the best part of life.

The life of the mind. This is not killing kudu."

Green Hills of Africa (19)

"Live the full life of the mind, exhilarated by new ideas,

intoxicated by the Romance of the unusual."

"Banal Story" (SS 360)

In 1921, Ernest Hemingway wrote a frivolous, epistolary fragment entitled "Because I Think Deeper."[1] The eighteen-hundred-word narrative is unremarkable, except for the protagonist's revealing explanation of the source of his own woes: he is burdened with the artist's hypersensitivity; an impulse to intellectualize; an excess of consciousness. The protagonist, Ralph Spencer Williams, writes to his fiancée's sister, and suggests what might be the source of the constant tension that divides them:

> Through 23 years of my life I have, through some unknown reason, reverenced an ideal peculiar to such a high estate of thought that even the slightest reference to it causes a feeling of resentment to show in me from within, and I cannot help it showing… I have always thought, and thought, and thought perhaps too much so, but always placing myself in the other person's position and thinking what I would do under the circumstances in their position, then continuing in the path of what I think is just. (qtd. in Griffin 162)

Ralph's letter continues, explaining that his sometimes-prickly personality can be attributed to his cerebral, internal nature, which is difficult for other people to understand:

> I know that I do not enter into a lot of jests and humorous pastimes, bringing forth amusement, and, I have seen that it has been noticed at different times before this, I have regretted it always. Years ago when I was much younger when attending picnics and parties when I did not enter into the amusements and mirthful pranks with the enthusiasm that perhaps I should have, it was noticed and I was often told about it. I have often tried to overcome these feelings so that they might not show on the surface, but I see I have not been successful and that they are still noticed. I do not like to see things which do not add charm or grace to a woman because of the nature of my living and the formation of my ideal, because I think deeper and have a higher standard for such things than the average man has. (163)

As inane as this prose might be, Ralph's self-analysis anticipates the problem of the Hemingway hero in all the fiction that would follow. The writer mocks his own lofty ideals; admits to a strong impulse to contemplate or intellectualize things, particularly the examination of other psychological and moral perspectives; and perhaps most important, alludes to feelings that "might not show on the surface," suggesting Hemingway's iceberg principle of writing, in which objective facts and physical sensations appear for the reader to see, but emotion, memory, and vulnerability are implied, but hidden from view.

Literary criticism has accused Hemingway of many things since the 1920s, but thinking too deeply is not one of them. Hemingway himself is surely complicit in promoting the stereotype of his life and his work as fiercely anti-intellectual. Even within

the Hemingway text, characters who think deeply are generally lampooned as ineffectual navel-gazers or scorned as feeble and effeminate. The recurring putdown from the lunkheaded assassins in "The Killers" is "bright boy" (SS 280, et passim), a mocking insult that sets up the story's last line, the advice that the inquisitive, idealistic hero should cut off his imagination, that although he has an idea, he "had better not think about it" (289).[2]

In The Sun Also Rises, a pregnant pause occurs during a conversation about H.L. Mencken between Jake Barnes and the alcoholic novelist Harvey Stone, as the men supposedly succumb to deep contemplation:

> "Oh, nobody reads him now," Harvey said, "except the people that used to read the Alexander Hamilton Institute."
>
> "Well," I said. "That was a good thing, too."
>
> "Sure," said Harvey. So we sat and thought deeply for a while.
>
> "Have another port?"
>
> "All right," said Harvey. (50)

In "The Three-Day Blow," from In Our Time, Nick Adams and his friend Bill drunkenly engage in a conversation that passes for deep thoughts, as they compare the relative benefits of Nick's teetotaling father with Bill's father, who may be an alcoholic. Bill refers to his father's "tough time" with drinking, to which Nick responds, "It all evens up." The narrator, adopting a tone of deadpan judgment, then sums up the scene: "They sat looking into the fire and thinking of this profound truth" (SS 120). Later, the narrator wryly notes: "They were conducting the conversation on a high plane" (121), needling

the two kids who fancy themselves capable of subtle abstractions, when in fact they are merely losing control of their usual restraint under the new effects of alcohol.

Likewise, in typically lively banter between Frederic Henry and Rinaldi in A Farewell to Arms, the phenomenon of such deep thinking is called into question. Rinaldi begins the exchange by positioning himself as the embodiment of rational thought:

> "I am the snake. I am the snake of reason."
>
> "You're getting it mixed. The apple was reason."
>
> "No, it was the snake."
>
> He was more cheerful.
>
> "You are better when you don't think so deeply," I said.
>
> "I love you, baby," he said. "You puncture me when I become a great Italian thinker. But I know many things I can't say. I know more than you." (170)

Like all Hemingway heroes and narrators, including Hemingway himself, Frederic "punctures" those who would dare to think deeply—just as Jake and the narrator of "The Three-Day Blow" mock it—deflating the characters' hot air or pretentiousness. However, Ralph Spencer Williams has already indicated why this characterization might provoke a red flag. The act of thinking deeply strikes the Hemingway hero as a sacred, painfully personal activity, to the extent that witnessing it in someone else recalls the vulnerability that such hyper-consciousness entails.

The same sort of unease with cognition exists in the final pages of Hemingway's posthumously published African novel. Under Kilimanjaro concludes with Hemingway—the fictional protagonist—examining the behavior of dung beetles. "I had always liked to see the dung beetles work and since they were the sacred scarabs of Egypt… I thought we

might find some place for them in the religion… Watching them I thought of the words for a dung beetle hymn." This preposterous scenario is then examined from an outside perspective: "Ngui and Mthuka were watching me because they knew I was in a moment of profound thought" (439). As a moment of self-parody, the description is also instructive. During this lengthy and important safari in Hemingway's life, the moment that he chooses to isolate explicitly as being one of profound thought is an instance that is obviously idiotic.[3] Hemingway's consistent stance was to diminish – at least on the surface – the profundity of his truly deep thoughts, and to mock others and even himself when they regarded their own thoughts as being particularly valuable. However, the very act of writing prose begins with the premise that one considers one's own thoughts to be valuable and worth sharing; when Hemingway highlights his inane thoughts rather than his truly intelligent or ingenious ideas, he creates the smokescreen behind which he operated during his entire career.

The title of this study attempts to set forth the paradox that comprises the central tension that defines Hemingway's fiction: on one hand, there is an excess of thought on the part of the intelligent, cerebral, creative man; on the other hand, there is the burden with which such cognition saddles the protagonist. In varying inflections, the Hemingway hero must face an internal battle of managing consciousness as he attempts to negotiate through past traumas, present difficulties, and future urgencies.

Previous critics who have discerned a psychological depth to the Hemingway text have tended to focus on unconscious motives, engaging mostly in Freudian psychoanalytic readings. As early as 1924, Edmund Wilson found "profound emotions and complex states of mind" hidden beneath a deceptively simple surface of prose (340).

Malcolm Cowley's influential introduction to The Portable Hemingway in 1944 located Hemingway's fiction in the hallowed American tradition of Poe, Melville, and Hawthorne, alluding to a dark layer lurking beneath a restrained prose style. In 1952, Philip Young revolutionized Hemingway studies with his "wound theory" that owed much to psychoanalysis, suggesting that Hemingway spent his entire career trying to exorcise traumatic memories from being blown up as a young man during World War I. Young's premise was the progenitor of various subsequent psychological investigations into Hemingway's works, most notably Kenneth S. Lynn's incendiary 1987 psycho-biography that imputed great significance into Hemingway's relationship with his mother, including the stigma of being dressed up in girl's clothing as a young boy. Other critics, such as Gerry Brenner, Richard Hovey, Carl P. Eby, Mark Spilka, Thomas Strychacz, Erik Nakjavani, Debra Moddelmog, along with Nancy Comley and Robert Scholes, have offered gender and psychoanalytic readings of the man and his work.

Although these critics have made valuable contributions in identifying the psychological layer to Hemingway, in many ways they have skipped consciousness and headed straight for the unconscious. Hemingway operated in the tradition of the modern psychological novel according to Henry James's notion of "what a man thinks and what he feels" (Art of the Novel 66), rather than a modern psychoanalytic novel, which would invite the critic to apply psychological theory to the work in question. Michael Reynolds, Hemingway's most definitive biographer, offers the simple definition that modernism as an art form chronicles the "mental reaction to things," which, Reynolds concludes, Hemingway "indeed focused on" (Young Hemingway 159).

Hemingway's characters struggled with their thoughts and feelings, because their thoughts and feelings were usually incompatible with the moment where action was required. Thoughts and feelings interfered, although Hemingway's characters were people who thought deeply and felt intensely. When Hemingway's alter ego Nick Adams observes, "Thinking was no good. It started and went on so" (CSS 496), it is easy to read the first sentence and ignore the explanation. Thought is scorned because of its power, not because of its unimportance. Nick is keenly aware of thought's ability to overwhelm a person's performance and paralyze him for activity and duty. The Hemingway hero is introspective enough to know his own impulse to think about things, which often leads to overthinking things; this tendency becomes the constant struggle throughout the Hemingway text.

A celebrated example of this tension offers a useful illustration. The infamous history behind F. Scott Fitzgerald's suggested revisions of Hemingway's "Fifty Grand" has been well chronicled, by Susan F. Beegel, Scott Donaldson, and Matthew J. Bruccoli, among others. However, this incident pertains to the present study not as a salacious biographical anecdote or to provide retrospective textual minutiae. Instead, this conflict's enduring controversy—as Beegel points out, Hemingway "remembered the anecdote Fitzgerald had vetoed 34 years after the event" (Craft of Omission 26)—is itself the issue.

"Fifty Grand," included in Hemingway's second volume of short stories, Men Without Women, was inspired by the anecdote with which the typescript draft begins:

> Up at the gym over the Garden one time somebody says to Jack, "Say Jack how did you happen to beat Leonard anyway?" And Jack says, "Well, you see Benny's

> an awful smart boxer. All the time he's in there he's thinking and all the time he's thinking I was hitting him."[4] (Beegel, Craft of Omission 15)

As Donaldson observes, Fitzgerald's objection was similar to his misgivings about the original beginning of The Sun Also Rises, what he perceived to be Hemingway's "tendency to envelope or… to embalm in mere wordiness an anecdote or joke" (Life in Letters 142, emphasis in original). As Beegel notes in her discussion of Hemingway's impulse to include the anecdote, "Thinking takes time, and boxing is a sport in which speed is of the essence" (Craft of Omission 15).[5] Beegel's point must be extended: life, at times, is a sport in which speed is of the essence. Hemingway placed all of his characters in situations in which a quick, strategic, pragmatic response is more appropriate than contemplation and conceptualization, despite the characters' natural inclinations to indulge their memories, imaginative speculation, and ruminations.

Hemingway's remorse over his acquiescence to Fitzgerald's edits of "Fifty Grand" festered for the rest of his life. In his 1959 essay "The Art of the Short Story," Hemingway recounts his version of the circumstances behind the editorial change, and his regret over excising "that lovely revelation of the metaphysics of boxing" (89). Hemingway's essay taunts Fitzgerald for not appreciating that Hemingway was "trying to explain to him how a truly great boxer like Jack Britton functioned" (89). Indeed, as Paul Smith summarizes, "Hemingway never forgave him for it," holding fast to the belief that Fitzgerald forever "mutilated" his work (Reader's Guide 125). One reason for this enduring grudge might be that Hemingway disobeyed his instincts as a writer, ironically behaving in the same way as the excerpt negatively portrays Benny Leonard.

Although Fitzgerald and others might not have understood it, for Hemingway, the

central thrust to his literary project was to dramatize the compromised functioning of thought as the modern consciousness is incorporated into the activities of the twentieth-century man of action. Hemingway's portrayal of thinking during war takes this idea to the extreme. In Hemingway's introduction to Men at War, the anthology of war writing he edited, he writes, "Cowardice, as distinguished from panic, is almost always simply a lack of ability to suspend the functioning of the imagination. Learning to suspend your imagination and live completely in the very second of the present minute with no before and no after is the greatest gift a soldier can acquire. It, naturally, is the opposite of all those gifts a writer should have" (xxiv). Elsewhere, Hemingway confirms that imagination "is the one thing beside honesty that a writer must have" (BL 215).

Hemingway's articulation of this conflict is a revelation: he is disclosing the tension that defines his work, the internal struggle between a man of action and a man of thought. This dichotomy is always in play, and sometimes baldly explicit. At one point, Robert Jordan coaxes himself, "Turn off the thinking now… You're a bridge-blower now. Not a thinker" (FWBT 17), just as he later disingenuously asserts, "My mind is in suspension until we win the war" (245). David Bourne, similarly, recalls his attitude during the war: "I suspended thinking about it while it was happening. I only felt and saw and acted and thought tactically" (GOE 184). In a 1938 letter to Maxwell Perkins, Hemingway blames his depressed mood on the rigors of living in a Spanish war zone while simultaneously trying to write his stories of the Spanish Civil War: "If I sound bitter or gloomy throw it out. It's that it takes one kind of training and frame of mind to do what I've been doing and another to write prose" (Bruccoli, Only Thing 253). In Across the River and Into the Trees, Hemingway's blustering Colonel Cantwell offers Shakespeare the highest possible

praise: “The winner and still the undisputed champion… He writes like a soldier himself” (159).

Even beyond the men of action who must negotiate the streams of their thoughts in boxing and war, Hemingway located writing itself as an active performance, often better served by instinct, intuition, or unconscious inspiration than by intellectualizing the process. In one of Hemingway’s earliest efforts, the burgeoning fiction writer Nick Adams explains, “Then there were times when you had to write. Not conscience. Just peristaltic action” (NAS 238). In Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway writes, “A great enough writer seems to be born with knowledge. But he really is not; he has only been born with the ability to learn in a quicker ratio to the passage of time than other men and without conscious application, and with an intelligence to accept or reject what is already presented as knowledge” (191-92). Although Hemingway enjoyed portraying himself as a blue-collar laborer in contrast to those he perceived as effortless natural talents like Joyce or Fitzgerald, Hemingway’s early description in A Moveable Feast describes the kind of creation that transcends the intellect: “The story was writing itself and I was having a hard time keeping up with it” (6). This depth of inspiration equates to the epigraph that precedes Hemingway’s “Scott Fitzgerald” vignette in A Moveable Feast, in which he describes a pristine talent that Fitzgerald himself does not even understand, whose downfall is that he “learned to think” (147).[6] As Marc Dolan phrases it, “Hemingway implies that their difference was the difference between art and craft. Art is effortless, craft is natural” (65). Art, furthermore, is motivated by unconscious inspiration; craft is produced through effort, a conscious and even conscientious sense of duty.

In Hemingway, the burden of consciousness oppresses not just the art of imaginative writing, but also the art of bullfighting.[7] A parallel between bullfighting and writing is not a reach; in The Sun Also Rises, the bullfighting prodigy Pedro Romero serves as an artistic exemplar for Hemingway just as he serves as a chivalric or masculine mentor for Jake Barnes. In Death in the Afternoon, speaking pejoratively of Cayetano Ordonez, Hemingway writes, "What had happened was that the horn wound, the first real goring, had taken all his valor. He never got it back. He had too much imagination" (90).[8] Hemingway then dismisses a bullfighter because of "his wound that made him think" (274-75), the same self-consciousness that he perceived to be Fitzgerald's downfall. The aim of a good bullfighter, as with Antonio Ordóñez in Hemingway's late study The Dangerous Summer, is to try to achieve "the state of nothing that he always had before the gate opened" (182). Hemingway's bullfighting short story "The Undefeated" features a brilliant explication of the matador's stream of consciousness as he fights a bull. Ultimately, consciousness becomes an obstacle in the arena of action: "his brain worked slowly and in words. He knew all about bulls.[9] He did not have to think about them. He just did the right thing" (SS 260).

In each of these activities, Hemingway sides with Henri Bergson's distinction between intuition and intellect, in which intuition "goes in the very direction of life" and is "almost completely sacrificed to intellect" (Creative Evolution 267).[10] Bergson's point, as Hemingway demonstrates repeatedly, is that while there are rare moments where intellectual consideration is appropriate, ultimately, according to Bergson, "speculation is a luxury, while action is a necessity" (44). Hemingway's soldiers and bullfighters and

hunters and boxers and even writers are capable of thought, but readers are encountering them at a particular time where such cognition is unnecessary, unhelpful, or unwelcome.

In Hemingway criticism, the most astute observation of this phenomenon belongs to Dewey Ganzel:

> the suspension of the imagination, while it protects a soldier from cowardice, necessarily thwarts his full awareness of life – a value which is, at least implicitly, as important to Hemingway as courage. The countervailing attractions of these antithetical views of life create the characteristic tension in Hemingway's treatment of men at war: on the one hand there is the necessity for courage under fire which demands that one 'live completely in the very second of the present minute with no before and no after'; on the other, the pull of memory and desire which forces the present into a sequence of past and future emotions and appetites. (7)

As incisive as this articulation is, Ganzel might have broadened his point: it is not just war that must be negotiated with thought, but any physical activity whatsoever, including writing. The action of life must be reconciled with the life of the mind, not just warfare.

For Hemingway, regulated activities like hunting, bullfighting, fishing, and boxing approximated the same decision-making necessities as war, a gesture towards danger, albeit formalized or even ritualized, where a man's conduct, expertise, courage, honor, and intelligence could be gauged. Hemingway was alert to the balance of thought and action that a man possessed. Throughout Hemingway's work, we see the tragedy that befalls ruminative old fisherman, contemplative bullfighters, and intellectual boxers.

Such characterizations are easily misconstrued, as they have been by critics for decades. Recently, James Wood refers to Hemingway's "literary hostility to Mind" (90), an encapsulation not just reductive, but careless in its sweeping misjudgment. Critics who have equated the Hemingway hero's reluctance to ruminate with the writer's wish to systematically renounce or minimize thought fail to appreciate the context. When Robert Jordan and Nick in "Big Two-Hearted River" hope to stem the tide of their own streams of consciousness, this quest is not a sign that they believe that thinking is unimportant, but rather, paradoxically, their knowledge of just how mighty their own thoughts are. As Nick says ruefully in "A Way You'll Never Be," "Let's not talk about how I am… it's a subject I know too much about to want to think about it any more" (SS 407). If thought were an inessential part of a man's existence, then there would be no need for him to structure his behavior in avoidance of it. Nick is terrified to allow memory to exercise its power, but readers must not draw the conclusion that he as the prototypical Hemingway hero is incapable of such cognition, or uninclined towards thought.

The Hemingway protagonist is a reluctant intellectual, a sensitive, pensive man with an impulse towards introspection, though the demands of his current situation prohibit such rumination. Some critics found this tension to be artificial, and resented the façade that Hemingway erected. William Carlos Williams wrote that Hemingway "assumes a cloak of vulgarity to protect a Jamesian sensitivity to detail" (273). Carl Van Doren's reading of Green Hills of Africa gauges Hemingway "a very sensitive man, subtle and articulate beneath his swaggering surfaces" (qtd. in Reynolds, The 1930s 214). Robert E. Fleming finds that Hemingway "usually concealed his bookishness beneath an unlettered exterior and exaggerated his rough mannerisms" (Face in the Mirror 109). Philip Young

also cautions the reader against being distracted by Hemingway's surface appearance: "The rather thin shell of the 'callous' Hemingway hero was painfully drawn over a deep wound as a defense against reopening it," Young writes. "When the man could retrench himself, and stop thinking, and hold tight, and win a code to live by, he could get along" (202). These critical evaluations point to Hemingway's opposition to intellectual thought in order to either stifle traumatic memory or to engage in complicated or dangerous activity. None of these judgments argue that Hemingway is incapable of intellectual thought, a false conclusion that many readers have drawn.

Hemingway intentionally creates men of thought: Nick Adams, David Bourne, and Harry from "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" are writers of fiction; Jake Barnes is a journalist; Frederic Henry is a student of architecture; Robert Jordan is a writer and teacher; Thomas Hudson is a painter of seascapes. These occupations are all creative and cerebral. Of course, in the works in which Hemingway is his own protagonist, such as Death in the Afternoon, The Dangerous Summer, Green Hills of Africa, and Under Kilimanjaro, the narratives also deal with an imaginative writer who is immersed in active and sometimes dangerous pursuits. The tension in a Hemingway text emerges when these thoughtful characters find themselves in urgent crises—situations of violence and danger or fiascos of love—and/or coping with the fallout from crises of the past. Frederic has experienced traumas of action and tragedy of love, and the novel revisits them through the power of his memory. Bergson writes, "The characteristic of the man of action is the promptitude with which he summons to the help of a given situation all the memories which have reference to it; yet it is also the insurmountable barrier which encounters, when they present themselves on the threshold of his consciousness, memories that are useless or

indifferent" (Matter and Memory 153). To Bergson's two neutral adjectives, we might add a more negative series: "traumatic," "unpleasant," and "distracting."

Hemingway's most universally acknowledged contribution to the genre of psychological fiction is "Big Two-Hearted River," the long story that brings In Our Time to its emotional crescendo. The narrative is instructive because by excluding all introspection and psychological investigation, it paradoxically intensifies the importance of Nick's internal struggle to avoid his memory of World War I. "Big Two-Hearted River" demonstrates Hemingway's subtle understanding of the psychological concept of habit.

William James, explaining habit, writes, "The more of the details of our daily life we can hand over to the effortless custody of automatism, the more our higher powers of mind will be set free for their own proper work" (Principles I.122). Later, James writes of the automaton: "A low brain does few things, and in doing them perfectly forfeits all other use" (I.140). Indeed, in discussing "Big Two-Hearted River," Larry Andrews uses James's term: "it is through assuming the role of the automaton," he writes, "that Nick hopes to recover" (3). Nick knows the function of habit and the function of mind, and yet it would be his greatest nightmare to allow the "higher powers" of his mind to be, in James's phrase, "set free." Although consciousness does not exert effort on that which is habitual, Nick glories in the familiar details of the present moment, and is able to engage in behavior that is not at all risky, as well as to contemplate habitual stimuli that are also comparatively safe. Nick expends energy concentrating on the mundane to avoid his brain's "proper work."

James calls living creatures "bundles of habits" (I.104), and explains that "*habit simplifies the movements required to achieve a given result, makes them more accurate, and diminishes fatigue*" (112, emphasis in original). In "Big Two-Hearted River," however, Nick is not interested in diminishing fatigue. Quite the opposite: Nick intentionally avoids the river early in his hike, and carries his heavy pack deeper into the woods. The strategy pays off. As Nick settles down at the end of Part One, he knows, "He could have made camp hours before if he had wanted to" (SS 216); later, he feels his mind "starting to work. He knew he could choke it because he was tired enough" (218). Nick does not want to consign all his activity to habit, keeping his mind alert and refreshed. He intentionally exhausts himself, actually increases rather than diminishes fatigue, which he knows will allow him to sleep. James quotes Henry Maudsley[11] on this very point. If habit did not exist to simplify a man's behavior, Maudsley writes, "the washing of his hands or the fastening of a button would be as difficult to him on each occasion as to the child on its first trial: and he would, furthermore, be completely exhausted by his exertions… the conscious effort of the will soon produces exhaustion" (114). Nick understands this aspect to consciousness, and uses it to his advantage.

For Nick, a routine chore like making coffee becomes a complex task. In the superficial practical puzzle of the narrative, the question becomes how to prepare a pot of coffee in the proper manner. Every other activity around the river and campsite is considered precisely and expertly; Nick wants to make sure the coffee will be executed with the same care in craftsmanship. Nick invests exaggerated importance in this issue, preferring to engage in an inane internal debate over coffee preparation, rather than to face the struggle of coming to terms with his war experience. Furthermore, Hemingway's

use of Nick's fastidious organization of his external surroundings as a metaphor for the desire to replicate that order internally would become a hallmark of his fiction. When a Hemingway character immerses himself in external sensory details, it often signals a desire to avoid or delay the messy business of introspection.

In a scene in Islands in the Stream that echoes Santiago's struggle in The Old Man and the Sea, Thomas Hudson's son David has a long, ultimately unsuccessful battle with an enormous fish, and, like Santiago, is also at times described as an automaton: "David was lifting and reeling as he lowered, lifting and reeling as he lowered, regularly as a machine" (112); "The boy was working like a machine again" (124); "David went to work like a machine, or like a very tired boy performing as a machine" (136). In the account of El Sordo's last stand in For Whom the Bell Tolls, the young Republican Joaquín digs dirt "in a steady, almost machinelike desperation" (308).

Hemingway's life and writing career coincided with literary modernism and the ascent of the modern psychological novel, which focused inward on the thoughts and feelings of the characters as opposed to narratives of external, objective events. Throughout the critical response to this literary movement, Hemingway is minimized, ignored or even used as a straw man, an antithetical figure demonstrating only the brutish, behaviorist tendencies of men in action. In The Psychological Novel 1900-1950, Leon Edel's essential treatment of the form, Hemingway is not mentioned a single time. Edel devotes most of the attention to Faulkner, Proust, Woolf, Joyce, Dorothy Richardson, and Henry James. In subsequent treatments, such as those by Shiv K. Kumar, Melvin J. Friedman, and Robert Humphrey, Hemingway is deemed similarly irrelevant to a discussion of

the stream of consciousness in fiction, as those studies again strictly adhere to Edel's pantheon of modern psychological novelists.

Critics have overlooked the intellectual aspect to Hemingway's work because they found his work inadequate in the tradition dominated by Proust, Joyce, and Henry James. Perhaps any bit of activity and virility—particularly if Hemingway advertised it so boisterously in public—would have distracted from the thoughtful content of his prose. Alberto Moravia's obituary of Hemingway links him to D'Annunzio, Lawrence, Malraux,[12] Theodore Roosevelt, and Byron;[13] however between Hemingway and Proust, Moravia sees "nothing in common" (438), just as Cyril Connolly believes that Hemingway's "body is the opposite of Proust, his style is the opposite of Proust" (606). John Wain's perceptive reading of Hemingway finds "heroic simplicities that are not simple, of unreflective action that is yet more action of the mind than of the body. His vision of life embodied itself in fables concerning physical activity and the outdoor world, but there is never any doubt that for Hemingway, as for all sensitive men, the real battleground is inward… this does not mean that he exalted the external matter over the inward essence" (21). To this end, Charles Scribner Jr.'s brief Preface to The Garden of Eden contains, perhaps improbably, one of the most lucid critical comments ever written about Hemingway's merit as a psychological novelist:

> the conception of Hemingway as a writer primarily absorbed with external action fails to take into account his profound interest in character. On the surface, many of his stories may seem to deal with exciting physical events, but, like Conrad,[14] he was always primarily interested in the effect

> such events had in the minds of the individuals concerned… one can always find the interplay of character under the surface of action. (viii)

Scribner's comments seem so obvious as to be unremarkable, but the overwhelming critical response to Hemingway has ignored and even contradicted this fundamental observation.

Dorrit Cohn's Transparent Minds, her narratological examination of consciousness in fiction, uses Hemingway as emblematic of writers whose work does not measure up to the techniques of psychological novelists such as Joyce, Woolf, and Proust. "If Hemingway's men monologize more frankly," Cohn writes, "this frankness reflects the altered norms of his society and the enlarged social compass of modern fiction rather than an altered conception of internal language itself. Interior monologue is interesting only to the degree that it departs from the colloquial model and attempts the mimesis of an unheard language" (90). However, Cohn's subjective evaluation that, for instance, Nick's obsessive metacognition is uninteresting discounts Hemingway's innovation, which is the translation of the unwieldy web of consciousness into an accessible form, and forcing the acutely sensitive mind to respond to heightened physical action and the devastating trauma of the past. Although Hemingway would occasionally—most conspicuously with the italicized flashbacks in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" and the soliloquies of To Have and Have Not—attempt to convey Cohn's notion of "an unheard language" (or at least a language only previously heard in The Sound and the Fury or Ulysses), Hemingway was at his most innovative when he avoided subscribing to narratologists' rules for what was interesting.

The omission or castigation of Hemingway in these studies may ultimately be less illuminating than his characterization by those who would hold him up as the dark side of consciousness, the opposite of the writers being discussed. Cohn regards Hemingway as presiding over the "behaviorism of the Hemingway school" of fiction (9), almost an ominous, shadowy principal who rejects thinking and spurns intelligence among his students. Cohn is not alone in her judgment. Philip Rahv wrote in 1937 that Hemingway's "method of inarticulate virility is no substitute for consciousness" (64). Paul West finds that Hemingway's "simplifications… gave him a chance to play with prose at the expense of psychology and milieu" (222). D.S. Savage refers to Hemingway's approach as "the adaptation of the technical artistic conscience to the subaverage human consciousness" (31).

Hemingway's exclusion from any study that surveys the first half of twentieth-century American literature is a serious charge, a perpetuation of a stereotype that persists to the present day. In reality, Hemingway saw himself very much in the tradition of the psychological novel; his literary heroes and major influences were all members of the pantheon mentioned in Edel's volume and the other studies of psychological fiction. Michael Reynolds compiled "Hemingway's Recommended Reading List" (Hemingway's Reading 72), culled from Hemingway's numerous writings, statements, and letters about literature. Reynolds's list is comprised almost entirely of the writers that Edel and the others discuss: of the twenty-five titles, twenty are by novelists whose psychological credentials are unanimously extolled: Joyce; James; Tolstoy; Fielding; Turgenev; Flaubert; Stendhal; Proust; D.H. Lawrence; Dostoyevsky; Twain; and Thomas Mann.[15] As careful as Hemingway was to promote his virile, masculine image, this reading list

resembles that of a literary egghead, a lover of literature for whom the inward journey was of paramount interest. His swaggering bravado to the contrary, Hemingway even finally acknowledged in a 1953 letter: "You must truly know that no matter how stupid people act, in order not to argue with fools, any writer that you respect at all, or that has given you pleasure, can think a little bit" (SL 808). If emotion was often the portion of the iceberg beneath the surface of his fiction, so too was intellectual cogitation.

Hemingway's brand of the modern psychological novel is, as with Bergson's *élan vital* and William James's pragmatism,[16] thought with an eye towards action. Hemingway's soldiers, lovers, brawlers, hunters, fishers, and drinkers have difficult balances to strike between the incessant streams of their consciousness and the demands of the situation in which they find themselves. Although these streams do not flow at the chaotic pace and unpredictable patterns of the Joycean, Proustian, Woolfian, or Faulknerian text, its value in presenting consciousness in action is not diminished. In most cases, the Hemingway hero must actively prevent his thoughts from such an uncontrollable pace. Although James introduced the metaphor of a "stream" of thought, the fictional novelist in the manuscript of <u>To Have and Have Not</u> does him one better. "'All right,' he said, the egg regretfully down, drinking coffee now, good coffee, 'My damned head races like a mill race. I make up the whole thing conversations and all. Can't stop it. Then in the morning my head's tired and it's all gone'" (JFK #204).[17] James posits a stream of consciousness; however to most Hemingway heroes, a stream equates to a millrace, a swift, uncontrollably powerful current. Instead, we find that Hemingway's characters wish that consciousness were a faucet, a flow that could be controlled, made more or less intense, hotter or colder, and ultimately, turned off entirely.[18]

Reviewing A Farewell to Arms, Henry Hazlitt intended to be snide, writing, "Imagine what would happen if a character from Henry James or Proust were to stray by accident into a Hemingway novel!" (38). A serious reading of Hemingway must not laugh along, but instead embrace that hypothetical as entirely plausible, and quite intriguing besides. First, Hemingway announced in 1950 that his goal for the then forthcoming Across the River and Into the Trees was, "I would like it [to] be better than Proust if Proust had been to the wars and liked to fuck and was in love" (SL 691). Second, Hemingway also mused, "I wonder what Henry James would do with the material of our times" (qtd. in C. Baker, Writer as Artist 193),[19] suggesting that although his work was not a replication of Proust or James's style, it might have attempted to apply a similar approach to the beleaguered, traumatized post-World War I consciousness. Although apparently joking about his writing strategy in a 1954 letter, Hemingway wrote, "It's like this. You sit down to write like Flaubert, H. James (not Jesse) etc. and two characters with spears come and stand easy outside the tent" (SL 826). Hemingway is describing an attitude in which he would love to be a meticulously introspective novelist, except real life gets in the way.

Just as William Carlos Williams found Hemingway capable of "Jamesian sensitivity to detail," James and Hemingway were both sensitive writers. Critics must not be distracted merely because they were sensitive to different things. The writers had similar sensitivities, but different sensibilities. James famously saw experience as "an immense sensibility, a kind of spider-web of the finest silken threads suspended in the chamber of consciousness, and catching every airborne particle in its tissue. It is the very atmosphere of the mind" ("Art of Fiction" 52).

Hemingway read the novelists that have been canonized as psychologically astute, and also immersed himself in psychology texts. Michael Reynolds reports that Hemingway's friend Ted Brumback "suggested to Hemingway a course of self-study he thought would 'be invaluable to you in your writing. That's psychology. It's so damn interesting… you learn how other people think, what they do when certain things happen, and how you are like or unlike them… You can learn how to assign motives for every action" (Young Hemingway 121). As part of his voracious reading, Hemingway's library included several volumes of Havelock Ellis, the icon of the psychology of sex (Reynolds, Hemingway's Reading 121); Descartes (Brasch 124); Sigmund Freud and Ernest Jones (152, 205); Santayana (317); Susanne Langer (218); and – perhaps at the behest of Gertrude Stein, one of his former students – William James's Psychology (Reynolds, Hemingway's Reading 141), as well as another volume of James's writings (Brasch 202). Hemingway also owned the work of a progenitor of studies of the psychological novel, Joseph Collins's 1923 study The Doctor Looks at Literature (Reynolds, Hemingway's Reading 111). In addition to literature, Hemingway also studied the psychological approach to art, war, animals, crime, government, medicine, ethics, as well as the methodology of psychoanalysis itself. Hemingway once decried the practitioners of Freudian psychoanalytic criticism as "Junior F.B.I.-men" (SL 751), and—legend has it—told Ava Gardner that the only analyst he ever relied on was his "Portable Corona number three" (Hotchner 139). As Robert Jordan acknowledges of his own limitations in his desire to examine the motives of other people, "he was no psychiatrist" (FWBT 137).

David Lodge, a critic sympathetic to Hemingway, acknowledges that Hemingway was influenced by the masters of modernism, but then claims that he "wrote a very

different kind of fiction… he stays scrupulously on the surface." Lodge finds that Hemingway "omitted from his stories… all the psychological analysis and introspection that one finds in James or Joyce or Woolf" (70). Lodge's point parrots a stereotype about Hemingway that is superficially true, but still misreads or at least misrepresents Hemingway's work. For instance, in "The Killers"—a story that Lodge discusses for other reasons—Nick responds to being gagged and bound by thugs with a seemingly anti-introspective, apparently un-analytical remark. The narrator reports of Nick: "He had never had a towel in his mouth before" (SS 286). This sensory, objective detail replaces an introspective analysis of the incident, one that would be utterly laughable. The narrator could have stated the obvious: "Nick had never known evil before. Nick was frightened. Nick thought he was going to die," and so on. By acknowledging the sensation of the towel, the sensitive reader is receptive to the unstated attendant emotions. Hemingway's style is not antithetical to introspection, but in restraining self-analysis, his characters pay deference to the situation in which they find themselves. In Hemingway narratives where there are even snatches of leisure time—e.g. The Old Man and the Sea, For Whom the Bell Tolls, Islands in the Stream, and The Sun Also Rises—the protagonists certainly take the opportunity to reflect and gaze within.

Each chapter of this study examines an aspect of the way consciousness functions in a different Hemingway text. Although Hemingway has been the victim of countless psychoanalytic readings, the intent of this dissertation is to discuss his fiction for its focus on the cognition of Hemingway's characters, and the role that those thoughts play in contributing to the drama and richness of the narrative. The Old Man and the Sea will be discussed as a drama of metacognition, an internal struggle, rather than as a parable or a

paradigmatic example of man vs. nature in literature. In Chapter Three, A Farewell to Arms is examined as a study of a soldier's conflicted memory, evoking structural and dimensional complexities that were always Hemingway's aesthetic goal. Chapter Four synthesizes the discussion of the thought-action dichotomy in Hemingway's fiction by focusing on one of his minor works, the posthumous Gulf Stream novel Islands in the Stream as an inferior articulation of the balance struck in For Whom the Bell Tolls. The study concludes by focusing on Hemingway's understanding of the self, and his use of voids in consciousness to denote secular conversion or permanent extinction.

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[1] This document is available as Folder #270A at the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston. It was posthumously published in Peter Griffin's 1985 biography of Hemingway's early years, Along With Youth. Griffin, however, elected to ignore Hemingway's title, substituting it with "Portrait of the Idealist in Love – A Story" which Hemingway had crossed out. The only critical commentary ever made about this piece is an uncharacteristically speculative reaction from Paul Smith, who asserts, "There is enough evidence in the typescript… to argue that, although the brief introduction and conclusion are Hemingway's, the long, lofty vacuities of the idealist's letter are not Hemingway's but were hastily copied and framed as a private joke and then set aside" ("Hemingway's Apprentice Fiction" 579). Smith continues his point in a footnote, arriving at a conclusion that is impossible to disprove, but is utterly unconvincing: "The typescript… has several of the sort of errors of omission and repetition one makes in a quick copy of another text. Its style is like nothing else Hemingway ever wrote, nor is it a parody. I suspect it is a rough copy of another person's letter with Hemingway's frame to ridicule its author and his windy idealism" (579, fn. 13). Although Smith's comments seem to be baseless, the story merits examination even for Hemingway's attention to it alone.

[2] Another insult in "The Killers" falls along these lines: "Oh, he's a thinker" (SS 281).

[3] This treatment of thought in Under Kilimanjaro echoes an earlier moment, in which three dead baboons are positioned in a way that causes the narrator to remark, "One of the heads was tipped back in contemplation. The other two were sunk forward in the appearance of deep thought" (174). Michael Reynolds characterizes the entire narrative of the African novel as being "an ironic, self-deprecating and humorous account of the contemplative life of the writer juxtaposed against the active life of a temporary game ranger protecting the village of the Wakamba natives" (Final Years 285).

[4] In "The Art of the Short Story," Hemingway recollects of "Fifty Grand": "This story originally started like this: '"How did you handle Benny so easy, Jack?' Soldier asked him. "'Benny's an awful smart boxer,' Jack said. 'All the time he's in there, he's thinking. All the time he's thinking, I was hitting him'" (88-89). Lillian Ross reports Hemingway telling the story: "'One time I asked Jack, speaking of a fight with Benny Leonard, "How did you handle Benny so easy, Jack?" "Ernie," he said, "Benny is an awfully smart boxer. All the time he's boxing, he's thinking. All the time he was thinking, I was hitting him." Hemingway gave a hoarse laugh, as though he had heard the story for the first time… He laughed again. 'All the time he was thinking, I was hitting him'" (64).

[5] Elsewhere, Hemingway remarks on the intelligence of fighters just as he evaluates their physical skill: in 1922, Hemingway describes Battling Siki, the challenger to Georges Carpentier, "siki tough slowthinker but mauling style may puzzle carp" (Reynolds, Paris Years 73). In his early journalism, Hemingway reports that, "Jack Dempsey has an imposing list of knockouts over bums and tramps, who were nothing but big slow-moving, slow-thinking set ups for him" (Reynolds, Young Hemingway 192).

[6] Hemingway once advised a young writer: "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 and your brain will be tired before you start… How can you learn not to worry? By not thinking about it. As soon as you start to think about it stop it. Think about something else. You have to learn that" (BL 216-17).

[7] Cf. The Dangerous Summer for an example of Hemingway pointedly comparing bullfighting to art: "A bullfighter can never see the work of art that he is making. He has no chance to correct it as a painter or writer has. He cannot hear it as a musician can…. All the time he is making his work of art he knows that he must keep within the limits of his skill and the knowledge of the animal" (198). Earlier in The Dangerous Summer, Luis Miguel Dominguín is also compared to an artist: "He had the complete and respectful concentration on his work which marks all great artists" (106). In Death in the Afternoon, Hemingway argues that the only thing separating bullfighting from traditional artistic media is its impermanence.

[8] Burne Holliday in F. Scott Fitzgerald's This Side of Paradise neatly sums up the dilemma: "Any person with any imagination is bound to be afraid" (Novels and Stories 117).

[9] Pedro Romero is described as possessing a similar prescience: Mike Campbell observes, "He'll never be frightened… He knows too damned much." Jake agrees: "He knew everything when he started. The others can't ever learn what he was born with" (SAR 172).

[10] This dialectic recalls Agustín's characterization of Pilar: "You are not smart… You have intuition… But you are not smart" (FWBT 94).

[11] James quotes from Maudsley's (1835-1918) Physiology of Mind, New York: D. Appleton, 1889.

[12] Hemingway, writing for Esquire in 1935, claimed of Malraux's Man's Fate: "sometimes it is as good as Stendhal and that is something no prose writer has been in France for over fifty years" (BL 187). In a 1935 letter to a Russian critic, Hemingway writes, "Do you ever see Malraux? I thought La Condition Humaine was the best book I have read in ten years" (SL 420). Three years later, Hemingway wrote Maxwell Perkins that Malraux was one of the "pricks and fakers… who pulled out [of Spain] in Feb 37 to write gigantic masterpisses before it really started" (SL 467). The Malraux-Hemingway comparison seemed obvious to some critics. V.S. Pritchett argues, "A writer like Malraux… is immeasurably superior to Hemingway in stating the intelligent and sensitive man's reactions to de-civilisation and war" (275). Cf. the book-length treatment (available only in French): Lacasse, Rodolphe. Hemingway et Malraux: Destins de l'Homme. Quebec: Editions Cosmos, 1972.

[13] For the article that introduced this comparison, see: Fadiman, Clifton. "Ernest Hemingway: An American Byron." The Nation 8 January 1933: 63-64.

[14] Hemingway's outrageous obituary of Conrad is essentially a screed against T.S Eliot: "If I knew that by grinding Mr. Eliot into a fine dry powder and sprinkling that powder over Mr. Conrad's grave Mr. Conrad would shortly appear, looking very annoyed at the forced return and commence writing I would leave for London early tomorrow morning with a sausage grinder" (Bruccoli, Mechanism 3).

[15] The other entries: Kipling; Cpt. Frederick Marryat; Yeats's Autobiographies; George Moore's Hail and Farewell; Far Away and Long Ago, by W.H. Hudson. Although Hudson is included in this lofty list, his The Purple Land is lampooned in The Sun Also Rises as a book that Robert Cohn had "read and reread." The novel, Jake says, "is a very sinister book if read too late in life. It recounts splendid imaginary amorous adventures of a perfect English gentleman in an intensely romantic land, the scenery of which is very well described. For a man to take it at thirty-four as a guide-book to what life holds is about as safe as it would be for a man of the same age to enter Wall Street direct from a French convent, equipped with a complete set of the more practical Alger books. Cohn, I believe, took every word of "The Purple Land" as literally as though it had been an R. G. Dun report" (SAR 17).

[16] William James is mentioned in Hemingway's satirical novel The Torrents of Spring: "Henry James, Henry James. That chap who had gone away from his own land to live in England among Englishmen. What had he done it? For what he had left America? Weren't his roots here? His brother William. Boston. Pragmatism. Harvard University" (38).

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[17] The use of the image of a "mill race" appears in the published edition of To Have and Have Not, albeit in a more literal context: "About four o'clock when we're coming back close in to shore against the Stream; it going like a mill race, us with the sun at our backs" (19). Given the manuscript simile, the "Stream" they are facing might also be the stream of consciousness.

[18] To illustrate this metaphor, Hemingway's description of hunting requires the same kind of mental control as other activities. In Green Hills of Africa, Hemingway writes, "I was watching, freezing myself deliberately inside, stopping the excitement as you close a valve, going into that impersonal state you shoot from" (76).

[19] Neal B. Houston even refers to Hemingway's consideration of James as a rival or mentor "a sporadic obsession" (33).

Chapter Two: The Solitary Consciousness: Mental Control and Metacognition in The Old Man and the Sea

"The voice of the sea is seductive; never ceasing, whispering, clamoring, murmuring, inviting the soul to wander for a spell in abysses of solitude; to lose itself in mazes of inward contemplation."

Kate Chopin, The Awakening (25)

"Yes, as every one knows, meditation and water are wedded for ever."

Herman Melville, Moby-Dick (19)

As we have seen in Shakespearean soliloquies and Thoreau's Walden, Hemingway's rendering of the workings of consciousness is never more imbued with depth and complexity than when his protagonist is alone. The two most poignant moments of The Sun Also Rises, for example, show Jake alone: in Chapter IV when he exposes his wound as he undresses in front of a mirror; and in Chapter XIV, as he puts down Turgenev's Sportsman's Sketches and struggles to fall asleep in the Pamplona night. In these moments, Jake is not distracted by the activities of Paris and the fiesta, or his cadre of drinkers and fishermen; his inhibitions deadened by alcohol, Jake's true introspective nature emerges, and during those moments of solitude, readers are given access to the "oversensitized state" of his mind (SAR 153). These moments of metacognition elevate into a moving narrative what might have been a meaningless collection of drinking anecdotes. In Nick Adams stories like "Now I Lay Me" and "A Way You'll Never Be," the interiority of the Hemingway hero is revealed most vividly in moments of solitude.

Nick Adams's camping trip in "Big Two-Hearted River" and Santiago in The Old Man and the Sea provide unmediated views of the protagonists' consciousness in ways unlike any other Hemingway narrative. Although To Have and Have Not's Harry Morgan would assert that "a man alone ain't got no bloody fucking chance" (225), Hemingway's solitary men reveal their complex mental states more freely when unencumbered by the complexity of human interaction and thus forced into a persona, a façade of stoicism.

Mainstream critical discussions of Hemingway and consciousness usually get no further than his one indisputable success, "Big Two-Hearted River." A short story in which, Hemingway later admitted, "nothing happens" (SL 122), the tension and drama turn inward in "Big Two-Hearted River," to focus on a young veteran's shell-shocked psyche instead of the external horrors and action of the Italian front during World War I.

The Old Man and the Sea, on the other hand, is considered antithetical to the virtuosity of "Big Two-Hearted River." The novella is generally seen as Hemingway's most simple tale, a poorly disguised fable, or a one-dimensional metaphor for the aging writer's last grasp at greatness or even relevance. As William E. Cain remarks, the novella holds "only a marginal place in Hemingway studies" (113). In Susan F. Beegel's recap of the historical development of Hemingway criticism, she points to the lack of interest in The Old Man and the Sea, due to what she terms "its simplistic approach to courage and endurance in the face of adversity" ("Conclusion" 281). A representative early review of The Old Man and the Sea asserts, "His novels have more power than depth, more action than thought. There is no introspection, there is only outer action…. There is no inwardness; only things being done; nothing is being deeply contemplated" (Freehof 47). Those who would diminish any Hemingway text because of its simplicity

ignore Hemingway's own warning from his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, written just two years after The Old Man and the Sea: "Things may not be immediately discernible in what a man writes… but eventually they are quite clear" (Bruccoli, Mechanism 134). In 1958, Hemingway similarly cautioned an interviewer against reflexive reactions to his work: "You can be sure that there is much more than will be read at any first reading" (Plimpton 29-30).

As he did so often during the second half of his career, Hemingway's project with The Old Man and the Sea was to re-write an earlier narrative; in his meticulous focus on the solitary consciousness, The Old Man and the Sea becomes an improbable sequel to "Big Two-Hearted River." Critics have previously linked The Old Man and the Sea with "Big Two-Hearted River," although usually to discredit the novella. In Kenji Najakima's monograph devoted to "Big Two-Hearted River," he finds a parallel between the story and The Old Man and the Sea, but considers the latter narrative vastly inferior, claiming that Hemingway's "vain attempt to return" to "Big Two-Hearted River" ended in a "miserable parody" (1, 78). Robert Brainard Pearsall also links the two texts, suggesting that Nick's trout "would reappear as a giant marlin" (65). Thomas Strychacz devotes a chapter in his Hemingway's Theaters of Masculinity to readings of "Big Two-Hearted River" and The Old Man and the Sea, viewing them as voices of the "self offstage" (221), and focusing primarily on the evocation of manhood and performance in the two narratives. When Sheridan Baker connects "Big Two-Hearted River" and The Old Man and the Sea, he assigns a depth to Santiago's adventure that few others allow. In both narratives, to Baker, fishing "becomes something ritualistic, something symbolic of larger endeavor" (153).

The psychological layer to The Old Man and the Sea can only be fully excavated if it is read with "Big Two-Hearted River" in mind, and even treated as the story's masked sequel. The narratives are so superficially opposed that they become inverted, mirror images of the other, forming memorable bookends to his career. Nick Adams is Hemingway's youngest protagonist, and Santiago his oldest. Nick is a young man returning to simplicity after his harrowing experience in World War I; the old man is in his final days, desperately plunging into a situation that is dangerous from its inception. In "Big Two-Hearted River," solitude is central to Nick's goal; Santiago, although also alone, wishes the boy Manolin had accompanied him. Nick avoids the physical swamp at the edge of the stream, and by doing so avoids the metaphorical swamp of his psyche. Santiago, however, is forced into the far reaches of the gulf, past where all other fishermen work, and thus into the darker regions of his mind. Nick seeks to avoid the "tragic adventure" of the swamp (SS 231), but Santiago does not have that luxury; The Old Man and the Sea becomes exactly the tragedy that "Big Two-Hearted River" could have been, had Nick not possessed the self-awareness and restraint to limit his activity. In an ironic touch, the young man must behave with safety and caution, while the old man rages into the dying of the light, recklessly heeding the call to adventure.[1] Nick's strategy of rehabilitation hinges on self-distraction—to consider anything except his one unpleasant memory—while Santiago's goal is concentration, to focus only on the task at hand, regardless of the difficulty of maintaining such discipline.

Although these narratives are opposites in all of these respects, both are dramas of metacognition; in their solitude and through their travails, each character's thoughts are occupied by his own thoughts. Therefore, the management of each man's consciousness

becomes the primary concern of the narrative. In ways unsurpassed in all of Hemingway, the texts present extended external metaphors to illuminate internal, psychological corollaries. In "Big Two-Hearted River," the ritual of camping matches the order that Nick seeks in his mind; in The Old Man and the Sea, Santiago's quest is not related to the physical act of fishing, but rather the internal sustenance of mental solvency, mental control, sanity, the mastery of consciousness. Accompanying his metacognition, each protagonist is forced to ask: Am I satisfied with my thoughts? Are they pleasant? Are they productive? If so, how I can I sustain them? Or, are they painful and counterproductive? If so, how can I eliminate them?

The swamp Nick prudently avoids in "Big Two-Hearted River" out of respect for his fragile psyche becomes the arena of activity in The Old Man and the Sea. From the inception of the journey, the old man's mission will not be one of psychological recuperation, but a trial of superhuman physical exertion. The Cuban coastline contains no swamp like Nick's in Michigan; however, as a vague well of dread and a metaphor representing risk, chance, and the unknown, the far reaches of the sea serves a similar function. Santiago must sail headlong into the most unpredictable, uncontrollable area of the gulf waters. The old man compares his own heroic abandon with the marlin's: "His [the fish's] choice had been to stay in the deep dark water far out beyond all snares and traps and treacheries. My choice was to go there to find him beyond all people. Beyond all people in the world" (50). Nick's solitary excursion also takes him to a point of seclusion, but because other people are the snares and treacheries, serving as variables too complicated and disruptive for his process of recuperation. The sorry fate of Nick's counterpart Harold Krebs in "Soldier's Home" demonstrates what might have befallen

Nick had he not carefully monitored his association with other people. Indeed, the end of "Soldier's Home" shows Krebs resolving to leave home and set off by himself, a victory no matter where he ends up.

Just as Nick equates the swamp to tragic adventure, Santiago's notion to enter the terrain of the "deep dark water" openly invites such tragedy. Therefore, it is no surprise when Santiago's journey ends disastrously, least of all to Santiago, who understood the gamble he was taking. After the marlin has been attacked by sharks, Santiago apologizes directly to the fish, saying, "I shouldn't have gone out so far, fish" (110); and again: "I am sorry that I went too far out" (115); and reprimands himself: "You violated your luck when you went too far outside" (116). He explicitly admits the cause of his downfall: "And what beat you, he thought. 'Nothing,' he said aloud. 'I went out too far'" (120). Nick's goal is to revisit the terrain with which he is most familiar; Santiago must break free from his usual fishing spots, since they have been decidedly unlucky over the previous eighty-four days. The novel's final image is of Santiago "dreaming about the lions" of his youth (127), which puts him—even in his unconscious—into the comfortable and familiar grounds that Nick enjoys, even though he did not have that luxury during his final adventure.

If we read The Old Man and the Sea as a drama of metacognition in the tradition of "Big Two-Hearted River," Hemingway's own statements regarding its creation carry profound resonance. Hemingway reveals that his true intent is to track the trajectory of Santiago's interiority, not to measure the size and weight of the fish, or to fixate on any external encounters and activities.

In a note to himself during the drafting of "Big Two-Hearted River" in 1924, Hemingway sketches the climax of the story:

> He thinks […] gets uncomfortable, restless, tries to stop thinking, more uncomfortable and restless, the thinking goes on, speeds up, can't shake it, comes home to camp – hot before storm – storm – in morning creek flooded, hikes to the railroad. (qtd. in Reynolds, Paris Years 209)

As this outline suggests, and as the published narrative bears out, the concern of "Big Two-Hearted River" is not the setting, the contrived antagonists of the trout, or the chores of hiking, cooking, and constructing a proper camp. The issue that does justify the narrative is Nick's tortured consciousness, his struggle to control it—Nick "*tries* to stop thinking"—and the depiction of his failure, when he "can't shake it."

Although the psychological aspect of The Old Man and the Sea is not nearly as celebrated as "Big Two-Hearted River," the cognition of the protagonist serves a virtually identical role in the narrative, and was just as essential to Hemingway's project. Hemingway's journalistic work for Esquire in the 1930s hints at the psychological dimension to The Old Man and the Sea. In "Out in the Stream: A Cuban Letter," published in August 1934, Hemingway describes fishing for marlin off the north coast of Cuba. "You have a lot of time to think out in the gulf," Hemingway writes, describing how one is able to fish more casually and "still have time to speculate on higher and lower things" (BL 172). Hemingway, realizing that he was, like Ishmael in this chapter's epigraph, linking meditation and water, and perhaps subverting his carefully crafted man-of-action self-image, then mocks himself: "You may be bored blind with the whole thing and be waiting for the action to begin or the conversation to start. Gentlemen, I'd like to

oblige you but this is one of those instructive ones. This is one of those contemplative pieces of the sort that Izaak Walton[2] used to write" (173). Later in the article, Hemingway writes that when fishing, "while you wait there is plenty of time to think" (174); he allows that catching marlin "is a fairly full time job although it allows plenty of time for thinking" (177).

Two years later, Hemingway pinned down more specifically the story of the old fisherman he wanted to include in his never-realized Land, Sea, and Air epic, which was to include The Old Man and the Sea as an epilogue. In a 1936 article for Esquire called "On the Blue Water: A Gulf Stream Letter," Hemingway recounts:

> an old man fishing alone in a skiff out of Cabañas hooked a great marlin that, on the heavy sashcord handline, pulled the skiff far out to sea. Two days later the old man was picked up by a fisherman sixty miles to the eastward, the head and forward part of the marlin lashed alongside. What was left of the fish, less than half, weighed eight hundred pounds. The old man had stayed with him a day, a night, a day and another night while the fish swam deep and pulled the boat. When he had come up the old man had pulled the boat up on him and harpooned him. Lashed alongside the sharks had hit him and the old man had fought them out alone in the Gulf Stream in a skiff, clubbing them, stabbing at them, lunging at them with an oar until he was exhausted and the sharks had eaten all they could hold. He was crying in the boat when the fishermen picked him up, *half crazy from his loss*, and the sharks were still circling the boat. (BL 239-40, emphasis added).

This actual event that inspired Hemingway and provided him with the trajectory of the novella's plot is crucial because Hemingway remarks on the old man's mental state, the loss or lapse of his sanity. The physical fatigue is understandable, but the old man's potential descent into madness adds a layer of psychological gravity to the simple fishing adventure. The battle with the marlin and the sharks, after all, is only relevant for its impact on Santiago's internal confrontation with his pride, endurance, and the difficult feat of mental control, a battle that Santiago eventually loses.

In a letter to Scribner's editor Maxwell Perkins on February 7, 1939—the approximate midpoint between the publication of In Our Time and The Old Man and the Sea—Hemingway reveals ideas for forthcoming projects, one of which would become The Old Man and the Sea:

> And three very long ones I want to write now… One about the old commercial fisherman who fought the swordfish all alone in his skiff for 4 days and four nights and the sharks finally eating it after he had it alongside and could not get it into the boat. That's a wonderful story of the Cuban coast… *Everything he does and everything he thinks* in all that long fight with the boat out of sight of all the other boats all alone on the sea. (SL 479, emphasis added).

Even at this nascent stage of The Old Man and the Sea, Hemingway's focus rests on the cognition of the old man in equal measure to the physical battle with the fish. Santiago's doings and Santiago's thoughts are of equivalent importance in Hemingway's schema of the narrative. Since the publication of The Old Man and the Sea, critics have generally overlooked this careful equilibrium. Delmore Schwartz does suggest an understanding of the emphasis on Santiago's interiority: "only within the conditions of sport can a man be

truly himself, truly an individual, truly able to pit an isolated will and consciousness against the whole of experience" ("Rev." 703). In F.W. Dupee's early review of the novella, he points to the "heightened consciousness" that the ordeal of Santiago's struggle with the marlin evokes (420). Just as Nick Adams's life story is a battle to stave off insanity—reaching its terrifying zenith in "A Way You'll Never Be"—Santiago's struggle is also psychological. For Hemingway, the physical and psychological aspects to fiction were never a simple either/or proposition. A story did not need to be a mindless action-adventure or a static meditation; Hemingway's goal was to portray Santiago's strained thoughts during moments of action, and compromised actions during moments of contemplation.

The night before Santiago embarks upon his epic fishing expedition, his young friend Manolin realizes that he has failed to bring the old man toiletries, linen, and other comforts. He excoriates himself by asking, "Why am I so thoughtless?" (21). Moments earlier, the old man had praised Martin, the owner of the Terrace bar, for providing victuals and utensils, saying, "He is very thoughtful for us" (20). These adjectives—"thoughtless" and "thoughtful"—are obviously meant to be synonyms for, respectively, "inconsiderate" and "considerate," based on how each person has treated Santiago. However, by framing the discourse in terms of thought-quantity, the characters introduce a thematic notion that informs the rest of the novella, as well as forcefully recalling "Big Two-Hearted River." Manolin's criticism of thought-lessness coming on the heels of Santiago's praise of thought-fulness assumes tremendous significance when Santiago becomes physically imperiled and psychologically unstable.

Just as from the beginning of "Big Two-Hearted River" it is evident that Nick is alone in the country, the same solitude is firmly established in the first sentence of The Old Man and the Sea: "He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish" (9). When Manolin praises Santiago's singular skill as a fisherman, he simultaneously alludes to the isolation necessary in the old man's ultimate task: "But there is only you" (23). Santiago's characterization as a man of nature is vivid as with Nick's treatment of the birds, insects, and fish as kin (even those he kills); the old man "looked ahead and saw a flight of wild ducks etching themselves against the sky… and he knew no man was ever alone on the sea" (60-61). Santiago constantly refers to the marlin as his friend and the porpoises, marlin, and stars as his brothers. He also wishes several times that Manolin were with him to help him land the marlin; however, after the sharks massacre his prize catch, his fantasy is revealing: "I wish it had been a dream now and that I had never hooked the fish and was alone in bed on the newspapers" (103). The old man's desire for solitude is ultimately stronger than his desire to be reunited with his dead wife, or to spend time with the boy, or to relax over a cold beer with the men of the village on the Terrace.

Mental control, a slippery concept in the philosophy of mind, describes when people "suppress a thought, concentrate on a sensation, inhibit an emotion, maintain a mood, stir up a desire, squelch a craving, or otherwise exert influence on their own mental states" (Wegner and Pennebaker 1). Inherent in this definition is an implicit anxiety with the way a person feels or might soon feel. If a person knew he would remain permanently and unalterably content, he would not exert energy trying to maintain positive feelings, or alter negative feelings. In the unconscious thought avoidance that Freud analyzed, he

found that "the motive and purpose of repression was nothing else than the avoidance of unpleasure" (Complete Psychological Works 153). Therefore, in their endeavors to control their mental states, Hemingway's heroes possess a level of introspection and self-awareness not often granted them. For sometimes opposing reasons, "Big Two-Hearted River" and The Old Man and the Sea are textbook examples of mental control, where the protagonists wish they could adjust their cognitive activity as neatly as one manipulates levels on the equalizer of a stereo; the conflict emerges when the exigencies of the current situation prohibit the luxury of introspection and self-analysis. Often, the sanity of the character lies in the balance (or imbalance).

Tony Tanner's chapter on Hemingway in his study of American literature refers to the description that Nick "did not want to rush his sensations any" (SS 227) as "one of the most important in the whole of Hemingway." Tanner elaborates: "It explains the conduct of his main characters, it explains the structure of his prose, it even hints at his total philosophy." Tanner concludes that Hemingway's prose is "essentially outward-looking" (Reign of Wonder 255), citing moments when he "sheds all complexity of thought and follows the naive, wondering eye as it enters into a reverent communion with the earth that abideth forever" (257). Of course, this elimination of complexity is necessary for Nick and Santiago in their particular circumstances. Tanner somewhat recklessly invites a reading of these extreme moments to characterize the entirety of Hemingway and all his characters. Failing to recognize the emotional urgency of Nick's situation leads to the attribution of an ethos to Hemingway that misrepresents and even undervalues his intent. If Nick's struggle to calm his sensations were not a struggle, then the reading of Hemingway's characters as intellectual primitives can be granted. However, nothing is

more inherently complex than a metacognitive civil war raging beneath the surface of the Hemingway protagonist. As William James writes in his description of such an internal struggle, "The whole drama is a mental drama. The whole difficulty is a mental difficulty, a difficulty with an object of our thought" (Principles II.564). Tanner fails to appreciate the edict from James as well as Henri Bergson that the complexity of thought—as Hemingway always showed—can never be completely shed, except through the abandonment of consciousness that precedes or coincides with death.

The confrontation between focusing on external or internal objects recalls Bergson's analysis of the notion of "nothing." Although Nick's temporary ideal would be to think about nothing—to be completely beyond "the need for thinking" and to have it "all back of him" (SS 210)—a complete annihilation of thought, memory, sensation, and perception is impossible for any sentient being. Bergson describes an experiment where he tries to reduce his thoughts to nothing, to eliminate his sensations and recollections, and to reduce the consciousness of his body to zero. Bergson attests to the futility of such a project:

> But no! At the very instant that my consciousness is extinguished, another consciousness lights up – or rather, it was already alight: it had arisen the instant before, in order to witness the extinction of the first; for the first could disappear only for another and in the presence of another. I see myself annihilated only if I have already resuscitated myself by an act which is positive, however involuntary and unconscious. So, do what I will, I am always perceiving something, either from without or from within… I can by turns imagine a nought of external perception or a nought of internal perception, but not both at once, for the absence

> of one consists, at bottom, in the exclusive presence of the other. (Creative Evolution 278-79)

Bergson is affirming James's first fundamental rule of psychology, which is that thought is omnipresent and unavoidable: "*The first fact for us, then, as psychologists,*" James writes, *"is that thinking of some sort goes on*" (I.224, emphasis in original). Although seemingly intuitive, establishing consciousness as a permanent feature of all humans must be accepted as a given. Bergson describes a volatile competition between internal and external stimuli that is grist for philosophers; in literature such an interplay is not typically the centerpiece for an entire narrative. In "Big Two-Hearted River," this competition comprises the entire plot. In The Old Man and the Sea, it represents the psychological depth to what would otherwise be a simplistic fishing fable.

As Bergson did, James also imagines the notion of the complete eradication of thought. "It is difficult not to suppose," James writes, "something like this scattered condition of mind to be the usual state of brutes when not actively engaged in some pursuit. Fatigue, monotonous mechanical occupations that end by being automatically carried on, tend to produce it in men" (I.404). James's image is precisely the accusation that has been commonly assigned to Hemingway's characters. However, Hemingway is not writing about unthinking brutes; his sensitive, introspective characters often perversely envy and emulate the mentally vegetative state of brutes, because the characters' instinct to ruminate distract and impede them from completing a task, or even from maintaining a peaceful existence.

The idea of "nothing" introduces two integral aspects of Hemingway's writing: his "iceberg principle" of writing, in which aspects of what the writer knows is omitted in

order to provide the unseen tension of the story, and also the theme of "*nada*," the depressed, nihilistic state that haunts many of Hemingway's characters, most famously the old waiter in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place." Bergson argues that the concept of nothing "is, at bottom, the idea of Everything, together with a movement of the mind that keeps jumping from one thing to another, refuses to stand still, and concentrates all its attention on this refusal by never determining its actual position by relation to that which it has just left" (Creative Evolution 296).[3] Bergson's point introduces a new slant to the old waiter's "*nada*" prayer in "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place": if the old waiter is commenting on nothing, can he, by definition, be living in the state of nothing to which critics have always consigned him?[4]

In "Big Two-Hearted River," although the word "war" does not appear in the story, an intentional authorial decision was made to excise the word, which means it entered the consciousness of the writer who omitted it. Likewise, Nick Adams chooses to take the trip to the woods for a specific reason: to avoid thought. But within the motivation itself exists the very thought Nick was determined to avoid in the first place. Thus, by erasing the unpleasant memories, paradoxically, Nick has unintentionally made those memories the axis around which his life revolves. By trying to reduce his thoughts and memories to nothing, they risk become everything and all consuming. One of Daniel M. Wegner's central contributions to the psychology of mental control has been his claim that suppressing a thought often leads to its "hyperaccessibility," an ironic effect whereby, for example, the pleasant distraction of the Big Two-Hearted River would in the future remind Nick that it had served as a distraction for the war, and become instead an unhappy reminder. Nick might begin to consider the woods not as an Edenic paradise, but

as the place he goes to avoid thoughts of the war. The distracter creates, Wegner writes, "associations between the unwanted thought and all the various distracters" ("You Can't Always Think" 214). It is impossible to suppress a thought without first planning to suppress it (unless it exists as an unconscious Freudian repression), therefore to plan to avoid a thought must inherently involve thinking of the thought in some capacity. As Bergson points out, "To represent 'Nothing,' we must either imagine or conceive it" (278). Carlos Baker sums up the *nada* concept in Hemingway as "a Something called Nothing" (Writer as Artist 124).

Ultimately, Santiago's external adventure is an elaborate metaphor for the internal struggle that occurs, which is the old man's tenacious determination to retain mental control during his pain, fatigue, and solitude. The physical death implied at the end of the narrative is only precipitated after Santiago has surrendered control of his own consciousness. The most devastating sequence in The Old Man and the Sea occurs in a concentrated three-paragraph span. Santiago spits discharge into the ocean, admits to the sharks that he has been killed, and those actions are followed by the description of a vacant psyche, a void in consciousness that marks the tragedy of the story.

> The old man could hardly breathe now and he felt a strange taste in his mouth. It was coppery and sweet and he was afraid of it for a moment. But there was not much of it.
>
> He spat into the ocean and said, "Eat that, *galanos.* And make a dream you've killed a man."
>
> He knew he was beaten now finally and without remedy… He settled the sack around his shoulders and put the skiff on her course. He sailed lightly

> now and he had no thoughts nor any feelings of any kind. He was past everything now and he sailed the skiff to make his home port as well and as intelligently as he could. (119)

The state of thought-lessness and feeling-lessness into which Santiago has descended, the state of being "past everything" recalls the purported void of safety Nick enjoys at the beginning of "Big Two-Hearted River," in which he feels shielded from "the need for thinking, the need to write, other needs" (SS 210). However, the difference in context is all. For Santiago, the loss of thought and feeling, and the detachment from "everything" signal his tragic loss of consciousness, an inescapable doom that has suddenly inverted the triumph of securing the great fish.[5] Hemingway, who claimed that his interest in writing The Old Man and the Sea included chronicling the old man's thoughts during the struggle, portrays the old man's thoughts at the end of the struggle as having been entirely drained out of him.

The theme of mental control emerges when Santiago recognizes that he is in for an epic battle with the marlin. A small bird distracts Santiago, whose concentration is taken away from the marlin on his hook, and the fish lurches, cutting the old man's hand. The old man vows that he will not allow that to happen again:

> How did I let the fish cut me with that one quick pull he made? I must be getting very stupid. Or perhaps I was looking at the small bird and thinking of him. Now I will pay attention to my work and then I must eat the tuna so that I will not have a failure of strength. (56)

This crucial moment is Santiago's wake-up call. At once, he steels himself with nutrients for physical strength, and then commands himself to maintain mental clarity to focus on

the task. The moment establishes the twin challenges of the journey, ideas that interact for the entirety of the narrative: the sanity and saliency of the old man's thoughts on one hand, and the physical health of his weakening body on the other. The excerpt that signals Santiago's demise, too, fuses these two defeats: the extinguishing of consciousness ("no thoughts nor any feelings of any kind" [119]) with the spitting of bile from his diseased body, admitting impending death to the sharks. Hemingway represents the death of the old man through an explicit investigation of Santiago's consciousness and mental state, with the physical consequences of the frailty of his thought left ominously implicit.

By investing so much thematic significance into the moment in which the small bird appears, Hemingway echoes William James, who also uses such a metaphor for the stream of thought. "Like a bird's life," James writes of consciousness, "it seems to be made of an alternation of flights and perchings" (I.243), where the resting places represent unchanging, stable thoughts, and the moments of flight are occupied by thoughts relating those more static observations and perceptions. To James, the resting points are "substantive parts" of the stream of consciousness, and flight connotes "transitive parts." As demonstrated by Santiago, the perching of a bird lulls the old man into a mental resting point, causing a lapse in his attention towards the more urgent, dangerous task at hand.

The Old Man and the Sea continues as Hemingway's most evocative extended portrait of metacognition since "Big Two-Hearted River."[6] Even before Santiago hooks the marlin, he interrupts one of his ruminations about rich fishermen listening to baseball on the radio. "Now is no time to think of baseball, he thought. Now is the time to think of only one thing. That which I was born for" (40). Just as "Big Two-Hearted River" is

metacognitive in that Nick wishes to distract himself, The Old Man and the Sea is equally metacognitive in that Santiago must concentrate. The difficulty is that by nature of the rigors of the expedition, Santiago is perpetually distracted from his central task: by baseball, by memories of hand wrestling, by wishing the boy were with him, by his physical ailments, by other animals on the sea, and so on. James makes an eloquent point on the nature of attention, writing, "Effort is felt only when there is a conflict of interests in the mind. The idea A may be intrinsically exciting to us. The idea Z may derive its interest from association with some remoter good" (I.451). If pleasant memories and thoughts are Category A thoughts, the business at hand requires sustaining thoughts in Category Z. Even early in the journey, Santiago knows "now is no time" (40) for distracting thoughts. James, in elucidating distraction, outlines the inner conflict that makes The Old Man and the Sea worth serious discussion: "As concentrated attention accelerates perception, so, conversely perception of a stimulus is *retarded by anything which either baffles or distracts the attention* with which we await it" (I.429, emphasis in original). Echoing this point a century later, the philosopher Daniel Dennett writes:

> Simple or overlearned tasks without serious competition can be routinely executed without the enlistment of extra forces, and hence unconsciously, but when a task is difficult or unpleasant, it requires "concentration," something "we" accomplish with the help of much self-admonition and various other mnemonic tricks, rehearsals, and other self-manipulations. Often we find it helps to talk out loud, a throwback to the crude but effective strategies of which our private thoughts are sleek descendants. (277)

Unlike Nick, Santiago needs his perceptive powers to be at their maximum level in order to land the marlin.

This reality—the practical benefit of concentration versus the temptation of more pleasant, easier thoughts—will haunt Santiago for the three days and two nights of his struggle. After the initial struggle of hooking and trying to control the fish, Santiago settles himself and comprehends the magnitude of the battle he will have. The description even at the beginning of the struggle is of a futile challenge: "He rested sitting on the un-stepped mast and sail and tried not to think but only to endure" (46). Clearly, a struggle though it may be, physical endurance is more feasible for Santiago to sustain than is not-thinking. Moments later, the issue becomes less about a complete erasure of thoughts, than the matter of controlling them properly. After another thought about baseball and listening to games as pleasant distraction, Santiago gives himself a Dennettian self-admonition: "Then he thought, think of it always. Think of what you are doing. You must do nothing stupid" (48). The balance—between not thinking at all versus unhelpful thoughts versus disciplined concentration on the task at hand—oscillates for the rest of the novella. To determine whether The Old Man and the Sea is a tragedy or triumph, it must be understood which of these three possible mental states ultimately predominates.

At times, Santiago is tempted to eradicate entirely his stream of consciousness, knowing that he would perform his task better as an automaton. He interrupts a pleasant meditation about his recurring dreams of lions on the beach: "Don't think old man, he said to himself" (66), which quickly becomes "He felt very tired now… and he tried to think of other things. He thought of the Big Leagues" (67). After the shark attacks the prize marlin, Santiago articulates his most memorable philosophy, "man is not made for

defeat… A man can be destroyed but not defeated," and then immediately excoriates himself: "Don't think old man,"[7] and then finally responds, defending his own consciousness: "But I must think, he thought. Because it is all I have left" (103). He then coaches himself, "Think about something, cheerful, old man" (104). Erik Nakjavani's piece on this phenomenon in Hemingway's work shrewdly underscores this moment, pointing out, "the attenuation of the hyperactivity of the mind by *redirecting its focus* replaces the activity of non-thinking as the easier of the two tasks to be achieved" ("Nonthinking" 184, emphasis in original). Although Nakjavani does not point out Santiago's enactment of this scheme—"Think about something cheerful"—his observation substantiates Daniel M. Wegner's thesis that the stream of consciousness can be redirected to avoid dangerous targets far more easily than the brakes can be slammed on.[8] A more general view comes from Linda W. Wagner, who finds this moment in The Old Man and the Sea notable because "new in this novel is the explicit injunction to think. Contrary to the earlier admonitions of Barnes, Henry, Morgan, Jordan, Thomas Hudson, and Cantwell that they not think – because, we suppose, Hamlet-like, they would be too fearful to act" (526), Santiago coaches himself to think.

Although Santiago knows that self-distraction is the better option, the old man lapses back into the snares and treacheries of the mind that are dogging him, remorseful over the massacre of the beautiful fish, an act he considers sinful, thus producing a decidedly unwelcome emotion. Although Wagner's observation frames the Hemingway corpus in an interesting way, her observation about the novella is at times contradicted forcefully: "Do not think about sin, he thought… Do not think about sin. It is much too late for that and there are people who are paid to do it. Let them think about it" (105). Then, the

novella's dialectic is outlined between helpful and unhelpful thinking, as is Santiago impulse to meditation: "But he liked to think about all things that he was involved in and since there was nothing to read and he did not have a radio, he thought much and he kept on thinking about sin" (105). Predictably, as he continues contemplating the events of the fishing journey, he interrupts himself with his familiar self-admonition: "You think too much, old man" (105). Even given these frequent repetitions, readers of The Old Man and the Sea have tended to underestimate the old man's cognitive hyperactivity. To regard Santiago as a simple Cuban fisherman is an overly provincial response to the narrative; perhaps those views ultimately reveal more about the critic than the character himself. It is true that the narrator says of Santiago, "He was too simple to wonder when he had attained humility" (13), but after tracking his consciousness for three days, we must conclude that either Santiago is far from simple, or that all human beings, scrutinized sufficiently, are far from simple. Santiago may be unassuming, modest, and humble, but his thoughts are conflicted and complex.

After Santiago tells himself once again that he thinks too much, the balance of the novel is comprised of this internal competition over the utility of his thoughts. Recalling the beginning of the expedition where he vows to concentrate by saying, "Now is the time to think of only one thing" (40), he repeats the idea towards its end: "Now is no time to think of what you do not have. Think of what you can do with what there is" (110). Following this self-reflexive "good counsel" (110), an intense episode of confused metacognition ensues: "He did not want to think of the mutilated under-side of the fish… He was a fish to keep a man all winter, he thought. Don't think of that… What can I think of now? he thought. Nothing. I must think of nothing and wait for the next ones" (111).

Santiago must replace thinking with doing, enacting Bergson's tenet that thought is designed for action. "Originally," Bergson writes, "we think only in order to act. Our intellect is cast in the mold of action." (Creative Evolution 44). Carlos Baker also links the Hemingway hero to pragmatism, arguing that the function of the Hemingway hero's thought "is, in the end, to serve as a guide for action. The abstraction has little meaning for him until it is particularized in a specific situation" (Writer as Artist 155).

Although Santiago understands and would agree with those arguing for the practical utility of thought, this concept is easier to aphorize than to enact. In one of the few critical pieces ever associating Hemingway with Bergson,[9] Green D. Wyrick negates his ingenious linking of the two writers with a catastrophic misreading of The Old Man and the Sea. "The *élan vital*," Wyrick writes, "or Hemingway's 'real thing,' is superbly captured for our time in The Old Man and the Sea. The world may break, crucify, and destroy, but that is the way of the world. The fact that Santiago survives, is happy and ready to fish again, proves for the first time that Hemingway will allow this twentieth century to sustain such men" (19). Wyrick's contentions that Santiago: a) survives; b) is happy; and c) is ready to fish again are three swings and misses. The Old Man and the Sea demonstrates the spiritual sustenance of the old man despite his physical and psychological destruction. There is no textual indication that Santiago is "ready to fish again." Had he more days to fish, the old man would not have sailed so desperately into the dangerous waters.

As the late afternoon comes, Santiago tells himself, "You're tired, old man… You're tired inside" (112). The variation is telling, a distinction between general physical exhaustion and mental fatigue. Santiago wants to address the fish as he has for most of

the narrative, but does not feel he can speak to a mutilated corpse. Despite his pervasive fatigue, he is struck by an idea, worded in an important way: “Then something came into his head” (115). That “something” is the idea to speak to the marlin as “Half fish,” which he does, apologizing for straying too far from the more conservative fishing routine. However, the characterization that an idea “came into his head” must be contrasted to the end of “On Writing,” the excised addendum to “Big Two-Hearted River,” when Nick is the one with enough control over his thoughts to be “holding something in his head” (NAS 241). The distinction between these two instances is the difference between a sudden intrusion and the fortuitous control of that intrusion. Unlike the old man, Nick’s cautious behavior in “Big Two-Hearted River” enables such mental control.

The paragraph describing the tragic outcome of the old man’s battle is unambiguous: “He knew he was beaten now finally and without remedy… He sailed lightly now and he had no thoughts nor any feelings of any kind. He was past everything now” (119). The end of The Old Man and the Sea, with its depiction of the permanent loss of mental control and an individual’s authority over his own consciousness, echoes the beginning of “Big Two-Hearted River,” which dramatizes a temporary suspension of introspection in order to gain stability. Nick speaks of days ahead where the swamp might be fished on his terms; Santiago’s eighty-four day drought has thrust him into the position where he must plunge into the trickiest waters, which, as he demonstrates, yields the most valuable rewards, but also the greatest danger. The loss of the fish is only metaphorical to the losses that go along with it: the loss of thought; the loss of sensation; the loss of memory; and the loss of his powers of attention. “The old man,” he is described, “paid no attention to [the sharks] and did not pay attention to anything except steering” (119). In this sense,

Santiago has been reduced to the shell-shocked Nick Adams, concentrating on a mundane task that might otherwise be performed habitually, in order to distract himself from the sharks, his illness and fatigue, and the sadness of his current situation.

Narratologically, Hemingway's technique for representing Santiago's consciousness utilizes more elaborate stylistic devices than does "Big Two-Hearted River," mimicking the various techniques Santiago himself must use. Faced with the challenge of conveying the old man's thoughts in solitude, Hemingway uses an array of methods, both to break up monotony and to include the reader more intimately in Santiago's cognitive processes. C.P. Heaton's mathematical breakdown of The Old Man and the Sea discloses that of the 1,735 sentences in the novella, "261 (15%) are found in dialogue between the old man and the boy, 226 (13%) are spoken aloud by the old man and are in quotation marks, and 503 (29%) are thoughts of the old man. Of these thoughts, 501 are not enclosed in quotes" (14). It would take some straining and an unshakeable faith in Hemingway's attention to detail to find a skeleton key to Hemingway's technique, as if the reason why a certain strategy for reporting the old man's thoughts or speech is used in a particular instance for a logical reason. However, the mere presence of the myriad of styles adds to the complexity and highlights the focus on Santiago's consciousness.

Dorrit Cohn's Transparent Minds provides narratological tools to taxonomize the various ways Hemingway conveys the solitary consciousness. In The Old Man and the Sea, Hemingway employs what Cohn calls "psycho-narration," what is more traditionally referred to as "omniscient description," a tool that allows the narrator to report clearly the private thoughts of the old man (e.g. the closing line: "The old man was dreaming about the lions" [127]). Cohn also refers to "quoted monologue," which she defines as "a

character's mental discourse" (14). As Heaton observes, Hemingway spends most of The Old Man and the Sea in this mode, with Santiago's thoughts emerging through things he says aloud to himself,[10] to other creatures or objects, his thoughts quoted directly, or his thoughts described by the narrator. A third category Cohn discusses in her section on third-person narratives is "narrated monologue," which occurs when the narrator adopts the consciousness of the narrator when describing that consciousness. Hemingway adopts this technique in a sixty-seven word excerpt of "Big Two-Hearted River" in which sixty-three of the words are monosyllables, the precision of the narration suggesting Nick's meticulous thought processes, to convey consciousness not only through information imparted, but stylistically as well.[11] Between "Big Two-Hearted River" and The Old Man and the Sea, there is only one exclamation point, at the moment when Santiago screams "Now!" upon striking the hooked marlin (44).[12] "Big Two-Hearted River" contains zero. In these two narratives with mental control always of paramount importance, a similar control had to be mimicked by the vocabulary, syntax, and grammar of the writer. It is as if the bruised, fragile minds of the protagonist could not withstand the excitement of an exclamation point.

Santiago's tendency to speak aloud while he is alone is one conspicuously artificial conceit of the novella. Although he knows it is "considered a virtue not to talk unnecessarily at sea," the old man in this circumstance "said his thoughts" when he is alone "since there was no one they could annoy" (39). Santiago speaks to himself, to his hands, to no one in general, to the fish he has landed, and to other animals he encounters. A more striking use of the bifurcation between thought and speech takes place in "Big Two-Hearted River," in which Nick speaks aloud only three times: "'Go on, hopper,'

Nick said, speaking out loud for the first time. 'Fly away somewhere'" (212); "'I've got a right to eat this stuff, if I'm willing to carry it,' Nick said. His voice sounded strange in the darkening woods. He did not speak again" (215). But he does, one more time: "'Chrise,' Nick said, 'Geezus Chrise,' he said happily" (216). Richard W. Lid identifies this very phenomenon, the "powerful drive" of Hemingway's characters to express themselves while attempting to maintain a stoic front, claiming, "it is this struggle for speech which reveals the agonies hidden beneath their composure" (401).

The prize catch at the end of The Old Man and the Sea would have been mental stability. Santiago knows that the acuity of his thoughts is in jeopardy, and through the narration, the reader is cautioned of the stakes. Santiago reminds himself aloud of clarity's importance, and then silently: "'You must devise a way so that you sleep a little if he [the marlin] is quiet and steady. If you do not sleep you might become unclear in the head.' I'm clear enough in the head, he thought. Too clear. I am as clear as the stars that are my brothers" (77). At the same time as his physical exertion reaches its most taxing level, he notices when his thoughts become less lucid. After imagining that he would not care if his cramped hand were amputated, the narrator states, "When he thought that he knew that he was not being clear-headed" (85). After Santiago—in his thoughts—taunts the fish to come and kill him, because, "I don't care who kills who," it might be read as mythological identification with the fish. However, he quickly amends the sentiment, reprimanding himself, "Now you are getting confused in the head, he thought. You must keep your head clear. Keep your head clear and know how to suffer like a man… 'Clear up, head,' he said in a voice he could hardly hear. 'Clear up'" (92). Four times, Santiago exhorts himself to maintain mental clarity despite his physical struggle, and his success or

failure in this task will determine whether The Old Man and the Sea is read as a triumph or tragedy. “Keep my head clear,” he tells himself again (95), and then later, when he tries to appraise the value of the marlin, he realizes he cannot do so without a pencil. “My head is not that clear” (97). Then, in an unspoken monologue: “All I must do is keep my head clear… Then his head started to become a little unclear” (99).

This lapse in clarity perpetuates the blurring of identity between predator and prey. Santiago thinks, “is he bringing me in or am I bringing him in?” (99). As Santiago prepares to kill the shark, it seems as if the old man has defeated his internal weakness; “The old man’s head was clear and good now” (101). Santiago makes the distinction between sustaining physical energy to fulfill the mission, and withstanding mentally as he tries to move the marlin: “Pull, hands, he thought. Hold up, legs. Last for me, head. Last for me. You never went” (91). Of course, Santiago may be speaking too soon: it is more accurate to say, “you haven’t gone yet.”

The persistent issue is not simply alertness as opposed to mental fatigue. It is clear that from the outset, Santiago considers himself a “strange” man (14, 66), and the stakes that emerge are nothing short of either salvaging sanity, or else lapsing into madness. It must be recalled that one of the elements that motivated Hemingway to write the story of the old man was that at the end of the actual incident that inspired the idea, the old man had been driven “half-crazy” by the ordeal. In The Old Man and the Sea, too, Santiago attests to his mental soundness, although he engages in the unusual practice of speaking while alone at sea. “‘If the others heard me talking out loud they would think that I am crazy,’ he said aloud. ‘But since I am not crazy, I do not care’” (39). With this in mind, his battle with the fish takes on symbolic importance. As he aims to harpoon the marlin—

with whom he has associated as if they were one being—Santiago thinks, "I mustn't try for the head. I must get the heart" (91). With the different practical ways of killing marlin and sharks as a given, the larger effect emerges of Santiago sparing the marlin's head as a way of sparing his own, unlike his method of striking the brains of the scavenging sharks. The old man kills one shark by hitting the "location of the brain… with malignancy" (102), a savage attack he never would have imposed on the marlin. As the second wave of sharks attacks, Santiago drives the knife into the line on a shark "where the brain joined the spinal cord" (108). Santiago is proud of his ability: "I wonder how the great DiMaggio would have liked the way I hit him in the brain?" (103-04).

Another manifestation of Santiago's focus on his own interior is demonstrated in the text's dialectic between intelligence and stupidity. Santiago's pride in his own intelligence runs counter to the traditional reading of him as a humble, unthinking peasant. His endurance is famous, but he is never mentioned as an unconventional example of Hemingway's surreptitiously cerebral heroes. As Robert O. Stephens terms it, Santiago "asserts the Adamic pride of intellect over instinct" (302). However, the old man is not always so self-congratulatory. The old man thinks, "You must do nothing stupid" (48), and soon after, "I must be getting very stupid" (56). After realizing that he has mismanaged his food intake and preparation, he laments, "If I had brains I would have splashed water on the bow all day and drying, it would have made salt" (80). He then criticizes himself in harsh terms: "You're stupid, he told himself" (85). In both cases, he equates stupidity with a lack of concentration, with thinking about baseball, and by considering the small bird rather than focusing on the fish. Conversely, one of Santiago's points of pride is that despite the respect he has for his prey and the fish, he knows he is

able to outsmart them: “But, thank God, they are not as intelligent as we who kill them; although they are more noble and more able” (63); “I wish I was the fish, he thought, with everything he has against only my will and my intelligence” (64);[13] and later, “The dentuso is cruel and able and strong and intelligent. But I was more intelligent than he was. Perhaps not, he thought. Perhaps I was only better armed” (107). The sharks are described as behaving “in the stupidity of their great hunger” (107). Finally, to return to the final image of Santiago’s struggle: “He was past everything now and he sailed the skiff to make his home port as well and as intelligently as he could” (119). Despite this sentence that describes his mental void, the adverb that describes the intelligence may mean that he is not sailing “stupidly,” that is, he is not distracted, and will not perform his final task carelessly.[14]

It is always a temptation for Hemingway heroes to imagine performing their tasks like a machine, to be reduced to an unfeeling zombie, a creature who does not allow introspection or fear or memory to intrude on the cold execution of an action. Philip Young describes Nick’s “mechanical movements” (46) in “Big Two-Hearted River” that allow him to allay thought and to succeed in his physical task, similar to the mechanical prayers and movements Santiago performs. “The Undefeated,” from Men Without Women, also speaks to the automating of the mind during a tense activity, in this case bullfighting. The matador Manuel’s thought processes are carefully described:

> He thought in bull-fight terms. Sometimes he had a thought and the particular piece of slang would not come into his mind and he could not realize the thought. His instincts and his knowledge worked automatically, and his brain worked slowly and in words. He knew all about bulls. He did not have to think about

> them. He just did the right thing. His eyes noted things and his body performed the necessary measures without thought. If he thought about it, he would be gone. (SS 260)

Manuel has a level of expertise and a depth of experience to the extent that he has consigned conscious deliberation of bullfighting to habitual processing. For Manuel, to "think" would be to "doubt" or to "over-think."

The tension that drives The Old Man and the Sea is that Santiago is naturally ruminative, introspective, and even nostalgic, although placed in a situation of crisis, which renders such thoughts unhelpful. Philip Young characterizes the situation by pointing out, "But much of the time [Santiago] is too busy to think… his hands are cut badly, he is nearly blind from exhaustion, and he is too tired to think of anything" (122). Santiago's attention must be focused exclusively on the landing of the fish, but as his health is weakening, and the futility and then failure of his task grows evident, his instinct emerges to ruminate and analyze the situation. Although Santiago famously claims, "Man was not made for defeat… A man can be destroyed but not defeated" (103), the true defeat portrayed at the end of The Old Man and the Sea is not the loss of pride or manhood or dignity or the marlin. The defeat is not even the loss of Santiago's life. The defeat is signaled when the old man loses consciousness and sanity, and when he fails in efforts of mental control. This loss is precisely the victory of "Big Two-Hearted River," the tentative triumph with which that story ends. The tragic moment of The Old Man and the Sea is announced at the end to indicate the old man's void, his doomed existence without a psyche: "He sailed lightly now and he had no thoughts nor any feelings of any kind. He was past everything now" (119).

Santiago's psychological vacuum echoes "Big Two-Hearted River," for precisely the opposite reason. Nick's relief at the beginning of his hike in the Michigan woods comes from realizing his own objective: "He felt he had left everything behind, the need for thinking, the need to write, other needs" (SS 210). The optimism at the end of Nick's story stems from his confidence that although he has left behind his compulsion to ruminate, he will be able to recover it when he can better withstand such painful self-scrutiny. The hopeful last sentence of "Big Two-Hearted River" promises, "There were plenty of days coming when he could fish the swamp" (232). While Nick has the cautious confidence to suspend thinking to relax his tortured psyche, Santiago does not have that luxury, and must plunge into the swamp of the psyche that Nick so fastidiously avoids. What ultimately dooms Santiago is not a fish of prey, but his decision to enter the domain of the unknown and unpredictable, the equivalent of Nick's swamp. "The old man knew he was going far out and he left the smell of land behind" (28). Santiago understands that his hubris was the undoing of both himself, the fish, and the sacred ritual of fishing: "I'm sorry about it, fish. It makes everything wrong… I shouldn't have gone out so far, fish… Neither for you nor for me. I'm sorry, fish" (110). Later, when Santiago—who had proudly recalled being nicknamed "The Champion" (70)—must admit defeat, the cause to which he attributes his demise is clearly articulated: "Bed will be a great thing. It is easy when you are beaten, he thought. I never knew how easy it was. And what beat you, he thought. 'Nothing,' he said aloud. 'I went out too far.' (120).

Nick is cautious enough not to risk going out too far, not to stake his psyche on an unknown, since it has all the potential of tragedy, the "tragic adventure" he associates that part of the river to be (SS 231). James Twitchell ranks among critics who believe that the

swamp in "Big Two-Hearted River" is entirely imaginary, citing topographical implausibilities: "the swamp Nick 'sees' at the end of the story exists only in Nick's head" (276). The unknown regions of the gulf waters are actual for Santiago, but also carry important psychological implications. The further a character goes out, the further he must go within, and Hemingway chronicled both the outward and inward journey in these narratives of protagonists in solitude.

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[1] For a counterpoint, see A Farewell to Arms, in which the venerable Count Greffi tells Frederic: "No, that is the great fallacy; the wisdom of old men. They do not grow wise. They grow careful" (261). From T.S. Eliot's "East Coker": "Do not let me hear / Of the wisdom of old men, but rather of their folly, / Their fear of fear and frenzy, their fear of possession, / Of belonging to another, or to others, or to God. / The only wisdom we can hope to acquire / Is the wisdom of humility: humility is endless" (Four Quartets 23).

[2] Izaak Walton (1569-1683) wrote The Compleat Angler, or, Contemplative man's recreation: being a discourse on rivers, fish-ponds, fish, and fishing. Hemingway jokes similarly in an earlier article, a 1920 piece for the Toronto Star Weekly headlined "The Best Rainbow Trout Fishing," where he describes trout fishing as "a rough, tough, mauling game, lacking in the meditative qualities of the Izaak Walton school of angling" (BL 9-10).

[3] Bergson's description of a mental "jumping around" echoes Jake's solitary meditation in The Sun Also Rises: "I lay awake thinking and my mind jumping around. Then I couldn't keep away from it, and I started to think about Brett and all the rest of it went away. I was thinking about Brett and my mind stopped jumping around and started to go in sort of smooth waves" (39).

[4] This argument echoes Edgar's point in Shakespeare's King Lear: "the worst is not / So long as we can say 'This is the worst'" (IV.i.27-28).

[5] See Hemingway's early poem "Captives": "Thinking and hating were finished / Thinking and fighting were finished / Retreating and hoping were finished. / Cures thus a long campaign, / Making death easy" (CP 26). Hemingway also brings A Farewell to Arms to its tragic close with an eerily similar portrait of a lost consciousness: "Everything was gone inside of me. I did not think. I could not think" (330). Young Joaquín, bleeding to death as he dies with the rest of El Sordo's band, is described: "He had known nothing and had no feeling since he had suddenly been in the very heart of the thunder and the breath had been wrenched from his body when the one bomb struck so

close" (FWBT 322). Islands in the Stream, too, concludes with a similarly vacant image of Thomas Hudson's mental state: "He felt far away now and there were no problems at all" (446). In Marie Morgan's stream-of-consciousness riff that closes To Have and Have Not, she too, reports a loss of consciousness: "That's the only feeling I got. Hate and a hollow feeling. I'm empty like a empty house" (257). Almost certainly, Hemingway's inspiration for Marie's image derives from the country doctor Peabody in Faulkner's As I Lay Dying: "I can remember when I was young I believed death to be a phenomenon of the body; now I know it merely to be a function of the mind… in reality it is no different than a single tenant or family moving out of a tenement or a town" (43-44). In Faulkner's Light in August, Joe Christmas is described, "He just lay there, with his eyes open and empty of everything save consciousness" (464). Earlier, Christmas is described during his journey to Jefferson: "He is not sleepy or hungry or even tired. He is somewhere between and among them, suspended, swaying to the motion of the wagon without thought, without feeling. He has lost account of time and distance" (339).

[6] The most riveting single moment of metacognition in Hemingway comes in the final moments of For Whom the Bell Tolls, as he readies himself for one final deed before he dies: "Think about them being away, he said. Think about them going through the timber. Think about them crossing a creek. Think about them riding through the heather. Think about them going up the slope. Think about them O.K. tonight. Think about them travelling, all night. Think about them hiding up tomorrow. Think about them. God damn it, think about them. *That's just as far as I can think about them*, he said.

"Think about Montana. *I can't*. Think about Madrid. *I can't*. Think about a cool drink of water. *All right*. That's what it will be like. Like a cool drink of water. *You're a liar*. It will just be nothing. That's all it will be. Just nothing. Then do it. *Do it*. Do it now. It's all right to do it now. Go on and do it now. *No, you have to wait*. What for? You know all right. *Then wait*" (470).

A similar internal dialogue is advanced in "The Strange Country," in which one aspect of Roger Davis converses with another: "You really can start it all over now. You really can. *Please don't be silly*, another part of him said. You really can, he said to himself. You can be just as good a guy as she thinks you are and as you are at this moment." This bizarre conversation continues for a paragraph, and the next paragraph illuminates Hemingway's strategy for presenting Roger's thoughts in this way: "You're getting to be an awful moralist, he thought. If you don't watch out, you will bore her. *When weren't you a moralist?* At different times. *Don't fool yourself*. Well, at different places then. *Don't fool yourself*.

"All right, Conscience, he said" (CSS 635). The internal dialogue continues, with Roger referring to the voice in his head as "Conscience" for the remainder. Elsewhere, Robert Jordan also tellingly addresses himself as another, with a crucial punch line: "I was ashamed enough of you, there for a while. Only I was you. There wasn't any me to judge you. We were all in bad shape. You and me and both of us. Come on now. Quit thinking like a schizophrenic. One at a time, now. You're all right again now" (FWBT 394).

[7] It is not uncommon in Hemingway's work that a more or less profound philosophy is followed by self-deprecation. One example is the mocking of Izaak Walton. In The Sun Also Rises, Jake's famous Pamplona meditation is twice dampened with self-mockery: "Enjoying living was learning to get your money's worth and knowing when you had it" is followed with, "It seemed like a fine philosophy. In five years, I thought, it will seem just as silly as all the other fine philosophies I've had" (152). In the same scene, another would-be aphorism, "That was morality; things that made you disgusted afterward. No, that must be immorality" is mocked by Jake himself: "That was a large statement. What a lot of bilge I could think up at night, What rot, I could hear Brett say it. What rot!" (152-53). Another conspicuous example is in Hemingway's early story "The Three-Day Blow," in which inebriation leads to some dime-store philosophizing from Nick and his friend Bill: "[Nick] had always thought it was solitary drinking that made drunkards"; And then Bill's point: "Everything's got its compensations." This mode of discourse leads to some mockery from the narrator: "They sat looking into the fire and thinking of this profound truth" (SS 120). A lengthy meditation concludes similarly in For Whom the Bell Tolls: "What nonsense, he thought. What rot you get to thinking by yourself. That is *really* nonsense" (166). Nancy R. Comley and Robert Scholes point out Hemingway's tendency "to distance himself from his own views with mockery," which they consider "one of Hemingway's strong qualities as a writer" (129). In The Old Man and the Sea, too, the narrator describes Santiago's feelings about his thoughts about the marlin: "He liked to think of the fish and what he could do to a shark if he were swimming free" (115). Santiago's self-critical metacognition concludes: "I must not think nonsense, he thought" (117).

[8] An exchange between Catherine Barkley and Frederic Henry in A Farewell to Arms exemplifies the difficulty of "not thinking" when there is no distracter, as opposed to when there is one: "Don't think about me when I'm not here." "That's the way I worked it at the front. But there was something to do then" (257). In Across the River and Into the Trees, Colonel Cantwell tells Renata, "I'm not lonely when I'm working. I have to think too hard to ever be lonely" (99). Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet also has a wonderful example, in a conversation between Benvolio and a lovesick Romeo: "Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her." "O, teach me how I should forget to think." "By giving liberty unto thine eyes: / Examine other beauties" (I.i.225-228).

[9] The most valuable discussion of Bergson and Hemingway is Larry E. Grimes's The Religious Design of Hemingway's Early Fiction. Grimes posits that Hemingway learned Bergson's teachings through Ezra Pound.

[10] Although it may not be fruitful to delineate what Santiago thinks to himself and what he speaks to himself, Faulkner provides a useful definition of saying something to oneself: "between thinking and saying aloud" (LIA 13).

[11] The sixty-seven word excerpt: "Now things were done. There had been this to do. Now it was done. It had been a hard trip. He was very tired. That was done. He had made his camp. He was settled. Nothing could touch him. It was a good place to camp. He was

there, in the good place. He was in his home where he had made it. Now he was hungry" (215). Cf. Virginia Woolf's The Waves, in which Bernard monologizes: "I notice externals only. I sit here like a convalescent, like a very simple man who knows only words of one syllable. 'The sun is hot,' I say. 'The wind is cold'" (104). He later says, "I need a little language such as lovers use, words of one syllable such as children speak… I need a howl; a cry" (166). Scott Donaldson points to a relevant moment in Woolf's Orlando: "only the most profound masters of style can tell the truth, and when one meets a simple one-syllable writer, one may conclude, without any doubt at all, that the poor man is lying" (qtd. in Donaldson 342).

[12] C.P. Heaton's article points out the single occurrence of an exclamation point in The Old Man and the Sea.

[13] Santiago's pride of his "will" and his "intelligence" conspicuously call to mind two of St. Augustine's three divine faculties of the mind, of which the unmentioned third faculty is memory: "Now let us put aside for the moment the other things which the mind is certain about as regards itself, and just discuss these three, memory, understanding, and will… These three then, memory, understanding, and will, are not three lives but one life, not three minds but one mind. So it follows of course that they are not three substances but one substance" (Trinity X, 4, 17-18).

[14] For critics who see Santiago bemoaning his failed task as akin to a writer's self-admonishment for an imperfect book, they might compare this moment with David Bourne's self-criticism in The Garden of Eden: "That's why it's not a better book. Because I wasn't more intelligent" (184).

Chapter Three: Memory in A Farewell to Arms: Dimensions, Architecture, and Persistence

> the war that matters is the war against the imagination
> all other wars are subsumed in it.
>
> Diane di Prima, "Rant" (160)

Two weeks after the publication of A Farewell to Arms in 1929, William Faulkner's Quentin Compson futilely attempts to destroy time by mutilating its instrument of measurement, recalling his father's lesson that "clocks slay time… time is dead as long as it is being clicked off by little wheels: only when the clock stops does time come to life" (SAF 85). Quentin's father cautions that the watch should not encourage "constant speculation regarding the position of mechanical hands on an arbitrary dial which is a symptom of mind-function" (77). A Farewell to Arms—unlike Faulkner's more experimental work—is not widely recognized as a profound statement about the nature of memory, or praised as an incisive investigation into the psychological or philosophical implications of time. For critics, the novel has become an example of Hemingway's non-thinking characters. Clifton Fadiman declared that he had "rarely read a more anti-intellectual book than A Farewell to Arms" (82), as Charles Vandersee considered the novel's protagonist a "thought-harried anti-intellectual… [who] unlike Jake Barnes of The Sun Also Rises (a professional journalist), is not presented to us as an accomplished wordsmith… the writer is a soldier, not a practiced writer" (63). In a scathing review of

the novel, Donald Davidson described the action of the novel as quintessential Behaviorism, "a world of mechanisms doing nothing but acting and reacting" (129).

Other readings do uncover the downplayed cognitive functioning of the protagonist, such as John Gaggin's observation that "[Frederic] Henry has the eye of a painter, the observant eye of a writer" (1). To examine the role of memory in A Farewell to Arms, this chapter will discuss not only the novel and its critical history, but also consider the modernist view of memory as seen by writers and psychologists during Hemingway's time and before. This chapter will also incorporate the manuscript draft of A Farewell to Arms, which—as with Hemingway's other discarded drafts—contains some of his most revealing, daring psychological observations. Although the A Farewell to Arms manuscript is not as controversial and revealing as the notebooks for The Sun Also Rises, the alternate endings and deleted passages hint at the submerged seven-eighths of Hemingway's carefully controlled iceberg principle of writing.

A failure to recognize the temporal element in A Farewell to Arms results in viewing the novel as flat, plodding, a one or at most two-dimensional work. However, one of Hemingway's earliest aesthetic statements about his own fiction appears in a 1925 letter to his father, in which he proclaims his determination to create multi-dimensional characters and texts. Hemingway, then writing his early work in Paris, outlines his approach: "You see I'm trying in all my stories to get the feeling of the actual life across – not to just depict life – or criticize it – but to actually make it alive. So that when you have read something by me you actually experience the thing… It is only by showing both sides – 3 dimensions and if possible 4 that you can write the way I want to" (SL 153). Hemingway often alluded to this bold literary project. Taken together, his remarks

read as sly challenges to subsequent critics, since he never explicitly defines his terms. The mostly inane "Banal Story" from Men Without Women refers absurdly to the same idea: "Think of these things in 1925 – Was there a risqué page in Puritan history? Were there two sides to Pocahontas? Did she have a fourth dimension?" (SS 361). In Green Hills of Africa, Hemingway tells his interlocutor Kandisky: "How far prose can be carried if any one is serious enough and has luck. There is a fourth and fifth dimension that can be gotten… It is much more difficult than poetry. It is a prose that has never been written" (26-27).[1] As Hemingway recalls in A Moveable Feast of his efforts of the mid-1920s, "I was learning something from the paintings of Cézanne that made writing simple true sentences far from enough to make the stories have the dimensions that I was trying to put in them" (13). To Charles Scribner in 1951, Hemingway writes of his forthcoming The Old Man and the Sea: "This is the prose that I have been working for all my life that should read easily and simply and seem short and yet have all the dimensions of the visible world and the world of a man's spirit. It is as good prose as I can write as of now" (SL 738).

Supplementing the three dimensions of the visible world with the psychological, spiritual, and emotional dimensions remained central to Hemingway's vision until the end. As he explained late in his life, "If you describe someone, it is flat, as a photograph is, and from my standpoint a failure. If you make him up from what you know, there should be all the dimensions" (Plimpton 33). Hemingway supported his claim in his own Nobel Prize speech, in which he states that the staying power of a writer's work depends in part on the "degree of alchemy that he possesses" (Bruccoli, Mechanism 134). The word "alchemy" implies the existence of additional value, power or matter not present in

the raw elements.[2] For this claim, it is helpful to refer to Paul Ricoeur's glossing of Proust's notion of the transposition of a spiritual impression into literature. Ricoeur writes: "This alchemy of the impression regained perfectly presents the difficulty that the narrator perceives as he crosses the threshold of the work: How to prevent substituting literature for life, or again, under the patronage of laws and ideas, how to keep from dissolving the impression in a psychology or an abstract sociology, divested of all narrative character?" (Time and Narrative 150). Whether hinting vaguely at artistic alchemy, mysterious dimensions, or things not immediately discernible, Hemingway was imploring readers of his work to look beyond the simple language and syntax, to the submerged part of the iceberg, and even beneath and beyond that.

In The Garden of Eden, for example, David Bourne's quiet victory at the end of the novel—much like Nick Adams "holding something in his head" at the end of "On Writing" (NAS 241)—is his ability to capture this mysterious prose that is more difficult to create than poetry. The penultimate paragraph in The Garden of Eden proclaims David's triumph:

> He found he knew much more about his father than when he had first written this story and he knew he could measure his progress by the small things which made his father more tactile and to have more dimensions than he had in the story before. He was fortunate, just now, that his father was not a simple man. (247)

David's aim, not surprisingly, is identical to Hemingway's own: the transformation of the writer's knowledge into multidimensional, complex prose. For David, as for Hemingway, the measure of quality writing was to achieve this multi-dimensional effect.

How literally are we to take these references to added dimensions? Is Hemingway referring to a metaphorical model in which seemingly simple elements combine not by addition but exponentially to create a web of relations, a prose elaborate and elegant, infinitely complex if the reader is willing to explore the permutations of the text? Or, did Hemingway have a specific corollary to these ideas; did the fourth dimension refer to one specific concept, while the fifth denoted another?

Generally, the fourth dimension is associated with "time" and its relation to human perception. Einstein believed as much. The Russian mystic P.D. Ouspensky wrote that "Time, as we feel it, is the fourth dimension" and that "eternity is the fifth dimension" (210). This view is substantiated by Proust's reference to the aura of the church at Combray, which, his protagonist recalls, "made of the church for me something entirely different from the rest of the town: an edifice occupying, so to speak, a four-dimensional space—the name of the fourth being Time" (83). Here, Proust is putting forth a decidedly Bergsonian notion, in which the present perception of an object includes the individual's subjective perspective and memory. In Time and Free Will, Bergson writes of the cognitive processing of the motion of a pendulum as a continuum: the pendulum's movements "are first preserved and then disposed in a series: in a word, we create for them a fourth dimension of space, which we call homogenous time" (109).[3]

H.G. Wells—who is needled in one of the few parodic touches of A Farewell to Arms[4]—anticipates the Einsteinian concept of the fourth dimension. In Wells's The Time Machine, The Time Traveller says: "There are really four dimensions, three which we call the three planes of Space, and a fourth, Time. There is, however, a tendency to draw an unreal distinction between the former three dimensions and the latter, because it

happens that our consciousness moves intermittently in one direction along the latter from the beginning to the end of our lives" (27). Although Wells's novel might be dismissed as the fantasy of science fiction, the excerpt indicates that such a notion of additional dimensions that transcend Euclidian geometry existed in the imagination of writers and thinkers as early as the late nineteenth century.

In The Wild Palms, William Faulkner introduces a different—but perhaps not contradictory—idea of a fourth dimension, in which "the convict, glaring up again saw the flat thick spit of mud which as he looked at it divided and became a thick mud-colored log which in turn seemed, still immobile, to leap suddenly against his retinae in three – no, four – dimensions: volume, solidity, shape, and another: not fear but pure and intense speculation" (216). In Proust, Faulkner, and indeed Hemingway, the added dimensions of their texts contribute to the depth and intensity of consciousness, which is informed by a vivid, complex memory.

Hemingway's public pronouncements that draw attention to these difficult-to-attain dimensions have invited the curiosities and speculations, as well as the abject scorn of critics. In Michael F. Moloney's opinion, Hemingway's prose "not only lacks a fourth and fifth dimension; it lacks, for the most part, a third" (191). Harry Levin offers an earlier, similarly negative view of Hemingway's objective, writing, "if the subordinate clause and the complex sentence are the usual ways for writers to obtain a third dimension, Hemingway keeps his writing on a linear plane. He holds the purity of his line by moving in one direction, ignoring sidetracks and avoiding structural complications" (80). In a review of Green Hills of Africa, Bernard DeVoto savages Hemingway's overtures at new

dimensions, advising, “He ought to leave the fourth dimension to Ouspensky and give us prose” (212).

Other critics have viewed Hemingway’s quest more sympathetically. Michael Reynolds speculates on the substance behind the claim in Green Hills of Africa, suggesting that Hemingway was:

> creating a prose more complicated than any of his earlier writing, a prose that stops time, twists time, escapes outside of time. If Einstein could imagine more dimensions than three, just maybe a writer can work through the fourth dimension of time and into a timeless fifth dimension: a continuous present tense both *now* and *then*, *here*, and *elsewhere* simultaneously. (The 1930s 181)

Other critics have joined Reynolds’s view of this ubiquity in time featured in Hemingway’s prose. Prefiguring Reynolds, F.I. Carpenter associates Hemingway’s fourth dimension with the concept of time, and finds the fifth dimension as having “attempted to communicate the immediate experience of the perpetual now” (193), reminiscent of the lesson that Gertrude Stein absorbed from William James’s notion of the continuous present. Robert Paul Lamb highlights Hemingway’s “moments of ecstatic release when time, however briefly, seems to stop and assume the shape of timelessness,” a moment that Lamb characterizes as “a kind of mysticism, brought on not by contemplation but by action, when life-consciousness and death-consciousness are in equal balance” (47).

Other critics, most notably Joseph Warren Beach and Malcolm Cowley, have shown that Hemingway’s use of ritual and myth supply an added dimension to seemingly simplistic or realistic prose. Sam S. Baskett finds a fifth dimension in The Old Man and the Sea, in the “strangeness” with which Hemingway imbued Santiago, and a

"suggestiveness of something beyond the immediate eye" that gives a mysterious depth to the narrative (274). George Snell points to For Whom the Bell Tolls and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" as examples of Hemingway's success in this endeavor. In "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Snell finds that Hemingway brilliantly achieved the fourth and fifth dimensions, fiction "which speaks simultaneously on several levels and whose effect is to leave us aware of an experience at once more real than reality, and with overtones that can only be called extra-natural, of this world and beyond it" (172). Snell defines Hemingway's fifth dimension as "a new kind of consciousness that looks backward and forward at the same time and which extends the range of our human awareness as even poetry has seldom done" (162). Outdoing that argument (and even extending Hemingway's own stated ambitions), O.P. Bhatnagar believes that the fourth dimension is "time," the fifth dimension is "a line of perpetual now," but his reading of The Old Man and the Sea uncovers a mystical sixth dimension, one that "may be described as 'the State Of Merging the Conscious With The Unconscious, the order beyond and the non-human world" (31). Bhatnagar concludes that The Old Man and the Sea traces "not 'the now' but 'the ever' of things which is what the sixth dimension is" (41).

Larry E. Grimes has put great emphasis into Hemingway's claims of extra dimensions. For Grimes, the fifth dimension "is, in short, the mystical-religious dimension of life perceived only when there is nothing left to perceive. The fifth dimension is a radical religious possibility achieved only dialectically in, but beyond, time and within the tension of the sacred and profane, transcending both" (Religious Design 4). Grimes refers to an important episode in Death in the Afternoon in which Hemingway battles the maze of his own memory in order to depict an event accurately,[5]

noting, "With the addition of memory, Hemingway moves his aesthetic theory from the third dimension (the 'depth' applied to 'flat' words and images) to the fourth dimension (time)" (11). Grimes also connects Hemingway's interest in multiple dimensions to A Farewell to Arms, claiming that only in this novel "does Hemingway provide a portrait of the awe and beauty that characterize life in the fifth dimension… the metaphor of play presents religion, the fifth dimension, as Frederic Henry and Catherine Barkley carve it out beyond the reaches of the sacred and profane" (97).

Barbara Lounsberry discusses this mysterious dimension as it pertains to Green Hills of Africa, the book from which Hemingway's "fourth and fifth dimension" remark sprang. For Lounsberry, the fifth dimension refers to "the plane of imaginative recall" (24) or "imaginative or artistic recall." Lounsberry continues: "Any given moment, by definition partakes of all four dimensions: length, breadth, depth, and time. Yet it is the fifth dimension of memory which permits that moment to live again, and, in the living, be transformed through the associations of art into something new and eternal" (31). By linking the added dimension with the writer's creative process, Lounsberry's point recalls an essay by Robert Graves, who himself would publish a classic World War I narrative in 1929, and who believed the fifth dimension integral to poetic creation.[6] Lounsberry, here, echoes a sentiment that Hemingway would make about his own prose in a 1949 letter to Charles Scribner, claiming as he had to George Plimpton that, "A writer, of course, has to make up stories for them to be rounded and not flat like photographs" (SL 678).

Claude-Edmonde Magny puts forth an intriguing comment about Hemingway's use of additional dimensions, arguing that the structural technique and inclusion of the

interchapters of In Our Time supply the missing dimensions, since the prose itself only exists in two dimensions. However, Magny does see Hemingway accomplishing multi-dimensionality in For Whom the Bell Tolls, claiming, "Hemingway finally managed to write that 'multidimensional' prose, swollen with meaning and inner richness, that he had never stopped dreaming of but had almost never achieved. He managed to write a *true* novel—in which the instant gets denser in duration—and not simply a long story" (144). However, Magny's findings contradict Hemingway's own analysis. When Hemingway was bringing Across the River and Into the Trees to publication in 1950, he spoke bombastically about his forthcoming achievement. He called it his best novel and Proustian in conception, just as the novel's protagonist brazenly challenges Dante and Shakespeare. During his exegesis of the new work, Hemingway explicated the difference between Across the River and Into the Trees and For Whom the Bell Tolls. Unlike the new novel, which was filled with "three-cushion shots," Hemingway thought For Whom the Bell Tolls was simpler and more straightforward: "In the last one I had the straight narrative; Sordo on the hill for keeps; Jordan killing the cavalryman; the village; a full-scale attack presented as they go; and the unfortunate incident at the bridge" (Breit, "Talk" 14). While Magny was disappointed by the linearity in Hemingway's prose until For Whom the Bell Tolls, Hemingway himself claimed he was not achieving the multi-dimensional prose he had always envisioned until a decade later.

One of Hemingway's most intriguing riddles, though, is his claim about Across the River and Into the Trees that, "In writing I have moved through arithmetic, through plane geometry and algebra, and now I am in calculus" (Breit, "Talk" 14).[7] Although sympathetic critics have strained to explain Hemingway's boast (how exactly does one

write algebraically?), the most relevant point may be his invitation to read his prose on a nonlinear level, with dimensions transcending Euclidean geometry.[8] In the novel, Colonel Cantwell comments on his memory of war experience, claiming that "terrain is what remains in the dreaming part of the mind" (ARIT 117), which William Adair provocatively notes, "might have been providing a gloss on A Farewell to Arms" (50). A similar articulation comes in The Garden of Eden: "The distances did not matter since all distances changed and how you remembered them was how they were" (182).

These various explanations of Hemingway's lifelong treatment of time, memory, and the added dimensions of fiction resonate powerfully in A Farewell to Arms. During the epic retreat at Caporetto, Frederic and his ambulance corps plod through the wet Italian countryside, and the description that ends Chapter XXIX is telling: "We walked along together all going fast against time" (208). Here, although the soldiers are walking, their movement is presented in the context of time, not space. Human beings move through space in "real life," or plane geometry; they only move through time in memory. Even on the rigidly realistic surface of the novel, the soldiers' description, through memory's lens, becomes an unexpected, impressionistic image. In a converse rendering, during Frederic's convalescence earlier in the novel, Catherine takes off three nights from caring for Frederic at the hospital, and when she returns, Frederic remembers, "It was as though we met again after each of us had been away on a long journey" (111). Just as the soldiers' progress through space is expressed through the measure of time, with this formulation—the last sentence of chapter XVII—the lovers' time apart is expressed as distance apart. This metaphorical distance is akin to Stephen Kern's point about the works of Proust and Joyce, in which "travel took place in the mind as much as in the

world, and distances depended on the effect of memory, the force of emotions, and the passage of time" (218). Taken together, Hemingway in these two instances of fusion manipulates the time-space continuum, the characteristic of a fourth dimension.[9]

In an analysis of Hemingway's short stories, Meyly Chin Hagemann writes that Hemingway "expressed verbally Bergson's 'movement in time,' just as Cézanne had done it pictorially" (112). Richard Eriksen's formulation of this phenomenon demonstrates this tactic:

> In memory we move freely through time independently of the events in objective space, and in so far as space is present in the pictures and presentations of memory it is there only as a servant of our psychic movement through time. So we may say that in the physical world we move (for instance, when we are walking or writing) through space by means of time, while in the psychic world we move (in memory) through time by means of space…. Time is in the 'psyche' the dominant dimension" (51).

The three activities Eriksen uses as examples—walking, writing, and memory—are also the ones Hemingway employs in the examples of the retreat: Frederic is writing a memory of soldiers walking through the rain. For this reason, Frederic's non sequitur literary reference to "Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near" (154), and Catherine's recognition of the Marvell couplet draws attention to time's function in the novel. As further evidence of Hemingway's focus on this thematic moment, one of the discarded titles for A Farewell to Arms was "World Enough and Time" (Oldsey 15), the first line from "To His Coy Mistress," the Marvell poem from which the reference is drawn.

A fourth dimension in architecture has been commonly discussed—most prominently by Hemingway's fellow Oak Park citizen Frank Lloyd Wright—who suggested that his buildings have an added dimension in which the space outside a building "becomes a natural part of space *within* a building. All building design thus actually becomes four dimensional" (Kaufmann and Raeburn 313). By creating a space that is characterized by the intangible rather than the physical, Wright was creating at once "theatres of memory" and "theatres of prophecy," to fuse the past and future (Hayden 11). Wright's project echoes T.S. Eliot's "Burnt Norton": "Time past and time future / What might have been and what has been / Point to one end, which is always present" (Four Quartets 14). This notion of a place out of time also mimics Frederic's narrative perspective, employing the past and hinting at the future to include the added dimensions of memory and time manipulation.

Just as Wright expressed modernist sensibilities in his architecture, Hemingway made a conspicuous decision to make the protagonist of A Farewell to Arms an aspiring architect. Hemingway conveyed the senselessness of World War I by making Frederic Henry a man who more or less wandered into military service, and who is not performing a mandated, or even personally inspired duty. Catherine asks him why he joined the army and Frederic responds feebly: "I don't know… There isn't always an explanation for everything" (18). The slim amount of background information reveals that Frederic was in Italy because he wanted to be an architect.[10] Unlike other Hemingway protagonists whose vocations inform their actions, Frederic's interest in architecture does not provide obvious insight into the text. Readers have no way of inferring that the protagonist is singularly passionate about architecture. However, the disclosure of Frederic's interest in

architecture alerts the reader to Hemingway's project with the novel itself: in his creation of A Farewell to Arms, Hemingway explores the architecture of memory, his stripped version of Proust's "vast structure of recollection" (64) or Augustine's "vast mansions of memory" (Confessions X, 8, 12: 244). Frederic's passion for architecture is revealed by the method of storytelling itself.[11] The architecture of fiction accommodates the "large Mansion of Many Apartments" (143), as Keats described existence, or the elaborate "house of fiction" described by Henry James, which contains, "not one window, but a million—a number of possible windows not to be reckoned, rather; every one of which has been pierced, or is still pierceable, in its vast front, by the need of the individual vision and by the pressure of the individual will" (Portrait of a Lady 7).

Emily Dickinson also invokes the link between architecture and memory:

> Remembrance has a rear and front,—
>
> 'T is something like a house;
>
> It has a garret also
>
> For refuse and the mouse. (69)

Frederic Henry's narration also assumes a shape, with a rear guard and an Italian front; the student of architecture claims no professional achievement, except to erect the elaborate structure of the narrative we read. Linda C. Parton observes the absence of simple linearity in the novel, writing, "Henry, the student of architecture, appropriately constructs his story before our eyes in first-person narration" (358). A Farewell to Arms is a memory in a much different sense than is The Sun Also Rises. Although the action of A Farewell to Arms takes place almost a decade before The Sun Also Rises, it was written four years later: Hemingway wrote his post-war novel before his war novel. Thus,

the journalistic detail that pervades The Sun Also Rises gives way to a broader, more sweeping historical chronicle in A Farewell to Arms.

Fiction writing as a form of design or construction is synonymous with Hemingway's approach to writing. Hemingway recalls his growth as a young writer by pointing out that he was endeavoring "to make instead of describe" (AMF 156). During one of the didactic moments in Death in the Afternoon—the publication that followed A Farewell to Arms—Hemingway explains, "Prose is architecture, not interior decoration, and the Baroque is over" (191).[12] This point echoes Henry James's Preface to The Portrait of a Lady: "I would rather, I think, have too little architecture than too much—when there's danger of its interfering with my measure of the truth" (5). Were Frederic an interior decorator, therefore, it might be more inviting to scrutinize the details and ornamentation of the narrative. However, Hemingway's alliance was clearly to narrative structure, to erecting the textual edifice that would best support his artistic vision. Even in an early draft of The Sun Also Rises, Hemingway warns readers that his vision of literary architecture might differ from what the traditional reader (and his discerning mentors) might expect: "In life people are not conscious of these special moments that novelists build their whole structures on. That is most people are not. That surely has nothing to do with the story but you can not tell until you finish it because none of the significant things are going to have any literary signs marking them. You have to figure them out by yourself" (Facsimile I.51). Max Nanny argues that Hemingway's use of chiastic patterns, repetition, and symmetry in his lexicon and semantics suggests the same "constructed or architectural quality" as Cézanne (173), and sees in Hemingway's work, "a virtual prose architecture" (158). Herbert Simpson, judging the structure of A Farewell to Arms problematic, refers

to the novel as "a house of cards" (24), and finds that the "confusion in structure reflects the author's confusion of intent" (20).

The importance placed on the dimensions and architecture of memory in A Farewell to Arms emphasizes the relationship that Frederic has to his own past and the effect this relationship has on his retrospective narration. In 1931, Salvador Dalí's surreal masterwork "The Persistence of Memory" shows melting clocks on a desolate landscape, suggesting—as did Mr. Compson—the irrelevance of linear chronology to modern life and its inapplicability to the way human consciousness truly operates.[13] By concerning himself with the "persistence" of memory, Dalí clearly was not alluding to pleasant memories. "Persistence" connotes a dogged, unyielding force that, even when temporarily repelled, returns unbidden. In Daniel L. Schacter's recent study The Seven Sins of Memory, he lists "persistence" as a major problem affecting the way we remember and are able to incorporate the past into consciousness. Schacter includes "disappointment, regret, failure, sadness, and trauma" as the "primary territory of persistence" (162). Hemingway's fiction always exists in the arena where such persistent memories are in play: Nick Adams, Jake Barnes, Richard Cantwell, Robert Jordan, Thomas Hudson, and Frederic Henry all either cope with traumatic memory of the war after the war, or cope with sadness and regret and failure during the war. "Persisting memories," Schacter writes, "are a major consequence of just about any type of traumatic experience" (174), including war. Philip Young's "wound theory" thesis, then, extends beyond the psychic trauma of unseen wounds, and affects matters of consciousness and cognitive functioning.

The famous first sentence of A Farewell to Arms reads, "In the late summer of *that year* we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains" (3, emphasis added). When Frederic begins his retrospective narrative by specifying "that year," he signals his intention to embark on a distant and specific memory. It may be "the… summer," "a house," "a village," "the river," "the plain," and "the mountains," but "*that* year" chooses one particular moment in time. By introducing his narrative in this fashion, the narrator denotes the process of selection when conjuring up a past experience that is the responsibility of any storyteller, and the role of any individual consciousness in calling forth an intentional memory.

By pinpointing the year 1915 as significant in his past, the narrator introduces a novel in which the artistic canvas will be his own autobiographical memory. Although the Italian Army's clash with the Austro-Hungarian forces, the ramifications of Frederic's desertion of the army, and Catherine Barkley's health form the three external tensions, the understated or unstated psychological tension rests in the inherent unpleasantness of the memories that the narrator chooses to recount, causing Frederic to negotiate and at times reject the nature of his own memory. As Forrest D. Robinson points out, "When we speak of the protagonist Frederick [sic] Henry, we must realize that we usually refer to a former self portrayed in a past-tense action by a present self—the narrator" (13). James Nagel writes that the love story must be viewed in the context of a memory, that "Catherine Barkley exists in the novel only in the memory of Frederic Henry, only in the reflections of a man who came to love her, who lost her, and who grieves and assesses his behaviour a decade after she has died" (173). Ben Stoltzfus writes more

provocatively, if reductively: "A Farewell to Arms is the story of a young man who narrates certain events" (109).

Unlike Jake Barnes, who might be recounting incidents from the weekend before, Frederic's memory manipulates time, and time manipulates Frederic's memory, so that events are seen through the lenses of telescopes, binoculars, and microscopes, depending on the aspect of his life that Frederic chooses to impart. The narration utilizes what Flaubert called "the lengthening of perspective which memory gives to things" (85). As in Flaubert, when Harry, the protagonist of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" laments his inability to write all he wants before he dies, he realizes, "There wasn't time, of course, although it seemed as though it telescoped so that you might put it all into one paragraph if you could get it right" (SS 68).

Autobiographical memory describes "the capacity of people to recollect their own lives" (Baddeley 26), a term that can also be simply defined as "memory for information related to the self" (Brewer 26). If Proust is the master at mining autobiographical memory for literary purposes, A Farewell to Arms might also be productively examined as a search for lost time, although the styles that convey these memories are famously disparate.[14] Frederic relates to memory in a far different—at times opposing—manner than does Proust's Marcel. Rather than lavishing in the free introspective exploration of his memory, Frederic is uneasy of surrendering his consciousness to a chaotic, unfettered investigation of the past.[15] His reluctance complicates the story he is trying to tell.

A Farewell to Arms is constructed as an extended autobiographical memory from the first sentence, but we must examine the novel in its manuscript stage to appreciate Hemingway's most explicit analysis of the phenomenon of human memory. In so doing,

he provides a valuable key to the narrator's attitude, and unfolds a central theme in the collective consciousness of the Hemingway hero in all its incarnations.

In Chapter Seventeen of the novel's manuscript—which takes place following the operation on his leg—Frederic offers the following meditation:

> Nothing that you learn by sensation remains if you lose the sensation. There is no memory of pain if there is no pain. Sometimes pain goes and you can not remember it from the moment before but only have a dread of it again. When love is gone you can not remember it but only remember things that happen and places. There is no memory of love if there is no love. All these things, however, return in the dark. In the dark, love returns when it is gone, pain comes again and danger that has passed returns. Death comes in the dark.[16] (qtd. in Grebstein 213)

In this fascinating rumination, Frederic reveals the kind of antagonism towards thought and introspection that is a hallmark of the Hemingway hero. However, Frederic's surface criticism and scorn for thought and memory must be read carefully; it is by Hemingway's consistent denial of its importance that he betrays his understanding of its centrality in the intellectual life of human beings, even his characters who are famously men of action.

Frederic's thesis on memory appears at first glance to be nonsense. The gap in logic marring Frederic's argument is no less than a rejection of memory itself. To suggest that without an equivalent present sensory experience, there is no attendant memory, or that the present lack of pain or love eliminates the memory of pain or love, is essentially to undo the way memory works. In Saint Augustine's Confessions, one of the earliest statements on memory, a description of a functional memory offers virtually a point-by-point refutation of Frederic's stance:

> The same memory contains also records emotions previously experienced in the mind, not in the same way as the mind experienced them at the time, but in the mode proper to the power of memory. I remember having been happy, without feeling happy now; I recall my past sadness but feel no sadness in so doing; I remember having been afraid once, but am not frightened as I remember; I summon the memory of how I once wanted something, but without wanting it today. (X, 13, 20: 250)

Augustine draws the distinction between recalling something and reliving it. If one needed to relive something in order to conjure up an experience in the past, then memory would have no utility. Memory depends not on a reimmersion into an identical sensory experience, but simply on the individual imagining and recognizing (re-cognizing) the emotions connected to the experience. Augustine supplies another useful illustration: "I can distinguish the scent of lilies from violets even though I am not actually smelling anything, and honey from grape-juice, smooth from rough, without tasting or feeling anything: I am simply passing them in review before my mind by remembering them" (X, 8, 13: 246). Augustine is describing memory the way most of us experience it: we don't need to touch an object to imagine the way it feels, since we have already experienced it and can access the stored sensation. Frederic's rumination from the manuscript overstates Bergson's point that the present circumstance informs the context of the memory. "The memory-image itself," Bergson writes, "if it remained pure memory, would be ineffectual. Virtual, this memory can only become actual by means of the perception which attracts it. Powerless, it borrows life and strength from the present sensation in which it is materialized" (Matter and Memory 127).[17] With this formulation,

Bergson is characteristically urging the practical utility of memory, the dynamic relationship between the past and the present, the way humans apply the past to shape or ease the present situation.

However, it is by protesting too much against the incessant tide of stored sensations and experiences that Frederic unwittingly provides the greatest insight into his character, and the utter sadness with which his relationship with the past is framed. Even the imagery each writer uses is indicative of their opposite stance with respect to the past: Augustine speaks of making the effort to willingly "call for" and have "brought out" and "summon" and "fetch" senses and experiences from the past. Frederic, on the other hand, does not use verbs that convey the individual's control of consciousness, but verbs that describe consciousness preying on the individual. In the manuscript excerpt, we read of death "coming" and love "returning," emotions acting by their own volition, not through the will and mental control of the individual.

Hemingway also analyzed the same phenomenon of the relationship between the memory of a sensory experience within a war-time context in his short story "A Natural History of the Dead," claiming:

> The smell of a battlefield in hot weather one cannot recall. You can remember that there was such a smell, but nothing ever happens to you to bring it back. It is unlike the smell of a regiment, which may come to you suddenly while riding in the street car and you will look across and see the man who has brought it to you. But the other thing is gone as completely as when you have been in love; you remember things that happened, but the sensation cannot be recalled.[18] (SS 443-44)

As snidely as the distinction is articulated in this excerpt, in each example the narrator suggests that in order to retrieve a sensation from the past, you must experience a similar sensation in the present. This either speaks to the unmatchable profundity of the original experience, or the inadequacy of human memory. These faulty sensory recollections of war suggest the presence of a dissociative element. In Hemingway's less urgent settings, an odor can freely be recalled; the narrator in Green Hills of Africa reports, even while smelling the other scents around the camp (roasting meat, the smoke of the fire, Hemingway's boots, another person), "I could remember the odor of the kudu as he lay in the woods" (239).[19] During a relaxing moment in For Whom the Bell Tolls, also, Robert Jordan identifies the "odor of nostalgia" (260), the scent of fresh pine bringing him back to his Montana boyhood.

However, through the enormity of the power of the wartime experience, memory distorts. When William James's defines memory as an "*object in the past… to which the emotion of belief adheres*" (I.652, emphasis in original), there is no mention of fact or truth or reality. Memory—even of an object—becomes a subjective phenomenon, particular to an individual consciousness. As Hemingway himself acknowledged, "Memory, of course, is never true" (DIA 100).

By suggesting that no emotion remains, and that no memory exists of what has come before, Frederic reveals the unconscious posttraumatic coping mechanism of dissociation, in which an individual's errant memory allows him not simply to be removed from his past, but ultimately to be divorced from his own identity, his very self. William James prizes memory as providing "the principle *unity* of consciousness" (297, emphasis in original) and fostering "the consciousness of personal sameness" (331).

"Where the resemblance and the continuity are no longer felt," James writes, "the sense of personal identity goes too" (335). Augustine claims that through memory, "I come to meet myself" (Confessions X, 8, 14: 246). Memory is the principal component by which an individual forms a distinct sense of self. In Garry Wills's commentary of Augustine's Confessions, he remarks, "Without memory we would have no sense of our own identity… To wake with no memory of who one is, what one has done, what one's relations to others are, is to be denuded of one's very nature, since that depends on maintaining a continuity with one's former actions" (Memory 11-12). Wills's description of Augustine's autobiographical testimony also aptly describes Frederic's motivation, which is to detach himself from his painful past, to deny the overwhelming force of memory by believing that his unpleasant experiences did not exist. Frederic, by rejecting the memory, rejects the experience, and by rejecting the past experience and denying continuity, he breaches his own identity, jettisoning the painful aspects of his former self.[20]

The psychologist Elizabeth Waites discusses dissociation as a "subversion of memory" (146), and identifies it as a common reaction to a traumatic situation such as Frederic's. Waites writes, "Most psychologists who specialize in the study of trauma view dissociation rather than repression as the typical dynamic in posttraumatic memory loss and recovery" (144). In a novel in which the turning point—Frederic being blown up—depicts the hero floating out of himself, literally having an out-of-body experience, it seems as if his imperfect memory has perpetuated this phenomenon, where he has come back, but not all the way. One of the central elements of dissociation is "depersonalization," described as "a sense of being disconnected from one's body"

(McNally 172). Waites sheds further light on Frederic's monologue on memory from the manuscript. She remarks that the emotions forgotten in a dissociative reaction may be "altogether lost to recall until reactivated" (145), which explains why Frederic's claim that, to him, memories of his emotions are lost are more than just obstinate declarations. The memories of this period of Frederic's life may indeed be depersonalized and dissociated to the extent that he is not able to recall them with the "warmth and intimacy" that characterizes an autobiographical memory (W. James, Principles I.223, et passim).[21]

As horrifying as most would regard the idea of waking up with no tie to one's past, for Frederic this separation is the one state that provides a semblance of stability; it offers an existence where sensations corresponding to the death of Catherine and their baby, the death of his friends, the man he killed, his own traumatic injury, and the sum of his other brutal war experiences might abate, and allow him a vacuum in which to cope with current perceptions and sensations, without memory acting as a sniper that unpredictably—in Bergson's phrase—"imports the past into the present" (Matter and Memory 73).

The denial or avoidance of memory in Chapter Seventeen of the manuscript of A Farewell to Arms is merely a more explicit articulation of the denial or distrust of thought that appears in so many other Hemingway texts, such as "Big Two-Hearted River," as Nick Adams "felt he had left it all behind, the need for thinking, the need to write, other needs" (SS 210). Nick finds a geographical location that affords him the solitude where he is less susceptible to the trauma of past experience, the swamp of his mind that represents his "tragic adventure" (SS 231). Implicit in Frederic's stance against memory, however, is the inescapable truth that we are reading his memory. The basis of

retrospective narration is an imaginative investigation of the past through memory. Frank Budgen once asked James Joyce about his theory of imagination. Joyce, Budgen reports, "brushed it aside with the assertion that imagination was memory" (187). As delicious as Joyce's pithy comeback is, it may be more accurate that the reverse is true. Joyce's aphorism implies that in order to write, the artistic mind must summon up past experiences, emotions, and perceptions to create anew. This axiom is not altogether original, of course, since the ancient muses were linked to memory long before Ulysses was written (or even The Odyssey). However, when examining the function of memory, modern psychology, led by William James, is careful to distinguish between the idea of memory as a tangible object embedded in the person's brain, as opposed to an idea conjured up by the powers of imagination, that the person believes to be real, an experience to have occurred in actuality. James is positing an individual's role in creating his own autobiography through memory, which is to say the power of his own imagination. This notion is most memorably rendered in fiction in Faulkner's Light in August, the sixth chapter of which opens with the salvo, "Memory believes before knowing remembers" (119).[22] A corollary in Hemingway's own work appears in a conversation between Santiago and Manolin in The Old Man and the Sea:

> "How old was I when you first took me in a boat?"
>
> "Five and you nearly were killed when I brought the fish in too green and he nearly tore the boat to pieces. Can you remember?"
>
> "I can remember the tail slapping and banging and the thwart breaking and the noise of the clubbing. I can remember you throwing me into the bow where the

wet coiled lines were and feeling the whole boat shiver and the noise of you clubbing him like chopping a tree down and the sweet blood smell all over me."

"Can you really remember that or did I just tell it to you?"

"I remember everything from when we first went together." (11-12)

When Santiago asks the boy if he can *really* remember it, he is in effect asking him: is this an experience that you can recall through your own autobiographical memory, or does the "emotion of belief" adhere to this image in your mind because I have retold the story so many times? Although Manolin insists that this is out of a page of his autobiographical memory, Santiago teases the boy that the story belongs to the boy's *biographical* memory, of which the old man himself has been perhaps the principal author.[23] Paul Ricoeur comments on such occurrences, remarking that the "constant danger of confusing remembering and imagining, resulting from memories becoming images in this way, affects the goal of faithfulness corresponding to the truth claim of memory" (Memory, History, Forgetting 7).

"Warmth and intimacy," used by James to describe an individual's recognition that something recalled in memory belongs to his personal consciousness, is an emotion that Frederic is desperately trying to avoid, whether he believes it is possible or not. Although he is bound to tell his narrative as best he can, by his flights of denial Frederic wishes to rid himself of the "emotion of belief" that the tragedies of his war experiences are actually his. The emotion is unpleasant. James references this aspect of conscious suppression or unconscious repression by quoting Théodule Ribot: "Oblivion, except in certain cases, is thus no malady of memory, but a condition of its health and its life" (I.681).[24] In The Psychopathology of Everyday Life, Freud writes that "*forgetting in all*

cases is proved to be founded on a motive of displeasure" (79, emphasis in original). The motivation is for the benefit of the organism, for its ease in existence, moving forward.

In an early passage, Frederic concludes a reverie that describes his leave from the Italian Army, chronicling how he spent his time whoring, rather than more placidly visiting the priest's family in Abruzzi. In a rare break of linearity in the novel's narration, Frederic uses beautifully intricate language to contrast his selves (present and former) with the priest: "He had always known what I did not know and what, when I learned it, I was always able to forget. But I did not know it then, although I learned it later" (14).[25] Frederic uses his temporally remote perspective to plot his knowledge and memory in time, as compared to the priest's. In this meticulously crafted pair of sentences, Hemingway provides perfect symmetry: the priest *always* had known, while Frederic was *always* able to forget the same thing. The priest knew what Frederic *did not know*, and then even though he learned it and subsequently forgot it, he insists that he *did not know* at the time of the action. The phrase *I learned it* is likewise repeated in each sentence, so that the skeleton of the two sentences reveals: "… always… I did not know… I learned it… always… I did not know… I learned it…" Frederic gestures at his easy control over memory, being "always able to forget" the knowledge that the priest had, which is almost certainly intended to be a sense of the divine or holy.[26] However, Frederic's is an inexact use of the word "forget." After Frederic learns what the priest "had always known," he clearly does not forget this knowledge, but instead disregards or disobeys it in favor of his immediate gratification. As the battler in an ongoing war on memory, Frederic declares himself the victor, although it is implicit that the winner may indeed take nothing in this circumstance as well.

A second example demonstrates the way memory can be unwelcome, an unhappy function of consciousness to be mastered or overcome. As Book Three concludes, and Frederic completes his abandonment of the Italian Army, he lies on the floor of the train, cataloguing his consciousness in an acutely introspective way:

> Doctors did things to you and then it was not your body any more. The head was mine, and the inside of the belly. It was very hungry in there. I could feel it turn over on itself. The head was mine, but not to use, not to think with, only to remember and *not too much remember*.
>
> *I could remember* Catherine but I knew I would get crazy if I thought about her when I was not sure yet I would see her, so *I would not think about her, only about her a little*… Hard as the floor of the car to lie not thinking only feeling… I wished this bloody train would get to Mestre and I would eat and stop thinking. I would have to stop.[27] (231-32, emphasis added)

This passage must not be read reflexively as Hemingway's renunciation of thought or memory. The gesture is ironic: a rant against consciousness told in a lush stream-of-consciousness technique.[28] Likewise, Frederic's position that his head should be reduced to the proverbial hat rack, and should not be a tool of introspection or retrospection—in his ungrammatical rendering, "not too much remember"—is immediately followed by "I could remember," emphatically leaving useless his self-exhortation. The unstated point of reminding himself that it would be best to "not too much remember" is the sheer impossibility of this challenge, particularly for someone like Frederic. If a non-introspective, non-cerebral man were lying on the train, he would not need to remind himself. Furthermore, Frederic immediately modifies his policy not to think of

Catherine, rescinding her absolute banishment from his consciousness to a softened, more realistic stance: “only about her a little.”

Third: in the novel’s most quoted passage, and its thematic centerpiece, Frederic describes his new attitude towards the war, and as he does, perpetuates the negative characterization of memory’s role in his consciousness. On his train ride to Stresa, Frederic recounts his attitude: “I had the paper but I did not read it because I did not want to read about the war. I was going to forget the war. I had made a separate peace” (243). Directly preceding Frederic’s “separate peace” declaration, he proclaims that not only will he abstain from fighting in the war, but also that he will not even remember that it exists. However, these statements must not be taken at face value. Frederic may be able to control the veracity of the first statement, but he is not in complete command of his memory simply by saying that he is. “I was going to forget the war,” is phrased as if Frederic is recalling the formulation and execution of a plan; however, the sentence is better paraphrased: “At that time, my naïve idea was that I would be able to forget the war.” Frederic’s retrospective stance conveys his new perspective gained through experience, rather than the simplistic and inaccurate, “I succeeded in forgetting the war.” It is through Frederic’s somewhat ambiguous, understated phrase that the retrospective narrator imbues his character’s sentiments with ironic meaning. Clearly, the war was not, and could not be forgotten, and Frederic (and his creator) knows all too painfully that memory does not work in such a convenient, take-it-or-leave-it fashion.

In a biographical corollary, Hemingway once expressed remorse for the anguish he caused his second wife, Pauline Pfeiffer, and his means of coping with guilt is instructive: “The wave of remembering has finally risen so that it has broken over the

jetty that I built to protect the open roadstead of my heart" (SL 737). The "jetty" to which Hemingway refers was not impregnable in everyday life, and no matter the stoic pose of his protagonists, they too must inevitably succumb to their memory.[29]

Voluntary memory consists of experiences in the past that the individual summons intentionally, as in Augustine's example. The controllable aspect of memory, however, is only one aspect of memory. Involuntary memory, on the other hand, involves associations that spring of their own volition from the past, such as the mysterious associative sensations that Proust's Marcel experiences after eating his *madeleine*. "Where did it come from?" asks Marcel. "What did it mean? How could I seize and apprehend it?" (60). Although Frederic and Marcel are both objects acted upon by involuntary memory, Marcel's tasty cake is an "exquisite pleasure" and an "all-powerful joy" (60), while for Frederic, his personal history is the nightmare from which he is trying to awake. Like Nick, Frederic can remove himself from stimulation that would tempt involuntary memory to find logical associations—Frederic does go to Switzerland in an attempt to replicate a scene of Edenic domestic bliss with Catherine—but minimizing the likelihood of memory's intrusion is the best that can be done. It is senseless to declare, "I was going to forget the war." Ultimately, that is for the war to decide. Frederic can detach himself from the war, the army, and declare peace more easily than he can ever separate himself from memory's persistence.

In these three representative excerpts from A Farewell to Arms, along with the extended passage from Chapter Seventeen of its manuscript, memory is viewed as an impediment to stability, a burden that must be shed in order to gain enjoyment or to forge a separate peace of mind. Frederic knows that he is not able to "forget" the

mystery that the priest knows, but simply to ignore it; he knows intellectually that his mind cannot stop its own relentless cognition, nor can it fend off the force of memory, but he beseeches it to leave him alone. Frederic's separate peace, like Nick Adams before him, can be declared eloquently and sincerely, but this does not mean war is to be forgotten.

At the end of Frederic's ruminations on memory in the manuscript excerpt, a qualification appears in a curious addendum: "All these things, however, return in the dark" (qtd. in Grebstein 213). The memories that have been assiduously avoided during the day cannot be repelled in the night. Georges Poulet's articulation of this moment of vulnerability in the Proust text is "the chiaroscuro wherein the consciousness is less prepared to withstand the phenomena that trouble it," often inspiring "a feeling of apprehension and even of horror" (11).[30] This theme recalls countless examples in Hemingway's work that underscore the difference in the operation of human consciousness between the daytime and the night. Hemingway's soldiers and veterans are virtually without exception afraid of the dark, usually suffering from insomnia. "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place" epitomizes this idea, evident from the title itself. In The Sun Also Rises, after Jake studies his naked body in the mirror of his armoire, he tries to go to sleep, but in the quiet night, cannot control his thoughts: "My head started to work… I lay awake thinking and my mind jumping around. Then I couldn't keep away from it… It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night it is another thing" (SAR 38, 39, 42).[31] The short story "Now I Lay Me" contains an even more devastating examination of the problem, in the portrayal of Nick's dreams of death and his wounding: "I tried never to think about it, but it had started to go since, in the

nights, just at the moment of going off to sleep, and I could only stop it by a very great effort" (SS 363). In "Big Two-Hearted River," Nick's main intention in hiking such a great distance is to tire himself out so he can fall asleep quickly, bypassing this stage of lying awake, a vulnerable target for his thoughts and memories. Before Nick falls asleep for the night, danger is narrowly avoided: "His mind was starting to work. He knew he could choke it because he was tired enough" (SS 218). Freud describes this liminal state as the most fruitful moment to analyze a patient:

> the point is to induce a state which is in some degree analogous, as regards the distribution of psychic energy (mobile attention), to the state of the mind before falling asleep – and also, of course, to the hypnotic state. On falling asleep, the "undesired urges" emerge, owing to the slackening of a certain arbitrary (and, of course, also critical) action, which is allowed to influence the trend of our ideas; we are accustomed to speak of fatigue as the reason of this slackening; the merging undesired ideas are changed into visual and auditory images. (Interpretation of Dreams 14)

Frederic's recognition of the powers of nighttime echoes Jake and Nick's experiences. His posturing about how memory does not apply since he has dissociated himself from his past leads to a significant exception: when his defenses are lowered at night. Each of the last three sentences of the manuscript excerpt from Chapter Seventeen contains the phrase "in the dark" just as "in the rain" serves as an ominous refrain in the published novel. Before Frederic is blown up, he views the nights as representing celebration and hedonism, the likes of which cannot be enjoyed in the daytime. Of his explanation to the priest: "I tried to tell about the night and the difference between the night and the day

and how the night was better unless the day was very clean and cold and I could not tell it; as I cannot tell it now. But if you have had it you know" (13). After his traumatic wound, however, his opinion changes dramatically. Frederic candidly tells the priest that although he does not love God, he fears God "in the night sometimes" (72). Later, he tells Count Greffi that he is only "*Croyant*" at night (261), and that his religious feeling "comes only at night" (263), brought on by his fear of death.

One of the main gifts that Frederic's relationship with Catherine has given him, ultimately, is a temporary relief from the mindset of war. In another meditation, Frederic ruminates about the comfort he finds in the nighttime when he is with Catherine:

> I know that the night is not the same as the day; that all things are different, that the things of the night cannot be explained in the day, because they do not then exist, and the night can be a dreadful time for lonely people once their loneliness has started. But with Catherine there was almost no difference in the night except that it was an even better time. (249)

The deleted manuscript passage, then, remains a crucial piece of information for understanding Frederic Henry as a character, as well as his relationship with his past self through memory. When he is happy, in love, and together with Catherine, frightening images or bad memories do not lurk in the dark to prevent him from a peaceful sleep. However, the fear of God, pain, danger, lost love, and death return in the dark when he does not have the comfort and protective company of the woman he loves.

The antagonistic feature of memory belies the reductive critical view of memory in Hemingway's work and life as being equivalent to nostalgia. In a 1980 call-to-arms previewing the future of Hemingway studies, Michael Reynolds implored, "Let us here

declare a moratorium on nostalgia" ("Unexplored Territory" 201). Describing one of his most maliciously-created female characters, Hemingway's preface to his play The Fifth Column explains, "There is a girl in it named Dorothy but her name might also have been Nostalgia" (vi). The moniker is not meant as a compliment. In Islands in the Stream, Thomas Hudson observes: "*Nostalgia hecha hombre*, he thought in Spanish. People did not know that you died of it" (233). The notion that nostalgia "makes a man" is further evidence of the danger of allowing the past to interfere with the urgent necessities of the present situation. As Stephen L. Tanner phrases it, "Nostalgia can be a pleasant balm for Hemingway's wounded characters and a way of restoring their balance and confidence, but it must not distract from the task at hand" (83). Hudson enjoys the pleasant balm of nostalgia while indulging in a gin and tonic with lime and Angostura, a drink that provides a "pleasantly bitter" taste,[32] much like the memory it induces: "it reminded him of Tanga, Mombasa, and Lamu and all that coast and he had a sudden nostalgia for Africa. Here he was, settled on the island, when he could as well be in Africa. Hell, he thought, I can always go there. You have to make it inside of yourself wherever you are. You are doing all right at that here" (21).[33]

Tony Tanner calls A Moveable Feast "an exercise in nostalgia" (Rev. of AMF 477), just as Faith Norris links Hemingway's memoirs to the "nostalgic passages" in Proust's magnum opus (101). However, accompanying the indisputably nostalgic tone to A Moveable Feast is a more complex, instructive attitude towards the functioning of memory.[34] Although much of A Moveable Feast casts a surface innocence to Hemingway's Paris years, the workings of memory also transcend simple nostalgia. In the vignette "A False Spring," for example, Hemingway's first wife tells him, "Memory

is hunger" (57). If as an aphorism, that statement does not mean a great deal, the rest of the volume pursues "hunger" as a significant theme in Hemingway's life during the 1920s. Hunger implies a lack, and memory also indicates the pursuit of something lost: be it time past, abandoned love, stolen manuscripts, broken relationships, the death of innocence, or the extinction of a former a way of life. Later, Hemingway coaches himself on avoiding "hunger-thinking," in other words, hare-brained thoughts emanating from a hysterical, food-deprived mind. The equating of "memory" and "hunger" also reveals the inherent inadequacy of recollection. Hemingway's memory of Paris may be a moveable feast, but William James explains that all a man's memory can provide is "a few of the crumbs that fall from the feast" (I.276). Just as Death in the Afternoon acknowledges the unavoidable falsity of memory, James says that memory takes an object or an emotion from the past and "either makes too little or too much of it" (276).

Although memories comprise much of A Moveable Feast, there are also exquisite examples of the iceberg theory, in which secret or painful memories are withheld from the reader, activating the reader's imagination and deepening the mystery of the narration. In a seemingly inane construction, Hemingway interrupts a conversation with his friend Ernest Walsh to tell us: "I thought of Joyce and remembered many things" (126). Why not share them? Since they are obviously relevant, it would seem to behoove Hemingway to divulge these memories in detail. Hemingway's memories of Joyce are apparently so rich, so personally rewarding and pristine, that he would not waste them on a bull session with Walsh. Joyce is given more explicit memories elsewhere in the memoir, but in this case the submerged memory speaks to its value, not to be wasted during casual chatter.

Similarly, in the most powerful example of the iceberg technique that Hemingway would ever crystallize into a single sentence, he recalls the agony of realizing that his precious early manuscripts were stolen from his wife: “It was true all right and I remember what I did in the night after I let myself into the flat and found it was true” (74). Here, the memory is so unspeakably painful that he does not voice it. The writing style represses the detail because the narrator must repress the memory in order to preserve his well-being.

In 1952, the year The Old Man and the Sea was published, Dalí painted a sequel that reexamined his most famous work, which he called “The Disintegration of the Persistence of Memory.” Like Hemingway’s novella, Dalí’s landscape was now immersed in water, with a great fish at the center of it. Daniel L. Schacter joins Dalí in picking up the phenomenon of disintegration in the wake of trauma, however he points not to memory’s persistence being disintegrated, but rather the disruption of a sense of a continuous self. Survivors of hellacious firestorms, for example, “reported disturbances in their sense of orientation in time: they felt that time had stopped or that the present was no longer continuous with the past or the future” (175). Schacter’s point elucidates the same mental trap we see with Hemingway’s heroes: “Temporal disintegration in response to a trauma thus foreshadowed later troubles in people who remained stuck in the past, prisoners of persistent memories” (175). Although Frederic in theory would welcome a relief from the persistence of his own memory, he is in effect also pulling the plug on his own self, his own consciousness. Elsewhere, Hemingway relates, “although we usually tried not to think about a war when it was over it is always impossible not to think or remember sometimes” (UK 387). Memory inevitably does persist: A Farewell

to Arms is a war memory, recollected a decade or more after the events occurred. In a discarded ending to A Farewell to Arms, Hemingway writes: "It is a good thing too not to try too much to remember very fine things because if you do you wear them out and you lose them" (qtd. in Reynolds, Hemingway's First War 293). Like the awful memories that Frederic wishes he could avoid, he likewise has anxiety about even enjoying the nostalgia or happy reminiscences of the past. It is only by the gift of memory that Frederic can assemble the fractured emotions of the past to form the narrative of his life, to wage his war on memory in order to write his memory of war.

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[1] Hemingway wrote Maxwell Perkins of his literary project with Green Hills of Africa: "the person that it happens to has to be equipped to make it come true ie to realize it, so that it has all the dimensions[.] You have to make the country—not describe it" (Bruccoli, Only Thing 216).

[2] In a fragment, Hemingway elaborated on this claim: "Actually a writer is both the mine from which he must extract all the ore until the mine is ruined, the mill where the ore must be crushed and the valuable metal extracted and refined, and the artizan [sic] and artist who must work that metal into something of enduring worth. Sometimes there is no mine and the writer must make his gold by alchemy. No one believes this nor knows anything about how it is done. The writer himself does not know. All he knows is that he cannot do it often" ("Prologue" 3). In an interior monologue in Islands in the Stream, Thomas Hudson attempts to compose a line of extemporaneous poetry: "*The solvent alchemist that in a trice our leaden gold into shit transmutes*. That doesn't even scan. *Our leaden gold to shit transmutes* is better" (197). In a discarded section of Islands in the Stream, posthumously published as "The Last Good Country," absinthe triggers a creative reaction for Roger Davis: "He was feeling the warmth of the alchemist's furnace starting at the pit of his stomach" (CSS 642). In For Whom the Bell Tolls, too, absinthe is the "liquid alchemy" that affects Robert Jordan's thinking (51). Hemingway once told a journalist, "I believe that critics know very little about the alchemy of the production of literature" (Breit, "The Sun Also Rises" 1).

[3] Georges Poulet reads Proust's use of the fourth dimension as anti-Bergsonian. "Do not let us be deceived then," he writes, "by the declaration so often reported of Proust, according to which, in his novel, he had wanted to render palpable a fourth dimension, the dimension of time. For the dimension of time is, in his mind, only a dimension entirely similar to all three others, a dimension, itself also, purely spatial" (105). Poulet's explanation does not dispute that time constitutes a fourth dimension to Proust, only the manner in which Proust views time.

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[4] During Frederic and Count Greffi's conversation, they touch on the state of contemporary fiction, including a reference to Wells's Mr. Britling Sees It Through (1916): "What have you been reading?" "Nothing," I said. "I'm afraid I am very dull." "No. But you should read." "What is there written in war-time?" "There is 'Le Feu' by a Frenchman, Barbusse. There is 'Mr. Britling Sees Through It.'" "No, he doesn't." "What?" "He doesn't see through it. Those books were at the hospital." "Then you have been reading?" "Yes, but nothing any good." "I thought 'Mr. Britling' a very good study of the English middle-class soul." "I don't know about the soul." (260-61). Wells is also a target in The Torrents of Spring: "Mr. H.G. Wells, who has been visiting at our home (we're getting along in the literary game, eh, reader?) asked us the other day if perhaps our reader, that's you, reader—just think of it, H.G. Wells talking about you right in our home" (68-69).

[5] To quote the passage to which Grimes refers: "For myself, not being a bullfighter, and being much interested in suicides, the problem was one of depiction and waking in the night I tried to remember what it was that seemed just out of my remembering and that was the one thing that I had really seen and, finally, remembering all around it, I got it. When he stood up, his face white and dirty and the silk of his breeches opened from waist to knee, it was the dirtiness of the rented breeches, the dirtiness of his slit underwear and the clean, clean, unbearably clean whiteness of the thigh bone that I had seen, and it was that which was important" (DIA 20).

[6] Graves writes: "The truth seems to be that genius is capable at some primitive thought-level of thinking in the fourth and fifth dimensions. In the fourth dimension one can explore the interior of a sealed chamber without breaching its walls. In the fifth, one is no longer bound by time but can see things happening in the past and future as easily as, for instance, if seated at ease in an aeroplane flying faster than clock time, one can watch the setting sun slowly rise again above the sea-horizon. One is also, it seems capable of communing with other minds in the past, present, or future. The creative act of poetry is fifth-dimensional in the sense that a poet catches at the nucleus of a poem, a single half-remembered phrase, and works at it until every line corresponds as nearly as possible with his foreknowledge of how the completed poem would be. Creative genius in dancing or music follows much the same principles" (12).

[7] Conspicuous mathematic references appear in Across the River and Into the Trees: Cantwell determines the site of his World War I wounding "by triangulation" (26); he notices that the wind "sharpened all the outlines of buildings so that they were geometrically clear" (34); and finally, "But when the Colonel became a general officer again, as he had once been, and thought in terms that were as far beyond him as calculus is distant from a man who has only knowledge of arithmetic" (64).

[8] Rose Marie Burwell discusses a discarded moment in The Garden of Eden in which Barbara Sheldon, a painter in the manuscript version, "is able to filter out 'the picturesque for the geometry' in her painting, which is 'dry in the way that the snow is dry'" (91),

with the implied preference for the adherence to geometry. According to Lillian Ross, Hemingway admired Brueghel's "The Harvesters" because "he uses the grain geometrically, to make an emotion that is so strong that I can hardly take it" (58). In For Whom the Bell Tolls, seeing Brueghel in the Prado is compared to Chartres Cathedral and hearing Bach, i.e. the "religious experience" that one feels through the duty to the Republic (235).

[9] A similar evocation of the time-space continuum can be found in Islands in the Stream: "But the sea was only the blue beyond the far white spread of the town. It was as distant now as all things that were past and he meant to keep it that way, now that the motion was gone, until it was time to go out onto it again" (215).

[10] Another architect in Hemingway's canon is Captain Paravicini in "A Way You'll Never Be," also in Italy during World War I: "The tall one with the small mustache who was an architect and speaks English" (SS 404).

[11] Emily Stipes Watts argues that Robert Jordan "[o]bviously… is far more sophisticated in his knowledge and understanding of art than is Jake Barnes or Frederic Henry" (174). She avoids mentioning that Frederic is actually studying architecture, and his retrospective revulsion to a museum full of statues might be because after Catherine dies, their last moment "is like saying good-bye to a statue" (332). Watts does not suggest the moment of World War I at which point Frederic was expected to visit museums.

[12] In Islands in the Stream, Thomas Hudson tells the obnoxious Johnny Goodner, "You sound like a damned interior decorator" (33). In addition to tweaking Johnny's masculinity, Hudson might also be revealing his aesthetic credo as a painter.

[13] See The Sun Also Rises for an earlier example that calls into question conventions of chronological time, as Jake shows his "date" the clocks on the New York Herald building. Jake tells her, "They show the hour all over America." An apparently unimpressed Georgette responds, "Don't kid me" (23).

[14] A discussion comparing Hemingway and Proust might not be as far-fetched as it seems at first glance. In Under Kilimanjaro, the character known as G.C. or Gin Crazed says of Hemingway, "I always said he had a delicate side. It's his Proustian side. It comes out completely unexpectedly" (178). G.C. intends it as a homosexual slur, but the charge applies in a discussion of Hemingway as a writer who understood the complex workings of memory. Rose Marie Burwell reports that Hemingway also had Proustian conceits about The Dangerous Summer, "cumulative in its effect, and eliminating detail would destroy it" (187). Burwell posits that Hemingway's four posthumous books (i.e. Islands in the Stream, A Moveable Feast, the African book [Under Kilimanjaro], and The Garden of Eden) were "at times consciously modeled on Proust's Remembrance of Things Past" (1). Michael Reynolds, referring to three of the books that Burwell analyzes (not the African book), concurs that he was "guided, if guided at all, by Proust's Remembrance of Things Past, a work to which Ernest referred repeatedly in the postwar period" (Final

Years 257). See Faith G. Norris's article linking A Moveable Feast to Proust's novel: "One of the major themes of both works is identical – that time is an ever-flowing substance which, once gone, will never return. And both men state, or imply, that the only way one can stop the ravages affected by time is memory sought deliberately or called back by unconscious association" (100). In 1938, precipitating a vehement dismissal of To Have and Have Not, Delmore Schwartz declared Hemingway to be unconcerned with "sensibility and time (as in Proust and Virginia Woolf)," concluding that among canonical writers, Hemingway bears the most striking resemblance to Jane Austen ("Literary Situation" 245). V.S. Pritchett's discussion of Proust and Hemingway equates Hemingway to "action" and Proust to "thought": "Compared with a character in Proust, for example, the Hemingway man seems, on the contrary, to be, above all, a 'doer.' He does not ruminate about the past; he lives in the present. He is essentially unreflective, non-sedentary, without judgment... He is a man on his own who can only act. He cannot think or reflect or understand his position" (275). Carl Eby notes that in the manuscript of The Garden of Eden, Catherine reads Proust's Sodom and Gomorrah. In his Freudian reading, Eby believes Proust's presence is important: "not only for the allusion to sodomy, not only because Proust shares Hemingway's interest in male and female homosexuality, not only for the weight Proust gives to loss and the impermanence of love, but also for what it suggests about the importance of involuntary unconscious memories (both David and Hemingway's) in the genesis of The Garden of Eden (165). See also Ben Stoltzfus's article, "The Stones of Venice, Time, and Remembrance: Calculus and Proust in Across the River and Into the Trees" The Hemingway Review 23.1 (2003): 127-36.

[15] The traditional English title of Proust's novel Remembrance of Things Past is an ironic counterpoint to Ecclesiastes 1:11: "There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after." Hemingway took the title of The Sun Also Rises from Eccles. 1:3. In a 1926 letter to Maxwell Perkins, Hemingway wrote of The Sun Also Rises that "the point of the book to me was that the earth abideth forever," which draws from Eccles. 1:4 (SL 229). The epigraph Hemingway ultimately used to counteract Gertrude Stein's charge of a "lost generation" is Eccles. 1:4-7. Hemingway also considered titling the novel Rivers to the Sea, from Eccles. 1:7 and Two Lie Together, from Eccles. 4:11 (Facsimile II.629). Hemingway, in the manuscript of A Moveable Feast, wrote that "rightly or wrongly all remembrance of things past is fiction" (qtd. in Burwell 188). The hymn that bothers Nick Adams in "Three Shots," the excised beginning of "Indian Camp" is "Some day the silver cord will break" (NAS 14), an allusion to Eccles. 12:6, "before the silver cord is snapped, or the golden bowl is broken, or the pitcher is broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern." In a letter to F. Scott Fitzgerald, confessing of his struggle to find a title for his second book of stories, Hemingway writes, "I could get no title, Fitz, run through Ecclesiastes though I did… Well Fitz, I looked all through that bible, it was in very fine print and stumbling on that great book Ecclesiastes, read it aloud to all who would listen. Soon I was alone and began cursing the bloody bible because there were no titles in it – although I found the source of practically every good title you ever heard of" (SL 260). When Hemingway's third wife, Martha Gellhorn was searching for a title for her 1944

novel Liana, Hemingway wrote Maxwell Perkins: "So many people have robbed the Bible that nobody minds that and I think we ought to start Marty digging into Ecclesiastes or Proverbs where there are still very valuable properties buried" (SL 547-48). A verse from Ecclesiastes was read at Hemingway's funeral (Lynn 592).

[16] The manuscript first read, "Nothing that you learn by sensation is of any value" but "remains" would replace "is of any value" (JFK 64). For an amusing, ironic counterpoint, see James Joyce's Ulysses, in which Buck Mulligan, in scrambling to deny that he offended Stephen Dedalus, begs a stricter form of memory: "I don't remember anything. I remember only ideas and sensations" (1.192-93). Mary Antin's immigrant memoir The Promised Land seconds Hemingway's stance on strictly empirical knowledge: "It seems to me I do not know a single thing that I did not learn, more or less directly, through the corporal senses. As long as I have my body, I need not despair of salvation" (118). In an excised portion of The Garden of Eden, Hemingway writes, "If you live by the senses you will die by them and if you live by your invention and your head you die by that too. All that is left entire in you is your ability to write and that gets better" (qtd. in Burwell 119). A more optimistic view of learning to remember (as opposed to learning to forget), comes in a Hemingway's 1935 Esquire essay: "When you have loved three things all your life, from the earliest you can remember: to fish, to shoot and, later, to read; and when, all your life, the necessity to write has been your master, you learn to remember and, when you think back you remember more fishing and shooting and reading than anything else and that is a pleasure" (BL 187).

[17] Bergson also spoke of the reciprocal phenomenon, that "Pure memories, as they become actual, tend to bring about, within the body, all the corresponding sensations" (Matter and Memory 130).

[18] This ninety-one word passage is repeated verbatim in Death in the Afternoon (138).

[19] The "punch line" of Green Hills of Africa, in fact, is that the entire book is framed as a memory. The last paragraph is metatextual: "I can remember him [Mr. J.P.]… I'll write you a piece some time and put him in" (295). In A Moveable Feast, too, Hemingway as a protagonist promises Georges the bar chief of F. Scott Fitzgerald, "I am going to write something about him in a book that I will write about the early days in Paris. I promised myself that I would write it" (193).

[20] This theme is repeated in For Whom the Bell Tolls, speaking of Robert Jordan: "once you got rid of your own self, the always ridding of self that you had to do in war. Where there could be no self. Where yourself is only to be lost" (447). David Bourne's wartime experience is similar: "nobody knows about himself when he is really involved. Yourself isn't worth considering. It would be shameful at the time" (GOE 184).

[21] Stephen Dedalus, regretting the debt that he has incurred in the past, considers avoiding repayment on the technicality that his former self is responsible: "Wait. Five months. Molecules all change. I am other I now" (Ulysses 9.205). However, he soon

acknowledges the truth: "But I, entelechy, form of forms, am I by memory because under everchanging forms" (9.208-09).

[22] In The Garden of Eden, Hemingway offers a convoluted restatement of that idea, giving it a creative accent: "And you must always remember the things you believed because if you know them they will be there in the writing and you won't betray them" (166).

[23] In Faulkner's "The Bear," the narrator, referring to Ike McCaslin's mental development, refers to "memory from the long time before it even became his memory" (GDM 198). Likewise, Ike "would never be able to distinguish certainly between what he had seen and what had been told him" (278).

[24] James is quoting from Ribot's Les maladies de la memoire. Paris: Librairie Germer Balliere, 1881. The English translation is: The Diseases of Memory. Trans. J. Fitzgerald. New York: Fitzgerald, 1883.

[25] An observation in Pilar's embedded narrative in For Whom the Bell Tolls is phrased similarly: "But then we did not know this. But in the next days we were to learn. But that night we did not know what was to come" (126). In The Garden of Eden, the narrator locates an erroneous conclusion David Bourne makes about his father: "He believed this, wrongly of course since he did not know then how one's capacities can change, nor how the other could change, and it was a comfortable belief" (148-49). Likewise, in To Have and Have Not: "Mrs. Bradley collected writers as well as their books but Richard Gordon did not know this yet" (150). See also "A Train Trip": "I suppose every patch of hardwood with the leaves turning looks alike but when you see a beech woods from the train it does not make you happy; it only makes you want the woods where you live. But I did not know that then" (CSS 561).

[26] In The Garden of Eden, David Bourne "had his father's ability to forget" (147). In Hemingway's manuscript fragment on the war, entitled "A Story to Skip: A Badly Organized Story of No Importance," he writes: "A broken heart means that never can you remember and not to be able to remember is very different from forgetting" (qtd. in Scafella 78-79).

[27] This passage is a haunting echo of a 1908 letter from Hemingway's mother to his father: "Try to forget all about us while you are on board ship and rest the worry place in your brain. Just make a business of eating and sleeping and forgetting" (qtd. in Reynolds, Young Hemingway 83).

[28] This moment illustrates a quibble even generally favorable critics had of A Farewell to Arms: Hemingway supporter Lewis Galantière remarked, "Now and then there is a line of gibberish, of unfortunate Joyce or bad Stein" (141). T.S. Mathews writing in New Republic also mentions "that bare and unliterary style (unliterary except for echoes of

Sherwood Anderson and Gertrude Stein)" (121), and finds in one scene "a Gertrude Stein lapse" (123).

[29] Cf. A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man: "How foolish his aim had been! He had tried to build a breakwater of order and elegance against the sordid tide of life without him and to dam up, by rules of conduct and active interests and new filial relations, the powerful recurrence of the tides within him. Useless. From without as from within the water had flowed over his barriers: their tides began once more to jostle fiercely above the crumbled mole" (98).

[30] Cf. Ulysses: "There are sins or (let us call them as the world calls them) evil memories which are hidden away by man in the darkest places of the heart but they abide there and wait. He may suffer their memory to grow dim, let them be as though they had not been and all but persuade himself that they were not, at least were otherwise. Yet a chance word will call them forth suddenly and they will rise up to confront him in the most various circumstances, a vision or a dream, or while timbrel and harp soothe his senses or amid the cool silver tranquility of evening or at the feast, at midnight, when he is now filled with wine" (14.1344-52).

[31] In For Whom the Bell Tolls, Robert Jordan tells himself, "It was a night plan and it's morning now. Night plans aren't any good in the morning. The way you think at night is no good in the morning" (386). In 1935, Hemingway wrote Fitzgerald: "Non sleeping is a hell of a damned thing too. Have been haveing [sic] a big dose of it now lately too. No matter what time I go to sleep wake and hear the clock strike either one or two then lie wide awake and hear three, four and five. But since I have stopped giving a good goddamn about anything in the past it doesn't bother much and I just lie there and keep perfectly still and rest through it and you seem to get almost as much repose as though you slept" (SL 428).

[32] See also The Sun Also Rises, when Jake's absinthe (like the fiesta itself) was "pleasantly bitter" (226).

[33] The memory of a taste is described in the harrowing "A Way You'll Never Be," as somebody mentions ether, of which Nick Adams responds: "'I can taste that still,' Nick remembered suddenly and completely" (SS 406).

[34] In a 1933 letter to Maxwell Perkins, Hemingway wrote, "I'm going to write damned good memoirs when I write them because I'm jealous of no one, have a rat trap memory and the documents" (SL 396).

Chapter Four: "The Stream With No Visible Flow": Islands in the Stream and Hemingway's Thought-Action Dichotomy

> "For man's everyday needs, it would have been quite enough to have the ordinary human consciousness… It would have been quite enough, for instance, to have the consciousness by which all so-called direct persons and men of action live."
>
> Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Notes From the Underground (4)

> "Well, you marry the one with the most money. Over here, the way they're brought up, they'll all make you a good wife."
>
> "I'll think about it."
>
> "Don't think about it, Signor Tenente. Do it."
>
> "All right."
>
> "Now I Lay Me" (SS 370)

In 1936, as Hemingway was composing To Have and Have Not, he received an admiring letter from fellow Scribner's author Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Her letter wondered how Hemingway was able to balance his internal conflict "between the sportsman and the artist" (Reynolds, The 1930s 238).[1] Hemingway replied that he received "great inner pleasure and almost complete satisfaction" from hunting and fishing, and that writing brought him "the same pleasure" (SL 449). One year earlier, in a letter to a critic, Hemingway acknowledged, "A life of action is much easier to me than writing. I have greater facility for action than for writing. In action I do not worry any

more. Once it is bad enough you get a sort of elation[2] because there is nothing you can do except what you are doing and you have no responsibility" (SL 419).

This apparent conflict—between a man of action and a man of thought—not only defined Hemingway's public persona, but also comprised the essence of his texts. Nick Adams and David Bourne are fiction writers that went to war as young men; Frederic Henry is a student of architecture that went to war; Robert Jordan is a Spanish teacher and writer that went to war; Thomas Hudson is a painter of seascapes that went to war; Harry in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" is a writer that pursued dangerous game in Africa. However, the phrase "thought-action" in the title of this chapter is intentionally reductive, and what seems a clear dichotomy is a false choice; rather than two separate and distinguishable entities, the tension in Hemingway's fiction emerges when these two powerful impulses operate dysfunctionally, with one compromising or even crippling the other.

Leon Edel referred to Hemingway's fiction as "sufficiently adolescent… It is a world," he continues, "of superficial action and almost wholly without reflection—such reflection as there is tends to be on a rather crude and simplified level" ("Art of Evasion" 170). Michael F. Moloney concludes of Hemingway's corpus, "His heroes are men of action rather than thinkers" (188). This reductive view stems in large part from the positing of two disparate archetypes, the one focused only on killing, drinking, fishing, carousing, brawling, and mindless activity, as opposed to the caricature of the feeble intellectual confined to his cork-lined bedroom. As the French anarchist Pierre-Joseph Proudhon wrote, "of all systems of education the most absurd is that which separates intelligence from activity, and divides man into two impossible entities, theorizer and

automaton" (Flaubert 197). Henri Bergson draws the distinction between these two polar existences, elucidating the practical differences between them:

> To live only in the present, to respond to stimulus by the immediate reaction which prolongs it, is the mark of the lower animals: the man who proceeds in this way is the man of *impulse*. But he who lives in the past for the mere pleasure of living there, and in whom recollections emerge into the light of consciousness without any advantage for the present situation, is hardly better fitted for action: here we have no man of impulse, but a *dreamer*. (Matter and Memory 153, emphasis in original)

Bergson's quote echoes William James's chapter on "Habit": "There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed" (Principles I.125). Although Bergson and James introduce these states as polar and hypothetical, the importance of these points is their attention to the psychological dimension to action and the physical practicalities of psychology. As we have seen in the previous chapter's discussion of the complexity of the memory of war, the physical activity in Hemingway's fiction is only remarkable for the corresponding internal reaction of the character. Bergson emphasizes the memories that a person brings to the current situation, informing it, allowing him to act in a way that is specifically his own. In a review of To Have and Have Not, Delmore Schwartz points to Hemingway's obsession with experiences of naked sensation, as opposed to "a more complex human experience" (245). Bernard DeVoto's review makes similarly disparaging claims:

> So far none of Ernest Hemingway's characters has had any more consciousness than a jaguar. They are physiological systems organized around abdomens, suprarenal glands, and genitals. They are sacs of basic instinct. Their cerebrums have highly developed motor areas but are elsewhere atrophied or vestigial. Their speech is rudimentary, they have no capacity for analytical or reflective thought, they have no beliefs, no moral concepts, no ideas. Living on an instinctual level, they have no complexities of personality, emotion, or experience. (223)

As in the withering putdown from Faulkner's Nobel Prize acceptance speech, Hemingway tends to be associated with prose "not of the heart but of the glands" (Essays 120). Wyndham Lewis refers to Hemingway in a piece entitled "The Dumb Ox: A Study of Ernest Hemingway" as "the Noble Savage of Rousseau, but a white version, the simple American man," presenting "almost purely an art of action" (188). The Hemingway hero, Lewis continues, "is a dull-witted, bovine, monosyllabic simpleton," a "lethargic and stuttering dummy" (196). Therefore, even in 1937—following the publication of all of Hemingway's major short stories, as well as The Sun Also Rises and A Farewell to Arms—his characters were still routinely referred to in terms of animals, savages, subhumans, or idiots.

The distinction that must be made between these characterizations of Hemingway and the more complex world that exists in the text comprises the difference between what neuroscientist Antonio Damasio calls "core consciousness" as opposed to "extended consciousness," the animal, sensory awareness as well as the more self-reflective, abstract ruminations of the mind. It would be foolish to suggest that the works of Hemingway present the typical protagonist purely as an intellectual. As Brian Way begins

his article on the topic, "To speak of Hemingway as an intellectual is to risk a calculated, even a provocative gesture" (151). Way proceeds by defining Hemingway's genius as being expressed through his art, rather than intellectualized in exposition or through big ideas.[3] Robert Evans finds that Hemingway's attitude over his career amounts to a position "in which mind and imagination are deprecated and the qualities of animal courage and endurance… are extolled" (162). Evans's essay analyzes the "fear and distrust of thought which is at the core of Hemingway's anti-intellectualism" (173). However, Hemingway's work constitutes a revolution in the fictional investigation of modern consciousness, not an avoidance of it. Hemingway's focus on action incorporates consciousness into an external situation, and does not ignore it or fail to understand it.

From Hemingway's childhood, the figures he idolized all struck a swaggering balance between action and thought. Michael Reynolds points out, "From his youthful admiration for Teddy Roosevelt, Hemingway developed his need for both the active and the contemplative life, neither satisfying without the other" (Final Years 33). Elsewhere, Reynolds expands on this idea: "From d'Annunzio,[4] [sic] T.E. Lawrence of Arabia and Lord Byron, Hemingway gradually developed a public role for the writer in his time: a physical, passionate, active life balanced against the contemplative life while actually writing" (Young Hemingway 211). Reynolds also observes, "On the one hand, he desperately wanted to be a writer of fiction, living on his earned income. However, the contemplative role of writer did not satisfy a deeply embedded need in Hemingway to be a man of action" (Paris Years 25). Reynolds finds that throughout Hemingway's life, his "contemplative life and his active life are jammed together so tightly that only minutes separate them" (The 1930s 48). Denis Brian sees this tension as ultimately a destructive

one for Hemingway: "He was not the first man of action to take to the pen," Brian writes. "Walter Raleigh, Teddy Roosevelt, Gabriele D'Annunzio, Rudyard Kipling, and T.E. Lawrence among others led the way. But they never denied or belittled their interest in literature. The secret core of fear and rejection stirred by the traumas of his early life was the wellspring of much of his writing" (320). Brian's conclusion is psychoanalytic speculation; far from denials, Hemingway made innumerable comments about literature. Those who fail to see the literary, cerebral side to Hemingway are fooled by the seductive distractions of stereotype. Reynolds traces an internal tension to Hemingway's life that is identical to the tension between thought and action that takes place within every Hemingway text; the successful efforts like For Whom the Bell Tolls, and the inferior examples such as To Have and Have Not and Islands in the Stream.

Dostoyevsky's Underground Man anticipates the anguish of the Hemingway hero: consciousness gets in the way; it becomes a burden from which the protagonist suffers as the thoughtful man must perform an action, the "surplus thinking," in Erik Nakjavani's phrase ("Nonthinking" 178).[5] Hemingway's most vehement detractors perpetuate a stereotype and contrive a problem where none exists. The notion that a scene must have either thought or action is almost childish in its conception, sophomoric criticism that taxonomizes films or novels as being either "character-driven" or "plot-driven." In his New York Edition Preface to The Portrait of a Lady, Henry James lauds his own scripting of Isabel Archer's drawing-room vigil in Chapter 42 as "obviously the best thing in the book" (15). James intended to fuse thought and action in the scene, claiming that the vigil "throws the action further forward than twenty 'incidents' might have done. It was designed to have all the vivacity of incident and all the economy of picture" (14).

William James begins The Principles of Psychology by defining Psychology as being concerned with "(1) *thoughts and feelings*, and (2) *a physical world* in time and space with which they coexist and which (3) *they know*" (vi, emphasis in original). Stuart Hampshire's study Thought and Action picks up on James's definition, striving to reconcile the incessant stream of human thought with the immediate, external contingencies facing an individual. The significance of this framework rests in the fusion of human beings' consciousness with real-life situations. A satisfactory psychological novel must include all three elements that James enumerates: the thoughts and feelings of an individual; the external situation; and the relationship of one to the other. In his Preface to The Princess Casamassima, Henry James explains, "the figures in any picture, the agents in any drama are interesting only in proportion as they feel their respective situations; since the consciousness, on their part, of the complication exhibited forms for us their link of connexion with it" (Art of the Novel 62). The Preface continues with an analysis of this aim of literature, stating, "What a man thinks and what he feels are the history and character of what he does; on all of which things the logic of intensity rests" (66), an aphorism used by Leon Edel in his landmark study The Psychological Novel: 1900-1950.

A novel of heightened action does not disqualify itself from being categorized as a novel of consciousness. In fact, action—even urgent and dangerous action—is required to determine the character's psychological response to the external world in which he finds himself. Although this strain runs through the entirety of Hemingway's work, it is illustrative to examine the thought-action dichotomy in one of Hemingway's minor, less artful novels, the posthumous Islands in the Stream. Although this novel has justifiably

been uncelebrated, the raw presentation of consciousness during the action of the narrative is suggestive of Hemingway's similar efforts in his more successful texts. By comparing Hemingway's presentation of thought within action, and action within thought in Islands in the Stream to its rendering in For Whom the Bell Tolls, we are able to understand the failure by examining where he succeeded.

Hemingway's most successful novels are also his most straightforward. Although The Sun Also Rises and A Farewell to Arms contain subtle temporal manipulations, they are retrospective narratives told from a single point of view, first-person narrators that remind most readers of Hemingway himself. A major decision that Hemingway made when editing The Sun Also Rises was to present the action chronologically, rather than by using the *in medias res* technique with which the manuscript opens. For Whom the Bell Tolls and The Old Man and the Sea are each compressed into three days of action and told from a third-person perspective. The scope of For Whom the Bell Tolls allows it to take more adventurous turns, with the omniscient eye of the narrator occasionally abandoning Robert Jordan for extended periods of time, notably for the novel's two most spectacular moments: Pilar's embedded narrative recounting the massacre of the fascists, and El Sordo's final battle on the hillside. Readers are also permitted to see—without the focalization of the protagonist—Andres's fruitless errand to military headquarters, which demonstrates the Republic's chaotically disorganized bureaucracy. Another embedded narrative recounts the brutal rape of Maria from her own perspective, heightening Jordan's emotional investment in the mission. When Hemingway is praised as an experimental storyteller in the modernist tradition, critics almost unanimously point to In

Our Time as the best example, the stories and interchapters comprising, to D.H. Lawrence and others, a "fragmentary novel" itself (93).

Along with To Have and Have Not—essentially its companion novel—Islands in the Stream most closely replicates the fragmented modernist structure that makes In Our Time so innovative. Although Hemingway never achieved in a novel the level of technical experimentation that distinguished his volume of early stories, his two minor Gulf Stream novels examine several characters from various perspectives, using temporal shifts and disruptions of setting to an extent unseen in his other novels. Ultimately, the result of these techniques is in the eye of the beholder. His detractors describe these works as haphazard, unfinished, and scattered, rather than fragmented and suggestive. On the other hand, Robert E. Fleming, one of Islands in the Stream's most prominent supporters, claims that had Hemingway lived to complete the novel, he would have "transcended the conventional nineteenth-century structure that marks his published novels" ("Hemingway's Late Fiction" 140). Although Islands in the Stream falls short of Hemingway's most convincing work, it remains a crucial text in his effort to represent consciousness through more ambitious narrative techniques.

In the film version of Islands in the Stream, an early scene shows the artist-protagonist Thomas Hudson (portrayed by Hemingway-in-winter look-a-like George C. Scott) welding a metal sculpture. Although Hemingway would surely have balked at the transformation of his naturalist painter of maritime scenes into a contemporary sculptor with a blowtorch, the image mimics his own in the writing of the narrative. Hemingway referred to his task of unifying the disparate parts of his "sea novel" as "a welding job" (qtd. in Ricks 17). Linda Wagner-Martin concludes that the ambiguity of Hemingway's

authorial intentions required the editors of Islands in the Stream "to weld the three sections comprising the novel into a coherent structure" (218). Hemingway, speculates Michael Reynolds, might have learned this modernist notion of literary fusion from noticing how Joyce "had used his massive story, 'The Dead,' to weld the Dubliners' themes together," inspiring Hemingway to conclude In Our Time with "Big Two-Hearted River" (Paris Years 202). Just as Joyce named his alter ego after Daedalus, the craftsman of the gods, a character who claims he will "forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race" (Portrait 253), Hemingway often compared the artistic process to construction, handiwork, and craftsmanship.

If the italicized interchapters of In Our Time are jarring enough to cast a shadow of ominous violence over the narratives themselves, creating a kind of textual subconscious, for most critics, in Islands in the Stream the seams still show, yielding a confused, frustrating text. "Nothing," Christopher Ricks judged of the components of Islands in the Stream, "could ever have welded these together—they desperately don't fit, which is both why Hemingway had to write the book and why he didn't publish it. The fissures can't even be leaped, let alone welded. Part III is At Sea and so is the book" (18). To Jeffrey Meyers, it is a "tripartite novel of maritime violence that fails to achieve artistic unity" (444-45). Jonathan Yardley refers to it as "almost a working draft," a "clearly unfinished three-part novel" (25), just as Arthur Waldhorn describes the three parts "only vaguely related in time or place, rather like fixed islands in a discontinuous stream of memory" (201). In reviewing the book's publication in 1970, one newspaper's headline declared: "Hemingway 'Novel' Has Three Unrelated Parts" (Ferguson 6). Peter Messent deems it "in many ways a hotch-potch of a novel" (82). "At best," concludes Susan M. Seitz's

study of the Islands in the Stream manuscripts, "it is a series of loosely connected novellas" (146).

To Have and Have Not, likewise, was "the attempt to dove-tail and arc-weld two disparate plots" (Baker, Writer as Artist 216), cobbled together out of two short stories—"One Trip Across" and "The Tradesman's Return"[6]—to form a novel that is clunky at best. Messent remarks that To Have and Have Not has "a patchwork quality to it which perhaps betrays its origin as a series of short stories" (64). Just as the two short stories were published independently, a deleted section of the manuscript of Islands in the Stream was subsequently published under the title "The Strange Country" in The Complete Short Stories: The Finca Vigía Edition, attesting to the novel's persistently episodic quality and its reliance on the set piece. Islands in the Stream is an extreme case that resembles a matryoshka doll: a three-part novel that itself was intended to be a part of a four-part opus, Hemingway's never completed Land, Sea, and Air trilogy, which was to focus on World War II, and for which The Old Man and the Sea would have served as an epilogue. Hemingway explained at the time that, "This book about the sea could be broken up into four books and each one of them published separately…. That is the way the book works…. But I plan the complete book, in one volume, to consist of parts one, two, three and four" (SL 730-31).

If Joyce was Hemingway's modernist exemplar in employing the cinematic technique of shifting perspective, Ulysses serves as an explicit touchstone both in To Have and Have Not and Islands in the Stream. Reynolds claims that for Islands in the Stream, Hemingway drew inspiration from "Homer, Proust, James Joyce" (Final Years 137). It is no surprise that Joyce would be a reference point to Hemingway; upon arriving in Paris,

Hemingway "read all of Joyce" (Reynolds, Paris Years 13), and was already pronouncing Ulysses "a most god-damn wonderful book" in a 1922 letter to Sherwood Anderson (SL 62). To Ezra Pound, Hemingway judged it "a fine book" (SL 93). In 1927, Hemingway signed a petition (along with Albert Einstein, André Gide, Havelock Ellis, Virginia Woolf, W.B. Yeats, and H.G. Wells, among many others) against the pirating of Joyce's novel by the nefarious Samuel Roth; the petition was published in the New York Herald Tribune in 1927 (Bruccoli, Mechanism 10). Hemingway told John Dos Passos that "Bloom and Mrs. Bloom saved Joyce" (SL 354), preferring the characters he presumed more distant to Joyce than his alter ego Stephen Dedalus. This argument echoes Nick Adams's review of Ulysses, revealed in "On Writing":

> That was the weakness of Joyce. Daedalus [sic] in Ulysses was Joyce himself, so he was terrible. Joyce was so damn romantic and intellectual about him. He'd made Bloom up. Bloom was wonderful. He'd made Mrs. Bloom up. She was the greatest in the world. (NAS 238)

In the above passage, Nick anticipates arguments that would be leveled more accurately and with greater vehemence against Hemingway for, among other works, Islands in the Stream. Although Reynolds claims that Hemingway read all of Joyce, all we can be sure of is that he owned all of Joyce. According to Noel Riley Fitch, Hemingway's personal copy of Ulysses was uncut except "the pages of the first half and the last portion" (121), which includes Molly's soliloquy.

For the purposes of To Have and Have Not and Islands in the Stream, knowledge of Molly's soliloquy is enough to recognize Joyce's influence and presence in the texts. Just as Chapter Seven of For Whom the Bell Tolls ends with Maria in the throes of passion à

la Molly—"'Yes,' she said almost fiercely. 'Yes. Yes. Yes.'" (73)—To Have and Have Not explores the feminine consciousness in two extended interior monologues in ways not featured in any of Hemingway's other work. Marie Morgan and Dorothy Hollins are given, like Molly, direct treatment of their consciousness, not merely the feminine consciousness refracted through their male counterparts, as with Margot Macomber and Lady Brett Ashley. During one of Islands in the Stream's departures into reverie about Thomas Hudson's Paris days, Joyce is referenced as one of his best friends, as well as an intimate friend of his eldest son, young Tom. During this extended dialogue, in which Joyce is referred to as "Mr. Joyce" some thirty-four times, the last chapter of Ulysses gains further prominence in the Hemingway text. "A nude by papa would be nothing like that chapter by Mr. Joyce" (75), his son says. Hudson later refers back to the Molly soliloquy, alluding to "the secret Mr. Joyce knew all about in that last chapter" (76). The characters in Islands in the Stream show the same reverence for Joyce that Hemingway shows in A Moveable Feast.

Wyndham Lewis wrote that Hemingway's "muse is married to Action" and that he bought into the twentieth-century "veneration for action, and for men of action" (Rude Assignment 35). This common view of Hemingway's prose simplifies and diminishes an inherent complexity that defines the tension of even his minor works. In actuality, there is a kind of triangulation between Hemingway's muse, action, and thought, an interplay of the active hero in thought, and the thinking hero in action. This nuanced formula works most powerfully in For Whom the Bell Tolls, in which a consciousness under pressure must restrict its full rein in order to fulfill an external, physical duty. A dialogue between

Robert Jordan and Pilar underscores the importance Hemingway placed on the thought-action dichotomy. Pilar opens the exchange by asking Jordan if he has any fears:

"Not to die," he said truly.

"But other fears?"

"Only of not doing my duty as I should."

"Not of capture, as the other [Kashkin, the deceased previous dynamiter] had?"

"No," he said truly. "Fearing that, one would be so preoccupied as to be useless."

"You are a very cold boy."

"No," he said. "I do not think so."

"No. In the head you are very cold."

"It is that I am very preoccupied with my work."

"But you do not like the things of life?"

"Yes. Very much. But not to interfere with my work."

"You like to drink, I know. I have seen."

"Yes. Very much. But not to interfere with my work."

"And women?"

"I like them very much, but I have not given them much importance."

"You do not care for them?"

"Yes. But I have not found one that moved me as they say they should move you."

"I think you lie."

"Maybe a little." (91)

This excerpt presents Jordan as a creature of either subhuman emotion or superhuman discipline, apparently unfazed by worldly things such as wine, women, and mortal trepidation. However, Pilar's knowing interrogation soon gets to the truth, that there is indeed a person beneath the dutiful soldier, a lover or thinker or sentient being within the focused man of action. As Erik Nakjavani points out: "as a man of action, or as a *guerillero*, it is required of Robert Jordan to suspend from time to time the flow of thinking, or what may be called surplus thinking, so that he can redirect it and refocus it" ("Nonthinking" 178). Jordan, after all, tells the journalist Karkov (more wishfully than accurately), "My mind is in suspension until we win the war" (245). The dialogue between Pilar and Jordan exemplifies the critical debate in interpreting the Hemingway hero through the decades: is the typical Hemingway protagonist an unemotional, stoical brute, or has the crisis of the present fictional situation forced him to compromise aspects of his normal behavior and the scope of his consciousness?[7]

Rose Marie Burwell posits that with For Whom the Bell Tolls, Hemingway had become more explicit in his presentation of the interiority of his characters. She cites Hemingway's letter to Maxwell Perkins about a crucial lesson from his experiences in World War II: "You see it is all done with people, not just weapons, nor logistics, but always people – and I'm finally getting so I know about people a little" (54). This observation is evidenced in For Whom the Bell Tolls when Jordan retains his individuality, despite his devotion as a soldier: "He was serving in a war and he gave absolute loyalty and as complete a performance as he could give while he was serving. But nobody owned his mind, nor his faculties for seeing and hearing, and if he were

going to form judgments he would form them afterwards" (136). As Burwell puts it, "the iceberg theory had begun to dissolve with the interiority of Robert Jordan" (54).

In To Have and Have Not, a clear precursor to Islands in the Stream, the rumrunner Harry Morgan and the writer Richard Gordon are the two central male characters. Within these two characters exist the twin efforts of Hemingway's prose, the danger and tension of physical activity, and the creative impulse of rumination that lends itself to imaginative art. Robert E. Gajdusek observes of To Have and Have Not that "there seem to be shared relations between Richard Gordon, who looms large in the novel, and Harry – between the writer and the man of action" ("Sacrifice and Redemption" 98). In Geneviève Hily-Mane's investigation of the manuscripts of To Have and Have Not, she observes that in an earlier version, the painter Thomas Bradley represented "a foreshadowing… of the Thomas Hudson of Islands in the Stream" ("Manuscripts of THHN" 144).

Hemingway was fond of linking the Gulf Stream with the stream of consciousness. Joseph DeFalco writes that in To Have and Have Not, "the stream image is one of the controlling figures in the narratives" (41). The most epic, evocative sentence Hemingway ever wrote appears in Green Hills of Africa, and centers on the magical eternal quality of the stream.[8] Thomas Hudson explains the character of a stream: "A river can be treacherous and cruel and kind and friendly. A stream can be completely friendly and you can trust it all your life if you do not abuse it. But the ocean always has to lie to you before she does it" (IITS 358).

In discussing Hemingway's efforts in conveying thought within action, and action within thought, it is notable that the critical outcry against the Gulf Stream novels found this balance so poorly handled. Reading To Have and Have Not, Edmund Wilson

objected to Harry Morgan, because, he writes, "the hero is like a wooden-headed Punch" (qtd. in Knott 27). Louis Kronenberger concluded of Hemingway, "as a thinking being he has still a very great deal to learn" (440). Arthur Waldhorn found that the novel suffered from "lame thinking" (153). Hemingway's pre-emptive response to criticisms of his own failure of intelligence was to accuse his critics of the same shortcoming. During the composition of To Have and Have Not, he wrote, "I would rather have one setting down by an intelligent enemy who knows you than all the blurry minded, fuzzy brained shit we produce in this country and call criticism" (SL 432). A complimentary F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote Hemingway three years after its publication that To Have and Have Not contained "paragraphs and pages that are right up with Dostoiefski in their undeflected intensity" (Life in Letters 470).

James Nagel points to the modernist strain in To Have and Have Not, citing its emphasis on "how little any one perspective reveals of the full complexity of the events" and "the ironic implication of knowledge" (qtd. in Knott 33). Despite a negative evaluation of the novel, Carlos Baker allows that the "establishment of multiple perspective" is "distinctly worth noticing" (Writer as Artist 216). Baker refers to Hemingway's "virtuosity of narrative technique" in the novel (221), itself a generous phrase. Wirt Williams identifies Hemingway's narration as being "both from outside and inside consciousness" (119). In her analysis of the manuscripts of the novel, Geneviève Hily-Mane observes, "Hemingway has shown himself to be very much aware of the advantages and disadvantages of both the first and third person narrative techniques" ("Point of View" 37). In a novel that brazenly courts a comparison with Ulysses, such praise of multiplicity of perspective must be placed into proper context. For Baker to

describe the novel's virtuosity in the flexibility of focalization is excessive when compared to Joyce's masterpiece, with which Hemingway seems to want to do battle.[9] Representing the majority of critics, E.M. Halliday calls To Have and Have Not "fragmentary and incoherent" (214), arguing that, "the point of view flips back and forth so capriciously that the reader suffers from a kind of vertigo of the imagination" (212).

The importance of consciousness in Islands in the Stream can be intuited from the title itself: although Thomas Hudson's eventual goal is ostensibly to hunt Nazis in his Q-boat, his entire life is structured to provide himself shelter from the stream of his own thoughts, memories, and emotions. Haunted by his failed marriages (particularly his first one), and his three absent sons (initially in the custody of their mothers, then dead), Hudson arranges his life in various ways to protect himself from the force of his own consciousness, leading to a limited, lonely life spent in constant internal struggle. Only contriving external battles can relieve him of his internal anguish. Once the tragedies and loneliness of Hudson's life are established, beginning with "Cuba," the second of three parts, mental strategies to decrease sorrow become the norm. As Wirt Williams notes, invoking Dante, Virgil and Sartre, "the dominant key is the hell that his consciousness now represents, compounded of his griefs and agonies; the home key is his effort to endure them, to survive his journey through hell and still maintain meaning and responsibility" (211).

Hemingway's career-long project of representing protagonists who for various reasons were forced to "not think" about things forms the thematic centerpiece for Islands in the Stream. An exasperated Christopher Ricks asked, "was there ever a book so obsessively about not thinking about things?" (18). Erik Nakjavani refers to Hudson's

efforts to avoid thinking about his problems as "ceaseless" ("Nonthinking" 180). Unlike "Big Two-Hearted River," in which Nick Adams chooses *not* to act recklessly, to maintain better his scheme of controlling his thoughts and memories, Hudson chooses a path of adventure and high-stakes adventure to replace the need for introspection.[10] Such a charge is quite damning to Hemingway, because it reduces "At Sea" into a self-indulgent curiosity, and minimizes the hunting of Nazis to Hudson's vain exercise of occupying himself so he does not have to withstand unpleasant thoughts. This point represents the ultimate weakness of Islands in the Stream, and renders the third part of the novel as a juvenile exercise in wish fulfillment, much like the nonsensical, "Rover boy action" scenes in Hemingway's Spanish Civil War play, The Fifth Column (Young 102). Upon its publication, one review derided the action in the "Cuba" section as being "not very far removed from the Hardy Boys and Tom Swift in intellectual content" (qtd. in Anderson 326). Irving Howe claimed that the action "could thrill five-year olds" (122). Even Arnold Gingrich, Hemingway's own publisher at Esquire, refers disparagingly to the "Rover Boys chase at the end of the book" (12).

In trying to steer clear of thoughts of his happier past as well as his failed marriages and memories of his dead children, Hudson employs four strategies to erase unwanted thoughts: work/duty; habit; consuming alcohol; not-thinking. In the first part, "Bimini," Hudson the artist immerses himself in work to avoid introspection or rumination, disciplining himself to paint every morning, even forgoing time spent with his visiting children. Hudson, with the elaboration of the more knowing narrator, describes ways to combat the unwelcome emotions that sad memories bring:

> He thought that on the ship he could come to some terms with his sorrow, not knowing, yet, that there are no terms to be made with sorrow. It can be cured by death and it can be blunted or anesthetized by various things. Time is supposed to cure it, too. But if it is cured by anything less than death, the chances are that it was not true sorrow.
>
> One of the things that blunts it temporarily through blunting everything else is drinking and another thing that can keep the mind away from it is work. Thomas Hudson knew about both of these remedies. (195)

This investigation comes at the end of the first section, during which, it is described, "Thomas Hudson kept on painting." Hudson cannot even look at his children, although he "was having a difficult time staying in the carapace of work that he had built for his protection… he knew he must keep on working now or he would lose the security he had built for himself with work…. Work, he told himself" (188). Just as it demeans the later mission in World War II if Hudson is captaining a Q-boat merely to block out bad memories, it trivializes Hudson as an artist if the motivation for his productivity and prolific discipline is less inspiration and his creative muse than the need for busywork, a time-consuming shield from thoughts about his ex-wives, his sons, and the misfortunes of his life. Hudson's painting takes the place of Nick Adams's coffee in "Big Two-Hearted River" or the imaginary streams of "Now I Lay Me," something to concentrate on that will distract from the pressing problems of his life. Robert E. Fleming observes: "At times it seems that Hudson has taken refuse in art because his relationships with people have disappointed him; he seems actively to crave isolation" ("Hemingway's Late Fiction" 133). As the novel opens, readers are told that Hudson "had exorcized guilt with

work insofar as he could… He had been able to replace almost everything except the children with work and the steady normal working life he had built on the island" (13). Even this description warns the reader that the solution is far from ideal: "insofar as he could" and "almost everything except" indicate that there are weaknesses to the practice of thought avoidance through disciplined labor.

In Hemingway's other writings, such as A Moveable Feast, art is described as a true calling, with other people impeding the protagonist from its successful production. While attempting to write in the cafés of Paris, intruders constantly distract Hemingway from his goal of writing. Zelda Fitzgerald is portrayed as an even more invidious figure, smiling when she knows her husband will be too drunk or too distracted to write. Hemingway recalls that Fitzgerald attempted to interrupt him, and that "drunk, he took almost as much pleasure interfering with my work as Zelda did interfering with his" (184). From Harry's bitter perspective in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro": "The people he knew now were all much more comfortable when he did not work" (SS 59). Hemingway always bemoaned intrusions, saying once, "You can write any time people will leave you alone and not interrupt you. Or rather you can if you will be ruthless enough about it" (Plimpton 23-24). One way in which Robert Cohn is shown to be a socially graceless outsider in The Sun Also Rises is by cluelessly intruding on Jake Barnes's workday as a journalist, eventually falling asleep to the clacking of the typewriter while Jake hammers out dispatches. Likewise, in the manuscript of The Sun Also Rises, Jake is only able to fulfill his ambition of writing a novel after he removes himself from the distractions of the fiesta and his cadre of friends. Hudson, to the contrary, uses his art to distract from his life.

Although "work" in Part One and "duty" in Parts Two and Three are roughly interchangeable, it falls to Bobby, the owner of a local bar, to convince Hudson to take a break from work: "You work too much as it is. You got a duty to yourself, Tom. Your one and only life. You can't just paint all the time" (150). By reminding Hudson of his obligation to himself, Bobby shades "duty" with a different connotation; although "duty" to his profession and his government become the carapaces under which Hudson both operates and hides, Bobby is encouraging him to be dutiful to true inspiration, and to his emotional needs.

As critics have outlined, the "work" that Hudson the artist does in "Bimini" is more plausible than the "duty" that Hudson the renegade soldier is seen performing "At Sea." One of Hemingway's clumsy missteps with respect to this book rests in his blurring the two words "work" and "duty," leaving a muddy impression of the protagonist's motivation and passions. Therefore, when Hudson tells Willie, "I don't think about anything except work" (353), he is talking about hunting Nazis, rather than creating Winslow Homeresque seascapes, as in the former connotation. Instead of an invigorating fragmentation that suggests complexity of character, the execution is careless, so that a painter's military adventure in the high seas falls anywhere from irrelevant to comical. One critic throws her hands up in defeat, unable to wrest meaning from Hudson's action: "What he is doing is done through some sense of Duty, but his heart is not really in it" (Hughes 47). Therefore, when Michael Reynolds pithily dubs the dramatic trajectory of Islands in the Stream as Hudson's "redemption by duty performed" (Final Years 257), it is unclear what redeeming qualities he discerns in a duty seemingly without qualities, except danger.

One moment of interior monologue provides an essential explication of the merits of duty, the allure of work, and the distinction between the two concepts.

> He had been thinking so long in their heads that he was tired of it. I am really tired finally, he thought. Well, I know what I have to do, so it is simple. Duty is a wonderful thing. I do not know what I would have done without duty since young Tom died. You could have painted, he told himself. Or you could have done something useful. Maybe, he thought. Duty is simpler. (401)

Hudson, here, is disclosing what should be a profound revelation: his acceptance for the mission is principally as a distraction from the memories that haunt him. The simplicity of duty allows him to thrust himself into action to shield himself from thought. Hudson would not even characterize his actions as "useful." Richard B. Hovey responds to Hudson's above confession by remarking, "Such sentiments externalize and then, in effect, would abolish the inward self" (251). In Edmund Wilson's derisive (and somewhat obtuse) summary: "You are never allowed to know exactly what has happened in Thomas Hudson's past. He is always admonishing himself that he must not allow himself to think about it, so in order to avoid this he orders a drink. The reader clearly sees the drink but not the memory that is being stifled… the experiences that have been pushed out of sight are continually rising into consciousness; but not even here… are we told exactly what they are. In order to keep them out of his consciousness, Thomas Hudson takes another drink or plunges into his program of action" ("An Effort" 60-61).

A point-by-point refutation of Wilson is unnecessary:[11] it is clear enough that Hudson is mourning the loss of his children and the failure of his marriages. It is still clearer that Hemingway's iceberg theory prohibits an explicitly detailed disclosure of painful

memories if the protagonist in question would be actively suppressing them. Would Wilson lodge a similar complaint against "Big Two-Hearted River" or The Sun Also Rises? Wilson's larger point, however, remains salient; if Hudson's "program of action" is a tool to salvage a brutalized consciousness, what does that say about his stance on World War II, and, furthermore, what can we deduce from Hemingway's own adventures, similar to those in which Hudson participated? After Pearl Harbor, Hemingway informed Maxwell Perkins that if he became involved in World War II, "it would only be in order to get material for a novel" (qtd. in Burwell 53). Hemingway's son confirms this claim, recalling, "Papa was all things – sportsman, father, hunter, soldier – in order to give him experiences for his writing" ("My Papa, Papa" 264). As John Aldridge wrote of Hemingway, during the writing of Islands in the Stream, "he appeared to be almost frantically seeking distraction and taking advantage of any excuse, however trivial, to avoid full commitment to the big novel" (550-51). It is difficult to characterize Hemingway as avoiding "full commitment" to a novel on which he wrote a prodigious amount of material, regardless of subsequent evaluations of its quality.[12] However tempting it is to accept Aldridge's theory, the reality is more complex, and infinitely sadder. Hudson first paints to avoid thinking and then hunts Nazis to avoid thinking, and Hemingway's own life mirrored that of his fictional alter ego. Indeed, Hemingway claimed in a 1950 letter that the reason he was writing was to avoid thinking, much as Hudson paints to do the same (C. Baker, Writer as Artist 380).

Attempting to divine motivation for Hudson is a critical exercise that damns Hemingway by its necessity. If there is no moral imperative to hunt German sailors, then Hudson as a man of action falls short of Robert Jordan's heroics, who believes that the

future of mankind rests on the successful execution of his mission. To Jordan, the bridge he must blow up "can be the point on which the future of the human race can turn" (FWBT 43). When Jordan tells Pablo, "I come only for my duty… and I can promise you of its importance" (15), the mission comprising the action of the novel carries a level of gravity and authenticity entirely absent from Islands in the Stream.[13]

Hudson cannot even be aligned with the disillusioned attitude of Nick Adams, Jake Barnes, or Frederic Henry, who are seen questioning, belittling, or abrogating their duties, and the ignorant, inane orders of their superiors, the clueless masters of war. Hudson's mission is so gratuitous and ill defined that he floats meaninglessly through instances of life and death, where the outcome of "the cause" and the outcome of our hero are fraught with vagueness, but no tension. As Burwell observes of Hemingway's editing of the enormous manuscript: "The aesthetic necessity in these revisions, never quite achieved, was to provide motivation for Thomas Hudson's actions in 'Cuba' and 'At Sea'" (58). John Updike pinpoints this same deficiency: the aim of Hudson's mission, he writes, "was not demanded from above but invented and propelled from within" (489). Malcolm Cowley concurs, comparing where Hemingway went wrong with where he went right: "The sea chase of the final episode," Cowley writes, "should be the best sequence of all, and in fact it demands comparison with the dynamiting of the bridge in For Whom the Bell Tolls, but it loses by the demand. Hudson's grim sense of duty and implicit death wish seem pale when placed beside Robert Jordan's tangle of fierce emotions" ("A Double Life" 106). Likewise, Joseph DeFalco distinguishes between Hemingway's novel and Moby-Dick, writing, "The difference between the pair is that Ahab's quest is

conscious and obsessive, while Hudson's rests limply upon the mechanism of duty and orders and does not originate from intense inner drives" (49).

These negative views suggest a plot contrivance, a life-or-death endeavor that seems to carry no authentic emotional weight for the protagonist. Ricks even disparages Hudson's sense of duty as "bankrupt… truncated and impoverished" (19). In one of the novel's more sodden moments, Hudson comes to a similar conclusion, that he ultimately has no deep moral investment in the mission. "Then why don't you care anything about anything? he asked himself" (344). Earlier in the same meditation, he outlines some of the mission's benefits: "Well, it keeps your mind off things. What things? There aren't any things any more. Oh yes, there are" (344).

As with all of Hemingway's post-war work, it is not dime-store psychoanalysis to equate his protagonist with the writer himself. In The Dangerous Summer, the African novel (Under Kilimanjaro [2005] and/or True at First Light [1999]), and A Moveable Feast, after all, Hemingway is his own protagonist. In each of the other novels, critics unanimously consider Colonel Cantwell, Santiago, and David Bourne—an epicurean soldier, a Cuban fisherman, and a writer in 1920s France, respectively—to be Hemingway's thinly-veiled alter egos. In response to Islands in the Stream, critics delighted in triangulating Hemingway with Thomas Hudson and Roger Davis, an old painter and a reputedly washed-up writer. The original draft of the novel did not divide the character of the painter and the artist as central characters; as Robert E. Fleming explains, "Hemingway split the character he initially conceived into two different creative artists. A writer in the first version of the story becomes both the writer and the

painter during Hemingway's revision of the beginning of the novel" (Face in the Mirror 105).[14]

Jonathan Yardley declared, "The central character, Thomas Hudson, a painter, is clearly to be read as Hemingway; so, to a lesser extent, is his best friend Roger Davis, a writer. Their conversations (Hemingway talking to Hemingway!) and actions are designed to reveal Hemingway in all his aspects, to create the Official Portrait" (26). Burwell finds the buddies "two manifestations of a single creative individual" (76); to Fleming, "Hudson and Roger are doubles who illustrate two visions of the modern artist: Hudson is the pure artist for whom everything is relegated to a secondary rank; Roger is the flawed artist who is more human and more vulnerable than the perfect artist" ("Hemingway's Late Fiction" 133). Fleming's characterization applies to "Bimini" more than the entirety of the novel, during which Hudson forgoes his "work" to perform his "duty." Carlos Baker also recognizes Hemingway's attempt to create the two separate characters, finding fault with its execution: "If Hemingway did in fact divide his personality to evolve the twin figures of Davis and Hudson, the Davis aspect lay too far off in time to be grasped with real conviction" (Writer as Artist 394).

Just as the twin commitments of "work" and "duty" occupy Hudson at various times, he clings to a compulsive routine of living that forms a rubric under which all of his other interests and vocations fall. His adherence to the habits he has devised is ultimately in place to combat intense loneliness. Francis E. Skipp writes, "Work and the anodyne of order and routine, as they sometimes did for Nick Adams and Jake Barnes, control the anxieties which threaten to overwhelm him" (137). This structure to Hudson's life is clearly articulated, with reference to his children:

> He had been happy before they came and for a long time he had learned how to live and do his work without ever being more lonely than he could bear; but the boys' coming had broken up all the protective routine of life he had built and now he was used to its being broken. It had been a pleasant routine of working hard; of hours for doing things; places where things were kept and well-cared for; of meals and drinks to look forward to and new books to read and many old books to reread. It was a routine where the daily paper was an event when it arrived, but where it did not come so regularly that its nonarrival was a disappointment. It had many of the inventions that lonely people use to save themselves and even achieve unloneliness with and he had made the rules and kept the customs and used them consciously and unconsciously. (97-98)

Such a meticulous scheme was present in the novel's draft, in which the first-person narrator-painter, then named Roger Davis, divulges: "I had been lonely for a long part of my life but later I had learned how not to be lonely. But in avoiding loneliness my life had taken on certain forms and habits that were protections but were almost old-maidish even though they were, on the surface, the opposite" (qtd. in Burwell 63). In the published novel, as Hudson anticipates his children going away once they end their stay in Bimini, he senses a loss of balance, and clings to the security of habit: "as he worked he felt a loneliness coming into him already. It was next week when they would leave. Work, he told himself. Get it right and keep your habits because you are going to need them" (188). In this case, the habit is not used to combat loneliness as much as it is

employed in anticipation of future loneliness, truly a portrait of deep melancholy if not depression.

Such protection can motivate unsympathetic readers to find in Hudson a caricature of the stereotypical Hemingway stoic, or a farcical incarnation of the robotic discipline Jordan purports to have at the beginning of his mission. Referring to the second and third sections of Islands in the Stream, one critic writes that Hudson's "self-discipline is that of a zombie" (Justus 117). The critic's sentiment is a familiar reaction to Hemingway's heroes who endeavor to suspend the full workings of consciousness to execute a task or to withstand past traumas. A recent essay by Joyce Carol Oates echoes this point, noting that Krebs, the beleaguered protagonist of "Soldier's Home," "is so accustomed to keeping 'sensations' at bay that he's become a kind of zombie: a prototype of a generation 'lost' to wartime experience" (36).

The health afforded by habitual behavior is a staple of psychology; problems or dangers are addressed through the attention of consciousness, and what can be consigned to habit leads to a smoother, more efficiently functioning organism. William James called human beings "bundles of habits" (Principles I.104), referring to habit as "the enormous fly-wheel of society, its most precious conservative agent" (121). Hemingway utilizes the same metaphor of the flywheel in a crucial passage in For Whom the Bell Tolls, which follows Robert Jordan's most extended interior monologue, about, among other things, his grandfather's Civil War legacy, and his own father's suicide: "You better not think at all, he told himself. Soon you will be with Maria and you won't have to think. That's the best way now that everything is worked out. When you have been concentrating so hard on something you can't stop and your brain gets to racing like a flywheel with the weight

gone. You better just not think" (340). A "flywheel with the weight gone" describes an unstable, erratic, unpredictable stream of thought, excitement that Jordan cannot afford to indulge. Jordan is inclined to shut off the power of thought, because, as he says, he is afraid that once he begins, he will not be able to control it. The habitual thinking during the unquestioning performance of duty provides the flywheel that controls consciousness. Although Hudson's explanation of this technique is rawer and less poetic than Jordan's, his attitude towards consciousness is strikingly similar.

Hudson's affinity for alcohol, and the description of the innumerable series of drinks that would make Jake Barnes seem a teetotaler, is another pronounced strategy to negotiate his relationship with his own thoughts and the past. Of sorrow, Hudson knows, "One of the things that blunts it temporarily through blunting everything else is drinking and another thing that can keep the mind away from it is work. Thomas Hudson knew about both these remedies. But he also knew the drinking would destroy the capacity for producing satisfying work and he had built his life on work for so long now that he kept that as the one thing that he must not lose" (195). Hudson's drinks, as Joseph DeFalco writes of the "Cuba" section, "represent another attempt to create an 'island' that will give him a safe place away from the dangers of time and contingency… All the totally estranged Hudson can do is hope for momentary escape into oblivion through the aesthetic [sic] of alcohol. Hudson's retreat from consciousness and headlong flight into oblivion emphasizes his lapse into total despair" (48). Hudson's strategy, then, undoes the central illumination of For Whom the Bell Tolls, which is articulated in John Donne's epigraph, stating that "No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe." In Islands in the Stream, we reach the opposite conclusion. As DeFalco suggests, alcohol for the most part in Islands

in the Stream seems to be little more than a numbing tool. “The drinks,” we read in “The Strange Country,” “drove the past away” (CSS 613).

However, the novel’s simplistic and quite monotonous stance on alcohol’s effect becomes complicated later, during a quiet moment in “At Sea.” Drinking gin and coconut water with lime, Hudson disobeys his vow not to drink, “so that he would not think of anything but work” (426). As with Robert Jordan’s mystical experience drinking absinthe, Nick Adams meditative drinking of canned apricot juice, and even Proust’s tea, Hudson realizes, “A drink always unlocked his memory that he kept locked so carefully now.” Hudson sips his drink, stares ahead into the keys and channel, and is reminded of his son as a small boy, their days trolling for tarpon. The reverie extends for several pages, linked by phrases of retrospection: “He remembered… He remembered… Then he remembered,” and so on, with the verb “to remember” repeated six times over two pages (427-28).

Although Hudson has been decidedly morose if not morbidly depressed for the balance of the trip, triggered by his drink he somewhat astoundingly asks himself, “What were the happiest times?” (429). In a quintessentially Hemingwayesque reminiscence, Hudson recalls moments in Paris and days following cycling races, in scenes that seem culled from his Paris memoirs, or perhaps The Garden of Eden. As one reaction to the “Bimini” section phrases it, “this section might easily be mistaken for a self-indulgent supplement to A Moveable Feast” (Hinz and Teunissen 32). Another remarks that it “supplements A Moveable Feast… as a last try at self-education” (Pearsall 254-55).

The man of action can only function in Hemingway’s fiction by pretending he is not a man of thought.[15] Islands in the Stream presents Hudson embodying the tension found in

all of Hemingway's work. When someone attributes internal stolidity to him, Hudson thinks:

> I wish I were as solid as Freddy Archer thinks I am…. I have certain unavoidable reactions.… I would like to be as solid as Freddy thinks instead of being human. I think you have more fun as a human being even though it is much more painful. It is goddamned painful right about now… Don't think about that either. If you don't think about it, it doesn't exist. The hell it doesn't. But that's the system I'm going on, he thought. (252)

Hudson expresses envy over a robotic, automated, subhuman consciousness during action or times of trial. As Hemingway explains in his introduction to Men at War, the ability for a soldier to suspend his imagination during action is the most important of all qualities a solider must have.[16] Hemingway goes on to say that this gift is the opposite of a writer's ability, which attests to the rarity, in his view, of good writing by good soldiers. Hudson's stance, however, denies the reality of the world, which he understands all too well. "The hell it doesn't" openly admits the failure of such a strategy. In Jake's solitary rumination about his wound, he acknowledges that despite the torturous frustration of his injury, it is a false option to erase it from the mind. Jake explains: "The Catholic Church had an awfully good way of handling all that. Good advice, anyway. Not to think about it. Oh, it was swell advice. Try and take it sometime. Try and take it" (SAR 39). The Church gives the Hemingway hero the same feeble advice as George does in the last line of "The Killers," recommending to Nick Adams that the best way to get over the idea of the forthcoming murder of his friend is: "Well… you better not think about it" (SS 289).

In Islands in the Stream, Hudson's envy of those who can suspend thought resurfaces during what is intended to be the climax, the drawn-out confrontation that leads to his death. Hemingway's failure to provide an adequate motivation for Hudson beyond parroting that he is doing his duty exposes a lack of clarity to his intentions, which Jordan revealed in his dying moments of For Whom the Bell Tolls, or even Santiago showed at the end of The Old Man and the Sea. This crucial lapse caused one critic to conclude, "Hudson confronts his death like an automaton" (Aldridge 555).

A chasm separates the resigned, resolved, stoical Jordan, and the wooden, empty response of Hudson. In Jordan's final moments, to be sure, he is aware that death is imminent, and he shares Hudson's impulse to numb the pain. He searches for his absinthe—the "giant killer"—to keep his consciousness at bay, but finds that the flask has fallen out during his acrobatic performance at the bridge (FWBT 467). To his surprise, Jordan accepts the lack of alcohol and tells himself: "You didn't need the giant killer at all" (468). Likewise, Jordan also considers adopting a Hudson-like scheme of thought avoidance, of willing a cessation of consciousness.[17] Jordan "looked at the hillside… looked at the pines, and he tried not to think at all. Then he looked at the stream and he remembered" (468). His effort to enact an unthinking gaze succumbs to the force of rich memory and contemplation; although Jordan in his role as a man of action has bravely led his band of guerrilla soldiers, he has never completely forsaken his simultaneous identity as a man of thought. Soon after Jordan's final contemplation begins, thoughts of suicide give way to the familiar self-exhortation: "Don't think about that. Don't think at all" (469).

In what must be read as a final conquest, Jordan's final moments end not as an unthinking zombie, but as a man desperate to continue cognition, evidence that justifies Erik Nakjavani's descriptions of him as "an intellectual militant" ("Nonthinking" 178) and an "intellectual hero" ("Knowledge as Power" 131). In a fierce internal dialogue,[18] Jordan repeatedly implores himself to think, thirteen times conjuring up twelve different images: his guerrilla friends being away; riding through the timber; crossing a creek; riding through the heather; going up the slope; them being O.K.; them travelling; them hiding tomorrow; "Think about them"; "God damn it, think about them" (470). Jordan struggles to think, and protests that continuing his thoughts have a limit: "*That's just as far as I can think about them, he said"* (470, emphasis in original). He responds with another series of plans to think: about Montana; or Madrid; about "a cool drink of water" (470), which he soon equates to the feeling of being dead and the phenomenon of dying. This moment of elaborate internal debate emphasizes the two-hearted cognition of the soldier, the man of thought within the man of action.

While Hudson's final reverie is a rare moment of rumination in a narrative dominated by action, the novel as Hemingway envisioned it contained more explicit interiority, including extended passages that recall For Whom the Bell Tolls. An uneventful moment in Chapter XI of the published novel is only the tip of a far more salacious iceberg that would allude to scenes in The Garden of Eden, which Hemingway was also composing as he worked through Islands in the Stream, passages that Carl P. Eby refers to as a "familiar déjà vu of perverse fantasy" (264). The thoughts that readers do not see in the published version are memories of "the girl he always thought of when he was alone" (JFK #113). In the unpublished flashback, Hudson's first wife Jan incorporates sexual games of

twinning, tanning, and the fetishization of hair that Hudson recalls in vivid detail. Hudson questions the wisdom of surrendering to this reminiscence: "Why should I think all this? he thought lying on the deck.… So think about her.… Think of her.… And do not think like that, you son of a bitch, because you still have work to do.… But think of her for fun.… Think some more about her.… Think about all the fun she could make about an un-important thing such as how you cut your hair.… I'll just think straight on with her" (JFK #113). Likewise, the discarded Chapter Twelve continues these moments of metacognition: "I might as well think about her some more…. It is fun to think about my wild girl…. I'm going to think about her some more" (JFK #113). Therefore, DeFalco's point that Hudson "practices a process of selected remembrance by suppressing the painful memories of the past and dwelling on pleasant memories only" does not even explain the half of it (46). In the manuscript version, the man of action is obsessively ruminative, and for chapters at a time indulges in fond sexual reminiscences.

Hudson's reverie does more for the Hemingway reader than simply to reference The Garden of Eden and provide grist for psychosexual readings of Hemingway; the moments removed from Islands in the Stream convey the value of thought for the Hemingway man of action. As he begins to ruminate on his rendezvous with Jan, the flashback abates and Hudson evaluates the benefit or risk to this reminiscence:

> Why do I think of all this now? he thought. To not think about other things and to be fresh and clear in the head for tomorrow. It's better than reading and more fun than what you would read and it doesn't hurt your eyes. Quit justifying, he thought, and remember some more about her…. If you remember about her and have luck you will dream about her. (JFK #112)

If "Why do I think of all this?" is Hudson's metacognition, then "Quit justifying" is meta-metacognition, an evaluation of an evaluation of a thought. This suffocating self-scrutiny indicates the care with which a Hemingway hero engages in indulging a memory, only allowing it to trickle out like precious absinthe from a flask. Hudson does not find it necessary to "choke it" as Nick did (SS 218); he has improbably found a moment where he can attain cautious enjoyment, a pleasant memory. Tellingly, Hemingway (or perhaps his fourth wife Mary, who co-edited the novel)[19] scrapped these fascinating sections where Hudson remembers the Hadley-figure, thus robbing Hudson of a significant aspect to his psychological dimension.[20]

These unpublished excerpts are replaced by a much more benign moment in the published Islands in the Stream:

> He knew there was no use thinking of the girl who had been Tom's mother nor all the things they had done and the places they had been nor how they had broken up. There was no use thinking about Tom. He had stopped that as soon as he had heard.
>
> There was no use thinking about the others. He had lost them, too, and there was no use thinking about them. He had traded in remorse for another horse that he was riding now. So lie here now and feel clean from the soap and the rain and do a good job at nonthinking. You learned to do it quite well for a while. Maybe you will go to sleep and have funny or good dreams. Just lie quiet and watch the night and don't think. (369-70)

Therefore, the posthumous editing process removes rumination, depriving critics such as Edmund Wilson from the precise memories that are only hinted at in the published text.

In the final version of the novel, as in the excerpt above, Hudson wishes for "funny or good" dreams, and does in fact doze off, dreaming of an innocent boyhood moment, riding a horse and watching a trout stream. He is awakened, and then falls asleep later in Chapter XI, dreaming of a burned cabin and the death of his buck and dog. "I guess dreams aren't the solution… You will never have good dreams anymore," Hudson concludes (370). Ultimately, as the chapter ends, "he slept without dreaming" (371). In the same moment during the unpublished manuscript, Hudson's plan for dreaming contains a distinctly more sexual element.

Beginning with the third part, "At Sea," Hudson's means of confronting the Nazi boats is not through brute force as much as by cunning and superior strategizing, fancying himself a thinking man's action hero. He knows that he carries the responsibility as the brains behind the mission: "Now I must try to think it out… You're supposed to be able to think" (326), he tells himself. As in other moments in Hemingway's work, this ideal is easier to strive for than to enact under the pressure of the situation. The narrator explains, "But he did not think" (327). Instead of "thinking" about the mission and the means for hunting down Germans, Hudson watches "the sculpture that the wind and sand had made of a piece of driftwood," a specimen beautiful enough to belong in the Salon d'Automne. Thoughts of duty/work (i.e. war) are replaced by thoughts of duty/work (i.e. art), frustrating Hudson's ability for coldly rational thought. Hudson understands that he must go back to thinking about the mission, but is still drawn to his artistic yearnings: "he did not wish to… make all the practical thinking that he must make. I will enjoy the gray wood, he thought" (327). If abstract rumination is usually suspended in deference to the

needs of the moment, here Hudson suspends pragmatic thought for a much-needed reverie, a sentimental reflection on art.

The plan of attack that Hudson devises is reduced to a simplistic formula. The second chapter in "At Sea" opens with Hudson gazing at the skyline, and the information that Hudson "had it pretty well thought out… He had tried not to think about it and to relax but it had been impossible" (327). This dubious parlance of the problems of the mission needing to "be thought out" or Hudson "thinking it out" recurs for much of the book, reducing the seriousness and complexity of the mission to a pesky math problem in a middle-school workbook. Hudson tells one of his shipmates, "I'm trying to think in their heads," to which the man responds confidently, "You can think it out, Tom" (329). This formulation, which might sympathetically be construed as realistic ship-speak, in fact trivializes the demonstration of Hemingway's understanding of thought during moments of action. The silly phrase compromises what we have seen elsewhere, in Hemingway's more successful renderings of the thought-action dichotomy. Hudson tells himself to "think it out" twice (326, 370), in addition to the instance his shipmate encourages him to "think it out" (329).[21]

Although critics have valid arguments when they decry Islands in the Stream as a sophomoric action adventure or a novel void of thinking, the more valuable reading of the novel is as a contribution to the larger project of understanding Hemingway's work: the portrayal of moments of cognition in compromised situations. While Ricks and others have criticized the book's "not-thinking," Hudson actually—like Robert Jordan and Harry Morgan—is a tactical thinker, with an eye towards action and pragmatic results.[22] The thought-action dichotomy is the tension that drives Hemingway's fiction. When

Philip Young writes: "Thought is a kind of dis-ease with the hero, and it must be cured lest it become an impediment to carrying out the actions which were implicit in Harry Morgan's dying words" (111), he is paradoxically arguing for the value of thought, its preciousness in Hemingway's soldiers and men of action. The renunciation of thought is so difficult for Hemingway's protagonists because it is so dearly prized, and the temporary quest to banish or control the stream of thought only attests to its importance.

The French philosopher Émile Boutroux contributed an ingenious manifesto that attempted to reconcile the apparent thought-action dichotomy. To Boutroux, thought attempted to consider something from all its perspectives, while action necessarily attempted to exclude all other options while fulfilling a single goal. "The end of Thought," Boutroux writes, "is truth. The aim of Action is success" (7). Boutroux's conclusion is so helpful with respect to Hemingway because he affirms that thought and action are not dissimilar, in fact, are "far from being things heterogeneous" (23). Ultimately, Boutroux sees that the link between thought and action is the presence of human emotion.

> Feeling appears as a natural link between Action and Thought. While irremediably exterior and alien to one another as long as they are considered as the sole essential faculties of human nature, Thought and Action come nearer one to another, penetrate one another, and unite intimately, the moment Feeling is introduced as a thing of eminent value in itself and as the fountain of the superior manifestations of Thought and Action. Feeling is the living medium between Action and Thought. In Feeling lie the common principles of the highest Thought and the most generous Action. (27)

In Hemingway, when thought and action are linked and manipulated with tension and a causal relationship, as in For Whom the Bell Tolls, the emotions of the protagonist resonate powerfully. As Boutroux indicates, the interrelated functions of thought and action, when portrayed shrewdly by the writer, will allow for the humanity of the protagonist to emerge without negating the plot of the narrative. In Islands in the Stream, however, action is overplayed to the exclusion of thought, or to the minimization of thought's complexity. In fact, the action of Islands in the Stream suffocates thought to the extent that Hemingway was ultimately making a thematic point by the imbalance.

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[1] "To me," Rawlings gushes, "you are pre-eminently the artist" (John F. Kennedy Library, Incoming Correspondence). Rawlings (1896-1953) is most famous for her novel The Yearling (1938).

[2] In "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," written at roughly the same point as the letter, successful hunting gives Macomber "a drunken elation" and "a feeling of definite elation" (SS 29, 31). In For Whom the Bell Tolls, the old man Anselmo contrasts his sorrow of killing a man with hunting, in which he has had "an elation and no feeling of wrong" (442). Robert Jordan, too, is described after he blows the bridge: "Now it was over he was lonely, detached and unelated and he hated every one he saw" (447). In another Spanish Civil War narrative, "Night Before Battle," the narrator recalls, "But walking down the street alone, all my elation died. Now that I was alone and there was no excitement, I knew we had been too far away and any fool could see the offensive was a failure" (CSS 438).

[3] Avoiding "big ideas" was important to Hemingway; he complained that Tolstoy's War and Peace was marred by the writer's contempt for Napolean. Hemingway writes: "I have never believed in the great Count's thinking. I wish there could have been someone in his confidence with authority to remove his heaviest and worst thinking and keep him simply inventing truly… his ponderous and Messianic thinking was no better than many other evangelical professor of history and I learned from him to distrust my own Thinking with a capital T and to try to write as truly, as straightly, as objectively and as humbly as possible" (MAW xvi-xvii).

[4] In Across the River and Into the Trees, Colonel Cantwell gives his complete impression of D'Annunzio: "writer, poet, national hero, phraser of the dialectic of Fascism, macabre egoist, aviator, commander, or rider, in the first of the fast torpedo attack boats, Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry without knowing how to command a company, nor a platoon properly, the great, lovely writer of Notturno whom we respect, and jerk" (55).

Hemingway read D'Annunzio's The Flame in Toronto in 1920, and gave it to a girlfriend as a gift (C. Baker, Life Story 69). Hemingway also composed a poem entitled "D'Annunzio" which reads in full: "Half a million dead wops / And he got a kick out of it / The son of a bitch" (CP 28). In a 1923 article for the Toronto Star, Hemingway concluded a piece called "Mussolini: Biggest Bluff in Europe" by mentioning, "A new opposition will rise, it is forming already, and it will be led by that old, bald-headed, perhaps a little insane but thoroughly sincere, divinely brave swashbuckler, Gabriele D'Annunzio" (BL 65).

[5] The notion of thinking as a gratuitous indulgence surfaces amusingly in Hemingway's never-completed "A New Slain Knight," in which the father explains: "Thinking ruins a boy. Thinking and masturbation." The boy Jimmy, unsure what masturbation means, is told, "It's something like thinking" (qtd. in Reynolds, Homecoming 149).

[6] "One Trip Across" was published in the April 1934 issue of Cosmopolitan; "The Tradesman's Return" appeared in the February 1936 Esquire. The novel was published on 15 October 1937 (C. Baker, Writer as Artist 412).

[7] For the notion of Jordan being "cold in the head," see earlier in For Whom the Bell Tolls, as he remarks about the act of dynamiting: "In this you have to have much head and be very cold in the head" (21). Jordan is forced to kill Kashkin, and his reaction is similar: "It was very strange because he had experienced absolutely no emotion about the shooting of Kashkin. He expected that at some time he might have it. But so far there had been absolutely none" (171). After a quarrel with Pablo, Jordan's "head was clear and cold from the strain of the difficulty" (60). Pilar later praises Jordan behind his back: "The boy is smart… Smart and cold. Very cold in the head" (94). Jordan tells Maria, who wants to help him: "No. What I do now I do alone and very coldly in my head" (172). As David Bourne prepares to write, "His coldness had come back as the time for working moved closer" (GOE 194).

[8] In full, the two-sentence paragraph reads: "If you serve time for society, democracy, and the other things quite young, and declining any further enlistment make yourself responsible only to yourself, you exchange the pleasant, comforting stench of comrades for something you can never feel in any other way than by yourself. That something I cannot yet define completely but the feeling comes when you write well and truly of something and know impersonally you have written in that way and those who are paid to read it and report on it do not like the subject so they say it is all a fake, yet you know its value absolutely; or when you do something which people do not consider a serious occupation and yet you know, truly, that it is as important and has always been as important as all the things that are in fashion, and when, on the sea, you are alone with it and know that this Gulf Stream you are living with, knowing, learning about, and loving, has moved, as it moves, since before man, and that it has gone by the shoreline of that long, beautiful, unhappy island since before Columbus sighted it and that the things you find out about it, and those that have always lived in it are permanent and of value because that stream will flow, as it has flowed, after the Indians, after the Spaniards, after

the British, after the Americans and after all the Cubans and all the systems of governments, the richness, the poverty, the martyrdom, the sacrifice and the venality and the cruelty are all gone as the high-piled scow of garbage, bright-colored, white-flecked, ill-smelling, now tilted on its side, spills off its load into the blue water, turning it a pale green to a depth of four or five fathoms as the load spreads across the surface, the sinkable part going down and the flotsam of palm fronds, corks, bottles, and used electric light globes, seasoned with an occasional condom or deep floating corset, the torn leaves of a student's exercise book, a well-inflated dog, the occasional rat, the no-longer-distinguished cat; all this well shepherded by the boats of the garbage pickers who pluck their prizes with long poles, as interested, as intelligent, and as accurate as historians; they have the viewpoint; the stream with no visible flow, takes five loads of this a day when things are going well in La Habana and in ten miles along the coast it is as clear and blue and unimpressed as it was ever before the tug hauled out the scow; and the palm fronds of our victories, the worn light bulbs of our discoveries and the empty condoms of our great loves float with no significance against one single, lasting thing – the stream" (148-50).

[9] Joyce always predominated Hemingway's lists of books he recommended. In one such list, he included Ulysses, Dubliners, and A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, suggesting to the young writer that he needed to know the books one "has to beat" (BL 59).

[10] Irving Howe writes of Hemingway's approach to Islands in the Stream: "precisely when he wants to strike a note of introspection he starts most to swagger" (122-23). Harry Levin observes, "introspection is not Hemingway's genre" (82). More sympathetically, Rose Marie Burwell writes, "That he was a writer whose ethos, as well has his style, seemed forged as a protection against introspection, and that his simple prose actually demanded a great deal of his readers, has never been lost upon his best critics… Hemingway had to use a narrative voice that could not evade introspection" (5).

[11] To rebut Wilson's concern about the precise thoughts and memories that Hudson buries: "But why did I ever leave Tom's mother in the first place? You'd better not think about that, he told himself. That is one thing you had better not think about" (13). Later: "He thought that he would lie down and think about nothing.… He knew there was no use thinking of the girl who had been Tom's mother nor all the things they had done and the places they had been nor how they had broken up. There was no use thinking about Tom. He had stopped that as soon as he had heard. There was no use thinking about the others. He had lost them, too, and there was no use thinking about them" (369). When someone in a bar asks Hudson if they should drink to Tom, Hudson responds, "'Shit, no.' … He could feel it all coming up; everything he had not thought about; all the grief he had put away and walled out and never even thought of on the trip nor all this morning" (257). In another vivid example, a memory of his son asking Hudson for a kitten: "'Papa, can't we have him?' asked the one of his sons, that he did not think about anymore" (206). Hemingway's middle son Patrick calls the first part of Islands in the Stream, "very much the story of an artist remembering his children" ("Islands" 13).

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[12] In a letter to Scribner on 20 July 1951, Hemingway says the book about the sea is "some 1900 to 2000 pages of Mss" (SL 730). As posthumous publications prove, Hemingway wrote an enormous amount of material for his projected magnum opus.

[13] The seriousness of Jordan's mission is explicitly put forth: "you felt that you were taking part in a crusade. That was the only word for it although it was a word that had been so worn and abused that it no longer gave its true meaning. You felt, in spite of all bureaucracy and inefficiency and party strife, something that was like the feeling you expected to have and did not have when you made your first communion. It was a feeling of consecration to a duty toward all of the oppressed of the world which would be as difficult and embarrassing to speak about as religious experience and yet it was authentic as the feeling you had when you heard Bach, or stood in Chartres Cathedral or the Cathedral at León and saw the light coming through the great windows; or when you saw Mantegna and Greco and Brueghel in the Prado. It gave you a part in something that you could believe in wholly and completely and in which you felt an absolute brotherhood with the others who were engaged in it. It was something that you had never known before but that you had experienced now and you gave such importance to it and the reasons for it that your own death seemed of complete unimportance; only a thing to be avoided because it would interfere with the performance of your duty" (FWBT 235).

[14] Fleming is also helpful on this point elsewhere: "Reading the manuscript versions of Islands in the Stream makes it clear just how closely connected the double figures Thomas Hudson and Roger Davis were in Hemingway's mind. In the earliest form of the manuscript novel, Roger is the parent of the three boys who appear as Thomas Hudson's sons in the published novel. In this draft, Hudson does not exist except as the rather bland narrator, George Davis. As the novel evolved, George became an interesting character in his own right – the painter Thomas Hudson. The surname Davis was transferred to Roger, while the three children became the offspring of Hudson" ("The Hills Remain" 85).

[15] Cf. John Galsworthy's aphorism: "A man of action, forced into a state of thought, is unhappy until he can get out of it" (16).

[16] During the urgency of battle in For Whom the Bell Tolls, Primitivo begins to tell Pilar, "'If a man has a heart and a little imagination," before Pilar interrupts: "'He should learn to control them'" (299). In "The Undefeated," the bullfighter Manuel Garcia is described enacting this suspension of imagination in order to perform: "His instincts and his knowledge worked automatically, and his brain worked slowly and in words. He knew all about bulls. He did not have to think about them. He just did the right thing. His eyes noticed things, and his body performed the necessary measures without thought. If he thought about it, he would be gone" (SS 260). This distinction between intuition and self-conscious intellect is also delineated in the epigraph to "Scott Fitzgerald" in A Moveable Feast: "*His talent was as natural as the pattern that was made by the dust on a butterfly's wings. At one time he understood it no more than the butterfly did and he did not know when it was brushed or marred. Later he became conscious of his damaged wings and of*

their construction and he learned to think and could not fly any more because the love of flight was gone and he could only remember when it had been effortless" (147, emphasis in original).

[17] Cf. General Golz, who prefigures this stance of non-thinking: "I never think at all. Why should I? I am *Général Sovietique*. I never think. Do not try to trap me into thinking" (FWBT 8). After realizing that his attack will not be cancelled, Golz also says, "*Rien à faire. Rien. Faut pas penser. Faut accepter*" (429). In addition to the dialogue with Pilar during which he attests to his control over his thoughts, Jordan does have pretenses of being a non-thinker: he tells himself, "Turn off the thinking now, old timer, old comrade. You're a bridge-blower now. Not a thinker" (17), just as he tells Karkov that he has suspended thought until after the war. Before blowing the bridge, Jordan almost sympathizes with the sentry that will be killed, and then Jordan "lay there and watched the road and tried not to think at all" (433), telling himself, "Just do not think at all" (434). Again, as the novel ends, Jordan "looked at the hillside and he looked at the pines and he tried not think at all" (468), then telling himself after briefly contemplating suicide, "Don't think about that. Don't think at all" (469).

[18] As awkward as the term "internal dialogue" is, it is analogous to the "mental conversation" that Hemingway eventually found expendable in the original draft of "Big Two-Hearted River" (SL 133).

[19] Burwell believes that Hemingway did not make these edits: "It is not clear who made the decision to delete them," Burwell writes, "but their manuscript format and position in the narrative indicate to me that it was not Hemingway" (90).

[20] When Hemingway envisioned The Old Man and the Sea as a portion of his Sea Novel, the working title was "The Sea in Being" (Burwell 52). This enigmatic title contains an almost Zen-like connotation, based on the single reference to this phrase in Islands in the Stream: "It certainly had been fun not to think about the sea for the last few hours. Let's keep it up, he thought. Let's not think about the sea nor what is on it or under it, or anything connected with it. Let's not even make a list of what we will not think of about it. Let's not think of it at all. Let's just have the sea in being and leave it at that. And the other things, he thought. We won't think about them either" (230).

[21] In "The Strange Country," a fragment of Islands in the Stream, Helena justifies her opinion on surrealism by saying, "I thought it out" (CSS 629). Hemingway also uses this phrase in A Moveable Feast: "I would walk along the quais when I had finished work or when I was trying to think something out" (43). Later, when trying to get on the same emotional page with his wife in the vignette "A False Spring": "I had to try to think it out and I was too stupid" (57). Jordan's thought process is also described this way: "He had only one thing to do and that was what he should think about and he must think it out clearly and take everything as it came along, and not worry" (FWBT 8-9).

[22] A 1939 essay by Lionel Trilling contains an intriguing point on this issue: “And when we think how quickly ‘mind’ capitulates in a crisis, how quickly, for example, it accommodated itself to the war and served it and glorified it, revulsion from it and a turning to the life of action—reduced, to be sure, to athleticism: but skilful physical effort is perhaps something intellectuals dismiss as a form of activity—can be the better understood” (66).

Chapter Five: Reading Through Hemingway's Void: The Death of Consciousness as Conversion or Annihilation

"To be converted, to be regenerated, to receive grace, to experience religion,
to gain an assurance, are so many phrases which denote the process,
gradual or sudden, by which a self hitherto divided, and consciously wrong inferior
and unhappy, becomes unified and consciously right superior and happy,
in consequence of its firmer hold upon religious realities."
William James, The Varieties of Religious Experience (171)

"For there are moments when one can neither think nor feel.
And if one can neither think nor feel, she thought, where is one?"
Virginia Woolf, To the Lighthouse (288)

In 1925, when Hemingway considered titles for The Sun Also Rises, some of his discarded ideas deepen our understanding about the eventual theme of the narrative: "Two Lie Together," "Rivers to the Sea," and "The Old Leaven."[1] Hemingway's impulse to use these biblical phrases draws attention to the novel's emphasis of the cyclical nature of life, and the contrast of the fickle, fleeting fortunes of mankind with the permanence of nature. Michael Reynolds suggests that along with "The Sun Also Rises," these rejected titles "encompass mutability, permanence, and union" ("False Dawn" 172); to Matthew J. Bruccoli, the titles intend to "convey a sense of renewal or completion" (Hemingway, Facsimile I.xiii).[2]

Further focus on the theme of renewal suggested by the discarded titles reveals that Hemingway's subtle evocation of Jake Barnes's interiority does signal profound character development, and a narrative that sometimes seems nothing more than an entertaining collection of drinking stories necessitates scrutiny on Hemingway's portrayal of Jake's mind. The strategy in The Sun Also Rises provides a skeleton key to reading Hemingway's approach to portraying consciousness as plot development in other narratives. If Jake's character development seems to be underplayed, it was a strategy Hemingway was well aware of. In a defiant sentence in Hemingway's drafting of The Sun Also Rises, his narrator self-reflexively vows, "In life people are not conscious of these special moments that novelists build their whole structures on. That is most people are not. That surely has nothing to do with the story but you can not tell until you finish it because none of the significant things are going to have any literary signs marking them. You have to figure them out by yourself" (Facsimile I.51).

The Sun Also Rises begins with an apparently irrelevant aside about the history of Robert Cohn's boxing, literary, and romantic life—remains from ramblings that F. Scott Fitzgerald referred to as "inessentials in Cohens [sic] biography," and recommended be eliminated (Life in Letters 144). However, as Philip Young observed, the details of Cohn's boxing ability that are introduced in the first sentence foreshadow the importance of the melee that ensues two-hundred pages later. After being called a pimp, Jake swings at Cohn, and the reader then recalls that this annoying, cluelessly cloying character was "once middleweight boxing champion at Princeton" (11), and knows how to handle himself physically if not socially. From Jake's perspective, Cohn delivers an impressive pugilistic performance: "I swung at him and he ducked. I saw his face duck sideways in

the light. He hit me and I sat down on the pavement. As I started to get to my feet he hit me twice. I went down backward under a table" (195).

What seems on the surface like little more than a sensational bar brawl soon emerges as the pivotal event in the novel; Cohn has improbably ignited an abrupt psychological change in Jake. With a strange construction—"I tried to get up and felt I did not have any legs" (195) [3]—Jake begins a kind of withdrawal or dissociation from his own body, an out-of-body experience where his old self has faded away from the force of Cohn's blows. This dissolution of identity is accompanied by a de facto baptism from an anonymous priest when, Jake recounts, "Some one poured a carafe of water on my head" (195).

Mike informs Jake, "you were cold," and although Jake insists three separate times that he is "all right" (194-95), he also confesses, "My head's a little wobbly" (195).[4] He prepares to leave the others and to go back to the hotel, recalling, "I had heard them talking from a long way away" (196). The description presents Jake as if he has been removed from his physical being into another plane of consciousness, a separation from his old self that for Hemingway characters often accompanies a traumatic physical disturbance, such as being bombed at war. Indeed, the narration that follows Jake's moment of blackout gives credence to evidence of his new incarnation:[5]

> Walking across the square to the hotel *everything looked new and changed*. I had never seen the trees before. I had never seen the flagpoles before, nor the front of the theatre. *It was all different*. I felt as I felt once coming home from an out-of-town football game. I was carrying a suitcase with my football things in it, and I walked up the street from the station in the town I had lived

> in all my life *and it was all new… It was all strange*. Then I went on, and my feet seemed to be a long way off, and everything seemed to come from a long way off, and I could hear my feet walking a great distance away. (196-97, emphasis added)

Although Jake's knockout at the hands of Cohn physically replicates a relatively common boyhood football injury, combined with the events at Pamplona it represents a dramatic psychological change, in which the vocabulary of conversion—different, new, change, strange—is employed to dramatize Jake's growth, his insight.[6] Jake's conversion is secular, relating to religious experience, but not bound to a specific denomination or creed; the Hemingway characters' conversions correspond to Garry Wills's definition of a conversion as entailing "any significant spiritual reorientation" (Conversion 5).

The next morning, Jake's physical effects of being knocked out are gone, but the spiritual and psychological renewal remain and inform the conclusion of the novel. As Jake describes it: "I was not groggy now…. Everything looked sharp and clear" (200). Book II ends with another indication of a new self: "The world was not wheeling any more. It was just very clear and bright… I looked strange to myself in the glass" (228).[7] The world has a new clarity and brilliance because of the keenness of Jake's insight, the protagonist's illumination; as Robert Stone phrases it, the "touch of redemption through insight that finally justifies fiction" (84). Following this temporary death and reincarnation, Book II ends with a weathered but more mature and more realized version of Jake Barnes who is able to confront Brett and send her off on his terms, just as he shed the raucous, ultimately debilitating hedonism of his Pamplona getaway and withdrew from the company of his unruly friends.

In his important essay about The Sun Also Rises, Mark Spilka concludes that the novel contains "no celebrations of fertility and change" (92). Spilka's oft-anthologized point underestimates the wry victory implicit in Jake's final line: "Isn't it pretty to think so?" (251). If Jake's change carries with it no overt celebration, the moment is more triumphant than jubilant; it is not joyous as much as a necessity of the casting off of frivolity and a solemn embracing of a new maturity, the pain and difficulty associated with the purging of the old leaven.

What does Jake do after he leaves Madrid and returns to Paris? Does he return to his old lifestyle, or has he had an enduring growth experience? To be optimistic about Jake's future beyond the narrative, one need not read The Sun Also Rises as a feel-good fairy tale and expect the festivities to which Spilka refers. In discussing the conversion experience, William James dismissed those who would disparage life-changing moments by cynically predicting a relapse into the old ways:

> Psychologically, as well as religiously, however, this is shallow. It misses the point of serious interest, which is not so much the duration as the nature and quality of these shiftings of character to higher levels. Men lapse from every level—we need no statistics to tell us that. Love is, for instance, well known not to be irrevocable, yet, constant or inconstant, it reveals new flights and reaches of ideality while it lasts. These revelations form its significance to men and women, whatever be its duration. So with the conversion experience: that it should for even a short time show a human being what the high-water mark of his spiritual capacity is, this is what constitutes its importance, — an importance which

> backsliding cannot diminish, although persistence might increase it. (Varieties 228)

To apply James's remarks to the conversion of The Sun Also Rises, then, the importance is to recognize Jake's capability to grow, his epiphany and metamorphosis and life-changing experience, whether or not he will stay completely and unalterably true to it at all times. James describes conversion as a dramatic shift in:

> the hot place in a man's consciousness, the group of ideas to which he devotes himself, and from which he works, call it *the habitual center of his personal energy*. It makes a great difference to a man whether one set of his ideas, or another, be the centre of his energy; and it makes a great difference, as regards any set of ideas which he may possess, whether they become central or remain peripheral to him. (Varieties 177, emphasis in original)

Jake's shift marks his maturation from the fiesta lifestyle to the more sober life of reflection that he leads temporarily in San Sebastian, and which he may pursue following his return to Paris. As James indicates, the relevant question is not to wonder whether or not Jake will ever attend another fiesta. Jake says himself that he will not accompany Bill to continue the party because he is "through with fiestas for a while" (236). While not necessarily banishing his friends and fiestas and absinthe from his life, the conversion shifts such hedonistic diversions away from his "hot place" to a more subdued, peripheral presence. This maturation would be more evident had not Hemingway removed the most important aspect of the manuscript draft: Jake's pronounced desire to write a novel. This revelation is a victim of Hemingway's iceberg theory, leaving some readers the erroneous impression that Jake has experienced no legitimate change of direction. The timidity with

which Jake's conversion into a writer is represented echoes the way the revelation of Nick's own writing was excised from "Big Two-Hearted River."[8] An examination of Hemingway's editorial process demonstrates the way Jake's rather dramatic conversion falls prey to the iceberg theory, remaining submerged, implied yet somehow present only in the vague impression that we are reading Jake's roman à clef.

The paragraph in question in The Sun Also Rises reads:

> At a newspaper kiosque I bought a copy of the New York *Herald* and sat in a café to read it. It felt strange to be in France again. There was a safe, suburban feeling. I wished I had gone up to Paris with Bill, except that Paris would have meant more fiesta-ing. I was through with fiestas for a while. It would be quiet in San Sebastian. The season does not open there until August. I could get a hotel room and read and swim. There was a fine beach there, and there were many children sent down with their nurses before the season opened. In the evening there would be band concerts under the trees across from the Café Marinas. I could sit in the Marinas and listen. (236)

The same moment—although not isolated as its own paragraph—in the manuscript reads:

> At the café I read the papers and a copy of the New York Herald. It felt strange to be in France again. There was a safe, suburban feeling. I wished I had gone up to Paris with Bill except that would have meant more fiesta-ing in Paris and I was through with Fiestas. It would be quiet in San Sebastian. The season did not open until August and I could get a good hotel room and read and swim. It was a splendid place to swim. You could lie on the beach and soak in the sun and get straightened around inside again. Maybe I would feel like writing. San Sebastian

> was a good place. There were wonderful trees along the promenade above the beach and there were good looking children sent down with their nurses before the season opened. In the evening there would be band concerts under the trees across from the Cafe Marinas. There was a nice old port. It would be quiet and solid and restful. (Facsimile II.569-70)

Although the same basic idea is imparted in both passages—the wish to unwind on the beach—the manuscript is significantly more revealing in three major respects. First, Jake declares himself "through with Fiestas," which is softened in the published version to "through with fiestas for a while." Although at first glance it may seem that the manuscript demonstrates a more emphatic, unequivocal conversion, it seems instead that Jake makes the same development, but is just giving it a sneer of deadpan disgust in the published novel. Second, declaring San Sebastian a "good place" is not a bland, meaningless aside, but rather an understated reference to the same divine place of refuge that Nick reaches in "Big Two-Hearted River": "He had made his camp. He was settled. Nothing could touch him. It was a good place to camp. He was there, in the good place" (SS 215). As with Nick, Jake's concern is less a sandy beach for its own sake than a place where he could "get straightened out inside again," another significant confession omitted from the published novel. Third, Jake's speculation that he might feel like writing finally exposes his true desire, which—again, as with Nick—is to become a writer of fiction. Clearly, the impulse to write does not refer to journalism. Jake is tentatively embracing the same challenge that Hemingway faced after his actual experiences at the Fiesta de San Fermin in 1925, the awareness that it was time to fictionalize his experiences into a novel. This moment is captured in A Moveable Feast: "I knew that I must write a novel. I

would put it off until I could not help doing it.… When I had to write it, then it would be the only thing to do and there would be no choice. Let the pressure build" (76).

In Robert E. Fleming's study of the portrayal of writers in Hemingway's work, he declares that Jake "is and is not a writer, since he is a reporter rather than a writer of literature" (33). However, as Fleming acknowledges, the typescript clearly evidences Jake's literary aspirations. In Chapter II of the deleted typescript, Jake confesses: "Like all newspaper men I have always wanted to write a novel, and I suppose, now that I am doing it, the novel will have that awful taking-the-pen-in-hand quality that afflicts newspaper men when they start to write on their own hook" ("Unpublished Opening" 11).[9] Perhaps the fear of this cliché motivated Hemingway to eliminate any mention of Jake's literary designs.[10]

Hemingway's method of demonstrating psychological development is intentionally subdued. As Hemingway explained to Maxwell Perkins soon after the publication of The Sun Also Rises, "Also have discovered that most people don't think in words – as they do in everybody's writing now – and so in Sun A.R. the critics miss their interior monologues and aren't happy – or disappointed I cut out 40,000 words of the stuff that would have made them happy out of the first Mss – it would have made them happy but it would have rung as false 10 years from now as [Louis] Bromfield" (SL 229). Frederic J. Svoboda confirms Hemingway's own opinion, arguing that one major advancement the published version of the novel has over the draft is the reduction of explicit reportage of Jake's ruminations, "moving its emphasis from [Jake's] disordered thoughts to the presentation of the ordered world around him.… Thus Jake's anguished reflections have become part of the submerged seven-eighths.… The early-draft explanations of Jake's

mental state have been replaced by a much more direct presentation" (83, 86).[11] Hemingway saw his task as conveying thought through action or movement, and in the space between the lines. Hemingway never suggests that his characters do not think, or do not think in a complex manner.

Jake's conversion does not call for a festive celebration, nor does there need to be a false guarantee of permanence. As Philip Rahv observed in his later review of To Have and Have Not, such glee in bidding farewell to a phase of life, or "goodbye to all that" would not be in keeping with Hemingway's worldview. Rahv sees To Have and Have Not's Harry Morgan as fostering a conversion of Hemingway's own into a writer with a political conscience; Morgan, to Rahv, represents "Hemingway's review of his own past and of the type of man and mode of expression he had created: through him he is saying farewell to that past as well as testing its usability in the light of new needs" (63). As Rahv says of Morgan, although Hemingway resists easy narratives chronicling personal growth, he does create men who through lessons learned by trial and injury, are capable of insights that will either mark deathbed conversions (like Morgan), or pivotal moments that represent significant changes in their existences (like Jake).

Having examined the moments of Jake's secular conversion, it becomes compelling to put further pressure on Hemingway's proposed title, "The Old Leaven." In 1 Corinthians 5:7, it reads, "Purge the old leaven that you may be fresh dough, still uncontaminated, for Christ, our Lamb has been sacrificed." This passage urges the embracing of a new, more perfect existence, and the distancing of the self from less holy and pure ways. In Jake's case, his rejection of further fiesta-ing and his brush-off of Brett are the early steps towards this transition leading to refinement. As the next verse of

Corinthians continues: “Therefore, let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, nor with leaven of vice and malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of purity and sincerity and truth.” The title “The Old Leaven” illustrates the infamous “lost generation” lifestyle, but Jake’s conversion, along with the title and the epigraph from Ecclesiastes, alludes to the purging of these unhealthy, vulgar ways, and the ascent to a new life.

The interpretation of the fight in The Sun Also Rises as the traumatic incident that incites change breaks from the prevailing view, which imputes baptismal implications into Jake’s series of dives at San Sebastian.[12] Such an interpretation is speculative; we see elsewhere that Hemingway does not hesitate to use specific language to indicate a washing of the past or sin, such as in A Farewell to Arms. In The Sun Also Rises, the dives function as a physical catharsis, vigorous activity to exorcise the toxins and acrimony of the fiesta.[13] Hemingway’s language, although no “literary landmark,” points us to Cohn’s knockout combination to highlight Jake’s conversion.

The claim that merely because Jake is diving and immersing himself in the sea, he is automatically undergoing some kind of rite of conversion pales in comparison to a more convincing example in A Farewell to Arms, where the language of conversion is unmistakable. Soon after Frederic Henry emerges from the Tagliamento River, he declares his separate peace from the war, which is to say his separation from his incarnation as a soldier, and a break from his past. Frederic makes this declaration when he is on the train to Stresa. He arrives, checks into his hotel, and heads toward the bar. Frederic drinks his first martini, which “felt cold and clean” (244). He drinks a couple more martinis, realizing again, “I had never tasted anything so cool and clean” (245). Looking at the reflection of himself in civilian clothes in the mirror behind the bar,

Frederic recalls that he "did not think at all" (245), suggesting further that consciousness has receded under the cleansing elixir of the alcohol following his escape into the river. In response to a question from the barman, Frederic again articulates his quest for separation, which, to use one of Frederic's least favorite phrases, may well be "in vain":

> The war was a long way away. Maybe there wasn't any war. There was no war here. Then I realized it was over for me. But I did not have the feeling it was over. I had the feeling of a boy who thinks of what is happening at a certain hour at the schoolhouse from which he has played truant. (245)

The separate peace, it is clear, is more easily declared than maintained. The realization that the war is "over" is irrelevant, Frederic admits, if it does not have the accompanying feeling of peace. Planning to forget about the war and actually forgetting about the war are two vastly different enterprises. As daring as his maritime escape was, and as boldly individualistic as his separation from the Italian Army may have been, Frederic has been reduced to the furtive, guilty feelings of childhood mischief, certainly not the psychological state he sought. Likewise, the recollection that he "did not think at all" rings hollow when followed by the feeling of being a boy whose thoughts are occupied by fears and anxiety. Frederic can claim to have forgotten the war, but in the above excerpt, the word "war" appears three times in the first three sentences; it does not appear in "Big Two-Hearted River" even once. Later, even while safely ensconced in Switzerland with Catherine, Frederic notes, "The war seemed as far away as the football games of some one else's college." The next sentence, beginning with the telling first word, introduces the reality behind the delusion: "*But* I knew from the papers that they were still fighting in the mountains because the snow would not come" (291, emphasis

added). The dialectic between the two sentences evidences the chasm between "seems" and "is."[14]

The cleansing that Frederic reports from his series of martinis continues the crucial transformation that he has undergone. The physical separation from the army has triggered a psychological rebirth. Frederic's escape into the waters following a frenzied dash through a hail of bullets reads as another de facto baptism. The last sentence in Chapter XXX, the epic account of the retreat at Caporetto, is "The shore was out of sight now" (225). While this certainly describes the terrain and the physical safety of Frederic's removal from the Italian battle police, the "shore" also represents the familiar, that which is known. As in The Old Man and the Sea, Santiago's removal from the shore is a symbolic venturing into uncharted waters, to discover aspects of the self that could not have been ascertained by staying on the shore, or in safer, familiar waters from which the safety of shore was visible and obtainable.[15]

Frederic's escape inverts the movement of "Big Two-Hearted River"; Frederic moves from the river to the train, from the chaotic free-flowing current to the plodding segmented train. After gaining convenient relief in a flatcar filled with guns, and exhorting himself not to use his head to think or remember too much, the language used is that of a freshly converted individual. Addressing himself in the second person as if completely dissociated, Frederic says, "you seeing now very clearly and coldly – not so coldly as clearly and emptily. You saw emptily" (232). These adverbs—the same ones that will soon apply to martini after martini—suggest a new clarity, and the refreshing of the soul and mind, now unburdened with responsibilities of warfare. "You were out of it now," Frederic tells his new incarnation. "You had no more obligation" (232). The

emphasis continues throughout the rest of Chapter XXXII, which chronicles his escape to Milan: "Anger was washed away in the river along with any obligation…. I was through… it was not my show anymore… I would eat and stop thinking. I would have to stop.… That life was over" (232-33). As Proust's Marcel describes it, "a man cannot change if he behaves according to the dictates of his former self" (536).[16] As with Proust's analysis, Frederic recounts his experiences by using the language of conversion, welcoming a new identity. Such a dramatic proclamation of conversion in A Farewell to Arms diminishes a similar reading of the San Sebastian scene in The Sun Also Rises, where although Jake's diving is invigorating and perhaps even cathartic, the moment of conversion has already taken place.

Images of being far from shore recur in A Farewell to Arms when Frederic makes a second escape—this time from Milan—accompanied by Catherine Barkley. As Frederic embarks on his international rowboat odyssey, he recalls, "But for a long time we did not see any lights, nor did we see the shore" (270), and "the point was out of sight and we were going on up the lake" (271). Through the moonlight, however, Frederic tracks their progress through the coastal towns of northern Italy: "it was much lighter than it had been before and we could see the shore. I could see it too clearly" (271). During their escape, Frederic and Catherine are faced with a vicious catch-22: they need to see the shore to know where they are, but if it is light enough to see the shore, then the coast guard will spot them before their boat reaches Switzerland. As their journey ends, Frederic highlights this tension: "When I knew daylight was coming I settled down and rowed hard. I did not know where we were" (275). However, soon after: "When it was beginning to be daylight we were quite close to the shore. I could see the rocky shore and

the trees" (276). Finally, the tension is alleviated as Frederic tells Catherine: "I think we're in Switzerland, Cat" (276).

Conversion in A Farewell to Arms is introduced early in the novel, in terms that Hemingway would revisit throughout his career. When Frederic is wounded, he recalls in poetic stream-of-consciousness language both the physical and psychological effect of being bombed:

> I tried to breathe but my breath would not come and I felt myself rush bodily out of myself and out and out and out and all the time bodily in the wind. I went out swiftly, all of myself, and I knew I was dead and that it had all been a mistake to think you just died. Then I floated, and instead of going on I felt myself slide back. I breathed and I was back.[17] (54)

Frederic's moment, like Jake's before his, is only a particular inflection for what is essentially a trope in Hemingway's fiction. According to Philip Young's "wound" theory, the traumatic bombing that Nick Adams sustains in Chapter VI of In Our Time resonates throughout the entire Hemingway canon. Young believes this brief vignette becomes a "climax for all of Hemingway's heroes for at least the next twenty-five years" (40).

Young's observation also pertains to a discussion of Hemingway's use of the secular conversion as a device for theme, plot, and character in his narratives. Jake's injury in the bar brawl only gestures at the gravity of the war wounding that Hemingway's soldiers receive; perhaps Jake had already incurred such a profound war-time death and rebirth—a phenomenon that Allen Josephs refers to in Hemingway's fiction as a "perithanatic epiphany" (12)—before The Sun Also Rises begins, in the wound that rendered him impotent. It is quite evident that Nick's wounding echoed throughout Hemingway's

fiction, as Hemingway strove in various ways to fictionalize his own life-altering bombing. The woundings that Hemingway would fictionalize represent a death and rebirth[18] psychologically as well as a near-death and rehabilitation physically, as underscored by the title of Hemingway's poem "Killed Piave – July 8 – 1918" (the place and date of Hemingway's actual wounding), and the content, which speaks of:

> Desire and
>
> All the sweet pulsing aches
>
> And gentle hurtings
>
> That were you,
>
> Are gone into the sullen dark. (CP 35)

Recalling the actual event in his own life, Hemingway described his own wounding even more poetically than in the poem: "I died then… I felt my soul or something coming right out of my body, like you'd pull a silk handkerchief out of a pocket by one corner. It flew around and then came back and went in again and I wasn't dead anymore" (Cowley, "Portrait" 47). The same temporary loss of identity due to a different retelling of Hemingway's bombing appears in "Now I Lay Me," another Nick Adams story:[19] "I myself did not want to sleep because I had been living for a long time with the knowledge that if I ever shut my eyes in the dark and let myself go, my soul would go out of my body. I had been that way for a long time, ever since I had been blown up at night and felt it go out of me and go off and then come back" (SS 363). In Under Kilimanjaro, Hemingway refers obliquely to the bombing: "Once I had thought my own soul had been blown out of me when I was a boy and then it had come back in again" (220). Directly

preceding this memory in the African novel, Hemingway engages in a remarkable speculation about the exact biological moment of metamorphosis:

> Before I woke I had been dreaming and in the dream I had a horse's body but a man's head and shoulders and I had wondered why no one had known this before. It was a very logical dream and it dealt with the precise moment at which the change came about in the body so that they were human bodies. (220)

The specific moment of conversion is crucial because the writer is able to freeze the action as the character passes through zero on his ascent from a negative condition to a positive one. It would be naïve to believe that, following this cessation in consciousness or temporary entrance into oblivion, the individual who is able to re-enter his former state emerges unchanged, exactly as he was before. One of William James's tenets about the stream of thought is that "*no state once gone can recur and be identical to what it was before*" (Principles I.230, emphasis in original). If such uniqueness to human thought is true of everyday experience, the singularity of this experience is magnified during a breach or cessation of consciousness subsequent to a traumatic incident.

The "before" and "after" states in a conversion are fundamental to interpretation, since the growth of a character is in many ways the raison d'être of fiction. Joseph Campbell's studies of the monomyth summarize the universal hero's journey as "leaving one condition and finding the source of life to bring you forth into a richer or mature condition" (152). Hemingway consistently emphasizes the change of his hero by evoking and exploring a harrowing moment: the instant in between these two before and after states, the zero point of conversion. This moment of non-being in which consciousness

and selfhood have been eliminated is the fork in the road that leads, in Hemingway's work, out of it to a conversion, or to inescapable annihilation.

Perhaps the most memorable dramatization of this phenomenon in literature comes in the last canto of Dante's Inferno; the pilgrim's vision of Satan causes him such a paralysis of fright that his consciousness freezes, and along with it, he literally ceases to exist: "I did not die and I did not remain alive" (XXXIV, 25).[20] The pilgrim, still referring to the state of non-being, then turns to the reader and apostrophizes, "now think for yourself, if you have any wit, what I became, deprived alike of death and life!" (26-27). This moment, as John Freccero points out, is a crucial moment of conversion in the poem, one that allows for the appearance of a new incarnation of the self that is able to enter purgatory. Freccero's discussion of Dante's conversion shows two nearly simultaneous changes in character: both "the leaving behind of sin" and "the movement to grace" (174). As the pilgrim swooning at the sight of Satan is a moment of vacuum where, to Freccero, "corruption meets generation" (174), Hemingway's characters are often frozen within a similar void, although his narratives were not always divine comedies or narratives of new lives; sometimes, the characters confronted voids they could not escape.

The key to interpreting the voids in consciousness in Hemingway's work is to gauge the character's response to the void, as well as the response elicited from the narrative itself: does the character—per Dante's pilgrim, and per Campbell's outline of the universal hero—emerge with an expansion of consciousness and a richer existence? Or, does the void crack the character, become a tragic *nada* that kills him or dooms him to a tragic, unsatisfying existence? On this point, Philip Young quotes the famous aphorism in

A Farewell to Arms: “The world breaks every one and afterward many are strong at the broken places.” Of course, as the passage continues, “those that will not break it kills” (249). This dichotomy epitomizes conversion in Hemingway: characters either pass through a void into transformation, or succumb and must accept destruction. The Old Man and the Sea and “Big Two-Hearted River” demonstrate how the characters can take such drastically divergent turns. Nick leaves behind thoughts and needs in his solo camping trip, but is confident that he can escape the void in the future, the “plenty of days coming” when his ambitious renewal will take place (SS 232). For Santiago, his “no thoughts nor any feelings of any kind” signals something far more desperate and discouraging (119). When the void comes at the end of an old man’s life and the end of a narrative, the implications are bleak indeed.

The apotheosis of this phenomenon occurs during the final ten pages of For Whom the Bell Tolls, following the broken leg from which Robert Jordan never recovers. Just as Frederic’s growth in A Farewell to Arms is his recognition that his love affair with Catherine Barkley gave him a new perspective on war and life, Jordan’s last moments following the successful destruction of the bridge afford him an appreciation of his own change, the touch of redemption through insight that Robert Stone describes.

In the paragraph preceding the blow that eventually leads to his death, Jordan experiences the epiphany that his brief relationship with Maria has prepared him to appreciate. Jordan, it is described, “looked down across the slope to where the bridge showed now at a new angle he had never seen” (FWBT 460). Even though Jordan is an expert dynamiter who planned exhaustively and meticulously considered all aspects of

his job, the moment before his fatal injury occasions complete illumination and fresh insight.

After being struck down, Jordan and his archenemy Pablo have a final encounter, during which Pablo ominously traces Jordan's fading fate: "there is not much time… there is little time.… There is no time" (462). Faced with this concentrated urgency, Jordan urges Maria to seek safety, claiming a metaphysical union with her: "I am thee also now.… You are me now" (463). He urges her to flee, referring to "The me in thee" and that "Thou art me too now" (464). At the end of the novel, when Jordan is described as "completely integrated now" (471), the image refers not simply to his oneness with the earth, his heart beating against the pine needles of the ground, but also with his true love and the absorption of his spirit into hers. This integration reinforces earlier moments, as when Maria tells Jordan during their lovemaking, "we will be as one animal of the forest and be so close that neither one can tell that one of us is one and not the other. Can you not feel my heart be your heart? … I am thee and thou art me and all of one is the other… I would have us exactly the same…. But we will be one now and there will never be a separate one" (263). Such moments emphasize the theme of a kinship among humans, as captured in the novel's title and epigraph, derived from John Donne's Holy Meditations.[21]

As the rest of the guerrillas escape, Jordan is "soaking wet with sweat and looking at nothing" (465), the image of a man no longer in control of his senses, facing a void or vacuum of stimulation.[22] The void is palpable and unavoidable; although Jordan must sustain consciousness to fulfill his final duty of killing the cavalry that will pursue Maria and the other members of the band:

> He felt empty and drained and exhausted from all of it and from them going and his mouth tasted of bile. Now, finally and at last, there was no problem. However all of it had been and however all of it would ever be now, for him, no longer was there any problem. (466)

This description echoes the concession that occurs at the end of The Old Man and the Sea, following Santiago's failed journey. The description of Jordan's exhaustion negatively restates Nick's optimistic break from memory and thought and obligation. An intentional movement towards the void is either suicidal, or an act of faith that one will be able to transcend it.[23] First, there must be a level of discontentment with the current situation that justifies the risk of giving one's self over the void. In a negative enactment of this surrender, it becomes nihilistic or even baldly self-destructive. Douglas Bolling's reading of Islands in the Stream, for instance, finds of Thomas Hudson that "in the final part the protagonist seeks out oblivion, the irreversible loss of consciousness" (10). However, Bolling's free use of the word "irreversible" neglects the many instances elsewhere in Hemingway where the narration does dramatize such a movement, an escape from oblivion.

Hemingway uses the notion of oblivion in disparate ways, both as a helpful balm, and a tragic realm. Nick's camping trip courts a semblance of oblivion, an existence with the bare minimum of stimulation, as a means of rehabilitation. William James quoted Théodule Ribot to support his belief that in this sense, oblivion "is thus no malady of memory, but a condition of its health and its life" (Principles I.681). On the other hand, the notion of oblivion can represent more than a temporary respite, the *nada* state from which Hemingway characters do not escape. In Islands in the Stream, for instance,

Hudson curses, “Fuck oblivion” and then warns ominously: “Don’t you ever fool with that oblivion stuff” (157-58). As with Hudson, oblivion is no condition of health for Robert Jordan. With a broken leg, the cavalry fast approaching, and five pages remaining in the narrative, the void plainly relegates him to an imminent death, one—like The Old Man and the Sea—that the narrative implies but does not show.

The deathbed conversion that Jordan has experienced, with a final illumination before he is killed, is the ultimate triumph before tragedy. As Jordan awaits the attack, he “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” (470-71). The “himself” to which Jordan refers is a much different entity than existed three days earlier, at the beginning of the novel, before he met and fell in love with Maria. Of course, stemming the slipping snow is only a temporary victory, and soon after, the death of consciousness and the death of self both suggest Jordan’s death following his final duty to the Republic.

When analyzing Pablo after he returns to the gang following his theft of Robert Jordan’s explosives, Jordan muses about the nature of his character and his shady, malevolent ways: “I didn’t think you had experienced any complete conversion on the road to Tarsus, old Pablo, Robert Jordan thought. No. Your coming back was miracle enough. I don’t think there will ever be any problem about canonizing you” (392).[24] Jordan is expressing in biblical terms his concern about Pablo’s corruption and inability to improve or evolve as a man,[25] but religion is not the issue in this narrative. By phrasing his observation of Pablo in this way, however, Jordan highlights his own secular conversion, the richer existence that his experience with Maria has granted him.

The idea of a void in consciousness signaling an intersection at which the Hemingway protagonist must triumph anew or be vanquished is never compressed more evocatively into a single text than in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," demonstrated by the allusion to rebirth in the title itself.[26] After Macomber's humiliating retreat from a charging lion, his wife of eleven years regards him and the professional hunter Wilson, and "looked at both these men as though she had never seen them before" (SS 4). This gesture at Macomber's new, inferior identity persists when he remarks of her displeasure of him with wry irony: "I suppose I rate that for the rest of my life" (6). In his sullenness, he recognizes the limitations of his current existence, admitting to Wilson, "There are lots of things I don't know" (7). Although Macomber is introduced at perhaps the lowest point of his life—certainly his married life—the narrative becomes a quest to renew. Like other such renewals in Hemingway, the recovery first necessitates a void. "I'd like to clear away that lion business," Macomber tells Wilson, anxious to reach a zero point and to distance himself from his unhappy past (11).[27]

Macomber's zero point occurs as he lays alone in bed, where his life is not progressing and he has reached a unsatisfactorily stagnant existence: "it was not all over. It was neither all over nor was it beginning" (11). This unhappy state reveals an obvious lack: "more than shame he felt cold, hollow fear in him. The fear was still there like a cold slimy hollow in all the emptiness where once his confidence had been" (11). This hollowness and emptiness that remains effectively replicates the way his stomach was "hollow feeling" during his fearful stalking of the wounded lion earlier in the day (18). Macomber is asked twice what is worrying him, and both times he replies: "Nothing," alluding to that void (12). Macomber's mental state approximates the momentous

bottoming-out known as a "vastation," which William James and his father both experienced. James recalls his "depression of spirits… when suddenly there fell upon me, without any warning, just as if it came out of the darkness, a horrible fear of my own existence… I became a mass of quivering fear. After this, the universe was changed for me altogether" (Varieties 146). A vastation equates to, writes James's biographer Robert D. Richardson, "a sort of second birth" (18). As can happen to Hemingway's heroes, James's moment of abject fear becomes a turning point, precipitating a conversion.[28]

Macomber's emptiness is replaced by rage over his wife's infidelity—a dalliance almost literally right under his nose—with Wilson, and then by "a drunken elation" as he successfully stalks three buffalo the following day. The triumph is crucial: "In his life he had never felt so good" (29). If his pride is described as pivotal, it sustains him through his next trial. One of the three buffalo he has hunted is wounded and hiding in the bush, just as did the lion from the previous day. However, this time Macomber is undaunted: "For the first time in his life he really felt wholly without fear. Instead of fear, he had a feeling of definite elation" (31). Already in his new, short, happy life, Macomber has felt better and less fearful than ever; the repeated phrase "in his life" clearly refers to his *vita nuova*, and not his biological one that has lasted thirty-five years. We are witnessing Macomber's new identity, post-conversion. Wilson articulates the difference: "Yesterday… he's scared sick and today he's a ruddy fire eater" (31).

His wife Margot, meanwhile, has undergone a reciprocal change. Her former position of dominance has been upended. Following her husband's killing of the buffalo, "Her face was white and she looked ill" (31). The whiteness is her own blankness, a depletion of the qualities that comprised her former self. To make matters worse for her, in a

parallel action from the previous hunt, she again observes the two men, but this time: "There was no change in Wilson…. But she saw the change in Francis" (33). Margot and Francis undergo inverse conversions, where she descends from power, and he ascends into fulfillment.[29]

As with his portrayal of Jake and Frederic, Hemingway's language is similarly unambiguous. If the title did not suggest a conversion, then Macomber's own recognition of his new life certainly does:

> "You know I don't think I'd ever be afraid of anything again," Macomber said to Wilson. "Something happened in me after we first saw the buff and started after him. Like a dam bursting. It was pure excitement…. You know something did happen to me… I feel absolutely different." (32)

Wilson, hardly a romantic given to effusion about another man's internal victories, responds by quoting Shakespeare; however, the notion that "a man can die but once" is ironically inapplicable in this narrative.[30] Wilson silently acknowledges that Macomber's evolution during the trials of hunting is not unique: "he had seen men come of age before and it always moved him. It was not a matter of their twenty-first birthday" (32).

Wilson's erudite literary allusion only serves to highlight the disparity between Macomber's deaths. We witness the death of his former self and then his biological self in the span of twenty-four hours, and for him, as with another of Shakespeare's characters who finally reconciles with death, the readiness is all. Upon successfully killing the final buffalo—the climax of the narrative, and the high point of Macomber's life—his wife blindsides him, creating another void: "he felt a sudden[31] white-hot, blinding flash explode inside his head and that was all he ever felt" (36).

In most Hemingway characters, the void leads to conversion or annihilation. In "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," the protagonist experiences both: the conversion engenders the new existence that reconciles him spiritually with permanent annihilation.[32] The examination of this subtle technique shows how concerned Hemingway was with character development as opposed to thoughtless action. By tracking the interiority of his heroes, we understand how Hemingway conveyed emotion and told the internal narrative of the mind to provide the unseen foundation that enhanced the story he was trying to tell.

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[1] "Two Lie Together" draws from Ecclesiastes 4:11: "Again, if two lie together, they are warm; but how can one be warm alone?" "Rivers to the Sea" refers to Ecclesiastes 1:7: "All streams run to the sea, but the sea is not full; to the place where the streams flow, there they flow again." For discussions of Hemingway's process of choosing titles, see Reynolds, "False Dawn" (171-72); Svoboda (106, 108, 110); Bruccoli, (Hemingway, Facsimile I.13). For textual evidence of Hemingway's discarded choices, see Facsimile (I.37, II.629).

[2] For an illuminating statement about The Sun Also Rises, see Hemingway's letter to Maxwell Perkins: "The point of the book to me was that the earth abideth forever… I didn't mean the book to be a hollow or bitter satire but a damn tragedy with the earth abiding forever as the hero" (SL 229).

[3] Cf. For Whom the Bell Tolls, following Robert Jordan's injury: "He touched the lower part of his leg and it was as though it were not part of his body" (466-67). Frederic Henry's leg injury also precipitates a similar experience: "I had done half the retreat on foot and swum part of the Tagliamento with his knee. It was his knee all right. The other knee was mine. Doctors did things to you and then it was not your body any more" (231).

[4] Cf. Across the River and Into the Trees, in which Colonel Cantwell, when asked how many concussions—i.e., "Any time you were cold or couldn't remember afterwards"—he has sustained, responds, "Maybe ten… give or take three" (18). Jake's concussion mirrors Hemingway's own chronic susceptibility to head trauma. Escaping the second of his back-to-back plane crashes in Africa in 1954, Hemingway used his head to crash through a window of the burning plane, suffering "his tenth and near fatal concussion" (Brian 236). After the two plane crashes and the concussions, a friend remarked that Hemingway "wasn't himself after that" (Brian 272). Kenneth S. Lynn wonders why Hemingway didn't use his feet to escape the plane, concluding that Hemingway "inflicted another concussion on himself" (572); Michael Reynolds, on the other hand, believes that

Hemingway was "[l]eft with no alternative" (Final Years 274). Carlos Baker writes of the second plane crash that, "In smashing clear of the cabin Ernest had broken his head" (Life Story 521). In a subsequent letter, Hemingway referred to his "big concussion" and described "the brain fluid oozing to soak the pillow every night" (SL 829). In "The Christmas Gift," written for Look magazine in 1954, Hemingway remembers, "I opened the door by pressure exerted by my head and left shoulder" (BL 445). The concussion sustained in the second plane crash, according to Reynolds, "was at least the fourth serious concussion in the past ten years" (274). Hemingway acknowledged that the concussion following the second crash altered his thoughts: "This type of concussion induces the type of thinking which sometimes tends toward violence. I believe this violence is a phenomenon of concussion due to the violent demise of the aircraft" (BL 450). In 1950, Hemingway slipped on his boat, suffering "his third concussion in six years and the fourth or fifth of his life—but not his last" (Lynn 528). Hemingway also suffered head injuries from his 1918 wounding in World War I; in his Paris apartment in 1927 after he pulled down a skylight onto his forehead; and from a serious car accident in London in 1944. In 1949, Hemingway wrote John Dos Passos: "Am working good and maybe better than I ever did. It is a big relief to work without always getting hit on the head with more or less blunt instruments… Seven concussions in one year is probably more than you should give the average writer except perhaps Mr. Andre Gide" (SL 676). In 1950, Hemingway wrote to the New York Herald Tribune and mentioned "a bad spill" on his boat that led to "a five inch cut on the back of my head that went into the bone, a concussion, etc… I am getting tired of getting hit on the head. There were 3 bad ones in '44-'45. Two in '43 and the others go back to '18" (Bruccoli, Mechanism 109). The currents from the electroshock therapy that Hemingway received at the Mayo Clinic in 1960 would "jolt Hemingway's brain into an induced *grand mal* seizure, the equivalent of a concussion" (Reynolds, Final Years 350). Hemingway's proclivity for accidents and illnesses inspired Jeffrey Meyers to include an appendix at the end of his biographical study, listing Hemingway's various mishaps (573-75).

[5] In "The Battler," Bugs knocks Ad Francis unconscious, claiming, "I have to do it to change him when he gets that way" (SS 136).

[6] Although Brett Ashley's claims about herself are arguably fatuous, in the heights of her love of Pedro, she tells Jake, "I feel altogether changed," suggesting a conversion of her own (SAR 211).

[7] Cf. Hemingway's short story "The Sea Change," in which a man's conversion—in this case his being convinced that his wife's lesbianism is arousing rather than unfaithful—is expressed similarly: "He was not the same-looking man as he had been before he had told her to go…. 'I'm a different man, James,' he said to the barman. 'You see in me quite a different man.' …. As he looked in the glass, he saw he was really quite a different-looking man.… The young man saw himself in the mirror behind the bar. 'I said I was a different man, James,' he said. Looking into the mirror he saw that this was quite true" (SS 400-01).

[8] In "On Writing": "He wanted to be a great writer. He was pretty sure he would be. He knew it in lots of ways. He would in spite of everything. It was hard, though" (NAS 238).

[9] This sentiment recurs in For Whom the Bell Tolls, from the Russian journalist Karkov: "I am a journalist. But like all journalists I wish to write literature" (244). Hemingway wrote Maxwell Perkins in 1933: "I am a journalist and an imaginative writer" (Bruccoli, Only Thing 203, emphasis in original).

[10] As further evidence, Hemingway wrote Maxwell Perkins to compliment the image of Jake Barnes on the first cover of The Sun Also Rises. The man, Hemingway writes, "looks much as I had imagined Jake Barnes; it looks very much like a writer who had been saddened by the loss or atrophy of certain non replaceable parts... Still it is fine to have at last succeeded in looking like a writer" (SL 223).

[11] Although not as obviously compulsive as Nick Adams in "Big Two-Hearted River," a seemingly minor episode like Jake balancing his checking account, or obsessively recording the type and quality of food and drinks (and payment of same), indicate such a quest for order. One reason Jake might be attracted to bullfighting would be that, compared to the suddenness and unpredictability of war, it represents, relatively, ritualized and organized violence. When teaching Brett how to watch a bullfight, Jake reveals one of his attractions to the sport: "I told her about watching the bull, not the horse, when the bulls charged the picadors, and got her to watching the picador place the point of his pic so that she saw what it was all about, so that it became more something that was going on with a definite end, and less of a spectacle with unexplained horrors" (SAR 171). This idea is reinforced in a caption Hemingway wrote in Death in the Afternoon: "The amateur bullfight is as unorganized as a riot and all results are uncertain, bulls or men may be killed; it is all chance and the temper of the populace. The formal bullfight is a commercial spectacle built on the planned and ordered death of the bull and that is its end" (372). In his introduction to the literary anthology Men at War, Hemingway refers to warfare as "the province of chance" (xxi). In "A Clean, Well-Lighted Place," the older waiter seeks a "certain cleanness and order" (SS 383), not only in an actual café, but in the interior, metaphorical "place" alluded to in the title.

[12] To critics, Jake's swimming in San Sebastian is a "cleansing ritual" (Gajdusek, In His Own Country 93); he is "cleansing himself in the waters" (Hays 19); a "ritualizing activity" (Grimes, "Even the Darkness" 161); Ellen Andrews Knodt reads the dives as Jake's "crystallizing moment" of epiphany (36). Donald A. Daiker calls Jake's dives an attempt "to cleanse and purify" (77), and argues that the water activities "represent his effort toward self-renewal" (78). Daiker sees the dives to the depth of the sea as "probing the depths of his inner self": "In this sense," Daiker writes, "Jake's diving deep suggests that his new self will have depth and a sound basis; his holding the second dive 'for length' signifies that his new self will last and survive" (78).

[13] Cf. the Nick Adams story "Summer People," in which Nick's love of diving is explored: "he tightened and he was in the water, smoothly and deeply, with no

consciousness of the dive. He had breathed in deeply as he took off and now went on and on through the water, holding his back arched, feet straight and trailing. Then he was on the surface, floating face down. He rolled over and opened his eyes. He did not care anything about swimming, only to dive and be underwater.… He did not go all the way down but straightened out and swam along and up through the cool, keeping just below the warm surface water. It was funny how much fun it was to swim underwater and how little fun there was in plain swimming" (CSS 498).

[14] The classic example of the difference between what "seems" and what "is" is Hamlet's reprimand of his mother, when she asks him of his mourning, "Why seems it so particular with thee?" He responds: "Seems, madam? nay, it is, I know not 'seems'" (I.ii.76). In The Sun Also Rises, an intoxicated Bill Gorton tells Jake that the city of Vienna was "Not so good. It seemed better than it was" (76).

[15] The descriptions of Santiago's departure are similar to Frederic's: "he left the smell of the land behind" (OMS 28); "The clouds over the land now rose like mountains and the coast was only a long green line with the gray blue hills behind it" (35); "He could not see the green of the shore now" (40); "Then he looked behind him and saw that no land was visible" (46); "He thought of how some men feared being out of sight of land in a small boat and knew they were right in the months of sudden bad weather" (61); "Now alone, and out of sight of land, he was fast to the biggest fish that he had ever seen and bigger than he had ever heard of" (63).

[16] Cf. James Baldwin's essay, "Faulkner and Segregation": "Any real change implies the breakup of the world as one has always known it, the loss of all that gave one an identity, the end of safety… it is only when a man is able, without bitterness or self-pity, to surrender a dream he has long cherished or a privilege he has long possessed that he is set free – he has set himself free – for higher dreams, for greater privileges (117).

[17] In the manuscript of A Farewell to Arms, the same moment of conversion is described vividly: "Then I floated, hesitated, and instead of going on I felt myself slide back as though there was a long thin wire through the center of my soul. The me that was gone out slid down that wire through nothing and the wind[;] twice it caught and stood still and once it turned completely over on the wire and then it jerked and stopped and I was back" (qtd. in Reynolds, Hemingway's First War 30).

[18] The word "rebirth" is a loaded one in Across the River and Into the Trees, as Colonel Cantwell muses over Renaissance art, and his love interest is named Renata.

[19] "Now I Lay Me" begins with the image of "silkworms," which invites the comparison to Hemingway's metaphor of the silk handkerchief. Also, a silkworm is a breed of caterpillar, which is symbolic of a creature of conversion. William James quotes Hippolyte Taine: "One can compare the state of the patient to nothing so well as to that of a caterpillar, which, keeping all its caterpillar's ideas and remembrances, should suddenly become a butterfly with a butterfly's sense and sensations. Between the old and the new

state, between the first self, that of the caterpillar, and second self, that of the butterfly, there is a deep scission, a complete rupture. The new feelings find no anterior series to which they can knit themselves on; the patient can neither interpret nor use them; he does not recognize them; they are unknown. Hence two conclusions, the first which consists in his saying, I no longer am; the second, somewhat later, which consists in his saying, I am another person" (qtd. in Principles I.376).

[20] T.S. Eliot incorporates Dante's phrase into lines 37-41 of The Waste Land: "—Yet when we came back, late from the Hyacinth garden, / Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not / Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither / Living nor dead, and I knew nothing, / Looking into the heart of light, the silence" (6).

[21] This theme transcends the love story of Maria and Jordan, and extends to the feeling of the brotherhood of the guerrillas as well as even the feeling between men who are enemies and who must kill one another. As the old man Anselmo says, "to shoot a man gives a feeling as though one had struck one's own brother when you are grown men" (442). Pedro Romero claims that the bulls he kills are his best friends, just as the giant marlin is Santiago's brother.

[22] Cf. Islands in the Stream, for a description of Thomas Hudson: "for the first time he looked straight down the long and perfect perspective of the blankness ahead" (194).

[23] Such an act of faith is sketched when Robert Jordan lets down his vigilance in order to daydream about life with Maria after the war: "Then suddenly surrendering to something, to the luxury of going into unreality, he said, 'Let us talk of Madrid and of us in Madrid.'…Then he surrendered again and let himself slip into it, feeling a voluptuousness of surrender into unreality that was like a sexual acceptance of something that could come in the night when there was no understanding, only the delight of acceptance.… Now the making believe was coming back in a great rush and he would take it all to him. It had him now, and again he surrendered and went on" (FWBT 342-43).

[24] Hemingway used a similar comparison in his 1953 foreword for Man and Beast in Africa, a book by François Sommer, in describing the conversion a man undergoes when he becomes a lover of hunting: "In each person the changes come in a different way. There is no sudden thing such as happened to Saint Paul or to Saint Ignatius Loyola for any who care to kill cleanly and never to excess" (Bruccoli, Mechanism 127). In a 1932 letter to John Dos Passos, Hemingway disparages "recent converts" like Malcolm Cowley and Edmund Wilson, of whom he writes: "He is sometimes boreing [sic] because like any convert, he hasn't the necessary elasticity but he is damned good. But what about the other boys who had no kick against the system as long as it functioned. Did they all see a light like Saint Paul or is it the newest and most necessary religion? (SL 374-75).

[25] As Pilar describes Pablo earlier: "But now he is finished. The plug has been drawn and the wine has all run out of the skin" (FWBT 89).

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[26] Among Hemingway's many considered titles for the story are other possibilities that corroborate this theme: "The Coming Man"; "The New Man"; "The Short Life of Francis Macomber" (Smith, Reader's Guide 329).

[27] Cf. The Sun Also Rises, in which Romero's bullfighting is described similarly: "The fight with Cohn had not touched his spirit but his face had been smashed and his body hurt. He was wiping all that out now. Each thing that he did with this bull wiped that out a little cleaner" (223).

[28] For another example, after David Bourne's manuscripts are destroyed, "He felt completely hollow" (GOE 216); "empty and dead in his heart" (219); however, like Macomber, he fills the void when he is able to re-write the material better than they were originally, and is thus "re-Bourne."

[29] In Hemingway's mocking essay "The Art of the Short Story," he writes of Margot: "Now this woman doesn't change. She has been better, but she will never be any better anymore" (93).

[30] Wilson quotes the speech as: "By my troth I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death and let it go which way it will he that dies this year is quit for the next" (32). In 2 Henry IV, Feeble's actual quote to his fellow soldiers is: "By my troth I care not; a man can die but once, we owe God a death. I'll ne'er be a base mind. And't be my dest'ny so; and't be not so. No man's too good to serve's prince, and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next" (III.ii.234-38). In his introduction to Men at War, Hemingway spends time on this point, writing: "I was very ignorant at nineteen and had read little and I remember the sudden happiness and the feeling of having a permanent protecting talisman when a young British officer I met when in the hospital first wrote out for me, so that I could remember them, these lines: '*By my troth, I care not: a man can die but once; we owe God a death… and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next*.' That is probably the best thing that is written in this book and, with nothing else, a man can get along all right on that" (xii, emphasis in original). Cf. a relevant exchange between Frederic Henry and Catherine Barkley: "'Nothing ever happens to the brave.' 'They die of course.' 'But only once.' 'I don't know. Who said that?' 'The coward dies a thousand deaths, the brave but one?' 'Of course. Who said it?' 'I don't know.' 'He was probably a coward,' she said. 'He knew a great deal about cowards but nothing about the brave. The brave dies perhaps two thousand deaths if he's intelligent. He simply doesn't mention them'" (FTA 139-40). This exchange also alludes to Shakespeare, from Julius Caesar: "Cowards die many times before their deaths, / The valiant never taste of death but once. / Of all the wonders that I yet have heard. / It seems to me most strange that men should fear, / Seeing that death, a necessary end, / Will come when it will come" (II.ii.32-37).

[31] "Suddenness" is a crucial term in conversion studies. Garry Wills notes: "The stories of Paul and Augustine have led to a belief that 'real' conversion is sudden, effected by the

incursion of an outside force, and emotionally wrenching" (Conversion 3). Wills writes that these two most renowned conversions "seem abrupt, emotionally charged, with a great lightning bolt dividing the lives of Paul and Augustine into two main parts" (14). In Macomber's conversion, Margot acknowledges, "You've gotten awfully brave, awfully suddenly" (SS 34).

[32] One reason Arthur Waldhorn links "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" with "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" is because both Francis and Harry "die at the moment of insight" (151).

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